

HISTORY
OF THE
REBELLION IN SCOTLAND
IN
1745, 1746.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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PREFACE.

My chief object in the composition of this work, has been scarcely so much to write a history, in the accepted sense of the word, as to give a picture of that extraordinary and memorable warlike pageant, which passed through our country in 1745, and the recollection of which still excites so many feelings of a powerfully agitating nature in the bosoms of my countrymen. I have been induced to forego what is called the philosophy of history, by a conviction in my own mind, that the merit of the subject does not lie in any political questions which it involves, but purely in its externally romantic character. It has also appeared to me, that of all the numerous publications, authentic and otherwise, professing to commemorate the story, we have no one which aims at giving full effect to what is alone truly interesting in it,—

while most of them run riot in religious and political cant, and in a despicable adulation of the triumphant party. It has also been pressed upon my notice, that there is in reality no work upon the subject at all suitable to the spirit of modern literature, or which is sufficiently copious in its details, to satisfy the present generation, now so entirely removed by distance of time from that of the ear and eye-witnesses. To gratify the increased, and increasing curiosity of the public, regarding this transaction of their ancestors—to strain from the subject all the morbid slang with which it has been hitherto incorporated—and to compile a lively current narrative, doing as much justice as might be, to the gallant enterprise and outward wonders of the story—seemed to me objects which, with a proper degree of industry, and a spirit prepared to sympathize with the feelings of the actors, might lead to the production of an agreeable book; and I accordingly adopted them.

Real life has often been said to produce situations and incidents, even more extravagant than the fictions of imagination; and assuredly the Scottish campaign of 1745

is as strange and full of interesting adventure, as any fiction ever penned. From this, I conceived, that if my narrative could be written in a style and spirit approaching to that of an epic poem, or rather perhaps to that of a modern historical romance, and yet at the same time preserve all the truth of history, something might be produced comprehending the merits of both—that is to say, uniting the solid information of an historical narrative with the amusement and extensive popularity of a novel. For the accomplishment of this purpose, I set myself, in the first place, to collect every characteristic trait, and, as far as possible, every interesting piece of information, which had been consigned to print, or which was accessible to me in manuscript. In the second place, I followed most of the tracks of the Highland army, and visited, in particular, all their fields of action; inquiring anxiously into the local traditions, and adopting whatever was presented to me in a credible shape, as generally countenanced by more authentic documents; sometimes having even the good fortune to converse with eye-witnesses. In the third place, I obtained much information and anecdote from those remnants of

the Jacobite party—those few and fast disappearing votaries of a perished idea, who, like the last stars of night lingering on the gray selvage of morn, still survive to dignify this world of expediency, liberality, and all uncharitableness, with their stately old manners and primitive singleness of heart. The whole result I have endeavoured to embody in one continued narrative; and the public is now to judge, whether a style of history alternately romantic and humorous, following all the inflexions, and shifting with all the changes of the subject, be preferable to the common strain, which may be said to go through a varied subject with all the uncompromising austerity of an African si-moom, swallowing solitary camels, and overwhelming whole cities, with the same inexorable indifference.

EDINBURGH; *October 1, 1827.*

GENEALOGICAL
AND
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

JAMES, sixth of Scotland and first of England, was the common progenitor of the two families whose contentions for the throne of Great Britain form the subject of this work. He was succeeded at his death, in 1625, by his son Charles.

CHARLES I, after a reign of twenty-three years, the latter portion of which had been spent in war with a party of his subjects, perished on the scaffold in 1649.

CHARLES II, eldest son of Charles I, lived in exile for eleven years after the death of his father, during which the government was vested in a Parliament, and afterwards in a Protectorate. He was at length placed upon the throne, May 1660. This event is known by the title of "The

Restoration." Charles died without legitimate issue in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James, who had previously been entitled the Duke of York.

JAMES II. was fifty-three years of age when he mounted the throne. In his youth he had, as Admiral of England, shown a talent for business, and great skill in naval affairs; but his character was now marked by symptoms of premature dotage. A devoted and bigoted Catholic, he endeavoured, with all his power, to restore that religion to which the people of England have ever been so generally averse. Thus he alienated the affections of his subjects, but more especially of the clergy, who were otherwise disposed to have been his most zealous friends. The compliance of bad Judges, and some imperfections of the British constitution, left it in his power to take the most arbitrary measures for the accomplishment of this object; and he attempted to establish as a maxim, that he could do whatever he pleased by a proclamation of his own, without the consent of Parliament. Finally, his obstinacy and infatuation rendered it necessary for almost all parties of the state to seek his deposition. By a coalition of Whigs and Tories, it was resolved to call in the assistance of William Prince of Orange, nephew

and son-in-law to the King. William landed upon the southern coast of England, with an army of sixteen thousand men, partly his own native subjects, and partly English refugees, November 5, 1688. As he proceeded to London, James was deserted by his army, by his friends, and even by his own children ; and in a confusion of mind, the result of fear and offended feelings, he retired to France. William, at the head of an irresistible force, took possession of London. A Convention-Parliament, by an anomaly in the custom of the British government, but sanctioned by the exigency of the occasion, then declared that James had abdicated the throne, and resolved to offer the crown to William and his consort Mary. In British history, this event is termed "The Revolution."

WILLIAM III, son of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I, and who had married his cousin Mary, eldest daughter of James II, thus assumed the crown, in company with his consort ; while King James remained in exile in France. Mary died in 1695, and King William continued sole monarch till his death in 1701.

ANNE, second daughter of King James II, was then placed upon the throne. James meanwhile died in France, leaving a son, James, born in England, June 10, 1688, the heir of his unhappy for-

tunes. This personage, known in history by the epithet of the Pretender, and more properly by his *incognito* title, the Chevalier St George, continued an exile in France, supported by his cousin Louis XIV, and by the subsidies of his English adherents. Anne, after a reign of thirteen years, distinguished by excessive military and literary glory, died without issue, August 1, 1714. During the life of this sovereign, the crown had been destined, by act of Parliament, to the nearest Protestant heir, Sophia, Electress of Hanover, daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of King James VI. Sophia having predeceased Queen Anne, it descended of course to her son George, Elector of Hanover, who accordingly came over to England and assumed the sovereignty, to the exclusion of his cousin the Chevalier.

GEORGE I. was scarcely seated on the throne, when an insurrection was raised against him by the friends of his rival. It was suppressed, however; and he continued to reign, almost without further disturbance, till his death in 1727.

GEORGE II. succeeded to the crown on the death of his father. Meanwhile, the Chevalier St George had married Clementina, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, the heroic King of Poland, by whom he had a son, Charles Edward Lewis Cassimir, born

December 31, 1720, the hero of the civil war of 1745, and another son, Henry Benedict, born 1725, afterwards well known by the name of Cardinal de York. James was himself a man of weak character, to which the failure of his attempt in 1715 is mainly to be attributed. But the blood of Sobieski seems to have corrected that quality in his eldest son, whose daring and talent, as displayed in 1745-6, did every thing but retrieve the fortunes of his family.

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I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

SHAKSPEARE.

HISTORY
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CHAPTER I.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LANDING.

Guard.—Qui est là ?

Puc.—Paisans, pauvres gens de France.

King Henry the Sixth.

On the 20th of June 1745, Prince Charles embarked at the mouth of the Loire, on board the *Doutelle*, a frigate of sixteen guns ; designing to raise an insurrection in the dominions from which his grandfather had been expelled, and attempt the restoration of his family to the throne. He was joined at Belleisle by the *Elizabeth*, an old war-vessel of sixty guns, having on board about two thousand muskets, and five or six hundred French broadswords. Accompanied by no officer of experience, and carrying with him a sum of money

under four thousand pounds, he rested his sole hopes of success upon the attachment of his British friends, and upon the circumstance of the country which he designed to invade being then, by reason of the continental war, destitute of troops. He had long been amused with hopes of assistance from France, whose interest it might have been thus to cause a diversion in favour of its arms. In the preceding year, a strong armament had been fitted out by that government to accompany him to Britain ; but it was prevented by a storm from reaching its destination ; and there seemed now no necessity to renew it, since the French arms had achieved nearly the same object by the victory of Fontenoy. Charles was therefore induced, by his youthful ardour, to throw himself upon the affection of those whom he considered his father's natural subjects, and to peril his whole cause upon the results of a civil war. His attempt was bold in the extreme, and involved a thousand chances of destruction to himself and those who should follow him. It was a game in which the stakes were, to use his own emphatic language, "either a crown or a coffin." Yet it seemed to be, in some measure, countenanced by the circumstances of the country. Great Britain was then involved beyond its depth in one of those destructive and expensive wars which have so seldom ceased ever since its people adopted a foreign race of sovereigns ; the army had been almost cut to pieces in a recent defeat ; the navy of England, generally so terrible, was engaged in distant expeditions ; and the people were grumbling violently at the motives of the war, its progress, and the expense which it cost them.

Charles had not proceeded far on his voyage, when the Elizabeth was engaged and disabled by an English cruiser, and compelled to return to the port from whence she came. Deprived of his slender store of arms, and only retaining his money, he nevertheless proceeded on his course, and soon reached that remotest range of the Hebrides, which, comprising Lewis, Uist, Barra, and many others, is known by the epithet of the Long Island, from its appearing at a distance to form a single continent. It was his intention to land in the Highlands of Scotland, a district where many had long wished to see the Stuarts restored, and where the peculiar constitution of society was in a singular degree favourable to his views. From the landed proprietors of this rude and sequestered region, he had received many assurances of assistance, but with the condition that he was to bring a considerable foreign force. In approaching their shores without either arms or troops, he trusted entirely to the impression of his own appearance, to the generosity of that primitive and warlike people, and to the general merits of his cause.

On reaching the southern extremity of the Long Island, the seamen of the *Doutelle* were compelled, by the appearance of three English vessels at a distance, to seek concealment in one of the landlocked bays which are so numerous interspersed throughout that rocky archipelago. Having found the shelter they desired in the strait betwixt South Uist and Eriska, the Prince determined to land and spend the night upon the latter island. He was conducted to the house of the *tacksman* (as a young Irish priest), and learned that the chief of

Clanranald and his brother Boisdale * were upon the adjacent isle of South Uist, while young Clanranald, † the son of the chief, and a person in whom he had great confidence, was at Moidart upon the Mainland. A messenger was despatched to desire an interview with Boisdale, and in the mean time Charles spent the night in the house of the tacksman.

He returned on board his vessel next morning, and Boisdale soon after came to visit him. This gentleman was supposed to have great influence over the mind of his elder brother the chief, who, on account of his advanced age and bad health, did not take an active part in the management of his affairs. ‡ Charles knew that if Boisdale could be brought over to his views, the rising of the clan would be a matter of course. He was disappointed, however, in his attempt to that effect. Boisdale, convinced of the desperation of his enterprise, utterly refused to engage in it. Charles at first requested him to go to the Mainland and assist in engaging his nephew to take arms. The obstinate Highlander not only refused to do so,

* Throughout this narrative, the custom of the country has been adopted, in designating the Scottish chiefs and landed proprietors by their family and territorial titles.

† The eldest son of a Highland chief always receives his father's title, with the additional epithet of *Young*;—thus, for instance, Young Glengary, Young Lochiel, &c. In the Lowlands, something like the same custom did lately, and perhaps still does exist, though it is more common to call him the *Young Laird*. Ludicrous instances sometimes occur of a man being called the young laird, when he is in reality far advanced in life.

‡ Historical and Genealogical Account of the Clan or Family of MacDonal'd, p. 159.

but asseverated that he would do his utmost to prevent his kinsman from taking so imprudent a step. The ardent adventurer then desired him to become his ambassador to Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat and the Laird of MacLeod, the two principal landed proprietors in the extensive island of Skye, whose services he expected to command by a simple notification of his arrival; but Boisdale assured him that these important chieftains, notwithstanding their former negotiations with him, were determined not to support him, unless he brought a regular force; and had even desired him (Boisdale) to assure his Royal Highness of that being their resolution, in case he should touch at South Uist.

Charles could not help feeling disconcerted at Boisdale's coldness; but he took care to show no symptom of depression. He ordered his ship to be unmoored, and set sail for the Mainland, expressing a resolution to pursue the noble enterprise he had commenced. He carried Boisdale along with him for several leagues, and endeavoured, with all his eloquence, to make him relent and give a better answer. But the inexorable mountaineer continued to express the same unfavourable sentiments; and finally, descending into his boat, which hung a-stern, left him to follow his own hopeless course.*

Continuing his voyage to the Mainland, it was with a dejected, though still resolute heart, that, on the 19th of July, † Charles cast anchor in Lochnagual, a small arm of the sea, partly dividing the countries of Moidart and Arisaig. The place

* Home's Works, ii. 427. † Lockhart Papers, ii. 479.

which he thus chose for his disembarkation, was as wild and desolate a scene as he could have found throughout the dominions of his fathers. Yet it was scarcely more unpromising than the reception he at first met with from its people.

The first thing he did after casting anchor, was to send a boat ashore with a letter for young Clanranald. That gallant and gifted young chieftain was inspired with the most enthusiastic affection to his cause; and Charles perhaps judged, that if *he* did not second his proposals, the enterprise was really desperate, and ought for the present to be abandoned. Clanranald did not permit him to remain long in suspense. Next day (the 20th), he came to Forsy, a small village on the shore of the road in which the Prince's vessel lay, accompanied by his kinsmen, the Lairds of Glenaladale and Dalily, and by another gentleman of his clan, who has left an intelligent journal of the subsequent events. * "Calling for the ship's boat," says this writer, "we were immediately carried on board, our hearts bounding at the idea of being at length so near our long wished-for prince. We found a large tent erected with poles upon the ship's deck, the interior of which was furnished with a variety of wines and spirits. On entering this pavilion, we were warmly welcomed by the Duke of Athole, to whom most of us had been known in the year 1715. † While we were conversing with the Duke,

* Printed in the Lockhart Papers.

† The person here meant was more commonly called the Marquis of Tullibardine. He was eldest surviving son of the late Duke of Athol; but, having been attainted for his share in the insurrection of 1715, his succession was put aside, in favour of his younger brother. By th

Clanranald was called away to see the Prince, and we were given to understand that we should not probably see his Royal Highness that evening."

Clanranald, being introduced to Charles's presence, proceeded to assure him that there was no possibility, under the circumstances, of taking up arms with any chance of success. In this he was joined by his relation Kinlochmoidart, whom Mr Home has associated with him in the following romantic anecdote, though the journalist does not allude to his presence. Charles, almost reduced to despair by his interview with Boisdale, is said, by the historian just mentioned, to have addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion; to have summed up with a great deal of eloquence all the reasons for now beginning the war; and finally, to have conjured them, in the warmest terms, to assist their prince—their countryman—their friend, in this his utmost need. With eloquence scarcely less warm, the brave young men entreated him to desist from his enterprise for the present, representing to him, that now to take up arms, without regular forces, without officers of credit, without concert, and almost without arms, would but draw down certain destruction upon the heads of all concerned. Charles persisted, argued, and implored; and they still as positively adhered to their opinion. During this conversation, the parties walked hurriedly backwards and forwards upon the deck, using all the violent gesticulations appropriate to their various arguments. A Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his

Jacobites, of course, he continued to be always called by the title used in the text.

country. He was a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was on board. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the heir of Britain, when he heard his chief and brother refuse to take up arms for their prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and, turning suddenly round, appealed to him, in the emphatic words—“Will *you* not assist me?” “I will! I will!” exclaimed Ranald, “though not another man in Albyn should draw his sword; my prince, I am ready to die for you!” With tears and thanks, Charles acknowledged the loyalty of this gallant young man, and only wished that he had a thousand such as he, to cut their way to the throne of England. The two obdurate chieftains were overpowered by this incident, which appealed so strongly to the feelings and prepossessions of a Highland bosom; and they no longer expressed any reluctance to draw their swords for their injured and rightful lord. *

The Prince's interview with Clanranald, according to the journalist who was on board at the same time, occupied no less than three hours. The young chief then returned to his friends, who had spent that long space in the pavilion. “About half an hour after,” says the journalist, “there entered the tent a TALL YOUTH of a most agreeable aspect, dressed in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt, † a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle,

* Home's Works, ii. 427. † “Not very clean,” he adds.

a plain hat with a canvas string, one end of which was fixed to one of his coat-buttons, * black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes. † At the first appearance of this pleasing youth, I felt my heart swell to my throat. But one O'Brian, a churchman, immediately told us that he was only an English clergyman, who had long been possessed with a desire to see and converse with the Highlanders."

"At his entry," continues the same writer, "O'Brian forbid any of those who were sitting to rise; he saluted none of us, and we only made a low bow at a distance. I chanced to be one of those who were standing when he came in, and he took his seat near me; but he immediately started up again, and desired me to sit down by him upon a chest. Taking him at this time for only a passenger and a clergyman, I presumed to speak to him with perfect familiarity, though I could not suppress a suspicion that he might turn out some greater man. One of the questions which he put to me in the course of conversation, regarded my Highland dress. He inquired if I did not feel cold in that habit; to which I answered, that I believed I should only feel cold in any other. At this he laughed heartily; and he next desired to know how I lay with it at night. I replied, that the plaid served me for a blanket when sleeping; and I showed him how I wrapped it about my person for that purpose. At this he re-

* Probably to keep the wind from blowing it away.

† "He was dressed incognito in the habit of a student of the Scots College in Paris, and was known only to his own friends." Hist. Reb. 8vo. London, sold by R. Thomson, &c. p. 10.

marked, that I must be unprepared for defence in case of a sudden surprise ; but I informed him that, during war or any time of danger, we arranged the garment in such a way as to enable us to start at once to our feet, with a drawn sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other. After a little more conversation of this sort, the mysterious youth rose from his seat and called for a dram, when O'Brian whispered to me to pledge the stranger, but not to drink to him ; which confirmed me in my suspicions as to his real quality. Having taken a glass of wine in his hand, he drank to us all round, and soon after left the tent." *

During this and the succeeding day, Clanranald remained close in council with Charles, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Sir Thomas Sheridan (an Irish gentleman who had been tutor to the prince), devising means for raising the rest of the well-affected clans, who were at this time reckoned to number twelve thousand men. On the 22d (July), that young chieftain was despatched with Allan MacDonald, a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, upon the embassy which Boisdale had refused to perform. They applied to both Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod ; but these powerful chiefs, already sapped by the eloquence of Duncan Forbes, the Lord President of the Court of Session, and so well remembered for his zeal in the service of Government, returned the answer which Boisdale had formerly reported—that although they had promised to support his Royal Highness in case he came with a foreign force,

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 480.

they did not conceive themselves under any obligation since he came so ill provided. The want of these great allies, who could have produced several thousand men, was severely felt during the whole of the subsequent enterprise, which would have in all probability been successful had they joined it.

Charles came on shore on the 25th; when the *Doutelle*, having also landed her stores, again set sail for France. He was accompanied by only seven men—the Marquis of Tullibardine; Sir Thomas Sheridan; Sir John MacDonal, an officer in the Spanish service; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; Kelly, an English clergyman; Æneas MacDonal, a banker in Paris, brother to Kinlochmoidart; and one Buchanan, a messenger. He first set his foot upon Scottish ground, at Borodale, a farm belonging to Clanrauld, close by the south shore of Lochnagual. Borodale is a wild piece of country, forming a kind of mountainous tongue of land betwixt two bays. It was a place suitable, above all others, for the circumstances and designs of the Prince, being remote and inaccessible, and, moreover, the very centre of that country where Charles's surest friends resided. It belongs to a tract of stern mountain land, prodigiously serrated by estuaries, which lies immediately to the north of the *debouche* of the great Glen of Albyn, now occupied by the Caledonian Canal. In the very centre of the west coast of Scotland, it is not above an hundred and fifty miles from the capital. The MacDonal, the Camerons, and the Stuarts, who possessed the adjacent territories, had been, since the time of Montrose, inviolably attached to the house of Stuart,

had proved themselves irresistible at Kilsyth, Killiecrankie, and Sheriffmuir; and were now, from their resistance to the Disarming-Act, perhaps the fittest of all the clans to take the field.

During the absence of young Clanranald, into whose arms Charles had thus thrown himself, several gentlemen of the family collected a guard for his person, and he remained, a welcome and honoured guest, in the house of Borodale. * Considering that no other chief had yet declared for him, and that indeed the enterprise might never advance another step, it must be acknowledged, this family displayed a peculiar degree of daring, and, we may add, a great degree of generosity, in his favour; for there can be little doubt, that if Charles had retired, they must have been exposed to the jealousy, and perhaps to the vengeance, of Government. "We encountered this hazard," says the journalist, "with the greatest cheerfulness, determined to risk every thing—life itself, in behalf of our beloved prince." Charles, his company, and about an hundred men constituting his guard, were entertained with the best cheer which it was in the power of Mr MacDonal (of Borodale) to purvey. He sat in a large room, where he could see all his adherents at once, and where the multitudes of people who flocked from the country around, "without distinction of age or sex," † to see him, might also have an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity. At the first meal which took place under these circumstances, Charles drank the *grace*-drink in English, a language which all the gentlemen present understood;

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 482.

† Ibid. ii. 482.

but for a toast of more extensive application, our friend the journalist rose and gave the King's * health in Gaelic—" *Deoch slaint an Rìgh.*" This of course gave universal satisfaction; and Charles desired to know what was meant. On its being explained to him, he requested to hear the words pronounced again, that he might learn them himself. He then gave the King's health in Gaelic, uttering the words as correctly and distinctly as he could. "The company," adds the journalist, "then mentioning my skill in Gaelic, his Royal Highness said, I should be his master in that language; and I was then desired to ask the healths of the Prince and Duke." † It may be scarcely possible to conceive the effect which Charles's flattering attention to their language had upon the hearts of this brave and simple people.

* Charles's Father.

† Charles's younger brother, styled the Duke of York, afterwards better known by the title of Cardinal York.

CHAPTER II

THE HIGHLANDERS.

“ ——— ’tis wonderful
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearn’d, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from others, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE people amidst whom Charles Stuart had cast his fate, were then regarded as the rudest and least civilized portion of the nation which he conceived himself destined to govern. Occupying the most remote and mountainous section of Britain, and holding little intercourse with the rest of the community, they were distinguished by peculiar language, dress, and manners; had as yet yielded a very imperfect obedience to Government; and formed a society not only distinct from their immediate neighbours, but which had perhaps scarcely any parallel in the whole world.

The country possessed by this people—the north-west moiety of Scotland—on account of its mountainous character, was descriptively termed the Highlands, in opposition to the south-east portion, which, displaying a more generally level surface, accompanied by greater fertility, gained the

appropriate designation of the Lowlands. On account of comparative sterility, the district of the Highlands did not comprise above an eighth part of the population of Scotland; in other words, comprehending two hundred out of nearly a thousand parishes, it did not contain at the time of this insurrection much more than a hundred thousand, out of above a million of people. The community was divided into about forty different tribes, denominated *clans*, each of which dwelt upon its own portion of the territory.

At the period of this history, the Highlanders displayed, in a state almost entire, that patriarchal system of life upon which the nations of the human race seem to have been originally established, and which, being the most obvious, may also be esteemed the most natural system of government. This extreme corner of Europe had the singular fortune of sheltering the last vestiges of the Kelts—that early race of people, who, placed upon the centre of the ancient continent, it would almost appear, at the very creation, were gradually dispelled to the extremities, by others which we are now accustomed to call ancient—the Greeks, namely, and the Romans. As they retained their primitive manners with almost unmixed purity, there was to be seen in the Highlanders of Scotland nearly a distinct picture of those early shepherd days, which are still so endearingly remembered in the traditions and poetry of the refined world, and of which we obtain so many delightful glimpses in the pages of Scripture.

Owing to the circumstances of their country, the Highlanders were, however, by no means that simple and quiescent people who are described

as content to dwell, each under his own vine and fig-tree, any more than their land was one flowing with milk and honey, or through which the voice of the turtle was often heard to resound. A perpetual state of war with the neighbours who had driven them to their northern fastnesses, and their disinclination to submit to the laws of the country in which they nominally lived, caused them, on the contrary, to make arms a sort of profession, and even to despise, in some measure, all peaceful modes of acquiring a subsistence. * Entertaining, moreover, a notion that the Lowlands had been originally their birthright, many of them, even at the recent period we speak of, practised a regular system of reprisal upon the frontier of that civilized region, for which, of course, the use of arms was indispensably necessary. What still more tended to induce military habits, many of the tribes maintained a sort of hereditary enmity against each other, and therefore required to be in perpetual readiness, either to seize or repel opportunities of vengeance.

The Highlanders, in the earlier periods of history, appear to have possessed no superiority over the Lowlanders in the use of arms. At the battle of the Harlaw in 1411, (till which period they had been quite independent on the kings of Scotland), the largest army that ever left the Highlands, was checked by an inferior number of Low-

* The contempt in which they held at least the *humbler trades*, was strikingly indicated by the circumlocutory phrases they invariably used when speaking of their professors; as, for instance, "by your leave, a tailor,"—"a weaver, an save your presence," &c. &c.—*Information by a gentleman of Inverness-shire.*

landers. Coming into the field, sixty-eight years after, at the fight of Sauchieburn, where they espoused the cause of James III. against his rebellious nobles, "their tumultuous ranks," says Sir Walter Scott, in the Introduction to his *Border Minstrelsy*, "were ill able to endure the steady and rapid charge of the men of Annandale and Liddesdale, who bore spears two ells longer than were used by the rest of their countrymen." They proved equally vincible at the battles of Corrichie, Glenlivet, and others, which they fought in behalf of the unhappy Mary.

But the lapse of half a century after this last period, during which the Border spear had been converted into a shepherd's crook, and the patriot steel of Lothian and Clydesdale into penknives and weavers' shears, permitted the mountaineers at length to assert a decided superiority in arms. When they were called into action, therefore, by the illustrious Montrose, they proved invariably victorious in that desultory civil war which had almost retrieved a kingdom for their unfortunate King. Amidst the exploits of that time—by far the most brilliant in the military annals of this country—the victory of Kilsyth (1645) was attended with some circumstances displaying their superiority in a remarkable degree. The army arrayed against them, almost doubling theirs in number, consisted chiefly of the townsmen of *l'ife*, which county has been described, in a publication of the time, * as remarkable for the enthusiasm of its inhabitants in regard to the cause of this quarrel—to wit, the Solemn League and Co-

* Montrose Redivivus, 1650.

venant. The fervour of fanaticism and good-feeding of a town life, proved nothing in this case, when opposed to the more exalted enthusiasm of "loyalty unlearned," and the hardihood of an education among the hills. The Whig militia scarcely stood a moment before the impetuous charge of the Highlanders, but turned and fled before them, like a parcel of awkward cattle, blindly running from the bark of a few dogs. * "Ah! it was a braw day, Kilsyth!" used to be the remark of an old Highlander, who had exerted himself pretty actively amongst the rabble rout: "at every stroke I gave with my broadsword, I cut an ell o' breeks!" † Such, we are informed, was the horror which the people of Fife got, on this occasion, at the military life in general, that only one man had ever been prevailed upon to enlist out of the populous town of Anstruther, during a period of twenty-one years towards the end of the last century. ‡

Though the Highlanders were nominally subju-

* "Many of the honest burgesses," says a contemporary historian, "burst in the flight, and so died without stroke of sword."—*Baillie's Letters*, ii. 92.

† Reported to me by a bi-hop of the Scottish Episcopal Church, who learned the anecdote from Sir John Sinclair of Longformacus, who had heard the old Highlander use the expression, when a very aged man, upwards of a century ago.

‡ "There are few old inhabitants of the parish, who do not talk of some relations that went to the battle of Kilsyth in 1645, and who were never afterwards heard of. Ever since then, the people have had a strong aversion to a military life. In the course of twenty-one years, there is only a single instance of a person enlisting, and it was into the train of artillery."—*Statistical Account of Scotland*, (art. *Anstruther*), xii. 86, 87.

gated, soon after this period, by the iron bands of Cromwell, they rebounded at the Restoration into all their former privileges and vigour. They were kept in arms, during the reigns of the two last Stuarts, by their employment in those unhappy troubles on account of religion, which have rendered the memory of our ancient royal race so intensely detested in the south-west province of Scotland. At the Revolution, therefore, when roused by the lion voice of Dundee, they were equally ready to take the field in behalf of King James, as they had been fifty years before to stand out for his father. The patriarchal system of laws, upon which Highland Society was constituted, disposed them to look upon these unhappy princes as the general fathers or *chiefs* of the nation, whose natural and unquestionable power had been rebelliously disputed by their children; and there can be little doubt that, both on these occasions and the subsequent attempts in behalf of the Stuart family, they fought with precisely the same ardour which would induce a man of humanity to ward off the blow which an unnatural son had aimed at a parent. On the field of Killiecrankie, where they were chiefly opposed by regular and even veteran troops, they fought with a bravery which nothing could withstand, and at the details of which the blood even yet boils and shudders. *

* The battle of Killiecrankie was fought upon a field immediately beyond a narrow and difficult pass into the Highlands. The Royal troops, under General Mackay, on emerging from this pass, found Dundee's army, which was not half so numerous, posted in columns or clusters upon the face of an opposite hill. Both lay upon their arms, looking at each other, till sunset, when the Highland troops

Their victory was, however, unavailing, owing to the death of their favourite leader,—*Ian Dhu nan Cath*—as they descriptively termed him—Dark John of the Battles,—without whose commanding genius their energies could not be directed, nor even their bands kept together. The loss which their cause sustained, in the death of this noble soldier, could not be more emphatically described

came down with their customary impetuosity, charging through Mackay's lines, soon put them to the rout. Mackay retreated in the utmost disorder, and reached Stirling next day, with only two hundred men. His whole army must have been cut to pieces in retreating through the pass, but for the death of Dundee, and the greater eagerness of the Highlanders to secure the baggage, than to pursue their enemies.

The following anecdote, connected with the battle, we heard related by a Perthshire gentleman. When General Wade, in the course of his operations in the Highlands, was engaged in the construction of Tay Bridge, he used to converse with an old Highlander of the neighbourhood, who had been at the battle of Killiecrankie; and, among other subjects of conversation, the merits of General Mackay happened to be one day discussed. "In my opinion," said the Highlander, "General Mackay was a great fool."—"How, Sir," said Wade; "he was esteemed the very best man in the army of his time."—"That may weel be," answered the Celt; "but I'll show you how he was a fool for a' that.—At the battle of Killiecrankie, did he not put his men before his baggage?"—"Yes," answered General Wade, "and I would have done the same thing."—"Then you would have been a fool too. The baggage should have been put foremost; it would have fought the battle itself that day, and far better than the men. It's weel kenned, the Hielandmen will gang through fire and water to win at the baggage. They gaed through Mackay's army, and put them to rout, in order to get at it. Had the General put *it* first, our folk would have fa'en til't, tooth and nail, and then he might have come in and cut us to pieces wi' his men. Ah! the baggage should have been put foremost."

in a volume, than it is by the exclamation with which King William received the news of the battle. That monarch had known Dundee upon the bloody plains of Flanders, where, a soldier of fortune in the Dutch army, he had even, we believe, on one occasion saved the life of him whose dreaddest enemy he was destined afterwards to become. "Dundee is slain!" was William's remark to the messenger who announced the defeat of his troops; "he would otherwise have been here to tell the news himself!" *

The submission which was nominally paid throughout Britain to the "*parliamentary*" sovereigns, William and Anne, was in no degree participated by the children of the mountains, whose simple ideas of government did not comprehend either a second or a third estate, and who could perceive no reasons for preferring a sovereign on account of the adventitious circumstance of his religion. In the mean time, moreover, the progress of civilization, encouraged in the Low countries by the Union, affected in no degree the war-like habits of the clans. Their military ardour is said to have been, if possible, increased during this period, by the injudicious policy of King William, who, in distributing 20,000*l.* amongst them to bribe their forbearance, only inspired an idea that arms were the best means of acquiring wealth and importance. The call, therefore, which was made upon them by the exiled prince in 1715, found them as willing and ready as ever to commence a civil war.

* Information by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

The accession of the House of Hanover was at this period so recent, and the rival candidate shared so largely in the affections of the people, that very little was wanting in 1715 to achieve the restoration of the House of Stuart. That little *was* wanting—a general of military talent, and resolution on the part of the candidate. The expedition was commanded in Scotland by the Earl of Mar, a nobleman who had signalized himself by his acuteness as a statesman, but who possessed no other abilities to fit him for the important station he held. In England the reigning sovereign had even less to dread, in the ill-concerted proceedings of a band of debauched young noblemen, who displayed this remarkable difference from the Scottish insurgents—that they could not fight at all. Mar permitted himself to be cooped up on the north of the Forth, with an army of eight or nine thousand men, by the Duke of Argyle, who occupied Stirling with a force not half so numerous. An action at length took place on Sheriffmuir, in which it is impossible to say whether the bravery of the Highlanders, the pusillanimity of their leader, or the high military genius of Argyle, was most signally distinguished.

The Duke of Argyle, whom the Highlanders remember by the epithet *Ian Roy nan Cath*—Red John of the Battles, learning, on Friday the 11th of November, 1715, that Mar had at length plucked up the resolution to fight him, and was marching for that purpose from Perth, set forward from Stirling; and next day the armies came within sight of each other upon the plain of Sheriffmuir, a mile north-east from the ancient Episcopal city of Dumblane. They both lay upon

their arms all night; and a stone is still shown upon the site of the Highlanders' bivouack, indented all round with marks occasioned by the broadswords of those warriors, who here sharpened their weapons for the next day's conflict. The battle commenced on Sunday morning, when Argyle himself, leading his dragoons over a morass which had frozen during the night, and which the insurgents expected to protect them, almost immediately routed their whole left wing, consisting of the Lowland cavaliers, and drove them to the river Allan, two or three miles from the field. His left wing, which was beyond the scope of his command, did not meet the same success against the right of the insurgents, which consisted entirely of Highlanders.

Those terrible warriors had come down from their fastnesses, with a resolution to fight as their ancestors had fought at Kilsyth and Killiecrankie. They appeared before the Lowlanders of Perthshire, who had not seen them since the days of Montrose, in the wild Irish shirt or plaid, which, only covering the body and haunches, leaves the arms, and most of the limbs, exposed in all their hirsute strength.* The meanest man among them carried upon his arm the honour and glory of countless generations; and raw youth and ripe old age were there alike resolved to maintain the ancient renown of Albyn. Their enthusiasm may be guessed from a simple anecdote. A Lowland gentleman, observing amongst their bands a man of ninety from the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, had the curiosity to ask how so aged a creature

* Preface to Pinkerton's Select Old Scottish Poems.

as he, and one who seemed so extremely feeble, came to join their enterprise. "I hae sons here, Sir," replied the venerable warrior, "and I hae grandsons, and even great-grandsons:—if they fail to do their duty, can I not shoot them?"—laying his hand at the same time upon a pistol which he carried in his bosom.*

The attack of these resolute soldiers upon the left wing of the Royal army, was, to use language similar to their own, like the storm which strews a lee shore with wrecks. The chief of Clanranald was unfortunately killed as they were advancing; but that circumstance, which might have otherwise damped their ardour, only served to inspire them with greater fury. "To-morrow for lamentation," cried the young chieftain of Glengary, "to-day for revenge!" and the MacDonalDs rushed on the foe, with a yell as terrific as their force was irresistible. Instantly put to rout, this portion of the Royal army retired to Stirling, leaving hundreds a prey to the Highland broadsword. Thus, each of the two armies was partially successful, and partially defeated. The Earl of Mar stood aloof during the whole action, it is said, behind a tree, incapable of improving the advantages gained by his brave Highlanders. Well might the old mountaineer exclaim, when he saw the fatal effects of this weakness, "Oh for one hour of the brave Dundee!" †

* Information by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

† Jacobite Relics; where it is told that Mar, perceiving the Earl of Strathmore retiring wounded from the lines, exclaimed, Fy, fy, my Lord; turning your back already."—"Go you as far, an fare as well," replied this

The battle was a drawn one, but not in its results. Mar, as he deserved none of the credit of his partial victory, reaped no profit from it, but found it necessary to retire to Perth. Argyle remained upon the field, in possession of the enemy's cannon and many of his standards. The conduct of this celebrated warrior and patriot was in every respect the reverse of that of Mar. He had won a victory, so far as it could be won, by his own personal exertions, and that with every advantage of numbers against him. The humanity he displayed was also such as seldom marks the details of a civil war. He offered quarter to all he met, in the very hottest moment of the fight; and he granted it to all who desired it. With his own sword, he parried three different blows which one of his dragoons aimed at a wounded cavalier, who had refused to ask his life. *

In January the succeeding year, James himself, the weak though amiable man for whom all this blood was shed, landed from abroad at Peterhead in Aberdeenshire, and immediately proceeded *incognito* to join the Earl of Mar at Perth. His presence might inspire enthusiasm, but it could not give strength or consistency to the army. Some preparations were made to crown him in the great hall of Scoon, where his ancestors had been invested with the emblems of sovereignty so many centuries ago, and where his uncle Charles II. was crowned, under circumstances not dissimilar to his own, in the year 1651. But the total ruin of his English adherents conspired, with gallant young nobleman, and immediately fell down at the feet of Mar's horse, and expired.

* Printed *Broadside* of the Battle.

his own imbecility and that of his officers, to prevent that consummation. In February, he retired before the advance of the Royal army. The Tay was frozen at the time, and thus he and all his army were fortunately enabled to cross without the difficulty which must otherwise have attended so sudden a retreat; directing their march towards the sea-ports of Aberdeenshire and Angus. There is a tradition that, as the good-natured prince was passing over, the misery of his circumstances made him witty, as a dark evening will sometimes produce lightning; and he remarked to his lieutenant-general, in allusion to the delusive prospects by which he had been induced to come over from France, " Ah, John, John; you see you have brought me on the ice." *

The Chevalier embarked with Mar and other officers at Montrose; and the body of the army dispersed with so much rapidity, that Argyle, who traversed the country only a day's march behind, reached Aberdeen without ever getting a glimpse of it. We may safely suppose, that the humanity of this general, with his suspected Jacobitism, induced him to permit, without disturbance, the dissipation and escape of the unfortunate cavaliers. The Lowland gentlemen and noblemen who had been concerned in the campaign, suffered attainder, proscription, and in some cases even death; but the Highlanders returned to their mountains, unconquered and unchanged.

In 1719, a plan of invasion and insurrection in favour of the Stuarts was formed by Spain. A

* Information by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church,

fleet of ten ships of the line, with several frigates, having on board six thousand troops and twelve thousand stand of arms, sailed from Cadiz to England; and while this fleet was preparing, the Earl Marischal left St Sebastian with two Spanish frigates, having on board three hundred Spanish soldiers, ammunition, arms, and money, and landed in the Island of Lewis. The Spanish fleet was completely dispersed by a storm off Cape Finisterre; and, as every thing remained quiet in England, very few Highlanders rose. General Wightman came up with the Spanish and Highland force in Glenshiel, a wild vale in the west of Ross. The Highlanders, favoured by the ground, withdrew to the hills without having suffered much; and the Spaniards laid down their arms and were made prisoners. *

The state of the Highlands, which seemed the only portion of the British dominions that actively disputed King George's title, now attracted some serious attention from Government; and an act was passed for disarming the whole of that dangerous people. The provisions of this act were promptly obeyed by those clans which were well affected to Government, but totally evaded by the rest. The result was, that, on the breaking out of the insurrection of 1745, the enemies of Government alone possessed the means of entering upon warlike operations, while the Duke of Argyll and other loyal chiefs, who could have best resisted them, were obliged to remain *hors de combat*.

Such had been the history, and such was the

* Introduction to the Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs.

warlike condition of the Scottish mountaineers, at the time when Charles Stuart landed amongst them in July 1745. If any thing else were required to make the reader understand the motives of the subsequent insurrection it might be said, that Charles's father and himself had always maintained, from their residence in Italy, a correspondence with the chiefs who were friendly to them, and by dint of promises, and perhaps presents, had even caused some of them to enter into an association in their behalf. For the service of these unhappy princes, their unlimited power over their clans gave them an advantage which the richest English partisans did not possess.

The constitution of Highland society, as already remarked, was strictly and simply patriarchal. The clans were families, each of which, bearing the same name, occupied a well-defined tract of country, the property of which had been acquired long before the introduction of writs. Every clan was governed by its chief, whose native designation, *Kean-Kinnhe*, the Head of the Family, sufficiently indicated the grounds and nature of his power. In almost every clan, there were some subordinate chiefs, called Chieftains, being cadets of the principal family, who had acquired a distinct territory, and founded separate septs. In every clan, moreover, there were two ranks of people; the *Doaine-uailse*, or gentlemen, persons who could clearly trace their derivation from the chiefs of former times, and assert their kinsmanship to the present; and a race of commoners, or helots, who could not tell why they came to belong to the clan, and who always acted in inferior offices.

There is a very common notion among the Lowlanders, that their northern neighbours, with, perhaps, the exception of the chiefs, were all alike barbarians, and distinguished by no shades of comparative worth. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The *Doaine-uailse* were in every sense of the word gentlemen—*poor* gentlemen, perhaps, but yet fully entitled, by their exalted sense of honour, to that ennobling epithet. On the contrary, the commoners, who yet generally believed themselves related to the chiefs, were a race of despised, and consequently miserable serfs, having no certain idea of a noble ancestry to nerve their exertions or purify their conduct. The *Doaine-uailse* invariably formed the body upon which the chief depended in war, for they were inspired with notions of the most exalted heroism by the well-remembered deeds of their fore-fathers, and always acted upon the supposition that their honour was a precious gift, which it was incumbent upon them to deliver down unsullied to posterity. The helots, on the contrary, were often left behind to perform the humble duties of agriculture and cow-driving; or, if admitted into the array of the clan, were put into the rear rank, and armed in an inferior manner. The comparative *worth* of the *Doaine-uailse* and the helots, may be at once pointed out to the reader by an anecdote connected with “the Forty-five.” At a particular period of that campaign, when all the good fighting men of a glen in Athole were absent with Prince Charles, and only the helots were left to protect the country, under the command of a raw *Duinn-uasal* of sixteen, an alarm one day arose that a party of “red-coats” (king’s soldiers) were ap-

proaching to lay waste the glen. At this news, the whole of the slaves ran off to hide themselves, leaving only their young commander behind; who stood firm in his post, awaiting the encounter which promised him such certain destruction, and did not for a moment flinch till he learned that the alarm was false. *

With such a sentiment of heroism, the Highland gentleman of the year seventeen hundred and forty-five, must have been a person of the very noblest order. His mind was further exalted, if possible, by a devoted attachment to his chief, for whose interests, at all times, he was ready to fight, and for whose life he was even prepared to lay down his own. His politics were of the same abstract and disinterested sort. From his heart despising the commercial Presbyterians of the Low country, and regarding with absolute horror the dark system of parliamentary corruption which characterized the government of the *de facto* sovereign of England, he at once threw himself into the opposite scale, and espoused the cause of an exiled and injured prince, whom he looked upon as in some measure a general and higher sort of chief, and with whose fathers his fathers had anciently gained so much honour and renown. Charles's cause was the cause of chivalry, of feeling, of filial affection, and even in his estimation of *patriotism*; and with all his prepossessions it was scarcely possible that he should fail to make it his own. †

* Information by the grandson of this person.

† In this chapter, notice should also have been taken of the effect which their popular native poetry had upon the minds of the Highlanders. Throughout nearly the

whole country, but especially in Athole and the adjacent territories, *there were innumerable songs and ballads, tending to advance the cause of the Stuarts, while there was not one to depreciate them.* A Lowlander and a modern cannot easily comprehend, nor can he set forth, the power of this simple but energetic engine. It has been described to us, however, as something perfectly overwhelming. Most of the ballads were founded upon the wars of Montrose and Dundee, and aimed at rousing the audience to imitate the actions of their ancestors in these glorious campaigns.

One of the most distinguished of the political poets of the Highlands was Ian Lom, of the Keppoch family, a person altogether of wonderful qualities, and of a high order of genius. He lived in the time of the great Civil War, and wrote most of the satirical poems upon the Roundheads, which are still so common in the Highlands. He directed no small share of his satire at the celebrated Marquis of Argyll, who, however esteemed by his party, or revered by the present generation, as a martyr to civil and religious freedom, was never much admired or beloved in the Highlands. There is a tradition in Athole, that Ian, having met the Marquis one day by chance, was asked by his Lordship, in a plaintive voice, if he would *never* cease to gnaw him. "*Never,*" was the minstrel's uncompromising reply, "*till I shall have swallowed thee!*"

CHAPTER III.

THE GATHERING.

Oh, high-minded Murray, the exiled, the dear!
 In the blush of the dawning the standard uprear.
 Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
 Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh!
Waverley.

FROM Borodale, where he lived, in the manner described, for several days, Charles despatched messengers to all the chiefs from whom he had any expectation of assistance. The first that came to see him, was Donald Cameron, younger of Lochiel; a man in middle age, of the utmost bravery, and whose character was altogether so amiable, that some court-poet has conceived the idea of his being now

“ ——— a Whig in Heaven.” *

Young Lochiel, as he was generally called, was the son of the chief of the clan Cameron, one of the most numerous and warlike of all the Highland tribes. His father had been engaged in the insurrection of 1715, for which he was attainted and in exile; and his grandfather, Sir Evan Cameron, the fellow-soldier of Montrose and Dun-

* Elegy on Lochiel. See the Scots Magazine for 1748.

dee, had died in 1719, after almost a century of military action in behalf of the house of Stuart. Young Lochiel had been much in confidence with the Exiled Family, whose chief agent in the north of Scotland he might be considered ; an office for which he was peculiarly well qualified on account of his talents, his honourable character, and the veneration in which he was held by his countrymen. In 1740, he was one of seven gentlemen, who entered into a strict association to procure the restoration of King James ; and he had long wished for the concerted time, when he should bring the Highlands to aid an invading party in his favour. When he now learned that Charles had landed without troops and arms, and with only seven followers, he determined to abstain from the enterprize, but thought himself bound as a friend to visit the Prince in person, and endeavour to make him withdraw from the country.

In passing from his own house towards Borodale, Lochiel called at Fassefern, the residence of his brother John Cameron, who, in some surprise at the earliness of his visit, hastily inquired its reason. He informed his relative that the Prince of Wales had landed at Borodale, and sent for him. Fassefern asked what troops his Royal Highness had brought with him?—what money?—what arms? Lochiel answered, that he believed the Prince had brought with him neither troops, nor money, nor arms ; and that, resolved not to be concerned in the affair, he designed to do his utmost to prevent it from going any farther. Fassefern approved his brother's sentiments, and applauded his resolution ; advising him, at the same time, not to go any farther on the way to Boro-

dale, but to come into the house, and impart his mind to the Prince by a letter. "No," said Lochiel, "although my reasons admit of no reply, I ought at least to wait upon his Royal Highness." "Brother," said Fassefern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if this Prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases." The result proved the justice of this prognostication.*

On arriving at Borodale, Lochiel had a private interview with the Prince in which the probabilities of the enterprise were anxiously debated. Charles used every argument to excite the loyalty of Lochiel, and the chief exerted all his eloquence to persuade the Prince to withdraw till a better opportunity. Charles represented the present as the best possible opportunity; seeing that the French general kept the British army completely engaged abroad, while at home there were no troops but one or two new-raised regiments. He expressed his confidence, that a small body of Highlanders would be quite sufficient to gain a victory over all the force that could now be brought against him; and he was equally sure that such an advantage was all that was required to produce a general declaration in his favour. This argument was certainly in a great measure correct. It was even, perhaps, favourable to his views, that he came so entirely unprovided with foreign assistance; for so much exasperated were the nation at that time against the French, that, with even the smallest body of their troops, his enterprise would have acquir-

* Home's Works, iii 7.

ed the odious complexion of an invasion, and met with general and hearty resistance. Moreover, it was not only better that he should appear in the acceptable character of a leader of a national party, but almost his only chance of success lay in the activity and hardihood of the Highlanders, who alone, of all the militia of the country, could endure long and rapid marches. These arguments, if he used them, were thrown away upon Lochiel, who expressed the greatest reluctance to rise at the present juncture, and pleaded in moving terms, the prudence of at least a short delay. "No, no!" said the Prince with fervour, "in a few days, with the friends I have, I will raise the Royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it, or to perish in the attempt! Lochiel, whom my father has often spoken of as our firmest friend, may stay at home, and, from the newspapers, learn the fate of his Prince!"—"No!" cried Lochiel, stung by so poignant a reproach, and hurried away by the enthusiasm of the moment; "I'll share the fate of my Prince, come weal, come woe; and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." Such was the juncture upon which depended the civil war of 1745; for it is a point agreed, says Mr Home, who narrates this singular conversation, that if Lochiel had persisted in his refusal to take arms, no other chief would have joined the standard, and the spark of "rebellion" must have been instantly extinguished.

Lochiel immediately returned home, and proceeded to raise his clan, as did some other gentlemen, whom Charles then prevailed upon to join

him. It being now settled that he was to raise his standard at Glenfinnin on the 19th of August, he despatched letters on the sixth of the month to all the friendly chiefs, informing them of his resolution, and desiring them to meet him at the time and place mentioned. In the mean time, Clanranald returned from his unsuccessful mission to Skye, and actively set about raising his own clan.

Charles removed, early in August, from the farm-house of Borodale, to the more elegant seat of his friend Kinlochmoidart, situated seven miles off, at the place of that name. While he and his company went by sea, with the baggage and artillery, the guard of Clanranald, MacDonalds, which had been already appointed about his person, marched by the more circuitous route along the shore of the intervening bays. He remained at Kinlochmoidart * till the 18th of the month, when he went by water to the seat of MacDonal of Glenaladale, upon the brink of Loch-Shiel. † From that place, he proceeded next morning with a company of about five-and-twenty persons, in three

* "As the Prince was setting out for Glenfinnan, I was detached to Ardnamurchan to recruit, and soon returned with fifty clever fellows, who pleased the Prince; and, upon review, his Royal Highness was pleased to honour me with the command of them, telling me I was *the first officer he had made in Scotland*. This compliment delighted me exceedingly, and we all vowed to the Almighty, that we should live and die with our noble Prince, though all Britain should forsake him but our little regiment alone."—Journal—Lockhart Papers, ii. 483.

† Here Captain Sweetenham, an officer in Guise's regiment, was brought in prisoner by Keppoch's Macdonalds, who had captured him as he was travelling between Ruthven and Fort William.

boats, to the eastern extremity of Loch-Shiel, near which was the place where he designed to raise his standard.

Meanwhile, an incident had occurred, which tended not a little to foment the rising flame of insurrection. The governor of Fort Augustus, a small fort at the distance of forty or fifty miles from Charles's landing-place, (which, like Fort William on one hand, and Fort George on the other, had been planted for the subjugation of the Highlands), concluding from reports he heard, that the "Men of Moidart" were hatching some mischief, thought proper, on the 16th of August, to despatch two companies of the Scots Royals to Fort William, as a reinforcement to awe that rebellious district. The distance between the two forts is twenty-eight miles, and the road runs chiefly along the edge of a mountain which forms one side of the Great Glen, having the sheer height of the hill on one side, and the long narrow lakes, out of which the Caledonian Canal is formed, on the other. The men were newly raised, and, besides being inexperienced in military affairs, were unused to the alarming circumstances of an expedition in the Highlands. When they had travelled twenty out of the eight-and-twenty miles, and were approaching High Bridge, a lofty arch over a mountain torrent, they were surprised to hear the sound of a bagpipe, and to discover the appearance of a large party of Highlanders, who were already in possession of the bridge. The object of their alarm was in reality a band of only ten or twelve MacDonalds of Keppoch's clan; but, by skipping and leaping about, displaying their swords and firelocks, and by holding out their

plaids between each other, * they contrived to make a very formidable appearance. Captain (afterwards General) Scott, who commanded the two companies, ordered an immediate halt, and sent forward a sergeant with his own servant to reconnoitre. These two persons no sooner approached the bridge than two nimble Highlanders darted out and seized them. Ignorant of the number of the Highlanders, and knowing he was in a disaffected part of the country, Captain Scott thought it would be better to retreat than enter into hostilities. Accordingly, he ordered his men to face about, and march back again. The Highlanders did not follow immediately, lest they should expose the smallness of their number, but permitted the soldiers to get two miles away (the ground being so far plain and open) before leaving their post. As soon as the retreating party had passed the west end of Loch-Lochie, and were entering upon the narrow road between the lake and the hill, out darted the mountaineers, and, ascending the rocky precipices above the road, where there was shelter from both bush and stone, began to fire down upon the soldiers, who only retreated with the greater expedition.

The party of MacDonalds, who attempted this daring exploit, was commanded by Macdonald of Tierndriech. † That gentleman, having early observed the march of the soldiers, had sent expresses to Lochiel and Keppoch, whose houses were only a few miles distant on both sides of High

* Tour in the Highlands, 8vo.—London, 1819.

† Afterwards executed at Carlisle.

Bridge, for supplies of men. They did not arrive in time ; but he resolved to attack the party with the few men he had ; and he had thus far succeeded, when, the noise of his pieces causing friends in all quarters to fly to arms, he now found himself at the head of a party almost sufficient to encounter the two companies in the open field.

When Captain Scott reached the east end of Loch-Lochie, he perceived some Highlanders near the west end of Loch-Oich, directly in the way before him, and, not liking their appearance, he crossed the isthmus between the lakes, intending to take possession of Invergary Castle, the seat of MacDonell of Glengary. This movement only increased his difficulties. He had not marched far till he discovered the MacDonells of Glengary coming down the opposite hill in full force against him. He formed the hollow square, however, and marched on. Presently after, his pursuers were reinforced by the Macdonalds of Keppoch, and increased their pace to such a degree as almost to overtake him. Keppoch himself then advanced alone towards the distressed party, and offered good terms of surrender ; assuring them that any attempt at resistance, in the midst of so many enemies, would only be the signal for their being cut in pieces. Of course, the soldiers, by this time fatigued with a march of thirty miles, had no alternative but to surrender. They had scarcely laid down their arms, when Lochiel came up with a body of Camerons from another quarter, and took them under his charge. Two soldiers were slain, and Captain Scott himself was wounded in this singular scuffle ; which had no small

effect in raising the spirits of the Highlanders, and encouraging them to commence the war. *

The *Gathering of the Clans* was therefore proceeding with great activity, and armed bodies were seen everywhere crossing the country to Glenfinnin, at the time when Charles landed at that place to erect his standard. Glenfinnin is a narrow vale, surrounded on both sides by lofty and craggy mountains, about fifteen miles west from Fort-William, and as far east from Borodale; forming, in fact, the outlet from Moidart into Lochaber. The place gets its name from the little river Finnan, which runs through it, and falls into Loch-Shiel at its extremity. Charles disembarked, with his company, from the three boats which had brought them from Glenaladale, at the place where the river debouches into the lake. It was eleven in the forenoon, and he expected to find the whole vale alive with the assembled bands which he had appointed to meet him. To his great mortification, however, Glenfinnin lay as still and grim at his landing, as it had done since the beginning of time; and only a few natives, the inhabitants of its little hamlet, "were there to say *God save him!*" Some accident, it was concluded, had prevented the arrival of the clans; and he went into one of the neighbouring hovels, to spend the anxious hours which should intervene before they appeared.

At length, about an hour after noon, the sound of a pibroch was heard over the top of an opposite hill, and immediately after, the Adventurer was cheered by the sight of a large band of Highlanders, in full march down the brae. It was the Ca-

* Home's Works, iii. 12.

merons, to the amount of seven or eight hundred,

“ All plaided and plumed in their tartan array,”

coming forward in two columns of three men abreast, to the spirit-stirring notes of the bagpipe, and leading between them the party of soldiers whom they had just taken prisoners. Elevated by the fine appearance of this noble clan, and by the auspicious result of the little action just described, Charles no longer hesitated to declare war upon “ the great enemy of his house.”

The spot selected for the rearing of the standard was a little eminence in the centre of the vale, where it could be rendered conspicuous to all round. The Marquis of Tullibardine, whose rank entitled him to the honour, pitched himself upon the top of this knoll, supported by two men, on account of his weak state of health. He then flung upon the mountain breeze, that “ meteor flag” which, shooting like a streamer from the north, was soon to spread such omens of woe and terror over the peaceful vales of Britain. It was a large banner of red silk, with a white space in the centre, but without the motto of “ TANDEM TRIUMPHANS,” which has been so often assigned to it—as also the significant emblems of a crown and coffin, with which the terror of England at one time adorned it. The appearance of the standard was hailed by a perfect storm of pipe-music, by a cloud of skimming bonnets, and by a loud and long-enduring shout, * which, in the language of a Highland bard, roused the young eagles from their eyries, and made the wild deer bound upon

* Culloden Papers.

the fell. Tullibardine then read a manifesto in the name of King James the Eighth, with a Commission of Regency in favour of his son Charles, both dated at Rome, December 1743. The standard was carried back to the Prince's quarters by a guard of fifty Camerons.

About two hours after this solemnity was concluded, MacDonal of Keppoch arrived with three hundred of his hardy and warlike clan ; and in the evening, some gentlemen of the name of MacLeod came to offer their services, expressing great indignation at the defection of their chief, and proposing to return to Skye and raise all the men they could. The army, amounting to about twelve hundred men, was encamped that evening in Glenfinnin, Sullivan being appointed quarter-master general.

The insurrection was thus fairly commenced ; and it will now be necessary to advert to the means taken by Government for its suppression, as well as to the state of the country upon which Charles was about to descend.

CHAPTER IV.

PROCEEDINGS OF GOVERNMENT.

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out.

Macbeth.

AT the time when the insurrection broke out, George the second was absent in Hanover, on one of those frequent visits to his paternal dominions, which, with great appearance of truth, caused his British subjects to accuse him of being more devoted to the interests of his Electorate, than he was to those of the more important Empire which his family had been called to govern. The Government was intrusted, during his absence, to a regency composed of his principal ministers. So far as the northern section of the island was concerned in the affairs of Government, it was then managed by a minister called Secretary of State for Scotland ; and the Marquis of Tweeddale held the office in 1745.

The negotiations which the Exiled Family had constantly carried on with their adherents in Britain and their incessant menaces of invasion, rendered the event which had now taken place by no

means unexpected on the part of Government, and indeed scarcely alarming. During the whole summer, a report had been flying about the Highlands, that Prince Charles was to come over before the end of the season ; but the King's servants at Edinburgh heard nothing of it till the 2d of July, when the President of the Court of Session came to Sir John Cope, Commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, and showed him a letter which he had just received from a Highland gentleman, informing him of the rumour, though affecting to give it little credit. Cope instantly sent notice of what he heard to the Marquis of Tweeddale, expressing disbelief in the report, but yet advising that arms should be transmitted to the forts in Scotland, for the use of the well-affected clans, in case any attempt should be made. The Marquis answered General Cope upon the 9th, ordering him to keep a vigilant eye upon the North, but mentioning that the Lords of the Regency seemed to decline so strong and so alarming a measure as sending arms. Cope replied immediately, that he would take all the measures which seemed necessary for his Majesty's service, avoiding as much as possible the raising of unnecessary alarm. Some further correspondence took place before the end of the month, in which the zeal and promptitude of this much belied general appear very conspicuous, while the supineness and security of the Regency are just as remarkable.

It is perhaps the most striking thing about the history of this singular civil war, that the characters of the opposite parties are so violently contrasted. Charles, youthful, ardent, aspiring, possessed of many of the characteristics of a hero of

romance ; with his Highlanders, hardy, brave, and high-minded ; are opposed to stupid old martinets, and to that ghastly spectre of powder, pomatum, blackball and flagellation, which was then considered a regular and well appointed army. In one of the parties we see many of the features of chivalry ; a love of desperate deeds for their own sake, and a pure and devoted spirit of loyalty, such as might have graced the wars of the Roses, or glowed in the pages of Froissart. In the other, we are disgusted with the alarms of a parcel of ancient civil officers—with the vile cant of a pack of affected patriots—and with the contemptible technicalities of a military frippery, the most ostentatious in pretension, and the most feeble in practice, that every disgraced a country.

Sir John Cope, whose fortune it was to be Charles's first opponent, has been termed by President Forbes, who was perfectly qualified to judge, one of the best officers of his time. This is, however, but poor praise in the estimation of a modern Briton, when he reflects upon the condition and deeds of the army during the reign of the second George ; a period which, though spent in almost perpetual war, scarcely presents a single *military fact*, besides those under review, on which the public mind now dwells with satisfaction, or indeed remembers at all. Sir John, such as he was, had at present under his command in Scotland, two regiments of dragoons, * three full regiments of in-

* *Gardiner's*, lying at Stirling, Linlithgow, Musselburgh, Kelso, and Dunse ; and *Hamilton's*, quartered at Haddington, Dunse, and adjacent places. Their horses, according to a custom since abrogated, were placed at grass in the parks near the quarters of the men.

fantry, * and fourteen odd companies, † together with the standing garrisons of invalids in the various castles and forts. The most of these troops were newly raised, being indeed intended for immediate transportation to Flanders; and it was impossible to place much confidence in them, especially as forming an entire army, without the support of more experienced troops. Although they had probably, therefore, learned to scour their accoutrements with the most washerwoman-like accuracy, and though possibly not one of their queues could be found guilty of either a hair too much in thickness, or a hairbreadth's excess in length, when the sergeant came round, day by day, with his calibre and compasses, to ascertain these mighty points, ‡ there was but little chance of a vigorous stand against enemies of determined valour, trained to arms from their youth upwards, and who, with an assurance perfectly frightful, would not scruple, on occasion, to fight for, and win a victory, when, according to the true art of war, it was their duty to be defeated.

With this little army, however, Cope soon found

* Guise's Regiment of foot at Aberdeen, Murray's in the Highland forts, and Lascelles's at Edinburgh and Leith.

† Five of Lees's at Dumfries, Stranraer, Glasgow, and Stirling; two of the Scots Royal (taken by Keppoch's men); two of the Scots Fusilleers, at Glasgow; two of Lord Semple's, at Cupar in Fife; and three of Lord John Murray's at Crieff.

‡ Such was really the custom, and in times not long bygone. A friend informs us, that little more than twenty years ago, he has seen regiments paraded on the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and sergeants stepping along behind, with a large pair of compasses, attentively measuring the length of the queues.

himself obliged to undertake a campaign against the formidable bands of the North. He received a letter from the Scottish Secretary on the 3d of August, announcing that the Young Chevalier, as Charles was called, had really left France in order to invade Scotland, and was even said to have already landed there; commanding him to make such a disposition of his forces as to be ready at a moment's notice; and promising immediately to send him down the supply of arms he formerly requested. On the 8th, he received a letter from the Lord Justice-Clerk (Milton, then residing at Roseneath), enclosing another letter dated the 5th instant, which had just been transmitted to Mr Campbell of Stonefield, Sheriff of Argyll, by Mr Campbell of Aird, (factor in Mull to the Duke of Argyll); which letter gave him almost certain intelligence of the Prince's landing. Next morning, the 9th, his Excellency was shown another letter by the Lord President, confirming the news; and he sent all the papers to London, as the best means of rousing the slumbering energies of Government.

Without waiting for this communication, the Lords Regent published, on the 6th of August, a proclamation, offering thirty thousand pounds for the person of the Young Chevalier, whom they announced to have sailed from France for the purpose of invading Britain. This proclamation proceeded upon an act of the first George, by which, though it would be difficult to find a reason for it in the principles of either law or justice, the blood of James Stuart, and of his children, was attainted, and themselves outlawed. Charles, im-

mediately on learning the price offered for his life, published a sort of parody of the proclamation, holding out the same sum for the head of the Elector of Hanover.

It is amusing to observe, in the newspapers of this period, the various reports which agitated the public mind, and, above all, the uncertainty and meagreness of the intelligence which reached Edinburgh regarding Charles's transactions in Lochaber. On the 5th of August, it is mentioned in the old Scottish newspaper called the Edinburgh Evening Courant, that the Prince had left France. Next day, it is reported, as a quotation from some foreign journal, that he had actually landed in the Highlands, and was sure of thirty thousand men and ten ships of war. No other intelligence of note is observable till the 22d, when it is stated that two Glasgow vessels, in their way home from Virginia, had touched somewhere in the North-west Highlands, and learned that the dreaded Pretender was actually there, with ten thousand men, and that he had sent word to the Governor of Fort William, "*he would give him his breakfast that morning.*" Had Lochaber been part of the Russian Empire instead of a Scottish province, had it been two thousand instead of one hundred miles from Edinburgh, greater uncertainty could scarcely have prevailed in that city regarding the proceedings of its inhabitants.

In projecting measures against the threatened insurrection, Sir John Cope had all along held council with those civil officers who, ever since the Union, have had such an unlimited influence over the affairs of Scotland; the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Lord Justice-Clerk, the

Lord Advocate, and the Solicitor-General. The gentlemen who held the two first of these offices, Duncan Forbes and Andrew Fletcher, were men of not only the purest patriotism and loyalty, but of the most extensive understanding and highest accomplishment. Duncan Forbes, in particular, from his intimate acquaintance with the Highlanders, a full half of whom he had previously converted to Government by his eloquence, was qualified in no ordinary degree to direct the operations of a campaign against that people.

The advice of all these gentlemen, unfortunately, tended to this fatal effect—that Sir John Cope should march as fast as possible into the Highlands, in order to crush the insurrection before it reached any height. It is very probable * that this advice was dictated by a feeling of humanity towards the insurgents, many of whom were the intimate friends and associates of the advisers. Forbes seems to have wished, by this means, at once to quiet those who *had* risen, before Government should become exasperated against them, and to prevent as many as possible from joining, who he was sure would soon do so if the enterprise was not immediately checked. We cannot but regret that a piece of council so honourable in its motive should have been so imprudent in policy. The Royal army was not only inferior in numbers to that which Charles was believed to have drawn, together, but had all the disadvantages of a campaign in an enemy's country, and on ground unsuitable for its evolutions—would first have to

* Probable from the tenor of their letters.—See Culloden Papers.

drag its way slowly over rugged wildernesses, with a perpetual clog of baggage and provisions behind it, and then perhaps fight in a defile where it would be gradually cut to pieces, or what was as bad, permit the enemy to slip past and descend upon the Low country, which it ought to have protected. The advice was even given in defiance of experience: the Duke of Argyle, in 1715, by guarding the pass into the Lowlands at Stirling, prevented the much superior army of Mar from disturbing the valuable part of the kingdom, and eventually was able to paralyse and confound the whole of that unhappy enterprise.

Cope is conjectured by Mr Home, * though the fact is not so obvious, to have been confirmed in his desire of prompt measures by a piece of address on the part of the Jacobites. These gentlemen, who were very numerous in Edinburgh, remembering perhaps the precedent alluded to, and knowing that Charles, for want of money, would not be able to keep the Highlanders long together in their own country, conceived it to be their best policy to precipitate a meeting between the two armies. They therefore contrived, it is said, that Sir John Cope, who seemed to have no opinions of his own, but consulted every body he met, should be urged to perform the march he proposed, as the measure most likely to quell the insurrection, which, it was hinted by these insidious advisers, wanted nothing but a little time to become formidable.

Thus advised, and thus perhaps deluded, Sir John

* Works, iii. 28.—Mr Home adds, that he was assured of the fact by the Jacobites themselves.

Cope rendezvoused his raw troops at Stirling, and sent off a letter to the Scots Secretary, requesting permission to march immediately against the rebels. The reasons which he gave for his proposal seemed so strong in the eyes of the Lords Regent, that they not only agreed to it, but expressly ordered him to march to the North, and engage the enemy, whatever might be his strength, or wherever he might be found. This order reached Sir John at Edinburgh on the 19th of August, the very day when Charles reared his standard; so that war might be said to have been declared by both parties simultaneously. Cope set out that very day for Stirling, to put himself at the head of his little army.

CHAPTER V.

COPE'S MARCH TO THE NORTH.

Duke F.—Come on ; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

As You Like It.

THIS unfortunate Commander-in-chief commenced his fatal march on the 20th of August, the day after he had received the orders of the Lords Regent. His force consisted in twenty-five companies of foot, amounting in all to fourteen hundred men, for he had left the two regiments of dragoons behind, on account of their uselessness in a Highland campaign. He carried with him four pieces of cannon (one and a half pounders), as many colts, and a thousand stand of arms, to be given to the native troops, which he expected to join him as he went along. Besides a vast quantity of baggage, he was followed by a train of black cattle, with butchers to kill them as required : and he had as much bread and biscuit as would serve for twenty-one days ; for the production of which all the bakers in Edinburgh, Leith, and Stirling, had been incessantly working for a week. *

It was Sir John's intention to march to Fort Augustus, the central fort of the three which are

* Report of Cope's Trial.

pitched along the Great Glen. He considered this the most advantageous post that could be occupied by the King's army, because it was in the very centre of the disaffected country, and admitted of a ready communication with the adjacent places of strength. He accordingly adopted that military road through the middle of the Highlands, which, stretching athwart the great alpine region of the Grampians, is so remarkable in the memory of all travellers for its lonely desolation in summer, and its dangerous character when the ground is covered with snow. His first day's march was to Crieff, where he was obliged to halt till he should be overtaken by an hundred *horse-load* of bread that had been left at Stirling. Having previously written to the Duke of Athole, Lord Glenorchy, and other loyal chiefs, desiring them to raise their men, the first of these noblemen here visited him, in company with his younger brother, Lord George Murray, afterwards so celebrated as the Generalissimo of Charles's forces; but the chief of Athole, though disposed to preserve his estate by keeping on good terms with Government, was by no means so hotly loyal as to take arms in its defence. Cope was then, for the first time, shaken in his hope of gaining accessions of strength as he went along—the hope which had mainly induced him to go North with so small an army; and he would have gladly returned to Stirling, had not the orders of Government, as he afterwards acknowledged,* been so peremptory for a contrary course. Lord Glenorchy waited upon the disconcerted general on the afternoon of the same day, and gave him addi-

* Report of Cope's Trial, 17.

tional pain, by the intelligence that he could not gather his men in proper time. He then saw fit to send back seven hundred of his spare arms, to the place which he would so gladly have retreated to himself.

Advancing on the 22d to Amulree, on the 23d to Tay Bridge, on the 24th to Trinifuir, and on the 25th to Dalnacardoch, the difficulties of a Highland campaign became gradually more and more apparent to the unhappy general, whose eyes were at the same time daily opened wider and wider to the secret disaffection of the Highlanders. His baggage-horses were stolen in the night from their pastures, so that he was obliged to leave hundreds of his bread-bags behind him. Those who took charge of this important deposit, though they promised to send it after him, took care that it never reached its destination, or at least not until it was useless. He was also played upon and distracted by all sorts of false intelligence ; so that he at last could not trust to the word of a single native, gentleman or commoner. In short, he soon found himself in a complete *scrape*—emancipation from which seemed impossible but at the expense of honour.

When at the lonely inn of Dalnacardoch, he was met by Captain Sweetenham, the officer already mentioned as having been taken by the insurgents ; who, after witnessing the erection of the standard, had been discharged upon his parole, and now brought Cope the first certain intelligence he had received, regarding the real state of the enemy. Sweetenham had left them when their numbers were fourteen hundred ; he had since met many more who were marching to the ren-

devious ; and, as he passed Dalwhinnie, the last stage, he had been informed by MacIntosh of Boreland, that they were now three thousand strong, and were marching to take possession of Corriearrack. Cope soon after received a letter from President Forbes, (now at his house of Culloden, near Inverness), confirming the latter part of Captain Sweetenham's intelligence.

Corriearrack, of which the insurgents were about to take possession, is an immense mountain of the most lofty and voluminous proportions, interposing betwixt Cope's present position and Fort Augustus, and over which lay the road he was designing to take. The real distance from the plain at one side of this vast eminence to the plain at the other, is perhaps little more than four or five miles ; but such is the tortuosity of the road, to suit the nature of the ground, that the distance by that mode of measurement is at least eighteen. The road ascends the steep sides by seventeen *traverses*, somewhat like the ladders of a tall and complex piece of scaffolding, and each of which leads the traveller but a small way forward compared with the distance he has had to walk. It was the most dangerous peculiarity of the hill, in the present case, that the deep ditch or water-course along the side of the road, afforded innumerable positions, in which an enemy could be intrenched to the teeth, so as to annoy the approaching army without the possibility of being annoyed in return ; and that, indeed, a very small body of resolute men could thus entirely cut off and destroy an army, of whatever numbers or appointments, acting upon the offensive. It was reported to Sir John Cope, that a party of the Highlanders was to wait

for him at the bridge of Snugborough, one of the most dangerous passes in the mountain, and that, while he was there actively opposed, another body, marching round by the path to the west, and coming in behind, should completely enclose him, as between two fires, and in all probability accomplish his destruction. *

The Royal army had advanced to Dalwhinnie, and come within sight of Corriearrack, when the General received this dreadful intelligence; and so pressing had his dilemma then become, that he conceived it impossible to move farther without calling a council of war. It was on the morning of the 27th of August that this meeting took place, at which various proposals were made and considered for the further conduct of the army. All agreed, in the first place, that their original design of marching over Corriearrack was impracticable. To remain where they were was needless, as the insurgents could slip down into the Lowlands by other roads. Two objections lay against the measure which seemed most obvious, that of *marching back again*—namely, the orders of Government, so express in favour of a northward march and an immediate encounter with the enemy, and the danger of the Highlanders intercepting them in their retreat by breaking down the bridges and destroying the roads. Under these circumstances, the only other course that remained, was to turn aside towards Inverness, where they had a prospect of being joined by some loyal clans; and, in which case, they might expect that the Highlanders would scarcely dare to descend upon the Lowlands, as

* Report of Cope's Trial, 24.

such a course would necessarily leave their own country exposed to the vengeance of an enemy.

This last proposal was unanimously agreed to, only one officer having attempted to advocate the opposite measure of a retreat to Stirling, and no member of the council presuming to press either of the other two. Sir John Cope, who took care to get their seals-manual to the resolution, must therefore be held excused for his conduct under these unhappy circumstances, however blameable he may have been *à priori*, for his precipitancy in marching into the Highlands. The memory of this general has been loaded with ridicule and blame, to an extent which almost makes any attempt at defending him ridiculous. And yet, when the report of the Board of General Officers, which inquired into his conduct, is attentively perused, the reader can scarcely fail to be convinced that the result, and not the merit of his measures, has been the sole cause of his evil reputation.

No sooner was this resolution taken, than the army proceeded upon its march, turning off from the Fort-Augustus road at a place called Blariggbig, and proceeding along that which leads by Ruthven to Inverness. In order to deceive the enemy, who lay upon the top of Corriearrack expecting his approach, the General caused a small portion of his army to advance, with the camp-colours flying, towards the hill, under the semblance of an advanced guard; with orders to overtake the main-body with all speed, when they had allowed time for it to get half a day's march upon its new route. He arrived, by forced marches, at Inverness upon the 27th, without having rested a single day since he left Crieff.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES'S DESCENT UPON THE LOWLANDS.

On by moss and mountain green,
 Let's buckle a' and on thegither,
 Down the burn and through the dean,
 And leave the muir amang the heather.

Sound the bagpipe, blaw the horn,
 Let ilka kilted clansman gather ;
 We maun up and ride the morn,
 And leave the muir amang the heather.

Jacobite Song.

THE first motions of the insurgent army, after rearing the standard, were directed through the country where they expected the greatest accession of force, and not towards the south of Scotland, which they considered themselves as yet in no condition to invade. Leaving Glenfinnin on the 20th, * they marched to the head of Loch-Lochie, and from thence on the 23d to Fassefern, where the Prince slept that night in the house of Young Lochiel's brother. They were soon informed of the march of Sir John Cope from Stirling, by Highland soldiers, who deserted nightly in great numbers from his army, and who now came to

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 442.

join their respective clans. Arriving on the 25th at Moy in Lochaber, they were joined by two hundred and sixty of the Stuarts of Appin, under the command of Stuart of Ardshiel. Next day, they proceeded, by the Castle of Invergary, where the Prince slept a night, to Abertarf, in the district of Glengary, where the clan of that chieftain, amounting to three hundred men, joined them, under the command of MacDonell of Lochgary. * Charles was now made aware, by an express from Gordon of Glenbucket, that Cope had arrived within two days march of his army, and was designing to proceed against him over Corriearrack. He therefore held a council of war, at Abertarf, in order to consider whether he should meet the Government troops with his present force, or defer an engagement till he should be joined by the clans he was daily expecting. The ardour of his counsellors, and of his own wishes, happily determined him upon the former of these measures, at once the boldest and the best.

A considerable party of the Grants of Glenmorrison had now joined the army, which thus amounted to above eighteen hundred men. † The whole of the clans were in the highest spirits, and longed ardently for an engagement with General Cope, whose attempt at invading them in their own country had already excited their highest indignation. ‡ As for Charles himself, the boldness with which he commenced the enterprise had been, if possible, screwed to a still higher pitch. He had already caught fresh enthusiasm from the brave

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 484.

† Culloden Papers.

‡ Lockhart Papers, ii. 485.

people among whom he moved ; and his soul, formerly fired with ambition, was now imbued with no small portion of that purer and still loftier spirit—that peculiar spirit of chivalry and high-souled feeling—which, in some measure, might be said to form the mental atmosphere of his adherents. He had adopted a taste for Highland song and Highland tradition, was making rapid progress in the acquisition of Gaelic, and had determined upon assuming the dress and arms of a mountaineer. It was with something like the real spirit of a Highlander, that, on the morning of his march to Corriearrack, he called for the Highland dress which had been prepared for him, and, tying the lachets of his single-soled shoes or brogues, vowed not to unloose them till he had come up with the enemy. *

The Highland army marched at four o'clock in the morning of the 27th from Aberchallader, near the foot of Corriearrack, in order to anticipate General Cope in the possession of that mountain. The ascent upon the north side being not nearly so steep as that upon the south, they ascended to the top without difficulty, and lay down to await the approach of the enemy, whom they understood to have spent the night at Dalwhinnie. Cope, however, had just this morning resolved upon the safer course which we have described. They were informed of his evasive march by a soldier of the name of Cameron, who deserted, in order to convey the intelligence, as soon as he perceived the army turn off at Blarigg-big. They hailed the news with a loud shout, testifying disappointed

* Culloden Papers.

vengeance mingled with exultation ; and the Prince, calling for a glass of brandy, and ordering every man one of usquebaugh, drank “ To the health of good Mr Cope, and may every General in the Usurper’s service prove himself as much our friend as he has done ! ”* They then descended the steep traverses upon the south side of Corriearrack, with the rapid steps and eager countenances of men who give chase. †

It was the first emotion of the Highland army on this occasion, that Johnny Cope, as they called him, should be pursued, and, if possible, utterly exterminated. However, when they reached Garviemore, the first stage from the bottom of the hill, it was determined by a council of war, that the unfortunate General should be left to the consequences of his own folly at Inverness, and that they should proceed, in the mean time, to take advantage of his desertion of the Lowlands. They were confirmed in this resolution by Mr Murray of Broughton, a Lowland gentleman who had joined the Prince at the head of Loch-Shiel ; who represented that, by the influence of the Jacobites at Edinburgh, they would gain easy possession of that capital, and thus give *eclat* to their arms fully as great as the achievement of a victory. It also appeared, that by this course, if they left the Frazers, the MacIntoshes, and other northern clans, whom they expected to join, the Marquis of Tullibardine would gain them the men of Athole, before the Duke his brother had time to interest them in the cause of Government.

It was at this juncture that Charles’s enterprise

* Henderson’s Hist. Reb 36. † Home’s Works, iii. 26.

assumed that bold and romantic character for which it was destined to be altogether so remarkable; it was here that he commenced that wild and unexampled tissue of intrepid adventure, which impressed Britain at the time with so much terror, and eventually with so much admiration. Having once made the resolution to descend upon the Low countries, he did it with spirit and rapidity. Two days sufficed to carry him through the alpine region of Badenoch; another to open up to his view the pleasant vale of Athole, which might in some measure be considered the avenue into the fertile country he was invading. As he passed the lonely inn of Dalwhinnie, a party of his men, who had gone upon an unsuccessful expedition against the little government fort of Ruthven, brought into his camp M'Pherson of Cluny, chief of that powerful clan; who had undertaken the command of a company in the service of Government, but who was easily persuaded to return and raise his men for the cause of his heart.

In thus proceeding upon his expedition, Charles acted entirely like a man who has undertaken a high and hazardous affair, which he is resolved to carry through with all his spirit and address. Nature and education had alike qualified him for the campaign he was commencing. Originally gifted with a healthy and robust constitution, he had never engaged in those enervating amusements which prevail to such an extent in the country where he had spent his youth. On the contrary, with a view probably to this very expedition, he had taken care to inure himself to a hardy and temperate mode of life; had instructed himself in all sorts of manly exercises; and, in particular, had made

himself a first-rate pedestrian by hunting a-foot over the plains of Italy. * The Highlanders were astonished to find themselves over-matched at running, wrestling, leaping, and even at their favourite exercise of the broadsword, by the slender stranger of the distant lands ; but their astonishment gave place to admiration and affection, when they discovered that Charles had adopted all these exercises out of compliment to them, and that he might some day show himself, as he said, a true Highlander. By walking, moreover, every day's march along side one or other of their corps, inquiring into their family histories, songs, and legends, he succeeded in completely fascinating the hearts of this simple and poetical people, who could conceive no greater merit upon earth than accomplishment in the use of arms, accompanied by a taste for tales of ancient glory. The enthusiastic and devoted attachment with which he succeeded in inspiring them, was such as no subsequent events could ever dissipate or impair. Even half a century after they had seen him, when years might have been supposed to do away with their early feelings, it was impossible to find a surviving fellow-adventurer, and they were then many, who could speak of him without tears and sighs of affectionate regret.

As the mountain host descended upon the plain, they were joined, like one of their own rivers, by accessions of strength at the mouths of all the little glens which they passed. But, while many of the people joined and prepared to join them, a very

* Boswell's Tour to the Heb. (2nd ed.) 231.

considerable number of the landed proprietors fled at their approach—among the rest, the Duke of Athole. In the absence of this nobleman from his house at Blair, his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine took possession of it as his own; and here Charles spent the night of the 30th of August. Along with Charles, the Marquis undertook on this occasion to entertain all the Highland chiefs; and the supper which he gave was suitable in splendour to the distinguished character of the guests. During the evening, it is said, the Prince exerted himself to appear cheerful, though the anxiety arising from his circumstances, as may be supposed, occasionally drew a shade of thoughtfulness over his otherwise sprightly features. He partook only of the dishes which are supposed to be peculiar to Scotland; and, in pursuance of the same line of policy which induced him to walk in tartan at the head of his troops, attempted to drink the healths of the chiefs in the few words of Gaelic which he had already picked up. To the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, as a gentleman of the old school, always talked in broad Scotch, he addressed himself in language as nearly resembling that dialect as possible; and in all his deportment, he showed an evident anxiety to conciliate and please those among whom his lot was cast.* Observing the guard which his host had placed in the lobby to be perpetually peeping in at the door to see him, he affected a desire of enjoying the open air, and, walking out into the lobby, gratified the poor Highlanders with a complete view of his person,

* Henderson's Hist. Reb. 36.

which they had not previously seen on account of their recent arrival at the house. *

He remained two days at Blair, during which he was joined by Lord Nairn and several other gentlemen of the country. Sending forward this nobleman, along with Lochiel and four hundred men, to proclaim him at Dunkeld, he proceeded down the Blair or Plain of Athole on the 2d of September, and spent that evening in Lord Nairn's house, between Dunkeld and Perth. He arrived next afternoon at the last mentioned town, where his proclamations had been made on the morning of the same day by the advanced party.

When Charles entered Perth, he wore a magnificent dress of tartan trimmed with gold, which at once set off his fine person, and received dignity from his princely aspect. † He was accompanied by the Duke of Perth, Oliphant of Gask, and Mercer of Aldie, who had joined him as he passed through their estates. The people, dazzled by his appearance, hailed him with loud acclamations, and conducted him in a sort of triumph towards the lodgings which had been prepared for him in the house of a Jacobite nobleman. This was the first town of consequence which Charles had yet arrived at, and he had every reason to be satisfied with his reception, although, we believe, the magistrates had thought it necessary to leave their charge, and disappear on the preceding evening. The inhabitants of this ancient and beautiful little city were strongly disposed to regard Charles with affection, from the influence of local association.

* Tradition in Athole.

† Letters from a Nobleman to his Son.

He reminded them of his father, who had here held his court thirty years before—of Charles the Second, who had spent a considerable time with them during his attempts to recover the kingdom in 1650–1,—of James the Sixth, who had so strongly patronized their town as to become its provost,—and, finally, of that long and interminable line of monarchs, who had been crowned in the neighbouring palace of Scone, and even rendered this their capital. Thinking of the many courtly scenes which this prince's ancestors had occasioned in their city and its neighbourhood, they could scarcely but regard with satisfaction, one who seemed designed to restore all these glories so long passed away. There was a public fair in Perth on the day of the Prince's entry, and many persons from different parts of the country were there to join in the astonishment and partial rapture with which this singular scene was contemplated.

The house appropriated for Charles's residence, was that of the Viscount of Stormont,* elder brother to Lord Mansfield—the representative of an avowedly Jacobitical family, but one of those who were content to confine the expression of their political feelings to words. He was absent on the present occasion; but such was the reception which his family thought fit to give the Prince, that one of his sisters is credibly said to have spread down a bed for his Royal Highness with her own fair hands.

The reinforcements which Charles received at

* It was an antique house with a wooden front, standing upon the site of the present Perth Union Bank, near the bottom of the High Street.

Perth and its neighbourhood, were very considerable. He had already received the Duke of Perth, with a regiment formed of his Grace's tenants, together with the tenants of Lord Nairn, and the Lairds of Gask and Aldie. The Robertsons of Struan, Blairfitty, and Cushievale; the Stuarts who inhabited the uplands of Perthshire; and many of the tenants of the Duke of Athole, raised by the Marquis of Tullibardine; new poured themselves into the tide of insurrection. In raising these men, considerable difficulties were experienced by their chiefs and landlords, the spirit of Jacobitism being here apparently tinged a good deal with Whiggery. The Duke of Perth, having ordered his tenants to contribute a man for every plough, it is said, though with extremely little probability, was obliged to shoot one refractory person, in order to enforce his orders amongst the rest. Tullibardine, from the equivocal nature of his title, found still greater difficulty in raising the tenants upon those estates which he conceived his own. But, perhaps, no one experienced so much difficulty in his levies, as the good Laird of Gask, though he was, at the same time, perhaps, the person of all others most anxious to provide men for the service of his beloved Prince. This enthusiastic Jacobite was, it seems, so extremely incensed at the resistance he received from some of his tenants, that he actually laid an arrestment or inhibition upon their corn-fields, in order to see if their interest would not oblige them to comply with his request. The case was still at issue when Charles, in marching from Perth, observed the corn hanging dead ripe, and eagerly inquired the reason. He was informed that Gask had not only prohi-

bited his tenants from cutting their grain, but would not permit their cattle to be fed upon it, so that these creatures were absolutely starving. Shocked at what he heard, he leaped from the saddle, exclaiming, "This will never do," and began to gather a quantity of the corn. Giving this to his horse, he said to those that were by, that he had thus broken Gask's inhibition, and the farmers might now, upon his authority, proceed to put the produce of their fields to its proper use. *

When Charles entered Perth, it is said that he had only a single guinea in his pocket. † During his march hitherto, he had freely given his chiefs what sums they thought necessary for the subsistence of the men; and his purse was now exhausted at the very moment when it was fortunately in his power to replenish it. By sending detachments of his men to Dundee, and various other towns at no great distance, he raised a good deal of public money; and several of his Edinburgh friends now came in with smaller but less reluctant subsidies. From the city of Perth he exacted five hundred pounds. ‡

* Tradition at the place. † Home's Works, iii. 43.

‡ A circumstance occurred during the negotiations about this last contribution, which, though perhaps too ludicrous for the pages of history, may be worth preserving as a curious illustration of the ignorance of the Highlanders, at this period, regarding the affairs of civilized life. Before achieving the subsidy, Charles, finding it necessary to use his own personal influence with the civic rulers, went to the house of a particular bailie, attended by a single mountaineer. He immediately entered into a conference with the worthy magistrate, who happened, besides a stately old fashioned "*stand of claihs*," as a full suit was then called, to wear a remarkably voluminous, dignified, and well-powdered periwig. On observ-

Perhaps the most important accession to his force which Charles received at Perth, was that of Lord George Murray, whom his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine brought down from Athole the day after the army entered the city. This gentleman was advanced to middle age, and had been *out* in the year 1715. Having served abroad since, in the King's service, he possessed considerable military experience; but his talents and enterprising character were such as to render knowledge of his profession comparatively a matter of secondary moment. Charles had so much confidence in his abilities, as immediately to make

ing this grand ornament on the head of the bailie, and seeing the Prince at the same time wearing his own pale unostentatious locks, it struck the mind of the poor Highlander, that there was something intolerably inappropriate in the respective appearances of the two heads. He could have borne to see the Prince's head covered by only the simple ornament supplied by nature, provided that there was no possibility of improving the case; but when he saw the head of an inferior person—a *mere bailie*, decorated with something so much finer, and to which it had not nearly so good a title, he could not possibly restrain his loyal indignation. Going up to the magistrate, therefore, he deliberately lifted off his wig before the poor gentleman was aware, and muttering that "it was a shame to see ta like o' her, clarty thing, wearing sic a brow hap, when ta vera Prince hersel had naething on ava," fairly transferred it to his Royal Highness, on whose head he proceeded to adjust it with great care and apparent reverence. The magistrate, of course, stormed like a fury at the insult offered to his dignity, and even Charles himself could not help expressing some uneasiness; but it was a good while ere the sturdy advocate for appropriate ornaments would permit the wig to be removed from its owner *de jure*, and restored to its proprietor *de facto*. *

* Tradition at Perth.

him Lieutenant-general of his army; a trust for which, great as it was, he soon proved himself admirably qualified.*

Charles was compelled to stay no less than eight days at Perth, by the double necessity of providing himself with money, and gathering the Perthshire clans together. He did not, however, spend his time in vain. He seized this opportunity of reducing the ill-assorted elements of his army to some sort of order, and exerted himself to get the men instructed in the various evolutions of military discipline. The sturdy mountaineers were, as may be easily imagined, somewhat intractable; displaying great inaptitude in the conventional rules by which a whole body is to be governed, though at the same time every individual evinced a readiness and dexterity in the use of his own arms far beyond what is seen in ordinary soldiers. At a grand review, which he held on the common to the north of the town (September 7th), Charles was observed to smile occasionally at the awkwardness of their general motions; at the same time, he complimented their appearance as individuals, by calling them "his *Stuigs*," † that is, his colts,—an appellation which marked his admiration of the strength and wild elegance of their persons.

It would almost appear that Charles occupied himself so closely in business, while at Perth, as to have little time for amusement. Not only did he make a point of rising early every morning, to

* Lord George Murray was paternal grandfather to the present Duke of Athole.

† Henderson's History of the Rebellion, 37.

drill his troops, but it is recorded of him that, being one night invited to a grand ball by the gentlewomen of Perth, he had no sooner danced one measure, than he made his bow and hastily withdrew, alleging the necessity of visiting his sentry-posts. This ungallant act, so opposite to his usual policy of ingratiating himself with all sorts of people, if not also to his own inclinations, can be ascribed to nothing but his sense of the importance of his military duties, to which he thought that all others should be for the present postponed. He is said to have given general offence to the ladies by the shortness of his stay at their entertainment.

We are enabled, from a newspaper of the time, * to state, that he attended divine service on Sunday the 8th of September; when a Mr Armstrong, probably a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopal Church, preached from the very apposite text (Isaiah, xiv. 12.)—"For the Lord will have mercy upon Jacob, and will yet loose Israel, and set them in their own land; and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them and bring them to their place; and the house of Israel shall possess them, in the land of the Lord, for servants and handmaids; and they shall take them captives whose captives they were, and they shall rule over their oppressors."

Many of the strangers whom Charles found at Perth attending the fair, procured passports from him, to protect their persons and goods in passing through the country. To all these persons he

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displayed great courteousness of manner. One of them, a linen-draper from London, had some conversation with his Royal Highness, and was desired to inform his fellow-citizens, that he expected to see them at St James's in the course of two months. *

* Edinburgh Evening Courant.

CHAPTER VII.

ALARM OF EDINBURGH.

Can you think to front your enemies' revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a weak dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire of your city with such weak breath as this?

Coriolanus.

FOR upwards of a week after Cope's march into the Highlands, the people of Edinburgh had felt all the anxiety which people usually entertain regarding an impending action; but as yet they expressed very little alarm about their own particular safety. The common talk of the day was, that that Commander would soon "cock up the Pretender's beaver,"—that he would speedily "give a good account of the Highland host,"—that he would soon "read the riot act to them;" and other vauntings, indicating all the confidence of security. To speak in another strain was considered treason. Happily, prudence joined with inclination, on the part of the Jacobites, to keep this tone of the public mind undisturbed. They knew it to be Charles's wish that the Low countries, and also the Government, should be as little a-

larded as possible by his proceedings. They therefore conspired with the zealous Whigs to spread a general impression of his weakness.

The better to lull the town, and consequently the whole nation, into security, Charles, or some of his officers, thought proper to despatch a person of credit and good repute from their camp in Lochaber, with a report calculated to increase this dangerous confidence. They selected for this purpose James Drummond, or Macgregor, son to the celebrated Rob Roy, a man not of the purest character, but who seemed eligible on account of his address, and because he was a good deal in the confidence of the Whig party. By way of making himself as useful as possible, Drummond volunteered at the same time to carry with him to Edinburgh, copies of all the Prince's proclamations and manifestoes, which he thought he should easily be able to get printed there, and disseminated among the friends of the cause. He reached Edinburgh on the 26th, and being immediately admitted to the presence of all the high civil and civic officers, reported that the Highlanders, when he left them a day or two ago, were not above fifteen hundred strong at most. So far as he could judge of them, he said, they would run at the first onset of the Royal army, being chiefly old men and boys, and moreover all very ill armed. When he had performed this part of his duty, he lost no time in setting about the other. His papers were printed by one Drummond, a zealous Jacobite; and so speedily did they become prevalent throughout the town, that the magistrates were obliged, within three or four days after the arrival of this faithful

messenger, to issue a proclamation, offering a high reward for the discovery of the printer.

Drummond's report, though partially successful in assuring the citizens, who immediately learned it through the newspapers, was not so completely effective with the public authorities as to prevent them from taking a measure next day, which they had for some time contemplated—that of applying to the King for permission to raise a regiment, to be paid by voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, with which they might at once defend their property and advance his Majesty's interests, in case of the town being attacked. Their previous security, however, got about this time a slight fillip, from a piece of intelligence brought to town by a Highland street-porter, who had been visiting his friends in the North. This man had the honesty to declare, that, when he saw the insurgents in Lochaber, their camp was as long as the space between Leith and the Calton Hill (at least a mile);* a local illustration, which inspired a much more respectful idea of the Chevalier's forces than any they had yet entertained.

It was not, however, till the 31st of August that the alarm of the city of Edinburgh assumed a truly serious complexion. On that day, news came of Cope's evasion of the Highland forces at Dalwhinnie, and of the consequent march of the Chevalier upon the Low country. The citizens had previously looked upon the insurrection as but a more formidable sort of riot, which would soon be quelled, and no more heard of; but when they saw that a regular army had found it necessary to

* Cal. Merc.—Hend. Hist. Reb. 37.

decline fighting with the insurgents, and that they were determined to disturb the open country, it began to be looked upon in a much more serious light. The finishing stroke was given to their alarm next day (Sunday the 1st of September), by the Duke of Athole coming suddenly to town on his way from Blair, which, as already mentioned, he had been compelled to leave on the approach of the Highlanders. It was reported at that time, that his Grace had been compelled to take this step with greater precipitation than would have otherwise been necessary, by receiving a letter from his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, calling upon him to deliver up the house and estate which he had so long possessed unjustly. But the venerable Ruddiman, who gave currency to this rumour by means of his paper, the *Caledonian Mercury*, was obliged, during the same week, to acknowledge it false, beg the Duke's pardon, and pay a fine of two guineas, besides being imprisoned for two days.

When the alarm became thus strong, the friends of Government began to make serious preparations for the defence of the capital. A series of transactions then commenced in the city, the most ridiculous perhaps that ever took place in any town under similar circumstances. Edinburgh, as may be well known to many of our readers, was then, and for twenty years afterwards, the strange castellated old city which it had been for centuries, but of which it is now so violently the reverse.

“ Piled deep and massive, close and high,”

as one of its poets has expressed its appearance, and chiefly situated upon a steep and isolated hill, it

was partly surrounded by a wall, and partly by a lake; defences of great antiquity, but which had never been put to the proof. To add to its natural weakness, part of the wall was overlooked by lines of lofty houses, forming the suburbs, while the lake was fordable in many places. Any attempt to fortify and hold out such a place, seems to have been from the first imprudent. Even though its walls could have kept out the Highlanders, the inhabitants could have been immediately starved into terms, by the want of water and bread, both of which articles must be supplied from without; or the enemy could have threatened to burn the valuable suburb of the Canongate before their face, and perhaps even succeeded in setting fire to the town itself.

The honour of the city was destined to become a sacrifice on the present occasion, to the accursed demon of burgh politics. The existing magistracy, with Provost Archibald Stewart at its head, was of a decidedly Jacobitical complexion. Opposed to them in the affections of the populace, were the materials of a Whig magistracy, who had been excluded from power for five years, and at whose head was Ex-Provost George Drummond, a man of ardent and commanding genius, who had fought in behalf of Government at Sheriffmuir. The time was approaching when, according to the custom of the burgh, a new election of magistrates should take place; and the Whigs, to ingratiate themselves with the electors, resolved to display all their zeal in attempting to defend the town.

Along with this laudable object, the Whigs had another in view, by following out their particular line of conduct. They found it possible thus to

annoy in many ways the retiring magistracy, and moreover to cast discredit upon them in the eyes of the people. "Defend the town," or "not defend the town," became, indeed, a sort of test to try a man's political prepossessions. All who showed activity or zeal in behalf of the first measure, were esteemed loyal subjects and good citizens; all who started any difficulties, were maltreated as Papists and Jacobites. The Whigs thus went on for a week or two, making what seemed strenuous attempts to defend the town; till it at last fell under an accumulated load of futile pretension and unfulfilled bravado; a laughing-stock to the whole of Britain.

The issue of this affair having had no influence upon the general movements of the insurrection, there is very little necessity for entering at large into its contemptible details. Yet, as these present some curious facts, and may serve to amuse the reader, we shall pay the same attention to this episodical part of our history which is paid to it in most works of the kind. It will in the first place be necessary to consider the actual means which remained, since Cope's march northward, for defending the Low country.

