The Life and Adventures of: Prince Charles Edward Stuart

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PRINCE CHARLES

From the Engraving by SIR ROBERT STRANGE

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The LIFE & ADVENTURES *of* PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

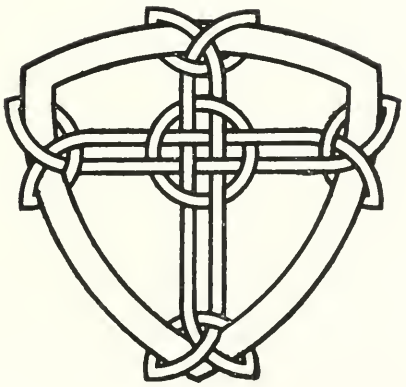
BY

W. DRUMMOND NORIE

AUTHOR OF "LOYAL LOCHABER," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
MAPS AND FACSIMILES

IN FOUR VOLUMES—VOL. I



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PREFACE

SOME years ago, while spending an enjoyable holiday in the beautiful district of Lochaber, it occurred to me that a most interesting and delightful tour could be made through the West Highlands and Isles, by following as closely as possible the footsteps of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" in his wanderings after the battle of Culloden, and especially would it be so to one who, like myself, was firmly persuaded of the righteousness and justice of the cause for which that chivalrous but most unfortunate Prince and his brave Highland followers suffered so much.

The idea of making this pilgrimage, if I may so call it, grew stronger as time went on, but many circumstances conspired to prevent me from carrying it out. Everything, however, comes to him who knows how to wait, the proverb says, and at last my opportunity arrived in the least expected but most congenial form. I was, in fact, asked to write a history of Prince Charles by the firm of publishers whose name appears on the title-page of this work, and I was generously given *carte blanche* to make the journey I had planned when and how I liked.[1]

For myself nothing could have happened better. Whether my readers are equally satisfied remains to be seen. I had long felt that there was room on our book-shelves for a new history of Prince Charles and the stirring episodes of his brief campaign, written from a Jacobite and Highland point of view; not too erudite in style and language, but nevertheless accurate, reliable, and worthy of consideration by the student. The very considerable additions made to Jacobite literature within recent years by the splendid publications of the Scottish History Society and other kindred bodies have done much to awaken a renewed interest in the personality of the later Stuart princes and their adherents; and it may be said without undue exaggeration, that the new light shed by their agency on the various personages who played their part in the Jacobite drama of "Forty-Five," has rendered the older histories comparatively valueless, if accuracy is to be the first consideration. We find, for instance, in one of the best existing biographies of the Prince, Ewald's

[1] The tour was made in the year 1899.

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"Life and Times of Prince Charles Stuart," that the author, ignorant of the existence of a genuine MS. left by John Murray of Broughton, has based a great deal of his story upon the entirely fictitious "Memoirs" published soon after the rising[1] was quelled, to the detriment of his otherwise valuable work.

Again, Robert Chambers, who had the advantage of possessing the original MS. of that most remarkable and unique contribution to the literature of the "Forty-Five," the famous "Lyon in Mourning," omits, probably from want of space, many of the most interesting facts it contains, in his well-known "History of the Rebellion, 1745–46," preferring to repeat the often uncorroborated stories told by John Home and the doubtful anecdotes of the Chevalier Johnstone, whose works nevertheless have their historical value. Neither Ewald nor Chambers had the supreme felicity of discovering "Pickle the Spy," nor had they any acquaintance with the anti-Jacobite tirades of his discoverer, our modern Scottish iconoclast, Mr. Andrew Lang, historical dictator and destroyer of illusions.

Unfortunately for those of us who still hold on to our Jacobite faith, even if we see no practical utility in doing so, Mr. Lang has a knack of being accurate in some of his deductions, and his ghoulish delvings among the whitened sepulchres of buried reputations do occasionally result in an unpalatable discovery which he places under our noses, so that, do what we will, we cannot ignore it altogether. We do not thank him for Pickle, but we must in common fairness admit that the evidence of identity is unpleasantly convincing, and we can only await, with some little anxiety, the result of the efforts now being made by members of Glengarry's clan and other interested Highlanders, to refute Mr. Lang's charge.

Of Mr. Lang's recent monograph on the Prince, it would be presumption for a comparatively unknown writer, like myself, to speak. Artistically, the volume is a superb example of the Messieurs Goupil's craft, and for the rest, well, Mr. Lang is Mr. Lang, and there's an end o't.

The publications of the Scottish History Society are unhappily inaccessible to the general reader, who merely hears of them, and gets a very slight taste of their contents, from the review column of his favourite newspaper; it has therefore been my endeavour, while engaged upon this work, to draw as largely as possible from the stores of authentic information contained in those volumes which treat specially of the subject in hand.

First in point of interest are the three which contain Bishop Forbes's collection of contemporary narratives, journals, and memoranda, entitled the "Lyon in Mourning," newly edited by Mr. Henry Paton, M.A. These narratives are in nearly all cases the actual experiences of those who followed the Prince before and after Culloden, taken down from their own lips or communicated by them to the worthy Jacobite bishop in the

[1] "The Genuine Memoirs of John Murray, late Secretary to the Young Pretender," 1747.

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shape of letters, written within a year or two after the events occurred. Chambers, who purchased the collection from Sir Henry Stewart of Allanton about the year 1833,[1] made, as I have already said, considerable use of it in the fifth edition of his history published in 1840, but he by no means exhausted the material at his command.

Next we have the important volume which gives us for the first time in printed form the "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton, sometime Secretary to Prince Charles Edward, 1740–1747," edited with some additional notes by Mr. R. Fitzroy Bell. The original MS. which has remained, since it was written from Murray's dictation in 1757 and following years, in the possession of his descendants, seems to have been known to Sir Walter Scott, and was undoubtedly read by Chambers, but has never been made use of to any extent, either by them or by other historians of the "Forty-Five," until quite recently. The intimate knowledge possessed by Murray of the negotiations and intrigues of the Jacobite party prior to 1745, in which he himself took a leading part, renders the first portion of his MS. exceptionally valuable, as the existing available information has long been almost exhausted. As the Prince's secretary, Murray is also able to tell us much of the more personal side of the Campaign of 1745–46 which is new and interesting, but he unfortunately leaves a gap in his memoirs, between the arrival of the Highland army in Derby and the battle of Culloden, which has to be filled up from the data given by other narrators. Murray, as every student of Jacobite history is aware, turned King's evidence to save his head, and this fact has to be duly considered before we can estimate the real value of his "Memorials," which were written many years after the events he describes took place. The well-merited abuse he had to suffer from his party, and the bitter reproaches flung at him by the relatives of those he had so shamefully betrayed, may well have caused him to retaliate when dictating his story, by casting aspersions upon his former friends in an attempt to justify his own base conduct. To some extent he has done this, but on the whole his comments are fair and as unprejudiced as could possibly be expected under the circumstances. I have therefore had no scruple in making the fullest use of his work.

Among the minor volumes published by the Society above mentioned, there is one which is absolutely invaluable to the historian or student of the "Forty-Five." I refer to that most concise and accurate work compiled after much labour and research by Mr. W. B. Blaikie of Edinburgh, entitled "Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, from his landing in Scotland, July 1745, to his departure in September 1746." In the small compass of 136 pages Mr. Blaikie has given us a day-by-day record of the Prince's doings in Scotland, with notes of reference, admirably arranged,

[1] Sir Henry Stewart bought it thirty years before from the widow of Bishop Forbes, who died in 1775.

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to all the principal sources of information, and has sketched out with a thorough mastery of his subject the whole of the campaign and wanderings of Prince Charles, leaving little to be done but to fill in details. Mr. Blaikie is rarely at fault, and I find, after the most careful comparison of his authorities with local history and tradition, that, with the exception of a few minor points which are duly noted, his "Itinerary" is by far the most reliable chronicle of the events of 1745–46 yet published.

In addition to the Jacobite manuscripts given to the world by the Scottish History Society, we have the interesting "Historical Papers Relating to the Jacobite Period," edited by Colonel James Allardyce, and published by the New Spalding Club in 1895–96; Sir William Fraser's "Earls of Cromarty"; and lastly, Vol. III. of the "Chronicles of the Atholl and Tullibardine Families," compiled from the family papers by His Grace the present Duke of Atholl, and published privately in 1896, containing the correspondence of the Dukes William and James of Atholl, Lord George Murray, and other members of the ducal household during the time of the Prince's expedition. All of these works record the actual occurrences of the period to which they relate in the very words of those who took part in them, and I have on this account made free use of them.

With regard to the older histories, that of John Home, published in 1802, is undoubtedly the best; and the appendices printed in Browne's "History of the Highlands," 1849, are well worthy of close examination. The names of other books consulted will be found in the footnotes.

Apart from the printed volumes mentioned, I have thoroughly examined the great mass of Jacobite MSS. lying in the Record Office, London, and with the assistance of Miss Josephine MacDonell of Keppoch, I have been able to transcribe nearly the whole of them. A few of these papers have been already used by the Duke of Atholl, Mr. D. Murray Rose, and others, but by far the larger portion still remain unpublished. At some future time I hope to be able to undertake the task. Up to the present no attempt has been made to place in the hands of the public an adequately illustrated history of Prince Charles; and this is the more strange, as the subject is one that is particularly suitable for illustration, considering the wealth of material at command. Most of our Scottish artists have, at one time or another in their careers, been tempted to depict on canvas a scene from the life of Bonnie Prince Charlie, with more or less accuracy of detail; these works from the brushes of our greatest painters have never appeared in a complete form, but must be sought for throughout a multitude of publications and picture-galleries. An important feature of this work is the inclusion within its pages of artistic reproductions of these famous pictures collected from every available source; portraits of the Prince himself, from childhood to old age, many of which have never been reproduced before; portraits of the Prince's adherents and those connected

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with him in the rising of "Forty-Five"; contemporary and modern views of cities, towns, and houses associated with his expedition; autographs, relics, weapons—everything, in fact, that can add interest to the subject has been carefully sought after and included.

From Melan's splendid and costly work, "The Costumes of the Clans," published in 1845, twenty-four coloured plates have been selected representing the most important of the Jacobite clans; and as it was found that the tartans in which the figures are clothed were not in strict accordance with the setts now accepted as accurate, they have been entirely recoloured, and may now be taken as practically correct, it being of course impossible in the smaller size to show every line and check distinctly.

The results of my own journey through the districts traversed by Prince Charles have been twofold. First, I have been able to acquire a great deal of local tradition from the mouths of men and women still living whose great-grandfathers either fought for the Prince or aided him in his many hair-breadth escapes from Cumberland's soldiers; and, secondly, I have secured photographs of almost every spot historically or traditionally connected with the romantic story of the Prince's wanderings. These photographs, which have been beautifully reproduced, will, I trust, add a special value to this history. Many of them were only got after great difficulties had been surmounted; as, for instance, the two showing the Cave in Corriegoe, Braes of Glenmoriston. To reach this wild spot I had to spend a night at Cluanie Inn, drive to Lundie, climb Carn á Ghluasaid, over 2000 feet, Sgùrr nan Conbhairean, 3632 feet, and descend the precipitous Corrie Mheadhain to the cave, and then after a six or seven miles walk over peat-bog and boulders to Ceannacroc, drive thirteen or fourteen miles to Invermoriston. I can strongly recommend the excursion to those of my readers who are fond of a good day's climbing.

The maps showing the route taken by Prince Charles, from the time he arrived in Scotland until his departure in September 1746, have been specially prepared under my own supervision, and will, I believe, be found as accurate as it is possible to make them. As far as the Highlands of Scotland are concerned, I have personally travelled over nearly every mile of ground marked by the red and blue lines on the map, which are based upon the information contained in the "Lyon in Mourning" and other contemporary works, verified by local investigation as I proceeded. The route through the Lowlands and England is pretty generally known, and the lines marked on the maps of these districts will be found to accord with the most reliable records. To those who have so kindly assisted me in my labours, I express my most grateful thanks, and only regret my inability to mention every helper individually. I have to thank the Duke of Atholl, the Duke of Beaufort, Earl Powerscourt, and Dr. Fraser[1]

[1] Deceased since these words were written, to the great regret and loss of his many friends.

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Mackintosh, for granting permission to reproduce several portraits, prints, and MSS., and I must also acknowledge the very considerable assistance rendered by my friend Mr. H. V. Whitelaw of Glasgow, who shared the pleasures and fatigues of a portion of my tour, and aided me with his camera to secure many of the photographs which embellish the following pages.

In the Highlands I found friends and helpers everywhere; in mansion, manse, and cottage alike; willing to share with me their stores of tradition, and ready to direct or accompany me to those spots which were directly associated with the Prince. I am deeply indebted for this kindly interest taken in my work, and also for the warm welcome and generous hospitality so freely bestowed.

I mentioned at the outset that my standpoint is the Jacobite one, and I have tried in the following Introduction to explain briefly the reasons why many of our patriotic ancestors could not with any degree of consistency acknowledge the Dutch and Hanoverian rulers of Britain as their legitimate kings, seeing that Stuart princes in the direct line of succession still existed. Time has healed most of the old sores, and the quarrel which was so real to our forbears is now well-nigh forgotten; but in spite of this the old unquenchable Jacobite sentiment lingers in our midst, still lives and breathes in every plaintive note of our own sweet Jacobite songs, still spreads a mournful charm over our Highland hills and glens, and will for ages invest the personality of the gallant Prince who called it into being, with all the attributes of a famous hero of romance.

I once heard an enthusiastic modern Jacobite exclaim, "What a pity Prince Charles did not meet a soldier's death on the battlefield of Culloden." It is a pity! his death on the day that shattered for ever the hopes of his race would have been a fitting and glorious ending to a short but heroic career; it would have mercifully spared him many years of mental and physical suffering, and, most important of all, it would have left his name untarnished to the world.

His life story, with all its lights and shadows, lies before the reader, and it remains for him to judge whether it has been told aright.

W. DRUMMOND NORIE.

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LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

INTRODUCTION

WHEN James V. of Scotland lay dying in the old palace of Falkland, news was brought to his bedside that a daughter had been born to him at Linlithgow, where his Queen, Mary of Lorraine, was then staying. "Is it so?" feebly murmured the king; "then God's will be done. It came with a lass and it will go with a lass," and turning his face to the wall, he died of a broken heart. The dying monarch's prophecy, as all students of history know, was fulfilled to the letter, when the crown which had come to the Stuart line by the marriage of Walter, sixth High Steward of Scotland, with Marjorie, daughter of Robert the Bruce, was lost to that kingly but most unfortunate family upon the death of Queen Anne, second daughter of James VII., in 1714. For more than three centuries the Stuarts had worn the purple, and ruled first the destinies of Scotland, and then, by the union of the crowns in the reign of James VI., the whole of Britain. It is little to be wondered at that with such a regal descent the later Stuart kings should have looked upon themselves as divinely appointed, and endeavoured, in spite of all opposition and personal danger, to maintain the royal prerogative to its fullest extent. Kingly and dignified, proud of their ancestry, and worthily fulfilling the traditions of their race, they were all more or less imbued with the Stuart obstinacy of character, which would never yield to popular clamour, even in the face of death itself. This was their ruin; for as times changed, and the slumbering republican spirit awoke among the people of Britain, they would not, or could not, see that it was necessary to make some concessions to the altered condition of affairs, and, shutting their eyes to the consequences, were swept

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to their doom. Thus Charles I., by his ill-advised but well-meant efforts to restore Episcopacy in the Church of Scotland, and by his support of Archbishop Laud's attempt to force the Liturgy of the English Church upon the Presbyterian clergy, alienated from himself the great mass of his Scottish subjects, and brought about a religious war of the greatest severity; whilst in England he was embroiled with his own Parliament, which had openly declared war against him. Overwhelmed by the consequences of his own unwisdom, the unfortunate monarch fell a victim to the machinations of his enemies, and died a martyr's death at the hands of the executioner on January 30, 1649. For a time the revolutionary party, under their remarkable leader Oliver Cromwell, controlled with an iron hand the destinies of the realm, whilst the son of the murdered king, who had been crowned at Scone as Charles II., after a bold but unavailing attempt to hold his own, retired to the Continent, where for nine years he wandered from court to court, poor in purse, despondent in mind, a king only in name. Then came the turn of Fortune's wheel which restored the ancient dignity of the Stuarts to their royal House. Cromwell died in 1658, after having raised himself by sheer strength of character to the supreme sovereignty of Great Britain and Ireland; and on May 29, 1660, Charles, accompanied by his brothers, James, Duke of York, and the Duke of Gloucester, entered the city of London amid the joyful acclamations of the population. So enthusiastic was the welcome accorded to the king, that he observed to his attendant cavaliers, "It must surely have been our own fault that we have been so long absent from a country where every one seems so glad to see us." The restoration of the Stuarts was undoubtedly popular to the great majority of the people of Britain, and especially to the Scots, who, notwithstanding the fact that to preserve their liberty of conscience in religious matters a large number had taken up arms against Charles I., had ever been loyal to the monarchical principle, and therefore hailed with delight the turn of events which established the king on his throne again. Possibly they were over sanguine, and had forgotten that Charles had old scores to pay off with those who had murdered his father and set his own authority at defiance; certain it is that the early years of the Restoration brought dool and sorrow to the realm of Scotland, and terrible reprisals were made upon those unfortunate Covenanters who, in their zeal for the cause of religious freedom, had forgotten their duty to their king. Nor was the state of affairs improved when, upon the death of Charles in 1685, his brother James, Duke of York, succeeded to the crown as James VII. of Scotland and II. of England.

A Stuart to the backbone, and possessed of more than his brother's

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share of Stuart obstinacy, James came to the throne a professed and ardent Catholic, full of the highest ideas of the divine right of kings, and governed by a firm determination to proceed with the greatest severity against those rebellious subjects who had banded themselves together under the standard of the Solemn League and Covenant, and openly disowned his kingly authority.

Undeterred by his father's tragic fate, James blindly pursued the objects he had in view, which soon became apparent to the most obtuse of his subjects. Had he been content to have dissembled his religion and been satisfied with the performance of its rites in the privacy of his own palace, all might have been well; but he was far too sincere a Catholic to endeavour to disguise the faith he held sacred above all things, and so, regardless of consequences, he endeavoured by every means that he could employ to bring about the change he desired. The task was an impossible one, and foredoomed to failure from the outset; three short years sufficed to prove that the great majority of the people of Britain were still Protestant, and had no intention of returning to the fold from which they had strayed at the time of the Reformation, or of resigning their dearly bought liberty of conscience into the hands of the Roman pontiff.

James was too infatuated with his schemes for the regeneration of his kingdom to perceive this, and urged on by that remorseless fate which ever seems to have attended the House of Stuart, he persisted in his unwise course, until his Protestant subjects, incensed by act after act of imprudence, began to take measures for their own protection, and determined to lay the crown at the feet of William, Prince of Orange, Stadtholder of the Dutch Provinces, who had espoused Mary, the eldest daughter of the king.

The birth of a son to James on June 10, 1688, only served to hasten the catastrophe which was to deprive him of his crown and kingdom; for the Protestant party, having their own ends in view, falsely asserted that the child had been fraudulently introduced into the bedchamber of the queen by the Papists, in order to defeat the claim of Mary and the Prince of Orange to the succession. The immediate effect caused by this event was a renewed effort on the part of the king's enemies to induce William of Orange to make a bold bid for the crown by a military invasion of Britain, in which attempt he was assured of the active support of the majority of the British people. Never wanting in courage, and clearly seeing that if he did not take the opportunity thus offered all chance of obtaining the crown would be lost to him now that a male heir was born

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to King James, William put to sea at the head of an army of fifteen thousand men, and landed without the slightest opposition at Torbay on November 5, 1688.

Stunned by the unwelcome tidings, James at once assembled his army, but disaffection had already set in, and one by one his officers went over to the enemy, led by his own favourite, Lord Churchill, afterwards the famous Duke of Marlborough. The private soldiers followed their leaders, until hardly a battalion was left upon which the king could depend for his personal protection ; and when, as a last drop in the cup of his misery, came the news that his daughter Anne had left him and declared for a Protestant Parliament, his courage forsook him altogether, as he exclaimed in an agony of distress, "God help me, my own children desert me." Desolate and alone, with the remembrance of his father's awful end ever before him, the unhappy monarch resolved in the extremity of his fear to escape from his kingdom whilst there was yet time, and, attended by one faithful adherent, made his way to the sea coast on the south of England. Here he was overtaken and brought back to London, where he had the mortification of seeing his rival installed in royal state ; but William, fearing a revulsion of popular feeling in the king's favour, thought it safer to remove his prisoner from the metropolis to a small Kentish town (Rochester), from whence, after a few days' incarceration, James made his escape to France.

On December 26, 1688, the Prince of Orange assumed the government, and summoned a Parliament to meet at Westminster on 22nd January following, at which, after a long debate, the House of Commons resolved "that King James II., having endeavoured to subvert the constitution of the kingdom by breaking the original compact between the king and the people, and by the advice of Jesuits and other wicked persons having violated the fundamental laws, and having withdrawn himself out of the kingdom, has abdicated the government, and the throne is thereby vacant." This resolution the House of Lords at first refused to ratify, as they justly contended that, foolish as James had undoubtedly been, his misconduct was not of sufficient gravity to warrant his dethronement. They therefore proposed that the Prince of Orange, under the title of Regent, should exercise regal power during the king's life only, by which means the succession would still remain in the direct line, and descend in due course to the son who had been recently born. Reasonable as this proposition was, it was altogether unsatisfactory to William, and he at once boldly informed Parliament that nothing short of the crown would satisfy him. He was prepared to share it with his wife Mary on equal

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terms, but neither as king consort or regent would he consent to govern the kingdom. In this dilemma the two Houses of Parliament hastily decided, in spite of the earnest protestations of forty peers and bishops, by a small majority of fifteen, that the throne was vacant, and a few days later William and Mary were proclaimed king and queen. Thus unconstitutionally and illegally did the crown pass to a foreign prince, whilst the rights of King James and his infant son were entirely set aside.

The Scottish people, although far removed from the scenes and occurrences that were taking place in the south, were keenly alive to the importance of the dynastic change which had been so quickly brought about. Most of the nobility, headed by James Drummond, Earl of Perth, were loyal to King James, and learnt with bitter mortification of his flight to France, and the installation of his rival in London. The great Highland clans of MacDonald, Cameron, MacLean, MacLeod, Robertson, and the powerful Clan Chattan, with many smaller septs, were staunch supporters of the Stuarts, and had fought with splendid valour for King Charles under their famous commander Montrose at Inverlochy more than forty years before. Many of them were Catholic, and had therefore religious as well as political reasons for taking up targe and claymore in defence of their rightful sovereign ; but Catholic or not, they were all filled with the same spirit of military ardour which had distinguished their Celtic ancestors from time immemorial.

Clan Campbell, under its chief, Archibald, tenth Earl of Argyll, was a notable exception, and supported the cause of the Prince of Orange. Consistently Protestant for many generations, the Campbell chiefs had suffered severely at the hands of the Stuarts, and two of their number had been brought to the scaffold within the previous half-century for the part they had played in the various rebellions against their lawful kings. A few of the northern Presbyterian clans, among which were the MacKays, Munroes, Rosses, and Forbeses, also declared for William ; and in the Lowlands the Duke of Hamilton, having secured the presidency of the Convention of Estates by a narrow majority of fifteen votes, led the popular voice against the exiled king. The history of these troublous times is too full of incident to be more than lightly touched upon here, and it is sufficient for the purpose of this Introduction to say that, in spite of the strenuous efforts of the Jacobite nobles and the heroic bravery displayed by the loyal Highlanders led by John Graham, Viscount Dundee, at Killiecrankie, the cause of William of Orange continued to flourish. The greatest difficulty his government had to overcome was the question of the succession. Mary died in 1694 childless, and six years later she

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was followed to the grave by the Duke of Gloucester, the only surviving child of Princess Anne; thus fortune seemed to have played into the hands of the Jacobite party, for the way was now clear again for the succession in due time of Prince James, the young son of the exiled monarch. This possibility was at once recognised by the Whig leaders, and they immediately took steps to remove it by the same arbitrary methods they had adopted when the throne was declared vacant. By one of the most unjust Acts ever passed in the House of Commons it was decided, by a majority of *one*, that upon the death of Anne the crown should descend to the Electress Sophia of Hanover, daughter of Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia, and granddaughter of James I. and VI., thus passing over the whole of the descendants of Charles I., of whom at that time there were fifty-three in existence. Never in the history of Britain had so revolutionary or important a measure become law by such an extremely narrow majority, invalidating as it did the great fundamental principle of primogeniture upon which our social system had been built up. The death of King James in 1701 was followed in 1702 by that of his son-in-law, William of Orange, when in accordance with the provisions of the newly made Act of Succession, the Princess Anne succeeded to the throne, thus excluding her brother James, the lawful and legitimate heir. The Jacobites, on the whole, were satisfied with the change that gave them a native-born Stuart princess as a sovereign in place of a usurping Dutchman, and they were sanguine enough to believe that, having no surviving children, she would use all her power and influence to obtain a repeal of the noxious Act in order to secure the crown for her brother. These hopes, however, were soon doomed to disappointment, for Anne, disregarding altogether her brother's claims, allowed herself to be entirely guided by her Whig counsellors, headed by Sarah, the famous Duchess of Marlborough, and treated with absolute indifference the entreaties and protestations of all those whose opinions differed from her own. The last fatal blow to the Stuart succession came on May 1, 1707, when, after some years of determined opposition by the Scottish Jacobites, in which they were supported by the great mass of the Scottish people, the Treaty of Union between England and Scotland came into force, and with it vanished at once and for ever the individuality and prestige of the Scottish nation. Seven years passed, and Anne, the last Stuart sovereign, was called to her rest, thus fulfilling the prophecy of her ancestor James V., for from thenceforward an alien race was to rule the fair land of Britain, and the great historic name of Stuart, which had been associated with our annals for more than three hundred years, ceased to be a power in the land, and

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was almost forgotten, save by those staunch Jacobites and brave Highlanders who, faithful to their old traditions, were still prepared to support with their swords their hereditary and lawful prince, who, upon the death of his father, had rightly assumed the title of King James III. of England and Ireland and VIII. of Scotland.

Excluded from his throne and kingdom by the unnatural and unjust Act of Succession, King James and his adherents had the mortification of beholding the ancient dignities and prerogatives of the Royal House of Stuart bestowed upon a petty German princeling, the "wee, wee German lairdie" of Jacobite song; an alien in race, language, and sympathies, whose only claim to the throne of Britain was his remote descent through his mother, Sophia, Electress of Hanover, from James I. and VI. One bold effort on the part of the English Jacobites upon the death of Queen Anne would probably have secured the Stuart succession. Had Bishop Atterbury been allowed by the Tory ministry to carry out his desire of going down to St. James's in full episcopal dress and proclaiming the Queen's brother James as king, in front of the palace, the whole course of our history might have been different, whether for good or evil who can say? "Lord, what an unhappy thing is this! What a cause is here lost at one blow! Think of it, my lords; is there no remedy left?" exclaimed the bishop when he was prevented from carrying out his intention. There was no remedy, none save the sword, which was soon to be wielded by loyal arms in defence of the "king over the water." So, execrated by the Jacobites and most of the Tory noblemen, little George came over from his "kail yairdie" in Hanover to sit upon the throne of the Stuarts, and shed the light of his countenance upon his "goot peoples" in England.

Immediately upon receiving the news of Queen Anne's death, James, better known as the Chevalier de St. George, set out for Paris to lay his grievances before Louis XIV. and make an earnest appeal for assistance to recover his lost kingdom. The French king, much as he hated the new ruler of Britain and his Whig advisers, would, however, make no promises, and declared his determination of adhering to the articles of the Treaty of Utrecht, in which he had agreed to recognise the succession of the House of Hanover to the British throne. Secretly there is no doubt he favoured the claims of James, and it was only from politic reasons that he did not openly support him at this juncture; all that he could do in private he did, assisting the Chevalier with considerable sums of money, and even going the length of fitting out a small fleet at Havre to be in readiness in the event of a rising on the part of the English

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Jacobites. With this James had to be satisfied, and he retired to Lorraine to consult his friends and hold himself in readiness for a descent upon Britain the moment the fates appeared propitious.

Meanwhile his cause was making rapid headway in Scotland, where the Treaty of Union still rankled in the breasts of all true patriots, who foresaw that unless it were speedily repealed their country would soon lose its independence and sink into the undignified position of a mere province of England. As nothing could be expected from the Elector of Hanover or his Whig ministry, their thoughts naturally turned in the direction of France, where their legitimate monarch dwelt in enforced exile, and they determined to make a diversion in his favour. Nowhere was this feeling stronger than in the Highlands; the old Celtic blood still ran hotly through the veins of the people; they hated the Teutonic usurper and his German Court with all the traditional race hatred of Celt for Saxon; they detested the Treaty of Union, which had become law in spite of all their protests. Enthusiastically Jacobite, they looked upon the Stuarts as their divinely-appointed rulers; and as their fathers had fought for the old dynasty under Dundee, so were they now ready to take up arms in the same cause. A spark would set the heather on fire and bring out the clans for King James.

With such inflammable material in readiness an outbreak was certain; all that was wanted was a leader, and, as usually happens, with the hour came the man.

John, Lord Erskine, eleventh Earl of Mar, had filled under Queen Anne the offices of Secretary of State for Scotland and Keeper of the Signet. At one time a professed Whig, he was now a notorious Tory, and strongly suspected of Jacobite sympathies, so that upon the accession of George I. to the throne of Britain, in spite of his strong protestations of loyalty to the House of Hanover, he was commanded to deliver up his seals of office and retire from the Court. Although it can hardly be imagined that Mar was sincere in his profession of loyalty, his dismissal from office was a most impolitic and unwise act on the part of George, for by so doing he not only made a bitter and inveterate enemy of Mar, but, what was far worse, brought about the active hostility of the Highland chiefs, who, feeling grossly insulted by the non-acceptance of the address they had authorised Mar to present to the Elector, threw off all their disguise and openly declared for King James.

On August 26, 1715, the Earl of Mar, who had sailed from England a few weeks earlier, convened a council of the Scottish Jacobites at Braemar, where, under the pretence of attending a great hunting party,

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THE MARRIAGE OF JAMES III. AND VIII.

From a contemporary Print

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most of the leading noblemen and chiefs whose sympathies were with "the king over the water" attended in person, and after patiently listening to Mar's impassioned appeal bound themselves by oath to support the Stuart cause sword in hand. Among those present on this occasion were Alexander, Marquis of Huntly, eldest son of the Duke of Gordon; William, Marquis of Tullibardine, eldest son of the Duke of Atholl; William Maxwell, Earl of Nithsdale; George Keith, Earl Marischal; Charles Steuart, Earl of Traquhair; Charles Hay, Earl of Errol; Carnegy, Earl of Southesk; Robert Dalziel, Earl of Carnwath; William Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth; James Livingston, Earl of Linlithgow; William Livingston, Viscount Kilsyth; William Gordon, Viscount Kenmure; James Seaton, Viscount Kingston; David Murray, Viscount Stormont; Lords Rollo, Duffus, Drummond, Strathallan, Nairne, Ogilvie; with MacDonald of Glengarry, Campbell of Glendaruel, and several other Highland chiefs, many of whose names will afterwards appear in the forthcoming volumes closely associated with the gallant son of the king to whom they now swore fealty. Eleven days later, in the presence of a large gathering of Highlanders and Lowlanders who had been hastily brought together by their chiefs and feudal superiors, Mar raised the standard of the Stuarts at the Castletown of Braemar and proclaimed the Chevalier as James VIII. King of Scotland and James III. King of England, Ireland, and their dependencies.

The heather was now well alight, and events moved rapidly. Lord James Drummond, with the assistance of William MacGregor (Drummond) of Balhaldie, had already planned and carried out an abortive attempt on the Castle of Edinburgh, and by the middle of October nearly the whole of the western clans were in arms and ready to take the field. The flower of the Scottish nobility declared for King James, and had it not been for the utter military incapacity of Mar and the suspicion with which he was regarded by many of the leading Jacobites, victory, in Scotland at least, would have been assured.

To oppose Mar and his army of nearly twelve thousand men the Elector of Hanover, notwithstanding the aid of his powerful Commander-in-chief, John Campbell, Duke of Argyll, could only put into the field a force of three thousand. Strenuous efforts were made by the Government, levies were drafted from the Irish regiments, and six thousand Dutchmen were called over from Holland, to assist the Elector's troops. Now was Mar's opportunity to make a quick descent upon the Lowlands and attack Argyll and his disorganised army, with the prospect of almost certain success; but instead of doing this, he lingered idly at

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Perth, while his men lost heart, and the impetuous Highlanders quarrelled among themselves and expressed their feelings of disgust at the prolonged delay. In the west the MacDonalds, Camerons, and MacLeans under General Gordon had attempted to overcome the Hanoverian garrison at Fort William by a sudden attack ; but beyond carrying some of the outer fortifications and taking a few prisoners, nothing came of it, and the men were withdrawn to swell the army at Perth and elsewhere. In the south a more important movement was proceeding, for Brigadier MacIntosh of Borlum, commanding a fine body of sixteen hundred men, having crossed the Forth and taken possession of the citadel of Leith, from which he hurled defiance at Argyll, marched to Kelso, and joined hands with the Jacobite army under Lords Kenmure and Derwentwater. On 27th October they marched for England, crossing the Border on the 31st, and encamped at Brampton, where the command was taken over by Thomas Forster of Bamborough, Member of Parliament for Northumberland, a zealous English Jacobite, whom Mar had made Commander-in-chief of the forces in England. Of this army, which was largely composed of Highlanders recruited from the various septs of Clan Chattan and men from Deeside and Atholl, it will only be necessary to say here that, after marching as far south as Preston in Lancashire, it was surrounded by a large body of English troops under Generals Willis and Carpenter, and after some desperate fighting had to make an unconditional surrender.

This disaster to King James's cause took place on November 13, 1715, and by a curious coincidence the battle of Sheriffmuir was fought in the North on the same day, between the armies of Mar and Argyll, with great loss of life on both sides, but with little or no material advantage from a military point of view to either. If any, it rested with Argyll, for Mar, instead of holding his position, retreated to his old quarters at Perth, abandoning his dead and wounded and the whole of his colours and artillery, which he left behind on the field of battle. The Highlanders, who had fought with their wonted bravery and lost many of their most distinguished heroes, including the gallant young Alan MacDonald of Moidart, Captain of Clanranald, were thoroughly disheartened, and drew the most unflattering comparisons between Mar and their old leaders Montrose and Dundee. By the evening of this unfortunate day four thousand had deserted and departed for their homes, sick at heart, and altogether disgusted at their leader's incapacity. Thus miserably ended the first real attempt to restore King James to the throne of his ancestors, and its failure was the more deplorable, for never

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again could such a splendid Jacobite force be brought together. The whole affair was premature, and woefully mismanaged from beginning to end; opportunities were lost, brave lives sacrificed on the field and on the scaffold, and the chance of a Stuart restoration was further off than ever.

In spite of these untoward circumstances, Mar considered the moment had come in which James should be invited to come over to Scotland and take the personal command of what remained of his army. By the death of the French king, Louis XIV., on 1st September of this fateful year, James had lost a staunch and powerful friend to whom he could always turn for advice and assistance. Everything was now changed, for the Duke of Orleans, who had been appointed Regent, favoured, or appeared to favour, the pretensions of the House of Hanover, and was on the most friendly terms with the British Government and its representative Lord Stair, the ambassador in Paris. By Lord Stair's influence James received orders to quit French territory, while at the same time the fleet upon which his hopes depended, together with all stores, arms, and other munitions of war were seized in the ports of Havre and St. Malo. In this unfortunate position, between the devil and the deep sea, King James decided to accept Mar's invitation, and disguising himself as a sailor embarked at Dunkirk on board a small vessel and landed with a retinue of six gentlemen at Peterhead on December 22, 1715. From this port James made his way through Aberdeen to Fetteresso, where, worn out with fatigue and a severe attack of ague, he halted on the night of the 24th, and awaited, not without some anxiety, the arrival of Mar. Upon receiving news of the king's landing, Mar and the Earl Marischal, accompanied by thirty nobles and gentlemen, set out from Perth to welcome their sovereign and await his orders for the anticipated campaign against Argyll, who was then encamped with his army at Stirling. Ill as he was, and disappointed as he must have been by the intelligence Mar had to give, James made no outward sign of annoyance, but received the deputation with many expressions of kindness and consideration. On 2nd January, after he had listened courteously to addresses of welcome and loyalty from the Episcopal clergy of Aberdeen, he proceeded on his journey to Perth, where he arrived in royal state on the 9th, and after reviewing the remnants of his army went on to the old palace of Scone.

It is not the purpose of this brief sketch to follow closely all the unhappy events that took place after the arrival of King James VIII. in his ancient kingdom of Scotland. Personally unfitted for military leader-

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ship by reason of ill-health and a natural dislike for warlike display, he could not inspire confidence in the breasts of his followers. The Highlanders especially, trained from earliest childhood in the use of weapons and habituated to the hardships of almost continual warfare, into which they were led by their intrepid chiefs, could not understand the quiet, soft-spoken gentleman who, they were told, was *Righ Sheumais* (King James). They wanted a leader, a bold manly hero, such as *Iain Dubh nan Cath* (Viscount Dundee), whom they could follow into the jaws of death itself. Mar had proved his incompetence, and now the king from whom so much was expected was but a pale-faced invalid, looking more fit for the chamber of the student than the rough work of the battlefield. Loyal they still were, and prepared to fight whenever their chiefs ordered them, but enthusiasm, confidence, and spirit were gone; and when James, ill in body and dejected in mind, sought, by the advice of some of his officers, safety in flight from the anticipated attack of Argyll, they could not disguise their contempt, and openly gave vent to their feelings of rage and disappointment at being thus left to the tender mercies of their feudal enemy, *MacCailean Mòr* and his foreign mercenaries. Throwing down their arms in the bitterness of despair, they broke up into small bodies and retreated to their homes among the mountains and glens, there to await the summons of one more worthy of the name of leader, who in the process of time was to bring them forth to meet in mortal combat their hereditary foes.

Accompanied by the Earl of Mar, Lord James Drummond, Alan Cameron of Lochiel, son of the redoubtable Sir Ewen, and about a dozen others, the unfortunate king set sail from Montrose, and a week later reached the French coast.

Thus, without striking a blow for the crown he had hoped to secure, James retired to Avignon, where, surrounded by many fugitive Jacobites who had escaped the vengeance of the Elector's Government, he held his little court with all the semblance of royalty and looked forward, not very confidently, to brighter and happier days when the British people, sick of their German idol, would welcome the auld Stuarts back again.

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CHAPTER I

"God send a royal heir!
God bless the royal pair,
Both king and queen;
That from them we may see
A royal progeny,
To all posterity
Ever to reign!

God bless the prince, I pray.
God bless the prince, I pray,
Charlie, I mean;
That Scotland we may see
Freed from vile Presbyt'ry,
Both George and his Feckie
E'en so. Amen."

Jacobite National Anthem.

THE failure of the Jacobite rising of 1715, and the equally unsuccessful attempt of George Keith, Earl Marischal, Seaforth, Tullibardine, and their Spanish allies to overturn the Hanoverian dynasty at Glen Shiel in 1719, produced in the minds of King James and his supporters feelings of the keenest disappointment, and it was felt on all sides that some time at least must elapse before any further effort to recover the British crown could be made with a reasonable chance of success. In Scotland the clans had been disarmed, and the chiefs forced under pain of immediate arrest, and probable death at the hands of the executioner, to offer an unwilling and insincere submission to the Government. Cameron of Lochiel, Keppoch, and Clanranald

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had held out to the last, and only yielded to *force majeure* when the lives of their clansmen were threatened. Many of the Lowland and English Jacobite noblemen who had been *out* in 1715 were sent to the scaffold, and others more fortunate, having escaped the Elector's vengeance, sought shelter by the side of their exiled king, where their presence assisted in keeping up the show of royalty which James quite consistently insisted upon.

In 1718, at which time James was in his thirtieth year, his advisers had strongly recommended him to enter the holy state of matrimony, as a means of strengthening his political position, and for the more important reason of securing the succession to the throne by providing a legitimate heir. Disinclined at first to restrict his liberty by matrimonial fetters, James ultimately yielded to the wishes of his friends when the beautiful and wealthy Princess Clementina Maria Sobieski was suggested as a suitable bride, and all her charms and attractions described in glowing colours.

The princess was the daughter of Prince James Sobieski, granddaughter of the famous King John Sobieski of Poland and cousin-german to the Queen of Spain and the Emperor of Germany. At the time of the proposed betrothal Princess Clementina was in her seventeenth year, and considered one of the richest heiresses in Europe. Elegant and graceful in person, and of a most amiable disposition, she possessed the proud Sobieski spirit; and although kind and considerate to those around her, could not readily forgive an insult or any want of respect to her rank and position.

In early childhood a strong element of the romantic in her nature had led her to take a strong interest in all stories of the exiled Stuarts, and she had been heard to say by her companions that when she grew up she would marry a Stuart prince and be Queen of England. This led to her being called in childish play "Queen of England," a title of which the little princess was always proud, never dreaming what fate had in store for her.

The paid spies of the English Government soon got wind of the proposed alliance and reported it to their employers, who, jealous of the immense prestige this union would confer upon the Jacobite party, and foreseeing the probability of future complications when Stuart heirs were born, took immediate steps to prevent the marriage by an appeal to the good offices of the Emperor of Germany, upon whom Princess Clementina's father was dependent, a favour which Lord Mahon says was unworthy of them to solicit, and base of him to grant. This was a politic move, as owing to the valuable support given to the emperor by the Hanoverian Government in his claim upon Sicily, he was obliged to

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treat the appeal with consideration, and promise to use his influence in the required direction.

During the summer of 1718 Princess Clementina, with her father's consent, set out for Italy to meet her future husband, travelling with her mother as secretly as their rank would permit; but in spite of every precaution the Government spies were fully aware of all that was taking place, Prince Sobieski was arrested and imprisoned, and his wife and daughter, having reached the Tyrol without molestation, were seized at Innspruck and conveyed to a convent, where the unfortunate princess was placed under the strictest surveillance, a guard even being posted in the antechamber of her room.

PRINCESS CLEMENTINA SOBIESKI, QUEEN OF JAMES III. AND VIII.

From engraving by DUPUIS *after a picture by* TRINISANI

King James heard the news of the princess's abduction with feelings of the deepest anger and resentment. Dispossessed of his kingdom by a cruel fate, he was now to lose his bride by the machinations of his rival. This last injury bestirred him to prompt action, and without loss of time he confided the matter to Major Gaidon, an officer in the French service; Charles Wogan, an Irish gentleman who had fought at Preston in 1715; and a Mr. and Mrs. Misset, who also hailed from the shores of Erin. The gallant major and Wogan at once undertook the chivalric mission of releasing the princess from durance vile, and set out for Innspruck accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Misset and a large retinue of servants, in order to sustain the appearance of persons of quality and importance. By a prearranged plan the carriage in which they were travelling broke down at the gates of the town, and an excuse was thus conveniently afforded for remaining. The next step was to notify their arrival to the princess, and suggest means for her escape.

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By the aid of a friendly nun communications were established, and a letter conveyed to the princess containing full instructions and fixing a day and hour for her escape. When the appointed time arrived Mrs. Misset's maid, who somewhat resembled the captive lady in appearance and figure, was secretly introduced into Clementina's apartment, where she changed clothes with the princess and took her place in bed, whilst Clementina, boldly passing the guards, joined Misset, who was waiting near the convent gates, and was conducted by him through the dirty streets, covered with slush and snow, to his hotel, where the other confederates were waiting with a carriage to receive her. The poor princess in her hurried flight through the dark town had the misfortune to lose one of her shoes in a puddle of water, and as there was no time to provide a pair of dry hose, she had to start on her journey cold, wet, and shoeless; a bad omen, had she but known it, of what was to come after.

So, without further adventure, Princess Clementina reached Bologna in safety, and was received by James Murray, Lord Dunbar, who had been commissioned by King James to act as his proxy at the marriage, which was performed with great pomp and ceremony within a few days after the princess's arrival. Shortly after the marriage the queen, as she now was, set out for Rome, and upon her arrival in the Eternal City was received by Lady Mar and a great concourse of Jacobites and well-wishers, who welcomed her with shouts of joyful acclamation as the possible saviour of their cause. The entry into Rome was a triumphal procession; cardinals, princes, and nobles appeared in their gorgeous state apparel, and sent their magnificent equipages to follow the royal carriage in its progress through the streets. Everywhere the greatest marks of loyalty and respect were shown to the youthful queen, whose coming was hailed with enthusiasm by all adherents of the old dynasty. The king, who at the time of the princess's escape was engaged in some political intrigue in Spain, received the news with satisfaction, and, delighted at having both outwitted the Elector's Government and regained his bride at one and the same time, hastened to Rome to consummate the marriage and receive the congratulations of his friends.

The hopes of the Jacobites were fully realised when, on December 31, 1720 (N.S.[1]), the queen presented her husband with a son and heir to his crown and kingdom. To provide against any repetition of those scandalous and lying stories of illegitimacy which had been spread abroad by the Whig party at the time of his own birth, James had invited representatives of the European Governments to be present at the queen's confinement. Thus, amid the subdued expressions of satisfaction and congratulation

[1] December 20th, O.S.

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which fell from the lips of the cardinals, ministers of state, and noble ladies who thronged the queen's chamber, Prince Charles was ushered into the world, and held his first levée with all the regal ceremonial due to his position as heir to the throne of Britain; whilst outside crowds of Jacobite sympathisers, who could not restrain their feelings of joy at the happy event, excitedly discussed the matter among themselves, and shouted huzzas until they were hoarse. Guns thundered from the citadel of St. Angelo, bells rang in hundreds of towers and steeples, splendid carriages, with richly caparisoned horses, came and went, all was excitement and bustle. Later in the day his holiness the Pope came over from the Vatican, where he had been offering prayers for the safe delivery of the queen, and bestowed his blessing upon the baby Prince. Presents and congratulations came pouring in from all quarters; splendid gifts of money were brought by representatives of the King of Spain and the Sacred College; the Pope himself provided the costly layette which he had previously consecrated, and, that a suitable residence should not be wanting, munificently granted the fine Palazzo Santi Apostoli, and sufficient money for its complete furnishing, to the Prince's parents.

Under such auspicious circumstances the future hope of the Jacobites entered upon his career; a career so strange, so romantic, so full of extraordinary incident, so pitiful in its sad ending, that even now in this unsentimental age, when more than a century has passed since the mortal part of Prince Charles was laid to rest in the city in which he first saw the light of day, we feel the blood stir in our veins at the mention of his name, and whatever our nationality, English or Scottish, Highland or Lowland, we are unable to resist the attraction a recountal of his adventures produces in our minds, or the glamour which surrounds his personality.

The baptism of the Prince, at which he received the name of Charles Edward Louis Philip Casimir, was performed with all the impressive ritual of the Roman Church, and the same gorgeous accessories of royalty environed him as at his birth. Cradled in luxury from the moment he first drew breath, petted and made much of by men of the highest rank, worshipped by the many noble and beautiful women who dwelt in Rome at this period, and flattered by sycophants and courtiers who had their own ends in view, Charles found the world a pleasant place enough. According to the report of Hanoverian eavesdroppers and back-stair gossipers the infant Prince was delicate, deformed, and of so weak a constitution that his death was confidently expected. Probably the wish was father to the thought, or they may have anticipated that a larger

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reward would be granted for such satisfactory intelligence. These Government spies, of whom George Walton was at this time the most prominent, insinuated themselves everywhere, bribing servants, tampering with letters and documents, and even penetrating in disguise to the private apartments of the king and queen. When they could not produce real evidence they manufactured it, and set afloat the most impossible and mendacious stories, which had for their sole object the defamation of the Stuarts and their friends. Not content with foretelling the early decease of the royal baby, a statement was made by Walton in a letter to the English Secretary of State, to the effect that he had been informed by many ladies, "*connoisseuses dans le métier de faire les enfants*," that the Princess Sobieski, judging from the then state of her health, would have no more children. Time, however, proved that either "*les dames connoisseuses*" were not infallible in their prognostications, or that the ingenious Walton had drawn upon his fertile imagination to concoct a plausible *canard* which he knew would be pleasing to the Whigs.

The truth is that Prince Charles was neither sickly nor deformed, but, as the Marquis of Blandford (a quite impartial witness) describes him when but a few weeks old, "a fine, promising child." Later he developed into a handsome lad, with noble brow, finely chiselled nose, expressive eyes of dark brown, and hair of auburn tint inclining to gold. His figure was slim, but shapely and well built; his disposition inclined to mirthfulness, and in boyhood and early manhood his amiableness of character caused him to be beloved by all with whom he came in contact. Occasionally, like most children, he was rebellious, and instances are recorded by his biographers of serious outbreaks of temper, in which he even threatened to kill those who opposed him. These accounts are, however, nearly all based upon the stories of prejudiced writers, Walton among others, whose mission it was to distort everything connected with the Stuart royal family.

The Scottish and English Jacobites hailed the birth of a son to their king with every manifestation of delight; bells were rung in many of the churches, bonfires were lit in the public streets, and itinerant ballad-singers shouted doggerel verses announcing the happy event. In spite of the severity of the Government to those bolder spirits among James's adherents in London and elsewhere, whose zeal and loyalty had outrun their wisdom, the flame of Jacobite "sedition," as the Whigs were pleased to call it, burned bravely. The outspoken Dr. Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, who upon the death of Queen Anne had wanted to proclaim James III., had long been under a cloud of

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suspicion, and his arrest was daily anticipated. He was a staunch supporter of the Stuart dynasty, and kept his royal master informed of all that was going on in England by a lengthy correspondence, which nearly lost him his head. Writing at the time of James's marriage with Princess Sobieski, he says, "'Tis the most acceptable news that can reach the ears of a *good* Englishman. May it be followed every day by such other accounts as may convince the world that Heaven has at last undertaken your cause, and is resolved to put an end to your sufferings!" Again in April 1721 he wrote: "Sir, the time is now come when, with a very little assistance from your friends abroad, your way to your friends at home is become safe and easy." James, however, did not think the moment auspicious for another visit to his "friends at home," and his "friends abroad" had not shown any marked eagerness to offer that "little assistance," without which nothing could be done. The Whigs undoubtedly suspected some important *coup* at this time, and the air was filled with rumours of Jacobite risings and plots to seize the Elector. Information of a serious nature was given by the Duc d'Orleans, Regent of France; and a letter of the Earl of Mar, which he had unwisely sent through the ordinary post, was opened by the authorities, and is said to have confirmed the worst suspicions. Many arrests followed this disclosure, and the Duke of Norfolk, the Earl of Orrery, Lords North and Grey, with the Rev. George Kelly, Bishop Atterbury's secretary, were sent to the Tower as suspects. A great military camp was pitched in Hyde Park for the protection of the metropolis, greatly to the satisfaction of the Cockney sightseers, who flocked in thousands to hear the regimental bands and watch the powdered, periwigged dandies of the Horse Guards swagger about in full uniform among the crowd of gaily-dressed damsels, who had also been attracted thither by curiosity and admiration for the red-coated heroes. Occasionally little George, his fat German face beaming with pleasure, would pay the camp a visit, and attended by Sir Robert Walpole the Prime Minister, and a great following of noblemen and Whig members of Parliament, would review the soldiers, and address a few words of approbation to the officers in broken English, after which he would depart amid the shouts of the populace and leave the soldiers to enjoy themselves with their fair admirers. On August 24, 1722, Bishop Atterbury was arrested at the Deanery of Westminster, and followed his secretary to the Tower, whilst a search was being made at the Episcopal palace in Kent for papers and documents upon which a charge of treason could be founded. Later in the same year Christopher Layer, the daring Jacobite barrister who had been concerned in a bold, but foolhardy plot to

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remove at one blow the Elector and his family, was betrayed by his mistress, and went to swell the gradually increasing number of unfortunates in the Tower dungeons. Layer after a lengthy trial was condemned to death and was hanged at Tyburn on May 17, 1723, his head afterwards being exposed on Temple Bar. Dr. Atterbury, more fortunate, escaped with a sentence of perpetual banishment, and, quitting his prison on June 18, 1723, went on board an eight-oared navy barge moored off the Tower which conveyed him down the river Thames to the *Aldborough* man-of-war. During his progress to the ship he received a tremendous ovation, for hundreds of boats, filled with friends and sympathisers, covered the river and accompanied the barge to Long Reach, where the *Aldborough* lay ready to sail. Loud cheers were raised as the bishop went on board, and were continued until the vessel was out of sight. By a strange coincidence, Atterbury upon landing at Calais met Henry St. John, Viscount Bolingbroke, the famous minister, who having been attainted in 1715 fled to France, and had been acting as Secretary to King James, until a serious quarrel, fomented by the Earl of Mar, caused him to throw over his allegiance to the Stuarts, and seek a reconciliation with the Elector. At first his overtures were indignantly rejected, but a timely bribe of £11,000 to Fraulein Schulenberg ("Duchess of Kendal"), one of George's German mistresses, secured both a free pardon and the restoration of his family estates. Bolingbroke was about to embark for England when the newly exiled prelate saw and recognised him, and as they departed on their respective ways Atterbury wittily remarked, with perhaps a touch of quiet sarcasm in his tone, "We are exchanged." The bishop proceeded to Brussels, and after a brief sojourn there finally settled in Paris.