The whole of the regular forces in the south of Scotland, at this juncture, consisted in two regiments of dragoons, Hamilton's at Edinburgh, and Gardiner's at Stirling, both of which were, like the infantry now at Inverness, the youngest regiments of their kind in the King's army. Besides these, there were several companies of men, chiefly invalids, appointed to garrison the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton; but as it was thought necessary, on the present occasion, to keep these fortresses in as high a state of defence as pos-

sible, none of course could be spared to augment the force upon the field. In Edinburgh, there was a body of military police, or *gens-d'armes*, called the Town-guard, generally amounting to ninety-six men, but now increased to an hundred and twenty-six. These were for the most part elderly men, and such as had never been active soldiers; but they had the merit of being pretty well disciplined. There was another, and much more numerous body of militia connected with the city, called the Trained Bands, the members of which, exceeding a thousand in number, were ordinary citizens possessed of uniforms, in which they appeared once a year to crack off their antique pieces in honour of the king's birth-day, but which none of them had adopted with the prospect of ever becoming active soldiers, or indeed with any other view than that of enjoying the civic dinner which was given to them on that joyous anniversary. The Trained Bands had, at their first institution in the reign of King James VI, worn defensive armour, and carried the long Scottish spear; but in these degenerate days they only assumed a simple uniform, and were provided with a parcel of firelocks, so old as scarcely to be fit for service. To give the reader some idea of the military prowess of these citizen-soldiers, we may mention a fact which has been recorded in a pamphlet of the day,* supposed to have been written by David Hume. The author of this tract, when a boy, used to see them drawn up on the High Street, to honour the natal day of Britain's

* Account of the Behaviour of Archibald Stewart.—London, 1748.

majesty ; on which occasions, he affirms, it was common for any one who was bolder than the rest, or who wished to give himself airs before his wife or mistress, to fire off his piece in the street, without authority of his officers ; and, " I always observed," says the pamphleteer, " they took care to shut their eyes before venturing on that military exploit ;" though he immediately afterwards remarks in a note, their fear was perhaps better grounded than he imagined, seeing that their firelocks were in danger every time of bursting about their ears.

To increase this wretched force, the Whig party had instigated the magistrates, as already mentioned, to raise a regiment, which was to be paid by public subscription. The royal * permission was not procured for this purpose till the 9th of September ; on which day, a subscription-paper was laid before the citizens, and a drum sent through town and country to enlist men. In ordinary cases, we believe, men seldom yield to the solicitations of recruiting-sergeants for the direct purpose of fighting a dreadful battle on the succeeding week ; on the contrary, men generally enlist when they have taken a disgust at all other employments, and when they have but a remote prospect of entering into active warfare. As may be easily imagined, more fortune than life was volunteered on the present occasion. The subscription-paper filled almost immediately ; but, after a week, only about two hundred men had been procured.

Besides this force, which was dignified with the name of the Edinburgh Regiment, a number

* The King arrived in great haste from Hanover on the 31st of August.

of the loyal inhabitants associated themselves as volunteers into a separate band or regiment, for which four hundred were eventually collected. The discipline of all these men was wretched, or rather they had no discipline at all. The members of the Edinburgh Regiment were in general desperate persons, to whom the promised pay was a temptation, and who cared nothing for the cause in which they were engaged. The volunteers, on the other hand, were all decent tradesmen, or youths drawn from the counter and the desk, inspired no doubt with a love of liberty and the Protestant religion, but, like all militia whatever, and especially all militia drawn from comfortable shops and drawing-rooms, utterly incapable of fighting.

One circumstance may here be mentioned, which seems to have had a great effect in determining the subsequent events—we mean, the ignorance which prevailed in the Lowlands regarding the real character of the insurgents. The people were indeed aware that there existed, amid wilder mountains and broader lakes than their own, tribes of men living each under the rule of its own chief, wearing a peculiar dress, speaking an unknown language, and going armed even in the most ordinary and peaceful avocations. They occasionally saw specimens of these following the droves of black cattle which were the sole exportable commodity of their country—plaided, bonnetted, belted, and brogued—and driving their bullocks, as Virgil is said to have spread his manure, with an air of great dignity and consequence. To their immediate neighbours, they were known by more fierce and frequent causes of acquaintance ;

by the forays which they made upon the inhabitants of the plains, and the tribute or protection-money which they exacted from those whose possessions they spared. Yet it might be generally said that little was known of them either in the Lowlands of Scotland or in England, and that the little which was known, was only calculated to inspire sensations of fear and dislike. The idea, therefore, that a band of wild Highlanders, as they were called, were descending to work their will upon the peaceful inhabitants of the plains, occasioned a consternation on the present occasion, such as it is difficult now to conceive, but which must have proved very fatal to the wish which the friends of Government entertained of defending the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES'S MARCH UPON EDINBURGH.

Fr. Her. Ye men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in!

King John.

HAVING recruited both his purse and his muster-roll, and done something towards the organization and discipline of his army, Charles left Perth on Wednesday, the 11th of September. The direct road from Perth to Edinburgh, was by the well-known passage across the Frith of Forth, called the Queen's Ferry, and the cities were little more than forty miles distant from each other. But as all the boats upon that estuary had been carefully brought to the south side, and as he could not have passed at any rate, without being exposed to the fire of a war-vessel lying in the Frith, as well as to the attack of Gardiner's dragoons, which awaited his approach, he was obliged to take a more circuitous and safe route by a fordable part of the river above Stirling. Marching therefore to Dunblane, he was joined upon the way by sixty of the MacDonalds of Glencoe, in addition to as many more who had previously come to his stand-

ard ; and by forty MacGregors, the retainers of MacGregor of Glencairnaig, who had deputed their command to James Mor MacGregor or Drummond, the same person who did the service at Edinburgh which has just been mentioned. *

The Prince remained a day at Dunblane, waiting till a portion of his army, which he had left at Perth, should come up to join the main body. The whole encamped that night about a mile to the south of Dunblane.

Charles proceeded on Friday, the 15th, towards the Fords of the Frew. He passed by Doune, where an incident occurred, which showed that he was at least the elected sovereign of the ladies of Scotland. At the house of Mr Edmondstone of Cambuswallace, in the neighbourhood of Doune, all the gentlewomen of Menteith had assembled to see him pass ; and he was there invited to stop and partake of some refreshment. He stopped before the house, and without alighting from his horse, drank a glass of wine to the healths of all the fair ladies present. The Misses Edmondstone, daughters to the host, acted on this occasion as servitresses, glad to find an opportunity of approaching a person of whom they had heard so much ; and, when Charles had drunk his wine, and restored his glass to the plate which they held for him, they begged in respectful terms, the honour of kissing his Royal Highness's hand. This favour he granted with his usual grace, and also a still higher one which was asked by another lady present. This was Miss Robina Edmondstone,

* Gartmore MS. quoted in Birt's Letters (2d ed.), ii. 351.

cousin of the other young ladies, who was on a visit at Doune, and who, "with heart and good will," as she expressed it, joined them in performing service to the Chevalier. Miss Robina, when she saw the rest kissing the Prince's hand, thought it would be a much more satisfactory taste of royalty to kiss his lips, and she accordingly made bold to ask permission "to pree his Royal Highness's mou." Charles did not at first understand her homely language, but it was no sooner explained to him than he took her kindly in his arms, and kissed her fair and blushing face from ear to ear; to the no small vexation, it is added, of the other ladies, who had contented themselves with a less liberal share of princely grace. *

At this period of his career, Charles lost an expected adherent in a mysterious manner. Stewart of Glenbuckie, the head of a small sept of that family in Balquhiddy, and MacGregor of Glencairnaig, chief of his ancient and famous clan, were both passing Leny House (above Callander), with their respective followers, to join the Prince, when Mr Buchanan of Arnprior, proprietor of the house, came out and invited the two gentlemen in to spend the night. Glencairnaig positively refused to stop, and marched on with his retainers; but Glenbuckie consented to accept of Arnprior's hospitality. He supped with his host, apparently in good spirits, and was in due time conducted to his bedroom. During the night, a pistol-shot was heard; and it was given out next morning that Glenbuckie had put an end to his own life

* Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire, edited by the Rev. Mr Macgregor Stirling, p. 564.

Whether he really did so, or Arnprior pistolled him in a quarrel, immediately became a matter of public discussion, but was destined never to be clearly ascertained; for, Arnprior afterwards joining the Prince himself, and being executed at Carlisle, the affair was never made the subject of judicial inquiry. It remains to this day, and will ever remain one of those *questiones vexatæ*, which are less indebted for interest to their importance, than to their mysteriousness and the impossibility of concluding upon them. Glenbuckie's men took up the corpse of their master, carried it home to their own glen, and did not afterwards join the Prince. *

The Ford of the Frew, by which Charles had to cross the Forth, was a shallow part of the river, formed by the debouche of the Boquhan Water, about eight miles above Stirling. It was expected that Gardiner's Dragoons would attempt to dispute the passage with the Highlanders; but those doughty heroes, who had hitherto talked of cutting the whole host in pieces as soon as it approached the Lowlands, now thought proper to retire upon Stirling. Charles, therefore, found no opposition to prevent him from taking this decisive and intrepid step, which was, every thing considered, much the same to him as the passage of the Rubicon had been to Cæsar. Hitherto, he had only been in *the Highlands*—in a lawless land of romance, where deeds of wonderful enterprise were things of daily occurrence and little consideration; but he was now about to enter the Lowlands, a country where deeds of that sort had been un-

* Information, at second-hand, from a daughter of Glenbuckie, now alive [1827.]

known for a century past, and where he must necessarily excite more deadly and general hostility. Hitherto, he had been in a land where the Highlanders had the natural advantage over any troops which might be sent to oppose them ; but he was now come to the frontier of a country where, if they fought at all, they must fight on equal, or perhaps inferior terms. This was truly the point where his enterprise assumed its most dangerous aspect : it was a crisis of great and agitating moment. The adventurer's heart was, however, screwed up to every contingency of danger. Some of his officers had just questioned the propriety of venturing into a country so open and so hostile, and various less decisive measures were proposed and warmly advocated. But Charles was resolved to peril his whole cause upon one stake—in other words, to make promptitude and audacity his sole tactics and counsellors. On coming, therefore, to the brink of the river, he drew his sword, flourished it in the air, and pointing to the other side, rushed into the stream with an air of the highest resolution. The river having been somewhat reduced by a course of dry weather, he found no difficulty in wading across. When he reached the opposite side, he stood upon the bank, * and congratulated every successive detachment as it reached the land.

Charles dined in the afternoon of this memorable day at Leckie House, the seat of a Jacobite gentleman named Moir, who had been seized on the preceding night in his bed, and hurried to Stirling Castle by the dragoons, on suspicion that

* Dougal Graham's Metrical History, 15.

he was preparing to entertain the Chevalier.* The remainder of this day's march was in a direction due south, to the Moor of Touch; and it was for a time uncertain whether Charles designed to attack Edinburgh or Glasgow. The latter presented great temptations on account of its being unprotected, and quite as wealthy as Edinburgh; and Charles had sufficient reason to owe it a grudge, on account of its zeal against his family on all occasions when zeal could be displayed. But the *eclât* of seizing the seat of Government, and the assurance of his Edinburgh friends that he would easily be able to do so, proved decisive in confirming his own original wishes to that effect. He, however, sent off a detachment to demand a subsidy of fifteen thousand pounds from the commercial capital. †

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 487.

† The conduct of the insurgent army, on first entering the Lowlands, is minutely and strikingly portrayed by Dougal Crahan, the metrical historian of the Forty-five, who seems to have been present and observed their proceedings. The reader will learn with astonishment, that young Lochiel, with all his amiable qualities, could be guilty of shooting one of his clan; a fact highly illustrative of the power of these petty sovereigns over their people.

“ Here for a space they took a rest,
 And had refreshment of the best
 The country round them could afford,
 Though many found but empty board.
 As sheep and cattle were drove away,
 Yet hungry men sought for their prey;
 Took milk and butter, kirn and cheese,
 On all kinds of eatables they seize;
 And he who could not get a share,
 Sprang to the hills like dogs for hare;

The Highland army moved eastwards next day, fetching a compass to the south of Stirling, in order to avoid the castle guns. Meanwhile, Colonel Gardiner, who had retreated from Stirling the preceding night, continued to retire before them, designing to fall back upon the other regiment, which was now lying at Edinburgh. In this day's march, the Prince passed over the field of Bannockburn, where his illustrious ancestor Bruce gained the greatest victory that adorns the Scottish annals. The emotions of pride with which he beheld this scene, were disturbed by a few shots from the castle, which broke ground near him, but without doing any mischief. A Highlander in attendance upon his person, displayed his sense of what he considered so grievous an insult upon his prince, by turning about, and firing a horse-pistol at the doughty fortress.

Charles spent the night succeeding this brief day's march in Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Paterson, a gentleman attached in the most enthusiastic manner to his cause. His army lay upon the neighbouring field of Sauchie, where

There shot the sheep and made them fall,
Whirled off the skin, and that was all ;
Struck up fires and boiled the flesh,
With salt and pepper did not fash.
This did enrage the Camerons' chief,
To see his men so play the thief ;
And finding one into the act,
He fired and shot him through the back ;
Then to the rest himself addressed,
' This is your lot, I do protest,
Who e're amongst you wrongs a man,
Pay what you get, I tell you plain ;
For yet we know not friend or foe,
Nor how all things may chance to go.' " p. 16.

King James III, in 1488, was defeated and slain by his rebellious subjects.* From this place he sent a message to the magistrates of Stirling, who submitted to him, and sent out the provisions he demanded.

On the 15th, Charles proceeded to Falkirk, where his army lay all night among some broom to the east of Callander House. He himself lodged in that mansion, where he was kindly entertained, and assured of faithful service, by the Earl of Kilmarnock. His Lordship informing Charles that Gardiner's dragoons intended next day to dispute the passage of Linlithgow Bridge, Charles despatched a band of nine hundred well armed Highlanders to attack him; who, without delay, marched during the night on this expedition; but the dragoons did not wait to come to blows. They retired precipitately to Kirkliston, eight miles nearer Edinburgh; and the Highlanders entered Linlithgow without disturbance before break of day. †

Charles brought up the remainder of the army to Linlithgow, about ten o'clock that forenoon, when he was only sixteen miles from Edinburgh.

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 444.

† Dougal Graham, after relating that the Highlanders found a considerable quantity of arms at Callander House, says,

“ Then to Linlithgow they did proceed ;
 Open'd the pris'n in search of more,
 Thinking to seize on Gardiner's store ;
 But th' information was but mocks,
 For all they found was sacking frocks,
 Which troopers use in dressing horse ;
 This made *hersel'* to rage and curse,
 Saying, ' Het ! that soger has been chased,
 And left his auld sark in ta haste. ' ” p. 18.

It was Sunday, and the people were about to attend the common ordinances of religion in their ancient church. But the arrival of so distinguished a visitor suspended their pious duties for at least one day. Linlithgow, perhaps on account of its having been so long a seat of Scottish royalty, was a decidedly Jacobite town; and on the present occasion, it is said that even some of the magistrates could not restrain their loyal enthusiasm. The Provost himself had thought it safest, on such an occasion, to retire from the town; but his wife and daughters remained, and, in tartan gowns and white cockades, waited upon the Prince at the market-cross of the burgh, where they had the honour of kissing his hand. An entertainment was even prepared at that place, of which Charles partook with his usual grace; and such another Sunday was perhaps never spent by the good burghers of Linlithgow. *

* The Provost of Linlithgow, in 1745, was a great Jacobite—his name Bucknay. On the 10th of June preceding the commencement of the insurrection, he had attended a sort of *fête* given in the palace by Mrs Gordon in honour of the Chevalier's birth-day, when a large bonfire was kindled in the inner-court, the fountain in the centre adorned with flowers and green boughs, and King James's health drunk.—See *Jacobitism Triumphant*: a pamphlet, dated 1753, which appears to have been occasioned by the following ridiculous circumstance. Some of the Jacobite gentry around Linlithgow, suspecting that the post-master of the town (a notorious loyalist) was in the habit of opening their letters and exposing them to Government, Mr James Dundas of Philipstoun wrote a letter to Provost Bucknay, of which the following are the *ipsissima verba*:

“ Sir,—Is it not very hard that you and I cannot keep up a correspondence, for that damned villain of a post-master?
(Signed) “JA. DUNDAS.”

The Highland army, at four o'clock in the afternoon, marched to a rising ground between three and four miles to the eastward, (near the twelfth mile-stone from Edinburgh), where they bivouacked, while the Prince slept in a neighbouring house. * They proceeded, next morning, (Monday the 17th), towards Edinburgh, from which they were now distant only four hours' march.

On reaching Corstorphine, Charles thought proper, in order to avoid the guns of Edinburgh castle, to strike off into a by-road leading in a southerly direction towards the little village of Slateford. His men there bivouacked for the night in a field called Gray's Park, which at that time bore a crop of peas nearly ripe. The tradition of Slateford records, that the proprietor of the ground applied to Charles at his lodgings for some indemnification for the loss of his crop. He was asked, if he would take the Prince Regent's bill for the sum, to be paid whenever the troubles of the country should be concluded. The man hesitated at the name of the Prince Regent, and said he would prefer a bill from some *here-awa* person (that is to say, some native of Scotland), whom he knew. Charles laughed heartily at his caution, and asked if he would take the name of the Duke

They expected that the object of their suspicions would open this epistle, and be overwhelmed with shame and rage. To their astonishment he did not do so. He only learned that such a pasquil had been issued against him, some years afterwards; and the pamphlet is a sort of memorial, arising out of the process which he then instituted against Mr Dundas before the Court of Session.

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 445.

of Perth, who was his countryman, and at the same time a more creditable man than he could pretend to be. The rustic accepted a promissory note from the Duke.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates :
Let in that amity which you have made.

King John.

THE delay of the Highland army at Perth, and the daily expectation of being relieved by Sir John Cope, for a time subdued the alarm which had been excited at Edinburgh by the first intelligence of Charles's descent upon the Lowlands. But when he set out from that town, and was understood to be marching upon Edinburgh, all the terrors of the citizens were renewed, at least of that part of them who looked upon the Highland army as a public enemy, or who conceived their entrance into the city as inconsistent with the safety of private property. On the other hand, the Jacobite part of the population openly exulted at the news of every successive day's march which Charles made towards the city.

The conflicting ferment into which the passions of all ranks of people were thrown by the course of public events, was now increased in a great degree by another agitating matter—the election of

heads of incorporations, which began to take place on the 10th of September, preparatory to the nomination of the magistrates. All the individuals who are in the habit of interesting themselves in these transactions, then became involved in the humble details of burghal polity; and, while the great question agitating the British empire was, "Who should be King?" that which chiefly occupied the attention of the tradesmen of Edinburgh was, "Who shall be Deacon?" To such a height was this madness carried, that the magistrates at length were obliged to discontinue the repairs which they were making upon the city walls, because it was impossible to get workmen to attend to their respective occupations. In the all-pervading, all-engrossing subject of burgh-politics, every nobler and more urgent purpose was forgotten. Their Convener, or Chief Master, had for some days fixed upon the steeple of St Giles's the ancient banner which his predecessor in office is said to have planted upon the walls of Jerusalem, * thus emblematically calling upon all his subjects, or rather, it is said, upon the whole of the tradesmen in Scotland, to rally round him, and repel the common danger; but the "unwashed artificers" of this generation had no inclination to go upon a crusade against Prince Charlie, and the blue folds of their standard flaunted as vainly from the spire of the cathedral, as if it had been a real instead of a metaphorical blanket, swinging upon a dyer's pole.

Sir John Cope had sent one of his captains from Inverness early in the month, to order a number

* Popularly termed the Blue Blanket.

of transports to sail from Leith to Aberdeen, in which he might bring back his men to the shores of Lothian. These vessels sailed on the 10th, escorted by a ship of war; and, as the weather was excellent, they were expected to return very soon with an army of relief. From that day, the people of Edinburgh, according to Mr Home, were continually looking up with anxiety to the vanes and weathercocks, watching the direction of the wind.

As no certain dependence could be placed upon Cope's arrival, the Whigs did not, in the mean time, neglect in aught the training of the militia we have described. Drills took place twice a day, of a nature which seemed designed to make up in intensity what was wanted in time. MacLaurin, moreover, the celebrated mathematician, exerted all his faculties in completing the works of defence which he had designed; and the walls began to bristle with old pieces of cannon, which had been hastily collected from the country around. The various gates or ports of the town were all strongly barricaded, and a guard appointed to each.

No incident of importance occurred at Edinburgh till Sunday the 15th, when, a false alarm reaching the city, that the insurgents were advanced within eight miles, it was proposed that Hamilton's and Gardiner's regiments of dragoons should make a stand at Corstorphine, supported by a body of infantry composed of the Volunteers and Town Guard. The utter imbecility of these wretched citizen-soldiers was now shown in all its ridiculous reality.

Public worship had commenced on this day at the usual hour of ten, and the ministers were all

preaching with swords by their sides, when the fire-bell was rung as a signal of approaching danger, and the churches were instantly deserted by their congregations. The people found the Volunteers ranked up in the Lawnmarket, preparatory to marching out of town; and immediately after, Hamilton's dragoons rode up the street, on their way from Leith to Corstorphine. These heroes clashed their swords against each other as they rode along, and displayed, by their language, the highest symptoms of courage. The Volunteers, put into heart by their formidable appearance, uttered a hearty huzza, and the people threw up their hats in the air. But an end was soon put to this temporary affectation of bravery. The mothers and sisters of the volunteers began to take the alarm at seeing them about to march out to battle, and, with tears, cries, and tender embraces, implored them not to hazard their precious lives. Even their male relations saw fit to advise them against so dangerous a measure, which they said staked their valuable persons against the worthless carcasses of a parcel of brutes. That these remonstrances were by no means unsuccessful, was speedily shown by the result. An order being given to march after the dragoons, Captain Ex-Provost Drummond, who stood at the head of the regiment, led off his company down the West Bow, towards the West Port, expecting all the rest to follow in their order. What was this gentleman's astonishment, on reaching the gate, to find that, instead of being followed as he expected, only a few of his more immediate friends and most enthusiastic comrades had chosen to do him that honour! All the rest had either remained irresolute

where they were in the Lawnmarket, or slipped down the various lanes which they passed in their brief march to the West Port. A city wag afterwards compared their march to the course of the Rhine, which at one place is a majestic river flowing through fertile fields, but, being continually drawn off by little canals, at last becomes a small rivulet, and is almost lost in the sand before reaching the ocean. *

When Drummond found himself so poorly attended, he sent back a lieutenant to know what had detained the regiment. Out of all who were still standing in the Lawnmarket, this gentleman found an hundred and forty-one who still retained some sense of either shame or courage, and expressed themselves willing to march. The lieutenant brought these down to the West Port, where, being added to the Town Guard and the half-fledged subscription-regiment, they made up a body of three hundred and sixty-three men, besides officers.

Even this insignificant band was destined to be still farther reduced before making a movement against the approaching danger. As they were standing within the West Port, before setting out, Dr Wishart, a clergyman of the city, and Principal of the College, came down with several other clergymen, and conjured the Volunteers to remain within the walls, and reserve themselves for the defence of the city. The words of the reverend man appealed directly to the sentiments of the persons addressed; and, though some affected a

* True Account of the Conduct and Behaviour of Provost Archibald Stewart, p. 18.

courage which could listen to no proposals of peace, by far the greater part would have gladly obeyed the Doctor's behest. Happily, their manhood was saved the shame of a direct and point-blank retreat, by a circumstance which took place just at this time. Drummond having sent a message to the Provost, bearing, that unless he gave his final permission for their march, they should not proceed, they were gratified with an answer, in which the Provost congratulated them upon their resolution not to march; on which Drummond, who had made all this show of zeal for the meanest of purposes, withdrew with the air of a man who is balked by malice in a design for the public service; and all the rest of the Volunteers dispersed except a few, chiefly hot-headed college youths, who resolved to continue in arms till the end of the war.* Meanwhile the Town Guard and Edinburgh Regiment, in number an hundred and eighty men, marched out, by order of the Provost, to support the dragoons at Corstorphine; being the whole force which the capital of Scotland found it possible on this occasion to present against its formidable enemy.

The night succeeding this disgraceful day was

* A story is told of one John MacLure, a writing-master, who, knowing the irresolution of his fellow-volunteers, and that they would never fight, assumed what the reviewer of Mr Hume's Works (Quar. Rev. No. 71.) calls "a professional cuirass," namely, a quire of writing-paper, upon which he wrote, "This is the body of John MacLure—pray give it a Christian burial." The same man excited the laughter of the bystanders, at the West Port, by calling out in remonstrance against some encroachment upon his place—Stand about, stand about, *we're a' alike burgresses here.*

spent without disturbance. The walls of the city were guarded by six or seven hundred men, consisting of Trained Bands, Volunteers, and tenants of the Duke of Buccleuch, who had been sent by that nobleman to assist in defending the town. Some of these watchmen were not relieved for twenty-four hours ; and as we learn from a newspaper of the period, that the magistrates had restricted them during the night to a "single chopin of ale," the nature of the service may be conjectured as having been by no means very agreeable. The grandfather of a citizen of Edinburgh now living, is said by his descendant to have been so much exhausted by a long course of vigils at the door of the Council Chamber, that he was obliged at last to lay down his musket, and go home to his house for a refreshment.

During the course of this night the two regiments of dragoons retired to a field betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and the infantry entered the city. Brigadier-General Fowkes arrived on the same night from London, in order to take the command of this little army of protection. He did so next morning ; and, by an order from General Guest, governor of the castle, marched out to Colt Bridge, a place two miles west of the city, where he was joined in the course of the forenoon by the civic troops.

A person who saw these unfortunate soldiers at their post, * describes them as having been drawn up in the open field to the east of Colt Bridge, in the form of a crescent, with Colonel Gardiner at their head, who, on account of his age and health,

* Hend. Hist. Reb. 43.

was muffled in a wide blue surcoat, with a handkerchief drawn round his hat and tied under his chin. The Edinburgh Regiment and Town Guard he describes as looking extremely dismal ; but certainly their hearts could not be fainter than those of the " bluff dragoons." The event was such as to show that nobody had escaped the panic of this momentous day.

On retreating the preceding night to their quarters between Edinburgh and Leith, the dragoons had left a small reconnoitring party at Corstorphine, which is about two miles in advance of Colt Bridge. It was with this party that the panic commenced. The insurgents observing them on their approach to Corstorphine, sent forward one or two of their number on horseback to take a view of them, and bring a report of their number. These wicked fellows riding up pretty near, thought proper to fire their pistols rather *towards* than *at* the party ; and the poor dragoons immediately, in the greatest alarm, wheeled about, without returning a shot, and retired upon the main body at Colt Bridge, to whom they communicated all their fears. It was immediately resolved by General Fowkes to make no further opposition to the rebels, whom he saw to be too strong to be resisted without some risk ; and he accordingly issued the welcome order for a retreat. This motion was performed with the greatest good will by the various troops ; and the Jacobite inhabitants of Edinburgh were immediately gratified with the sight of these cowards, all galloping as hard as they could, over the ground now occupied by the New Town, on their way to the eastward.

A clamour immediately rose in the streets of

Edinburgh, which, till this period, had been crowded with anxious faces; and hundreds ran about, crying that it was madness to think of defending the town, after the dragoons had fled, and that if this measure was persisted in, "they should all be murdered!" A message from the Young Chevalier* had previously been delivered to them, importing, that if they admitted him peaceably into the town, they should be civilly dealt with, but that resistance would subject them to all the pains of military usage; and the general cry now was, that the town should be surrendered. The Provost, in returning from the West Port, where he had been giving orders, in consequence of the retreat of his militia, was assailed upon the street by multitudes of the alarmed inhabitants, and implored to call a meeting of the citizens, to determine what should be done. He consented with some reluctance to do so, or rather the people pressed so close around him and his council, in their chamber, that a meeting was constituted without his consent. He then sent for the officers of the Crown, whose advice he wished to ask; but it was found, to the still greater consternation of the people, that all these gentlemen had deserted the city. The meeting was then adjourned to a larger place—the New Church Aisle, where, the question of "Defend, or not defend, the town," being put, by far the greater part of those present exclaimed in favour of the latter

* Delivered between ten and eleven in the forenoon by Mr Alves, a gentleman of Edinburgh, who had passed with it by the Duke of Perth. Mr Alves was put in prison that afternoon by the Provost for having been so imprudent as to communicate the message to the people on the streets, instead of confining it to his Lordship's own ear.

alternative, and all who attempted to urge the contrary measure were borne down by clamour. While the ferment was at its height, a letter was handed in from the door, addressed to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh. Deacon Orrock, a shoemaker, got this document into his hands, and announced that it was subscribed "Charles, P. R." On this, the Provost rose, and, saying he would not be present at the reading of such a letter, left the assembly. He was, however, prevailed upon, after some time, to return, and permit the letter to be read, when it was found to run as follows.

" From our Camp, 16th September 1745.

" Being now in a condition to make our way into the capital of his Majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland, we hereby summon you to receive us, as you are in duty bound to do ; and in order to it, we hereby require you, on receipt of this, to summon the Town-council, and to take proper measures for securing the peace of the city, which we are very desirous to protect. But if you suffer any of the Usurper's troops to enter the town, or any of the cannon, arms, or ammunition, now in it (whether belonging to the public or to private persons), to be carried off, we shall take it is a breach of your duty, and a heinous offence against the King and us, and shall resent it accordingly. We promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the particular property of every one of his Majesty's subjects. But if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for the consequences, being firmly resolved, at any rate, to enter the city ; and in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found

Prince refused to admit them to his presence ; and they were obliged to return without accomplishing their object.

Charles, during this anxious night, slept only two hours, and that without taking off his clothes. * Finding that the inhabitants of Edinburgh were only amusing themselves at his expense, and afraid that the city would be soon relieved, † he gave orders, at an early hour in the morning, for an attempt to take the city by surprise. The gentlemen whom he selected for this purpose were Lochiel, Keppoch, Ardshiel, and O'Sullivan ; they were commanded to take the best armed of their respective parties, to the amount of about nine hundred, together with a barrel of powder, to blow up one of the gates if necessary. This band mustered upon the Borough Muir, by moon light, and reached the lower gate of the city, called the Netherbow, about five o'clock in the morning.

A fortuitous circumstance occurred at this moment, which spared the disagreeable necessity of using violence in entering the town. Just as the Highlanders reached the gate, it was opened by the guard within, in order to let out the hackney-coach which had brought back the deputies from Slateford ; all the hackney-coaches of Edinburgh being at that time kept in the Canongate, to which place this was now returning. No sooner did the portal open, than the Highlanders rushed in and took possession of the gate. ‡ Not knowing what

* *Cal. Merc.* † *Hist. Reb. London*, 8vo. p. 30.

‡ The first man who entered the city was Captain Evan MacGregor, a younger son of MacGregor of Glencairnaig, and grandfather to the present Sir Evan Murray MacGregor, Bart. of this ancient clan. In consideration of

resistance they might meet in the town, they had prepared themselves with sword and target to commence an immediate conflict, and they uttered one of those wild and terror-striking yells with which they were in the habit of accompanying the onset on a day of pitched battle. * But they were agreeably surprised to find the spacious street into which they had rushed, exhibit, instead of a serried host of foes, all the ordinary appearances which betoken a city buried in profound and universal repose. Only a few night-capped heads were here and there thrust hastily out of the lofty windows, by persons who had evidently been raised from their pillows by the appalling noise they had just heard. The daughter of one of these persons describes, from the recollection of her mother, the appearance of the Highlanders as they rushed up the city. They preserved their ranks in marching; but every individual expressed, by different gestures and cries, the sensations of his own mind on so momentous an occasion. The ferocious aspect which they had put on in expectation of fighting, was just changing to an expression of joy at the easy prize they had made; and many were laughing at the symptoms of surprise and alarm which they observed in the faces of the spectators. On so auspicious an occasion, the bagpipes could not remain silent; the ancient echoes of the High Street therefore sounded, as they marched, to the spirit-stirring strains of the favourite Jacobite air,

his gallantry, he was that night raised to a Majority by the Prince at Holyroodhouse. *MS. account of the campaign by Duncan MacPharig, an actor, in the possession of Sir E. M. MacGregor*

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 488.

“ We'll awa to Sherramuir, to haud the Whigs in order.”

The first thing that the Highlanders did in Edinburgh, was to seize the Guard-house, an ancient building in the centre of the High Street, where they disarmed all the men whom they found upon duty. They then went to the different posts of the city, and also to all the posts upon the walls, and relieved the guards ; as quietly, says Mr Home, as one guard relieves another in the routine of duty on ordinary occasions. * They fixed a strong guard at the head of the West Bow, to cut off all communication between the city and the Castle, using the Weigh-house as their court of guard ; and the remainder of the body drew themselves up in two lines upon the street, to await the arrival of the army. When the inhabitants began to stir at their usual hour, they found the government of the city completely transferred from the Magistrates in the name of King George, to the Highlanders in the name of King James. †

* Mr Home seems to have adopted this idea from a saying to the same effect, which we have heard put into the mouth of a Highlander. A citizen of Edinburgh, taking a stroll round the walls on the morning of this momentous day, observed a mountaineer sitting astride upon a cannon, with an air of great vigilance and solemnity, as if deeply impressed with a sense of his duty as a sentinel. The citizen accosted him with a remark that surely these were not the same troops which mounted guard yesterday. “ Och, no ! ” said the Highlander, “ she pe relieved.”

† At the period of these memorable transactions, there were two newspapers regularly published at Edinburgh—the Evening Courant and the Caledonian Mercury. The former continued throughout all the subsequent campaign to express such violent hostility to the insurgents, that the editor was burned in effigy, at Rome, on the 10th of June

1746, amongst the other festivities with which the birthday of the old Chevalier was there celebrated. The Mercury, was so enthusiastic a Jacobite, that it was afterwards very much discountenanced and even persecuted by Government. There is something quite amusing in the conduct of the Courant on the occasion of Charles's entry into Edinburgh. So long as the Highlanders were at a distance, the Editor talks of them with the most dignified contempt. Even when they had pushed the length of Perth, he describes them as "a pitiful ignorant crew, good for nothing, and incapable of giving any reason for their proceedings, but talking only of *Snishing, King Jamesh, ta Rashant* (the Regent), *plunter, and new progues*." At every successive advance, however, which they made towards Edinburgh, and at every additional symptom of imbecility displayed by the protectors of the city, this tone is perceptibly decreased, till at last, in the number Tuesday, September 17, it is altogether extinguished, and we only find a notice to the following effect: "By order of Mr Murray of Broughton, Secretary. Since our last, the Prince, with his Highland army, has taken possession of this place; but we must refer you for particulars to our next." *Our next*, however, did not come out for a week, instead of appearing, as it ought to have done, at the distance of two days; and, during the whole stay of the Prince at Edinburgh, the editor seems fain to say as little on either side as possible. The Mercury, which, as we have already mentioned, was then under the charge of Ruddiman, the distinguished grammarian, both talks with more respect of the Highland army when at a distance, and afterwards becomes more readily its organ of intelligence, than the Courant. In the first publication after the capture of Edinburgh, "affairs" are stated to have "taken a surprising turn in this city since yesterday, Highlanders and bagpipes being now as common in our street as formerly were dragoons and drums." Then follows an account of the taking of the city, concluding with a statement that "the Highlanders behave most civilly to the inhabitants, paying cheerfully for every thing they get," &c. Both papers are printed without the affix of a printer's or publisher's name; a circumstance which at once indicated their terror of Government, and the compulsion under which the Highland army had laid them. They are also unstamped; because every thing of value

connected with the Stamp Office, as well as the Banks and other public offices, had been removed into the Castle before the army approached.

It remains to be stated, that Provost Archibald Stewart was afterwards apprehended, and, being confined for fourteen months, and only liberated on finding bail to the enormous amount of 15,000*l.*, tried by the High Court of Justiciary, upon an obsolete statute of the Scottish James II., "for neglect of duty and misbehaviour in the execution of his office." The trial, which took place in March 1747, lasted for two or three days, and was considered the most solemn ever witnessed in this country. He was acquitted by a unanimous jury. The vexations and disgrace to which this man was subjected, prove strongly the nature of the Government of that time. Jacobite as he was, he had *done every thing for the defence of the city* which his duty required, and he at last only yielded to a force which had dismayed a stronger body of regular soldiers than any he could pretend to muster. But, at any rate, even although he had resigned a city which *could* have held out a siege, what law of the land had he infringed? for what was he to be tried? The sense of the nation eventually compensated to him the persecution which he had suffered at the hands of Government; for, afterwards setting up as a wine-merchant in London, he received so much encouragement from all ranks of people, that he soon acquired a fortune.

CHAPTER X.

PRINCE CHARLES'S ENTRY INTO EDINBURGH.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
 Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
 On a bay courser, goodly to behold—

His amber-coloured locks in ringlets run,
 With graceful negligence, and shone against the sun ;
 His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
 Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue :
 Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
 Whose dusk set off the whiteness of his skin .
 His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
 Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes—
 Eyes that confessed him born for kingly sway,
 So fierce, they flashed intolerable day.

Palamon and Arcite.

INTELLIGENCE of the capture of Edinburgh having been conveyed to the Prince, he prepared, at an early hour, to leave his lodgings in Slateford, and lead forward the remainder of his army. This march, though short, was not altogether free of danger ; for he could see from his present position the flag of defiance flaunting on the battlements of the castle, and apparently daring him to venture within the scope of its guns. The eminent position of that fortress was such as to command near-

ly the whole country for miles around, and it was a matter of difficulty to discover a path which should conduct him to the city, without being exposed to its fire. Some of his train, however, by their acquaintance with the localities, enabled him to obviate this petty danger.

By the direction of his guides, Charles made a wide circuit to the south of Edinbutgh, so as not only to maintain a respectful distance from the castle, but to keep some swelling grounds between, which completely screened him from its view. Debouching upon the open or turnpike road, near Morningside, and turning towards the city, he reached the *Buck Stone*, a solitary mass of granite by the way-side, on which his ancestor James the Fourth is said to have planted his standard, for the muster of his army, immediately before its fatal march to Flodden. At that point, a sequestered and almost obsolete cross-road, marking the limits of the city liberties in that direction, turns off to the east, behind the eminence of Bruntsfield Links, which completely precludes the view of the city or castle; an ancient, beech-shaded path, so little frequented as to be almost overgrown by grass and wild flowers, and whose secluded character was sufficiently attested by its being then a favourite evening walk of lovers from the city. Charles conducted his army along this road, and, soon after passing through the Causewayside and Newington, entered the King's Park, near Priestfield, by a breach which had been made in the wall.*

With what feelings Charles traversed this ve-

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 446.

nerable domain, whose wild recesses had so often sounded to the bugle-horn of his royal ancestors, it is impossible to conjecture. It must, however, have been a proud moment, when he thus found himself approaching the palace, where those from whom he derived his pretensions had so long held regal and unquestioned sway. He proceeded, accordingly, with all expedition, to possess himself of that ancient seat, which almost appeared symbolical of the object he came in quest of. Leaving his troops about noon, in the Hunter's Bog, a deep and sheltered valley betwixt Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, he rode forward, with the Duke of Perth on one hand, and Lord Elcho on the other ; * some other gentlemen coming up behind. When he reached the eminence under St Anthony's Well, where he for the first time came within sight of the palace, he alighted from his horse, † and passed a few moments to survey the scene.

The park and gardens below, intervening betwixt the Prince and the palace, were by this time filled with the inhabitants of Edinburgh, who, on learning that he approached the city in this quarter, had flocked in great numbers to see him. The crowd consisted of all ranks and persuasions of people ; for the curiosity to behold so remarkable a person was a common feeling which did not regard any accidental distinctions. The Jacobites of course abounded ; and many of them now approached Charles where he was standing beside

* This young nobleman, the son of the Earl of Wemyss, had joined him the night before.

† Hist. Reb. with an account of the genius and temper of the clans.

his horse, and knelt down to kiss his hand. He received the homage and the congratulations of these persons with smiles; and he bowed gracefully to the huzza which immediately after rose from the crowded plain below. *

Descending to the Duke's Walk, a footpath through the park, so called from having been the favourite promenade of his grandfather, he stood for a few minutes to show himself to the people. As it was here that he might be said to have first presented himself to the people of Scotland, it may be necessary to describe his appearance.

The figure and presence of Charles are said by one of his historians, who saw him on this occasion, † to have been not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion; he wore a light-coloured peruke, the ringlets of which descended his back in graceful masses, and over the front of which his own pale hair was neatly combed. His complexion was ruddy, and from its extreme delicacy, slightly marked with freckles; a peculiarity in which he differed widely from his ancestors, whose chief personal characteristic was a dark gray complexion; a saturnine paleness corresponding to the austere pride of their moral features, and

* "He came to the Royal Palace at the Abbey of Holyroodhouse, amidst a vast crowd of spectators, who from town and country, flocked together to see this uncommon sight, expressing their joy and surprise together, by long and loud huzzas. Indeed, the whole scene, as I have been told by many, was rather like a dream, so quick and amazing seemed the change, though no doubt wise people saw well enough we had much to do still."—*Journalist in Lockhart Papers*, ii. 489.

† Mr Home.

suites but too well to the infelicity of their fortunes. Charles's brow had all the intellectual but melancholy loftiness so remarkable in those of his forefathers. His visage was the most perfect oval that could be conceived, and came out in strong relief from his neck, which, according to the fashion of the times, had no other covering or incumbrance than a slender stock buckled behind. His eyes were large and rolling, and of that light blue which is so generally found in people who are what is called in Scotland *blind-fair*. The light and scarcely discernible eyebrows which surmounted these features were beautifully arched. His nose was round and high; his mouth small in proportion to the rest of his features; and his chin was pointed.

Charles was both what would be called an extremely handsome and an extremely good-looking young man. In height, he approached to six feet; and his body was of that straight and round description which is said to indicate not only perfect symmetry, but also the valuable requisites of agility and health. In the language of one of his adherents,* he was "as straight as a lance, and as round as an egg." By all ladies who ever saw him, his person was excessively admired; and many of his male friends have been heard to declare, in sober earnest, that there was a *charm* about him which seemed to be more than human. Much of what seemed so irresistible in his appearance, may no doubt be ascribed to a polished and winning manner, operating upon the faculties of a simple people, and to the influence of his sup-

* The Wanderer, or Surprising Escape, &c. Glasgow, 1752, p. 17. It is added by that writer, that he "would fight, run, or leap, with any man in the Highlands."

posed rank, which must, to a certain extent, have imposed upon their imaginations. Yet something should also be reserved as the effect of birth, which, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, so often and so unequivocally sends an air of nobility through the successive representatives of a family.

On the present occasion, Charles wore a blue velvet bonnet, bound with gold lace, and adorned at top with a white satin cockade, the well-known badge of his party. He had a short tartan coat, on the breast of which hung the star of the order of St Andrew. A blue sash wrought with gold, came gracefully over his shoulder. He wore small-clothes of red velvet, a pair of military boots, and a silver-hilted broadsword.*

After he had stood for a few minutes in the midst of the people, he mounted a fine bay gelding, which had been presented to him by the Duke of Perth, and slowly rode towards the palace. Being an excellent horseman, and his conspicuous situation giving him additional *eclât*, a murmur of admiration ran at this moment through the crowd, which soon amounted to, and terminated in, a long and loud huzza. Around him, as he rode, there was a small guard of aged Highlanders, † whose outlandish and sun-burnt faces, as they were occasionally turned up with reverence towards the

* Hist. Reb. with an account of the genius and temper of the clans.

† Most of them stooping with age, and imperfectly armed.—See Hist. of the Rise, Progress, and Extinction of the Reb. in Scot. 8vo, London, sold by R. Thomson, &c. p. 30. (A violent party production, attributed to Daniel Defoe.)

Prince, and occasionally cast with an air of stupid wonder over the crowd, formed not the least striking feature in this singular scene.

The Jacobites, delighted beyond measure by the gallant aspect of their idol, were now indulging themselves in the most extravagant terms of admiration. With that propensity to revert to the more brilliant periods of the Scottish monarchy, for which they were so remarkable, they fondly compared Charles to King Robert Bruce, whom they said he resembled in his figure, * as they fondly anticipated he would also do in his fortunes. The Whigs, however, though compelled to be more cautious in the expression of their sentiments, talked of him in a different style. They acknowledged he was a goodly person ; but observed that, even in that triumphant hour, when about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy—that he looked like a gentleman or man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror. †

Charles approached Holyroodhouse by the same path over which George the Fourth, seventy-seven years after, was drawn thither, in his daily progresses from Dalkeith. As he was parading along, the Duke of Perth stopped him a little, while he described the limits and peculiar local characteristics of the King's Park. It was observed on this occasion by an eye-witness, that during the whole five minutes his Grace was expatiating, Charles kept his eye bent sideways upon Lord Elcho (who stood aside at a little distance), and seemed lost in a mental speculation about that youthful adherent.

* Home's Works, iii. 71.

† Mr Home.

As the procession—for such it might be termed—moved along the Duke's Walk, the crowd greeted the principal personage with two distinct huzzas, which he acknowledged by as many bows and smiles. Charles did not seem to court these acclamations, or even to appreciate them in the way that might have been expected from a person under his peculiar circumstances, but, maintaining all the dignified bearing and lofty indifference of a real prince, took the whole as a mere matter of course. The general feeling of the crowd seemed to be a very joyful one, arising in some cases from the influence of political prepossessions, in many others from gratified curiosity, and perhaps in still more from the satisfaction with which they had observed the fate of the city so easily decided that morning. Many had previously conceived Charles to be only the leader of a band of predatory barbarians, at open warfare with property, and prepared to commit any species of cruelty for the accomplishment of his purposes. They now regarded him in the interesting light of an injured prince, seeking, at the risk of life, one single noble object, which did not very obviously concern their personal interests. All, more or less, resigned themselves to the charm with which the presence of royalty is invariably attended. The present generation of the people of Edinburgh saw a king, *de facto*, pass over the ground which Charles was now passing over; a king who had no rival to his title, and whom the whole undivided country had agreed to honour and applaud. Yet, we doubt if the circumstances of that memorable scene, with all their splendour and exciting interest, composed nearly so fine an affair as the advent of the unfor-

fortunate Charles, equivocal as was his title, and miserable his retinue. In the case of George the Fourth, it is true, the whole population of Scotland was there to say, "God save him!" and every body beheld, with wonder and affection, a monarch acknowledgedly the greatest and the best on the face of the earth. He was the sovereign of the understanding and the reason; but Charles was emperor over the imagination and the heart. Youthful and handsome; gallant and daring; the leader of a brave and hardy band; the commander and object of an enterprise singular beyond all former singularity, and hazardous beyond all former hazard; the idol of a sentiment equivalent to all that was generous; unfortunate in his birth and prospects, but making one grand effort to retrieve the sorrows of his fate; the descendant of those time-honoured persons by whose sides the ancestors of all who saw him had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden; the representative of a family native to this soil, but which seemed to have been deprived of its birthright by the machinations of the hated English; Charles was a being calculated to excite the most fervent and extravagant emotions amongst the people who surrounded him. If the modern sovereign was beheld with veneration and awe, as the chief magistrate of the nation, and with love and admiration as an acknowledged pattern of all manly excellence, the last of the Stuarts was worshipped by the devoted loyalists of that time, as a cherished idol—as a representative of the deity upon earth. George might be greeted, in his splendid chariot, with cheers and smiles; but the boot of Charles

was dimmed, as he passed along, with kisses and with tears.

On coming to the front of the palace, Charles alighted from his horse, and, with his attendants, prepared to enter the court. At that moment a little incident occurred. The garrison of the Castle had resolved, not only to hold out their fortress against the Highland army, but also to act as much upon the offensive as their means would allow. They had been informed—for they could not see—that Charles was approaching the palace; and, thinking to disturb his hour of triumph, if they could not do him any more serious injury, they fired off a large bullet, with such a direction and force as to make it descend upon that building. It struck a part of the front wall of James the Fifth's Tower, near the window which lights a small turret-chamber connected with Queen Mary's state apartments; and immediately after fell into the court-yard, accompanied by a quantity of rubbish which it had knocked out of the wall.

It was a proud day for Holyroodhouse, when it received into its ample halls the grandson of the last prince who had inhabited it, and when for a time it seemed designed to be restored to all its pristine animation and grandeur. People were still alive who had seen these desolate and melancholy walls possessed by a court; and it was easy for the younger generation to catch the idea of a scene of which they had heard so much. Whatever might be the misrule of this Prince's ancestors, Edinburgh at least had never derived any thing but good from them, while it was only from their successors that it conceived itself to have de-

rived any evil. They were aware that the dissolution of the Union was one of the objects of the Prince's politics, and they willingly hoped he might be successful, in order to procure them what they thought so great a blessing. Dazzled by the extrinsic glories of the scene, and unmindful that the expedition was not yet successful, they likened Charles's entry into Holyroodhouse to the Restoration of Charles the Second, and indulged in the most extravagant anticipations regarding the splendid change of fortune which they saw about to befall their depressed and desolate court.

A remarkable instance of the effect of these feelings occurred as Charles was entering the Palace. When he had proceeded along the piazza within the quadrangle, and was just about to enter the porch of what are called the Hamilton Apartments, the door of which stood open to receive him, a gentleman stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and, raising it aloft, marshalled the way before his Royal Highness up stairs. The person who adopted this ostentatious mode of enlisting himself, did not act altogether under the influence of a devoted attachment to the Stuart family, but was stimulated by a sense of the injustice of the Union, which he said had ruined his country, and reduced a Scottish gentleman from being a person of some estimation to being the same as nobody. He was a gentleman of East Lothian,—his name and title James Hepburn of Keith. He had been engaged in the insurrection of 1715, and for thirty years had kept himself in constant readiness to strike another blow for what he considered the independence of his country. Learned and intelligent, advanced in life, and honoured by all parties

of his countrymen, this man is said, by Mr Home, who knew him, to have been a perfect model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour. That he was inspired with as pure and noble a sense of patriotism as any Whig that ever breathed, it is impossible to doubt. The Jacobites beheld with pride so accomplished a person set the first example at Edinburgh of joining the Prince; auguring, like Brutus's conspirators regarding Cicero, that his "silver hairs" would "purchase them a good opinion from men." The Whigs, on the other hand, by whom he was equally admired, looked with pity upon a brave and worthy gentleman thus offering himself up a sacrifice to the visionary idea of national independence. *

The apartment of the Palace selected for Charles's residence, was that which was appropriated to the use of the Duke of Hamilton, the hereditary keeper of this deserted abode of Scottish royalty. It is the suit of rooms which stretches along the front of the quadrangle, embracing those faded halls in James the Fifth's Tower, which are yet so strongly impressed with the melancholy history of Mary. Soon after taking possession of his apartments, and before he had yet altered his dress, he was called to a window by the continued acclamations of the crowd below, whom his friends recommended that he should gratify by another exhibition of his person. He therefore opened up the sash, and, bowing gracefully towards the court-yard, with his bonnet in his hand, was honoured with one other and still more congratulatory shout, which he received with an appearance of great modesty. It

* Home's Works iii 72.

was some time before the tumult and acclamations which thus so strangely visited the solitudes of Holyrood, subsided into moderate tranquillity, so as to permit the Prince to enjoy the repose so necessary to him after the fatigues of his march.

Charles being thus established in his paternal palace, it was the next business of his adherents to proclaim his father at the Cross. The party which entered the city in the morning, had taken care to secure the heralds and pursuivants, whose business it was to perform such ceremonies. About one o'clock, therefore, an armed body was drawn up around the Cross; and that venerable pile, which, notwithstanding its association with so many romantic events, was soon after removed by the magistrates, had the honour of being covered with carpet for the occasion.* The officers were clothed in their fantastic but rich old dresses, in order to give all the usual éclat to this disloyal ceremony. David Beatt, a Jacobite teacher of Edinburgh, then proclaimed King James, and read the Commission of Regency, with the declaration dated at Rome in 1743, and a manifesto in the name of Charles Prince Regent, dated at Paris, May 16th 1745. An immense multitude witnessed the solemnity, which they greeted with hearty but partial huzzas. The ladies, who viewed the scene from their lofty lattices in the High Street, strained their soft voices with acclamation, and their lovely arms with waiving white handkerchiefs, in honour of the day.† The Highland guard looked round the crowd with faces expressing wild joy and triumph; and, with the license and

* Caledonian Mercurv.

† Mr Home.

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extravagance appropriate to the occasion, fired off their pieces in the air. The bagpipe was not wanting to greet the name of James with a loyal pibroch; and during the whole ceremony, Mrs Murray of Broughton, whose enthusiasm was only surpassed by her beauty, sat on horseback beside the Cross, a drawn sword in her hand, and her person profusely decorated with the white ribbons, which signified devotion to the House of Stuart. *

* Boyse, 77.

CHAPTER XI.

COPE'S PREPARATIONS.

Cope sent a letter from Dunbar,
Saying " Charlie meet me an ye daur,
And I'll show you the art o' war,
Right early in the morning."

Jacobite Song.

WHILST the Highlanders were proclaiming King James at the Cross of Edinburgh, Sir John Cope was landing his troops at Dunbar, a small port twenty-seven miles east from the capital. That doughty general, after making a wide circuit, and performing a rapid sea-voyage in order to get once more in front of the Chevalier, probably finding his nerves braced by the keen air of Aberdeen, now resolved to give the Highland army that opportunity of battle which he had formerly declined.

This gentleman's character has been the theme of so much ridicule among the Jacobites, and such severe censure among the Whigs, that the present popular impression regarding it is perhaps extremely incorrect. " He was in fact," says the

writer of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, * “by no means either a coward or a bad soldier, or ever a contemptible general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with which he was conversant, especially as he was perfectly acquainted with the routine of his profession, and had been often engaged in action, without ever, until the fatal field of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On the present occasion, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault.” Even this is a more severe view of his character than his conduct throughout this whole campaign will well justify. From a letter which he wrote to Lord Milton when at Inverness, † it appears that, instead of being inclined to adhere in the present distressing case to the ordinary rules of business, he was an advocate for measures equally irregular and energetic with those of the Highlanders. It also appears from the same document, that he lacked no zeal in the cause intrusted to him, but that he had all along conducted himself with as much activity, as the circumstances in which he was placed, and the means in his power, rendered possible or necessary.

Sir John's infantry was reinforced at Dunbar by the craven dragoons, who had fled thither as the safest place within their reach. “The behaviour of these gentlemen, ‘whose business it was to die,’” remarks the reviewer just quoted, “was even less edifying than that of the citizen-volun-

* Critique on Mr Home's Works, vol. xxxvi. apparently by Sir Walter Scott.

† Mr Home's Appendix, No. xxiii.

teers, whose business, as Fluellin says to Pistol, was, 'to live and eat their victuals.' The following lively description of it," he continues, "from the pen, it is believed, of David Hume, * will not be altogether impertinent to the subject, and may probably amuse the reader. After remarking that cavalry ought to have the same advantage over irregular infantry, which veteran infantry possess over cavalry, and that particularly in the case of Highlanders, whom they encounter with their own weapon, the broadsword, and who neither formed platoons, nor had bayonets or any other long weapon to withstand a charge,—after noticing, moreover, that if it were too sanguine to expect a victory, Brigadier Fowkes, who had two regiments of cavalry, might at least have made a leisurely and regular retreat, though he had advanced within musket-shot of his enemy, before a column that could not turn out five mounted horsemen, he proceeds thus:—

'Before the rebels came within sight of the King's forces, before they came within three miles distance of them, orders were issued to the dragoons to wheel, which they immediately did with the greatest order and regularity imaginable. As it is known that nothing is more beautiful than the evolutions and movements of cavalry, the spectators stood in expectation of what fine manœuvre they might terminate in; when new orders were immediately issued to retreat, they immediately obeyed, and began to march in the usual pace of cavalry. Orders were repeated every furlong to quicken their

* "A True Account of the Behaviour and Conduct of Archibald Stewart, Esq. late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in a Letter to a Friend. London, 1748."

pace, and both precept and example concurring, they quickened it so well that, before they reached Edinburgh, they quickened it to a very smart gallop. They passed in inexpressible hurry and confusion through the narrow lanes at Barefoot's Parks, in the sight of all the north part of Edinburgh, to the infinite joy of the disaffected, and equal grief and consternation of all the other inhabitants. They rushed like a torrent down to Leith, where they endeavoured to draw breath; but some unlucky boy (I suppose a Jacobite in his heart) calling to them that the Highlanders were approaching, they immediately took to their heels again, and galloped to Prestonpans, about five miles farther. There, in a literal sense, *timor addidit alas*—there, fear added wings, I mean to the rebels. For, otherwise, they could not possibly have imagined these formidable enemies to be within several miles of them. But at Prestonpans, the same alarm was repeated. The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! They galloped to North Berwick, and being now about twenty miles to the other side of Edinburgh, they thought they might safely dismount from their horses, and look out for victuals. Accordingly, like the ancient Grecian heroes, each began to kill and dress his provisions: *epit amor dapis atque pugnae*: they were actuated by the desire of supper and of battle. The sheep and turkies of North Berwick paid for this warlike disposition. But behold the uncertainty of human happiness! When the mutton was just ready to be put upon the table, they heard, or thought they heard, the same cry of Highlanders.* Their fear

* The truth is, that a burgal dignitary of North-Ber-

proved stronger than their hunger ; they again got on horseback ; but were informed of the falseness of the alarm, time enough to prevent the spoiling of their meal. By such rudiments as these, the dragoons were so thoroughly initiated in the art of running, that at the battle of Preston, they could practise it of themselves, though even there the same good example was not wanting. I have seen an Italian opera called *Cesare in Egitta*, Cæsar in Egypt, where, in the first scene, Cæsar is introduced in a great hurry, giving orders to his soldiers, *fugge, fugge, a' llo scampo*—fly, fly, to your heels ! This is a proof that the commander at the Coltbridge is not the first hero that gave such orders to his troops. ' ”

The “ Canter of Coltbrigg, ” as this disgraceful retreat was popularly termed, is related by Mr Home with circumstances somewhat different, but not less ridiculous. After passing through Leith and Musselburgh, they encamped for the evening in a field near Colonel Gardiner's house, at Preston, that venerable officer taking up his quarters in his own dwelling. Between ten and eleven at night, one of their number going in search of forage, fell into a disused coal pit, which was full of water, and making a dreadful outcry for assistance, impressed his companions with a belief that their dreaded enemy was upon them. Not stopping to ascertain the real cause of the noise, or to relieve their unfortunate fellow-soldier, the whole mounted their horses, and with all imaginable speed, galloped off to Dunbar. Colonel Gardiner, awak-

wick, who did not like these visitors, caused the cry to be raised, as the surest method of getting quit of them.

ing in the morning, found a silent and deserted camp, and was obliged, with a heavy heart, to follow in the direction which he learned they had taken. There was little danger that he should have missed their track, for, as he passed along, he found the road strewed with swords, pistols, and firelocks, which they had thrown away in their panick. He caused these to be gathered, and conveyed in covered carts to Dunbar, where he arrived in time to greet General Cope as he landed. The mind of this gallant old officer and excellent man, seems to have been depressed to the very point where life ceases to be prized, by the shameful conduct of his men; and circumstances seem to warrant a supposition, that he now resolved to sacrifice himself, as he did, at once in atonement for their misbehaviour, and in order to escape the infamy in which they had involved his name.

The disembarkation of the troops, artillery, and stores, was not completed till Thursday the 18th; when Mr Home, author of the history already quoted, presented himself at the camp, and gave the General all the information he could desire, regarding the numbers and condition of the Highland army. The author of Douglas had gone to the different posts about the city, and counted the men there stationed; he had then ascended the hill which overlooked the bivouack of the main body, and reckoned them as they sat at food in lines upon the ground. The whole number, in his estimation, did not exceed two thousand; but he had been told that several bodies from the North were on their march to join them. The General asked his informant what sort of appearance they made, and, in particular, how were they armed;

to which the young poet replied, that most of them seemed to be strong, active, hardy men, though many were of an ordinary size, and, if clothed like Lowlanders, would appear inferior to the King's troops. The Highland garb, he said, favoured them, as it showed their naked limbs, which were strong and muscular; while their stern countenances, and bushy uncombed hair, gave them a fierce, barbarous, and imposing aspect. As to their arms, he continued, they had no artillery of any sort, but one small unmounted cannon, which he had seen lying upon a cart, drawn by a little Highland poney. Fourteen or fifteen hundred of them were armed with firelocks and broadswords, and many others had only either the one or the other of these weapons. Their firelocks were of all sorts and sizes, muskets, fusees, and fowlingpieces; but they must soon provide themselves more generally with that weapon, as the arsenal of the Trained Bands had fallen into their hands. In the mean time, he had seen one or two companies, amounting altogether perhaps to an hundred men, each of whom had no other weapon than the blade of a scythe fastened end-long upon a pole.* General Cope dismissed Mr Home, with many compliments, for bringing him so accurate and intelligent an account of the enemy.

The King's army was joined at Dunbar by several judges and other civil officers, who, having fled from Edinburgh on the evening before the Prince had entered it, now resolved to remain with the Royal troops, not as fighting men, but as anxious and interested spectators of the approaching

* Home's Works, iii. 76.

action. Cope received at the same time a few more effective reinforcements in the shape of noblemen and gentlemen of the country, who came to him attended with their tenants in arms. Among the latter was the Earl of Home, who, being then an officer in the Guards, thought it his duty to offer his services when the King's troops were in the field. The retinue which this nobleman brought along with him, was such as to surprise many persons. At the time when the Lowlands of Scotland were equally warlike, and equally under the influence of the feudal system with the Highlands, his Lordship's ancestors could have raised as many men upon their dominions in Berwickshire, as would have themselves repelled the Chevalier's little army. Even so late as 1633, the Earl of Home had greeted Charles the First, as he crossed the Border to visit Scotland, at the head of six hundred well-mounted gentlemen, his relations and retainers. All that the present Earl could bring, besides himself, to assist his Sovereign in opposing a public enemy, was *two body-servants!* *

It was not till the day succeeding the disembarkation, Thursday the 19th of September, that the Royal army left Dunbar to meet the insurgents. It is said to have made a great show upon its march; the infantry, cavalry, cannon, and baggage, occupying at once several miles of road. The people of the country, long unaccustomed to war and arms, flocked from all quarters to see an army going to fight a battle in ^{the} Lothian; and, with infinite con-

* Home's Works, iii. 77.

cern and anxiety, beheld this uncommon spectacle.*

The army halted for the night in a field to the west of Haddington, sixteen miles east of Edinburgh. In the evening, it was proposed to employ some young people who followed the camp, to ride betwixt Haddington and Edinburgh, during the dark hours, lest the Highlanders, whose movements were rapid, should march in the night-time and surprise the army. A proposal so obviously beneficial, was seconded by the General; and accordingly, sixteen young men, most of whom had been volunteers at Edinburgh, and among whom the author of Douglas was one, offered their services. About nine at night, eight of them set out, in four parties, by four different roads, for Duddingstone, where they understood the Highlanders to be encamped. They returned safe at midnight, reporting that all was quiet; and the other eight then set out in the same manner. But all the individuals of the second party were not alike fortunate, or dexterous, in performing their portion of duty.

It was the duty of two of this little corps to observe the coast-road towards Musselburgh. Their names were Francis Garden and Robert Cunningham—the one afterwards better known by his senatorial title of Lord Gardenstone, and the other by his official designation of General. On approaching Musselburgh, says the lively reviewer just quoted, “they avoided the bridge to escape observation, and crossed the Esk, it being then low water, at a place nigh its junction with the sea. Unluckily there was, at the opposite side, a snug, thatched

* Home's Works, iii. 78.

tavern, kept by a cleanly old woman called Lucke F——, who was eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrol were both *bon-vivants*,—one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a senator, was unusually so, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie's sign, and the heap of oyster-shells deposited near her door, proved as great a temptation to this vigilant forlorn-hope, as the wine-house to the Abbess of Andouillet's muleteer. They had scarcely got settled at some right *pandores*, with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when, as some Jacobite devil would have it, an unlucky North-country lad, a writer's (that is, attorney's) apprentice, who had given his indentures the slip, and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charlie. * He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed their business;—he saw the tide would make it impossible for them to return along the sands as they had come. He therefore placed himself in ambush upon the steep, narrow, impracticable bridge, which was then, and for many years afterwards, the only place of crossing the Esk: and how he contrived it I could never learn; but the courage and assurance of his province are proverbial, and the Norland whipper-snapper surrounded and made prisoners of the two unfortunate volunteers, before they could draw a trigger." †

* The reason why Charles's name is so generally diminished in this manner by popular parlance, seems to be, that the Erse or Gaelic translation of Charles is Charlich or Charli. The Lowlanders must have adopted the name generally given to him by his adherents.

† Quarterly Review, vol. xxxvi. 177.

They were immediately conducted to the camp at Duddingstone, and put into the hands of John Roy Stuart, commander of the Prince's Body-Guard, who at once pronounced them spies, and proposed to hang them accordingly. Thrown into a dreadful consternation by this sentence, they luckily recollected that a youthful acquaintance, by name Colquhoun Grant, bore a commission in the very body which John Roy commanded; and they entreated him to lead them before that person, who was able to attest their innocence. Colquhoun Grant, who lived many years afterwards as a respectable writer to the signet at Edinburgh, used to relate that he never was so much surprised in his life, and at the same time amused, as when his two young friends were brought up to him for his verdict. Roy Stuart introduced them with the following words:—"Here are two fellows, who have been caught prowling near the camp. I am certain they are spies, at least this oldest one (Mr Garden), and I propose that, to make sure, we should hang them baith." Mr Grant, of course, interfered in behalf of his friends, and afterwards, getting them into his own custody, took it upon him to permit their escape.*

On the morning of the succeeding day, Friday the 20th of September, Cope continued his march towards Edinburgh, by the ordinary post-road from Haddington. After marching a very few miles, it occurred to him, that the defiles and enclosures near the road would, in case of an attack, prove unfavourable to the action of cavalry: and

* Information by Mr Mackenzie, author of the *Man of Feeling*.

he resolved to adopt a less frequented and more open path. On coming to Huntington, therefore, he turned off to the right, and took what is called the *Low Road*, that is, the road which traverses the Low country near the sea, passing by St Germans and Seton. At the same time, he sent forward his adjutant-general, the Earl of Loudoun, accompanied by the Earl of Home, to mark out a camp for the army near Musselburgh, intending to go no farther that day. During the march, his soldiers were in the highest spirits; the infantry feeling confident in the assistance of the cavalry, and the cavalry, who had betrayed still greater pusillanimity when unsupported, acquiring the same courage by a junction with the infantry.

The first files of the troops were entering the plain betwixt Seton and Preston, when Lord Loudoun came back at a round pace, with information that the Highlanders were in full march towards the Royal army. The General surprised, but not disconcerted, by this intelligence, and thinking the plain which lay before him a very proper place to receive the enemy, called a halt there, and drew up his troops with a front to the west. His right was thus extended to the sea, and his left towards the village of Tranent. Soon after he had taken up his ground, the Chevalier's army came in sight.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRINCE'S MARCH TO PRESTON.

When Charlie looked this letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 Crying, " Follow me, my merry merry men,
 And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning ! "

Jacobite Song.

THREE days of rest at Edinburgh, where they were supplied with plenty of food, and did not want opportunities of improving their appointments, had meanwhile increased in no inconsiderable degree the efficacy and confidence of " Charlie and his men. " Learning that Cope had landed at Dunbar, and was marching to give him battle, the Prince came to Duddingstone on Thursday night, where, calling a council of war, he proposed to march next morning, and meet the enemy half way. The council agreed, that this was the only thing they could do ; and Charles then asked the Highland chiefs, how they thought their men would behave in meeting a general who had already avoided them. The chiefs desired MacDonal of Keppoch to speak for them, as he had served in the French army, and was thought to know best what the Highlanders could do against

regular troops. Keppoch's speech was brief, but emphatic. He said, that the country having been long at peace, and few or none of the private men having ever seen a battle, it was difficult to foretel how they would behave ; but he would venture to assure his Royal Highness, that the gentlemen would be in the midst of the enemy, and that the clansmen, devoted to their chiefs, and loving the cause, would certainly not be far behind them. Charles, catching the spirit of the moment, exclaimed he would be the first man to charge the foe, and so set, if possible, a still more striking example of attack ! But the chiefs discountenanced this imprudent proposal ; declaring that in his life lay the strength of their cause, and that, should he be slain, they would be undone beyond redemption, whether victorious or defeated. They even went so far as to declare, that they would go home, and endeavour to make the best terms they could for themselves, if he persisted in so rash a resolution. This remonstrance with difficulty repressed the ardour of their young commander, whose great passion at this moment seems to have been to strike a decisive blow, and share personally in its glory. *

On the morning of Friday the 20th of September, when the King's army was commencing its march from Haddington, the Highlanders roused themselves from their shelterless lairs, near Duddingstone, and prepared to set forward. They had been reinforced since daybreak by a party of Grants from Glenmorrison, as they had been the day before by some MacLauchlans and Athole-

* Home's Works, iii, 81.

men. The prince, putting himself at the head of his army, thus increased two hundred and fifty, presented his sword, and said aloud, "My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard!" * He was answered by a cheerful huzza; and the band then set forward in three files, Charles marching on horseback by their side, along with some of his principal officers.

The situation of the Highland camp, or rather bivouack, was not so near the *Village*, as it was to the *Mill* of Duddingstone. It was pitched in a snug and sheltered place upon the banks of the Figgat Burn, within the present park around Duddingstone House, and immediately adjacent to the *cauld* or *dam-head* belonging to the mill. † The nearest road from that point towards the Bridge of Musselburgh, where the army had to cross the Esk, was of course that old and pleasant path, which, leading down betwixt two luxuriant hedges, passes the little village of Easter Duddingstone, and joins the post-road, near Magdalene Bridge. Along this retired and rural way Charles passed "with all his chivalry," his whole soul bent upon the approaching combat. We have had the good fortune to converse with a lady who saw him leading his men through Easter Duddingstone, and who yet lives (1827), at the age of eighty-nine, to describe the memorable pageant. The Highlanders strode on with their squalid clothes and various arms, their rough limbs and uncombed hair, looking around them with faces, in which were strange-

* Caledonian Mercury.

† Recollection of Mrs Handasyde of Fishcraig, whose memory is quoted also for the latter part of this paragraph.

ly blended, pride with ferocity, savage ignorance with high-souled resolution. The Prince rode amidst his officers, at a little distance from the flank of the column, preferring to amble over the dry *stubble-fields* beside the road. Our aged friend remembers, as yesterday, his graceful carriage and comely looks—his long light hair straggling below his neck—and the flap of his tartan coat thrown back by the wind, so as to make the star dangle for a moment clear in the air by its silken ribbon. He was viewed with admiration by the simple villagers; and even those who were ignorant of his claims, or who rejected them, could not help wishing good fortune and no calamity to so comely a young man.

Soon after falling into the post-road, the insurgents continued their march till they entered the Market-gate of Fisher-row, an old narrow street leading to the bridge. One of their number there went up to a new house upon which the tilers were engaged, and took up a long slip of wood technically called a *tile-lath*; from another house he abstracted an ordinary broom, which he tied upon the end of the pole. This he bore aloft over his head, emblemizing what seemed to be the general sentiment of the army, that they would sweep their enemies off the face of the earth. De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, it will be recollected, in the reign of Charles the Second, affixed the same ensign to his top-mast, to signify that he had swept the British fleet out of the Channel; and it is probable that the Highlander merely copied the idea from that famous incident. The shouts with which the symbol was hailed on the present occasion, testified the high courage and resolution of

the troops, and but too truly presaged the issue of the approaching conflict. Charles, in passing along the Market-gate, bowed to the ladies who surveyed him from their windows, bending to those who were young or beautiful even till his hair mingled with the mane of his charger. To all the crowd he maintained an aspect of the most winning sweetness. There was there also many a fair young chieftain, and many a gay Angus cavalier, who imitated his polite behaviour, and rivalled his gallant carriage, though without coming in for a due share of that enviable observation which, in Milton's phrase, was "rained" upon their leader. *

The army now passed along the ancient bridge which there crosses the Esk ; a structure supposed to be of Roman origin, and over which the Scottish army had passed, two centuries before, to the field of Pinkie ; a structure over which all of noble or of kingly, that had approached Edinburgh for at least a thousand years, must certainly have passed ; which has borne processions of monks, and marches of armies, and trains of kings ; which has rattled under the feet of Mary's frolic steed, and thundered beneath the war-horse of Cromwell. Proceeding directly onward, the column traversed, not the town of Musselburgh, but the old *kirk-road*, as it is called, to Inveresk, and entered the street of Newbigging about the centre. † It then marched along the precincts of Pinkie Cleuch, and sought the high grounds near Carberry ; two localities memorable in Scottish history, for the disaster and the shame with which they are connected.

* Tradition in Fisherrow.

† Recollection of Mr Chalmers, slater, Fisherrow, who was taken there in his nurse's arms "to see Prince Charlie."

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The reason of Charles having taken this unusual path was, that he wished to get the advantage of Cope, by occupying the high ground to the south. He went up Edge-buckling Brae, where Somerset's steel-clad bands once hovered over the Scottish army; passed by the west side of Walleyford; and ascended Fawside Hill. Here, learning that Cope was much nearer the sea than he expected, he turned a little to the left, and drew his men down the gently declining hill towards the post-road, where he knew that he would still be sufficiently above the lines of his enemy. Entering the road at Douphistone, he marched up Birsley Brae, till, about half a mile from the west side of Tranent, coming within sight of General Cope, he halted and formed his army. *

At this early stage of the campaign, the mode of *forming* the Highland army was extremely simple, on account of the want of horse and artillery. The column in which it always moved, was merely halted at the proper place, and then, facing about, became at once a line. Such was the evolution by which, on the present occasion, Charles brought his men to their first *tête-à-tête* with the devoted troops of his antagonist.

When the Royal troops first perceived the Highlanders, they uttered a vehement and spirited shout, to which the others replied with a yell, that rolled down the hollow ground towards them like the echoes of thunder. The two armies were about a mile distant from each other, with a gentle descent and a long stripe of marshy ground between. It was a little after noon, and the weather

* Home's Works, iii. 81.

was favourable for immediate combat. Both armies had marched the equal distance of eight miles, and were alike fresh and ardent. It was Charles's wish, as it had been his expectation, to engage his foes before night-fall; and the ground appeared perfectly favourable for the purpose. The descent towards Cope's position, though gentle, was sufficient to increase the natural speed and impetuosity of the Highlanders, who have a maxim, (used by Evan dhu Maccombich in "Waverley,") that even "the haggis, God bless her, can charge down hill," and whose ancestors had been always successful in conflicts fought in that manner. But Cope had not the same eager desire of battle: and various considerations, arising from the nature of the ground, interposed to prevent an immediate attack on the part of the Highlanders.

The English general had at first arranged his troops with their front to the west, expecting the enemy to come directly from Musselburgh; but when he saw them appear on the southern heights, he altered his position accordingly, and now lay upon a plain swelling gently up from the coast, with Cockenzie and the sea behind him, the intricate little village of Preston, with its numerous parks and garden-walls on his right, Seton House at a distance on his left, and a deep ditch or drain traversing the morass before him. On all sides but the east, he was inaccessible, except perhaps by a column, which no enemy could ever have thought of directing against him. His position was very strong, but of that sort of strength which is rather calculated for a *siege* than a *battle*; and the only merit which can be allowed to him for

his choice, is, that he does not seem to have calculated it for a *flight*.

By examining the country people, who, as usual, flocked about him in great numbers, the Prince soon learned that to attack General Cope across the morass, was impracticable except at a frightful risk. In order to ascertain the fact still more satisfactorily, Lord George Murray despatched an officer of military experience, to survey and report upon the ground. The person selected for this service, or who volunteered to perform it, was Mr Ker of Gradon; and the perilous duty was executed in a manner which commanded admiration from both armies. Mounted upon a little white poney, Mr Ker descended alone from Tranent, and with the greatest deliberation approached the post of the enemy. When very near it, he rode slowly along the edge of the morass, carefully inspecting the ground on all sides, and scanning the breadth and depth of the ditch with peculiar accuracy. A few shots were fired at him by the king's troops, who were not above two hundred yards off; but he did not pay the slightest attention to them. So great, indeed, was his coolness, that, on approaching a stone fence which he required to cross, he dismounted, pulled down a piece of the dyke, and then led his horse through the breach. When he had completely satisfied himself, he returned to the army in the same soldier-like manner, and reported his observations to the Lieutenant-general. The morass, he said, could not be passed, without the troops being exposed to several unreturned fires, and was therefore not to be thought of. * When Charles learn-

* Home's Works, iii. 84.—“ Without risking the loss

ed this, he moved a considerable part of his army back to Douphistone, and affected to meditate an attack upon Cope's west or right flank. The English general, observing this, resumed his first position, in order to meet the insurgents with the front of his army.

Charles, probably deterred from making an attack in this quarter by the park-dykes which so effectually screened the enemy's front, now once more shifted his ground, and returned to his first station near Tranent. The King's army faced round at the same time, so as to occasion a bystander to exclaim, in derision of these ineffectual movements, what has since become a proverbial expression, "Why, they're just where they were, wi' their face to Tranent." The whole afternoon was occupied by these evolutions, which resembled nothing so much as the last moves of a well-contested game of draughts, where a bold player is perpetually attempting to set a wily one. When evening approached, General Cope found himself still in possession of the advantageous ground he had originally chosen; but it was feared by some unconcerned spectators that he had been perhaps over-cautious in his evolutions—that he had cooped himself up in a narrow place, while the Highlanders were at liberty to move about as they pleased,—and that he had disheartened his men by keeping them so carefully on the defensive, while the Highlanders were proportionably animated by the certainty of making the attack. *

of the whole army," is the expression put into Mr Ker's mouth, by the author of an account of the Young Pretender's operations, printed in the Lockhart Papers.

* Home's Works, iii. 85.

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Cope had not acted altogether on the defensive. He had sent off a few cannon-shots, one of which wounded a Cameron in the arm, as he stood at his post below Tranent church. * This made the Highlanders remove farther back, and take up their station on some ground, then wild and covered with furze, south-west of Tranent, where there was a swell or gentle eminence intervening betwixt them and the enemy's cannon. Charles, however, posted five hundred men under Lord Nairn at Preston, to the west of Cope's position, to prevent him from stealing a march in that direction; and, by posting parties at all the roads round about, he seemed to express a determined resolution to hem in and make sure work of his cautious enemy.

A little incident, personal to the Prince, occurred in the course of the afternoon, which, preserved by tradition, serves to show that he never neglected an opportunity of making himself popular. As he was passing the house of Windygowl, about a quarter of a mile south-east of Tranent, a number of ladies came out to greet him. One of the party, more enthusiastic than the rest, approached him, and desired to kiss his royal hand. He not only granted this favour, but took the young lady in his arms, and gave her a kiss of his lips also; calling her, in conclusion, "*a bonnie lassie.*" It would appear from this that, in accordance with the policy which induced him to wear the Highland habit, he had studied to learn the phrases of compliment peculiar to Scotland, wisely judging that they would be much more ef-

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 448.

fective with a Scottish ear than any others. It would indeed appear that he used the endearing epithet above mentioned *upon system*; for there lived in Edinburgh, till within the last few years, an ancient dame, of the acquaintance of the author, who used to tell, that, as she passed the Prince on Glasgow Green, at a later period of his campaign, he clapped her on the head, and "called her a bonnie lassie."

At a late period of the afternoon, when all thoughts of battle had been given up for the night, Charles went with two of his officers, one of whom was the Duke of Perth, to an inn at Tranent, and desired to have dinner. Tranent, though a large, is also a poor village; and its principal inn was then a house of no great splendour. It consisted of only two rooms, *a butt and a ben*, Anglice, a kitchen and parlour. Humble as it was, however, Prince Charles condescended to enter it, and accept of its meagre hospitalities. The name of the good publican, who was also the butcher of the village, was James Allan; his wife had previously concealed her service of pewter, and every small article of value belonging to her house, for fear of the wild Highlanders; so that she was now much less able than usual to entertain such distinguished guests. She could not present her coarse soup, or *kail*, in any better dish than a huge shallow one turned out of wood; and she could purvey no more than *two* wooden spoons for her *three* guests. Down they sat, however, around her plain deal board; and, the Prince appropriating one whole spoon, while his two officers enjoyed the other by rotation, they soon made an end of their broth. Mrs Allan then put the meat with which her

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soup had been made, into the same wooden dish; and, presenting them with the knife used by her husband in his professional immolations, told them to make the best they could of what they saw before them, as she could really offer them nothing else. One of them having cut the meat into small pieces, they ate it with their fingers, using bannocks of barley-meal for bread. It would appear that Charles had afterwards provided himself with a portable knife and fork for the exigencies of his campaign; as a lady presented a set of eating utensils, attested to have been his, to the King when he visited Edinburgh. On the present occasion, he purchased five bullocks from James Allan, for the use of his army, and amply paid for both his own dinner and that of his adherents. *

Since the insurgents had first risen in Lochaber, the weather had been extremely fine. "Indeed," says the Caledonian Mercury, in allusion to this fact, "it has been more mild and comforting in September than it has ever been in June for the last half-century." The nights, however, though calm, were chill, as generally happens in the finest autumn weather under this northern climate. The night of Friday the 20th of September, 1745, set in with a cold mist, which, without doing any particular injury to the hardy children of the North, was infinitely annoying to their opponents, less accustomed to night bivouacking, and obliged to be more upon the alert in case of a night attack. Under these disagreeable circumstances, General Cope lighted great fires all round his position, to

* Tradition preserved at Tranent, as reported to us in writing by Mr Arthur Heriot of that village.

warm and inspirit his men.* He also threw off a few cohorns during the night, to let the enemy know he was, in the words of the song, "waukin yet." At an early period of the evening, he had planted pickets with great care in every direction around him, especially towards the east. He had also sent his military chest and baggage down to Cockenzie, under a strong guard.

The Royal army was arranged along the front of the morass in a manner displaying considerable military skill. The centre consisted of eight companies of Lascelles's regiment, and two of Guise's. On the right were five companies of Lees's; on the left the whole of Sir John Murray's. Besides these, there were a number of recruits for different regiments at present abroad, and a few small parties of volunteers, comprising the gentlemen with their tenants already mentioned, and some persons who had been induced to join by the enthusiasm of religion. The infantry was protected, on the right flank by Gardiner's, on the left by Hamilton's dragoons; who stood each with two troops to the front, and one in the rear for a reserve. The cannon, six pieces in all, guarded by a company of Lees's regiment, commanded by Captain Cochrane, and under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Whiteford, were placed on the right of the army, near the waggon-road or railway from Tranent to Cockenzie.

The army of Cope altogether consisted of 2100 men; but a number of these did not fight in the subsequent engagement, being engaged elsewhere as videttes and guards. The artillery was by far

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 489, 490.

the most hopeless of all the component parts of the army. At the time when General Cope marched to the North, there were no gunners or matrosses to be had in broad Scotland, but one old man, who had belonged to the Scots train of artillery before the Union. Him, and three old invalid soldiers, the General carried on with him to Inverness; and the hopeful band was afterwards reinforced by a few sailors from the ship of war which escorted the troops to Dunbar. A more miserable troop was perhaps never before, or since, intrusted with so important a charge.

As soon as it became dark, the Highland army moved from the west to the east side of Tranent, where the morass seemed to be more practicable; and a council of war being called, it was resolved to attack the enemy in that quarter at break of day. The Highlanders, wrapping themselves up in their plaids, then laid themselves down to sleep upon the stubble-fields. Charles, whose pleasure it had all along been to share in the fatigues and privations of his men, rejecting the opportunity of an easier couch in the village, also made his lodging "upon the cold ground." In obedience to an order which had been issued for the purpose of concealing their position from Sir John Cope, not a light was to be seen, nor a word to be heard, in his bivouack, during the night. *

* Home's Works, iii. 92.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.

Bru. — Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion.

Julius Cæsar.

A CIRCUMSTANCE now occurred, upon which the fate of the subsequent day seems to have almost entirely depended. Mr Robert Anderson (the son of Anderson of Whitbrough in East Lothian), a gentleman who joined the insurgents at Edinburgh, had been present at the council which determined the place and mode of attack, but did not take the liberty to speak or give his opinion. After the dismissal of the council, Anderson told his friend Mr Hepburn of Keith, that he knew the ground well, and thought there was a better way to come at the King's army than that which the council had resolved to follow. "I could undertake," he added, "to show them a place where they might easily pass the morass without being seen by the enemy, and form without being exposed to their fire." Hepburn listened attentively to this information, and expressed his opinion of it in such terms, that Anderson desired he would carry him to Lord George Murray. Mr Hepburn advised

him to go alone to the Lieutenant-General, with whom he was already perfectly well acquainted, and who would like best to receive any information of this sort without the presence of a third party. Anderson immediately sought Lord George, whom he found asleep in a field of cut peas, with the Prince and several of the chiefs lying near him. The young gentleman immediately awoke his Lordship, and proceeded to inform him of his project. To Lord George it appeared so eligible, that he hesitated not a moment to use the same freedom with the Prince which Mr Anderson had used with him. Charles sat up on his bed of peas-straw, and listened to the scheme with great attention. He then caused Lochiel and the other leaders to be called and taken into counsel. They all approved of the plan; and a resolution was instantly passed to take advantage of Mr Anderson's offers of service. It was justly considered strange that a youthful country gentleman, who had never seen an army, should have thus given advice to a band of military officers, some of whom had considerable experience, and that that advice eventually proved not ~~more~~ excellent than successful. *

Lord Nairn's party being recalled from Preston, the Highland army began to move about three o'clock in the morning (Saturday, 21st September), when the sun was as yet three hours below the horizon. It was thought necessary, on this occasion, to reverse the order of march, by shifting the rear of the column to the van. Mr Ker, already mentioned with applause for the deliberation with which he surveyed Cope's position on the

* Home's Works, iii. 88.

preceding evening, managed this evolution with his characteristic skill and prudence. Passing slowly from the head to the other end of the column, desiring the men as he went along to observe the strictest silence, he turned the rear forwards, making the men wheel round his own person till they were all on the march.* Mr Anderson led the way. Next to him was MacDonald of Glenaladale, Major of the Clanranald regiment, with a chosen body of sixty men, appointed to secure Cope's baggage whenever they saw the armies engaged. † Close behind came the army, marching as usual in a column of three men abreast. They came down by a sort of valley, or hollow, that winds through the farm of Ringan-head. Not a whisper was heard amongst them. At first their march was concealed by darkness, and, when daylight began to appear, by the mist already mentioned. When they were near the morass, some dragoons who stood upon the other side as an advanced guard, called out, "Who's there?" The Highlanders made no answer, but marched on. The dragoons, soon perceiving who they were, fired their pieces, and rode off to give the alarm. §

The ditch so often mentioned as traversing the morass, became a mill-dam at this easterly point, for the service of Seton Mill with water. The Highlanders had therefore not only the difficulty of wading through the bog knee-deep in mud, but also that of crossing a broad deep *run* of water by a narrow wooden bridge. Charles himself jumped across the dam, but fell on the other side, and

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 449.

† Ibid. ii. 491.

§ Home, iii. 89.

got his legs and hands beslimed. The column, as it gradually cleared this impediment, moved directly onwards to the sea, till it was thought by those at the head, that all would be over the morass; and a line was then formed, in the usual manner, upon the firm and level ground.

The arrangement of the Highland army preparatory to the battle of Preston, was rather accordant with the old Scottish rules of precedence in such matters, than dictated by considerations of efficiency—was rather a matter of heraldry than of generalship. The great Clan Colla, or MacDonalds, formed the right wing, because Robert Bruce had assigned it that station at the battle of Bannockburn, in gratitude for the treatment he had received from its chief when in hiding in the Hebrides, and because it had assumed that station in every battle since, except that of Harlaw, on which occasion the post of honour was voluntarily resigned in favour of the Macleods.* The Camerons and Appin Stuarts composed the left wing, perhaps for some similar reason; while the Duke of Perth's regiment and the MacGregors stood in the centre. The Duke of Perth commanded the right wing, Lord George Murray the left.

Behind the first line which was thus disposed and thus commanded, a second was arranged at the distance of fifty yards, consisting of the Athole men, the Robertsons, the MacDonalds of Glenco, and the MacLauchlans, under the command of Lord Nairn. Charles took his place between the two lines. The whole army was rather superior in numbers to that of General Cope, being pro-

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 510.

bably about 2400; but as the second line never came into action, the real number of combatants, as stated by the Prince's authority after the battle, was only 1456.

Surprise being no part of the Prince's plan, no regret was expressed at the alarm which the videttes had carried to the King's army; but it was thought necessary to form the lines as quickly as possible. When this was effected, Charles addressed his men in these words, "Follow me, gentlemen; and by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people!"* The Duke of Perth then sent Mr Anderson to inform Lord George Murray that he was ready to march. Anderson met an aid-de-camp, sent by Lord George to inform the Duke that the left wing was moving. Some time of course elapsing before the right wing was aware of this motion, it was a little behind the left; and the charge was thus made in an oblique manner. †

It was just dawn, and the mist was fast retiring before the advance of the sun, when the Highlanders set out upon their attack. A long uninterrupted series of fields, from which the grain had recently been reaped, lay between them and General Cope's position. Morn was already on the waters of the Forth to their right, and the mist was rolling in large masses over the marsh and up the crofts to their left; but it was not yet clear enough to admit of either army seeing the other. An impervious darkness lay between, which was soon however to disclose to both the exciting spectacle of an armed and determined

* Caledonian Mercury. † Home's Works, iii. 91.

enemy. Early as was the hour, and notwithstanding the darkness, the walls of almost all the neighbouring fields around were covered by rustics and others, anxious to obtain, from a safe distance, a view of the impending conflict.* On the part of the Highlanders there was perfect silence, except the rushing sound occasioned by their feet going through the stubble: on that of General Cope, only an occasional drum was to be heard, as it hoarsely pronounced some military signal.

At setting out upon the charge, the Highlanders all pulled off their bonnets, and, looking upwards, uttered a short prayer. † The front-rank men, most of whom were gentlemen, and all of whom had targets, stooped as much as they could in going forward, keeping their shields in front of their heads, so as to protect almost every part of their bodies, except the limbs, from the fire which they expected. § The inferior and worse-armed men behind, endeavoured to supply the want of defensive weapons by going close in rear of their companions. Every chief charged in the centre of his regiment, supported immediately on both sides by his nearest relations and principal officers; || any one of whom, as of the whole clan, would have willingly substituted his person to the blow aimed at that honoured individual.

A little in advance of the second line, Charles himself went on, in the midst of a small guard. His situation was not so dangerous as it would have been if he had carried through his wish of going *foremost* into the enemy's lines; but, as he

* Tradition in East Lothian.

§ Caledonian Mercury.

† Caledonian Mercury.

|| Highland Tradition.

was only a few yards behind the front line, his position was not without peril. To prove that he had all the resolution and coolness necessary for a soldier, a circumstance may be quoted from the Journal of a Highland officer, who was witness to it.* This gentleman saw his Royal Highness, just before the meeting of the armies, leave his guard and go forward to the Duke of Perth and Clanranald, in order to give his last orders. In returning to his guard, he passed the journalist, and said, with a smile, "Gres-ort, gres-ort,"—that is, "*Make haste, make haste!*"

Not only was the front line, as already mentioned, oblique, but it was soon further weakened from another cause. Soon after commencing the charge, it was found that the marsh retired southwards a little, and left some firm ground unoccupied by that extremity of the army, so that it would have been possible for Cope to turn their flank with a troop of dragoons. In order to obviate this disadvantage, the Camerons were desired by Lord George Murray to incline that way, and fill the open ground. When they had done so, there was an interval in the centre of the line, which was ordered to be filled up from the second line; but it could not be done in time.† Some of the Prince's officers afterwards acknowledged, that when they first saw the regular lines of the Royal army, and the level rays of the new-risen sun reflected at a thousand points from the long-extended series of muskets, they could not help expecting that the wavering unsteady clusters into

* Lockhart Papers, ii, 491.

† Ibid. ii, 449.

which their own line was broken, would be defeated in a moment, and utterly swept from the field.* The issue was destined to be far otherwise.

Sir John Cope, who had spent the night at the little village of Cockenzie, where his baggage was disposed under a guard; hastened to join his troops on first receiving intelligence that the Highlanders were moving towards the east. His first impression regarding their movement seems to have been, that, after finding it impossible to attack him either across the morass or through the defiles of Preston, they were now about to take up a position on the open fields to the east, in order to fight a fair battle when daylight should appear. It does not seem to have occurred to him that they would make the attack immediately; and, accordingly, although he thought proper to form his lines and turn them in the direction of the enemy, he was at last somewhat disconcerted, and his men were not a little surprised, when it was given out by the sentries that the Highlanders were upon them.

The circumstances which lead us to this conclusion will scarcely fail to impress the reader with the same idea. According to the journal-writer already quoted, the advancing mountaineers, on first coming within sight of Cope's army, heard them call out, "Who is there? Who is there? Cannons! Cannons! get ready the cannons, cannoners!" On the other hand, Andrew Henderson, a Whig historian, has mentioned, in his account of the engagement, that the sentries, on first perceiving the Highland line through the mist,

* Home's Works, iii. 92.

thought it a hedge which was gradually becoming apparent as the light increased. The event, however, was perhaps the best proof, that the Royal army was somewhat taken by surprise.

The mode of fighting practised at this period by the Highlanders, though as simple as can well be conceived, was calculated with peculiar felicity to set at nought and defeat the tactics of a regular soldiery. It has been thus described by the Chevalier Johnstone, who was engaged in all the actions fought during this campaign. They advanced with the utmost rapidity towards the enemy, gave fire when within a musket-length of the object, and then, throwing down their pieces, drew their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand along with the target, darted with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire. When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, bending their left knee, they contrived to receive the thrust of that weapon on their targets; then raising their arm, and with it the enemy's point, they rushed in upon the soldier, now defenceless, killed him at one blow, and were in a moment within the lines, pushing right and left with sword and dagger, often bringing down two men at once. The battle was thus decided in a moment, and all that followed was mere carnage.

Cope, informed by his retreating sentries, that the enemy was advancing, had only time to ride once along the front of his lines to encourage the men, and was just returned to his place on the right of the infantry, when he perceived, through the thin sunny mist, the dark clumps of the clans rushing swiftly and silently on towards his troops; those which were directly opposite to him being

most visible, while on the left they faded away in an interminable line amongst the darkness from which they seemed gradually evolving. The indefinite and apparently innumerable clusters in which they successively burst upon his sight—the rapidity with which they advanced—the deceptive hugeness given to their appearance by the mist—all conspired to appal the unhappy General, and had no doubt an effect still less equivocal upon his troops. Little time was given for the action of fear; for, opening up one of those frightful yells, with which they have been already described as accustomed to commence their battles, the Highlanders almost immediately appeared before them in all the terror-striking and overwhelming reality of savage warfare. Five of the six cannon were discharged against their left, with such effect as to make that part of the army hover for a moment upon the advance; and one volley of musketry went along the Royal lines from right to left, as the clans successively came up. But all was unavailing against the ferocious resolution of the Highlanders. One discharge of muskets—one burst of flame and smoke—one long re-echoing peal of thunder-like sound—when the lightning sword flashed out from the tartan cloud, and smote with irresistible vehemence the palsied and defenceless soldiery.

The victory began, with the battle, among the Camerons. That spirited clan, notwithstanding their exposure to the cannon, and although received with a discharge of musketry by the artillery-guard, ran on with undaunted speed, and were first up to the front of the enemy. Having swept over the cannon, they found themselves opposed

to a squadron of dragoons under Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, which was advancing to attack them. They had only to fire a few shots, when these dastards, not yet recovered from their former fright, wheeled about, and fled over the artillery-guard, which was accordingly dispersed. The posterior squadron of dragoons, under Colonel Gardiner himself, was then ordered to advance to the attack. Their gallant old commander led them forward, encouraging them as well as he could by the way; but they had not proceeded many steps, when, receiving a few shots from the Highlanders, they reeled, turned, and followed their companions. Lochiel had ordered his men to strike at the noses of the horses, as the best means of getting the better of their masters; but they never found a single opportunity of practising this *ruse*, the men having chosen to retreat while they were yet some yards distant.

If Gardiner's dragoons behaved thus ill, Hamilton's, at the other extremity of the army, may be said to have behaved still worse. No sooner had they seen their fellows flying before the Camerons, than they also turned about and fled, without having fired a carabine, and while the MacDonalds were still at a little distance.

The infantry, when deserted by those from whom they were taught to expect support, gave way on all hands, without having reloaded their pieces, or stained a single bayonet with blood. The whole at once threw down their arms, either to lighten them in their flight, or to signify that they surrendered; and many fell upon their knees before the impetuous Highlanders, to beg the quarter which, in the hurry of the moment, could

scarcely be given them. One small party alone, out of the army, had the resolution to make any resistance. They fought for a brief space, under the command of Colonel Gardiner, who, deserted by his own troop, and observing their gallant behaviour, thought proper to put himself at their head. They only fled when they had suffered considerably, and when their noble leader was cut down by numerous wounds. Such was the rapidity with which the Highlanders, in general, bore the Royal soldiers off the field, that their second line, though only fifty yards behind, and though it ran fully as fast as the first, on coming up to the place, found nothing upon the ground but the killed and wounded.* The whole battle, indeed, is said to have lasted only five or six minutes.

In the panic flight which immediately ensued, the Highlanders used their dreadful weapons with unsparing vigour, and performed many feats of individual prowess, such as might rather adorn the pages of some ancient romance, than the authentic narrative of a modern battle. A small party of MacGregors, in particular, bearing for their only arms the blades of scythes fastened end-long upon poles, clove heads to the chin, cut off the legs of horses, and even, it is said, laid the bodies of men in two distinct peices upon the field. With the broadsword alone, strength and skill enabled them to do prodigious execution. Men's feet and hands, and also the feet of horses, were severed from the limbs by that powerful weapon; and it is a well-authenticated fact, that "a Highland gentleman, after breaking through Murray's regiment,

* Chevalier Johnstone's *Memoirs*, 37.

gave a grenadier a blow, which not only severed the arm raised to ward it off, but cut the skull an inch deep, so that the man immediately died." *

The various degrees of good conduct displayed by the different clans in this singular conflict, is necessarily a very delicate subject, though one which should not be altogether neglected. The Camerons, of course, deserve the highest praise, because they were the first in action, and that although raked by artillery, which none of the rest had to endure. Yet this need not be construed as in the least degree reflecting upon, or impairing the well-won military renown of the MacDonalds, who were only prevented by a fortuitous circumstance from getting so soon up to the enemy. Had the good fortune of the Camerons been theirs, there can be no doubt that they would have as well deserved it. Regarding the conduct of the centre of the insurgent army, it is possible to speak less equivocally. According to MacPharig's manuscript, already quoted, the Duke of Perth's regiment, who occupied that part of the line, and most of whom had been pressed into action by their landlord, "stood stock-still like oxen," on approaching the Royal troops. It was to this regiment that the scythe-armed company of MacGregors belonged. They, at least, evinced all the ardour and bravery which were so generally displayed that day by their countrymen. Disregarding the example of their immediate fellow-soldiers, they continued to rush forwards, under the command of their captain, Malcolm MacGregor, or Murray, (son of Duncan MacGregor, or Murray,

* Caledonian Mercury, Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1745.

Craigree). A space being left betwixt them and their clan-regiment, which went on beside the Camerons, under the command of Glencairnaig their chief, they edged obliquely athwart the field in that direction, in order to rank themselves beside their proper banner; an evolution which exposed them in a peculiar manner to the fire coming at that moment from the British regiments. Their captain fell before this fire, pierced with no fewer than five bullets, two of which went quite through his body. This heroic young man, however, though unable to engage personally in the conflict, thought he might at least encourage his men to do so. He accordingly raised himself upon his elbow, and cried out, as loud as he could, "Look ye, my lads, I'm not dead—by God, I shall see if any of you does not do his duty!" This speech, half whimsical as it was, is said to have actually communicated an impulse to his men, and perhaps contributed, with other acts of individual heroism, to decide the fate of the day. *

The general result of the battle of Preston, may be stated as having been the total overthrow and almost entire destruction of the Royal army. We have already mentioned, that Cope did not seem to have calculated his position for a flight. His troops now found the fatal consequences of that oversight. Most of the infantry, falling back upon the park-walls of Preston, were there huddled together without the power of resistance into a confused *drove*, and had either to surrender or be cut in pieces. Many, in vainly attempting to climb over the walls, fell an easy prey to the ruthless

* Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs.

claymore. Nearly four hundred, it is said, were thus slain, seven hundred taken, while only about an hundred and seventy in all succeeded in effecting their escape.

The dragoons, with worse conduct, were much more fortunate. In falling back, they had the good luck to find outlets from their respective positions, by the roads which run along the various extremities of the park-wall; and they thus got clear through the village with very little slaughter; after which, as the Highlanders had no horse to pursue them, they were quite safe. Several officers, among whom were Fowkes and Lascelles, escaped down to Cockenzie, and along Seton Sands, in a direction strangely contrary to the general flight.

The unfortunate Cope,—who, though personally unscathed, may be considered the chief sufferer by this disaster,—had attempted, at the first break of Gardiner's dragoons, to stop and rally them, but was borne headlong, with the confused bands, through the narrow road to the south of the enclosures, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary. On getting quite beyond the village, where he was joined by the retreating bands of the other regiment, he made one desperate effort to retrieve the fortune of the day. But their lesson of retreat had taken too certain effect upon their minds to be unlearned at this juncture. They fled on in spite of him, ducking their heads along their horses' necks to escape the bullets which the pursuers occasionally sent after them; * and Sir John was at last obliged, however reluctantly,

* Report of Cope's Examination.

to take care of his own life, by also galloping off. He retired with his panic-struck troops, up a narrow path leading from Preston towards Birslie Brae, which the country people, in honour of him, now call *Johnnie Cope's Road*; and striking into another narrow cross-road to the south, he made with all his speed for the hills above Dalkeith. He did not draw bridle till he had reached Channelkirk, a small village at the head of Lauderdale, twenty miles from the fatal field. He there stopped to breakfast, and wrote a note to one of the Officers of State, expressing, in one emphatic sentence, the fate of the day. He has been described by a person who saw him there, as exhibiting in his countenance a strange and almost ludicrous mixture of dejection and perplexity. That he was still under the influence of panic, seems to be proved by his not considering himself safe with twenty miles of hilly road between himself and the Highlanders, but continuing his flight immediately to Coldstream upon Tweed, a place fully double that distance from the field of battle. Even here he did not consider himself altogether safe, but, rising early next morning, rode off towards Berwick, where the fortifications seemed to give assurance of at least temporary protection. He every where brought the first intelligence of his own defeat.

The number of dragoons who accompanied the General, was about four hundred; besides which, there were perhaps half as many who dispersed themselves in different directions. The people of Musselburgh have a picturesque tradition of a considerable party riding furiously through that town, on the way to Edinburgh, with countenances and

demeanour which betrayed the utmost terror; while a long train of riderless steeds followed close after, their nostrils distended with fright, their saddles turned under their bellies, and the skins of many spotted with the blood of their masters. It is also remembered by tradition at Peebles, as a circumstance illustrative of the terror into which these wretched soldiers had been thrown, that a party of about half a dozen, who reached that remote town early in the forenoon, were in the act of surrendering to a single Jacobite, the chaplain of the Earl of Traquair, who called upon them to yield in the name of King James, when they were rescued by a zealous Whig magistrate, who, sallying out of his cow-house with a dung-fork in his hand, threatened to run the daring Catholic through the body, if he persisted in detaining the King's men. Of all the detached parties, that which made for the Castle of Edinburgh testified perhaps the most remarkable degree of pusillanimity; for they actually permitted themselves to be pursued and galled the whole way by a single cavalier, without ever once having the courage to turn about and face him. It was Colquhoun Grant, a gentleman already mentioned, who had the hardihood to perform this feat; and assuredly the courage he displayed was fully as wonderful in its way as the cowardice of the dragoons. Grant was a man of prodigious bodily strength, which he had testified, the day before Charles entered Edinburgh, by simultaneously knocking down two of Hamilton's dragoons, as they were standing upon the High Street. His athletic frame was animated by a mind, which, for high chivalric resolution, might have graced a Paladin of romance, or a

Clarendon cavalier. After performing some deeds of desperate valour on the field of Preston, he mounted the horse of a British officer, whom he had brought down with his broadsword, and rode after the fugitive dragoons with all possible speed, resolved to destroy all he could overtake. The victory just gained by his prince had elevated his political zeal to the highest pitch; and his heart, fleshed by the bloody work of the morning, was prepared to encounter every sort of danger. The party which he pursued, sunk in proportion to the lowest degree of imbecility, entered the long ancient street of Edinburgh, little more than an hour after the battle, crying out to all they met to make way for them, and in their fright firing off their carabines at every one who seemed disposed to accost them. In the rear of their long straggling troop came the heroic Grant, so close in pursuit that he entered the Netherbow Port, ere the warders could close the gate which had been opened to admit them. Notwithstanding all his efforts, they got safe into the Castle, and he was obliged to turn away disappointed. He who had so lately been the triumphant pursuer might now be considered in some measure a prisoner, for the least degree of resolution on the part of the citizens would have been sufficient to capture him, enclosed as he was within their walls, at the distance of many miles from those who could have supported or succoured him. The same dauntless courage, however, which had involved him in this dilemma, served to extricate him from it. He, in the first place, turned into the shop of a draper in the Lawnmarket, and ordered a full suit of tartan to

be prepared for him against the day after next, when the Prince Regent, he said, along with the whole army, would return in triumph to the city. Then remounting his horse, and still brandishing his sword, he rode fearlessly down the street towards the Netherbow Port, an object of infinite wonder and consternation to the crowds which surveyed him. Before he reached the barrier, a sort of resolution had been made by the guard, to detain him as an enemy to Government; but when they heard his terrific voice commanding them to open their gate and allow him a free passage,—when they looked upon his bold countenance, his bloody sword, and battle-stained habiliments, their half-collected courage melted away in a moment; the gate slowly devolved upon its hinges, apparently of itself; the guard shrunk aside, beneath the wave of his lofty brand; and Colquhoun Grant, who might have been so easily taken or slain, passed scathless forth of the city. It is said that, after he was fairly gone, the courage of the warders revived wonderfully, and each questioned another, with angry looks and hard words, how he came to shrink from his duty at so interesting a crisis. But, some time after on being interrogated by a fellow-townsmen, as to their silliness in permitting so bloody a rebel to pass unpunished, when they might have so easily served their country, and at the same time avenged the many murders he had committed that morning, by detaining him, they had the candour to confess, that they considered their duty in this case more honoured in the breach than the observance, and that, indeed, every thing considered, it was perhaps quite as good

that "they had got rid of the fellow in the way they did." *

"The cowardice of the English," says the Chevalier Johnstone, in allusion to their conduct at Preston, "surpassed all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves of the only means they had of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken complete possession of their minds. I saw," he continues, "a young Highlander scarcely formed, who was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The Prince asked him if this was true? 'I do not know,' replied he, 'if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my broadsword!' Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the Prince, whom he had made prisoners of war, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along the road between the two enclosures, struck down the hindermost with a blow of his sword, calling at the same time, 'down with your arms!' The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them; and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand, and his sword in the other, made them do just as he pleased."

* Information by a surviving friend of Mr Grant, who derived his intelligence not only from the chief actor himself, but from the draper in the Lawnmarket, and the persons who stood at the gate.

From the eagerness of the Highlanders to secure as much plunder as possible, they did not improve their victory by a very eager or long continued pursuit. A great proportion remained upon the field, investing themselves with the spoils of the slain and wounded, while others busied themselves in ransacking the house of Colonel Gardiner, which happened to be immediately adjacent to the field. A small party, among whom were the brave MacGregors, continued the chase for a mile and a half, when, in the words of MacPharig, "the Prince came up and successively took Glencairnaig and Major Evan in his arms, congratulating them upon the result of the fight. He then commanded the whole of the clan Gregor to be collected in the middle of the field, and, a table being covered, he sat down with Glencairnaig and Major Evan to refresh himself, all the rest standing round as a guard, and each receiving a glass of wine and a little bread." In regard to Charles's conduct after a victory so auspicious to his arms, we may quote the report of another eye-witness, Andrew Henderson, author of an historical account of the campaign. "I saw the Chevalier," says Andrew, "after the battle, standing by his horse, dressed like an ordinary captain, in a coarse plaid and large blue bonnet, with a narrow plain gold lace about it, his boots and knees much dirted, the effects of his having fallen in a ditch. He was exceedingly merry, and twice cried out with a hearty laugh, 'My Highlanders have lost their plaids.' But his jollity seemed somewhat damped when he looked upon the seven standards which had been taken from the dragoons; at this sight he could not help observing,

with a sigh, ' We have missed some of them.' After this he refreshed himself upon the field, and with the greatest composure ate a slice of cold beef and drank a glass of wine." Mr Henderson ought to have mentioned that Charles had, before thus attending to his own personal wants, spent several hours in providing for the relief of the wounded of both armies; preserving (to use the language of Mr Home), from temper or from judgment, every appearance of moderation and humanity. It remains to be stated, that, after giving orders for the disposal of the prisoners, and for securing the spoils (which comprised the baggage, tents, cannon, and a military chest containing four thousand pounds), he left the field, and rode towards Pinkie House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, where he lodged for the night. *

* From Pinkie, that evening, the Prince wrote a letter to his father, which, as a curiosity, and because it illustrates in some measure the spirit of the times, we think proper to give entire.

*" Pinkie House, near Edinburgh,
Sept. 21, O. S. 1745.*

" SIR,—Since my last from Perth, it has pleased God to prosper your Majesty's arms, under my command, with a success that has surprised my wishes. On the 17th we entered Edinburgh sword in hand, and got possession of the town without being obliged to shed one drop of blood, or use any violence. And this morning I have gained a most signal victory with little or no loss. If I had a squadron or two of horse to pursue the flying enemy, there would not one man of them have escaped. As it is, they have hardly saved any but a few dragoons, who, by a most precipitate flight, will I believe get into Berwick.

" If I had obtained this victory over foreigners, my joy would have been complete; but as it is over Englishmen, it has thrown a damp upon it that I little imagined. The

Though the general behaviour of the King's army on this memorable battle was the reverse of soldierly, there were not wanting instances of valour on its part, less daring perhaps, but equally honourable with any displayed by the victors. The venerable Gardiner—that *beau-ideal* of an

men I have defeated were your Majesty's enemies it is true, but they might have become your friends and dutiful subjects, when they had got their eyes opened to see the true interest of their country, which you mean to save, not to destroy. For this reason I have discharged all public rejoicing. I don't care to enter into the particulars of the action; but chuse rather that your Majesty would hear it from another than from myself. I send this by Stewart, to whom you may give entire confidence. He is a faithful honest fellow, and thoroughly instructed in every thing that has happened till this day. I shall have a loss in him, but I hope it will be soon made up by his speedy return with the most agreeable news I can receive—I mean, that of your Majesty's and my dearest brother's health.

“ I have sent two or three Gazettes filled with addresses and mandates from the Bishops to the clergy. The addresses are such as I expected, and can impose on none but the weak and credulous. The mandates are of the same sort, but artfully drawn. They order their clergy to make the people sensible of the great blessings they enjoy under the present family that governs them, particularly of the strict administration of justice, of the sacred regard that is paid to the laws, and the great security of their religion and liberty and property. This sounds all very well, and may impose on the unthinking, but one who reads with a little care will easily see the fallacy. What occasions has a Prince, who has learnt the secret of corrupting the fountain of all laws, to disturb the ordinary course of justice? Would not this be to give the alarm, or amount to telling them, that he was not come to protect as he pretended, but really to betray them? When they talk of the security of their religion, they take care not to mention one word of the dreadful growth of Atheism and infidelity, which I am extremely sorry to hear from very sensible, sober men, have within these few years got to a *flam*

old officer of the Marlborough school, and a man who perhaps combined in his single person all the attributes which Sir Richard Steele has given to "the Christian Soldier,"—afforded a noble instance of devoted bravery. On the previous afternoon, though so weak that he had to be carried

ing height, even so far, that I am assured many of their most fashionable men are ashamed to own themselves Christians, and many of the lower sort act as if they were not. Conversing on this melancholy subject, I was led into a thing which I never understood rightly before, which is, that those men who are loudest in the cry of the growth of Popery, and the danger of the Protestant religion, are not really Protestants, but a set of profligate men, of good parts, with some learning, and void of all principles, but pretending to be republicans.

"I asked those who told me this, what should make those men so jealous about preserving the Protestant religion, seeing they are not Christians; and was answered, that it is in order to recommend themselves to the ministry, who (if they can write pamphlets for them, or get themselves chosen members of Parliament), will be sure to provide amply for them; and the motive of this extraordinary zeal is, that they thereby procure to themselves the connivance at least, if not the protection of government, while they are propagating their impiety and infidelity.

"I hope in God, Christianity is not at so low an ebb in this country as the account I have had represents it to be; yet if I compare what I have frequently seen and heard at Rome, with some things I have observed since, I am afraid there is too much truth in it.

"The Bishops are as unfair and partial in representing the security of their property as that of their religion; for when they mention it, they do not say a word of the vast load of debt that increases yearly, under which the nation is groaning, and which must be paid (if ever they intend to pay it) out of their property. 'Tis true all this debt has not been contracted under the princes of this family, but a great part of it has, and the whole of it might have been cleared by a frugal administration during these thirty years of a profound peace which the nation has enjoyed, had it

forward from Haddington in a post-chaise, he urged the propriety of instantly attacking the Highlanders, and even, it is said, offered Cope his neighbouring mansion of Bankton in a present, provided he would consent to that measure, which he felt convinced was the only one that could

not been for the immense sums that have been squandered away in corrupting parliaments, and supporting foreign interests, which can never be of any service to these kingdoms.

“ I am afraid I have taken up too much of your Majesty’s time about these sorry mandates, but having mentioned them, I was willing to give your Majesty my sense of them. I remember Dr Wagstaff (with whom I wish I had conversed more frequently, for he always told me the truth), once said to me, that I must not judge of the clergy of the Church of England by the bishops, who were not preferred for their piety or learning, but for very different talents; for writing pamphlets, for being active at elections, and voting in Parliament as the ministry directed them. After I have won another battle, they will write for me, and answer their own letters.

“ There is another sort of men, among whom I am inclined to believe the lowest are the honestest, as well as among the clergy, I mean the army, for never was a finer body of men lookt at, than those I fought with this morning; yet they did not behave so well as I expected. I thought I could plainly see that the common men did not like the cause they were engaged in. Had they been fighting against Frenchmen, come to invade their country, I am convinced they would have made a better defence. The poor men’s pay, and their low prospects, are not sufficient to corrupt their natural principles of justice and honesty; which is not the case with their officers, who, incited by their own ambition, and false notions of honour, fought most desperately. I asked one of them, who is my prisoner, (a gallant man), why he would fight against his lawful Prince, and one who was come to rescue his country from a foreign yoke? He said he was a man of honour, and would be true to the prince whose bread he ate, and whose commission he bore. I told him it was a noble

ensure victory. When he found this counsel decidedly rejected, he gave all up for lost, and proceeded to prepare his mind, by pious exercises, for the fate which he expected to meet in the morning. In the battle, notwithstanding his gloomy anticipations, he behaved with the greatest forti-

principle, but ill applied, and asked him if he was not a Whig? He replied, that he was.—Well, then, said I, how come you to look upon the commission you bear, and the bread you eat, to be the Prince's and not your country's, which raised you up, and pays you to serve and defend it against foreigners, for that I have always understood to be the true principle of a Whig? Have you not heard how your countrymen have been carried abroad, to be insulted and maltreated by the defenders of their Protestant religion, and butchered fighting in a quarrel in which your country has little or no concern, only to aggrandize Hanover?—To this he made no answer, but looked sullen, and hung down his head.

“The truth is, there are few good officers among them. They are brave, because an Englishman cannot be otherwise, but they have generally little knowledge in their business, are corrupt in their morals, and have few restraints from religion, though they would have you believe they are fighting for it. As to their honour they talk so much of, I shall soon have occasion to try it, for having no strong place to put my prisoners in, shall be obliged to release them upon their parole. If they do not keep it, I wish they may not fall into my hands again, for in that case it will not be in my power to protect them from the resentment of my Highlanders, who would be apt to kill them in cold blood, which, as I take no pleasure in revenge, would be extremely shocking to me. My haughty foe thinks it beneath him. I suppose, to settle a cartel. I wish for it as much for the sake of his men as my own. I hope ere long I shall make him glad to sue for it.

“I hear there are 6000 Dutch troops arrived, and ten battalions of the English sent for. I wish they were all Dutch, that I might not have the pain of shedding English blood. I hope I shall soon oblige them to bring over the rest, which in all events will be one piece of service

tude, making more than one of the insurgents fall around him. Deserted by his dragoons, and severely wounded, he put himself at the head of a small body of foot which still refused to yield; and he only ceased to fight, when brought to the ground by severe and repeated wounds. He expired in the manse of Tranent, after having rather breathed than lived a few hours. *

done to my country, in helping it out of a ruinous foreign war. 'Tis hard my victory should put me under new difficulties which I did not feel before, and yet this is the case. I am charged both with the care of my friends and enemies. Those who should bury the dead are run away, as if it were no business of theirs. My Highlanders think it beneath them to do it, and the country people are fled away. However, I am determined to try if I can get people for money to undertake it, for I cannot bear the thought of suffering Englishmen to rot above the ground. I am in great difficulties how I shall dispose of my wounded prisoners. If I make a hospital of the church, it will be lookt upon as a great profanation, and of having violated my manifesto, in which I promised to violate no man's property. If the magistrates would act, they would help me out of this difficulty. Come what will, I am resolved not to let the poor wounded men to lye in the streets, and if I can do no better, I will make a hospital of the Palace, and leave it to them.

“ I am so distracted with these cares, joined to those of my people, that I have only time to add, that

“ I am your Majesty's most dutiful Son,

“ CHARLES.”

* Doddridge's Life of Colonel Gardiner.—It is a melancholy, or at least a remarkable circumstance, that Gardiner fell close beside his own park-wall. He was carried in a half-dead state to Tranent Manse by his friend, Mr Wight of Ormiston, who approached the scene after the battle was terminated.—*Letter in Edin. Courant, Sept. 6. 1828.* He was buried in the north-west corner of the church of Tranent, where eight of his children had previously been interred—Some years ago, on the venerable mould being incidentally disturbed, his head was found

Another redeeming instance of self-devotion, was presented by Captain Brymer of Lee's regiment, the only officer in the army who had ever before seen the Highlanders attack regular troops. He had witnessed the wild onset of the MacDonalds at Sherriffmuir, which impressed him with a respect for the instinctive valour of the race. At Haddington, two nights before, when all the rest of the officers were talking lightly of the enemy, and anticipating an easy victory, Brymer retired to solitary meditation, assured that the danger which approached was by no means inconsiderable. When the dread moment of fight arrived, he disclaimed to fly like the rest, but fell at his station, "with his face to the foe."

The field of Preston, after the heat of the battle was past, presented, it is said, a spectacle more horrible than may be generally displayed upon fields where many times the number have been slain. As most of the wounds had been inflicted by the broadsword, or by still deadlier weapons, and comparatively few by gunshot, the bodies of the dead and wounded were almost all dreadfully gashed, and there was a much greater effusion of blood upon the field than could have otherwise taken place. The proper horror of the spectacle was greatly increased by dissevered members—"legs, arms, hands, and noses," says an eyewitness,*—which were strewed about the field, in promiscuous and

marked with the stroke of the scythe which despatched him, and still adhered to by his military *club*, which, bound firmly with silk, and dressed with powder and pomatum, seemed as fresh as it could have been on the day he died.

* Andrew Henderson's History, p. 87.

most *bizarre* confusion, so as at once to astonish and terrify the beholder. A number of women, followers of the camp, and mostly natives of England, added to the horrors of the scene, by their wild wailing cries; while seven hundred disarmed soldiers, including seventy officers, stood dejected in a herd at a corner of the field, under the charge of a few well-armed mountaineers.

The Highlanders having been generally considered a barbarous people, it will scarcely be believed of them, that they took considerable pains, after their blood had cooled from the heat of action, to administer such relief as was in their power, to the wounded of the enemy. This is attested by the tradition of the country people, as well as by the Journal of the Clanranald officer, so often quoted. "Whatever notion," says this gentleman, "our Low country people may entertain of the Highlanders, I can attest they gave many proofs this day of their humanity and mercy. Not only did I often hear our common clansmen ask the soldiers if they wanted quarter, and not only did we, the officers, exert our utmost pains to save those who were stubborn, or who could not make themselves understood, but I saw some of our private men, after the battle, run to Port Seton for ale and other liquors, to support the wounded. As one proof for all, of my own particular observation, I saw a Highlander, carefully, and with patient kindness, support a poor wounded soldier by the arms * * * * and afterwards carry him on his back into a house, where he left him, with a sixpence to pay his charges. In all this," adds the Journalist, "we followed not only the dictates of humanity,

but also the orders of our Prince, who acted in every thing as the true father of his country."

Of the Highlanders themselves only thirty were killed, including three officers, and about seventy or eighty wounded. The greater part of the wounded of both armies were taken into Colonel Gardiner's house, where it is yet possible to see upon the oaken floors, the dark outlines or prints of the tartaned warriors, formed by their bloody garments, where they lay.

Whatever humanity may have been displayed by the Highlanders towards the wounded, it would be in vain to deny that they exhibited quite as much, if not more, general activity in despoiling the slain. Every article they conceived to be of the least value, they eagerly appropriated; often, in their ignorance of civilized life, making ludicrous mistakes in their preference of particular articles, and as often appropriating articles which were of no value at all. One who had got a watch, sold it soon afterwards to some person for a trifle, and remarked, when the bargain was concluded, with an air of great gratulation, "he was glad to be quit of ta chratur, for she leaved nae time after he catched her;" the machine having in reality stopped for want of winding up. Another exchanged a horse for a horse-pistol. Rough old Highlanders were seen going with the fine shirts of the English officers over the rest of their clothes, while little boys went strutting about with vast gold-laced cocked hats on their heads, bandaliers dangling down to their heels, and breeches which it required at least one of their hands to keep from tripping them. Out of the great numbers which deserted, in order to carry home their spoils, more

than one were seen hurrying over hill and dale, with nothing but a great military saddle upon their backs, and apparently impressed with the idea that they had secured a competency for life. *

The greater part of the slain were interred at the north-east corner of the park-wall, so often alluded to, where the ground is still perceptibly elevated in consequence. A considerable number were also buried round a thorn-tree, which is said to have marked the centre of Cope's first line, and which still stands. The country people, of whom it might truly be said, in the words of Shakspeare, that,

* Information by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church.—We have heard that a quantity of chocolate, found in General Cope's carriage, was afterwards sold publicly in the streets of Perth, under the denomination of *Johnnie Cope's saw*, that is, *salve*. The carriage itself was employed to carry home old Robertson of Struan, who was unable from age to accompany the expedition any farther. At that time there was no coach-road to Struan's residence; but when he had driven as far as he could, the vehicle was carried forward, over the remaining track, by the clansmen. After lying in the court-yard at Mount Alexander till almost rotten, it was (only a few years ago) broken up for firewood, and completely destroyed.

In the blind eagerness of the Highlanders for spoil, it is said that they plundered many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh and other neighbouring towns, who came, during the course of the day, to see the battle-ground. Thus old Skirving says—

That afternoon, whan a' was done,
 I gaed to see the fray, man :
 But had I wist what after past,
 I'd better staid away, man.
 On Seton sands, wi' nimble hands,
 They picked my pockets bare, man ;
 But I wish ne'er to dree sick fear,
 For a' the sum and mair, man.

“ ——— With more dismay

They saw the fight, than those that made the fray,”— were drawn forth and employed in this disagreeable duty ; which they performed, with horror and disgust, by carting quantities of earth and emptying it upon the bloody heaps. A circumstance worthy of note occurred at the inhumation of a small party of dragoons, which had been cut off at a short distance below Tranent churchyard. A hole was dug for these men, into which they were thrown as they had fallen, undivested of their clothes. A Highlander, happening to approach, and seeing a pair of excellent boots upon one of the party, desired a rustic who had been employed in digging the grave, to descend into the pit and hand them up to him. The rustic refused, and said the Highlander might go down himself, if he pleased. With some hesitation he did so, and was stooping to pull off the boots, when the indignant grave-digger gave him a blow on the back of the head, with his spade, which stretched him beside his prey ; and he was immediately inhumed in the same pit. *

* Tradition at Tranent, communicated by Mr Heriot. We shall here introduce a traditionary anecdote connected with the battle of Preston, which we have derived at second hand from a descendant of the person concerned. The Highlanders, in their descent upon the Low countries, had taken away all the horses belonging to a Mr Lucas, a farmer upon the estate of Tillibody, in the west of Fife. The unlucky proprietor followed the army, in the hope of recovering his cattle ; for the better accomplishment of which, he was charged by his landlord, ——— Abercrombie, Esq., ancestor of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, with an expostulatory message to Lord George Murray, with whom that gentleman happened to be intimately acquainted. Lucas made up to the Lieutenant-General on the very evening before the battle of Preston. When he

When the search for spoil had ceased, the Highlanders began to collect provisions. They fixed their mess-room in one of the houses of Tranent, and, sending abroad through the neighbouring parks, seized such sheep as they could conveniently catch. The people of the village have a picturesque tradition of their coming straggling in, every now and then, during the day, each with a sheep

had mentioned his business, and delivered his landlord's message, Lord George expressed great regret that he was unable to pay the respect he could have wished to Tillibody's request. Such was the necessity, he said, of the army, and such the unruliness of the men, that he could not upon any account interfere in the case. "However," added his Lordship, "I'll make free to tell you a way by which you may take justice at your own hands. The horses are all up yonder in Tranent churchyard. Do you watch your opportunity, and, when you think you may do so with safety, just pick out your horses from the rest, and make the best of your way home with them." The farmer thanked Lord George for the hint, which he said he would follow, at whatever risk. He was about to take his leave, when the insurgent leader, pleased with the bold resolution he avowed, and observing him to be a very well-made active-looking man, stopped him, to ask if he could be prevailed upon to enter the Highland army, in which case he would make him sure of a commission. Mr Lucas was a man of English extraction, and by no means disposed to enroll himself in a corps which had displayed such gallows-like conduct; he therefore respectfully declined Lord George's offer, observing that he was very well content with the laws as administered by the present King, which he was afraid would not be much improved by men of such disorderly character as the Highlanders. He even took the liberty to say to Lord George, that he thought the sooner his Lordship could get quit of the enterprise the better, as he could foresee no good as likely to come of it. Lord George owned, with an air of confidential candour, that his advice was perhaps a prudent one; but he laughed it off with the proverb, "In for a penny,

upon his back, which he threw down at the general depôt, with the exclamation, "Tare's mhair o' Cope's paagage!" When men's minds are agitated by any mirthful or triumphant emotion, they are pleased with wonderfully small jokes; and to represent the spoil which they procured among private individuals as only a further accession of plunder from the vanquished army, seems to have been the prevailing witticism of the Highlanders on this auspicious day.

in for a pound." Lucas then took his leave, and next morning found an opportunity, while the Highlanders were engaged in battle, to abstract his horses from the churchyard.

CHAPTER XIV.

PRINCE CHARLES AT HOLYROOD.

What says King Bolingbroke?

Richard the Second.

THE Camerons had entered Edinburgh scarcely three hours after the battle, playing their pipes with might and main, and exhibiting with many marks of triumph the colours they had taken from Cope's dragoons. * But the return of the main body of the army was reserved for the succeeding day (Sunday), when an attempt was made to impress the citizens with as high an idea as possible of the victory they had achieved. The clans marched in one long extended line into the lower gate of the city, an hundred bagpipes playing at once the exulting cavalier air—"The King shall enjoy his own again." † They bore, besides their own appropriate standards, those which had been taken from the Royal army; and they displayed with equally ostentatious pride the vast accession of dress and personal ornament which they had derived from the vanquished. In the rear of their own

* *The Wanderer, or Surprising Escape* (Glasgow, 1752), p. 43.

† *Boyse's History*, 82.

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body came the prisoners, * at least half as numerous as themselves, and then followed the wounded in carts. † At the end of all, came the baggage and cannon under a strong guard. They paraded through all the principal streets of the city, as if anxious to leave no one unimpressed with the sight of their good fortune. Charles himself did not accompany the procession, but came in the evening to Holyroodhouse, where, according to the Caledonian Mercury, he was “welcomed with the loudest acclamations of the people.”

The news of the battle, which told the complete overthrow of all the force Government had been able to send against the insurgents, occasioned a violent revulsion of public feeling in favour of the victor, and spread proportionate consternation among all who had any interest in the state. The whole of the Scottish state-officers, as well as many inferior persons enjoying public trust, betook themselves in disguise to England, or to remote parts of their own country; and in all Scotland there soon did not remain a single declared friend of Government, except those who kept the fortresses. Charles might be said to have completely recovered his paternal kingdom from the hands of the usur-

* The prisoners were confined, the officers in Queensberry House, and the privates in the Jail and Church of Canongate. The wounded were committed to the Royal Infirmary, where the utmost possible pains was taken to heal them. In the course of a few days after the battle, the officers were liberated on parole, and permitted to lodge in the town. Afterwards, on one person breaking his word by going into the Castle, the whole were sent to Cupar Angus; and the private men were put into custody at Logierate in Athole.

† Boyse's History.

per; and as the British army still remained in Flanders, there seemed nothing wanting but a descent upon England, in order to secure that portion of his dominions also. It has been the opinion of many, that, had he adopted this vigorous measure, considering the terror of his name, the rapidity with which he could have marched, and the general idea which at this moment prevailed, that there was nothing impossible to his arms, he might have dislodged his Majesty from London, and exchanged with him, for a time at least, and probably for ever, the titles of King and Pretender.

His own sentiments in the hour of victory were in favour of an immediate march into England. Those of his chief adherents and counsellors suggested a more cautious measure, and one perhaps less likely to ensure the success of his enterprise. It was represented that his army was considerably diminished by the slaughter at Preston, and by the desertion of those who had gone home to secure their booty; that to penetrate into England with less than two thousand men would discourage his English adherents; and that, by waiting a little longer, he would be sure to increase his force to a respectable amount, by the accession of those clans and other Scotsmen who had not yet declared themselves in his favour. By these objections, Charles permitted himself to be overruled, and was, in the mean time, amused with the state and circumstances of royalty which he enjoyed at Holyroodhouse.

It is difficult to describe the extravagant rejoicings with which the Jacobites hailed the news of Preston. They received the messengers and homeward-bound Highlanders, who every where dis-

persed the intelligence, with the most unbounded hospitality ; and they no longer made any scruple to disclose those sentiments in public, which they had hitherto been obliged to conceal as treasonable. The gentlemen drank fathom-deep healths to the prince who, in their own language, “ could eat a dry crust, sleep on peas-straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five ; * whilst the ladies busied themselves in procuring locks of his hair, miniature portraits of his person, and ribbons on which he was represented as “ the Highland Laddie.” But perhaps the most extraordinary instance of individual zeal in his behalf, was one afforded by an old Episcopalian or non-jurant clergyman, who had attended his camp before Preston, as some of the violent Presbyterians, on the other hand, followed that of Cope. This zealous partisan, immediately after the battle, set out on foot for his place of residence beyond Doune in Perthshire ; and, having travelled considerably more than fifty miles, next morning gave out the news of the victory from his own pulpit, at the ordinary hour of worship, invoking a thousand blessings on the arms and person of the Chevalier. †

The cessation of public worship in Edinburgh was not the least remarkable circumstance attending this defeat. On the evening of his victory, Charles sent messengers to the houses of the various clergymen, desiring them to preach next day as usual ; but when the bells were rung at the proper hour, no clergyman appeared ; and, for the first time on record, a Sunday passed in that city

* Caledonian Mercury.

† Information by a Bishop of the Scot. Ep. Church.

undistinguished by the ordinances of religion. The ministers, with a pusillanimity which was afterwards censured even by their own party, * had all left their charges, and taken refuge in the country. Charles, on learning this, issued a proclamation on Monday, assuring them that he designed in no respect to disturb them in the exercise of their duties ; but they persisted, notwithstanding, in their absurd terrors, and absented themselves from the city during all the time the Highlanders remained in it. A century before, their predecessors had displayed a precisely similar degree of timidity and distrust, when, having taken refuge in Edinburgh Castle from the victorious arms of Cromwell, they repeatedly refused the toleration and protection offered to them by that general, and entered into a correspondence with him, which, being printed, testifies no less to the childish imbecility and petulance of one party, than to the vigorous mind and liberal views of the other. One Presbyterian clergyman alone, out of all their number, on the present occasion, ventured to appear in his pulpit. His name was Hog, and his charge the inferior one of morning-lecturer in the Tron Church. He was himself a Jacobite, and had a near relation in the Prince's army. Charles, on learning that he had performed public worship, and that in his prayers he had mentioned no names, said he would bestow a parish on the good man, should he come to his kingdom. It may also be mentioned, that the clergymen of the neighbouring parish of St Cuthbert's, having their church pro-

* Hist. Reb 8vo. London 37. (Believed to have been written by Defoe.)

tected by the guns of the castle, continued to exercise their functions as usual, and also to pray for King George. One of them, a Mr MacVicar, even went the length of saying, that, "in regard to the young man who had recently come among them in search of an earthly crown, he earnestly wished he might soon obtain, what was much better, a heavenly one." * When this was reported to Charles, he is said to have laughed heartily, and to have expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the tenor of the old man's petition.

By proclaiming toleration at Edinburgh, and by expressing in his manifesto an intention of preserving the present religious establishments of Britain, Charles evidently meant to shadow forth the mild nature of his reign, in case he should succeed in his enterprise. It would be too much to say that he was altogether sincere in his profession; yet there is some probability in that conclusion, from the known indifference of his mind to forms of religion, and from his only eight years after gratuitously abjuring the Catholic faith. An adherent who knew him intimately, being asked, in the expedition through England, † "what religion his Royal Highness was of?" answered, that he believed "his religion was yet to seek;" and the Earl of Kilmarnock, when it was represented to him by a clergyman before his execution, that the

* The *ipsissima verba* of this singular prayer, as given in Ray's History of the Rebellion, were these: "Bless the King; Thou knows what king I mean: may the crown sit long easy upon his head, &c. And for the man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee, in mercy, to take him to thyself, and give him a crown of glory!"

† Wilkinson's Complete History of the Trials, p. 157.

tendency of the insurrection had been to restore the evils and monstrosities of Popery, distinctly avowed, that he never had believed that, and that, "from all the conversation he had ever had with Prince Charles, and from all he could learn of his sentiments, he was not a person who had any real concern for any outward profession of religion." * This happy indifference, though perhaps disreputable in a subject, seems to be the very constitution of mind required in the British King; and it seems altogether highly probable, that had Charles obtained his object, he would have disappointed the alarmists who raised the cry of Popery against him and his cause. We can relate, for a certain fact, that being solicited by the Laird of Glencairnaig to attend public worship, he expressed the utmost willingness to do so, but was dissuaded by the Duke of Perth, who was a zealous Catholic. †

While the news of the victory was elating the hearts of his father and other friends abroad, and striking alarm into the Court of St James's, the people among whom it happened, unaccustomed to domestic war for so many years, thought and talked of nothing else. The zealous Whigs and Presbyterians in general regarded his success with consternation; but the general tone of the public mind was favourable in a high degree to Charles. Many looked upon him as a hero destined to restore his paternal country to the consequence and prosperity which it had lost at the Union; and with that national spirit which often leads men to

* Mr Foster's Account.

† Information by Glencairnaig's nephew and representative, the late Sir John Murray MacGregor.

prefer in sentiment an old tale to a present substantial good, they talked with rapture of the renewed independence of their country, and of "the *Blue Bonnets*" once more, as formerly, going "over the Border," and spreading terror in the rich vales of England. One of the schemes of the day made Charles king of his paternal kingdom, and the enemy of England; and they welcomed the idea of their country soon starting from its degraded condition of a province, into that of a separate monarchy, and becoming, instead of a servile appanage of England, a respectable adversary even to that powerful country. Such "devout imaginations" were inexpressibly pleasing to the public mind—pleasing though dangerous, and acceptable with all their alarming accompaniments. It is true, they were not such as could be acted upon—they could not stand the slightest inquiry on the part of reason; yet for a moment they seem to have dazzled with a ray of romance the imaginations of a commercial and peaceful people.

The Highland army was not more flattered with this emotion of the public mind, than the vanquished party was ridiculed and condemned. General Cope, now cooped up in disgrace within the walls of Berwick, was the theme of a thousand scurril rhymes, which were chanted and appreciated every where, and some of which, superior to the rest in bitterness of sarcasm, are yet popular in Scotland. Of those still in repute, one of the most remarkable is a ballad to the air of "*Killiecrankie*," which was written by an East Lothian farmer named Skirving.*

* In this rude but clever composition, the honest farmer

From the time that he returned victorious from Preston, Charles continued, under the style of Prince Regent, to exercise every act of sovereignty at Holyroodhouse, the same as if he had been a crowned monarch in undisturbed possession of his

embodies almost the whole of the talk of the times, regarding the actors on both sides. He speaks of the bravadoes of General Cope before battle, and his pusillanimity after. He describes the brave Lochiel leading his Camerons on in clouds, and unloosing all his tremendous energies upon the enemy. He adverts to the dragoons flying, with all the circumstances of excessive terror, at first sight of the enemy they had threatened to cut in pieces, and without firing a gun. He then alludes to the childish terror of the poor volunteers, and in particular to the ineffectual pulpit-valour of the sectarian preachers. Besides reproaching the Highlanders for their rapacity, he further animadverts in severe terms upon the conduct of the British officers, one of whom betrayed an especial degree of cowardice, and that under circumstances which also disgraced his humanity. This was Lieutenant Smith, of Hamilton's regiment, by birth an Irishman. We shall quote the verses in which this hero is mentioned, that the reader may the better appreciate the note which follows.

When Major Bowle, that worthy soul,
 Was brought down to the ground man,
 His horse being shot, it was his lot
 For to get many a wound, man.
 Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,
 Frae whom he called for aid, man,
 Being full of dread, lap ower his head,
 And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurred his beast,
 'Twas little there he saw, man ;
 To Berwick rade, and falsely said,
 The Scots were rebels a', man :
 But let that end, for weel it's kend
 His use and wont's to lie, man ;
 The Teague is naught—he never faught
 When he had room to flie, man.

kingdom. He ordered regiments to be levied for his service, and troops of horse-guards for the defence of his person. He appointed a council to meet him every morning at ten o'clock, the members of which were, the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, Secretary Murray, Quarter-Mas-

So famous did this scandal become in a little time, that an advertisement was inserted in the Edinburgh Courant, on the 6th of January 1746, to the following effect: "Whereas there has been a scandalous report spread, to the prejudice of Lieutenant Peter Smith of General Hamilton's dragoons, that he refused to assist Major Bowles, when dismounted at Preston; I the said Major Bowles do affirm it to be an infamous falsehood, Lieutenant Smith not being in the same squadron with me; nor did any officer of the corps refuse me his assistance on that occasion. Witness my hand, at Prestonpans, this 1st of January 1746. (Signed) RICHARD BOWLES." It is needless to say, that the lame and limited circulation of this exculpatory evidence, went but little way to recover the unfortunate Lieutenant's fame, committed as it was by the song to the mouths of the meanest plebeians. Smith seems, therefore, to have at last aimed at a more effectual way of washing out the "damned spot" which stained his 'scutcheon. He is said to have come to Haddington, with the intention of challenging Mr Skirving, and to have sent a friend to the house of that gentleman, in order to settle the preliminaries of a personal combat. Here, however, poor Smith was quite as much at fault as ever. The farmer was busy forking his dunghill when the *friend* approached, whose hostile intentions he no sooner learned, than he proceeded to put that safe barrier between his own person and that of the challenger; after which, he patiently waited till the gentleman disclosed his errand. When he had heard all, and paused a little to consider it, he at last replied with great coolness, "Gang awa back to Mr Smith; tell him that I hae nae time to come to Haddington to gi'e him satisfaction; but say, if he likes to come here, I'll tak' a look o' him; and, if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa!"

ter-General Sullivan, Lord Pitsligo, Lord Elcho, and all the Highland Chiefs. He also proposed to assemble a Scottish parliament, in order at once to gratify the vanity of the people, and to interest them in his proceedings, by appearing to act with their sanction.

His deportment during this brief interval of triumph was generally considered pensive. He seemed, least of all men, elated by his victory, and he had the air of one who is oppressed by business and care. This may be accounted for by the magnitude and hazard of his enterprise, or by the difficulty which he is said to have experienced in conducting himself with impartiality amongst his adherents. He nevertheless gave occasional balls to the numerous ladies who favoured his cause, and generally dined in public with his officers. On these occasions, if not uniformly cheerful, he at least exerted himself to appear pleased with the local and moral character of his paternal kingdom. He frequently said, when at dinner, that if his enterprise was successful, Scotland should be his *Hanover*, and Holyroodhouse his *Herenhausen*; * a saying at once complimentary in the highest degree to Scotland, and exquisitely satirical upon King George. The ladies who attended his entertainments in Holyrood, took pleasure in contributing their plate, china, and linen, for his service; and many an old posset-dish and snuff-box, many a treasured necklace and repeater, many a jewel which had adorned its successive generations of family beauties, was at this time laid in pledge, in order to raise him pecuniary subsidies.

* Henderson's Hist. Reb. 92.

By giving these entertainments, Charles at once rewarded and secured the affections of his female partisans. It is well known that the ladies exercised prodigious influence over his fortunes. President Forbes complains somewhere, that he could scarcely get a man of sense to act with him, or even to consult in his emergencies, by reason of the necessity under which all laboured of pleasing their mistresses by favouring the Chevalier. Another writer—an officer in the army, who came to Edinburgh in the subsequent January along with the Duke of Cumberland, and who published a volume of letters regarding his journey—expresses a still more painful sort of querulousness, when he gravely assures us, that it was actually impossible for a loyal soldier to win the smiles of any lady worthy of his attention ; all of them being in love with the Chevalier, and not even scrupling to avow their Jacobitism, by wearing white breastknots and ribands in their private assemblies. Charles, though said to have been at this period of his life indifferent to women, saw and seized the opportunity of advancing his interests by their means ; and, accordingly, at all his balls, which he gave in the Picture-gallery of Holyroodhouse, he exerted himself to render them those attentions, which go so far with the female heart under any circumstances, but which must of course have been peculiarly successful, coming from one of his rank. He talked—he danced—and he flattered. In his conversation, he had all the advantage of high breeding, besides that of a certain degree of talent which he possessed for witty and poignant remark. In his dancing, he had the equal advantage of a graceful person and exquisite skill, not to speak of the

effect produced by the very circumstance of his dancing, at least upon the favoured individual. His flattery was of course effective precisely in proportion to the estimation in which his rank was held. In all his proceedings, he was ruled by a due regard to impartiality. As there were both Highland and Lowland ladies in the company, he called for music alternately appropriate to these various regions. Sometimes, also, he took care to appear in “a habit of fine silk tartan, with crimson velvet breeches), and at other times in an English court dress, with the blue ribbon, star, and other ensigns of the Order of the Garter.”* We cannot easily, at this distance of time, and with the commonplace feelings of the modern world, conceive the effect which these scenes must have had upon all who witnessed or participated in them; but it is easy to suppose that when a prince, and one who had every external mark of princely descent,—a Stuart, moreover, and one in all respects worthy of his noble race,—moved to the sound of Scottish airs through the hall of his forefathers, an hundred of whom looked down upon him from the walls,—that effect must have been something altogether bewilderingly delightful and ecstatic. †

* Boyse's Hist. 89.

† One of his officers has given the following brief but distinct account of the Prince's daily life at Holyrood-house. “In the morning, before the Council met, the Prince-Regent had a levee of his officers and other people who favoured his cause. Upon the rising of the Council, which often sat very long—for his councillors frequently differed in opinion with one another, and sometimes with him—he dined in public with his principal officers. After dinner, he rode out to Duddingston (where the army lay encamped after their return to Edinburgh). In the even-

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While Charles held Court in Holyrood, he revived, in one instance at least, a courtly practice which had been for some time renounced by the sovereigns of England. This was—touching for the King's evil. It is well known, that not only was the superstitious belief in the efficacy of the

ing he returned to Holyroodhouse, and received the ladies who came to his drawing-room. He then supped in public, and generally there was music at supper, and a ball afterwards.—*Home's History.*

The following description of Charles was drawn during his stay at Holyroodhouse, by an Englishman, who was sent from York in the middle of October as a sort of spy, to report upon the appearance of himself and his forces. "I was introduced to him on the 17th; when he asked me several questions as to the number of the troops, and the affections of the people of England. The audience lasted for a quarter of an hour, and took place in presence of other two persons. The young Chevalier is about five feet eleven inches high, very proportionably made; wears his own hair, has a full forehead, a small but lively eye, a round brown-complexioned face; nose and mouth pretty small; full under the chin; not a long neck, under his jaw a pretty many pimples. He is always in a Highland habit, as are all about him. When I saw him, he had a short Highland plaid (*tartan*) waistcoat; breeches of the same; a blue garter on, and a St Andrew's cross, hanging by a green ribbon, at his button-hole, but no star. He had his boots on, *as he always has.* He dines every day in publick. All sorts of people are admitted to see him then. He constantly practises all the arts of condescension and popularity—talks familiarly to the meanest Highlanders, and makes them very fair promises."—Excerpt from a MS. in the possession of the late George Chalmers, Esq. given in his *Caledonian*, vol. II. p. 717. That learned antiquary adds, that the description corresponds with a bust of Charles by Le Moine, after his return to Paris.

The description which the spy gives of the Highlanders, is also worthy of quotation, though not flattering. "They consist," he says, "of an odd medley of gray-beards and

Royal touch for this disease prevalent among the people so late as the reign of Queen Anne, but the Book of Common Prayer actually contained an office to be performed on such occasions, which has only been omitted in recent editions of that venerable manual of devotion. Queen Anne was the last monarch who condescended to perform the ceremony; on which account, it used always to be said by the Jacobites, that the usurping family *dared* not do it, lest they should betray their want of the real Royal character. We have been informed, by an ancient nonjurant still alive, that a gentleman of England having applied to King George the First, soon after his accession, to have his son touched, and being peevishly desired to go over to the Pretender, actually obeyed the command, and was so well pleased with the result of the experiment, that he became, and continued ever after, a firm believer in the *jus divinum*, and a staunch friend of the exiled family. Whether Charles believed in the supposed power of the Royal touch, we cannot determine; but it is certain that he condescended to perform the ceremony at Holyroodhouse, under the following circumstances:—

When at Perth, he had been petitioned by a poor woman, to touch her daughter, a child of seven years, who had been dreadfully afflicted with

no-beards—old men fit to drop into the grave, and young boys whose swords are near equal to their weight—and I really believe more than their length. Four or five thousand may be very good determined men; but the rest are mean, dirty, villanous-looking rascals, who seem more anxious about plunder than their Prince, and would be better pleased with four shillings than a crown.”

the disease ever since her infancy. He excused himself by pleading want of time ; but directed that the girl should be brought to him at Edinburgh ; to which she was accordingly despatched, under the care of a stout sick-nurse ; and a day was appointed when she should be introduced to his presence in the Palace. When the child was brought in, he was found in the Picture-gallery, which served as his ordinary audience-chamber ; surrounded by all his principal officers and by many ladies. He caused a circle to be cleared, within which the child was admitted, together with her attendant, and a priest in his canonicals. The patient was then stripped naked, and placed upon her knees in the centre of the circle. The clergyman having pronounced an appropriate prayer—perhaps the office above-mentioned—Charles approached the kneeling girl, and, with great apparent solemnity, touched the sores occasioned by the disease, pronouncing, at every different application, the words, “ I touch, God heal ! ” The ceremony was concluded by another prayer from the priest ; and the patient, being again dressed, was carried round the circle, and presented with little sums of money by all present. Precisely twenty-one days from the date of her being submitted to Charles’s touch, the ulcers fortunately closed and healed ; and nothing remained to show that she had ever been afflicted, except the scars or marks left upon the skin ! We have derived this strange tale from a non-jurant gentleman, who heard the woman herself relate it, and who had touched with his own fingers the spots upon her body which had been previously honoured by contact with those of Prince Charles. The

poor woman told her story with many expressions of pride, and of veneration for him whom she considered her deliverer. She also added, that she had received many valuable presents from the Jacobites, to whom, after her recovery, she had been exhibited by her parent, and who, of course, did not entertain the slightest doubt regarding the efficacy of Charles's fingers, any more than they questioned his pretensions to the throne of Britain.

While Charles endeavoured in this manner to amuse his friends with the gaieties of a court, and by exercising the functions of royalty, he did not neglect that attention to more urgent matters which his situation and new character so essentially required. On the contrary, in issuing proclamations, and in his endeavours to increase the army, he was perhaps as thoroughly occupied as any prince who had before resided within the walls of Holyrood. His proclamations were calculated to three different purposes,—the conciliation of his enemies, the encouragement of his hitherto undeclared friends, and the strengthening of his pecuniary and other resources. He demanded an unlimited surrender of all the arms and ammunition in Edinburgh and the surrounding country. He granted protection to all persons travelling upon their lawful business. He forbade all public rejoicings for the victory of Preston. He also granted an indemnity to all his father's people for their treasons during the exile of his family, requiring only that they should promise to his secretary to live hereafter as obedient subjects. His proclamations were headed with the words,—“ Charles, Prince of Wales, &c. Regent of Scot-

land, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging; To all his Majesty's subjects, greeting;" and subscribed, "By his Highness's command, J. Murray." *

He also found it necessary to publish edicts, for the prevention of robberies said to be committed by his soldiers. It seems that, in searching for arms, the Highlanders occasionally used a little license in regard to other matters of property; though it is also allowed that many persons, unconnected with his army, assumed the appearance of his soldiers, and were the chief perpetrators of the felonies complained of. Whole bands, indeed, of these wretches, went about the country, showing forged commissions, and affecting to sell protections in Charles's name, for which they exacted large sums of money. † The Highland army were partly blameable for these misdemeanours, because they had opened the public jails wherever they came, and let loose the culprits, and because, since their arrival at Edinburgh, the sword of justice

* Mr Murray of Broughton, who had become his secretary.

† Amongst the rest, a certain malefactor who has been made well-known to the public by means of a popular novel, *Daddie Ratcliff* by name, seems to have been by no means the least active. It is mentioned in the *Caledonian Mercury* for October 11, that "the *very villain*, James Ratcliff, who has spent his whole life in pilfering and robbing, and who has escaped twenty several times from jail, particularly twice when under sentence of death in this city, was yesternight apprehended in the Grassmarket, and committed to the Thief's Hold. He had gone about the country since he last got out of jail, at the head of a gang of villains in Highland and Lowland dress, imposing upon, and robbing honest people."

had been completely suspended. * Charles, however, who was perfectly unblameable, made every possible exertion to suppress a system which tended so much to bring his cause into bad repute;

* During this temporary paralysis of the arm of the law, the following ludicrous circumstance is said to have taken place. The landlady of a Highland serjeant, resident in the Grassmarket, one day came into his room, exclaiming loudly against a neighbour who she said owed her eight shillings, and who had taken advantage of the decease of the laws to refuse payment. "Confound the hale pack o' ye!" she concluded; "ever since ye cam here, there's been neither law nor justice in the country. Charlie may be what he likes; but he can ne'er be a gude king that prevents pair folk frae getting their ain!"—"Say ye sac?" replied the serjeant, in some little indignation, "I can tell ye, though, Prince Charlie has petter law and shustice paith, than ever your Chordie had a' his tays. Come along wi' me, and I'll let ye see ta cood law and shustice too!" The landlady conducted her lodger to the house of the debtor, which he entered with his drawn sword in his hand. "Mistress!" he said to the recusant dame, "do you pe awin this honest woman my landlaty ta aught shilling?"—"And what although I should?" was the answer; "what the muckle deevil hae ye to do wi't"—"I'll show you what I have to do with it," said the Highlander; and mounting a cutty stool, he proceeded with great *non-chalance* to depopulate the good woman's shelves of her shining pewter-plates, which he handed down one by one into his landlady's apron, saying at every successive descent of his arm, "tere's ta cood law and shustice too!" Pewter-plates were at that time the very *penates* of a Scottish housewife of the lower order; and when the woman saw her treasured *bink* thus laid waste, she relented incontinent, and, forthwith proceeding into another room to get the money, paid the landlady her debt; in return for which she demanded back her plates. The Highland J. P. replaced all the goods in their shelves, except a few, which he desired the landlady to carry home. "What!" exclaimed the proprietrix, "am I no to get a' my plates back when I've paid my debt?"—"Tat you are not,"

and his exertions seem to have been not altogether ineffectual. *

It unfortunately happened, that while he did all he could to prevent small or individual robberies, the necessities of his own exchequer compelled

quoth the sergeant, "unless you give me ta other twa shilling for laying ta law upon you." This additional sum, the poor woman was actually obliged to pay; and the Highlander then went home with his landlady, exclaiming all the way, "Tare now's ta cood law and shustice paith—petter than ever your Chordie had a' his days!"

* It seems to be the confident assertion of all who witnessed and have described the transactions of this time, that many persons really belonging to the Highland army *did commit acts of depredation*. It was common, for instance, for well-dressed persons to be stopped upon the street, by men who presented their pieces, with a threatening aspect, and who, on being asked what they wanted, usually answered, "a *paapee*," that is, a halfpenny. Sometimes, we have heard, these persons were contented with a still humbler contribution—a pinch of snuff. When we consider the extreme moderation of these demands, we can scarcely visit the practice, disgraceful as it was, with any severe reprehension. But the truth is, it was only practised by the *canaille* of the clans, or rather perhaps by those loose persons who hang upon the skirts of all armies, and whose only motive for carrying arms is, that they may take advantage for their own proper profit, of the license which more or less accompanies the presence of all military bodies whatever. The general tradition of the Lowlands is, that the Highlanders behaved with great discretion as they were advancing in their expedition, and that it was only when retreating, and when their pride of spirit had been in a great measure destroyed, that their conduct in this respect was to be complained of.

We shall here vindicate Charles's memory from a story, which has always hitherto been related with a colour unfavourable to him. A worthy Quaker in Edinburgh, by name Erskine, and by trade a brewer, called upon Charles at Holyroodhouse, to complain of a robbery which had been committed upon him by a troop wearing the High-

him to authorize others of greater magnitude upon the public bodies of the kingdom. From the city of Edinburgh, he exacted a thousand tents, six thousand pair of shoes, and a vast quantity of smaller articles, for the use of his troops. He seized all the goods in the customhouse of Leith and Bor-

and dress and cognizance, and concluded his remonstrance with these remarkable words: "Verily, friend Charles, thou art harder to deal with than our present ruler: George only takes a part of our substance, but thou takest 't all." It is said that the Prince told this strange expostulator, that what he had lost was little enough to compensate for the long arrears of tax and duty which he was owing to the King *de jure*. But he appears, on the contrary, to have taken measures for bringing the perpetrators of the robbery to deserved punishment. There is an advertisement in the Courant of the time, proceeding from him, in which he offers a reward for their apprehension, and requires all to whom the stolen goods might be offered for sale, to restore them to the owner.

We cannot forbear to add Dugald Graham's truly *naïve* account of this delicate matter.

“ And here they lifted tax and cess,
Which did the lieges sore oppress.
But what is worse, I understand,
Without his knowledge or command,
Some thievish bands, in many parts,
To cloak their knavery, used these arts.
In tartan dressed from top to toe,
With arms and livery also,
They plundered all where'er they went,
Professed they by the Prince were sent,
To levy horses, men and money,
Extorting cash and horse from many ;
Excise and cess made people pay,
And gave receipts—so just were they !
A famous way of making rich,
But Charlie got the blame of such,
Which did his merit sore defame,
And gave his men a thievish name.
Many of his crew, indeed, were greedy,
To fill their bellies when they were needy ;

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rowstounness, and immediately converted them into money, by selling them back to the smugglers from whom they had been taken. He mulcted the city of Glasgow in five thousand and five hundred pounds. He sent letters, moreover, to all the chief magistrates of burghs throughout the kingdom, requiring them to contribute certain sums for his service ; as also to all collectors of the land-tax, to all collectors and comptrollers of the customs; and excise, and to all factors upon the estates forfeited in 1715, demanding the money which happened to be in their hands. The penalty which he assigned to those who should neglect his summons, was military execution with fire and sword.

They cocks and hens, and churns and cheese,
Did kill and eat, when they could seize,
And when the owners did exclaim,
' Hup pup, hersel pe far frae hame ;
You need not fash to say no thing—
Hersel brings you a pra new king ! ' ' "

History, p. 11.

CHAPTER XV.

GATHERING AT EDINBURGH.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
 Ken ye what maist wad wanton me?
 To see King James at Edinburgh Cross,
 Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
 And the Usurper forced to flee;
 Oh, this is what maist wad wanton me.

Jacobite Song.

THE COURT of St James's, thoroughly alarmed at Charles's progress and success, were now taking measures to present a force against him, which might be capable of at once putting a stop to his career. About the end of September, the King ordered a strong body of troops, consisting of several battalions of foot and some squadrons of horse, to march directly to Scotland, under the command of Marshal Wade. They were appointed to assemble at Doncaster, and Wade set out from London on the 6th of October, in order to assume the command. It was the 29th of October, however, before this army reached Newcastle, on their way to meet the Highland army; by which time, Charles was on the point of marching into England.

This force being still considered too small, the

King, besides using every endeavour to enlist new men, ordered home a considerable portion of his veteran army from Flanders, along with its youthful commander, William Duke of Cumberland, his second son, who had already distinguished himself at the well-fought, though unsuccessful battle of Fontenoy. Innumerable bodies of militia were also raised throughout the country, to oppose the progress of the insurgents; and his Majesty, the better to carry on the war, was favoured with a loan of 700,000*l.*, by the proprietors of two privateer vessels, which had recently taken upwards of that sum in specie from the French.

To oppose forces thus leisurely collected, and in such numbers, Charles exerted himself at Edinburgh, for six weeks after his victory, to raise the clans which had not at first declared themselves, and to organize his little army as well as time and circumstances would allow. He despatched (September 24th) a messenger to the Isle of Skye, to assure Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of MacLeod, that, not imputing their inactivity to disaffection, he was ready to receive them and their powerful clans as the most favoured of his father's loyal subjects. From Skye, this messenger (Mr Alexander MacLeod, advocate) was commissioned to go to Castle Downie, the residence of Lord Lovat, and to deliver the same message to that ancient, but uncertain adherent. The message met with no success at Skye, where Duncan Forbes had been exerting himself to confirm the two recusant chiefs in their loyalty. But with Lovat, the charm of a reported victory had a different effect. On hearing of the affair of Preston, he is said to have exclaimed in a transport, that neither ancient

nor modern times could furnish a parallel to so brilliant a victory. At once throwing off the mask which he had so long worn, he descended to the court-yard in front of his castle, and, casting his hat upon the ground, drank in a bumper of wine, "Success to the White Rose, * and confusion to the White Horse † and all its adherents!" He had previously been exerting himself to raise his clan, which he designed to put under the charge of his son, a youth of eighteen, then at the college of St Andrews. He now resolved seriously and energetically to side with the Prince, and, calling his son, commanded him to lead out the men. The young man was very unwilling to do so, but could not resist the orders of so arbitrary a father. Lovat contrived that he himself should still appear loyal to Government, and, in a letter to the Lord President, threw all the blame of the insurrection of the clan upon his son, whom he did not scruple to represent as the most headstrong and disobedient of children. Forbes knew his Lordship too well to believe his assertions, and immediately proceeded to apprehend him. He was enabled to do so, by means of a body of independent loyal militia, which he had been employed for some time in raising, and with whom he eventually contrived to over-crow the Clan Fraser so entirely, that they durst not make an attempt to join the Chevalier.

No two characters could present a greater con-

* The House of Stuart, in imitation of that of Lancaster, had assumed the white rose as a cognizance; and all its declared adherents, on the present occasion, wore white cockades in their hats.

† The White Horse, for the House of Brunswick, in whose armorial bearings it makes a conspicuous figure.

trast than those of Lord Lovat and the Lord President. The former, ferocious, cunning, and turbulent, was all that an ancient Feudal Baron could have been in wickedness ; the latter, gentle, candid, and unambitious, was the very *beau-ideal* of a Good Citizen. Lovat had spent a long life in dark political intrigues, alternately siding with each party of the state ; Forbes had devoted himself, for thirty years, to the single and consistent object of advancing the pure principles of the Revolution. The one was the worst of Jacobites, the other the best of Whigs.

Although the President was generally successful in his negotiations, he could not prevent a certain number of the clans from marching to join the Prince's standard. As he himself declares in one of his letters, rebels stalked out from families for whose loyalty he could have previously staked his life ; and even his own nephew, to his great astonishment and mortification, one day assumed the white cockade and joined the insurgents. It would indeed appear, that he was in some cases egregiously deceived, and that, by a policy not less fine-spun than his own, many whom he considered his friends, had only assured him of their loyalty, in order to lull him into security, and that they might be able to circumvent him in their turn.

Edinburgh was in the mean time experiencing some of the miseries appropriate to a civil war. For a few days after the battle of Gladsmuir, the communication between the city and castle continued open. The Highlanders kept guard at the Weigh-house, an old building situated in the centre of the street leading to the castle, about three hundred yards from the fortress itself ; and they at

first allowed all kinds of provisions to pass, particularly for the use of the officers. But the garrison soon beginning to annoy them with cohorns and cannon, orders were issued on the 29th of September, that no person should be permitted to pass. General Guest then sent a letter to the city, threatening to use his cannon against the stations of the Highland guards, unless they permitted a free communication. As that involved the safety of the town to a great extent, the inhabitants—for there were no magistrates—implored a respite for a single night, which was granted. They then waited upon Prince Charles, and showed him General Guest's letter. He immediately gave them an answer in writing, that they might show it to the governor, expressing his surprise at the barbarity of the officer who threatened to bring distress upon the citizens, for not doing what was out of their power, and at the extravagance which demanded his renunciation of all the advantages he possessed by the fortune of war. He concluded, by threatening to retaliate upon the garrison, in reprisals upon their estates, and also upon those of "all known abettors of the German government." Upon presenting this letter to General Guest, and making earnest entreaty for a further respite, the citizens obtained a promise that no shots should be fired till his Majesty's pleasure should be known upon the subject, providing that the besiegers should, during that time, offer no annoyance to the garrison.

This condition was broken next day by the levity of the Highlanders, who fired off their pieces, to frighten some people who were carrying provisions up the Castlehill. The governor then con-

sidered himself justified in firing upon the guard. Charles, on learning what had taken place, published a proclamation, prohibiting all intercourse with the Castle upon pain of death, and gave orders to strengthen the blockade, by posting additional guards at several places. The garrison retaliated for this measure, by firing at all the Highlanders they could see. On the 4th of October, they commenced a regular bombardment of the city. When it grew dark, the cannonading ceased, and a party, sallying out, threw up a trench across the Castlehill, where they planted cannon, and fired balls and cartouch shot down the street. They also set fire to one or two deserted houses at the head of the street, and, on the people running to extinguish it, destroyed some innocent lives. The people, then dreadfully alarmed, began to busy themselves in transporting their aged and infirm friends to the country, along with their most valuable effects; and the streets, on which the bullets were perpetually descending with terrific effect, were soon as completely deserted by day, as they usually were by night. In running down to Leith for shelter, a great party met the inhabitants of that town hurrying for the same purpose towards Edinburgh, because a British ship of war, lying off in the roads, and whose intercourse with the shore had been cut off by the Highlanders, was firing into their streets with the same fatal effect. All was perplexity and dismay; and the unhappy citizens stood still, wringing their hands, and execrating the cruel necessities of war.

General Guest, who commanded in the Castle at this momentous crisis, has been much lauded for the spirit with which he held out against the

insurgents ; and as his monumental inscription in Westminster Abbey contains an eulogium upon him in reference to that passage of his life, it may be said, that the thanks of his country have been rendered to him for his good service. It is now to be for the first time disclosed, that the public gratitude has been misdirected in regard to General Guest. The person to whom in reality Government was indebted for the preservation of the fortress, was General George Preston of Valleyfield, an ancient soldier of the King William school, who had been recently superseded in the command of the garrison by Guest, but who had not retired from his post when the insurrection broke out. After the defeat of Preston, on the Highlanders returning in triumph and investing the Castle, General Guest, who was not free of some suspicions of Jacobitism, called a council of war, and urged that, as the fortress could not be held out, a capitulation should immediately be entered into. All the officers present assented to his proposal, except old General Preston, who, with the spirit of all the twenty campaigns he had served glowing in his bosom, solemnly protested against the measure ; adding that, if it should be determined on, he would that night send off an express to London, to lay his commission at his Majesty's feet, as he would consider himself disgraced by holding it an hour longer. Guest remonstrated against the old General's resolution, which was calculated to reflect so much dishonour upon the garrison ; but the veteran remained inflexible. When the Governor at length found it impossible to move him, he asked if he would take the responsibility upon

himself, and command the garrison in his name ; to which the General consented. The government of the Castle then devolved upon Preston, who immediately set about these active measures, the result of which we have just described. The venerable soldier, now eighty-six years of age, seventy of which he had spent in the army, was so feeble that he could hardly walk. Nevertheless, his vigilance was incessant. Once every two hours, he caused himself to be carried round the walls in his arm-chair, in order to visit the sentries. He also took care, whenever a party of Highlanders appeared within sight, to have a cannon loaded with grape-shot discharged at them. It is said, that when Charles was informed of the annoyance thus given to his men, he sent a message to the new governor, to the effect that, if it was not discontinued, he would immediately give orders to burn Valleyfield House, the seat of the General in Fife. To this General Preston is said to have returned for answer, that " he (the Chevalier) was at liberty to do exactly as he pleased with Valleyfield ; for *his* part, he was resolved to do his duty, so long as he had the honour of holding the commission of his Sovereign. He only begged to add, that as soon as he received intelligence of the destruction of his house, he would give orders that Wemyss Castle should share the same fate." Wemyss Castle was the paternal seat of Lord Elcho, one of Charles's principal adherents ; and as it overhung the coast of Fife, and was exposed to the fire of the Government vessels lying in the Frith of Forth, there could be no doubt that General Preston was able to retaliate

in the manner threatened. Charles, therefore, saw fit to press his remonstrance no farther. *

The distress, indeed, which the blockade of the Castle had brought upon the city, was now found to be so unfavourable to Charles's cause, that he was obliged, for the sake of his reputation, to take it off. He did so by proclamation, on the evening of the day succeeding its commencement. The cannonade then ceased on the part of the Castle, into which provisions were ever afterwards conveyed without molestation.

The prisoners taken at Gladsmuir had meanwhile been sent to distant parts of the country—the officers to Perth, and the private men to Logierait in Athole. Some sergeants, corporals, and private men, were prevailed upon to enlist in the victorious army; but most of them afterwards deserted. The officers, who, besides their parole, had also taken an oath not to serve against the House of Stuart for a twelvemonth, held as little faith with their captors, many of them resuming their places in the King's army as soon as opportunity permitted. The wounded being allowed to carry away their mutilated bodies as soon as they could, travelled into England as beggars,

* Information supplied, in writing, by a member of General Preston's family. This venerable soldier survived the siege of Edinburgh Castle three years, when he died suddenly in the act of mounting his horse. His death was supposed to have been occasioned by the dislodgment of a bullet which he had carried about with him ever since the battle of Lindenheim, in the reign of King William. We have seen an original portrait of him, to which an inscription is attached in the handwriting of his contemporary, the late Earl of Dundonald, stating the circumstances embodied in the text.

showing their dreadful gashes wherever they went ; by which means the curiosity of the English populace was at once gratified, and salutary terror of the Highlanders spread throughout the country which they designed to invade. *

* During the whole stay of the Chevalier at Edinburgh, the newspapers served as organs of intelligence in his favour, and were the chief vehicles of his proclamations. While the Courant submitted to this necessity with all the reluctance which might have been expected from its principles, the Mercury not only complied with promptitude, but rejoiced in the opportunity thus afforded of indulging its natural propensities without constraint. Riddiman himself had retired to the country, after having only once, as he himself informs us, * seen his Prince *for two minutes*. At the advanced age of seventy-one, he could not promote by any active measures the cause of his heart, and, with a sort of *nunc-dimittis* sensation, he conceived that one short glimpse of his idol was sufficient for his own contentment. During his absence, however, the paper was conducted with sufficient vigour by his partner, James Grant, a young man of more violent political prejudices than even his own, and who eventually took arms in behalf of the Chevalier. Grant did all that the command of such a tool put in his power, to further the views of the Highland army ; and his paper is thus, perhaps, one of the most valuable documents now extant, regarding this interesting period of our domestic history.

Making allowance for the partiality displayed in his paragraphs, many of them contain curious memorabilia of the time, and may be read with both amusement and instruction. As they moreover serve to mark the spirit of the time, at least on one side, we shall make no apology for introducing a few into these pages.

Friday, September 27.—“ Several sergeants and corporals, with a vast many private men, have entered into the Prince's service ; so that with the volunteers who came in, the clerks of the office have not leisure to eat, drink, or

* In the Preface to his Dissertation concerning the Competition between Bruce and Baliol.

The real accessions of force which Prince Charles received at Edinburgh, were, notwithstanding the counteraction of Forbes, fully as considerable as his circumstances could have led to expect. The

sleep, by enlisting. These sergeants and volunteers are now beating for volunteers to serve Prince Charles.

“The poor soldiers who were wounded at the late battle daily die of their wounds, both in town and country; and such of them as have been able to crawl to town, are cheerfully succoured by the inhabitants.

“His Royal Highness, whose robust and hardy constitution supports his natural inclination to fatigue and hardships, lay last night in a soldier’s tent at the camp, preferring that tent to the Royal Palace of Holyroodhouse.”

Monday, September 30.—“There is now forming, and pretty well advanced, a body of Horse Life-guards for his Royal Highness the Prince, commanded by the Right Honourable the Lord Elcho. Their uniform is blue trimmed with red, and laced waistcoats; they are to consist of four squadrons of gentlemen of character.

“The Prince’s tent has been erected in the camp near Duddingston, where his Royal Highness lies every night wrapped up in his Highland plaid. He takes the utmost pleasure in reviewing his people, and is highly beloved by them. There was yesterday a general review.

“Several persons of distinction, and a vast number of private gentlemen, have joined the Prince’s army since our last.

“A gentleman, a citizen of London, arrived yesterday in the Prince’s camp, and offered himself a volunteer.

“Ever since the castle has been blocked up somewhat strictly on the *side of this city*, the friends of the garrison have the night long conveyed up by ropes to them whatever necessaries they want, by the corner of the West-port side.

Wednesday, Oct. 2.—“Among the Observables of this time, one is, that there is not in the City Jail one single prisoner for crime, debt, or otherwise. The like perhaps, never could have been said before.”

Some of the subsequent publications overflow with flattering accounts of the rising in the North, and intimate

first that joined him was Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Airley, who arrived in town on the 3d of October with a regiment of 600 men, most

the highest hopes regarding the issue of the expedition. The clans are described as descending in thousands from their fastnesses, and every party which really came to the camp is greatly exaggerated. Cheerful accounts are also given of the readiness with which the contributions of the towns and rents of the forfeited estates are paid to the Prince. Altogether, from the magnificence of the reports which the Mercury either puts into circulation or only commemorates, it is scarcely to be wondered at that so many sober and even selfish men saw fit to embark in the expedition.

Wednesday, Oct. 16.—“ On Monday last, Monseigneur de Boyer, a French person of quality, arrived at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, with despatches from the Court of Versailles. He has brought with him a great quantity of arms, ammunition, money, &c.

“ Yesternight, the Right Honourable Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the deceased Alexander Duke of Gordon, came and kissed the Prince's hand, and joined his Royal Highness's standard. His Lordship was some time an officer in the navy. The court, which was very numerous and splendid, seemed in great joy on this occasion, as several gentlemen not only of the name of Gordon, but many others in the shires of Aberdeen, Banff, and Murray, who had declined joining the Prince's standard, unless some one or other of the sons of the illustrious house of Gordon was to head them, will now readily come up and join the army.”

Monday, Oct. 21.—“ Friday last, at one afternoon, a woman was observed by the sentinels on duty at the Park of Artillery near Holyroodhouse, carrying, as they believed, dinner to some of the guard; under which colour, she actually got past the outer sentinels, and even made an attempt to get by the inner sentinels; but, being pushed back, she stept to the south-east wall of the Park, and actually got upon it, though the sentinels called out and fired upon her. She was immediately apprehended, and there was found upon her several combustible affairs. The people, asking what business she had within the artillery

of whom were of his own name, and from the county of Forfar. * Next day came Gordon of Glenbucket, with 400 men from the head of Aberdeenshire, forming a regiment, of which he and

ground, where so much powder was, with her straw, faggots, &c. she only answered, that she believed it was a churchyard, and pretended to be delirious. It is assured, that two suspicious-looking fellows were at the same time seen stepping over the easter wall of the Park, but that they unhappily escaped by the surprise every body was in."

Monday, Oct. 28.—"Saturday last, his Royal Highness the Prince reviewed the MacDonalds of Glengarry, at Musselburgh; they made a most noble appearance."

Besides innumerable paragraphs of local news, calculated more or less to favour the Chevalier's enterprise, Grant inserted in his paper a detailed account, compiled from the records of Parliament, of the Massacre of Glencoe; also a Life of Viscount Dundee, and some letters by the Duke of Berwick, lauding the conduct of Prince Charles at the siege of Gaeta—the whole tending to throw infamy upon the Whigs, and lustre on the Cavaliers. It is worthy of remark, that, after the accession of several Lowland gentlemen, the position of the insurgent army is always termed the *Scots Camp*, probably to give it a more national and respectable appearance in print.

* The Whigs of that time might have accounted for the affection which the clan Ogilvie manifested for the house of Stuart, by an old superstitious legend which makes them out to have been gradually degenerating in worldly sense ever since the time of Cardinal Beaton. They labour, it seems, under a sort of anathema which was uttered against them, by this celebrated personage, the cause and nature of which was as follows:—When Beaton was Abbot of Arbroath, the two chief families then resident in Angus (Forfarshire), to wit, the Lindsays and the Ogilvies, contended with blood and slaughter which should hold the lucrative office of Abbot's Bailie. To such a length were their contentions carried, that the families nearly exterminated each other, besides slaying a great number of their respective allies, before the dispute could be adjust-

his kinsmen were the officers. Lord Pitblago arrived on the 9th, with a great body of gentlemen from the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, attended by their servants, all well armed and mounted ; as also a small body of infantry. These valuable recruits were from the northern part of the Lowlands of Scotland, where nonjurancy might be said to have its principal citadel, and where the Episcopal and Roman Catholic forms of worship are still vigorously florescent. Various other gentlemen from the North, along with some inferior septes of Highland families, joined the army before the end of October, when the whole amount was somewhat less than six thousand.

The Chevalier, notwithstanding the success of Preston, found few adherents at Edinburgh, or in any part of the country south of the Forth. Even when he was in complete possession of the city, only about three hundred of the inhabitants, and those not the most respectable, did him the honour of assuming the white cockade.* In fact, his enterprise was looked upon by the citizens as a thing quite foreign to their feelings and ordinary pursuits ; it had the charm of romance, and the merit, perhaps, of abstract justice ; but was it for them to leave their profitable counters and snug

ed. It is said that the Abbot was so preplexed and troubled about this affair, as to pray that every succeeding member of the first family might be poorer than his father, and every future Ogilvie *dafter* than his mother ; which prayer, it is added, has been attended with such certain effect, that there is now scarcely one landed proprietor of the name of Lindsay in Angus, when formerly there were many ; and “ *as for the Ogilvies,*” remarks our informant, in conclusion, “ *it’s weel kend they are skeer enough.*”

* Edinburgh Packet Opened, 1745, 8vo, p. 12.

presides, in order to swagger away into England with arms in their hands, for the purpose of acquiring military glory, and asserting the visionary claims of a hot-headed foreigner? It was easy to wish the young man well, and to form the resolution of submitting tranquilly to his authority, should he succeed; but, for thousands who had indifference enough to take that neutral ground, there was not perhaps one that had sufficient courage or enthusiasm to take a personal and active part in the cause. The great mass of the people, happy in their own individual concerns and prospects, contented themselves with repeating the common adage, "Whoever's king, I'll be subject."

Besides this description of supineness, the Chevalier had to contend with another feeling of a different sort, but not less inimical to his purposes. This was the stern Presbyterian principle of dislike to his family, originating in the religious persecutions to which his ancestors had subjected a portion of the people of Scotland. It is true, that the most rigid sect of Presbyterians had, since the Revolution, expressed a strong desire to coalesce with the Jacobites, with the hope, in case the House of Stuart were restored, to obtain what they called a Covenanted King; * and that a thousand of this sect had assembled in Dumfries-shire,

* The old Chevalier was so strongly assured of the favourable disposition of this sect to his cause, as to communicate to them, in 1718, when the project of invasion was a-foot in Spain, a manifesto, promising to gratify them in their wish for a dissolution of the Union, and also to protect them from "all sorts of hardship and oppression," provided they should assist him in the ensuing expedition. We happen to possess this document; and as it

at the first intelligence of the insurrection, bearing arms and colours, and supposed to contemplate a junction with the Chevalier. But these extravagant religionists were now almost as violently distinct from the Established Church of Scotland, as ever they had been from those of England and Rome, and had long ceased to play the most prominent part in the national disputes about forms of worship. The established clergy, and the greater part of their congregations, were adverse to Charles

is a curiosity in its way, and moreover illustrates, in some measure, the principles of what modern politicians term *conciliation*, we make no scruple in giving it entire :

“ JAMES R.

“ James, by the Grace of God, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all and sundry whom these presents may in any way concern, greeting. Whereas we are certainly informed that it hath pleased Almighty God so to touch the hearts of many of the people in Scotland commonly called Cameronians with a sense of their duty to us and their native country, that they are ready to joine in any undertaking which shall tend by force of arms to restore us to the throne of our ancestors, and our Kingdom of Scotland to its ancient, free, and independent state. Therefore, that nothing reasonable may be wanting on our part to encourage them in the performance of a designe so laudable and so worthy of Scotsmen, we hereby renew the promises we have already made in our former declarations in relation to the unhappy Union of our two kingdoms, which we thereby declared null and void from the beginning ; and we further promise that it shall always be our care to protect such of our people commonly called Cameronians, as shall prove dutyfull and loyal subjects to us, from all sorts of hardships and oppressions. Given att Our Court at Bologna, this thirty-first day of October, in the eighteenth year of Our Reign, 1718.

“ By His Majesty's Command,
(Signed) “ MAR.”

upon considerations perfectly moderate, but at the same time well-grounded, and not easily to be shaken.

Some anecdotes are related, which show the efficacy of these sentiments against Charles's cause, and at the same time prove the disinclination to war which an age of domestic peace and increasing commerce had produced in the Lowlands. When the Earl of Kilmarnock exerted himself, in 1715, for the defence of Government, he found not the slightest difficulty in raising a large regiment among his tenants and dependants, all of whom were at once willing to attend their baronial master, and hearty in the cause for which he desired their services. But on the son of that Earl coming to Kilmarnock in 1745, and requesting the inhabitants to arm themselves in behalf of the House of Stuart, there was a very different result. By this time, the people were making fortunes by the manufacture of night-caps, and had got different lights regarding feudal servitude; which, added to their prejudices against the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, caused them fairly to rebel against their ancient baronial master. His Lordship assembled them in the Town-hall, and tried them first with entreaties, and then with threats; but not one man would consent to join his standard. He then confined his demands to their arms; for weavers as they were, they still retained the old muskets and rusty shabbles of their Covenanting ancestors, and occasionally displayed them at bloodless wappinshaws. But this requisition they were equally prepared to resist; and one of them even had the hardihood to tell his Lordship, that "if they presented him

with their guns, it would be *with the muzzle till him!*" * The Earl of Kilmarnock, therefore, brought none but himself and his body-servants to the Prince's army.

The Earl of Kellie was equally unsuccessful in his attempt to raise his dependents. This eccentric nobleman is described in the Mercury, as going over to Fife, in order to raise a regiment for the Prince's service upon his estates in that well-affected district. He never got above three men,—himself as Colonel,—an old Fife Laird for Lieutenant-Colonel, and a serving man who had to represent all the rest of the troop by his own single person! †

This, indeed, was but too common a case in the Low countries; and the saying of a cautious rustic, who was asked what side he was going to take in these troubles, may be mentioned as sufficiently indicating the sentiments of almost the whole community regarding the measure of taking up arms. "For my part," said the cool Scot, "I'm clear for being on the same side wi' the hangman. I'll stay till I see what side *he's* to tak, and then I'll decide." ‡

It is common to hear the Jacobites blamed, as the Cavaliers had been in the preceding century, for *pot-valour*; but the least reflection will show, that however true this charge may be, with regard to his English friends it is very unreasonable so far as his Scottish adherents are concerned. The Chevalier, in common with other persons in distress, had many friends who would have done any thing for him but injure their fortune. They would

* Tradition at Kilmarnock.

† Information by a Bishop of the S. E. C.

‡ Idem.

speaking in his favour, drink in his favour, write in his favour, and even perhaps lend him a little money; but they could not risk or sacrifice *all*; nor could they be expected. Many of them had ties much stronger and dearer than those of party; the minds of many others were not of a warlike complexion; and thousands who had formerly regarded the restoration of the Stuarts as a desirable object, were now alarmed when they saw the horrors of a civil war before their eyes. The Highlanders, owing to the peculiar constitution of their society, found it easy to enter upon the expedition: compelled by their chiefs, who had high expectations from the enterprise, they could not remain at home with honour; and they were at the same time attracted by the prospects of a campaign in the wealthy territory of the Sassenach. These circumstances and considerations certainly did not attend the free and enlightened Lowlanders; none of whom found it possible so far to overcome their natural prudence, except those who laboured under the influence of strong political and religious predilections, or who were in that condition when any change must bring profit and advantage.

Even in cases where the adherent possessed a considerable fortune, a prudential plan was generally adopted, by which it was at least secured to the family. Thus, when the proprietor himself went out, he made over the estate to his eldest son, who remained at home in possession; and, *vice versa*, when the father was averse to active partisanship, a son went out, along with all the forces, both in the way of men and money, which the house could contribute, assured that, although the youth should fall or be attainted, he had still bro-

thers to inherit the patrimonial property for the behoof of the family.* Some of the Highland chiefs themselves saw fit to adopt this policy. The MacDonalds of Clanranald, and also those of Glengary, were led out by the sons of their respective chiefs. At a subsequent period of the campaign, the *wife* of the chief of the MacIntoshes raised the clan in behalf of Charles, while MacIntosh himself served as an officer in a militia raised for the defence of Government.

It is, altogether, rather to be wondered at, that, fifty-seven years after the expulsion of the House of Stuart, when the popular feeling of loyalty might be expected to have fairly settled down in a new channel, so many honourable and prudent men should have been found to peril their lives in advocating its rights with the sword. The generation which had transacted and witnessed the Revolution was completely gone; and Prince Charles was but a remote descendant of the party who suffered on that memorable occasion. If time alone could not extinguish his claims by prescription, as it does all others, the changes which had taken place upon the face of society, and upon the polity of the state, might at least be allowed to have done so. An attempt had already been made without success, and to the effusion of much blood, in the same unhappy cause; and heaven and man

* On Mr Beatoun of Kilconquhar expostulating with the Earl of Kellie about the absurdity of his joining the Chevalier, seeing that he had *no following*, his Lordship lightly said, "Hout man, although I get a bullet through my wame, is there no Pittenweem aye to the fore?" meaning his eldest son, so entitled.—*Information by a Bishop of the S. E. C.*

had long seemed to have united in affixing to it the fatality of disaster and sorrow.

One powerful cause has been assigned in recent times for the support which Charles met with in 1745,—selfishness in his adherents. Memoirs and papers lately brought to light, display the interested diplomacy of both parties, and are accepted by a portion of the public as completely subversive of the theory of romance which has gradually been reared above the simple history of this insurrection. This is by no means a liberal view of this portion of our history. From the nature of the human heart, selfish motives will mix with the purest and most generous of our emotions; and to suppose the Jacobites superior to such considerations, would be to believe them something more than mortal. After all, the chief insurgents only stipulated for prospective advantages,—for rewards which they were to win by their swords, and at the risk of their lives and fortunes. Such they would assuredly have merited, in case the enterprise had succeeded. To deny that they would, is just as unreasonable as to say that the soldiers of the King's army were unworthy of their ordinary pay. They stood well enough as they were, without Charles; and they only proposed to better their condition, and at the same time gratify the wishes of their hearts, by endeavouring to redress *his* injuries.*

* The principle is so well laid down in one of the verses of Mr Hogg's ballad, that but to remind the reader of it, is to convince him of the fact:

“ What though we befriended young Charlie,
 (To tell it I dinna think shame),
 Puir lad, he cam to us but barely,
 And reckoned our mountains his hame.

Take it as it may, this cannot be considered the chief or even the secondary motive for insurrection. Jacobitism was a generous sentiment, arising from a natural love of abstract justice, and nourished by the disposition, equally natural, to befriend the oppressed and unfortunate. The London mob, at the Revolution, however convinced of the impropriety of James's measures in the days of his power, could not behold him brought back from Rochester, a fallen and captive monarch, without tears and acclamations. No more could that part of the Scottish nation, which remained unattached to Government and in possession of their ancient prejudices,—whose minds were susceptible of the more generous impressions, and who could still stand up for a friend “ though his back were at the wa' ”—see the youthful and gallant Charles soliciting their friendship in the way he did, without at once bestowing it.

Instead of allowing the Jacobites to have been influenced by considerations of interest, it may rather be said that they were perhaps the only part of the nation over whom such things had no power. They sacrificed fortune, and favour, and all that men hold dear on earth, for the sake of a mere emotion of their feelings, for the associations of the times that were past, or at least for principle which they believed to be right ; whilst the Whigs alone were the men with whom the suggestions of prudence and expediency had any weight, and who could reasonably hope for advantage, national or

It's true that our reason forbade us,
 But tenderness carried the day—
 Had Geordie came friendless among us,
 W' him we had a' gane away.”

individual, from the issue of the contest. It is true that many persons must have been deluded by the hope of place and wealth, and also that there were many men of broken fortunes, who entered into it from mere recklessness, or because they had no considerations of interest to prevent them. Yet, when we think on the many honourable gentlemen who joined the Chevalier's banner on no other account but because they considered him the rightful heir of the throne—when we think upon the many high-spirited youths who rushed to it with the hope of military glory and lady's love—when we consider that the great mass acted upon principles of ancient honour, and from a feeling of the most noble and generous sympathy—and, more than all, when we recall the innumerable legends, displaying in such vivid colours the disinterested and devoted loyalty of the actors, we cannot help characterizing the whole affair, as public sentiment seems to have already characterized it, as a transaction unprecedentedly chivalrous, and which did honour to the nation. *

* It must be allowed that Jacobitism, in its earlier stages, had all the gross and ordinary features of mere political partisanship; but we cannot help asserting, as the result of elaborate research and due consideration, that it has been purified and refined away before the occurrence of the last insurrection, to the spirit which we have above attempted to describe. Hence the comparative merit of the *Forty-five* over the *Fifteen*, as a subject of history, or as a matter of poetical reflection.

CHAPTER XVI.

INVASION OF ENGLAND.

When first my brave Johnnie he cam to the town,
 He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ;
 But now he has gotten a hat and a feather—
 Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !
 Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
 We'll over the Border and gi'e them a brush :
 There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour,
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !

Jacobite Song.

WHEN Charles had spent six weeks at Edinburgh, without obtaining a third of the accessions which he expected, and when all hope of more seemed at rest for the present, he resolved, with the consent of his council, to prosecute the march to London, though his force was still miserably inadequate to the object, and the whole English nation was by this time serried in arms to oppose him. He had procured several shiploads of arms and ammunition, along with some money and a few officers of experience, from France ; * and he

* By four different vessels which arrived in the well-affected district of the Mearns—two at Stonehaven, and two at Montrose—and whose stores, transported in an hundred and eighty-five waggons, and escorted by a con-

still entertained hopes of a descent being made from the same quarter, upon some part of the English coast. He had great reliance upon the cavalier gentry of England, who had recently sent him assurances of their support in case he marched to London ; and he placed the greatest confidence in the energies and hardihood of his present force. Upon these grounds the greater part of his council concurred with him in advising an immediate march, and some even went the length of trusting entirely to the troops which had already achieved so great a victory. But there was a strong minority who pleaded that he should remain and fortify himself where he was, holding out Scotland against England, and who only consented to an invasion of the latter country with the greatest reluctance.

Towards the end of October, orders were given to call in all the various parties which had been posted at different parts of the country, and the Chevalier had a grand review of his whole united force upon the beach betwixt Leith and Musselburgh, * now known by the name of Portobello Sands, where, by a somewhat remarkable coincidence, his present Majesty attended a similar ceremony in 1822. †

During the last half of October, the army had not lain at Duddingston, ‡ but in more comfortable

siderable body of the insurgents, arrived safe at Dalkeith, just as the army was about to commence its southward march.

* Boyse's Hist. 95.

† It was originally intended to review the Highlanders upon *Leith Links* ; but, as they were beginning to muster upon that ground, a few shots from Edinburgh Castle admonished them to seek a safer arena.

‡ The kinswoman of an inhabitant of Duddingston who

lodgings within and around the city. On the 26th, the main body left Edinburgh, and pitched a camp a little to the west of Inveresk Church, where they had a battery pointing to the south-west. At a still later period of the month, they removed to a strong situation above Dalkeith, having that town on their left, the South Esk in front, the North Esk in rear, and an opening on the right towards Polton. *

At six o'clock in the evening of Thursday the 31st of October, Prince Charles finally left the palace and capital of his paternal kingdom, and, accompanied by his Life Guards, rode to Pinkie House. Having slept there that night, he rode next day at noon to Dalkeith, where he gave orders for the march of his army. In order to deceive Marshal Wade as to the point in which he designed to invade England, he had previously sent orders for quarters to all the towns upon the road to Berwick, and despatched little detachments of his men in various other directions. But he now determined his march towards the western border,

afforded lodgings to three or four of the insurgent officers, has informed the author of this work, that, while they continued in the house, the family was frequently disturbed by one of them rising up in his sleep, and bewailing, in incoherent but affecting language, his having left his wife and children, and embarked in an undertaking which might prevent him from ever again enjoying the comforts of his beloved home. The Prince himself oftener than once slept in a house which still exists in the village—one of two stories, thatched, and situated at the sudden contortion of the road, near a small rural square, about the east end of the village.

* Merchant's Hist. Reb. p. 127. While resident at this place, they killed a considerable number of deer in the park around the Marquis of Lothian's seat of Newbattle.

at once with the view of eluding the army at Newcastle, and that he might gather the troops which he expected to come to his standard in that well-affected part of the kingdom. He now also appointed his principal officers—the Duke of Perth to be General, Lord George Murray Lieutenant-General, Lord Elcho Colonel of the Life Guards, the Earl of Kilmarnock Colonel of the Hussars, and Lord Pitsligo Colonel of the Angus horse.

Though the invasion of England was a desperate measure, the army was now in the best possible condition, and provided with all the conveniences which could attend a deliberate campaign. The men were fresh by their long rest at Edinburgh, well clothed and well appointed; they carried with them provisions for four days; and their baggage was promptly transported, by about an hundred and fifty wains, and as many sumpter-horses, * carrying large baskets across their backs. †

At the commencement of this singular march, the insurgents amounted in gross numbers to six thousand, five hundred of whom were cavalry, and three thousand Highlanders. Thirteen regiments, many of them very small, were composed of the Highland clans; five regiments, generally more numerous, of Lowlanders; and besides the two troops of horse-guards, who wore a uniform already described, and commanded by Lords Elcho and Balmerino, there were bodies of horse under the orders of Kilmarnock and Pitsligo, the first coarsely dressed and indifferently armed, and the last clothed in the ordinary fashion of country

* They had pressed 800 horses into their service out of the county of Mid-Lothian alone.

† Merchant, 160.

gentlemen, each armed with such weapons as he pleased to carry, or could most readily command. A small body of the lighter horse was selected to scour the country for intelligence, and to act as the *antennæ* or feelers of the marching army. *

The different regiments were commanded by their chiefs, and generally officered by the kinsmen of that dignitary, according to their propinquity. Each regiment had two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. To adjust the claims of various persons to these ranks, the Chevalier is said to have generally found as difficult a task, as if the object contended for had been a real commission

* The following list of the various component parts of the Highland army, with the commanders, and the numbers of each, was published about the middle of November :—

<i>Regiments.</i>	<i>Colonels.</i>	<i>Men.</i>
Lochiel . .	Cameron, younger of Lochiel . .	710
Appin . .	Stuart of Ardshiel	360
Athole . .	Lord George Murray	1000
Clanranald . .	MacDonald, younger of Clanranald . .	200
Keppoch . .	MacDonald of Keppoch	400
Glenco . .	MacDonald of Glenco	200
Ogilvie . .	Lord Ogilvie	500
Glenbucket . .	Gordon of Glenbucket	427
Perth . . .	Duke of Perth, (with Pitsligo's foot)	750
Robertson . .	Robertson of Strowan	200
MacLauchlan . .	MacLauchlan of MacLauchlan	260
Glencairnock . .	MacGregor of Glencairnock	300
Nairn . . .	Lord Nairn	200
Edinburgh . .	John Roy Stuart	450
Several small corps	1000
Horse . . .	{ Lord Elcho }	160
	{ Lord Kilmarnock }	
Horse . . .	Lord Pitsligo's	140
	Total . .	<u>7587</u>

from a real government, and not a temporary place in an insurgent band, which ran the risk of utter demolition every day. The front rank of the regiments was filled by men of good birth, who in the Highlands, however poor in fortune, are constantly styled gentlemen, and who had, for pay, one shilling a day; while that of the ordinary men was only sixpence. The pay of the captains was half-a-crown, of the lieutenants two shillings, of the ensigns one shilling and sixpence. The gentlemen of the front rank were each completely armed, in the fashion of the Highlanders, with a musket, a broadsword, a pair of pistols silver-handled or otherwise, a dirk at the belt, to which were also attached a knife and fork; the left arm sustained a round target made of wood and leather, and studded with nails; and some who chose to be armed with extraordinary care, besides the dagger at the belt, carried a smaller one stuck into the garter of the right leg, which they could use in certain situations, when the other was beyond their reach. The undistinguished warriors of the rear ranks, were in general armed in a much inferior manner, many of them wanting targets.

On the evening of Friday, the 1st of November, a considerable portion of the army, under the command of the Marquis of Tullibardine, took the road for Peebles, intending to proceed to Carlisle by Moffat. The remainder left Dalkeith on the 3d, headed by the Prince, on foot, "with his target over his shoulder." He had previously lodged two nights in the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch. This party took a route more directly south, affecting a design of meeting and fighting Marshal Wade at Newcastle. Charles arrived, with the head of his

division, on the evening of the first day's march, at Lauder, where he took up his quarters in Thirlstane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale. Next day, on account of a false report that there was a strong body of dragoons advancing in this direction to meet him, he fell back upon Channelkirk, in order to bring up the rear of his troops, who had lingered there during the night. He marched that day (the 4th) to Kelso, walking all the way on foot, in order to encourage the men. A third party assumed a middle course, by Galashiels, Selkirk, Hawick, and Moss-paul.

The western division, which marched by Peebles, and which had charge of the cannon and most of the baggage, arrived at that sequestered little town on the evening of Saturday the 2d of November. The sun was setting, as the first lines devolved from the hills which environ the place on every side, and, throwing back a thousand threatening glances from the arms of the moving band, caused inexpressible alarm among the peaceful townsmen, who had only heard enough about the insurrection and its agents to make them fear the worst from such a visit. "There's the Hielantmen! there's the Hielantmen!" burst from every mouth, and was communicated like wildfire through the town; while the careful merchant took another look of the cellar in which he had concealed his goods, and the anxious mother clasped her infant more closely to her beating bosom. The consternation which prevailed was not soothed by one of the dreaded band shooting a dog which happened to cross a field near him, as he was entering the town.

Contrary to expectation, the mountaineers nei-

ther attempted to cut the throats nor to violate the property of the inhabitants. They let it be known, wherever they went, that they required certain acts of obedience on the part of the people ; and that if these were not willingly rendered, they had the will, as they possessed the power, of using force. The leader demanded payment of the cess, on pain of military execution ; and little parties of individuals, calling upon various householders within and without the town, requested such supplies of provisions as could be properly spared, with the simple alternative of having their houses ransacked and indiscriminately plundered. But scarcely any incivility was ever shown in the outset.* A farmer in the neighbourhood of the town, the great-grandfather of the author of this narrative, having displayed a discreet desire to accommodate them, by killing two pet-lambs, and causing his wife and servants to bake oatmeal cakes for them all the ensuing Sunday, was treated with great politeness, and had his poultry and cattle scrupulously spared.

This party of the insurgents, after spending a day or two at Peebles, went up Tweedsmuir to Moffat, carrying with them a horse belonging to a neighbouring farmer, who, after following them all the way to Carlisle, in the vain hope of having the animal restored, was there imprisoned for several weeks, on account of his annoying petitions for redress. Throughout the whole campaign, the insurgents were necessarily very solicitous about horses and cattle ; and the people whose lands they were approaching invariably made a point of

* Tradition at Peebles.

conveying away their bestial to some remote and sequestered place, so as to be either out of the probable line of march, or altogether concealed from view and inquiry. But this unfortunate farmer had neglected the precautions of his neighbours, and his horse was of course appropriated as fair prey. The Peebles party directed their route down Annandale, and entered England near Longtown.

Charles remained at Kelso from the Monday when he arrived, till Wednesday, preserving the further direction of his march a profound secret. In order the better to perplex the army which awaited him at Newcastle, he sent orders to Wooler, a town upon the road to that city, commanding the preparation of quarters for his whole army. On Wednesday morning, however, he suddenly gave out orders for a march towards the opposite extremity of the Border.

During his brief residence at Kelso, he sent a party of about thirty men down the Tweed, to the place, not far distant, where that river becomes the boundary of the two kingdoms, with orders there to cross the water, and proclaim his father upon English ground. The party, after doing so, immediately returned to Kelso. *

The column which Charles thus led in person, consisted chiefly of the Camerons and MacDonalDs, who were considered the flower of his army, but who were not at this time the most willing or enthusiastic in his service. On account, probably, of their leaders having been of that party in the council which opposed the march into England, Charles

* Merchant's Hist. 161.

is said to have sat an hour and a half on horse-back that day, before he could prevail upon the men to go forward. * They at last left the town, crossed the Tweed, and took the road towards Jedburgh.