A harder fate befell Atterbury's *fidus achates*, George Kelly. Charged like his master with high treason, and confronted with a host of perjured witnesses and lying accusations, he only escaped the gallows by a miracle, and received a sentence of imprisonment for life and forfeiture of all property. For fourteen miserable years Kelly endured his punishment, and then managing to elude the vigilance of his gaolers, turned his steps to France, where we shall hear of him later.

Whilst these events were proceeding, Prince Charles emerged from the nursery and began to make his first appearances in public, greatly to the delight of the exiled Jacobites at his father's court, who saw in the handsome smiling boy their deliverer from Hanoverian tyranny, and future king. There was an independent fearless spirit manifested by the little Prince even during his earliest years which no amount of persuasion or threats of punishment could subdue. His first visit to the Pope at the

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age of three and a half was marked by an incident which, trifling in itself, is worth recording as throwing some light upon Charles's disposition at this stage of his existence. It occurred in the gardens of the Vatican, whither the Prince had been taken by his parents to be presented to the Holy Father and receive his blessing. The king and queen approached the pontiff with the customary obeisances of homage, but to their surprise and annoyance nothing would induce their infant son to do the same. The little fellow stood up boldly in front of the kneeling spectators and refused in spite of all remonstrances to bow the knee. We are not told whether he received a whipping for his obstinacy.

On March 6, 1725, the Queen gave the lie to Walton's absurd assertion by giving birth to another son. A messenger was immediately despatched to the Pope with news of the event, and although engaged at his private devotions, his Holiness hastened to congratulate the royal pair, and perform in person the rite of baptism. A long string of twelve names commencing with Henry Benedict were bestowed upon the prince, as all unconscious of the ceremony he lay in the arms of the pontiff. The tidings that another Stuart prince had been born spread abroad rapidly, and the delight of the Jacobites was unbounded; they saw in imagination a Stuart king once again on the throne of Britain, and themselves holding high positions of state with princely salaries, whilst their enemies the Whigs, humbled and repentant, craved for pardon at their feet. Sanguine visions doubtless, but nevertheless generally indulged in by the more enthusiastic spirits among the exiles who followed the fortunes of King James, and longed for the time to come when the British people now groping in Hanoverian darkness should see the error of their ways and recall with unanimous voice their legitimate sovereign. The time was, however, not yet ripe for such a revulsion of feeling on the part of King James's subjects across the water. Their Teutonic idol was still firmly fixed upon his pedestal, still worshipped as the champion of Protestantism by adoring crowds of infatuated Englishmen and renegade Scotsmen, who kissed the fetters that chained them and forgot all feelings of patriotism and loyalty in their mad fear of a Catholic bogey which had no real existence save in their distorted imaginations. It is true that James himself professed that faith, but no one knew better than he the utter futility of attempting to force upon the British people a creed which the large majority abhorred. His father's fate had taught him this lesson at least, and he had always shown himself ready to sacrifice his own feelings and religious sentiments when the wishes of his subjects demanded that he should do so. Even in Rome, and within hail of the Vatican, he had

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provided for the spiritual wants of his Protestant followers by having the Anglican service performed every Sunday by Dr. Berkeley, and prayers were read as orderly there as in London. He even carried this spirit of toleration still farther by surrounding his children with Protestant atten-

THE PALAZZO SANTI APOSTOLI AT ROME (NOW CALLED THE PALAZZO MUTI-PAPAZURRI) IN WHICH THE PRINCE WAS BORN AND DIED

dants, in order that their sympathies with that form of religion might be awakened at an early age.

The question of Prince Charles's education had now to be seriously considered with a due regard to the important position it was hoped he would one day be called upon to fill. Up to the time of his brother's birth Charles had been under the petticoat government of Mrs. Sheldon, a lady devoted to the interests of the Earl of Mar—interests which in 1725 were strongly suspected of being inimical to those of James. It therefore became necessary to discharge Mrs. Sheldon, and provide another guardian

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for the Prince. The king's choice fell upon James Murray, whom he had recently created Earl of Dunbar. Murray was the son of Lord Stormont, Baron of Balvaird, the hereditary keeper of the palace of Scone, and brother of William Murray, Earl of Mansfield. He was a staunch Protestant, and on this account was regarded with extreme suspicion and

KING JAMES III. AND VIII. (THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGE)

From the painting by MENGS *in the National Portrait Gallery*

dislike by the queen, who, sincere and earnest Catholic as she was, looked with the strongest disfavour upon her husband's scheme of a Protestant education for her eldest son. There were other reasons for this aversion which perhaps carried even greater weight in the queen's mind than her religious convictions. These reasons it will be necessary to explain.

Among the many exiled noblemen, gentlemen, and adventurers who followed the fortunes of King James at his court in Rome, there were two who obtained the greatest influence over that unfortunate monarch,

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and if the accounts of contemporary writers may be credited, the influence they exerted was altogether pernicious and bad. Of these favourites the first in the king's esteem was Colonel John Hay, a brother of Lord Kinnoul, described by Lockhart of Carnwath as "a cunning, false, avaricious creature, of very ordinary parts, cultivated by no sort of literature, and altogether void of experience in business, with insolence prevailing often over his little stock of prudence."

Mar was in disgrace. Dr. Atterbury and Hay had charged him with having sold the secrets of his master to the British Government, and the Earl being unable to clear himself had been dismissed from office and was now living in retirement; the king made a confidant of Hay, created him Earl of Inverness, and appointed him his Secretary of State. The second favourite was James Murray, Earl of Dunbar, to whom James had given the guardianship of Prince Charles. In the background there was yet another personage who exercised an even more malignant sway over the king than either Hay or Murray; this was Hay's wife, the Countess of Inverness, a sister of Murray, an ambitious scheming woman who aimed at a complete ascendancy over James, and was not ashamed to be called, whether truthfully or not, his mistress. The repugnance of the queen to entrust the education of her son to the brother of such a woman is easily understood, apart altogether from religious grounds. The mere suggestion of such a thing was an insult to her honour, and with all the fiery blood of the Sobieskis coursing through her veins, she resolved, even at the cost of offending her husband, to demand the immediate dismissal of Hay and his wife, and the withdrawal of Prince Charles from the governorship of Murray. A stormy interview followed this determination, at which the indignant queen reproached her royal spouse for his conduct, openly accused him of unfaithfulness, and threatened that unless he at once carried out her wishes she would leave him. James was far too much infatuated with his favourites to give serious attention to his wife's demand, and regarded her threat to quit the palace merely as the thoughtless menace of an hysterical woman. He heard her through with a studied nonchalance that only added fuel to the fire which was burning in her breast, but would make neither admissions nor promises; until finding that remonstrances and threats were both unavailing, the queen withdrew from the room and sought the seclusion of her own chamber to make arrangements for her departure. Whether James was guilty of infidelity to his wife at this period it is not possible to say; he certainly did not admit his guilt, but on the other hand he never tacitly denied it. If he was innocent he acted most unwisely, and without any regard to his wife's feelings or his

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own peace of mind. The queen finding her husband deaf to all entreaties carried her threat into execution, and on November 15, 1725, left Rome and took up her residence in the Convent of St. Cecilia, in Transtevere, from whence she despatched letters to the king, the Pope, and Cardinal Gualteri, explaining the reasons of the step she had taken, and reasserting her fixed determination never to resume conjugal relations whilst the Hays remained in power. James saw at once the injury his cause would sustain by this unlooked-for catastrophe, and lost no time in attempting a public justification of his conduct. Calling his household together on the morning following his wife's departure, he assured them that he had endeavoured by every means in his power to prevent an open rupture with the queen, but he could not brook any interference with his plans for the education of his sons, which he had resolved should be in accordance with the wishes of the people they might one day be called upon to govern. Satisfactory as this explanation may have been to the king's friends, many of whom were Protestants, who saw in the queen's behaviour merely a protest against the creed that the Prince's newly appointed guardian professed, it was far from being so to the Pope and his Cardinals. They refused altogether to believe in James's innocence, and would not tolerate for a moment the idea of a Protestant scheme of education for Prince Charles or his infant brother. Strong representations were made to the king on the folly of his conduct, by his Holiness and Cardinal Alberoni, and his relations with the Countess of Inverness referred to in no measured terms. James, irritated beyond measure by what he perhaps rightly considered an unwarrantable interference with his private affairs, lost his temper, and replied that he could not believe such messages were intended for him, and had he thought so, the messenger would have run the risk of descending by the window instead of the staircase ("*autrement le porteur du tel compliment nait risque de descendre par la fenêtre au lieu de l'escalier*").

On the point of Charles's religious instruction the king expressed his willingness to yield, but he would not agree to dismiss Murray, or sever his connection with the Hays; reconciliation between husband and wife seemed further off than ever, the little rift within the lute had widened until all music ceased, and sounds of matrimonial strife were alone to be heard. The Jacobites, both in Scotland and England, were deeply concerned at the news that reached them from Rome, and strong protests were made to James, in which the bad consequences of this open rupture with the queen were put before him in the clearest light. Lockhart of Carnwath, one of the most reliable chroniclers of this period, in a powerful letter written to the king, in which he urges the necessity of a speedy

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reconciliation, says, "they (the 'trustees,' James's friends) apprehend it is the *severest stroke your affairs have got these many years*, and will be such an impediment to them, that they have much reason to think no circumstance of time, no situation of the affairs of Europe, can make amends." Strong, but by no means exaggerated language, and had it not been for that Stuart obstinacy which was the curse of his race, James would have doubtless listened to Lockhart's advice and wisely acceded to his wife's demands. But he *was* a Stuart, a true descendant of that kingly family, possessing to the full the dour, stubborn spirit of his ancestors, and neither the threats of the Pope, the protests of the Spanish and Hungarian ministers, nor the warnings of friends produced any effect.

Such a state of affairs could not go on; the whole powerful hierarchy of Rome was ranged against him; kings and princes gave practical proofs of their indignation by withdrawing their promises of assistance to his political undertakings, and the Queen of Spain, hearing that James had declared his intention of visiting her kingdom, gave him to understand that unless he brought his wife with him, he would not be allowed to come. Still the king would not give way, or admit that his position was untenable; he treated all protests with careless indifference, and prepared to leave Rome for Bologna until the storm should abate somewhat. Here again his intentions were partially frustrated, for intelligence of this premeditated movement reaching the Pope, he sent three of his Cardinals to inform James that he could not sanction a prolonged residence in Bologna under the existing circumstances, as he assumed the object of such a change of abode was to annoy the queen, and prevent his supervision of the young Prince's education. Under no conditions whatever, the Cardinals repeated, would His Holiness imperil the immortal salvation of the princes by consenting, even for political motives, to allow them to be brought up as Protestants; and added, that until a reconciliation was effected with the queen no audience would be granted. The king listened with apparent calmness to their long harangue, but would not commit himself by any verbal reply. Shortly afterwards he paid a visit to the Convent of St. Cecilia, and had a long interview with his wife, at which he agreed to her request as far as Murray was concerned, but declared his fixed resolve to retain the Hays. The Queen, on her part, was equally determined that they should go, and so nothing came of the meeting. James, in high dudgeon, departed to Bologna, and scandal was again busy with his name and that of the Countess of Inverness, who with her husband had accompanied him thither.

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The king may have fondly imagined that once out of Rome the Pope would allow him to live in peace and quietness with his favourites; if he thought so he soon found himself grievously mistaken. The arm of the supreme Pontiff of the Roman Church was a long one and reached much farther than Bologna, and it was no part of his Holiness's intention to allow James to enjoy himself whilst living in open disregard of his express wishes. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately for James, the Holy Father controlled the principal source of his supplies, and up to this time had provided for his wants with a generous munificence; the Pope's powerful hand held the purse-strings, and with paternal solicitude for the spiritual welfare of his erring son, he now withheld the means which alone could enable James to maintain his royal position or carry on his political intrigues. Against this unexpected and practical form of argument the king's obstinacy had to yield; another interview with the queen took place, at which all her requests were granted, and in the month of July 1727, Clementina left the convent and set out to rejoin her husband at Bologna.

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CHAPTER II

"Perfidious Britain plunged in guilt,
Rebellious sons of loyal race,
How long! how long! will ye insult
Your banished monarch suing peace?
What floods of native blood are spilt!
What sewers of treason drain our land!
How many scourges have we felt
In the late aspiring tyrant's hand!"

WHILST the Queen was posting along the road to Bologna, she received intelligence that the Elector of Hanover had died at Osnaburg on June 10, and that her husband, instead of awaiting her arrival, had departed hurriedly for Lorraine immediately upon hearing of his rival's decease.

The information was correct on both points. George the First, who left the England he detested for his beloved Hanover on June 3, 1727, died a week later from the effects of a surfeit of cold melon which he had foolishly eaten after a heavy supper whilst on his road thither. On the 14th, Sir Robert Walpole, all booted and spurred and covered with dust after his ride from London, forced his way into the room of the titular Prince of Wales at Richmond Lodge and announced the event to its half-awakened occupant. Walpole was by no means a *persona grata* to the Elector's son, and his reception on this occasion was certainly not encouraging, nor did it augur well for his future relationship with his new master, George the Second. Sitting up on the bed and glaring at Walpole with a ferocious expression in his sleepy eyes, the newly-made monarch of Britain shouted with characteristic Hanoverian coarseness, "Dat is von big lie!" and so commenced his reign of thirty-three years.

James, who did not allow any remaining affection he may have had for his wife to stand in the way of his ambition, left her to shift for herself in Italy, whilst he took up his residence at Nancy and recommenced with renewed vigour those political intrigues which the death of George I.

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rendered necessary. His first step was to despatch messengers to the courts of Madrid, Paris, and Vienna, with letters announcing his change of residence, and suggesting that the moment was now opportune for another attempt to recover the throne of Britain by a descent upon the Highlands of Scotland, where he understood the clans were in readiness to assist him. He next wrote a long letter to Lockhart of Carnwath, who was living in Liege, whither he had fled to escape the warrant issued by the English Government for his apprehension. This mission the king entrusted to Alan Cameron, third son of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel, the famous chief of the powerful Clan Cameron whose loyalty to the Stuarts had never wavered. Sir Ewen died in 1719, and of his three sons, John, the eldest, and consequently chief of the clan, and Alan, had after Sheriffmuir followed James into exile, and the two brothers were now high in their sovereign's estimation and confidence. Ludovick, the youngest, remained in Lochaber at his estate of Torcastle, and watched over the interests of John's eldest son Donald, better known as "Young" Lochiel, who, owing to his father's enforced absence, was *de facto* chief. Both the king and Alan Cameron were in constant communication with "Young" Lochiel, James usually addressing him as "Mr. Johnstone Junior" as a precaution in case any letters should fall into the hands of the Government. In the letter to Lockhart of which Alan was the bearer, the king entered into a full explanation of his position, the improbability of his obtaining any assistance from the European Powers, the depleted state of his Exchequer, and the impossibility of establishing a concert

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, 1ST EARL OF ORFORD, K.G.
Painted in 1740 *by* VAN LOO (*National Portrait Gallery*)

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of his friends at home; and yet he adds, in spite of these difficulties, which would have deterred many a bolder man, "it must be concluded that if the present conjuncture is slipped, it cannot be expected that we can ever have so favourable a one for acting by ourselves, and that we run the risk of allowing the general affairs of Europe to be less favourable to us than they are at present; so that whatever is not absolutely desperate, ought certainly to be undertaken, and the sooner the better." Here was no evidence of cowardice or faint-heartedness, but rather an indication that underlying the habitual calm apathetic demeanour of the king there lay the fearless spirit of his royal ancestors, only awaiting an opportunity to assert itself. No one but a brave man could have dreamt of attempting so quixotic an undertaking. The prudent Lockhart, however, had no intention of encouraging such a rash enterprise, and blamed Cameron for advising it, knowing, as he must have done, that the chances of a successful rising of Highlanders was at that time quite out of the question. He at once penned an eminently sensible and practical reply, couched in the most respectful terms, but strongly dissuading James from making the movement he suggested, pointing out the almost insuperable obstacles that would have to be overcome, and advising patience and caution. The king, fortunately for himself and his party, was convinced by Lockhart's arguments that the time was not ripe for action, and decided to wait a more favourable opportunity before making any further diversion. Forced to leave Lorraine by order of the French Government, who had received a hint from the court of St. James's, the king settled for a time at Avignon, and finally returned to Rome, where his wife was waiting to receive him. Domestic peace being at least outwardly restored, the royal pair were able to turn their attention to the training of the young princes and personally supervise their education. After the dismissal of Murray the queen had taken this task upon herself, and imparted to her sons such knowledge as she possessed, but the state of her health and the necessity of allowing Prince Charles, who was now over seven years of age, a wider range of studies than she could bestow, rendered the appointment of more learned preceptors desirable. Many worthy gentlemen are mentioned by the Prince's biographers as having had a share in his early training, the best known being the Chevalier Ramsay, and Thomas Sheridan (afterwards Sir Thomas), an Irishman of strong Jacobite sympathies, who obtained a powerful influence over his pupil and gave many practical proofs of his loyalty during the campaign of 1745-6. Murray, Earl of Dunbar, notwithstanding his formal removal from his post of guardian to the Prince, still remained in

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the king's household, and continued to exercise his authority in so objectionable a manner that his presence became obnoxious not only to the queen, but to Prince Charles himself, who quarrelled with him, and openly expressed his dislike in the strongest language, even, so Walton states, going the length of threatening the earl with personal assault. Walton was of course delighted with this ebullition of temper, and made haste to convey an exaggerated account of it to his friends, describing what was probably a mere outbreak of childish passion at some unmerited punishment as "*la vivacité brutale du jeune homme*." Apart from Walton's prejudiced letters there is absolutely no evidence that Prince Charles at this period of his career betrayed any signs of a brutal or cruel temperament; on the contrary, everything that we can learn of his early years goes to prove the exact opposite. The Duc de Liria, son of the famous Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France, who had every opportunity of observing the gradual development of the young Prince's character, writes in the year 1727 that "the Prince of Wales was now six and a half, and besides his great beauty, was remarkable for dexterity, grace, and almost supernatural cleverness. Not only could he read fluently, but he knew the doctrines of the Christian faith as well as the master who had taught him. He could ride, could fire a gun, and more surprising still, I have seen him take a cross-bow and kill birds on the roof, and split a rolling ball with a shaft ten times in succession. He speaks English, French, and Italian perfectly, and altogether he is the most ideal Prince I have ever met in the course of my life." This opinion was shared by nearly all with whom Charles came in contact. His charming manners and lovable disposition endeared him to every one save those whose interest it was to blacken and distort his character, even in childhood. In addition to the accomplishments referred to by the Duc de Liria, Prince Charles gave evidence of an early taste for music, and afterwards became an accomplished musician. Of the fine arts he was also highly appreciative, and his conversational powers were remarkable in one so young. Altogether his secular education was, on the whole, satisfactory, and although he may not have been a prodigy of learning, he was certainly a clever and accomplished lad whose attainments were rather above than below the average. Doubtless the atmosphere of court intrigue by which he was surrounded was not the most wholesome for a growing lad to breathe, nor were the flatteries of his father's Jacobite followers the most suitable food for an unformed mind. His religious training, too, was altogether unsuitable for one whose possible destiny it was to rule a Protestant nation. The influence of Rome environed him from his birth; both parents professed the

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Catholic faith, and he had been received into the Roman Church at baptism by the Pope himself; and although the king had provided a Protestant guardian in the person of Murray, the queen's determined opposition both to Murray and the creed he professed removed her son's last link with Protestantism. In spite of these circumstances Prince Charles was by no means an enthusiastic or blind follower of his mother's faith. He had thoroughly mastered the history of the last half-century, and fully understood that it was the Catholic religion which was the almost insurmountable obstacle that barred his father's way to the throne of Protestant Britain, and would in the future prevent his own succession. "I snap my fingers at the priests," he is reported to have said, "the monks are great rogues, the mass has cost my grandfather three kingdoms." Boy though he was when he thus expressed himself, we may take it that these sentiments clearly indicate the bent of his thoughts on the question of religion, and show an early leaning to the Protestant faith, which he is said to have ultimately embraced. They certainly were not the sentiments of a bigoted Catholic, and we can quite understand the queen's horror when she heard that such heretical expressions had fallen from her son's lips. She probably attributed them to Murray's influence, a surmise which was possibly correct, for Murray undoubtedly used his best endeavours to wean Charles from his mother's religion, not always, it is to be feared, from the purest motives. Whatever the cause, Prince Charles was far from being as sincere a Catholic as either his mother or her ecclesiastical friends could wish; and the Pope, to whom the incident had been reported, requested the culprit's immediate attendance at the Vatican, in order that he might satisfy himself as to the actual amount of spiritual injury his protégé had sustained. Before the Pontiff Charles acquitted himself admirably, at least from his Holiness' point of view, answering every question put to him, reciting accurately the articles of the Catholic faith, and evincing an intelligent knowledge on many points of dogma and doctrine. So pleased was the Pope with the Prince's behaviour that he received him high into favour, and bestowed upon him many marks of his regard and approbation. A more practical result of this interview was that a special writ was issued by the Papal Court authorising Prince Charles to hold benefices of all kinds, an important privilege which conferred upon him a valuable source of income.

It is much to be regretted that the scheme of education provided for the heir to the British throne did not include sounder instruction on the important subject of constitutional government as accepted by the people he expected one day to rule. Too much stress was laid upon

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that great stumbling-block of the Stuarts, the hereditary divine right and its attendant prerogatives, and too little upon the altered condition of affairs which had led the British people to prefer a boorish German ruler to their own legitimate but papistical sovereign. Had Charles been taught to thoroughly understand the real feelings with which his family were regarded by the great mass of the English and a large section of the Scottish race, and given more opportunities of acquiring a fuller knowledge of their peculiar institutions and national prejudices, it would have been far better for his chances of ultimate success ; instead, he was surrounded with foreign influences often inimical to those of the country he hoped to govern, and by well-meaning but foolish courtiers who, in their loyalty and zeal for his father's House, kept him in ignorance of the actual state of public opinion in Britain, showing him only the bright side of the shield, and implanting in his young mind altogether exaggerated ideas of his own position and importance. It is much to the credit of Prince Charles that, in spite of this mistaken system of training, he still retained those amiable traits of disposition which had always distinguished him ; and as he increased in years and stature his fascination of manner became even more marked, so much so, indeed, that few who came under his influence could withstand its powerful attraction. In all manly sports the young Prince took a keen delight, and was never happier than when following the chase, or shooting

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART AS A CHILD

From the painting by LARGILLIERE *in the National Portrait Gallery*

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the wild fowl that abounded on the Roman Campagna. To these healthful exercises must be attributed the sound constitution Charles enjoyed, and also those powers of physical endurance under the most trying circumstances which were so noticeable during his wanderings in the Scottish Highlands after Culloden.

At the age of fourteen Prince Charles, burning with a desire to take part in the military operations which were being carried on by Spain against the Emperor of Germany, Charles VI. and his Austrian allies, was permitted by his father to place himself under the direction of the Duc de Liria and proceed to the siege of Gaëta, where the Spanish prince Don Carlos was holding the Austrians in check. On July 27, 1734, Charles set out upon his first campaign, accompanied by a retinue of nine persons, including his old guardian Murray, Earl of Dunbar, who had been deputed by King James to keep a careful eye on his impetuous son. He was in the highest spirits; the Pope had given him his blessing, and, what was perhaps more to the purpose, had bestowed upon him a gift of two thousand pistoles; prayers were being offered up in the churches and convents for the success of his arms, and every one united in wishing him God speed and a safe return.

Don Carlos received his youthful ally with every mark of respect, and at once conferred upon him a high military appointment suitable to his rank. Charles was now in his element; the novelty and bustle of camp life delighted him; he mingled with the soldiers and spoke kindly words to them in the language they best understood—French to the Walloons, Spanish to the Spaniards, and Italian to the Italians. In a short time he was the hero of the camp, and wherever he went the soldiers crowded round him, and even quarrelled as to who should have the honour of speaking to him. His quick intelligence soon enabled him to acquire a complete mastery over the details of his new profession, and gained for him the admiration and regard of the old campaigners who discovered in Charles a prince after their own hearts, a worthy descendant of a race of kings.

Quite indifferent to personal danger, he showed no concern whilst working in the trenches under a hot fire from the enemy, even when the balls were hissing past his ears. The Duc de Liria[1] confesses that Charles made him pass many uneasy moments during the siege, owing to his disregard of all precautions for his safety. On one occasion the duke had to hastily quit the house in which he was living, owing to the well-directed fire from the fortress; the Prince came up just as he

[1] The Duc de Liria was a son of James Fitzjames, Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France, natural son of James VII. and II.

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was leaving, and in spite of all remonstrances would persist in going into the house and staying there some time, although the walls had been pierced with balls in several places. "In a word," the duke remarks, "this prince discovers that in great princes whom nature has marked out for heroes, valour does not wait for number of years. I am now (Gaëta surrendered to Don Carlos on August 6th), blessed be God, rid of all my uneasiness, and joyfully indulge myself in the pleasure of seeing the prince adored by officers and soldiers. His manner and conversation are really bewitching, and you may lay your account that were it otherwise I would not have kept it a secret from you, . . . I wish to God that some of the greatest sticklers in England against the family of the Stuarts had been eye-witnesses of this prince's resolution during that siege, and I am firmly persuaded that they would soon change their way of thinking." A splendid testimony this to Charles's personal bravery and princely demeanour under circumstances that would have tried the courage of the most intrepid veteran.

Nor was the Duc de Liria alone in his praise of the soldier-like bearing and courage of the Prince of Wales; the contemporary records are full of letters corroborative of the duke's statements. One writer says, "Never was any prince endowed with so much vivacity, nor appeared more cheerful in all the attacks. If he had been master of his own inclinations he never would have quitted the trenches, and was overheard to say that the noise of the cannon was more pleasant music to him than that of the Opera at Rome." Even Walton the informer was fain to admit that Charles was neither a coward nor wanting in amiability and common sense, and he predicted that the English Government would find in him a far more dangerous enemy than his father had ever been. It is strange to learn that, with nearly every one bearing witness to his good qualities, Charles should have been regarded by one of his father's staunchest adherents with feelings of aversion. George Keith, the famous Earl Marischal, one of the most honourable and large-hearted of men, who had been *out* in 1715 and 1719, and was now sharing his monarch's exile, had never taken kindly to Charles, whom he seems to have considered as a wilful and disobedient boy; on the other hand he conceived a fond liking for the little Duke of York, who was an extremely pretty child, and even at two years old a prodigy of beauty and strength, and at nine was a loving little fellow whose military instincts were so keen that he wept bitter tears of disappointment when his brother Charles left Rome to

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take part in the siege of Gaëta. The Earl Marischal lived in Rome from 1730 to 1734, holding a diplomatic position from the court of Spain. He was highly esteemed by the Jacobite party as a strictly honest man in an age when honest men were rare, and the greatest reliance was placed upon his honour and veracity. To the earl himself the petty jealousies and continual bickerings of James's court were offensive, and his position there altogether uncongenial; so he shook the dust of the Eternal City from his feet, and departed to join his old friend the Earl of Ormonde at Avignon.

PRINCE HENRY, DUKE OF YORK, AS A CHILD

From the painting by LARGILLIERE *in the National Portrait Gallery*

Prince Charles, after his glorious but brief campaign, proceeded to Naples on a visit to Don Carlos, who treated him with the greatest kindness and hospitality, lavishing upon him the most costly gifts, and treating him in every way as a friend and equal. War was still proceeding, and Charles was invited to join the Spanish army in Sicily, but the Duke of Berwick[1] having resigned his commission, King James refused to allow his son and heir to risk his valuable life further, and recalled him to Rome in the month of September 1734.

A sad event happened in the first month of the following year. The queen, who had long been an invalid and suffered from periodical attacks of asthma, gradually grew worse, and her medical attendants despaired of

[1] The Duc de Liria had just succeeded to the title of his father the Duke of Berwick, who was killed by a cannon ball at the siege of Philipsburgh, June 12, 1734.

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her recovery. The knowledge that his wife was dying came as a severe shock to James: whatever his conduct to her may have been in the past, now that it was too late he began to appreciate her real worth and many noble qualities. She had always been a true wife, even when, with feelings outraged beyond endurance by the insults of the Hays and the indifference of her husband to her appeals for their dismissal, she had fled for protection to the convent of St. Cecilia. "Whatever happens," she wrote at the time to her sister, "I assure you that I should rather choose to be silent under censure, than to offer the least thing which may prejudice either the person or affairs of the king, for whom I always had, notwithstanding my unhappy situation, and for whom I shall retain, as long as I live, a sincere and respectful affection." A devout and consistent Catholic, taught from earliest childhood to regard all creeds outside her own as heretical and false, she could not consent to entertain any scheme for her children's education which would in her opinion imperil their immortal souls. To her, religion was the first consideration, by which all other questions must be tested, and dearly as she would have loved to see her elder son succeed to the British crown, nothing would persuade her to sanction the sacrifice of his faith even to attain that object. As her end approached, the two young princes were brought to her bedside and entreated with many tears and loving words to maintain without fear the Catholic faith, even if by so doing they lost those earthly kingdoms they coveted, "none of which," she said, "could ever be compared to the kingdom of heaven." Poor queen, her married life had been none of the brightest, and the regal diadem, which as a romantic little princess she had sighed for, proved but a crown of sorrow and suffering after all. She passed away on January 18, 1735, and the husband who had neglected her in life made a tardy atonement by months of unavailing grief, spent in melancholy devotions at the tomb which Pope Benedict XIV. had with generous munificence erected to her memory.

Prince Charles felt deeply the loss he had sustained by the death of so devoted a mother, and shared his royal father's grief with a dutiful respect for her memory. For two years he sought consolation and forgetfulness in the steady pursuit of those studies and accomplishments which had been interrupted by his expedition to Gaëta and Naples, and entered with renewed zest into the acquirement of the more advanced branches of learning. His attainments in the classical languages were considerable; he was a proficient scholar in history and philosophy, and had a decided penchant for archæology and a love for books and literature generally.

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Music was perhaps his favourite amusement, and one in which his brother Henry, Duke of York, took an equal delight. Charles played the violoncello with the skill of a professional musician, and once a week the two princes entertained Roman society by giving a select concert at which they both

PRINCE HENRY, DUKE OF YORK, AS A YOUTH

From the painting by BLANCHET

performed. These *réunions* were attended by many distinguished men and women, who openly expressed their admiration of the Prince of Wales' many charming qualities and personal attractions. De Brosses, President of the Parliament of Dijon, arriving late at one of these concerts,

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found the *Notte di natale* of Corelli proceeding, and audibly observed to his friends that he regretted not having heard its commencement. Prince Charles overheard the remark, and as soon as the performance was concluded and the musicians preparing for another piece, exclaimed, "Stop!

PRINCE CHARLES AS A YOUTH

From the painting by BLANCHET

I have just heard that Monsieur de Brosses wishes to hear the last composition complete." The piece was then repeated by the Prince's desire. De Brosses, who had many opportunities of gathering information respecting the royal brothers, often refers to them in his interesting letters. "I hear," he writes when Charles was about twenty, "from those who

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know them both thoroughly, that the eldest has far higher worth, and is much more beloved by his friends ; that he has a kind heart and a high courage ; that he feels warmly for his family's misfortunes, and that if some day he does not retrieve them, it will not be for want of intrepidity." Of Charles's intellectual gifts De Brosses does not speak very highly, considering him as less cultivated than princes should be at his age. The President must have either been mistaken in his estimate of Charles's scholarship, or his idea of a prince's education based upon too high a standard. A young man, even though a king's son, who could converse—as the Jesuit Cordara states—freely in Italian, Latin, English, and French, and whose acquaintance with ancient and modern history was likewise extensive, would even in this enlightened age be considered something of a scholar. What Charles required was not so much the learning that could be derived from musty tomes, but a fuller and more complete knowledge of the great world outside his father's little court ; a truer insight into human nature ; a wider scope for the healthy growth of those manly qualities which were beginning to spring up in his breast, urging him continually to emulate the great and glorious deeds of his ancestor Robert the Bruce, by freeing his country from the Hanoverian thraldom which bound it. The luxurious emasculating atmosphere of the Roman capital was no suitable place for the development of heroic natures ; it had sapped his father's manhood with its vampire breath, leaving but the semblance of a king, and now threatened to envelop both himself and his young brother in its enervating folds. The Earl Marischal clearly foresaw the evil consequences that would ensue if the two princes remained much longer surrounded by its malign influence, and exerted himself to effect the removal of Prince Charles, and if possible the king himself, to the island of Corsica, where he was to accompany them as minister. He was supported in this idea by many of the leading Jacobites, especially by those who professed the Protestant faith, and among them we find George Kelly, Bishop Atterbury's secretary, who, having succeeded in making his escape from the Tower, was now enjoying the confidence and favour of his sovereign and taking an active part in the various intrigues against the Hanoverian Government. Although the Corsican idea never bore fruit, a welcome change occurred during the spring of 1737, when, by the wish of the king, the Prince of Wales, having assumed the title of Count Albany, left Rome on a grand tour of the Italian cities, in charge of his preceptors Lord Dunbar and Sir Thomas Sheridan, and attended by quite a princely cortège of twelve persons. Wherever he went Charles found a splendid reception awaiting him.

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Bologna, Parma, Piacenza, Milan, Venice, Padua, all vied with each other in showing hospitality to the heir of the Stuarts. Distinctions of every kind were showered upon him; grand balls and dinners were given in his honour; princes, cardinals, bishops, distinguished statesmen, and court beauties of the highest rank paid him the most flattering attentions and presented him with many costly souvenirs. The Doge of Venice received him with marked kindness and respect, and fully acknowledged his royal pretensions by admitting him to a seat on the Bench of Princes at the Assembly of the Grand Council. This triumphal progress of Prince Charles was gall and wormwood to George II. and his Whig ministry, and strong representations were made by the English ambassadors and envoys in Italy, at his instigation, to the rulers of the several states through which the Prince passed, that such marks of distinction paid to their master's enemy were improper and disagreeable. Little if any notice was taken of these protests by the Italian rulers, and they only served to make the English Government ridiculous. Fane, the envoy at Florence, made the most strenuous endeavours to awaken the Grand Duke to a sense of the enormity of the offence, and thought he had succeeded; but although he managed at the last moment to prevent the grand-ducal carriages being sent to meet Prince Charles, and extorted a promise that Charles should not be received at a personal audience, he could not prevent the magnificent welcome accorded by the Florentine aristocracy to the noble youth, who, in spite of George and his threats, they rightly considered the legitimate heir to the crown of Britain.

Both Charles and his father had from their point of view every reason to congratulate themselves on the success of the tour; it had finished without one regrettable incident; many friends had been gained for the cause; the Italian princes had given practical proof of their esteem; James's regal position had been tacitly admitted; and a salutary rebuke administered to his rival. In addition, Charles's sphere of influence had widened; he had learned something of the world and the etiquette of courts; he had been everywhere recognised as Prince of Wales; he had been flattered and courted, féted and made much of; what more could be expected? And yet behind it all, when the rose-coloured glasses no longer obscured the Prince's vision, when the glamour of all those junketings and feastings had departed, when seated in his own chamber he calmly surveyed his present position and future prospects, the utter unreality of his surroundings must have been painfully apparent. His father's crown, what was it but a phantom; his kingdom, merely an intangible vision; his court, a hollow mockery. The truth was unpalatable, but it was truth nevertheless, and

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would not be gainsayed by any specious arguments. He, the heir to this phantom crown and visionary kingdom, what right had he to be idling away his valuable time in the luxury and vain pleasures of foreign courts, when he might be up and doing, striving sword in hand to make that crown a real kingly diadem, that kingdom a substantial reality. There were thousands of brave Highlanders, whose sires had fought for his royal ancestors at Inverlochy and Killiecrankie, ready to answer his summons and go forth under his command to overturn the German usurper from his father's throne ; there were hundreds of devoted Scottish and English noblemen willing to support his cause, and call out their vassals for his father's service. Why should he not make the attempt before it was too late ? before the British people had sunk into apathy and indifference, before the Highland clans had become enervated by the unwonted peace they had been reluctantly suffering since 1719. Always of a somewhat rash and impetuous disposition, Prince Charles, now that he had determined his course of action, could not tolerate any longer the torpor and inactivity of his life in Rome, he laid his views before his father, and urged him with impassioned arguments and entreaties to further his projects ; but James, who valued his son's life far too highly to allow him to risk it in any premature attempt to recover the crown, threw cold water upon his schemes, and absolutely refused to sanction any such adventurous proceeding. Charles protested warmly against his father's decision, and refused to be convinced ; he said that although circumstances might be adverse, and the times evil, the more energetically should they struggle against them, and endeavour by a powerful effort to repair the injustice that fortune had bestowed. Nothing would, however, move his father, and Charles retired to brood over the matter and mature his plans until the opportunity he so much wished for should arrive.

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CHAPTER III

"Here's to a' the chieftains
Of the gallant Scottish clans,
They have done it mair than ance
And they'll do't again.

When the pipes begin to strum
Tuttie, tattie to the drum,
Out claymore, and down with gun,
And to the knaves again."

THE Highlanders of Scotland, to whom the later Stuart kings always turned their thoughts in times of danger and difficulty, were remarkable for many peculiarities of manners, customs, language, and dress, which distinguished them from the rest of Anglo-Saxon Britain, and in order to fully understand the important part they played in those extraordinary events which attended the last attempt to restore the Stuart dynasty, it will be necessary to describe briefly their history and origin, and the reasons which induced them to throw in their lot with the supporters of that ill-starred and unfortunate race.

Some of our older historians have asserted with a show of plausibility that the Highlanders, or *Gaidheal Albannich* (Gael of Scotland), are the sole remnant of the Caledonian aborigines who occupied the whole of North Britain, now called Scotland, in a remote prehistoric period. This theory is now rejected, and the more reasonable one substituted that the true Highlanders (*fior Gaidheal*) are the descendants of those muscular, broad-skulled, fair-haired neolithic Celts of Aryan origin who, overrunning Europe at the dawn of history, crossed to Britain from Belgic Gaul, spreading over the whole country and supplanting, by force of their superior intellect and physical strength, the earlier and possibly aboriginal race of narrow-skulled, dark-haired palæolithic Iberians or Silurians whose remains are to be found in caves or long barrows in many parts of the

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country, and whose blood can still be traced among the Irishmen of Kerry, the Welsh of Denbighshire, the Basques of Spain, and the Hebridean Islemen. The term "Celts" is somewhat of a misnomer and often misleading; no British race or tribe ever called themselves by this name, but it has been so generally accepted as a generic designation to describe those branches of the human family who speak dialects of the same so-called, "Celtic" language, that it may be allowed to stand in place of a better.

There were probably several invasions of these Celtic tribes[1] from the continent of Europe at long intervals, the first comers introducing neolithic weapons, and the later ones bronze; and it may be taken that it was the earliest arrivals who penetrated into Scotland and Ireland, mingling their blood with the Iberians, and introducing their Gaelic speech, which has ever since been the language spoken by their descendants. As time went on and the identity of the weaker aboriginal race became merged in that of the stronger, the whole of Britain, from what is now Cornwall to the extreme north of Scotland, including Ireland, became purely Celtic, speaking the same language with dialectic differences only, worshipping the same deities, practising the same customs, wearing the same or similar dress, and submitting to the same form of patriarchal government. Later, when Romans, Danes, Saxons, and Normans poured over in successive waves from the continent of Europe into South Britain, the Celtic population was driven before them to take refuge in the remote parts of the country, behind the mountain barriers of Wales and Scotland, and among the wilds of Cornwall and Galloway. Those who remained assimilated with the invaders, intermarried with them, partially adopted their languages and customs, and became the backbone of that great British race, whose magnificent destiny it has been to conquer and civilise more than a third of the habitable globe. Isolated among the mountains, the others retained their blood and language pure and uncontaminated,[2] and resisted all attempts of the invaders to bring them under their subjection; so they remained for many centuries, through all the changes that were taking place in the south, a free and unconquered people. Their mode of government, probably derived from their Aryan forefathers, was tribal and patriarchal. Each tribe, or

[1] I have not referred to the Picts, as my own contention is that they were merely the Caledonian Gael under a new name, bestowed by the Romans on account of their painted or tattoed bodies (*pictus*). It is of course possible that the Picts were the remnants of the older Iberian race, but this is very doubtful.—W. D. N.

[2] This statement does not apply to those parts of the Highlands and Isles which came under Scandinavian rule. In these districts, even at the present day, the Norse and Danish types are quite common, although the speech is Gaelic.

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to use the Gaelic synonym, Clan (*Clann*—literally, children, offspring), was governed by a Chief (*Ceann-cinne*) originally selected for some special quality of strength, courage, or military proficiency, to whom all paid the highest respect, looked up to as a father for advice and encouragement, and obeyed implicitly and without question. In the earlier and more primitive stage of the Clan system, the chief personally held no land of his own, but acted as a sort of trustee for the whole community, dividing it fairly to suit the wants and requirements of the individual members of his clan, who on their part provided him with sufficient cattle and grain to maintain his family and retainers in suitable affluence.

After a time the chief became practically the actual possessor of all the land pertaining to his clan, and after reserving a portion for his own use, granted the best grazings and richest soil to his immediate relatives upon wadset or by other arrangement, reserving the rest for division among his clansmen in return for military or other services. The great paramount principle of the clan system was unquestioning obedience and fidelity to the chief, on all occasions and under every condition ; and even a prolonged residence in the territory of another chief did not cancel this duty. Many of the members of each clan were related to the chief by ties of blood, and those who were not usually adopted his name ; especially was this the case after the introduction of surnames into Scotland about the time of Malcolm Ceannmór (King Malcolm III.). Originally, names were bestowed for some physical peculiarity or on account of some special office or trade, and the sons of these individuals often adding the prefix *Mac* (son of) would hand it down to their remote posterity. Thus *cam-shron* (wry nose) became Cameron; *cam-bheul* (wry mouth), Campbell ; *dubh-ghall* (dark stranger), Dougall and MacDougall ; *toiseach* (literally origin, source, first one), *Mac an-toisich,* Macintosh ; *saor* (carpenter), *Mac an t-saoir,* Macintyre; and some of clerical origin, as *ab, aba* (abbot), *Mac an Aba,* MacNab; *sagart* (priest), *Mac an t-sagairt,* with the *s* quiescent, MacTaggart. Next to the chief in importance came his own blood relations, of which his heir presumptive (Gaelic, *Tainistear*) took precedence, followed in due order of superiority by the cadets of his house, called in Gaelic *daoine-uaisleu* (gentle-men), who in more modern times were usually tacksmen holding land from their chief and superintending the management of his estates. All the more important chiefs maintained a considerable retinue of servants and officials, and none were without their *Bard* (bard), *Seanachaidh* (historian), *Fear Brataich* (standard-bearer), and piper. These offices were usually hereditary, descending from father to son, and in the majority of cases held by members of another clan or sept, thus the MacMhuirichs were bards

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and seanachies to the MacDonalds of ClanRanald; the MacCrimmons and MacArthurs pipers to the Macleods of Skye and MacDonalds of the Isles respectively; and a family of MacDonalds[1] standard-bearers to the Mackintoshes. The hospitality of the Gael has become proverbial, and justly so, for probably no other race practised this admirable virtue so conspicuously. To the Highlander it was more than a duty, it was a religion, it pervaded his whole existence; to be inhospitable to a stranger was a crime of the worst description, almost unpardonable. "*Bheirin dha cuid oidche ged robh ceann fir 'na achlais*" ("I would give him a night's fare although he had a man's head under his arm") is a Gaelic saying which means more than is apparent at first sight; it preserves in fact a true story of a member of Clan Lamond, who, having slain the son of MacGregor of Glenstrae, was so closely pursued that, in total ignorance of what he was doing, he begged shelter and protection from Glenstrae himself, who at that time had received no tidings of his son's death. When the terrible news at last reached him, the duties of hospitality were so sacred that, instead of at once wreaking his vengeance upon the fugitive, he aided him in escaping during the night. It may be imagined from this anecdote that there was scarcely any limit to Highland hospitality; in many cases it was absolutely ruinous in its effects upon the people themselves, who often carried it to a most imprudent length, giving their best sheep and finest meal for the entertainment of the stranger at their gates. Doors were always kept open during the day and never bolted at night, and even at the present day locks and bolts are rarely used.

A marked peculiarity of the Caledonian Gael was his distinctive dress, which he has preserved with but slight alteration to our own times. Without going too closely into this well-worn controversial subject, it is unquestionably true that the Highland garb of tartan kilt and plaid (*breacan an fheilidh*) is a most ancient dress, and is without doubt only a modified form of the garb described by the Greek and Roman historians as worn in their day by the Celtic Gauls. No one who reads the description of these people by Diodorus Siculus, who lived during the century before the Christian era, can come to any other conclusion. Their "astounding clothes" and "dyed tunics of various colours," "chequered with close gaudy squares," which they "buckle on," all point to tartan clothing similar to that which has always been associated with their Celtic kinsmen in the Highlands of Scotland. It is really astonishing that, with the very large amount of evidence we have with regard to

[1] MacDonell (MacDonald) of Murligan in Brae Lochaber. *Vide* "Antiquarian Notes," Second Series, by Dr. Fraser Mackintosh, pp. 164–166, for a most interesting account of this custom.

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MACDONALD OF CLANRANALD

GAELIC PATRONYMIC OF CHIEF—*Mac 'ic Ailein*

Badge—*Heather* War Cry—*Dh'aindeoin co theireadh e*

This figure shews the ordinary fighting dress of the Highlander of 1715

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the antiquity of what is quite consistently called the "garb of old Gaul," there should still be any doubters left. For our purpose, it is not necessary to discuss the question, as it is quite certain that, whether ancient or not, the Highlanders of the eighteenth century wore kilts and plaids of tartan, and no dress was more suitable for their mode of life, or set off their muscular figures to greater advantage. Not only their dress, but their weapons were characteristically different from those used by the mixed Anglo-Saxon or Sassenach race in the South. The universal weapon was the claymore (Gaelic, *claidheamh mór*, big sword), originally an enormous double-handed sword often over five feet long, but discarded about the end of the seventeenth century in favour of those splendid basket-hilted swords furnished with blades from the famous forge of that remarkable swordsmith known as Andrea Ferara, the mystery of whose career has yet to be cleared up. Probably the first bearer of the name founded a family of smiths whose work extended over some centuries, but this is by the way. In addition to the claymore, nearly all carried a dirk (*biodag*) or pointed knife, with blade about eighteen inches long, often fashioned from an old sword, with a hilt made from heather root or bog oak, in most cases cleverly carved with that curious interlaced ornament known as "Celtic," the whole being surmounted with a brass or silver top according to the position of the owner, and fitted into a home-made leathern sheath stamped with various devices, which usually carried a small knife and fork. When not in use, the dirk hung from the right side, but in action it was held in the left hand under the targe, its blade projecting beyond the edge. The targe (*targaid*) was a circular wooden shield covered with stout hide on both sides, the front being ornamented with brass studs and bosses usually arranged in distinct patterns, and the interstices of leather being elaborately embossed with Celtic ornamentation, and sometimes bearing the clan cognisance; in the centre a metal spike from four to ten inches long was fixed. The chiefs in addition carried beautifully chased silver pistols of native make, and occasionally thrust a small black-handled knife (*sgian dubh*) between the garter and hose of the right leg. Certain clans, especially those of Lochaber, adopted a fearful weapon called from its place of origin the Lochaber axe, which consisted of a broad hatchet-shaped blade fixed upon a long pole, and terminating in a large hook by which a man could easily be pulled from his horse if the blade had not already laid his head open. Thus armed at all points, the Highlanders of the eighteenth century took the field and often proved more than a match for the far better disciplined armies of the Hanoverian rulers. Muskets were sometimes carried, but

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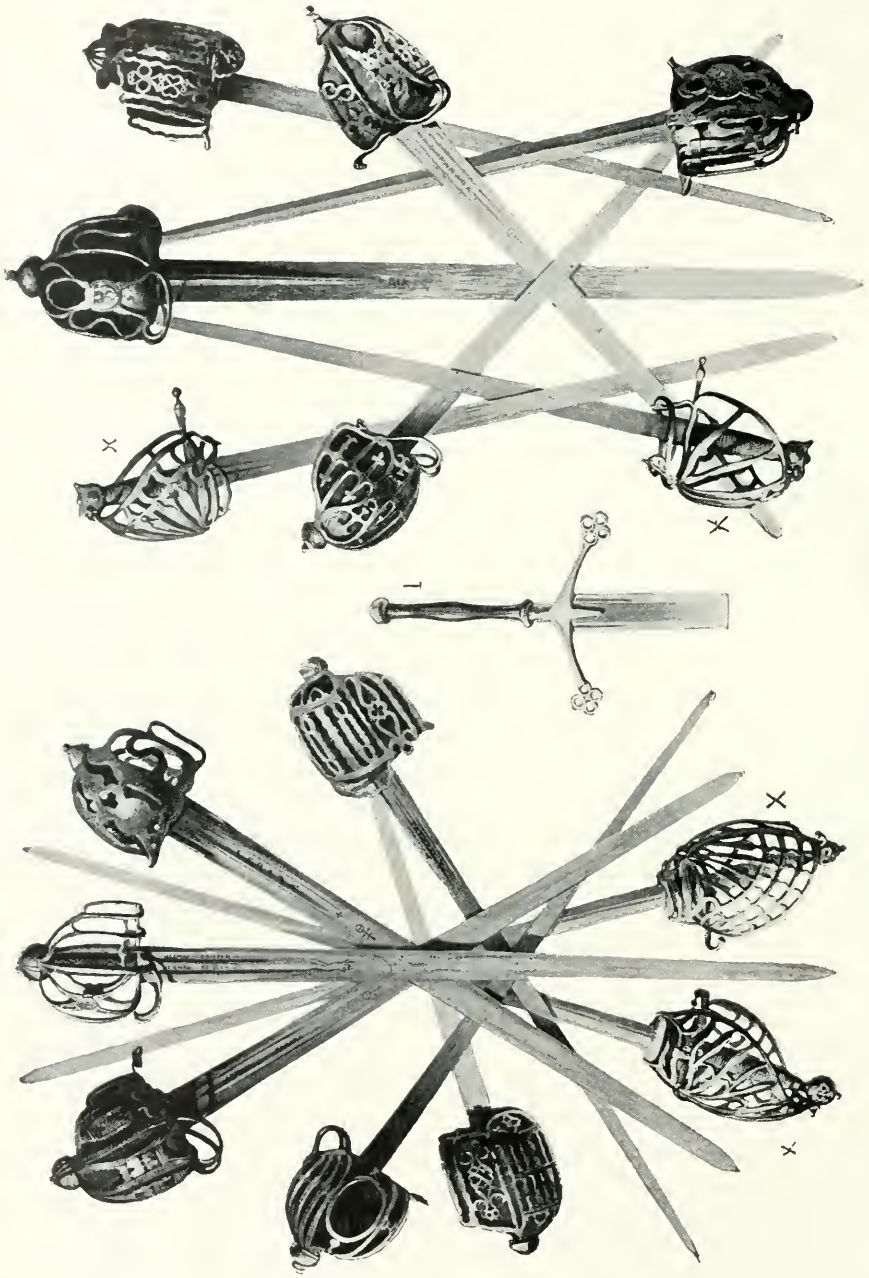

HIGHLAND CLAYMORES

The four swords marked X are Italian *schiavoni* used by the guards of the Doge of Venice during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, from which it is said the basket-hilted Highland claymore was originally copied, or rather evolved. The real claymore (Gaelic, *Claidheamh mór*, Anglice, *Big sword*), is shown at fig. 1. Various types of these enormous weapons, often four and five feet long, are found sculptured on the Iona stones.