The Prince lodged this night in a house near the centre of the town of Jedburgh, which is, or was lately, occupied as the *Nag's Head Inn*. The march of that day had been only ten miles; but, as he had now to traverse a considerable tract of waste country, affording no prospect of quarters for his troops, it was necessary to resolve upon a much longer stretch for that which ensued. Setting out early in the morning, † and crossing the

* Merchant's Hist. 162.

† An old man who died lately at Jedburgh, remembered having witnessed the departure of the insurgents from his native town. After the Prince had crossed the bridge and was clear of the town, he rode back to see that none of his men had remained behind; and, on ascertaining that fact, galloped after the column, which he overtook at a little distance from the town.

When the author was at Jedburgh, in November 1826, he saw an ancient lady, who had been seven years of age when the Highlanders passed her native town, and who distinctly remembered all the circumstances of the memorable pageant. According to her report, they had a great number of horses, which it was said they had taken from the dragoons at Preston. She saw some of them dressing these animals in a stable, and could mimic the strange uncouth jabber, which they used in performing the duties of hostlers. In particular, she remembers hearing them call to the beasts, "Stand about, Cope!" &c. &c.—the name of that unfortunate General having apparently been applied to all the horses taken from his army, by way of testifying the contempt in which they held him. As at many other places, Charles was here saluted with marks of the most devout homage by the people as he

high grounds to the south-west of Jedburgh, he led his men up Rule water, famed of old for its hardy warriors, and over the *Knot o' the Gate* into Liddisdale, equally noted in former times for its predatory bands, as in more recent times for its primitive yeomen and romantic minstrelsy. After a march of at least twenty-five miles, through a land abounding more in poetical associations than in substantial *provant*, Charles slept that night at Haggiehaugh, upon Liddel water, his men lodging upon the cold ground, or in the houses, barns, and byres of the neighbouring peasantry. Before going to rest, he purchased a small flock of sheep for provisions to his men, and had a person sent for to kill and dress them. Charles Scott, a neighbouring farmer, more commonly called in the fashion of that country *Charlie o' Kirnton*, was the man employed for this purpose. He was up all night killing sheep; and the Prince next morning gave him half a guinea for his trouble. Two Highlanders, who had observed Charlie receive this guerdon, followed him as he was going home, and, clapping their pistols to his breast, demanded an instant surrender of "ta haulf keenie;" a command which the yeoman was obliged to obey for fear of the pistols, though his strength and resolution, celebrated to this day as far surpassing those of modern men, would have enabled him to defy double the number of assailants unprovided with such formidable weapons.*

Next day, Friday the 8th of November, Charles proceeded down Liddel water; and the middle passed; all the women, in particular, running out to get a kiss of his hand.

* Tradition in Liddisdale.

column, which had marched by Selkirk, Hawick, and down Ewesdale, came up to him at Grit-mill Green, upon the banks of the Esk, four miles below Langholm. He entered England that evening, and took up his quarters, at a place called Reddings in Cumberland. * On the succeeding day, he was joined by the western column, who brought with them the unpleasant news that they had lost thirty carts of the baggage, in consequence of a surprise by the country people at Lockerby.

During this march, the Highland army lost a great portion of its numbers by desertion. The eastern column led by Charles himself, suffered most from this cause; the disinclination to a southward march prevailing chiefly among the Camerons and MacDonalds. The Lanarkshire and Stirlingshire roads are described as having for some days absolutely swarmed with the men who thus abandoned the standard; † and great quantities of arms were found lying in the fields adjacent to the line of march, which the deserters had flung away, to facilitate their progress towards the North. ‡

On the 9th of November, Charles, having concentrated his forces, approached Carlisle, the capital of Cumberland, a city which could once boast of being the bulwark of England against the Scots in this direction, but whose fortifications were now

* As the clans crossed the Border, they drew their swords, and uttered a vehement shout, expressive of their resolution to conquer the country. Lochiel, in unsheathing his deadly brand, cut his hand, which the Highlanders, with their usual superstition, considered a bad omen.—*Lockhart Papers*, ii. 455.

† *Edinburgh Courant*, for the time.

‡ Tradition at Peebles.

at once antiquated and imperfect. Less pains had been taken on the present occasion to fortify the cities in the west of England, than those upon the east; and, while Newcastle and Hull had been for many weeks prepared to resist the insurgents, Carlisle was invested only four or five days after having first apprehended the possibility of an attack. It was protected by an ancient castle, in which there was a company of invalids; and the city itself was surrounded by an old and somewhat dilapidated wall, manned on the present occasion by the citizens, assisted by a considerable body of militia which had been recently raised in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

On the 9th, a party of the Prince's hussars appeared on Stanwix Bank, and leisurely began to survey the city through glasses; but a few shots being fired at them from the walls, they were obliged to retire. Next day, the insurgent army, having passed the river Eden by several fords, invested the city on all sides; and the Prince sent a letter to the Mayor, requiring him to surrender peaceably, in order to spare the effusion of blood, which must be the inevitable consequence of a refusal. The Mayor only answered by a discharge of cannon at the besiegers. Intelligence soon after reaching the Prince, that Marshal Wade was marching from Newcastle to relieve Carlisle, he judged it proper to advance against that general, in order to engage the Royal army in the mountainous country which intervenes betwixt the two cities. Leaving a small portion of his army to annoy Carlisle, he reached Warwick Castle at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 11th, and quartered next night at Brampton and the adjacent villages. He then

learned that the information regarding Wade was false, and sent back the Duke of Perth, with several regiments of foot, and some troops of horse, to prosecute the siege of Carlisle with all possible vigour.

Having prepared a quantity of ladders, fascines, and carriages, out of the wood in Corby and Warwick Parks, the besieging party reappeared in full force before the city, on the afternoon of the 13th, and broke ground for a battery within forty fathoms of the walls—the Duke of Perth, and Marquis of Tullibardine working in the trenches without their coats, in order to encourage the troops. The garrison of the city kept up a continual firing during these operations, but without doing much harm. Next day, intimidated by the formidable appearance of the enemy's works, and fatigued almost beyond their natural strength by several nights of ceaseless watching, they felt disposed to resign the city; and accordingly, on the first motion of the besiegers towards an assault, a white flag was displayed from the walls, and terms requested for the surrender of the town. A cessation of hostilities being then agreed upon, an express was sent to the Prince at Brampton; but his Royal Highness, remembering the example of Edinburgh, would assign no terms for the city, unless the castle were included. This being reported to the garrison, Colonel Durand, the commander of that fortress, consented to surrender his charge along with the city. The gates of Carlisle were then thrown open, and many a brave man passed with a rejoicing heart beneath the arches over which his head was hereafter to be stationed in dismal sentinelship. The Duke of Perth, on re-

ceiving the submission of the garrison, shook them by the hands, told them they were brave fellows, and asked them to enlist in his service. He secured all the arms of the militia and garrison, besides about a thousand stand in the castle, with two hundred good horses ; and, over and above all these acquisitions, a vast quantity of valuables, which had been deposited there for safety by the neighbouring gentry.

The capture of Carlisle gave additional reputation to the Prince's arms, and knelled a still more dreadful note of alarm into the astounded ear of Government. Hitherto, the insurgents had not met with a single instance of bad success, but had overpowered every opposition presented to them, not so much apparently through numerical force, as by individual courage, and a fatality which seemed to work in their favour. At every successive triumph, they themselves were inspired with a higher and higher confidence in their own vigour ; and the nation at large became more and more persuaded that there was nothing impossible to them. They seemed to have now nothing to do but to get to London, in order to accomplish their object.

But at this period of their career, Fortune seemed at length inclined to desert the side which she had espoused. Dissensions began to distract the councils of Charles, and the insane jealousies of his adherents, to dissipate and weaken the force which had till now been powerfully concentrated upon one particular point. Lord George Murray, envious of the prominent part which the Duke of Perth had taken in the siege and capitulation of Carlisle, waited upon the Prince, and resigned

his commission, acquainting Charles that he would serve henceforth as a volunteer. Perth, informed of this, waited upon Charles in his turn, and resigned his commission, saying that he would serve at the head of his own regiment. Charles accepted the last resignation, and soon after appointed Lord George Murray sole Lieutenant-General, an office which Lord George saw fit to accept, and which he was certainly calculated by military experience and talents to fill with better effect than his youthful rival.

On the day after the reduction of Carlisle, Marshal Wade commenced a march from Newcastle; but, hearing of the success of the insurgents, and being unable to cross the country on account of a great fall of snow, his Excellency found it necessary to return to that city on the 22d, leaving the Chevalier at liberty to prosecute his march towards London.

But more effectual means were now taken by the King to suppress what was generally styled "the unnatural rebellion." Before the Scottish army set foot on English ground, the mass of the British troops had landed at London from Flanders; and while the Prince was residing in Carlisle, an army of 10,000 troops, chiefly veteran and experienced, was rendezvoused in Staffordshire, to oppose him. It seemed to the nation scarcely possible that he should either elude or vanquish so vigilant and so strong a force; and even the Highlanders themselves, with all their valour, real and adventitious, had little hope of doing so. In order, moreover, that the fate of the empire should not be perilled on such a chance, another army was raised for the protection of

London, which the King was resolved to command in person. Charles himself was not intimidated by these magnificent preparations, which he trusted to overcome by the vigour of his measures, and by the assistance which he expected in England. But the greater part of his council viewed the King's proceedings with dismay, and, not trusting to the supplies which their leader expected, advocated an immediate retreat into Scotland.

At a council of war held a few days after the surrender of Carlisle, various movements were proposed and taken under consideration. It was proposed to march to Newcastle, and bring Wade's army to an action. It was proposed to march directly to London, by the Lancashire road, at the hazard of encountering the superior force under General Ligonier. A third proposal urged an immediate retreat to Scotland, as there seemed no appearance of either a French invasion or an English insurrection. Charles declared his adherence to the resolution taken at Edinburgh, of marching to London at all hazards, and desired Lord George Murray to give his opinion of the various proposals. Lord George spoke at some length, compared the advantages and disadvantages of each of the proposals, and concluded that, if his Royal Highness chose to make a trial of what could be done by a march to the southward, he was persuaded that his army, small as it was, would follow him. Charles instantly decided for the march.

Lord George Murray, who advocated this strong measure, was a man of almost chivalrous courage. Robust and brave, with as much of military knowledge and talent as fitted him to com-

mand this extraordinary host, he possessed the complete confidence of the Highlanders, so as to have been able to make them do whatever he pleased. Ever the foremost man in all their headlong charges, his usual speech to them was, that he did not ask them to go forward, but only to follow him. He slept little, and was perpetually engaged in calculations for the service and direction of the army. Even before the resignation of the Duke of Perth as Lieutenant-General, he had enjoyed almost the sole power of managing the army; and, throughout the rest of the campaign, his power was as arbitrary as it was well employed. There were few other persons in the army sufficiently versed in military affairs to be capable of even advising him; for Charles and the Duke of Perth, though both full of ardent courage, neither possessed, nor affected to possess, abilities or experience for such a purpose, and the rest of the leaders were acknowledgedly deficient in every quality as soldiers, except those of dauntless intrepidity, and the utmost affection to the cause.

Before marching from Carlisle, Charles sent MacLauchlan of MacLauchlan back to Scotland, with a letter to Lord Strathallan, whom he had left at Perth Commander-in-chief of his forces in Scotland, ordering him to march with all his troops after the army into England. The forces lying at Perth now amounted to a considerable number, and were afterwards increased by a numerous body of recruits which Lord Lewis Gordon raised in Aberdeenshire. But Lord Strathallan did not find it convenient to obey his Prince's order with the necessary promptitude, and only joined his standard

at a period when his assistance was of less moment than it might now have been.

The army, on being mustered at Carlisle, was found to amount to about 4500, having decreased a thousand upon the march from Edinburgh. Yet Charles still hoped to augment it by the help of the English Jacobites ; or what he might eventually want in force, when matters came to the push, he blindly trusted to make up in fortune. Leaving a small garrison in Carlisle, he sent forward his cavalry to Penrith upon the 20th of November, and next day followed in person at the head of the infantry—a march of eighteen miles.

On the 22d, the cavalry proceeded to Kendal, and the infantry, resting a day at Penrith, moved forward to join them next day. On the 24th, the cavalry passed the night at Lancaster, whilst the infantry rested at Kendal ; and, on the 25th, the cavalry advanced to Preston, and the infantry passed the night at Lancaster. The whole army spent the 27th at Preston, where the Prince again exerted himself to cheer the Highland chiefs with hopes of assistance from his English friends. To encourage them to proceed, he continued his former practice of walking beside his men, though he was now in “ a country of post-chaises,” and might easily have commanded all the luxuries of travelling. He was naturally athletic and active ; but it is certain that he strained his bodily powers beyond their proper pitch, in performing this strange point of generalship. In marching over the desolate tract betwixt Penrith and Shap, he was so overcome by fatigue and want of sleep, that he was obliged to take hold of one of the clan Ogilvie by the shoulder-belt, to keep himself from fall-

ing and he walked thus for several miles *half-asleep*. *

Though the West of England was generally supposed to be well affected to the Exiled Family, Charles neither procured a single recruit upon his march, nor found the proclamation of his father at the market-towns received with any symptom of joy. The Jacobite English expected their political Messiah to come in all the pomp of a real King, and not as the pedestrian and way-worn leader of a half-savage and innumerable band. They had sufficient affection for his cause, but they required to be pretty sure of his ultimate success, before risking the pains of treason. Accordingly, when Charles now called upon them to fulfil the promises they had made so often to his father, they to a man feigned excuses for non-appearance, and calmly left him to work out his own fate. The common people, previously alarmed by the reported ferocity of the Highlanders, looked upon them as they passed as a banditti, with whose object they were but imperfectly acquainted; and no more thought of joining their "tartaned array" than they would have thought of going upon the highway, or entering a pirate-ship, with the danger of being seized and hanged every hour. It is an attested fact, that many of them went the length of believing the Highlanders to be cannibals, and that the women generally prepared for the approach of the army by secreting their children. †

* Information by a Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Church—who has conversed with the proud Ogilvie, whose shoulder was thus honoured.

† "The terror of the English was truly inconceivable,

While most regarded the Highlanders with painful alarm, and others merely gazed upon them with stupid wonder, the whole body of the people, both citizens and rustics, were exasperated against them on account of the burden which they brought upon them for food and lodging. In Scotland, where hospitality was a virtue in daily exercise, the free quarters required by the troops formed a trifling grievance, lightened in no inconsiderable degree by greater affinity of manners between landlord and guest, and perhaps by the affection of the former to the cause of his lodgers. But the selfish Southron could feel nothing but disgust, and

and in many cases they seemed bereft of their senses. One evening, as Mr Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and, with uplifted hands, and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself; when she answered, that *every body said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food.* Mr Cameron having assured her that they would not injure either her or her little children, or any person whatever, she looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice, ‘Come out, children, the gentleman will not eat you.’ The children immediately left the press, where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet.”—Johnstone’s Memoirs, p. 101.

In a letter from Derby, which made the round of the Journals, the writer describes the ferocity and filthiness of the troop which was quartered upon him, with the most extravagant expressions of disgust. He allows, however, that he was amused a good deal to see them, before meat, take off their bonnets, assume a reverent air, and say a grace, “as if they had been Christians.”

express nothing but indignation, at having his domestic comfort invaded by a troop of persons whose manners were repugnant to him, and who so seriously injured his fortune. Except at Liverpool, however, and at Chester, no attempts were seriously made to resist the "wild petticoat men," as the English people were pleased to term the insurgents, though they might have easily raised a militia of twenty times their number, and in much smaller parties could have easily impeded, if not altogether interrupted, their precipitate and irregular march.

The English people were equally astonished at the temperance and the endurance of fatigue displayed on this occasion by the hardy Scots. Accustomed in their sedentary modes of life to the best of cheer, and to a thousand comforts, they could not sufficiently wonder at a body of human beings, who every day began their painful journey before daybreak, with no provisions but what they carried in the shape of oatmeal, in a long bag by their sides, and which they never cooked, but merely mixed before eating with a canteen full of cold water; trusting for any variety in this wretched cheer to the accident of a bullock killed for their use, or to the hard-dealt hospitality of their landlords at night. They were amazed to find that men could, upon this fare, walk from twenty to thirty miles in a winter day, exposed to the bitterest cold and the most tempestuous weather, with what appeared to them imperfect clothing, or rather rags; and that, though generally housed some hours after sunset, they invariably rose very early to prosecute their march, taking advantage of

the moonlight, which then shone in the mornings * before daybreak. The English churls, wrapped up in their own selfish notions, could form no idea of the enthusiasm which animated the common mind of this hardy little band.

After one day's rest at Preston, † the Highland army marched on the 28th to Wigan, and on the 29th to Manchester; thus inclining towards the centre of England, and for the first time decidedly quitting the west coast. The Prince had procured a few recruits at Preston, and been farther gratified by the acclamations and ringing of bells, which there, for the first time in England, attended his proclamations. But at Manchester, he was greeted with a still more vivid gleam of transient encouragement. One Dickson, a sergeant enlisted from the prisoners taken at Preston, with a boldness which almost surpasses belief, having got a day's march a-head of the army, entered Manchester on the morning of the 29th, with his mistress and a drummer, and immediately began to beat up for recruits. The populace at first did not interrupt him, conceiving the whole army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner, dead or alive. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which

* A Tweeddale farmer of the last age, was in the habit of entertaining about a dozen of beggars and tinkers every night, and often had upwards of a score of such persons living with him on Sunday.

† Boyse, quoting an eyewitness, who says, that the common Highlanders often *encamped*, and the officers alone could find shelter in villages!

was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him, and, by turning round continually, facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle which a crowd of people had formed around him. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the House of Stuart, took arms, and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he had soon five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn, and, putting himself at the head of his followers, proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting all who offered themselves. That evening, on presenting an hundred and eighty recruits to the Highland army, it was found that his whole expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure gave rise to many a joke at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the circumstance of its having been taken with all its thirty thousand inhabitants, by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl. The circumstance may serve to show the individual enterprise and courage of the Scottish army, and the general terror with which the English were seized. *

* In a long march through Lancashire, over very bad roads, the Prince wore a hole in one of his shoes, and, at the next village he came to, ordered a blacksmith to make a thin plate of iron, and fasten it to the bottom of the sole. When the work was done, he said, while paying him, "My lad, thou art the first blacksmith that ever shod the son of a king."—*True Patriot*.

Prince Charles entered Manchester at two o'clock in the afternoon, walking in the midst of a select body of the clans; his dress a light tartan plaid, belted with a blue sash, a gray wig, and the blue velvet bonnet which seems to have been his covering throughout the whole campaign, now adorned in the centre of the top with a white rose, to distinguish him from his officers, all of whom wore their cockades on one side.* By order of the Highland army, an illumination was made this evening, and a proclamation issued, that all persons in possession of public money should render it for their use. It was now expected that they would march into Wales, and all the bridges over the Mersey in that direction had been broken down to retard their motions.† But they next day directed their march towards a fordable part of the river on the road to London, marching in two columns, one towards Stockport, the other towards Knottesford. Near Stockport, the Prince passed the river, with the water up to his middle. The horse and artillery passed with the other detachment at Knottesford, where a sort of bridge was made by filling up the channel of the stream with the trunks of poplar-trees. On the evening of the 1st of December, the two bodies joined at Macclesfield; from whence they resumed their march next day in two columns, one of which

* Chev. Johns. p. 65. The Manchester recruits, altogether amounting to between two and three hundred, including several gentlemen, were formed into a body called the Manchester Regiment, and put under the command of Colonel Francis Townley, a gentleman of good family in Lancashire, and a Roman Catholic.—*Home*.

† Boyse, 103.

went to Congleton, the other to Gawsworth. By this manœuvre, and by sending an advanced party of thirty men on the road to Newcastle-under-Line, where the advanced party of the Royal army was stationed, they distracted the councils of the Duke of Cumberland, now in supreme command, * and, causing him to remain where he was, under the idea that they were about to meet him, got past him on the road to London, so far as Derby, which they entered on the 4th.

The approach of the Highland army to this city was announced by the arrival at eleven in the forenoon of the thirty horse whose motion had deceived the Duke of Cumberland. About three, Lord Elcho came in with the Life Guards and some of the principal officers on horseback; "making a very respectable appearance." † The main

* While at Manchester, Charles published the following curious proclamation, for a copy of which we have been indebted to the kindness of an inhabitant of that city. The sneer at good old *Grandmother Wade*, who, according to the Jacobite punster, could not *wade* through the snow, will scarcely fail to be relished by the reader.

" *To the Inhabitants of Manchester.*

" His Royal Highness being informed, that several bridges had been pulled down in this country, he has given orders to repair them forthwith, particularly that at Crossford, which is to be done this night by his own troops, though his Royal Highness does not propose to make use of it for his own army, but believes it will be of service to the country; and, if any forces that were with General Wade be coming this road, *they may have the benefit of it.*

" *Manchester, Nov. 30, 1745.*"

† The Duke of Cumberland left London on the 25th, and superseded Sir John Ligonier in the command of the army.

body of the army continued during the whole afternoon to pour into the town; their bagpipes playing and colours unfurled.* The Prince himself arrived in the dusk of the evening, on foot, and took up his lodging in the house of the Earl of Exeter. † The ordinary proclamations had been previously made in the market-place, by order of his officers.

The Highland army was now somewhat nearer the capital than that of the Duke of Cumberland, divisions of which lay at Litchfield, Coventry, Stafford, and Newcastle-under-Line, to the eastward of Derby. Only a few miles intervened betwixt the two hosts, both of which had hopes of an immediate engagement. It was in Charles's power, either to push on to London, or to fight the superior army of his rival. The latter measure was that which his troops expected he would adopt; and the Highlanders were seen during the whole of the 5th, which they spent in Derby, besieging the shops of the cutlers, to get an edge put upon their broadswords, and quarrelling about precedence in that operation. But their adventure had now reached its crisis; and, after having penetrated England farther than any Scottish host had ever done before, ‡ or than any foreign enemy

* Boyse, 104.

† Their colours were mostly white, with red crosses.

‡ "The principal officers were accommodated at the best houses in the town—the Marquis of Tullibardine at Mr Gisborne's, the Duke of Perth at Mrs Rivett's, Lord Elcho at Mr Storer's, Lord George Murray at Mr Heathcoat's, Lord Pitsligo at Mr Maynell's, Glenbucket at Alderman Smith's, Lord Nairn at Mr Bingham's, Lady Ogilvy and Mrs Murray at Mr France's. Some gentlemen had near 100 common men, and few houses public

since the Norman Conquest, they were at length obliged to yield to a fate which they could no longer brave.

When intelligence reached London that the Highlanders were getting past the Royal army, and had reached Derby, within four days march of the capital, a degree of consternation pervaded the public mind, of which it is impossible to convey any idea. The Chevalier Johnstone, speaking from information which he procured a few months afterwards on the spot, says that all the shops were shut, and many of the inhabitants fled to the country; that the bank only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences to gain time; and that the King committed his most valuable effects to yachts at the Tower-stairs, which he ordered to be ready for sailing at a moment's notice. Fielding, in a number of the *True Patriot*, avers, from personal observation, that, "when the Highlanders, by a most incredible march, got between the Duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited." It was not only this army they had to fear; but a descent was hourly expected upon the coast from France, and the well-affected part of the community had to apprehend an immediate declaration in favour of the enemy from thousands of their own body, who even already were taking little pains to conceal their sentiments, but openly exulted in the

or private had less than from 30 to 50."—*Boyse*, 105. It is added, that the number altogether accommodated with lodgings at Derby, was, according to the parochial register, 7148, exclusive of women and boys; but some mistake, or prejudice, increased this amount at least two thousand.

prospect of a Restoration. The proceedings of the Highland army had already been so wonderful, and so entirely beyond calculation, that nothing seemed impossible for them to accomplish. The very elements of heaven were favourable to their cause. The Majesty of England himself, alarmed in the highest degree, had ordered his own flag to be erected upon Blackheath ; * thereby personally imploring assistance from his subjects, and signifying his intention of disputing the crown with his formidable rival ; but it was generally supposed that, had the Highland army defeated that of the Duke of Cumberland, which it might have done, and then continued its march to London, the last reserve of the King would have melted from his side, and he would have been obliged to quit the kingdom, as King James had done before him.

* Swarkstone Bridge, six miles beyond Derby, on the road to London, and ninety-four miles from that city, was, in reality, the extreme point of this singular invasion : because the insurgents posted an advanced guard there, which kept possession of the pass till the retreat was determined on. No former host from Scotland, [P. S. except a party of that commanded by the Duke of Hamilton in 1648,] penetrated beyond the Tees, or overran more than the frontier counties ; but this last, and it may be added, *least* of all the armies Scotland ever sent against the Southron, had thus reached the Trent, traversed five counties in succession, and insulted the very centre of England.

CHAPTER XVII.

RETREAT TO SCOTLAND.

The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Julius Cæsar.

PROVIDENCE ordered differently a case so pregnant with the fate of Britain. The councils of Charles at Derby have never been very distinctly divulged; but it is scarcely necessary that they should. It is sufficient to know that the five thousand warriors who had hitherto displayed so much audacious courage, now began, like the magician, to tremble at the storm they had raised, and to see that the venture which lay before them was too much for mortal man to dare; that retreat gave them a chance of prolonging the war to advantage; but that, to advance, was staking ten chances of utter annihilation against one of doubtful success. The Chevalier here received despatches from Scotland, informing him that a regiment of Royal Scots, and some picquets of the Irish Brigade, had landed at Montrose, under the command of Lord John Drummond, and that these being united to the troops of Lord Strathallan, he had now on the way to join him a supplementary army of three thousand men. To fall back a little, and thus rein-

force his host, seemed a most desirable object ; and the whole council, led by Lord George Murray, after ample deliberation and much keen debate, voted unanimously for this course. Charles alone, ever the advocate of strong measures, and to whose ardour, indeed, the whole war seems to have been indebted for its chivalrous character, continued to urge the expediency of an onward march. He represented this measure in the strongest language he was master of, and, when he saw his council obstinate, is said to have condescended to use entreaties, and even tears. But nothing could move the minds of his councillors ; and, before the evening of that last day of their glory, a retreat was finally and firmly determined upon.

The resolution of the council not being made known that night to the army at large, the common men, and many of the officers, on commencing their march next morning before daybreak, thought they were going to fight the Duke of Cumberland, and displayed the utmost cheerfulness and alacrity. But, as soon as daylight allowed them to see the surrounding objects, and they found, from marks they had taken of the road, that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the whole army but expressions of rage and lamentation. " If we had been beaten," says the Chevalier Johnstone, " our grief could not have been greater."

The vexation of the army on this account was nothing to the bitter disappointment of its unhappy leader. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* had been his motto from the beginning ; and so long as he was going forward, no danger, and far less any privation or fatigue, had given him the least concern.

But now, when at length compelled to turn back from the glittering prize which had almost been within his grasp, he lost all his former spirit, and, from being the leader of his hardy bands, became in appearance, as he was in reality, their reluctant follower. In the march forward, he had always been first up in the morning, had the men in motion before break of day, and generally walked, in dress and arms similar to their own, at the head of their body; but now, all his alacrity gone, and evidently considering his case desperate, he permitted the whole army to march before him (except a rear-guard, whom he often compelled to wait for him a long time); and, on coming out of his lodgings, dejectedly mounted a horse and then rode on, without intercourse with his men, to the quarters assigned for him in the van.

The retreat of the army was concerted with so much secrecy, and conducted with so much skill, that it was two days march a-head of the Royal forces, ere the Duke of Cumberland could make himself certain of the fact, or take measures for a pursuit. When he at length ascertained that they were retiring, he changed the defensive system which he had hitherto pursued, for one of active annoyance. Putting himself at the head of his dragoons, and having mounted a thousand foot on horses provided by the gentlemen of Staffordshire, he started from Meriden Common, a place near Coventry, to which he had retired; and, passing by very bad roads through Uttoxeter, and Cheadle, came to Macclesfield on the evening of the 10th, full two days after the insurgents had reached the same point. He here received intelligence that, after retreating with wonderful expedition through

Ashbourne, Leek, and Macclesfield, the enemy had just that morning left Manchester and set forward to Wigan. *

One of the schemes of the Highland army in the advance had been, to march into Wales, where the people were well affected to the House of Stuart, and the nature of the ground promised to be favourable to their desultory mode of warfare. It is a fact well known in Wales, that many of the gentry, in expectation of a visit from the Chevalier, had actually left their homes, and were on the way to join him, but that, when they heard of his retreat from Derby, they returned peaceably each to his own home, convinced that it was now too late to contribute their assistance. The Welsh gentry at that time had the peasantry almost as completely under their power as those of the Scottish Highlands, and their country has ever been noted for the facility with which the common people enlist; so that it is probable, the Chevalier might here have received a prodigious accession of force. But his retreat kept the country completely quiet; and the Jacobite squires, instead of having their estates confiscated and their blood spilt or attainted, had all their lives afterwards the cheap satisfaction of only boasting in their cups, how far each of them had gone in testification of his valour and loyalty. †

* London Gazette of the time.

† Tradition in Wales; which adds that, at the occasional meetings of these squires, for many years after the Forty-five, it used to be a common thing for them to compare and dispute about the various distances which intervened between them and the Highland army at the moment they returned home; making *that* circumstance as much a matter of merit as if it had been a real piece of military service.

The Highlanders managed their retreat in such a manner as to unite expedition with perfect coolness, and never to allow the enemy to obtain a single advantage. Though on foot, and pursued by cavalry, they kept distinctly a-head of all danger or annoyance for twelve days, two of which they had spent in undisturbed rest at Preston and Lancaster. The troops of the Duke were reinforced, on the 12th, by a body of horse which Marshal Wade, now with the army in the centre of Yorkshire, sent with all imaginable haste over Blackstone Edge to intercept the retiring host, but who only reached Preston after it had been several hours evacuated, and in time to join the pursuing force of the Duke of Cumberland. After a halt of one day, occasioned by the false alarm of an invasion on the southern coast, the pursuing army, amounting to three or four thousand horse, continued their course from Preston, through roads which had been rendered almost impassable, partly by the weather, and partly by the exertions of men. Orders had been communicated by the Duke to the country-people to break down bridges, destroy the roads, and attempt by all means in their power to retard the insurgent army. But while the hardy mountaineers found little inconvenience from either storm in the air or ruts in the ground, these very circumstances served materially to impede the English dragoons, and to place the two armies upon what might be considered a more equal footing than they could otherwise have been.

The Prince, with the main body of his troops, was at Penrith on the evening of the 17th; but his rear-guard, which throughout the retreat was

commanded by Lord George Murray, owing to the breaking down of some ammunition-waggons, was this night with great difficulty brought only the length of Shap. The delay thus occasioned, allowed the lightest of the Duke's horse to overtake the rear of the retiring army. Early in the morning of the 18th, soon after it had commenced its march from Shap, some of the English chassours were seen hovering on the adjoining heights; and about mid-day, as the Highlanders were approaching the enclosures around Clifton Hall, a body of light horse seemed to be forming for attack upon an eminence a little way in front. Lord George Murray ordered the Glengary clan to go forward against these; but, without waiting for an engagement, they immediately retreated.

The rear-guard consisted of Colonel Roy Stuart's regiment of two hundred men of the Glengary clan, and a few companies which attended the ammunition-waggons; but it was reinforced on the present occasion by the Camerons, Stewart's of Appin, and Cluny Macpherson's regiment. Lord George, proud of the post of honour which he held, was the last man in the line. Determined to check the pursuit, he despatched Roy Stuart forward to Penrith, requesting that a thousand men might be sent to him from the main body there stationed. With this force he intended to have gained the flank of the Duke's army, now approaching obliquely from the left, and to have attacked them under favour of the approaching night. But Charles returned Stuart with an order, requiring him to march with all speed forward to Penrith, without taking any offensive measures against the Duke. Lord George desired the mes-

senger not to mention this order to any other person; and resolving to engage the enemy with such force as he had, drew up his troops upon a moor to the right of the road. Just as the sun was setting, the whole body of the Duke's army came up and formed within the opposite enclosures; when there was only the road with its two hedges intervening between the two hostile bodies.

Before ordering the attack, Lord George went backwards and forwards along the ranks, speaking to every individual officer, and endeavouring to animate his little host. He then placed himself at the head of the Macpherson regiment (which was on the left of the line), with Cluny by his side. Daylight was gone, and the moon only now and then broke out from the dark clouds. By this light, Lord George saw a body of men—dismounted dragoons, or infantry who had resumed their proper mode of warfare—coming forward upon the enclosures beyond the road. He ordered the two regiments near him to advance; in doing which they received a fire from the enemy. At this Lord George exclaimed, "Claymore!" an ordinary war-cry among the Highlanders, and rushed on sword in hand. The whole left wing then making a direct and spirited attack, forced the dismounted dragoons back to their main body with considerable slaughter, and shouted to let the right wing know of their success. They then retired in order to their original position; while the Macdonalds with equal intrepidity, repulsed the dragoons opposite to their body. A severe check having thus been given to the pursuing army, Lord George drew off his men towards Penrith,

where they rested and refreshed themselves. He had lost only twelve men in this action, and left an hundred and fifty of the enemy slain behind him. The only prisoner he took was the Duke of Cumberland's footman, who declared that his master would have been killed, if the pistol with which a Highlander took aim at his head, had not missed fire. The Prince had the politeness to send the man instantly back to his master. *

The whole of the Highland army spent the night of the 19th of December at Carlisle, where it was thought necessary, on evacuating the town next morning, to leave a garrison consisting of the Manchester regiment, some men from the Lowland regiments, and a few French and Irish, in all 300 † as a sort of forlorn hope, to keep the English army in play till the insurgents should get clear into Scotland. This small garrison, animated with a greater share of courage and fidelity to the cause they had embraced, than of prudence or foresight, resolved obstinately to defend the city, and took every measure for that purpose which the time and season would allow.

Charles left Carlisle on the morning of the 20th, after having publicly thanked the garrison for their devoted loyalty, and promised to relieve them as soon as he could. The men drawn up in order

* "An inhabitant of the village of Clifton, named Thomas Savage, was very serviceable in giving the English army timely notice of the disposition of the insurgents, who had hired all the lodges and out-houses. After the action, he joyfully entertained the Dukes of Cumberland, Richmond, and Kingston, besides 100 horse, in his own house."—*Boyse*, 127.

† He also left ten out of his thirteen pieces of cannon.

to hear his address, saw him depart with acclamations, and, gazing from the walls, soon beheld their comrades draw near the beloved land to which *they* were never to return. The army reached the Esk, which forms the boundary of the two kingdoms, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The river usually shallow, was swollen by an incessant rain of several days to the depth of four feet. Yet it was resolved to cross immediately, lest a continuation of the rain, during the night, should render the passage totally impracticable. A skilful arrangement was made, which almost obviated the dangers of the flood. The cavalry was stationed in the river, a few paces above the ford, to break the force of the current ; and, the infantry having formed themselves in ranks of ten or twelve abreast, with their arms locked in such a manner as to support one another against the rapidity of the river, leaving sufficient intervals between the successive lines for the water to flow through, the whole passed over in perfect safety. Cavalry were placed farther down the river, to pick up all who might be carried away by the violence of the stream. None were lost, except a few girls, who, for love of the white cockade, had followed the army throughout the whole of its singular march, with an heroic devotion which deserved a better fate. The transit of the river occupied an hour, during which, from the close numbers of the men it appeared to be crossed by a paved street of heads and shoulders. When they got to the other side, and began to dry themselves at the fires lighted upon the bank for that purpose, they were overjoyed at once more finding their feet upon their native heath ; and, for a moment, they for-

got the chagrin which had attended their retreat, and lost in present transport the gloomy anticipations of the future. *

An expedition was thus completed, which, for boldness and address, is entitled to rank with the most celebrated in either ancient or modern times. It lasted six weeks, and was directed through a country decidedly hostile to the adventurers; it was done in the face of two armies, each capable of utterly annihilating it; and the weather was such as to add a thousand personal miseries to the general evils of the campaign. Yet such was the success which will sometimes attend the most desperate case, if conducted with resolution, that, from the moment the inimical country was entered, to that in which it was abandoned, only forty men were lost out of five thousand, by sickness, marauding, or the sword of the enemy. A magnanimity was preserved even in retreat, beyond that of ordinary soldiers; and, instead of flying in wild disorder, a prey to their pursuers, these desultory bands had turned against and smitten the superior army of their enemy, with a vigour which effectually checked it. They had carried the standard of Glenfinnin a hundred and fifty miles into a country full of foes; and now they brought

* Chevalier Johnstone, 93 — Boyse says, very improbably, that above seventy of the insurgents were taken prisoners in this action, among whom was one Hamilton, a Captain of hussars, who was cut down and taken, in the act of seizing the Duke's horse, p. 127. It was allowed by the Highlanders, that the twelve men whom they lost, were perhaps only taken, having gone too far out upon the moor in pursuit of the retreating dragoons.—*Journal published at Glasgow.*

it back unscathed, through the accumulated dangers of storm and war.

In their descent upon England, when in the height of their expectations, private rapine had few charms, the Highlanders conducted themselves with tolerable propriety; and, as the public money was every where raised, they had been able to pay for food with some degree of regularity. But, in their retreat, when their pay was more precarious, and they knew they were going home to their own poor country, it must be acknowledged, that they did not abstain from making reprisals upon the proud Southron. At first they were like the torrent which carries all before it: but latterly they resembled the receding wave, which draws back a thousand little things in its voluminous bosom.

The unhappy garrison of Carlisle saw their fortifications invested by the whole force of the Duke of Cumberland, on the very day following the departure of their fellow-soldiers. They fired upon all who came within reach of their guns, and showed an intention of holding out to the last extremity. But the Duke, having procured cannon from Whitehaven, erected a battery upon the 28th, and began to fire with superior effect at the crazy walls of the town and castle. On the morning of the 30th a white flag appeared upon the walls, and the governor signified a wish to enter into a capitulation. The cannon then ceased, and a message was sent by Governor Hamilton to the Duke desiring to know what terms he would be pleased to give them. His Royal Highness replied, that the only terms he would or could grant, were, "that they should not be put to the sword, but re-

served for his Majesty's pleasure." These terms were accepted, and the Royal army immediately took possession of the city and castle, placing all the garrison under a strong guard in the cathedral. The fate subsequently meted out to them was such as might have been expected from an enemy smarting under the effects of recent terror, and who was incapable of appreciating generosity in others, as he was of displaying it in himself.

The Duke of Cumberland now thought it unnecessary or dangerous to pursue the insurgents any farther; and, accordingly, on the 5th of January returned to London, leaving his troops under the command of General Wade and Lieutenant-General Hawley, the last of whom was ordered to conduct a portion of the army into Scotland while Wade remained at Newcastle.

The Chevalier meanwhile pursued his march towards the North. On crossing the Esk, he divided his army into two parties, one of which went by Ecclefechan and Moffat, with Lord George Murray, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Lords Ogilvie and Nairn. He himself led the other, with the Duke of Perth, Lords Elcho and Pitsligo, Lochiel, Clanranald, Glengary, and Keppoch. He lodged the first night at Annan. Next day, Lord Elcho advanced with four or five hundred men to take possession of Dumfries. The rest went forward with himself, on the day following. Dumfries had reason, on this occasion, for the most alarming apprehensions. The thirty waggons which the insurgents left at Lockerby on their march southward, had been brought into the town by a party of fanatical dissenters, whose zeal for the Protestant succession had caused them to take

up arms ; and it was to be supposed that the Highlanders would, now that they had it in their power, exact most ample retribution. Besides, the whole country laboured under the reputation of disaffection to the Prince—a cause at any time sufficient to excite the cupidity of the adventurers. They accordingly marched into Dumfries, as into a town where they expected resistance, or at least no kindly reception ; and, on an idiot being observed with a gun in his hand behind a grave-stone in the churchyard, which they apprehended he was about to fire upon them, it was with the greatest difficulty that the poor creature's life was spared.* The Prince lodged in a house, now the Commercial Inn, near the centre of the market-place. He had ordered the citizens to contribute the sum of 2000*l.* for his use ; some of his men adding, that they might consider it well that their town was not laid in ashes. Nearly eleven hundred pounds of the levy were paid ; and two hostages, Provost Crosbie and Mr Walter Riddel, were carried off for the remainder. † On the morning of the 23d, the Highland army directed its march up Nithsdale ; and the Chevalier spent the night at Drumlanrig, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry. His reason for lodging in that mansion, was one which governed him in such matters throughout the whole of his expedition. The proprietor of Drumlanrig was strongly opposed to the views of the House of Stuart ; and Charles thought proper to put him to the expense of his lodging and that of his men, as an excusable mode of vengeance.

* Tradition at Dumfries. † Chevalier Johnstone, 99.

A vast number of Highlanders lay upon straw in the great gallery, and he himself occupied the state bed. Before departing next day, it must be regretted that the Highlanders took that opportunity of expressing their love of King James, by slashing with their swords a series of portraits representing King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, which hung in the grand staircase, a present from the last of these sovereigns to James Duke of Queensberry, in consideration of his services at the Union.

From Drumlanrig, Charles proceeded through the wild pass of Dalveen into Clydesdale, designing to march upon Glasgow, though still endeavouring to conceal his intentions from the members of Government at Edinburgh. He spent the night in Douglas Castle. He next day proceeded along the Uplands of Clydesdale towards the western capital, and halted at Hamilton, where he lodged in the palace of the Duke of Hamilton. He spent the next day in hunting through the princely parks attached to that house, shooting two pheasants, two partridges and a deer. It has been recorded by tradition, that at neither of these ducal mansions, did he follow the absurd fashion of the time, by leaving vails to the servants.

It was with great difficulty that, in this last day's march, his men were prevented from sacking and burning the sweet little village of Lesmahago. During the absence of the army in England, the people of this place, whose ancestors had distinguished themselves in resisting the house of Stuart when in power, committed an act of hostility to Charles's cause, which was calculated to excite their indignation to no common degree.

The circumstances, as gathered from tradition, were as follows. The youthful and gallant Kinlochmoidart, in a journey from the Highlands, with despatches for Charles, passed through Lesmahago on his way to England, and was recognised by a young student of divinity, whose religious prepossessions led him to regard the Prince's adherents with no friendly eye. As the insurgent gentleman was attended by only a single servant, this zealot conceived a design of waylaying and capturing him, which he immediately proceeded to put in execution. Taking to himself arms, and having roused the country-people, he set out after the two travellers, by a path which he knew would enable him to intercept them as they proceeded along the road. He came up with them upon a waste called Broken-cross Moor, within two miles of the village, and, showing his arms, commanded them to surrender in the name of King George. Kinlochmoidart's servant, on first seeing the rabble at a distance, with their old guns and pitchforks, unslung his piece, and proposed to arrest their progress by a well-directed brace of bullets. But the generous youth resolved rather to surrender at discretion, than thus occasion an unnecessary effusion of blood. He accordingly gave himself up to the daring probationer, who immediately conducted him, under a strong guard, to Edinburgh Castle, from which he was only removed some months afterwards to the shambles of Carlisle. So malicious an act of hostility, in the estimation of most readers, would have almost excused the vengeance which the Highlanders were with such difficulty prevented from executing upon the village. *

* Kinlochmoidart's captor was afterwards rewarded by

The city of Glasgow, upon which Charles was now in full march, had much greater reason than Dumfries, or even Lesmahago, to expect severe treatment from the insurgents, while its wealth gave additional cause for alarm, without in the least degree supplying the possibility of defence. This city, newly sprung into importance, had never required nor received the means of defence, but was now lying with its wide-spread modern streets and well-stored warehouses, fully exposed to the license of the invaders. It had distinguished itself, ever since the expulsion of the house of Stuart, by its sincere and invariable attachment to the new government; and, since the Highlanders entered England, had, with gratuitous loyalty, raised no fewer than twelve hundred men for the suppression of the insurrection. Obnoxious by its principles, and affording such prospects of easy and ample plunder, it was eagerly approached by the predatory bands of the Chevalier, who viewed it with feelings somewhat akin to those of the wolf in the fable. By one of their most rapid marches the first body entered Glasgow on Christmas day, and on the following the Prince came up with the rest of the army.

Government with an appointment to the pulpit of his native parish. A strange story is told by the people of Lesmahago, as connected with this unhappy event; which may here be given, though merely an idle tale. When Mr _____ was far advanced in life, he was one night sitting up with his eldest daughter, in attendance upon a junior member of the family, who was sick; when a step was heard, in the silence of the night, to ascend the stair which led from the outer-door to their apartment, and ere they could account to their own minds for so unexpected a circumstance, the door was opened, and a person, with the

The simple peasantry of Dumfries-shire and Clydesdale viewed the tartaned warriors, as they passed along, with sensations different from those with which the men of Teviotdale and Tweeddale had regarded them in their descent upon England. To the latter they seemed brave men going on to

appearance of a full-dressed Highlander, stood plain before their eyes. The minister, who was a man of uncommon intrepidity, as he testified in the transaction which so unhappily distinguished his early years, flew to the fireplace, seized one of the fire-irons, and in a moment confronted the intruder, with an air and attitude which showed his resolution to defend himself. The apparition advanced no further, nor showed any intention of entering into conflict with Mr —, but, only darting at him one steadfast look of utter contempt, turned and left the apartment. Mr — was so much confounded, that for a minute or two he could only listen to the departing steps of the stranger, as they ascended, or seemed to ascend, towards the top of the stair. But no sooner had these dreadful sounds altogether died away, than he rushed out of the room and eagerly searched the house to discover by what means this mysterious stranger had gained admittance, or how he could have departed. To his astonishment, the outer-door at the bottom of the stair, and all the other apertures whatever, by which either admission could have been gained below or exit above were fast closed and locked, entirely as they were accustomed to be during the night. The thing remains, and will ever remain, one of those circumstances which are only to be accounted for in two ways—either that it was a *deceptio visus* on the part of the witnesses, or the real visitation of a spiritual being. We have derived our information from a gentleman, who received it from the daughter of the minister—a woman, by the by, said to have possessed a mind of such strength, that she seemed incapable of being imposed upon by her imagination.

It may here be mentioned, that Government was fully as grateful to those who adhered to its interests, or who suffered for its sake, in this civil war, as it was vindictive upon those who opposed it. Many instances could be

a splendid fate, and were gazed at, in their deliberate transit, with a wonder allied to pity. But now, as they tramped wildly on through the quiet vales, and over the bleak uplands of the west—degraded by retreat, and desperate in their circumstances—they had acquired that formidable respectability which invests a strong animal when goaded, and were contemplated with a feeling strangely compounded of fear and awe. In the former case, people had permitted them to enter familiarly into their houses, and mingle in the domestic circle; but now, anxious to have as little intercourse as possible, and almost afraid even to behold them, they were fain to place all the food they could be supposed to possess out of doors upon the wayside, glad to propitiate them at any expense, and trusting, by this means, to induce them to go past without entering their dwellings. *

produced. The proprietor of a house which the Highlanders *did* burn at Lesmahago, was afterwards gratified with a commission in the army. [*Tradition of his Family.*] We have heard, moreover, that a professorship was procured in the the University of Aberdeen on account of the following circumstances. The father of the candidate, a minister in the disaffected district of Angus, for some time after the battle of Culloden, preached very hotly in favour of the victorious party. One day, he uttered so much invective against the unfortunate insurgents, that one of the congregation started up, and, drawing his sword, attempted to reach and kill him. The congregation interposed in time, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the man could make his escape. This singular circumstance came to the ears of Government, and actuated them in the way we speak of many years afterwards. [*Tradition at Aberdeen.*]

* Traditions in Clydesdale.

The necessities of the army are described as having been at this time greater than at any other period of the campaign. It was now two months since they had left the land of tartan; their clothes were of course in a most dilapidated condition. The length and precipitation of their late march had destroyed their brogues; and many of them were not only bare-footed, but bare-legged. Their hair hung wildly over their eyes; their beards were grown to a fearful length; and the exposed parts of their limbs were, in the language of Dougal Graham, tanned quite red with the weather. Altogether, they had a way-worn savage appearance, and looked rather like a band of outlandish vagrants, than a body of efficient soldiery. The pressure of want compelled them to take every practicable measure for supplying themselves; and, in passing towards Glasgow, they had regularly stripped such natives as they met of their shoes and other articles of dress. After their arrival at Glasgow, a joiner, in going home from work, was required by a Highlander to throw off and deliver up his shoes. The young man, having a pair of silver buckles at his insteps, showed great reluctance to comply, when the Highlander stooped down and attempted to take them by force. As he was thus employed, the joiner, in a transport of rage, struck him a blow on the back of the head with a hammer which he held in his hand, and killed him on the spot. *

Immediately upon his arrival at Glasgow, Charles took measures for the complete refitting of his army, by ordering the magistrates to provide 12,000

* Attic Stories—(Glasgow, 1818) p. 290.

ceremony, accompanied by a few of his officers, and waited upon by a small number of devoted Jacobite ladies. "But nothing could a charm impart," to make the Whigs of Glasgow regard him with either respect or affection. Previously hostile to his cause, they were now incensed in the highest degree against him, by his severe exactions upon the public purse, and by the private deprivations of his men. To such a height did this feeling arise, that an insane zealot snapped a pistol at him as he was riding along the Saltmarket.* He is said to have admired the regularity and beauty of the streets of Glasgow, but to have remarked with bitterness, that nowhere had he found so few friends. † During the whole week he spent in the city, he procured no more than sixty recruits—a poor compensation for the numerous desertions which now began to take place, in consequence of the near approach of his men to their own country.

After having nearly succeeded in refitting his army, he held a grand review upon *the Green*. "We marched out," says one of his adherents, (John Daniel, a native of Lancashire, who has left a manuscript journal of the campaign), ‡ "with drums beating, colours flying, bagpipes playing, and all the marks of a triumphant army, to the appointed ground, attended by multitudes of people, who had come from all parts to see us, and especially the ladies, who, though formerly much against us, were now charmed by the sight of the Prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty. I am

* Tradition.

† Boyse, 132.

‡ Preserved in the archives of Drummond Castle.

somewhat at a loss," continues this devout cavalier, "to give a description of the Prince, as he appeared at the review. No object could be more charming, no personage more captivating, no deportment more agreeable, than his at that time was; for being well mounted and princely attired, having all the best endowments of both body and mind, he appeared to bear a sway, above any comparison, with the heroes of the last age; and the majesty and grandeur he displayed were truly noble and divine." It may be worth while to contrast, with this flattering portraiture, the description which has been given of Charles by a sober citizen of Glasgow. "I managed," says this person, quoting his memory after an interval of seventy years, "to get so near him, as he passed homewards to his lodgings, that I could have touched him with my hand; and the impression which he made upon my mind shall never fade as long as I live. He had a princely aspect, and its interest was much heightened by the dejection which appeared in his pale fair countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disaster which soon after ruined the hopes of his family for ever." *

* Attic Stories, 290.

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

The Hielandmen cam owre the hill,
 And owre the knowe, wi' richt gude will,
 Now Geordie's men may brag their fill,
 For wow but they were braw, man !
 They had three generals o' the best,
 Wi' lairds and lords, and a' the rest,
 Chiels that were bred to stand the test,
 And could na rin awa, man !

Jacobite Song.

HAVING recruited the spirits of his men, and improved their appointments by ten days residence in Glasgow, the Prince departed on the 3d of January, and sent forward his troops in two detachments, one to Kilsyth, and the other to Cumbernauld. The inhabitants of Edinburgh, who, on the return of the Highland army from England, had apprehended a second visit, and who had resolved, in such a case, to defend the city, now set seriously about preparations for a siege. After Charles had left Edinburgh in the beginning of November, the Whiggish part of the community had gradually reassumed the courage which, for six weeks, they were compelled to wear in their pockets ; and on the 13th of the month, when the

insurgents were at the safe distance of Carlisle, the State Officers had returned in a triumphant procession to their courts and chambers, saluted by a complete round of cannon from the castle, and a most valuable performance of "Up and Waur them a' Willie," upon the music-bells of St Giles. Next day, Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, with Price's and Ligonier's regiment of foot, boldly took possession of the city, probably assured of the safety of the measure, by their avant-couriers the Judges. These men, with the Glasgow regiment, after having guarded the passes of the Forth for more than a month, to prevent the southward march of the host stationed at Perth, retreated to Edinburgh on the 26th of December; when it was determined, with the assistance of a number of rustic volunteers,* and the wreck of the Edinburgh regiment, to hold out the city at all hazards against the approaching insurgents. Their courage fortunately did not require to be put to so severe a proof; for, ere the Highlanders had left Glasgow, the English army, beginning to arrive, strengthened the city beyond all danger.

The command of the army, in the absence of the Duke of Cumberland, who was engaged at court, had been bestowed upon Lieutenant-general Henry Hawley, an officer of some standing, but ordinary abilities; who, having charged in the right wing of the King's army at Sheriffmuir, where the insurgents were repulsed with ease by the cavalry,

* Of these the congregations which had recently seceded from the Kirk of Scotland, and who are now known by the name of the Associate Synod, formed a conspicuous portion—carrying colours on which was painted, "For Religion, the Covenants, King, Kingdoms."

entertained a confident notion that he would beat the whole of Prince Charles's army with a trifling force, and did not scruple to stigmatize the conduct of those who had hitherto been beat by the Highlanders as rank pusillanimity. It happened, in his approach to Edinburgh, that Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, coming out to meet and congratulate him on his accession to the command, encountered him near Preston, the scene of their recent disgrace; which being pointed out to him, he sharply commanded the men to sheathe their swords, and see to use them better in the campaign about to ensue than they had hitherto done.* He did not anticipate that the next week was to see himself a beaten and disgraced fugitive, even more contemptible than the objects of his insolence.

The march of the English army was facilitated by the people of Merse, Teviotdale, and Lothian, who brought horses to transport the baggage, and provisions to entertain the men. At Dunbar, at Aberlady, and other places, they were regularly feasted by the gentlemen of East Lothian, each soldier getting a pound of beef, a pound of bread, a glass of usquebaugh, and a bottle of ale.† The first division, consisting of the Scots Royals and Battereau's foot, reached Edinburgh on the 2d of January. Fleming's and Blakeney's regiments arrived on the 3d; Major-general Huske on the 4th; and Hawley himself came to town on the 6th, when the music-bells were played in his honour, and he was permitted to lodge in the Pa-

* Hist. Reb. by an Impartial Hand, 134.

† Scots Mag. VIII. 32.

lace so recently vacated by Prince Charles. The regiments commanded by Colonels Cholmondely and Wolfe—the last afterwards so renowned as the hero of Quebec—arrived next day; Howard's and Munro's foot on the 8th; and Barrel's and Pulteney's on the 10th. The loyal part of the inhabitants of Edinburgh beheld the assembling of this army with the highest satisfaction, and entered into an association to provide them with blankets. The city was also illuminated in honour of the occasion; when a great number of windows belonging to recusant Jacobites and to houses which happened to be unoccupied, were indiscriminately broken by the mob.

In his march from Glasgow, Prince Charles slept the first night at the mansion of Kilsyth, which belonged to a forfeited estate, and was now in the possession of Mr Campbell of Shawfield. The steward had been previously ordered to provide for the Prince's reception, and told that all his expenses would be accounted for. He had accordingly provided every thing suitable for the entertainment of his Royal Highness and suite, confidently believing that he would not be permitted to act the part of an innkeeper without some solid remuneration. Next morning, however, on presenting his bill, he was told that it should be allowed to him on his accounting (after the restoration) for the rents of the estate, and that in the meantime he must be contented that the balance was not immediately struck and exacted.

On the succeeding day, Charles proceeded to Bannockburn House, where he was a more welcome guest without the promise of pecuniary remuneration, than he had been at Kilsyth with the

prospect of a good reckoning ; this house being, as already mentioned, the residence of Sir Hugh Paterson, one of the most zealous of his friends. His troops lay this evening in the villages of Bannockburn, Denny, and St Ninian's, while Lord George Murray occupied the town of Falkirk with the advanced guard of the army. In order to employ the time till he should be joined by his northern allies, Charles now resolved to reduce Stirling, which, commanding the principal avenue to the Highlands, had long been felt as an annoying barrier to his proceedings, and to subjugate which would have given an additional lustre to his arms.

Stirling, then a town of four or five thousand inhabitants, was imperfectly surrounded by a wall, and quite incapable of holding out against the insurgents ; yet, by the instigation of the governor of the castle, who had resolved to die before surrendering his charge, a sort of attempt was made to defend it. A small body of militia, consisting chiefly of the townsmen, was provided with arms from the castle ; and the Reverend Ebenezer Erskine, founder of the sect of dissenters already mentioned, and who was a clergyman in Stirling, did all he could to inspire them with courage, and even it is said assumed an active command in their ranks. By means of these men, the wretched defences of the town, which consisted on one entire side of only garden walls, were provided with a sort of guard, which Governor Blakeney endeavoured to animate by an assurance that, even in case of the worst, he would keep an open door for them in the castle.

On Sunday, the 5th of January, the town was completely invested by the insurgents, and abou

nine o'clock that evening a drummer approached the east gate, beating the point of war which indicates a message. The sentinels, ignorant of the forms of war, fired several shots at this messenger ; upon which he found himself obliged to throw down his drum, and take to his heels. The garrison then towed the deserted instrument in over the walls, as a trophy ; and it was not without considerable difficulty they could be afterwards assured that they had not gained a great victory over the besiegers.

On Monday, the insurgents having raised a battery within musket-shot of the town, and sent a more unequivocal message to surrender, the magistrates implored a respite till next day at ten o'clock, which was granted. The whole of Tuesday was occupied in deliberations and in adjusting the terms of surrender. The town, however, being stimulated that evening by the discharge of twenty-seven shots from the battery, a capitulation was concluded next morning, by which it was agreed to deliver up the town, under assurance of protection for the lives and property of the townsmen, whose arms, moreover, were permitted to be restored to the castle. The insurgents entered the town about three in the afternoon.

Charles was now joined by the troops under Lord Strathallan and Lord John Drummond, which increased his numbers to nine thousand. He also received a considerable quantity of stores, which had been landed from France upon the north-east coast of Scotland, including some battering cannon ; besides some Spanish coin, which had been brought to the island of Barra, and safely

transported through the Highlands by a party of recruits.

The Highland army broke ground before Stirling Castle on the 10th, and summoned Governor Blackney to surrender. That officer gave for answer, that he would defend his post to the last extremity, being determined to die, as he had lived, a man of honour. They first attempted to convert a large old building at the head of the town, called *Marr's Work*, into a battery; but finding themselves to be there peculiarly exposed to the fire of the garrison, they were soon obliged to cast about for new ground. Meanwhile, they shut the gates of the town upon themselves, * as if resolved to battle with their enemy to the last extremity, and not again come forth upon the world till the conflict was decided.

On the day that Charles thus commenced the siege of Stirling, Hawley had been joined at Edinburgh by all the divisions of the army which he could immediately expect. As his force consisted of nearly eight thousand men, of whom thirteen hundred were cavalry, he considered himself fully a match for the insurgents, and now determined to offer them battle, though he knew that there were several other regiments on the march to Scotland, which would soon join him. † He was perhaps induced to take this rash step, partly by observing that the Highland force was every day increasing,

* Scots Mag. VIII. 34.

† Six thousand Hessians, who were compelled to serve the King of Great Britain in terms of a recent treaty, and who had embarked at Williamstadt on the first of January, were also at this time hourly expected to enter the Firth of Forth.

and partly by a wish to relieve the garrison of Stirling ; but a blind confidence in the powers of the army, especially the dragoons, and an ardent desire of distinguishing himself, must certainly be allowed to have chiefly instigated him to the measure. He had often been heard to reflect upon the misconduct of Cope ; (who, in his turn, had taken bets, it is said, to the amount of ten thousand pounds, that this new commander would have no better success than himself.) He therefore went on to battle under the influence of a sort of hallucination, and altogether without that considerate coolness which properly forms so conspicuous a part of modern generalship.

On the morning of the 13th, five regiments, together with the Glasgow militia, and Hamilton's and Ligonier's (late Gardiner's) dragoons, left Edinburgh, under the command of Major-General Huske, and reached Linlithgow, where, meeting with a party of Highlanders under Lord George Murray, who had advanced to lay waste the country, they induced that desultory band to retire to Falkirk, though without coming to active collision. Next day other three regiments marched westwards to Borrowstounness, to be ready to support General Huske in case of an engagement ; on the following morning the remainder of the army, with the artillery, pursued the same route. Hawley himself marched on the 16th, with Cobham's dragoons, which had just come up. The army was accompanied by a North-of-England Squire, named Thornton, whose zealous loyalty had induced him to raise a band called the Yorkshire Blues, who were maintained and commanded by himself.

The whole of this well-disciplined and well-ap-

pointed force encamped to the north-west of Falkirk, upon the same field where, four centuries before, Sir John de Graham, and Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, the friends of Wallace, had testified their patriotism in the arms of death.

On the morning of the 17th, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, who had been hitherto exerting himself to keep the West Highlands quiet, joined the English camp with upwards of a thousand Highlanders, forming the only force which the great Whig Clan Campbell, then supposed able to bring six thousand men into the field, thought fit on this occasion to contribute for the service of Government.

On this morning, General Hawley was spared the necessity of marching forward to raise the siege of Stirling, by intelligence that the Highlanders were in motion ; for Prince Charles, learning the near approach of the English General, had resolved, with his usual ardour, to meet him half way ; and was now drawing out his men, as for a review, upon the Plean Moor, two miles to the east of Bannockburn, and about seven from Falkirk. The English army did not, therefore, strike their camp, but judged it necessary to remain where they were till the intentions of the enemy should be revealed.

When the English lay upon the field of Falkirk, and the Highlanders were drawn up upon the Plean Moor, their respective camp-lights were visible to each other over the level tract of country which intervened. The whole scenery was worthy of the events about to take place, and was calculated to give additional poignancy to that tumult of anxious and agitating feeling which must ever pervade the breasts of men before engaging in deadly strife.

Upon the site of the English camp, an army of Edward I. had, in 1298, gained a bloody though not decisive victory, over the desultory troops of the Scottish chiefs; slaying two of the most noble and disinterested warriors that ever attempted to defend their country, and compelling the indomitable Wallace to retreat. The Highlanders were, on the other hand, drawn up upon a field where the arms of England received the most decisive overthrow they ever before or since experienced, and which might be considered as omeneing peculiar favour to Charles, who was the representative, and not an unworthy one, of the hero of that memorable day.* Betwixt the two armies lay the straggling remains of the once extensive Torwood, in whose gloomy recesses Wallace used to find a refuge suited to his dismal fortunes, and where a tree was yet shown, which had afforded immediate shelter to his person, when deserted by his associates, and closely pursued by the English. Other associations conspired to heighten the interest of the scene. Here was supposed to be the extreme limit of the Roman power in Britain; and the neighbouring country might be considered as one great battle-field—a landscape on which nature had lavished all its grandeur and beauty, but which man, from the earliest times, had made the theatre of his blackest and bloodiest work.

On this occasion, as on almost all others throughout the campaign, Charles found himself able to

* The Prince is said to have really entertained an idea that his position on the field of Bannockburn was a happy omen; and it is certain that Lord Lovat, in a letter, complimented him on the circumstance.—*Hend. Hist. Reb.* 134.

out-general the old and experienced officers whom the British Government had sent against him. Though he had drawn out his men, and seemed ready for an immediate encounter with Hawley's army, he kept his real intentions a profound secret from even his own officers, making the main body believe that the evolutions in which they were engaged, were only those of an ordinary review; * and it was not till mid-day, that, having suddenly called a council of war, he announced his determination to march in the direction of the enemy.

The conduct of Hawley displayed as much of negligence on this occasion, as that of Charles displayed calculation and alacrity. He was inspired, we have already said, with an infinite contempt for the Highlanders, or "Highland militia," as he himself was pleased to term Charles's troops. Having come to drive the wretched rabble from Stirling, he could not conceive the possibility of their coming to attack him at Falkirk. Being apprised, on the 16th, by a Mr Roger, who had passed through the Highland army, and conversed with some of the officers, that there was a proposal amongst them to march next day against him, he treated the informant with great rudeness, and contented himself with giving vent to a vain expression of defiance. † On the morning of the day of battle, such was his continued security, that he obeyed an insidious invitation from the Countess of Kilmarnock, by retiring from the camp to breakfast with her at Callander House, although quite aware of that lady's relationship to an insur-

* Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs.

† MS, in possession of Mr David Constable.

gent chief, and even perhaps of her own notorious attachment to the cause of Prince Charles. The *ruse* of the Countess was attended with complete success. She was a woman of splendid person and manners; and Hawley, completely fascinated by her well-acted blandishments, spent the whole of this important forenoon in her company, without casting a thought upon his army.

Charles, observing the wind to come from the south-west, directed the march of his men towards a piece of ground considerably to the right of Hawley's camp, in order that, in the ensuing encounter, his troops might have that powerful ally to support them in rear. He took care, at the same time, to despatch Lord John Drummond, with nearly all the horse, towards the other extremity of Hawley's lines, so as to distract and engage the attention of the enemy. In order to produce still farther uncertainty among the English regarding his intentions, he caused a body to retire to Stirling, with colours displayed in their sight; and upon the Plean Moor, which was thus entirely deserted, he left his great standard flying, as if that had still been his head-quarters.

Completely perplexed by the various objects which they saw dispersed over the country, the English army remained in their camp, not altogether unapprehensive of an attack, but yet strongly disposed, like their commander, to scout the idea that the Highlanders would venture upon so daring a measure. While they were still ignorant of the insidious advance which Charles was making, a countryman, who had perceived it, came running into the camp, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, what are you about? The Highlanders will

be immediately upon you ! ” Some of the officers cried out, “ Seize that rascal—he is spreading a false alarm ! ” But they were speedily assured of the truth of the report, by two of their number, who had mounted a tree, and, through a telescope, discovered the Highlanders in motion. The alarm was immediately communicated to a commanding officer, who, in his turn, lost no time in conveying it to Callander House. Hawley received the intelligence with the utmost coolness, and contented himself with ordering that the men might put on their accoutrements, without getting under arms. The troops obeyed the order, and proceeded to take their dinner.

It was between one and two o'clock, that several gentlemen, volunteer attendants on the camp, coming in upon the spur, gave final and decisive intelligence of the intention of the enemy. They reported that they had seen the lines of the Highland infantry evolve from behind the Torwood, and cross the Carron by the *Steps* of Dunnipace. The drums instantly beat to arms ; an urgent message was despatched for the recreant Hawley ; and the lines were formed, in front of the camp, by officers on duty. The negligence of their general was now bitterly reflected on by the men, many of whom seemed impressed with the idea that he had sold them to the enemy.

The people dwelling between the present positions of the two armies, in the dreadful expectation of being speedily involved in the horrors of a battle, were at this moment, as may easily be conceived, in a state of great alarm ; and though such circumstances are generally overlooked in the narrative, as they are disregarded in the reality of

warfare, this is not perhaps the least interesting matter connected with the conflict of armies. The people might be seen, as we are informed by tradition, hurrying to and fro across the country, equally uncertain where danger was to be avoided or safety to be sought, and betraying by their looks, how dreadful a thing the presence of war is to the generality of a peaceful people. Some were attempting to transport articles of property upon which they placed a value, and others seemed only anxious to save their children and aged relations. A number of the citizens of Falkirk stationed themselves upon the fortified bartizan of the steeple which then surmounted their town-house, uniting the gratification of curiosity with a desire of safety, and giving a peculiar liveliness to the general scene of flight and fear.

The family of a farmer named Muirhead, who lived about a mile to the west of Falkirk, was sent to take refuge in the house of a friend at that town; and one of the children, who survived till recent years, used to tell, that in this short but dismal journey, she well remembered crossing the lines of the Royal army, near the entry to Bantaskine House, where it stretched across the road, apparently extending from the low grounds on the north a good way up the park towards the south. As the men were giving way, to allow a passage for the children, a hare started up near the place, and ran through the lines; upon which, the soldiers raised a loud *view-hollo*, and one, more ready-witted than the rest, exclaimed, "Halloo, the Duke of Perth's mother!"—it being a general belief that that zealous old Catholic lady was a witch, and therefore able to assume the disguise of a hare,

which, in the present case, she could not be supposed to do, but for the purpose of spying the English army. The soldier's exclamation was received with shouts of laughter, as a capital joke upon the distinguished insurgent leader against whom it was directed.

The last message which had been despatched to Callander, succeeded in bringing Hawley to a sense of the exigency of his affairs; and he now came galloping up to his troops, his head uncovered, and other marks about his person betraying the haste with which he had left the hospitable table of Lady Kilmarnock. The day, which had hitherto been calm and cloudless, became at this moment overcast with heavy clouds, and a high wind beginning to blow from the south-west, seemed about to bring on a severe winter storm. The seventeenth of January, old style, being in reality the 28th, it may be necessary to remind the reader, that the weather must have been now beginning to exhibit rather the austere character of a Scottish February, than the comparatively serene temperament of the preceding month; and, extrinsic as the circumstance may appear, it is certainly supposeable, that the dismal appearance of the western sky, and the terrors with which it seemed to be charged, must have proved no small addition to the obstacles which the English army, unused to such a climate, was about to encounter.

While they stood in the position already mentioned, Charles was eagerly leading forward his desultory bands to a wild upland, of irregular surface, called Falkirk Moor, two miles south-west of the English camp. In crossing the Carron at Dunnipace Steps, and thus making for a rising

ground where he could overlook Hawley's position, he precisely acted over again the very course he had pursued four months before, in crossing the Esk at Musselburgh, and ascending the heights above Cope's station at Preston; and it may be added, that there is a remarkable resemblance in the corresponding localities. Hawley, on learning the direction Charles was taking, seems to have immediately suspected that he was in danger of becoming the victim of a similar course of measures to that which occasioned the defeat of Cope; and, having the bad effect of that general's caution before his eyes, he appears to have immediately adopted the resolution of disputing the high ground. He therefore gave a hasty command to the dragoons to march towards the top of the hill, in order, if possible, to anticipate the Highlanders; and the foot he commanded to follow at quick pace, with their bayonets inserted in the musket. To this precipitate measure, by which he placed his army on ground he had never seen, and which was the unfittest possible for the movements of regular troops, while it was proportionally advantageous for the Highlanders, the disasters of the day are altogether to be attributed.

The dragoons galloped up a narrow way called Maggie Wood's Loan, by the eastern extremity of Bantaskine Park, where a man, who only died lately, heard them swearing, as they went along, with all their proverbial fury, and venting the most ferocious threats against the men they were about to encounter. The foot followed, with a similar show of promptitude and courage; and the artillery, consisting of ten pieces, came last of all, driven by a band of Falkirk carters, who, with

their horses, had been hastily pressed into King George's service that forenoon. Whether from accident, or from the design of these fellows, who were all rank Jacobites, the artillery stuck in a swampy place at the end of the Loan, beyond all power of extrication; and the drivers then cut the traces of their horses, and galloped back to Falkirk. The sullen south-west, against which the army was marching, now let forth its fury full in their faces, blinding them with rain, and rendering the ascent of the hill doubly painful. Still they struggled on, encouraged by the voice and gesture of their general, whose white uncovered head was everywhere conspicuous as he galloped about, and who, to do him justice, seemed ardently desirous to recover the effects of his negligence.

Before Hawley commenced this ill-starred march, Charles had entered Falkirk Moor at another side, and was already ascending the hill. His troops marched in two parallel columns, about two hundred paces asunder; that which was nearest the King's army consisting of the clans that had been in England, and the other comprising all the late accessions, with some Low-country regiments. The former was judiciously designed to become the front line in ranking up against the enemy.

A sort of race now commenced between the dragoons and clans, towards the top of the moor; each apparently esteeming the preoccupation of that ground as of the most essential importance to the event. The clans attained the eminence first; and the dragoons were obliged to take up somewhat lower ground, where they were prevented from coming into direct opposition with the Highlanders by a morass on their left.

The three MacDonalld regiments, according to the right of the great Clan Colla to that distinguished position, marched at the head of the first column, in order to form eventually the right wing of the army in battle-array; but, on the present occasion, Glencairnaig's minor regiment of MacGregors, exerting greater speed in the race with Hawley's dragoons, and being therefore the first to reach the top of the hill, took that post of honour, which they retained throughout the ensuing conflict. The first line of the insurgent army was therefore formed by the following regiments, reckoning from right to left: MacGregor, Keppoch, Clanranald, Glengary, Appin, Cameron, the Frasers under the Master of Lovat, and the MacPhersons under Cluny their chief. At the right extremity, Lord George Murray had the chief command, fighting as usual on foot. On the left there was no general commander, unless it was Lord John Drummond, whose attention, however, was chiefly directed to his French regiment in the rear. The second line was chiefly composed of Low country regiments, which stood in the following order:—Athole, Ogilvie, Gordon, Farquharson, Cromarty, and the French. The Prince stood on an eminence* behind the second line, with the horse; having been implored by the army not to hazard his person by that active collision with the enemy, for which, as at Preston, he expressed his ardent desire.

Opposite to the Highland army thus disposed, but rather inclining to the north on account of the morass and of the declivity, the English foot were

* Still popularly termed *Charlie's Hill*, and now covered with wood.

drawn up also in two lines, with the horse in front, and a reserve in the rear. The first line comprised the following regiments from right to left:—Wolfe, Cholmondley, the Scots Royals, Price, and Ligonier; the second, Blackney, Monro, Fleming, Barrel, and Battereau. The reserve was composed of the Glasgow Regiment, Howard's, and the Argyle Militia.

Falkirk Muir, an upland now covered with thriving farms, and intersected by the Union Canal, was then a tract of the most rude and savage character, irregular in its surface without rising into peaks, and bearing no vegetation but a shaggy species of heath. It was upon its broad ridge at the top, that the two armies were disposed. Charles's army, from its precedence in the race, occupied the most elevated ground, facing the east. The English stood upon ground a little lower, with their backs towards the town of Falkirk. The country was not encumbered by enclosures of any kind; but a sort of hollow, or *dean*, as it is called in Scotland, commenced nearly opposite to the centre of the Highland lines, and ran down between the two armies, gradually widening towards the plain below, and opening up at one place into a spacious basin. By this ravine, which was too deep to be easily passed over from either side, two-thirds of the English were separated from about one half of the Highland army. Owing to the convexity of the ground, the wings of both armies were invisible to each other.

To conclude this account of the disposition of the English, the Argyle Highlanders and Ligonier's regiment were stationed in the hollow just mentioned: the Glasgow regiment was next d

a farm-house behind the other extremity; and the horse stood a little in advance of the foot, opposite to the right wing of the Highlanders, without any portion of the ravine intervening. General Hawley commanded in the centre, Brigadier Cholmondley on the left, and Major-General Huske on the right. The horse were immediately under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Ligonier, who, stationed on the left, with his own regiment (lately Gardiner's), had Cobham's and Hamilton's on his right, and personally stood almost opposite to Lord George Murray.

In numbers, the two armies were nearly equal, both amounting to about eight thousand; and as they were alike unsupplied by artillery (for the Highlanders had also left theirs behind), there could scarcely have been a better match, so far as strength was concerned. But the English had disadvantages of another sort, such as the unfitness of the ground for their evolutions, the interruption given to so much of their lines by the ravine, the comparative lowness of their ground, and the circumstance that they had the wind and rain full in their faces, while the Highlanders were rather impelled than retarded by that powerful auxiliary.

END OF VOLUME FIRST.

HISTORY
OF THE
REBELLION IN SCOTLAND
IN
1745, 1746.

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HISTORY
OF THE
REBELLION IN SCOTLAND

IN
1745, 1746.

CHAPTER I.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Up, and rin awa, Hawley,
Up, and rin awa, Hawley!
Tak' care, or Charlie's gude claymore
May gi'e your lugs a claw, Hawley!

Jacobite Song.

IT was near four o'clock, and the storm was rapidly bringing on premature darkness, when Hawley ordered his dragoons to advance, and commence the action. As already mentioned, he had an idea that the Highlanders would not stand against the charge of a single troop of horse; much less did he expect them to resist three regiments, amounting to thirteen hundred men. The result showed, however, that he was completely mistaken, and that there was not a greater fallacy in military science than one then prevalent throughout Europe, that cavalry were indispensable and paramount in an

army. Colonel Ligonier himself is said to have expressed his surprise at Hawley's order; and the men showed most unequivocally that they thought it the height of rashness. Advancing slowly and timidly towards the Highland lines, they no sooner received the fire of their opponents, than, without discharging a single piece, or staining a single sword with blood, they wheeled about with one consent, and retreated. Ligonier's and Hamilton's—the cravens of Preston—rushed headlong over the left wing of their own foot, who lay upon their faces; bawling as they went along, “Dear brethren, we shall all be massacred this day!” * Cobham's, with only a lesser degree of cowardice, galloped in a body down the ravine between the two armies, so as to receive the fire of the whole Highland line as they went along.

The Highlanders, according to an order from Lord George Murray, having only fired at the dragoons when they were within half pistol-shot, the volley they gave brought a considerable number to the ground, including several officers of distinction, and, in the graphic language of Dougal Graham, caused many others to swing in their saddles. It would appear also, that this sudden firing when so near the dragoons, had the good effect of staggering and turning the raw horses of at least Ligonier's and Hamilton's; an effect not extended to Cobham's, because that regiment had previously stood fire in Flanders.

From this general disgrace, there was but one

* Life of John Metcalf, a blind Englishman, who acted as musician to the volunteer corps called the Yorkshire Blues, and whose book will be found to contain many curious particulars regarding the battle of Falkirk, p. 89.

small, though honourable exception, in the conduct of a portion of the troops who happened to be near Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney; a brave officer, who had remained behind his retreating horse at Preston, though wounded in the sword-arm. Inspired probably by the courage of this officer, and with him at their head, this little band made the charge with great spirit. As the Colonel was going forward to the attack, he recognised John Roy Stuart, a former friend, and cried out, "Ha! are you there? we shall soon be up with you." Stuart exclaimed in reply, "You shall be welcome when you come, and, by G—, you shall have a warm reception!"* Almost at that moment, the unfortunate leader re-

* *Hend. Hist. Reb.* 266.

A somewhat different version of this singular incident has reached us through the medium of tradition. According to the recollection of an aged friend, who had heard it often told by an Irishman of the name of Edington, who had been a dragoon in Whitney's corps, and who lived in Leith till within the last thirty years,—a Highland officer, carrying his left arm in a sling, stepped out of the ranks, as the dragoons were going forward, and taking off his bonnet, saluted the English commander with a low bow, and the words, "Colonel Whitney, your most humble servant!" The Colonel seemed to recognise the Highlander, and cried out, "You bare-breeched rascal, we'll be your humble servants presently." Old Edington used to add, that, after this strange dialogue, the Colonel turned round to the men who were advancing immediately behind him, and commanded that they should not heed for riding over him, should it be his fortune to fall. He did fall, and the men accordingly went blindly on. When Edington was asked if he himself had done any execution in the charge, he used to answer, that he had played his sabre a little amongst the rebels, but remembered nothing else very distinctly till he found himself retreating.

ceived a shot, which tumbled him lifeless from the saddle. His party rushed resistlessly through the front line of the Highlanders, trampling down all that opposed them. But their bravery was unavailing. The Highlanders, taught to fight in all postures and under every variety of circumstances, though thrown upon their backs beneath the feet of the cavalry, used their dirks in stabbing the horses under the belly, or, dragging down the men by their long-skirted coats, engaged with them in mortal struggles, during which they seldom failed to poinard their antagonists. The chief of Clanranald was overwhelmed by a dead horse, from which he could not extricate himself, when one of his own clan tumbled down beside him in the arms of a dismounted dragoon. From his situation he could not well make his condition known to any more distant clansman, and it almost appeared that his existence depended upon the success which this man might have with the dragoon. After a brief but dreadful interval, the Highlander contrived to stab his foeman, and then sprung to relieve his prostrate chief. *

The dragoons being thus disposed of, Lord George Murray, who from his situation did not see much of the English army, ordered the Kepoch regiment to keep their ranks, and sent the same command to the rest of the MacDonald corps. But nothing could restrain the impetuous bravery of these men, who, running forward, and loading their pieces by the way, were immediately ready to attack the Royal infantry, now disordered by the retreat of the dragoons. Receiving one

* Chev. Johnstone, 122.

imperfect fire from the front line of the English, or rather from the confused mass into which the flank had been thrown, they rushed down hill, firing their pieces as they went along; and then fell on, sword in hand. The fury with which they made this charge was such as nothing could resist; and in a moment the whole upper or southern half of the army simultaneously gave way, having already found their pieces almost useless with the rain, and being apparently convinced that it was impossible to oppose both the Highlanders and the storm.

The individuals, who from the steeple of Falkirk beheld this extraordinary spectacle, used to describe the main event of the battle as occupying an amazingly brief space of time. They first saw the English army enter the misty and storm-covered moor at the top of the hill; then saw the dull atmosphere thickened by a fast-rolling smoke, and heard the pealing sounds of the discharge; immediately after, they saw the discomfited troops burst wildly from the thunder-cloud in which they had been involved, and rush, in far-spread disorder, over the spacious face of the hill. From the commencement till what they picturesquely styled "the *break* of the battle," there did not intervene more than ten minutes;—so soon may an efficient body of men, for whose united strength no feat might seem impossible, become, by one transient emotion of cowardice, a feeble and contemptible rabble.

Immediately on ascertaining the fortune of the day, the inhabitants of Falkirk, who, from their connexion with the Earl of Kilmarnock, were all staunch Jacobites, went down to Hawley's camp,

and began to plunder. One of them, who survived till recent years, used to tell, that he happened to be on the south side of the town when the army came past in their retreat from the Moor. An officer, apparently of distinction, rode distractedly through the tumultuous body, waving his sword, and continually calling out, "Rally, rally, my brave boys!" but he was quite unheeded. The men fled blindly on, evidently convinced that the battle was lost beyond redemption.

The rout, though thus decisive, was not total. Barrell's regiment of the second line, and Ligonier's of the first, together with some of the reserve, not being engaged in the attack, but still divided from the enemy by the ravine, instead of flying, continued for some time to pour their fire against the Highlanders opposed to them, and, when the victorious MacDonalds passed along in the pursuit, gave them such a volley in flank as caused a number to stop, under the apprehension of an ambuscade. Brigadier Cholmondley and General Huske commanded this body, which was soon after joined by two entire battalions of Cobham's dragoons. The spirit they displayed, besides checking the pursuit, had the effect of compelling several bodies of Highlanders to retreat westwards, with the impression that they had lost the day. One fugitive mountaineer, soon after crossing the Carron at Dunipace Steps, with a dreadful wound in his head, which he was holding with his hand, was asked which party had won. "I don't know," he replied, with a bitter groan; "but, och on, I know that I have lost!"*

* Tradition at Falkirk, where a woman lived within

Prince Charles, at this juncture, perceiving from his eminent station in the rear that the greater part of Hawley's troops had fled, now put himself at the head of his reserve, and, advancing against the refractory regiments, soon compelled them to join in the general flight, though not before they had effectually marred his victory. They had staggered the victorious part of the army when advancing upon the pursuit, and compelled a less meritorious portion to retreat. When they at last retired, it was in a deliberate manner; and, altogether, they had given the English army pretensions to a drawn battle.

It would appear that the very facility with which the Highlanders gained the earlier part of their victory, was a main cause of its being ultimately incomplete. When Lord John Drummond saw the Scots Royals fly, he cried, "These men behaved admirably at Fontenoy—surely this is a feint." It was impossible for even the Highlanders, humble as was their opinion of the British regiments, to believe that they would display so extreme a degree of cowardice; and when they at length found no enemies before them, they could not help asking each other (in Gaelic) "What is become of the men? Where are they?" Surprised, and apprehensive of some mysterious design, they remained for a considerable time upon the field of battle, irresolute whether to go forward. At length, Prince Charles thought proper to order several detachments under the command of Lord John Drummond, Lochiel, and Lord

the last forty years, who had gone deranged by treading upon the bare face of a dead Highlander, in wading across

George Murray, to proceed to the town and learn the motions of the enemy. Lord John entered at the west end, Lochiel by a lane near the centre, and Lord George by another farther east, called the Cow Wynd; when they found that the English had just retreated from Falkirk, leaving a few straggling parties in the streets. *

The column commanded by Lord John Drummond, overtook one of the straggling parties upon the main street, at a spot nearly opposite to the

* The inhabitants of Falkirk have a picturesque remembrance of seeing the riderless horses, after the battle, scampering through the lanes which give entrance to the town on that side—their saddles turned round below their bellies, and many of them trailing their intestines on the ground. A brewer succeeded in securing a beautiful and unwounded horse, which he afterwards reduced to the humble labour of dragging his professional sledge. One day, some years after the battle, when the once-spirited animal had become a patient and worn-out drudge, the brewer was filling the barrel with which it was loaded at the public well, when a troop of dragoons, which happened to be in the town, was called into order by the sound of the trumpet, close to the spot where it was standing. No sooner did the poor old hack hear that lively point of war, than, totally forgetting its present duties, it scampered off along the street, rushed up to the troop, which was then just falling into line, and, with irresistible force clearing room for itself among the bystanders, took its place, sledge, barrel, brewer and all, in the midst of the ranks. The commander of the troop, highly amused at the scene, patted it kindly on the head, observing, “ Ah, I see you’ve been a soldier in your day;” and gave orders for its being gently led out of the line.

We have also to record, from the tradition of Falkirk, that General Hawley, in passing through the town, expressed the rage and vexation with which he found himself compelled to retreat, by breaking his sword upon the market-cross, which then stood in the centre of the street.

Old Bank. Its commander was reeling from loss of blood, but had still strength to wave his sword, and call upon his men to rally. The first Highlander who approached, cut down the unfortunate officer; upon which another rushed up, and slew him in his turn with a battle-axe, exclaiming, "She ought to respect a *teenan* [dying] prave man, whether she'll wear ta red coat or ta kilt." The Camerons made prodigious slaughter among another party, which they found upon the street, on emerging from the Cow Wynd. *

Though the town and also the moor were now completely cleared of the enemy, Charles was still ignorant of their motions and intentions, and therefore remained for some time longer upon the field of battle. An idea generally prevailed, that Hawley had only retired for a time, and would return to the attack next morning. It was not till about seven o'clock, that the Earl of Kilmarnock, † having approached the Edinburgh road by byways through his estate, and returned with intelligence that he had seen the English army hurrying along in full flight, the Prince at length thought proper to seek shelter in the town of Falkirk, from the storm to which he had been exposed for five hours.

His Royal Highness was conducted, by torchlight, to a lodging which had been prepared for him in the house of a lady called Madam Graham; the widow of a physician, a Jacobite, and a woman whose intelligence and superior manners are still remembered with veneration at Falkirk. This

* Tradition at Falkirk.

† This nobleman, immediately after the battle, called, in passing, at the house of a retainer, near the field, and made inquiry regarding the welfare of his family.

house, which stands opposite to the steeple, was then the best in the town, and is still a tolerably handsome mansion, and occupied as the Post Office; but, according to the fashion of times not very remote in Scotland, the best room, and that in which Charles was obliged to dine and hold his court, is degraded by a bed concealed within folding-doors. Unexpected good fortune, however, reconciles the mind to the trivial ills of life; and it is not probable that the victor of Falkirk regretted to spend the evening of his triumph in an apartment about twelve feet square, lighted by one window, and which was at once his refectory and bed-chamber.

The army, with the exception of a party which had been sent to harass the enemy, employed themselves during this evening in satisfying their hunger, in securing the English camp and its contents, and in stripping the bodies of the slain. Hawley had made an attempt to strike his camp and take away his baggage, in the brief interval between the rout and the pursuit; but, owing to the desertion of his waggoners and the necessity of a speedy retreat, he was at last obliged to abandon the whole to the Highlanders; having only made an ineffectual attempt to set it on fire. Charles thus obtained possession of a prodigious quantity of military stores, while his men enriched themselves with a variety of articles which the people of Falkirk had not previously abstracted. In addition to the tents, arms, baggage, &c. which fell into his hands, he secured the whole of the cannon, besides many standards and other trophies of victory. As for the slain, they were that night

stripped so effectually, * that a citizen of Falkirk, who next morning surveyed the field from a distance, and who lived till recent years to describe the awful scene, used to say, that he could compare them to nothing but a large flock of white sheep at rest on the face of the hill.

Charles lost only forty men in the battle, with twice as many wounded. The loss on the English side is stated by the official returns to have been 280 in all, killed, wounded, and missing; but was probably much more considerable. The loss of officers was in particular very great. There were killed, four captains and two lieutenants of Blakeney's, five captains and one lieutenant of Wolfe's, with no fewer than three Lieutenant-Colonels, Whitney, Bigger, and Powell. It is very remarkable, and seems to prove the injudiciousness of cowardice, that these were the regiments which soonest gave way, while there was no similar loss in Barrel's or Ligonier's, which remained longest, and behaved best in the action. The most distinguished officer among the slain, was Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, the chief of an ancient and honourable family in the Highlands, and whose regiment was chiefly composed, like those of the insurgent leaders, of his own clan. *Monro's* had excited the admiration of Europe by its conduct at the battle of Fontenoy, where it

* The grandfather of our informant, visiting the battleground of Falkirk next day, saw a Highlander engaged in stripping a richly dressed English officer. He had got one foot inserted between the legs of the deceased, and was endeavouring with all his strength to pull off the boots. At every interval between the successive pulls, he muttered to himself, in a tone of great gratulation, "Praw proichin! praw proichin!" (*Fine brogues, fine brogues.*)

had fought almost without intermission for a whole day; but, on the present occasion, it was seized with a panic, and fled at the first onset of the insurgents. Sir Robert alone, who was so corpulent a man that he had been obliged at Fontenoy to stand upon his feet when all the rest of his regiment lay down on their faces to avoid the enemy's fire, boldly faced the charging Highlanders. He was attacked at once by six antagonists, two of whom he laid dead at his feet with his half-pike, but, a seventh coming up, and discharging a shot into his body, he was at last obliged to fall. His brother, an unarmed physician, at this juncture came up to his relief, but shared in the promiscuous and indiscriminate slaughter which was then going on. Next day, their bodies were found stripped and defaced, so as to be scarcely recognisable, in a little pool of water, formed around them by the rain; and it was remarked in that of the brave Sir Robert, as an instance of the ruling passion strong in death, that his right hand still clenched the pommel of his sword, from which the whole blade had been broken off. The corpses were honourably interred in one grave in the neighbouring public cemetery, * near the tombs of Graham and Stewart, the heroes of the former battle of Falkirk.

The mass of Hawley's army spent the evening of the battle at Linlithgow, about ten miles from

* A monument has been erected over the grave of the two brothers, with a suitable inscription. There is a legend among the Jacobites, that, on application being made to a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Falkirk, for permission to take the necessary stones from his quarry, he answered, with the sly wit of his party, "Monuments! 'od, an ye like, I'll gi'e ye monuments for them a'!"

the field; * but various spectators of the action, and some dragoons who fled upon the spur of fear, reached Edinburgh before nine o'clock at night, bringing dreadful accounts of what they had seen, and assigning various issues to the battle. One English dragoon, flying furiously along the road near Corstorphine, was accosted by a country gentleman, and asked which party had won the battle. "We have won," cried the fugitive.—"How then do you come to be flying in this manner?"—"What! stay yonder and get killed!" exclaimed the terrified soldier, continuing his flight at the same time with lash and spur. †

* Here Hawley is said to have met with a rebuke of the severest nature from one of Charles's friends. The story is thus told by the anonymous pamphleteer, who has been already more than once quoted as, in all probability, no other than David Hume:—

When the army fled to Linlithgow, they immediately quartered themselves about in all the houses, and even in the palace, where there dwelt at that time a lady noted for wit and beauty, who, observing their disorderly proceedings, was apprehensive they would fire the palace. She immediately went to remonstrate to a certain great General, and was received *pro solita sua humanitate*, with his usual humanity. Finding her remonstrances vain, she took leave in these words: "To take care," says she, "of the King's house, is your concern; for my part, I can run from fire as fast as any of you!"

So spoke the cherub, and her grave rebuke,
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace
Invincible. Abashed the Devil stood, &c. &c.

† Tradition preserved in the family of the inquirer. Yet it would appear from a passage in Dr Johnson's Journey to the Western Islands, that the dragoon regiments also comprised men of great personal courage. "The Highland weapons," says the Doctor, "gave opportunity for many exertions of personal courage, and sometimes for

The greater part of the army reached Edinburgh next day at four o'clock, disproving by its appearance the reports which had represented it as totally routed, but still testifying that the expected advantages had not been gained over the insurgents, and that many men and officers, on the contrary, had been lost, with all their munition and baggage. At no time, from the beginning to the end of the insurrection, were the friends of Government so dejected as when they learned this affair. The loss of Preston had been attributed to accident, and to the insufficiency of the troops there opposed to the Highlanders; but here they saw a numerous and well-appointed army, who had marched a few days before, with the prospect of certain victory, return with symptoms of defeat scarcely less equivocal. These troops, they sadly reflected, were not the raw soldiers of General Cope's army, who had never seen an enemy till they met the Highlanders, but the best troops which Britain could present to its foes—the veteran heroes of Dettingen and Fontenoy.

In forming, at this distance of time, an impartial estimate of the merits of the two armies who fought

single combats in the field; like those which occur so frequently in fabulous wars. At Falkirk, a gentleman now living, was, after the retreat of the King's troops, engaged at a distance from the rest with an Irish dragoon. They were both skilful swordsmen, and the contest was not easily decided. The dragoon at last had the advantage, and the Highlander called for quarter; but quarter was refused him, and the fight continued till he was reduced to defend himself upon his knee. At that instant, one of the MacLeods came to his rescue; who, as it is said, offered quarter to the dragoon, but he thought himself obliged to reject what he had before refused, and was immediately killed.

at Falkirk, it is difficult to award sufficient praise to the insurgents, who, with a trifling exception, behaved with all their accustomed heroism, or sufficiently to blame the English troops, who, as uniformly, displayed a degree of pusillanimity scarcely to be credited or accounted for. It is true, that the Highlanders had several extrinsic advantages, and that the English were dispirited by the imprudence of their general, and the unfavourable nature of the ground and the weather. It is also true, that the leaders of the successful party did not take advantage of their victory in the way they might have done, but were for some time almost as much perplexed as the enemy. Yet, whatever drawback may be made from the general conduct of the day, it cannot be disputed that the Highlanders acted like the bravest of men, repeatedly charging the force which resisted, rather than following that which gave way, and continuing to fight even when overthrown and trampled by cavalry.

It is a trite remark, that no general ever allowed, in his despatches, that he had been beaten. Language is so elastic and so full of convertible terms, that it can be brought to give any sort of turn to an event, without violating the truth. A commander may have fled in personal terror from a field of battle; but, in the courteous phraseology of a despatch, he only "falls back upon a stronger position." His army does not make a precipitate retreat, leaving its camp, baggage, and stores; it only "seeks shelter from the weather in cantonments." The battle is not lost; it is only *deferred*.

General Hawley displayed all the ordinary address of his profession, in glossing over the defeat

of Falkirk. He represented himself as having given a severe check to the Highlanders, but retreated to his camp on account of the weather; the Highlanders at the same time falling back upon Stirling. His determination had been to remain in his camp all night, but, the rain having rendered it uncomfortable, and hearing that the rebels were pushing to get between him and Edinburgh, he had eventually marched and taken post at Linlithgow. Seven pieces of his cannon, he allowed, were *missing* (for which he blamed the recreant artillery-men), together with about three hundred men; but the loss on the part of the enemy was reported to be much more considerable. Altogether, it appeared from his despatch that a collision had taken place with the Highlanders, but that what little was yet known about the matter seemed favourable to his party.

It was impossible, however, to impose these specious and plausible pretensions to a victory upon the minds of the British public; and in a few days after, the following *jeu d'esprit*, ridiculing the terms of the Government Gazette, made the round of the Journals. * “The shoe-blackers of Westminster, being in arms against the shoe-blackers of this neighbourhood (Whitehall), early yesterday morning were in motion to attack them. Our people had not at first any advice of the enemy's motions;

* The Government Gazette, which was compiled from General Hawley's despatches, is, from end to end, a tissue of falsehood and misrepresentation. On its being read some years ago, by one of our informants, to an intelligent citizen of Falkirk who had witnessed the whole proceedings, he did not hesitate a moment to pass this sentence upon it.

and though scouts were sent out to Tothill-Street, Milbank, and several other ways, they were not perceived till the front of them appeared at the bottom of King-Street. Upon this, the shoe-blackers formed with all expedition, and moved on to get advantage of the ground. But parties of the chimney-sweepers coming round by Channel-Row and the Park, in spite of our teeth got to the windward of our friends, the wind being then north-east. Just as the armies engaged, a violent gust arose, which blew the soot from the chimney-sweepers so strongly in the eyes of our people, that they could not see at all, and thought proper to retreat in good order into the Mewse. The enemy's loss was judged to be very considerable; but no particulars can be given, as it is believed they carried off their dead and wounded in their sacks. The battle was fought in the Broadway, just over against the Horse-Guards. Our friends kept the field—especially the killed and wounded. We found, when we came to our quarters, that several stools, baskets, brushes, and blacking-pots, were missing. This was owing to the behaviour of Jack Linklight and Tom Scrubit, who, being left in charge of the stores, abandoned them at the beginning of the action: but some accounts say, that what they could not carry off, they threw into the fire of a neighbouring gin-shop. The shoe-blackers are getting up a new set of tools, and design to attack the chimney-sweepers, who are now quiet in their cellars."

This was not the only joke circulated through the newspapers at Hawley's expense. Some months afterwards, when the insurrection had been finally suppressed, his dragoons were put into quar-

ters at Redding, a town in Surrey, where, according to these chroniclers, the following amusing incident took place. A dreadful storm coming on, of almost as violent a description as that which occurred at the battle of Falkirk, the horses, which fed at large in a park near the village, rushed tumultuously together, and, making themselves up in a sort of battle array, stood trembling and snorting, exactly as they had done before the commencement of that action, and apparently impressed with a belief that they were about to endure the fire of an enemy. When they had stood thus for some time, permitting the rain to come full in their faces, all at once it began to thunder; upon which their agitation was greatly increased, and, turning tail upon the storm, they rushed in the utmost disorder, out of the park, through the village, and along the open country, as hard as they could scamper; thus completely acting over again the whole of the disgraceful evolutions which their masters had made them perform on the noted 17th of January. The people of the village and of the country through which the animals fled, beheld this hippo-dramatical representation of the battle of Falkirk with the most extravagant merriment.

It was also noted as a capital joke against Hawley, that he had, before leaving Edinburgh, erected two gibbets, whereon to hang the Highlanders who should surrender to him in the victory he expected to achieve, and that, after he returned in a state so different from that of a conqueror, he had to use these conspicuous monuments of his folly for the execution of his own men. * He hanged

* Quarterly Review, vol. xiv.

no fewer than four in one day, permitting their bodies to remain till sunset. Such a sight had not been seen in Edinburgh, since the day before the Duke of York opened the Scottish Parliament in the year 1681, when five rebellious ministers were simultaneously executed in the Grassmarket.* The captain of the artillery, who had deserted his charge at the beginning of the action, upon a horse which he cut from the train, was cashiered with infamy; and many of the private soldiers, who had displayed extraordinary cowardice, were severely whipped. †

* Hend. Hist. Reb. 277.

† Hawley's gallows stood in the Grassmarket, *in terrorem*, and to the great disgust of the inhabitants of Edinburgh, till the night between the 12th and 13th of September, when it was sawed through by some unknown persons. The place where it had stood was known afterwards by the name of *Hawley's Shambles*.

Hawley's personal character, so far as it was involved by this unfortunate action, seems to be not altogether unsusceptible of defence. From a rare and curious pamphlet, quoted in the margin,* he seems to have been, in a great measure, the victim of circumstances. His own original idea of the Highlanders had been fostered and inflamed by the loyal cant of the day, which represented them as a crazy rabble; and he appears to have been urged to his destruction, as Cope had been before, by the ultra-zealous Civil Officers of Scotland, whose reports to Government were *always* favourable, and who would never allow, in their communications with the Royal generals, that there was any danger to be apprehended from an at-

* It is entitled, "A few Passages, showing the Sentiments of the Prince of Hesse and General Hawley, with relation to the Conduct, Measures, and Behaviour of several Persons, both Civil and Ecclesiastic, in the City of Edinburgh, since the Commencement of the present Civil War and Rebellion." London, printed in 1746, and sold at the Pamphlet Shops. This tract, though anonymous, bears every internal mark of authenticity.

The only trophy which Hawley brought with him from Falkirk, was a Major MacDonald, of Keppoch's regiment, cousin to that chief, who was taken prisoner under most extraordinary circumstances. Having dismounted an English officer in the action, this youth took possession of the horse, which was very beautiful, and immediately mounted it. When the English cavalry

tack, however rash, upon Charles's army. When he returned from Falkirk, he at once gave vent to his angry feelings, and endeavoured to vindicate his own conduct, by sending for these false intelligencers to his lodgings in Holyroodhouse, where he lectured them in the following style:—"Gentlemen, you pretend to have an extraordinary zeal for his Majesty's service, and seem to be very assiduous in promoting it; but let me tell you, you have either been mistaken in your own measures, or have been betraying his cause. How often have you represented the Highland army, and the multitude of noblemen and gentlemen who have joined them, from the Low country, with their followers, as a despicable pack of herds, and a contemptible mob of men of desperate fortunes? How have you, in your repeated advices, disguised and lessened the numbers and strength of his Majesty's enemies in your rebellious country? And how often have you falsely magnified and increased the power and number of his friends? These things you had the hardiness to misrepresent to some of the Ministers of State and Generals of the army. If the Government had not relied on the truth of your advices, it had been an easy matter to have crushed this insurrection in the bud. If your information had not been unluckily believed, that most part of the Highlanders had run home with their booty, after the battle of Gladsmuir, and that they who remained had absolutely refused to march into England, what would have hindered the King to send down a few troops from England to assist his forces in Scotland, to have at once dispersed and destroyed them? But you, out of your views or vanity, made him and his Ministry believe that you were able to do it yourselves. And what are the consequences of your true politics and intelligence? The rebels have got time

fled, the animal ran off with the unfortunate Major, notwithstanding all his efforts to restrain it, nor did it stop till it was at the head of the troop, of which, apparently, its master had been the commander. * Seeing himself thus in the hands of the enemy, he attempted to pass himself off as one of the Argyle militia, endeavouring to conceal the distinctive colours of his tartan, as well as possible, by the officer's cloak, which he had also taken; but, before proceeding very far with the army, he was detected by General Huske, who immediately put a guard over him of *twenty men*. † Reaching Edinburgh next day, the Lord Justice Clerk

to draw to such a head. that the King has been obliged to withdraw more than 10,000 of his own troops from the assistance of his allies abroad, and as many auxiliaries from Holland and Hesse, to defend his own person and dominions at home. As to your diminishing their numbers, and ridiculing their discipline, you see, and I feel, the effects of it. I never saw any troops fire in platoons more regularly, make their motions and evolutions quicker, or attack with more bravery and better order, than those Highlanders did at the battle of Falkirk last week. And these are the very men whom you represented as a parcel of raw undisciplined vagabonds. No Jacobite could have contrived more hurt to the King's faithful friends, or done more service to his inveterate enemies. Gentlemen, I tell you plainly, these things I am now blaming you for, I shall represent at Court, so that it may be put out of your power to abuse it for the future. I desire no answer, nor will I receive any. If you have any thing to offer in your defence or justification, do it *above*, and publish it here. It will not offend me. In the mean time, I will deal with you with that openness and honour which becomes one of my station and character. I will send to you in writing, what I have now delivered by word of mouth, that you may make any use of it that you think proper, for your own advantage and exculpation. Farewell."

* Chevalier Johnstone, 129.

† Hend. Hist. Reb.

committed him to the castle ; and in a few months afterwards he paid the forfeit of his life upon the scaffold.

While the English industriously denied that they had lost the battle, the Highlanders, on the other hand, made no very ostentatious claims to the victory. Aware that they had not acted with uniform promptitude, and mortified at the safe retreat which Hawley had effected, they were not so much disposed to rejoice at what they had, than to repine at what they had not achieved. Instead of pursuing the enemy to Edinburgh, and attempting to strike them with a second and more decisive blow, they gave themselves up for some time to unavailing altercations regarding their respective misdeeds. Lord George Murray protested that the victory would have been complete, if Lord John Drummond had supported him with the left wing ; and Lord John, on the other hand, blamed Lord George for not permitting the men under his own charge to go forward in a body after the retreat of the dragoons. Innumerable speculations were set afloat, as to the various ways in which the day might have been more decisive ; every one appearing to have forgot that the very circumstances which had marred the victory on their part, were, in a great measure, those which had occasioned the defeat on that of the enemy. The general issue was certainly a matter of true regret, every thing considered ; as the advantage of the ground, the surprise, the storm, Hawley's commanding a body of dragoons to attack a whole army, and the acknowledged misbehaviour of some of the British regiments, were circumstances no likely to be ever combined again. Moreover, a

drawn battle, or any thing approaching to it, was decidedly a misfortune to the Highlanders; for, by familiarizing the regular troops with their mode of fighting, and thereby diminishing the terror in which they were held, it tended to reduce the combatants to a level; and thus, indeed, the equivocal triumph of Falkirk may be said to have led to the perfect overthrow of Culloden.

The succeeding day, during which it continued to rain with little intermission, was spent at Falkirk by the insurgents, in securing the spoils, and burying the slain. They employed the country people to dig a spacious pit upon the field of battle, into which they precipitated the naked corpses. The rustics who stood around, easily distinguished the English soldiers from the Highlanders, by their comparative nudity, and by the deep gashes which seamed their shoulders and breasts,—the dreadful work of the broadsword. It was also remarked, that all the Highlanders had bannocks or other articles of provision concealed under their left armpits.* The number of slain inhumed in this pit was such, that some years after, the surface sunk down many feet, and there is still a considerable hollow at that part of the plain.

The Highland army lost more this day by an accident, than it did on the preceding, by the fire of the enemy. A private soldier of the Clanrinald regiment had obtained a musket as part of his spoil upon the field of battle; finding it loaded, he was engaged at his lodgings in extracting the shot; the window was open, and nearly opposite there was a group of officers standing on

* Traditions at Falkirk.

the street. The man extracted a ball, and then fired off the piece, to clear it in the most expeditious manner of the powder, but unfortunately, it had been double loaded; and the remaining ball pierced the body of young Glengary, who was one of the group of bystanders. He soon after died in the arms of his clansmen, begging with his last breath that the man, of whose innocence he was satisfied, might not suffer; but nothing could restrain the indignation of his friends, who immediately seized the unhappy perpetrator, and loudly demanded life for life. Young Clanranald would have gladly protected his clansman; but, certain that any attempt he could make to that effect would only embroil his family in a feud with that of Glengary, and in the first place cause that regiment to quit the Prince's service, he was reluctantly obliged to assent to their demand. The man was immediately taken out to the side of a park-wall near the town, and pierced with a volley of bullets. His own father poured a shot into his body, from the desire to make his death as instantaneous as possible.

The Prince, who had most occasion to regret this accident, as it endangered the attachment of a valuable regiment, exerted himself, by showing the most respectful attentions to the deceased, to console the clan for their loss. He caused the grave of Graham, which had never before been disturbed, to be opened for the reception of the youthful soldier, as the only part of the churchyard of Falkirk which was worthy to be honoured with his corpse; and he himself attended the obsequies as chief mourner, holding the string which consigned his head to the grave. Charles's judi-

cious kindness was not unappreciated by the grateful Highlanders ; but, nevertheless, a considerable number yielded to their grief, or rage, so far as to desert his standard.

Another incident took place this day upon the street of Falkirk, which had almost become as tragical as the former, and which illustrates in a striking manner the peculiar ties of clanship. Lord Kilmarnock had brought up to the front of Charles's lodging a few prisoners whom he had taken, the preceding night, in the rear of the retreating army ; and Charles was standing within the open window, with a paper in his hand, apparently conversing with Lord Kilmarnock about his capture ; when a man was seen coming up the street in the uniform of an English regiment, with a musket and bayonet in his hand and a black cockade upon his hat. The volunteers, among whom Mr Home, the narrator of the incident, was one, beheld the man with surprise, and conceiving that he designed to assassinate the Prince, expected every moment to see him take aim and fire. Charles, observing the prisoners look all one way, turned his head in the same direction, and, immediately comprehending the cause of their alarm, called in some surprise to Lord Kilmarnock, and pointed towards the soldier. The Earl instantly descended to the street, and, finding the man by that time just opposite to the window, went up to him, struck his hat off his head, and set his foot upon the black cockade. At that instant, one of the numerous Highlanders who stood upon the pavement, rushed forward, and violently pushed Lord Kilmarnock from his place. The Earl pulled out a pistol and presented it at the Highlander's

head; the Highlander drew his dirk and held it close to Kilmarnock's breast. In this posture they stood about half a minute, when a crowd of Highlanders rushed between the parties, and drove Kilmarnock away. The man with the dirk in his hand then took up the hat, put it on the soldier's head, and the Highlanders marched off with him in triumph.

This unaccountable pantomime astonished the prisoners, and they entreated an explanation from one of the insurgent officers who stood near. He answered, that the soldier was not in reality what he seemed, but a Cameron, who had deserted his regiment (the Scots Royals) during the conflict, to join the company of his chief; when he had been permitted to retain his dress and arms till he could be provided with the uniform of the clan. The Highlander who interposed was his brother, and the crowd, that had rushed in, his clansmen the Camerons. Lord Kilmarnock, in presuming to interfere, even through ignorance, in the affairs of a clan, had excited their high displeasure; "nor, in my opinion," continued the officer, "can any person in the Prince's army take that cockade out of the man's hat, except Lochiel himself."

During the stay of the Highlanders at Falkirk, they treated the inhabitants with extraordinary lenity, on account of their connexion with the Earl of Kilmarnock, and the readiness which they displayed in serving the cause of the "yellow-haired laddie." An old woman who still lives (1827) at the age of ninety-seven, and was of course fifteen years of age at the time of the battle, informed the writer of these sheets, that the Highlanders were considered a merciful enemy compared with the dra-

goons. There was at that time a number of receptacles in Falkirk, called "girnals," where the meal which the various neighbouring landlords received for rent, was retailed to the common people. These, during the occupation of the town by the Highlanders, were carefully locked up, so that the poor soon found it impossible to procure their ordinary food. A complaint to this effect being made by an old woman to a Highland officer, he proceeded to break open one of the sequestered stores, sold off all the meal it contained to the common people at a reduced price, and then deliberately marched off with the money. The inhabitants of Falkirk to this day cherish the memory of these brave men and of their gallant leader, with endearing fondness.

The general lenity of the Highlanders was not without numerous exceptions; many of them displaying just as much rapacity in Falkirk, as they would have done in a town of less favourable sentiments. A small party of them, on the day after the battle, laid violent hands on a flaming Jacobite named David Watt, then the principal inn-keeper of Falkirk; brought him out to the street in front of his own door, and, setting him down squat upon the causey, deliberately eased his feet of a pair of new shoes with silver buckles. He protested his Jacobitism, to save them; but the spoliators, perhaps accustomed to such shallow excuses, totally disregarded his declaration; ironically observing, "Sae muckle ta better—she'll no grumble to shange a progue for the Prince's guid." It is needless to add, that David's principles were a good deal shaken by this unhappy incident.

It is also remembered at Falkirk that it was the

general practice of the Highlanders, to enter the houses of the inhabitants about the time when meals occurred ; seizing, if at breakfast-time, the dishes of porridge prepared for the family, and, if at dinner-time, searching the kail-pots with their dirks for what solids they might contain. Whenever they found the porridge-dishes arranged on the outside of the windows to cool, they emptied them into their own canteens and went away, looking back and laughing at the owners, who might come out of doors to express their consternation at the event. To these acts of felony the people never dared to make any resistance, aware of the vengeance which it might have excited. One old woman only, out of all the inhabitants, was known on any occasion to protect her property. On their making advances to her kail-pot, this heroine courageously mounted guard upon it, seized the ladle, and threatened to scald the first that approached her, with the boiling liquid. They were staggered by her boldness, which seemed to promise them the fate awarded by Robinson Crusoe to the Cochinchinese ; and, partly from amusement at her ludicrous attitude, thought proper to retire.

The old lady already mentioned, as having, when a child, gone through the lines of the English army before the battle, also remembered that the Highlanders came next day to her mother's house, near Falkirk, in search of provisions. Colonel Campbell, of the Argyle Militia, had previously taken up his abode here, and, on learning the approach of the enemy, caused his baggage to be buried in the farm-yard, leaving only a French valet behind, to take charge of it. The Highlanders seized this man, and, by pinching his

body, obliged him to discover his precious charge. It was immediately appropriated; and our venerable informant had a picturesque recollection of the rude mountaineers sitting round the fire, and drinking the Colonel's wine out of *parritch luggies*.

The gudewife had taken similar precautions in regard to her own valuables and provisions, burying some things in the fields, and concealing part of her meal in pillow-slips, which were inserted into the insides of as many sacks of chaff. But by pinching herself and her children, and by thrusting their dirks and swords into the sacks, they succeeded in getting possession of almost every thing that had been put out of the way. It is needless to observe that this want of gallantry was entirely occasioned by the attempt which they saw had been made to deceive them; for, when people displayed a willingness to supply provisions, or trusted to their generosity, they were almost invariably kind. One favourable circumstance is recorded of them—they were never fastidious about their food. The ordinary humble fare of the cottagers of that time—meal, milk, cheese, and butter—they accepted with thankfulness. Oatmeal was what they generally demanded; and if supplied with a modicum of that, suitable to the apparent circumstances of the family, they went away contented. Nothing, moreover, seems to have ever given them so much pleasure, as to fall upon a churn in the process of butter-making. Numerous instances are remembered throughout the country, of their rioting over such an article with the most extravagant expressions of satisfaction. If, in the course of their researches, they asked for bread, and were told that there was none in the house, they have been known to

say, "Och, her nain sel will tak a butter or cheese, till a bread be ready." It was their custom in a march, for small parties of from three to ten persons, to digress from the main body, towards the farms which lay within sight of the road, and there to satisfy their hunger. Thus, in the course of a day's march, every individual in the army procured at least one meal. They seem to have behaved very fairly, in regard to each other, throughout these transactions. On a farmer's wife in Tweedsmuir giving a cheese to a party of four, they immediately cut it with their dirks into quarters, of which each took away one.

It is perhaps unnecessary to offer any apology for the rapine which distinguished this singular campaign. The Prince, though supplied with considerable sums from his father, * from the French government, and from his friends in Britain, was unable to give his men a pay sufficient for their travelling expenses; and they were therefore obliged to levy contributions on the country. Charles did not openly sanction their proceedings; but, well knowing he could not ask them to starve, was under the necessity of passing them over without punishment. He perhaps justified himself in his own eyes, by the consideration that all he was doing was for the good of the country, and that, after the Electors of Hanover had so long subsisted upon his father's subjects, there was comparatively little harm in his thus quartering upon them for a single winter. The same reasoning applied,

* The Old Chevalier had, at the very commencement of the campaign, pledged his jewels and his royal insignia, with a London goldsmith, for 100,000 crowns, which sum he transmitted to his son.

with still greater force, to the levies he made upon the public tax-offices throughout the kingdom.

It cannot be denied, that, in so large a body of men, there were many, who, unable to resist the temptations presented to them, abused the power of their arms in a way which admits of no palliation. As one instance for all, we may mention the conduct of an officer of the MacGregor corps, as reported to us, at only second-hand, from one of the regiment, who survived till recent times. It often happened, in the course of the march, that the private soldiers of this corps entered the houses of the country people, and began to help themselves. The unhappy rustics would come running out, and make as pathetic an appeal as they could to the officer ; and he used then to go up to the door, and roar in at the passage, " Come out this minute, you scoundrels, or I'll send a pistol-shot in amongst you." But immediately after he would add in Gaelic, "*Only, if you see any thing worth while, you may bring it along with you.*" At this period of the campaign, the mountaineers had become better acquainted than they were at first with the commodities of civilized life, and, among the numerous desertions which took place for the purpose of securing their spoil, few were occasioned by the desire of depositing such things as military saddles. Money had now become an object with them ; and it is really amazing what large sums some of them had amassed about their persons. At the battle of Falkirk, a private Highlander having pursued one of Barrel's regiment down the hill, and in his turn fled on the man turning about to oppose him, was shot through the head by Brigadier Cholmondley, and left to be rifled by the

soldier. To the man's astonishment, no less a sum than sixteen guineas was found in the *sporrán* or purse of this miserable-looking savage ! *

It does not, however, after all, appear, that the people of Scotland felt much annoyed by the exactions made upon them by the Highlanders ; for, although the traditions regarding their custom of demanding free quarters are innumerable, they are rarely accompanied with any very vehement expressions of indignation. The citizens of Glasgow alone, whose treatment, for reasons good, was peculiarly severe, seem to have displayed a rancorous feeling ; incited by which, their militia behaved with singular firmness at Falkirk, and permitted a number of their body to be slain before following the prudent example of their general. Altogether, it may be said, that, either from habitual hospitality, or from affection to their cause, the Scottish people expressed far less displeasure than might have been expected at the behaviour of the mountain-warriors ; and what *was* expressed generally proceeded from the most evil-conditioned of the Whigs, or from those miserable churls who would have grudged a meal to any stranger. †

* Boyse's Hist. 137.

† Soon after the battle of Preston, two Highlanders, in roaming through the south of Mid-Lothian, entered the farm-house of Swanston, near the Pentland Hills, where they found no one at home but an old woman. They immediately proceeded to search the house, and soon finding a web of coarse home-spun cloth, made no scruple to unroll and cut off as much as they thought would make a coat to each. The woman was exceedingly incensed at their rapacity, roared and cried, and even had the hardihood to invoke divine vengeance upon their heads. "Ye villains!" she cried, "ye'll ha'e to account for this yet! ye'll ha'e to account for this yet!"—"And whan will we

Prince Charles returned to Bannockburn on the evening of the 18th, leaving Lord George Murray, with a portion of the army, at Falkirk. It was certainly to be regretted by his adherents, that he did not rather follow up the success of the preceding day, by an active pursuit of the English

pe account for't? " asked one of the Highlanders.—" At the last day, ye blackguards!" exclaimed the woman.—" Ta last tay!" replied the Highlander: " tat be cood long crhedit—we'll e'en pe tak a waistcoat too!" at the same time cutting off a few additional yards of the cloth.—*Tradition at Edinburgh.*

The Lowlanders were often highly amused by the demands of their Highland guests, or rather by the uncouth broken language in which these demands were preferred. It is still told by the aged people of Dumfries, as a good joke, that they would come into houses and ask for " a pread, a putter, and a sheese, till *something petter* be ready." It is remembered, in another part of the country, that some of them gave out their orders for a morning meal, to the mistress of the house, in the following language: " You'll put down a pread, matam—and a putter, matam—and a sheese, matam—and a tea, matam—shentleman's preckfast, matam—and you'll kive her a shilling, to carry her to the next toun, matam!"

The Highland insurgents of 1715 seem to have taken precisely similar methods of supplying the want of a regular commissariat. The following anecdote, which is derived from most respectable authority, the grand-niece of an eye-witness, will perhaps illustrate the fact:—A party of recruits, marching down from their native mountains to join the Earl of Mar, and passing through the parish of Arngask (Perthshire) on a Sunday forenoon, suddenly discovered that their shoes were in great necessity of repair, or rather of renewal; and complained to their commander, that, unless provided with a supply of these necessary articles, they did not believe they should be able to proceed. The officer felt the dilemma to be extreme, as it was at once necessary that his party should lose no time in getting to head-quarters, and impossible that they should procure the means of transporting them

army, which was now so dispirited, that he might easily have had the glory of driving it out of Scotland, if not that of totally annihilating it. Ignorance alone of the real extent of his victory, and of the condition to which he had reduced the enemy, must have induced him to take this retrograde movement, so dishonourable to his arms, and so favourable to the designs which were now laying for his total overthrow.

Among other articles which the Prince had brought away with him from Glasgow, was a printing-press, with its accompaniments of types and workmen. Sensible of the advantage which the other party had over him in their command of the public press, and no doubt incensed at the lies they had employed it in propagating against him, he had employed his first leisure at Glasgow in publishing a Journal of his march into England, which, if not free of a little gasconade, was cer-

thither ; the day being one upon which the tradesmen of the Lowlands would transact no secular business. He had the shrewdness, however, or rather perhaps the good luck, to bethink himself of an expedient, by which the whole difficulty might be got over. He observed the parish church hard by ; he also heard the whole assembled musical powers of the parish making it ring with psalmody. Confound them ! he thought, if they will not sell us new brogues, or mend our old ones, but sit droning there, we'll make them put us to rights another way. He accordingly marched his men up to the church, led them in, commanded every man to help himself according to his necessities ; and showed an example, by seizing the shoes of the precentor. His precept and practice together had such effect, that, in less than three minutes, the shoes of the congregation were transferred to the feet of the Highlanders, and the unfortunate worshippers left to walk home barefooted as best they might.

tainly quite as faithful as the Gazettes of Government. He had brought the press along with him, in order to continue his publications occasionally ; and he now issued, from Bannockburn, a quarto sheet, containing a well penned and not inaccurate account of his victory at Falkirk. This, however, was destined to be the last of his Gazettes, as the rapidity of his subsequent evolutions rendered it impossible to transport so large and complicated an engine without more trouble than it was worth.

He now resumed the siege of Stirling Castle, having first sent a summons of surrender to General Blakeney, which that officer answered with his former firmness. He had been advised, by an engineer of the name of Grant, who had conducted the siege of Carlisle, to open trenches in the churchyard, which lies between the Castle and the town ; but was induced to abandon that position by the citizens, who represented that it must ensure the destruction of their houses. There were two other points from which the Castle might be stormed, though not nearly so advantageous as that pointed out by Mr Grant—the Gowlan Hill, an irregular eminence under the Castle walls on the north side, and the Ladies Hill, a small bare rock facing the south-east. The Prince, anxious to save the town, consulted with a French engineer, who had recently arrived in Scotland, if it would be possible to raise an effective battery upon either of these eminences. The person thus consulted was a Mr Gordon, styling himself Monsieur Mirabelle, a chevalier of the order of St Louis ; but a man so whimsical both in his body and mind, that the Highlanders used to parody his *nom de*

guerre into Mr Admirable. * It is the characteristic of ignorance never to think any thing impossible ; and this wretched old Frenchified Scotchman at once undertook to open a battery upon the Gowlan Hill, though there were not fifteen inches depth of earth above the rock, and the walls of the Castle overlooked it by at least fifty feet.

After many days of incessant labour, a sort of battery was constructed of bags of sand and wool, and a number of cannon brought to bear upon the fortress. General Blakeney had not taken all the advantage he might have done of his position to interrupt the works, conceiving that it was best to amuse the Highland army with the prospect of taking the Castle, and thus give Government time to concentrate its forces against them. But when the cannon were opened against him, he thought proper to answer them in a suitable manner. Such was the eminence of his situation, that it is said he could see the very shoe-buckles of the besiegers as they stood behind their intrenchments. Their battery was of course pointed upwards, and scarcely did the least harm either to his fortifications or his men. † The besieged, on the contrary, were able to destroy a great number of their opponents,

* Chev. Johnstone, 117.

† By one of their shot, a soldier and his wife were simultaneously killed, as they were sitting within a court at the back of the castle.—*Tradition*.

* * In the collection of the local anecdotes here presented regarding the Battle of Falkirk, we have to acknowledge considerable obligations to Mr Robert Keir, of that town, a young man of extraordinary promise, who has been removed by death before our thanks could be rendered.

including many French picquets, who were, perhaps, the best soldiers in their army. The works were demolished at leisure; and the siege was then abandoned as a matter of course, after a considerable loss of men.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

The remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood—
 The princesses in number five—
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive!

SWIFT.

WHEN the news of Hawley's manœuvres at Falkirk reached the court of St James's, where a drawing-room happened to be held on that particular day, every countenance is said to have been marked with doubt and apprehension, excepting those only of the King himself, the Earl of Stair, and Sir John Cope.* It was now thought necessary

* The face of this General is said to have been perfectly radiant with joy at the intelligence, which at once in some measure cleared his honour, and caused him to gain an immense sum of money. But he was somewhat put out of countenance by an absent Scottish peer addressing him soon after by the title General Hawley, to the no small amusement of those who heard the *qui pro quo*.—*Quart. Rev.* xxxvi. 180. As the reader may possibly feel some interest in the conduct of this unfortunate General, it may further be mentioned, upon the authority of the pamphlet ascribed to David Hume, that “during the whole winter after the battle of Preston, he was carried about London in his chair, to escape the derision of the

to send a General against the insurgents, the best and most popular of whom the country could boast, and who, by one decisive effort, might at length be certain of success. The Duke of Cumberland, who, after tracking their course to Carlisle, had thought them only fair game for an inferior hand, was now requested to resume the command which he then abandoned, and immediately to set out for the North. He lost no time in obeying his father's orders ; and was so expeditious as to arrive unexpectedly at Edinburgh early in the morning of the 30th of January, after a journey performed in the short space of four days.

This young General, whose name is still so much execrated in Scotland, and of whom it must be confessed that he never was victorious any where else, was a man of great personal intrepidity, firmness, and enthusiasm in his profession, though almost entirely destitute of talent, and a stranger, as it afterwards appeared, to the more praiseworthy qualification of humanity. He had a good-humoured jolly face, which procured him the epithet of " Bluff Bill ;" but, although it was hoped that his presence in Scotland might counteract the charm which Prince Charles had exercised over the public mind, his personal graces could never bear any comparison with those of his cousin and rival ; and while his rank perhaps dazzled the peo-

mob ; till the news of the battle of Falkirk arrived, and then he pulled back the curtains, and showed his face and his red riband to all the world " Thus," adds the pamphleteer, " the reputation of which the hero of Colt Bridge [Fowkes, who was loudly and generally accused of cowardice] was the means of depriving him, was in a great measure restored to him by the hero of Falkirk."

ple a little, he failed entirely in exciting the high interest and deep affection which had been bestowed so liberally upon that equivocal scion of royalty. He was, however, entirely beloved by the troops, who wished nothing so ardently as to have him at their head instead of Hawley, and, notwithstanding their late disgrace, are said to have been inspired with the utmost confidence when they learned that he was to take the command.

On his arrival at Holyroodhouse, he immediately went to bed—occupying the same couch of state which Charles had used four months before. After reposing two hours, he rose, and proceeded to the great business of his mission. Before eight o'clock, and before he had taken breakfast, he is said to have been busy with Generals Hawley and Huske, and other principal officers, whom he summoned so hastily that they appeared in their boots. During the course of the forenoon, he received visits from the State-officers, the Professors of the University, and the principal citizens, all of whom had the honour of kissing his hand. Meanwhile, the music-bells were rung in his honour, and the Magistrates prepared to present him with the freedom of the city. His Royal Highness, in the midst of matters of state, did not neglect those of war. He descended to the large court in front of the palace, where a train of artillery had been collected, and made a careful and deliberate inspection of all the pieces. In the afternoon, according to appointment, a number of ladies, chiefly belonging to Whig families of distinction, paid their respects to him in the same hall where Charles had so lately entertained his fair adherents. They were dressed in the most splendid style; and one

of them, Miss Ker, did him the peculiar honour to appear with a *bush*, at the top of which was a crown, done in bugles, surrounded by the words, "William Duke of Cumberland, Britain's Hero." He kissed the ladies all round, made a short speech expressive of his satisfaction, and then retired to hold a council of war.

The army had received various reinforcements since its retreat from Falkirk, and been prepared to march for some days before the Duke's arrival. The council, therefore, determined that it should set forward next morning towards the position of the insurgents, with his Royal Highness at its head. So prompt a resolution gave new courage to the troops, and raised the hopes of the friends of Government, hitherto very much depressed. In the same degree it damped the spirits of the insurgents, who had already determined to retire to the Highlands, but whose resolution was materially accelerated by so vigorous a measure on the part of their enemies.

The Duke set out from Holyroodhouse, at nine o'clock in the morning of Friday, the 31st of January, after having been only thirty hours in Edinburgh. An immense crowd had collected in the court-yard and around the exterior porch of the palace, brought together to see a Prince of the blood, and that they might compare his person and apparent fitness for war with their recollections of his rival. A Whig historian has recorded that, as he stepped into his coach, an old man exclaimed, "God bless him—he is far bonnier than the Pretender;" and there are said to have been some others, who, borne away by the enthusiasm of the moment, attempted to greet him with a huzza.

But his looks elicited no expressions of admiration from the softer sex ; and the general feeling rather was one of pity for the gallant youth against whom he was bending what appeared so powerful and irresistible a force. They saw him depart with sensations acutely painful and agitating ; for it was the general impression that this singular struggle for the empire was soon to be determined, and that, as it were, by a personal conflict between two persons immediately representing the great parties concerned.

The army had departed early this morning in two columns ; one by Borrowstownness, led by General Huske, the other by Linlithgow, of which the Duke was to take the command in person. Ligonier's and Hamilton's dragoons patrolled the roads in advance, to prevent intelligence reaching the insurgents. The army comprised altogether fourteen battalions of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, the Argyle militia, and a train of artillery. The whole might amount to ten thousand men.

The Duke of Cumberland had been presented by the Earl of Hopetoun with a coach and twelve horses ; and, thinking it necessary to make his departure from Edinburgh with as much parade as possible, he used this splendid equipage in passing through the town. As he passed up the Canon-gate and the High Street, he is said to have expressed great surprise at the number of broken windows which he saw ; but, when informed that this was the result of a recent illumination, and that a shattered casement only indicated the residence of a Jacobite, he laughed heartily ; remarking, that he was better content with this explanation, ill as it omened to himself and his family, than he

could have been with his first impression, which ascribed the circumstance to national poverty or negligence. His coach was followed by a great number of persons of distinction, and by a vast mob. He went through the Grassmarket, and left the city by the West Port. When he got to a place called Castlebarns, he left the coach, and mounted his horse. The state-officers and others then crowded about him to take leave, and the mob could no longer abstain from raising a hearty huzza. He took off his hat, and, turning round, thanked the people for this pleasing expression of their regard; adding, that he had had but little time to cultivate their friendship, but would be well pleased when fortune gave him an opportunity of doing so. "I am in a great haste, my friends," he cried, "but I believe I shall soon be back to you with good news. Till then, adieu." So saying, he shook hands with those nearest to him; paused a moment; and then exclaiming, "Come, let us have a song before parting," began to sing a ditty which had been composed in his own honour;

"Will ye play me fair?

Highland laddie, Highland laddie."

then stretching forth his hand, as if addressing the object of his hostility, he set forward at a gallop, to put himself at the head of the army. *

He lodged this evening at Linlithgow, and it was the general expectation that he would engage the Highlanders next day. Straggling parties had been seen hovering on the hills between Falkirk and Linlithgow, which, on the morning of the 1st

* Extract of a Let. from Edin. in Merchant's Hist. Reb. 329.

of February, had fallen back to the Torwood, giving out that they would there await the Royal army. But as he proceeded towards Falkirk, stray Highlanders were brought before him, who reported that they were in reality conveying their baggage over the Forth, with the intention of retreating to the Highlands; and the intelligence was soon confirmed by the noise of a distant explosion, occasioned by the blowing up of their powder magazine in the church of St Ninian's. The Duke 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; but he now thought it unnecessary to pursue the march with extraordinary speed, and therefore rested this evening at Falkirk, where he found the soldiers who had been wounded in the late engagement, deserted by their captors.

When his Royal Highness arrived in Falkirk, and it was debated what lodging he should choose, he is said to have inquired for the house which "his cousin had occupied," being sure, he said, that *that* would not only be the most comfortable in the town, but also the best provisioned. He accordingly passed the night in the same house and the same bed, which have been already described as accommodating Charles on the evening of the battle. He next morning marched to Stirling, which he found evacuated by the insurgents, and where General Blakeney informed him, that, but for his seasonable relief, he must have speedily surrendered the fortress for want of ammunition and provisions. A considerable number of straggling adherents to the Chevalier were here taken prisoners, including a lady who was erroneously

supposed to be the celebrated Miss Jean Cameron. The prisoners were all sent to Edinburgh Castle.*

Charles had not in reality fled to the Highlands from fear of the Duke. This motion was the result of a determination entered into before his Royal Highness arrived in Scotland. So lately as the 20th, it had been Charles's intention to engage the Royal army, and, in that resolution, he held a review on the field of Bannockburn, when it was found, from the losses sustained in the siege, and the numerous desertions which had taken place since the battle of Falkirk, that the number of the army was reduced to five thousand. Lord George Murray and the principal chiefs, therefore, framed an address to their leader on the 29th, representing the impossibility of meeting the Royal army on fair terms at present, and counselling a retreat to the North, which, while it disconcerted the enemy, would enable them to recruit their diminished bands. With great reluctance Charles assented to this measure, so much in opposition to his general wishes, which always ran in favour of active warfare at whatever hazard. On the same day, therefore, that the Duke of Cumberland marched from Linlithgow, the Highlanders having spiked their heavy cannon, and blown up their magazine, left Stirling for the Frew, where they crossed the river that evening, carrying all their prisoners along with them.

The explosion of the Prince's magazine at St Ninian's has been already mentioned. This circumstance afforded his now triumphant enemies an excellent opportunity of traducing him. About

* Edin. Ev. Cour. Feb. 3.

ten of the country people had been killed by the accident ; and it was studiously represented by the Whigs, that the destruction of these innocent persons had been an object with the Prince—that, indeed, the whole affair was a conspiracy against the natives. Notwithstanding that nearly as many of the insurgents had perished, this absurd calumny was made the subject of serious discussion, not only in conversation, but in pamphlets and magazines ; and as Charles did not remain to vindicate himself, it gained universal credit among his enemies. The people of a succeeding age are often astonished at the absurd beliefs which have obtained among parties during an agitating crisis ; and there are few of a domestic nature, in the history of our country, which could astonish a modern more than that which asseverated Prince Charles to have spent six thousand pounds weight of powder in blowing up a country parish church, for the purpose of destroying a few unoffending individuals.

But while Charles is so easily exculpated from the charge of inhumanity and sacrilege, the cowardly ruffians who formed the host of his adversary, and who helped to propagate this calumny against him, are not to be so easily acquitted of one far more savage and fiendish—the conflagration of the palace of Linlithgow. The spacious halls of this beautiful old pile, where many a noble and many a royal heart formerly reposed—where the chivalrous James projected his terrible though hapless inroad upon England, and where his beauteous descendant drew her first breath—these venerable apartments, consecrated to every bosom in Scotland by national feeling and historical association, were on this occasion spread with straw to receive

the vile persons of a brutal foreign soldiery; and the hallowed echoes were awakened to rude profanity and laughter, which had slept since the lamentations of Flodden and the love-strains of Mary. When the inglorious crew arose to depart, they resolved to show their contempt of the country which they invaded, by desecrating this favourite shrine of national feeling; and they accordingly, with the greatest deliberation, raked the live embers of their fires into their straw pallets, so as immediately to involve the apartments in flames. They then left the building to its fate, and it soon became, what it now is, a desolate and blackened ruin.

CHAPTER III.

MARCH TO THE NORTH.

Now great Hawley leads on, with great Huske at his tail,
And the Duke in the centre—this sure cannot fail.

Jacobite Song.

THE last meal which Prince Charles partook upon the Lowland territory, which he had now kept possession of for five months, was at Boquhan, on the 1st of February, immediately before crossing the Forth. He arrived here a little after mid-day, along with his principal officers, and sat down to a dinner which had been prepared for him. His march across the river was attended by a circumstance, which seems to prove that the peasantry of Scotland were not uniformly adverse or indifferent to his cause. On the preceding evening, Captain Campbell, of the King's service, had come, with a party of soldiers, to the farm of Wester Frew, upon the north side of the river, and asked for a person who might show him the fords. The farmer was a staunch Jacobite, and, suspecting no good to his Prince from the Captain's inquiries, directed him, not to the regular and accustomed ford, but to one which was seldom used, a little

farther up the river. Campbell then took from a cart several sacks full of caltrops, which he threw into the stream. Having thus prepared, as he thought, for the annoyance of the insurgent army, he and his party withdrew. The farmer, secretly rejoicing at the service he had done to the Prince, crossed the water next day, along with his sons and servants, and remained near his Royal Highness all the time he was at dinner. When their meal was finished, the party took the proper ford, all except Charles, who, not thinking any information necessary regarding fords which he had used, rode through by one different from either of the above-mentioned, and in which the farmer had seen one of Campbell's men deposit a single caltrop. By ill luck, the Prince's horse picked up this, and was of course wounded. This information was derived from one of the farmer's sons, who survived till recent times, and who never could speak of the circumstance without great emotion. He used to say, that he had at first entertained a boyish apprehension, lest he should find nobody to point out the Prince at Boquhan House, and that he should thus be unable in after life to say that he had beheld so interesting a person. "But," he would continue, with the fervour of a true Jacobite, "my anxiety on this point was quite unnecessary;—there was *something* in the air of that noble young man, which would have pointed him out to me, as the son of a king, among ten thousand!"

The army spent the evening of that day (February 1st) at Dumblane, while the Prince rode forward a few miles and lodged at Drummond Castle, the princely seat of his friend the Duke of

Perth. The roads were now found so bad, that they were obliged to leave some of their baggage behind. They persisted, however, in a resolution which had been made, to take all their prisoners along with them to the North. These persons, after the battle, had been confined in the Castle of Doune, near Dumblane, a strong old fortress, of which the Laird of Glengyle had been made governor; and they now joined the army in its retreat. Many of them took the earliest opportunity of making their escape, notwithstanding that they were treated with all possible civility, and had pledged their honour not to take advantage of any indulgences which might be shown to them.

The Highland army reached Crieff next day, and the Prince slept at a place called Fairnton. A council of war was there held on the 3d; when it was determined that, for the sake of subsistence, the march to the North should be performed in two parties; one of which, consisting of the clans, under Charles's command, should take the ordinary military road which General Cope had assumed in his northern expedition; while the Low-country regiments and horse should be conducted by Lord George Murray, along the roads by the coast of Angus and Aberdeenshire. Inverness was to be the rendezvous. At the time this resolution was taken, the Duke of Cumberland was busy, thirty miles behind, in repairing the bridge of Stirling for the passage of his troops; one arch of that ancient and important structure having been destroyed, at an early period of the campaign, by Governor Blakeney, to prevent the transmission of supplies to Charles from the Highlands.

Nothing could more distinctly prove the indivi-

dual superiority of the insurgent army over the King's troops, or rather perhaps the superiority of their desultory system over the formal and foolish rules of regular warfare, than the way in which they performed their retreat to the North. While the Duke of Cumberland had to wait a day for the repair of a bridge, and then could only drag his lumbering strength over the post-roads at the rate of twelve or fourteen miles in as many hours, Charles forded rivers, crossed over moors, and dared the winter dangers of a hilly country with the utmost alacrity and promptitude. The present generation has seen the same system revived with effect by the great Modern Soldier of the Continent; and it is impossible to give a better idea of the surprise with which the Duke, on the present occasion, beheld the incalculable movements of his antagonist, than by recalling the perplexity of the old Austrian generals on observing the first movements of Buonaparte in Italy.

At the commencement of the pursuit, the Duke had been little more than a single day's march behind the retiring host. But, on the sixth day, he found this interval to have increased threefold. The Highland army had been passing through Perth, in straggling parties, during the whole of the 2d and 3d of February; he did not arrive there till the 6th; when he learned that one party had passed Blair in Athole, on the direct road to Inverness, while the other was just evacuating Montrose, on the route to Aberdeen. He then saw fit to discontinue the chase, for the present; the weather being the most unfit possible for the movements of his army, and the Highland hills which now rose to his view, presenting but few induce-

ments for an advance. He contented himself with fishing up, from the bottom of the Tay, about fourteen guns which the insurgents had spiked and thrown into the bed of that river, and with sending out parties to lay waste the lands and seize the unprotected relations of the Perthshire insurgents.

Before he had been many days in Perth, intelligence was brought to him, that his brother-in-law, the Prince of Hesse, had entered the Frith of Forth, with those auxiliary troops which, as already mentioned, his Majesty had called over from the Continent, to assist him in suppressing the insurrection. * This armament cast anchor in Leith Roads on the 8th of February. The Prince landed that night at Leith harbour, and was immediately conducted to Holyroodhouse, where apartments had been prepared for his reception. He was attended by the Earl of Crawford, so famous in the wars of George the Second, by a son of the Duke of Wolfenbuttle, and by various other distinguished persons. The castle greeted his Serene Highness with a round of great guns; and next day, notwithstanding that it was the Sabbath, the people flocked in great numbers to see and congratulate him. His troops, which amounted to

* It ought to be mentioned, that about six thousand Dutch troops had been brought over to England, before Charles invaded it, being the quota which the States of Holland had engaged by treaty to furnish to the King of Great Britain, in case of an invasion or rebellion. They had been found useless, on account of a counter treaty with the King of France, by which they engaged not to fight against him or his allies; (under which last denomination Charles claimed to be considered); and had been, before this period of the campaign, remanded to their own country.

five thousand in number, landed on that and the succeeding day, and were cantoned in the city. *

The Duke of Cumberland judged it necessary, on the 15th, to leave his camp at Perth, and pay a hurried visit to the Prince at Edinburgh. On his arrival in that city, he was hailed with the loudest acclamations of the loyal inhabitants, as having already cleared the country of its disturbers, and restored peace where he had lately found civil war. It was at this time the general impression, that the insurgents, dismayed at his approach, had retired into the North only to disperse themselves, as Mar and his army had done in

* The Hessian soldiers were remarkably handsome, good-looking men, with long fair hair, which they combed whenever they sat down. They acquired the affection and esteem of all the people who had occasion to mix in their society during the ensuing campaign; notwithstanding that a peculiar liveliness of temper, which seemed to be their chief characteristic, and which contrasted strongly with the saturnine gravity of the Scottish people, has occasioned the appellation of "a Hessian" to be applied ever since, among the common people, to boys of a rantipole disposition. Their good nature and pure manners, were favourably compared with the blasphemous conversation and dissolute conduct of the British soldiery. It ought perhaps to be recorded, for the satisfaction of the snuff-taking part of the population of Scotland, that the Hessians were the first to introduce the use of *black rap-pee* into this country, in opposition to the original native brown, which still bears its name. It may be added, on good authority, as a still more minute, but not less curious fact, that Edinburgh owes all the benefit which it derives from that useful institution, Gillespie's Hospital, to the same cause; the two brothers Gillespie, who founded that charity, having commenced the fortune which enabled them to do so, by supplying the public with the new-fashioned species of snuff, in sufficient quantities and of excellent quality, immediately on the Hessians introducing it.

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1716, on the advance of the Duke of Argyle, and that, in imitation of his father's conduct at that time, Charles had left the country by one of the ports on the east coast. The Whig writers of the time, at a loss to flatter the Royal Soldier sufficiently, assured the public that his face had acted like the rising sun, and fairly dispersed the clouds of rebellion which lately hovered over their country;—a somewhat unlucky comparison, however, as a Jacobite afterwards remarked, in so far as his Royal Highness's countenance bore an unfortunate resemblance to the round unmeaning visage usually given to that luminary on a sign-post.

On the evening of his arrival at Edinburgh, the Duke and the Prince held a council of war in Milton Lodge, the house of the Lord Justice Clerk, to determine their future operations. The generals who attended this meeting, imposed upon by the popular report, and disposed to flatter the Duke, gave it unanimously as their opinion, that the war was now at an end, and that his Royal Highness had nothing to do but send a few parties into the Highlands, as soon as the season would permit, who should exterminate all that remained of the insurgent force. When these persons had delivered their sentiments, the Duke turned to Lord Milton, and desired to hear his opinion upon the present state of affairs. That worthy man begged to be excused from speaking in an assembly where his profession did not qualify him; but his Royal Highness insisted that he should speak, as he knew the Highlands and Highlanders better than any man present. His Lordship then declared it as his opinion, that the war was *not* at an end, but that the insurgents would again

unite their scattered forces, and hazard a battle before abandoning the enterprise. * The Duke, who had already seen the bad results of giving up the chase too soon, and of demitting the suppression of the insurrection to inferior hands, adopted this opinion; and immediately set out to rejoin his army, having previously given orders that the Hessian troops should follow him with all convenient speed. †

* Home's Works, iii. 178.

† Amongst the numerous public persons who flocked to welcome the Prince of Hesse, the ministers of Edinburgh were neither the last nor the least adulatory. According to the curious pamphlet quoted for Hawley's speech to the Civil Officers, it pleased this independent body to mark their zeal in behalf of Government, by uttering to the Prince a torrent of that wretched slang regarding "*the Pretender*" and his "*desperate mob of followers*," which they were accustomed to send forth every Sunday from their pulpits. After a speech expressive of ardent loyalty, they remarked, that "they did not wonder at the arrogance which caused Charles to call himself a Prince, seeing that his father, who was a spurious impostor, had done so before him; though, for their part, they could see no other right he had to the title, than the circumstance of his being Prince of a multitude of robbers. "They were only astonished," they said, "at the impotent endeavours of many noblemen and gentlemen, who had the character of men of honour and good sense, and men of good fortunes too, to raise a great army in the Low country, and join the wild and desperate Highlanders to assert it." The astonishment of these conscientious loyalists at Charles's arrogance, and the imprudence of his followers, great as it seemed to be, was nothing to the confusion with which they heard the Prince of Hesse make this unexpected reply:—"Gentlemen," said his Royal Highness, with the sternest air he could assume, "no one of common sense or honesty does believe, or will say, that the Prince's father was not the lawful son of the unfortunate King James II. It was a story contrived

The propriety of Lord Milton's opinion was proved by what followed. Notwithstanding the weather, and the desolation of the country, Charles succeeded in leading his force, without diminution, over the Grampians, to the shore of the Moray Frith; and Lord George Murray easily reached the same point, by the more circuitous

and industriously propagated to carry on the Revolution, and was dropped as soon as that was settled. But suppose, Gentlemen, that 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. And I am surprised that you should think he is assuming a false title, when he is claiming a right to which he thinks he was born; and consequently, why should you wonder at his friends assisting him to recover it?—who imagine, by the restoration of their hereditary king, and the dignity of their imperial crown, they themselves will be freed from many burdens and grievances, which (without reason, I hope) they complain of. It is very indecent and ill-mannered in a gentleman, and base and unworthy in a clergyman, to use reproachful and opprobrious names. It savours more of the malignancy of the priest, than the generous resentment of the soldier. You ought to know the difference betwixt reproving of vice and reproaching of persons. Besides, it is very hurtful to the cause you pretend to espouse; it will cool and provoke all such of your friends as have sense or good-breeding, increase the number of your enemies, and make them more inveterate, as their defence and resentment will be the more desperate in the time of action, and the more terrible and implacable in the case of their success. You ought to be ashamed to use the little arts and tricks which I am well informed you deal in, and particularly on the article of *Popery*: as if the justice of the cause, and the power of his Majesty's army, wanted the aid of such hellish stratagems, or the assistance of such pious and jesuitical frauds. You know my relation to the King, you see my attachment to his person and government, by the troops I have brought with me into the country for the defence of both. I am to make use of the sword to fulfil my con-

route which he had adopted through Angus and Aberdeenshire. In his march through Badenoch, the Prince reduced the small Government fort of Ruthven; and Lord George, in passing Peterhead, was reinforced by a troop of dismounted French picquets, which had just been landed at that port. The Duke pursued Lord George's route at a leisurely pace, leaving the Hessians to guard the passes at Perth, and having sent on a

tract with honour and resolution. Do you make use of no other arms or arts than those of the Church, with charity and sincerity, *precibus et lachrymis*. If you do not amend on this rebuke and advice, I shall have a bad opinion of both your principles and morals."

The ministers were not the only persons honoured by his Royal Highness's rebukes. There were other individuals, it seems, who thought it necessary to display their loyalty in ungenerous reflections upon Charles and his adherents, and whom the Prince took up in a similarly sharp style. "A certain lawyer," adds the pamphlet, "more eminent for his birth than his breeding, said something at supper to the Prince about the Chevalier's son, which it is not fit to repeat; to which his Serene Highness replied, with great warmth, 'Sir, I know it to be false; I am personally acquainted with him; he has many great as well as good qualities; he has prudence as well as courage, and is inferior to few Generals in Europe, though they are more advanced in years. We made two campaigns together. He richly deserves the character the Duke of Berwick gave him from Gaeta to his cousin the Duke of Fitz-James.' Another person being admitted into the Prince's company, by the title of Squire ——— unluckily, took up his old trade very indiscreetly, of *staining*, in his presence; but the colours he used were so nauseous and dirty, that his Highness could not bear the stench of them, and, looking sternly at him, said, with indignation, 'Sir, I know him (meaning the Chevalier's son), and I will not permit you to use any such scurrilous language in my presence. Begone! I am sure you are not a gentleman.'"

—*A few passages showing the sentiments, &c.* i. 16.

body of troops under Sir Andrew Agnew to garrison the castle of Blair.

It was perhaps unfortunate for Scotland that the commander of the Royal army should have marched to Culloden through Angus and Aberdeenshire ; because the symptoms of disaffection which he saw in these districts, must have given him an extremely unfavourable impression of the kingdom in general, and had a strong effect in disposing him to treat it, after his victory, as a conquered country. All the gentlemen throughout Angus, at least, he found absent with the insurgent army ; others paid him so little respect as to recruit almost before his eyes. In the town of Forfar, a small party of Charles's forces beat up for new adherents on the day before he entered the town ; and, being concealed by the inhabitants till he had gone past, continued to do the same immediately on his back being turned. When he lodged at the Castle of Glamis, * another incident occurred, which must have not a little exasperated his temper. On his troop preparing to depart in the morning, it was found that all the girths of his horses had been cut during the night, in order to retard his march. But a more unequivocal proof of the hatred in which he was held by the Angusians, occurred at the ancient, Episcopal, and truly Jacobite city of Brechin, which was his first stage beyond Forfar. As he was slowly parading through the principal street,

* The Strathmore family, proprietors of this noble old seat, were Jacobites, though not engaged in the insurrection of 1745. So unwelcome a guest was the Duke of Cumberland, that orders were given, after he departed, to take down the bed in which he slept.

hemmed closely in, and retarded by an immense crowd which had collected to see him, he observed a singularly pretty girl standing on a *stair-head*, gazing, among many others of her sex, at the unusual spectacle; and it pleased his Royal Highness to honour this damsel with a low bow and an elevation of the hat. To his great mortification, and to the no less delight of the spectators, the object of his admiration returned the compliment by a contemptuous gesture which does not admit of description. The Duke might have laid little stress upon the trick of a stable-boy, or upon the daring of a country gentleman; but when he found the principles of rebellion revolutionizing the female heart so far as to render it impervious to flattery, he was certainly justifiable in considering the case desperate. *

* Tradition at Brechin, reported to the author by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Communion, who adds that the lady lived at Dundee, in aged widowhood, under the name of Mrs Macbean, till the beginning of the present century.

Amusing, however, as this circumstance is, it is perhaps scarcely so much so as one which occurred at the next town which the Duke visited—that of Montrose. Here, a few weeks before, nine or ten boys, probably the children of Jacobite parents, had thought proper to celebrate the birth-day of the young Chevalier, on a field at the east of the town, by drinking his health in water out of their bonnets and other such childish ceremonies. The Duke being informed, on his arrival, of this dreadful fact, and having caused the boys to be seized, along with their parents, and brought before him, ordered the young delinquents to be conducted through the streets by a guard of soldiers, (each boy led by his parents), and at four different public places throughout the town, to receive twenty lashes on the breech. And not only were these ten free-born young Britons thus abused by the hand of military

Having resolved, on reaching Aberdeen, to await the return of spring before proceeding farther, he marked his sense of the disaffection of this part of the country, by subjecting part of it to the terrors of military law. An Angus gentleman, named David Ferrier, a captain in Lord Ogilvie's regiment, had raised two companies of militia. He became Depute-Governor of Brechin, and, with his two hundred men, raised money and supplies over the whole country, and conveyed the French arms and ammunition to the Highland army. On his at length marching his men to Cortachy Castle, for the daring purpose of forcing a garrison of the King's troops there established, the Duke despatched a party, which, not satisfied with expelling Mr Ferrier, treated the country with excessive severity, mulcting all whom they could convict of Jacobitism, and burning the whole of the Episcopal meeting-houses. "It cost some pains," observes the Scots Magazine very gravely, "to save Glensesk from being burnt from end to end, being a nest of Jacobites."

Charles reached Moy Castle, about ten miles from Inverness, on Sunday the 16th of February. Inverness was at this time possessed by the Earl of Loudoun, a Lieutenant-General in the Royal service, who had early in the campaign raised several independent companies in the North, and had now a force of about two thousand men. The

tyranny; but they and their parents together were afterwards imprisoned for a fortnight; the crime alleged against the latter being that of not having prevented the disloyal ceremony from being performed by their children.—*Information derived, by the kindness of a correspondent, from one of the juvenile culprits, who survived till a recent period.*

Prince intended to await the arrival of Lord George Murray with the other column of his army, before making any attempt upon that formidable body ; and he now reposed, after his fatiguing march over the Grampians, a welcome and honoured guest, in the house of an adherent. Moy was the principal seat of the Laird of MacIntosh, whose clan had been led out by his wife, while he himself remained in a command under Lord Loudoun. The Laird was at this time upon duty with the Royal forces, and Lady MacIntosh alone remained at Moy, to dispense the duties of hospitality. Charles, apprehending no danger from his vicinity to Lord Loudoun, allowed his men to straggle about the country, and had only a few with him at the time when a remarkable incident took place.

Lord Loudoun, learning the security in which Charles was reposing, formed a project of seizing his person by surprise. At three in the afternoon, he planted guards and a chain of sentinels completely round Inverness, both within and without the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it, on any pretext whatever, however high the rank of the person might be. At the same time he ordered fifteen hundred men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning ; and, having assembled this body of troops without alarming the inhabitants, he set off at their head, as soon as it was dark, planning his march so as to arrive at the Castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.

How his Lordship's well-laid scheme came to be discovered by the enemy, is not very well known. There are at least two accounts. One avers, that Fraser of Gorthleck despatched a letter

to Lady MacIntosh, warning her of the design ; and that another epistle to the same effect was communicated by her Ladyship's mother, who, though a Whig, was unwilling that the Prince should be taken in her daughter's house. The other account is more consistent with probability. Some English officers being overheard in a tavern discussing the project, the daughter of the landlady, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, found means to escape from the town, and running as fast as she could to Moy, without shoes or stockings, which she had taken off to accelerate her progress, gave Lady MacIntosh a breathless narrative of the plot. Charles immediately left the house, and took refuge among the hills. The high-spirited lady at the same time despatched five or six of her people, under the command of a country blacksmith, to watch the approach of Loudoun's troops.

The man intrusted with this duty was one of singularly intrepid and enterprising spirit. Guessing the probable effects of a counter-surprise, he resolved to check Loudoun's march to Moy ; and though his little party seemed so ill adapted to such a purpose, he carried through his design with all the vigour which might have been expected from a better-matched commander. Having planted his men at considerable intervals along the road, with the orders which he considered necessary, he no sooner heard the noise of the approaching troops, than he fired his piece in that direction, his men doing the same at brief intervals. The party then made as much noise as they could, calling upon the Camerons and MacDonalds to advance, and shouting out orders that no quarter should be given

to the villains who designed to murder their Prince. His *ruse* had all the effect that could have been expected. Without waiting for a second fire, the army turned tail *en masse*, convinced that the whole of the Highland army was upon them; and a scene of confusion ensued which it would be difficult to describe. Those who had been first in the advance were also the first to retreat; but the rear, not so quickly apprehending the matter, did not fly exactly at the same time, and many were therefore thrown down and trode upon, to the imminent danger of their lives. The panic, fear and flight, continued till they got near Inverness, where it was found, that, though none of the army were slain, except a fifer by the blacksmith's shot, the whole were in a state of the utmost distress, with bruises, wounds, and mortification. The Master of Ross, one of the unhappy band who survived till recent times, used to say, that he had been in many situations of peril throughout his life, but had never found himself in a condition so grievous as that in which he was at the rout of Moy.

Charles assembled his men next morning, and advanced upon Inverness, to take revenge for the alarm into which he had been thrown; but Lord Loudoun, wisely judging himself no match for two or three thousand men after he had been discomfited by half a dozen, retired across the Moray Firth into Ross; by which motion he was prevented, during the whole campaign, from ever forming a junction with the Royal army, and his whole force, indeed, from which so much had been expected by Government, rendered completely *hors de combat*.

Inverness, now a flourishing town of nine or

ten thousand inhabitants, where all the refinements, and many of the elegancies of city life are to be met with, appears, from a publication of the period, * to have been then only such a town as could be expected in the vicinity of a Highland and half-civilized territory—a royal burgh, yet not emancipated from feudal domination; a seaport, but possessing only a slight local commerce; confined in its dimensions, limited in population, and poor in its resources. While the town bore every external mark of wretchedness, its people—even its shopkeepers—wore the Highland dress in all its squalor and scantitude, and generally spoke Gaelic. A coach had never, at this time, been seen at Inverness; nor was there a turnpike road within forty miles of its walls. The only advancement which it could be said to have made in civilization, was occasioned by the English garrison maintained in its fort by Government, and by a certain degree of intercourse which its disaffected neighbours maintained, through its port, with France. A few indeed of the Highland gentry resided in it during the winter, shedding a feeble and partial gleam of intelligence over the minds of the kilted burghers; and it was in the town-house of one of these, Lady Drummair, mother to the Lady MacIntosh,—which, as appears, was then the only house at Inverness that had a room ungraced by a bed—that the Young Chevalier took up his residence.

Though Charles thus easily obtained possession of Inverness, his triumph could not be called complete so long as the fort held out against him. Fort

* Burt's Letters from the North of Scotland.

George, for such was its name, had been established at the Revolution, upon the site of the ancient castle of Inverness, which, we need not remind the reader, has been rendered classical by Shakespeare. A tall massive tower, reared upon an eminence, the sides of which were protected by bastions,—commanding the town on one hand, and the bridge over the Ness on another,—formed the whole of this trifling place of strength, which had cost Government altogether about fifty thousand pounds, in its construction and maintenance. On the present occasion, it was garrisoned by a company of Grants under Rothiemurchus, * a company

* The Independent Companies, of which this garrison was chiefly composed, had been raised by the exertions of Duncan Forbes out of the clans which did not declare for Prince Charles. This worthy man deserves the highest praise for his exertions; but the fact cannot be concealed, that they were of less effect than has been generally supposed. The truth is, he wrought upon a thankless subject. He might be successful in persuading some clans to remain quiet; but he could not make any of them *act* in behalf of Government. To this is to be attributed the uselessness of Lord Loudoun's army, and also the non-resistance of the MacLeods and Grants who garrisoned Fort George.

The Grants are always instanced as a Whig clan, and one of their chieftains is here seen in the command of a fortress belonging to the Government. There could not be a better instance of the political duplicity which has ever so strongly prevailed since the termination of the legitimate line of British monarchy; both the clan and this chieftain were in reality rank Jacobites. The following anecdote illustrative of Rothiemurchus's personal Jacobitism, is derived from an excellent source, the Scottish Bishop so often referred to.

When General Wade first came into the Highlands, upon his road-making expeditions, he frequently took up his abode with Rothiemurchus, under the idea that he, as an

of MacLeods, and eighty regular troops ; and had sufficient store of ammunition and provisions.

The Highlanders, who held the chain of forts which Government had planted throughout their country, in very small respect, received a gratification of the highest order, when, after a siege of two days, this fortress fell into their hands. Their joy was of such a nature, as to receive little addition from the sixteen pieces of cannon, or even the hundred barrels of beef, which accompanied the rendition. But it was sensibly increased, when they learned that the Prince had resolved to destroy the hated fortress. This was done immediately after it surrendered, though not without a loss of life. The French engineer who was charged with the duty of blowing it up, thinking

officer of Government, could not confer a great honour upon a gentleman who was understood to be so well-affected. This species of patronage he carried to such a length, as sometimes to stay whole weeks and even months at a time. Rothie, for such was Mr Grant's most popular name, inly detested the General and all his tribe, and, though obliged to treat the emissary of his monarch with civility, could have seen him any where rather than at his dining-table. The plan which he took to get rid of the annoyance, was desperate, but ingenious. One day, after dinner, when all the rest of the company had retired, he rose, went to the door, cautiously locked it, and then coming back to the table, with all the slyness and emphasis of a true Jacobite, addressed his guest in these words:—
“ General, it's needless for you and me to play fause to ane another ony langer. We baith ken very weel what ane another is in reality, whatever he may see fit to pretend. I propose that we now drink the health of King James the Eighth on our bended knees ! ” Thunderstruck at such a discovery, the General took an early opportunity of leaving the hospitable table of Rothiemurchus, which, from that day forward, he patronised no more.

the match was extinguished, approached to examine it, when the explosion took place, and carried him up into the air, along with the stones of the bastion. He was thrown quite over the river, and fell upon a green at least three hundred yards from the castle. It is said, that though he himself was found dead, his dog, a little French poodle, which went up into the air along with him, fell unhurt by his side, and was able immediately to run away. *

Before the capture of Fort George, which took place on the 20th of February, the column led by Lord George Murray joined the Prince, and rendered the army once more complete. The whole of the Lowland territory on the shore of the Moray Firth, besides all the adjacent Highlands, to the distance of an hundred miles from Inverness, was now in the hands of the insurgents; but the Duke interposed on one side, and the Hessians on another, to prevent all communication with the South; and Lord Loudoun, hanging with his native troops still nearer upon the north, their position was by no means an agreeable one. Money and provisions were in danger of exhaustion in the mean time; and the return of spring seemed only necessary to permit the three armies to narrow their circle, and crush the insurgents by an overpowering force.

* Traditions at Inverness.

CHAPTER IV.

PROCEEDINGS IN THE NORTH.

The North!—What do they in the North?

Richard the Third.

WHATEVER were the advantages or disadvantages of a position which had only been chosen as the best that could be obtained, the Highland army displayed no symptom of depression under their unfortunate circumstances, but, on the contrary, maintained all that show of energetic courage and alacrity which had so strikingly distinguished the more brilliant era of the campaign. They projected a number of expeditions, sieges, and surprises, almost all of which they executed with promptitude and success, notwithstanding the season was uncommonly severe, and the Highlands a country as ill suited as might be for the evolutions of a winter campaign. Lord Loudoun having annoyed them a good deal by invasions upon their side of the Firth, a party under the Duke of Perth at last succeeded in surprising and dispersing his army, taking several hundred prisoners, without the exchange of a shot. Another party reduced Fort **Augustus** with equal ease; while Lochiel laid

siege to Fort William, which, during his absence, had proved a grievous annoyance to the country of his clan. Lord John Drummond was despatched with a considerable body, to fortify the passage of the Spey against the advance of the Duke of Cumberland; and several minor adventurers even went so far as to skirmish with the advanced parties of the Royal army, some of whom were surprised and taken prisoners with a dexterity and ease which struck terror into the main body, and confirmed them in their previous impression of the activity and vigour of the Highland warriors. *

The most remarkable of all these expeditions was one projected by Lord George Murray upon his native district of Athole. It has already been said that the Duke of Cumberland subjected Angus to military execution; it remains to be stated, that his detachments in the upper part of Perthshire treated that country with even greater severity. The mother of the Duke of Perth and the wife of Viscount Strathallan, for the crime of having relations in the insurgent army, were seized in their own houses, and hurried to Edinburgh Castle, where they remained prisoners for a twelvemonth in a small and unhealthy room. All the houses whose proprietors had gone with Prince Charles, were burnt, or retained for quarters to the military; the unhappy tenants being in either case expelled, to starve upon the snowy heath. When Lord George heard this at Inverness, he resolved to succour his country from its oppressors. Having taken care to secure all the passes, so as to prevent his intentions from becoming known to the

* See Home's History, Scots Magazine, &c.

enemy, he set out about the middle of March, with seven hundred men, none of whom knew the precise object of the expedition. On the evening of the 10th, having reached a place called Dalnaspidal, upon the confines of Athol, a halt was called, and the whole body divided into a number of small parties. Lord George then informed them, that he wished to surprise all the different posts of the Royal troops before daylight, and as nearly as possible at the same time ; for which purpose, each party should select a post for whose strength it might be proportioned ; and the general rendezvous, after all was done, was to be the Bridge of Bruar, two miles from Blair. The chief posts to be attacked were Bun-Rannoch, the house of Keynnachin, the house of Blairfettie, the house of Lude, the house of Faskally, and the inn of Blair ; besides which, there were a great number of less strength and importance.

The parties set out immediately, each taking the shortest way to its respective post ; and most of them reached the point of attack before day-break. At Bun-Rannoch, where there happened to be a late-wake that night, the garrison (a party of Argyllshire men) were surprised in the midst of their festivity, and made prisoners without exchange of shot. The sentinel of Keynnachin being more vigilant, and having alarmed the party within, that house was not taken till after a short resistance, and the slaughter of one man. At Blairfettie, the whole party were surprised, inclusive of the sentinel, and made prisoners after a brief but ineffectual resistance. The garrisons of Lude and Faskally were taken in the same manner ; and only at the inn of Blair, did the party attacked

baffle the Highlanders, or succeed in making their escape.

This last party taking refuge in the castle of Blair, Sir Andrew Agnew immediately got his men under arms, and marched out to see who they were that had attacked his posts. It was now nearly daybreak, and Lord George Murray stood at the place of rendezvous, with only four-and-twenty men, anxiously waiting the arrival of the various parties. Fortunately he received intelligence by a countryman, of the approach of Sir Andrew; otherwise he must have been cut off, to the irreparable loss of the insurgent army. He hastily consulted with his attendants, as to the best course they could pursue in such a dilemma; and some advised an immediate retreat along the road to Dalwhinnie, while others were for crossing over the hills, and gaining a place of safety by paths where they could not be pursued. The genius of this excellent soldier suggested a mode of procedure, not only safer than either of these (by which all the parties, as they successively reached the place of rendezvous, must have been sacrificed), but which was calculated to disconcert, and perhaps to discomfit the approaching enemy. Observing a long turf wall in a field near the bridge, he ordered his men to ensconce themselves behind it, lying at a considerable distance from each other, and displaying the colours of the whole party at still greater intervals. Fortunately, he had with him all the pipers of the corps; these he ordered, as soon as they saw Sir Andrew's men appear, to strike up their most boisterous pibroch. All the rest, he commanded to brandish their swords over the wall.

The Blair garrison happened to appear just as the sun rose above the horizon ; and Lord George's orders being properly obeyed, the men stood still, seriously alarmed at the preparations which seemed to have been made for their reception. After listening half a minute to the tumult of bag-pipes, and casting one equally brief glance at the glittering broadswords, they turned back, (by order of their commander, however,) and hastily sought shelter within the walls of their castle. The Highland leader, delighted with the success of his manoeuvre, kept post at the bridge till about the half of his men had arrived, and then proceeded to invest Blair.

When rejoined by all his men, Lord George found that no fewer than thirty different posts had been surprised that morning between the hours of three and five, without the loss of a single man. The same success, however, did not attend his deliberate siege ; which he was obliged to raise on the 31st of March, after having only reduced the garrison to great distress for want of provisions. *

One of the principal reasons for the retreat into the North, had been the hope of their procuring uninterrupted supplies from France ; by which means Charles expected to prolong the war at his pleasure, and not to fight till he knew his advan-

* The British army never perhaps contained a man more insensible to fear than Sir Andrew Agnew. He possessed at the same time a sort of uncouth humour, which rendered him altogether a most remarkable person. During the siege of Blair, when Lord George was ineffectually battering the walls with two little cannon, he one day looked over the battlements, and, observing the slight impression made by the balls, cried ironically, " **Hout**, I daursay the man's mad—knocking down his ain brother's house ! "

tage. But it soon appeared that this hope was grievously fallacious. Out of all the supplies which were despatched to him from France—and, to do Louis justice, they were neither few nor far between—very few ever reached their destination; being generally picked up by the English war-vessels, which cruised in great numbers round the coast. One vessel of supply, containing about 13,000*l.*, besides other valuable matters, was taken, under circumstances peculiarly distressing.

Charles, before marching into England, had left a party at Montrose, under the command of Captain David Ferrier, the Depute-Governor of Brechin. During the course of the winter, the Hazard sloop of war, of eighteen guns, had anchored in the river, never permitting any of the Montrose party to appear, without firing. When this annoyance had become extreme, Captain Ferrier mounted some old guns, found about the harbour, and placed them at a narrow part of the river, to prevent the vessel from running out to sea. This intrepid officer, who, it appears, possessed a degree of dexterity rarely found in so young a soldier, then formed a project for seizing the ship, which he carried into effect in the following ingenious manner. One day, when a heavy fog favoured his purpose, he prevailed upon his men to accompany him in boats towards the sloop. The crew, who did not perceive the boats till they were very near, were greatly intimidated at the sight, and even, it is said, fell down upon their knees to seek quarter, before the assailants had boarded them. The Highlanders and seamen who had been pressed into the service, seeing the confusion of the ship's crew, immediately rushed

on board, and compelled them, with pistols at their breasts, to surrender. A good many men were killed in this adventure, and the survivors were put on shore, and marched into prison. *

This vessel was afterwards despatched to France, as a *snow*, under the name of "the Prince Charles," and was returning to Scotland with the valuable cargo above mentioned, when she was taken up and chased by the Sheerness man-of-war. The place where the rencontre happened was near the northern extremity of Scotland, where a dangerous sea incessantly boils round a bold high coast, affording no port or place of shelter. The crew, unwilling to hazard their cargo by an action, made all sail to escape the guns of the Sheerness, which, however, kept so close as to kill thirty-six of the men. After a day's chase, the Prince Charles run in upon Tongue Bay, where she was safe from the Sheerness, but not, as it soon appeared, from a more deadly enemy.

After the Duke of Perth had surprised and dispersed Lord Loudon's troops, some of them retired to what is called Lord Reay's Country, a wild district, but recently emerged from the condition of a forest, at the very northern extremity of Scotland. They were there residing with Lord Reay, when the crew of the Prince Charles landed with their treasure near that nobleman's house. Lord Reay, on learning the fact of the disembarkment, sent a person with a boat to ascertain their numbers; and finding them not above his strength, drew out his men early next morning, and went in pursuit. He came up with them about two hours

* Chevalier Johnstone, 150—Home's Hist.

after daybreak (March 26th), and, after they had given a few fires, succeeded in capturing the whole party, which consisted of twenty officers, and a hundred and twenty soldiers and sailors. His factor disposed of the treasure in a very remarkable way. Having persuaded those about him that the boxes in which it was stowed contained only shot, he appropriated it to himself, and founded, by its means, what is now a very wealthy and respectable family.

But this mishap was only a presage of the darker woes which now closed fast round the fortunes of the Chevalier. The last act of this dreadful drama was approaching, when heroism, generosity, and devotion, were all to meet one common fate of death and sorrow; and hearts, which had hitherto beat high with the noblest sentiments, were either to be stilled in despair, or utterly quieted upon the bloody heath. It is painful to approach this part of our narrative; but, as the Highland bard somewhere expresses it, Nature demands the night as well as the day, and so must the pibroch of triumph occasionally give way to the coronach of lament.

The failure of supplies from France soon reduced the insurgent army to a condition of great distress. Charles himself had not above five hundred louis, nor could his officers procure any subsidies from their tenants in the south, by reason of the strict blockade under which the Highlands were lying. What was worst of all, the country under their command, though extensive, and comprising a considerable proportion of Lowland territory, was soon exhausted of provisions; insomuch, as a fugitive prisoner reported to his own army,

the best officers among them were glad when they could procure a few blades of raw cabbage from the farmers' gardens. Charles endeavoured to remedy this evil by dissipating the army, as much as he considered prudent, over the face of the country; but this had only the additional evil effect of weakening his force numerically when the day of conflict arrived.

While Charles lay at Inverness, the Duke of Cumberland had his head-quarters at Aberdeen, which is upwards of one hundred miles distant from that town. The weather continued, till the beginning of April, to be unfavourable for the march of regular troops. But, about that time, a few days of dry cold wind, sweeping away the snow from the hills, and drying the rivers, rendered it possible to proceed without much difficulty; and the Duke accordingly ordered a march upon the 8th. He had been by this time supplied with a fleet of victualling ships, which were to sail along the coast, and send provisions on shore as required by the army. His host, comprising fifteen foot regiments, two of dragoons, with Kingston's horse, a body of Argyllshire Highlanders, and a detachment of Lord Loudon's regiment, which had been shipped over from Ross, amounted altogether to about nine thousand men.

His Royal Highness reached Banff upon the 10th, encamping in the neighbourhood of the town. Two Highland spies were here seized, one of them in the act of notching the numbers of the army upon a stick, according to a fashion which also obtains among the primitive Indians of America. They were both hanged. On the 11th, the army moved forward to Cullen, where the Earl of

Findlater testified his loyalty by distributing two hundred guineas among the troops. Strict orders were here issued to them not to stir out of the camp upon pain of death. During this day's march, the army, keeping constantly upon the shore, were closely accompanied by the fleet. The weather was also good, and the men were cheered by the prospect of crossing the Spey without difficulty.

This great mountain-stream, so remarkable for its depth and rapidity, had hitherto been esteemed by Charles's army as almost a sufficient barrier between them and the Duke of Cumberland, and as indeed completely protecting their country upon the east. Charles had, several weeks before, despatched Lord John Drummond with a strong party to defend the fords; and some batteries were raised, which it was expected might accomplish that object. But, on the Duke approaching, with a quantity of cannon sufficient to force the passage, Lord John very properly judged it wise to abandon a position which he had not the power to maintain; and he accordingly fell back upon Inverness, where his appearance did not fail to excite considerable alarm. *

The Royal army forded the Spey, upon the

* It is generally esteemed to have been a leading error in the commanders of the insurgent army, to have so easily permitted the Royal troops to surmount this grand barrier. But as the Duke, with the assistance of his cannon, must have forced his way in spite of their efforts, it was perhaps best to permit him to pass without bloodshed. Lord George Murray was of this opinion, and urged it with the over-confident exclamation:—"The more of the Elector's men come over, there will be the fewer to return!"

afternoon of Saturday the 12th of April. For this purpose the troops were divided into three bodies, one of which crossed at Garmouth, another near Gordon Castle, and a third close by the church of Belly. The men had the water up to their waists ; but such was the ease with which the operation was conducted, that only one dragoon and four women were swept away by the stream. In the earlier ages of Scottish history, the Spey had occasionally proved a better defence, and more deadly destroyer, to the various hostile parties which it happened to separate.

The Duke encamped this evening upon the banks of the river, opposite to Fochabers, himself lodging in the manse of Belly. He marched next day (Sunday) through Elgin to the muir of Alves, where he was little more than thirty miles from Inverness. The march of next day brought him to Nairn, which was only sixteen miles from the position of the insurgents. On arriving at the bridge which gives entrance to this town from the east, the vanguard found it not yet evacuated by the rear-guard of the party which had attempted to defend the Spey. Some firing took place from both ends of the bridge ; but at last the insurgents retired, without much harm having been done on either side. The advancing party gave chase for several miles ; but, the Prince coming up unexpectedly with a reinforcement, the other in its turn retreated.

During the 15th, which was the Duke's birthday, the army lay inactive in their camp at Nairn ; and, as each man had an allowance of brandy, cheese, and biscuit, at the Duke's expense, the

day was spent with appropriate, though at the same time strictly moderate festivity. This circumstance gave rise to a motion on the part of Prince Charles, which is allowed to have had a strong effect in deciding the fate of his enterprise.

CHAPTER V.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

The day approached, when Fortune should decide
The important enterprise.

DRYDEN.

ON Monday, the 14th, when intelligence reached Inverness of the Royal army having crossed the Spey, Charles rode out, towards Nairn, to support his retiring party; but returned to Inverness before the evening. He then commanded the drums to be beat, and the pipes to be played through the town, in order to collect his men. When they had assembled in the streets, he walked backwards and forwards through their lines, and endeavoured to animate them for the action which seemed impending. *

They hailed his appearance, and received his addresses with all their usual enthusiasm; and, in the midst of the huzza which ensued, many voices exclaimed, "We'll give Cumberland another Fontenoy!" He then mounted his horse, and, with colours flying and pipes playing, led them out to

* The Young Chevalier; or a Genuine Narrative of all that befell the unfortunate Adventurer, &c. 8vo, London, p. 2.

the parks around Culloden House, three or four miles from the town, where they prepared to bivouack for the night. *

At six o'clock in the morning of the 15th, the army was led forward to Drummoissie Muir, (about a mile still farther from Inverness, in an easterly direction), and there drawn up in battle order to receive the Duke of Cumberland, who was expected to march this day from Nairn. Charles's force, at this time, was much smaller than it had been at Falkirk, amounting to only about six thousand men. He had issued orders, some time before, to the parties dispersed throughout the country, commanding them immediately to join; but the Frazers, the Keppoch MacDonalDs, Cluny's MacPhersons, Glengyle's MacGregors, some recruits of Glengary, and a large body of MacKenzies, which had been raised by the Earl of Cromarty, were still absent. Under these circumstances, it was with some satisfaction that Charles learned the delay made by the enemy at Nairn, which seemed to promise time for the augmentation of his host.

The scarcity of provisions had now become so great, that the men were, on this important day, reduced to the miserable allowance of only one small loaf, and that of the worst kind. Strange as the averment may appear, the author of these pages has beheld and tasted a piece of the bread served out on this occasion to the unfortunate heroes of the *Forty-Five*; being the remains of a loaf or *bannock*, which having, in all probability, been found at first upon the person of one of the slain,

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 518.

has been carefully preserved ever since—a period of eighty-one years—by the successive members of a Jacobite family. It is impossible to imagine a composition of greater coarseness, or less likely either to please or satisfy the appetite ; and perhaps no recital, however eloquent, of the miseries to which Charles's army was reduced, could impress the reader with so strong an idea of the real extent of that misery, as the sight of this singular relic. Its ingredients appear to be merely the husks of corn, and a coarse unclean species of dust, similar to what is found upon the floors of a mill.

During the afternoon of this day, many of the troops, unable to subsist upon provision at once so small in quantity, and so wretched in quality, left their position, and either retired to Inverness, or roamed abroad through the country, in search of more substantial food. Before the evening, those who remained had the mortification of seeing the victual-ships of the enemy enter the narrow arm of the sea, which skirted their position, as if to tantalize them with the sight of a feast which it was not in their power to taste.

Drummosie Muir is a vast heathy flat, two miles inland from the south shore of the Moray Firth, five miles distant from Inverness, and ten or twelve from Nairn. When the insurgents stood with their faces towards the Duke of Cumberland's camp at Nairn, they had Inverness behind them, a barrier of mountains, with the river Nairn intervening, on the right hand, and the sea, with the parks of Culloden, on the left. There is a remarkable similarity between the ground and that on which the battle of Preston took place ; each being an elevated flat parallel with, and adjacent

to, an arm of the sea. But the comparative positions of the armies were reversed in the present case, in so far as the Highlanders awaited the shock of battle upon ground corresponding to the station of Sir John Cope, and the enemy approached, as *they* had done in the former case, from the east. It was more unfortunate for the Highlanders that they should have thus stood upon the defensive, than it had been for the army of Sir John Cope, because the advantage of their peculiar mode of warfare lay solely in the wild onset which they could make upon a passive body, while the regular troops were better fitted to sustain an attack with the necessary fortitude ; and Charles may thus be said to have virtually renounced the chances which had hitherto won him so many victories, and put a corresponding advantage into the possession of the enemy.

Many things, however, which appear imprudent to a superficial observer, or upon which that stigma has been fixed by an unfortunate event, would, if strictly inquired into, and judged without regard to the issue, be found to have been in reality either the result of necessity, or the most prudent course of action, which, under the circumstances, could be pursued. This applies, we are persuaded, to the deeds of individuals as well as of public bodies, and ought to be constantly kept in mind, as a reason why we should judge leniently and with caution of what appear to be the failings of our fellow-creatures. But it applies with particular force to the actions of a military leader, whom we are perhaps too apt to consider prudent when successful, and who is, on the other hand, scarcely ever called in question but when unfortunate.

The leader of the insurgent army has hitherto been censured with unsparing rigour for meeting his enemy upon ground so favourable to the action of cavalry and artillery, and where he himself could bring so little of his own peculiar strength into play. It has appeared unaccountable to every observer of the ground, that he did not rather pursue a measure which was suggested to him, of retiring into the hills to the right, and there either harassing the Royal forces by a protracted mountain warfare, or at once cutting him off by one of those wild attacks, which, upon such ground, the Highlanders could so easily have executed.* He has been blamed for listening to the councils of his Irish tutor Sheridan, and to the wishes of his foreign and Low-country adherents, who avowed themselves unable to bear the fatigues of a hill campaign.

The historians and others who urge this charge of imprudence against the Prince, do not seem to have taken into consideration the condition of the Highland army at this interesting crisis; nor do they allow for the weight of the motives which actuated Charles in determining upon the course he did. The men, it must be remembered, were on the point of starving. There was no reason to suppose that delay would improve their circumstances. Had they retired to the hills, and permitted the Duke to advance to Inverness, they must have perished before reaching any place where provisions or shelter could be obtained. Even Lord George Murray, who is said to have chiefly

* Marshal MacDonald (Duke of Tarentum) is said to have expressed these sentiments, on visiting the field of battle in 1825.

advocated a retreat into the hills, allows, in a letter written after the battle, * that the army were reduced to such a condition by famine, as only to have the alternatives of fighting or dispersing. The reasons which remained for their meeting the Royal army on the moor, were in reality very strong. It seemed to be essentially necessary that Inverness should be protected, as a defensible position, and as it contained their magazine and baggage. It was also obvious, that the men would fight better under the privations they were enduring, than when their misery had become aggravated by the fatigue of a mountain warfare. To have adopted, moreover, any expedient by which battle was to be avoided, was justly esteemed by his Royal Highness as calculated to dispirit the men—as likely to diminish that high confidence in their superiority to the King's troops, and unnerve them for that extravagant exertion of courage, in which hitherto their chance of victory seemed altogether to lie.

Besides the prudential considerations which determined his conduct, there was probably another, arising from his feelings, which, if not holding a primary place in his mental councils, may at least be allowed to have seconded and confirmed them. The victories hitherto achieved by his Highlanders, had been so astonishing in their nature, and had been so uninterrupted by the least share of bad success, that he began to join the nation at large in believing nothing impossible to them. He had seen them already successful over a body of

* Printed in Lockhart Papers, vol. ii., and in a separate pamphlet.

troops as great as that of the Duke of Cumberland; and he was certainly justifiable in expecting them to do again what they had done before. He, moreover, seems to have entertained a wish—more worthy perhaps of an ancient than a modern leader—to fight a battle with his enemies upon what they would consider fair grounds, and where they should not have it afterwards to say that he had been favoured by adventitious and extraneous circumstances. He was ambitious of displaying the capabilities of his adherents, and perhaps his own also, in a pitched battle. Such an emotion was not, we confess, consistent with the duties of true generalship; but it ought to be recollected, that the campaign had hitherto been conducted upon principles which set modern tactics at defiance. The most chivalrous of those knightly kings from whom Charles drew his descent, had once given way to a similar impulse, and expiated it with his life.* While we yield to James the admiration naturally excited by his romantic disinterestedness, let us not visit with too severe reprehension an hereditary ardour for glory in his descendant. Better, Charles would think, and it is not easy to condemn the sentiment, stake the whole fortune of the enterprise upon one fair and honourable battle, with the chance of a more brilliant triumph than any yet achieved, than skulk away to escape immediate danger, and after all die unsoldierly deaths in what was but a prison of our own choosing.

* James IV. was induced, at Flodden, by some chivalrous emotion, to permit the transit of the English troops over a bridge, where he could have easily cut them off.

There yet remained, however, before playing the great stake of a pitched battle, one chance of success, by the irregular mode of warfare to which his army was accustomed ; and Charles, however, actuated by the motives we speak of, had the good sense to put it to trial. This was a night-attack upon the camp of the Duke of Cumberland. He rightly argued, that if his men could approach without being discovered, and make a simultaneous attack in more than one place, the Royal forces, then probably either engaged in drinking their commander's health, or sleeping off the effects of the debauch, must be completely surprised and cut to pieces, or at least effectually routed. On the proposal being agitated among the chiefs and officers, it was agreed to, without much demur, though some could not help pointing out the extreme hazard of the attempt, and the evil effects which must result from it in case of failure. The time appointed for setting out upon the march, was eight in the evening, when daylight should have completely disappeared ; and, in the mean time, great pains were taken to conceal the secret from the army.

This resolution was entered into at three in the afternoon, and orders were immediately given to collect the men who had gone off in search of provisions. The officers dispersed themselves to Inverness and other places, and beseeched the stragglers to repair to the muir. But, under the influence of hunger, they told their commanders to shoot them if they pleased, rather than compel them to starve any longer. When the time came, therefore, little more than half of the army could be assembled. Charles had previously declared,

with his characteristic fervour, that though only a thousand of his men would accompany him, he would lead them on to the attack; and he was not now intimidated, when he saw twice that number ready to assist in the enterprise; though some of his officers would willingly have made this deficiency of troops an excuse for abandoning what they esteemed at best a hazardous expedition. Having given out, for watchword, the emphatic phrase, *King James the Eighth*,* he embraced Lord George Murray, who was to command the foremost column, and putting himself at the head of that which followed, gave the orders to march.

The greatest care had been taken to conceal the object of this expedition from the mass of the army, lest, being communicated by them to the country people, it might reach the ears of the enemy. But the Duke of Cumberland having, like a prudent general, taken measures, ever since he approached the Highlanders, to watch their slightest motions, was by no means ignorant of their march towards his position, though he did not apprehend a nocturnal attack. He had commissioned various country people, and some of his own Highland militia-men, to mingle with their columns, and inform him from time to time of the progress they were making; and, though he permitted his men to sleep, they were instructed to have their arms beside them. He did not suppose that the insurgents would be daring enough to fall upon his camp; but he had taken measures to give

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 508.

them battle in its vicinity, as soon as ever they should demand it.

Among the instructions issued to the officers of Charles's army, to be communicated in proper time to the troops, one was, that no firearms should be used, but only sword, dirk, and bayonet. It was also enjoined, that, on entering the camp, they should immediately set about cutting down or overturning the tents, and wherever a swelling or bulge was observed in the fallen canopy, "there to strike and push vigorously." * As the camp was only nine miles distant from their position, it was expected that they would reach it soon after midnight, and thus have sufficient time to execute the whole of their project before daylight.

The night of the 15th of April was as dark as if Providence had designed to favour their daring purpose. But this circumstance, so advantageous in one respect, was unfortunate in another, in so far as it impeded their progress. Their march lay, not in the public road, where their motion would have been so easily detected, but through waste and generally wet ground, considerably removed from both roads and houses, and where want of light was peculiarly disadvantageous. On this account their progress was very slow, and attended with much fatigue; and, while many of the men dropped aside altogether, the rear column fell considerably behind the front. Lord George Murray, vexed at the slowness of the march, sent repeated requests, expressed in the most urgent terms, for the rear to join the van; but they were either disregarded, or could not be executed.

* Lockart Papers, ii. 508.

It was two in the morning before the head of the first column had passed Kilravock, an ancient residence three miles from the Duke's camp, and where he himself slept that night ; and Lord George then halted and called a council of officers, in which he declared it impossible for the army to reach the point of attack, before daylight should expose them to the observation and fire of the enemy. Many officers, among whom was Mr Hepburn of Keith, so remarkable for the way in which he joined Prince Charles at Holyroodhouse, spoke violently in favour of the original design ; even asserting that the Highland broadsword would not be worse of a little daylight, to direct its operations. But Lord George, with more prudence, insisted upon the evils which must result to the whole army, and of course to the general cause, should their approach be observed and prepared for, as in all probability it would ; and, hearing a drum beat in the distant camp, he expressed his conviction that the enemy were already alarmed. The urgency of the case demanding immediate determination, he took it upon his responsibility as general, to turn back the men, Charles being so far in the rear that it would have required some time to procure his orders. As they were marching back, Charles, apprised of the resolution by his secretary, came galloping up, and had the mortification to find the army, from which he expected so much, in full retreat. He is said, upon very slight authority, * to have been incensed in a high de-

* That of John Hay, then his secretary, who seems to have written his Memoirs, as quoted by Mr Home, rather to support a peculiar theory than to assert the truth. He records, that the Prince said, on this occasion, that Lord

gree at Lord George. It is more probable, that, if he gave way to any expressions of regret, he must have been immediately made sensible of the necessity of the measure.

That the measure was indeed necessary, in opposition to those who afterwards continued to assert the contrary, seems to be put beyond dispute, by the circumstance, that the day was fully dawned before the Highland army had proceeded *two* miles in the retreat, and that although they now marched by the straightest and best paths.

The Highlanders returned fatigued and disconsolate, to their former position, about seven o'clock in the morning ; when they immediately addressed themselves to sleep, or went away in search of provisions. So scarce was food at this critical juncture, that the Prince himself, on retiring to Culloden House, could obtain no better refreshment than a little bread and whisky. * He felt the utmost anxiety regarding his men, 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 now be mercilessly expiscated for the means of refreshment. His orders were not without effect. Considerable supplies were procured, 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.

George Murray had betrayed him ; an expression which we feel not the slightest hesitation in condemning as a falsehood.

* Lockhart Papers, II. 519.

The Moor of Culloden stretches away so far to the east, with so little irregularity and so few incumbent objects, that its termination escapes the eyesight, and the horizon in that direction resembles that of a shoreless sea. It was about eleven in the forenoon, when the Highland guards first observed the dim level outline of the plain to blacken with the marching troops of the Duke of Cumberland; which seemed gradually to rise above and occupy the horizon, like the darkness of a coming storm dawning in the mariner's eye upon the distant waters. Notice of their approach being carried to the Prince, he instantly rose and descended to put himself at the head of his troops. As he was quitting the house, the steward made up to him, with information that a dinner, consisting of a roasted side of lamb and two fowls, was about to be laid upon the table. But he asked the man if he would have him to sit down to eat, when the troops so immediately required his presence, and, hungry though he must have been, hurried out to the field.* He there exerted himself to collect his men from the various places to which they had straggled, ordering a cannon to be fired as a signal for their immediate assemblage. MacDonald of Keppoch and the Master of Lovat had joined that morning with their men, to the great joy of the army; and it was in something like good spirits that they now prepared for battle.

When all had been collected that seemed within call, the Prince found he had an army of about five thousand men, and these in very poor condition for fighting, to oppose to a force reputed

* The Young Chevalier, 6.

as numerous again, supported by superior horse and artillery, and whose strength was unimpaired either by hunger or fatigue. It seemed scarcely possible that he should overcome a host in every respect so much superior to his own ; and various measures were proposed to him by his officers, for shunning battle in the mean time, and retiring to some position where their peculiar mode of warfare would avail against a regular army. But Charles, for reasons already stated, insisted upon immediate battle ; pointing out that the gross of the army seemed in the highest degree anxious to come to blows, and that they would probably fall off in ardour—perhaps altogether disperse—if the present opportunity was not seized.

Active preparations were now, therefore, made for that desperate and important conflict, upon which the issue of this singular national contest was finally to depend. The insurgents were drawn up by Sullivan (at once their adjutant and quarter-master-general) in two lines ; the right protected by the turf-enclosures around a rude farmstead, and their left extending towards a sort of morass in the direction of Culloden House. The front line consisted of the following clan regiments, reckoned from right to left :—Athole, Cameron, Appin, Fraser, MacIntosh, MacLauchlan and MacLean (forming one), John Roy Stuart, Farquharson, Clanranald, Keppoch, Glengary. The second, for which it was with difficulty that enough of men were found, comprised the Low Country and foreign regiments, according to the following order :—Lord Ogilvie, Lord Lewis Gordon, Glenbucket, the Duke of Perth, the Irish, the French. Four pieces of cannon were placed at each extremity of

the front, and as many in the centre. Lord George Murray commanded the right wing, Lord John Drummond the left, General Stapleton the second line. Charles himself stood, with a small body of guards, upon a slight eminence in the rear.

While the insurgent army laboured under every kind of disadvantage, and were actuated by impulses of the most distracting and harassing nature, that of the Duke of Cumberland moved with all the deliberation and security proper to a superior and more confident force. They had struck their tents at five in the morning, when, the commanders of the various regiments having received their instructions in writing, the general orders of the day were read at the head of every company in the line. These bore, in allusion to the misbehaviour of Falkirk, that if any person intrusted with the care of the train or baggage absconded or left their charge, they should be punished with immediate and certain death, and that if any officer or soldier failed in his duty during the action, he should be *sentenced*. Another and more important order was then given to the army. The superiority of the broadsword over the bayonet at Preston and Falkirk, had given rise to much discussion among military men; and, during this winter the magazines and newspapers had teemed with projects and hypotheses, by which it was proposed to put the weapons of the regular troops upon a par with those of the insurgents. It was reserved for the Duke of Cumberland effectually to obviate the supposed superiority of the claymore and target. He had perceived that the greatest danger which the regular troops ran in a

charge with the Highlanders, arose from the circumstance, that the latter received his antagonist's point in his target, swayed it aside, and then had the defenceless body of the soldier completely exposed to his own weapon. The Duke conceived, that if each man, on coming within the proper distance of the enemy, should direct his thrust, not at the man directly opposite to him, but against the one who fronted his right-hand comrade, the target would be rendered useless, and the Highlander wounded in the right side, under the sword-arm, ere he could ward off the thrust. Accordingly, he had instructed the men during the spring in this new exercise. When they had taken their morning meal, they were marched forward from the camp; arranged in three parallel divisions, of four regiments each, headed by Huske, Sempill, and Mordaunt; having a column of artillery and baggage upon one hand, and a fifth of horse upon the other.

After a march of eight miles, through ground which appeared to the English soldiers very boggy and difficult, they came within sight of the insurgents who were posted about a mile and a half in advance. The Duke then commanded his lines to form; having learned that the Highlanders seemed inclined to make the attack. Soon after, on its being ascertained that no motion was perceptible in the Highland army, he ordered the lines to be restored to the form of columns, and to proceed in their march. Calling out, at the same time to know if any man in the army was acquainted with the ground, he commanded the individual who presented himself, to go a little way in advance, along with some officer of rank, to conduct the

army, and especially the artillery, over the safest paths. When they had got within a mile of the enemy, he ordered the army once more and finally to be formed in battle-array.

The Royal Army was disposed in three lines ; the First containing from left to right, the regiments of Barrel (now the 4th), and Munro (the 37th), the Scots Fusileers (the 21st), Price's (the 14th), Cholmondley's (the 34th), and the Scots Royals (the 1st), under the command of the Earl Albemarle ; the Second, in the same order, Wolfe's (the 8th), Sempill's (the 25th), Bligh's (the 20th), Ligonier's (the 48th), and Fleming's (the 35th) commanded by General Huske ; the Third, Blake-ney's (the 27th), Battereau's, * Pulteney's (the 13th), and Howard's (the 3d), led by Brigadier Mordaunt. The centres of all the regiments of the Second Line being behind the terminations of those of the First, and those of the Third Line occupying a similar position in regard to the Second, the various bodies of which the army consisted, were in a manner indented into each other. Betwixt every two regiments of the First Line were placed two cannon. The Left Flank was protected by Kerr's Dragoons (the 11th), under Colonel Lord Ancrum ; the Right by a bog ; and Cobham's Dragoons (the 10th), stood in two detachments beside the Third Line. The Argyle Highlanders guarded the baggage.

The disposition thus made was allowed by the best military men of the period to have been altogether admirable ; because it was impossible for the Highlanders to break one regiment without

* Broke in 1749.

finding two ready to supply its place. The arrangement of the insurgent army was also allowed to be very good, upon a supposition that they were to be attacked.

Duke William, full of anxiety for the event of the day, took the opportunity afforded by the halt, to make a short speech to his soldiers. The tenor of his harangue, which has been preserved in the note-book of an English officer, shows, in the most unequivocal manner, how apprehensive his Royal Highness was regarding the behaviour of his troops. Without directly adverting to Preston or Falkirk, but evidently having those disgraceful events in his eye, he implored them to be firm and collected—to dismiss all remembrance of former failures from their minds—to consider the great object for which they were here, no less than to save the liberties of their country, and the rights of their master. Having read a letter to them, which he said he had found upon the person of a straggler, and in which sentiments of the most truculent nature were breathed against the English soldiery, he represented to them, that, in their present circumstances, with marshy ways behind them, and surrounded by an enemy's country, their best, indeed their only chance of personal safety, lay in hard fighting. He was grieved, he said, to make the supposition, that there could be a person reluctant to fight in the British army. But, if there were any here who would prefer to retire, whether from disinclination to the cause, or because they had relations in the rebel army, he begged them in the name of God to do so, as he would rather face the Highlanders with one thousand determined men at his back, than have ten

thousand with a tythe who were lukewarm. Catching enthusiasm from the language of the ardent young soldier, and shouting "Flanders! Flanders!" the men found their courage screwed to the proper point, and impatiently desired to be led forward to battle.

It was suggested to the Duke at this juncture, that he should permit the men to dine, as it was now nearly one o'clock, then the usual time for that meal, and as they would not probably have another opportunity of satisfying their hunger for several hours. But he decidedly rejected the proposal. "The men," he said, "will fight better and more actively with empty bellies; and, moreover, it would be a bad omen. You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk."

The army now marched forward in complete battle-array, their fixed bayonets glittering in the sun, their colours flying, and the sound of a hundred drums rolling forward in defiance of the insurgents. Lord Kilmarnock is said to have remarked, on seeing the army approach, that he felt a presentiment of defeat, from the cool, orderly, determined manner in which they marched. When within six hundred yards of the Highland lines, they found the ground so marshy as to take most of the regiments up to the ankles in water; and the artillery horses then sinking in a bog, some of the soldiers slung their carabines, and dragged the carriages on to their proper position. Soon after, the bog was found to terminate upon the right, so as to leave that flank uncovered; which being perceived by the all-vigilant Duke, he ordered Pulteney's regiment to take its place beside the Scots Royals, and a body of horse to cover

the whole wing in the same manner with the left. The army finally halted at the distance of five hundred paces from the Highlanders.