From DRUMMOND'S "*Ancient Scottish Weapons*," *by permission of* MESSRS. GEORGE WATERSTON & SONS

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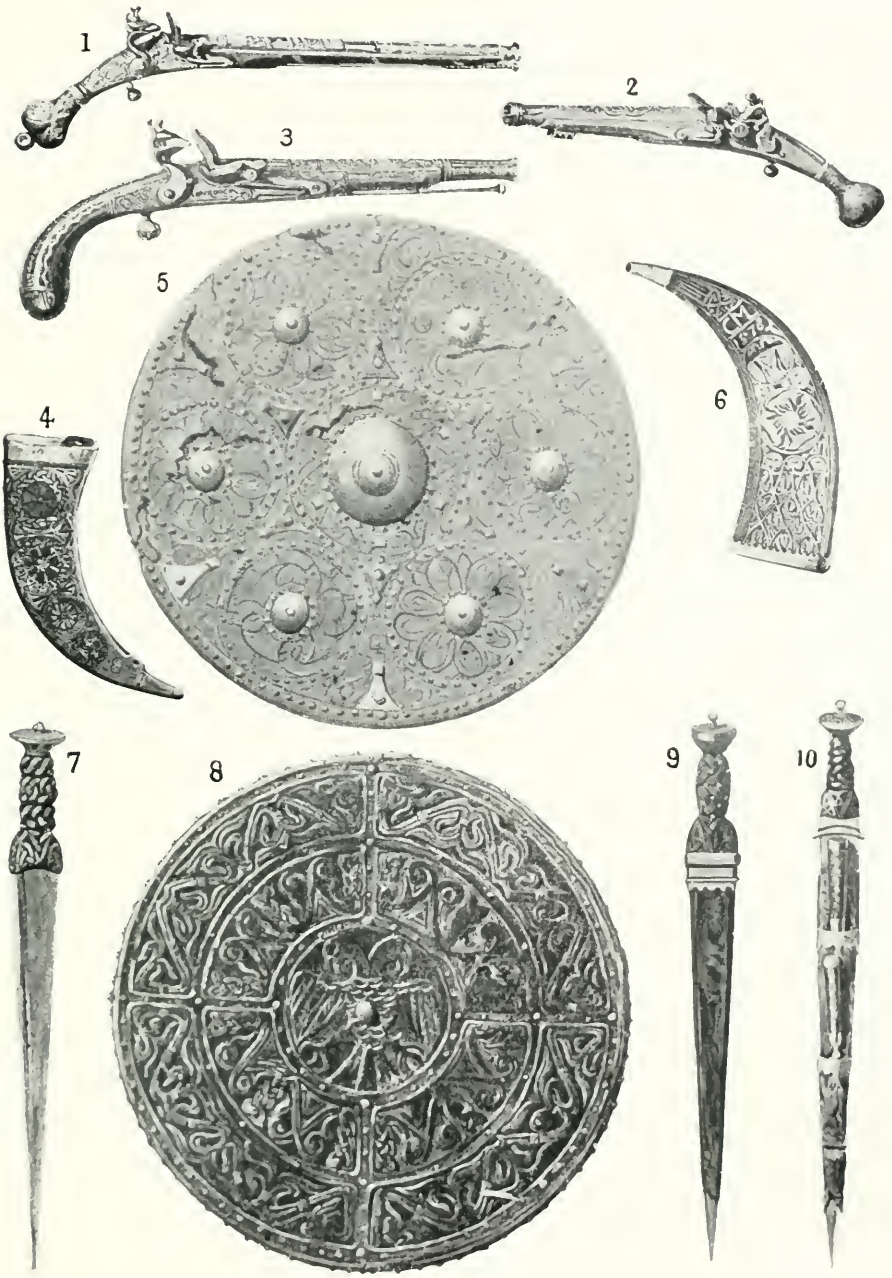

1, 2 and 3. Typical examples of Highland Pistols.
4 and 6. Highland Powder Horns.
5 and 8. Targes.
7, 9 and 10. Dirks.

From DRUMMOND'S "*Ancient Scottish Weapons*," *by permission of* MESSRS. GEORGE WATERSTON & SONS

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after the first discharge were thrown aside in favour of the claymore. There was little or no method in their form of attack; as soon as the enemy was within striking distance the Highlanders rushed on them like a whirlwind, shouting the war-cries of their respective clans, slashing and hacking with the claymore, stabbing with dirk and sgian dubh, parrying blows with the targe, and shearing off heads with the Lochaber axe. When opposed to troops armed with musket and bayonet, it was their custom to intercept the thrust of the bayonet with the targe, a manœuvre which usually resulted in the bayonet becoming firmly fixed in the leather, thus leaving the soldier defenceless and entirely at the mercy of his foe. When a clan was engaged in war, the chief as a matter of course took the supreme command, and acted as colonel; the eldest cadet took the next rank as lieutenant-colonel; and the next that of major, the captains and ensigns being selected, with due regard to precedency and kinship, from the junior cadets and *daoine uaisleu*. Those gentlemen of the clan who could not obtain officers' positions were placed in the front rank of the companies, and were always the best armed. Whenever a battle was about to take place, two men, chosen for their tried strength and approved valour, were furnished from each company and formed the bodyguard of the chief, who placed himself in the centre of the battalion close to the colours, which were carried by the hereditary standard-bearer. In the disposition and formation of a clan regiment, consanguinity was carefully regarded; fathers and sons stood in the ranks shoulder to shoulder, brothers side by side with brothers, cousins with cousins, and so on. The chief's bodyguard was usually composed of his own relations, and often included his foster-brothers (*co-dhalta*), who, though not related by blood, were so closely attached to his person by ties of duty and affection that they considered it an honour to give their lives for him whenever the sacrifice was necessary.[1]

It must not be inferred from this brief sketch that the clan system as existing in the eighteenth century was identical with that earlier and more primitive form of government which the first Celtic colonists brought with them from Europe. The clan system as we know it originated about the thirteenth century, upon the extinction of the Mormaers and great Celtic earls who up to that time had governed the people under a supreme king (*Ard Righ*), whose line ended with Alexander III. in A.D. 1285, the crown descending through the female line to Robert Bruce, and from him to his grandson Robert II., the first Stuart sovereign. By this time

[1] Fosterage was another peculiarly Celtic custom, detailed descriptions of which will be found in nearly all books dealing with the Highlands. Space will not admit of it here.

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the Lowlands of Scotland had felt the effects of the Saxon and Norman conquests in England, and although the inhabitants were still mostly of Celtic blood, they had adopted to a considerable extent the hybrid language then spoken by the mass of the Anglo-Saxon people, their kings had married English princesses, removed the court from the Highlands to Dunfermline, and had encouraged Saxon and Norman nobles to settle in Scotland by grants of land and other powerful inducements. A large section of the Celtic population strongly resented these innovations, but feeling unable to prevent them, withdrew farther and farther into the mountains, until at length the great range of hills known as the Grampians became a divisional line between Celt and Saxon, and practically remains so to this day.[1] In this way many foreigners acquired a foothold in the land of the Gael and married daughters of the Celtic chiefs, so that in process of time their progeny became Celtic in everything but name, and that was often cleverly transformed into Gaelic. Thus the Norman families of Comyn, Fraser, Sinclair, and probably Stuart, Gordon, Graham, and Menzies; the Hungarian Drummonds, the Flemish Murrays, the Norse MacLeods, Mathesons, and Gunns, and the Lowland Chisholms and Colquhouns, are now considered essentially Highland, and rightly so; for even assuming that the chiefs retained some traces of their foreign origin, the great body of their clansmen, who had merely adopted their chief's name when circumstances placed them under his command, were Celtic to the backbone. By the Highlanders themselves there was little if any distinction made between Lowlanders and Englishmen; the former were *Gall* (foreigners) and the latter were *Sassunach* (Saxons), they had no sympathy with either; the Gaelic language divided them by a hard and fast line, and it was not until this barrier was partially removed by the extension of schools in the Highlands and the English speech taught that any assimilation took place, and even then it was unreal and superficial. This racial antipathy was the source of much trouble in those districts of Scotland which bordered on the Highlands. The Highlanders regarded themselves, with some reason, as the original and rightful owners of the rich lowland pastures which had gradually been appropriated by an alien people, whose great herds of cattle grazing within easy reach offered an almost irresistible temptation to men belonging to a race noted for predatory habits. To them, the Lowlands was a part of the country wherein all men might take their prey, and whenever a suitable opportunity occurred, strong parties of armed Gaels descended from their

[1] There is, of course, no hard and fast line of demarcation; many Highlanders are to be found north, east and south of the Grampians, even at the present day, who speak Gaelic as their mother-tongue. — W. D. N.

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mountain fastnesses under cover of night and lifted all the cattle they could lay hands upon, driving them sometimes twenty miles into their own territory before the owner was aware of his loss. These forays were called in Gaelic *creachs*, and were often productive of bloodshed and prolonged feuds, not only in the Lowlands, but among the Highlanders themselves, for it must not be supposed that so fierce and warlike a people, split up into small clans and communities, could exist without disputes and quarrels. Feuds were indeed common, and in some cases lasted for centuries. Camerons and MacDonalds of Keppoch fought against Mackintoshes, MacDonalds against MacLeans, Mackays against Sutherlands, and Campbells against any who stood in the way of their chief's ambition. The result of these unhappy divisions was to weaken the power of the Highland race, and prevented them offering a united front to Saxon encroachments. Had all the clans fought side by side at Culloden, how different would have been the result for the children of the Gael.

The strong sympathy and support given to the Stuart dynasty in its decadence, by a large section of the Highland people, requires some little explanation. When the direct line of native Gaelic-speaking kings ended with Alexander III. in 1285, and when, after all the turmoil and strife attendant upon the struggle for the Scottish crown, it was finally secured by Robert Bruce in 1306, the chiefs who had assisted him were rewarded with considerable grants of land and other valuable privileges, whilst those who had supported the claims of Baliol were dispossessed of their estates, which were divided among the others. In this way the ancient Celtic family of MacDonald, said by the seanachies to have been descended from Conn of the Hundred Battles, attained the very zenith of its power and importance in the Highlands, and during the reign of Robert II. (1370–1390), John, of the Isla branch, who had married as his second wife a daughter of that monarch, was able to assume the proud title of Lord of the Isles, and maintain an almost regal state in the Hebrides, gathering round him the flower of Highland chivalry and valour, and encouraging religion, education and culture by every means at his disposal. So powerful did these Hebridean potentates become that they refused to submit to the authority of the king, and on several occasions came into direct conflict with him, as at Harlaw in 1411, and at Inverlochy in 1431. This brought about their downfall, and in the year 1493 the lordship of the Isles became forfeit to the Crown. In these conflicts most of the clans took part, some supporting the king, and others the Lords of the Isles, and it was not until the reign of Charles I. that we can discover any evidence of that remarkable loyalty to the Stuart occupant of the British

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throne which was henceforward to distinguish so many of the most powerful of the Highland families, and which, it is sad to remember, brought misery and ruin to many of them.

At first, this sentiment of loyalty was probably awakened by the fact that the Earls of Argyll, chiefs of Clan Campbell, who had risen to great power upon the downfall of the MacDonalds, and had rendered themselves obnoxious to most of the clans by their rapacity and arrogance, were to be found on the side of the king's enemies. This in itself was a full and sufficient reason for MacDonalds, Camerons, MacLeans, MacPhersons, MacGregors, Robertsons, Drummonds, and Stewarts, with many others, forgetting for the time their own feuds, and ranging themselves in the foremost ranks of the royal army. Another factor in bringing about this result was the question of religion. From the time when St. Columba had established a Christian Church at Iona, and made that remote island a centre of missionary enterprise and religious culture, the Highland chiefs, with few exceptions, had remained staunch to that older Catholic and Episcopal faith which their ancestors had embraced in the sixth century. The controversy which raged in the Columban or Celtic Church during the seventh and eighth centuries, relative to the proper time for the observance of Easter and other customs which were not in accordance with the teaching of Rome, produced a schism which during the abbacy of Breasal (A.D. 772–801) divided the Church into two parties, one, headed by Abbot Breasal, conforming to the Roman customs, the other preferring to retain the ancient independence and individuality of that primitive form of worship which had always distinguished the Celtic Church in earlier times, thus founding the basis of the Episcopal Church of Scotland which has come down to the present day.

Of the Roman Catholic clans, the MacDonalds, Frasers, Chisholms, Gordons, Drummonds, and MacKenzies were the most important; the remainder were principally Episcopalians, except the Campbells in the south and the Mackays and Munros in the north, who, like the Lowlanders, were nearly all Presbyterians. The active part taken by Argyll in championing the cause of the Covenanters against King Charles I., and his repeated attempts to sweep away with the sword both the Roman Catholic and Episcopalian forms of religion—a self-imposed duty which enabled him to wreak a terrible vengeance upon his personal enemies—awakened in the breasts of those Highlanders who professed the faith of their fathers the bitterest and most resentful feeling against their arch enemy. Eager to pay off old scores and inflict punishment upon the Campbells for many an act of hostility and treachery, they required little

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persuasion to attach themselves to so distinguished a leader as Montrose, and fight the king's battles and their own at one and the same time.

It may be stated as an historical fact that from the date of the battle of Inverlochy in 1645, when the great marquis with the assistance of the royalist clans gained his famous victory over Argyll and his Campbell host, the fidelity of this section of the Highland people to the Stuart sovereigns of Britain never wavered until the clan system and the Stuart dynasty received their death-blow together on the blood-stained field of Culloden. There were of course exceptions, and some clans that had been actively engaged in the campaigns of Viscount Dundee and the Earl of Mar were not inclined to engage in any further attempts to restore the Stuarts, unless the rising was to be general on the part of the Jacobites throughout Britain. Their chiefs had lost too much already, and saw no advantage to themselves in snatching the chestnuts from the fire for the English to eat, whilst they only burnt their fingers among the hot coals.

During the twenty years that followed the abortive Jacobite skirmish at Glen Shiel in 1719, many changes of importance had occurred in the Highlands of Scotland, all tending to weaken the power and diminish the military efficiency of the clans. The Hanoverian Whig ministry was determined to prevent another Highland rising in favour of King James, or, if they could not prevent it, to render it as harmless as possible. Their first step was to disarm the Highlanders, a task the difficulty of which they could not fully appreciate. Field-Marshal Wade, a capable and energetic officer of engineers, was instructed in the year 1724 to proceed to the Highlands, armed with the fullest authority under the sign-manual, to investigate and report upon their condition, and suggest the best means for restoring order in the disturbed districts. It may be said at once that Wade executed his difficult commission with marked ability, intelligence, and tact, and the two lengthy reports he laid before George II. speak volumes for the thorough way in which he carried out his instructions. The disarmament was of course a ludicrous failure, for whilst the Hanoverian clans faithfully delivered up their weapons to the officers appointed to collect them, the Jacobite Highlanders were careful to conceal all their best and most cherished arms in caves and out-of-the-way corners, ready for use when wanted, and gave up only those they could well spare, which were mostly worthless and obsolete. In this way the object of the Disarming Act was absolutely defeated, for, as will be seen later, it effectually deprived the Government of any armed assistance they might have received from the Whig chiefs when the occasion they feared arrived.

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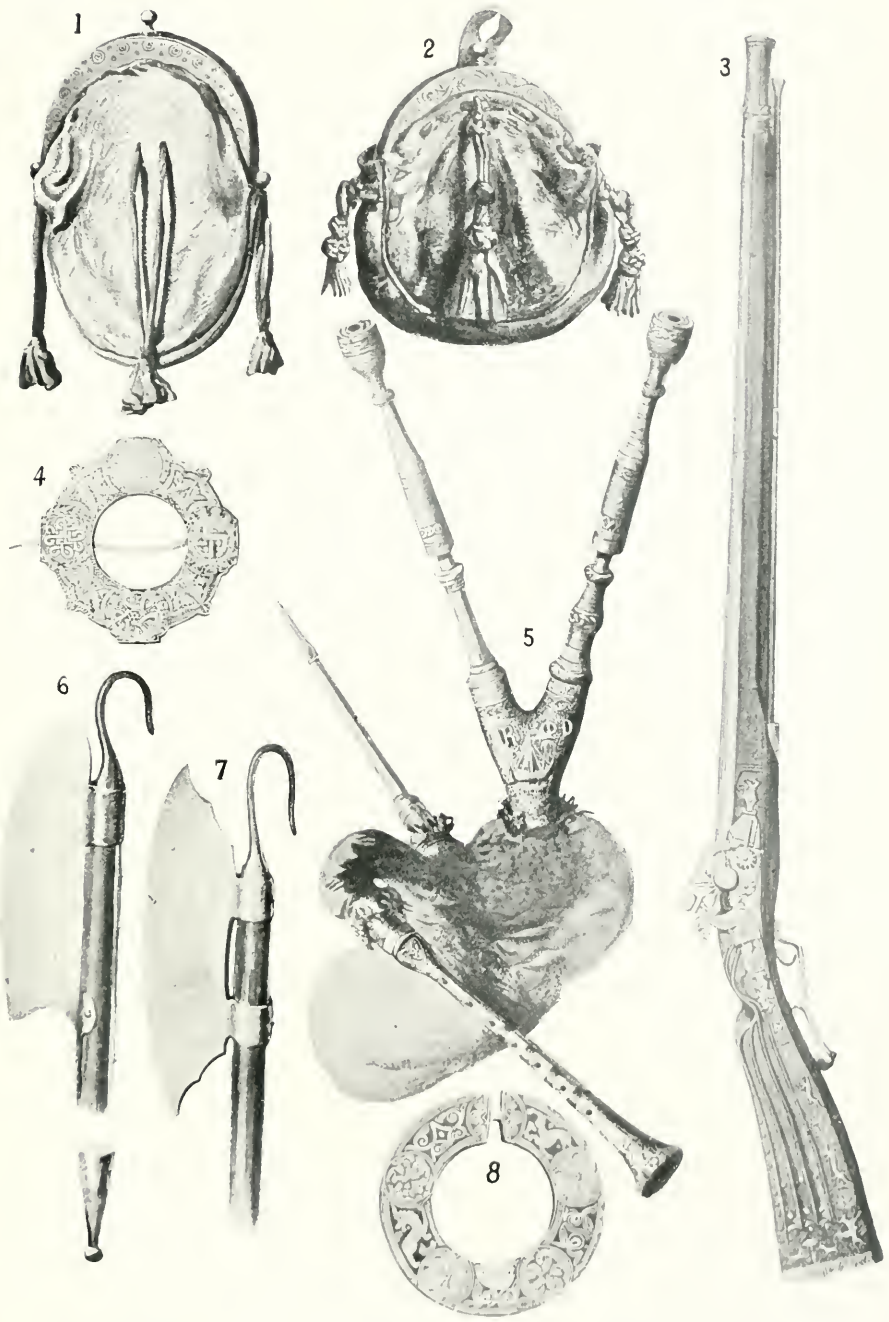

1 and 2. Highland Sporrans. 3. Highland Musket. 4 and 8. Shoulder Brooch.
5. Bagpipes. 6 and 7. Lochaber Axes.

From DRUMMOND'S "*Ancient Scottish Weapons*," *by permission of* MESSRS. GEORGE WATERSTON & SONS

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General Wade notices this in his first report, and points out that there were, "at a moderate computation," five or six thousand Spanish weapons which had been landed at Castle Donan in 1719 still in the possession of the "rebellious Highlanders." The question was, how to get them? and we may judge, from the large quantity that were available in 1745, that Wade gave up the task as an impossible one.

His first proposal, apart from the matter of arms, was "That Companies of such Highlanders as are well affected to his Majesty's Government be Established, under proper Regulations and Commanded by Officers speaking the Language of the Country, subject to Martial Law and under the Inspection and Orders of the Governors of Fort William and Inverness, and the Officer Commanding his Majesty's Forces in those Parts," and further proposes "That the said Companies be Employed in Disarming the Highlanders, preventing Depredations, bringing Criminals to Justice, and hinder Rebells and Attainted Persons from inhabiting that part of the Kingdom."

In 1729 this suggestion of Wade was carried into effect, and six companies, three containing one hundred men each, and three of seventy men each, were raised in various parts of the Highlands, and placed under the command of Fraser, Lord Lovat, Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell, Grant of Ballindalloch, Alexander Campbell of Finab, John Campbell of Carrick, and George Munro of Culcairn. These independent companies were mostly composed of gentlemen who appear only to have worn their military uniform when on duty, much as our volunteers do at the present day. When first raised each company commander wore his own distinctive tartan, and his men probably did the same, but when, about ten years later, the whole were embodied as the 43rd Regiment of the Line (afterwards the 42nd), with John, Earl of Crawford and Lindsay, as their first colonel, the clan tartans were discarded,[1] when the men were in uniform, in favour of a newly designed sett of dark green, blue, and black checks, which has ever since been peculiarly associated with this splendid regiment. To distinguish these Highland companies from the regular Government troops who wore red tunics, and were on that account called in Gaelic *Saighdearan Dearg* (red soldiers), they received the name of *Freiceadan Dubh*, or Black Watch, a designation made famous by more than a century and a half of gallant deeds performed amid the smoke of battle in their country's service.

[1] An attempt has recently been made to claim the "Black Watch" tartan as a Campbell tartan, but in the face of what General Stewart of Garth states so confidently in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," we can only take it that the tartan was either a new one specially designed for the purpose, or the old Atholl sett—*An gorm 'is an dubh*, which had been worn in the district from the earliest times.

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Military service was not at first required of the men who composed the Black Watch ; their duties were more of the nature of those performed by our modern constabulary, and consisted in maintaining order, enforcing the Disarming Act, preventing any gathering of the disaffected clans, checking robbery and depredations in the Lowlands, and giving timely information to the Government of any movement in favour of the "king over the water." The officers, being all professed Whigs, were, the Government considered, above suspicion, but many of the men had near relations among the Jacobite Highlanders, and some were Stuart sympathisers themselves ; so that although General Wade was quite satisfied with the result of his labours, it is doubtful whether the Government derived any material advantage from the employment of Highlanders as spies upon their own flesh and blood.

The magistracy of the Highlands did not please Wade at all ; he drew particular attention to "the want of proper Persons to execute the Offices of Civil Magistrates, especially in the Shires of Ross, Inverness, and some other parts," and complained that whilst three of the deputy-sheriffs were notorious Jacobites, and had been *out* in 1715, "many of the most considerable Gentlemen are left out in the Commissions of Lord Lieutenants, Deputy Lieutenants, Sheriffs," &c. He concludes this portion of his report by a reference to the want of acting Justices, "there being but one residing as an acting Justice for the space of above a hundred Miles in Compass," a state of affairs which "is a great encouragement to the Disorders so frequently committed," and as a remedy proposes "That for the support of the Civil Government, proper Persons be nominated for Sheriffs and Deputy Sheriffs in the Highland Counties, and that Justices of the Peace and Constables be Established in proper Places, with small Salaries allowed them, for the Charge they say they are of necessity at at seizing and sending Criminals to distant Prisons ; and that Quarter Sessions be punctually kept at Killihuimen (Fort Augustus), Ruthven in Badenoch, and Fort William, and if occasion should require, at Bernera (Glenelg), near the Coast of the Isle of Skye."

Next, the energetic general turned his attention to the improvement of the roads and highways in the Highlands, in order that the movements of troops might be facilitated in case of another rising, and also for the purpose of communicating more directly with the several garrisons and forts which had been built to overawe the clans. Into this work Wade and his officers threw themselves vigorously, overcoming almost insurmountable difficulties in the shape of natural obstacles, the want and

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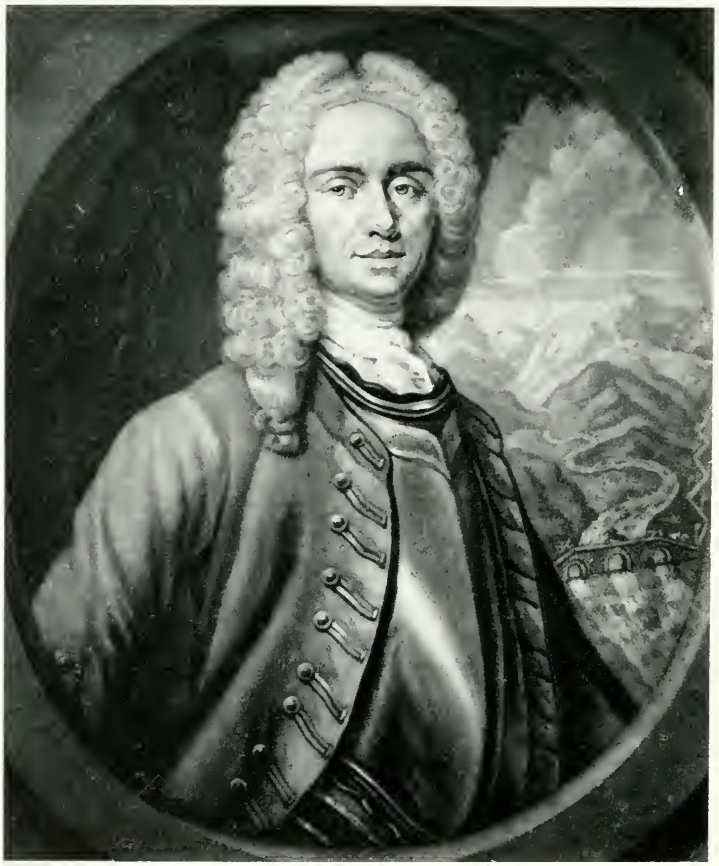
inefficiency of skilled workmen, the absence of proper tools and engineering appliances, and the prejudice and sometimes active intervention of the Highland people, who foresaw that when once completed these new roads would expose them to the sudden attack of Hanoverian troops, and open up their country to the stranger. It is not too much to say that among



GENERAL WADE

From an engraving after the painting by J. VAN DIEST

the many innovations introduced by the despised Sassenach, none were looked upon with more suspicion or regarded with so much dislike by all classes of Highlanders, as this last undertaking of Wade. In spite, however, of all opposition, Wade continued his arduous task, with the aid of his soldiers, both English and Highland, whom he encouraged by granting extra pay whilst engaged in roadmaking. Over five hundred

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men were thus employed, and by the year 1737 the roads were completed, and substantial, well-built inns erected at intervals of about ten miles on the main highways, to replace the wretched hovels which had been up to this time the only available shelter for travellers passing through the country. Many of the roads are still in everyday use, and will remain for centuries as monuments to the untiring perseverance and engineering skill of the English general by whose name they will always be known.

The total military strength of the Highland clans about this period (1737–1745) was estimated by those most competent to judge at twenty thousand men. Either Wade or Duncan Forbes of Culloden (it is not certain which) furnished the Government with a carefully compiled list of the clans and their fighting strength, entitled "Memorial anent the true state of the Highlands as to their Chieftenries, Followings, and Dependances before the late Rebellion" (*i.e.* 1745) of which the following is the concluding summary :—

Campbells	3000	**Mackgregors	500
**Mackleans	500	**Duke of Atholl (Murrays)	3000
**Macklachlens	200	**Farquharsons	500
**Stewart of Apin	300	**Duke of Gordon	300
*Mackdougalls	200	**Grants (Strathspey & Urquhart)	850
*McDonald of Slate	700	**Mackintoshes	800
**McDonald, Clanronald	700	**Mackphersons	300
**McDonald, Glengary	500	**Frazers	700
**McDonald, Kepoch	150	**Glenmoriston (Grants)	100
**McDonald, Glencoe	150	**Chisolms	200
**Camerons	800	*Mackenzies	2000
**Macklcods	700	Monroes	300
**Mackinnons	200	Rosses	300
**Duke of Perth (Drummonds)	300	Sutherland	700
**Robertsons	200	Mackays	500
**Menzieses	300	*Sincklairs	500
**Stewart, Garntilly	200		

Note.—The Jacobite clans are marked with an asterisk. Those that were *out* for Prince Charles in 1745 with two. In the case of some clans, such as the MacLeans, MacLeods, Gordons, and Grants, although the chiefs did not take the field, numbers of their clansmen fought on the Stuart side under cadets or lesser chieftains. The Murrays of Atholl were *out* with Duke William and Lord George Murray, and many of the Gordons under Lord Lewis Gordon.—W. D. N.

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CHAPTER IV

"Come, here's to the knights of the true royal oak,
Whose hearts still are loyal, and firm as a rock,
Who will fight to the last for their country and king,
Let the health of our heroes pass quick round the ring.
Come let us be jovial, social, and free;
Come join hand in hand, in full chorus with me:
God bless Charlie Stuart, the pride of our land,
And send him safe o'er to his own native strand."

THE state of tension which had for some time existed between Great Britain and Spain in consequence of the many depredations committed by Spanish privateers upon British trading vessels in American waters became at last so unendurable, that in spite of all efforts to compromise the matter by a friendly convention, the Government, forced on by the popular voice, declared war against Spain on October 23, 1739. This event was naturally looked upon by the Jacobite party as one likely to be productive of good to their cause; and King James himself, in a letter to the Earl Marischal, whom he had despatched to Madrid in the hope that the Spanish Court might now be induced to seriously consider plans for his restoration, states that he is "betwixt hopes and fears, tho' I think there is more room for the first than the last." In Scotland agitation on behalf of the Stuarts was renewed with increased vigour. Alan Cameron kept his nephew, young Lochiel, well informed of all that was taking place on his side of the water, assured him that the "king had determined to make Scotland happy, and the clans in particular," instructed him to "keep on good terms with Glengary, and all other neighbours," and warned him to be on his guard against Lord Lovat, "but not so as to lose him." [1]

Jacobite agents and emissaries passed and repassed between Scotland and the Continent, plotting, intriguing, encouraging the waverers, and

[1] This letter was written some time before the period referred to above.

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promising great things when the king should "get his ain again." It was daily expected, now Britain was involved in war with Spain, that France would seize the opportunity to attack her old enemy, and would be more willing to assist James with men and money in the event of another rising in his favour on the part of the Highlanders. Secret meetings were held at which all sorts of possible and impossible schemes for displacing the Hanoverian occupant of the throne and bringing back the auld Stuarts were eagerly discussed; and an Association of Scottish Jacobites was formed at Edinburgh in the winter of 1740, consisting of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, James Drummond, Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond (uncle of the Duke), Donald Cameron of Lochiel, Sir James Campbell of Auchenbreck, the Earl of Traquhair and his brother John Steuart, all of whom solemnly engaged to take up arms in defence of their sovereign the moment a sufficient number of French troops could be landed in Scotland. Of the seven men who composed this Association only Lochiel and the Drummonds were thoroughly sincere and in earnest. Lovat was not to be trusted, Traquhair and his brother were Jacobites only in name, and Auchenbreck was a Campbell. The first business of the associates was to draw up a list of those noblemen, chiefs, and persons of importance who were known to favour the claims of the Stuarts, and who, it was thought, could be depended upon to support King James with their swords when the time came. This list, together with the bond of the Association, was entrusted to the care of William Drummond (MacGregor) of Balhaldie, nephew of the elder Lochiel, and chieftain of a branch of Clan Gregor, with the Gaelic patronymic of *Mac Iain Mhalich* (son of surly John) descended from the house of Roro.[1] Balhaldie, who like many of his clan had assumed the name of Drummond, his own being proscribed by the Government, had, after taking an active part in the unsuccessful rising of 1715, been living in greatly reduced circumstances in France, where in the congenial society of his brother Jacobites, Dr. Atterbury, Lord Sempill, and Colonel O'Brien, he found plenty of employment, and eked out a somewhat precarious livelihood as an agent of King James. With these precious documents in his possession, Balhaldie proceeded post haste to Rome in the spring of 1741, and delivered them into his sovereign's hands, assuring him at the same time that everything was ready both in Scotland and England to ensure almost certain success should a speedy attempt be made, with the help of France, to recover the crown. Balhaldie was notoriously sanguine, and always inclined to exaggerate the

[1] William Drummond (MacGregor) of Balhaldie was a son of Sir Alex. MacGregor, and was born in 1698, so that in 1740 he would be forty-two years of age.

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importance of his own schemes, and James was only too ready to believe the pleasing stories he had to tell. In this instance the king expressed his high appreciation of the spirit of loyalty to his person and family which distinguished the members of the Association, said that he thought well of the project, and passed Balhaldie on to Cardinal Fleury in Paris, who was to be requested to use his interest with the French Court. The Cardinal, who was a staunch friend of the Jacobites, listened patiently to Balhaldie's glowing description of the splendid army which would be ready to take the field in Scotland when the time they all looked forward to should arrive, and of the powerful Jacobite party waiting to support the cause in England. Probably he did not quite credit all that was told him by the enthusiastic Highlander, whom he knew well; nevertheless he gave some encouragement to the plan laid before him by a promise of French assistance whenever there was a reasonable prospect of a successful rising. This was all Balhaldie could squeeze out of the Cardinal, so he proceeded to make himself comfortable among his boon companions in Paris, amusing himself by plotting, gambling, boasting, spreading abroad erroneous reports of the king's affairs, and endeavouring to gain recruits for the cause by the most unwise methods.

The death of the Emperor Charles VI., the last male representative of the House of Hapsburg, on October 20, 1740, threw the Continent of Europe into a state of almost unprecedented disturbance, the outcome of which was a general war in which nearly all the leading Powers were involved, some, including Great Britain and Italy, supporting the Emperor's heroic daughter, Maria Theresa, in her attempt to retain possession of her father's dominions, whilst France, Spain, Prussia, Bavaria, and many of the smaller states took advantage of the opportunity to lay claim to such portions of them as they most coveted. George II., by the advice of Walpole, at first refused to interfere in the quarrel, but the popularity of the famous Whig minister was fast declining, and he was quite unable to stem the tide of public opinion, which declared itself strongly in favour of the injured Queen of Hungary. George had never taken kindly to Walpole; he was distrusted by many of the older Whigs, and the Tories and Jacobites cordially detested him. His downfall was thus assured, and when, after the elections of 1741, he found himself quite unable to contend against the forces of his political enemies, he retired from office shortly after the assembly of the new Parliament.

The Jacobites could hardly conceal their delight at the fall of Walpole. He had always been a bitter enemy to the cause of the Stuarts, and thwarted their best laid plans on every possible occasion. Only a few years before

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he had impeached them in a powerful speech, and pointed out to the House of Commons the danger there was in ignoring them ; now he was *hors de combat*, his popularity had vanished, his voice was silenced, and better still, his advice had not been taken, for Great Britain was now deeply involved in the Continental imbroglio, had voted £300,000 to assist Maria Theresa, had sent a fleet to overawe the King of Naples in the Mediterranean, and in the spring of 1742 had landed a large British force in Flanders under the command of the Earl of Stair. Everything favoured a renewal of Jacobite activity, and raised the most sanguine hopes in the breasts of King James and his son Charles—that at last, after weary years of waiting, the fickle goddess would relent and smile upon their efforts.

Before Balhaldie's journey to Rome as the agent of the Association another actor in the great Jacobite drama had taken his place upon the stage, and commenced to play a by no means unimportant part, although in the light of after events it would have been far better both for himself and the party he professed to serve had he never flaunted the white rose of the Stuarts in his Lowland bonnet.

John Murray of Broughton, son of Sir David Murray of Stanhope, came of good lineage, his family being a cadet branch of the ancient house of Philiphaugh, Selkirkshire, founded by Archibald of Moray in the thirteenth century. His mother was a daughter of Sir John Scott of Ancrum, Roxburghshire, and widow of Thomas Scott of Whiteside, whom Sir David Murray had taken as his second wife. Sir David himself was an adherent of King James VIII., and had followed the fortunes of that unfortunate monarch under the Earl of Mar in 1715, the same year in which his son John was born. After passing successfully through his educational course at the Universities of Edinburgh and Leyden, young Murray made his first appearance in Rome during the year 1737, when a romantic youth of twenty-two, and immediately fell a victim to the fascinating influence of the Prince of Wales, who was five years his junior. Murray was not introduced to the king during this his first visit, and cannot have seen very much of the Prince, for upon his return to the Continent in 1744, Charles, whose memory for faces was especially good, scarcely recollected him. When in Rome, Murray was initiated into the mysteries of freemasonry, and was admitted into the Roman Lodge, of which the Earl of Winton was master. Here he met many of his compatriots, among whom were John Steuart, the Earl of Traquhair's brother, and Allan Ramsay, the well-known painter, who was then pursuing his studies in Italy.

In this stronghold of Jacobitism, Murray, from being merely a sentimental adherent of the Stuarts, became in a short time one of the most

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zealous agents of the exiled family, and an active participator in every scheme for their restoration. Edgar, James's private secretary, seems to have at once recognised the desirability of securing so earnest a partisan for the king's service, and before Murray's departure from Rome, it was conditionally arranged that he should be appointed to succeed Colonel Urquhart, now grown old and infirm, as his Majesty's correspondent in Scotland. Sometime during December 1738, Murray returned to Edinburgh, and the Duke of Hamilton's consent—as head of the party in Scotland—having been given, the appointment was duly ratified. The young Jacobite entered into the duties of his new position with commendable zeal and vigour, fully justifying the wisdom of Edgar's choice. Cool, collected, and clear-headed, suspicious of treachery, and gifted with considerable powers of organisation, Murray was at this period a decided acquisition to his party, and it was not long before his influence began to make itself felt. Shortly after his return from Rome, he married Margaret, the beautiful and high-spirited daughter of Colonel Robert Ferguson, a brother of Ferguson of Carloch, Nithsdale, and having re-purchased the ancestral estate of Broughton, Peeblesshire, settled down to his work of intriguing, scheming and opening up communications with the principal supporters of King James in Scotland. In this way he soon found himself in the company of Balhaldie, to whom he was introduced during the month of March 1741, in Edinburgh, shortly after the Association had been formed. The douce, pawkie Lowlander did not take kindly to the excitable and sanguine Celt, and discredited his wonderful stories of the Highlanders' readiness for an immediate rising, and of the vast stores of arms and munitions of war which were to be so easily forthcoming. From the very first Murray distrusted Lovat; he was fully acquainted with his previous history, and was with difficulty prevailed upon to hold any intercourse with one whose insincere character was so notorious.

"For these reasons," he says, "I was shy, and could not believe that he would ever perform what his associates had promised in his name, though he had bound himself by a solemn oath." Lochiel also had his doubts regarding the sincerity of Lovat's professions of loyalty to King James, and warned Murray not to place too great a reliance upon them. On the other hand, the Fraser chief appears to have conceived a considerable regard for Murray, whose cautious reserve in political matters inspired him with confidence. In this way Murray soon acquired some influence over the crafty old man, who, taken off his guard, often unbosomed himself to the young Jacobite agent, and openly avowed his determination to support the objects of the Association. Whilst Balhaldie

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JACOBITES

From the Painting by JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

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was in Paris interviewing Cardinal Fleury, Murray was engaged in the thankless task of endeavouring to raise money for the cause in Scotland. He soon discovered that sentimental sympathy with the Stuarts did not necessarily imply an eagerness to part with the bawbees. Hay of Drumelzier, whose brother was in Rome with the king, refused to subscribe until others had come forward. Lockhart of Carnwath expressed his delight when Murray told him that a movement in the king's favour might be early expected, but his joy vanished when the subject of money was introduced. Quarter-day was at hand, his banking account was in a bad way, and he could only regret his inability to assist. The Duke of Hamilton shirked his responsibility, and awakened a suspicion in Murray's mind that his loyalty could not be depended upon.

Sir James Campbell of Auchenbreck, from whom great things were expected in the event of a rising of the Western clans, was on the verge of bankruptcy, and threatened to emigrate to Jamaica unless some pecuniary assistance was immediately forthcoming. According to Balhaldie's statement, the king had promised Auchenbreck a pension of £300 per annum if he would remain at home and look after his interests in Argyllshire, but the depleted state of the royal exchequer had so far prevented his Majesty from carrying out his engagement. Face to face with this new difficulty, Murray applied to Lord Traquhair, and between them they managed to raise a sum of £200 on a bond which was transmitted to the needy baronet by his son-in-law, Lochiel.[1] Murray asserts that he never received a shilling for his own services, although it was commonly believed by his associates that his appointment carried with it a salary of £300 per annum. The refusal of the Duke of Hamilton to subscribe funds caused Murray much uneasiness. He had been led to believe that this powerful nobleman was devoted to his master's cause, and would be ready to lend both his moral and pecuniary aid when called upon to do so. "The disappointments I had met with," he writes in his Memoirs, "made me lay aside all thoughts of any further solicitations at this time; few having it more in their power than those already spoke to: and of all the king's friends in the Low Country, none were esteemed to have more zeal and attachment to the Royal Family than they." Checked in this direction, Murray next turned his attention to ecclesiastical affairs, and made an attempt, at the suggestion of Balhaldie, to pour oil upon the troubled waters of the Episcopalian dispute which was then raging relative to the nomination by King James of William Harper to the vacant see of Edinburgh. The College of Bishops of the non-juring Episcopal Church

[1] Donald Cameron, young Lochiel, married Anne, daughter of Sir James Campbell of Auchenbreck.

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headed by Keith, Bishop of Orkney, refused their consent to Harper's appointment on the ground that he was not a fit person to fill the sacred office, although Murray says that he "never could observe anything in him that was not quite consistent with the clergyman and gentleman." Little came of Murray's interference. Bishop Keith evaded his questioning, promised to lay his suggestions before the College, and left the matter very much where it was before. Meanwhile Harper withdrew himself from the affair, "being sorry to think there should be any trouble on his account."

In such employment the energetic Murray found ample scope for the exercise of his abilities during the years 1741 and 1742, whilst Balhaldie was unfolding his wonderful schemes to his friends on the Continent, and raising delusive hopes in the breasts of the king and his son Charles. By this time many of the older Jacobite exiles had passed away. The Earl of Mar at Aix-la-Chapelle in 1732; Atterbury in Paris during the same year; the elder Lockhart of Carnwarth, the Duke of Wharton, and the faithful Coll MacDonell of Keppoch, who had fought so bravely at Killiecrankie and Mulroy, all had disappeared from the scenes of their earthly struggles. The Earl Marischal, it is true, still lived, and was as loyal as ever; the elder Lochiel and his brother Alan, both growing old, were yet able to give useful advice to their sovereign when it was asked of them; many faithful followers remained, but all of the new men were not imbued with the same unselfish and constant spirit which had distinguished those whose places they filled. There was a tendency which became more marked as time went on to make an invidious distinction between the interests of the king and those of Prince Charles, as if they were not identical. We find on the one side Lord Sempill,[1] Balhaldie, and Colonel O'Brien acting for James, and on the other, the Earl Marischal, Murray of Broughton, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and Kelly supporting the Prince. This division in the party was productive of much evil, and prevented that unanimity of opinion and action without which success was impossible. The king was pleased to believe in Balhaldie's imaginative stories and Sempill's honesty of purpose. The Earl Marischal and Murray hated them, and doubted both their trustworthiness and ability. Lord John Drummond, the Duke of Perth's brother, agreed with the Earl Marischal, and wrote a strong letter to James, in which he points out the unsuitableness of Balhaldie as a confidential agent, and makes the statement that "B.

[1] Little is known respecting the origin of this active agent of King James. He must not be confounded with Brigadier-General Lord Sempill, who in 1740 succeeded the Earl of Crawford as Colonel of the Black Watch. There was a Robert Sempill, captain in Dillon's regiment, who was created a peer of Scotland by James, and died in 1737, whose son Francis is said to have married a daughter of Mackenzie, Earl of Seaforth, and died 1748.

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having alwise been in low life, he trayed several different Trades without success, and obliged to flay the country in danger of being taken up for a Fifty pound note, he had now for a recourse taken the management of the K(ing's) affairs." His references to Sempill in the same letter are equally severe and to the point. James naturally deplored these unhappy dissensions among his people, the consequences of which he saw might prove disastrous. Balhaldie and Sempill were, however, far too useful for him to entertain any idea of their dismissal. Later, when these contentions became more acute, he made a sensible and dignified protest in a letter to Lord John. "In the meantime," he writes, "for God's sake, let us stifle as much as possible all little views and animosities. Let us have nothing in view but the common good, and let every one join heart and hand to promote it in our different capacities. This will be the most effectual way to encourage foreign Powers to assist us, and to animate our friends at home to act their part also." Sound advice if it could only have been taken by those who professed to have the interest of the exiled Royal Family at heart.

We learn something of the Court and the appearance and habits of the Prince and his father about this period from the journal of David, Lord Elcho, who visited Rome in 1740, and afterwards attached himself to the Prince's force during the campaign of 1745–46. Lord Elcho, who was the eldest son of the fourth Earl of Wemyss, had received an English education at Winchester School, where he made the acquaintance of the sons of many prominent noblemen who were acquiring knowledge at the same ancient seminary. Upon leaving school at the age of twenty, his father sent him to Rome, where he had the honour of being most graciously received by King James, who treated him with the greatest kindness and consideration, placed him by his side, and said many pleasant things respecting the loyalty of the young lord's family. Prince Charles was afterwards sent for and introduced to Elcho, and to humour the two lads the king placed them back to back to see which was the taller, when it appeared that the difference was in favour of the Prince. His impressions of Charles were not very favourable, he thought him diffident and unresponsive, not speaking much to those who visited him, "but chiefly amusing himself in shooting thrushes and blackbirds and playing golf in the grounds of the Villa Borghese." Of the king and Prince Henry he speaks highly, describing the former as "a very affable, well-informed and sensible prince;" and of the latter that "he knows how to converse, and takes a keen interest in English affairs."

Elcho himself, as this history will show in due course, was possessed

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of a bitter and malicious temper, and as Ewald says,[1] "it is necessary to receive his account with more than the ordinary grains of salt allowed for prejudiced writers."

Until the winter of 1742, Balhaldie had communicated nothing of any consequence to the members of the Association whose agent he was. The expedition, which was to have left the shores of France in accordance with his scheme during the autumn, had never been heard of, the 20,000 stand of arms with ammunition in proportion which he told Murray a year before had actually been bought, were conspicuous by their absence.

ELCHO CASTLE

From FITTLER'S "*Scotia Depicta*," *drawn in* 1800

At last, in December, the Earl of Traquhair received a communication from him, containing, as Murray says, "some vague and frivolous reasons why the descent had failed in the autumn," and the assurance that a body of troops, with everything necessary to ensure a successful rising in Scotland would be embarked early in the spring of the following year. Murray, to whom Traquhair showed the letter in the presence of Lochiel, advised extreme caution, and expressed his opinion that no movement of any kind should be made until some properly authorised person had been sent to enquire of the French Ministry what was really intended, and how

[1] Ewald's "Life of Prince Charles Stuart," vol. i. p. 78.

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PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

From an Engraving in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery

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far Balhaldie statements could be relied upon. Both Traquhair and Lochiel admitted the wisdom of Murray's suggestion, but two difficulties stood in the way of carrying it out. In the first place, a suitable and trustworthy envoy would have to be found ; and in the second, it would be necessary for Lord Lovat's permission—as an important member of the Association—to be obtained before any such step could be taken. Neither the Duke of Perth, who was then at York, nor Traquhair himself could leave the country without their absence being noticed and Hanoverian suspicions aroused. Traquhair's brother, John Steuart, was listless and indolent, and did not care to sacrifice comfort to politics, so that after some discussion it was decided that Murray should undertake the mission as soon as Lovat's consent was granted. Lochiel promised to get this without delay, and despatched a messenger—one Macgregor from Dunblane, an old servant of Balhaldie's—to the Fraser chief with a letter pointing out the urgency of the matter, informing him that commisions of Lord-Lieutenant and Lieutenant-General had been sent over for him and were in Murray's hands, and requesting his lordship to contribute a share of the expenses that would necessarily be incurred during the negotiations. After some delay Lovat replied that he entirely approved of the idea, and considered Murray an excellent person to carry it out ; ready money, alas ! he had not got, but he enclosed a note of hand for £100 to be negotiated in Edinburgh, and wound up by insisting that the king should be asked to create him a duke as a condition of his continued support. This characteristic letter caused considerable amusement to the recipients, who could not restrain their mirth at the plea of poverty, which they knew to be unfounded, and at the ambitious proposal of the scheming old Jacobite. The note of hand was, of course, worthless without further security, and as nothing could be got out of Traquhair at this juncture, Murray had to endorse Lovat's bill himself and get a friendly merchant in Edinburgh to do the same before the Royal Bank of Scotland would advance the money.

Before describing Murray's journey to the Continent, it will be interesting to consider the actual position of Jacobite affairs both in Scotland and England in 1742, in order that the truth of Balhaldie's assertions regarding the preparedness for a rising may be fairly considered. In accordance with the original plan, Scotland had been divided into several districts, each of which, it was arranged, should be controlled by a member of the Association, whose business it was to enlist the support of the most influential inhabitants for the king's service, and have everything in readiness to act in conjunction with the force which it was expected would be sent from France.

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Lord Lovat was pledged to look after the northern counties of Ross and Inverness, in which dwelt his own clan, as well as the Mackenzies, Mackintoshes, Chisholms, and Grants of Glen Urquhart. This remarkable man, whose prominent personality meets us everywhere when investigating the history and intrigues of the last Stuarts, was an enigma both to his friends and his enemies. Possessed of great abilities and undoubted powers of diplomatic *finesse*, Simon Fraser under different conditions might have become an eminent politician—keen, sly, and suspicious ; ever ready to defend his position by equivocation and without regard to the truth ; vainglorious and ambitious of power and position ; avaricious, yet fond of displaying a coarse and lavish hospitality ; violent in temper when opposed, but kindly-hearted, witty and humorous when pleased, it is impossible, in spite of all his faults and *tracasseries*, to help some feeling of affection for the clever old rascal lingering in our minds. In 1742 he was in his seventy-fifth year, hale and hearty except for periodical attacks of gout which often crippled his lower limbs ; a staunch Jacobite at heart whilst professing undying fidelity to George II., whose commission he held and whose uniform he wore as an officer of the Black Watch. Trusted by neither party, he was courted by both, for his influence and power among the Highlanders of the north was recognised and feared. His near neighbour and friend, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, the famous Lord President, a faithful and consistent Whig, probably knew the real value of Lovat's professions, and kept a careful eye on his movements. John, Duke of Argyll, and his brother Archibald, Earl of Isla, not only suspected that Lovat was playing a double part, but flatly accused him of sympathising with the Stuarts. Isla told him that he had received trustworthy information of his correspondence with James. Lovat replied with warmth, "that these stories were but damned calumnies and lies," and that he had not for many years written to any person beyond the sea, "which indeed," he adds, "is true."

At Castle Downie, near Beauly, Simon Fraser maintained in the eighteenth century a state and position almost identical with that of an English feudal baron of three hundred years earlier. Hospitality of the most extravagant kind was a conspicuous feature, and all who possessed the remotest claim to kinship, connection, or friendship with the chief found a seat at his table, and were provided with food and lodging in accordance with their social position. As many as four hundred persons were sometimes entertained in the castle, and after having eaten and drank to repletion were kennelled on beds of straw in the lower rooms of the massive tower. The strength of the clan at this period was estimated at

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about 700, although Lovat himself in a letter to the Lord Advocate (Craigie of Glendoick) in August 1745, in which he requests a thousand stand of arms, states, "I thank God I could bring 1200 good men to the field for the king's service if I had arms and other accoutrements for them." It will be noticed that the wily chief does not specify for which king's service the arms were required.