The day, which had hitherto been fair and sunny, was now partially overcast, and a shower of snowy rain began to beat with considerable violence from the north-east. The Highlanders, who had found the weather so favourable to them at Falkirk, were somewhat disconcerted on finding it against them at Culloden; and the spirits of the regulars were proportionally raised by the circumstance. Charles saw and felt the disadvantage, and made some attempts, by manœuvring, to get to windward of the Royal army; but Duke William, equally vigilant, contrived to counteract all his movements; so that, after half an hour spent in mutual endeavours to outflank each other, the two armies at last occupied nearly their original ground.

Whilst these vain manœuvres were going on, an incident took place, which serves to show the exalted heroism and devoted loyalty of the Highlanders. A poor mountaineer, under whose ragged exterior a haughty Southron would have deemed that nothing but the meanest sentiments could dwell, resolved to sacrifice his life for the good of his Prince and clan, approached the lines of the English, demanded quarter, and was sent to the rear. As he lounged backwards and forwards through the lines, apparently very indifferent to what was going on, and even paying no attention to the ridicule with which the soldiers greeted his uncouth appearance, Lord Bury, son of the Earl of Albemarle, and aid-du-camp to the Duke, happened to pass in the discharge of his

duties, when all at once the Highlander seized one of the soldiers' muskets, and discharged it at that officer; receiving, next moment, with perfect indifference, and as a matter of course, the shot with which another soldier immediately terminated his own existence. He had intended to shoot the Duke of Cumberland, but fired prematurely at an inferior officer, whose gaudy apparel seemed, in his simple eyes, to indicate the highest rank.

There is an interesting historical print,* in which the beginning, middle, and end of the battle of Culloden are simultaneously represented, and which therefore conveys a remarkably distinct idea of the whole scene. This draught is calculated to be of material service in portraying the various successive events of the action, and also in enabling a writer to give a picturesque idea of the ground, and of the positions and appearance of the armies. The spectator is supposed to stand within the enclosures so often mentioned, and to look northward along the lines towards Culloden House and the Moray Firth. In the fore ground, rather for the sake of giving a portrait of the hero of the day, than because this was his position, the artist has represented the Duke on horseback, with a walking-cane extended in his hand, a star upon the breast of his long gold-laced coat, and his large good-humoured head, with its close curls and tri-cocked hat, inclined towards an aid-du-camp, to whom he is giving orders. The long compact lines of the British regiments, each three men deep, extend along the plain, with narrow intervals between;

* London—drawn by A. Heckel, engraved by L. S., and sold by Robert Wilkinson.

the two flags of each regiment rising from the centre; the officers standing at the extremities with their spontoons in their hands; and the drummers a little in advance, beating the proper points of war. The men have all tri-cocked hats, long coats resembling the modern surtout, sash-belts from which a sword depends, and long white gaiters buttoned up the sides. The character of the whole dress is one of *voluminous sufficiency*, strongly contrasting with the trim and concise outline of the present military costume, which has almost reduced a soldier to the primitive "forked animal" of King Lear. The dragoons exhibit, if possible, still more cumbrous superfluity of attire; their long loose skirts flying behind them as they ride, whilst their vast trunk square-toed boots, their prodigious stirrup-leathers, their huge holster-pistols and carabines, give altogether an idea of dignity and strength, fully as much in contrast with the light fantastic huzzar uniforms of modern times. *

The Highlanders, on the other hand, stand in lines equally compact, and, like the regular regiments, each three men deep. The only peculiarity in their dress, which is so well known as to

* An officer of the name of Bland, who had served in the dragoons of that day, and survived the termination of the last century, has often been heard, in the Shakspeare Coffeehouse at Edinburgh, declaiming with contempt about the modern horse regiments, whom he always used to characterize by the epithet of "the Monkies." It is by no means certain, however, with all deference to good Mr Bland, who was a worthy man, and remarkable for little but an enthusiasm about theatricals, that the "bluff dragoons" of his younger days fought any better, or gave their sabres greater weight, than the Monkies of the latter degenerate age.

require no general description, seems to be, that the philabeg, or kilt, is pulled through betwixt the legs, in such a way as to show more of the front of the thigh than is exhibited by the modern specimens of that peculiar garment. They have muskets over their left shoulders, basket-hilted broadswords by their left sides, pistols stuck into their girdles, and a small pouch hanging down upon the right loin, perhaps for holding their ammunition. By the right side of every piece of ordnance, there is a cylindrical piece of wicker-work, for the protection of the artillerymen, all of whom appear to wear kilts like the rest.

The ground upon which the armies stand, is the plain swelling moor already described, out of which Culloden House raises its erect form, without any of the plantations which now surround it. The spires of Inverness are seen upon the left, close to the sea-shore. Upon the Moray Firth, which stretches along the back ground of the picture, the victualling ships ride at anchor, like witnesses of the dreadful scene about to ensue; and the magnificent hills of Ross raise their lofty forms in the remoter distance, as if also taking an interest in the impending fate of the day.

Such were the aspect and circumstances of the two armies, upon whose conduct, during the next little hour, the eternal interests of Britain might in some measure be considered to depend. The hopes and fears of both parties may be supposed to have been, on such an occasion, truly agitating—quite as much so, indeed, as if each individual had staked his own life and fortune upon the issue. The soldiery on both sides, aware of the danger, as well as dishonour, which would attend a de-

feat, and deriving confidence from the merits of their respective causes, must have been wrought up to a pitch of the highest resolution—it may almost be said, of desperation. Never, perhaps, was there a battle commenced before, with so high a stake depending upon its issue, and in which a greater struggle was therefore to be expected. *

* The Earl of Cromarty was taken prisoner at Dunrobin Castle, in Sutherlandshire, on the day before the battle of Culloden. He was leading forward his clan of MacKenzies to Inverness, when a party of loyal militia, which had been raised by the Earl of Sutherland, contrived to separate him from his party, and make him their prisoner.

CHAPTER VI.

BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

Fair lady, mourn the memory
 Of all our Scottish fame ;
 Fair lady, mourn the memory
 Even of the Scottish name !
 How proud were we of our young Prince,
 And of his native sway !
 But all our hopes are past and gone
 Upon Culloden day.

There was no lack of bravery there,
 No spare of blood or breath ;
 For, one to two, our foes we dared,
 For freedom or for death.
 The bitterness of grief is past,
 Of terror and dismay—
 The die was risk'd and foully cast
 Upon Culloden day.

Jacobite Song.

THE action was commenced by the Highlanders, who fired their cannon for a few minutes without being answered by the Royal Artillery. They had brought them to bear upon a point where, by means of glasses, they thought they could perceive the Duke. But the shot went clear over the heads of the King's troops, and for a long time did no

other mischief than carrying off a leg from one of Blyth's regiment.

A few minutes after one o'clock, soon after the Highlanders had opened up their battery, Colonel Belford got orders to commence a cannonade, chiefly with a view to provoke the enemy to advance. The Colonel, who was an excellent engineer, performed his duty with such effect, as to make whole lanes through the ranks of the insurgents, besides tearing up the ground at their feet, and stripping the roofs of the neighbouring cottages, in a manner almost as terrific. He also fired two pieces at a body of horse amongst whom it was believed the prince was stationed; and 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.

Meanwhile, the Duke rode about, calling upon his men to be firm in their ranks—to permit the Highlanders to mingle with them—to let them feel the force of the bayonet—to “make them know what men they had to do with.” He also ordered Wolfe's regiment to form *en potence* at the extremity of the left wing—that is, to take a position perpendicular to the general line, so as to be ready to fall in upon and enclose the Highlanders, as soon as they should attack that division of his army. He also ordered two regiments of the rear line, or reserve, to advance to the second. Finally, he himself took his position between the first and second lines, opposite to the centre of Howard's regiment, and of course a little nearer the left than the right wing.

Prince Charles, before the commencement of the

battle, had rode along the lines of his little army, endeavouring, by the animation of his gestures, countenance and language, to excite the Highlanders to their highest pitch of courage. They answered him with cheers, and with many an expression of devotion, which he could only understand by the look with which it was uttered. He then again retired to the eminence which he originally occupied, and prepared with an anxious mind to await the fortune of the day.

The great object of both parties at the battle of Culloden seems to have been, which should force the other to leave its position and make the attack. Charles for a long time expected that the Duke would do this, because he was favoured with the wind and weather. But the Duke, finding his cannon rapidly thinning the Highland ranks, without experiencing any loss in return, had no occasion whatever to make such a motion; and it therefore became incumbent upon Charles to take that course himself.

The victory of Preston, where the Highlanders felt little or no annoyance from cannon, had done away with a great deal of the fear in which they originally held these engines of destruction; and it seems to have been a capital error on Charles's part, to have restrained them, on the present occasion, to a position, where that terror got full reason and leisure to return. He ought to have, on the contrary, rushed up, at the very first, to the lines of his enemy, and endeavoured to silence their artillery, as he had done at Preston, by a *coup de main*. Had he done so, a great number of lives might have been saved, and the attack

would have been made with lines less broken, and a more uniform and simultaneous impulse.

It was not till the cannonade had continued nearly half an hour, and the Highlanders had seen many of their kindred stretched upon the heath, that Charles at last gave way to the necessity of ordering a charge. The aid-de-camp intrusted to carry his message to the Lieutenant-general—a youth of the name of MacLauchlan—was killed by a cannon-ball before he reached the first line; but the general sentiment of the army, as reported to Lord George Murray, supplied the want; and that general took it upon him to order an attack, without Charles's permission having been communicated.

Lord George had scarcely determined upon ordering a general movement, when the MacIntoshes, —a brave and devoted clan, though never before engaged in action, *—unable any longer to brook the unavenged slaughter made by the cannon, broke from the centre of the line, and rushed forward through smoke and snow to mingle with the

* One of this corps, though not of the clan name—old John Grant, long keeper of the inn at Aviemore—used to tell, that the first thing he saw of the enemy, was the long line of white gaiters belonging to an English regiment, which was suddenly revealed, when about twenty yards from him, by a blast of wind which blew aside the smoke. According to the report of this veteran, the mode of drilling used by his leader, upon Culloden Moor, was very simple—being directed by the following string of orders, expressed in Gaelic. “Come, my lads—fall in, with your faces to Fortrose, and your backs to the Green of Muirtown—load your firelocks—good—make ready—present—now take good aim—fire—be sure to do execution—that's the point.”—*Information by the Editor of the Culloden Papers.*

enemy. The Atholemen, Camerons, Stewarts, Frasers, and MacLeans, then also went on, Lord George Murray heading them with that rash bravery for which he was so remarkable. Thus, in the course of one or two minutes, the charge was general along the whole line; except at the left extremity, where the MacDonalds, dissatisfied with their position, hesitated to engage.

It was the emphatic custom of the Highlanders, before an onset, to *scrug their bonnets*,—that is, to pull their little blue caps down over their brows, so as to ensure them against falling off in the ensuing *melée*. Never, perhaps, was this motion performed with so much emphasis as on the present occasion, when every man's forehead burned with the desire to revenge some dear friend who had fallen a victim to the murderous artillery. A Lowland gentleman, who was in the line, and who survived till a late period, used always, in relating the events of Culloden, to comment, with a feeling of something like awe, upon the terrific and more than natural expression of rage, which glowed on every face and gleamed in every eye, as he surveyed the extended line at this moment. It was an exhibition of mighty and all-engrossing passion, never to be forgotten by the beholder.

The action and event of the onset were, throughout, quite as dreadful as the mental emotion which urged it. Notwithstanding that the three files of the front line of English poured forth their incessant fire of musketry—notwithstanding that the cannon, now loaded with grape-shot, swept the field as with a hail-storm—notwithstanding the flank fire of Wolfe's regiment,—onward, onward went the headlong Highlanders, flinging them-

selves into, rather than rushing upon the lines of the enemy, * which, indeed, they did not see for smoke till involved among their weapons. All that courage—all that despair could do—was done. They did not fight like living or reasoning creatures, but like machines under the influence of some incontrollable principle of action. The howl of the advance—the scream of the onset—the thunders of the musketry and the din of the trumpets and drums—confounded one sense ; while the flash of the firearms, and the glitter of the brandished broadswords, dazzled and bewildered another. It was a moment of dreadful and agonizing suspense—but only a moment ; for the whirlwind does not reap the forest with greater rapidity than the Highlanders cleared the line. They swept through and over that frail barrier, almost as easily and instantaneously as the bounding cavalcade brushes through the morning labours of the gossamer which stretch across its path ; not, however, with the same unconsciousness of the event. Almost every man in their front rank, chief and gentleman, fell before the deadly weapons which they had braved ; and although the enemy gave way, it was not till every bayonet was bent and bloody with the strife.

When the first line had been completely swept aside, the assailants continued their impetuous ad-

* It appears, from one of the numerous histories of the Insurrection published at the time, that, in advancing, the Highlanders took the usual precaution of inclining their bodies towards the ground, so as to protect their heads and more vital parts with the target ; though, in the print already quoted, they seem to run quite in the fashion of ordinary men.

vance till they came near the second, when, being almost annihilated by a profuse and well-directed fire, the shattered remains of what had been but an hour before a numerous and confident force, at last submitted to destiny, by giving way and flying. Still a few rushed on, resolved rather to die than thus forfeit their well-acquired and dearly estimated honour. They rushed on—but not a man ever came in contact with the enemy. The last survivor perished as he reached the points of the bayonets.

The persevering and desperate valour displayed by the Highlanders on this occasion, is proved by the circumstance that, at one part of the plain, where a very vigorous attack had been made, their bodies were afterwards found *in layers three and four deep*; so many, it would appear, having in succession mounted over a prostrate friend, to share in the same inevitable fate. The slaughter was particularly great among the brave MacIntoshes; insomuch, that the heroic lady who sent them to the field, afterwards told the party by which she was taken prisoner, that only three of her officers had escaped.

While the rest of the clans were performing this glorious though fatal charge, the MacDonalds, as already stated, withheld themselves on account of their removal to the left wing. According to the report of one of their officers,* the clan not only resented this indignity, but considered it as omeneing evil fortune to the day; their clan never having fought elsewhere than on the right wing, since the auspicious battle of Bannockburn. The

* Lockhart Papers, ii. 510.

Duke of Perth, who was stationed amongst them, endeavoured to appease their anger by telling them, that, if they fought with their characteristic bravery, they would make the left wing a right, in which case he would assume for ever after the honourable surname of MacDonal'd. But the insult was not to be expiated by this appeal to the spirit of clanship. Though induced to discharge their muskets, and even to advance a good way, they never made an onset. They endured the fire of the English regiments without flinching; only expressing their rage by hewing up the heather with their swords; but they at last fled when they saw the other clans give way. Out of the whole three regiments, only one man is commemorated as having displayed conduct worthy of the gallant name which he bore. This was the Chieftain of Keppoch, a man of chivalrous character, and noted for great private worth. When the rest of his clan retreated, Keppoch advanced, with a pistol in one hand and a drawn-sword in the other, resolved apparently to sacrifice his life to the offended genius of his name. He had got but a little way from his regiment, when a musket-shot brought him to the ground. A clansman of more than ordinary devotedness, who followed him, and with tears and prayers conjured him not to throw his life away, raised him with the cheering assurance that his wound was not mortal, and that he might still quit the field with life. Keppoch desired his faithful follower to take care of himself, and, again rushing forward, received another shot, and fell to rise no more.

When the whole front line of Charles's host had been thus repulsed, there only remained to him the

hope that his Lowland and Foreign troops, upon whom the wreck of the clans had fallen back, might yet make head against the English infantry; and he eagerly sought to put himself at their head, in order to make one last desperate effort at success. But, though a troop of the Irish piquets, by a spirited fire, checked the pursuit which a body of dragoons commenced after the MacDonalds, and one of Lord Lewis Gordon's regiments did similar service in regard to another troop which now began to break through the enclosures on the right, * the whole body gave way at once, on observing the English regiments advancing to charge them. Their hearts were broken, with despair rather than with terror; and they could only reply to his animating exclamations, "Prince —ochon! ochon!" †—the ejaculation by which Highlanders express the bitterest grief. As they said this they fled; nor could all his entreaties, nor those of his officers, prevail upon them to stand.

It was indeed a complete rout. The mountaineers had done all that their system of warfare taught them, and all that their natural strength had enabled them to perform; they had found this vain; and all that then remained was to withdraw. Charles saw the condition of his troops with the despair of a ruined gamester. He could scarcely be persuaded that God had struck him with so severe an infliction. He lingered on the field, in the fond hope that all was not yet lost. He even

* These enclosures had been broken down for their passage, by the Argyle Highlanders.

† The Young Chevalier, p. 7.

moved to charge the enemy, as if his own single person could have availed against so big a destiny. Confounded, bewildered, and in tears, it required the utmost efforts of his attendants to make him forego his once splendid hopes by a retreat; and he at last only left the field when to have remained would have but added his own destruction to that of the many brave men who had already spilt their heart's blood in his cause. *

The pursuit of the Royal forces did not immediately follow the retreat of the insurgents. After the latter had withdrawn their shattered strength, the English regiments, upon many of which they had produced a dreadful impression, were ordered to resume the ground where they had stood, and to dress their ranks. The dragoon regiments, with which the Duke had calculated to enclose the charging Highlanders as in a trap, were checked, as already stated, by the flanks of the Prince's second line; and they had altogether been so severely handled by the insurgents, that it was some time ere they recovered breath or courage sufficient to commence or sustain a general pursuit.

The English dragoons at length *did* break forward, and join, as intended, in the centre of the field, so as to make a vigorous and united charge upon the rear of the fugitives. Charles's army then broke into two great bodies of unequal mag-

* It required all the eloquence, and indeed all the active exertions of Sullivan, to make Charles quit the field. A cornet in his service, when questioned upon this subject at the point of death, declared he saw Sullivan, after using entreaties in vain, turn the head of the Prince's horse, and drag him away.—See *Quart. Rev.* No. 71.

nitude; one of which took the open road for Inverness, while the other turned off towards the south-west, crossed the water of Nairn, and found refuge among the hills.

The fate of the first of these divisions was the most disastrous, their route admitting of the easiest pursuit. It lay along an open moor, which the light horse of the enemy could bound over with the utmost speed. A dreadful slaughter took place, involving many of the inhabitants of Inverness, who had approached the battle-ground from curiosity, and whose dress subjected them to the indiscriminating vengeance of the soldiery. Some of the French, who had the sense to fly first, reached Inverness in safety; but scarcely any who wore the Highland dress escaped with their lives. A broad pavement of carnage marked four out of the five miles intervening betwixt the battle-field and that city; the last of the slain being found at a place called Millburn, about a mile from the extremity of the suburbs. *

* Tradition at Inverness, confirmed by Mr Home.

“ The battle was witnessed by many gentlemen (amateurs) who rode from Inverness for that purpose—among the rest, my grandfather, Mr — of —, and Mr Evan Baillie of Aberiachan. They took post upon a small hill, not far from where the Prince and his suite were stationed, and there remained till dislodged by the cannon-balls falling about them. In their retreat, they passed through Inverness; and at the bridge-end met the Frasers, under the Master of Lovat. These had not been in time for the battle; but the Master seemed very anxious to defend the passage of the bridge, and spoke much of fighting there. Mr Baillie, who was a warm Jacobite, and rather testy in his way, sternly addressed the Master in these words, “ Fighting!” by G—, Master, you was not in the way when fighting might have been of service. You had bet-

It is remarkable as characteristic of the Highlanders, that in their retreat some of them displayed a degree of coolness and bravery, * which would have done credit to the best army in an advance. The right wing retreated, as already stated, almost without any annoyance. In their way to cross the river Nairn, they met a large party of English dragoons which had been despatched to intercept them. Such was the desperate fury of their appearance, that the troopers opened their ranks in respectful silence, to permit them to pass. Only one man attempted to annoy the wretched fugitives. He was an officer, and dearly did he pay for his cruel temerity. Advancing to seize a Highlander, the man cut him down with one blow of his claymore. Not content with this, he stooped down, and, with the greatest deliberation, possessed himself of his victim's gold watch. He then joined the retreat, whilst the commander of the party could only look on in silence, astonished at the coolness of the mountaineer, if not secretly applauding him for so brave a deed. †

ter now say nothing about it!"—*From information contributed, in writing, by the Editor of the Culloden Papers.*

* A strange instance of their cunning is commemorated by Mr Ray, a volunteer, who wrote an account of the insurrection. "In the flight," says he, "I came up with a pretty young Highlander, who called out to me, 'Hold your hand—I am a Campbell.' On which, I asked him, 'Where's your bonnet?'—'Somebody has snatched it off my head.' I mention this, to show how we distinguished our loyal clans from the rebels, they being dressed and equipped all in one way, except the bonnet; ours having a red or yellow cross or ribbon, theirs a white cockade. He having neither of these distinctions. I desired him, if he was a Campbell, to follow me, which he promised; but on the first opportunity he gave me the slip."

† Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs.

Another Highlander signalized himself in a still more remarkable manner. He was a man of prodigious bodily strength; his name Golice Macbane. When all his companions had fled, Golice, singled out and wounded, set his back against a wall, and, with his target and claymore, bore singly the onset of a party of dragoons. Pushed to desperation, he made resistless strokes at his enemies, who crowded and encumbered themselves to have each the glory of slaying him. "Save that brave fellow," was the unregarded cry of some officers. Poor Macbane was cut to pieces, though not till thirteen of his enemies lay dead around him. *

When Charles retreated, it was with such precipitation, that his bonnet and wig flew off his head before he cleared the battle-ground. The peruke being fortunately entangled in falling by some part of his horse's furniture, he easily recovered it; but his bonnet reached the ground, and was necessarily left behind. A Highland seer † would

* Cromek's Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song, p. 200.

This man, according to Henderson's History, was six feet four inches and a quarter high. He had several bayonet-stabs, a large cut in his head, and his thigh-bone broke through.

† It would have been very strange if so important an event as the battle of Culloden, and one of such concernment to the Highlanders, had happened without being a subject of second sight. Accordingly, it is told, that at the very time when the battle was commencing, an individual, gifted with that miraculous power of vision, who was engaged in a match at the *pennystanes*, or quoits, in the Isle of Skye, suddenly broke away from the company, and became absorbed in a fit. The company was composed of Lord Loudoun's militia, which had been driven to tak_e

have seen, in this loss of his gold-encircled and coronet-like headpiece, an ominous emblem of the departure of the crown from him and his family. He happened fortunately to retreat along with the right wing, and reached the hills in safety.

The battle of Culloden is said to have lasted little more than forty minutes, most of which brief space of time was spent in distant firing, and very little in the active struggle. It was as complete a victory as possible on the part of the Royal army, but a still more disastrous defeat on that of the Highlanders. Less praise is due, however, to the victors than to the vanquished. Their force and condition for fighting was so superior, their artillery did so much to their hands, and the plan of the battle was so much in their favour, that to have lost the day would have argued a degree of misbehaviour utterly inconceivable of any soldiery, while to gain was only the natural result of incidental circumstances. Great praise was awarded afterwards by the voice of fame to Barrell's, Monro's, and some other regiments, for their fortitude in bearing the attack of the Highlanders, and for their killing so many; but these battalions were in

refuge in this remote island. They were honoured in their exile with no less a personage than Lord President Forbes, who witnessed, and used to testify to the truth of what is here stated. The man, after his fit had gone past, declared that he had seen a battle commence, proceed, and terminate, just as the battle of Culloden is known to have done. The man described the dress and arms of the combatants, and indicated the very place where the battle happened. One of the persons who was present and saw the fit—Andrew Paterson, a weaver in the neighbourhood of Inverness, and generally reputed a man of sound mind and perfect veracity—lived, to tell the strange tale, till within the last few years.

reality completely beat aside, and the whole front line shaken so much, that, had the MacDonald regiments made a simultaneous charge along with the other clans, the day might have had a different issue. Such was the opinion of the Chevalier Johnstone, whose experience in warfare must have enabled him to judge correctly. But the circumstances altogether go to prove, that, at this period, the fortune of the day was very doubtful, and that indeed the tide of courage, which had hitherto sustained the hearts of the Duke's soldiers, was just beginning to turn and ebb, when the Highlanders relieved them by retreating. They had, it will be observed, swept over and destroyed a great portion of the first line; their friends behind had done much to obviate the trap-stratagem of the enclosures; and, above all, when the clans retired from the struggle, some time was spent before the victors became sufficiently confident of their success to commence a pursuit. Had not much been done to appal the Duke—had not the Highlanders performed such prodigies of valour as to make them be feared even in flight—had it not, indeed, been a question in the minds of the British soldiery, whether they had really won a battle after what they had seen and felt—the chase would have been more instantaneous and energetic, and the flight less easy and secure.

CHAPTER VII.

CONSEQUENCES OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave ;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud,
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue :
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revelled in blood of the true ?
Farewell, my young hero, the gallant and good !
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow.

James Hogg.

THE very cruelty which the victors exercised after they were certain of their good fortune, is a proof that they did not achieve their victory without great pains ; as bad temper is the sure result of a difficult argument. Not content with the slaughter they had made by means of their muskets and bayonets, they unsheathed their swords after the action, and, with the gestures of savages, ran loose over the field, cutting down all who exhibited any symptoms of life, and even taking a malignant pleasure in inflicting fresh stabs upon the bosoms of the slain. * They did this as much in sport as

* “ Every body who saw the Highlanders lying dead

in rage; and it is said that, at last, they sought amusement by splashing one another with the horrid liquid which overflowed the field. According to the report of one of themselves, † they finally “looked like so many butchers, rather than an army of Christian soldiers.”

It was afterwards attempted to palliate this dreadful scene, by forging an order with the signature of Lord George Murray, to the effect that no quarter was to be given to the King's troops. Though such had really been the case, would it have excused a butchery which took place before it was discovered?

The true cause of the cruelty so much complained of on this disastrous occasion, and which has so effectually tarnished the renown of the Duke of Cumberland, is to be found in the several defeats which the victors had before sustained from the Highlanders, of which the last was not the least. When they at length overpowered an enemy from whom they had experienced so much annoyance, they did not well know how to use their good fortune, but, in the heat of the moment, went to the extreme of cruelty, as the measure at once consistent with their own desire of vengeance, and best calculated to serve the purposes of Government. The letter which the Duke read to them before the battle, breathing such cruel threats against them, in bracing their nerves to the attack, must have also whetted their appetite for the carnage. A great deal, moreover, is to be attributed

upon the field, allowed that men of larger size, larger limbs, and better proportioned, could not be found.” *Scots Mag.* viii. 247.

† Quoted in the *Scots Magazine*, vol. viii. p. 192.

to the contempt in which the poor mountaineers were held by their *soi-disant* civilized countrymen. The English actually looked upon them as beasts in human shape—beasts, with the additional disqualification of being more pestilent and dangerous than most of the brute creation. The simple honour, the generous devotion, the poetical language and manners of the unhappy clansmen, were totally unknown to, or at least unappreciated by, the dissolute and inconsiderate soldiery; who, in stabbing their still living but unresisting bodies, probably felt no more compunction, than if they had been only trampling upon so many noxious vermin, which it was necessary to annihilate utterly, lest they should still have the power of stinging.

It is a trite remark, but one which applies well to the present case, that civil contests are ever attended with circumstances of greater violence and cruelty than any other species of warfare. In the battle of Culloden such was the virulence of both parties, that no quarter was given or taken on either side. It was but natural for the Highlanders to fight with desperation, and rather to die than be taken; for the fate with which the Carlisle prisoners were menaced, assured them that they had no mercy to expect from Government. But the same excuse does not hold with the regular forces, who must have been aware that the insurgents had all along been as kind as circumstances would permit to their prisoners, and in general allowed them to go at large upon parole. The King's troops ought, therefore, to have treated the Highlanders with less rigour than what the Highlanders could be expected to show to the King's troops. The reverse was the case.

The barbarities which followed the victory of Culloden, when the fervour of battle must have been cooled, and the victors completely assured of receiving no farther annoyance from the enemy, were such as to be scarcely credible by the present age ; and the writer who now undertakes to display them in their real colours, may perhaps incur the charge of exaggeration or prejudice. Neither this imputation, however, nor any sentiment of delicacy, shall be allowed here to stifle the statements which so many former historians have, for these or for worse reasons, withheld.

The most obvious charge of barbarity which can be brought against the Duke of Cumberland, in reference to this period of the campaign, is, that he did not take the pains which is usually taken by victors in civilized warfare, of attending to the wounded of the enemy in common with those of his own army. Charles, who, notwithstanding all the attempts which have been made to show him up as a monster, cannot be denied to have used his victories with moderation and humanity, had all along treated the wounded of his prisoners with the most anxious and considerate kindness ; even cumbering himself, at various periods of the campaign, in order to provide for their comfort. But with the Duke of Cumberland, whose opportunities of displaying humanity were so much better, the case was very different. Not only did he permit the bloody scene already described, where the wounded insurgents were indiscriminately massacred, but he actually took a personal interest in the completion of the dreadful work. Soon after the battle, he was riding over the field, accompanied by Colonel Wolfe, the future hero of Que-

bec, when he observed a wounded Highlander sit upon his elbow, and look at him with what appeared to his eyes a smile of defiance. "Wolfe," he cried, "shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who thus dares to look on us with so insolent a stare."—"My commission," said the gentle and excellent Wolfe, "is at your Royal Highness's disposal; but I can never consent to become an executioner." The Highlander, in all probability, was soon despatched by some less scrupulous hand; but it was remarked that, from that day, the recusant officer declined visibly in the favour and confidence of his commander. *

It is a fact equally authentic with the preceding, that, on the day after the action, when it was discovered that some of the wounded had survived both the weapons of the enemy and the dreadful rains which fell in the interval, he sent out detachments from Inverness, to put these unfortunates out of pain. The savage executioners of his barbarous commands, performed their duty with awful accuracy and deliberation; carrying all they could find to different pieces of rising ground throughout the field, where, having first ranged them in due order, they despatched them by shot of musketry. † On the following day (Friday), other parties were sent out to search the houses of the neighbouring peasantry, in which, it was understood, many of the mutilated Highlanders

* Critique upon Home's *Hist. Reb.* in *Antijacobin Review*, vol. xiii. said to be by Sir Henry Stewart of Allanton, Bart.

† Letter from a gentleman in London to his friend in Bath, giving an account of these barbarities.—Bath, 1751. An extremely rare and curious pamphlet.

had taken refuge. They found so great a number as almost to render the office revolting to its bearers ; but, with the exception of a few who received mercy at the hands of the officers, all were conscientiously murdered. An unconcerned eye-witness afterwards reported to the writer just quoted, that on this day he saw no fewer than seventy-two individuals " killed in cold blood ! " Dreadful, however, as this scene must have been, it was surpassed in fiendish wickedness by a sort of supererogatory cruelty which was acted by the soldiers in the course of their other operations. At a little distance from the field of battle, there was a wretched hut, used for sheltering sheep in stormy weather, into which a considerable number of the wounded had crawled. The soldiery, on discovering them, actually proceeded to secure the door and set the house in flames ; so that all within perished, including many persons who were merely engaged in attending the wounded. In the rubbish of this habitation, between thirty and forty scorched and smothered bodies were found by the country people, after the monsters had departed from the scene of their ravages.

But by far the most horrible instance of cruelty which occurred in the course of these unhappy times, was one which took place in the immediate vicinity of Culloden House. Nineteen wounded officers of the Highland army had been carried, immediately after the battle, from a wood in which they had found their first shelter, to the courtyard of that mansion, where they remained two days in the open air, with their wounds undressed, and only receiving such acts of kindness from the steward of the house, as that official chose to ren-

der at the risk of his own life. Upon the third day, when the search was made throughout the neighbouring cottages, three miserable men were seized by the ruthless soldiers, tied with ropes, tossed into a cart, and taken out to the side of a park wall, where, being ranged up in order, they were commanded to prepare for immediate death. Such as retained the use of their limbs, or whose spirits, formerly so daring, could not sustain them through this trying scene, fell upon their knees, and with piteous cries and many invocations to heaven, implored mercy. But they petitioned in vain. 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 Frazer. He had received a ball, but yet showed the appearance of life. The butt of a soldier's musket was accordingly applied to his head to despatch him; nevertheless, though his nose and cheek were dashed in, and one of his eyes dashed out, he did not expire. He lay for some time in a state of agony not to be described, when Lord Boyd, son of the Earl of Kilmarnock, happened 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 afterwards

to tell the dreadful tale ; and the writer quoted in the margin * appears to have derived his information from this excellent source.

The Duke of Cumberland has been characterized by his friend Earl Waldegrave, as one whose judgment would have been equal to his parts, had it not been too much guided by his passions, which were often violent and ungovernable. The cruelties however, which distinguished his Scottish campaign, rather argue the cool malignant fiend than the violent man of anger. His courage was that of the bull-dog ; but he had not the generosity of that animal, to turn away from his victim when it could no longer oppose him. After fairly overthrowing his antagonist, his savage disposition demanded that he should throttle, and gore, and excruciate it, as a revenge for the trouble to which it had put him in the combat. He had that persevering and insatiable appetite for prey, that, not contented with sucking the blood and devouring the flesh of his victims, he could enjoy himself in mumbling the bones ; and even when these were exhausted of sap and taste, he would gnash on for sport, and was only to be finally withdrawn from the horrid feast, when it had become thoroughly insipid to the taste.

The number of Highlanders slain upon the field of Culloden was never well ascertained ; but it could not be much less than a thousand, that is, a fifth of their army. The dreadful list comprised many important men ; for in this, as in all the for-

* Letter from a gentleman in London to his friend in Bath, giving an account of these barbarities. Bath, 1751. An extremely rare and curious pamphlet.

mer battles, the chiefs and gentlemen, as the best armed, and to show an example of bravery, went foremost into the strife, and were of course most exposed. Out of the five regiments which charged the English—the Camerons, * Stuarts, Frasers MacIntoshes, and MacLeans—almost all the leaders and front-rank-men were killed. MacLauchlan, colonel of the regiment last-mentioned, which included a body of that name, was killed in the onset. His lieutenant-colonel, MacLean of Drimmin, who then assumed the command, was bringing off his shattered forces, when he observed two of his sons, who had fought by his side, severely wounded, and heard that a third had been left dead on the field. Exclaiming, "It shall not be for nought," this brave old gentleman, without either bonnet or wig, rushed back into the fight, attacked two dragoons, killed one and wounded another, but was at last cut down by other three, who came up to the assistance of their comrades. MacGillivray of Drumnaglass, colonel of the MacIntosh Regiment, was killed in the attack, with the lieutenant-colonel, the major, and all the other officers of the regiment, with the exception, as already stated, of three. Charles Fraser, younger of Inveralachie, who was lieutenant colonel of the Fraser Regiment, and commanded it on this occa-

* The Athole brigade had not charged, on account of the excessive loss of men which it sustained in the advance, by reason of being fired upon both in front and flank. Its leader, however, the brave Lord George, went into the fray, lost one sword, broke another, had his coat pierced in several places, and came finally away, like the Prince, without his wig and bonnet.

sion, * was also killed. Seventeen officers and gentlemen of the Appin Regiment were slain, and ten wounded ; but Stuart of Ardshiel, who commanded it, escaped ; as did Lochiel, the chief and leader of the Camerons. No distinguished persons fell among the Lowland regiments, except the Viscount Strathallan. †

The field of Culloden yet bears witness to the carnage of which it was the scene. In the midst of its black and blasted heath, various little eminences are to be seen, displaying a lively verdure but too unequivocally expressive of the dreadful tale. These are so distinct and well defined, that the eye may almost, by their means, trace the positions of the armies, or at least discover where the fight was most warmly contested. The way towards Inverness, otherwise an unimproved second-

* The Master of Lovat, afterwards General Fraser, was not present at the battle of Culloden. He was marching towards the field, with a large body of his clan, when, meeting the fugitives, he judged it expedient to turn along with them and retire to his own country. In performing this retrograde motion, the colours were still kept flying, and the bagpipes continued to play.

† An officer being afterwards examined, in a proof which was led in order to prove the Viscount's death before the act of attainder, and being questioned as to his reasons for knowing that that nobleman died on the field of Culloden, gave for answer, that he had thrust his spontoon through the Viscount's body on that day. It appears, however, that his Lordship did not die immediately after his wound. He lived to receive the *vaticum* from a Catholic priest, who happened to be upon the field. The sacred morsel was hastily composed of oatmeal and water, which the clergyman procured at a neighbouring cottage. This clergyman went to France, became an Abbé; but, revisiting his native country, gave this information to one of our correspondents—the Scottish Bishop so often quoted.

ary road, is fringed with many such doleful memorials of the dead ; and there the daisy and blue bell of Scotland have selected their abode, as if resolved to sentinel for ever the last resting-place of their country's heroes. Modern curiosity has, in some cases, violated these sanctuaries, for the purpose of procuring some relic of the ill-fated warriors, to show as a wonder in the halls of the Sassenach ; and the Gaël, with nobler sentiment, have been till lately, in the habit of pilgrimizing to the spot, in order to translate the bones of their friends to consecrated ground, afar in their own dear glens of the west. But enough, and more than enough, yet remains, to show where Scotland fought her last battle, and the latest examples of her ancient chivalry fell to feed the eagle and redeem the desert.

As already stated, the English dragoons pursued the chase till within a mile of Inverness. The Duke, leaving his infantry to dine upon the battle-ground, * soon after marched forward to take possession of the town. As he proceeded, a drummer came out with a letter from General Stapleton, soliciting quarter from his Royal Highness, in the name of himself and the French and Irish regiments under his charge. The Duke commanded an officer—Sir Joseph Yorke—to alight from his horse, and with his pencil write a note to the General, assuring him of fair quarter and honourable treatment. He then sent forward Captain Campbell of Sempill's regiment, with his

* They got an allowance of spirits, bread, cheese, &c. from one of the victualling ships, and took their dinner about four o'clock.

company of grenadiers, to take possession of the town.

As the Duke entered Inverness, he learnt that the people were about to honour him by ringing their bells. But he commanded them to desist, upon pain of his displeasure. The first thing he did, was to ask for the keys of the Tolbooth, in which the English prisoners were confined. These being with some difficulty procured and brought to him, he went immediately to the prison, and released the men. As they descended the stairs, he patted them on the back with an expression of kindness ; and he immediately ordered them new clothes, food, and payment of their arrears, of all which they stood in the greatest need.

Several of the Jacobite ladies, who had attended their husbands during the campaign with so much fortitude, were found and made prisoners at Inverness. It is reported in one of the vulgar party-productions of the time, that they had just drunk tea, and were preparing for a ball, at which the Prince and his officers were to be entertained, after his expected victory, when the entrance of the fugitives informed them of the fatal reverse their friends had met with. The Duke's soldiers found a considerable quantity of provisions, which had been preparing for the poor Highlanders.

As at Holyrood-house, Falkirk, and various other places, the Duke took up his lodgings in the same house, the same room, and the same bed, which his precursor Charles had just vacated. It may be safely conjectured, that Lady Drummair, whose daughter, Lady Macintosh, had here acted as the presiding divinity of Charles's household for two months before, would by no means relish the

présence of her new tenant, but that *he*, on the contrary, would be esteemed as little better than a *sorner*, * where his predecessor had been a welcome and honoured guest. How the venerable gentlewoman endured his presence, or in what manner she entertained him, has not been recorded; but the comment which she afterwards passed upon this eventual period in the history of her household, is still a tradition in her family. "I've ha'en twa king's bairns living wi' me, in my time," she used to say; "and, to tell you the truth, *I wish I may never ha'e another.*" †

The Royal army marched in the evening to Inverness, and there formed a camp. One of the Duke's first duties at head-quarters was, to select from the prisoners those who had deserted from the Royal army, to subject them to a brief military trial, and then to consign them to the death of traitors. No fewer than thirty-six suffered this punishment, including a fellow named Dunbar, who was found dressed in a suit of laced clothes he had taken from Major Lockhart at the battle of Falkirk, and who, in that account, was exposed up-

* A *sorner*, in Scottish phraseology, is one who exacts free quarters. Sorning was a practice formerly so prevalent in Scotland, that it was placed by the legislature (in the reign of James III.) upon the same scale of capital offences with open robbery, murder, &c.

† Lady Drummuir's house is the third below the Mason Lodge in Church Street. It is still a house of respectable appearance; but, though remarkable as the best house in the town, and the *only one containing a room in which there was not a bed*, it is now but one of second-rate quality in this thriving and fast improving town. The bedroom occupied by the Prince and Duke, is at the back of the house, with a window commanding a view of the garden.

on the gibbet for forty-eight hours. * This melancholy list is said to have also included a youthful cadet of the noble family of Forbes, whose zeal in behalf of the House of Stuart, overcoming his sense of the military oath, had caused him to desert an English regiment, in which he was a cadet, for the purpose of joining Charles's standard. The death of this unfortunate person was attended by a circumstance, which, though horrible in the last degree, deserves to be recorded, as evincing the

* Boyse's Hist. 164.

The prisoners taken after the battle of Culloden were enclosed, like sheep in a pen, within a square of soldiers. There they stood, bloody, ragged, and miserable, compelled to endure, without the possibility of retort, the insults of their captors, most of whom they had more than once caused to fly with terror, but who could not now help expressing their wonder that such a naked, famished-looking crew, should ever have had the assurance to face the King's army. Colonel Campbell, of the Argyle Militia, overheard what was going on, and, unable to bear the insult which seemed to be thrown upon his countrymen in general, came up and offered to bet with one of the officers of the guard, that he would find, among these despised mountaineers, one who, for the sake of his liberty, should beat at sword-play any of the Royal soldiers who chose to encounter him. The bet was accepted, and one accomplished swordsman selected for the combat. Colonel Campbell then intimated to the prisoners in Gaelic, that any one who should foil this fellow would have his liberty. A tall raw-boned Highlander immediately offered himself, and, being provided with a sword, was brought out to confront the English soldier. On the word being given to commence the combat, he rushed against his opponent, and, without any preliminary play, at once cut him down. The English soldiers beheld the action with astonishment, and Colonel Campbell, patting the victor kindly on the back, told him to make the best of his way home, and there "thank his mother for having given him such good milk."

state of moral and political feeling in the British army of the time. While poor Forbes was yet suspended upon the gibbet, an English officer, unable to restrain his virtuous indignation at the delinquency of the culprit, and the better perhaps to show the loyal horror in which he held this "unnatural rebellion," ran up to the scarce inanimate corpse, and stabbed it with his sword; exclaiming at the same time, with an oath as profane as the act was inhuman, that "all his countrymen were traitors and rebels like himself!" A Scottish officer, who happened to be near the spot, immediately drew his sword, to revenge the insult thus thrown upon his country; and, a combat instantly commencing, all the other officers who knew the cause of the quarrel, joined in, taking sides according to their respective countries. The soldiers, at the same time, of their own accord, beat to arms, and joined the ranks assumed by their respective officers. The Duke of Cumberland, learning how matters stood, hurried to the place, and arrived just as the two contending parties were about to make a general charge. His presence, of course, quelled the disturbance; but it was not till he had used considerable eloquence in soothing the injured feelings of the Scots, that they withdrew from a conflict to which they had been so ungenerously provoked.

The Duke employed the few days immediately following the battle in securing and disposing of the spoil, which was very considerable. He had taken thirty pieces of cannon, two thousand three hundred and twenty firelocks, a hundred and ninety broadswords, thirty-seven barrels of powder, and twenty-two carts of ammunition. The sol-

diers were allowed half a crown for every musket, and a shilling for every broadsword, which they could bring into quarters; it being the anxious wish of Government to keep as many arms as possible out of the hands of the natives. In order, moreover, to put a great public indignity upon the honour of the insurgents, the sum of sixteen guineas was allowed for each stand of their colours; and, fourteen of these melancholy emblems of departed glory being thus procured, they were, on the fourth of June, carried by a procession of chimney-sweeps from the Castle to the Cross of Edinburgh, and there burnt by the hands of the common hangman, with many suitable marks of contempt.

The victory of Culloden was, indeed, very cheaply acquired by the British army. The whole amount of killed, wounded, and missing, was three hundred and ten, including few officers and but one man of any distinction. This last was Lord Robert Kerr, second son of the Marquis of Lothian, a captain of grenadiers in Barrel's Regiment, a young man remarkable for his handsome person and great promise. Standing at the head of his company, when the Highlanders made the charge, he received the first man upon his spontoon, but was instantly slain with many wounds. Although the victory was mainly attributable to the cannon and musketry, some portions of the Royal army behaved with a degree of courage highly honourable to them. There was scarcely an officer or soldier in Barrel's Regiment, and that part of Monro's which was engaged, who did not kill one or two Highlanders with his spontoon or bayonet, before giving way to their irresistible violence. It can-

not be mentioned with the same degree of applause, that some of Kingston's dragoons were known to have each cut down ten or twelve fugitives in the pursuit.

The intelligence of the battle of Culloden, so important in its nature and results, produced different effects upon the public mind, according to the sentiments of those by whom it was heard. The Jacobites received it as a total overthrow to their fond and long cherished hopes; while it excited in the partisans of Government, a transport of joy, too overpowering to admit of a thought upon the misery in which it involved so many of their countrymen. The news reaching Edinburgh during the night between Saturday and Sunday, and being announced to the ears of the slumbering inhabitants by discharges of cannon, many of the unhappy Jacobites were found next morning stretched upon their couches in a state of insensibility. Some of the ancient gentlewomen whose daily prayers for fifty years had included the restoration of the Stuarts, and whose wishes had been wound up during the progress of the insurrection to a state bordering upon insanity, *never* afterwards rose from the beds upon which the afflicting intelligence had found them, but continued, so long as they lived, shrouded from the light of day, and inaccessible to consolation. The misery of those who had friends, or kinsmen, or lovers, concerned in the dreadful event, was far more poignant; distracted as they were betwixt the fear that they were slain, or, what was still more dreadful, that they survived as captives. To add to their grief, the loyal part of the community and the zealous Presbyterians, now triumphant in their turn,

took every opportunity of lacerating their feelings. They even dared not inquire regarding the fate of those most dear to them, from the dread of persecution to themselves, or proscription—perhaps death to the ill-starred objects of their affection.

It appears from the well-affected newspapers of the time, that there were public rejoicings for the victory, both in the capital and most of the burghs of Scotland. Even in the remote and sequestered town of Wigton, where the news was only received a week after, there was a very loyal bonfire, and a zealous church and state ringing of bells, together with a most cordial drinking of strong ale at the cross, in honour of the auspicious and never-enough-to-be-congratulated occasion. Addresses there were, moreover, devoting as much life and fortune to the service of Government, as, if produced six months before, would have been enough, and more than enough, to suppress twenty such rebellions.

The satisfaction which the King and the members of Government felt in the “glorious event,” though expressed with as much coolness as might be, was nevertheless excessively great. The defeat of Preston had roused them like a very rattling peal of thunder, and they had lived for the last six or eight months in a state of the utmost agitation and anxiety. On the morning that the news reached London, Mr Pelham, the first Lord of the Treasury, was met by a Forfarshire Member of Parliament, exhibiting every mark of excessive joy. “His Majesty’s arms,” cried the minister, “have been blessed with a complete victory over the Rebels at a place called Cullodéan;” accenting the last syllable. “I’m very sorry to hear you say so,” was the Scotsman’s reply.

“ How, Mr ——, do you say this to *me* ? ”
“ Yes, Mr Pelham, ” was the Caldonian’s cool reply. “ It maunna be true—there’s no sic a place in a’ Scotland. ” *

The estimation in which they held the Duke’s victory, was in some measure proved by the way they took to reward it. His income had hitherto been fifteen thousand a year, paid out of the civil list ; but the House of Commons now voted him an addition of twenty-five thousand, to arise out of the duties and revenues composing the Aggregate Fund.

Without detracting from the merits of the Duke of Cumberland, as a general, it is impossible to contemplate, without some degree of disgust, the fulsome adulation which was now poured out upon him by all persons in authority. He himself, notwithstanding the emotions of vanity, must have worn his extravagant honours with something like loathing ; for it is said, that, when afterwards loaded with public odium on account of his rendition of the British army at Closterseven, he bitterly remarked, that he had formerly got praise where he did not deserve it, and now was blamed where he was not guilty. Such is ever the caprice of the public in regard to its servants, invariably deified if successful, and condemned without a hearing if unfortunate.

From all that can be gathered in the fugitive publications of the time, Duke William received fully as much public gratitude for ridding Britain of the poor Chevalier, as the great General of modern times received for overthrowing the mighty

* From a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church.

Usurper of the Continent. He was thanked by all the public bodies in the kingdom, from the Houses of Parliament down to the General Assembly. He had twenty-five thousand a year added to his income ; and, lest that should ever fail him, he got the privilege of citizenship from almost all the burghs in the kingdom of Scotland. Pieces of dress were also called after him, and his bluff visage was blazoned over innumerable public-houses. Sermons were preached, orations made, and poems written in his praise ; and he was universally hailed as the Heroic Deliverer of Britain. Perhaps the most ludicrous circumstance that arose from the spirit of the time, was, that the foundation-stone of the Duke of Argyle's house at Inverary, the laying of which had been postponed on account of the troubles, was now at last deposited, with the grateful inscription, intended no doubt for the instruction of the remotest posterity,—“ Gulielmus, Cumbriæ Dux, nobis hæc otia fecit ! ” *

* Scots Mag. viii. 498.

CHAPTER VIII.

FINAL SUPPRESSION OF THE INSURRECTION.

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpaired remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my vital breast shall beat ;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow ;
Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn,
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn !

SMOLLETT.

IN the meantime, while the victorious party was enjoying the praise, and the honour, and all the other good things with which the world is so ready to load the prosperous man, Charles's hapless adherents retired, like the stricken deer, unpitied by the unhurt members of the herd, to mourn in the desert over their perished hopes and gloomy prospects. The flight was chiefly directed to the western parts of Inverness-shire, the native country of most of the insurgent clans ; where the war had taken its earliest rise, and where it was destined to be finally quenched. This region is one of the most wild and inhospitable character, being little else than a tract of stupendous mountains, intersected by narrow valleys, lakes, and arms of the

sea. To add to the distress of the fugitives, it had been in a great measure exhausted of provisions for some time before the battle; nor were its boundaries of such a nature as to permit the possibility of supplies from without. There now, therefore, seemed nothing wanting to complete the destruction of the insurgents, but that their retreat should be enclosed within a circle of soldiers, which, gradually narrowing, according to an ancient hunting practice, might at last concentrate them for one easy and decisive blow.

The fate of those who perished in the fight was preferable by far to that of the survivors—doomed as they were to every species of privation, agonized by the bitterest of reflections, and every day suffering, in the fear of death, more pain than the parting pang itself could have occasioned. The misery of the wounded was peculiarly great, though perhaps of shorter endurance. Many were afterwards found dead among the hills, at the distance of ten, fifteen, and even twenty miles from the field of battle; * having apparently dragged their mutilated bodies so far towards their homes, over hill and dale, in the hope of procuring relief, but expired of hunger and pain long before reaching the object of their melancholy journey.

Among all the instances of misery which followed the defeat of Culloden, perhaps none was so truly great as that of Charles himself, who now entered upon a life of hazard and wretchedness, the details of which are hardly credible. When at last forced off the field, he fled with a large party of horse, comprising his chief councillors

* Scots Mag. viii. 194.

and friends. His retreat was protected by the foot, who fled behind him. Having crossed the Nairn at the ford of Falie, about four miles from the battle-ground, he held a hurried council, at which it was determined that the men should rendezvous at Ruthven in Badenoch, and there await his orders, while he should in the mean time make a circuit through the country. Here also he is said to have sent off various gentlemen of his party upon different routes, in order to distract the enemy in case of a pursuit. Proceeding towards Gortuleg, the seat of a gentleman of the Fraser clan, and where he understood that Lord Lovat was now residing, he reached that place about sunset, along with Sheridan, Sullivan, O'Neal, Secretary Hay, and a few others whom he had chosen to retain about his person.

A girl who was then residing at Gortuleg, and who afterwards lived to a good old age, used to describe the unexpected appearance of Charles and his flying attendants. The wild and desolate vale on which she happened to gaze at the time with indolent composure, was at once so suddenly filled with horsemen riding furiously towards the house, that, impressed with the belief that they were fairies, who, according to the code of Highland superstition, were only visible between one twinkle of the eyelid and another, she strove to refrain from the vibrations which she believed would occasion the strange and magnificent apparition to become invisible. * To Lord Lovat, who had staked so much upon the Chevalier's success, it brought a certainty more dreadful than the

* Quart. Rev. xiv. 323.

presence of fairies or even demons ; telling him of proscription, death, and the ruin of his house and name. As Charles, whom he had never before seen, entered the door, the old man is said to have quite forgot the duty he owed to his prince, and to have gone distractedly about, calling upon those who were present to chop off his head, or otherwise anticipate the miserable fate to which he saw himself destined. Charles endeavoured to recal him to his senses, by many cheering expressions ; saying, among other things, that “ they had had two days of the Elector’s troops, and he did not doubt to have yet a third.” Lovat was at length somewhat appeased, and began to enter into serious conversation with the fugitives, during which the Prince’s next motions were amply discussed. It was generally agreed that Gortuleg was too near the position of the King’s troops to be a safe retreat ; and Charles, therefore, having changed his dress, * set out that night at ten o’clock for Invergarry, the seat of MacDonell of Glengary.

Charles and his little party were seen, at two o’clock in the morning, riding rapidly past the ruins of Fort Augustus ; and they arrived at Invergarry about two hours before daybreak. This ancient seat, which, now a blackened and fire-scathed ruin, stands upon the bank of one of the lochs forming the Caledonian Canal, was, on the present occasion, deserted of its tenants, and in a condition very ill calculated to support the hospitable character of a Highland mansion. Destitute at once of furniture and provisions, and attended

* He drank, before leaving Gortuleg, a few glasses of wine, with which his tears are said to have mingled.

by only a single domestic, however easily a party of natives might have accommodated themselves within its walls, it was particularly unfit to entertain a prince and an alien. This was the first day of Charles's wanderings; and its privations but too truly omened those of the succeeding five months.

The Prince and his party were so much fatigued with their ride, which was one of little less than forty miles, that they gladly stretched themselves upon the floor in their clothes. They slept till mid-day, when Edward Burke, servant to Alexander MacLeod, having fortunately caught two salmon in the water of Gary, they had a better dinner than they expected, though the only drink they could procure was the pure element from which their meat had been taken. All the company here took leave of Charles, except Sullivan, O'Neal, and Edward Burke, who was left to be the Prince's guide, and whose clothes his Royal Highness now assumed. This small party set out at two o'clock for Loch Arkaig, where they arrived about nine at night, and lodged in the house of Donald Cameron of Glenpean. Charles was so excessively fatigued, that he fell asleep as Edward Burke was unbuttoning his spatterdashes. Next morning, Friday the 18th, they held their route still farther westward, to Mewboil, a small village near the extremity of Lochiel's country, where they were well entertained. A considerable part of the following day was spent in waiting for intelligence of their friends, which not arriving, they at last set out, for fear of being discovered and taken. There being no longer any road, they were here obliged to abandon their

horses, and begin to walk on foot. They crossed over a range of lofty mountains, and came in the evening to a place called Oban, near the head of Loch Morar, one of the numerous arms of the sea which penetrate the west coast. Here they took up their lodging in a wretched little *sheeling* or hovel, used for shearing sheep, near the corner of a wood.

Next day, Sunday the 20th of April, Charles and his three attendants crossed, with inconceivable pain and difficulty, another of those ranges of lofty and rugged hills, which, alternately with the lochs or arms of the sea, penetrate the country so regularly at this part of the West Highlands. Their lodging-place, this evening, was at Glenboisdale, in Arasaig, a small village near the place where Charles had first landed. Here several fugitives joined the dejected little party.

After the rout of the army at Culloden, the clans chiefly sought their own glens, or *countries*, as they were called, where they had property and relations to be protected; while the foreign troops surrendered as prisoners of war to the Duke at Inverness, and the Lowlanders either rendezvoused at Badenoch, or wandered far and wide over the Highlands.* Thus the army was completely

* During the heat of the battle of Culloden, a Highlander, having got his hand shot off by a cannon bullet, ran to the rear, and entered a cottage, where he expected to find the means of staunching the blood. The poor woman who dwelt in the cottage, was employed at the moment in baking bannocks upon a hot smooth stone, according to a practice then common in the Highlands. Without a moment's hesitation, he dashed his bleeding stump against the stone and seared it all round, so as to stop the hæmorrhage. When he had done, he seized a

broken up; and there remained no hope in the estimation of men of sense, that it would ever again unite in such force as successfully to make head against the enemy. The Prince, under this conviction, despatched a message to the Badenoch party, within two days after the battle, thanking them for their zeal in his service, but desiring them to do what they thought was best for their own preservation, till a more favourable opportunity for action presented itself. The party which amounted to little above a thousand men, accordingly dispersed; and there was not then, any where, three hundred men together in arms against the state.

The Prince received, at Glenboisdale, a message from Lord George Murray, entreating that he

bannock with his remaining hand, and ran back to rejoin the ranks.—*Information, at second-hand, from the old woman.*

Mr Carnegie of Balnamoon, an Angus gentleman, who had been engaged on the Prince's side at the battle of Culloden, used to tell in after life, that, although he made considerable haste in returning home from the battle-field, he was thirty-six hours later than a fellow insurgent and countryman, of the name of Peter Logie, who, to retard his motions, had a club foot, and was moreover a very little and weak-looking man. This *body*, as Balnamoon used to call him, was afterwards taken up and questioned by the King's soldiers regarding his share in the Rebellion. Peter was so conscientious a Jacobite, that he would not prevaricate even to save his life; and he thought proper to give a candid affirmation to all the three successive questions, which demanded, if he had been at Preston—at Falkirk—and at Culloden. But, when at length asked, what station he held in the rebel army—the question being accompanied by a glance at his club-foot—he gave an answer very far from the truth, though sufficiently expressive of wounded vanity. "I had the honour," said Peter, "to be his Royal Highness's dancing-master."

would not leave the country, as Lord George had heard that he intended. Clanranald, who here joined the party, along with Mr Lockhart, younger of Carnwath, Mr Æneas MacDonal'd the banker, and some others, offered to fit up a few summer sheelings in various parts of his *country*, for his accommodation and shift of quarters, as occasion should require, till he (Clanranald), and some other chosen persons, should take a trip to the Isles, and look out for a vessel to convey his Royal Highness to France. But Charles was over-persuaded by his fears, and by the advice of Sullivan ; and firmly announced his resolution to seek a securer shelter in the Isles.

The Prince spent four days in Arasaig, awaiting the arrival of one Donald MacLeod, who had been required to come from the Isle of Skye, in order to act as his guide to the Isles. Before Donald arrived, an alarm was one day given that some of the enemy were at hand, and the whole party immediately dispersed, each to seek shelter where best he might, among the neighbouring hills and woods. Charles was wandering alone through a forest, pondering his altered fortunes and his present distress, when, in the midst of his care, he observed an aged Highlander approaching. He asked the man if he were Donald MacLeod of Gaultergill, in the Isle of Skye. The Highlander answered in the affirmative ; when the Prince rejoined, " Then I am he who sent for you ; you see the distress I am in ; I throw myself into your bosom ; do with me what you like ; your Prince resigns himself entirely into your hands." The old man never afterwards could repeat this moving address without shedding a flood of tears.

In the evening of the 24th, Charles, along with Sullivan, O'Neal, Burke, and other seven persons, set sail in an open eight-oared boat, from Lochna-nagh, the bay where he first landed. * Donald MacLeod, acting as pilot, sat at the stern, with Charles betwixt his knees. This aged person, being an experienced mariner, was certain, from the appearance of the sky, that a storm was about to ensue, and entreated the Prince to defer his voyage till next day. But Charles insisted upon immediately leaving the continent where he apprehended so much danger. In the boat there were four pecks of oatmeal, and a pot in which they could boil meat when they landed.

As old MacLeod had foretold, they had scarcely got fairly out to sea when a storm arose. The wind blew a tempest; the waves of the Atlantic rose with tumultuous fury; and it was altogether a night surpassing in danger all that MacLeod, an experienced boatman, had ever before seen upon that wild sea. To add to their distress, the rain poured down in torrents, and they had neither pump nor compass. In the darkness of the night, none of the crew knew where they were, and serious apprehensions were entertained lest the boat should either founder, or be driven upon Skye, where the person of the Prince would at once be

* The authorities chiefly followed in this account of the Prince's Wanderings are, a MS. Journal, by Edward Burke, in the possession of Mr David Constable,—Glendale's Journal, in the Lockhart Papers,—Mr Home's History,—Boswell's Tour to the Hebrides,—Dougal Graham's Metrical History of the Rebellion,—the Notes to Mr Hogg's Jacobite Relics,—and a Genuine and True Journal of the Miraculous Escape of the Young Chevalier. By an Englishman. London, 1749.

come a prey to the militia, who were roaming about that island in great numbers. At length, a period was put at once to their danger from the sea, and their apprehensions from the militia, by the approach of daylight, which showed them to be upon the coast of that remote archipelago, already mentioned by the descriptive epithet of Long Island, the storm having carried the boat upwards of an hundred miles in nine or ten hours. They landed at Rossinish Point, the north-east corner of the Island of Benbecula, and, having hauled their boat upon dry land, prepared a humble entertainment with meal, and the flesh of a cow, which they had seized and killed.

In order to give the reader a proper idea of the danger which the Prince now ran, it is necessary to remind him, that the reward of thirty thousand pounds, which had been offered by the British Government for his apprehension, at the beginning of the campaign, still hung over his head, and indeed was now more ostentatiously offered than ever. The magnitude of the sum was such as seemed calculated to overcome every scruple on the part of his friends; and it was daily expected, throughout the whole country, that he would be given up by one or other of those to whom he intrusted his person. That no means for the accomplishment of such an end might be omitted, parties of soldiers were sent out in every direction, each more eager than another to secure the splendid prize. The Duke's instructions to those blood-hounds, were invariably expressed in the simple words, "No prisoners, gentlemen—you understand me." Among all who were employed in this duty, no man seems to have been so eager as the leader of the

Campbells, now raised to the rank of General. On a report arising that the Chevalier had taken refuge in St Kilda, that active person instantly repaired to the island with a large fleet. St Kilda, "placed far amidst the melancholy main," is the remotest of all the Western Islands, and is peopled by only a few aboriginal families, who subsist chiefly on fish and sea-fowl, paying a rent to the Laird of MacLeod, whose factor, sent once a year to collect the same, was then the only visitor whom the lonely St Kildans ever saw. On Campbell's fleet coming within sight, the people fled in terror to caves and the tops of mountains; and it was not without considerable difficulty that the General could procure a hearing amongst them. His men asked those whom they found, "what had become of the Pretender?" expecting to discover their guilt by the confusion of their manners, or perhaps to get a candid confession. But the only answer they could get from the simple islanders, was, "that they had never heard of such a person." All that they could tell about the late troubles, was, that they heard a report, probably communicated by some stray fishermen, that their laird (MacLeod) had been at war with a woman a great way abroad, and that he had got the better of her. The General returned on board, to retrace his long disagreeable voyage, with feelings which need not be described, but in which few of our readers will be disposed to sympathize with him.

Meanwhile, the Duke of Cumberland took measures for disarming the insurgent clans, and for inflicting that vengeance upon their country, which the atrocity of their late "wicked and un-

natural attempt" seemed to demand. The Earl of Loudoun, the Laird of MacLeod, and Sir Alexander MacDonald, with seventeen hundred militia, and General Campbell, with his eight hundred Argyle men, were marched into Lochaber; six hundred Grants were sent into the Fraser's Country; and the Munroes, Mackays, and Sutherlands, were despatched to Ross-shire; to effect these desirable objects. Lord Fortrose, son of the Earl of Seaforth, raised the Mackenzies, to guard the passages to the Isles; orders were given along the coast to prevent any suspicious persons from making their escape by sea; Cobham's and Lord Mark Kerr's dragoons were planted to guard the east coast; bodies of local militia were placed at all the passes out of the Highlands, and even at the fords of the Frew and the ferries across the Firth of Forth; in order to insure the ultimate and leisurely capture of all the unfortunate insurgents.

About a month after the battle of Culloden, when every preparation had been made, the Duke set out from Inverness upon a tour of vengeance. He had previously issued a proclamation, requiring the rebels to deliver up their arms, and submit to the King's mercy, and he was somewhat exasperated to find that very few availed themselves of so generous a proposal. Those, therefore, who would not take the chance of *civil*, he now determined to visit, if possible, with the certainty of *military*, execution. He went to Fort Augustus, with Kingston's horse and eleven battalions of foot, for whose accommodation a summer camp was established. A house was erected of turf, and provided with windows and furniture, for his own

use. * There, in the midst of the Rebel country, with all his troops extending in parties around him, he might be compared to a huge blue-bottle spider, rioting in the centre of his wide-spread meshes.

Several of the clans had, in the mean time, entered into a bond of mutual defence, for the desperate purpose of resisting the power which they saw was about to close upon and destroy them. At the head of this association, were the chiefs of Lochiel, Glengary, Clanranald, Stewarts of Appin, Keppoch, Barisdale, and MacInnon, each of whom was to assemble his men, and bring as many other leaders as he could advertise or persuade into the measure, on the 15th of May. When the day of meeting came, few were found at the place of rendezvous, on account of the paramount necessity, under which each clan lay, of defending its own country. They expected assistance from France, but none arrived in time. The Duke, therefore, found them still in open rebellion, and yet incapable of resistance.

A period of rapine and massacre now ensued, upon whose details we would willingly shut our eyes, but which the duty of an historian compels us, however reluctantly, to record. The general outline of the devastation, as given in the heartless publications of the day, was simply, that strong parties of soldiers, being despatched into the countries of the various insurgent chiefs, burnt all the houses, carried off all the cattle, and *shot every male inhabitant who fled at their approach.*

* Its ruins are still pointed out by the Highlanders, with appropriate expressions of hate and horror.

But the filling up of this dreadful picture comprises a thousand horrors. By the conflagration of the houses, innumerable innocent persons, including the young, the sickly, and the aged, were rendered homeless ; by the abstraction of the cattle, the same persons were deprived of their daily food ; by the massacre of the fugitives, many of whom were innocent of even the imaginary crime imputed to them, the whole population was left to lament over the bloody corpses of their kindred. Under circumstances of such unparalleled distress, the widows and orphans of the slain had either to resign themselves to a slow and lingering death, or to anticipate it by perishing of fatigue, among the pathless hills, in wandering towards the distant countries which the brand of the destroyer had not reached. Some followed the parties which drove their cattle towards Fort Augustus, with the miserable hope of getting back a few for their subsistence by working upon the pity of the oppressors. But they had only the mortification of seeing their property sold, generally at trifling prices, to the mercenary drovers of the South. It might have been expected that at this place, where there was a sort of public market for the time, the wretched victims would have been able to subsist at least upon charity. Instead of that mitigated fate, they were reduced to such extremities of hunger, as often to approach the shambles where the soldiers killed cattle for their own use, and, with the humblest air and many entreaties, beg permission to lick up the blood and soil of the slaughtered beeves ! *

* " The cattle are brought into the camp in great num-

Before the 10th of June, the task of desolation was complete throughout all the western parts of Inverness-shire; and the curse which had been denounced upon Scotland, by the religious enthusiasts of the preceding century, was at length so entirely fulfilled in this remote region, that it would have been literally possible to travel for days through the depopulated glens, *without seeing a chimney smoke, or hearing a cock crow.*

It is generally allowed that the Duke himself, though the instigator of these cruelties, did not show so much open or active cruelty as some of the more immediate instruments of the Royal vengeance. General Hawley was one of the most remorseless of all the commanding officers; apparently thinking no extent of cruelty a sufficient compensation for his loss of honour at Falkirk. The names of Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, Captain Caroline Scott, and Major Lockhart, are also to be handed down to everlasting execration, as among the blood-thirstiest of all those human wolves. The last, in particular, did not even respect the protections which Lord Loudoun had extended (by virtue of a commission from the

bers, sometimes 2000 in a drove.—The people are in a most deplorable way, and must perish by *sword or famine.* Lochiel's house, at Auchnacary, was burnt on the 28th of May; Kinlochmoidart's, Keppoch's, Glengary's, Cluny's, and Glengyle's, are served in the same manner. Vast numbers of the common people's houses, or huts, are likewise laid in ashes. All the cattle, sheep, goats, &c. are carried off; and several poor people, especially women and children, have been found dead in the hills, *supposed to be starved.* Even the well-affected in the rebellious countries are sufferers," &c. &c.—*Scots Magazine*, viii. 287.

Duke), to those who had taken an early opportunity of submitting to him; but used only to observe to the unhappy individuals who expected to be saved on that account, as he ordered them to execution and their houses to the flames, that, "*though they were to show him a protection from Heaven, it should not prevent him from doing his duty!*" *

It reflects great credit upon the Highlanders, that, in the midst of all these calamities, they displayed no disposition to take mean or insidious modes of avenging them, though, with arms in their hands, and acquainted as they were with the country, they might have often done so both easily and securely. Only one soldier is said to have perished by the hand of an assassin, during the whole of the frightful campaign. The circumstance was to the triumphant party a matter of great gratulation, affording them a sort of excuse for further cruelties; while, by the thinking part of the Jacobites, it was regarded with horror and bitterness of spirit. A domestic belonging to the house of Glengary, on reaching his home after a short expedition, found that, during his absence, his property had been destroyed, his wife violated, and his home rendered desolate. In the bitterness of the moment, he vowed deadly revenge. Learning that the officer who had commanded the spoliators, and who had been the ravisher of his wife, rode upon a white horse, he rushed abroad with his musket, determined never to rest till he had accomplished his vow. After wandering several weeks, without discovering the villain, he one

* Boyse's Hist. 169.

day observed an officer approaching at the head of a party, mounted upon the white horse he had heard described. This was not the real perpetrator of his wrongs, but a very worthy man, Major Monro of Culcairn, a younger brother of the late Sir Robert Monro of Foulis, who had, unfortunately for himself, borrowed the animal on which he rode. The infuriated Highlander took aim from behind some craggy banks which overlooked the road, and shot the Major dead. He then fled through the rugged country, and was soon beyond pursuit. On afterwards learning that he had killed an innocent man, he burst his gun, and renounced the vow which had bound him to vengeance. Doddridge and various other writers narrate the circumstance of Culcairn's assassination; but it is only now for the first time justified, by a full disclosure of the facts which led to it.

While the natives and the fugitive Prince were enduring every species of hardship, Duke William and his myrmidons at Fort Augustus spent their time in a ceaseless round of festivity. Enriched by the sale of their spoils, the soldiers could purchase all the luxuries which the Lowlands could supply, or which could be conveniently transported over the Grampians; and for several weeks their camp exhibited all the coarse and obstrepous revelries of an English fair. It was common, while thousands were starving around them, to hear these miscreants talking, over their feasts, of the languor and tedium of their campaign—looking with affected horror on the sublime scenery around them—and execrating the rebels for bringing them into such a wilderness. In order to amuse them, the Duke instituted races, which were run by the

trulls of the camp, with circumstances of indecency which forbid description. General Hawley also ran a race with the infamous Howard, and, probably rendered a proficient in that exercise by his practice at Falkirk, gained it by four inches.

“ At this time,” says the volunteer Ray, “ most of the soldiers had horses, which they bought and sold with one another at a low price, and on which they were constantly riding about, to the neglect of their duty, which made it necessary to publish an order, that, unless immediately parted with, the animals would be shot. I saw a soldier riding on one of these horses, when a comrade passing by asked him, ‘ Tom, what hast thou given for the galloway?’ Tom answered, ‘ Half a crown.’ ‘ Too dear, by half,’ replied the other; ‘ I saw a better bought for eighteenpence!’ Notwithstanding this lowness of price,” continues Ray, “ the vast quantities of cattle, such as oxen, horses, sheep, and goats, taken from the rebels, and bought up, in the lump, by the jockies and farmers of Yorkshire and Galloway, came to a great deal of money—all of which was divided as booty among the men who had brought them in. These, being sent out in search of the Pretender, frequently came to the houses of rebels that had left them, refusing to be reduced to obedience, which our soldiers commonly plundered and burnt, so that many of them grew rich by their share of spoil.”

The manners of the British soldiery at this time have been already described as extremely dissolute; but to immorality there was now added a degree of savage *ruffianism*, which would have actually disgraced the brigands of Italy. Not content with laying waste the country of the active

insurgents, they extended their ravages, before the end of the season, over peaceful districts, to the very gates of the capital; and for some time Scotland might be said to have been treated throughout its whole bounds as a conquered country, subjected to the domination of military law. The voice of Lord President Forbes was occasionally heard amidst these outrages, like that of Pity described in the allegory as interposing in some barbarous scene; but, on this amiable old man remonstrating with the Duke, by a representation that his soldiers were breaking the laws of the land, his Royal Highness is said to have answered with scorn, "The laws, my Lord! By G—, I'll make a brigade give laws." * No form of trial

* Letter from a gentleman in London to his Friend at Bath. Printed at Bath, 1751. The following extract from this very curious pamphlet, displays in lively colours the scorn in which the English army held all the people of Scotland at this time, without distinction of politics. "When John Fraser, Esq. Provost of Inverness, and the Aldermen, attended by Mr Hossack, late Provost, went to pay their levee to the Duke, the Generals Hawley and Huske happened to be deliberating, and making out orders about slaying the wounded upon the field of battle. Mr Hossack, a man of humanity, and the Sir Robert Walpole of Inverness, under President Forbes, could not witness such a prodigy of intended wickedness without saying something; and therefore, making a low bow to the Generals, he spoke thus—'As his Majesty's troops have been happily successful against the rebels, I hope your Excellencies will be so good as mingle mercy with judgment.' Upon this General Hawley bawled out, 'Damn the puppy! does he pretend to dictate here! Carry him away.' Another cried, 'Kick him out! kick him out!' The orders were instantly and literally obeyed; good Mr Hossack received kicks upon kicks, and Sir Robert Adair had the honour to give him the last kick,

was adopted with the insurgents, even within a few miles of the seat of the Court of Session; nor did the soldiers ever appeal to the neighbouring Justices for warrants, when about to plunder their houses. The lawful creditors of unfortunate individuals were, in innumerable instances, mortified

upon the top of the stairs, which he did with such effect, that Mr Hossack never touched a single step till he was at the bottom of the first flat; from which he tumbled headlong down to the foot of all the stairs, and then was he discreetly taken up, and carried to the Provo's guard. Mr Fraser behaved to have a similar specimen of their good sense and genteel manners. He was taken from dinner at his own table, by an officer and some musketeers, with a volley of oaths and execrations, to a stable, and was ordered to clean it instantly upon his peril! Mr Mayor said he had never cleaned his own stable, and why should he clean that of any other person? After some debate upon the dirty subject, Mr Fraser was at last indulged the privilege of getting some fellows to clean the stable. However, he was obliged to stand a considerable time almost to the ankles in dirt, and see the service performed. A notable treatment of a King's Lieutenant! The wanton youngsters, in and about Inverness, distinguished these two gentlemen by the names of the Kick Provost and the Muck Provost. Several others, who were zealous friends to the Government, were thrown into jail at the time with Mr Hossack. In the North of Scotland, I happened to fall in with a venerable old gentleman, an honest Whig, who, looking me seriously in the face, asked if the Duke was not a Jacobite? "A Jacobite!" said I, "how comes that in your head?"—"Sure," replied the old gentleman, "the warmest zealot in the interest of the Prince could not possibly devise more proper methods for sowing the seeds of Jacobitism and disaffection than the Duke did."

It is a fact generally known, that the excellent Forbes, to whom the State owed such obligations, fell in the Royal favour, and actually became a considerable loser in a pecuniary point of view, on account of the remonstrances which he made regarding the cruelties which followed

at seeing a lawless band seize the property to which they looked for payment, and unceremoniously expose it to public rousp for their own behalf. Such transactions often took place on Sundays, to the general scandal of the nation.

The license of the soldiery extended to the most tranquil districts of the country, and was often exercised upon people of unquestionable innocence. A party of dragoons, hurrying through Nithisdale in search of some wandering insurgents, drew up, hungry and fatigued, at the door of a lonely widow, and demanded refreshment. Her son, a lad of sixteen, dressed them up some homely dish, and the good woman brought new milk, which she told them was all her stock. One of the party inquired, with seeming kindness, how she lived.—“Indeed,” quoth she, “the cow and the garden, wi’ God’s blessing, is a’ my mailen (farm).” He rose, and with his sabre killed the cow, and destroyed the garden. The poor woman, thus ren-

Culloden. “When he visited London, at the end of the year (1746), for the purpose of settling the accounts he had run with the Loyal Highland Militia, he, as usual, went to court. The King, whose ear had been offended with repeated accounts of the conduct of the military, thus addressed him:—‘My Lord President, you are the person I most wished to see. Shocking reports have been circulated of the barbarities committed by my army in the North; your Lordship is of all men the best able to satisfy me.’—‘I wish to God!’ replied the President, ‘that I could, consistently with truth, assure your Majesty that such reports are destitute of foundation.’ The King, as was his custom, turned abruptly away from the President; whose accounts, next day, were passed with difficulty, and, as report says, the balance, which was immense, never fully paid up.”—*Critique on Home’s History in Anti-jacobine Review*, vol. xiii.

dered destitute, soon died of a broken heart ; and her disconsolate son wandered away beyond the inquiry of friends or the search of compassion. Afterwards, in the Seven-years War, when the British army had gained a great and signal victory, the soldiery were making merry with wine, and recounting their exploits, when a dragoon cried out, " I once starved a Scotch witch in Nithisdale. I killed her cow and destroyed her greens ; but, " added he, " she could live, for all that, *on her God*, as she said. " " And don't you rue it ? " cried a young soldier, starting up, " don't you rue it ? " " Rue what ? " said the miscreant, " rue aught like that ! " " Then, by h——, " cried the youth, unsheathing his sword, " that woman was my mother—draw, you brutal villain, draw ! " They fought ; the youth passed his sword twice through the dragoon's body ; and, while he turned him over in the throes of death, exclaimed, " Had you rued it, you should have been only punished by your God ! "

At length, a public outrage of a peculiarly heinous nature became the means of terminating this *reign of terror*. A citizen of Stirling, having given offence to an officer in the garrison by some uncivil expression uttered in the course of business, was seized by the ruffians, stripped naked on the public street, bound upon a lamp-post, and there flogged in military fashion, notwithstanding the interference of the civil authorities, and the general horror of the people. The news of this transaction, which happened six months after the total suppression of " the rebellion, " spread over all Scotland, and had nearly occasioned a new insurrection. The state-officers of the country, who had

hitherto meanly submitted to the domination of the soldiery, then at last saw it necessary to remonstrate against a system which promised so much mischief; and on their representation, farther violence was prohibited by the express command of Government.

Besides the measures already described as having been taken for the capture of the Chevalier and his friends, others were adopted of a nature which showed the resolution of Government to attain that object. The General Assembly of the Church, about the end of May, was required to command all the placed clergymen throughout the country, to read a proclamation from their pulpits, in which the Duke ordered every minister and every loyal subject to exert themselves in discovering and seizing the rebels; and the General Assembly complied with the requisition, contrary no less to the republican independence affected by the Scottish Church, than to the dictates of the gospel which they professed to preach. Many of the individual clergymen, with a better spirit, refused to read this paper, or left it to be read by their precentors; in consequence of which the Duke sent another order to the Church, commanding every minister to give in a list of the rebels belonging to his parish. With this last still fewer complied; the clergymen of Edinburgh ranking among the recusants; and the Duke, having then used individual applications, and even personal entreaties in vain, troubled them with no more. *

* Dougal Graham, in his *Metrical History*, speaks with becoming indignation of the clergymen who read Duke William's inhuman proclamations:

It is not observable in any authentic documents, that those who gave food or shelter to the fugitives, were punished with death ; but it is at least certain, that a proclamation was read in the churches of Perth and its vicinity, by order of the Duke of Cumberland, threatening with that punishment all who concealed them, or even their arms. Rewards were also offered in Ireland and the Isle of Man, for the apprehension of any who might land in those territories ; and the British ministers at foreign courts in alliance with his Majesty, were ordered to secure all who might take refuge there. No means, in short, were omitted, which might tend to the grand object of exterminating these unhappy victims of state resentment.*

“ To pity rebels no man durst,
 Because, even at that very time,
 It had been made a mighty crime,
 Read from the pulpits by the priests ;
 That none should pity man or beasts,
 Who had along with Charlie been,
 Give them no victuals, nor close their eun
 In sleep, or warm within a door,
 Or excommunicate be therefore,
 Besides the pains of military law,
 Hanged or shot, ane of the twa.
 Of this last act I know not what to say,
 Since Solomon speaks another way,
 And a Great, yea wiser King than he,
 Bids us feed our enemye,” &c. &c. p. 111, 112.

* The *ipsissima verba* of the order alluded to in the preceding paragraph, may be preserved as a notable specimen of military despotism : “ By order of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cumberland. Any person within this parish, who shall conceal any rebel, or arms, or ammunition, or any thing else belonging to the rebels, and shall not immediately bring in the said rebel, stores, or goods, to Provost James Crie of Perth, shall, upon proof of disobedience of this order, be hanged.”

The consequence was, that, besides the numbers who perished in the course of what the soldiers termed *Rebel-hunting*, hundreds were immured in the jails of the South and the holds of the British cruisers. The chief men of distinction who fell into the hands of Government, besides the Earl of Cromarty and Lord MacLeod, who had been taken before Culloden, were the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lords Lovat and Balmerino, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Secretary Murray. Lord Kilmarnock's capture was attended by circumstances peculiarly affecting. During the confusion of the flight from Culloden, being half-blinded by smoke and snow, he mistook a party of dragoons for Fitz-James's horses, and was accordingly taken. He was soon after led along the lines of the British infantry, in which his son, then a very young man, held the commission of an ensign. The Earl had lost his hat in the strife, and his long hair was flying in disorder around his head and over his face. The soldiers stood mute in their lines, beholding the unfortunate nobleman. Among the rest stood Lord Boyd, compelled by his situation to witness, without the power of alleviating, the humiliation of his father. When the Earl came past the place where his son stood, the youth, unable to bear any longer that his father's head should be exposed to the storm, stepped out of the ranks, without regard to discipline, and, taking off his own hat, placed it over his father's disordered and wind-beaten locks. He then returned to his place, without having uttered a word, while scarcely an eye that saw his filial affection, but what confessed its merit by a tear.

Lord Lovat, after parting with Charles, had

sought refuge in the wildest parts of Inverness-shire, along with a considerable number of attendants, who carried him upon a sort of litter, with all the devotion of clansmen to their chief. His Lordship was at length taken, about the beginning of June. He was found wrapt in a blanket, and deposited in the hollow of an old tree which grew upon a little isle in the centre of a lake ; to which place of concealment he had retired for shelter. On the search becoming very close, Balmerino voluntarily resigned himself, after having only endured the life of a fugitive for two days. Tullibardine fell into the hands of a private gentleman, the commander of a troop of native militia, at one of the passes out of Dunbartonshire ; and Secretary Murray, after escaping from the Highlands, was taken in the house of his brother-in-law, Mr Hunter of Polmood, in Peeblesshire. They were all despatched, under safe custody, to London.

CHAPTER IX.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—THE LONG ISLAND.

He might put on a hat, a muffler, and a kerchief, and so escape.

SHAKSPEARE.

CHARLES was left in the remote and desolate island of Benbecula, where he had arrived after a night voyage of no ordinary danger. His accommodations in this place were of the humblest description. A cowhouse destitute of a door, was his palace; his couch of state was formed of filthy straw and a sailcloth; and the regal banquet, composed of oatmeal and boiled flesh, was served up in the homely pot in which it had been prepared. The storm continued for fourteen hours; and it was not till the third day after, (Tuesday, the 29th of April), that he could leave the island. They set sail for Stornoway, the chief port in the Isle of Lewis, where Donald MacLeod entertained hopes of procuring a vessel to convey the Prince to France. A storm, however, coming on, as on the former occasion, their little vessel was driven in upon the small isle of Glass, about forty miles northward of Benbecula, and fully as far distant from Stornoway. They disembarked about two

hours before daybreak, and, finding the inhabitants engaged in the hostile interest under the Laird of MacLeod, were obliged to assume the character of merchantmen who had been shipwrecked in a voyage to Orkney; Sullivan and the Prince calling themselves Sinclair, as father and son; the rest of the crew taking other names. They were entertained here by Donald Campbell, a farmer; who was so kind as to lend his own boat to Donald MacLeod, that he might go to Stornoway, in order to hire a vessel for the Prince's service. Donald set out next day, leaving the Prince in Campbell's house.

A message came from the faithful MacLeod on the 3d of May, intimating his having succeeded in his object, and requesting the Prince immediately to set forward. Another boat, therefore, being manned, Charles set sail next day for Stornoway. The wind proving contrary, he was obliged to land in Loch Seaforth, at the distance of thirty miles from Stornoway. All this way he had to walk on foot over a pathless moor, which, in addition to all other disadvantages, was extremely wet. It was fortunate, however, that he did not immediately reach his destined port, as the people there, apprised of his approach by a zealous Presbyterian clergyman of the Isle of Uist, had risen in arms against him, their imaginations possessed by an idea, that he would burn their town, carry off their cattle, and force a vessel into his service. Being misled by the ignorance of their guide, the disconsolate little party did not get near Stornoway till the 5th at noon; when, stopping at the Point of Arynish, about half a mile from town, they sent forward their guide to Donald MacLeod,

implored him to bring them out some refreshment. Donald soon came with provisions, and took them to the house of Mrs Mackenzie of Kildun, where the Prince went to sleep. Returning to Stornoway, Donald was confounded to observe the people all rising in the commotion alluded to. He exerted his eloquence, to show them the absurdity of their fears, representing the inability of the Prince with so small a band to do them the least injury, and finally threatening that, if they should hurt but a hair of his head, it would be amply and fearfully revenged upon them, in this their lonely situation, by his Royal Highness's foreign friends. By working upon their pity, alternately, and their fears, he succeeded in pacifying them; and all they at last desired was, that he should leave their country. Donald requested to have a pilot; but nobody could be persuaded to perform that service. He then returned to the house in which the Prince was reposing, and informed him of the disagreeable aspect of his affairs. Some proposed to fly instantly to the moors; but Charles resolved to stand his ground, lest such a measure should encourage his enemies to pursue.* They soon after learned, that the boat, in which they came to Lewis, had been taken out to sea by two of the crew, while the other two had fled to the country, from fear of the people of Stornoway. They were, therefore, obliged to spend the afternoon, in a state of painful alarm, at Mrs Mackenzie's house.

* "Edward Burke took the liberty to advise the Prince to take himself to the mountains; but the Prince was pleased to say, 'Nay, dear, how long is it since you turned coward? I shall be sure of the best of them before I be taken, which I never shall be in life.'"—*Edward Burke's MS.*

The Prince, Sullivan, and O'Neal, had at this time only six shirts amongst them. They killed a cow during their residence at Kildun ; for which the lady refused to take payment, till compelled by his Royal Highness. They also procured two pecks of meal, with plenty of brandy and sugar. Edward Burke acted as cook, though the Prince occasionally interfered with his duties, and, on the present occasion, prepared with his own hands a cake of oatmeal, mixed with the brains of the cow. With these provisions, the whole party set sail next morning in the boat, which had returned ashore during the night. The prince wished to go to Bollein in Kintail ; but the men refused, on account of the length of the voyage. Soon after, four large vessels appearing at a distance, they put into the small desert Isle of Eiurn or Iffurt, near Harris, a little way north of Glass, where they had been a few days before.

The island was inhabited by only a few fishermen all of whom fled to the interior at the approach of the boat, which they believed to be sent with a press-gang from the vessels within sight. They left their fish in large quantities drying upon the shore, to the great satisfaction of the wanderers, who made a hearty meal upon it. * The Prince was going to lay down money upon the

* " Edward Burke set about dressing some of the fish, but said he had no butter. The Prince answered, ' We will take the fish till the butter come. ' E. B., then minding that there was some butter in the boat, amongst the biscuit, went and brought a part of it. But it did not appear to be clean. The Prince asked if it appeared to be clean when put among the biscuit ; and E. B. answering, ' Yes, ' he added, ' then it will do very well, for bread is no poison. ' "—*E. B.'s MS.*

place where they got the fish, but the ingenious Donald prevented him, by representing the necessity of acting up to their supposed character of a press-gang ; adding, according to the report of Dugald Graham—

“ Is it not the man of war’s men’s way,
To take all things, but nought to pay ? ”

Charles yielded to the suggestions of his sagacious counsellor, though not without violence to his conscience. His lodgings here was a miserable hovel, the roof of which was so imperfect, that it had to be covered with a sailcloth. They lay upon the floor, keeping watch by turns.

After a residence of four days upon this little island, the party once more set sail, and, cruising along the shores of the Long Island, touched at Glass (where they had been before), with the intention of paying Donald Campbell for the hire of his boat. Before they had got time to land, four men came up, and it was thought necessary to send Edward Burke ashore to confer with them, before the Prince should hazard his person on the island. These fellows manifesting a desire of seizing the boat, Burke, to escape their clutches, was under the necessity of hastily jumping back into it, and pushing off from the shore. On account of the calm, they had to row all night, although excessively faint for want of food. About daybreak, they hoisted their sail to catch the wind, which then began to rise. Not having any fresh water, they were obliged, during this miserable day, to subsist upon meal stirred into brine. Charles himself is said to have partaken this nauseous food with some degree of satisfaction, observing that, if ever he mounted a throne, he should

not fail to remember "those who dined with him to-day." It ought to be mentioned, that they fortunately were able to qualify the *salt-water dram-mock*, as it was called, with a dram of brandy.

Charles's route having been discovered by his enemies, the Long Island was now invested by a great number of English war-vessels, whilst the land was traversed by nearly two thousand militia; so that it seemed scarcely possible he should escape. He was actually chased for three leagues by an English ship, under the command of a Captain Feigusson; but escaped among the rocks at the Point of Roundil, in the Harris. Soon after, on stealing out to pursue his course, the boat was espied and pursued by another ship; and it was with the greatest difficulty the crew got ashore upon Benbecula. But Providence seemed to guard him in all dangers; for scarcely had he landed, when a storm arose, and blew his pursuers off the coast. Charles, elated at the double escape he had made, could not help exclaiming to his companions, that he believed he was not designed to die by either weapon or water.

Soon after landing upon Benbecula, one of the boatmen began to search among the rocks for shellfish, and had the good fortune to catch a crab, which he held up to the Prince with a joyful exclamation. Charles instantly took a pail or bucket, which they carried with them, and ran to receive the fish from the man's hands. They were fortunately soon able to fill this vessel with crabs; and they then directed their steps to a hut about two miles inland, Charles insisting upon carrying the bucket. On reaching the hovel, it was found to be one of the very meanest and most primitive

description ; the door being so low, that they were obliged to enter upon their hands and knees. Resolving here to remain for some time, Charles ordered his faithful servant Burke to improve the hovel by lowering the threshold. He also sent a message to the old Laird of Clanranald, the father of his youthful adherent, acquainting him of his arrival, and of his present hapless condition.

Clanranald, who had lived in the Long Island during the whole progress of the war, came immediately, bringing with him some Spanish wines, provisions, shoes, and stockings. He found the youth who had recently agitated Britain in so extraordinary a manner, and whose pretensions to a throne he considered indubitable, reclining in a hovel little larger than an English hogsty, and a thousand times more filthy ; his face haggard with disease, hunger, and exposure to the weather ; and his shirt, to use the expressive language of Dougal Graham, as dingy as a dishclout. He procured him six good shirts from Lady Clanranald, with a supply of every other convenience which was attainable ; and after spending a day or two in the hut, it was determined that he should remove to a more sequestered and secure place of hiding, near the centre of South Uist.

Before removing, the Prince despatched Donald MacLeod to the Mainland, with letters to Lochiel and Secretary Murray, desiring to know the state of affairs in the country, and requesting from the Secretary a supply of cash for the purchase of provisions. On making application to Murray, whom he found with Lochiel near the head of Loch Arkaig, Donald was informed that he had only sixty louis d'ors for the supply of his own

necessities, and could not spare any for the use of his Royal Highness. * The faithful messenger, having received letters from both gentlemen, and purchased two ankers of brandy at a guinea each, returned to the Long Island, where he arrived after an absence of eighteen days.

When Donald returned, he found the Prince in a better hut than that in which he had left him, having two cow-hides stretched out upon four sticks, as an awning to cover him when asleep. His habitation was called the Forest-house of Glencoradale, being situated in a lonely and secluded vale, with a convenient access either to the hills or the sea, in case of a visit from the enemy. South Uist is remarkable above all the Hebrides for abundance of game, and Charles had here amused himself with field-sports. He showed himself remarkably expert in shooting fowl upon the wing. † Sometimes he also went out in a boat upon the creek near his residence ; and, with hand-lines, caught a species of fish called Lyths.

* Gen. and True Journ. of the Escape of the Young Chev. By an Englishman, London, 1749.

† During his residence at this place, he one day shot a deer, which Edward Burke carried home. " Whilst some collops of the venison were preparing, a beggar boy came in, and, without question or ceremony, thrust his hand amongst the meat. E. B., being very angry, gave him a smart stroke with the back of his hand: at which the Prince said, ' Oh, man, thou don't remember the scripture, which commands to feed the hungry and clothe the naked. You ought rather to have given him meat than a stripe. See that you put clothes on him—for which I shall pay.' This was presently done, and the Prince added, I could not bear to see a Christian perish for want of food and raiment, had I the power to assist them. '—*Ed. B.'s MS.*

Most of his faithful boatmen still remained with him, and he was provided by Clanranald with a dozen of stout gillies to act as watchmen and couriers. The old gentleman, as well as his brother Boisdale, often attended him, to cheer his solitude and administer to his comforts.

After having spent several weeks in this fashion at Glencoradale, Charles was at last obliged to resume his former skulking mode of life, on learning that the myrmidons of Government, whose vessels cruized every where around, had now resolved to sweep over the whole of the Long Island from end to end, for the purpose of enclosing him in their toils. * “It is impossible,” says one who attended him, “to express the consternation which this intelligence occasioned among the Prince’s attendants.” The island invested by war-vessels, traversed by hundreds of soldiers, every ferry guarded, and no person permitted to leave the coast without a passport—escape seemed to be altogether impracticable. His usual good fortune, however, attended him; and, by the activity and vigilance of the people of the island, all of whom knew who and what he was, and took every means to assist him, he at length evaded all the perils that environed him.

It was when thus hard pressed in South Uist, that Charles became indebted for his immediate preservation to Miss Flora MacDonald; a name

* According to Burke’s MS., the beggar boy who experienced so much kindness from the Prince, as related in the preceding extract, was the person who gave information to the soldiers of the place of Charles’s concealment, having heard some of his attendants address him by his real title.

which, according to the prediction of Dr Johnson, *will live in history*, and which no historian, it may be added, will ever mention without profound respect. This lady, the daughter of MacDonald of Milton, in the island of South Uist, and therefore a gentlewoman by birth, was then in the prime of life, possessed of an attractive person, and endowed with the invaluable qualities of good sense, sprightliness, and humanity. Her father having died during her infancy, her mother was married to MacDonald of Armadale, in the Isle of Skye, who was at the head of one of the corps of militia now patrolling South Uist. She was generally an inmate in the family of her brother, the proprietor of Milton; but, at present, she resided, on a visit, at Ormaclade, the house of Clanranald, to whose family she was nearly related. O'Neal being employed to ask her good services for the Prince, she expressed an earnest desire at least to see that celebrated personage; and was accordingly brought to an interview with his Royal Highness. She found him emaciated with bad health, though possessed of a wonderful degree of good humour and cheerfulness; and, unable to resist the influence of his presence, she at once agreed to do every thing in her power for his service.

When the project for his escape had been settled, Miss Macdonald repaired to her stepfather, and demanded a passport for herself, a man-servant, and her maid, whom she entitled Betty Burke; professing to be bound for Skye, on a visit to her mother. Captain MacDonald, unsuspecting of his step-daughter's design, granted the passport without demur, and even, at Miss Flora's suggestion, recommended Betty Burke to his wife as an

excellent spinner of flax, and a good servant. She returned to the Prince, who now lay by himself in a little hut upon the shore, about a mile from the house of Ormaclade. She was accompanied by the Lady Clanranald and some other attendants, who carried a female disguise for the Prince.

On entering the hut, they found his Royal Highness engaged in roasting the heart and liver of a sheep upon a wooden spit; a sight at which some of the party could not help shedding tears. Charles, always the least concerned at his distressing circumstances, though never, even in his lowest humiliation, compromising the idea of his lofty pretensions, jocularly observed, that it would be well, perhaps, for all kings if they had to come through such a fiery ordeal as he was now enduring. They soon after sat down to dinner, Miss Macdonald on his right hand and Lady Clanranald on his left. A small shallop had been previously made ready, and was now floating near the shore.

The party was soon after informed by a messenger, that General Campbell, with a great party of soldiers, had arrived at Ormaclade, in quest of Charles. Lady Clanranald judged it proper to go home, to amuse them. The commanding officer examined her very strictly; but she readily excused herself, by the pretext that she had been visiting a sick child. She was afterwards taken into custody, along with her husband; and both paid for their kindness to the Prince by a long confinement at London.

Soon after she had left the Prince, he and his company were dreadfully alarmed by seeing four wherries, full of armed men, sailing along close by

the shore. They instantly extinguished a fire of heath and sticks which they had lighted to warm themselves, and sought concealment behind the rocks of the beach. The boats sailed past within musket-shot, without the sailors having perceived them.

It was on the evening of Friday the 28th of June, that Charles set sail from the Long Island, where, during the last two months, he had encountered so many risks. He was dressed in attire suitable to his character as an Irish serving-girl—namely, a coarse printed gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of dun camblet, made in the Irish fashion, with a hood. His circumstances had rendered it necessary, some time before, that he should part with his faithful friends, Sullivan, O'Neal, Edward Burke, and Donald MacLeod; and, when he now embarked for Skye, he was only accompanied by Miss MacDonald, and a person named Neil MacEachan, neither of whom he had ever seen a week before. It is worthy of remark, that the last-mentioned person, who passed for Miss MacDonald's servant, but who was in reality a sort of preceptor in the family of Clanranald, was the father of Marshal MacDonald, Duke of Tarentum, so much distinguished for military achievement and honourable bearing during the wars of Bonaparte.*

* Burke, after being nearly starved to death in the course of a long concealment in a cave in South Uist, finally escaped all his troubles, and spent the rest of his life at Edinburgh in the humble situation of a street porter or chairman. Good old Donald MacLeod was seized soon after parting with the Prince, and taken on board a ship of war, where he was questioned by General Campbell. The conversation is worthy of record, as exemplifying the

pure and exalted honour of the old man. The General asked if he had been along with the Chevalier, "Yes," said Donald, "I winna deny 't."—"And do you know," inquired the General, "what money was upon that gentleman's head?—no less than thirty thousand pounds Sterling—a sum which would have made you and your family happy for ever!"—"What then?" replied MacLeod, "what though I had gotten 't? I could not have enjoyed it for two days. Conscience would have got the better of me. But although I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not, after his throwing himself upon my care, have allowed a hair of his head to be touched!" Sullivan made his escape, soon after parting with his master, in a French war-ship which came to South Uist for the purpose of taking away the Prince; and O'Neal surrendered as a prisoner of war.