The northern Highlands having been allotted by the Association to Lovat, it was expected that he would exercise his powerful influence with his neighbours and induce them to bring out their clans to join the Frasers in support of King James when the time was ripe for military action. How far he fulfilled the expectations of his party will be seen as this history proceeds; it is certain that up to the time of Murray's journey to France he had not taken any steps to secure the assistance of those for whom he had made himself responsible.

Sir James Campbell of Auchenbreck had been entrusted with the important district of Argyllshire and its adjacent islands, but in spite of the £200 which Lochiel had sent him, and the promise of further sums to be paid him by the king, he appears to have done nothing to assist the cause he had sworn to maintain. Murray deeply regretted that Sir Hector MacLean of Duart, who, as chief of clan Gillean (MacLean), had a following of about 500 good men from the island of Mull, had neither been asked to join the Association, or kept informed of the secret movements of the party. This was the more noticeable as the MacLeans were notoriously Jacobite, and had fought with the greatest valour on the Stuart side at Inverlochy, Killlecrankie, and more recently at Sheriffmuir, under the immediate ancestors of their present chief. The territory of the MacLeans in Mull, like many other Highland estates, had come partly by purchase and partly by more questionable means into the possession of the rapacious Campbells, and Murray very naturally concluded that unless Sir Hector was made acquainted with the exact state of affairs, and requested to prepare his clan for an early rising on the king's behalf, Argyll would bring his influence to bear upon his MacLean tenants, and so work upon their fears by threats and punishments, that they would be deterred from taking any part in the projected operations.

In north-east and central Scotland very little had been done to awaken the latent sympathies of the people to the Stuart interest, for although these districts were placed under the charge of so able and thorough a Jacobite as James Drummond, Duke of Perth, his long absence in England and on the Continent altogether prevented him from executing his mission among the chiefs and lairds in the shires of Perth, Banff, and Aberdeen.

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To the lukewarm and timid Earl of Traquhair, whose Jacobitism was never worth a plack, the management of the whole of Scotland south of the Forth was most unwisely allotted. Murray says "he never so much as endeavoured to engage one man." This may be a slight exaggeration on Murray's part, but there is no evidence that beyond some futile negotiations with the English Jacobites, Traquhair ever did anything to warrant his pretensions to be considered a loyal subject of King James.

Donald Cameron of Lochiel was, like the Drummonds, thoroughly in earnest. Hatred of Hanoverian and alien rule had been instilled into his mind from earliest infancy ; it was a legacy from his distinguished grandfather, the implacable Sir Ewen, whose good claymore had so often played havoc in the ranks of his sovereign's enemies. Reverence and loyalty to the exiled Stuarts was to young Lochiel a duty which he looked upon as something sacred, an article of his faith, almost a religion. A true son of the Highlands and Lochaber, full of Celtic enthusiasm and military ardour, proud of his race and his position of chief, he was yet gentle, warm-hearted, and full of affection for his clansmen, who on their part adored him, and were ready to follow him to the death whenever he should call upon them to do so. A wild lawless race, the Camerons had always incurred the anger of those in authority owing to their predatory habits and utter disregard for the laws of *meum et tuum ;* Sir Ewen had tolerated and possibly encouraged his clansmen in their contempt for any laws save those that he dictated to them, and in his time the *creach* or foray was considered quite justifiable as a custom common to all Highlanders. His grandson, however, did not look upon this practice of his followers in the same light, and set himself determinedly to the difficult task of stamping it out, even it is said going the length of inflicting capital punishment on one recalcitrant Cameron who disobeyed his orders. Well informed by his uncle Alan of all that was going on at the court of King James, he kept his clan in readiness for any emergency as far as his means would allow. Swords were what he mostly wanted, and he formed the idea of purchasing a quantity from the northern clans who had not been disarmed after 1715, but he had neither the time, nor, more necessary still, the money, to carry it out.

His neighbour, Alexander MacDonell of Keppoch, son of the famous Coll (of the Cows), was in a similar position, and found it difficult with a small income to place his clan on a war footing. The branch of the great Clan Donald over which he ruled had held the lands of Glen Spean and Glen Roy for some centuries by sheer right of the sword against the legal claims of the Mackintosh supported by the government. Feud had in consequence been continuous for many years, with the result that no

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clan was more efficient in warfare or better able to hold its own if provided with good weapons. Keppoch himself, a comparatively young man at this time, was an ideal chief and absolutely loyal to the Stuarts. He had served ten years in the French army, knew the king intimately, and adored the Prince, who confided implicitly in his honour.

Of the other Highland chiefs who were expected to assist with their clans in overturning the Hanoverian usurper and replacing King James VIII. upon the throne of Britain, Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, MacDonald of Glengarry, of Clanranald, and Glencoe, MacLeod of MacLeod, MacKenzie of Fairburn and of Applecross, Stewart of Appin, MacPherson of Cluny, MacGregor of Glengyle, Robertson of Struan, MacDougal of Lorn, and Grant of Glenmoriston were the most important. It was not thought likely that Mackintosh would join, as he held a commission in the Elector's army, but it was fully anticipated that his clan with many other branches of the Clan Chattan[1] would be found in arms for the Stuarts when the time came.

It will be seen from the foregoing that, as far at least as Scotland was concerned, Balhaldie had allowed his imagination to outrun his veracity when he reported to the king and Cardinal Fleury the flourishing state of affairs in that country. In England the prospect of an armed rising was even less hopeful. London Jacobites at their favourite clubs and coffee-houses, where they were safe from intrusion, loudly boasted of their loyalty to the "King over the water," and drank vast quantities of wine in his honour to the detriment of their health, whilst occasionally some bolder spirits shouted Jacobite songs in the streets and got arrested for their pains. Walpole, it is true, was no longer in power, but his retiral had been productive of no material advantage. The parties in the State were described by Lord Harvey as being divided into "Whigs who were either patriots or courtiers, Whigs out, and Whigs in; and Tories, Jacobite or Hanover:" the first thorough, the second joining with their opponents when there was a promise of profit, personal or political. At a debate in the House of Commons on the subject of bringing over troops from Ireland to England as a protection against suspected Jacobite plots, a member (Winnington) gave a very terse and fairly accurate description of the position of the Jacobite party in England at the time (1742). "There are still," he said, "many gentlemen of figure and fortune among us who openly profess their attachment to the Pretender.

[1] The Clan Chattan was a confederacy or association of clans consisting of Mackintoshes, MacPhersons, Davidsons, Farquharsons, MacBeans, MacGillivrays, Shaws, Duffs, MacQueens, MacPhails, Clarks, Cows, with a few others. The Mackintosh was *de facto* chief, but MacPherson of Cluny also claimed the supremacy, and the dispute, never definitely settled, has come down to our own time.

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There is a sort of enthusiastic spirit of disaffection that still prevails among the vulgar, and there is too great a number of men of all ranks and conditions who now seem to be true friends to the Protestant Succession who would declare themselves otherwise if they thought they could do so without running any great or unequal risk." These "gentlemen of figure and fortune" were, unhappily for King James, disinclined to make

GEORGE II

From the painting by T. WOOLIDGE *in the National Portrait Gallery*

any movement which would be at all likely to compromise them in the eyes of George II. or his Ministry. The most prominent were Henry, third Duke of Beaufort; John Boyle, fifth Earl of Orrery; James, fourth Earl of Barrymore; Sir Watkins Williams Wynne, M.P. for Denbigh; Sir John Hinde Cotton, M.P. for Marlborough and Treasurer of the Chamber; Colonel William Cecil, a relation of Lord Salisbury, and of less importance, though both active Jacobites; Thomas Carte, a

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non-juring clergyman and historian, and Dr. Barry, a well-known physician. There were, of course, many country squires who were still loyal to the old dynasty, and would have welcomed the restoration of the Stuarts with the heartiest acclamations; there were thousands of middle-class Englishmen to whom the restoration of King James would have been hailed with the liveliest satisfaction; and, as to the London mob, any change that brought them excitement and spectacular display would have enlisted their sympathies and applause. Behind there was the great solid mass of the English people who hated Popery, blindly regarded their legitimate sovereign as a papistical pretender, and looked upon the dissipated, licentious George—whose mistresses sold bishopries to their favourite divines, who, when his poor devoted wife lay dying, and bade him seek consolation by marrying again, replied with tears in his bleary eyes, "*Non! non! j'aurai des maîtresses*,"—as the Champion of Protestantism and their Most Religious and Gracious King. "Show me some good person about that court," says that outspoken Englishman, Thackeray, "find me, among those selfish courtiers, those dissolute gay people, some one being that I can love and regard. There is that strutting little sultan, George II.; there is that hunch-backed, beetle-browed Lord Chesterfield; there is John Hervey, with his deadly smile and ghastly painted face—I hate them. There is Hoadly, cringing from one bishopric to another. . . . Can you be fond of these?"

No, we cannot be fond of them, we cannot even tolerate them. The whole court life of the Hanoverian Georges passes before our eyes like some vision of a diseased imagination, a dream of disgusting debauchery, drunken revelry, shameless immorality, in which, through the vapour of wine fumes, we see ruler, nobles, statesmen, poets, painters, authors, divines (what irony!) and debased women whirling in a mad dance of pleasure, lost to all sense of decency, duty, or religion. The Stuart kings were human and had their faults like the rest of mankind, but even in the luxurious and depraved court of Charles II. at least some semblance of kingly dignity was maintained. Here all was coarse, foreign, boorish, revolting to good taste, and without a single redeeming feature. How is it to be wondered at that many of the higher principled and nobler minded among the British people turned their eyes across the sea in the direction of that quiet, dignified exile, who with his princely sons represented the line of their old monarchy, and longed with all their hearts for the time when he would take his seat upon the throne of his royal ancestors.

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CHAPTER V

"Britons who dare to claim
That great and glorious name,
Rouse at the call!
See English honour fled,
Corruption's influence spread,
Slavery raise its head,
And freedom fall.

. . . . .

Shall an usurper reign,
And Britons hug the chain?
That we'll deny.
Then let us all unite
To retrieve James's right;
For Church, king, and laws we'll fight,
Conquer or die."

—*Jacobite National Anthem.*

MURRAY of Broughton left Scotland on his first important mission during the month of March 1743, making a short stay at York *en route* in order to discuss the situation and ask the advice of the Duke of Perth, who was at the time actively engaged in promoting James's interests in that city. As the duke will figure prominently in these pages, it will not be out of place to give a short description of his personal appearance, character, and antecedents.

James Drummond, sixth Earl and third Duke of Perth, head and chief of the ancient and noble Scottish family of Drummond,[1] tracing descent from Maurice, grandson of Andreas, King of Hungary, who came to Scotland with the English princess Margaret, afterwards wife of Malcolm III. (*Ceann-mòr*), was the eldest son of James, the second Duke,

[1] The name Drummond, was adopted by Maurice the Hungarian from the estate of Drymen (Gaelic *druim*, a ridge, as in *Druim-mòr*, Drummore, *Tigh na druim*, Tyndrum, &c.), in the Lennox, which was granted him by Malcolm III. The earliest armorial bearings of the family were, on a field or, a fesse wavy (*i.e.* a *druim*) gules; three bars wavy are now used. During the fourteenth century the Drummonds left the Lennox and settled in Perthshire, the county with which they have ever since been associated. In Gaelic the Duke of Perth is called *An Drumanach*.

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by his wife Lady Jean Gordon, only daughter of George, the first Duke of Gordon. His father and grandfather had both supported the claims of the Stuarts, and had suffered attainder and exile as a consequence of their loyalty. James VII. to mark his sense of gratitude created the fourth Earl, Duke, a title which very naturally the Hanoverian occupants of the British throne refused to recognise. Born in France in 1713, James Drummond had always been taught to regard the exiled Stuarts as his legitimate and only rulers, and the Elector of Hanover as a base usurper whose downfall was only a matter of time. Like his sovereign, he was a sincere Catholic, and had received his early education in the College of Douay, but Murray says he was "far from being bigotted, never introducing the subject, and if introduced rather choosing to shun it."

JAMES DRUMMOND, THIRD DUKE OF PERTH

From the painting at Drummond Castle

In 1743 he was a fine, distinguished-looking man of thirty, over six feet in height, but slender and delicate, of fair complexion, and somewhat weakly in health and constitution. In temperament and disposition he was amiable and kindly, easy of approach, and charitable to all in distress. His affection for the King and Prince Charles, and his belief in the righteousness of their cause was an absorbing passion which raised him far above the petty jealousies of his party, and left his name untarnished when so many were besmirched with the stain of self-interest and treason. Like the gentle Lochiel and the heroic Keppoch, he preserved through

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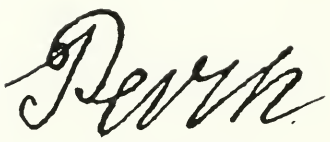
all the tortuous paths of intrigue, which preceded the rising of 1745, and the bitter recriminations which followed the ultimate disaster, "the white flower of a blameless life." Although trained in France, and with but a meagre knowledge of the English language, he was proud of his Scottish nationality, loved to wear the Highland dress, and often amused his friends by his fondness for speaking the braid Scots tongue. Like a good Scotsman and Highlander, he was not averse to an occasional dram, or a bottle or two of good claret, in the company of his Jacobite friends when discussing politics in some old Edinburgh inn or Highland change-house. Notwithstanding the attainder of his father for the part he took in the rising of 1715, the splendid estates in Perthshire, and the ancient castle of Drummond, built in the fifteenth century, with its magnificent gardens, were still in the duke's possession, the deed of disposition executed by his father in 1713 having been fortunately sustained by the Court of Session and affirmed by the House of Lords. Lord John Drummond, the duke's only brother, was tall and soldier-like, of dark-brown complexion, warm-hearted and genial, fond of society, and full of interest in his fine regiment, the Royal Scots, which he had raised for the service of the French king. He thoroughly sympathised with the duke in political matters, and was an equally staunch adherent of King James.



AUTOGRAPH OF
THE DUKE OF PERTH

The Duke of Perth received Murray with every consideration, heard all that he had to say, and expressed his entire approval of the journey to Paris. On his own part, he said, he had not been idle, having won over the mayor and several aldermen of York to promise the assistance of 10,000 men should a large Jacobite force appear in England. With this comfortable assurance of substantial help, Murray proceeded to London, where he heard with some dismay that Cardinal Fleury, upon whom so much depended, had died in the month of January. Upon receipt of this unwelcome news Murray's first impulse was to return, but upon more careful reflection he determined to go on and learn for himself the real state of the king's affairs in France. Arrived in Paris, he at once made his way to Balhaldie's lodgings, where he was probably not expected, for it was evidently part of Murray's plan to take his fellow-conspirator by surprise. In this he was eminently successful, for the Macgregor chieftain seemed much confused when Murray's smart lawyer-like figure entered his room. They soon, however, settled down to business,

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and Balhaldie very quickly put his visitor in full possession of the latest information regarding Jacobite movements on his side of the Channel, and gave him to understand that although the party had lost a valuable friend by the death of Cardinal Fleury, both Cardinal Tencin, his successor, and Monsieur Amelot de Chaillu, the Foreign Minister, were favourably inclined to assist King James with French troops in any expedition that might be undertaken. Sempill, whom Murray saw the same evening, reiterated Balhaldie's statements, and hinted that it might be better for him to return to Scotland with their assurance that all was well with the king's affairs in France, without troubling the Cardinal or Monsieur Amelot. This suggestion only tended to awaken Murray's cautious and suspicious nature, and he insisted on an interview, which after some further discussion Sempill reluctantly promised to arrange, warning him not to adhere too closely to the truth when describing the state of Jacobite preparedness in Britain. The result of Murray's negotiations were of little real advantage to the king; Tencin gave him two minutes' conversation, cracked a joke at James's expense, and bowed him out of the room with a few cold civilities. Amelot treated him a little more graciously, assured him of the French king's friendly intentions, made some vague promises of assistance "when the situation of affairs would permit," and treated him to a little homily on the dangerous and precarious nature of the premeditated rising. It was quite evident to Murray that Balhaldie had wittingly, or unwittingly, misrepresented in his correspondence the real feelings of the French Government towards the Jacobites.[1] Instead of an eagerness to help King James with men, ships, and money, Murray found only a callous indifference to his master's cause which

CARDINAL FLEURY

[1] It is quite possible that Balhaldie knew far more of the real intentions of the French king than Murray suspected. Mutual dislike made both reticent, and James's cause suffered in consequence.

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disgusted and irritated him. His distrust in Sempill and Balhaldie increased to such an extent, that he resolved to inform the king and members of the Association how utterly untrustworthy were their stories of French willingness to grant material aid. Balhaldie, buoyant and sanguine as ever, professed to be quite satisfied at Amelot's answer, and gave Murray to understand that he had determined on accompanying him to England, in order that he might "settle matters with the king's friends there," though what that meant Murray could not divine. The ill-assorted couple, both doing the king's business in the way they thought best, arrived in London together, Murray going to see Colonel Cecil with a view to discovering the position and opinions of the English Jacobites, whilst Balhaldie rushed excitedly from place to place with a great air of importance, interviewing Erskine of Grange and other possible friends of the cause, and compiling a list of the king's adherents in the city, which he greatly prided himself upon as a masterpiece of the highest value. Murray learnt little from Cecil that he did not know or suspect before; the king's party in England was irresolute and disunited—it had no efficient leader, and there was but faint hope of a strong or regular combination being formed to offer any armed resistance to the Elector's troops in the event of a rising in the North. The outlook was as gloomy as it could be, and Murray set out for Scotland disheartened and disillusioned, bearing a message from Balhaldie to Traquhair requesting his lordship's immediate attendance in London to concert matters with the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Barrymore, Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, and the other English leaders.

The remaining months of 1743 passed away uneventfully for those who had hoped that another bold attempt would have been made during the year to restore the Stuart dynasty. Traquhair's visit to London resulted in nothing more tangible than a promise of £10,000 from Lord Barrymore. Murray carried his threat into effect, and poured out his complaints regarding Sempill and Balhaldie in a communication to the king, and entrusted Traquhair with a letter he had written to the Earl Marischal, who was then at Boulogne, soliciting the earl's good offices to reconcile the unhappy differences existing among the king's agents. Traquhair foolishly showed this letter to Balhaldie in London, who, thinking it cast a reflection upon his own conduct, easily persuaded that weak-kneed Jacobite lord to throw it in the fire, an act which only served to incense Murray and widen the breach between them.

In December Balhaldie was in Rome with some important dispatches

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from the French court containing, it is evident from James's reply to Louis XV.,[1] a request that Prince Charles should at once leave Rome for Paris so that he might be at hand should an expedition to Scotland be decided upon. The Prince, animated with the strongest desire to distinguish himself as the champion of his father's rights, betrayed the greatest eagerness to go immediately, but James, whose hopes had been so often disappointed, was rather disinclined to send him without more precise instructions, "*J'avoue ingenuement a V^re M^té que mon premier mouvement estoit de differer le depart de mon Fils, jusqu'a ce que je pu recevoir des ordres, et des instructions plus precis de sa part.*" On further consideration, however, James gave his consent, and informed the French king that the prince should leave Rome about the 12th of the following month. The same day (December 23) he wrote to the Duke of Ormonde and the Earl Marischal notifying the probable intervention of France in his behalf, appointing Ormonde Regent until such time as Charles might be able to join the expedition, and authorising the earl to take command in Scotland with the rank of General. The English Jacobites were to be stimulated and consulted by Ormonde, whilst the Scottish adherents were left to the care of the Earl Marischal, who was to act by their advice. A manifesto was printed by the king's orders for distribution throughout Britain calling upon all loyal subjects to assist the Prince of Wales by taking up arms in his defence, and "by openly renouncing all pretended Allegiance to the Usurper." The most important clause in this declaration dealt with the religious question, and runs as follows: "We solemnly promise to protect, support, and maintain the Church of England, as by Law established, in all her Rights, Privileges, Possessions, and Immunities whatsoever; and We shall on all Occasions bestow Marks of Our royal Favour on the whole Body of the Clergy, but more particularly on those whose Principles and Practices shall best correspond with the Dignity of their Profession. We also solemnly promise to grant and allow the Benefit of a Toleration to all Protestant Dissenters, being utterly averse to all Persecution and Animosity on account of Conscience and Religion."

The plan suggested for the carrying out of this long meditated project was that a body of 3000 French troops commanded by the Earl Marischal should proceed to Scotland, where one half would disembark at Inverness to co-operate with Lord Lovat and the northern Jacobite clans, and the other in the West Highlands. Sir Hector MacLean, Sir

[1] Letter dated Rome, December 23, 1743, printed in "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 493-4.

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Alexander MacDonald, and Norman MacLeod of MacLeod were to raise their respective clans and march northwards through Ross-shire to join the Frasers, whilst Marshal Saxe with 12,000 men would sail from Dunkirk and threaten London from the south.

All possible precautions were taken by the king to keep the plan from

His MAJESTY's

MOST GRACIOUS

DECLARATION.

JAMES R.

JAMES the Third, by the Grace of GOD, King of *England*, *Scotland*, *France* and *Ireland*, Defender of the Faith, *&c.* To all Our loving Subjects, of what Degree or Quality ſoever, Greeting. The Love and Affection We bear to Our native Country, are ſo natural and inherent to Us, that they could never be altered or diminiſhed by a long and remote Exile, nor the many Hardſhips We have undergone during the whole Courſe of our Life; and We almoſt forget Our own Misfortunes, when We conſider the Oppreſſion and

A Tyranny

FACSIMILE OF FIRST PAGE OF THE KING'S MANIFESTO.
DATED DECEMBER 23, 1743

From an original in possession of the Author

being discovered by the many agents of the English Government who lurked within the precincts of the Palazzo Apostoli, and kept watchful eyes upon every movement which betokened any special activity. Walton, whose vigilance had for some time been unrewarded by any discovery, began, in spite of all James's care, to scent some more than usually impor-

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tant conspiracy in the air. Prince Charles had appeared at a ball in the Palazzo Pamphili in Highland dress (probably presented to him by the Duke of Perth),[1] and delighted the susceptible Italians with his handsome appearance in a garb few of them had ever seen before. Looking bonnie and blithe in the bright tartan and its glittering accompaniments, now worn for the first time, Charles strolled about the ball-room, talking with animation to his friends, and looking every inch the noble prince he was. But Walton, keenly observant, saw treason to his master lurking in the folds of the kilt ; the tartan of the Highlander of whatever colour was a red rag to the Hanoverian bull, who regarded it with the keenest aversion and bitterest enmity. It was strangely ominous that just when every one expected a renaissance of Jacobite energy the young leader and future hope of that party should don the historic dress of his loyal Highlanders. The circumstance, trivial in itself, awakened Walton's strongest suspicions that some important scheme was maturing, but he was at first unable to report anything definite to his employers owing to the secrecy with which everything connected with Prince Charles was surrounded. Some inkling of the arranged journey to Paris must however have leaked out, for Walton became early aware that such a step was contemplated, and promptly dispatched the news to England.

James, probably unconscious that part at least of his plan was already known to his rival George II., prepared a carefully thought-out ruse which he fondly hoped would throw his enemies off their guard and allow Prince Charles to reach Paris without his departure becoming known. In order to effect this the Prince made ostentatious preparations for a great boar-hunting expedition to Cisterna, in which his brother Henry and many of his personal friends were to take part. The date fixed for starting was January 11, 1744, but before that time his horses and travelling equipment had been sent forward, so that everything might be in readiness for his journey. In the dead of night on January 9, he rose from his bed, and without disturbing his sleeping brother, dressed quietly and descended to the portico of the palace, where Lord Dunbar awaited his coming with two horses, a post-chaise and postillions, and one personal attendant who was in the secret. Without a moment's delay the Prince entered the chaise, and the whole party, swiftly passing out of the city by St. John's Gate, were soon posting along the road to Albano. After a few miles had been covered, Charles,

[1] See Lord John Drummond's letter to Edgar, dated Paris, February 2, 1743. Brown's "History of the Highlands," vol. ii. p. 444.

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making the excuse that he felt cold, gave his seat in the chaise to Dunbar, and jumping on to the back of one of the saddle-horses rode off with his servant, leaving the others to follow more leisurely. When Dunbar arrived at the place where the Frascati road branches off, he found Charles apparently suffering from an injury to his foot, the result, so the Prince informed him, of an accidental fall he had just had. Dunbar expressed great concern at this misfortune, and wanted to assist Charles into the vehicle, but this he would not hear of, as he wished to make all haste to the nearest town, where he could rest his wounded foot. Instead, therefore, of going on to Albano the Prince now said that he would ride on as fast as he could to Cisterna, and requested Dunbar to continue his journey to the former place. A message had been left behind for Prince Henry that his brother's great eagerness for sport had prompted him to leave Rome earlier than he had intended, but that he was to follow on and meet him at Albano. The accident was, of course, merely feigned for the purpose of mystifying the servants and of accounting in a reasonable way for a prolonged absence.

When Henry arrived at Albano he was met by Dunbar, who at first attempted to keep up the fiction of Charles's injury, but finding the lad inquisitive and anxious to see his brother, admitted him to the whole secret, and advised him to proceed on his hunting excursion alone, giving him a hint at the same time that it would be as well to spread the news of Charles's accident as much as possible. By this means the deception was maintained until the 17th of January, when Dunbar announced that he had received a letter from Charles stating that he was now well again, but owing to the inclemency of the weather he intended to forego the boar-hunt, and would return at once to Rome. This was all part of the scheme for throwing dust in the eyes of his enemies, and whilst Lord Dunbar, with a youth dressed up in Charles's clothes riding by his side, entered Rome with the remainder of the hunting party, the real Prince was hurrying on to Paris, wearing the distinctive badge of a Neapolitan courier, and attended by Balhaldie under the name of Malloch, and two confidential servants. Before crossing the Tuscan border he removed his badge and became Don Biagio, an officer of the Spanish army, and when stopped by the authorities produced a passport made out in that name, with which he had been provided by Cardinal Acquaviva. The adventure was quite in keeping with Prince Charles's fearless and romantic nature, and he entered into the spirit of it with all the zest of a young knight departing on his first errand of chivalry. At last he had shaken off the restrictions of childhood and the bonds which

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had confined him to the narrow limits of his father's court; now he was a man, glorying in a man's freedom of action, and engaged in a man's mission, the dangers of which only added a new and agreeable sensation to those he was now experiencing for the first time. The novelty of it all was delightful, and in spite of the excessive cold and terrible fatigue of the long journey, he was probably happier than he had ever been in his life before. At Carrara he took ship for Genoa, but upon his arrival at that port he found it impossible to proceed, for the exposure and hard riding had utterly exhausted him, and during the space of a day and night he kept his bed. Strengthened and refreshed by this delay, Prince Charles and his party proceeded on their way by Savona to Antibes, where they arrived at two o'clock in the afternoon on January 23rd, having run the gauntlet of a British fleet, Charles now passing under the name of Grahant (probably Graham).[1] Here the vessel was put into quarantine by M. Villeneuve, the agent of the French Government, who immediately communicated the news of the Prince's arrival to Amelot. The time of quarantine having expired, Charles, Balhaldie, and the attendants set out for Paris on the evening of the 29th, and Villeneuve, noticing that the Prince did not look in robust health, thoughtfully offered to lend him his carriage, but Charles courteously refused to make use of it, preferring, he said, to make the journey on horseback. Notwithstanding the clandestine manner of the Prince's arrival on French territory, and the excessive care that had been taken to prevent his departure from Rome becoming known, it is certain that the Government of George II. was fully informed of his movements before he reached his destination, for a letter dated February 3, 1744, was sent by the Duke of Newcastle to Mr. Thompson, the English resident at the French court, instructing him to see Amelot and acquaint him with the intelligence that had been received from Antibes respecting the Prince, and that "his Majesty (George II.) did not doubt that if the accounts were founded, his Most Christian Majesty would, pursuant to treaties, give effectual orders that the said person may be obliged forthwith to quit France." The one important fact of which the English ministers were totally ignorant was, that Charles had come to France at the special request of the French king for the express purpose of attempting an almost immediate invasion of Britain.

For a week or two after Prince Charles reached Paris he is said to

[1] "J'ai bien l'honneur de vous mander par le courryer que je vous ay expedie le 23 du mois dernier a 2 heures apres midy l'aryve de messieurs *Grahant* et *Mallock* et deux domestiques venus de Gène icy sur une felloupque espagnolle." Villeneuve to Amelot, February 1, 1744.

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have stayed at the house of Lord Sempill,[1] where he held repeated conferences with the Earl Marischal and Lord Elcho on the subject of the expedition, which he was most anxious should start at the earliest possible moment. On February 15, Sempill acknowledges the receipt of ten thousand livres from M. Amelot, "*pour l'usage du Prince du Galles à Paris*," a gift which must have been very welcome to Charles, the more so as it indicated a desire on the part of Louis XV. to give some practical expression to his oft-repeated professions of sympathy with the Stuart cause.

From Paris, Charles, still attended by Balhaldie, who had acquired a great influence over him, made his way to the coast with the greatest secrecy, and took lodgings in the small fishing town of Gravelines, where he lived in the most rigid seclusion under the name of the Chevalier Douglas. Here, as Lord Mahon says, "his eyes for the first time greeted the white cliffs of that island which he believed himself born to rule and was destined so soon to invade."

The warlike preparations of the French fleet at Dunkirk and elsewhere could no longer be concealed from the English Government, and on February 15, George II. acquainted both Houses of Parliament, "That he had received undoubted Intelligence of the Arrival of the Pretender's Eldest Son in France, and that an Invasion was designed from thence in his Favour, to be supported by a French Squadron then cruising in the Channel." This unwelcome news aroused the Government to action, and steps were at once taken to put the army and navy into a state of readiness for any emergency. The Earl of Stair was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces in England. General Wentworth was sent to Holland to make arrangements for a body of Dutch troops being despatched without delay, and the veteran admiral, Sir John Norris, commanding a fleet of twenty-nine ships of the line and several frigates lying at Spithead, was ordered to patrol the Channel and keep a vigilant eye on the movements of the Frenchmen.

The total military force in England at this critical juncture did not exceed 6000 men, so that the successful landing of a French army with Prince Charles at its head, and a simultaneous rising of armed Jacobites in Scotland and England would in all human probability have resulted in a complete overthrow of the Hanoverian dynasty and the restoration of James VIII.

It was, however, not to be; that merciless fate which pursued the Stuart sovereigns like an avenging spirit was as relentless as ever, and

[1] Ewald, vol. i. p. 88.

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dashed the cup of success from the lips of the Prince before he could taste of its contents, for ere the month of February came to an end he had experienced the bitterness of his first great disappointment. The French squadron under Admiral de Roquefeuille, consisting of twenty-three men-of-war in two divisions, sailed from Brest early in February,[1] with the intention of preventing a junction between the English fleets which were being made ready at Portsmouth and Chatham, and if a suitable opportunity occurred, to attack them. When nearing Land's End Roquefeuille was joined by some additional ships from Rochfort, and the combined fleet, much delayed by adverse winds and rough weather passing through the English Channel, appeared off the Isle of Wight on February 28, where the admiral expected to find Sir John Norris, but that wary officer had already left his anchorage at Spithead, and steered his course for the Downs to meet the warships from Chatham. In ignorance of this manœuvre, and thinking the English admiral had taken shelter in Portsmouth harbour, Roquefeuille detached four of his vessels under the command of M. de Bareil, with instructions to make all speed to Dunkirk, and hurry forward the despatch of the transports with troops. Marshal Saxe upon receipt of this message proceeded at once to embark 7000 men, with large quantities of arms, ammunition, and military stores, and quickly put to sea, he and Prince Charles accompanying the expedition in the same ship.

Meanwhile Roquefeuille had anchored off Dungeness, and sent one of his frigates for news of the English fleet. Two days later the frigate was observed returning under full sail, and signalled that she had discovered Sir John Norris in the Downs, and that his fleet was just rounding the North Foreland. Shortly afterwards the English ships came in sight and advanced in order of battle to within two leagues of the French squadron, but the tide falling, they were obliged to haul to and cast their anchors. As the day wore on Roquefeuille called a council of war, at which it was decided that in view of the great superiority of the English fleet they should get under sail at nightfall and make the best of their way back to Brest. A dead calm seriously retarded this intention, and had Sir John Norris made a bold attack during the afternoon he would without doubt have gained a complete victory. The next morning the French ships were nowhere to be seen, and a tremendous gale having sprung up in the Channel pursuit was rendered impossible. The storm, which materially assisted Roquefeuille in escaping from his enemies, was absolutely disastrous in its effects

[1] January 20, old style.

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upon the transports; seven were completely wrecked off Dunkirk and all on board drowned, whilst others were damaged beyond repair. Hundreds of officers and men were more or less seriously injured, and had to be removed to hospitals and convents; stores and munitions of war were destroyed or totally lost, and even the ships of Roquefeuille's squadron were badly shattered by the terrible force of the wind and sea before they could reach Brest. In deadly peril of his own life, Prince Charles watched with a sinking heart the destruction of the transports, but he did not lose hope or allow his courage to fail him; with or without the help of France he was determined to cross the sea that lay between him and his father's kingdom, and, with the help of Providence and the good swords of his faithful Highlanders, win back the crown of Britain, or die a soldier's death in making the attempt. The vessel in which he had embarked with Marshal Saxe fortunately weathered the storm, and managed with some difficulty to reach Dunkirk in safety, from whence Charles returned to Gravelines, and awaited impatiently the summons to join a new expedition, which he confidently expected would be at once arranged. Balhaldie (still living under the name of Malloch) appears to have been his only companion at this time, and, if Murray of Broughton may be credited, allowed no one to have access to the Prince but such as he (Balhaldie) chose. This uncongenial life at Gravelines with its attendant discomforts was undoubtedly irksome to Charles, although his health benefited by the fresh sea breezes which blew from the English Channel and cooled his anxious brow. His high spirits never left him, and he was as merry as a schoolboy when with a single servant he went about the town buying fish, and, as he writes his father, "squabbling for a penny more or less." His incognito was strictly kept, for he continues, "nobody nose where I am or what has become of me, so that I am entirely burried as to the publick, and cant but say but that it is a very great constrent upon me, for I am obliged very often not to star out of my room, for fier of somebodys noing my face."[1] King James at first approved of his son's secret mode of life, but later wrote to Balhaldie, "I shall not be easy till I know the Prince is out of his strange and long confinement and incognito, which must be so uneasy to him, and I think does little honor to the King of France." Charles expressed a strong desire that Sir Thomas Sheridan, his old tutor, should be sent to him, a request which the king afterwards complied with.

[1] The Prince in common with many other famous and otherwise highly educated men of his time was notoriously deficient in his knowledge of orthography.

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The overwhelming disaster which had frustrated the hopes of the Jacobite party, decided the French Government to relinquish the idea of an invasion of Britain in the Stuart interest, if not altogether at least until a more promising opportunity offered. Marshal Saxe received notice that he had been appointed to command in Flanders, and was ordered to quit Dunkirk with his troops without delay; the fleet dispersed and all preparations for crossing the Channel postponed indefinitely, France, having thus disclosed her political schemes to the Government of George II., declared war against Britain on March 15, a compliment which was returned by that Power on the 23rd with all due formality, the declaration duly setting forth "that the Hostilities committed against our Fleet in the Mediterranean with the Affront and Indignity offered, by an avowed Reception of the eldest Son of the Pretender to his Majesty's Crown, as well as the Invasion designed in his Favour, with the sending a French Squadron into the Channel to support the said Invasion, will be lasting Monuments to Posterity what little Regard the French Court paid to the most sacred Engagements." The immediate effect of the attempted invasion was the stirring up of Whig animosity against the Jacobites in London, and a renewal of Government prosecutions. Horace Walpole in a letter to Mann, dated February 23, writes, "Nobody is yet taken up: God knows why not!" He had not long to wait, however, for before the end of the month Colonel Cecil and Thomas Carte were both under lock and key. Cecil when examined denied having any hand in King James's affairs, but admitted that he was, or had been, acquainted with Sempill, Wogan, and Carte. When Carte's turn came he treated the whole matter as a joke. Asked by the Duke of Newcastle, "Are you a bishop?" he replied with humour, "No, my Lord Duke, there are no bishops in England but what are of your Grace's own making; and I am sure I have no reason to expect that honour." Later he was released, and the *Westminster Journal* wittily remarked, "Mr. Carte was confined for he knew not what, and discharged for he knew not why."

Londoners as a body treated the threatened descent of a French army upon the south coast with contemptuous indifference, and the fact which was continually being drummed into their Cockney brains that Prince Charles had allied himself with the dirty papistical Frenchmen, served the purpose it was intended to serve by the editors of Whig newspapers, who dished it up with many lying additions from their own fertile imaginations.

There can be no doubt that this close association of the Prince with the ancient foes of England, unavoidable as it was, did far

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more to alienate the affections of the English people than even the question of his religion. The one was a palpable fact, the other but a surmise.

For a short time after the catastrophe at Dunkirk, Charles restrained his natural impetuosity; but when he learnt that the French king had recalled Marshal Saxe and put a stop to all preparations for the projected expedition, his indignation knew no bounds, and he declared in the bitterness of his heart that he would hire a small fishing-boat and sail for Scotland alone, where he was assured many loyal friends would hail his coming with delight and flock to the standard he should set up. So bent was he upon this quixotic adventure that he sent off a message to the Earl Marischal desiring him to repair immediately to Gravelines, and hold himself in readiness to accompany him on the voyage. Finding the earl would not lend his countenance to any such rash undertaking, Charles proposed to join the French army then fighting against the English in Flanders, but here again he met with a rebuff, for the Earl Marischal very wisely pointed out that by appearing in the ranks of Britain's enemies he would still further widen the breach between himself and his father's subjects. With the unreasonableness of youth, the Prince did not take this good advice in the spirit with which it was offered; he was angry and annoyed and wrote unkind things about the earl in a letter to the king. To James himself the news of the disaster which had so unexpectedly overtaken the force destined, as he hoped, to recover his lost kingdom, came as a cruel blow, the last and heaviest that he had suffered during his chequered life. Never of a very sanguine temperament, he had in connection with this his son's first enterprise become quite enthusiastic, the more so when he heard that powerful French assistance was to be really forthcoming on his behalf. Evidence exists[1] that in his confident expectation of success he even ordered new state liveries for his servants, which were to be worn for the first time upon the receipt of news that Charles had entered London in triumph. Unhappily, like many another well-thought-out Jacobite scheme, it had failed utterly, and Prince Charles, instead of riding as a hero through the streets of London, was constrained, much against his will, to leave the sea-coast where his hopes lay, and make his way back to Paris[2] in secret, weary and sad at heart, but resolute as ever. Upon his return to the French capital, Charles took up his abode in the house of Æneas MacDonald, a

[1] State Papers, Tuscany, April 14, 1744.

[2] "Le Prince Édouard arriva à Paris la nuit, du 5 au 6 Avril et s'y tient trés caché." French Foreign Office Minute, April 1744.

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Scottish banker, brother of MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, whose father Ronald had fought for the Stuarts at Killiecrankie and Sheriffmuir. With young MacDonald, the Prince, now known as Baron Renfrew, soon

From a Contemporary Painting

struck up a close friendship, and together they frequently enjoyed the dissipations of the gay city and went occasionally to the *bal masqué's* at Versailles, where, much to Charles' mortification and annoyance, Louis XV. pretended not to see him. It must indeed have seemed strange to him

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that the French king, by whose request he had left his father's court at Rome, had never openly acknowledged him, nor responded to his repeated solicitations for an interview. Such treatment was certainly not encouraging, but with the hopefulness of youth Charles consoled himself with the thought that the king's apparent neglect was due to important reasons of state policy, and submitted to it with as good a grace as he could.

About this time some of the Jacobite leaders in Paris despatched a former steward of MacDonald the banker, one Buchanan, to London with a message to their English *confrères* informing them that until a more propitious opportunity occurred no further assistance was to be expected from France. Why they did this it is not easy to understand. Murray of Broughton seems to have known nothing of Buchanan's visit, and it is more than probable that the Prince himself was not consulted in the matter. When Buchanan returned after a short stay in London, Lord Sempill met him secretly, and together they invented a wonderful story of Jacobite activity in England, which a few days later they told with barefaced audacity and without the slightest regard for truth to the French ministers, Amelot and D'Argenson. The story, told with a wealth of circumstantial detail by Sempill, who acted as spokesman, with occasional corroborative interjections by Buchanan, was to the effect that on the authority of the Lord Mayor and other important personages they were assured that the English people were heartily sick of Hanoverian despotism, and were only waiting the advent of Prince Charles to place an army of at least 20,000 men in the field for his use in overturning the Elector. The Frenchmen listened patiently to Sempill's mendacious statement, and at its conclusion said they were glad to learn that King James's prospects were so flourishing, and without committing themselves to any promise, hinted diplomatically that they had not altogether given up the idea of helping the Prince to recover his father's crown.

The summer of 1744 still found Charles living in strict seclusion with his friend the banker. Sheridan,[1] for whom he had the highest regard, reached Paris in June. "It is a great comfort to me your sending S^r^ Tomas whose caracter is so well none to everybody to whom I have spoken to and even in England the do him the Gustice, that he deservies," writes the Prince to his father in May, and on July 3rd the king replied to his "Dear Carluccio," "I am very glad Sir Thos. is come safe to his journeys end, and it is a great satisfaction to me to have him with you,

[1] Sir Thomas Sheridan was a native of the north of Ireland, the son of a cavalry officer in the army of James VII. (II) who was killed at the battle of the Boyne. Thomas, then sixteen years of age, followed the king to France, and after that monarch's death took service with James VIII., who appointed him Charles's tutor.

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becaus I am sure of his attachment towards Us, and that we shall never have but truth from him." Balhaldie and Sempill, who wished to have the Prince entirely under their own control, strongly resented the intrusion of his faithful old tutor into their little circle; they feared his shrewdness would detect the falsity of their carefully prepared stories, and that he would expose the deception to his pupil. Balhaldie's opinion of Sheridan is sufficiently indicated by the letter he wrote to Edgar about a year after Culloden, in which he says that he was "so blinded with his furious ambition of governing his young master and his affairs, that he appears to have chose to see our unhappy Prince perish and all nature with him, rather than that the world should doubt of the ascendant he had over his mind."

Shortly after Sir Thomas's arrival in Paris, George Kelly, Bishop Atterbury's ex-secretary, who, since his fortunate escape from the Tower, had been retained in the service of the Duke of Ormonde, was sent for by the advice of Lord Sempill and Balhaldie as a suitable person to assist the Prince with his gradually increasing correspondence. Like Sheridan, he was an honest, straightforward man, faithfully fulfilling in a quiet unostentatious way his duty to the Jacobite cause, in defence of which he had already suffered so much. Although Balhaldie had himself advised Charles to employ Kelly, he soon began to regret it when he discovered that the Irish clergyman was not at all a man after his own kidney, or one that would help to keep the Prince in the fool's paradise which had been so thoughtlessly created by his own disregard for truth. Balhaldie and his colleague preferred the more questionable methods of political intrigue, whilst Kelly and Sir Thomas both refused to commit themselves to any such procedure.

The Prince's income at this time was small and irregular, barely sufficing to maintain the dignity of his position and the many necessary calls upon his purse. Representations had been made to the French ministers on his behalf, and at length in the month of July the sum of £1500 per annum was assigned to him by the Court of France, which was afterwards increased to £3000.[1]

In Scotland so little was known of the Prince's movements, and so few preparations had been made for an armed rising, in spite of Balhaldie's assertions to the contrary, that when news arrived of the Dunkirk disaster, it created far less consternation than might have been expected, in fact, many of the cooler-headed Jacobites regarded the failure as providential.

[1] Examination of Æneas Macdonald, January 12, 1747.

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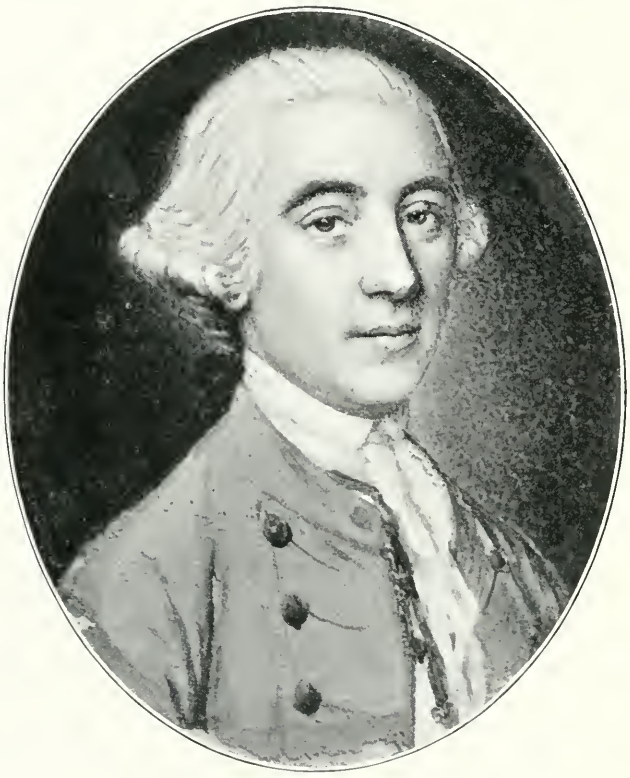
One thing was, however, certain: their king's eldest son had shown his determination to assert his father's right to the throne of Britain with the sword, and it now became the duty of every loyal adherent of the House of Stuart to hold himself in readiness for the struggle that must soon come. Lochiel was already in Lochaber preparing his clan for action,[1] and the Duke of Perth, although warned that Government spies were watching his every movement, went boldly to Drummond Castle, and threw himself into the work of securing the active sympathies of his neighbours on behalf of King James, and preparing his own tenants and retainers for immediate service. Among those whom he tried to win over was Lord George Murray, fourth son of the first Duke of Atholl, and brother of William,[2] the second duke, who for the part he had taken in the rising of 1715, suffered attainder and the loss of his title, which was bestowed by the Elector upon his next younger brother James. Lord George, who was born in 1705, had very early in his career betrayed his Jacobite convictions, having at the age of ten taken a part in the rising of 1715; and in 1719, together with his brother William, Marquis of Tullibardine, he shared the misfortunes of the unsuccessful action in Glen Shiel, where he was



LORD GEORGE MURRAY

From a miniature, by permission of Messrs. G. W. Wilson & Co., *Aberdeen*

[1] Later Lochiel visited Sir Alexander MacDonald in Skye, and obtained a promise that he would join the Prince with his clan as soon as he was landed.—"Murray of Broughton, Memoirs," p. 69 *n.*

[2] Commonly known as the Marquis of Tullibardine.

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wounded. Making his escape to the Continent, Lord George obtained an officer's commission in the Sardinian army, and devoted himself entirely to the study of military exercises and tactics, for which he seemed to possess a natural capacity. After several years of exile spent in acquiring a mastery of his profession, he received the pardon of George I. by his brother James's intercession, and returned to Scotland, a tall, robust, soldier-like man, full of fire and energy, and ready to distinguish himself as a leader of men whenever fate placed the opportunity in his way.

Gifted by nature with a high degree of intelligence and sound common sense, he could not help feeling his superiority over the weaker and less capable men with whom he came in contact—this fostered an imperious and haughty spirit which he took little pains to conceal; opposition to his well-matured projects irritated him beyond measure, and nothing short of absolute control in his own department would satisfy his ambitious spirit. Apart from these natural failings Lord George Murray was brave but cautious, never ordering his men to do anything he would not do himself, diligent in the performance of whatever duties he had in hand, and always ready to share the dangers and privations of a soldier's life without a murmur.

AUTOGRAPH OF LORD GEORGE MURRAY

Such a man, who had always considered the Stuart cause "just and right, as well as for the interest, good, and liberty of his country,"[1] could not, the Duke of Perth thought, fail to respond when the call to arms came, and so he lost no time in preparing him for the summons. Lord George at once showed the stuff he was made of by proposing to raise the Atholl men ostensibly for the Government service, but in reality for King James; on further consideration, however, it was thought that this was not feasible, and might cause suspicion, so leaving Murray to make his own arrangements, the Duke sent a message to MacDonald of Keppoch requesting an interview. Keppoch came, and the two leaders earnestly discussed the position of affairs, and mutually agreed to do all in their power to have everything in readiness in case Prince Charles should arrive unexpectedly in Scotland.

Lovat in the north feigned sickness, and waited to see which way the wind blew before committing himself to any movement that might serve to compromise him in the eyes of the Government. Murray of Broughton,

[1] See letter from Lord George Murray to the titular Duke of Atholl.—"Chronicles of the Families of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 19.

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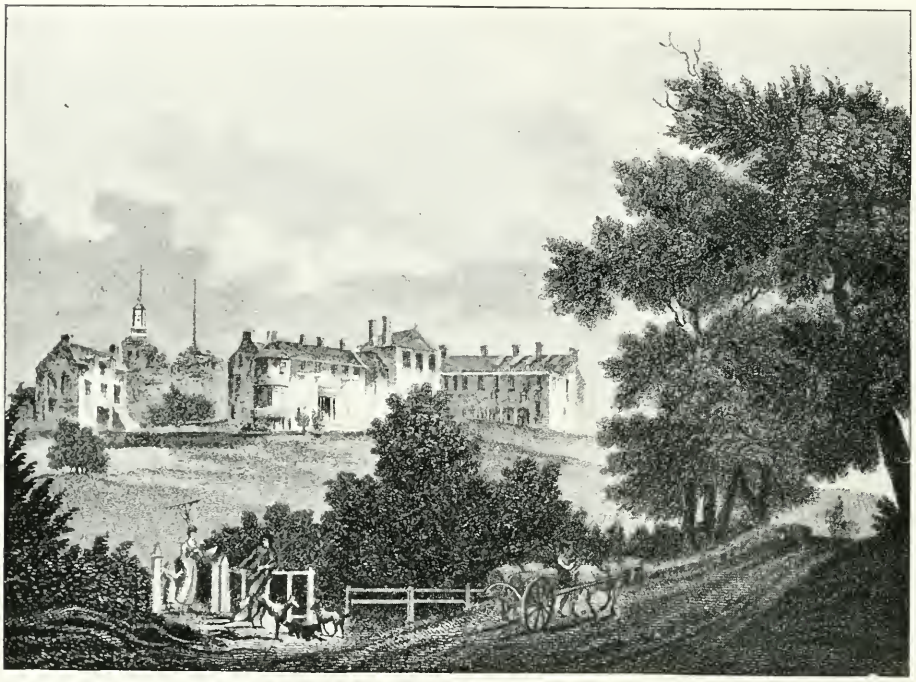
ever on the alert, discovered by accident that Balhaldie was sending word of the embarkation of troops to Lord Traquhair through the medium of the ordinary post, a piece of criminal carelessness which he justly says nothing can vindicate. Murray had been purposely kept in the dark by Balhaldie and his colleague Sempill, and knew very little of what had been going on at Dunkirk, until informed by William Nisbet, the Jacobite laird of Dirleton. This intelligence decided Murray to take the advice of



DRUMMOND CASTLE

From FITTLER'S "*Scotia Depicta*," *drawn in* 1779

his friends and leave Edinburgh for Broughton. In Peebleshire he met Lord Traquhair, who, in daily expectation of arrest at his own house, was just preparing to depart for Drummond Castle, where he thought he would be safe from pursuit. Murray was persuaded to accompany him, so together they set out for Perthshire, and upon arrival learnt, much to their surprise, and with no little alarm, that the Duke of Perth was himself in a like predicament, and for greater safety had left the Castle and sought shelter with James *Mór* (Drummond) Macgregor,[1] one of Rob Roy's five

[1] The James More of Louis Stevenson's "Catriona." The word *Mór* is the Gaelic for "big." Many writers spell the word incorrectly "Mohr." When aspirated after feminine nouns it is *Mhor*, pronounced Vhor.

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DRUMMOND

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief *An Drumanach*

Badge—*Holly or Wild Thyme*

The small piece of tartan on boulder is the original sett as worn by the Duke of Perth in 1745. The tartan now erroneously called "Drummond" is in reality "Grant"

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sons, at his farm at Loch Tron, about eight miles farther up the country. This step was, in Murray's opinion, most unwise, as it would, he thought, only serve to awaken those suspicions it was their object to divert. He therefore advised Traquhair to go at once to the Duke and try and induce him to return. Traquhair consented, and in two days the Duke arrived and convened a meeting at the Castle to consider the position of the party and discuss the best methods of procedure. At this meeting, in addition to the Duke of Perth, Lord Traquhair, and Murray, two important Jacobite noblemen were present, John, third Lord Nairne, an elderly man of fifty-three, a near connection of the family of Atholl,[1] and William Drummond, fourth Viscount of Strathallan, who was married to a sister of Lord Nairne. Both had been *out* in 1715 for King James, and had suffered imprisonment in consequence, but, nothing daunted by the failure of that attempt, they were quite prepared to again risk their lives and estates for the cause they had at heart.

Shortly after this meeting, Murray, who had been staying at Fairnton, Lord John Drummond's place, Nairne House, Abercairney, and other places in Perthshire, returned home by Stirling and Edinburgh. In the capital he met Lord Elcho, who had recently crossed the Channel from Boulogne, and learnt from him the latest news from France, which still further incensed him against Balhaldie and Sempill, whose unwarranted assumption of authority and malignant influence over Prince Charles, he argued, would demolish all their schemes, and do incalculable injury to the king's interests in Britain. The matter was serious, and Murray proposed that he should make another journey to France, and if possible see the Prince himself and put him in possession of the actual facts relating to his father's affairs both in Scotland and England, warning him at the same time to receive Balhaldie's statements *cum grano salis*. To this proposal both Elcho and Traquhair gave unqualified assent, and it now only waited for the Duke of Perth's confirmation. Without wasting a moment, the energetic Murray rode post-haste to Drummond Castle, interviewed the Duke, who readily acquiesced in the plan, and gave Murray full authority to act in the name of the Scottish Jacobites without reference to either Sempill or his Highland colleague.

[1] Lord Nairne's father was Lord William Murray, son of the first Marquess of Athoil.

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CHAPTER VI

"To daunton me, an' me sae young,
An' gude King James's auldest son!
O that's the thing that ne'er can be,
For the man's unborn that'll daunton me!
O set me ance on Scottish land,
An' gie me my braidsword in my hand,
Wi' my blue bonnet aboon my bree,
An' show me the man that'll daunton me."

STARTING from Scotland on July 7th, 1744, the indefatigable Murray, after a few days' hard travelling, reached London and at once proceeded to put himself in communication with Dr. Barry, a Jacobite agent to whom he had been recommended by Traquhair, with a view to finding out how matters stood in the metropolis, and to arrange for his passage across the Channel as secretly as possible.

Calling first at the shop of Andrew Cockburn, a hosier in Johnson's Court, Charing Cross, where Balhaldie was wont to stay when in London, he learnt that the doctor had but a day or two before received a letter from his Highland friend, and had gone into the country to digest its contents. A little later Dr. Barry returned, and Murray went to see him at his house in Craven Street, Strand, with Traquhair's note of introduction. The doctor invited him to dinner, and together they talked over the contents of Balhaldie's latest letter, which contained a request that some English sailors should be at once engaged to pilot over the transports with troops from France.[1] Murray could only express his astonishment at this demand, which seemed to imply a second expedition, and was altogether inconsistent with the message Sempill and Balhaldie had sent to Lord Traquhair, wherein they stated that no further movement would be likely

[1] Dr. Barry in his examination, November 11, 1746, denies that he knew Balhaldie or ever had any correspondence with him, and stated that he only saw Murray professionally as a physician. It is probable, however, that Murray's account is correct.

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to take place for some time to come. It was impossible to reconcile the two letters, and Murray could only conclude that Balhaldie was playing a double part for purposes of his own. More remarkable still, although much stress had been laid upon the engagement of the pilots, and instructions given that they were to be sent over immediately, nothing whatever was said regarding the port at which they were to disembark, or the person whom they were to meet on arrival.

Dr. Barry had already done his part and procured with some difficulty the necessary men, who were ready to proceed to France under the charge of a Mr. Honeyman. Matters being thus at a complete standstill, Murray advised the doctor to write Balhaldie, and resolved to do the same himself as soon as he could obtain a cypher. Thinking that the worthy hosier would be likely to have one that his former lodger would understand, Murray called upon him and was greatly astounded when Cockburn produced it from the window-seat where it had been carelessly thrown, "ready," as Murray says, "for the perusal of any person curious enough to look at it, wherein was a list of names, both Scots and English, only proper for the knowledge of such as were very nearly concerned."

This piece of dangerous negligence disgusted Murray, as well it might. Hanoverian spies were ubiquitous at that time, and a few Jacobite heads on Temple Bar would have delighted the Whigs, who were beginning to think a few of their political enemies should be made to suffer for the attempted invasion. Murray had, however, far too much regard for his own cranium to have any desire that it should occupy such an extremely elevated position, and much preferred it on his shoulders. Having written his letter, in which he advised Balhaldie of his proposed journey to the Continent, and asked for a passport to be sent for him to Rotterdam, he began to prepare for the voyage. Dr. Barry suggested that he should sail with Honeyman and the pilots, who were going in a small fishing boat ostensibly as fishermen, with all the necessary appliances of nets and other tackle peculiar to their supposed calling. A suit of oilskins could easily be found for Murray, who would have to assume the rôle of a bold mariner until he was safely landed on the other side. The idea seemed a good one, and Murray was inclined to fall in with it, but as Lord Elcho had written to say he intended to go abroad and would like to accompany him, he thought it better not to decide until his lordship arrived. Meanwhile a letter was received by the doctor from Balhaldie with instructions that the pilots were to sail immediately for Dieppe, where they would be met by an official of the French marine. When Lord Elcho appeared on the scene, and Dr. Barry's proposal was

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submitted to him, it was decided to abandon the idea of travelling with the sailors, and so without further delay the two Jacobites left London for Dover, and, crossing the Channel to Ostend, pursued their way to the scene of military operations in Flanders, where the British army, under the command of General Wade, was encamped at Berlingham, near Oudenard, awaiting with the rest of the allied forces the attack of the French under Marshal Saxe and the Duc de Harcourt. Here they stayed five or six days, keenly observant of everything that was going on, and taking careful note of the strength and efficiency of the Elector's troops. Murray, after his visit to Paris in 1743, had received the complimentary commission of a captainship in Rothe's Irish Regiment—"*Capitaine Reformé a la suite du Regiment Irlandois de Rothe*"—and it was probably this fact and a desire to witness with his own eyes the movements of an army in the field that attracted him to the British camp.

After leaving Flanders, Murray, going by way of Brussels, reached Rotterdam, where a few days later he fell in with Balhaldie, whom he found playing cards with his nephew, John Drummond, a captain in Lord John Drummond's regiment, in the public room of a small tavern called the Sun, surrounded by "a promiscuous company" of English spies, foreign sailors, waterside loafers, and other undesirable characters, in whose presence Murray felt it would be unwise to hold any conference; so merely greeting Balhaldie and his nephew as chance acquaintances, he waited until the game was finished, and then withdrew into a private apartment, where they could talk without any danger of being overheard.

A heated discussion then took place, Murray beginning by expressing his doubts with regard to the sincerity of the French promises of assistance, at which the fiery Celt, who saw that Murray suspected his veracity, flew into such a towering passion that the circumspect Lowlander judged it would be unwise to prolong the argument. The matter therefore dropped, and Balhaldie's temper having cooled a little, Murray explained his reasons for coming thither, and said that he must push on to Paris without a moment's delay, to convey his message to the Prince and receive instructions for the Scottish Jacobites from his Royal Highness's own lips.

This was exactly what both Sempill and Balhaldie wished to prevent, and the latter did all he could to deter Murray from fulfilling his mission by stating that the Prince, fearing that his coming from London would occasion suspicion, had refused to send the passport. The Lowlander, dour, jealous, and suspicious, was equally determined to see the Prince at any cost, and eventually Balhaldie had to yield and promise to accom-

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pany him to Paris as soon as he had completed the purchase of some weapons which he said he had been commissioned by the Prince to buy in Holland. Deeming it unsafe to be seen leaving Rotterdam together, Balhaldie set out first, and Murray joined him a day later in Brussels, from whence they made their way to Paris in a post-chaise full of "many extraordinary conveniences," which Balhaldie said had been specially made for Prince Charles at his suggestion. On the road the MacGregor chieftain poured into his companion's ears long accounts of his political intrigues with the French ministry, and of the invaluable assistance he had rendered to the Prince's cause, in order that Murray might be duly impressed with a sense of his vast importance. Immediately upon his arrival in Paris, Murray went to the house of MacDonald the banker, where the Prince was still residing. MacDonald at once informed Charles, and an appointment was made that Murray should be introduced and deliver his message on the following day at the great stables of the Tuilleries. It was quite evident to Murray that he had not been expected, and upon talking the matter over with MacDonald he discovered that Balhaldie had lied both with regard to the passport and the purchase of weapons, and had purposely kept the Prince in ignorance of his approaching visit. Murray indignantly comments upon this in his "Memoirs" as follows: "I hope to be forgiven for taking notice that there are few crimes of a blacker dye than to keep a Prince ignorant of the very men employed in his service. I can say without vanity, that upon every occasion I did my utmost to serve the Royal Family to good purpose, with as much zeal and fidelity, and perhaps more activity than any hitherto employed, but it is plain from his Highness's recollection that he had heard nothing of my being employed either from Semple or Drummond" (Balhaldie).

Although these words were written long after the events described, and are doubtless coloured by the resentment he felt at the torrents of well-merited abuse hurled at him by those whom he had basely betrayed to the Hanoverian Government, it must be said to his credit, in common fairness, that during the intrigues prior to 1745, and throughout the whole campaign of 1745–46, Murray's behaviour was always that of a brave honourable gentleman and staunch loyalist, and it will bear a much closer scrutiny than the questionable conduct of the two leaders of the Paris clique, whose paltry falsehoods and petty chicaneries did far more harm than good to the cause. Murray's interview with Prince Charles was marred by the presence of Lord Sempill and Balhaldie, who insisted on remaining during the whole time the audience lasted, and save for some desultory conversation respecting the number of High-

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landers available for service, in which Murray flatly contradicted the exaggerated estimates of the intruders, nothing was done. As soon, however, as Charles showed signs of departing, Murray took the opportunity of requesting the honour of a private audience, which, much to the mortification of Sempill and his friend, the Prince courteously agreed to grant, fixing the same place and time on the day following.

Balhaldie, in his anxiety to learn what Murray had to say, accompanied him as far as the Tuilleries, hoping, doubtless, that he would be admitted to the audience, but the Prince arriving and giving no sign that he wished him to remain, he had to withdraw into an adjoining room, where Murray concluded he would pass the time in endeavouring to listen to what was passing between himself and the Prince. With this suspicion in his mind, Murray first asking that he might be allowed to speak plainly, proceeded cautiously and in a low voice to lay before Charles the actual condition of the king's prospects in Scotland, and made a grave charge against Sempill and Balhaldie of having purposely imposed both upon the Prince himself and also upon the members of the Scottish Association by disseminating false intelligence regarding the promises of French assistance, and by wilfully exaggerating in their reports to his Royal Highness the number of Highlanders ready to take up arms in the event of a descent upon Britain. The greatest number that could be positively depended upon, Murray informed the Prince, was four thousand men drawn from the tenants and clansmen of the Duke of Perth, Cameron of Lochiel, MacPherson of Cluny, Robertson of Struan, and the MacDonalds of Clanranald, Keppoch and Glengarry, and that even these would be unlikely to take the field without the support of a body of French troops. Lord Lovat, Murray said, was, in spite of his warm protestations of loyalty, unlikely to bring out his clan unless the prospects of success were fairly assured. Prince Charles gave a most attentive hearing to all that Murray had to say, and although the disclosure of his agent's reprehensible conduct must have caused him great annoyance, there was no outburst of passion such as Murray seems to have anticipated, but, on the contrary, he had even an excuse to offer for the culprits, saying, that "there was nobody without their failings, and he flattered himself their conduct was not so much to be found fault with as was imagined." Instead of appearing at all downcast or disappointed at Murray's statement regarding the Highland clans, Prince Charles boldly exclaimed that with or without troops he intended to visit Scotland during the ensuing summer whatever the consequences might be.

Having regard to the charge made by Maxwell of Kirkconnell in his

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narrative of the Prince's[1] expedition to Scotland, that it was Murray's encouragement which induced Prince Charles to make so rash and premature a journey, it is only fair that Murray's own account should be duly considered. He distinctly states in his "Memoirs" that when Charles said "with great keenness" he would go to Scotland in the summer of 1745, "though with a single footman," he replied, "that he (the Prince) could not come sooner to Scotland than would be agreeable to his friends there, but I hoped it would not be without a body of troops." This can hardly be construed into encouragement to make the attempt with seven followers, and only the vaguest promises of support. Murray might and should have made a stronger protest, but he had seen so little of the Prince, and probably thought his avowed determination merely an outburst of boyish heroics, hardly worthy of serious consideration. When he found later that Charles meant what he had said, Murray did endeavour to dissuade him from carrying out his idea, but it was then too late.

Before the interview was concluded Murray questioned the Prince regarding the matter of weapons, and was told that Balhaldie when in Holland had purchased as many as were necessary, a piece of news which confirmed Murray's worst suspicions of Balhaldie's dishonesty, and he at once told Charles that he had the strongest reasons for believing that no weapons had been bought by the person named. The Prince promised he would himself question Balhaldie and find out whether or no he had been imposed upon, and as to the pilots which Murray informed him had recently been sent from England, he expressed his entire ignorance. Shortly afterwards Prince Charles discovered, on personally interrogating Balhaldie, that Murray's surmise was quite correct, no arms had been purchased, and the pilots had mutinied when off Dieppe and returned to England. Charles was now quite undeceived as to the real character of Balhaldie, but with his wonted magnanimity of disposition he took no steps to remove him from the position he held as confidential agent, greatly to Murray's surprise, who says, "It is a pity that upon this discovery, which rendered him unworthy of the smallest trust, the Prince did not immediately dismiss him from his service and incapacitate him from all business by informing the king, his father, and signifying to the English not to confide in him."

After this *exposé*, war to the knife was tacitly but not openly declared between the hot-tempered Highlander and the suave, cool-headed Lowlander, each trying his utmost to lessen the influence of the other with the King and Prince. Sir Thomas Sheridan, whom Murray had many

[1] Published by the Maitland Club, 1841.

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opportunities of meeting in Paris, expressed the great satisfaction he felt at the discomfiture of Balhaldie and Sempill, and requested him to put all that he had said to the Prince in writing for future reference. This Murray did at Senlis during the month of September in a long letter of considerable historic interest.[1]

Whatever Prince Charles may have thought of Balhaldie's malpractices, so clearly proved by Murray's evidence, he made no outward sign of coolness or distrust; gradually, however, he began to place a more implicit faith in Murray, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and George Kelly, and withheld many of his more important secrets from Balhaldie and Sempill, who on their part did all they could to prejudice the king against their rivals. The long series of letters between Sempill and King James in the first six months of 1745[2] show with what bitterness Sheridan and Murray were regarded, and how greatly their intrusion was resented. It was of course only natural that Charles having lost confidence in Balhaldie should turn to Murray for advice regarding the chances of another expedition. Murray at first demurred from giving an opinion on so important a matter, but eventually said that he thought success might be attained by the landing in Scotland of a force of three thousand men under the Earl Marischal, to co-operate with the loyal clans who would rise as soon as the Earl put his foot on Scottish soil. If this movement was carried out simultaneously with an armed descent upon the English coast, Murray said he was confident King James would recover his crown in a few weeks. As far as the English Jacobites were concerned he could say nothing, slyly referring the Prince to Balhaldie for any information on that point. Prince Charles appeared to think well of the plan suggested, which coincided with his own ideas; if however the troops could not be procured, he again declared that it was his fixed intention to try his fortune alone among his faithful friends in Scotland. Murray, in reply, could only say that such a bold undertaking would be more precarious, and require the greatest care and circumspection; further, he advised the Prince to write a number of letters addressed to the principal men of the party, acquainting them with his decision, and requesting that they should in their answers state definitely what they were prepared to do. These letters were to be entrusted to Murray himself for distribution.

On July 4th Charles made an eloquent appeal in writing to the French king, in which he notified the arrival of Murray without mentioning his name, calling him for some unexplainable reason, "*un homme de condition*

[1] *Vide* "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," Appendix, p. 379.
[2] *Vide* Browne's "History of the Highlands," Appendix, p. 451, &c.

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parent de Monsieur Macgregoir," and goes on to point out, after thanking Louis for "*Les sages précautions que Votre Majesté a prises en me tenant caché depuis que je suis dans son Royaume,*" that with the greater portion of the British army in Flanders, no time could be more favourable for carrying out the scheme which had miscarried in the spring. Assisted with a few thousand French troops, the Prince assured Louis XV. that he would have the honour of re-establishing the king, his father, without exposing the nation to the miseries of civil war.

In August James followed his son's lead and wrote a letter to the king under cover of one to D'Argenson. In the letter he says, "*En assistant Mon Fils sans delai, elle mettra une prompte et glorieuse fin de la Guerre, mais si elle l'abandonne il est perdu, et Je pourrai dire ma Patrie avec lui*" ("In assisting my son without delay, you will put a prompt and glorious end to the war, but if you abandon him he is lost, and I can say my country with him"). Father and son were both becoming exasperated at the apathy and procrastination of the French ministry; nothing whatever had been done since the unfortunate destruction of the transports at Dunkirk, nor was there any sign that a fresh movement was contemplated. The strict seclusion in which Charles was forced to live galled and fretted him, and he only submitted to the restraint and inconvenience it imposed in the hope that sooner or later Louis's "*sages precautions*" would be justified. James had little faith in the French king's promises. "I own I am in great anxiety at present," he writes to Charles on August 14, "for fear of your Incognitos ending without either expedition or Campagne, and should this still find you in your Incognito, I shall not know what to think of the matter, and in that case you will, I suppose, have taken some steps already of yourself to get out of it, for there can be no dispute then but it is far from being for our interest that it should continue, and that if it answers other people's ends, it noways does ours." Charles, in spite of repeated disappointments, did not quite give up all hope of French assistance until the end of 1744, when he began to realise that if anything was to be done he must himself take the initiative. Murray remained in France until the end of September, when, having fulfilled the objects of his journey to his own entire satisfaction, he returned by way of Rotterdam, where Lord Elcho awaited him, to London, and having made a short stay in that city for the purpose of again interviewing Dr. Barry, set out for Scotland.

His mission, if it served no very important purpose, had at least opened Prince Charles' eyes to the deceptions of Sempill and Balhaldie, and this in itself was a point gained. Murray made no statements that he could

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not substantiate, and Charles, young and inexperienced though he was, saw at once that he had to deal with a straightforward and practical man, whose methods were diametrically opposed to those of his father's agents in Paris. They had had their day, and Murray was now to see what he could do. Meanwhile the Prince chafed at the delay, and strained every nerve in the effort to awaken some recognition of his claims for aid from the French king.

It was most disheartening for a high-spirited impetuous lad, in whose veins ran the blood of Robert the Bruce and the heroic Sobieskis, to sit idle with folded hands and wait the pleasure of unsympathetic ministers of state, whose cold indifference to his ambitious schemes chilled and dispirited him. Even in his purse he felt the effects of his unhappy position, and found it necessary to apply to his father for pecuniary assistance. "As to money matters," he writes, "I find myself sufficiently pinched, having got nothing since the laste summe I mentioned to you." This was on September 14, before Murray had taken his departure, and in the same letter Charles mentions a change of residence. "Mr. Orrey not having got a house for me where I would not be obliged to be wet for to get to it, and where I would be more at my ese, I was forsed to take a few rooms in Toune, which I hired, and which is but a hole, for to be less suspected, and also for want of money, for besids what I owed already I have been obliged to borrow more for to metain myself and my Servants. Nobody but S^r. Thomas and Kelly are with me in this Lodging." Up till this time the Prince had, as we have seen, been living in the house of MacDonald the banker, and the reason for his quitting it is not very clear even after reading his letter. A little later, on the 18th, he expresses in another communication to his father a wish to go to Avignon, and throw off the hateful incognito, which was fast becoming unendurable. Murray had been consulted, and "he approved it very much," whilst Sempill and Balhaldie were left in the dark. Nothing, however, came of the proposal, and the Prince had to abide his destiny in Paris for some time longer, with occasional visits to Frankfort during the month of October, from which town two of his letters to James are dated.[1] With this exception, the remaining months of the year 1744 were spent by Charles in or near Paris, and the dawn of 1745 still found him in the same city, distressed, melancholy, and sick at heart amid its frivolous dissipations. "*Le triste etat dans lequel je languis depuis si longtemps*," he writes to D'Argenson at the close of 1744 (December 17), "*m'oblige Monsieur a recourir à la Generosité du Roi Tres Chrêtien pour m'en tirer.*" It is curious to note that whilst the

[1] See Appendix, "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 385–8.

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Prince was lying *perdu* in the French capital, rumours were current in London and elsewhere that he was making secret journeys to England, and it was averred long afterwards with much circumstantial detail that he had been the guest of Sir Oswald Mosley, a Lancashire baronet of Jacobite proclivities who lived at Ancoats Hall, near Manchester. The story is recorded in a metrical history of Manchester by Aston :—

> "In the year '44 a Royal Visitor came
> Tho' few knew the Prince, or his rank or his name—
> To sound the opinions and gather the strength
> Of the party of Stuart, his house, ere the length
> Then *in petto* to which he aspired,
> If he found the High Tories sufficient inspired
> With notions of right, indefeasive, divine.
> In favour of his Royal Sire and his line." &c. &c.

The tale is also told in a privately-printed memoir of the baronet's family, published in 1849, how a young girl, whose father kept the post-office at Manchester in 1744, noticed that on every post day a handsome lad used to ride over from Ancoats Hall, and after receiving any letters that had arrived for Sir Oswald, would sit down in one of the rooms and anxiously peruse the London papers. Struck with his gallant bearing and pleasant expression, the little Lancashire lassie watched him with covert admiration, and occasionally did him some trifling service, for which on one well-remembered day he gave her half-a-crown. After this he came no more, and it was not until a year later, when the Highland army was in Manchester, that the girl, much to her surprise, recognised in Prince Charles, as he rode at the head of his men, her handsome cavalier from Ancoats. In her excitement she remarked the fact aloud to those who were standing near, but was at once silenced by her father, who scolded her soundly and sent her into the house. Sometime afterwards, when the political atmosphere was clearer, he informed his daughter that she had guessed the secret, and that it was no other than the heir of the Stuarts who had given her the money. It is a pretty story, but like many another told of the same personage, has no foundation in fact.

Leaving Prince Charles in the seclusion of his Paris domicile, expectantly waiting the moment of action, we will follow Murray to Scotland and learn how King James's affairs are prospering there.

Murray, who was charged with a direct message from Charles to Lord Traquhair, instructing him to repair immediately to London, where he was to acquaint the leaders of the English Jacobites with the Prince's resolution, and arrange some definite plan of campaign, proceeded to carry out

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his instructions as soon as he reached Broughton, which was but a few miles from his lordship's house. Traquhair was not at home when Murray called, but a few days later came to Broughton and heard what Murray had to say. Instead of betraying any eagerness to carry out the Prince's urgent requests, this faint-hearted Jacobite began at once to raise difficulties respecting his journey to London, and said "he was surprised the Prince should think he had nothing to do but run his errands." Declining to discuss the matter further that night, Traquhair retired to bed. Murray, commenting upon this extraordinary behaviour, says, "I was heartily chagrined to find the man, to whom so great trust was committed, and upon whom so much seemed to depend, not only careless and remiss, but even backward and averse to execute the orders enjoined him."

Traquhair, having so far failed in his duty, Murray wrote to Lochiel and the Duke of Perth requesting them to meet him in Edinburgh at the earliest possible moment. Lochiel, ever ready to do his part when called upon, came at once, but the Duke, whose movements were being carefully watched by Government spies, thought it wiser to remain in Perthshire. Before leaving Broughton, Murray arranged to see Traquhair in Edinburgh within a day or two, and went on himself to keep his appointment with Cameron of Lochiel.

At this meeting Murray declaimed vigorously against the conduct of Lochiel's kinsman, Macgregor of Balhaldie, and with such effect that Lochiel "declared it as his opinion that those principally concerned should unanimously send over a memorial to the Prince, representing their detestation of Bohaldy's (Balhaldie's) behaviour, and requiring him to be dismissed from his Royal Highness's service as a person in whom they could repose no confidence."[1] He also expressed his willingness to call out the Camerons as soon as the Prince landed in Scotland, but strongly deprecated any idea of a rising without adequate military help. When Traquhair arrived, both Murray and Lochiel insisted that he should obey the Prince's orders without delay as time was pressing, and the expedition might be looked for in the ensuing spring or early summer. It was imperative that the king's friends in Scotland should know exactly what plans the English Jacobites had decided upon, and whether they intended to rise simultaneously with the Scots or await the approach of a Scottish force in England. Absolute unanimity of action was necessary to ensure a successful issue. Money would also have to be collected for the purchase of weapons and the proper equipment of the Highland

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 105.

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CAMERON

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh*

Badge—*Oak*

War Cry—"*Chlanna nan con thigibh an so's gheibh sibh feoil*"

The figure is wearing kilt and plaid of Clan Cameron tartan, the hose are of Erracht or 79th tartan

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clans, whose chiefs were not like their rich English allies, able to afford any unusual strain upon their purses. Lochiel had already disbursed a considerable sum for tartan which he had bought from a Glasgow firm, so that his clansmen might take the field suitably attired, and beyond this expenditure he was unable to go.

In spite, however, of all Murray's arguments and Lochiel's dignified remonstrances, Traquhair remained obdurate, and it was not until nearly three months later that he set out on his journey. Secret meetings in secluded Edinburgh taverns were meanwhile the order of the day, at which Highland chiefs and Lowland lairds discussed the situation, and grew merry or quarrelsome according to their respective temperaments as the flowing bowl went round. New personages appeared at these festive gatherings whom Murray had not seen before, but whose names were familiar to him as staunch supporters of the royal exile. One of these was a handsome young Highlander newly arrived from France, Alastair *Ruadh* (Red-haired) MacDonald,[1] son of John, twelfth chief of Glengarry by his first wife, a Mackenzie of Hilton, and grandson of the celebrated warrior Alastair *Dubh* (Black), who had performed prodigies of valour for the Stuarts at Killiecrankie and Sheriffmuir. Young Glengarry, as he was usually called to distinguish him from his father the chief, was, at the time he was introduced to Murray, in the service of the French king, holding a captain's commission in the famous Scots brigade, and although he does not appear to have met Murray before, he was on intimate terms with most of the leading Jacobites in France and Scotland. He had been present with the Earl Marischal at Gravelines at the time when the Dunkirk fleet was being got ready, and he would in all probability have accompanied the expedition had the disaster not taken place. The son of a man who could bring out at least five hundred men for the Prince, he naturally held a position of considerable importance among his fellow-loyalists, who gave him their entire confidence and placed absolute reliance upon his sincerity and good faith.

Another influential Highlander and professed Jacobite, who made one of the company gathered round the convivial board in the Edinburgh inn, was the powerful Hebridean chief, Norman MacLeod of MacLeod, Member of Parliament for Inverness-shire, who had come from his ancient castle of Dunvegan in Skye to learn what was in the wind. He was at this period a man of thirty-eight, full apparently of enthusiasm for

[1] I have adopted the ordinary spelling of the name MacDonald, throughout this work. Glengarry, Keppoch, and Lochgarry usually signed MacDonell.

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the cause, and as he could when required put nearly a thousand of his clansmen in the field, Murray was anxious to secure his written declaration that he would definitely engage to call out the MacLeods immediately upon the Prince's landing.

At one of these meetings, at which in addition to Murray himself, Lord Traquhair, MacLeod, Lochiel, Dugald Stewart, the boy chief of Appin, and young Glengarry were present, MacLeod, who had already been placed in possession of a letter from the Prince, and learnt from Murray many particulars of his amiable disposition and noble qualities, was so carried away by loyal fervour, that calling for a large glass he pledged Prince Charles in a bumper amid the acclamations of the assembled company.

Murray, who believed in striking while the iron was hot, persuaded Lochiel to pay MacLeod a visit on the following morning in order to secure his promise in writing. MacLeod was in bed when Lochiel called, and was so profuse in his expressions of loyalty that the true-hearted Cameron chief could not bring himself to make a demand which he thought might be taken as a reflection on his friend's honour. Professions, however, did not satisfy Murray, and he begged Lochiel to see MacLeod again. This time all went well, and Lochiel was able to place in Murray's hands a written engagement from MacLeod to the effect, "That having maturely considered his Royal Highness's resolution, he was of opinion that to land in Scotland without assistance from abroad might prove an unsuccessful attempt ; but as he was entirely devoted to the interest of the Royal Family, if he should land, he would join him at the head of his clan." How he kept his word we shall see.

Young Alastair of Glengarry had come from France charged by Macgregor of Balhaldie with a number of grave complaints against Murray, the most notable of which was an extraordinary statement that he had when in Paris advised the Prince to go to Scotland with or without assistance, make himself master of the country, *seat himself upon the throne, and leave the king at Rome.*" [1] Murray heard of this false accusation from Lochiel, to whom young Glengarry had first confided Balhaldie's message, and he was so staggered by its barefaced audacity that he scarcely knew how to vindicate himself. By the aid, however, of a letter which Glengarry produced from MacDonald the banker, in which the conduct of Sempill and Balhaldie was severely criticised, and by giving a detailed account of all that had passed during his stay in France, Murray succeeded in entirely clearing himself of the charges so unjustly brought against him. That there was not the slightest truth in Balhaldie's story is evident

[1] These words are in italics in the original. See "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 107.

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from the letter addressed by King James to Louis XV. on August 11th, 1745,[1] which will be referred to later.

Early in 1745 the Duke of Perth came to Edinburgh and joined his fellow-Jacobites in their political convivialities, which were now of almost nightly occurrence at a tavern under the piazza of Parliament Close. Here, after taking a conspicuous part in the brilliant assemblies, at which all the rank and fashion of the Scottish capital were present, came the friends of the "King over the water" to drink and make merry whilst scheme after scheme for overthrowing the Elector and bringing back the auld Stuarts was unfolded, to the accompaniment of jingling glasses and snatches of Jacobite song. Occasionally they drank rather more than was conducive to clear-headedness, and did and said things they were sorry for afterwards. These were opportunities Murray never failed to take advantage of, and pressed his demands for the Prince with redoubled energy. In this way he cleverly managed to extract a sum of £1500 from the young Duke of Hamilton, who had succeeded his less generous father in 1743. This set the ball rolling, and the Duke of Perth at once gave a bill for the same amount, both bills being made payable to Murray at Whitsuntide 1745. Nisbet of Dirleton and Murray of Abercairney promised to subscribe, the former £1000, and the latter £500, but could not be persuaded to put their names to any documents.

Traquhair, urged to fulfil his duty by Lochiel and Murray, had at last set out for London, carrying with him a journal which Murray had industriously compiled, recounting every step he had taken since his engagement, so that the Prince might become fully acquainted with the actual state of affairs, and learn the opinions of his Scottish adherents on the subject of his proposed landing in their country. With the exception of the Duke of Perth, who thought that, provided the English Jacobites kept their promises, foreign help was unnecessary, Murray informed Prince Charles that all his friends were unanimously agreed that it would be most unwise for him to come without a body of troops; but as some encouragement, and also to show that he had not been idle, Murray enclosed the signed declarations of MacLeod of MacLeod and Stewart of Appin. These important papers Traquhair promised either to transmit to the Prince when he reached London, or deliver them himself, as he said he was resolved to go to France and find out the real condition of things there and see Charles, "*though in a bawdy house*," a quite uncalled for expression which indicates pretty clearly the resentment he felt at having to perform the journey to London against his own inclinations. Lord

[1] The letter is given in full. "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 508–10.

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Elcho and Lochiel both wished to let the Prince know how disgusted they all were at Balhaldie's scandalous behaviour, and had it not been for the intervention of Perth and Traquhair, a suggestion would have been made that Balhaldie should be dismissed and confined in the Bastille.

Time went on, and no news reached Murray either from Traquhair or the Prince, and he began to fear that the papers had never arrived at their destination—as a matter of fact they had never been sent on. The Prince might appear at any moment, and nothing was ready. In this emergency Murray consulted his friends, and another letter was written informing his Royal Highness of the papers entrusted to Traquhair, and advising him not to think of making the attempt he contemplated unless he could bring over at least six thousand men, to be landed at any port from Peterhead to Dundee. This letter was signed by the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho, Lochiel, and Murray, and a postscript was added requesting that the contents should not be made known to Balhaldie. Murray also suggested to the Prince that he should appoint the Duke of Hamilton Lord-Lieutenant of the counties of Clydesdale, Tweeddale, Ayr, Cunningham, Carrick, &c., and Lord Ogilvy, eldest son of the Earl of Airlie, to the same post in the counties of Angus and Mearns. After some delay caused by the difficulty of finding a suitable messenger, the letters were given to a former servant of Murray, John MacNaughton, with instructions that he was to travel under the name of Douglas, *viâ* Boulogne, where he was to make a call upon Mr. Charles Smith,[1] a trustworthy Jacobite merchant in that town, who would furnish him with the necessary money and direct him where to find the Prince. Sempill seems to have received intelligence of MacNaughton's arrival at Boulogne, and made haste to disparage him and his master to the king. Writing on May 3rd, 1745, to James, he says, "We are informed that on the 25th of last month, one MacNaughton, Mr. Murray's footman, arrived at Boulogne-sur-Mer in a ship from Scotland; this man, who is entirely trusted by Mr. Murray, has brought letters to Charles Smith, and says he has a packet for the Prince, by which indiscretion he shows how unworthy he is of the trust reposed in him. . . . One can't but wonder at the spirit of giddiness that seems to have run amongst some people."

The Prince in his letters to his father of March 7th and 14th makes several references to Murray's communications, and on April 9th he writes: "The man I mentioned last is cum and brought me a Letter from John

[1] Charles Smith of Boulogne, whose name continually appears in the Jacobite correspondence of the time, was a man of some note, and often acted as a confidential agent for King James's friends. His son married the daughter of Seaton of Touch.

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Murray, so that cumming upon tother, and their being both in cypher, I have not been able to finish nether, but still have made out in this new Packet as in the laste that they will have nothing to say with either Lord Sempil or Balhaldy, but only with the Prince, which I can say is very good."

By this time Charles had fully satisfied himself that no reliance could be placed upon Sempill or Balhaldie, and a slight incident which came under his notice absolutely confirmed him in his opinion. Calling one morning on his father's banker, George Waters of Paris, he accidentally noticed a letter on the chimney-piece addressed to Balhaldie in the writing of one of the secret Jacobite agents. Telling the banker not to let Balhaldie know that he had seen it, he was just leaving the house, when Sempill's servant came in and asked for letters. Waters gave him the one Charles had referred to, and the servant took it and handed it to Lord Sempill, who was waiting in his coach outside the door. Sempill, without noticing the Prince, at once broke the seal and proceeded to read the letter. A day or two afterwards Charles met Sempill and Balhaldie together, and asked, in an apparently casual manner, whether they had recently received any letters from the agent (whose name is not given) in question. Both stoutly denied having done so, "saying that I might be assured if there had been any I wou'd see it," and that "it would be very insolent for anybody to hide anything from me."[1] "You may see," Charles continues, "by this absolut fact what one can believe of thes people after such a thing." James, notwithstanding the proof he now had of his agent's untruthfulness, still continued his friendly letters to Sempill, who took advantage of the confidence reposed in him to undermine the characters of Murray, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and Kelly, whenever he could by any possibility find an opportunity. It is difficult to account for the extraordinary part played by Lord Sempill and Macgregor of Balhaldie in the intrigues prior to the rising of 1745; both men professed a sincere belief in the justice of King James's cause, and a devoted affection for his eldest son; both worked, or seemed to work, zealously according to their lights, and put themselves to great personal inconvenience in carrying out their royal master's behests, whilst their letters, especially those of Sempill, give ample evidence of intelligence and ability. Did Murray's opinion stand alone, it might be reasonable to assume that much that he has written about them would be tinctured with prejudice; but we have also to consider that the Duke of Perth,

[1] Letter from Prince Charles to his father. Paris, April 9, 1745. "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 394–5.

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Lord John Drummond, Lord Elcho, and even Lochiel, Balhaldie's near kinsman, were quite in accord with Murray in condemning the conduct of the two Paris agents, whose influence over Prince Charles they all deeply deplored; and lastly, there is the corroboration of the Prince's own letters, which prove beyond a doubt that Murray was right in distrusting the men who could descend to such dishonourable practices, merely because they were jealous of the growing influence of younger and possibly more capable politicians than themselves.

Some months before the arrival of MacNaughton in Paris, a messenger had been sent by the Duke of Perth with a letter informing the Prince that the action of Lord John Drummond in coming to the Highlands to enlist recruits for his regiment, the Royal Scots, was not generally approved of by the members of the Association, as they thought that it would tend to weaken the strength of the clans, and leave fewer men to take the field when he should land in Scotland. The letter also contained a most urgent request that a quantity of broadsword blades should be purchased without delay and sent over unmounted, the Duke giving the Prince to understand that the Highlanders preferred to supply the basket-hilts themselves.[1] The bearer of this letter, John Blaw (erroneously called Blair by Sempill and others) of Castlehill, Clackmannan, spent five or six weeks in Paris, and after delivering the Duke's communication to Prince Charles, he was introduced by Sempill to the French minister D'Argenson at Versailles, who questioned him as to the probable number of troops that would be required for England and Scotland to ensure a successful Jacobite rising. Sempill demanded 10,000 men for England, and Blaw, who seems to have had great confidence in his fellow-countrymen, suggested that as so many were to be sent into England "Scotland would do their own affairs themselves, but if they had two or three thousand to spare we would take them."

After a brief consultation with Louis XV. in an adjoining chamber, D'Argenson informed Blaw that he might assure the Jacobites in Scotland that his most Christian Majesty would furnish the men required by the month of October (1745), if the campaign in which the French were engaged was in any way successful.

Sir Hector MacLean was in France during Blaw's visit, and from several remarks made by Sempill in his letters to King James we learn that there was some difference of opinion between Sir Hector and Lord

[1] This is an interesting fact to collectors of weapons, for it helps to explain why so many of the blades, fitted to unmistakably Highland-made hilts, bear the names and marks of famous sword-smiths, Andrea Ferrara in particular.

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John Drummond in connection with a request put forward by the former that he should be appointed Lieutenant-Colonel to the Royal Scots. Sempill of course makes the most of it in his letters, and quite unwarrantably says, "I am sorry to find Lord John's behaviour has been altogether unworthy of his name and family." Whatever may have been the merits of the dispute in question, it was the indirect cause of a serious misfortune which lost the Prince some hundreds of brave Highlanders at a time when their services would have been invaluable. In order to see Lord John Drummond, Sir Hector set out for Scotland, travelling as far as Holland with John Blaw, who proceeded on his way alone. Hanoverian spies were watching at every port, and it was no easy matter for any well-known Jacobite to pass from the Continent to England or Scotland without their knowledge. Blaw, however, got safely home, and delivered the Prince's reply to the Duke of Perth's letter early in May, and Sir Hector MacLean followed shortly afterwards. Murray was at once acquainted with the news of his arrival, and the following day waited upon him to learn the Prince's latest instructions. A few days later, on June 5th, Sir Hector, with his servant Lachlan MacLean and John Blaw, were apprehended in the Canongate of Edinburgh upon a warrant issued by Robert Craigie, the Lord Advocate, charging them on suspicion with high treason. After several hours' examination before the Lord Advocate, Sir Hector was committed to

LOUIS XV

Engraved by PANNIER *from painting by* VAN LOO

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Edinburgh Castle, Blaw to the Tolbooth, and Lachlan MacLean to the Canongate prison. On July 10th the prisoners were brought to London under a guard, and were detained in various prisons for upwards of two years and a half.

The arrest of the MacLean chief was undoubtedly a real calamity to Prince Charles at this important crisis in his affairs, for it deprived him of a valuable and capable officer, and, what was far worse, practically destroyed any hope of the MacLeans rising on his behalf, for with their chief a prisoner in the hands of the Government it was almost certain they would refuse to move. Indirectly, so Murray tells us, it was the cause of MacLeod's defection, for "had Sir Hector seen him (MacLeod), which he was resolved to do, he would have had but one of two choices, either to turn out, as he had not only engaged to do to him when at Boulogne, but made him assure the king in his name, or be put to death, an alternative which Sir Hector resolved, and I fancy the other would not have chosen." There is evidently some curious story underlying these words of Murray which it would be interesting to learn something of. A possible duel is implied, and it seems probable that MacLean, doubting MacLeod's honesty of purpose, threatened him with the sword unless he brought out his clan for King James. Murray and his friends were naturally extremely alarmed by the apprehension of Sir Hector, especially when they learned that incriminating papers had been found in his pockets, among which were two letters written by Murray under the name of Barclay.[1] This circumstance awakened Murray to the danger of his own position, and with his usual caution he despatched a messenger to a friend on Tweedside, David Scot of Houndhillshope, requesting him to go immediately to Broughton and remove the strong box containing his Jacobite correspondence and hide it in a place of security. It was eventually buried in Mr. Scot's garden, and cabbages planted above it.

Some wild plan of rescuing Sir Hector from the clutches of his guard, by the aid of Alan Cameron of the Dutch Brigade, was seriously considered by Murray, and he appealed to the Duke of Hamilton for the loan of a horse to assist him in the enterprise. The Duke made an excuse that he could not spare a suitable animal, and so this scheme fell through; but Murray, nothing daunted, determined to learn what steps the Government intended to take by intercepting the messenger when he returned from London. This likewise failed, or rather we do not hear that it succeeded. Murray next made an attempt to postpone the

[1] It appears likely to me that the letter signed "J. Barclay," given in Browne's "History of the Highlands," Appendix pp. 476–8, vol. ii., is one of these.—W. D. N.

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departure of some 2000 recruits for the Dutch Brigade who had been enlisted in Scotland, many being Highlanders. These men were just ready to sail, and as several of their officers were well affected to King James, Murray thought that if he could only manage to keep them in Scotland until the Prince landed, they would willingly attach themselves to his force. Captain Graham, whom Murray interviewed on the subject, said he would do his best, but feared that unless bad weather set in, no reasonable excuse could be offered to account for the delay. Nothing more could be done in Edinburgh, so Murray, active as ever in the Prince's interests, set out for Lochaber to consult Macdonald of Keppoch and Cameron of Lochiel, and gather what information he could regarding the state of the Highlands, travelling incognito as an English timber merchant. The first night he spent at Drummond Castle, the second at the house of Keppoch in Glen Spean, and on the next he arrived at an inn about a mile from Achnacarry, Lochiel's residence, where he put up to avoid the inquisitiveness of the country people. On the following day Lochiel met him by appointment in the garden at Achnacarry, and told him that he had received the Prince's letter from the Duke of Perth, and had sent it on to Lord Lovat, with whom MacLeod was staying, by his brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron. Murray gave Lochiel a full account of all that had happened in Edinburgh, and dwelt at some length on the scandalous behaviour of Traquhair in returning the packet containing his journal and warning letters which should have been delivered to Prince Charles.[1] It was almost certain, Murray said, that the Prince would keep his word and come to Scotland alone, and it was therefore the duty of all those who had engaged to assist him to hold themselves in readiness to rally round his Royal Highness the moment he landed. For his own part, Murray told Lochiel that he looked upon himself "as indispensably obliged, though no more bound than any of them, to join, and was determined to do it as soon as he should hear of his arrival, let what would be the event"—an honourable decision, and one which was in accordance with Lochiel's own views on the subject. Dr. Cameron returned to Achnacarry the following day, and gave an account of the reception of the Prince's letter by Lord Lovat and MacLeod. The fiery old Lovat before he had finished reading it worked himself into a passion, and said angrily that the Prince "should not be allowed to land, and that if he did, by G—d no man should join him." MacLeod took

[1] Traquhair returned Murray's packet four months after he set out for London, by Macleod of Neuk, much to Murray's disgust. It was eventually given in charge of young Glengarry, who sailed for France in May 1745, but the Prince had departed for Scotland before the packet could be delivered. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. pp. 119–21.

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the matter more quietly, and tried to pacify his irate friend by suggesting that a letter should be written to dissuade Charles from making the attempt. Murray could hardly credit the news of Lovat's extraordinary conduct, and Lochiel, ever ready to believe that all were as loyal as himself, said that he could not think that a man of Lovat's years would continue to act a double part, but felt assured that when the Prince actually put his foot in Scotland, Lovat would vindicate his character by appearing in arms with his clan, and "end his days with credit, as the only way to persuade the world of the truth of what he often asserted." With regard to MacLeod, Lochiel did not hesitate to express his confident opinion that he would fulfil his written engagement when the time came.

Although Lochiel appeared satisfied, Murray was far from being so; he had never thoroughly believed in Lovat's extravagant professions of loyalty to King James, and his doubts were considerably increased by what had just occurred. He knew perfectly well that any lukewarmness on Lovat's part at this juncture would seriously injure the Prince's cause and deter many of the weaker Jacobite chiefs from taking up arms, he therefore begged Lochiel to either see or write the wily old chief without a moment's delay. Murray had no suspicions of MacLeod's good faith, but thought it might be wiser to see him and make arrangements for the engagement of some trustworthy Highlanders in the island of Uist to give early notice of the Prince's arrival, as it was expected that the ship which would bring him from France would coast along the Long Island and await signals which had been agreed upon before casting anchor.[1] He therefore suggested that he should go to Glenelg, meet MacLeod there on his way to Skye, and give him final instructions. Lochiel was quite agreeable, and Murray set out with Dr. Archibald Cameron and John MacDonald, a son of Æneas MacDonald of Scotus, and the same evening reached the house of Scotus on Loch Nevis in Knoidart. By the advice of Donald, John's eldest brother, Murray decided not to continue his journey to Glenelg, as he was told that his presence there would be likely to arouse the suspicions of the Hanoverian officers quartered in the barracks at Bernera, which were in close proximity to Glenelg. Young Scotus, however, promised he would see MacLeod and endeavour to make an appointment for some other place. A day passed, and Donald returned with MacLeod's request that Murray should meet him in Skye, but the pretended timber-merchant,

[1] The Prince's instructions regarding these signals were contained in his answer to Murray's letter, brought from France by MacNaughton in May 1745. "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 132.

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rightly considering that in his assumed character he could not with any show of reason go to an almost treeless island in pursuit of his business as a purchaser of wood, concluded it would be better to return to Achnacarry and entrust young Scotus with the message he had intended to deliver himself. A few days after, Murray received MacLeod's reply, which was to the effect that some of his friends were of opinion that if the Prince had started he should be asked to return, but if he still

BARRACKS AT BENERA, NEAR GLENELG

From a photograph by the Author

persisted in his resolution to land, he had decided to keep his own promise and join him ; he also gave Murray to understand that his neighbour, Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, might be persuaded to throw in his lot with the Prince.

Murray's own opinion was, that if Prince Charles had actually started it would be inconsistent with his dignity to return ; but in fulfilment of what he considered his duty he penned another letter to the Prince, in which he acquainted him with the sentiments expressed by MacLeod and Lord Lovat. This he despatched by Donald of Scotus to MacLeod, and

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for greater security enclosed a duplicate with a request that two messengers should be employed in case one should fail to find the Prince. He also asked Donald to make a point of seeing MacDonald of Clanranald, who was then residing at Nunton (*Baile nan Cailliach*) in Benbecula,[1] and prepare him for the Prince's probable landing on his territory. This finished Murray's business in the West Highlands, and so taking leave of Lochiel, whom he was soon to see again under very different circumstances, he left the hospitable roof of Achnacarry, and with Cameron of Dungallon for a travelling companion made his way into Badenoch with the intention of meeting Ewan MacPherson of Cluny, chief of the MacPhersons,[2] and securing his active support for the cause. Cluny was a staunch Jacobite at heart, but deferred hopes and disappointed expectations had made him indifferent to the many rumours which reached him from time to time of new attempts to restore the old dynasty, and feeling practically assured that nothing would come of the projected expedition, he had accepted a captain's commission in Lord Loudon's newly raised Highland regiment, and was at the time of Murray's visit busily engaged in enlisting men for his company. Murray had an interview with him at an inn, but he does not tell us what transpired; from what happened afterwards, however, we may infer that an understanding of some sort was arrived at before they separated.

[1] Clanranald's Castle of Ormaclett (*Ormaicleit*) in South Uist had been accidentally destroyed by fire on the day of Sheriffmuir, 1715. On p. 208 of "Tales of the Century," by the Sobieski Stuarts, there is a note which describes the burning of Ormaclett; but the fire is said to have occurred in 1745, while young Clanranald was with the Prince's army. I was, however, assured when at Ormaclett a year or so ago, that the castle was destroyed in 1715 by the accidental upsetting of a cauldron of deer's fat which was being melted over the fire.—W. D. N.

[2] Ewan MacPherson of Cluny was the eldest son of Lachlan Macpherson—who, though still living, had resigned the chiefship to his son—by a daughter of Sir Ewan Cameron, and was therefore young Lochiel's first cousin. His wife was a daughter of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. In addition to being the chief of the clan MacPherson he claimed the hereditary chiefship of Clan Chattan, an honour which the Mackintosh disputed with him.

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CHAPTER VII

"*'S eibhinn leam fhéin, tha e tighinn,*
Mac an righ àlighich tha bhuainn;
Slios mór rioghail da' n tig àrmachd,
Claidheamh 'us targaid nan dual.
O hi-ri-ri! tha e tighinn,
Hi-ri-ri, 'n righ tha bhuainn;
Faigheamaid ar -nairm 's ur n-èideadh,
'S breacan an fheilidh an cuaich."

By Alasdair MacMhaighstir Alasdair (ALEX. MACDONALD), *the Clanranald Bard*, A.D. 1745.

"Hark the summons! Charlie's coming,
Heir of Scotland's rightful King!
Gather, loyal clansmen, gather,
Broadsword gird and target sling.
Hurrah! hurrah! Charlie's coming,
Royal Charlie long away!
Draw the broadsword, don the tartan;
Clansmen rouse ye for the fray."

Translation by the Rev. R. M. WHYTE, Echt.

BY the beginning of June 1745 Prince Charles had given up all hope of assistance from Louis XV. or his Ministers. For fourteen weary months he had lived the life of an outcast, forbidden even to bear his own name, and constrained by reason of his unhappy position to act a part altogether foreign to his real nature. The double-dealing of Lord Sempill and Macgregor of Balhaldie disgusted and annoyed him; nothing had come of all their wonderful schemes, nor was there the slightest probability that anything would come of them—the time had arrived for deeds, not words; for brave actions, not idle professions of loyalty. Naturally of a somewhat secretive temperament, Charles carefully concealed within his own breast the bold plan he was maturing, and beyond the hints he had thrown out to Murray of Broughton, no one but himself knew exactly what he intended to do. Sempill, advised by Balhaldie of Sir

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Hector MacLean's arrival in Scotland, wrote to James, and told him some important movement was anticipated, and that Mr. Erskine, Lord Traquhair, and Balhaldie "apprehended that something very weak and rash might be attempted and some great misfortune ensue," but beyond this he knew absolutely nothing of the Prince's intentions. Neither did the king himself, for Charles, dreading any interference with the plan he had resolved to carry out at any cost, confided nothing to his father that would be likely to awaken his suspicions until all the arrangements were fully made and it was too late to prevent his leaving France. Money was what he wanted badly, the allowance he received from the French king being quite insufficient to provide for the large expenditure his undertaking would involve. In March [1] he had applied to his father in a most characteristic and notable letter for pecuniary help to purchase weapons. He writes: "I took upon me to borrow forty thousand from young Waters (the banker), for to be able to dispatch the (Duke of Perth's) messenger back and buying of Broad Swords, which is the only comfort the Prince can give them (his Scottish adherents) at present; rather than to have wanted this sum the Prince would have pawned his shurt. It is but for such uses that the Prince shall ever trouble the King with asking for money. It shall never be for Plate and fine Close; but for arms and ammunition, or other things that tend to what I am come about in this Country. I therefore wish that the King would pawn all the Prince's jewels, for on this side the water the Prince would wear them with a very sore heart, thinking there might be made a better use of them, so that in an urgent necessity the Prince may have a summ which he can make use of for the cause." To this letter the king replied on March 30th: "Nothing can be more commendable, my dear child, than the sentiments you express on the occasion of the money you took from young Waters. But there indeed, your age and inexperience must induce you to let yourself be advised and directed as to the right application of such sentiments; and therefore I cannot but tell you freely that I am sorry you have given the money in question." It was only natural that James, quite ignorant of his brave son's resolution, should deplore the expenditure of money for the purchase of weapons which in his own inmost soul he thought might never be used. Like Charles, the king had lost all faith in French promises, and thought no useful purpose would be served by throwing away the little fortune he possessed until there was at least some remote chance that it might be

[1] See letter dated Paris, March 7th, 1745, printed in full. "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 390–2.