CHAPTER X.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—SKYE.

Far over yon hills of the heather so green,
 And down by the corrie that sings to the sea,
 The lovely young Flora sat sighing her lane,
 The dew on her plaid, and the tear in her ee.
 She looked at a boat with the breezes that swung.
 Away on the wave like a bird of the main,
 And, aye as it lessened, she sighed and she sung,
 "Fareweel to the lad I shall ne'er see again !
 Fareweel to my hero, the gallant and good,
 Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again !"

JAMES HOGG.

THE weather continued fair till they had got several leagues from shore, when it became somewhat tempestuous. Exposed in an open boat to the cold night air, at the mercy of a raging sea, and at the same time haunted by the fear of man's more deadly hostility—the sensations of the little party cannot be supposed to have been very agreeable. Charles could not help perceiving the uneasiness of his attendants; and, anxious to compensate by all the means in his power, for the pain which he occasioned to them, he endeavoured to sustain their spirits by singing and talking. He sung the lively old song, entitled

“ The Restoration ;” and told some playful stories, which yielded them considerable amusement.

When day dawned, they found themselves surrounded by a shoreless sea, without any means of determining in what part of the Hebrides they were. They sailed, however, but a little way farther, when they perceived the lofty mountains and dark bold headlands of Skye. Making with all speed towards that coast, they soon found themselves off Waternish, the western point of the island. Here an adventure occurred which had nearly proved the destruction of the Prince, and which ran nigh to involve the whole party in one dreadful fate. They had no sooner drawn near to the shore, than they perceived it became covered with a body of armed men, all of them clad in the sanguine garments which betokened such deadly danger to the princely fugitive. The boat was within shot of these men before they were observed. When the boatmen at length perceived them, they lost no time in changing the direction of their oars. The soldiers called upon them to land, under peril of being shot at ; but it was resolved to escape at all risks, and they exerted their utmost energies in pulling off their little vessel. The soldiers then put their threat in execution, by discharging a volley, the balls of which struck the water in every direction around, though fortunately without hitting the boat or any of its crew. The whole of the party, not excepting either the royal or the female individual, displayed a high degree of fortitude on this trying occasion. Charles at first called upon the boatmen “ not to mind the villains,” for so he termed the soldiers ; and they assured him, that, if they cared at all, it was only

for him ; to which he replied, with undaunted lightness of demeanour, " Oh, no fear of me ! " He then entreated Miss MacDonald to lie down at the bottom of the boat, in order to avoid the bullets ; as nothing, he said, would give him at that moment greater pain than if any accident were to befall her. The truly noble woman whom he addressed, instead of obeying his wishes, declared that she was here with a purpose to save his life, and not to take care of her own—that she would consider herself degraded if she were to use any measure for her own safety, while the person of her prince was exposed ;—and she entreated that he would take care of a life which was so much more valuable than hers, by occupying the place of security which he had pointed out to her. Charles was astonished at the extravagant heroism of his conductress, and proceeded to use still more urgent entreaties, as the bullets were every moment coming in greater numbers from the shore. But she gave a decided negative to all that he could urge ; and he only at last prevailed upon her to take the measure of safety which he suggested, by agreeing to lie down along with her. The matter thus compromised, they ensconced themselves together in the bottom of the boat ; and the rowers soon pulled them out of all further danger. *

When once more fairly out to sea, and in some measure recovered from this alarm, Miss MacDonald, overcome with the watchfulness and anxiety of the night, fell asleep upon the bottom of

* Information by Mrs Major Macleod, of the Isle of Skye, daughter of Flora MacDonald.

the boat. Charles had previously rendered the kindest attentions to his amiable preserver, refusing to partake of a small quantity of wine which Lady Clanranald had brought to him before embarking, upon the plea that it should be reserved for her, both on account of her sex, and the extraordinary hardships she was undergoing. He now sat down beside her, and watched with tender and anxious regard, lest the boatmen should happen to disturb her in the course of their awkward evolutions.

In the eagerness of Duke William's emissaries to take Charles upon the Long Island, where they had certain information he was, Skye, on which the Prince was now about to land, and which is at least sixty miles distant from that remote cluster of isles, was left comparatively unwatched. It is true, the MacDonalds and MacLeods, who chiefly possessed Skye, had remained well-affected to Government, and now formed a sort of militia for the ostensible purpose of capturing the great public enemy. But Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod, chiefs of the two clans, were in secret friendly to the Chevalier, having only refrained from joining him for prudential reasons, and would have been now very unwilling to injure him. The whole clans of course took their cue from the chiefs, and were equally inclined to be passive. There were only several troops of regular infantry upon the island, from whom any harm could be apprehended; and they, fortunately, were not very vigilant.

Proceeding to Kilbride, near the northern extremity of the island, the little party landed at a short distance from Moydhstat, or Mugstat, the

seat of Sir Alexander MacDonal. Sir Alexander himself was known to be absent, in attendance upon the Duke of Cumberland; but Flora had taken care, before leaving Uist, to apprise his lady, by means of a friend named Mrs MacDonal, of her visit and its purpose. She now, therefore, went forward to the house, along with Charles and Mr MacEachan, in full hope of meeting with a favourable reception. *

* There still lives (July 1827) an ancient adherent of this family, * who happened to be tending cattle near the house, at the time that Flora MacDonal passed towards it from the shore, attended by her supposed servant. He was born in the same year with the Prince; was then of course, twenty-six years of age; and is now an hundred and seven. He remembers, he says, with as much distinctness as if the circumstance happened yesterday, seeing two women, one of them meanly, and the other finely dressed, approach him as he was sitting upon the hill-side. She who was finest in appearance, and also shortest in stature, asked him in Gaelic, if there was not a well in that neighbourhood. He answered that there was; and he immediately conducted the strangers to a spring, which, from its dedication to the Virgin, was called St Mary's Well. Here the tallest lady put her hand into her pocket, and pulled out a thing which looked at first like a little purse, but afterwards assumed the shape of a cup. This she dipped into the well, and, taking up a draught, presented it, with an obeisance, to the shortest and finest lady. That lady having satisfied her thirst, the tallest received back the cup, and proceeded to take a draught for herself. When she had also satisfied her thirst, she returned the cup to her pocket in its collapsed form; and taking out a shilling, presented it to the islander, who looked

• Alexander MacDonal, father of Mr D. MacDonal, bag-pipe maker to the Highland Society of London, Castle Hill, Edinburgh.

P. S. This interesting old man died soon after the composition of this paragraph, August 1827.

Lady Margaret MacDonald, to whose honour the Prince's life was now to be intrusted, was the daughter of Alexander Earl of Eglintoune, an unavowed Jacobite, and of Susanna, daughter of Sir Archibald Kennedy of Colzean, who had ranked among the most violent cavaliers of the preceding age. Descended from friends of the Exiled Family, and married to a chieftain who was every thing but an active partisan; educated in High Church principles, and possessed of an honourable and exalted mind; she could not fail to befriend the unfortunate wanderer who had now come to her shores. It was fortunate that her Ladyship possessed talent and presence of mind sufficient to second her predilections and her benevolence.

Leaving Charles alone at a safe place in the neighbourhood of Moydostat, his heroic conductress went forward to the house, with MacEachan, to reconnoitre, and apprise Lady Margaret of his arrival. This precaution proved to have been absolutely necessary, for there were several British officers in the house with her Ladyship belonging to the parties left to patrol the island. Miss MacDonald, with an exertion of presence of mind which reflects the highest credit upon her, went into the room where these officers were sitting, and conversed with them about the news of the day, and the professed object of her journey. She had previously consulted with Lady Margaret, regarding the disposal of the Prince; and her

with wonder upon this mysterious and unusual scene, during the whole of which the tall lady never spoke. "I had never before," concludes the old man, "been master of silver money, and I did not think the less of it because it was given to me by our dear Prince."

Ladyship had determined upon sending him to the neighbouring isle of Raasay, the laird of which was there in hiding with some select friends, in whose company the Prince would be quite safe.

Lady Margaret, being obliged to remain at home for the entertainment of her military guests, was obliged to depute Mr MacDonal of Kingsburgh, Sir Alexander's factor, who happened to be in the house, to receive and take charge of the Prince. Kingsburgh, who, like all the factors of great Highland families, was a gentleman, and one of the best of the clan, displayed the greatest anxiety to render his services in so good a cause, and promised to conduct Charles to his own house of Kingsburgh, which is about a dozen miles from Moydstat. He therefore went out to the hill where Charles had been left, carrying some wine and provisions for his refreshment. Though he had been apprised by Miss MacDonal of the exact place where the adventurer was left, he could not find him for a considerable time, and began to fear that some unhappy accident had befallen him. At length, perceiving some sheep make a sudden start at a particular part of the shore, and rightly judging the cause, he made towards that place, and on approaching it gave a cough, which caused the object of his search to start out of his concealment. On perceiving the old gentleman, Charles rushed forward, with a large knotted stick in his hand, as if ready to knock him down; but, on learning who the intruder was, and for what purpose he had been sent, his Royal Highness at once changed his threatening attitude for one of the blindest friendship. Kingsburgh then produced his provisions, of which Charles partook with great

avidity, having ate nothing for many hours. They soon after set forward together towards Kingsburgh.

After having dined with Lady Margaret and the officers, * and when the Prince and Kingsburgh could be supposed to have got a considerable distance from the house, Miss MacDonald rose to depart. Lady Margaret affected great concern at her short stay, and entreated that she would prolong it at least till next day ; reminding her that, when last at Moydhstat, she had promised a much longer visit. Flora, on the other hand, pleaded the necessity of getting immediately home to attend her mother, who was unwell, and entirely alone in these troublesome times. After a proper reciprocation of entreaties and refusals, Lady Margaret, with great apparent reluctance, permitted her young friend to depart.

Miss MacDonald and Mr MacEachan were accompanied in their journey by the lady (Mrs MacDonald) whom she had despatched as an avant-courier to Moydhstat, and by the male and female servant of that gentlewoman. All the five rode on horseback. They soon came up with Kingsburgh and the Prince, who had walked thus far on the public road, but were soon after to turn off upon an unfrequented path across the wild country. Flora, anxious that her fellow-traveller's servants, who were uninitiated in the secret, should not see the route which Kingsburgh and the Prince were about to take, called upon the party to ride faster ; and they passed the two pedestrians at a trot. Mrs

* " Lady Margaret afterwards often laughed in good humour with one of these gentlemen, on her having so well deceived him. "—*Boswell*.

MacDonald's girl, however, could not help observing the extraordinary appearance of the female with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and exclaimed, that she "had never seen such a tall impudent-like jaud in her life! See," she continued, addressing Flora, "what lang strides she taks, and how her coats wamble about her! I daur say she's an Irish woman, or else a man in woman's clothes." Flora confirmed her in the former supposition, and soon after parted with her fellow-travellers.

Kingsburgh and the Prince, in walking along the road, were at first a good deal annoyed by the number of country people whom they met returning from church, and who all expressed wonder at the preternatural height and awkwardness of the apparent female. In crossing a stream which traversed the road, Charles held up his petticoats indelicately high, to save them from being wet. Kingsburgh pointed out, that, by doing so, he must excite strange suspicions among those who should happen to see him; and his Royal Highness promised to take better care on the next occasion. Accordingly, in crossing another stream, he permitted his skirts to hang down and float upon the water. Kingsburgh again represented that this mode was as likely as the other to attract disagreeable observation; and the Prince could not help laughing at the difficulty of adjusting this trifling, and yet important matter. His conductor further observed that, instead of returning the obeisance which the country people made to them in passing, by a courtesy, his Royal Highness made a bow, and also that, in some other gestures and attitudes of person, he completely forgot the lady, and assumed the man. "Your enemies," re-

marked Kingsburgh, "call you a pretender; but if you be, I can tell you, you are the worst at your trade I ever saw."—"Why," replied Charles, laughing, "I believe my enemies do me as much injustice in this as in some other and more important particulars. I have all my life despised assumed characters, and am perhaps the worst dissimulator in the world." The whole party, Charles, Kingsburgh, and Miss MacDonald, arrived in safety at Kingsburgh House, about eleven at night.

The house of Kingsburgh was not at this time in the best possible case for entertaining guests of distinction; and, to add to the distress of the occasion, all the inmates had long been gone to bed. The old gentleman, however, lost no time in putting matters in proper trim for the production of a supper to the party. He introduced Charles into the hall, and sent a servant up stairs to rouse his lady. Lady Kingsburgh, on being informed of her husband's arrival, with guests, did not choose to rise, but contented herself with sending down an apology for her non-appearance, and a request that they would help themselves to whatever was in the house. She had scarcely despatched the servant, when her daughter, a girl of seven years, came running up to her bedside, and informed her, with many expressions of childish surprise, that her father had brought home the most "odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen,—and brought her into the hall too!" Kingsburgh himself immediately came up, and desired her to lose no time in rising, as her presence was absolutely necessary for the entertainment of his fellow-travellers. She was now truly roused, and even a-

larmed ; the mysterious sententiousness of her husband suggesting to her that he had taken under his protection some of the proscribed fugitives who were then known to be skulking in the country.

As she was putting on her clothes, she sent her daughter down stairs for her keys, which she remembered to have left in the hall. The girl, however, came back immediately, declaring, with marks of the greatest alarm, that she could not go into the hall for fear of the tall woman, who was walking backwards and forwards through it, in a manner, she said, perfectly frightful. Lady Kingsburgh then went down herself, but could not help hesitating, when she came to the door, at sight of this mysterious stranger. Kingsburgh coming up, she desired him to go in for the keys ; but he bade her go in herself ; and, after some further demur, in at last she went.

On her ladyship entering, Charles rose up from a seat which he had taken at the end of the hall, and advanced to salute her. Her apprehensions were now confirmed beyond a doubt ; for, in performing the ceremony which was then so indispensable at the introduction of gentlemen to ladies, she felt the roughness of a male cheek ; and such were her feelings at the discovery, that she almost fainted away. Not a word passed between her and the unfortunate stranger. When she got out of the hall, she eagerly made up to Kingsburgh, and disclosed to him all her suspicions. She did not upbraid her husband for having been so imprudent, but on the contrary, asked if he thought the stranger would know any thing regarding the Prince. Kingsburgh then took his wife's hands into his own, and said seriously,

“ My dear, this is the Prince himself. ” She could not restrain her alarm when he pronounced these emphatic words, but exclaimed, “ The Prince!—then we’ll be all hanged now ! ” Kingsburgh replied, “ Hout tout, we can die but once—could we ever die in a better cause ? We are only doing an act of humanity, which any body might do. Go, ” he added, “ and make haste with supper for his Royal Highness. Bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else you can quickly make ready. ” “ Eggs, butter, and cheese ! ” repeated Mrs MacDonal, alarmed upon a new but not less interesting score—the honour of her housewifeship ; “ what a supper is that for a prince—he’ll never look at it ! ” “ Ah my good wife, ” replied Kingsburgh, “ you little know how this poor Prince has fared of late ! Our supper will be a treat to him. Besides, to make a formal supper, would cause the servants to suspect something. Make haste, and come to supper yourself. ” Lady Kingsburgh was almost as much alarmed at her husband’s last expression as she had been about her provisions. “ *Me* come to supper ! ” she exclaimed, “ I ken naething about how to behave before Majesty ! ” “ But you must come, ” Kingsburgh replied ; “ the Prince would not eat a bit without you ; and you’ll find it no difficult matter to behave before him—he is so easy and obliging in conversation. ”

Supper being accordingly soon after prepared, and Miss Flora MacDonal introduced, Charles, who had always paid the most respectful attentions to that young lady—rising up whenever she entered the room, and giving her the *pas* in all matters of precedence—placed her upon his right

hand, and Lady Kingsburgh on his left. He ate very heartily, and afterwards drank a bumper of brandy to the health and prosperity of his landlord. When his repast was finished, and the ladies had retired, he took out a little black stunted tobacco-pipe which he carried about with him, and which, among his companions, went by the name the "*the cutty*;" and proceeded to take a smoke; informing Kingsburgh that he had been obliged to have recourse to that exercise, during his wanderings, on account of a toothach which occasionally afflicted him. Kingsburgh then produced a small china punch-bowl, and in Scottish fashion, made up, with usquebaugh, hot water, and sugar, the celebrated composition called toddy; dealing it out to Charles and himself in glasses. His Royal Highness was pleased to express himself perfectly delighted with this beverage, and soon, with Kingsburgh's assistance, emptied the little bowl; after which it was again filled. The two friends, unequal in rank, but united in many common feelings, talked over their drink in a style so familiar, so kindly, and so much to the satisfaction of each other, that they did not observe the lapse of time; and it was an hour not the earliest in the morning ere either talked of retiring. It might have been expected that Charles, from fatigue, and from a wish to enjoy once more the comforts of a good bed, to which he had been so long a stranger, would have been the first to propose this measure. On the contrary, Kingsburgh had to perform the disagreeable duty of breaking up the company. After they had emptied the bowl several times, and when he himself was become anxious for repose, he thought it necessary to hint to the Prince,

that, as he would require to be up and away as soon as possible to-morrow, he had better now go to bed, in order that he might enjoy a proper quantity of sleep. To his surprise, Charles was by no means anxious for rest. On the contrary, he insisted upon "another bowl," that they might, as he said, finish their conversation. Kingsburgh vailed his feelings as a host, so far as to refuse this request, urging that it was absolutely necessary that his Royal Highness should retire, for the reason he had stated. Charles as eagerly pressed the necessity of more drink; and after some good-humoured altercation, when Kingsburgh took away the bowl, to put it by, his Royal Highness rose to retain it; and a struggle ensued, in which the little vessel broke into two pieces, Charles retaining one in his hands, and Kingsburgh holding the other. The plea was thus put to an end; and the Prince no longer objected to go to bed. *

After having retired from the supper-table, Lady Kingsburgh desired Miss Flora to relate the adventures in which she had been concerned with his Royal Highness. At the termination of the recital, her Ladyship inquired what had been done with the boatmen who brought them to Skye. Miss MacDonald said they had been sent back to South Uist. Lady Kingsburgh observed, that they ought not to have been permitted to return immediately, lest, falling into the hands of the Prince's enemies in that island, they might divulge the secret of his route. Her conjecture, which turned

* Information by Mrs MacLeod, who besides her honourable relationship to the heroic Flora, is granddaughter to Kingsburgh.

out to have been correct, though happily without being attended with equal consequences, determined Flora to change the Prince's clothes next day.

So much did Charles enjoy the novel pleasure of a good bed, that, though he seldom during his distresses slept above four hours, he on this occasion slept about ten, not awaking till roused, at one o'clock next day, by his kind landlord. Kingsburgh inquiring, like a good host, how he had reposed, the Prince answered that he had never enjoyed a more agreeable, or a longer sleep, in his life. He had almost forgot, he said, what a good bed was. Kingsburgh begged leave to tell his Royal Highness, that it was full time to think of another march. It would be proper, he continued, for him to go away in the same dress which he wore when he entered the house, in order to avoid raising suspicions among the servants; but, as the rumour of his disguise might have taken air, it would be advisable to assume another garb by the earliest convenience. The only reformation he thought it would be allowable to make in his habiliments at present, was a change of shoes, those which the Prince had brought with him being worn so much that his toes protruded through them. Kingsburgh happened to have a pair in the house which he had never worn, and those he provided for the accommodation of his Royal Highness. When Charles had shifted the old for the new, Kingsburgh took up the former, tied them together, and hung them up in a corner of his house, observing, that they might yet stand him in good stead. Charles asked him what he meant by that; and the old man replied, "Why, when you are fairly settled at St James's, I shall intro-

duce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment, and protection under my roof." Charles smiled at the conceit of the good old gentleman, and bade him be as good as his word. Kingsburgh accordingly kept these strange relics of his royal visiter as long as he lived. After his death, and when all prospect of Charles's restoration to St James's was gone, his family permitted them to be cut to pieces, and dispersed among their friends. It is the recollection of his great granddaughter, that Jacobite ladies often took away the pieces they got in their bosoms.

When the Prince had dressed himself as well as he could, the ladies went into his chamber, to put on his apron, and pin his gown and cap. Before Flora put on the cap, Lady Kingsburgh requested her in Gaelic to ask for a lock of his Royal Highness's hair. Flora, from bashfulness, desired her ladyship in the same language to prefer the petition herself. Charles observed their debate, and inquired its object, which was no sooner explained to him than he laid down his head upon the lap of his young conductress, and told her to cut off as much as she chose. Flora severed a lock, the half of which she gave to Lady Kingsburgh, and the other half retained for herself.

The Prince being now dressed, and having taken his breakfast, addressed himself to his departure. He had observed that Lady Kingsburgh, like most ladies of birth and fashion of her time, took snuff; and, on approaching her to take his leave, he asked to have "a pinch from her mull." The good lady took that opportunity of presenting the box to his Royal Highness, as "a keepsake." He

accepted it with many thanks, rendering at the same time his warmest acknowledgments of the kindness with which he had been treated under her ladyship's roof. After he had taken a tender farewell, she went up stairs to his bedroom, and folded the sheets in which he had lain, declaring that they should never again be washed or used, till her death, when they should be employed as her winding-sheet. She was afterwards induced to divide this valuable memorial of her distinguished guest, with the amiable Flora, who, it may be mentioned, many years afterwards, carried her moiety of it to America. In the course of her strangely adventurous life, and, though often reduced to situations of the greatest distress by the republican insurgents, she never parted with it till the day of her death, when her body was wrapped in its precious folds, and consigned with it to the grave.

Charles had already debated with Kingsburgh what course it would be advisable for him next to pursue; and a resolution had been made, that he should endeavour to get over to the adjacent Isle of Raasay, in order to throw himself upon the protection of the proprietor, who was understood to be skulking there for his concern in the insurrection. The Laird of Raasay was one of the few gentlemen of the name of MacLeod who had joined Charles; and as he was, moreover, a man of the purest honour, the course proposed seemed extremely eligible. Kingsburgh had already taken measures to get his guest conveyed across the narrow sound which divides Skye from Raasay. Early in the forenoon, he had despatched a faithful servant named Donald Roy, or MacDonald, to a

place not far distant, where lived the young Laird of Raasay, a gentleman who, having remained at home in possession of the estate, was not subject to the unhappy proscription which had overtaken his father. Donald Roy was empowered to disclose the Prince's secret to young Raasay, and beg his assistance in getting his Royal Highness transported over to his father's hiding-place.

Charles therefore set out from Kingsburgh, with the intention of walking to Portree, a little town opposite Raasay, about ten or twelve miles distant, where he had the cheerful prospect of finding a boat ready to convey him to that island. He was accompanied by his faithful friends, Flora and Kingsburgh; the last carrying under his arm a suit of male Highland attire for his Royal Highness's use. When they had got to a considerable distance from the house, Kingsburgh conducted the Prince into a wood, and assisted him in changing his clothes. The suit which he now put on, consisted, as usual, of a short coat and waistcoat, a philabeg and short hose, a plaid, a wig, and a bonnet. Kingsburgh hid his cast-off garments in a bush, designing to call for them in returning from Portree. That they might not tell against him, in case of a call from the military, he afterwards conveyed them to his house, and burnt the whole, except the gown. The preservation of the gown was owing to his daughter, who insisted upon keeping it as a relic of their Prince, and because it was a pretty pattern. It was a stamped linen or cotton gown, with a purple flower upon a white ground. A Jacobite manufacturer of the name of Carmichael, at Leith, afterwards got a pattern made from it, and sold an immense quantity of

cloth, precisely similar in appearance, to the loyal ladies of Scotland.

When Donald Roy made application to young Raasay, he was mortified by the information, that old Raasay had left his hiding place upon the island, and gone to Knoydart, a part of Glengary's estate, upon the Mainland. The young gentleman, however, though he had been reserved from the insurrection for the purpose of saving the estate, was as well affected to the Chevalier as either his father or his younger brothers, who led out the clan, and instantly proposed to conduct the Wanderer to Raasay, where he could at least remain concealed till the old gentleman's advice might be obtained for further procedure. Donald approved of the plan; but the difficulty was, how to get a boat. They could not trust a Portree crew, and all the Raasay boats had been destroyed or carried off by the military, except two, belonging to Malcolm MacLeod, a cousin of young Raasay, which he had somewhere concealed.

There was at that time in the same house with young Raasay, a younger brother, named Murdoch MacLeod, who had been wounded at the battle of Culloden, and was here slowly recovering. Murdoch, being informed of the business in hand, said he would once more risk his life for Prince Charles; and, it having occurred, that there was a little boat upon a fresh-water lake in the neighbourhood, he, with his brother, and some women, brought it to the sea, by extraordinary exertion, across a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a steep precipice. The gallant brothers, with the assistance of one little boy, rowed this to Raasay, where they hoped

to find Malcolm MacLeod, and get one of his good boats, with which they might return to Portree and receive the Wanderer; or, in case of not finding him, they were to make the small boat serve, though the danger was considerable.

Malcolm MacLeod, who was soon to act a conspicuous part in the deliverance of the Prince, had been a captain in his service, and fought at the battle of Culloden. Being easily found by his cousins, he lost no time in producing one of his boats, which he succeeded in manning with two stout boatmen, named John MacKenzie and Donald MacFriar. Malcolm, being the oldest and most cautious man of the party, suggested that, as young Raasay was hitherto a clear man, he should not on the present occasion run any risk; but that he himself and Murdoch, who were already as black as they could be, should alone conduct the expedition. Young Raasay answered, with an oath, that he would go at the risk of his life and fortune. "In God's name, then," said Malcolm, "let us proceed." The two boatmen, however, now stopped short, and refused to move, till they should be informed of their destination. They were sworn to secrecy, and made acquainted with not only the extent of their voyage, but also its object; after which, they expressed the utmost eagerness to proceed.

The boat soon crossed the narrow sound which divides Raasay from Skye, and, being landed about half a mile from the harbour of Portree, Malcolm and MacFriar were despatched to look for Prince Charles, who had by this time advanced, with Kingsburgh and Miss Flora MacDonald, to the little inn at Portree. Donald Roy effected a

meeting between the two parties ; and it was resolved that Charles should immediately embark. Before leaving the inn to do so, Charles asked the landlord to have silver for a guinea ; and, on it appearing that there was only thirteen shillings of silver to be found in all Portree, his Royal Highness was about to accept that sum in exchange for his gold ; when Donald judiciously prevented him, on the plea that such an extraordinary symptom of indifference to money would point him out as a great man, and perhaps occasion his destruction. Nothing, therefore, now remained to be done in Skye, but to take leave of the two faithful friends to whom he had been so much indebted during his stay upon the island. Kingsburgh professed his resolution to accompany him to the boat ; but it was thought proper that he should part with Miss Flora MacDonald at the inn. He could not, without much agitation, bid farewell to that young lady, whose whole conduct, during the three days of their acquaintance, had been marked with so much heroism and generous affection, and who, indeed, must have not only made the strongest impression upon his heart, but exalted his opinion of her sex, and of human nature. He embraced her in the tenderest manner, thanked her for her extraordinary services, and concluded by presenting to her a miniature of himself, which he desired that she would ever keep for his sake. *

He was then conducted towards the boat, in which young Raasay and his brother were at this time waiting with the greatest anxiety. Before going on board, he turned to take leave of his re-

* Information by Mrs M^rLeod.

maining friend, the generous Kingsburgh. He threw his arms round the neck of this excellent old gentleman, thanked him warmly for his valuable services, and, reminding him of the pleasantry about the shoes, expressed a hope that they should yet meet to drink a festive cup in the palace of the Kings of England. Tears fell from the eyes of both, as they closed in a parting embrace; and the Prince was so much affected, that his nose gushed with blood. Kingsburgh expressed alarm at so singular a mark of sensibility, but Charles assured him it never failed to happen when he parted with dear friends. In expressing his thanks to the old gentleman, he said that he only wished he could have a MacDonal'd to go through with him all the way; it being impossible for him to find greater kindness, or more fidelity, among any other clan in the wide world.

When he entered the boat, and the names of all the individuals composing the crew, including young Raasay, were announced to him, he would not permit the usual ceremonies of respect, but saluted them as his equals. It was evening when Charles left Portree; * a haven which derives its name from having been touched at by King James the Fifth, during his celebrated tour through the Western Isles; and it may be supposed that the contrast between his great-great-great-grandfather's pomp on that occasion, and his own present humble state, must have afforded the unfortunate Prince matter for the most painful reflections. He slept a little on the passage to Raasay, and, after a voyage of ten miles, landed, about

* Literally *Portrigh*—the King's port.

daybreak on the 1st of July, at a place called Glam. As almost all the houses in Raasay had been burnt by the soldiery, and as some were not eligible as places of concealment, it was not without difficulty that the Prince was accommodated. A resolution was at length made, that the whole company should lodge in a little hovel which some shepherds had lately built, though it could afford them absolutely nothing but shelter from the open air. Bundles and beds of heath being strewed upon the ground, they sat down to a meal composed of provisions which had been sent along with the Prince from Kingsburgh. It was observed, with delight, by the Highlanders, that Charles would not eat wheaten bread or drink brandy, so long as there remained any oat-bread or whisky, which he enraptured them by terming "his own country bread and drink."

Though there were no parties of military upon Raasay, and although all the inhabitants were well-affected, it was thought proper by Charles's attendants to use the utmost caution. Watches were established upon the tops of all the neighbouring heights, and no one of the party appeared in public except young Raasay, who was, as already mentioned, a clear man. Donald Roy being stationed upon Skye, to give intelligence in case of any annoyance from that quarter, the Prince might have almost considered himself secure upon this wild and secluded island. Laying the wretchedness of his lodging out of the question, he might also be esteemed as by no means in the worst possible predicament as to living. Young Raasay was in the midst of his own flocks, and had only to use insidious means, to procure his Royal

Highness, and the whole party, plenty of fresh provisions.

The Prince's bed of state was here one made, in the primitive Highland fashion, of heather, with the stalks upright, and the bloom uppermost. He enjoyed long, but not unbroken slumbers; often starting, and giving unconscious expression to the feelings and imagery of his dreams. Malcolm MacLeod, who watched him on these occasions, informed Mr Boswell, that his half-suppressed exclamations were sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian, and occasionally in English; though the ingenious tourist could not help questioning Malcolm's ability to distinguish at least two of these tongues. One of his expressions in English was, "Oh God, poor Scotland!" his mind having probably been then engaged in lamenting the military tyranny, by which, in consequence of his unfortunate enterprise, a great part of the nation was then so bitterly agonized.

The only stranger, besides the Prince, then known to be upon the island of Raasay, and of course the only person from whom they apprehended particular danger, was a man who had come about a fortnight before for the ostensible purpose of selling a roll of tobacco. The tobacco had been long sold, and yet the man wandered about, apparently reluctant to quit the island. Nobody knew any thing about him, and he was suspected to be a spy. One day, John MacKenzie came running down from the place where he had been watching, with the alarming intelligence that this mysterious individual was approaching the hut. The three gentlemen who attended the Prince, young Raasay, Murdoch MacLeod, and

Malcolm, immediately held a council of war upon the subject, the result of which was, that the man should be put to death without ceremony. The mind of Charles shrunk with horror from a proposal, which, though involving no violation of humanity according to the ancient Highland code, seemed cruel in the extreme to a person who had been educated in a climate where life was held in greater estimation. Assuming a grave, and even severe countenance, he said, "God forbid that we should take away a man's life who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own." The gentlemen, however, persisted in their resolution, while he as strenuously continued to take the merciful side. In the midst of the debate, John MacKenzie, the watchman, who sat at the door of the hut, said in Erse, "He must be shot:—you are the king; but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose." Charles, seeing his friends smile, asked what the man had said; which being reported to him in English, he observed that he was a clever fellow, and, notwithstanding the perilous situation he was in, laughed loud and heartily.* Fortunately, the unknown person walked past without perceiving that there were people in the hut. Malcolm MacLeod afterwards declared that, had he stopped or come forward, they were resolved to despatch him; that he would have done

* Mr Boswell by conversing with this man, discovered that, in reality, he had no intention of tickling Prince Charles by an allusion to the unjust power which the British Parliament had exercised over the fortunes of his family, but spoke only from the simple idea, that many voices were better than one.—See *Boswell's Tour*, 2d edition, p. 228.

so himself, although the victim had been his own brother! Dougal Graham, indeed, reports that young Raasay had his pistol ready-cocked for the purpose.

After a residence of two days and a half upon the island of Raasay, informing his friends that he did not think it advisable ever to remain long in one place, and that he had hopes of finding a French ship at Skye, he desired to be conveyed back to that island. The whole party accordingly set sail, on the evening of the 3d of July, in the same open boat which had brought them over to Raasay. Before they had proceeded far, the wind began to blow hard, and to drive so much seawater into their vessel, that they begged to return, and wait a more favourable opportunity. But the Prince insisted upon proceeding, in spite of every danger; exclaiming, that Providence had not brought him through so many perilous chances to end his life in this simple manner at last. To encourage them, he sung a lively Erse song; being now pretty well acquainted with that language. They continued their voyage, notwithstanding the water came into the boat in such quantities, as to require the utmost exertions of Malcolm to keep it from sinking them. After a rough voyage of about fifteen miles, they landed safe, about eleven o'clock at night, at a place called Nicholson's Great Rock, near Scorobreck in Troternish, Isle of Skye. There being no convenient landing-place, the party had to jump out into the surf, and haul the boat ashore; Charles, who was already drenched to the skin, and encumbered with a large great-coat, was the third man to fling himself into the sea for this purpose.

After disembarking on this difficult and inhospitable coast, the only lodging which the party could find to solace them for all the fatigues and discomforts of their voyage, was a lonely cow-house belonging to Mr Nicholson of Scorobreck, a mansion about two miles distant. Here, without either fire to dry them, or food wherewith to satisfy their hunger, they passed a most wretched night. In the morning, young Raasay was despatched to see Donald Roy, and procure intelligence; and his younger brother was desired by the Prince, with much earnestness, to take the boat, and keep it ready at a place about seven miles off, till he himself should come up, as he intended it should carry him upon a business of great consequence. He also presented the young gentleman with a case containing a silver spoon, knife, and fork, which he desired him to keep till they next met. These orders were given, in order to get rid of the two MacLeods; whom, according to his constant custom during his wanderings, he did not wish to apprise of his future motions, as he generally took care to conceal the place whence he had come from all the people into whose hands he successively intrusted himself. As soon as he was fairly left alone with Malcolm, he left the cottage, desiring that faithful retainer to follow him.

When they walked about a mile, Malcolm made bold to ask his Royal Highness where he intended to go. "Malcolm," answered the Prince, impressively, "I commit myself entirely to you; carry me to MacKinnon's bounds in Skye;" meaning that portion of the island which belonged to the Chief of MacKinnon, the only one of the three

great proprietors of Skye who had been concerned in his late enterprise. Malcolm objected, that such a journey would be dangerous, on account of the soldiers who patrolled the island; but Charles answered, that there was nothing now to be done without danger. "You, Malcolm," he continued, "must now act the master, and I the man." Accordingly, taking the bag which contained his linen, and strapping it over his shoulders; and having changed his vest, which was of scarlet tartan, with a gold twist button, for Malcolm's, which was of a plain ordinary tartan, he desired his faithful companion to go in advance as a gentleman, while he trudged behind in the character of a humble gilly or servant. Malcolm acquiesced in the plan; and they set forward in this fashion towards MacKinnon's country, which was distant a long day's journey, and could only be reached from this point by traversing a very wild and mountainous tract.

Malcolm, though himself an excellent pedestrian, as most of his countrymen then were, used afterwards to own that; in this long and painful journey, he found himself far excelled by Prince Charles, whose rapidity of motion was such, that it was with the greatest difficulty he could be restrained to his proper station in the rear. His Royal Highness informed Malcolm, that, trusting to his speed of foot, he felt little apprehension on the score of being chased by a party of English soldiers, provided he got out of musket-shot: though he owned he was not just so confident of escaping any of the Highland militia who might fall in with him. Malcolm asked him what they should do, if surprised before getting to the proper distance. "Fight, to be sure," was the

Prince's reply. "I think," rejoined Malcolm, "if there were no more than four of them, I would engage to manage two."—"And I," added Charles, "would engage to do for the other two."

In walking over the mountains, they kept as much as possible out of sight of houses; but they occasionally met a few country people wandering about. On these occasions, Charles took care to display the demeanour of a servant; touching his bonnet when spoken to by his apparent master, and also when addressing him. Having asked Malcolm, if he thought he should be known in his present disguise, and Malcolm having replied he would, he said, "Then I'll blacken my face with powder."—"That," said Malcolm, "would discover you at once."—"Then," said he, "I must be put into the greatest dishabille possible." He therefore put his wig into his pocket, tied a dirty napkin over his head, with his bonnet above it, tore the ruffles from his shirt, and took the buckles out of his shoes, making his friend fasten them with strings. Malcolm, saying that he still thought he might be recognised, he remarked, that "he had so odd a face, that he believed no man ever saw it but he would know it again." Malcolm's own remark on the circumstance (made in after life) went to the same effect, that "nothing could disguise the majestic mein and carriage of the *true prince*."

The only nourishment which the two pedestrians had during their long walk, was derived from a bottle of brandy carried by Malcolm, with the assistance of the way-side springs. This source of comfort becoming exhausted before the end of their journey, all except a single glass, the Prince

insisted that his companion should drink the same, protesting that he could better endure to want it. When he had fairly drained the bottle, Malcolm hid it in the ground, where he afterwards found, and resumed possession of it in quieter times.

After a journey of more than thirty English miles, they arrived in the evening at Ellagol, near Kilmaree, in the country of MacKinnon, where they happened to meet two of that clan, who had been engaged in the insurrection. The men stared at the Prince for a little, and, soon recognising him, fairly lifted up their hands and wept. Malcolm immediately put them upon their guard, lest such an expression of sympathy, though honourable to them, should discover their Prince to his enemies. He also swore them to secrecy upon his naked dirk, after the fashion of the Highlanders, and requested them to go away, without taking further notice of his Royal Highness. It is needless to say that they kept their word.

Being now near MacKinnon's house, Malcolm asked the Prince if he wished to see the laird. Charles answered that, with the highest respect for the worth and fidelity of MacKinnon, he did not think him the person precisely fitted for his present purpose; and he wished rather to be conducted to the house of some other gentleman. Malcolm then determined that he should go to the house of his brother-in-law, Mr John MacKinnon, and from thence be conveyed to the Mainland, where he wished to claim the assistance of MacDonald of Scothouse. They accordingly proceeded to this house, which they reached at an early hour in the morning.

Leaving Charles at a little distance, till he should

reconnoitre the premises, Malcolm entered the house himself, and saw his sister, who informed him that her husband had gone out, but was expected back every minute. He intended, he said, to spend a day or two in her house, provided there were no soldiers in the neighbourhood. She assured him he would be perfectly safe. Then he informed her that he had brought a brother-in-distress along with him, one Lewis Caw,* the son of a surgeon in Crieff, whom he had engaged, from pity, as his servant, and who had unfortunately fallen sick during their journey. Mrs MacKinnon, with all the hospitality of a Highlander, and all the benevolence of a woman, desired he might be instantly brought in and entertained.

Charles being immediately introduced, the lady of the house could not help observing, as he entered, "Poor man! I pity him. At the same time my heart warms to a man of his appearance." She provided the two with a plentiful Highland breakfast, during which Charles sat at a respectful distance from the table with his bonnet off, partaking only of the inferior articles. Malcolm, moved by the Prince's humility, requested him to draw near the table and eat along with him, as there was no company in the house. But Charles answered he knew better what became a servant; and it was only after an earnest entreaty, that, making a profound bow, he at length permitted

* This *nom de guerre*, it will be observed, is a fragmen of Charles's full real name, Charles Edward *Lewis Cassimir*; a lively instance of the impossibility which seems to attend all people who change their names, of hitting upon any thing quite unconnected with their proper designation.

himself to take advantage of so kind an offer. When their meal was concluded, an old woman came in, with warm water, after the mode of ancient Highland hospitality, to wash Malcolm's feet. When she had done, that gentleman desired her also to wash those of the poor man who attended him. She refused; saying, with much warmth, in the periphrastic language of the Gaël, "Though I have washed your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?" This woman was only a servant, but with true Highland pride, she considered it a degradation to perform a menial office to a person of her own rank. Malcolm, however, by working upon her feelings of pity, at length prevailed upon her to undertake the office, as a matter of charity. Still, though complying, she felt a certain degree of indignation at the service, and could not help treating Charles's legs a little more roughly than she had done those of her mistress's brother. She indeed rubbed so hard, that his Royal Highness at last made a violent remonstrance on the subject. He had besmeared his legs a good way up, in a bog which he had the misfortune to fall into; and on the old woman scrubbing the soft skin above his knees, he could not refrain from an exclamation expressive of pain. "Filthy fellow," said the beldame, who, somewhat like Pistol eating the leek, had sworn and washed, and washed and sworn, "it ill sets the like of you to take offence at any thing my father's daughter could do to you."

The two travellers afterwards went to sleep, while Mrs Mackinnon took her station on the top of a neighbouring hill, to watch the approach of the least danger. Charles only slept two hours,

but Malcolm, having suffered more from fatigue, continued in bed a good while longer. On rising, he was astonished to find his indefatigable companion dandling and singing to Mrs Mackinnon's infant, with an appearance of as much cheerfulness and alacrity as if he had endured neither danger nor fatigue. The old woman sat near him, sullenly looking on. Malcolm could not help expressing his surprise at so extraordinary a sight, when the Prince exclaimed with light gaiety, and half forgetting his assumed character, "Who knows but this little fellow may be a captain in my service yet?" "Or you rather an old sergeant in his company," said the beldame, disgusted at once at the extravagant ambition implied by the "filthy fellow's" remark, and provoked at the slight promotion which it promised to her charge, for whom, like all other nurses, she of course thought no lot in life too good.

Malcolm, now hearing that his brother-in-law was approaching the house, went out to meet him, in order to sound his disposition in regard to Prince Charles. After the usual salutations, pointing to some ships of war which lay at a distance, he said, "What, Mackinnon, if the Prince be on board one of those?" "God forbid," was Mackinnon's devout answer. Malcolm, then assured that he might be trusted, asked, "What if he were here, John? Do you think he would be safe?" "That he would," answered MacKinnon: "we should take care of him." "Then, John," said Malcolm, "he is in your house." MacKinnon, in a transport, was for running in immediately and paying his obeisance; but Malcolm stopped him, till he should compose himself, and be tutored to pre-

serve his Royal Highness's incognito. When he was fairly instructed as to his behaviour, Malcolm, permitted him to enter ; but no sooner had the warm-hearted Highlander set his eyes upon the unfortunate Prince, than he burst into tears, and had to leave the room.

During the course of the day, a consultation being held as to the best means of transporting Charles to the Mainland, it was agreed that John MacKinnon should go to his chief and hire a boat for that purpose. He was enjoined to conceal the fact of the Prince's being in his house, from that old gentleman, and to pretend that the boat was intended for the use of his brother-in-law alone. He went accordingly ; but the force of clanship proved too much for his discretion ; and he disclosed the secret. The chief, delighted with the intelligence, at once got ready his own boat, and, with his lady, set out to pay his respects to the Wanderer. On John returning to the house, and confessing what he had done, Charles felt somewhat uneasy, but resolved to make the best of the circumstances. He went out and received the old chief ; and the whole party then partook of an entertainment of cold meat and wine, which Lady MacKinnon laid out in a neighbouring cave upon the shore.

It was now determined that Charles should be conducted by the old Laird and John MacKinnon to the Mainland, while Malcolm should remain in Skye, to interrupt or distract the pursuit which would probably be made after him. It was about eight o'clock at night, when the party repaired to the water's edge, where the boat was lying ready to sail. At that moment, two English men of

war hove in sight, apparently bearing towards them ; and Malcolm, in high alarm, counselled the Prince to delay his voyage till next morning, more especially as the wind was favourable to the enemy, which it would not be to his boat. Charles, however, would not listen to his suggestions ; urging, with enthusiastic vehemence, the result of former good fortune, and that he felt confident the wind would change in his favour the moment that he required its good services. He then wrote a short note to Murdoch MacLeod, apologizing for his non-appearance at the place he had appointed, and informing him, that he had now got safe off the island at another place. He next took out his purse, and desired Malcolm's acceptance of ten guineas, along with a silver stock-buckle. The generous Highlander positively refused to take the money, which he saw from the slenderness of the Prince's purse could ill be spared ; but Charles at length prevailed upon him to do so, asserting that he would have need of it in the skulking life he was now leading, and at the same time expressing a confidence that he would get his own exchequer supplied on reaching the Mainland. " Malcolm," he then said, " let us smoke a pipe together before we part." A light was instantly procured from the flint of Malcolm's musket, and the two fond, though unequal companions, took a last parting smoke from " the cutty." * When they had finished, Charles presented the stump which had

* Cutty, in the Scottish language, is simply a diminutive adjective, but is often used as an independent noun, especially to express a little girl, a little stool, or, as in the present case, a stumped tobacco-pipe.

done him so much good service, to Malcolm, as a sort of token of affectionate comradeship, desiring him to think of the giver whenever he should use it. Malcolm gratefully accepted the gift, which Charles could the better spare that he had got a newer and more commodious pipe at Mr MacKinnon's house.

After a tender and long-protracted adieu, the Prince went into the boat, which, with the chief and Mr John MacKinnon, immediately put out to sea, under the management of a few stout rowers. The affectionate Malcolm sat down upon the side of a hill, partly to watch the proceedings of the two tenders, and partly that he might see his dearly beloved Prince as long as distance and eye-sight would permit. He afterwards used to tell, with the true superstitious reverence of a stickler for the *jus divinum*, that, precisely as the Prince predicted, he had not gone far out to sea, when the wind shifted in such a manner as to part him effectually from the inimical vessels; a fact by which he acknowledged himself to have been convinced of the truth of what his Royal Highness had only said in sport, or by way of a gay bravado—that Providence made a point of favouring him.

Malcolm returned home next day by the way of Kingsburgh; where he related the Prince's late adventures to a grateful and admiring audience. He had to inform Lady Kingsburgh of one circumstance, which must have given her unqualified pleasure. During his travels with the Prince, his Royal Highness had expressed a high sense of the value of her Ladyship's present—the snuff-box already mentioned. He had asked the meaning of the device which adorned the lid, a pair of

clasped hands, with the words "Rob Gib;" which Malcolm explained as emblematic of sincere friendship, and as alluding to a circumstance in which an ancestor of the Prince was concerned. Rob Gib was the court fool of Scotland in the reign of James the Fifth, and, with that sarcastic wit for which some of his profession have been so remarkable, used to observe, that all the official courtiers served his Majesty for selfish ends, except himself, who, for his part, had no other contract with the king than "stark love and kindness." The Prince expressed himself an ardent admirer of the principle symbolized by the device, and declared he would endeavour to keep the box as long as he lived.

Malcolm, being asked his opinion of the Prince, as one who had seen him in the extremes of both prosperous and adverse fortune, replied, that "he was the most cautious man he ever saw, not to be a coward, and the bravest not to be rash." Amidst all the conflicting opinions regarding Charles's courage, this is perhaps the most satisfactory and nearest the truth which has been uttered, and, granting it to have been appropriate to his Royal Highness, he must be acknowledged to have possessed the character of a perfect soldier.

About ten days after he had parted with the Prince, Malcolm was apprehended, put aboard a ship, and conveyed to London. Kingsburgh was also made prisoner, and conveyed first to Fort Augustus, and afterwards to Edinburgh Castle, where he lay a year and a day. The same party of soldiers (which had come to Skye in consequence of information forced from the boatmen on their return to South Uist) captured the gallant Flora

MacDonald. All these three persons, at a time when the Habeas Corpus Act of Scotland was not suspended, were detained a twelvemonth without trial, and then discharged without being asked any questions; a violation of the liberty of the subject which seems to have been passed over unnoticed, in the terror with which the recent bloody triumphs of Government had inspired the people, or which was perhaps rather owing to the maxim then apparently paramount in the public mind of England, that all the natives of Scotland had forfeited their rights as British subjects, and were now slaves subjected to military law. On being discharged from jail, Miss Macdonald was provided with a post-chaise, to convey her back to Scotland, by a Jacobite lady of quality resident in London; and being desired to choose a person who might accompany her, named her fellow-sufferer, Malcolm. "And so," Malcolm used afterwards to observe, triumphantly, "I went up to London to be hanged, and returned in a braw post-chaise with Miss Flora MacDonald!" *

* Boswell's Tour in the Hebrides; where a vivid portraiture has been preserved of this excellent specimen of the Highland gentleman, as he appeared in 1773. "He was now," says Mr Boswell, "sixty-two years of age, hale, and well proportioned, with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce; but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured. He wore a pair of brogues—tartan hose which came up only near to his knees—a purple camblet kilt—a black waistcoat—a short green cloth coat, bound with gold cord—a yellowish bushy wig—a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much

to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank, and *polite*, in the true sense of the word." Mr Boswell afterwards describes Flora MacDonald, then Mistress of Kingsburgh, and advanced in life, as "a little woman of genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred." When at Kingsburgh, Dr Johnson slept in the bed which had been occupied, eight-and-twenty years before, by the unfortunate Prince.

The reader may desire some farther notice of a lady so celebrated as Flora MacDonald. It may be mentioned, from the tradition of her family, that she was indebted for her liberation to Frederick Prince of Wales, father to his late Majesty King George III. His Royal Highness had the curiosity to visit "the Pretender's Deliverer," as she was called, in prison. He asked her how she came to do a thing so contrary to the commands of her sovereign, and so inimical to the interests of her country; to which she answered in a firm but modest style, that she conceived herself to have only obeyed the dictates of humanity in doing what she had done, and that, if it ever were his Royal Highness's fate, or that of any of his family, to apply to her under circumstances equally distressing with those of the Chevalier, she would, with God's blessing, act again precisely in the same manner. Frederick was so much pleased with this reply, that he exerted himself to get her out of prison.

After she had been set at large, she was taken into the house of a distinguished female Jacobite, named Lady Primrose, and there exhibited to all the friends of the good cause who could make interest to get admission. The presents which she got at this period were perfectly overwhelming; and the flattering attention which was paid to her, might have turned the heads of ninety-nine out of a hundred such young ladies. Instances have been known, according to the report of her descendants, of eighteen carriages belonging to persons of quality, ranking up before the house in which she was spending the evening. Throughout the whole of these scenes, she conducted herself with admirable propriety, never failing to express surprise at the curiosity which had been excited regarding her conduct—conduct which, she used to say, never appeared extraordinary to herself, till she saw the notice taken of it by the rest of the world.

After retiring to her native island, which she did with a mind totally unaffected by her residence in London, she married Mr MacDonal of Kingsburgh, the son and successor of the venerable gentleman to whose house she had accompanied Prince Charles. When past the middle of life, she went with her husband to America, and met with many strange mischances in the course of the Colonial war. Before the conclusion of that unfortunate contest, she returned with her family to Skye. It would appear that, at this advanced period of her life, she retained all the heroic courage which so remarkably distinguished her early years. It is told by her daughter, Mrs Major MacLeod (of Loch Cay, in the isle of Skye), who accompanied her on the occasion, that, a French ship of war having attacked them in their homeward voyage, and all the ladies being immured in the cabin, *she* alone could not be repressed, but came upon deck, and endeavoured, by her voice and example, to animate the men for the action. She was unfortunately thrown down in the bustle, and broke her arm; which caused her afterwards to observe, in something like the spirit of poor Mercutio, that she had now risked her life in behalf of both the House of Stuart and that of Brunswick, and got very little for her pains.

She lived to a good old age, continuing to the last a firm Jacobite. Such is said to have been the virulence of this spirit in her composition, that she would have struck any man with her fist, who presumed, in her hearing, to call Charles by his ordinary epithet "the Pretender."

CHAPTER XI.

CHARLES'S WANDERINGS—MAINLAND.

“ The muircock that crows o'er the brow of Ben-Connal,
 He kens o' his bed in a sweet mossy hame ;
 The eagle that soars o'er the cliffs of Clanronald,
 Unawed and unhunted, his eyrie can claim ;
 The solan can sleep on his shelve of the shore,
 The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea ;
 But, oh ! there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,
 Nor house, ha', nor hame in the country has he.
 The conflict is past, and our name is no more :
 There's nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me. ”

JAMES HOGG.

CHARLES, after having spent upwards of two months in the Isles, was now returning to the Mainland, where dangers as great awaited him. The country opposite Skye, upon which he intended to land, was that wild district where he had first reared the standard of his enterprise, and whose population was so entirely and so zealously devoted to him. In every respect it was well calculated to afford him shelter, except that it was in a great measure laid waste, and that the soldiery had subjected it to a peculiarly sharp system of surveillance. Hunted, however, as he had been, out of the Hebrides, and relying upon the fidelity of the people, which he had previously ex-

perienced on so many different occasions, he hesitated not to throw himself once more upon its protection. It eventually appeared that he could not have adopted a wiser course.

This district, as already mentioned, is indented in a remarkable manner by lochs or arms of the sea, which, stretching into the land from ten to twenty miles, form a series of mountainous promontories, from five to ten miles in breadth. For want of a better illustration, it may be compared to the fingers of the hand, stretched out and separated. Let the reader place his hand in this manner on a table, and, imagining the spaces betwixt his fingers to represent the sea, while the digits themselves rise eminently up like the hills between, he will have a tolerably good idea of the territory. Let him further conceive the space between his thumb and fore-finger to be Loch Hourn, that betwixt his fore and third finger to be Loch Nevish, that betwixt his mid and fourth to be Loch Morer, and that betwixt the fourth and the fifth to be Lochnanuagh, while the exterior of that digit represents Loch Shiel; and he will be better able to understand the nature of the dangerous circumstances in which Prince Charles was soon to be involved.

After a rough night voyage of thirty miles, during which they passed and were hailed by a boat containing armed militia, but which could not stop to inspect their company on account of the storm, Charles landed safe, with the boat's crew, about four in the morning of July 5th, at a place called Little Mallag, on the south side of Loch Nevish. Here the whole party slept three nights in the open fields. The old Laird and one of the boat-

men at length went in search of a cave for a lodging, and Charles, along with John MacKinnon and the other three men, took to the boat and rowed up the Loch. In doubling a point, they had the misfortune to be espied and pursued by a boat's party, of militia. In the chase which ensued, Charles was mainly indebted for his preservation to the zeal of his honest friend MacKinnon, who, by voice and example so animated the rowers, that they speedily outstripped the enemy. When they had got to some distance, and escaped observation by doubling another point, the boat was put to shore, and Charles, with John and one other companion, nimbly ascended the hill; while the rest remained to treat with the pursuers in case of being followed to their landing-place. On arriving at the summit of the hill, they had the satisfaction to see the boat which occasioned the alarm, returning from its fruitless pursuit.

The Prince slept three hours on this eminence, and then returning to the boat, was rowed first across the loch to a little island near the seat of MacDonal of Scothouse, and afterwards back to Mallag, where he rejoined the old Laird. The whole party then set out for the seat of MacDonal of Morer, which was situated at the distance of seven or eight miles, across the promontory, betwixt Loch Nevish and Loch Morer. This journey, according to the familiar but not unapt illustration of the spread hand, was simply a movement across the terminating joint of the mid finger. Passing a shieling, in the course of the journey, and being espied by some people, the Prince, apprehensive of recognition, desired John MacKinnon to fold his plaid for him in the correct Highland

fashion, and throw it over his shoulder, with his knapsack upon it. Then tying a handkerchief about his head, and assuming a menial air, he declared himself once more a servant. At this shieling the party was refreshed by a draught of milk from the hand of a grandson of MacDonal'd of Scothouse. Pursuing their journey, they came to another shieling, where they procured a guide to conduct them to Morer House, the object of their journey. On arriving there, the house was found to be burnt, and its master reduced to the necessity of living in a bothy or hut hard by. Nevertheless, Morer, who had been an officer in the Prince's army, received his guests with all the kindness of a loyal-hearted Highlander, and, when he had given them such entertainment as his situation would permit, conducted them to a cave, where they might be assured of concealment. Here they slept ten hours, during which their kind landlord went in quest of young Clanranald, whom however he did not find. At his return, Charles expressed a resolution to part with the venerable Laird of MacKinnon, whose health and strength were inadequate to the fatigues of the journey, and to go with only John MacKinnon to Borodale, where he conceived himself sure of good entertainment. Morer having added his son, a boy, to the party, and provided a guide, Charles left the cave in the evening, crossed Loch Morer into Arasaig, and reached Borodale early in the morning. *

The reader must now conceive Charles to have crossed over another finger, and to be established,

* Old MacInnon was seized at Morer, as he was returning home, conveyed to London, and not released from confinement for upwards of a twelvemonth.

as it were, on the lower or south side of the external joint of the third from the thumb. He must also now suppose the roots of the fingers to be all closed up, and traversed by a line of soldiers, so as to complete the insulation of the promontories, and enclose the unhappy wanderer within a circle of danger, from which it seemed impossible that he should escape alive. In more plain language, intelligence of his arrival at Loch Nevis having by this time reached the Royal army, and they being assured that he must be skulking upon one or other of the promontories parallel with that arm of the sea, they had drawn a strong and well appointed chain of posts betwixt the head of Loch Hourn and the head of Loch Shiel, certain of either capturing him in an attempt to pass through them, or driving him again back to sea, where he was equally liable to be taken up by the British cruisers. This chain consisted of single sentinels, planted within sight of each other. By day, these men were perpetually on the look-out for travellers, none of whom were permitted to pass without examination; and, by night, large fires being lighted at all the posts, they crossed continually from one to another, so as to leave no piece of ground within a space of twenty miles for more than a few minutes at a time unvisited. This system has an appearance of such excessive vigilance, that, at first sight, wonder is excited how the Prince should have been able to baffle it. Yet it had *one fault*; and by taking advantage of *it*, an escape was achieved. The sentinels, it will be observed, crossed each other at the points exactly between the fires, each man going forward to his comrade's fire, and then returning to his own. Of course, after

passing each other, *their backs were mutually turned towards each other, and the space between them for a certain time left unobserved.*

Charles, on being brought to Borodale, found the master of that house residing, like Morer, in a bothy, near the blackened ruins of his mansion. John MacKinnon, in handing the Prince over to Borodale, said expressively, "I have done my duty: do you yours." "I am glad of the opportunity," was Borodale's answer, "and shall not fail to take care of his Royal Highness." John then returned home, and was captured just as he landed at his own house in Skye. Being conveyed to Kilvory, along with two of his rowers, who were taken with him, he was there examined, or rather required to disclose the place of the Prince's concealment. On his refusing to do this, one of the men was seized, stripped naked, tied to a tree, and scourged with a cat-o-nine-tails, till the blood gushed out of both his sides, in order to make him confess; and MacKinnon himself was threatened with similar treatment. However, he resisted all the cruel importunities of his captors, who were at length obliged to send him on board a transport, which conveyed him to London, where he remained in confinement till July 1747.

From Borodale Charles despatched one of his host's sons for MacDonald of Glenaladale, a gentleman of the Clanranald sept, who had accompanied him in his expedition as the major of that regiment. Soon after, learning that his aged friend, the Laird of MacKinnon, had been taken in his neighbourhood, he thought it necessary to shift his quarters; and accordingly, Borodale conducted him to a cave four miles to the eastward,

which, being almost inaccessible, and known only to a few persons in the country, seemed to promise the most effectual possible concealment. He was accompanied to this place by Borodale and his son Ronald, who had been a lieutenant in Clanranald's own company.

Glenaladale, receiving the Prince's letter from the hands of its youthful bearer, on the 20th of July, lost no time in obeying its behest. Borodale next day received a letter from a gentleman of the district of Morer, his son-in-law, informing him, that the fact of the Prince's concealment on his lands was beginning to be whispered about, and representing that, as it would evidently be dangerous for him to remain any longer where he was, the writer of the letter had prepared a more eligible place of concealment in Morer, to which his Royal Highness ought immediately to repair. Ronald MacDonal was sent to reconnoitre this place, the Prince resolving to remain where he was till assured by that young gentleman of its superiority to his present hiding-place. Next day, however, an alarm arising that a tender was hovering upon or approaching the coast, his Royal Highness thought proper to anticipate the report of his new quarter-master, by leaving the cave, and setting out towards Morer. Accompanied by Glenaladale, Borodale, and John, the younger son of the latter, he travelled till he came to a place called Corri-Bincabir, where he was met by Borodale's son-in-law, who told him that Clanranald had come to a place not many miles off, in order to conduct his Royal Highness to a safe place, which he had prepared for that purpose. Charles was extremely anxious to throw himself upon the protection of

this kind and faithful adherent ; but the lateness of the evening, and his comparative proximity to the place prepared for him in Glen Morer, determined him to prefer that lodging for the night. Accordingly, he proceeded on his original route, intending to effect a junction with Clanranald next day.

Borodale, who had gone on before as an advanced guard, learning through the course of the night that General Campbell, with several men of war and a considerable body of troops, had anchored in Loch Nevish, while Captain Scot had brought another party into the lower part of Arasaig, waited upon the Prince next morning (the 23d) with that alarming intelligence, which obliged him to decamp immediately, without attempting to join Clanranald. Being now completely surrounded with his enemies, and they being aware that they had environed him, it was necessary that he should take the most cautious measures. Leaving Borodale and another of his train behind, and only accompanied by Glenaladale and other two MacDonalds, so that the party might be as little conspicuous as possible, he set out early in the forenoon, and by mid-day reached the top of a hill called Scoorveig, at the eastern extremity of Arasaig, where he stopped to take some refreshment, while one of his attendants (John MacDonald, brother to Glenaladale), went to Glenfinnin for intelligence, and to appoint two men stationed there to join the Prince that evening on the top of a hill called Swerninck Corrichan, above Locharkaig, in Lochiel's country. The Prince soon afterwards set out, with his two remaining friends, and about two o'clock came to the top of a hill called Fruigh-vain. Here observ-

ing some men driving cattle, Glenaladale walked forward to inquire the reason, and soon after returned with intelligence that they were his tenants flying before the approach of a strong body of troops, who had come to the head of Locharkaig, to prevent the Prince from escaping in that direction. It was of course impossible to pursue that route, and the wanderers immediately despatched a messenger to Glenfinnin, which was only about a mile off, to recal Glenaladale's brother and the two men who were to have gone to Locharkaig. Glenaladale likewise sent a man to a neighbouring hill, for Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who had removed thither with his effects on the approach of the soldiers, and, from his acquaintance with the country, promised to be an excellent guide. While they waited the return of these messengers, one of the tenants' wives, pitying the condition of her landlord, came up the hill with some new milk, for his refreshment. The Prince, perceiving her approach, covered his head with a handkerchief, and assumed the appearance of a servant who had got a headach. The day was excessively warm, and the milk, of course, grateful to the palate of a way-worn traveller; but Glenaladale used afterwards to confess, that he could as well have spared the officious kindness of the good woman. It was with some difficulty, moreover, that he could get her dismissed without the pail in which she had brought the milk, so as to enable him with safety to give the Prince a share more suitable to his real than his supposed rank. *

The messenger who had been sent to Glenfin-

* This woman was alive very recently, [1827.]

nin, soon after returned, without having found Glenaladale's brother or the two men, (they having run off towards the place where they expected to find the party), but brought intelligence that an hundred of the Argyle militia were approaching the very hill on which the Prince was stationed. On this alarming news, the terrified party dislodged without waiting for Glenpean, and set forward on their perilous journey. About eleven at night, as they were passing through a hollow way between two hills, they observed a man coming down one of the hills towards them; upon which Charles and young MacDonald stepped aside, while Glenaladale advanced to discover whether he was friend or foe. This person turned out to be the very man they were most anxious to see, Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who had made all haste to overtake them after receiving their message. Glenaladale immediately brought him to the Prince, who had lodged one night in his house soon after the battle of Culloden, and to whom he now recounted all he knew regarding the position of the King's troops. Then assuming the character of their guide, he set forward with them through a road so wild and rugged as to be almost imperious even in daylight.

Travelling all night with untiring diligence, they arrived next morning (July 24th), at the top of a hill in the Braes of Locharkaig called Mam-nen-Callum, from whence they could perceive their enemy's camp, distant about a mile. Cameron knew that this hill had been searched the day before, and, therefore, conjecturing that it would not be again searched that day, counselled that they should take up their abode there till the evening, and endeavour

in the mean time to procure the refreshment of sleep. They reposed for two hours, after which the whole party except the Prince got up to keep sentry. They had not been long awake when they were alarmed by the appearance of a man at a little distance. Cameron, on account of his acquaintance with the country and its people, was selected to approach and accost this person, who, to the great joy of the whole party, turned out to be no other than Glenaladale's brother. This gentleman had no sooner discovered, on the preceding day, that the Prince did not keep his appointment, than he began to wander in a state of extreme alarm through the country, in search of either his Royal Highness, or of intelligence regarding his fate. The same apprehensions which he had entertained regarding the party, they had entertained regarding him ; and it was now with sensations of the utmost pleasure that these unfortunate gentlemen mutually congratulated each other upon a meeting which they had so little reason to expect.

Charles remained, with his trusty little band, upon the hill Mam-nen-Callum, all that day, without experiencing any disturbance from the soldiers. They set out about nine in the evening towards the south, and at one in the morning (July 25th), came to Corrinangaul, on the confines of Knoidart and Locharkaig. Here Cameron hoped to fall in with, and procure provisions from, some of the people who had fled before the face of the encroaching soldiery. The party had been but poorly fed during their harassing and perilous march, and they now possessed only a little butter and

some oatmeal, which they could not prepare for want of fire.

For two days the Prince had now been skirting along the interior of that chain of sentries, which has been described as extending from Loch Hourn to Loch Shiel. In his dreary and stealthy night journies, he could distinctly see the fires which marked the posts of the enemy, and even hear the stated cries of the sentinels, as they slowly crossed backwards and forwards. These fires were placed at brief intervals, and every quarter of an hour, a patrolling party passed along to see that the sentinels were upon the alert. It seemed scarcely possible that his forlorn little party should evade or break from a toil whose meshes were at once so strong and so closely set. Yet the want of provisions, and the fear of being soon inextricably environed, rendered it unavoidably necessary that they should make the attempt, though it were only to anticipate their fate.

This desperate enterprise being fixed for the succeeding night, Glenaladale and Glenpean ventured down to some shielings, in search of provisions, while the Prince and the other two MacDonalds remained upon the hill. The shielings were found to have been abandoned, and the two commissaries returned without their errand. It was then judged safe to shift from their present situation to a secret place upon the brow of a hill, at the head of Lochnaig, which was about a mile from the position of the troops, and where they might expect to spend the intervening day in greater security. Here they slept for some time. After awaking, Glenpean and Glenaladale's brother were sent off to the hill above them, in quest of food

while Glenaladale and the younger MacDonald watched over the Prince, who still remained asleep. The commissaries did not return till the afternoon, when two small cheeses proved all that they had been able to procure throughout the country. This was very dry food; and, as they did not know when they might get more, they were obliged to use it very sparingly. To increase the mortification of the unhappy Prince, the commissaries reported that a troop of a hundred men were coming up the opposite side of the hill, in search of the fugitive country people, and that they possibly might light upon their place of concealment.

Under these distressing circumstances, it was his Royal Highness's wisest, or rather his only policy, to remain as closely concealed as possible. Notwithstanding, therefore, that the soldiers searched very narrowly, and all round him, he kept perfectly close, with his company, till eight in the evening, when, the search being done, they set out at a quick pace towards the steep hill called Drumachosi. On reaching the top of this eminence, they discerned the fires of a camp directly in their front, which they thought they could scarcely shun. Resolved, however, to make the attempt at all hazards, they approached the dreaded object till they could actually hear the soldiers talking to each other. Then creeping up the next hill, they spied the fires of another camp, which also seemed to lie directly in their path. Here they at last determined to make the attempt.

Cameron, at this juncture, with the true generosity of a Highlander, proposed to go forward himself, and, as it were, *prove* the possibility of escape, before permitting the Prince to hazard his

more precious person. "If I get safe through," he remarked, "and also return safe, then you may venture with greater security, and I shall be all the better fitted to conduct you." Be it remarked, he made this courageous proposal in the face of an omen which, though ridiculous enough, was perhaps sufficient to have unmanned a person who, with equal superstition, had not so noble or so exciting a cause to brace his nerves. He began to complain that his nose was *itchy*—a clear sign, he averred, that they had great dangers to go through. Charles, notwithstanding his perilous circumstances, could not help laughing at this fantastic alarm, though he must have been, at the same time, deeply impressed with admiration of the devotedness and real bravery of the Highlander.

Glenpean having put the passage to the proof, and, to the great joy of the company, returned in safety, the whole set forward, headed by him as guide. It was now about two o'clock in the morning, and the brilliancy of the fires was beginning to fade before the advancing lights of day. Betwixt the two posts which they intended to cross, there was a small mountain-stream, whose winter torrents had, in the course of ages, worn a deep channel among the rocks. Up this deep and narrow defile, at the moment when the sentinels were returning to the fires, and had their backs turned towards the place, the party crept, upon all fours, with the stealthy caution and quiet of a troop of Indian savages. A few minutes sufficed to carry them to a place where they were completely screened from the observation of the enemy.

Having thus escaped from one of the greatest dangers which had yet environed him, Charles,

whose spirits always displayed the elasticity characteristic of his country, gaily addressed Glenpean with an inquiry after the welfare of his nose. The good gentleman confessed it was a great deal better since they had passed the sentries, but that it was still "a wee yeuky." The Prince accepted the reservation as a hint that they were not yet altogether out of danger.

After walking about two miles, they came to a place on the Glenelg side of the head of Loch Hourne, where, finding what they considered a well-concealed spot, they called a halt and partook of some refreshments. As already mentioned, the commissariat was in a truly miserable state. Animal spirits, however, compensated every privation to Charles. Cutting a slice of cheese, which he covered with oatmeal, and seasoning that dry fare with a drink from the neighbouring spring, he contentedly stretched the form upon the cold ground, whose home, in the words of the old song, "should have been a palace." He passed the whole of the succeeding day in this place, without any improvement in his food.

It was now resolved, as the West Highlands had become so unsafe a place of residence, to repair northwards to a portion of the Mackenzies' country, which, on account of the loyalty of the inhabitants, had not been subjected to a military police. They decamped for this purpose about eight o'clock at night, when, to their indescribable alarm, they discovered that they had spent the day within cannon-shot of two of the enemy's posts, and that at this moment a company of soldiers was employed in their immediate neighbourhood in driving some sheep into a hut for slaugh-

ter. This, however, only hastened their march ; and about three o'clock in the morning (July 27th), they reached Glenshiel, a wild vale in the estate of the Earl of Seaforth. The little provision they had had, being now entirely exhausted, Glenaladale and Lieutenant MacDonal (Borodale's son), were sent out upon the commissariat department, while Charles remained behind, with Cameron and the elder Lieutenant MacDonal, Glenaladale's brother. While Glenaladale was inquiring among some country people about a guide to conduct them to Pollew, where he learned that some French vessels had lately been seen, a Glengary man came running up, having been chased by soldiers out of his own country, where they had killed his father the day before. Glenaladale knew this man at first sight, and being aware that he had served in the Prince's army, and was a man of honour, resolved to keep him in reserve as a guide to Glengary's country, in case he should not succeed in his present quest. Having then furnished himself with some provisions, he returned to the Prince ; and as soon as they had refreshed themselves, the whole party retired to a secure place on the face of an adjacent hill, in order to sleep. Getting up about four in the afternoon, they dismissed their faithful guide, Cameron, who could no longer be of any service. Soon after, Glenaladale, observing the Glengary fugitive passing in his way back to his own country, slipped out of his den, and, without disclosing his purpose, used arguments with the man to induce him to remain in a by-place till such time as he could be sure of a guide to Pollew. He then returned to the Prince, who approved of his precaution. About seven o'clock, the man

whom he had employed to procure a guide to Pollew, brought intelligence, that the only French vessel which had been there was gone, and that a guide could not have been procured, even though that had not been the case. Glenaladale immediately dismissed the messenger, and brought this intelligence to the Prince, whose course it was now resolved to change in the way proposed. Accordingly, the Glengary man being introduced to his Royal Highness, and having undertaken the high office, the whole party set out late at night towards the south, designing to form a junction, if possible, with Lochiel and some other chiefs, who, it was understood, still remained secure even in the vicinity of the enemy's forts. *

* From the period of Charles's arrival at Borodale and his being joined by Glenaladale, this narrative is chiefly derived from "an Account of his Escape," compiled by that gentleman, and printed in the Lockhart Papers. It is to be supposed that the account must be generally very correct, since it was the composition of one who scarcely ever left the Prince's side during the period referred to. Yet Mr Home gives an incident apparently applicable to this date, which Glenaladale omits, and which is moreover scarcely reconcileable with that gentleman's narrative. It is as follows:—"After having crossed the line of posts, Glenaladale, thinking the West Highlands a very unsafe place for Charles, resolved to conduct him to the Ross-shire Highlands, amongst those Mackenzies who had remained loyal, and therefore were not visited with troops. These Mackenzies Glenaladale thought would not betray Charles; and the person whom he pitched upon to confide in was Sir Alexander Mackenzie of Coul. Charles and his attendants, setting out for Ross-shire on foot, suffered greatly in their journey from want of provisions; and when they came to the Braes of Kiintail, inhabited by the Macraus, a barbarous people, among whom there were but few gentlemen, necessity obliged them to call at the house of

Charles experienced at this juncture one of those providential deliverances, which induced so many of his adherents to believe that his life was under the immediate and constant care of Heaven, and which may at least be allowed to render the narrative of his wanderings one of the most remark-

one Christopher Macraw. Glenaladale, leaving Charles with the French officer at some distance, went to Macraw's house, and told him that he and two of his friends were likely to perish for want of food ; and desired him to furnish them with some victuals, for which they would pay. Macraw insisted upon knowing who his two friends were, which Glenaladale seemed unwilling to tell. Macraw still insisted ; and Glenaladale told him at last that it was young Clanranald, and a relation of his. Notwithstanding the consequence of the persons, Macraw, though rich for an ordinary Highlander, made Glenaladale pay very dear for some provisions he gave him. Having received the money, he grew better humoured, and desired Glenaladale and the other two to pass the night in his house, which they did. In the course of the conversation, they talked of the times, and Macraw exclaimed against the Highlanders who had taken arms with Charles ; and said that they and those who still protected him were fools and madmen ; that they ought to deliver themselves and their country from distress, by giving him up and taking the reward which Government had offered. That night a MacDonal, who had been in the rebel army, came to Macraw's house ; at first sight he knew Charles, and took an opportunity of warning Glenaladale to take care that Christopher should not discover the quality of his guest. Glenaladale desired this man, who seemed so friendly and so prudent, to give him his opinion, as he had traversed the country, what he thought was the safest place for Charles, mentioning at the same time his scheme of carrying him to the country of the Mackenzies ; which MacDonal did not approve, saying that there were some troops got among the Mackenzies, and that he thought their country by no means safe ; but that he had passed the former night in the great hill of Corado, which lies between Kintail and Glenmorrison ; that in the most remote part of that hill,

able ever penned. Before proceeding very far on this night's journey, Glenaladale, clapping his hand upon his side, declared he had lost his purse. As this contained forty guineas, which the Prince had confided to him for the purchase of provisions, and which was the sole stock of the company, Glenaladale was extremely perplexed at the loss, and proposed to return to the place from whence they had just set out, in order to search for it. Charles opposed this measure, and used many entreaties to prevent it; but Glenaladale insisted upon the necessity of recovering a commodity so indispensable to them, and accordingly went back along with the younger lieutenant, while the Prince, with Glenaladale's brother and the guide, remained behind to await their return. While Glenaladale was absent, Charles spied an officer and two private soldiers advancing under arms along the path which they had just left. Trembling with joy at so signal a deliverance, he and his friends retired behind a rock, where they could see the motions of the soldiers, without being seen by them. The men passed by, unconscious of the prize which had so nearly fallen into their hands. Though rejoicing in their own preservation, Charles and his two

called Corambian, their lived seven men upon whom the Prince might absolutely depend, for they were brave and faithful, and most of them had been in his army. As Charles wished to get nearer Lochaber and Badenoch, where Lochiel and Cluny were, he resolved to go to Corambian. Next morning, he and his attendants set out, taking MacDonal'd for their guide," &c. &c. It is possible that Glenaladale omitted or slurred over this circumstance, out of delicacy to Macraw, who seems to have behaved on the occasion in a manner very unlike that of a genuine Highlander.

companions remained in a state of great anxiety for the safety of Glenaladale and his companion, who might chance to meet the enemy in their turn. On coming to their last resting-place, these two gentlemen found the purse, but, upon opening it, discovered, to their mortification, that the gold was gone. "Reflecting," continues Glenaladale's Journal, "that it might have been taken away by a little boy whom their landlord had sent with a present of milk to Glenaladale, and whom they had left at the place where the purse was forgotten, they went back a mile farther to their landlord's house, whose name was Gilchrist Mac-Rath, * and through his means got the boy to restore all back, which he did to a trifle." Fortunately, in returning to the Prince, they took a different route, and thus escaped the little party of soldiers, who must otherwise have met them. When the company was thus once more reunited in safety, they could not help returning thanks to Providence, which had first provided them with a good guide, and then ordered an accident which saved all their lives. Charles was now so thoroughly impressed with a belief of his immunity from danger, that he said he believed he "should not be taken though he had a mind to it."

They travelled all the remainder of the night, till they came to a hill-side above Strathcluaine, where, choosing a secret place, they rested till three o'clock in the succeeding afternoon (July 28th). Then setting out again, they had not walked above a mile along the hill-side, till their feelings were

* Apparently the Christopher Macrao of Mr Home's narrative.

agonized by hearing several shots fired on the top of the hill, which they rightly judged to be occasioned by the soldiers chasing and murdering the poor people who had fled thither with their cattle ! They now steered their course northward, and late at night, reached the top of a high hill betwixt the Braes of Glenmorrison and Strathglass, where they lodged all night, the Princee reposing in an open cave, so narrow as not to permit him to stretch himself. This was one of the most uncomfortable nights Charles had ever spent. The rain had fallen heavily and incessantly, during the whole of the preceding day, and he was of course wet to the skin. There was no possibility of a fire to dry him. Without food, and deprived of sleep by the narrowness and hardness of his bed, the only comfort he could obtain was the miserable one of smoking a pipe. Thus was the man, whose birth, according to the general laws of nations, entitled him to the possession of a throne and a palace—who, indeed, according to the feudal system, upon which this nation was originally constituted, had just as unalienable a right to its sovereignty as any landed proprietor within its bounds had to his peculiar inheritance—reduced to be, in all probability, the most wretched and destitute person who that night rested within the four seas of Britain.

Charles next morning reached the retreat which had been pointed out to him upon the hill of Corambian, after having been for eight-and-forty hours without food. Seven men occupied this place, being neither more nor less than robbers. They had no house or hut to reside in, but sheltered themselves in a rocky cave upon the side of the hill, from whence they sallied occasionally to pro-

vide themselves with necessaries. Such men as these were common at that time in the Highlands, and for some years afterwards, being generally persons who had been proscribed for their concern in the insurrection, and who had therefore no other means of livelihood than by depredation. It affords a lively proof of the desperation of Charles's circumstances, that he should have been compelled to trust his life to men of such disorderly habits.

On approaching their den, Glenaladale and the guide went forward, leaving Charles and the other two MacDonalds. Six out of the seven men were present, and having killed a sheep that day, were just sitting down to dinner. Glenaladale said he was glad to see them so well provided, and they gave him a hearty welcome to share in their good cheer. Glenaladale said he had a friend with him, for whom he must ask the same favour. They inquired who this friend was, and he answered that it was his chief, young Clanranald. Nobody, they said, could be more welcome to them than young Clanranald, for whom they were willing to purchase food at the point of their swords. Glenaladale, assured of their fidelity, then went back for Charles, who immediately drew near. No sooner did they see the unfortunate Prince, than they recognised him under his disguise, and fell down on their knees to do him homage. On being introduced to their cave, he lost no time in satisfying his hunger, which had by this time become almost intolerable.

The condition in which Charles was at this period, has been commemorated by Mr Home, from the report of Hugh Chisholm, one of the robbers, who was in Edinburgh a good many years after-

wards.* Upon his head he had a wretched yellow wig and a bonnet. His neck was cinctured by a dirty clouted handkerchief. His coat was of coarse dark-coloured cloth; his vest of Stirling tartan, much worn. A belted plaid was his best garment. He had tartan hose, and Highland brogues tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt, and he had not another, was of the colour of saffron. His good landlords soon provided him with a change of attire. Learning that a detachment of the King's troops, commanded by Lord George Sackville was ordered from Fort Augustus to Strathglass, and knowing that they must pass at no great distance from their habitation, they lay in wait for it, at a part of the road suitable for their purpose, permitted the soldiers to pass and get out of sight, and then, attacking the servants with the baggage, seized some portmanteaus, in which they found every thing which the Prince required.

Charles remained in this cave three days, when they thought proper (August 2,) to remove to another about two miles off. He remained altogether about three weeks in the company of these men, during which they made several movements, but none of material importance. They sometimes went to Fort Augustus, which was never many miles from their place of residence, and, procuring what intelligence they could among the inhabitants,

* This person was visited by many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh from curiosity. Some of them gave him money, to mark their approval of his fortitude and honour, in resisting the vast sum offered for the Prince. He would not give them his right hand to shake; he had got a shake of the Prince's hand, he said, on parting with him, and was resolved never to give that hand to any man till he should see the Prince again.

occasionally brought the newspapers of the day for Charles's perusal. About this time a circumstance occurred which tended to slacken the search which had hitherto been made for his Royal Highness. A young gentleman of Edinburgh, by name Roderick MacKenzie, who had been engaged in the Prince's service, was skulking in the Braes of Glenmorrison, when he was surprised by a party of soldiers. Being a tall genteel youth, and somewhat resembling the Prince in features, he might have passed for that personage with people not accustomed to see them together. He endeavoured to make his escape; but, being defeated in the attempt, he assumed a noble and undaunted air, and met his fate with the exclamation, "You have killed your prince!" The soldiers, overjoyed at their good fortune, and convinced that this was the object of their search, cut off his head, and brought it to Fort Augustus. Being there shown to various persons who had seen Charles, it was universally affirmed to be the head for which so much money had been offered. The Duke of Cumberland is said to have then set off to London, with the ghastly but valuable object stowed in his chaise; certain that he had at length accomplished the great object of his campaign, and extinguished for ever the most formidable rival of his family. It was not till he reached London, that the head was proved to be supposititious. By that time, many of the troops had been withdrawn from the Highlands, and Charles was in a great measure safe from those that remained.*

* Mr Richard Morison, who had been the Prince's body servant, and accustomed to shave and dress him, was a

On the 18th of August, Charles despatched Peter Grant, the most active of his seven attendants, from Glenmorrison, where he then was, to Lochaber, with a message to any of the gentlemen of the name of Cameron whom he might meet, informing them that he wished to put himself under their protection. Grant went to Lochaber, and found Cameron of Clunes, who agreed to meet his Royal Highness on a particular day at a place near the head of Glencoich, where he had a little hut in a secret place for his own security. Charles set

prisoner in Carlisle at the time Duke William returned to London with his prize. Being very properly supposed a person likely to distinguish the head, he was sent for to the capital, and promised his freedom if he would tell the truth regarding it. Fainting with horror, he was shown the dreadful spectacle. After inspecting it, from some mole or other mark, he became satisfied that it was not the Prince's head, and he declared his opinion. He was liberated accordingly. Two maiden ladies, sisters to the noble Mackenzie, lived in Edinburgh within the recollection of people still alive. They bore an excellent character, and subsisted upon a small annuity. Note to Chev. Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 209.

The history of the Crusades alone seems to furnish a parallel to the generous devotedness of Mackenzie. *Cœur de Lion*, one day enjoying the amusement of falconry, with a small party, at an imprudent distance from his camp at Jaffa, was nearly surrounded by a body of Saracens; when a Provençal gentleman, named William de Pratelles, inspired probably by the military-poetical enthusiasm of his country, exclaimed, "I am the King!" By this noble lie, as Mr Mills terms it, he ran the risk of instant death; but the Turks of that period were more generous than the British Government of 1745. They were content with taking prisoner the supposed person who had been so fatal to their repose. Richard's last act in the Holy Land was the redemption of his gallant preserver.

out with all his attendants, in number amounting to ten, on a very stormy night, and travelling along the tops of the mountains, reached Drumnadial, a high mountain on the side of Loch Lochie, which commands an extensive view of the country. There they rested all day, and Grant was despatched again, to see if Clunes had come to the place appointed. Charles and his attendants remained upon the hill, and as they had no provisions, and durst not stir to search for any, they were in great distress for want of food. Grant at length returned, with intelligence that Clunes, not having found Charles at the time appointed, had gone away. In his return he had shot a buck, and secured it in a concealed place. At night they all set out for the place where the buck lay hid, and made a delicious meal of it, without bread or salt. Next morning, having despatched another messenger to search for Clunes, that gentleman came with his three sons. The faithful robbers then committed his Royal Highness to the care of his new protectors, and took their leave of him, all except Hugh Chisholm and Peter Grant, who remained with him some time longer.

Charles was now informed by Clunes, that all the ferries of the rivers and lakes were so strictly guarded, that it was impossible for him at present to reach the countries of Rannoch and Badenoch, where Lochiel and Cluny were; and that it was absolutely necessary he should remain where he was, till the vigilance of the guards abated. Clunes had a hut in a wood hard by, at the bottom of Locharkaig, to which he conducted the Prince. Charles and Clunes skulked securely about this place for several days. When the weather was

rough, and there were no troops apparent in the neighbourhood, they lodged in the hut; when otherwise, they remained upon the hill.

About this period, Lochiel and Cluny, who had hitherto remained concealed in the country south of the Chain, judging that the Prince must be north of that tract of country, despatched Mac-Donald of Lochgary and Dr Cameron (Lochiel's brother) to learn what they could concerning him. These messengers, well acquainted with the passes, made their way in safety to the north of the lakes, and very soon met Clunes, who told them he would conduct them to the object of their search.

Charles was at this moment sleeping on the hill, with one of Clunes's sons, while Peter Grant held watch. Grant happened to nod upon his post, and did not perceive the approaching party till they were very near. He instantly flew to awaken the sleepers. The party had a formidable appearance; for, besides Clunes, Lochgary, and Dr Cameron, there were two servants; and at a little distance they looked like armed militia. Grant and young Cameron counselled an immediate flight to the top of the hill in the face of the enemy; but Charles resolved rather to keep close behind the loose stones amidst which they were skulking, and to fight the enemy in ambuscade. He represented that in case of a flight, the militia would soon get within gunshot, and bring them down without resistance. "I am a good marksman," he said, "and can charge quick. I am therefore sure to do some execution." With Grant's assistance, he thought he might reduce the enemy to a level in point of numbers before coming to close quarters. Then he took out a brace of pistols which he had not

previously shown, and expressed a hope to make these serviceable in the close struggle. Every thing considered, he hoped that they would repulse the advancing party, or at least die like brave men with arms in their hands. Grant acceded to a resolution so much in unison with his own dauntless spirit, and they had presented their muskets along the stones, and were almost on the point of firing, when fortunately the peculiar form of Clunes was distinguished in the party, which assured them they had nothing to fear.

Joy immediately took the place of desperation, and Charles could not help returning thanks to Heaven for having prevented him from destroying so many dear friends. His satisfaction was increased by receiving a message from his beloved friend Lochiel, for whose recovery, of which the Doctor informed him, he thrice audibly thanked the Deity. At this period, he has been described as wearing a shirt extremely soiled, an old black tartan coat, a plaid, and a philabeg. He was bare-footed, and had a long beard. In his hand he carried a musket, and he had a dirk and pistol by his side. Notwithstanding the fatigues he had gone through, and though he had not enjoyed the luxury of a bed for several months, but had slept continually in the open air, he was both healthy and cheerful. His attendants had killed a cow the day before, and were preparing a portion of it when Dr Cameron approached. At dinner he ate very heartily of this fare, and enjoyed himself over the novel luxury of some bread, which had been procured for his use from Fort Augustus.

Charles now expressed a wish to cross the Chain and join Lochiel; but this measure was

considered premature by his attendants, on account of a statement having recently appeared in the newspapers, that he had gone over Corryarrack with Lochiel and thirty men, which would undoubtedly occasion a vigilant search in those parts. He was advised to remain where he was, as in all probability the attention of the troops would be withdrawn from the north of the Chain, while it was directed with proportionate closeness to the south. In the mean time, Dr Cameron ventured into Lochaber to procure intelligence, and Lochgary posted himself upon the isthmus, betwixt the east end of Loch Lochy and the west end of Loch Linnhe, to watch the motions of the troops. The Prince, at the same time, despatched his faithful attendant Glenaladale, who had shared every privation with him for a month past, to await the arrival of the French vessels which he now expected at Lochnanuagh in Arasaig, and to apprise him of that event whenever it should take place.

A few days after this dispersion of his friends, while Charles was sleeping upon the mountain side, with his few remaining attendants, he was roused at eight o'clock in the morning by a child, who exclaimed she saw a body of *red-coats*. Looking down into the vale, the Prince accordingly saw a troop of soldiers demolishing the hut, and searching the adjacent woods. This occurred in consequence of information which had been communicated to Fort Augustus. The party, in great alarm, ascended the face of the mountain, along the deep channel of a winter torrent, which prevented them from being seen. They then travelled to another hill called Mullantagart, which is prodigiously steep, high, and craggy. On the

top of that eminence they remained all day without a morsel of food. In the evening, one of Clunes's sons came, and told them that his father would meet them at a certain place in the hills somewhat distant, with provisions. Charles set out for this spot, which was only to be reached by the most inaccessible paths. Toiling along amongst rocks and stumps of trees, which tore their clothes and limbs, they at length proposed to halt and rest all night. But Charles, though the most exhausted of the party, insisted upon keeping their appointment with Clunes. After proceeding some way farther, Charles had to acknowledge himself utterly incapable of further exertion; when the generous Highlanders took hold of his arms and supported him along, though themselves tottering under the influence of this unparalleled fatigue. Almost perishing with hunger, and sinking under the dreadful exertions of the night, they at last reached their destination: where to their great relief, they found Clunes and his son, with a cow which they had killed and partly dressed. Here they remained for a few days, till Lochgary and Dr Cameron arrived with the welcome intelligence, that the passes were not now so strictly guarded, and that he might safely venture at least a stage nearer to Lochiel.

The Prince now crossed Locharkaig, and was conducted to a fastness in the fir-wood of Auchnacary, belonging to Lochiel. Here he received a message from that chieftain and MacPherson of Cluny, informing him that they were in Badenoch, and that the latter gentlemen would meet him on a certain day at the place where he was, in order to conduct him to their habitation, which they

judged the safest place for him. Impatient to see these dear friends, he resolved not to wait for Cluny's coming, but to set out with such guides as he had. Accordingly, he decamped on the 28th of August and, travelling all night, came next day to a place called Corineuir. He crossed the chain or great Glen of Albyn in safety, and joined Lochiel at a place called Mallanair, in that part of Badenoch which adjoins to the Braes of Rannoch.

Lochiel had resided in this part of the country for several months, accompanied by Sir Stewart Thrieland, and Cluny MacPherson, proprietor of the ground. By the assistance of the former gentleman (who, on account of the forfeiture of his family possessions in 1716, practised as a physician at Edinburgh), he was almost recovered from the wounds received in his ankles at the battle of Culloden, but was still unable to walk without assistance. When Charles came to see him, he was residing in a miserable little hut, with MacPherson of Breakachie, Allan Cameron, his principal servant, and two servants of Cluny. On seeing the Prince approach with his party of four persons under arms, he had nearly fallen into the same mistake which Charles and Peter Grant had lately escaped so narrowly—he took them for a party of militia, of whom he knew there was a troop stationed only four or five miles off. Under that apprehension, he had prepared his firearms, of which he possessed a considerable quantity, and was on the point of firing off a volley, when he recognised some of the persons composing the dreaded little band. On perceiving that the Prince was among the number, he hobbled out as fast as he could to greet and welcome him. The meeting of these two friends is said to have

been extremely affecting—so much did they love and admire each other, and so glad were they mutually to meet, after having been so long parted. Lochiel attempted to kneel before his beloved Prince; but Charles, touching him on the shoulder, exclaimed, “Oh no, my dear Lochiel; we do not know who may be looking at us from yonder hills; and if they see any such motions, they will immediately conclude that I am here.” Lochiel then conducted him into the hut, where he found a better larder than he had had any experience of ever since the battle of Culloden. There was plenty of mutton, an anker of whisky containing twenty Scots pints, some good beef sausages made the year before, plenty of butter and cheese, and a large well-cured bacon ham. The first thing he called for was a dram, which he drank to the health of all present. Some minced collops were then dressed for him with butter, in a large saucepan which Lochiel and Cluny always carried about with them, and which was the only fire-vessel they had. “Now, gentlemen, I live like a Prince,” cried Charles as he devoured the collops out of the pan with a silver spoon. He seemed quite elevated with the pleasures of the day—with meeting Lochiel, and finding food so superior to any he had lately eaten.

Two days after, Cluny, having gone to Auchnacary and found his Royal Highness gone, returned to Mallanair. Upon his entering the hut, he would have kneeled to Charles; but the Prince prevented him, by taking him in his arms and kissing him. “I am sorry, Cluny,” he said, “you and your regiment were not at the battle of Cul-

loden ; I did not hear till lately that you were so near us that day. ”

The day after Cluny arrived, thinking it time to remove from Mallanair, he conducted the Prince and his attendants to a little shieling termed Uiskchibra, which, though dreadfully smoky and uncomfortable, was more eligible in other respects as a place of concealment. Charles expressed no ill-humour at the *desagremens* of this miserable abode, in which they remained two days and nights. They then removed to a habitation the most remarkable in which Charles had yet been—a curious half-aërial house called the Cage, situated in the wild recesses of the great mountain of Benalder, and which seemed to promise the most effectual protection that could be desired.

Cluny's own description of “ the Cage ” has fortunately been preserved. “ It was situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain called Letternilichk, a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The house was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation ; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other ; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or oval shape ; and the whole thatched or covered over with fog (moss). This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree,

which reclined from the one end, all along the roof, to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage. By chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons; four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking on, one baking, and the other firing bread and cooking."

Charles resided in this romantic retreat from the 2d till the 13th of September; and it was destined to be his last place of concealment in Scotland. Two French vessels, despatched on purpose to bring him off, early this month anchored in Lochnanuagh; and Glenaladale, according to appointment, set off for the place where he had left the Prince, to inform him of the joyful event. The good gentleman found Charles gone, nor was Clunes at hand to give him notice of his new place of retreat. Fortunately, as he was wandering about, a poor woman accidentally met him, and gave him a direction to Clunes's place of concealment. On finding that gentleman, a messenger was instantly despatched to Benalder; and Glenaladale then returned to Lochnanuagh, to inform the ships' crews that Charles would be with them as soon as possible.

Charles, on receiving this delightful intelligence, immediately left the Cage, with Lochiel, Lochgary, John Roy Stuart, and several other friends; and, travelling only by night, reached Moidart

upon the 19th. As care had been taken to inform as many brethren in distress as were within reach, of the opportunity of escape which now presented itself, a considerable company soon assembled upon the shore opposite to the vessels. Charles was destined, like the hare which returns after a hard chase, to the original form from which it set out, to leave Scotland, where he had undergone so long and so deadly a chase, precisely at the point where he had at first set his foot upon its territory. Under what different auspices did he first see the wild hills around Lochnanuagh fourteen months before ! He was then in the hey-day of hope—a kingdom lying open before him ready to be reaped by his sword—friends thronging around him with hopes as high as his own—and the country, by its tranquillity, apparently inviting him to proceed. Now, ragged and forlorn—his person shattered by the inclemencies of nature, and his mind agonized by the dejection of his fortunes—he stood amidst a troop of half-starved and half-naked fugitives, of whose misfortunes he was in one sense the cause—the country all around him teeming to his alarmed imagination with fiends thirsting for his life—and every thing seeming to inform him that the brilliant hopes he had so long entertained were now for ever extinguished.* With a judicious affectation of resolution, he proclaimed to the friends

* The public was informed of Charles's escape almost immediately after it took place, by a letter from Fort William, which was inserted in the newspapers. In that document he is said to have been dressed at the time in a short coat of black frieze, trows, a philabeg, and a gray plaid. The vessel in which he left the country, was seen on the same evening between the isles of Coll and Muck.

whom he left, that he would soon be back from France, with a force which should set his pretensions at rest ; he also hoped to fight yet one other glorious battle by the side of his brave Highlanders, and then to reward them for the valour, the fidelity, and the kindness, which they had so devotedly displayed in his behalf. But the wretchedness of his present appearance was strangely inconsistent with the magnificence of his professed hopes. The many noble spirits who had already perished in his behalf, and the unutterable misery which his enterprise had occasioned to a wide tract of country, returned to his remembrance ; and, looking round him, he saw the tear starting into many a brave man's eye, as he cast a farewell look back upon the country which it was never again to behold. To have maintained a show of resolution, under circumstances so affecting, was impossible. He had drawn his sword in the energy of his harangue ; but he now sheathed it, with a force which spoke his agitated feelings ; he gazed a minute in silent agony, and finally burst into a flood of tears. Upwards of an hundred unfortunate gentlemen accompanied him on board ; when, the anchor being immediately raised, and the sails set, the last of the Stuarts was quickly borne away from the country of his fathers.

Thus did Charles end a series of adventures such as few princes had ever encountered before him. His career was distinguished at first by extravagant daring and miraculous success. The sun of his fortune afterwards declined amidst a shower of blood. Then, a proscribed fugitive, with a price set upon his head, he spent five months in a state of perpetual alarm, enduring fatigues, hu-

ger, and exposure to the elements, enough to have killed most men. The dangers which he escaped during that period were manifold. His preservation is in a great measure to be ascribed to his own sagacity and fortitude; but it could never have been achieved without the concurrence of the generous people amongst whom he was cast. The constancy displayed by the Highlanders on this occasion was beyond all praise. They showed that a rude state of society is not without its virtues, and that poverty can sometimes be incorruptible. Charles's life was intrusted to several hundred individuals, many of them in the lowest grade of humble life, and some of them even belonging to what modern civilization would term the vicious. Yet not one seems to have ever so much as entertained the idea of giving him up, but all endeavoured, to the utmost of their power, to further his escape, even at the risk of their own lives. The generosity of their behaviour is said to have recommended them, for the first time, to the respect of the English people; who saw from this, that unswerving principle, and pure and lofty feeling, might reside under the tartan and blue bonnet of Scotland, as well as beneath the silk and fine linen of the South.

CHAPTER XII.

TRIALS AND EXECUTIONS.

Tit. O reverend tribunes! gentle aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse this doom of death,
And let me say, who never wept before,
My tears have been prevailing orators.

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Titus Andronicus.