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used to advantage. "I have layd it down as a rule to myself," he continues in the same letter, "especially considering my present circumstances, not to lay out a shilling on such sort of expenses in this juncture. All these messages from S(cotland) end in nothing but costing money either to my friends, or to me, and in fomenting tracasseries and divisions. And as for any negotiations in E(ngland), if my F(riends) there on one side and the F(rench) C(ourt) on t'other, will not defray such charges, I think it a manifest proof that their good wishes for us are very faint, and that we have little to expect from them."

The early months of 1745 had been spent by Prince Charles in Paris or at Fitz-James, the country-seat of his old friend the Duke of Berwick,[1] where he was able to find some relief from his political troubles in the pursuit of those out-of-doors sports he had so thoroughly enjoyed when in Rome and which had been so greatly neglected of late. "It is now," he writes to his father in January, "to months I have not handeled a gun, because of the bad weather and cold, for which I would be called *cacciotore di Panbianco* by the Duke if he new it, in revenge for my calling him so formerly. As soon as I am arrived at Fitz-James I intend to begin again to shute, but not whin it rens (rains). You see by this that according as one advances in years one gets reason." These brief intervals of relaxation were delightful to Charles, who was never happier than when engaged in the pleasures of the chase or other manly exercises. Always somewhat delicate in appearance, he still retained in his twenty-fifth year the slight, graceful, almost girlish figure which had distinguished him in his boyhood; in reality he was no weakling, but a strong, active, hardy athlete, with powers of great physical endurance, and capable of performing feats of strength which were a source of continual surprise to those with whom he came in contact. Walking never seemed to tire him, and he had been known to traverse many miles of ground when in Italy barefooted, in order to harden his feet for long marches. His mental powers had grown with his body, and although it cannot be truly said that he exhibited any remarkable genius either as a scholar, politician, diplomat, or soldier, he undoubtedly possessed considerable intellectual gifts of a high order, which enabled him to maintain his difficult position with marked ability and no little dignity under the most distressing circumstances. One trait of character had been strongly developed in the unnatural atmosphere of his peculiar surroundings, this was a marked secretiveness of disposition, which grew more apparent every year, and became ultimately one of his most noticeable idiosyncrasies. The

[1] The Duc de Liria. See note, p. 30.

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seclusion of his life in Gravelines and Paris, the numerous incognitos which he was forced to adopt, and the political intrigues with which from earliest childhood he had been so closely associated, all tended to

Engraving by PETIT *after* DOMINIQUE DUPRA

environ him with an air of mystery which left an indelible imprint upon a nature naturally impressionable. Finding that many of those whom he had been taught to trust and respect were unworthy of his confidence, he withdrew more and more within himself and ended by trusting nobody.

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This state of things occurred later ; in 1745 he had only acquired this love of secrecy in a modified degree, and was otherwise the same frank, good-natured, high-spirited lad that he had been ten years before, and had lost nothing of that charm of manner which fascinated and attracted all who came within the sphere of its influence. His magnaminity and condescension were extreme, and, as we have seen in the case of Lord Sempill and Macgregor of Balhaldie, he was ready to forgive and excuse even those who had grossly betrayed his trust. Gentle and humane, he had a horror of cruelty in any form, and it was only with the greatest difficulty that, during his campaign in Scotland, he could be persuaded to sanction the just punishment of spies and traitors, or even those who had done him serious personal injury. To such a nature, admirable as it was, the difficulties of controlling the antagonistic elements which continually surrounded him were enormous, and it must be admitted even by his most ardent partisans that he failed in the task. An iron hand, a heart of stone, and a powerful calculating mind were wanted to direct and govern such incongruous material ; Charles had none of these qualifications for good generalship, and the only wonder is, that he succeeded as well as he did.

In addition to Sir Thomas Sheridan and George Kelly, Charles had contracted a strong friendship with another Irishman of the name of O'Sullivan, who had been recommended to him by Colonel O'Bryan. We first hear of him in a letter written by the Prince to his father on January 3rd, 1745, in which he says : "Morgan (Colonel O'Bryan) recommended to me some months ago one Sulevan whom I saw at Room a few years ago. He understands family matters very well, for which I design to take him with me to the country house (Fitz-James) I am going to." And on the 26th of the same month the king replies : "I am very glad you were thinking of taking Mr. O'Sulivan with you into the country, and you may say as much as you please that I put him about you, for it is true I think him a proper person to be with you." Of O'Sullivan's early history not much is known, but he is said to have been born in Ireland of a good family, and at the age of fifteen was sent to Rome by his parents to be trained for the priesthood, a profession he afterwards adopted, becoming later a tutor in the family of Marshal Maillebois. The Marshal soon discovered that the young Irishman had more of the soldier than the priest in his nature, so by his advice O'Sullivan exchanged the cassock for a military uniform, and proceeded with his patron to the campaign in Corsica, where he acted as his secretary. Here he gained his first knowledge of the science of war, and as Maillebois was over-

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fond of the pleasures of the table and indulged in wine to excess, O'Sullivan often found himself with the whole weight of a general's duties on his shoulders, duties which he executed to the complete satisfaction of his master.

Upon leaving Corsica, O'Sullivan fought with distinction in Italy and on the Rhine, and acquired no little fame as a capable officer. One of the French generals when writing to D'Argenson says, "That he (Mr. Sullivan) understood the irregular Art of War better than any other Man in Europe ; nor was his knowledge in the regular much inferior to that of the best General then living." Not only was O'Sullivan a good soldier, but he is described as "being one of the best bred, genteelest, complaisant, engaging Officer in all the French Troops." From Charles's letter he appears to have met O'Sullivan in Rome some years before 1745, and it is evident also that James approved of his son's friendship for the Irish soldier of fortune. Looking to the important position that O'Sullivan held later among the Prince's counsellors, and considering the many aspersions cast upon his conduct at the conclusion of the Highland rising, it is but fair that we should bear in mind the character he held amongst those who had known him previously.

At this most critical period of the Prince's career, it is worthy of notice that nearly all his personal friends and attendants were Irishmen, and it is more than possible that he was, to a great extent, encouraged in his adventurous projects by the advice and approval of some of them ; although one can hardly believe Sempill's statement to the king "that Sir Thomas Sheridan and Kelly had taken advantage of the Prince's ardent and lively temper, and led him into a measure that might prove fatal to the Royal Family and your three kingdoms."[1] Sir Thomas, Charles's tutor, was an old man over seventy years of age, and it is not at all likely that he would have counselled any rash or foolish undertaking which would involve his dearly beloved pupil in great peril. O'Sullivan may, and probably did, have a hand in planning the expedition, and Kelly, longing for vengeance on his Hanoverian persecutors, may also have had a finger in the pie ; but beyond the fact that Sir Thomas in the faithful discharge of his duty accompanied Charles to Scotland, there is no evidence to show that he in any way advised him to make the attempt.

Prince Charles left Fitz-James about the end of May or the beginning of June, and took up his residence in the Château de Navarre

[1] Letter from Sempill to the king, July 5th, 1745. Browne, "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. p. 430.

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near Evereux, the splendid seat of the Duc de Bouillon, with whom Charles had contracted a most intimate friendship. Here he received intelligence of the signal victory gained by the French troops at Fontenoy, under Louis XV. and Marshal Saxe, over the British and Hanoverian forces commanded by the young Duke of Cumberland, son of George II. This disaster to the Elector's army, which but for the distinguished valour of Lord John Murray's Highlanders (the Black Watch), would have ended in a disgraceful rout,[1] decided Prince Charles to take without further delay the important step he had so long contemplated, and he at once began, as secretly as possible, to make the necessary preparations for his voyage to Scotland. From old Waters, his father's banker, he had already borrowed a sum of 60,000 livres, part of which had gone to pay off the accounts of his Parisian creditors. He now arranged for a further loan of 120,000 livres from Waters the younger, and with this money purchased fifteen hundred fusees, eighteen hundred broadswords mounted, twenty small field-pieces, two of which could be carried on mule back, a large quantity of powder and ball, flints, dirks, and brandy, leaving a sum of about 4,000 louis d'or for his *cassette* (privy purse). Next a ship of war had to be procured to convoy the smaller vessel in which Charles intended to sail; herein lay a difficulty, as it was no part of the Prince's plan to communicate his intentions to the French Government until he was out of the reach of their clutches. Fortunately, Mr. Anthony Welch, a wealthy Irish merchant of Nantes, who had engaged to carry the Prince and his friends to Scotland in his armed trading brig *La Doutelle*, knew of a friend and fellow-countryman, a Mr. Walter Rutledge (or Rutlets), who had obtained letters of marque from the French court to cruise off the coast of Scotland with a man-of-war, the *Elizabeth*, of sixty-four guns, and a crew of about five hundred men, commanded by Captain D'Eau. Welch took the matter in hand, and without much trouble persuaded Rutledge to allow the *Elizabeth* to accompany *La Doutelle* from the French coast as some protection in case of an attack by a British warship. Everything being now settled to the Prince's entire satisfaction, he communicated his plans to those gentlemen who had boldly determined to take part in his venturesome expedition, and requested them to meet him at Nantes, where *La Doutelle* was lying at anchor awaiting his orders to sail. To avoid suspicion the several members of the party travelled by separate routes, and upon reaching Nantes they were most careful to hold aloof from each

[1] Captain John Munro of the Black Watch, writing to Lord President Forbes of Culloden, says: "By two o'clock the whole retreated, and we were ordered to cover the retreat of the army, as the *only regiment that could be kept to their duty.*" The battle was fought on April 30th, 1745 (O. S.)

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other as much as possible, by taking lodgings in different houses and by showing no sign of recognition when they met in the streets.

This remarkable band of eighteenth century knights-errant consisted of men of various ranks, fortunes, and nationalities, impelled thither by diverse reasons and swayed by different motives, but all united in the hope that Charles would succeed in the difficult task he had set himself to perform. First in point of rank was William Murray, the attainted Duke of Atholl, a Jacobite of the old school, who had already done his share of fighting for King James in 1715 and 1719, losing both title and estates in consequence of his loyalty to the Stuarts.[1] Although advanced in years he was still, when not suffering from the gout, an active and energetic man, devotedly attached to his young master, and only too glad to seize the opportunity now offered of again unsheathing his sword in the good cause.

Next came Sir John MacDonald, a Lieutenant-colonel in the Irish Brigade, of whom little is known;[2] probably he was introduced by O'Sullivan. Æneas MacDonald the banker, who made one of the party, says of Sir John, "He is a man of no extraordinary head as a councillor." Sir Thomas Sheridan, whose affection for the Prince far outweighed his prudence, could not stay behind, and in spite of his grey hairs and increasing infirmities he was quite prepared to share all the privations and fatigues of an arduous campaign by his pupil's side. Another personage of some note who appeared on the scene at this crisis in Charles's affairs was Colonel Francis Strickland, an Englishman, of the family of Sizergh, Westmoreland. Colonel Strickland's father Robert, and his uncle Sir Roger, had loyally supported the waning fortunes of James II. (and VII.) and had followed him to the Continent, where Robert Strickland received the appointment of Treasurer to the King and Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen; he died in 1708 at St. Germains, at which place his son Francis was born. Colonel Strickland for some time acted as major-domo to King James VIII. in Rome, and possessed his entire confidence, but during the years 1744 and 1745 considerable friction existed, the cause of which is obscurely set forth in several of the king's letters to Charles. Something that Strickland had done in connection with Prince Henry (the Duke of York) had aroused James's anger, and he writes on March 23rd, 1745, "I have no scruple to say he is an ill man, and conjure of you to forget if possible whatever he may have said to you on any subject." His reasons for joining the expedition

[1] His younger brother James, who supported George II., was the titular duke, and resided at the ancestral castle of Blair. William was usually known as the Marquis of Tullibardine.

[2] He was a nephew of the Earl of Antrim.

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are not very clear. The others who made up this historic party were Captain O'Sullivan, the Rev. George Kelly, Mr. Buchanan, (Æneas MacDonald's ex-steward), Mr. Anthony Welch the owner of *La Doutelle*, and several attendants, of whom the most notable was Duncan Cameron, some time servant to old Lochiel at Boulogne. Duncan was a native of the island of Barra, and he had been specially engaged for the purpose of securing men to pilot the vessel among the dangerous rocks and shoals of the Long Island, where the first landing in Scotland was to be effected.

Before leaving the Château de Navarre to join his friends at Nantes, Charles wrote several letters to his father, the French king, D'Argenson, and to Edgar, his father's secretary, revealing for the first time his daring project. These letters, which should be read in their entirety by all who are interested in the subject,[1] are dated from June 12th to 20th, but some were not despatched until the embarkation had actually taken place.

The Prince begins, after informing his father of the invitation he had received from the Scottish Jacobites, by condemning the dishonourable behaviour of the French Ministers. "After such scandalous usage as I have received from the French Court, had I not given my word to do so (go to Scotland), or got so many encouragements from time to time as I have had, I should have been obliged, in honour and for my own reputation, to have flung myself into the arms of my friends, and die with them, rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all hopes. . . . I have tried all possible means and stratagems to get access to the King of France or his Minister, without the least effect, nor could I even get Littleton (Sir Thomas Sheridan) an audience, who I was sure would say neither more nor less than what I desired and would faithfully report their answer, As for Wright (Cardinal Tencin), he is not too much trusted or well looked upon by Adam (the King of France), who is timorous, and has not resolution enough to displace him. . . . Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or to die, and stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me. . . I have wrote to Lord Marischal, telling him to come immediately, and giving him a credential to treat with the Minister for succours. To the Duke of Ormonde I have writ a civil letter, showing a desire of his coming here immediately, but at the same time leaving it to his discretion so to do. . . . I should think it proper (if your Majesty's pleases) to be

[1] The letters referred to are printed in full in the following works: Lord Mahon's "Forty-Five," 1853, pp. 144, &c.; "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," Scot. His. Soc., App., pp. 505, 508 and several in Brown's "History of the Highlands," App., vol. iii. p. 429.

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put at his Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion ; but what I chiefly ask, is your own, which I hope will procure me that of God Almighty upon my endeavours to serve you, my family, and my country." In another letter to his father dated on the same day, an important passage occurs which entirely disproves the assertion made by Balhaldie to young Glengarry,[1] that it was Charles's intention to seize the British crown for himself and leave the King at Rome. "I write you this apart," says Charles, "for to entreat your Majesty in the most earnest manner, to desire Grevill (James himself) for God's sake not to give Howell (himself) what he designed, that is a secret ; for it would be of the greatest hurt to his fame." The secret was, that James had privately signified a desire to renounce his rights in favour of Prince Charles, a wish which, notwithstanding his son's letter, he reiterates in a communication to Louis XV. of August 11th, 1745, after learning that Charles had sailed for Scotland. As a matter of fact the secret was an open one, for the Prince continues, "Grevill thinks this an absolute secret ; but he is mistaken, for I have heard it from several people, to whom I flatly denied it, and said I was very sure it was not true, to which every one of these said, God be praised ; for if it were so, both father and son would be undone." Charles's letter to the French king, who had treated him so shamefully, is courteous, dignified, and straightforward. "*Monsieur mon Oncle*," he commences, "*Apres avoir tenté inutilement toutes les voies de parvenir jusqu'a Votre Majesté dans l'Esperance d'obtenir de votre Generosité les secours necessaires pour me faire jouer un Role digne de ma naissance, j'ai resolu de me faire connoitre par mes Actions et d'entreprendre seul un dessein qu'un secours mediocre rendroit infaillible. J'ose me flatter que Votre Majesté ne me le refusera pas.*" The Prince then refers to the recent French victory at Fontenoy, "*vient de remporter sur ses Ennemis, et les miens* (*car ils ne sont que les memes*)," and expresses a hope that some advantage may accrue to himself from "*ce nouvel éclat de Gloire qui vous Environne*," concluding diplomatically, "*Enfin Je veux tenter ma Destinée qui aprés les mains de Dieu, est entre celles de Votre Majesté.*" To D'Argenson, the Prince wrote to say that he was sending the Earl Marischal to ask assistance from Louis XV., and requested that the Earl should be received as a person of distinguished rank in whom he reposed the fullest confidence. Having written these important letters, Charles donned the habit of a student of the Scots College at Paris, and made his way as secretly as possible to Nantes, where his friends had by this time all assembled, ready for the voyage. Contrary winds prevailed upon the Prince's arrival, and embarkation had to be

[1] See p. 110.

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delayed, the interval of waiting being occupied by Charles in writing a farewell letter to his father and another to Edgar, but at seven o'clock on the evening of Saturday, June 22nd (O. S.),[1] the weather having improved, the whole party went on board *La Doutelle*, which was lying off St. Nazaire at the mouth of the river Loire, and set sail for Belleisle, where it had been arranged that the *Elizabeth* should meet them. The strictest incognito was preserved by all, and no one but the members of the Prince's party and his personal attendants knew of his identity, it being given out to cover the design from the crew that Sir Thomas Sheridan was his father. As a further means of disguise Charles allowed his beard to grow, so that his own friends could scarcely recognise him.

For more than a week *La Doutelle* lay off Belleisle waiting for the warship which was to act as convoy,—a time of great anxiety to Charles, whose mind was assailed with the doubt that perhaps after all Rutledge would disappoint him and fail to keep the promise he had made. To relieve the tedium of delay he amused himself with fishing, a sport in which he always took a keen delight. At last on July 4th the long-looked for ship arrived, and on the morning of the 5th both vessels weighed anchor and set sail with a favourable breeze for the shores of that country wherein all the Prince's hopes lay centred,—the land of his royal ancestors; the home of brave men of whose devoted friendship he had been so often assured; the kingdom which had been ruthlessly torn from his grandfather's possession by an usurping Dutchman, now governed by a German boor, whose sympathies, if he had any, were alien to the people he professed to rule. Surely the task he had set himself to perform was both righteous and just; the Augean stable must be cleansed of its Hanoverian defilements; the usurper himself must be cast down from the high place he had no legitimate right to occupy; the crown must be won at any sacrifice and restored to the brow of his royal father; right would triumph over might, and the end should justify the means. The night had been long, but the dawn of a new and brighter day was at hand, for his father, for himself, and for all those who had suffered in

[1] The dates given above as those on which the Prince embarked at St. Nazaire and sailed from Belleisle are taken from Æneas MacDonald's carefully written narrative in Vol. I. "Lyon in Mourning," pp. 284–288. It is, however, difficult to reconcile MacDonald's statement that Charles sailed from Belleisle on July 5th, with the fact that the postscript of the Prince's last letter to Edgar is dated, "*Bell Isle à la Rade, the 12th of July*," unless it was purposely post-dated, which is quite possible. Lord Mahon, with some probability of truth, gives the date of embarkation at St. Nazaire, July 2nd; the date of the final departure from Belleisle, July 13th; and the date of the engagement with the *Lion*, July 17th. This reckoning would put matters right as far as Charles's letter is concerned, and would leave six days for the remainder of the voyage to Eriska, assuming the date of arrival there to be that usually accepted, viz., July 23rd, but in the absence of more definite information I have preferred to adhere to MacDonald's version. The dates are all Old Style.—W. D. N.

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the loyal performance of their duty to the cause. Whatever may have been the motives of those who accompanied him, and it may perhaps be as well not to scrutinise them too closely, we can feel nothing but admiration for the noble spirit which prompted this youthful Prince to go forth like a knight of old to face all the unknown perils of a distant land, and endeavour by one heroic effort to restore the ancient dignities of his royal house.

The two vessels made their way across the English Channel without incident until the morning of July 9th, when, greatly to the alarm of those on board, a British man-of-war was descried off the Lizard apparently bearing down upon them. By three o'clock in the afternoon the unwelcome stranger had approached near enough to disclose her identity, and proved to be the *Lion* warship, carrying fifty-eight guns. As soon as it was seen that the British commander meant business, Captain D'Eau and the officers of the *Elizabeth* went on board *La Doutelle* to hold a council of war, and decide how to act in the engagement which had now become imminent. Some discussion took place, during which D'Eau suggested that Durbe, Welch's captain, should hold the *Lion* in play at a distance whilst he reserved his fire until they got to close quarters. Welch, who felt the great responsibility of his duty to the Prince, would not agree to this, and refused to take any part in the impending action unless attacked. The French officers then withdrew to their own ship, and D'Eau immediately gave orders to his gunners to await the fire of the enemy, and when the distance between the vessels grew less, pour in a heavy broadside, which it was hoped would entirely disable the British ship.

The fight continued without intermission from five o'clock until nine at night, and was watched with intense interest by Charles and his fellow-travellers from the deck of *La Doutelle*, which had been manœuvred into a place of safety by order of her owner. The crews of both vessels displayed the greatest skill and bravery, and many of their number were killed during the action that had been raging fiercely for over four hours. First the *Lion* and then the *Elizabeth* seemed to gain an advantage, but by nine o'clock both ships were so disabled that a continuance of the fight was rendered impossible. Charles, observing this, entreated Mr. Welch to go to the *Elizabeth's* assistance and secure possession of the *Lion*, but Welch was obdurate and absolutely refused to join in the quarrel, telling the Prince that if he did not cease his importunities he would have to order him to his cabin. At ten o'clock the *Lion* sheered off "like an old tub," and the French ship, having lost her gallant commander D'Eau,

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who with his brother had been killed by the last shot, was in no fit condition to give chase and run the risk of encountering other British warships, left *La Doutelle* to pursue the voyage to Scotland alone, and sailed for Brest with nearly two hundred killed and wounded on board. The loss of the convoy was regarded by some of the party as a serious disaster, as not only did they consider it unsafe to proceed without her, but she had gone off with a large number of weapons and other military stores belonging to the Prince, of which only a portion were on *La Doutelle*. MacDonald the banker, Sir John MacDonald, and Strickland strongly advised the Prince to return to Nantes and await the refitment of the *Elizabeth*, or arrange for another ship to take her place, but nothing that they could say or urge had the slightest effect in altering his resolution; he had put his hand to the plough and fate alone should turn him back. Easy and good-natured as he usually was, there were times when all the stubborn spirit in his Stuart blood was plainly manifest, and on these rare occasions he resented the slightest interference and obstinately refused to listen to any arguments however reasonable. The accident which had disabled the *Elizabeth* was unfortunate, but he did not regard it as any serious hindrance to the project he had determined to carry out, and to all the objections raised he merely replied, "You will see! you will see!"

Nothing more could be said, and *La Doutelle* proceeded on her adventurous course, every precaution being taken by her captain to avoid the unpleasant attention of patrolling men-of-war; no lights were allowed to be lit at night except one for the compass, and even that was so carefully hidden that its rays were scarcely visible to those on board.

On the 11th another vessel chased them some distance, but *La Doutelle's* superior sailing powers soon put her out of reach of her pursuer, and save for a few days' tempestuous weather between the 15th and 16th, everything went well until land was sighted on July 22nd.

This barren stretch of rocky shore which the Prince gazed upon with feelings of interested curiosity was the small island of Bernera, which forms the most southern point of the Outer Hebrides. Sailing swiftly past its uninviting coast, steering northward, *La Doutelle* made for Barra, and when near the shore of that island Duncan Cameron was sent off in the long boat to find a pilot, as the coast was exceedingly dangerous. He had no sooner landed than he fortunately met MacNeil's[1] piper, an old aquaintance, who readily undertook the duty required of him, and

[1] Barra was at this period in possession of the MacNeils, an ancient clan originally from Knapdale. Their old stronghold, Kismul Castle, Barra, still exists.

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being taken on board, quickly piloted *La Doutelle* on the afternoon of July 23rd into a place of safety off the west side of the island of Eriska (*Eireasca*), which lies between Barra and South Uist. A few hours before reaching Eriska, the Duke of Atholl had observed an eagle circling in the sky over their heads, but, thinking his friends would laugh at him if he pointed it out, said nothing about it. Upon coming on deck after dinner and finding the bird still following the ship, he could not forbear

COILLEAG Á PHRIONNSA (THE PRINCE'S STRAND), ISLE OF ERISKA

The first landing place of Prince Charles in Scotland, July 23, 1745

From a photograph by MR. H. V. WHITELAW

from pointing it out to the Prince, who regarded it with much pleasure. "Sir," said the Duke, "I hope this is an excellent omen, and promises good things to us. The king of birds is come to welcome your Royal Highness upon your arrival in Scotland."[1] The beautiful bay of pure white sand, since called *Coilleag á Phrionnsa*[2] (the Prince's Strand), was

[1] Duncan Cameron's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. v. p. 204.

[2] When in the island I was shown a plant of the convolvulus species growing among the sand of the bay, which, according to the tradition of the natives, sprang originally from seed sown by Prince Charles. It is called the Prince's Flower, and I was assured it would grow nowhere else but in Eriska.—W. D. N.

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an ideal landing-place, and its very remoteness impressed the whole party with a sense of security, although this feeling was somewhat lessened by the appearance of two ships passing at no great distance. Fearing some interference, Charles and his followers, with the exception of the Duke of Atholl, who was suffering from gout, landed without delay, taking with them all the money, arms and ammunition they possessed; but the suspicious craft proving on a nearer approach to be merchantmen, their fears were allayed, and they proceeded to look for a place of shelter among the primitive dwellings of the inhabitants. The first night spent by the Prince in Scotland was wet and stormy, and he was only too glad to avail himself of the rough accommodation which Angus MacDonald, the tacksman of the island, had to offer, his principal concern being that Sir Thomas Sheridan should suffer no risk of taking cold from the effect of damp sheets. He personally inspected the bed in which the old gentleman would have to lie, and caused his host to say "that it was so good a bed and the sheets were so good that a prince need not be ashamed to lie in them." Food was very scarce, and neither meal or bread could be procured, but some of the party managed to catch a few flounders which were handed over to Duncan Cameron to cook. Seated on a heap of turf near the peat fire over which the fish were cooking, the Prince, in the highest of spirits, laughed and talked with his friends, chaffed Duncan about his cookery, and made himself as much at home as if he had been in his father's palace, whilst outside the storm raged violently, and the rain, driven by the gale, beat and lashed the sodden thatch of the hut with incessant fury. Little heed gave Charles to the fierce conflict of the elements without or to the scantiness of fare within—pleasure glowed in his breast and pride in his eyes; the first step in the great undertaking he had promised himself to perform had been attained; he was on Scottish soil, free and untrammelled by the restraints he had for so long been forced to submit to. Within a few miles from where he sat dwelt his friends, the powerful Highland chiefs, who would hasten to his side with their gallant clansmen immediately they learned of his arrival. No more intrigues, no more incognitos, but fair open warfare against the forces of the Elector and his Dutch mercenaries. It is a picture well worthy of notice, the heir of the Stuarts and his small retinue of faithful attendants crowded together in this rude Highland hut, with travel-stained clothes and tanned faces lit up by the glow of the peat fire, at which Duncan Cameron is busily engaged in preparing their frugal meal. The blue peat-reek fills the place with its pungent odour, and renders everything ghostly and indis-

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tinct in the gathering gloom of the stormy night, whilst round the door groups of curious natives gather regardless of rain and wind, to see the strange wayfarers who have so mysteriously arrived upon their remote island. The peat smoke proved too much for Prince Charles, and he had repeatedly to make his way outside for a breath of fresh air, whereupon Angus MacDonald, who of course knew nothing of his guest's rank, called out with some irritation, "What a plague is the matter with that fellow, that he can neither sit or stand still, and neither keep within nor without doors?"

The island of Eriska upon which Charles now found himself, is one

CROFTERS' HOUSES, ISLAND OF ERISKA

From a photograph by the Author

of the smallest of a group which includes South Uist and Benbecula, the whole forming at that period an important part of the possessions of Ranald MacDonald, fifteenth chief of Clanranald, who was at the time of the Prince's visit in his fifty-third year, and had his residence at Nunton in Benbecula.[1] Alexander MacDonald of Boisdale, Clanranald's half-brother, lived but a mile or two away across the Sound of Eriska, at Kilbride in South Uist, and on the following morning a message was sent to him requesting his presence on the island. When he appeared, the

[1] See Note I. p. 120.

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Prince disclosed his identity and explained the object he had in coming to Scotland. Boisdale was much alarmed, and made the most strenuous endeavours to dissuade Charles from proceeding with his rash enterprise, and concluded by advising him to return home. This remark nettled the Prince, and he replied with pride and indignation in his tone, "I am come home, sir, and I will entertain no notion at all of returning to that place from whence I came; for that I am persuaded my faithful Highlanders will stand by me." To this Boisdale could only say that he feared the contrary, and when Charles referred to the positive assurances of support he had received from MacLeod of MacLeod, and the well-known Jacobite sympathies of Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat, Boisdale told him plainly that these were the very last persons he could depend upon, and offered to send an express messenger to Sir Alexander, whose reply would, he said, prove the truth of his assertions. If the answer was favourable to the Prince, and MacLeod also would agree to raise his clan, then there would be great possibilities of success, and if not, the sooner Charles returned to France the better for all concerned. Far from being discouraged by these gloomy prognostications of evil, Charles evinced an even greater determination to carry out his mission, and Boisdale, having exhausted his arguments, had to return home with a mind distracted by the conflicting emotions of admiration for the gallant young Prince he had just left, and anxiety lest his rash enterprise should end in misery and sorrow for the Highland people. Much as he respected the bold spirit exhibited by Prince Charles, he felt it his duty to warn Clanranald's clansmen, and advise them to take no part in any rising, at least until there was some prospect that it would become general. By this action on Boisdale's part some hundreds of good men from Uist were prevented from flocking to the Prince's side when a few weeks later the standard of King James was raised in Glenfinnan.

Æneas MacDonald, anxious that Charles should honour Kinlochmoidart with a visit, left Eriska on the 24th, and sailed across the Minch to the mainland in order to inform his brother Donald of the Prince's proximity, and make the necessary arrangements for his reception. The following day, July 25th, Charles, having first sent to Sir Alexander MacDonald demanding his assistance, went on board *La Doutelle* with his friends and servants, and the same afternoon or evening arrived in Loch nan Uamh, an arm of the sea between Moidart and Arisaig, the vessel anchoring off Borrodale House, the residence of Angus Macdonald. The next morning Æneas returned with his brother, Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, and introduced him to the Prince, who received him very graciously, and

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after a short interview despatched him with letters to the Duke of Perth, Lochiel, and Murray of Broughton, requesting them to join him in Moidart without a moment's delay. A little later Ranald MacDonald younger of Clanranald, who had been staying in the neighbourhood, came on board, bringing with him several important gentlemen of his clan, among whom were Ranald Macdonald, son of Borrodale,[1] Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale, Angus MacDonald of Dalilea, Alan MacDonald, a brother of Kinlochmoidart, and another kinsman whose name is not mentioned, to whom we are indebted for a succinct narrative of the proceedings.[2] He describes the incidents of the day with graphic distinctness, and tells how they came from the little township of Forsy (*Forsaidh*), and called for the boat to take them out to *La Doutelle*, their hearts bounding with pleasurable excitement at the idea of being so near their long-expected Prince. When they arrived on board they found a large pavilion had been erected, in which all kinds of French wines and other more potent liquids, dear to the Highland palate, were temptingly displayed. At the entrance stood the Duke of Atholl, whom many had known in 1715, ready to give his Royal Highness's visitors and his own fellow-countrymen a cordial welcome. After the first greetings had taken place, Clanranald was summoned to a private audience with the Prince, and for three long hours they engaged in the most earnest conversation, during which Charles succeeded in overcoming all the young chief's scruples, and obtained his promise of active support.[3] Clanranald then returned to his friends, who had been entertained with the greatest hospitality by the Duke in the pavilion. Half-an-hour later the Prince quietly entered the tent, and without any signs of recognition seated himself at the table. The MacDonald chronicler before alluded to states, that Charles was a "tall youth of a most agreeable aspect," dressed "in a plain black coat with a plain shirt, not very clean, and a cambrick stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat, with a canvass string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons: he had black stockings and brass buckles in his shoes." Many if not all of those present suspected his identity, but they were told by one O'Brian,[4] a churchman, who was on board, not to rise when he came in, as he was only a young English clergyman who had come thither for the purpose of seeing and conversing with Highlanders.

[1] *Vide* Ranald Macdonald's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," Vol. II., p. 198, 199.

[2] This gentleman, a Clanranald MacDonald, of the Morar family, to whom the Prince granted a commission, was the chronicler of the Lockhart Papers.

[3] Maxwell of Kirkconnel is responsible for this statement.

[4] I am inclined to think this must have been George Kelly under an assumed name.—W. D. N.

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LOCH-NAN-UAMH

WHERE "LA DOUTELLE" ANCHORED

Photo by VALENTINE, *Dundee*

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The narrator then describes how the youth requested him to take a seat by his side on a chest, and commenced to ply him with questions regarding the utility of the Highland dress; whether it did not render the wearer liable to cold; how it was worn at night for sleeping; and whether it was not inconvenient in case of a sudden attack? to all of which satisfactory answers were given. The Prince, much interested and amused by what he had heard, rose from his seat, called for a dram, and drank to the health of the assembled company, retiring to his cabin immediately afterwards, without disclosing his rank to any but young Clanranald, to whom he had previously assigned the duty of proceeding to Skye with letters and instructions for Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod of MacLeod, acquainting them with his designs, and ordering them to raise their clans for his service with all possible speed. The Highlanders then left the ship and made their way to the shore, where they separated, Clanranald remaining behind to discuss the position still further with the Prince, the Duke of Atholl, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, departing a day or two later with his friend Alan MacDonald, a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, on his errand to Skye. Glenaladale was also entrusted with the work of raising a sufficient number of his chief's clansmen, to form a suitable bodyguard for the Prince. Meanwhile *La Doutelle* still remained at anchor in Loch nan Uamh, and the tidings of Charles's arrival having been secretly conveyed to the Jacobite chiefs, many of them made their way to Arisaig and went on board to pay their respects to their king's son, and learn what he intended to do. Among the most notable of these were Alexander MacDonald of Keppoch; MacDonald of Scotus, who came as an emissary from Glengarry; MacDonald (Maclain) of Glencoe; and Hugh MacDonald, Catholic Bishop of the Highlands, brother of MacDonald of Morar.

The Bishop, who was returning home from Edinburgh, happened to meet Kinlochmoidart at the water of Lochy on his way south with the Prince's despatches. "What news?" asked the latter. "No news at all have I," said Hugh. "Then," said Kinlochmoidart, "I'll give you news. You'll see the Prince this night at my house." "What Prince do you mean?" inquired Hugh. "Prince Charles," replied his friend. "You are certainly joking," said Hugh, "I cannot believe you." Kinlochmoidart then explained the whole circumstances of Charles's arrival in Scotland, how he had come with seven followers, a very small stock of money, arms and ammunition, and no officer fit to undertake any important command. Hugh MacDonald was staggered at the news, said he did not like the expedition and feared its consequences; to which Kinlochmoidart gallantly

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replied, "I cannot help it. If the matter go wrong then I'll certainly be hanged, for I am engaged already. I have no time to spare just now as I am going with a message from the Prince to the Duke of Perth."

When Hugh reached Kinlochmoidart's house he found Æneas MacDonald there, and as he expressed a desire to see the Prince, the banker took him with him the next day and introduced him to his Royal Highness, who, learning that his visitor was a man of some consequence in the Highlands, made no secret of his rank, or of the reasons which had induced him to come to the Highlands. The Bishop did all he could to discourage Charles by telling him of the many dangerous obstacles that stood in his way; cautioned him to keep his movements as private as possible, lest the garrison at Inverlochy (Fort William) should get wind of his arrival; and particularly warned him against the treachery of the Campbells in the neighbourhood of the fort, who would, he said, be only too ready to make him a prisoner and deliver him to his enemies. "I have no fear about that at all," answered the Prince. MacDonald then referred to the fact that Charles had brought no French troops with him, without which nothing could be done, and finished, as Boisdale had done, by recommending him to return to France and await a more favourable opportunity. The Prince absolutely refused even to consider any suggestion of a retrograde movement. He explained that he had brought no troops because "he did not chuse to owe the restoration of his father to foreigners . . . as to returning again to France, foreigners should never have it to say that he had thrown himself upon his friends, that they had turned their backs upon him, and that he had been forced to return from them to foreign parts. In a word, if he could get but six stout trusty fellows to join him he would chuse far rather to sculk with them among the mountains in Scotland than return to France."[1] All the other chiefs and Highland gentlemen who had come to see the Prince were equally concerned at his rashness in coming to their country so totally unprepared for a difficult and costly campaign, and when, to make matters still worse, young Clanranald and Alan MacDonald returned from Skye bringing with them the unwelcome and alarming news that Sir Alexander MacDonald and his neighbour MacLeod had declined definitely to have anything to do with the expedition, all who were on board, "Sir Thomas Sheridan not excepted," united in entreating the Prince to reconsider his decision for their sakes as well as his own. They pointed out how the defection of these two powerful chiefs would prevent many from

[1] Hugh MacDonald's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. pp. 50–53.

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joining who would otherwise have done so, and that it would be madness to proceed further. Nothing, however, that his friends could urge had the slightest effect in altering the resolution of Prince Charles, arguments and entreaties alike proved unavailing; and when one after another positively refused to support or countenance so foolish a venture, which they felt sure would bring certain destruction upon them all, he still remained obstinate. Mortified beyond measure at this unexpected turn of events, Charles knew not what to do, or what to say. Return he would not, and to go forward alone was an impossibility. Again addressing the chiefs, he passionately implored them with all the fervour of his impetuous nature to reconsider their decision and not let the glorious opportunity pass by unheeded. It was useless, and Charles saw his fate in their downcast eyes, but by a happy inspiration he turned suddenly round to a stalwart young Highlander, Ranald MacDonald, a brother of Kinlochmoidart, who, dressed in all the bravery of tartan array and fully armed, had come to the ship unbidden, out of curiosity to learn who was on board, and exclaimed in a voice broken with emotion, "Will not you assist me?" The lad, who had been listening earnestly to every word of the conversation and instinctively guessed it was Prince Charles to whom Clanranald and his brother Alan had just refused assistance, instantly grasped his claymore, and replied with spirit, "I will! I will! and though no other man in the Highlands should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you." The effect of this boyish speech upon the minds of his more cautious kinsmen was almost magical, for without further deliberation or protest Clanranald and the others who were present, their Highland pride keenly touched by Ranald's brave words, promised to stand or fall by the Prince's side.[1] Charles was profuse in his thanks to the young hero who had so boldly and successfully championed his cause, and said he wished all Highlanders were like him. His spirits, which had sunk to the lowest depths of which his sanguine nature was capable, were now raised to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. What though Sir Alexander MacDonald refused help, and MacLeod, regardless of his honour, broke his pledged word, there were others far braver who would not fail to respond to his summons, now that young Clanranald and his kinsmen had signified their willingness to do their part. These expectations were a little damped, when shortly afterwards Dr. Archibald Cameron arrived

[1] I give this romantic story for what it is worth. It appeared in Home's "History of the Rebellion," published in 1802, pp. 39 40, but is not referred to by those who were present on board *La Doutelle*, and therefore lacks corroboration.

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bearing a message from his brother Lochiel, beseeching him to return at once before any mischief was done. The doctor told Charles that he was positive Lochiel would not think of risking the lives and property of his people in so reckless a venture. To this the Prince merely reiterated his former words, and requested Donald MacDonald younger of Scotus to go at once to Lochiel and endeavour to persuade him to do his duty.

All the principal chiefs having now been informed of the Prince's presence in Scotland, and a date fixed (August 19) for raising the royal standard in Glenfinnan, Charles landed all his weapons and other military stores, and in order to cut off any possibility of retreat he decided to send *La Doutelle* away. From on board this vessel, which had carried him safely from France, he despatched two letters to his father, the first dated August 2nd, and the second August 4th.[1] In the former he makes a special request that Mr. Welch (Walsh) should be rewarded for the great services he had rendered, by being created "*Comte d'Irlande,*" adding, "*C'est la première grace que je vous demande depuis mon arrivée dans ce pays;*" and in the latter he tells the king that he is "in perfect good health," that he has been joined by brave people as he had expected, although he was unable to tell their numbers until after the standard had been set up. He refers to Sir Hector MacLean's arrest as "of no other consequence but of perhaps frightening some few," says that the worst that can happen to him should France decline to send assistance, "is to die at the head of such brave people as I can find here;" and concludes, "the French Court must now necessarily take off the mask, or have an eternal shame on them; for at present there is no medium, and we, whatever happens, shall gain an immortal honour by doing what we can to deliver our country in restoring our master, or perish sword in hand." All the stores having been safely disembarked, the Prince went ashore on August 4th, and took up his quarters at the farmhouse of Angus MacDonald at Borrodale, on the north side of Loch nan Uamh, from which place he continued to send letters to his friends summoning them to the muster at Glenfinnan on the 19th of the month.

Before *La Doutelle* finally departed. Charles went again on board to take leave of Mr. Welch, and thank him for the invaluable aid he had so willingly given. As some tangible evidence of recognition, the Prince presented him with a sum of £2000 sterling, knighted him on the spot, and gave him a gold-hilted sword which had cost eighty louis d'ors.[2]

[1] Both letters are printed in full in the Appendix to Lord Mahon's "History."

[2] Æneas MacDonald's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 293.

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Having performed this graceful and kindly act Charles returned to Borrodale House, and *La Doutelle* weighed anchor and went off on a privateering cruise among the Western Isles, where she fell in with two ships laden with oatmeal, which was at once appropriated by Welch for the use of the Prince's gradually increasing army.[1] This meal, which Murray of Broughton says was sufficient to have fed Charles and his followers the

PRINCE'S LANDING-PLACE, BORRODALE, LOCH NAN UAMH

From a photograph by the Author

whole time they remained in the Highlands, had nearly all to be left behind, as no one could be got to carry it to Glenfinnan; "only about sixty Bolls," Murray pointedly remarks, "ever went out of Clanranald's country."[2]

From August 4th to 11th Charles remained under the hospitable roof of Angus MacDonald, where he received every honour due to his rank. A hundred men of Clanranald's clan were selected to guard his person, and these with his own personal friends and followers were entertained with the best food that Borrodale could procure. From far and near the Highland people gathered, to get a glimpse of the bonnie young

[1] From Lord Sempill's letter of September 13th, 1745, to King James, it would appear that Welch was with Prince Charles at Glenfinnan. "The great point is," he writes, "that he (Welch) left the Prince in perfect health, August 19th (the day of the muster), and at the head of 5000 men." Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. p. 432.

[2] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 162-3.

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Prince who had come across the sea to regain his father's kingdom by the help of their strong arms and good claymores. Seated in the largest room of the house the Prince received his strange visitors with courtly grace and an unassumed kindness of demeanour which won their susceptible Highland hearts, although few could understand his English words of welcome. Men and women of all ages, from the young *gille* (young lad) of seventeen, to the ancient *cailleach* (old woman) of eighty, dressed in their picturesque tartan and homespun, flocked to Borrodale from Moidart, Morar, and Ardnamurchan, to gratify their curiosity and

BORRODALE HOUSE IN ARISAIG
Still practically the same as when Prince Charles went there in 1745
From a photograph by the Author

see with their own eyes *Phrionns' òg Thearlach MacSheumais* (young Prince Charles, son of (King) James), of whom even in their remote western homes they had heard so much. Charles was equally curious to learn everything he could of Highland manners and customs, and even evinced a desire to learn something of the Gaelic language which he heard spoken all around him. At dinner, on one occasion, after he had proposed a toast in English, one of the company rose and drank the King's health in Gaelic, "*Deoch slàinte an Rìgh*" ("Drink health to the King"), and the Prince was so struck with the remarkable effect it had in raising the enthusiasm of the Highlanders, that he asked the meaning of the words, and when these were explained he repeated them over and over again until he had

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thoroughly mastered the pronunciation; then rising in his seat he gave the toast aloud clearly and distinctly, to the no small gratification of the assembled Celts. From this moment Charles determined to assimilate himself as nearly as he could with the brave and hardy mountaineers, to whom he was already so deeply indebted; he would acquire their language, adopt their national dress, learn to use their peculiar weapons, and in every way endeavour to win their love, confidence, and respect. In this he succeeded far beyond his most sanguine expectations; the simple folk, charmed by the fascination of his manner, and delighted that he should take so real an interest in those things which were nearest to their hearts, gave him unasked all that deep undemonstrative affection of which their warm Celtic hearts were capable, and never swerved in their fidelity, when in less than twelve months he again came among them a fugitive and outcast with the bloodhounds of Cumberland on his track.

To the MacDonalds of Clanranald belongs the honour of first taking up arms for Prince Charles and his royal father, and it may be almost considered as certain that had they not done so, the history of the '45 would never have been written. Fate, however, had declared otherwise, for utterly regardless of the serious consequences that would overtake them in the event of failure, the gallant men of Clanranald, having given their word to support Charles, were willing to encounter "this hazard with the greatest cheerfulness, determined to risk everything, life itself, in behalf of their beloved Prince." [1]

[1] The MacDonald narrator, "Lockhart Papers."

AUTOGRAPH OF THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE

AUTOGRAPH OF THE EARL OF LOUDON

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CHAPTER VIII

"Hark! from the mountains the pibroch is pealing,
Down thro' the glens see the bright tartans wave;
Clansmen are gath'ring from clachan and shealing,
List to their shouting the song of the brave.
Shoulder to shoulder, brave lads of the heather,
Stand side by side, gallant sons of the free;
True Highland hearts can be cowardly, never,
Shout for Prince Charlie, '*s deoch slainte an Righ!*"
—*From "Highlanders," by the Author.*

THE defection of Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat and MacLeod of MacLeod was a serious blow to the Prince's cause, the more so that it was totally unexpected. It is true Sir Alexander had given no written promise to take part in any such undertaking as Charles now contemplated; and indeed Murray of Broughton tells us that, when during the previous winter he had been asked to assist, he had cautiously replied, that "how soon he saw a well-concerted scheme he would readily not only join him (the Prince) himself, but endeavour to procure the assistance of as many of his neighbours as he could, and," Murray continues, "I can say with certainty that from that time he came under no further engagement."[1] But, in spite of this, Charles had undoubtedly counted on Sir Alexander MacDonald's active support, and, as we have already seen, he refused to share in the doubts expressed by Boisdale and others. MacLeod at least had given a signed declaration that he would join with his clan whenever Charles appeared in Scotland, and in honour he was bound to come when called upon; MacLeod, however, thought otherwise, and instead of keeping his pledged word by taking up arms for his king, he made all haste to communicate the intelligence of the Prince's arrival to the Government through the medium of the Duke of Argyll, in a letter dated from Dunvegan, August 11, 1745,[2] written in terms which would have disgraced

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 155. [2] State Papers, 1745, Record Office.

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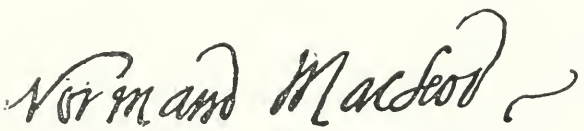
a professed Hanoverian. "My Lord," he writes, "no doubt or this can reach you, you will be Informed that the Chevalier's Son, the Pretended Prince of Wales, is in the Highlands, and that some unhappy madmen of the Highlands have been so far deluded as to take arms and join him. I own I flatter myself so far that I believe your Grace would not suspect me of anie share in the matter, tho' I did not write this letter to inform you that all the people are quiet and will continue so. Sir Alexander MacDonald and Mr. MacLean of Coll are now with me, I am quite well assured of their Prudent behaviour." After expressing his regrets that some weapons he had asked for to defend the coast in the event of a French invasion had not been sent, "because we should now be able to defend ourselves against these People, if they should come here," he concludes, "I shall be extremely fond to regulate my Conduct by your Grace's directions, which I shall Impatiently long for."

At the interview with young Clanranald, Sir Alexander MacDonald had with more consistence told him "that tho' nobody wished better to the Chevalier's cause than he did, yet (he) must be excused to think that his scheme had not been well concerted, that he saw no probability of Success; and therefore declared once for all that he would not join;" but MacLeod, so Murray informs us, after Sir Alexander had left the room, still pretended that he was loyal to the Prince, and said he was heartily sorry his friend could not be prevailed upon, and that although he (MacLeod) disapproved of the enterprise in the manner it was now undertaken and could wish the Chevalier could be persuaded to return, yet nevertheless if he continued firm in his resolution to stay, that he would join him.[1] A few days later MacLeod wrote the letter referred to. There can be no doubt that the hesitation and practical refusal of these two important chiefs to associate themselves with the expedition weighed heavily upon the mind of young Clanranald, and had it not been for the personal contact with the Prince into which he and his friends had been brought on board *La Doutelle*, he would himself have declined to take part in so wild a project.[2]



AUTOGRAPH OF MACLEOD OF MACLEOD

Nor was he the only one of the Prince's followers affected by the

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 156.
[2] See "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 256, note.

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faint-heartedness of Sir Alexander and the dishonourable conduct of MacLeod. Æneas MacDonald the banker, with the keen commercial instincts of the man of business, saw clearly the enormous difference the loss of two such influential men would make to the cause in which he had so thoughtlessly embarked, and could he have seen any way of escape he would certainly have availed himself of it. He knew perfectly well, however, that to draw back now was impossible; he had compromised himself most effectually in the eyes of the Government by what he had already done, and he was aware that a warrant had been issued for his apprehension, so that between the two stools he was like to come to grief. In this dilemma he took the unworthy course of posing as Charles' friend, whilst all the time he was acting against his interests, by endeavouring to prevent his clansmen in Moidart from joining the Prince, in the hope that by so doing he might escape punishment if arrested. This was bad enough, but worse followed, and at last, suspected on good grounds of treacherous behaviour, Charles refused to have anything more to do with him, although he was still allowed to remain with the army.

The fate of the enterprise now practically rested upon the action of Cameron of Lochiel, Lord Lovat, and the Duke of Perth, and the return of the messengers who had been sent to summon them was awaited by the Prince at Borrodale with some anxiety. Of the absolute loyalty of Lochiel and Perth Charles had no doubt, and he felt sure that a few days would bring them to his side. Lovat was a paradox, and no one could possibly foresee what he might or might not do. MacDonald of Keppoch, inspired by the heroic spirit which had always distinguished his ancestors, had already decided to call out his clan, and "honestly and bravely gave it as his opinion that since the Prince had required his person and generously thrown himself into the hands of his friends, therefore it was their duty to raise their men instantly, merely for the protection of his person, let the consequence be what it would."[1] On August 12th he wrote from his house of Keppoch to his kinsman Alexander MacDonald of Dalchosnie, requesting his attendance on "fryday night first, punctually," as he had "an affair of the greatest consequence, on which my honour, credit, and reputation depends to inform you of—" "You are to credit me," he continues, "in all things if ever you incline or expect my

AUTOGRAPH OF MACDONALD (MACDONELL) OF KEPPOCH

[1] Narrative of Duncan Cameron, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 206.

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friendship or countenance, as well as that of a person of the Highest consequence. Faill not in your observation of what is above."

Before Charles left Borrodale he was happily relieved of any further anxiety on account of Lochiel. Young Scotus had successfully fulfilled his mission, and after a brief absence returned in the company of the Cameron chief. Honourable and loyal, Lochiel had never wavered in his allegiance to King James, but as a prudent man upon whose shoulders rested the great responsibility of chiefship over a large number of his fellow-men, who acknowledged his supreme authority over their lives and fortunes and looked to him for guidance, he learnt with considerable alarm of the Prince's appearance in the Highlands without any of the troops which all his friends had expected he would bring with him, and without which they had always insisted that success would be impossible. It was an embarrassing position for a brave man to be in, and no one can wonder at his hesitation. Duty and his word of honour called him to his Prince's side, whilst all the innate cautiousness of his nature rebelled at the idea. The Prince must be argued with and pressed to return at once; Dr. Archibald, it is true, had not succeeded in his efforts, but he would go himself, and by his greater influence and powers of moral suasion induce the rash youth to see the utter recklessness of the enterprise, and get him to postpone it until the fates were more propitious. Fully determined to tell Charles plainly that his prospects were hopeless, and that an immediate return to France was the only thing that could save the situation, Lochiel set out from Achnacarry with young Scotus, calling on the road upon his brother, John Cameron, who dwelt at Fassfern on Loch Eil. John Cameron of Fassfern was a douce, careful, business-like man, possessed of sufficient common-sense to keep him from meddling in the dangerous Jacobite intrigues of the times, preferring rather to devote his time to the ordinary duties of his position. He saw with some concern how his more impulsive elder brother and chief had become involved in politics, and feared what the consequences might be. When Lochiel arrived at his house and told him that the Prince of Wales was at Borrodale and had sent for him, Fassfern very naturally inquired, "What troops Charles 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 therefore, he was resolved not to be concerned in the affair, and would do his utmost to prevent Charles from making a rash attempt. Fassfern expressed an unqualified approval of these sentiments, applauded his brother's decision not to take any part in the project, and advised him on no account to see the Prince

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as he intended, but to come into the house and communicate his intentions in a letter. "No," said Lochiel, "I ought at least to wait upon him, and give my reasons for declining to join him, which admit of no reply." To which Fassfern, who shrewdly guessed what would be the result of a personal interview with the captivating Prince, replied, "Brother, I know you better than you know yourself. If this Prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he wishes." And so it turned out, for Lochiel, heedless of his brother's warning, and quite confident in his own power to resist any attempts at coercion, continued his journey to Borrodale, and soon fell, as his brother had anticipated, an easy victim to that fascinating influence which Charles knew so well how to exert when the occasion demanded it.

The interview was a remarkable one, for upon Lochiel's yes or no everything now depended, and Charles, fully aware of this, put forth his strongest efforts to remove any scruples that might prevent the powerful

AUTOGRAPH OF DONALD CAMERON OF LOCHIEL

Cameron chief from joining the expedition. To the Prince's first explanations of the reasons which had induced him to come to Scotland, Lochiel listened in respectful silence, until Charles referred to the solemn engagements of the Highland chiefs, and how it was largely owing to these that he had determined to try his fortune with the sword. At this point Lochiel protested, that while he admitted the engagements had been entered into, they could not be considered binding as he had come without the stipulated troops, thus precluding any possibility of a successful issue. A more suitable opportunity might be found later, and in the meantime the Prince, if he had any regard for his own welfare or that of his friends, must return whence he had come.

Charles, who had heard all this before, was less inclined than ever to listen to any suggestion of a return to France, seeing that he had already won over Clanranald, but at the same time he recognised that Lochiel's acquiescence was essential and resumed his arguments with passionate earnestness, till at length Lochiel yielded so far as to say, that if the Prince would consent to remain quietly at Borrodale, he would convene a meeting of the Highland chiefs and decide what should be done. At this Charles lost all patience, and exclaimed, "In a few days, with the few

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DONALD CAMERON, YOUNGER OF LOCHIEL

"The 'Gentle' Lochiel of the 'Forty-five"

By George Chalmers, *Ægus. Aur.*, 1702

From the Original Portrait in Callart House, by kind permission of Mrs. Cameron-Lucy
Probably painted from a Miniature, as Lochiel died in 1748

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friends that I have, I will erect 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 perish in the attempt; Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince." No man of Lochiel's temperament could resist such an eloquent appeal; caution, prudence, self-interest were instantly forgotten, and without a moment's hesitation he replied, "No! I'll share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power,"[1] and nobly he kept his word. It has been stated, on the authority of young Glengarry, that Lochiel "had refused to raise a man or to make any appearance till the Prince should give him security for the full value of his estate in the event of the attempt proving abortive," and in addition made a stipulation that Glengarry, senior, should give him a written promise to raise his own clan for the Prince's service before he himself would bring out the Camerons. Assuming that Lochiel did make these conditions, there can be nothing derogatory in the fact, as the commonest instincts of business would dictate them. True or not matters little: Lochiel having pledged his word departed at once for Achnacarry, from whence he immediately despatched messengers to all his principal tacksmen and tenants, ordering them to arm at once and prepare for the muster at Glenfinnan on August 19th.

Young Clanranald, Keppoch, Lochiel, and Stewart of Ardsheal, the latter on behalf of Dugald Stewart, chief of Appin, had now signified their willingness to join the Prince, and were all busily engaged in raising and arming their men, a task of no little difficulty in many districts. Lovat, with his wonted cunning, had made no direct reply to the Prince's letter, but "only answered in a squint way to Lochiel complaining of his age and infirmities, with how well he wished ye familly of Steuart in general, and how unable he was to serve them."[2] The real value of these expressions of good-will to the House of Stuart may be gauged by comparing them with those used in a letter written on August 15th, to General Guest, the English commander at Edinburgh Castle.[3] "We are daily alarmed here," (Beaufort) Lovat writes, "from the South and from the West about Invasions and the Chiefs of Clans, taken or being ordered to be taken upp. I wish I was as young as I was in the year 1715. I would engage to the Government for a Moderate reward to Suppress any Disturbance

[1] The whole story of Lochiel's visit to Fassfern and his interview with the Prince is taken from Home's "History," pp. 43-44. The author says he got it from Fassfern's own lips in the year 1781.

[2] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 175, note.

[3] State Papers, Record Office. Enclosed in a letter from Sir John Cope to the Marquis of Tweeddale.

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that Highlanders will make this year;" he regrets that he is not well enough to travel with his "cousin McLeod" to Inverary; hopes to get to Edinburgh by very short stages in order that he may show himself "every day to his Majesty's Gen[ll] till the Duke of Argyle comes there," and proposes to go to London "and kiss his Majesty's hands at St. James's; and whatever success I may have for an Equivilent for my Company, I am Resolved to ask it since it is my just right, and that the King ordered when Sir Duncan Campbell and I were broke, to give us an equivilent."[1] He winds up this remarkable epistle: "I am more than I can express, with Uncommon Esteem, Gratitude, and Respect, My Dearest General, Your most obedient, most obliged, and most Affectionate faithfull Humble Servant.—Lovatt."

A more glaring instance of political duplicity it would be almost impossible to discover.

The absence of the Duke of Perth at this critical time was due to reasons entirely beyond his own control. It will be remembered that during the previous summer, the Duke, fearing arrest, had left Drummond Castle and taken refuge with James (Drummond) MacGregor, and later with Gordon of Auchintoul. When Sir Hector MacLean was arrested in June 1745, the Government, into whose hands the letters signed "Barclay" had fallen, at once came to the conclusion that the "D" mentioned referred to the Duke of Perth, and rightly suspecting that he was about to engage in some more than usually important Jacobite enterprise, gave orders that a warrant should be at once issued for his apprehension. This warrant was accordingly drawn out by the Lord Justice Clerk (Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton), and entrusted for execution to Sir Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre and Duncan Campbell of Inverawe, who had recently been appointed captains of two out of the three newly-raised companies of the Black Watch. Inverawe was stationed with his company at Muthill, a small village about two miles from Drummond Castle, and Sir Patrick Murray was living at his house of Ochtertyre, the same distance in the opposite direction. The Duke had by this time returned to the castle, and being on terms of the greatest intimacy with Sir Patrick, suspected nothing when he received a letter from that gentleman to say that he intended dining with him on July 26th, and asking permission to bring his friend, Captain Campbell. Naturally generous and hospitable, the Duke replied that he should be delighted to make them both welcome, and at once made preparations for their reception. Meanwhile his false

[1] This refers to his removal from the command of a company of the Black Watch.

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friends were making the most elaborate arrangements to effect his capture. On the day appointed for the dinner, Inverawe marched his company to Drummond Earnoch, in close proximity to the castle, and gave orders that the men should be posted in an enclosure near at hand, it being his intention that the Duke and his ladies should be invited to inspect them as a means of putting the Duke off his guard; the arrest would then follow. This abominable plan was fortunately frustrated by the vigilance of one of the Duke's faithful servants, who gave his master timely notice of the presence of the soldiers, and warned him of the danger that threatened him. Although he could scarcely bring himself to believe that any gentlemen would so far forget the unwritten laws of hospitality as to attempt his arrest in so treacherous a manner, he nevertheless took some precautions, and on one pretext or another refused to go out and see the soldiers. After dinner, and the ladies had withdrawn, the officers produced the warrant, and informed the Duke that it was their disagreeable duty to place him under arrest, and that he must now consider himself their prisoner. Controlling his temper as well as he could under the circumstances, the Duke said he would prepare at once to accompany them, and requesting permission to step into an adjoining closet to make himself ready, he left the two officers to congratulate themselves upon his easy capture. Entering the closet he quietly bolted the door, and without a minute's loss of time slipped down a secret staircase, and, carefully avoiding the soldiers who were now stationed all round the castle, got clear away into the dense woods which surrounded his gardens. Inverawe caught a glimpse of the fugitive Duke from the window, and shouting out, "By G—d! Sir Patrick, he's gone," rushed out of the house to alarm his men.

The Duke meantime had rapidly made his way through the wood regardless of the briars and brambles which tore his clothes and badly wounded his hands and legs, as he progressed with the greatest caution and difficulty. Luckily when he reached the road he saw a woman leading a small Highland pony, without saddle or bridle but with branks (a sort of halter) upon its head. Tossing the woman some money in payment for the animal, the Duke got on its back and rode with all speed to the house of Murray of Abercairney, almost falling into the hands of Inverawe and Sir Patrick Murray by the way, who imagining the Duke would go to Crieff, were making their way thither. From Abercairney the Duke went on to Logie, where tired and worn out as he was he proposed to pass the night. Mr. Drummond received his chief with great hospitality, and soon had a bedroom prepared for his reception, but during

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the night when all were asleep but himself, some presentiment of evil came over him, and he was constrained to go and awake the Duke and beg him to depart at once as he feared the house was not safe. The Duke fortunately took his friend's advice, and he had scarcely got out of the house, when a party of soldiers appeared and made a thorough search of the premises.[1]

For some time after this narrow escape the Duke of Perth skulked among the hills leading the life of an outlaw, and knew nothing of the Prince's arrival until early in August, when a message from MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart reached him just as he was about to sail for France. This, of course, altered his plans, and he set out to join the Prince, but only got as far as the house of his friend, Alexander Robertson, the poet chief, of Struan in Rannoch. The old gentleman seems to have treated the Duke too kindly, for so much whisky-punch was drunk, that the Duke, whose delicate constitution could not stand the heavy potations indulged in by the men of his time, became so seriously ill that he had to be taken away privately to Strathearn or Callander, where he lay for a few weeks in some danger of his life.[2] Upon his recovery, he joined the Prince at Perth in September.

On Sunday, August 11th, Prince Charles left Borrodale, and taking with him all his artillery and munitions of war went on board a vessel (possibly *La Doutelle*, which had been cruising in the vicinity), sailed across Loch nan Uamh and the entrance of Loch Ailort, and landed on the shore of Moidart at Glen Uig Bay. Here he was received with shouts of welcome from the inhabitants, who had come in crowds to witness his disembarkation. Some carried away by their enthusiasm danced a reel[3] as he made his way along the beach, others waved their bonnets in the air, and all joined in wishing him God speed. From the coast he proceeded by Glen Uig to Caolas on Loch Moidart, and from thence taking a small boat was rowed up the loch to Kinlochmoidart House, Clanranald's men taking a more circuitous route from Borrodale by land. In this lovely and secluded spot, the very heart of the Clanranald country, and almost within sight of the chief's ancient stronghold, Castle Tirrim, Charles settled down with his friends and advisers to work out and organise his plan of campaign with the most sanguine hopes of success.

[1] The story of the Duke of Perth's escape is given in detail by Æneas MacDonald. See "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 290–2, and in the "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 157–8.

[2] Information sworn by James (Drummond) MacGregor about August 26th, 1745. State Papers, Record Office.

[3] From "Among the Clanranalds," by the Rev. Charles MacDonald, priest of Moidart, confirmed by local tradition. *N.B.*—A slight error has occurred in the map showing the Prince's route from Borrodale, it should be as described above, although most authorities give it as shown on map.

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On the 14th,[1] Charles was joined by John Murray of Broughton, who had been advised of his arrival by a letter sent either by the Duke of Perth or Kinlochmoidart. Since his return from his last Highland journey, Murray's life had not been an enviable one, for, having heard that a warrant was out for his arrest, he lived in hourly fear of surprise, and slept with loaded pistols by his bedside; the Prince's summons must therefore have been a relief, and he hastened to answer it in person. Leaving Broughton with a supply of King James's manifestos which he

OLD KINLOCHMOIDART HOUSE

Built on the site of the house in which Prince Charles stayed. The fine avenue of trees shown above were there in the Prince's time

From a photograph by the Author

had had privately printed in Edinburgh, and a quantity of arms purchased in the same place,[2] Murray made his way to Fairnton, Lord John Drummond's residence near Crieff, where he learnt that Kinlochmoidart was then staying with Buchanan of Arnprior at Leny House, Callander. Tired though he was after his long ride, he hurried on to Leny, and was

[1] Most authorities give the 18th as the date of Murray's arrival, but this is not consistent with his own statement. He must have reached Kinlochmoidart on or before the 14th, as he left on Thursday morning the 15th, met Glenbucket on the 16th, and was at Achnacarry the same evening, *i.e.* the day of the skirmish at High Bridge.

[2] These were probably the three or four hundred blades which Murray had got mounted at half-a-guinea apiece by an Edinburgh armourer, and some targes bought at the same time. "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 132.

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fortunate in finding Kinlochmoidart still there. Mr. MacDonald had with him a quantity of French louis d'ors belonging to Prince Charles, which he was endeavouring to change into guineas, and in this Murray was able to give him some assistance by sending them to a friend of his in Edinburgh who would do what was necessary. Whilst waiting for the money and other matters, Buchanan made a suggestion that James *Mór* MacGregor should be asked to come to Leny, and lend his aid in a plot to throw the Government off the scent, which they had concocted between them. MacGregor, until the Whitsuntide of that year (1745), had been a tenant of the Duke of Perth, but was now renting the farm of Corriearklet, near Inversnaid, from the Duke of Montrose. It was known that the Government had offered him considerable inducements to play the spy upon the Duke, and that only a few days before Murray's arrival at Leny he had been interviewed by the Lord Advocate (Robert Craigie) and Sir John Cope, the Commander-in-chief in Scotland.[1] It is evident from this proposal to place confidence in James *Mór*, that both Murray and Arnprior were ignorant of the real character of this dangerous man, who even at this early period had commenced his career of treachery and deceit.

AUTOGRAPH OF JAMES *MÓR* (DRUMMOND MACGREGOR

The plan Murray and his two friends had decided upon was to send MacGregor to the Lord Advocate with false information of the Prince's movements, and if possible he was to try and get an authority from Sir John Cope to withdraw troops from the garrisons at Fort William and Fort Augustus for the ostensible purpose of seizing Lochiel, Glengarry, and the other Jacobite chiefs, by which means the forts would be partially denuded of soldiers, and thus rendered more easy of attack by the Highlanders. MacGregor, quite ready to learn any secrets that might have a marketable value, lost no time in accepting Arnprior's invitation, and willingly assented to the proposal which was submitted to him, especially when Murray hinted at an ample reward from the Prince. Nothing, in fact, could have better suited MacGregor's infamous schemes, for, now that he was trusted by both parties, he would be able to play one against the other with no small gain to himself. Bold and unprincipled, keenly susceptible to flattery, and ready to resent the slightest reflection upon his conduct with fiery remonstrances, avaricious and full of an

[1] The papers relating to this examination may be seen in the Record Office, London. They are printed in "Historical Notes" by D. Murray Rose, pp. 163-70.

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exaggerated Highland pride which ill suited the meanness of his actions, he was nevertheless a brave and fearless soldier, and throughout his miserable career never showed to greater advantage than when leading his clansmen on the field of battle; on these occasions, rare though they were, he worthily fulfilled the traditions of his race and ancestry. His ambition at this time was to secure a commission in one of the independent companies of the Black Watch or Lord Loudon's new regiment of Highlanders, and he had promised the Lord Advocate "that if he had such a commission he would think himself justified to the world in going all lengths in the service of the Government, whereas at present he would be looked upon as a spy and informer." The Lord Advocate, who communicates this information to the Marquis of Tweeddale, Secretary of State for Scotland, continues, "I know this man to be a brave, sensible fellow, and to be a man of some consequence in the Highlands, and I think one that is disobliged at the Duke of Perth; that it be for His Majesty's service that he be provided in a lieutenancy or ensigncy in the Highland regiment. I believe there is a vacancy, or one may easily be made."[1] MacGregor had preferred his request for a commission at the interview already referred to, which had taken place in Edinburgh on August 2nd, a few days before he saw Murray at Leny House, and he had shown his willingness to assist the Government by giving his interlocutors some incriminating information regarding the Duke of Perth, Lord Lovat, Stewart of Glenbucky, young Glengarry, and even denounced Murray himself as an active Jacobite agent. Murray's usual caution must have deserted him when he confided to such a man as James *Mór* his master's most important secrets. He did so, however, and MacGregor once more placed himself in communication with the Lord Advocate, who shortly afterwards despatched him to watch the Prince's movements in the West Highlands. Congratulating himself on the ease with which he had persuaded MacGregor to do what he wished, Murray prepared to continue his journey, but before departing he concerted, with the aid of a gentleman in the neighbourhood, "who was a very resolute and enterprising genius," a bold scheme to secure the person of the Duke of Argyll on his road from Roseneath to Inveraray. *Mac Cailean Mór* was far too clever to fall into such a trap, and having learnt of the plot from some of his clansmen, went to Edinburgh instead of Inveraray, thus upsetting all the plans of his political enemies. Writing from Roseneath on August 13th, to Lord Tweeddale, he says, "I have from good hands that they have laid a scheme to seize me by a small party employed for that purpose; this will be very easy for them in Argyllshire,

[1] State Papers, Record Office.

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and not difficult here in this place, which is not above four miles' distance from the Highlands. I shall therefore in a few days go to Edinburgh, where Mr. Craigie (Lord Advocate) says that he wants my *assistance, advice,* and *countenance,* "magna sonantia verba." My assistance I am not allowed to give, my advice has been despised, and my countenance is penal to those that have it."

In happy ignorance of the failure of his well-laid plans, Murray at last set out for Kinlochmoidart, sleeping one night at Keppoch, the next at Achnacarry, the next at the head of Loch Shiel, and during

OLD CLACHAN OF THE CLANRANALDS, LOCH MOIDART

From a photograph by the Author

the afternoon of the following day reached his destination.[1] Prince Charles, who had every confidence in Murray's judgment and business-like ability, was very pleased to see him, and lost no time in asking his advice regarding the best and most politic method of proceeding. Murray suggested that letters should be despatched immediately to all those Jacobites who had not previously been let into the secret, asking them to join the Prince's army, or, if they could not do that, show their loyalty to the cause by contributions of money. He also recommended the Prince to send a suitable person to Holland with full authority to negotiate with the Dutch officers of the Scots Brigade, and if it was

[1] State Papers, Record Office.

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found that they were willing to assist in the attempt to restore King James, arrangements could be made to embark a body of troops at Helvoetsluys, who would then sail for Aberdeen or some other east coast port, and place themselves at the Prince's disposal. With regard to the six thousand Dutch troops which Murray anticipated the English Government would demand from Holland under the treaty conditions, he advised that the person sent should be authorised to promise in the Prince's name that if they would remain neutral he would confirm all treaties which had been entered into since the revolution; and in addition the messenger was to make a formal demand for the Scots regiments on the ground that they were composed of King James's subjects, and were therefore liable to be called out for his service. To the first of these proposals Charles gave a ready assent, but decided to let the Dutch scheme stand over until a suitable opportunity offered. Between twenty and thirty letters were speedily written by Murray, signed by the Prince,[1] and handed to Kinlochmoidart for delivery, but that gentleman, probably thinking that he had travelled quite enough for some time to come, refused to carry them, and so the good-natured, hard-working Mr. Murray had to undertake the duty, "though," as he himself says, "very much against his inclinations." He left the next morning, and on the second day as he was pursuing his way, about seven miles from Achnacarry, he perceived five horsemen coming towards him, who from their clothes he concluded to be some officers of the Independent Companies, whilst they seeing his red coat no doubt took him at first for one of the officers from Fort William, which was only three miles away. Murray, who had no desire to make the acquaintance of any one wearing the uniform of the Hanoverian army, endeavoured to pass by unnoticed, but in this he was not successful, for one gentleman of the party observing him purposely ride his horse into a bog to avoid recognition, instantly levelled a pistol at his head and demanded him to stop and surrender his sword. The affair was beginning to look serious for Murray, when an elderly gentleman who appeared to be the leader rode up, and removing the hood of his cloak, disclosed the fierce wrinkled features of that staunch old Jacobite, John Gordon of Glenbucket, father-in-law to Glengarry. Murray was of course delighted to discover with whom he had to deal, and that in place of an expected enemy he had found an unexpected and valued friend of the cause, to whom one of the many letters he was carrying was addressed. Glenbucket was equally pleased, and having received

[1] One of these letters is still in the possession of Mr. Stewart, the present laird of Kinlochmoidart, who kindly allowed the author to read and photograph it. Unfortunately the photo was a failure.

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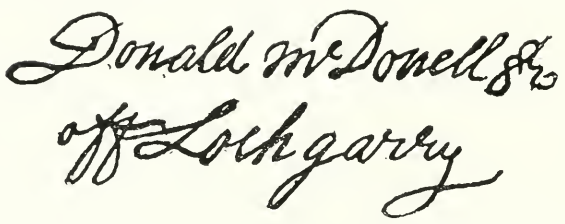
the letter, and learnt the latest news of the Prince's movements, he proceeded on his way to Glenaladale, leaving Murray to pursue his journey. Although Murray does not appear to have been aware of it at the time, Glenbucket was conveying to Prince Charles the first prisoner of the campaign, Captain Switenham of Guise's regiment, who had been secured in the pass of Corrieyairack by four of the Glengarry Kennedys commanded by MacDonald of Lochgarry whilst on his road from the barracks of Ruthven in Badenoch to Fort William.[1] This was practically the first act of war against George II., and it was immediately followed by an actual outbreak of hostilities, in which Keppoch's clansmen distinguished themselves as the first to have the honour of engaging the Prince's enemies and opening the campaign for King James, under the following circumstances.

Rumours of the Prince's arrival in the West Highlands having reached General Cope in Edinburgh, he at once took steps to strengthen the garrison at Fort William, which was situated in the very heart of the district occupied by the Jacobite clans of Cameron and MacDonald, with the two newly-levied companies of Sinclair's Royal Scots foot then quartered in Perth. The order reached Perth on August 10th, and by the 15th the two companies, under the command of Captain John Scott, son of Scotstarvet, and Captain James Thompson, had got as far as Fort Augustus, leaving on the morning of the 16th for Fort William, a long day's march of twenty-eight miles. They had proceeded nearly twenty miles along the General Wade's military road without incident, and were just emerging from the dense wood which at that period clothed both banks of the river Spean, near High Bridge, when greatly to the alarm of the soldiers the shrill notes of the pipes were heard close at hand, and it was seen that the bridge over which they must cross was guarded by a small but well-armed party of stalwart Highlanders, who with loud shouts and warlike gestures threatened to prevent any nearer approach by a murderous onslaught. Among the great tree-covered boulders which



AUTOGRAPH OF MACDONALD (MACDONELL) OF LOCHGARRY

[1] See Lochgarry's Narrative printed in Blakje's Itinerary, pp. 113, 114. Captain Alexander MacDonald informed Bishop Forbes that Captain Switenham was captured by MacDonald of Tirnadris. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 352; he probably referred to Captain Scott.

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form the precipitous banks of the deep ravine through which the Spean foams and tumbles, other figures clad in bright tartan were visible moving cautiously from rock to rock, uttering their Gaelic war-cries, and brandishing their claymores in full view of the red-coats, who, imagining that they had fallen into an ambush, were waiting in some trepidation the orders of their officers.

Captain Scott, as soon as he observed the Highlanders, ordered his men to halt whilst he discussed the position with his brother officers and decided upon some plan to out-manœuvre the enemy. A brave man himself, he was in favour of making an attempt to force a passage across the bridge at any cost, but his colleagues, who seemed to have had no stomach for facing a determined foe, of whose strength they were unaware, persistently opposed any such idea. It was at length decided before beating a retreat that scouts should be sent forward to find out if possible the strength of the Highlanders, and a sergeant and one man were ordered to approach the bridge for the purpose. They had only gone a short distance when they were seized by two of the enemy, who sprang out from behind some trees, and before a rescue could be effected the two soldiers were hurried across the bridge out of sight, while at the same moment the piper skirled out another unearthly pibroch, and the Highlanders, leaping among the rocks and bushes like wild cats, appeared to be making ready for a desperate rush. This was more than the raw untrained soldiers could stand, and in spite of all that Captain Scott could do the

HIGH BRIDGE, LOCHABER
Scene of the first skirmish in the "Forty Five"
From a photograph by the Author

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whole of the two companies with their officers turned tail and fled as fast as their legs could carry them along the road they had recently traversed.

The formidable enemy who had so successfully driven off two fully-equipped companies of the Elector's troops consisted of twelve of Keppoch's men commanded by Donald MacDonald of Tirnadris, "a brave, undaunted honest man, of a good countenance and of a strong and robust make,"[1] son of Ronald *Mór*, and grandson of Archibald XIV., Chief of Keppoch. Tirnadris had received orders from his chief to prevent by strategy the advance of the Royal Scots on Fort William, and having no time to collect a large body of his clansmen, he arranged that a small party of eleven men and a piper should rendezvous at the inn at High Bridge, and there await the approach of the soldiers. Directly they were in sight he ordered the piper to play his loudest, and selecting a few picked men to guard the bridge disposed the remainder among the bushes and rocks, with instructions to rush about from place to place shouting and cheering in order to make the red-coats believe that the place was strongly defended. The clever ruse, as we have seen, proved an unqualified success, but Tirnadris was not satisfied with having merely dispersed the intruders, he was determined if possible either to take them prisoners or place them *hors de combat*. Keppoch meanwhile had arrived on the scene with between twenty and thirty additional men, and the whole body at once started in pursuit of the flying soldiers, who by this time had been able to cover about two miles. Instead of taking the military road the MacDonalds marched rapidly but cautiously along the hillside of Glen Gloy, whilst Captain Scott followed the shore of Loch Lochy, quite ignorant of the fact that he was pursued until he had passed Letterfinlay, and was nearing the head of the loch at Laggan-ach-drum, when he found his way barred by the Highlanders, who, having outmarched his men, had come down from the hills to dispute his passage.[2] Firing now commenced on both sides, but the soldiers, fatigued and panic-stricken, were unable to do any execution with their muskets, whilst the Highlanders, elated with success, poured a deadly fire into their ranks, killing a sergeant and four men, and wounding about a dozen, including Captain Scott, who received a bullet in his shoulder. Anxious to avoid any further bloodshed, Keppoch ran out in front of his men sword in hand and called upon the officers to surrender, threatening to cut the whole force to pieces if they did not instantly lay down their weapons.[3] As the soldiers'

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 37.

[2] A glance at the map will help to explain this manœuvre.

[3] Lochgarry says that Keppoch was joined at Laggan-ach-drum by fifty Glengarry Kennedys who assisted in the attack. See Lochgarry's Narrative, Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 113.

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ammunition was nearly spent, and further resistance in their present condition impossible, Captain Scott and the other officers had no alternative but to yield with as good a grace as they could under the unpleasant circumstances. At this juncture Lochiel, who had received an urgent request from Keppoch for assistance, came up with a few of his clan, and finding the skirmish happily concluded, agreed to take charge of the prisoners and convey them under escort to Achnacarry. What followed is described by James *Mór* MacGregor, who, in pursuance of his instructions from the Lord Advocate, reached Lochiel's house a short time before the prisoners were brought in. Soon after he arrived, he says, "Alexander McDonald of Keppoch and Donald Cameron of Lochiel came to Lochiel's house and a number of men with them, and Capt. Scott, Capt. Thompson, Lieuts. Ferguson and Rose, and 62 Private men besides Sergeants, Corporals, and Drums as Prisoners. That he was told that a Sergeant and three Private men were killed in the Action, and six men wounded, and Capt. Scott who as he was informd behaved with great Bravery. That (he) the Declarant at Lady Lochiel's desire, because there was no Surgeon at the Place, dressed Capt. Scott's wound at night on Friday and on Saturday morning; and that on Sunday at (his) the Declarant's request and in compliment to him, Lochiel agreed that Capt. Scott should be sent to Fort William to be cured of his wound; and accordingly (his) the Declarant's servant, with Lochiel's servant and their horses carried Capt. Scott to Fort William."[1]

Murray of Broughton after leaving Glenbucket passed within a few miles of the spot where the skirmish was taking place, and guessed from the agitated state of the people he met that something unusual was occurring. Upon inquiry he learnt that Keppoch was engaged with a party of Government troops, and that the fighting was still going on. This intelligence made him alter his plans, and instead of continuing his way eastward, he determined to go on to Achnacarry, and if the news was true, return with Lochiel to join the Prince at Glenfinnan. Upon reaching Achnacarry he found MacGregor just arrived from Edinburgh, and upon questioning him with regard to the mission he had undertaken when at Leny House, MacGregor gave a long plausible account of the favourable reception he had met with from Sir John Cope and the Lord Advocate, and how he had entirely succeeded in blinding their eyes to the real state of affairs. Murray, usually so cautious and suspicious, believed all that MacGregor told him, and even complimented the spy

[1] Information sworn by James (Drummond) MacGregor before the Lord Advocate, August 26th, 1745. State Papers, Record Office.

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on his cleverness, little thinking that the man he addressed was in the employment of the Prince's enemies. According to Murray's story, the prisoners were brought in about seven o'clock the same evening and taken to the inn at Achnacarry, where they were "used with all possible humanity." Captain Scott, whose wound prevented him from riding, was carried up to the house, "and treated more like a friend and brother than an enemy and prisoner." A special messenger was then sent off to Fort William to ask that the regimental surgeon might be allowed to come and attend to the wounded officer under a safe conduct from Lochiel, "but," as Murray says, "the Governor's humanity was not to be moved by the distress of a Brother officer, so refused to allow him. Lochiel, shocked with the old man's Barbarity, gave orders for Mr. Scott's being transported to the garrison, having first taken his parole."

We will now return to Prince Charles, who, in the quiet seclusion of Kinlochmoidart, had been busily engaged in maturing his plan of action, enlisting recruits, and conveying his arms and ammunition from the landing-place to his quarters—a task only accomplished after much difficulty and delay, notwithstanding his own active assistance and supervision. A full week was passed in this employment, and it was not until Sunday, August 18th, that he was able to set out for the rendezvous. Attended by a picked body of fifty well-armed men of Clanranald's clan, Charles then marched across the three miles of country which separate Loch Moidart from Loch Shiel, and upon reaching Dalelea[1] found boats waiting in which the party embarked and sailed for Glenaladale, where old Glenbucket with his prisoner, Captain Switenham, was awaiting his coming. Here the Prince and his escort spent the night, and early on the morning of August 19th returned to the boats and continued their way to Glenfinnan, stopping midway for a meal under the trees at a beautiful spot called in honour of the event, *Torr a Phrionnsa* (the Prince's Mound).

The eventful day which was to decide the fate of the long-meditated expedition had now arrived, and as Prince Charles stepped from the boat on to the level green sward at the head of the loch, straining his eyes to catch a first glimpse of the great concourse of armed men he had confidently expected to find, he must have felt the keenest disappointment when he failed to discover, look where he would, anything but barren hills, great stretches of purple heather, rocky crags covered with gaunt pine trees, with no sign of human life in the whole vast

[1] Angus MacDonald of Dalelea was the elder brother of the famous Gaelic bard, Alasdair Mac-Mhaighster Alasdair. Angus, Alasdair (Alexander), and Angus (Bàn), all of Dalelea, were *out* in the '45, the two former holding captain's commissions.

Æneas MacDonald says that Charles left Kinlochmoidart on the 17th, crossed Loch Shiel on the 18th, and spent the night at "Glensiarich" (*sic*). "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 292.

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solitude, save for the presence of his few faithful attendants and one or two shepherds who wished him "God-speed" in their native tongue as he passed. Cattle were quietly grazing where the serried ranks of the Highlanders should have been drawn up, and the melancholy cries of whaups and sea-gulls as they circled in the air above the Prince's head were the only sounds which disturbed the painful stillness that reigned around. To Charles's highly-strung nerves there was something strangely ominous in this unexpected calm—he felt isolated and neglected, the high spirits with which he had started from Glenaladale had evaporated, and by a natural revulsion of feeling he was now cast down to the very

GLENALADALE

lowest depths of despondency, nor could all the reassuring words of his friends restore him to cheerfulness. It was but eleven o'clock in the forenoon, they pointed out, and there was yet plenty of time for the clans to arrive, the way was long and difficult to traverse and many things might have hindered the march. Charles found but small comfort in these well-meant assurances, and in order to hide his emotions he retired into a small shealing hut at Slatach, where he remained for some time gloomily meditating on his misfortunes. The monotony of waiting was relieved by the early arrival of James *Mór* MacGregor, who had ridden over from Kinlochiel, where the Camerons had assembled previous to starting for Glenfinnan, and was introduced to the Prince by Kinloch-

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moidart.[1] Charles saluted him courteously, and questioned him about the MacGregor clan, whose assistance he said he should rely upon when the time came. MacGregor no doubt satisfied the Prince on this point, and he was also able to give some satisfactory information regarding the near approach of Lochiel and his men, which materially assisted in removing Charles's anxiety. A little later MacDonald of Morar appeared with another body of Clanranald's men, numbering one hundred and fifty, and about four o'clock in the afternoon the Prince's doubts were effectually dispersed when his quick ears caught the faint humming of the pipes heralding the approach of the Camerons and their brave chief. Louder and louder grew the welcome sound of the war-pibroch, its harsher notes softened by distance but gradually swelling in volume as the kilted warriors swept round the bend of the hillside which until then had hidden them from view. Marching down on to the level ground at the head of Loch Shiel they proudly advanced to where the Prince was standing, surrounded by his friends and bodyguard, in two lines three men deep, with the prisoners taken by Keppoch at Loch Lochy between them. Other smaller bodies of Camerons from Glen Pean and Glendessary also came in by way of Kinlocharkaig and Glenfinnan, until the total number of Lochiel's clan amounted to close upon eight hundred men including officers. Closely following the Camerons came MacDonald of Keppoch with about three hundred clansmen from Glen Spean and Glen Roy, bringing with them as a present for Prince Charles the horse captured from Captain Scott by MacDonald of Tirnadris during the recent skirmish. The stirring scene which gradually unfolded itself before the Prince's eyes brought colour to his cheeks and comfort to his soul; the sound of human voices, the shrill notes of the pipes and the clash of weapons delighted his ears; the gloomy solitude of the sequestered glen in which he had set foot for the first time that morning was transformed as if by the wand of a magician into a busy camp, where all was noise, bustle, and excitement. Doubts no longer assailed his mind, difficulties were forgotten, his fears had vanished; and, as he eagerly scanned the animated faces of the Highlanders, he was probably, for the time at least, the happiest Prince in Christendom.

No more suitable place could have been found in the West Highlands for such a gathering than the fine stretch of level ground at the head of Loch Shiel, which forms a natural amphitheatre of about half a mile

[1] MacGregor says that Keppoch was with the Prince, although his men did not come until later, and that he (Keppoch) had a suspicion that he had come as a spy; this, however, is doubtful. State Papers, Record Office.

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LOCH SHIEL AND PRINCE CHARLIE'S MONUMENT AT GLENFINNAN

Photo by VALENTINE, *Dundee*

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THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS

Painted by Sir William Allan, P.R.S.A., R.A.

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square, surrounded on all but the loch side by huge mountains, rising from fifteen hundred to over two thousand feet above the sea. To the north the beautiful glen of the river Finnan divides the finely-shaped hill of Fraoch Bheinn (Heather Hill) from Beinn nan Tom, and affords a rough but picturesque route to Kinlocharkaig ; to the east the road runs by Drumsallie to Kinlochiel, and following the north shore of Loch Eil continues past Fassfern and Corpach to Loch Lochy and Achnacarry. Westward is the most direct way to the coast at Arisaig ; and to the south-west as far as the eye can reach, Loch Shiel, embosomed among the mighty

PRINCE CHARLES'S MONUMENT, GLENFINNAN

Erected by Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale, on the spot where the gathering of the Clans took place

From a photograph by the Author

cloud-capped hills which rise precipitously from its dark blue waters, stretches for fifteen miles into the hazy distance.

At least thirteen hundred men were now assembled, and as the afternoon was wearing late the ceremony of raising the royal standard was at once proceeded with. The Prince, simply dressed as a private gentleman, in a dun-coloured coat, scarlet-laced vest and knee-breeches, with a yellow bob at his hat,[1] took up his position in front of the humble abode in which he had sheltered in the morning, whilst grouped around him stood those who had accompanied him on his adventurous voyage from France, side

[1] Information sworn by Peter King, catechist, Loch Arkaig, August 30, 1745. State Papers, Record Office.

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by side with Lochiel, Keppoch, Gordon of Glenbucket, Murray of Broughton, Colin Campbell, brother of Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochnell,[1] and the Clanranald escort. The honourable duty of unfurling the banner, which had been previously blessed by Bishop Hugh MacDonald,[2] was allotted by the Prince to Duke William of Atholl, who, taking his stand upon a small knoll near the hut, reverently raised aloft the standard of King James in full view of the expectant Highlanders. A brief interval of solemn quiet elapsed, while every eye watched the silken emblem of the Stuarts spread out its gay folds of red, white, and blue

HEAD OF GLENFINNAN

The road by which the Camerons of Glendessary and Glen Pean came to the muster on August 19, 1745. The glen to the left, Caol Ghleann, was traversed by the Prince in his wanderings

From a photograph by Mr. W. A. R. Jex Long

upon the gentle afternoon breeze, and then from more than a thousand throats came a great Gaelic shout of welcome to *Prionnsa Tearlach Righ nan Ghaidheil* (Prince Charlie, King of the Gael), which rolled like the mutterings of distant thunder along the glens, echoing from crag to crag and hill to hill, startling the hinds among the heather and affrighting the eagles in their rocky eyries. From every scabbard leaped the broad shining blade of the claymore, as if thirsting for the blood of the hated

[1] Colin Campbell had held a commission in the Argyll Fencibles, but upon becoming a convert to the Roman Church entered the Scots College at Paris, and was ordained a priest about 1722. He joined the Prince's army as a chaplain, and fell at Culloden. "Among the Clanranalds," pp. 133-5.

[2] Hugh MacDonald of the family of Morar, Catholic Bishop of the Highlands, who became involved much against his will in the affair of '45. Ibid. p. 133.

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Hanoverians ; hundreds of glittering weapons flashed brightly in the sunlight ; bonnets were thrown aloft ; pipes skirled, banners fluttered in the wind ; enthusiasm was in the very air and infected even the most sedate and cautious of those who, drawn thither by duty or curiosity, were witnesses of the remarkable spectacle.

The Prince's fondest hopes were more than realised—he had arrived step by step at the first important stage of his arduous undertaking ; obstacles which at one time seemed insuperable had been surmounted, difficulties had been overcome, perseverance and persistence had won the day, and as he proudly surveyed his little army of mountaineers in their picturesque tartan garb, all the old fighting instincts of a long line of kingly ancestors must have awakened in his soul, inspiring him with a firm determination to wrest by the aid of God and his faithful Highlanders the crown of Britain from the brow of the usurper.

After the shouting had subsided the Duke of Atholl read aloud the king's commission appointing our "dearest son, Charles, Prince of Wales, to be sole regent of our kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of all our other dominions during our absence," and when this was concluded the long manifesto, dated December 23, 1743, which practically amounted to a declaration of war against the Elector of Hanover, was read, and explained in Gaelic to the men whose knowledge of the English tongue was extremely limited. The Prince then addressed those present in a short but eloquent speech. It would be to no purpose, he said, to declaim upon the justice of his father's title to the throne to people who, had they not been convinced of it, would not have appeared in his behalf, but that he esteemed it as much his duty to endeavour to procure their welfare and happiness as they did to assert his right ; that it was chiefly with that view he had landed in a part of the island where he knew he should find a number of brave gentlemen fired with the noble example of their predecessors, and jealous of their own and their country's honour, to join with him in so glorious an enterprise, with whose assistance, and the protection of a just God, who never fails to avenge the cause of the injured, he did not doubt of bringing the affair to a happy issue.[1] This brought the ceremony to an end, and Charles retired to seek some well-earned repose in the Slatach hut after delivering the standard to the care of Donald MacDonald, Keppoch's brother, who carried it to Dalnive.[2]

Besides those who had come to Glenfinnan on military duty, quite a number of ladies and gentlemen had been attracted to the spot by

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 169.
[2] Keppoch MS., "Loyal Lochaber," Appendix, p. 446.

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RAISING THE STANDARD IN GLENFINNAN, 1745

From the Painting by W. Skeoch Cumming, *by kind permission of the owner,*
Charles Stewart, Esq., *London*

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curiosity and a desire to see the Prince. Among them was a lady who for some years after the rising acquired an unenviable notoriety by reason of her very slight association with the Prince. This was Miss Jenny Cameron, a daughter of Cameron of Glendessary, of whom it was asserted by the Grub Street scandal-mongers, that having attended the ceremony in Glenfinnan, she followed Charles through the campaign as his mistress,

MISS JENNY CAMERON

From a contemporary print

until the battle of Falkirk, when she was taken prisoner and sent to Edinburgh Castle.

As there undoubtedly was a person of this name taken either at Falkirk or Stirling, it was at once assumed even by the Duke of Cumberland himself, that the prisoner was, to use his own words, "the famous Miss Jenny Cameron." The mystery which surrounded this lady has long baffled the author, but it is now cleared up, at least to his own satisfaction. The probable solution is as follows.

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Miss Jenny Cameron of Glendessary, or, to be more accurate, Mrs. O'Neil, for she had married an Irish gentleman of that name, but in consequence of his brutal behaviour she left him and returned to her native Highlands, where, resuming her maiden name, she kept house for her brother, Archibald Cameron of Dungallon. In 1745 she is described as a "genteel, well-looking, handsome woman, with a pair of pretty eyes and hair as black as jet," of between forty and fifty years of age,[1] "of a very sprightly genius and very agreeable in conversation." When her brother in response to his chief's summons took the field for Prince Charles, Miss Jenny accompanied him to Glenfinnan, and at the same time sent a present of cattle for the Prince's use, but there is no authority for the statement that she was introduced to his Royal Highness. After the raising of the standard she went off with the rest of the spectators, and during the time her brother remained with the Prince's army, took entire charge of the management of his estates. She died at Mount Cameron, Lanarkshire, on June 27th, 1772, and is described in the obituary column of the *Scots Magazine* of that month as Mrs. Jean Cameron, sister to Captain Allan Cameron of Glendessary.[2] The appearance of this beautiful woman among the Highlanders caused her name to become notorious, and the anti-Jacobite writers of the period soon availed themselves of the circumstance to concoct a highly-coloured story in the approved Grub Street style, evolved solely from their own weak brains, and embellished with a purely imaginary portrait of the fair amazon in astounding tartan garments, which the credulous Sassenach reader naturally concluded was an accurate representation of the everyday garb of a Highland lady.

Miss Jenny Cameron IN A MILITARY HABIT

An imaginary portrait from a contemporary print

[1] Æneas MacDonald's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 293.

[2] *Vide* Notes, Chambers's "History of the Rebellion," pp 251–2; also "Loyal Lochaber," pp. 191–5.

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It happened by a somewhat curious coincidence, that when Prince Charles was besieging the castle of Stirling, a Miss or Mrs. Jenny Cameron, who carried on a milliner's business in Edinburgh, hearing that one of her relatives in the Highland army was lying wounded in the camp, set out for Stirling with the intention of paying him a visit. The day following her arrival in the camp, the Duke of Cumberland took command of the English army in Edinburgh, and the Highlanders, not being then in a fit condition to withstand an attack, retreated northwards, leaving the milliner to the tender mercies of the Duke's outposts. She was arrested and questioned, and upon disclosing her name, the intelligent officer who commanded the party immediately jumped to the conclusion that he had secured as a prize the celebrated Highland heroine of whose fame he had so often heard. Cumberland quickly learnt of the capture, and writing from Stirling on February 2nd, 1746, to the Duke of Newcastle, he says, "We have taken about twenty of their sick here, and the famous Miss Jenny Cameron, whom I propose to send to Edinburgh for the Lord Justice Clerk to examine, as I fancy she may be a useful evidence against them, if a little threatened."

Cumberland was as good as his word, and poor Jenny soon found herself in the grim castle of Edinburgh, where she remained most unjustly incarcerated, until November 15th, 1746, when she was released on bail.[1] It is satisfactory to know that upon her return to her long neglected shop business poured in upon her, "all the City crowding to buy Ribbands, Gloves, Fans, &c," [2] on the mistaken notion that she had been Prince Charlie's mistress, a fiction which she did not attempt to contradict. It will thus be seen that there were two Jenny Camerons, neither of whom were entitled to the doubtful honour conferred upon them by the literary Whig geniuses, whose mendacious productions may still be examined by the curious in our great public libraries.

The force which Charles now had under his command consisted, as we have already seen, of about thirteen hundred men,[3] drawn entirely from the two powerful clans of MacDonald and Cameron; and if James *Mór* MacGregor's information is to be credited, we learn, "that most of them appeared to be good men, but some Young and Raw, and some Old that had been at Sheriffmuir. That he believed 600 of Lochiel's men were very good. . . . That most of Lochiel's men had no Arms, supposing they were to have been provided when they came to the camp, and

[1] *Scots Mag.*, Nov. 1746, p. 545.

[2] This story, which I believe true, is to be found in the somewhat scarce first edition of "Ascanius, or the Young Adventurer." London, 1746. W. D. N.

[3] Æneas MacDonald gives the number as fourteen hundred.

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accordingly they went, as the Declarant believes, to Kenlochmoydart's house, or somewhere thereabouts and came back with Arms. . . . That he saw 22 Field Pieces about the size of one's leg, that were brought in a boat from Kenlochmoydart's house up Loch Shiell to Glenfinnan, with a number of Barrells of Powder and Ball, and about 150 Pair of Pistolls. . . . That he observed many of the Guns that Lochiel's men got . . . were in great Disorder, some of them with their Locks broken and others with Broken Stocks, and many of them wanted Ramrods, and the men were complaining that they were in great want of Smiths, Lochiel having but one. . . . That he did not see above 20 Saddle Horses in the Camp, but that there were a number of Country Horses for carrying Baggage." As MacGregor gave this information to the Lord Advocate some time before August 26th, he probably left Glenfinnan for the south on the day following the raising of the standard.

Charles remained in the neighbourhood of Glenfinnan until the 21st, in order to give time for the transport of arms and baggage from Kinlochmoidart, and for the proper equipment of his small army. Swords and muskets were distributed to those who had none, and a hundred and fifty stand of arms were sent by the Prince's orders across Suinart and ferried over to Appin for the use of the Stewarts commanded by Charles Stewart of Ardsheal, and the MacDonalds of Glencoe, who had assembled at Duror in readiness to march off and join Prince Charles as soon as he should reach Lochaber. The Highlanders, so our informant tells us, were not at all pleased with the swords, but the guns were much appreciated.[1]

Before the Prince departed from his quarters at the head of Loch Shiel he was visited by a gentleman of the clan MacLeod from Skye, who stated that many of the clan, being highly indignant at the defection of their chief, had sent him to make an offer of their services and find out when and where they could join the Prince's army. Murray, who had lost all faith in the loyalty of the MacLeods, very unjustly concluded that the messenger was a spy, more especially when Charles was given to understand that a sum of money would be required before anything could be done. The Prince was, however, bent on conciliating everybody, and in spite of Murray's remonstrances the visitor was received with every consideration, and his demands, whatever they may have been, acceded to; he was also requested to deliver a letter which Lochiel, with the approval

[1] Sworn information of Peter King, August 30, 1745. State Papers, Record Office. He says he "means by a Stand of Arms a Gun and a Bayonet, and a Broad Sword with a Brass Handle like a small Sword."

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of the other chiefs, had written conjunctly to MacLeod of MacLeod and Sir Alexander MacDonald, reminding them of their solemn engagements, and calling upon them to do their duty, as the time had now come when they must declare for one side or the other, and act a part which would conduce to their eternal honour or eternal infamy.[1] This letter, which, as Murray correctly says, "tho' quite well adapted to McLeod, was nevertheless not so fitting to S^r. Alex^r," did no good whatever, its only effect being to still further estrange MacDonald, who was, or professed to be, greatly offended by the insinuations it contained, and made use of it later as a convenient excuse for the position he took up regarding the affair. As to MacLeod, he had already made his peace with the Government, and although his conscience must have reproached him for his perfidious behaviour when he read Lochiel's letter, he refused to be persuaded.

There can be no doubt that many gentlemen of the Clan MacLeod did strongly resent their chief's refusal to join Prince Charles, and before the campaign came to an end a considerable number attached themselves to the Highland army and fought bravely both at Falkirk and Culloden. Among those who thus faithfully did their duty to the Stuart cause were the MacLeods of Raasa, Muiravonside, Brea, Glendale, and Bernera.

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 169, 170.

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CHAPTER IX

"Come up amang our Highland hills,
Thou wee, wee German lairdie,
And see the Stuarts' lang kail thrive,
They dibbled in our yairdie ;
And if a stock ye daur tae pu',
Or haud the yoking o' a pleugh,
We'll brak your sceptre ower your mou',
Thou wee, wee German lairdie."

—*Old Jacobite Ballad.*

THE news that Prince Charles had at length actually set out for Scotland caused a flutter of intense excitement in the household of the king at Rome. James himself, although he must have foreseen the possibility of such an event happening, scarcely knew, now that it was an accomplished fact, whether to regard his son's act as a piece of boyish foolhardiness, calculated to end in disastrous failure, or a providential inspiration which might ultimately lead to a recovery of the crown of Britain and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty. As a loving father, he could not disguise his admiration for the gallant behaviour his dear Carluccio had displayed in thus intrepidly venturing life and fortune on one desperate cast of Fortune's dice ; but mingled with this feeling of paternal pride were grave doubts as to the wisdom of the undertaking and fears for his boy's safety.[1] Writing to Sempill on July 13, 1745, he says, "I am afraid there is little room to hope he (Charles) will succeed, except he be vigorously supported by the Court of France, and therefore we must all of us, in our different spheres, leave nothing done for that effect." This was the crucial point. Would the French ministers, now that the Prince had taken the initiative, assist him with men, arms, and money ? If they could be persuaded to do so, James felt assured that all might yet turn out well,

[1] Ewald, quoting from the State Papers of Tuscany, says that James's anxiety was much relieved by the fact that Charles had enrolled himself before leaving France as an officer in the Spanish service, thereby rendering himself liable if captured to be treated merely as a prisoner of war.

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but if not, nothing short of a miracle could avert a calamity. Deeply impressed with the necessity of awakening Louis XV. to a sense of his duty, James addressed to His Most Christian Majesty a passionate and eloquent appeal for assistance, in which he explains that although the Prince had taken and executed his plan without consulting him, knowing well that he (James) would have never given his approval, it was nevertheless quite impossible, now that it had been carried out, to help applauding the brave spirit which prompted so bold a step.