LONG before Charles's escape, a multitude of his followers, less fortunate than him, had met a cruel and bloody death upon the scaffolds of England. The vengeance of Government, after their final victory, had been precisely apportioned to their previous panic and pusillanimity; and, in the emphatic language used by Johnson on the occasion, it was now necessary that statutes should reap the refuse of the sword. We are never so apt to commit an act of inhumanity as during the surprise and agitation which follows personal danger; and even the annoyance of a harmless fly will sometimes provoke us to an act at which, in cooler moments, we would shudder. On the same principle, the rulers of this time, though perhaps not naturally cruel, displayed a blood-thirstiness and immitigable desire of vengeance, which no doubt

appeared justified by the occasion, but of which they must have afterwards repented.

The officers of the English regiment taken at Carlisle were the first victims of this sanguinary calenture. Eighteen of these unfortunate gentlemen, at the head of whom was Townly their Colonel, were tried before a Grand Jury, at the Court-house on St Margaret's Hill, Southwark, in the county of Surrey, on the 15th of July, and four following days. All were condemned to death except one; and, on the 29th of the month, an order came to their place of confinement, ordering the execution, on the succeeding day, of nine who were judged to be most guilty, namely, Francis Townly, George Fletcher, Thomas Chadwick, James Dawson, Thomas Deacon, John Berwick, Andrew Blood, Thomas Syddal, and David Morgan; the other eight being reprieved for three weeks.

These ill fated persons were roused from sleep at six o'clock in the morning of July 30th to prepare for their execution. On coming down into the courtyard of their prison, they ordered coffee to be got ready for their breakfast. The firmness which they displayed throughout the whole scene was very remarkable. Only Syddal, of all the rest, was observed to tremble when the halter was put about his neck; and he, to conceal his agitation from the spectators, took a pinch of snuff. When their irons had been knocked off, their arms pinioned, and the ropes adjusted about their necks, they were put into three sledges, to each of which three horses were attached. In the first sledge, along with Townly, Blood, and Berwick, the executioner sat with a drawn scimitar. The procession was accompanied by a party of foot-guards.

Kennington Common was the place appointed for their execution ; and as the spectacle was expected to be attended with all those circumstances of barbarity awarded by the English law of treason, the London mob had assembled in extraordinary numbers to witness it. A pile of faggots and a block were placed near the gallows ; and while the prisoners were removing from their sledges into the cart from which they were to be turned off, the faggots were set on fire, and the guards formed a circle round the place of execution. The prisoners were not attended by clergymen of any persuasion ; but Morgan, who had been a barrister-at-law, read prayers and other pious meditations from a book of devotion ; to which the rest seemed very attentive, joining in all the responses and ejaculations with great fervour. Half an hour was spent in these exercises, during which they betrayed no symptoms of irresolution ; though their deportment was said to be perfectly suitable, at the same time, to their unhappy circumstances. On concluding prayers, they took some written papers from their books, and threw them among the spectators. These were found to contain declarations, to the effect that they died in a just cause, that they did not repent of what they had done, and that they doubted not but their deaths would be avenged, together with some expressions which were considered treasonable. They likewise delivered papers severally to the sheriff, and then threw away their hats, some of which were gold-laced—for they were all dressed like gentlemen ; and it is said that these pieces of dress were found to contain other treasonable papers. Immediately after, the executioner pulled their

caps out of their pockets, put them on, and drew them over their eyes ; and then they were turned off. When they had been suspended three minutes, the soldiers went in under the bodies, drew off their shoes, white stockings, and breeches ; and the executioner pulled off the rest of their clothes. When they had been stripped perfectly naked, the last-mentioned official cut down Mr Townly, and laid him on the block. Observing the body to retain some signs of life, he struck it several violent blows upon the breast, for the humane purpose of rendering it totally insensible to what remained. These not having the desired effect, he cut the throat.* Then cutting open the body, he took out the bowels and heart, which he also threw into the fire, and finally, with a cleaver, separated the head from the body, and put both into a coffin. Mr Morgan was next cut down, and after him the rest, the executioner unbowelling and beheading them one by one, as he had done Mr Townly. On throwing the last heart into the fire, which was that of James Dawson, he cried with a loud voice, "God save King George !" and the spectators responded with a shout. When this barbarous ceremony was concluded, the mutilated bodies were conveyed back to prison on the sledges ; and the heads of Townly and Fletcher were three days after affixed upon Temple-Bar, while those of Deacon, Berwick, Chadwick, and Syddal, were preserved in spirits, in order to be disposed in the same way at Carlisle and Manchester. Townly's body was buried at Pancrass ; but those of the others were interred in the burying-ground near the Foundling Hospital.

* Dougal Graham's Hist. Reb. p. 156.

The mob of London had hooted these ill-fated gentlemen on their passage to and from their trials; but at the execution they looked on with faces betokening at least pity for their misfortunes, if not also admiration of their courage. A circumstance, observed at the time, excited a good deal of commiseration amongst the crowd. This was the appearance at the place of execution of Charles Deacon, a very youthful brother of one of the culprits, himself a culprit, and under sentence of death for the same crime, but who had been permitted to attend the last scene of his brother's life in a coach, along with a guard. Another circumstance still more affecting came afterwards to the knowledge of the public. James Dawson, the son of a gentleman of Lancashire, and who had not completed his studies at St John's College, Cambridge, was attached to a young lady, of good family and fortune, at the time when some youthful excesses induced him to run away from college and join the insurgents. Had he been acquitted, or if he could have obtained the Royal mercy, the day of his enlargement was fixed by the parents of both parties to have been that of their marriage. When it was ascertained that he was to suffer the cruel death which has just been described, the inconsolable young lady determined, notwithstanding the remonstrances of her friends, to witness the execution; and she accordingly followed the sledges, in a hackney-coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire which was to consume her lover's heart, besides all the other dreadful preparations for his fate, without being guilty of any of those extravagances which her

friends had apprehended. She also succeeded in restraining her feelings during the progress of the bloody tragedy. But when all was over, and the shouts of the multitude rung her lover's death-peal in her ears, she drew her head back into the coach, and crying, "My dear, I follow thee, I follow thee—sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together," fell upon the neck of her companion, and expired in the very moment she was speaking. *

Previous to this period, bills of indictment having been found, by the Grand Jury of Surrey, against the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty, and Lord Balmerino, these three noblemen † were tried by the House of Peers, on Monday the 28th of July. This high solemnity was conducted with great state. A hundred and thirty-five peers were present. Lord Chancellor Hardwicke acted on the occasion as Lord High Steward, or president of the Assembly. Westminster Hall was fitted up in a most magnificent manner for the purpose. Mr George Ross was appointed solicitor for Kilmarnock and Balmerino, and Mr Adam Gordon for Cromarty, at their own request.

The three Rebel Lords, as they were styled, proceeded from the Tower, early in the forenoon, towards Westminster Hall; Kilmarnock in Lord Cornwallis's coach, attended by General Williamson, Deputy-Governor of the Tower; Cromarty in General Williamson's coach, attended by Captain Marshall; and Balmerino in another coach,

* This has been rendered the subject of a well-known ballad.

† The Marquis of Tullibardine had died, on the 9th of July, in the Tower, of a stoppage of urine — *Boyce's Hist Reb.*

accompanied by Mr Fowler, gentleman-gaoler, who had the axe covered by him. A strong guard of soldiers paraded along side of the coaches. The Court, who had likewise moved in a procession from the House of Peers, to the Hall, being duly met, and proclamation having been made for the appearance of the prisoners, they were brought to the bar, preceded by the gentleman-gaoler, who carried the axe with its edge turned away from them. When reciprocal compliments had passed between the prisoners and their peers, the indictments were read ; to which Kilmarnock and Cromarty successively pleaded "Guilty," recommending themselves to the King's mercy. Balmerino, before *pleading* to his indictment—that is to say, before avowing himself guilty or not guilty,—asked the Lord High Steward if it would avail him any thing to prove that he was not at the siege of Carlisle, as specified in the indictment, but ten miles distant. His Grace answered, that it might or might not be of service, according to the circumstances ; but he begged to remind his Lordship that it was contrary to form to allow the prisoner to ask any questions before pleading ; and he therefore desired his Lordship to plead. "Plead !" cried Balmerino, who knew nothing of the technicalities of an English court, and whose bold blunt mind stood in no awe of this august assembly ; "why, I am pleading as fast as I can." The Steward explained what was meant by pleading, and his Lordship then pleaded, "Not guilty." The court immediately proceeded to his trial which was soon despatched. King's counsel were heard in the first place, and five or six witnesses were then examined in succession ; by

whom it was proved that his Lordship entered Carlisle, though not on the day specified, at the head of a cavalry regiment, called from his name Elphinstone's Horse, with his sword drawn. The prisoners had no counsel; but Balmerino himself made an exception, which was overruled. The Lord High Steward then asked if he had any thing further to offer in his defence; to which his Lordship answered, that he was sorry he had given the Court so much trouble, and had nothing more to say. On this, the Lords retired to the House of Peers; and, the opinion of the Judges being asked touching the overt act, they declared that it was not material, as other facts were proved beyond contradiction. They then returned to the Hall; where the Steward, according to ancient usage, asking them one by one, (beginning with the youngest baron), "my Lord of ———, is Arthur Lord Balmerino guilty of high treason?" each answered, clapping his right hand upon his left breast, "Guilty, upon my honour, my Lord." The prisoners were afterwards recalled to the Bar, informed of the verdict of the Court, and remanded to the Tower till the day after next, when they were again to appear, in order to receive sentence. The House immediately broke up, and the prisoners were conveyed back to prison, with the edge of the axe turned towards them.

When the Court met again, on the 30th, the Lord High Steward made a speech to the prisoners, and asked each of them, "If he had any thing to offer why judgment of death should not pass against him?" To this question, Kilmarnock replied, in a speech expressive of the deepest contrition for his conduct, and imploring the Court

to intercede with the King in his behalf. He represented, that he had been educated in Revolution principles, and even appeared in arms in behalf of the present Royal Family; that, having joined the insurgents in a rash moment, he had immediately repented the step, and resolved to take the first opportunity of putting himself into the hands of Government; for this purpose, he had separated himself from his corps at the battle of Culloden, and surrendered himself a prisoner, though he might easily have escaped. He, moreover, endeavoured to make merit with the Court, for having employed himself solicitously during the progress of the insurrection, in softening the horrors which the war had occasioned in his country, and in protecting the Royalist prisoners from the abuse of their captors. Finally, he made a declaration of affection for the reigning family, not more incredible from his past actions than it was humiliating in his present condition; and concluded with an asseveration, that, even if condemned to death, he would employ his last moments in "praying for the preservation of the illustrious House of Hanover." The Earl of Cromarty pronounced a speech of nearly the same complexion, being a sort of parody or imitation of the celebrated appeal made by the Marquis of Strafford to his unrelenting judges. "Nothing remains, my Lord," he said, "but to throw myself, my life, and fortune, upon your Lordships' compassion. But of these, my Lords, as to myself, is the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife, with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties; I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy and regard for his parents hurried him down the stream

of rebellion ; I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my Lords, be pledges to his Majesty ; let them be pledges to your Lordships ; let them be pledges to my country, for mercy ; let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears ; let the powerful language of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion ; let me enjoy mercy, but no longer than I deserve it ; and let me no longer enjoy life than I shall use it to efface the crime I have been guilty of. Whilst I thus intercede to his Majesty, through the medium of your Lordships, let the remorse for my guilt as a subject—let the sorrow of my heart as a husband—let the anguish of my mind as a father—speak the rest of my misery. As your Lordships are men, feel as men ; but may none of you ever suffer the smallest part of my anguish. But if, after all, my Lords, my safety shall be found inconsistent with that of the public, and nothing but my blood can atone for my unhappy crime ; if the sacrifice of my life, my fortune and family, is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands of public justice ; and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me ; not mine, but thy will, O God, be done. ”

The mind of Balmerino was superior to such humiliation as this. When the question was put to him, he pleaded, that an indictment could not be found in the county of Surrey, for a crime laid to be committed at Carlisle in December last, in regard that the act ordaining the rebels to be tried in such counties as the King should appoint, which was not passed till March, could not have a retrospective effect ; and he desired to be allowed counsel.

On this, the Earl of Bath asked if the noble Lord at the bar had had any counsel allowed him, and was answered that he had never desired any. Balmerino replied, that all the defences which had occurred to him or his solicitor having been laid before a counsellor, and by him judged to be trifling, he had not chosen to give the court needless trouble; and that the above objection had only been hinted to him an hour or two before he was brought into Court. After some altercation, the Court assigned Messrs Wilbraham and Forrester, as counsel to his Lordship, and adjourned till the 1st of August.

Being again brought to the bar on that day, the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty were again asked if they had any thing to propose why judgment of death should not pass upon them, and answered in the negative. The Lord High Steward informed Balmerino that, having started an objection, desired counsel, and had their assistance, he was now to make use of it, if he thought fit. His Lordship answered, that his counsel having satisfied him there was nothing in the objection that could do him service, he declined having them heard; that he would not have made the objection, if he had not been persuaded there was ground for it; and that he was sorry for the trouble he had given his Grace and the Peers. All the prisoners having thus submitted to the Court, the Lord High Steward made a long and pathetic speech, which he concluded by pronouncing sentence in these words: "The judgment of the law is, and this High Court doth award, that you William Earl of Kilmarnock, George Earl of Cromarty, and Arthur Lord Balmerino, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower from whence you came; from thence you must be

drawn to the place of execution ; when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck ; but not till you are dead ; for you must be cut down alive ; then your bowels must be taken out, and burnt before your faces ; then your heads must be severed from your bodies ; and your bodies must be divided each into four quarters ; and these must be at the King's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls !” After sentence was passed, the prisoners were withdrawn from the bar, and the Lord High Steward, standing up uncovered, broke his staff, and announced that his commission was dissolved.

The Earl of Kilmarnock, who was only in his forty-second year, and extremely anxious for life, immediately presented a petition for mercy to the King, together with others to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cumberland, entreating them to intercede in his behalf with their Royal Father. The tenor of these petitions was much the same with that of his speech, equally penitential and humble, and equally unworthy of his birth, rank, and former character. That to the Duke contained a vindication of himself from some aspersions which had reached his Royal Highness, and which he understood had prejudiced that personage against him. It had been whispered that the Earl was concerned in the order said to have been found in the pocket of a prisoner after the battle of Culloden, and that, moreover, he had exercised sundry other cruelties upon the prisoners in the hands of the insurgents. Both of these charges he distinctly denied—and probably with truth ; though the assertion that he had voluntarily surrendered himself to Government, contained in his speech,

and in the petition to the King, was afterwards confessed by himself to have been made only with the view of moving his Majesty to mercy.

The Earl of Cromarty, whose share in the insurrection had been much less conspicuous, and who had not, like Kilmarnock, added ingratitude to his other misdemeanours, made similar efforts to obtain the Royal grace. The Countess went about, after the sentence had been pronounced, delivering petitions in person to all the Lords of the Cabinet-Council ; and on the following Sunday, she went in mourning to Kensington Palace, to petition Majesty itself. When the interesting condition of this lady is considered, it must be allowed that a more powerful mode of intercession could not have been adopted. She way-laid the King as he was going to chapel, fell upon her knees before him, seized the hem of his coat, and, presenting a petition, fainted away at his feet. His Majesty raised her up with his own hand, received her petition, and gave it to the Duke of Grafton, who was in attendance ; desiring Lady Stair, who accompanied Lady Cromarty, to conduct her to an apartment where care might be taken of her. A day or two after, the Dukes of Hamilton and Montrose, the Earl of Stair, and several other courtiers, interceded with his Majesty in the unfortunante Earl's behalf.

Balmerino made no effort to save his life, but behaved after this period as one who had resigned himself to death, and who despises those who are to inflict it. On learning that his two brothers in affliction had made their applications for mercy, he said, with a sneer, that, as they had such great interest at court, they might have squeezed his name in with their own. On a gentleman calling upon

him a week after his sentence, and apologizing for intruding upon the few hours which his Lordship had to live, he replied, " Oh, Sir, no intrusion at all—I have done nothing to make my conscience uneasy. I shall die with a true heart, and undaunted ; for I think no man fit to live, who is not fit to die ; nor am I any ways concerned at what I have done. "

The Earl of Cromarty received a pardon on the 9th of August, and on the 11th an order was signed in council for the execution of Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino. Cromarty and Kilmarnock had both alike hoped for pardon, and most people expected that Balmerino would be the only victim. But the resentment of the King at Kilmarnock's ingratitude, and the unfavourable impression which the Duke of Cumberland had received of his character, together with the gross prevarication upon which he had grounded his claims for mercy, determined, it was supposed, that he should also perish. It was even probable, that the King would have preferred Balmerino to Kilmarnock, in case of a resolution to save one of them ; for he is said to have greatly admired the inflexible courage and manly bravery of that nobleman. When assailed on all hands with applications in favour of Cromarty and Kilmarnock, he said, " Does nobody intercede for poor Balmerino ? He, though a rebel, is at least an honest one. " Two writs, therefore, passed the Great Seal on the 12th, empowering the Lord Cornwallis, Constable of the Tower, to deliver the bodies of the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino to the Sheriffs of London, for execution, on the 18th.

Nothing could mark more strongly the different

characters of these two unfortunate noblemen, than the way in which each respectively received intelligence of this final order. It was communicated to Kilmarnock by Mr Foster, a dissenting or Presbyterian clergyman, who had spent some time before with his Lordship in religious exercises, and in some measure prepared his mind for the dreadful announcement. When the words of doom fell upon the ear of the culprit, their force was softened by the religious consolations with which they were accompanied: and Kilmarnock received them with the tranquillity and resignation of a true Christian. Balmerino, on the contrary, heard the news with all the unconcern and levity with which he might have some months before received an order for some military movement. He was sitting at dinner, with his lady, when the warrant arrived; and, on her starting up distractedly and swooning away, he coolly proceeded to recover her by the usual means, and then, remarking that it should not make him lose his dinner, sat down again to table as if nothing had happened. He could even scarcely help chiding her for the concern she had displayed in his behalf, requesting her to resume her seat at table, and absolutely laughing when she declared her inability to eat. The gentle piety and resignation of Kilmarnock excited universal admiration and pity among the Whigs, while the indifference of Balmerino was hailed, by his own party, as the heroism of a martyr.

The day appointed for the execution was Monday the 18th of August. On the Saturday preceding, General Williamson thought proper to give Kilmarnock an account of all the circum-

stances of solemnity and outward terror which would accompany it. He informed his Lordship, that about ten in the morning, the Sheriffs would come to demand the prisoners, who would be delivered to them at the gate of the Tower; that from thence, if their Lordships thought proper, they should walk on foot to the house appointed on Tower-hill for their reception, where the rooms would be hung with black, to make the more decent and solemn appearance, and that the scaffold would also be covered with black cloth; that his Lordship might repose and prepare himself, in the room fitted up for him, as long as he thought convenient, remembering only that the warrant for execution was limited to one o'clock; that, because of a complaint made by Lord Kenmure in 1716, that the block was too low, it was raised to the height of two feet; that, to fix it the more firmly, props would be placed directly under it, that the certainty or decency of the execution might not be obstructed by any concussion or sudden jerk of the body. In all this Lord Kilmarnock expressed his satisfaction. But, when informed that two mourning-hearses would be placed close by the scaffold, so that, when the heads were struck off, the coffins might soon be taken out to receive the bodies, he said it would be better to have the coffins upon the scaffold, for by that means the bodies would be sooner removed out of sight. Being further informed, that an executioner was provided, who besides being expert, was *a very good sort of man*, he exclaimed, "General, this is one of the worst circumstances that you have mentioned. I cannot thoroughly like, for a work of this kind, your good sort of men."

One of that character must be tender-hearted and compassionate ; and a rougher and less sensible person would be much more fit for the office." He then requested that four persons might be appointed to receive the head, when it was severed from the body, in a red cloth, in order that it might not, as he had been informed was the case in some former executions, roll about the scaffold, and be thereby mangled and disfigured ; adding, that this was a small circumstance in comparison, but he was not willing that his body should be exposed to any unnecessary indecency after the just sentence of the law had been executed. Throughout this trying conversation, his Lordship is said to have maintained as much composure as the least compassionate reader can do in perusing a mere report of it. General Williamson advised him, in conclusion, to think frequently on the circumstances of his death-scene, in order that they might make the less impression when presented to his senses.

At six o'clock in the morning of the day of execution, a troop of Life Guards, a troop of Horse Grenadier Guards, and about a thousand Foot Guards, drew themselves up on Tower Hill, in the form of a battledore—the round part enclosing the scaffold, and the handle, formed by two lines, extending to the lower gate, with a proper space between for the procession to pass. About eight o'clock, the Sheriffs of London, their Under-Sheriffs, and their officers, namely, six sergeants at mace, six yeomen, and the executioner, met at the Mitre Tavern, in Fenchurch Street, where they breakfasted. They soon after went to the house hired by them for the reception of the prisoners, which was about thirty yards distant, and in front

of which the scaffold had been erected. At ten o'clock, the block was fixed, covered with black cloth, and several sacks of saw-dust were provided, to be strewn upon the scaffold. Soon after, the two coffins were brought upon the scaffold. These were covered with black cloth, ornamented with gilt nails, and upon that of Kilmarnock was a plate with this inscription, "Gulielmus Comes de Kilmarnock, decollatus 18^o Augusti 1746, ætat. suæ 42," with an Earl's coronet over it; while Balmerino's bore, "Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino, decollatus 18^o Augusti 1746, ætat. suæ 58," surmounted by the coronet of a Baron.

These preparations over, the officers to whom the management of the execution was by law assigned, went in procession to the Tower, and knocked at the gate, when the Warder within asked, "Who's there?" and was answered by an officer, "The Sheriffs of London and Middlesex." According to ancient usage, the Warder asked, "What do they want?" and the officer answered, "The bodies of William, Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur, Lord Balmerino." The Warder said, "I will go and inform the Lieutenant of the Tower." When General Wilhamson consequently informed the Earl of Kilmarnock that the Sheriffs were waiting for the prisoners, his Lordship, having completely prepared himself for the terrible announcement, was not in the least degree agitated, but said, calmly, "General, I am ready, and will follow you." In going down stairs, he met Balmerino at the first landing-place, who embraced him affectionately, and said, "My Lord, I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." The two unfortunate noblemen were

then conducted to the Tower-gate, and delivered over to the Sheriffs, who gave receipts to the Deputy-Lieutenants for their persons. As they were leaving the Tower, the Deputy-Lieutenant, according to custom, cried, "God bless King George!" to which Kilmarnock made a bow, while the inflexible Balmerino exclaimed, "*God bless King James!*" The procession moved in a slow and solemn manner towards the house prepared for the reception of the Lords; Kilmarnock attended by Mr Sheriff Blackford, with Messrs Foster and Home, two Presbyterian clergymen, and Balmerino supported by Mr Sheriff Cockayne, accompanied by the chaplain of the Tower and another minister of the Episcopalian persuasion. As they were moving along, some person was heard to exclaim from the surrounding crowd, "Which is Balmerino?" when that nobleman instantly turned half round, and politely said, "I am Balmerino." Two hearses and a mourning coach followed the procession, adding an inexpressible solemnity and gloom to a scene already as melancholy as can be conceived.

On arriving within the area around the scaffold, the two Lords were conducted into separate apartments in the house fitted up for their reception, where their friends were admitted to see them. The walls of this house were hung with black, as well as the passage leading from it to the scaffold, and the scaffold itself, at the expense of the Sheriffs. When the pageant had come to the scaffold, the troops which lined the road from the Tower closed in behind the rest, and the scaffold was thus surrounded by soldiers six deep.

About eleven o'clock, Lord Kilmarnock receiv-

ed a message from Lord Balmerino, requesting an interview ; which being consented to, Balmerino was introduced into Kilmarnock's apartment. The conversation which took place, is reported by Mr Foster to have been precisely as follows :—BALMERINO. “ My Lord, I beg leave to ask your Lordship one question.”—KILMARNOCK. “ To any question, my Lord, that you shall think it proper to ask, I believe I shall see no reason to decline giving an answer.”—B. “ Why, then, my Lord, did you ever see or know of any order, signed by the Prince, to give no quarter at Culloden ?”—K. “ No, my Lord.”—B. “ Nor I, neither ; and therefore, it seems to be an invention to justify their own murders.”—K. “ No, my Lord, I do not think that inference can be drawn from it ; because, whilst I was at Inverness, I was informed by several officers that there was such an order, signed ‘ George Murray ; ’ and that it was in the Duke's custody.”—B. “ Lord George Murray ! Why, then, they should not charge it upon the Prince.” His Lordship then took his leave, embracing his fellow-prisoner with great tenderness, and saying to him, “ My dear Lord Kilmarnock, I am only sorry that I cannot pay all this reckoning alone. Once more, farewell for ever ! ”

Lord Kilmarnock spent nearly an hour after this conversation, in devotion with Mr Foster and the gentleman attending him, and in making declarations that he sincerely repented of his crime, and had resumed at this last hour his former attachment to the reigning family. His rank giving him a dreadful precedence in what was to ensue, he was led first to the scaffold. Before leaving the room, he took a tender farewell of all the

friends who attended him. When he stepped upon the scaffold, notwithstanding all his previous attempts to familiarize his mind with the idea of the scene, he could not help being somewhat appalled at the sight of so many dreadful objects; and he muttered in the ear of one of the attendant clergymen, "Home, this is terrible!" He was habited in doleful black, and bore a countenance which, though quite composed, wore the deepest hue of melancholy. The sight of his care-worn but still handsome figure, and of his pale resigned countenance, produced a great impression upon the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The executioner himself was so much affected, that he was obliged to drink several glasses of spirits, to brace his nerves for the work of death.

From a rare contemporary print of the Execution of Lord Kilmarnock, it appears that the scaffold was very small, and that there were not above six or seven persons altogether upon it at the time his Lordship submitted to the block. The block is a piece of wood, considerably higher than may be generally supposed; the culprit only requiring to kneel and bend a little forward in order to bring his neck over it. The cloth which originally covered the surrounding rails, is turned up in such a manner as to give the spectators below an uninterrupted view of the dreadful circumstances of the scene. The culprit appears kneeling at the block, without his coat and waistcoat, and the frill of his shirt hanging down. The figures upon the scaffold, all except one of awfully important character, are dressed in those full dark suits of the fashion of King George the Second's reign, which our grandfathers used to call by the dignified ap-

pellation, " a stand of mournings ;" and most of them have white handkerchiefs at their eyes, and express, by their attitudes, the most violent grief.

It was a little after mid-day when the unhappy Kilmarnock approached the scene of his last sufferings. After mounting the scaffold, and taking leave of Mr Foster, who chose to retire, he stripped off his upper clothes, turned down his shirt, and arranged his long dressed hair, (previously in a bag), under a large napkin of damask cloth, which he had brought for the purpose of forming it into a cap. He also informed the executioner, to whom he gave a purse containing five guineas, that he would give the signal for the descent of the axe, about two minutes after he should lay his neck upon the block, by dropping a handkerchief. Then he went forward, and knelt upon a black cushion, which was placed for the purpose before the block. Whether to support himself, or as a more convenient posture for devotion, he happened to lay his hands upon the surface of the block, along with his neck; and the executioner was obliged to desire him to let them fall down, lest they should be mangled or break the blow. Being informed that the neck of his waistcoat was in the way, he rose once more upon his feet, and, with the help of one of his friends, Colonel Craufurd of Craufurdland,* had that garment

* Then taking the name of Walkinshaw, from his wife. Colonel Craufurd, who had been the Earl of Kilmarnock's next neighbour in Ayrshire (his seat of Craufurdland Castle being the nearest house to Dean Castle, the seat of the Earl), had no motive but friendship for his attendance at this melancholy ceremony. Yet I have been informed by his representative, his conduct was so much

taken off. This done, and the neck being made completely bare to the shoulder, he again knelt down as before. Mr Home's servant, who held a corner of the cloth to receive his head, heard him at this moment remind the executioner that he would give the signal in about two minutes. That interval he spent in fervent devotion, as appeared by the motion of his hands, and now and then of his head. Having then fixed his neck down close upon the block, he gave the signal; his body remained without the least motion till the descent of the axe; which went so far through the neck at the first blow, that only a little piece of skin remained to be severed by the second.

The head, which immediately dropped into the cloth, was not exposed in the usual manner by the executioner, in consequence of the prisoner's express request, but deposited with his body in the coffin, which was then delivered to his friends, and deposited in the hearse. The scaffold was then cleaned, and strewed with fresh saw-dust, so that no appearance of a former execution might remain to offend the feelings of Lord Balmerino; and the executioner, who was dressed in white, changed such of his clothes as were bloody.

The Under-sheriff then went to the apartment of Balmerino, who, upon his entrance, said that he supposed Lord Kilmarnock was now no more; and asked how the executioner had performed his duty. Being informed upon this point, he remarked that it was well done. He had previously maintained before his friends a show of resolution and indiffer-

resented by a jealous Government, that he was immediately degraded to the bottom of the Army List.

ence which perfectly astonished them ; twice taking wine, with a little bread, and desiring them to drink him " a degree to heaven." He now said, " Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life ;" saluted them with an air of cheerfulness which drew tears from every eye but his own, and hastened to the scaffold.

The appearance of Balmerino upon this fatal stage produced a very different sensation among the spectators from that occasioned by Kilmarnock. His firm step, his bold bluff figure, but above all his dress, the same regimental suit of blue turned up with red, which he had worn throughout the late campaign, excited breathless admiration, rather than any emotion of pity, and made the crowd regard him as a being of a superior nature. So far from expressing any concern about his approaching death, he even reproved the tenderness of such of his friends as were about him. Walking round the scaffold, he bowed to the people, and inspected the inscription upon his coffin, which he declared to be correct. He also asked which was his hearse, and ordered the man to drive near. Then looking with an air of satisfaction at the block, which he designated as his "*pillow of rest,*" he took out a paper, and, putting on his spectacles, read it to the few about him. It contained a declaration of his unshaken adherence to the House of Stuart, and of his regret for ever having served in the armies of their enemies, Queen Anne and George the First, which he considered the only faults of his life deserving his present fate.

Finally, he called for the executioner ; who immediately appeared, and was about to ask his forgiveness, when Balmerino stopped him by saying,

“ Friend, you need not ask forgiveness ; the execution of your duty is commendable.” Presenting the fellow with three guineas, he added, “ Friend, I never had much money ; this is all I now have ; I wish it was more for your sake ; and am sorry I can add nothing to it, but my coat and waistcoat.” He took off these garments, and laid them upon his coffin for the executioner.

In his immediate preparations for death, this singular man displayed the same wonderful degree of coolness and intrepidity. Having put on a flannel vest which had been made on purpose, together with a cap of tartan, to denote, he said, that he died a Scotsman, he went to the block, and, kneeling down, went through a sort of rehearsal of the execution, for the instruction of the executioner ; showing him how he should give the signal for the blow by dropping his arms. He then returned to his friends, and took a tender farewell of them, and, looking round upon the crowd, said, “ I am afraid there are some who may think my behaviour bold ; but, (addressing a gentleman near him), remember, Sir, what I tell you ; it arises from a confidence in God, and a clear conscience.”

At this moment, he observed the executioner standing with the axe, and, going up to him, took the fatal weapon into his own hand and felt its edge. On returning it, he showed the man where to strike his neck, and animated him to do it with vigour and resolution ; adding, “ for in that, friend, will consist your mercy.” With a countenance of the utmost cheerfulness, he then knelt down at the block, and, uttering the following words :—“ O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless the Prince and the Duke, and receive my soul ! ”—

dropped his arms for the blow. The executioner, recollecting the deliberation of Lord Kilmarnock, was thrown out by the suddenness with which the signal was given in the present case, and gave his blow without taking accurate aim at the proper place. He hit the unfortunate nobleman between the shoulders, depriving him in a great measure, it was supposed, of sensation, but by no means producing death. It has been said by some who witnessed this dreadful scene, that the unfortunate man turned his head half round, and gnashed his teeth either with rage or pain, while his eyeballs glared dreadfully, in the face of the executioner. If this was the case, it fortunately did not prevent the man from recovering his presence of mind; for he immediately brought down another blow, which went through two-thirds of the neck. Death immediately followed this stroke, and the body fell away from the block. It was presently replaced by some of the by-standers; and a third blow completed the work.

The fate of these unfortunate noblemen excited more public interest than perhaps any other thing connected with the insurrection. The Jacobites, together with all such as were of a bold temperament, applauded the behaviour of Balmerino; while the Whigs, and all persons of a pious disposition, admired the placid and devout resignation of Kilmarnock. Every member of the state seemed to have chosen his favourite nobleman, in whose behalf he was prepared to talk, dispute, and even to fight. Innumerable publications appeared regarding them, informing the public of their history, and discussing their respective and very opposite characters. Among these it is remarkable, that

no one did justice, either to the profound humility and sorrow-struck contrition of Kilmarnock, or to the dauntless magnanimity and serenity of Balmerino. One set cants about Kilmarnock's long prayers and death-wrung petitions to King George; the other talks with indignation of Balmerino's continued rebellion and his soldier-like levity. It is still more remarkable, perhaps, that no publication of the time advocated the propriety of showing mercy to these or to any other of the rebels. All the fugitive writers seem to have been impressed, on this occasion, with a terrible idea of the power of Government, and to have thought that the only way in which they could make sure of their own lives was to permit the law to be gorged with other victims. Almost the only remonstrance which appears to have been made, was the simple insertion in one or two of the Jacobite Journals, of the well known passage in *Measure for Measure* :

No ceremony that to the great belongs,
 Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
 The Marshal's truncheon, nor the Judge's robe,
 Becomes them with one half so good a grace,
 As *Mercy* does.—Alas! alas!
 Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
 And he that might th' advantage once have took,
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,
 If he, which is the top of judgment, should
 But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that,
 And *Mercy* then will breathe within your lips,
 Like men new made.—
 To-morrow? Oh! that's sudden: spare him, spare him!
 He's not prepared for death.*

* There was a story regarding Kilmarnock current at that time, which, though of a nature beneath the dignity of history, we think proper to insert here, as indicating the impression which his melancholy fate must have made

James Nicholson, Walter Ogilvie, and Donald MacDonald, forming a selection from the Scottish officers taken at Carlisle, were the next victims of the offended State. They were condemned at St Margaret's Hill, on the 2d of August (along with Alexander MacGrowther, who was afterwards re-

upon the public mind. We relate it as it has been told to us by a lady of eighty, who learned it in her youth, when it was quite current throughout Stirlingshire, her native county, and that in which the incident took place:—About a twelvemonth before the commencement of the insurrection, the housekeeper of Callander was one night sitting in her own room, engaged in some little domestic task, when suddenly her door opened of itself, and she perceived, or thought she perceived, a bloody head trundle in and roll across the floor. The motion of the dreadful object was rapid, but she could yet discern the lineaments of her beloved master the Earl. She had the presence of mind, or the fortitude, not to raise any alarm, and she eventually disclosed the circumstance only to a neighbouring clergyman. When the Earl determined upon joining the insurgents, she all at once felt a conviction that her vision would become realized; and she took the liberty of imploring that he would abstain from the enterprise, which she assured him would come to no good. He of course disregarded her entreaties; and she was at length induced to mention what she had seen a twelvemonth before, hoping that he would not act in opposition to so dreadful a *warning*. To her great mortification, he only laughed at what she said, and went away, observing that he was much more likely to lose his head by continuing faithful to King George, than by joining Prince Charles, whose prospects were at this period at the brightest, in consequence of the battle of Preston.*

After his death, it is said that his lady, who had had so great a hand in urging him to this fatal course, retired to a sequestered part of the country, where, shutting herself up in an apartment, lighted only by a dismal lamp, and

* Another version of this story is given in Henderson's History of the Rebellion, a contemporary publication.

prievd), and executed at Kennington Common on the 22d. Nicholson had kept a coffee-house at Leith, and was a man in middle life ; but MacDonald and Ogilvie were both young men of good families, the first a cadet of the family of Kerpoch, and the other a native of the county of Banff. They were conducted to the place of execution in a sledge, guarded by a party of horse grenadiers and a detachment of the foot-guards. MacDonald and Nicholson appeared at the last solemn scene in their Highland dress. They spent an hour in devotion upon the scaffold, and were then executed † in precisely the same manner with Francis

whose walls, to render the scene still more appropriate to the gloom of her mind, were hung with black, she vowed never again to look upon the light of day. Here she is said to have wept herself blind, and eventually to have died of grief. Such conduct seems quite in accordance with the high and chivalrous spirit which this lady had displayed in happier days, and will remind the reader of the resolution expressed, under similar circumstances, by a lady of the olden time, in the beautiful ballad of "the Murder of Caerlaverock : " *—

“ To sweet Lincluden’s haly cells,
Fu’ dowie, I’ll repair ;
There peace wi’ gentle patience dwells—
Nae deidly feuds are there.
With tears I’ll wither ilka charm,
Like draps o’ baleful yew,
And wail the beauty that could harm
A knight sae brave and true. ”

† Nicholson was perhaps the only man who ever displayed any power of using his limbs after being suspended by the neck. It is recorded of him, that he put up his hands and pulled his cap down over his chin, after the cart had been driven away from below him.

* By Mr Kirkpatrick Sharpe.—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. iii.

Townly and his companions, except that they were permitted to hang fifteen minutes before being dismembered ; the horrid circumstances of the former execution having been found too much, even for the feelings of the unsensitive crowd, which usually assembles on such occasions.

During the course of the two ensuing months, many trials took place at St Margaret's Hill, without any of the prisoners receiving sentence of death. But, on the 15th of November, judgment was at length pronounced upon no fewer than twenty-two persons, who had been convicted singly at different times ; and out of these five were ordered for execution on the 28th of November. The names of the unfortunate persons were John Hamilton, Alexander Leith, Sir John Wedderburn, Andrew Wood, and James Bradshaw. Hamilton had been governor of Carlisle, and signed its capitulation ; Leith was an aged and infirm man, who had distinguished himself by his activity as a captain in the Duke of Perth's regiment ; Sir John Wedderburn had acted as receiver of the excise duties and cess raised by the insurgents ; Andrew Wood was a youth of little more than two-and-twenty, who had displayed great courage and zeal in the regiment of John Roy Stewart ; and Bradshaw was a respectable and wealthy merchant of Manchester, who had abandoned his business, and spent his fortune in the cause for which he was now to lay down his life.

The execution of these gentlemen, which took place on the 28th of November, was attended with some affecting circumstances. Before nine o'clock in the morning, the servants of the keeper unlocked the rooms in which Sir John Wedder-

burn, Mr Hamilton, and James Bradshaw were confined, and, uttering the awful announcement that they were to die, desired them to prepare themselves for the Sheriff, who would immediately come to demand their persons. Although this was the first certain intelligence they had of their fate, they received it with calmness, and said they would soon be ready to obey the Sheriff's request. They then took a melancholy farewell of a fellow-officer of the name of Farquharson, who had been respited, and was confined on the same side of the prison. The keeper's servants proceeded to rouse the rest of the doomed men, besides one of the name of Lindsay, who was as yet expected to share their fate. When they were told to prepare for the Sheriff, Wood inquired if Governor Hamilton had been finally consigned to execution; and being answered in the affirmative, remarked, "that he was sorry for that poor old gentleman." They were led into the fore part of the prison, and provided with a slight refreshment. On account of the policy of Government in granting reprieves at the last hour, Bradshaw still hoped to be pardoned, and endeavoured, on this occasion, to display a confident cheerfulness of manner. Wood, entertaining no such expectations, called for wine, and drank the health of his political idols, boldly assigning to each his treasonable title. Lindsay's reprieve arrived at the moment when he was submitting to have his hands tied, and produced such an effect upon his feelings as almost to deprive him of the life which it was designed to save. The sanguine Bradshaw, whose halter was just then thrown over his head, eagerly inquired "it there was any news for him."—"The Sheriff is

come, and waits for you!" was the awful answer knelled upon the poor man's ear.

They were drawn to the place of execution in two sledges, Bradshaw shedding tears of disappointment and wretchedness. They arrived at the root of the fatal tree a little after noon, and the execution immediately took place, in the midst of a vast crowd of spectators. Bradshaw, and also Sir John Wedderburn, were observed to look earnestly at the gallows as they drew near to it. The whole prayed for King James, and declared they did not fear death. Bradshaw was tied up first, * and the rest as they were taken out of the

* The following copy of a paper, which this gentleman read upon the scaffold, and delivered into the hands of the Sheriff, is printed *verbatim* from a manuscript lately belonging to a Jacobite family. It is inserted here, partly on account of its being an *exposé* of the motives which induced so many sensible men to rise in favour of Prince Charles, and partly because it justifies the view which has been taken in this work of the character of that Prince, and of the proceedings which followed the battle of Culloden.

"It would be a breach of duty in me, to omit this last opportunity of doing justice to those who stood in need of it. I think it incumbent upon me, the rather, because I am the only Englishman, in this part of the world, who had the honour to attend his Royal Highness into Scotland.

"When I first joined the King's forces, I was induced to it, by a principle of duty only, and I never had any reason to convince me since, that I was in the least mistaken; but, on the contrary, every day's experience has strengthened my opinion, that what I did was right and necessary. That duty I discharged to the best of my power; and as I did not expect the reward of my service in this world, I have no doubt of receiving it in the next.

"Under the opinion that I could do more good by marching with the army into Scotland, than remaining

sledges. The waggon was drawn away from beneath them, while they were yet imploring the Almighty to receive their souls. On being cut down, their bowels were taken out and thrown into a fire which blazed near the gallows. Their bodies were afterwards surrendered to their friends.

with the Manchester regiments at Carlisle, I obtained leave to be in my Lord Elcho's corps, for I was willing to be in action. After the battle of Culloden, I had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the most ungenerous enemy that, I believe, ever assumed the name of a soldier; I mean, the pretended Duke of Cumberland, and those under his command; whose inhumanity exceeded every thing I could have imagined, in a country where the bare name of a God is allowed of. I was put into one of the Scots kirks, together with a great many wounded prisoners, who were stripped naked, and then left to die of their wounds, without the least assistance; and though we had a surgeon of our own, a prisoner at the same place, yet he was not permitted to dress their wounds, but his instruments were taken from him, on purpose to prevent it; and, in consequence, many died in the utmost agony. Several of the wounded were put on board the *Jean of Leith*, and there died in lingering tortures. Our general allowance, while we were prisoners there, was half a pound of meal a day, which was sometimes increased to a pound, but never exceeded it; and I myself was witness that great numbers were starved to death. Their barbarity extended so far, as not to suffer the men, who were put on board the *Jean*, to lye down, even on the planks, but were obliged to sit on large stones, by which means their legs swelled almost as big as their body. These are some few instances of the cruelties that were exercised, which being almost incredible in a Christian country, I am obliged to add an assertion to the truth of them. And I do assure you, on the word of a dying man, and as I hope for mercy at the Day of Judgment, I assert nothing but what I know to be true.

“ The injustice of the proceedings, is aggravated by the ingratitude of them. For the Elector of Hanover's people had been often obliged to the Prince, who ordered his

In the meantime, this bloody work had been proceeding with still greater energy at Carlisle and York, where it was thought necessary to try the most of the insurgents who had been taken at Culloden, by the forms of an English court of Oyer and Terminer, instead of placing them at the mercy of their countrymen, who were now too generally suspected of disaffection to be intrusted with a commission so important. Carlisle, the

prisoners the same allowance of meat as his own troops, and always made it his particular concern, that all the wounded should be drest, and used with the utmost tenderness. His extreme caution to avoid the effusion of blood, even with regard to spies, when his own safety made it almost necessary, and his surprising generosity to all his enemies without distinction, certainly demanded different treatment; and I could scarce have thought, that an English army under English directions, could possibly behave with such unprovoked barbarity. With regard to the report of his Royal Highness having ordered that no quarter should be given to the enemy, I am persuaded in my conscience that it is a malicious wicked report raised by the friends of the Usurper, in hopes of an excuse for the cruelties committed in Scotland, which were many more and greater than I have time to describe; for I firmly believe, the Prince would consent to no such orders, even if it was to gain the three kingdoms.

“ I would gladly enter into the particulars of his Royal Highness’s character, if I was able; but his qualifications are above description. All I can say is, he is every thing that I could image great and excellent, fully deserving what he was born for, to rule over a free people.

“ I am convinced that these nations are inevitably ruined, unless the Royal Family be restored, which I hope will soon happen; for I love my country, and with my parting breath I pray God to bless it. I also beseech him to bless and preserve my lawful Sovereign. King James the Third, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York; and prosper all my friends, and have mercy on me.

“ JAMES BRADSHAW.”

principal scene of their misdeeds in England, was selected for the trial of most of the prisoners, as a place more likely than any other to produce a jury of the stamp required by Government. The result proved that, however much the Scottish people might labour under the imputation of humanity, their Cumbrian neighbours were not in the least degree tinged with that disloyal vice.

About the beginning of August, a herd—for such it might be termed—of these ill-starred persons was impelled, like one of their own *droves* of black cattle, from the Highlands towards Carlisle, where, on being imprisoned, they were found to amount to no less than three hundred and eighty-five. To try so many individuals, with the certainty of finding almost all of them guilty, would have looked something like premeditated massacre; and might have had an effect upon the nation very different from what was intended. It was therefore determined that, while all the officers, and others who had distinguished themselves by zeal in the insurrection, should be tried, the great mass should be permitted to cast lots, one in twenty to be tried, and the rest to be transported. Several individuals refused this extrajudicial proffer of grace, and chose rather to take their chance upon a fair trial. The evidences were chiefly drawn from the ranks of the King's army. Bills of indictment were found against a hundred and nineteen individuals; and the 9th of September was appointed the day of trial.

The time which intervened between the indictment and trial of the Carlisle prisoners, was occupied by the Judges, at York, where the Grand Jury found bills of indictment against seventy-five insurgents

there confined, whom the Judges appointed to be tried on the 2d of October. Notice has already been taken of the countenance which was given to the bloody proceedings of Government by a party in the nation, and the publications by private individuals, in which severity to the vanquished Jacobites was not only inculcated, but insisted on. The reader will learn, with equal surprise and horror, that even the pulpit was occasionally made a vehicle for such inhuman sentiments. A dreadful instance occurred here, on the 21st of August, when the chaplain of the High Sheriff of York profaned the Christian faith, and that glorious minster, by preaching, before the Judges, a sermon, the spirit of which is sufficiently indicated by its text—[*Numbers*, xxv. 5.]—“ And Moses said unto the judges of Israel, Slay ye every one his man that were joined unto Baal-peor ! ”

The Judges again sat down at Carlisle on the 9th of September; on which, and the two following days, most of the hundred and nineteen prisoners were arraigned. On the 12th, the Grand Jury sat again, and found bills against fifteen more. Out of the *hundred and thirty-three* persons in all, thus brought to the bar at Carlisle, *one* obtained delay, on account of an allegation that he was a peer, *eleven* pled guilty when arraigned, *thirty-two* pled guilty when brought to trial, *thirty-seven* were found guilty, *eleven* found guilty, but recommended to mercy, *thirty-six* acquitted, and *five* remanded to prison to wait for further evidence.

The trials at York commenced on the 2d of October, and ended on the 7th, when, out of the *seventy-five* persons indicted *two* pled guilty when arraigned, and *fifty-two* when brought to trial,

twelve were found guilty, *four* found guilty, but recommended to mercy, and *five* acquitted. Seventy in all received sentence of death. The process of all these trials appears to have been extremely simple. Most of the prisoners endeavoured to take advantage of the notorious slavery in which the clans were held by their chiefs, by pleading that they had been forced into the insurgent army against their will; but their defence was in every case easily repelled.

Before the middle of October, an order was sent to Carlisle for the execution of thirty, out of the ninety-one persons there imprisoned under sentence; ten at Carlisle on the 18th (October), ten at Brampton on the 21st, and ten at Penrith on the 28th. But of the first ten, one was afterwards reprieved. The names of the remaining nine were Thomas Coppock, * Edward Roper, Francis Buchanan of Arnprior, Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, Donald MacDonald of Tyerndrich, John Henderson, John MacNaughton, James Brand, and Hugh Cameron. They were executed, according to order, with all those circumstances of barbarity which had already attended the former executions. Out of the ten who were appointed to die at Brampton, only six eventually suffered; James Innes, Patrick Lindsay, Ronald MacDonald, Thomas Park, Peter Taylor, and Michael Delard; one having died in prison, and the re-

* Coppock was an Englishman, a student, and had been created Bishop of Carlisle by the Prince. When he and his companions had received sentence, and were retiring from the bar, he exclaimed to them, "What the devil are you afraid of? We sha'n't be tried by a Cumberland jury in the next world!"—*Scots Mag.* viii. 498.

maining three having been reprieved. Mercy was also extended to three of the ten who were designed for execution at Penrith. The names of those who suffered at the latter place, were Robert Lyon, David Home, Andrew Swan, James Harvie, John Robottom, Philip Hunt, and Valentine Holt.

In addition to the twenty-two persons thus executed in the west of England, other twenty-two suffered at the city of York; namely, on the 1st of November, Captain George Hamilton, Daniel Fraser, Edward Clavering, Charles Gordon, Benjamin Mason, James Main, William Collony, William Dempsy, Angus MacDonald, and James Sparks; on the 8th of the same month, David Roe, William Hunter, John Endsworth, John MacLean, John MacGregor, Simon Mackenzie, Alexander Parker, Thomas Macginnes, Archibald Kennedy, James Thomson, and Michael Brady; and, on the 15th, James Reid. Eleven more were executed at Carlisle on the 15th of November, namely, Sir Archibald Primrose of Dunnipace, Charles Gordon of Dalpersy, Patrick Murray, goldsmith in Stirling, Patrick Keir, Alexander Stevenson, Robert Reid, John Wallace, James Mitchell, Molineux Eaton, Thomas Hays, and Barnaby Matthews.

All these unhappy individuals are said to have behaved, throughout the last trying scene, with a degree of decent firmness which perfectly astonished the beholders. Every one of them continued, till his last moment, to justify the cause which had brought him to the scaffold; and some even declared that, if set at liberty, they would

act in the same manner as they had done. * They all prayed in their last moments for the Exiled Royal Family, particularly for Prince Charles, whom they concurred in representing as a pattern of all manly excellence, and as a person calculated to render the nation happy, should it ever have the good fortune to see him restored.

The lives of nearly eighty persons had now been destroyed, in atonement of the terror into which the State had been thrown by the insurrection; and the appetite of the common people for bloody spectacles had been satiated almost to loathing. There yet remained, however, a few individuals, who, having excited the displeasure of Government in a peculiar degree, were marked as unfit for pardon. The first of these was Charles Ratcliffe, younger brother to the Earl of Derwentwater who had been executed in 1716, and who had himself only evaded the same fate by making his escape from Newgate. This gentleman, taking upon himself the title of Earl of Derwentwater, was made prisoner, in November 1745, on board a French vessel on its way to Scotland with supplies for Prince Charles. After lying a year in confinement, he was brought up to the Bar of the King's Bench (November 21, 1746), when the sentence which had been passed upon him thirty years before, was again read to him. He endeavoured to perplex the Court regarding his identity; but it was established satisfactorily, and he was condemned to be executed on the 8th of December. That day he came upon the scaffold in

* The Earl of Kilmarnock alone, out of seventy-seven persons executed in all, expressed repentance.

a suit of scarlet, faced with black velvet, and trimmed with gold, a gold-laced waistcoat, white silk stockings, and a white feather in his hat ; and conducted himself, throughout the dreadful scene, with a manly courage and proud bearing, which seemed to indicate, that he held the malice of his enemies and the stroke of death in equal scorn.

The last of all *the martyrs*, as they were styled by their own party, was Lord Lovat. This singular old man was impeached by the House of Commons on the 11th of December ; his trial took place before the House of Peers on the 9th of March 1747, and several successive days. On this momentous occasion, he seems to have exerted all the talents for dissimulation and chicanery which had carried him through life with so much distinction. But the evidence produced against him was of that kind which no artifice could invalidate. He was confronted with a prodigious number of letters, which he had written to the Exiled Family, and in particular to the Young Chevalier, promising them his assistance, and negotiating the proposed elevation of his family to a dukedom. These had been procured from Murray of Broughton, who, preferring to live the life of a dog to dying the death of a man, had engaged with Government to make all the discoveries in his power for his own pardon. Lovat could make no effective stand against such documents, and, although he uttered an exculpatory and palliative speech of some eloquence, he was condemned to die.

During the space of a week which intervened between his sentence and its execution, he maintained without the least interruption, that flow of

animal spirits and lively conversation for which he had been so remarkable throughout his life. He talked to the people about him of his approaching death, as he would have talked of a journey which he designed to take ; and he made the circumstances which were to attend it the subject of innumerable witticisms and playful remarks. When informed, in the forenoon before he left the prison, that a scaffold had fallen near the place of execution, by which many persons were killed and maimed, he only remarked, " The mair mischief, the better sport." He was so weak as to require the assistance of two persons in mounting the scaffold. Here he maintained the same show of indifference to death. He felt the edge of the axe, and expressed himself satisfied with its sharpness. He called the executioner, gave him ten guineas, and told him to do his duty with firmness and accuracy ; adding, that he would be very angry with him, if he should hack and mangle his shoulders. He professed to die in the Roman Catholic faith, and spent some time in devotion. One of his last expressions was the "*Dulce et decorum*" of Horace. With the same cool resignation, he submitted to the executioner, who, fortunately, performed the work by one blow.

It remains to be stated that an Act of Indemnity was passed in June 1747, granting the King's pardon to all who had committed acts of treason previous to the year 1745, except about eighty persons, whose names were specified.

CHAPTER XIII.

PRINCE CHARLES IN FRANCE.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Julius Cæsar.

PRINCE CHARLES terminated his voyage at the small port of Roscort, near Morlaix, after having sailed in a fog through the midst of the British fleet, then cruizing on the coast of Bretagne. Immediately on stepping ashore, he is said to have sunk down upon his knees, and returned thanks to Heaven for having preserved his life through so many dangers. He and his company were still dressed in the miserable attire which they had worn in Scotland ; but they were speedily refitted by the gentlemen of the neighbourhood.

Intelligence no sooner reached the French court that he was landed, than the castle of St Anthoine was fitted up for his reception, and his brother, attended by a great number of young noblemen, set out from Paris, to meet and congratulate him. On arriving at that capital, he did not stop for any refreshment, but drove on to Versailles. The King was at that time engaged in council upon affairs of importance ; but when he heard that the Prince was come, he immediately rose and came

out to give him welcome. The fame of Charles's proceedings in Scotland had made a strong impression upon the breast of this monarch, as upon the nation in general, ever so strongly disposed to admire deeds of extravagant heroism; and in now meeting the gallant youth who had braved and suffered so much, he could not help embracing him with emotions of the tenderest nature. "My dearest Prince," he exclaimed, "I thank Heaven for the great pleasure of seeing you returned in safety, after so many fatigues and dangers; you have proved yourself possessed of all the qualities of the heroes and philosophers of antiquity, and I hope you will one day receive the reward of such extraordinary merit." * After spending a quarter of an hour in conversation with the King, Charles passed to the apartment of the Queen, who received him with the same demonstrations of respect and affection. As he was withdrawing from the palace, the whole court crowded around him, to express the admiration which they entertained for his exploits, and the satisfaction with which they saw him once more safe in France. Scarce could they have testified greater joy, was the observation of an eyewitness, or expressed themselves in terms more warm, had the Dauphin himself been engaged in the same dangerous expedition, and returned from it in safety.

Subsequent events gave rise to a supposition that Louis XV. was but little sincere in his expressions of welcome. It would appear, however,

* A Letter from a Gentleman in France to his Friend in London, giving an Account of the Prince's Adventures in France, published in 1749, and reprinted in the Lockhart Papers.

that the monarch really entertained a strong personal regard for Charles, and that to previous friendship was now added a feeling of a still warmer nature, a generous admiration of the constancy and fortitude which he had displayed in his late campaign. If his Most Christian Majesty afterwards consented to sacrifice Charles to a necessity in state policy, it must be held to have been only one of those unfortunate circumstances in which monarchs are obliged to violate their own feelings for the sake of their country.* There was still less reason for supposing the kindness of the Queen to be equivocal. Her Majesty was prepossessed in favour of Charles, on account of his resemblance to his mother, who had been her early and most intimate friend. She is thus said to have regarded him rather with the fondness of a mother than the favour of a queen. This affection for him was heightened by her interest in his fate. She beheld him with all that indefinable mixture of love and respect with which it seems so strikingly the characteristic of the female heart to treat those who acquire a name for "the dangers they have passed." She is said to have often detained him in her chamber for hours together, relating to her and her attendant ladies the strange and varied adventures he had met in Scotland; and with so lively a feeling of pity were these recitals usually attended, that he seldom failed to leave the fair assemblage drowned in tears.

The attentions which he received at court, and

* His most Christian Majesty gave Charles 800,000 livres to purchase a new equipage, and afterwards settled upon him 600,000 per annum.

even the applause which his appearance every where excited amongst the public, agreeable as both must have been to a youthful mind, were entirely neutralized by the intelligence which was every day arriving, of the cruelties exercised by the British Government upon his unfortunate adherents. In the language which a poet afterwards put into his mouth, "nought could seem pleasant, and nought could seem fair," so long as his mind was occupied with the gloomy sensations which naturally arose from that cause. He was nevertheless obliged, soon after his arrival, to pay a public and ceremonious visit to the French King, in the character with which his father had invested him, that of Regent of Scotland, England, and Ireland, the interview which he had already had being only private and *incognito*. On this occasion, he moved in procession from his Castle of St Anthoine, with the Scottish gentlemen who had come over with him; Lords Ogilvie and Elcho, together with the venerable Glenbucket, and Kelly his Secretary, in one coach; he himself in the next, along with Lord Lewis Gordon and the elder Lochiel; the third contained four gentlemen of his bed-chamber; and young Lochiel and some other gentlemen followed on horseback. The whole made a very respectable appearance, especially Charles himself, who wore a dress as remarkable for its costliness and splendour as his late attire was shabby and wretched. His coat was of rose-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver tissue. His waistcoat was of rich gold brocade, with a spangled fringe set on in scallops. The cockade in his hat and the buckles in his shoes were diamonds. The George at his bosom, and the order

of St Andrew, which he wore at one of the button-holes of his waistcoat, were illustrated with large brilliants. "In fine," says the good Jacobite who records his appearance, "he glittered all over like the star which appeared at his nativity." He supped with the Royal Family; and all his friends and attendants were entertained at various tables, which had been appointed for them, according to their rank.

Whatever was the extent of friendship which the French King entertained for Charles, it was destined soon to give way before the more powerful influence of politics. The only motive which he had ever had for urging the claims of the House of Stuart against the reigning family, or for entertaining Charles at his court, lay in his wish to annoy, by this means, a powerful enemy, and in a certainty that, by resigning him at some period, he might make a peace, when such could not otherwise be well obtained. It has been already seen that, after he had succeeded in fairly embroiling Britain in a civil war, he left Charles in a great measure to work out his own fate; contented with having achieved the object of the moment, and as indifferent to the fate of the tool as the archer is to that of the arrow which he drives through the mail of his foeman. Now that Charles was returned, although he felt personally an affection for the gallant young man, he had no scruple in seeking to employ him once more in the same heartless policy. He embodied several regiments of the exiled cavaliers, at the head of which he placed Lochiel, Lord Ogilvy, and others who had distinguished themselves in the late insurrection. He removed the minister who was chiefly blamed

for having withheld the supplies promised to Charles when in Scotland, and put another in his place, whose attachment to the Stuart family was unquestionable. He posted the new regiments at Dieppe, Boulogne, and Calais; and caused the report of a new invasion to be loudly proclaimed.

Charles, however willing in his turn to veil his better feelings to the dictates of policy, had too much good sense not to comprehend the true motive and object of these preparations, and too much pride not to resent them. He told the French ministry in plain terms that the force provided was quite insufficient, and that he would neither hazard his own person nor those of his friends in so romantic an expedition. He also took care to declare in public, that he would never again set his foot within the British territories, unless called by the people, or with a force sufficient to overawe all opposition, and save the effusion of blood, too much of which, he added, had already been shed. Louis, however, achieved in some measure the object of his policy; for, in consequence of the preparations which seemed to be making on the French coast for an invasion, the British troops were prevented from embarking for Flanders so early in the year as they were required.

It may here be mentioned, that Charles never was heard to express any satisfaction on account of the numerous victories which France gained over Britain and her allies, during this unfortunate war. He either affected, or did feel as a Briton, and, considering the honour of that country as his own, regretted every incident which tended to degrade her in the eyes of Europe. He even expressed himself in this manner to the Royal Family and the

ministers ; and never permitted any Frenchman to follow the bent of his nature in his presence by depreciating the English, without retorting some reflection upon the French which at once silenced him.

Though thus uncajoled by the French, he did not think it necessary altogether to reject the slender assistance they offered him, but, on their representing that they could give no more at present, declared he would wait their time, and in the meanwhile proposed to apply to some other friendly courts for additions to his armament. He proposed Spain ; and the French ministers had no hesitation in sanctioning the measure, because they knew that that country was then even more unable than themselves to increase his force. He was aware of this himself ; but thought it advisable to sound his most Catholic Majesty regarding his affection to the interests of the House of Stuart.

Accordingly he visited Madrid, where he was most kindly received by the King, Queen, and Queen-Dowager. That he procured no levies, was abundantly plain from the event ; but the King is said nevertheless to have treated him with great attention. Besides contributing fifty thousand pistoles towards the object of his enterprise, he presented him with a fine gold-hilted sword, set with brilliants. The Queen, moreover, gave him a small box adorned with her picture, and a ring valued at fifteen hundred pistoles.

Charles remained only five or six days in Madrid, but was absent from Paris four months ; a space which it was supposed he had employed in visiting two other courts friendly to his interests. Before his return, an incident had taken place

which is said to have occasioned him the greatest uneasiness. His younger brother, Henry Benedict, had been induced, during this interval, to accept of a cardinalate, which was offered to him by the Pope. The diminished prospect which now remained of the restoration of his family, and the desire of enjoying an independent revenue, were the urgent and sufficient motives which sanctioned this step. But Charles rightly judged that nothing could have been contrived better calculated to increase the dislike of the English people to his dynasty, and was accordingly so much incensed at his brother, that for some time he forbade his name to be mentioned in his company.

It would have perhaps been better for Charles if he had imitated the prudent conduct of his brother, and at once renounced the pretensions which were destined to occasion him so much pain and calamity. He might have now retired with a good grace into the shades of private life, and spent many respectable years in the enjoyment of that fame, * which he had certainly acquired by his Scottish campaign. Nothing, in that case, would have been remembered of him, but the glory of that enterprise alone, and, like a child who dies before its character, good or bad, has been developed, he would have been esteemed for expected good, more than for known evil. Unfortunately, his ambitious and restless spirit caused him to persist in his claims, till they had become in a great

* That it was by no means little, or of small account, seems to be proved by a letter which Frederick the Great thought proper to send him, in congratulation of his exploits in Scotland—See *Episcopal Magazine*, vol. ii. p. 128.

measure ridiculous, and finally occasioned an incident which degraded him in the eyes of all Europe.

It would appear, that so long as he was upheld by the admiration of the public, and whilst the prospects of his cause were still not altogether clouded, his spirit maintained its full tide of pride, and seemed as incapable as ever of stooping beneath the character he affected. A scheme was conceived by Cardinal Tencin, the French minister, for restoring his family through the intervention of France, on condition that Ireland was to be yielded as an appanage of that kingdom; and the Cardinal, who had been raised to his present distinguished situation entirely by the influence of the House of Stuart, had an interview with Charles, to disclose the project. Scarcely had he concluded the proposal, when the fiery Chevalier started from his seat in the greatest rage, and repeatedly exclaiming, "*Non, Monsieur le Cardinal ! tout ou rien ! point de partage !*"—(No, no, Lord Cardinal ! all or nothing ! no partitions !)—strode through the room with the air of a man who has been insulted on the keenest point. The Cardinal, alarmed at his demeanour, entreated him not to mention the project to the King or ministry, as it was entirely an idea of his own, which he had conceived out of his great affection for the Exiled Family. Charles assured him he should not so much as think of it.

But the period at length arrived when this spirit was to be effectually controlled, and the unhappy Stuart was to fall the victim of that heartless policy whose tool he had already so conspicuously been. Towards the end of the year 1747, France

began to be heartily tired of a war, which, though attended with innumerable victories, was leading to no result, except the impoverishment of her purse, and the stagnation of her commerce; and some overtures of peace were made to the British Government. The latter incidents of the war had been decidedly favourable to this state, insomuch that many who previously looked upon it as absurd, were now willing that it should be continued; but the enormous expense which it cost, and the danger in which it had involved the very Government itself, determined the ministry to enter into the terms proposed by France. A treaty was accordingly signed at Aix-la-Chapelle (October 18, 1748), by which, upon the simple grounds that each state should resign all its conquests, it was resolved to conclude the war. By one article it was stipulated, that France should finally acknowledge the right of the House of Hanover to the Crown of Great Britain, and that, in terms of a treaty entered into in 1718, she should utterly renounce all alliance with the Pretender and his family, and not permit the residence of these persons upon her dominions.

During the twelvemonth which intervened between the proposal and final settlement of this treaty, all Charles's friends expected that he would anticipate the necessity of his fate, by retiring from a kingdom where he had met with so little faith. The world was even prepared in some measure to treat him with the pity which his circumstances seemed to demand; and in France, at least, where he was in the highest degree beloved, his motions were watched with intense interest. To the astonishment of all, he never himself expressed the

least chagrin regarding his fate, or even seemed to entertain a supposition that he was to be sacrificed. According to a custom followed by his grandfather and father at all treaties in which Great Britain was concerned, he had presented a protest against the proceedings of Aix-la-Chapelle ; but he took no notice of the particular stipulation which promised so much distress to himself. He even took measures to prove his indifference to that paction. He hired a splendid hotel upon the *Quai de Theatin*, in order, he said, to be near the play, opera, and other diversions of Paris ; and he threw into his air a still higher strain of gaiety than he had ever formerly displayed. Whenever the agitating question of the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was mentioned, he affected to feel no personal interest in its objects, but either fell a singing, or took an opportunity to change the conversation.

Thus apparently resolved to brave his fate, he did not even refrain from paying his customary visits to the court ; though, it was remarked, he now sought to avoid personal rencontres with the King. At this time he adopted a measure, which seemed not only to avow his sentiments negatively, but to urge them positively, and that in a style which, though pardonable and perhaps even laudable, was to the last degree imprudent. He caused a medal to be struck, on the obverse of which was delineated the emblematical figure Britannia, with a busy seaport, and a fleet of war-vessels by her side, and the emphatic legend, “*Amor et Spes Britanniaë*,” [the Love and Hope of Britain.] By this he evidently meant a compliment to Britain and her navy, at the expense of France, whose

bad successes at sea had been the chief reason of her suing for peace. But that the insult was effective in the proper quarter, was proved by the ministers complaining of it to the King, and demanding that some notice should be taken of it. Louis, probably conscience-struck at the bad faith he had kept with Charles, is said to have answered, without warmth, that no doubt the Prince had reasons for his conduct, and could not well be called to account for them.

This affair made a considerable noise in Britain as well as in France, as the medals were extensively dispersed, and the implied satire every where understood. Although it was of such a nature as to forbid the French court from resenting it in a public manner, it did not pass altogether without reproof. The Prince of Conti, who was accounted the proudest man of his day in all France, and who felt it with peculiar keenness, one day met Charles in the Luxembourg Gardens, and immediately made allusion to the device of his famous medal. Assuming an air of pleasantry, but at the same time speaking with a sneer, this noble personage remarked that the device was perhaps scarcely as applicable as had been generally thought, in as much as the British navy had not proved the best possible friends to his Royal Highness. Charles instantly replied to this taunt, in a manner which silenced the Prince. "Cela est vrai, Prince!" he said, "mai je suis nonobstant l'ami de la flotte, contre tous ses ennemis; comme je regarderai toujours la gloire d'Angleterre comme la mienne, et sa gloire est dan la flotte." (True, Prince! but I am nevertheless a friend to the navy against all its enemies; as I shall always look upon the glory

of England as my own, and her glory is in her navy.)

When the King perceived that Charles made no motion to leave his dominions, he despatched the Cardinal de Tencin, with instructions to hint to him, in as delicate a manner as possible, the necessity of his taking that step. The Cardinal performed his office with the greatest discretion, and endeavoured with all his eloquence to palliate the conduct of his master. But Charles treated him only with evasive answers, and he was obliged to withdraw without having obtained any satisfactory account of his Royal Highness's intention. The King waited for some days, in the hope that Charles would depart; but was then obliged to despatch another messenger, with still more urgent entreaties. The person selected for this purpose was the Duke de Gesvres, Governor of Paris, who, besides instructions to urge his departure, carried a *carte blanche*, which the Prince was requested to fill up with any sum he might please to demand as a pension, in consideration of his obeying the King's wishes. When this ambassador disclosed his proposals to Charles, he is said to have treated them with unequivocal marks of contempt, crying that "pensions were quite out of the question in the present case, and that he only wished the King to keep his word." The Duke pointed out the necessity of the negotiations which required his departure from France; but Charles, on the other hand, insisted upon the previous treaty between his most Christian Majesty and himself, by which they had become mutual allies. The Duke de Gesvres being thus unsuccessful, the Count de Maurepas and the Pope's nuncio were one after

another sent upon the same errand, and the King even wrote a letter to him with his own hand ; but all without effect.

As no attempt was made by either party to conceal these strange proceedings, they soon became known over all Europe. In Paris, they excited a degree of interest such as no public event was ever before known to occasion. For a person in such peculiar circumstances, to thwart the intentions and disregard the power of the Grand Monarch, was esteemed in that region a most extraordinary instance of daring, and almost caused Charles to be regarded as something superior to his kind. His exploits in Scotland, and the fascinating graces of his person, had previously disposed the Parisians to this extravagant degree of admiration, and it was completed when, to these charms, was added that arising from his unmerited distresses. He now became an object of even more attraction than the King himself, to this generous and romantic people. Whenever he appeared upon the public walks, the whole company followed him. When he entered the theatre, he became the sole spectacle of the place. On all occasions, he seemed the only person who was insensible to the sorrows of his fate ; and while he talked with the usual gaiety to the young noblemen who surrounded him, no one could speak of him without admiration, and few behold him without tears. *

The public feeling so liberally excited in his favour was by no means agreeable to the King, and far less to the ministry, who had been chiefly in-

* Authentic Account of the Conduct of the Young Chevalier in France. London, 1749.

strumental in bringing the Prince into this distressing predicament. There were other personages whom it yet further offended. These were, the Earl of Sussex and Lord Cathcart, two British noblemen, then residing in Paris as hostages to guarantee the restoration of Cape Breton to its original proprietors the French, in terms of the late treaty. Charles was known to have commented with bitterness upon the meanness of the British Government in giving hostages to France ; and the two noblemen could not help, moreover, feeling personally piqued at the respect which was every where shown to the public enemy of their country, while they themselves were treated with ill-suppressed contempt. They therefore complained to the French Monarch, that he had not executed one important article of the treaty. His Majesty gave them for answer, that he only awaited the return of a messenger from Rome, with an answer to a letter which he had written to the old Pretender, demanding that Charles should be withdrawn by paternal authority from the kingdom, before taking active measures to that effect.

The messenger mentioned by the King, returned on the 9th of December (1748), with a letter from the old Chevalier, enclosing another, under a flying seal, addressed to his son, in which he commanded the Prince to obey the King's wishes. His Majesty, after having read the last epistle, sent it to Charles, by way of giving him a last chance of declaring his submission to the Royal authority ; but the inflexible Prince, though always said to have entertained the utmost respect for his father, thought proper to hold out even against his commands. He declared openly, that no pensions,

promises, or advantages whatever, should induce him to renounce his just rights ; that, on the contrary, he was resolved to consecrate the last moments of his life to their recovery. The King no sooner learned that he was still unwilling to depart, than he called a Council of State, where it was determined to arrest him, and carry him out of the kingdom by force. Louis was still so averse to treat his unfortunate ally with disrespect, and still entertained so warm an affection for him, that, when the order for his arrest was presented for his signature, he exclaimed, with unaffected sorrow, “ Ah, pauvre prince ! qu’il est difficile pour un roi d’être un véritable ami ! ”—(Ah, poor prince ! how difficult it is for a king to be a true friend !)—The order was signed at three o’clock in the afternoon, but it was blazed all over Paris before the evening. A person of the Prince’s retinue heard, and carried him the intelligence ; but he affected not to believe it. Next day, as he was walking in the Tuilleries, a person of condition informed him that he would certainly be seized that very day, if he did not prevent it by an immediate departure ; but, resolved to brave the very extremity of his fate, he treated the intelligence as chimerical, and, turning to one of his followers, ordered a box to be hired for him that night at the opera.

The preparations made for his arrest were upon a scale proportioned to the importance of his character, or rather were dictated by the extent of public favour which he was supposed to enjoy. No fewer than twelve hundred of the Guards were drawn out and posted in the court of the Palais-Royal ; a great number of sergeants and grenadiers, armed in cuirasses and helmets, filled the

passage of the Opera-house ; the Guet, or City Police, were stationed in the streets to stop all carriages. The Sergeants of the Grenadiers, as the most intrepid, were selected to seize the Prince. Two companies of grenadiers took post in the court-yard of the kitchens, where the Duke de Biron, commander of the French Guards, and who was commissioned to superintend, waited in a coach, disguised, to see the issue of the enterprise. The Mousquetairs had orders to be ready to mount on horseback ; troops were posted upon the road from the Palais-Royal to the state-prison of Vincennes, in which the Prince was to be disposed. Hatchets and scaling-ladders were prepared, and locksmiths directed to attend, in order to take his Royal Highness by escalade, in case he should throw himself into some house, and there attempt to stand out a siege. A physician and three surgeons, moreover, were ordered to be in readiness to dress whoever might be wounded.

Into this well-prepared and formidable trap, Charles entered with all the unthinking boldness of a desperate man. Scorning the repeated warnings he had received, and disregarding a friendly voice which told him, as he passed along in his carriage, that the Opera-house was beset, he drove up as usual to that place ; where he no sooner alighted on the ground, than he was surrounded by six sergeants dressed in plain clothes, who seized his person ; one taking care of each limb, while other two crossed their arms, and bore him off the street into the court-yard of the Palais-Royal ; the soldiers in the mean time keeping off the crowd with fixed bayonets, and seizing the few persons who attended him. When he was brought into the court-

yard, Major de Vaudreuil, who had been deputed to act by the Duke de Biron, approached his Royal Highness, and said, " Prince, your arms ; I arrest you in the name of the King." Charles immediately presented his sword ; but, that not satisfying his captors, they searched his person, and found a pair of pistols and a poniard, together with a penknife and a book, all of which they removed. They then bound him with silk cord, of which the Duke had provided ten ells on purpose, and hurried him into a hired coach, which was immediately driven off, attended by a strong guard. Another party in the mean time entered his palace, and arrested all his followers and servants, who were immediately conveyed to the Bastile, though soon afterwards liberated. Charles was conveyed to the castle of Vincennes, and thrust into an upper room of narrow dimensions, where he was left to seek repose, attended by only a single friend—the faithful Neil MacEachan, who, with Flora MacDonald, had accompanied him in his journey through Skye. So long as he was in the presence of the soldiers or any officers of the French government, he had maintained a lofty air, and spoken in a haughty tone, as if to show that he was superior to his misfortunes ; but, when finally left in this desolate chamber, with only a friend to observe him, he gave way to the tumult of painful feeling which agitated his breast. Throwing himself upon a chair, according to the report of MacEachan, as afterwards communicated to a family in Skye, he clasped his hands together, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, " Ah, my faithful mountaineers ! you would never have treated me thus : would I were still with you !"—his mind apparently re-

verting, at this moment of peculiar distress, to the transient glories of his late brilliant, though unhappy enterprise.

The ill-fated Prince was soon after conveyed out of the French dominions, which he never again entered. He spent the remainder of his life chiefly at Avignon, a city in Provence, but belonging to the Pope. He did not immediately resign all hope of a restoration to the throne of his ancestors, but, on the contrary, entered into at least one conspiracy, which was set on foot for that purpose by his English adherents in the year 1753. On that occasion he even ventured to visit London, in order to transact the business of the proposed insurrection. The King knew of his arrival in the capital, but adopted the wise resolution not to molest him. The conspiracy, though said to have involved many of the most honourable names in England, did not arrive at any head; being probably repressed by a well-timed act on the part of Government—the execution of Dr Archibald Cameron. Charles is affirmed to have taken the opportunity of his visit to London, to make open renunciation of the Catholic faith, for the satisfaction of his friends. It is also said—for these facts hang but on vague authority—that he was once more in the metropolis at the period of the Coronation of George the Third, and that he caused the challenge of the King's knight on that occasion, to be answered by a female adherent, who threw her glove down into the arena, after the champion had deposited his gauntlet. Perhaps nothing could have better emblemized the weakness of his pretensions or prospects, in opposition to the monarch then crowned, than the light trifle which

he charged with them, as contrasted with the mailed and ponderous strength of the object which represented the claims of his rival.

Charles, in his latter years, was degraded by the vices of a disappointed and aimless man. *

* Yet, even in his latter years, Charles was by no means the lost and besotted being which modern prejudice or calumny has represented him. In addition to what has been already stated, that none of his "brave mountaineers" ever could speak of him in after life without tears of affection and regret, it may now be mentioned, that no more could Charles speak of them without emotions of the warmest and tenderest nature. I am also able to affirm, upon irrefragable authority, that, at an assemblage of English and Highland gentlemen, where he happened to be, on a young Highlander singing the pathetic ditty of "Lochaber no more," the unfortunate Prince rose from the table, and retired to a corner of the room, where he gave way to a passion of tears. The following anecdote, moreover, may be adduced, as testifying how much he was alive, even at the distance of forty years, to the merit of his fellow-adventurers, and with what depth of feeling he cherished the remembrance of their common glories and common woes.

"Mr Greathead, a personal friend of Mr Fox, and a staunch Whig, succeeded, when at Rome, in 1782 or 1783, in obtaining an interview with Charles Edward; and being alone with him for some time, studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland, and to the occurrences which succeeded the failure of that attempt. The Prince manifested some reluctance to enter upon these topics, appearing at the same time to undergo so much mental suffering, that his guest regretted the freedom he had used in calling up the remembrance of his misfortunes. At length, however, the Prince seemed to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened; his face assumed unwonted animation, and he entered upon the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a distinct but somewhat vehement energy of manner—recounted his marches, his battles, his victories, his retreats and his defeat—detailed his hair-breadth escapes in the Western Isles, the inviolable

After his transactions in Scotland, during which he displayed so much moderation and humanity, and after the numerous testimonies of his dying adherents, which paint him with so many excellencies, it is impossible to doubt that he originally possessed both a noble mind and a good heart. If, after miseries, such as it is the lot of few men to bear, and haunted by a fate than which none can be considered more deplorable, he sunk from the gallant and generous prince into the domestic tyrant and the sot, he is not perhaps to be either wondered at or condemned. In ordinary life, instances are seen every day, of men who entered into life with good prospects, and principles equally good, but whom some unlucky accident has "spited at the world," and finally precipitated down the long descent of folly and crime. If pity and pardon are to be allowed to such errors—and they cannot easily be withheld—the same may surely be extended to the feelings of a man, whose misfortunes were not only many times greater in degree, but took their rise in his birth, and continued with his existence.

and devoted attachment of his Highland friends, and at length proceeded to allude to the dreadful penalties with which the chiefs among them had been visited. But here the tide of emotion rose too high to allow him to go on—his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell convulsed on the floor. The noise brought into the room his daughter, the Duchess of Albany, who happened to be in an adjoining apartment. "Sir," she exclaimed, "what is this! you have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to mention these subjects in his presence."—*Episcopal Magazine*, Vol. ii. p. 177.

CHAPTER XIV.

CONCLUSION.

Sir, I have heard another story—
He was a most confounded Tory,
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull before he died.

SWIFT.

BEFORE proceeding to delineate the deathbed scene of Jacobitism, it may be necessary to recapitulate its early history and character.

Jacobitism may be simply described as a revival, after the Revolution, of the Cavalier spirit which obtained during the great Civil War and the Commonwealth. Its name imports, that it advocated the rights of the unfortunate James, as opposed to the usurpation of his nephew William. In a more extended view of its principles, it advocated the rights of a legitimate monarch, without regard to the circumstance of his being a Catholic, and somewhat arbitrary; while the Whig principle, to which it was opposed, maintained that a right lay in the people, to prefer a king who would enter into engagements with them to respect the national liberties and religion.

As in almost all questions which divide man-

kind at large, both parties were to a certain extent right, and to a certain extent wrong. The Jacobites paid a respect to the person of their legitimate monarch, which refused all alliance with reason, and which was in fact superstitious; being founded, however, upon certain passages of Scripture, which seem to assert the sacred nature of the kingly office. On the other hand, the Whigs, in utterly denying the superiority of a born over a chosen monarch, did not take into account the general prepossession of the nation in favour of the rights of primogeniture; a prepossession not perhaps abstractly rational, but which is certainly expedient, and which is indeed sanctioned by the customary law of the country. It may be urged against the Jacobites, that they would have contentedly seen the nation subjected to an arbitrary despot; but the Whigs are at least as blameable, for having brought upon their country a century of civil dissension, and entailed upon their posterity a number of grievous obligations, among which an overwhelming national debt is not the least.

Such were the contending principles, and such the respective faults, of the two parties into which the British community was split during the greater part of the eighteenth century; the Jacobites exclaiming in favour of a deposed and expatriated line of princes, and incessantly complaining of the expense which was occasioned to the nation by the sovereigns of its election; the Whigs, canting with equal fervour about the evils of Popery and despotism, which a restoration of the legitimate line must unavoidably occasion.

In considering the various merits of the parties, it must be allowed, that whatever were the de-

merits of the Jacobites, they were personally disinterested—whatever the merits of the Whigs, they were ungenerous and self-seeking. The temperament of mind required for the formation of a Jacobite, seems to be that inconsiderate and poetical sort, which finds gratification in the joy of others, and is disposed to forego all earthly good for the sake of a visionary idol. The Whig, on the other hand, appears to have been characterized only by that vulgar good sense which keeps shops and makes money,—which postpones every more noble emotion to the desire of personal comfort, and which is only anxious for the public good in so far as it is itself to be thereby gratified.

These characteristics of the parties are distinctly observable in their respective controversial publications ; more especially in those which relate to the later periods of their history, when Whiggism had become a principle more grossly triumphant, and Jacobitism a spirit more pure and melancholy. During the reign of William, which they considered only a regency, and that of Anne, which was expected to terminate in the recal of the true heir, the Jacobites had little to distinguish them from the common-place of an ordinary party. But when the accession of so vigorous a monarch as George the First, and the disaster of 1715, had rendered that event problematical, and when all the mean and the interested had deserted to the successful party, they began to display features of a more pure and worthy kind. It was then that they produced that body of excellent poetry, in which their loves and hates, their wit and satire, are so admirably portrayed, and which now holds so high a place in the anthology of their country.

The romance of the party may be said to have reached its height in 1745, when it was found strong enough to induce from ten to fourteen thousand men, in Scotland alone, to risk the dreadful pains of high treason, not to speak of the perils of war. Enough has already been written to show the height to which its romantic nature was then carried ; and it only remains to be shown, by what " cold gradations of decay," it declined and perished.

The insurrection of 1745, was no sooner suppressed by the stern course of policy which has been described, than the members of the legislature began to take into consideration a number of measures, by which it was proposed not only to prevent any such revolt for the future, but to annihilate, if possible, the spirit which excited it. These measures were in a general sense salutary, and, in the estimation of at least one party of the nation, absolutely indispensable. But it is to be regretted, by every one who can appreciate the mild government of the Brunswick dynasty, or the security which it has given to the national liberties, that they were also tyrannical in spirit, and severe in execution. The old remark, that a suppressed rebellion strengthens the hands of a Government, held good in this instance ; and perhaps the best apology which can be offered for both the military and civil cruelties of this period, is, that no man, or body of men, can well manage a sudden accession of arbitrary power.

The first act of the legislature, as a matter of course, related to the Scottish mountaineers, whose share in the war had been so pre-eminently conspicuous. It was denominated the Disarming Act,

and proceeded upon two acts of George the First, which had aimed at the same object, without, as it but too obviously appeared, having produced the desired effect. In order that this enactment might not be defeated like its predecessors, penalties of a peculiarly severe nature were imposed upon all who should, directly or indirectly, endeavour to evade it. If any man, residing within the Highland line, should fail to deliver up his arms before the 1st of August 1747, or if any man should attempt to conceal arms, either in his house, or in the fields, he was to be, for the first offence, fined in fifteen pounds, and imprisoned without bail till payment. If payment was not made within one month, he was to be transported to America as a common soldier, if able to serve; if not able to serve, he was to be imprisoned for six months, and then only liberated on finding security for his good behaviour during the next ten years. If the offender was a woman, she was to be fined in the same sum, imprisoned till payment, and afterwards confined for six months. A second offence against this ungracious law, was to be visited with no less a punishment than transportation for seven years.

Not only were the Highlanders deprived of their arms, but their very dress was proscribed, and by still severer penalties. The same act ordained that, after the first of August 1747, if any person, whether man or boy, within the same tract of country, were found wearing the clothes commonly called "the Highland clothes," that is, the plaid, philabeg, trews, shoulder-belts, or any part whatsoever of the Highland garb, or if any person

were found to wear a dress composed of tartan or party-coloured cloth, he should be imprisoned six months without bail, for the first offence, and, on its repetition, be transported for seven years.

It was thus hoped, that not only would the Highlanders be incapable of again levying war against the State, but that, their distinction as a nation being destroyed, they would with all haste become obedient servants to Government, like the rest of the community. As might have been expected, the result was very different. The clans were, it is true, effectually prevented from ever again plotting against the House of Hanover. But they were not induced to regard that family, or their government, with any additional degree of favour. On the contrary, their previous disaffection was exasperated by these harsh measures into absolute hatred. "Even the loyal clans," says Dr Johnson, "murmured, with an appearance of justice, that, after having defended the King, they were forbidden for the future to defend themselves, and that the sword should be forfeited which had been legally employed." But, if the loss of their arms occasioned discontent, the change of their dress produced feelings still less favourable to the existing Government. Had the whole race been decimated, as their lively historian General Stuart remarks, more violent grief, indignation, and shame, could not have been excited among them, than by this encroachment upon their dearest national prejudices. It may be said, in conclusion, that, if the Highlanders have eventually become good servants to the State, and undistinguishable in dress and demeanour from the rest of the population, no part of the blessing is

to be ascribed to either of these most ungenerous and unjust enactments.

The next Act of the Legislature also regarded the Highlands, though, for the sake of uniformity, it was extended to the whole of Scotland. This was the celebrated Act for abolishing heritable jurisdictions. It was supposed that, by putting an end to the power which all landed proprietors had hitherto possessed, of judging in civil and criminal cases among their dependants, the spirit of clanship would receive a mortal blow. Accordingly, it was resolved to buy up all these petty jurisdictions from the proprietors, and to vest them in Sheriffs, who should be appointed by the King. It was also resolved, that the hereditary Justiciarship of Scotland, vested in the family of Argyle, should be purchased, and transferred to the High Court and Circuit Courts of Justiciary, and that all Constabularies should be abolished, except the office of High Constable. This Act was not carried into effect, without considerable remonstrance on the part of the country. It was by some represented, that the affections of the Highlanders to their chiefs was independent of local jurisdictions; in proof of which it required only to be stated, that some of the insurgent leaders in the late war were not in possession of lands, but exerted only a claim of kindred over their troops. There was injustice, moreover, in extending to all Scotland a severe law, which was only aimed at a small portion of the country. But the strongest argument against the measure, lay in the power which it was calculated to throw into the hands of Government.

The whole sum granted by Parliament in ex-

change for the heritable jurisdictions, was an hundred and fifty-two thousand pounds, one of the cheapest purchases of patronage and power ever made. By the nation at large the measure was contemplated as a last stab to the independence of Scotland, previously almost destroyed by the Union. So completely, however, were the people then overawed by military and civil power, and so much were the hands of Government strengthened by their late triumph, that it passed with but little opposition through both Houses of Parliament.

If the power of the State had been exerted, at this momentous crisis, only upon objects which seemed essential to the amelioration of the country, even although some harshness and not a little fantastic alarm had been shown, there would not now be much cause to censure its proceedings. Unfortunately, the two Acts already mentioned were accompanied by another, which, while it had no such noble end in view, as was proposed for the rest, could only be understood as dictated by the spirit of revenge. The Act alluded to was one for the suppression of such Episcopalian ministers in Scotland, as did not mark their allegiance to the existing government, by taking the oaths and praying for the King by name. The Episcopal Church had ceased to be the established religion of the country, when its supporters, the Stuarts, ceased to reign over Britain. Previously to that period, it had been unpopular among the lower orders of people, originally on account of a superstitious prejudice which they had against formalities, and, latterly, on account of the injudicious persecutions which it was the innocent occasion of bringing upon the presbyterian or dissent-

ing church. Want of popular favour joined at the Revolution, with another circumstance, to procure its downfall. King William, before leaving Holland, had promised, in a declaration, to maintain it in all its privileges, and when he had settled himself at London, he was prepared to keep his promise. On proceeding, however, to sound the bishops as to their affection to his government, he found them obstinate in their adherence to the former monarch, alleging, with great show of reason, that, as they had already sworn to be faithful to James and his heirs—for such was then the tenor of the oath of allegiance—they could not in conscience transfer their fealty to him. William then saw fit to establish the Presbyterian Church, the members of which, he understood, had already testified their abhorrence of the late government by desecrating the fanes of Episcopacy, and rabbling out its clergy. From this time, the Episcopalian form of worship was marked as the religion of the Jacobites, and subjected to a variety of restrictions and persecutions, not more at the hands of the reformed government than at those of the common people. It continued, however, to be the faith of by far the greater part of the wealth, rank, and intelligence of the country, down to the year 1745, when, as already mentioned, its chapels sent forth not a few enthusiasts to join the standard of Prince Charles, and it of course attracted the determined hostility of the existing government. Duke William, in his march to the North, finding it identified beyond all doubt with the disaffection of the district of Angus, had thought proper to visit it with the terrors of military law; and the battle of Culloden had only

been gained one week, when he succeeded in closing up every place of worship throughout the country, in which a nonjuring clergyman officiated. It was now resolved to subject it to a system of persecution which might have the colour of law. An act was accordingly passed, less than three months after the conclusion of the war, by which it was ordained, that any Episcopal clergyman, officiating after the 1st of September 1746, without having taken the oaths of allegiance, abjuration, and assurance, or without praying once, during the performance of worship, for the King, his heirs and successors, and for all the Royal Family, should, for the first offence, suffer six months imprisonment, for the second (upon conviction before the High Court of Justiciary), be transported to the American plantations for life, and, in case of returning from banishment, be subjected to perpetual imprisonment. It was also ordained, that no proprietor of a closed Episcopal meeting-house should regain possession of it, till he gave security for an hundred pounds that he would not again permit it to be occupied by a nonjuring clergyman. In order to prevent these unfortunate ministers from officiating even in private, it was also enacted, that every house in which five or more persons met to hear them perform service, should be considered a meeting-house within the meaning of the act. With a purpose still more malignant—that of entirely destroying the apostolical ordination which the clergy of the Scottish Episcopal Church had continued to transmit from one to another since the Revolution—it was decreed, that no letters of orders should be registered after the 1st of Septem-

ber, except such as had been given by the Church of England or of Ireland.

Cruel as this persecution was, it might not eventually have injured the Church so much, if it had not also extended to the laity. The act declared, that if, after the 1st of September 1746, any person should resort to an illegal Episcopal meeting-house, and not give notice within five days of such illegal meeting to some proper magistrate, he should be subjected to fine or imprisonment. It declared further, that no Peer of Scotland should be capable of being elected one of the Sixteen Peers of Parliament, or of voting at such election; and that no person should be capable of being elected a Member of Parliament for any shire or burgh, who should, within the compass of any future year, be twice present at divine service in an Episcopal meeting in Scotland not held according to law.

In this state of things, * some of the clergy, who, though steady and zealous Episcopalians, had always professed themselves not Jacobites, feeling it their duty to render their chapels legal meeting-houses, repaired to the proper magistrates, took the oaths to Government required by the act, and got their letters of orders registered before the 1st of September. But this compliance availed them nothing. In May 1748, the act of 1746 was amended, and an enactment made, that no letters of orders not granted by some Bishop of the Church of England or of Ireland, should be sufficient to qualify any Scottish Episcopalian pastor, whether the same had been registered before or since the 1st

* Keith's Catalogue, with Appendix by the Rev. Dr Russell, p. 511.

of September 1746 ; and that every such registration, whether made before or since, should now be null and void. This act was directed against the very religion of the Scottish Episcopalians, for it precluded them from the privileges of political repentance. As such it was felt by the English Bishops, not one of whom ventured to support the bill, while some spoke strenuously against it, as a flagrant attack on the leading principles of Christian liberty.

That these statutes were not mere matters of form, but that the penalties were rigorously put in execution, could be proved by numerous instances. One clergyman, not more distinguished by his well known poetical genius than by his piety and private worth—the Reverend John Skinner of Longside in Aberdeenshire—was imprisoned, in terms of the second act, for six months, in the public jail of the county-town, although he had previously taken all the loyal oaths, and for two years prayed for the King by name. Other clergymen, who did not pray for the King by name, suffered similar imprisonments, and a few were obliged to take refuge in England and elsewhere, from the penalties with which they were threatened.

The general result of the two statutes was, simply, to annihilate utterly the conscientious portion of the Church. It was now impossible for a clergyman of that sort to have a congregation, and, consequently, to maintain himself by his profession. It was equally impossible for a lay-member of the Church to continue in the faith of his forefathers and that of his own youth, without incurring disqualifications of the most grievous sort.

Altogether, the persecutions to which the Church was subjected, were of a nature even more severe than those with which the Presbyterian Church was visited in the reign of Charles II. In what are considered the hottest periods of that persecution, the clergymen were permitted to retain parish churches, upon the simple condition of yielding verbal obedience to the Government, and not one individual suffered punishment who was not also a rebel against the State. But, in this persecution of a later and milder time, the whole clergy were deprived of even the privileges of dissenters, and exposed to the severest punishment, except death, for simply withholding their allegiance. The Presbyterians could at any time have saved themselves by pronouncing the scriptural phrase, "God save the King!" But the Episcopalians could not escape, without actually perjuring themselves—without swearing (by the oath of abjuration) that they believed, what no man in his senses could believe, that the Pretender was a supposititious child.

If the persecution of the Episcopalians surpassed that of the Presbyterians in severity, it is not less true that the members of the former church displayed fully as much constancy under their afflictions. Instead of fomenting civil rebellion, or declaiming in their private assemblies, against the Government which treated them with so much cruelty, they submitted with the meekness of true Christians to a fate which they could not controvert. Instead of flying to the fields, and publishing their grievances at conventicles, they sought to administer those ordinances to private families which they were prevented from dispensing to a

congregation. Individual clergymen have thus been known to perform worship no less than sixteen times in one day.*

However much the historian of this period may

* The shifts to which the Jacobite Episcopalians were put, in order to perform the ceremonies of religion without incurring legal vengeance, were quite as distressing as those of the nonconformists of King Charles's time. In the *Episcopal Register of Muthil in Perthshire*, there is the following entry, under date of March 20, 1750, in the hand-writing of the Rev. William Erskine, Episcopal minister there, (father of the late William Erskine, Esq. advocate, better known by his senatorial title of Lord Kinnedder).

“ N. B.—With such excessive severity were the penal laws executed at this time, that, Andrew Moir having neglected to keep his appointment with me at my own house this morning, and following me to Lord Rollo's house of Duncrub, we could not take the child into a house, but I was obliged to go under the cover of trees, in one of Lord Rollo's parks, to prevent our being discovered, and baptize the child there; viz. Helen, lawful daughter of Andrew Moir and Anne Gray, in Crofthead of Fairnton, born the 18th, and was baptized the 20th of March 1750.”

The following anecdote may be related, as illustrative of the magnanimity which these unfortunate clergymen occasionally displayed under their afflicting circumstances. It refers to an old lady who died lately in Edinburgh, and who related it to our informant. This person was born at Dundee, and had the singular fortune to be the granddaughter paternally of a minister of the Established Church, while her grandfather by the mother's side was a bishop of the *Episcopal communion*. Her mother wished ardently that she should be baptized by her father the bishop; while her husband's father, on the other hand, was determined to perform that office himself. Such was the state of the times, that the bishop could not act in the way proposed without great danger; nor was he sure that the paternal grandfather of the child might not be so much exasperated as to inform upon him. Firmly edified, however, in the certainty that his conduct was worthy in the eyes of God, whatever might be its merits in those of men, he resolved to brave every contingency. So firmly, in-

be disposed to condemn the cruelty displayed in these statutes, he must certainly acknowledge that they were attended eventually with the desired effect of disabling the malcontent part of the community. By the first, the Highlanders were deprived of the means of carrying on an active warfare, and put in a fair way of becoming amalgamated with the rest of the community. By the second, the whole people of Scotland were emancipated from their obligations to the aristocracy, and enabled to prosecute commercial and agricultural enterprise with increased effect. By the third, a religious community, which had formerly cherished unfailing affection for the House of Stuart, was completely broken up, and in a manner compelled to transfer their allegiance to the existing Government. It is true that these good effects did not immediately result from the statutes; that, on the contrary, something quite the reverse was for some time observable; and that it was only when a new and more liberal Sovereign had assumed the throne, that the affections of the persecuted could be prevailed upon to run in the proper channel. But it is at the same time certain—and it is perhaps enough that such facts are certain—that from this time forward, the Highlanders be-

deed, was he determined to perform his duty, that, on reaching his daughter's room, he made this remarkable declaration: "If there were a gibbet," he said, "in one corner of the room, and the child in the other corner, and if I were informed that the said gibbet was to be the certain and immediate penalty of my conduct, still would I baptize the child!" He had just concluded the ceremony, when the paternal grandfather arrived, to perform the rite in his peculiar way; but as there were no hostile witnesses to prove what had been done, it was impossible to punish the celebrator.

gan to employ their energies in the defence, instead of the annoyance, of the State; that the people turned their attention more generally towards the true sources of national greatness, trade, manufacture, and the cultivation of the soil; and that the unfortunate Episcopalian Jacobites, persecuted out of all countenance, at last saw fit to become equally perjured * and peaceable with the rest of the British nation.

The spirit of Jacobitism, during its period of decay, was something very different from what it had been in the year 1745. It had, till that period, been the spirit of young as well as old people, and possessed sufficient strength to excite its votaries into active warfare. But, as the Stuarts then ceased to acquire fresh adherents, and their claims became daily more and more obsolete, it was now left entirely to the generation which had witnessed its glories; in other words, became dependent upon the existence of a few old enthusiasts, more generally of the female than the male sex. After this period, indeed, Jacobitism, became identified with the weakness of old age, was supposed incapable of moving any heart, except one which might have throbbed with love for Prince Charles, or heaved to the stern music of Gladsmuir and Culloden.

* This expression is used in regard to the oath of abjuration, which was certainly such as to render all who took it worthy of the pillory.

THE END.