"*Il est certain*," he proceeds, "*que sa conduite presente fera une grande impression sur l'esprit de ses Compatriots*," and that while there was a bare chance that the ultimate success of the expedition might be attained without foreign aid, it would not be wise to rely upon any such possibility. "*C'est a present ou jamais a mettre la main a l'auvre les moindres delais pourront etre dangereux, et avec peu de risque et des frais. Elle pourra achevet l'ouvrage que mon Fils et mes fidels sujets ont commencé touts seuls.*"

Referring to his own personal position and the question of abdication in favour of Prince Charles, James continues, "*Je persiste toujours dans les memes sentiments avec cette differance cependant que ce que Je croyais autrefois devoir etre advantageux a Ma Famille me paroit devenir a present indispensible et necessaire, meme pour mon honneur.*" From the concluding sentences of this historically-interesting letter, we learn what these "*sentiments*" were. King James was advancing in years, his infirmities were increasing, he was, he says, absolutely incapable of any fatigue either of mind or body, "*et par consequence nullement en etat de remplir les devoirs d'un Prince sur le trône;*" but, on the other hand, he had the consolation of knowing that his son Charles was both physically and mentally capable of filling the position he was willing and even anxious to vacate. He points out to the French king that the public, ignorant of the reasons which prevented his joining the army in Scotland, and hearing that he remained inactive in Rome whilst his son was exposed to a thousand risks in defending his rights, would form erroneous conclusions which would cast discreditable reflections upon his honour and courage. The whole tone of the letter denotes a strong desire on James's part to renounce his sovereign rights as speedily as possible,[1] but as Charles, so far from coveting the honour his father wished to thrust upon him, was distinctly opposed to any idea of abdication, the matter dropped.

Louis XV., now fully acquainted with the facts of Prince Charles's

[1] This letter, dated August 11, 1745, is printed *in extenso* in "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 508–10, and in Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. pp. 440–1.

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embarkation, found himself in a somewhat awkward position, for dearly as he would have loved to deal a severe blow at his enemy George II. by taking advantage of the opportunity Charles's expedition threw in his way, neither he nor his ministers were willing to run any great risk of failure. The Prince's venture was so rash, so unusual, so impracticable, that without some guarantee of conjunct action on the part of the English Jacobites, it might be wiser to have nothing to do with it.

Sir James Stuart tells Edgar, in a letter dated from Ghent on August 16th,[1] that the kings of France and Spain had both declared their intention of aiding Charles, and had entrusted him with the pleasant duty of carrying the message to His Royal Highness in Scotland. He attributes the decision of Louis to the entreaties of the Duc de Bouillon, who "went on his knees to the king, with tears in his eyes, to beg his assistance to the Prince, and the king most graciously desired him to assure the Prince of it." This statement is confirmed by the Duc in a most affectionate epistle which he despatched to his friend the Prince about the same time, wherein he assures Charles that as soon as the French ministers have definite news of his safe arrival in Scotland, he has but to ask what is convenient and useful for his design and it will be ready. A similar promise was given on behalf of the king of Spain by Prince de Campo Florido, the representative of His Catholic Majesty at the Court of Louis XV.[2] Both D'Argenson and Marshal Saxe professed the greatest interest in Charles's adventure, and the latter specially requested Sir James Stuart to convey to the Prince his warm congratulations and an assurance of speedy help. "In short," Sir James writes, "all the world express themselves in favour of it. God Almighty give it grace; I am sure it will succeed."

George Keith, the Earl Marischal, who, it will be remembered, had been deputed by Prince Charles to acquaint the French king of his departure for Scotland, and impress upon him the necessity of sending a strong military force to assist in the campaign he was about to commence, willingly undertook the duty imposed upon him, and at once proceeded to put the case plainly before the king and his ministers in the shape of a *memoire*, dated August 20, 1745,[3] a task in which he was aided by Lord Clancarty, who had just arrived on a mission to the French Court from the English Jacobites at the instance of Carte the

[1] Letter printed in Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. pp. 443–4.

[2] See the Duc de Bouillon's and Prince de Campo Florido's letters to Prince Charles. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. pp. 142–4.

[3] *Memoire* by the Earl Marischal, printed in "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 510, 511.

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historian.[1] It is extremely doubtful whether Clancarty, whose dissolute, unreliable character was so well known, had really been authorised by the leading men of the English party to represent them as he stated, the more especially as he had been induced to engage in the affair by the persuasions of the untrustworthy and indiscrete Carte. According to Clancarty's own statement, he was empowered to speak on behalf of the Duke of Beaufort, the Earl of Lichfield, Lord Orrery, Lord Barrymore, Sir Watkins Williams Wynne, and Sir John Hinde Cotton, who, he told the Earl Marischal, were ready to raise the standard of King James in the English counties the moment a French force was disembarked. Sir John Hinde Cotton would hold himself in readiness to meet the troops at the place arranged, which was about eleven leagues from London, near Malden. The force required was to consist of 10,000 infantry, with twenty field-pieces, and sufficient arms for 30,000 men, as well as saddles and full equipment for a regiment of cavalry; for transport and other purposes two war-ships of fifty guns and four frigates of thirty or forty guns would also be necessary. This information was embodied in the Earl Marischal's memorandum, and he points out that as the English Jacobite leaders, when they despatched Lord Clancarty, were ignorant of Prince Charles's departure for Scotland, it would be advisable to act with all the diligence possible in order to render success more certain.

D'Argenson, who was perfectly well acquainted with Clancarty's character, placed very little faith in his report. In the first place, he doubted his lordship's authority, and in the second, even assuming that he had been entrusted with full powers to promise a rising of the English adherents of King James immediately upon the landing of a French force in England, the wily minister was not inclined to place too great a reliance upon a mere verbal pledge unsubstantiated by any properly signed documents; he was himself an adept in the art of making promises: they cost nothing, were easily made, and as easily broken. Taking everything into consideration, he refused to commit himself to any definite line of action, merely resorting to his old policy of holding out future hopes of assistance, with which the Earl Marischal and his royal master had to rest content.

James's past experiences did not lead him to count with any degree

[1] Carte, so Lord Sempill tells the king, had contracted, when in Paris, a friendship with Bachelier, the confidential valet of Louis XV., by whose assistance he made known to the French king the views of the English Jacobites, and received an intimation that if some person of distinction could be sent over, Louis would treat with him. See Letter, Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. pp. 432, 433.

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of certainty upon French aid, and as time went on he grew more anxious regarding it. As late as September 27th,[1] he knew little or nothing respecting his son's progress in Scotland, and in a letter to Sempill of that date he says, "The dispositions of the French Court and Ministry are so far satisfactory, altho' I shall never think myself sure of anything until I see something actually executed, I mean troops actually sent to the Prince's assistance. . . . My great fear is the French delaying too long to send these last, for the Prince will certainly want speedy succour." His idea was to place his youngest son Henry, Duke of York, at the head of the French reinforcements under the control of the Duke of Ormonde,[2] and in an earlier communication to Sempill, dated August 30th,[3] the king refers to Prince Henry's desire to join his brother Charles at any risk, "but that," James writes, "I could not on any account allow of; for the real and solid good of my family, and the cause, as well as the Prince's personal security and interest in his present undertaking, require that he should not cross the seas as yet. But should ever the French send troops into England, it would be highly proper on all accounts, and of great advantage, that he should be at the head of them." Meanwhile, in order that the young Prince might be on French soil, James sent him to Avignon, from whence he was instructed to write to the king of France and await his commands. Previous to setting out on his journey, Henry, with commendable self-sacrifice, pawned his jewels to raise money for his brother's service, and his father, at great personal inconvenience, discharged the debts the Prince had incurred in Paris, by sending the sum of 200,000 francs to Colonel O'Bryan and 50,000 francs to young Waters the banker.

Before we return to follow the fortunes of the Prince in Scotland, it will be desirable to learn what effect the unexpected intelligence of his arrival in the Highlands had upon the Government of George II., and what steps were being taken to prevent his advance into the Lowlands. Charles, as we are aware, embarked at Nantes on June 22nd, but it was not until July 30th that the Government were in possession of any authentic information of the fact, although rumours of another Jacobite attempt had been current for some time before. The Lord President, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, whose close association with the Highland chiefs enabled him to discover any unusual movement among the Inverness-shire clans, had his suspicions awakened as early as the end of June, and on July 2nd he called upon Sir John Cope in Edinburgh to

[1] Letter printed in Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. pp. 433-4.
[2] Ibid. vol. iii. pp. 444-5.
[3] Ibid. vol. iii. p. 431.

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warn him of the probable advent of Prince Charles. Cope immediately communicated the news to the Marquis of Tweeddale, the Secretary of State for Scotland, and at the same time demanded that an adequate supply of arms should be sent without delay for the use of those clans who were well affected to George II., but who, on account of the disarmament after the rising of 1715, were unable either to help the Government or protect themselves. On July 9th a council of officers and other supporters of his Hanoverian Majesty was held in Edinburgh to consider the position of affairs and make preparations for a possible Highland rising. Lord Tweeddale, instead of encouraging Sir John's proposal to place the country in a state of defence, expressed strong disapproval of what he considered a fuss about nothing, and it was not until circumstantial accounts of the Prince's embarkation and arrival in Scotland reached the Lords Justices on July 30th that the danger was at all realised, and even then Lord Tweeddale declared he could scarcely believe the possibility of Charles having set foot in Britain, "not having had the least account of it from any of his Majesty's servants in Scotland." The usually well-informed Lord President, notwithstanding the suspicions he had imparted to Cope, was not able to substantiate the report even as late as August 8th, and considered it improbable, on the grounds that the Prince could not "with reason expect to be joined by any considerable force in the Highlands."

George II. was enjoying himself *a la grand* Turk in his seraglio at Herrenhausen with his latest mistress, when he was rudely disturbed by the disagreeable news, and had to hurry back to London. During his frequent absences from the country he professed to govern, the affairs of the kingdom were conducted by a Council of Regency, better known as the Lords Justices, which included among other eminent statesmen several well known Scottish noblemen.[1] Of these, the most important was Archibald, Duke of Argyll, chief of Clan Campbell, who when Earl of Isla had enjoyed almost supreme control of affairs in Scotland under the administration of his friend Sir Robert Walpole, but shortly before succeeding to the dukedom upon the death of his brother John in 1743, his authority in the north had been to a certain extent curtailed by the revival of the office of Secretary of State for Scotland,[2] which had been conferred upon the Marquis of Tweeddale, who was also a member of the Regency. This appointment was regarded by the Argyll family with

[1] For list of the Lords Justices see *Scots Magazine*, April 1745, p. 108.

[2] The Scottish Secretaryship was discontinued in 1725, when the Duke of Roxburgh was removed from that office. It was revived in 1731, and filled by the Earl of Selkirk, who was succeeded in it by the Marquis of Tweeddale in 1742. Upon the Marquis's resignation in 1746 it was abolished.

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the strongest disfavour; their pride was hurt, and they believed, doubtless with some reason, that the office had been revived for the sole purpose of minimising their power and influence in Scotland—on this account some coolness existed between the duke and the marquis, which prevented their agreeing on many points of policy. In addition to these two noblemen, John Dalrymple, Earl of Stair, Commander of the Military Forces in South Britain, occupied a distinguished position at the council board.

ARCHIBALD, THIRD DUKE OF ARGYLL
The *Mac Cailean Mór* of the "Forty-Five"
From an old print

Closely in touch with the Scottish Secretary in London was the State Council, which held its sittings in Edinburgh under the able presidency of the noble-hearted Duncan Forbes of Culloden, of whom Lord Mahon justly says, "No man ever loved Scotland more, or served her better." A true patriot, he never hesitated to sacrifice friendship, comfort, or position to what he honestly considered the good of his country. As a judge he was honourable and upright in all his dealings, ever ready to temper justice with mercy, and in private life he was a kind, benevolent, hospitable gentleman, and staunch friend. Although a consistent Whig and firm supporter of the principle of a Protestant succession, he was yet able, in spite of his political and religious convictions, to number among his personal friends many of the Highland chiefs who differed widely from him in both, but who were nevertheless able to appreciate his many admirable qualities of heart and head.

In 1745 he was a man of sixty, with a constitution somewhat undermined by the convivialities of his youth, but with a mind active and vigorous

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DUNCAN FORBES OF CULLODEN, LORD PRESIDENT

From an Engraving after the Picture by J. Davison

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as ever. Few men of his time understood the temper and peculiarities of the Highland people better, and no one saw more clearly than he the utter futility of the cause in which they had so recklessly embarked, or realised more fully the terrible consequences that would in all human probability overtake them. With this fear ever before him he laboured incessantly to prevent the catastrophe which threatened to overwhelm his friends and fellow-countrymen, by writing the most eloquently persuasive letters to the principal chiefs, urging them in the strongest terms to support the Government, instead of rushing blindly to their destruction. Some of the more faint-hearted saved their skins but damaged their reputation by taking the advice he offered, whilst others, like Lord Lovat, saved neither. The presence of Prince Charles in the Highlands counteracted the Lord President's well-meant efforts, and those who were truly loyal to King James, seeing that the Prince himself was ready to die for the cause if need be, could not in honour refuse to follow him.

Tweeddale

THE FOURTH MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE, SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND

From a painting in the possession of the MARQUIS OF TWEEDDALE

Associated with the Lord President in the Edinburgh Council were Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton, the Lord Justice Clerk; Robert Craigie of Glendoich, the Lord Advocate; William Grant of Prestongrange, the

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Solicitor-General, and many of the notabilities of the Court of Session. To these eminent Scotsmen the political affairs of North Britain were largely entrusted, and they constituted, as it were, an "intelligence department" which kept the Government in London informed of all that was passing in the north. Military affairs were controlled by that much abused soldier, General Sir John Cope, an Englishman of good family, who had won the approbation of George II. at the battle of Dettingen, where with General Hawley he had led the second line of cavalry into action. Having only received his appointment of Commander-in-chief in Scotland a few months previous to the arrival of Prince Charles, he was totally unprepared with the small force at his disposal to offer any serious resistance to a determined enemy, who appeared so suddenly that it would almost seem they had dropped from the clouds. Had he been a more resourceful or competent officer, or had he been better supported by his Government at the commencement of hostilities, it is probable that Charles and his little army would never have crossed the Grampians; but he was neither the one nor the other, and the Government, so far from paying any serious attention to his repeated entreaties for reinforcements, regarded him as an alarmist, an opinion which the Jacobite party did their utmost to encourage for the most obvious of reasons.

Roughly speaking, there were only about 3000 troops in Scotland at the time to which we are referring, and so many of the officers were absent on leave, that Cope suggested to Lord Tweeddale the advisability of recalling them by an official notice from the War Office. Even this wise counsel was neglected, and Sir John was told such an intimation would frighten the country; he was, however, recommended to write to the officers privately and urge them to return to their duty. The result was not satisfactory; a few of the more submissive officers unwillingly obeyed Cope's orders, grumbling all the time at what they considered an unnecessary curtailment of their leave, whilst the others ignored his letters altogether. At length, after further appeals had been made by Sir John with no effect, the authorities awoke to the necessity of doing something, and on August 12th, "an order was issued from the War Office for all officers belonging to His Majesty's land forces in England and Scotland to repair immediately to their respective posts."[1]

The troops under General Cope's command in July 1745 were, ac-

[1] See *Gentleman's Magazine*, August 1745, p. 441.

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cording to his own account, as follows:—Gardiner's Dragoons, quartered at Stirling, Linlithgow, Musselburgh, Kelso, and Coldstream; Hamilton's Dragoons at Haddington, Dunse, and adjacent places; the horses of both regiments at grass; Guise's Regiment at Aberdeen and coast quarters; five companies of Lee's at Dumfries, Stranraer, Glasgow, and Stirling; Murray's in the Highland barracks; Lascelles's at Edinburgh and Leith; two additional companies of the Royal Scots at Perth;[1] two of the Scots Fusiliers at Glasgow; two of Lord Sempill's at Cupar-Fife; three of Lord John Murray's Highlanders (Black Watch) at Crieff; and some standing garrisons of invalids in the castles. Of gunners there were none. In addition to this force John Campbell, Earl of Loudon, had in April 1745[2] obtained the authority of the Government for raising a new regiment of Highlanders, and by the month of July he had succeeded in enlisting a body of 1250 men, of whom 750 were assembled at Inverness and 500 at Perth. His second in command was Lieutenant-colonel John Campbell, eldest son of General Campbell of Mamore, and among the more important of the officers were John Murray, a son of Lord George Murray (then at Eton); John MacLeod younger of MacLeod; Henry Munro, son of Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis; Lord Charles Gordon, brother of the Duke of Gordon; Ewan MacPherson of Cluny, chief of the MacPhersons, all commanding companies; and Donald MacDonell (MacDonald) of Lochgarry; Patrick Grant, younger of Rothiemurchus; Duncan Robertson, afterwards of Struan; Colin Campbell of Glenure (afterwards murdered in Appin); and Colin Campbell of Kilberrie, lieutenants.

The first act of the Lords Justices upon receiving information that Prince Charles had left the shores of France, was to issue a proclamation offering a reward of £30,000 "to any person who shall seize and secure the eldest son of the Pretender, in case he shall land, or attempt to land, in any of His Majesty's dominions."[3] This was dated August 1st, and by the 7th, Lord Milton, who was staying with the Duke of Argyll at Roseneath in Dumbartonshire, was in possession of authentic intelligence that the Prince had not only sailed from France, but had actually landed with an armed force on the coast of Arisaig. The letter which conveyed this unwelcome news was written by Campbell of Airds, steward of the Duke of Argyll in Mull and Morven, on August 5th, to Archibald Campbell, Sheriff-

[1] These were the two companies taken prisoners by MacDonald of Tirnadris on August 16.

[2] The Field Officers' commissions were dated April 25th, 1745, and the others June 8th of same year. For complete list of officers, see *Scots Magazine* for 1745, pp. 298–9.

[3] For full text of proclamation, see *Scots Magazine* for 1745, pp. 396, 397.

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Depute of Argyllshire at Inveraray, and forwarded by him to Lord Milton. The information, although accurate on the main point of the Prince's arrival, was altogether incorrect in its details. Between two and three

JOHN CAMPBELL, EARL OF LOUDON

From an engraving after a painting by RAMSEY

hundred men were said to have disembarked, among whom were General Keith (the Earl Marischal), and old Lochiel ; there were two vessels, but one had been captured, and the number of weapons was also greatly exaggerated. Lord Milton at once communicated the news to Lord Tweeddale and General Cope, and Argyll enclosed the original letter in

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another which he wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State."[1] "If these news are true," he says, "all I can do is to return. I may escape to Edinburgh, for if I proceed farther in my journey to Argyllshire (he was on his way to Inveraray), I shall do no less than surrender myself prisoner."

Sir John Cope received Lord Milton's letter on August 8th, and the same day he despatched another urgent appeal to Lord Tweeddale for additional troops, money, and weapons. "I submit it to consideration," he writes, "if the few Troops in Scotland can be thought sufficient to defend this country in case the enemy is supported from abroad; all I can say is, I will march with what I can draw together, wherever we can be of most service." On the following morning the Lord President, in a travelling habit and riding-boots, called to see the general, and told him that, having got news, through a private channel, that a landing had been effected on the west coast, he had decided to set out at once for Culloden House, where his presence might "give some countenance to the friends of the Government and prevent the seduction of the unwary."

THOMAS PELHAM HOLLES, DUKE OF NEWCASTLE, SECRETARY OF STATE

Drawing by WILLIAM HOARE, R.A., *in the National Portrait Gallery*

At a meeting of the Council in Edinburgh it was agreed, with the

[1] Thomas Pelham Holles, created Earl of Clare, 1714, Duke of Newcastle, 1715, appointed Secretary of State, 1724, and succeeded his brother, Henry Pelham, as Premier in 1754. Ewald says "he was one of the fussiest and most incompetent ministers that ever held the seals."

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approval of the Commander-in-chief, that the best plan for checking the advance of Prince Charles would be to muster the whole available force of infantry at Stirling, and march from thence as rapidly as possible by Wade's military road to protect the line of country extending from Fort William to Fort Augustus and Inverness. The most reasonable objection to this scheme was that it left the Lowlands practically unprotected, a danger which Sir John not only foresaw but pointed out to Lord Tweeddale when reporting the decision arrived at by the Council. The Duke of Argyll, the Lord Advocate, and Lord Milton all recognised the great risk of disaster that would be incurred in the execution of the plan which had been decided upon, but they had no better one to offer. Argyll doubted whether such a march was practicable, but if it did succeed, there was no doubt it would "cast a great damp on the rebellion." The Lord Advocate observed pessimistically in a letter to Lord Tweeddale, "that if any rub should happen to Sir John Cope, and the chance is the greater that his troops are but new raised . . . I hope his Majesty's servants will not grudge some expense to make provision even for the worst and most unexpected events." And Lord Milton, writing to the same, says, "Sir John Cope will have no small difficulty in getting at the rebels in so inaccessible a country, or preventing them from getting betwixt him and the Low Country without the help of friends of the Government, who remain still without arms, or power to make use of them." The question of arming those clans whose chiefs supported the claims of the Hanoverian dynasty had been for some time under discussion, but the Government, always suspicious of Highland professions of loyalty to George II., preferred to let them remain unarmed rather than run any risk of strengthening the forces of the Jacobite party. The only Highlanders who could be at all depended on to act without regard to the feelings and sentiments of their brother Celts were those of Clan Campbell,[1] whose chiefs had always ranged themselves on the side of the Sassenach, when any advantage could be gained in the way of increase of territory or personal aggrandisement by so doing. The difficulty was how to arm the Campbells without raising a contention among the other clans whose Hanoverian sympathies were more apparent than real. Argyll had continually pressed upon the Government the importance of arming the Whig clans, in which category his own held the most important place, both with regard to numbers and the extent of land occupied; and he again reiterates his views on the subject in a communication to the Scottish Secretary, dated August 11th, enclosing very accurate

[1] This remark refers to the Campbells of Argyll.

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information he had just received respecting the movements of Prince Charles.[1] "It is a pity," he writes, "that we should be so much in danger from the Jacobites in the Highlands when the Governm^t has certainly a great majority in that country on its side; the well affected are in despair, and some of them consider themselves as sacrificed to those who used to stand in awe of them. I am very glad there are Arms ordered for Scotland, though I fear it will be late before they come, and it is not yet lawful in the Highlands to defend the Governm^t or his own house, family or goods, though attacked by Robbers or Rebells; in this condition I can do nothing but wish well to the Governm^t."

Cope had already been advised that a supply of arms would in all probability be sent for him to distribute wherever they were most needed, and if Argyll made an application for them, he was empowered to hand them over. It was, however, expressly stipulated that the arming of the Campbells must be kept a strict secret, lest other applications should be made for a similar concession from others whose politics were an unknown quantity. The matter was laid before the duke by Sir John in Edinburgh on August 16th, but his Grace haughtily declined to be bound by any promise of secrecy, and told Cope that "till Government made it lawful for him to do such service as might be in his power, he durst not even defend himself."

There was undoubted truth in the Duke of Argyll's statement regarding the dangerous position of the friends of the Government in the Highlands, and as if to emphasise and confirm it, letters written by Ewan MacPherson of Cluny reached the Lord President and Sir John Cope a few days after the latter's interview with Argyll, calling attention to this very danger, and announcing the fact that "the generality of Highlanders on his west were in arms." He predicted that as soon as they marched south his clansmen would be at their mercy, and in order to save their lives and property they would have no alternative but to join forces with the Prince. Probably this letter was merely intended to pave the way, and afford a legitimate excuse for the part he afterwards played in the Jacobite rising, and may have been in accordance with some arrangement made with Murray of Broughton at their last meeting. Whether this surmise be correct or not, Argyll's fears were corroborated, and the difficulties of the Government still further increased.

Information of all kinds, true and untrue, now came pouring in from all

[1] Letter and information, State Papers, Record Office.

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quarters respecting the landing of Prince Charles and the progress he was making in the West Highlands ; marvellous stories reached the authorities of the arrival of "10 or 12 transports with a ship of force, all French, and aboard of them . . . 2000 men who are all now landed ;"[1] many gentlemen "richly cloathed" were with the Prince, and "they hoped to have some Campbells by the necks in a month's time." Another report states: "There is no forces along with them, only a parcell of Scotch gentlemen and servants. They entirely depend upon the encouragement they had from their friends in Britain. He (the Prince) is to act himself as general, having none along with him but the Marquis (Tullibardine), a man not agreeable to the party in that character."[2]

So conflicting were these reports, that no one knew quite what to believe, but all friends and adherents of his Hanoverian majesty agreed that it would not do to remain idle any longer, and allow Charles and his Highlanders to overrun Scotland without opposition. The great Whig noblemen who had estates in the Highlands were growing more and more anxious. Lord James Murray, who enjoyed, owing to his brother William's attainder, the title of Duke of Atholl, and lived in the ancestral castle of Blair, must have felt considerably dismayed when he learnt that his elder brother had come from France with the Prince, with the intention, there could be no doubt, of recovering his birthright. The Atholl vassals, notwithstanding the Whig principles of Duke James, were mostly Jacobite at heart, and, as we shall see later, many of them were both ready and willing to throw in their lot with Duke William when he appeared on the scene. Meanwhile Duke James was beginning to feel the effects of the Prince's presence in Scotland in a way that did not help to mitigate his apprehensions.

On August 17th John MacDonald, younger of Dalchosnie, and Alexander MacDonald of Drumchastle, both residing on the Duke of Atholl's lands of Bun Rannoch, arrived at Blair Castle, and informed the Duke that on the 15th of the same month an armed party of Camerons, numbering altogether about twenty-four persons, led by the principal men of the families of Kinlochleven, Blairchierr (*sic*), Blairmachult (Blarmachfhuildaich), Glennevis, and Strone,[3] appeared in Rannoch and went from

[1] Letter from Alexander Campbell, Fort William, August 11, 1745. State Papers, Record Office.

[2] Information sent to the Duke of Argyll, dated August 11, 1745, "from a gentleman living within twelve miles of the spot where the Prince's landing was expected." State Papers, Record Office.

[3] The Duke of Atholl, who has printed this "information" in his "Chronicles of the Families of Atholl and Tullibardine," has transcribed this word incorrectly, hence his difficulty in identifying it. In the original it is "Mackalounie," not "Macalsurie," as his Grace has it. The MacGillonies of Strone were a well-known sept of Clan Cameron.

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MACDONALD (MACDONELL) OF KEPPOCH

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac 'ic Raonuill*

Badge—*Heather* War Cry—*Dia 's Naomh Andrea*

The belt of tartan shewn above is from an old piece in the possession of Mrs. MacDonell of Keppoch

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house to house on both sides of Loch Rannoch, threatening all the Camerons who dwelt in the district that unless they returned with them to join the Prince's army, their houses would be instantly burned and their cattle houghed. Thus coerced, about a hundred men, mostly Camerons, including nine recruits who had been recently enlisted by John MacDonald for service in Lord John Murray's company of Lord Loudon's regiment, went off with the party to the rendezvous of Lochiel's battalion. Young Dalchosnie, who, like many other Highlanders of the district had enlisted in Lord John's company, when he heard of the Cameron raid, and when he learnt from his father that his chief Keppoch had called out the clan for service under Prince Charles, found himself in a difficult position. On the one hand, loyalty to his feudal superior the Duke (James) of Atholl and the profession he had just adopted, demanded that he should, without a moment's delay inform his Grace of everything that had happened; whilst, on the other, the duty and obedience he owed to his chief prompted him to leave the service of the Elector, discard his military uniform, and join the rest of his clan in fighting for the Jacobite cause. It was a difficult question for a youth to decide, and the method he adopted was undoubtedly the most honourable one. As a soldier of George II. and vassal of the Duke, he did what was required of him: told all that he knew, and then finding he could no longer with any degree of consistence wear the Hanoverian uniform, he cast it from him and obeyed with his father and kinsmen the summons of his chief. The news brought by the two MacDonalds to Blair, as we have said, did not assist in allaying the Duke's fears; he wrote off to Cope at once enclosing Dalchosnie's statement in writing, with one or two other papers, and drew the Commander-in-chief's attention, as Argyll had previously done, to the undefended condition of the country and the total absence of weapons. Duncan Forbes of Culloden on his way north had paid a flying visit to Duke James, and urged him to put his vassals and tenants on a military footing ready for any emergency. Letters had also been sent him by the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-General in a similar strain, and as a consequence of these and other suggestions he appointed his brother, Lord George Murray, a Sheriff-Depute for the county, "to give the necessary directions for furnishing his Majesty's troops with everything required that the country can provide if they are to march northward by Crieff and Taybridge." On August 20th, having left everything, as he thought, in a satisfactory condition, his Grace retired for greater security to his house at Dunkeld, to await the news of Sir John Cope's expected victory.

Another nobleman whose territory was threatened by the advancing

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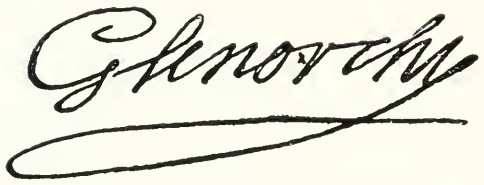
army of Prince Charles, was John Campbell, Earl of Breadalbane. Too old at this period to take any active part either in politics or in fulfilling the duties of his rank, he had handed over to his son, Lord Glenorchy, the entire management of his vast estates and the general control of his political and other affairs. The Breadalbane Campbells were by no means so enthusiastic in their allegiance to George II. as their kinsmen of Argyll, many of them had in fact been *out* in 1715 for King James, by order and with the consent of Glenorchy's grandfather, the first earl. The failure of the Jacobite party on that occasion to place the king on his throne, and the unhappy fate which overtook many of the participators in the attempt, a fate which Breadalbane narrowly escaped, deterred his son, the second earl, from taking any part in the subsequent intrigues which preceded the coming of Prince Charles, and having thrown in his lot with the Hanoverians he determined to stand or fall with them. In this policy Lord Glenorchy agreed, and he now wrote to assure the Government of his willingness to assist in any way that would "be most serviceable to his Majesty." Like his neighbours the Dukes of Atholl and Argyll he made a demand for the much-needed arms. "This part of the country," he writes from Taymouth Castle, "having been disarm'd with the rest of the Highlands, we remain in a defenceless condition, whilst those to the Northward who are disaffected to the Government are as well arm'd as ever they were."[1] In the extreme northern counties of Sutherland, Ross, and Caithness the clans were mostly well inclined to the existing Government, but there was some little doubt as to which side the powerful clan MacKenzie would take at this crisis. The MacKenzies under their chief William, fifth Earl of Seaforth, had zealously supported the Stuart cause during the risings of 1715 and 1719, in both of which they had taken a prominent part, and as a consequence of their loyalty to their legitimate king, the earl's estates were forfeited, and a reward of £6000 offered for his apprehension. In 1725, after the passing of the Disarming Act, the whole clan submitted to General Wade on a promise from him that the rents which, contrary to the orders of the Government, they had been sending to their exiled chief, should not be again required



AUTOGRAPH OF LORD GLENORCHY

[1] State Papers, Record Office. Letter has no superscription, but is signed "Your Grace's most humble and most obedient servant, Glenorchy."

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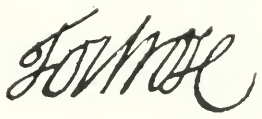
of them. Wade even went further, and assured the principal gentlemen of the clan that he would exert himself to obtain a pardon for the earl during the next session of Parliament. On this understanding, the MacKenzies, who had assembled at Braan Castle, "marched in good order through the great avenue, and one after another laid down their arms in the courtyard in great quiet and decency," "but not," the Lockhart narrator tells us, "until Murdochson (the earl's factor) had secreted all those of any value." The general acted with greater honesty, and obtained the promised pardon for the Earl of Seaforth, who returned to Scotland in 1726, and died in the Isle of Lewis in 1740, leaving his eldest son Kenneth, Lord Fortrose, to succeed him. Lord Fortrose, as if to make amends for his father's Jacobite delinquences, repudiated any connection with the adherents of King James, and when the news of the Prince's expedition reached him, he gave the Government an early assurance of his desire to act strictly in accordance with their wishes. The Government were, however, not so sure of his loyalty when reports came in from various sources that the MacKenzies intended to join the Prince. On August 17th, the Duke of Argyll communicated some intelligence he had received from a friend who had recently spoken with Æneas MacDonald (the banker) and Cameron of Callart. They told him "that three Regiments of the McKenzies were also to join, and that they (the Prince's friends) were indifferent whether they had my Lord Seaforth's or not, as they considered him as a weak, useless man."[1] As a matter of fact, Fortrose was really sincere, and had no intention of taking any part in what he considered a hopeless attempt to restore a moribund dynasty. In this decision he was strengthened by the counsels of Forbes of Culloden, who upon his arrival at Inverness commenced an active crusade against the Jacobites, and put forth his strongest efforts to prevent the northern chiefs from offering the Prince any encouragement. His exertions were so far successful that he was able to enlist on the Government side the Earl of Sutherland, Lord Reay, chief of the MacKays, the Grants of Grant, the Munros, and there can be no doubt that the defection of Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod of MacLeod was largely due to his influence at this critical time. The clan MacKenzie, however, were not all in sympathy with their chief, for although, as Bruce, the secret service agent tells us, a few years later, "Seaforth is Hearty and Zealous for the Government, he has not yet been able to Cure the



AUTOGRAPH OF LORD FORTROSE

[1] State Papers, Record Office.

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Gentlemen of his Clan of a Disease they have been so long Contracting,"[1] and we shall learn in due course that a considerable number fought for Prince Charles under the leadership of Mackenzie, Earl of Cromarty, and his son, Lord MacLeod.

Sir John Cope had been impatiently awaiting in Edinburgh the arrival of the money he had demanded from Lord Tweeddale on August 2nd, employing his time in collecting supplies and provisions for his army, which was encamped at Stirling. All the ovens in Leith, Stirling, and Perth had been kept going night and day, including Sundays, baking biscuits in preparation for the march, and even then a sufficient quantity to provide a three weeks' supply was not ready when the time came for the advance. Early on the morning of the 19th the money came to hand, and was sent off under a cavalry escort to Stirling. Sir John followed it on horseback an hour later, leaving the military command of the city of Edinburgh and the Lowland district to General Joshua Guest, an octogenarian officer of eighty-five years of age, and Colonel Gardiner, of Gardiner's Dragoons, in command of cavalry.

The orders given to Cope by the Lords Justices in response to his own suggestions were clear and concise, admitting of no misunderstanding; he was to march north with all possible speed and engage the enemy "wherever they were to be found." Without therefore wasting any further time at Stirling, the general marched out of that ancient city on Tuesday, August 20th, at the head of his small army, composed of the Hon. Thomas Murray's (46th) regiment; five companies of Lee's (44th), and two of the Black Watch, Lord John Murray's Highlanders; there were besides about fifty newly enlisted recruits of Lord Loudon's regiment. Of artillery he had with him only four small pieces of cannon and four cohorns, or mortars, which were confided to the charge of his only gunner, a veteran artilleryman who had seen service in the old Scots Train before 1707. The comparative uselessness of cavalry in a mountainous country, and the difficulty of procuring suitable forage, decided Sir John to leave his dragoons behind to protect the low country between Stirling and Edinburgh, where their services would be far more valuable. A herd of cattle followed with the baggage train, and several butchers had been engaged to kill them as the needs of the army required.

The first halting place was Crieff, where a day was wasted whilst waiting for the remainder of the provisions to come on from Stirling. Here many of the local gentry called for the ostensible purpose of paying

[1] "The Highlands of Scotland in 1750," a MS. in the King's Library, British Museum, published by Mr. Andrew Lang, 1898, and assumed by him to be the work of Mr. Bruce, a "Court Trusty." The MS. throws some interesting light on the condition of the Highlands immediately after the '45.

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their respects to the general, but in more than one instance it is likely that curiosity to learn the strength and efficiency of the army was the determining factor in drawing them thither. First in point of rank was his Grace of Atholl, who with his brother, Lord George Murray, and MacDonald of Glengarry, arrived in the camp on the 21st. Sir John, who fondly anticipated that his little force would be largely augmented by an accession of friendly Highlanders during his march, was very pleased to see the Duke, and hastened to inform him that he had provided a thousand stand of spare arms, which he hoped would prove useful for the purpose of arming a body of his Grace's vassals. The Duke expressed his thanks for the offer, but regretted that he was unable to supply any men. Cope, however, persisted in spite of this refusal, and succeeded in obtaining a promise of twenty or thirty men. "Of these," Cope says, "twelve or thirteen did join us, and after marching a day or two with the army, went home again."

Lord George Murray, if his namesake of Broughton is to be believed, had already promised to assist the Jacobite party, and was now only awaiting the nearer approach of the Prince before openly declaring himself; in the meantime he concluded it would be wiser to conceal his real intentions, and it was probably with this object in view that he had written a letter the day before to the Lord Advocate, giving some valueless information regarding the progress of the rising; notifying that Glengarry had come to see the Duke at Dunkeld, and that they all three intended to wait upon General Cope at Crieff. As an experienced soldier Lord George was able to gauge with accuracy the strength and efficiency of the army under Cope's command, and the knowledge he gained on this occasion was doubtless of some service when he found himself in collision with a portion of the same force exactly a month later. The presence of John MacDonald (MacDonell) of Glengarry in the camp of Sir John Cope at a time when his clan were preparing to join Prince Charles, was something more than a coincidence. James *Mòr* in his information to the Lord Advocate of August 26th, stated that "Glengarry was sent to the Duke of Atholl on purpose to be out of the way, and to free them (the Prince's friends) of any encumbrance." He said also that the clan was "to be commanded by (MacDonald of) Barisdale until young Glengarry (*Iasdair Ruadh*) should arrive from France, from whence he was soon expected with the Earl of Marishall, Lord Jo^n^ Drummond, and some general officers." This was partly true, but the real reason why the chief was in Perthshire instead of at Invergarry is given in the Lord Advocate's letter to Lord Tweeddale of August 22nd, in which, after informing his colleague

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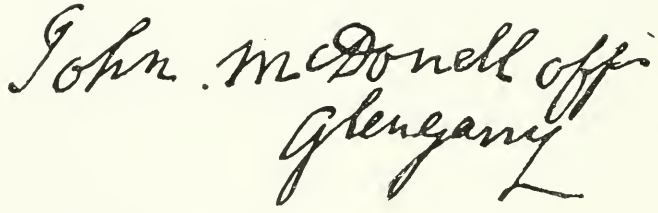
of a visit paid by Glengarry's wife to her father, Gordon of Glenbucket, and of Glenbucket's return with her to Invergarry, adds, "And tho' I know Glen Bucket to be a keen Jacobite, yet I know him to be no fool, and I believe *he* hath induced Glengarry to give up himself rather than any promises to the Duke of Atholl. Glengarry is but a weak and indolent man and constantly drunk, and I believe Glen Bucket thought it better for the Family that he should be with the Duke of Atholl to save his forfeiture, than all the assistance he could give to the rebellion."[1] From this it is evident that Glengarry had been persuaded by his father-in-law to adopt the wise, but scarcely heroic, course, of absenting himself from his home, in order that he might afterwards be able to declare that his clan followed the Prince without his permission, and in direct opposition to his wishes. Alastair, his eldest son, was still in France, and if his



AUTOGRAPH OF MACDONALD (M'DONELL) OF GLENGARRY

younger son Angus (Æneas), a lad of but nineteen years of age, thoughtlessly called out the clan in the absence of his father and brother, how could they be blamed for what they were unable to prevent. This reasoning appeared quite satisfactory to Glengarry, and he hoped the Government would regard it in the same light.

During the afternoon or evening, after the Duke of Atholl and his party had gone off, Lord Glenorchy and Campbell of Monzie waited upon the English general for the purpose of discussing with him the best methods of defending their property from the probable attack of the Jacobite Highlanders. Cope called the Earl of Loudon (his Adjutant-general) to his assistance, and an animated conference took place, at which Glenorchy had to explain the impossibility of raising any of his men for military service at such short notice. This admission, following so closely upon what had been said by the Duke of Atholl in the morning, was altogether too much for poor Sir John, who was now thoroughly convinced of the hopelessness of expecting any reinforcements for his army from the noblemen and gentlemen of the district through which he would

[1] State Papers, Record Office.

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have to pass. It was a great disappointment, and so disconcerted was he when he began for the first time to realise the danger of advancing his small force into an unknown and mountainous country, where he would be exposed to all the dangers of a sudden attack from a vigilant enemy, that he almost decided to remain where he was. "If I had been at liberty," he said afterwards, "I would have stopped at Crieff." He was not at liberty, however. The Marquis of Tweeddale's orders were positive, and no divergence from them was possible without incurring a most serious responsibility, and this Cope was not a strong enough man to undertake. As he himself said at his trial, "I was clearly of opinion that I had nothing left me but to obey."

The spare arms he had brought with so much trouble from Stirling were now only an encumbrance, and he wisely determined to send them back before proceeding further, retaining only a small number for any recruits he might be fortunate to secure in Inverness-shire. Every hour his difficulties increased, and he had at last to leave Crieff without a large quantity of necessary stores and provisions which, owing to the non-arrival of the transport horses promised by Lord George Murray, he found it impossible to take with him. The army marched out of Crieff on Thursday, August 22nd, halting that night at Amulree, the next at Tay Bridge (now Aberfeldy), the next at Trinafour, Dalnacardoch on the 25th, and arrived at Dalwhinnie on the 26th. Obstacles of every conceivable kind had been placed in the way of the unfortunate general and his soldiers during their advance through what was to all intents and purposes an enemy's country. The country people scarcely troubled themselves to disguise their hostility to the *saighdearan dearg* (red-coats) who wore the uniform of the hated Elector, and when an opportunity occurred they did everything in their power to harass the troops and retard their progress through the mountains. Provision sacks were boldly seized from the backs of the baggage animals, and if they could not be safely carried off the bags were cut open and the contents wasted and destroyed. Horses which had of necessity to be left to graze on the hillsides were spirited away as if by magic, at least two hundred disappearing with their drivers from Trinafour in a single night. At Amulree Cope's heart had been gladdened by the accession of a body of Glenalmond men under Gregor Murray, who had brought them by order of Duke James of Atholl; but as they could get no pay for their services they went off at Dalnacardoch, and returned home stronger Jacobites than ever. Even the Highland soldiers of the Black Watch and Loudon's regiment showed their distaste for the work in which they were employed by deserting in large numbers when

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they got among their native hills, carrying their arms with them. So serious was the disaffection, that in the case of one company which had left Stirling with nearly its full complement of men, all but fifteen had deserted within nine days.

All this time Cope was in total ignorance of the movements of Prince Charles, or the actual number of the Highlanders he would sooner or later have to encounter ; this want of information increased his feeling of insecurity, and prevented him from deciding upon any definite plan of action in the event of a sudden attack. The intelligence he was so anxious to obtain reached him at Dalnacardoch in a most unexpected manner, and in a way that was far from being reassuring. The capture of Captain Switenham of Guise's regiment by a party of Glengarry's men under Lochgarry, and his presence at the raising of the standard, has already been described ; he had been afterwards released by the Prince at Kinlochiel, on parole, and provided with a pass signed by Charles in his capacity of Regent, which had enabled him to make his way safely across the mountains to Dalnacardoch, where he happened to arrive just in time to convey his interesting news to Sir John. He gave the general a full account of his adventures among the Highlanders, whose numbers he estimated at about fourteen hundred men, but he had met at least four hundred more on the march to join the Prince, and had learned from Mackintosh of Boreland (? Borlum) that the total number would not fall far short of three thousand altogether ; with this force, Mackintosh told him, Charles intended to hold the pass of Corrieyairack (*Coire Ghearraig*), through which Cope's army must pass to reach Fort Augustus.

Such news was calculated to make a far bolder man than Cope hesitate ; he knew well the dangerous nature of the road which General Wade with much skill and ingenuity had constructed about eight years previously over the range of mountains which rise precipitously one above the other between Dalwhinnie and Glen Tarff, and he fully recognised the immense advantage the Prince would have if he risked an encounter with him in one of the many narrow traverses by which the road was carried up the steep sides of Corrieyairack to a height of 2500 feet, where a few well-placed men and guns could hold the pass against thousands. Without coming to any decision Cope pressed on to Dalwhinnie, only to find on arrival there that his fears were shared by no less a person than the Lord President, who, in a letter which he had sent by a special messenger, confirmed Captain Switenham's information regarding the numbers and probable intentions of the Prince's army, and warned the general of the great danger he would run if he persisted in his plan of crossing the Corrieyairack.

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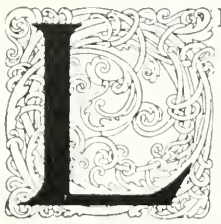
CHAPTER X

"Cam' ye by Atholl, lad wi' the philabeg,
Doon by the Tummel and banks o' the Garry?
Saw ye the lads wi' their bonnets and white cockades,
Leaving their mountains to follow Prince Charlie?
Follow thee, follow thee, wha wad'na follow thee?
Lang hast thou loe'd and trusted us fairly.
Charlie, Charlie, wha wad'na follow thee?
King o' our Highland hearts, bonnie Prince Charlie."



EAVING the perplexed general to find a way out of his unpleasant predicament, we will return to Prince Charles and his little force of loyal Highlanders by the shores of Loch Shiel, where they only awaited the remainder of the baggage and stores from Kinlochmoidart before moving forward. By the morning of August 21st, most of the baggage had come up and been sent on to Moy, near Loch Lochy, so as not to hinder the advance of the army; and everything else being in readiness, Charles gave the welcome order to march off in the direction of Kinlocheil.

The road was so bad, that the few horses the Prince had managed to secure with the greatest difficulty were found quite inadequate for the heavy work required of them. On this account Charles had with much reluctance to bury twelve of his large swivel guns in a bog about a mile from Glenfinnan; this occasioned much delay, and the progress was so slow that the end of the first day's march only found the Prince at Kinlocheil, four or five miles from his starting place. There were yet some arms to be brought from Arisaig, and as the transport arrangements were very defective, it was decided to remain at Kinlocheil for a day to allow time for improving them. This duty was confided to Captain (now Colonel) O'Sullivan, who had received the appointment at Glenfinnan, of Quartermaster-General to the Prince's army.

At Kinlocheil Charles received the first news of Cope's intended march, but nothing definite could be learnt of his exact line of route. The messenger who brought this interesting piece of intelligence, brought also a copy of the Lords Justices' proclamation of August 1st, offering

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a reward of £30,000 for the Prince's capture. Charles was naturally a little shocked at the uncompromising and brutal terms of the document, which were so at variance with his own humane temperament. His first impulse prompted him to treat it with the contempt it deserved, but the Highlanders were so exasperated at this new insult to their Prince, that in order to appease their anger, he had, much against his will, to consent to a counter proclamation being drawn up by Sir Thomas Sheridan,[1] offering a similar sum for the person of the Elector of Hanover, which concluded, "Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame be entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example." Having been signed by the Prince, and countersigned by Murray, the paper was sent off to Edinburgh to be printed and secretly published by the two Ruddimans,[2] to whose care King James's manifesto had been previously entrusted. "Thus," says Charles in a letter to his father, "have I been drawn in to do a thing for which I condemn myself."[3]

The presence of Captain Switenham in the camp was somewhat embarrassing, so Charles on the day of arrival at Kinlocheil released him on parole from the custody of his Highland guard, gave him a copy of his manifesto and a pass for his security, signed *Charles P. Custos Regni*,[4] and told him he might depart. Armed with this necessary paper the English captain made his way through what would otherwise have been an impassable country for a Sassenach officer, and rejoined Cope at Dalnacardoch.

The whole of Thursday Prince Charles and his officers were working hard to organise an efficient system of transport; horses were purchased from the country people; waggons and carts of all descriptions were collected from the farms, their owners for the most part being with the Prince's army; meal and provisions were accumulated; and the remainder of the arms and ammunition were brought in from Kinlochmoidart and Arisaig. Sheridan and Murray, whose duties were of a more clerical nature, employed their time in despatching messages from the Prince to Stewart of Ardsheal and MacDonald of Glencoe, informing them of the latest news regarding Cope, and giving them instructions to join with as many of their clansmen as possible at Mucomer, between

[1] Murray, during his examination, said with reference to this proclamation, "he apprehends it was drawn by Sheridan; that it was dated before this exam[t] (himself) was appointed Secretary; that, however, he will not be positive whether he put his name to it or not." *Vide* "Memorials John Murray of Broughton," p. 431.

[2] Mr. Blaikie is of opinion that many of the Jacobite manifestoes were printed by Robert Drummond of Swan's Close, Edinburgh.

[3] Letter dated from Perth, Sept. 10, 1745, "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 32.

[4] Biggs's "Military History of Europe," London 1755, p. 307.

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Fort William and Invergarry. At the same time an express was sent off to Alexander Grant of Shewglie,[1] calling upon him to raise the Glen Urquhart men without delay for the Prince's service, Patrick Grant of Glenmoriston having already expressed his willingness to do the same in the district over which he had control.

The following day, August 23rd, another short march was made as far as Fassfern,[2] the residence of Lochiel's brother John.[3] Here Charles spent the night, the heavy baggage going forward to Moy, under a guard of two hundred Camerons, by the road which follows the northern shore

FASSIEFERN HOUSE, AS IN 1745

From "Memoirs of Cameron of Fassiefern"

of Loch Eil by Kilmallie and Corpach. A strong escort was considered necessary for its protection, as when passing through Corpach the convoy would come within sight of the garrison at Fort William, which was scarcely two miles distant across the loch; a sloop of war was also known to be cruising in unpleasant proximity, and, to still further increase

[1] Alexander Grant of Shewglie was a steadfast adherent of the Stuarts, and was one of the first to send a letter of welcome to Prince Charles when his landing became known. He was one of the three famous Alexanders of Urquhart, the other two being Alexander Grant of Corrimony and Alexander MacKay of Achmonie. *Vide* "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," by W. MacKay, p. 243.

[2] The house still stands, but has been recently altered. It was for some time the residence of John of Fassfern's grandson, the famous Colonel John Cameron, who fell at Quatre Bras at the head of his gallant Gordons.

[3] Fassfern did not remain at home to welcome the Prince, but went off to the house of his father-in-law, Breadalbane, about the time Charles arrived at Glenfinnan. *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 93.

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the danger of an attack, a company of the Black Watch, commanded by Campbell of Inverawe, were on board a ship which for some days past he had been endeavouring to get through the narrows at Corran Ferry, where a party of eighty men from Appin and Glencoe had been stationed to prevent any of the enemy's boats passing to Fort William.

Upon leaving Fassfern the next morning, the Prince, by the advice of his Highland officers, instead of following the route taken by the baggage, made a detour with the remainder of his army by turning off to the left

ERRACHD HOUSE, GLEN LAOIGH, LOCHABER

The Prince passed here on his way to Moy, and it was here that Alan Cameron of Errachd lived who raised the 79th (Cameron) Highlanders

From a photograph by Mr. H. V. Whitelaw

through Glen Suileag and Glen Loy (*Laoigh*), regaining the high road near the farmhouse of Errachd, about a mile from Moy.

Donald Cameron of Errachd, a near relative of Lochiel, had been appointed second in command of the Cameron battalion,[1] the position which belonged in accordance with clan precedent to John of Fassfern, the *Tainistear*, or next heir to the chief. Fassfern had, however, determined to take no active part in an affair, the failure of which he had predicted from the first, and thus his place had to be filled by the next in

[1] Information given by Mrs. Mary MacKellar (*née* Cameron). I am, however, inclined to think that Cameron of Dungallon was second in command during the march into England, and Ludovic Cameron of Torcastle, Lochiel's uncle, later in the campaign.—W. D. N.

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order of kinship. As Charles and his Highlanders passed the house, Errachd's wife, who had recently presented her husband with a son and heir, came out with the baby in her arms to see the brave display and bid a sad farewell to the father of her child. It is said by the Lochaber folk that the Prince entered the house and accepted some refreshment at Mrs. Cameron's invitation, but although the incident is not recorded in history, it is quite probable that it is true; and is the more interesting from the fact that the infant who was thus made an involuntary spectator of the scene, became later the first colonel of that splendid regiment the

MOY, LOCHABER

A halting-place of the Highland army under Prince Charles

From a photograph by the Author

79th (or Cameron) Highlanders, raised forty-eight years afterwards almost entirely from the children and grandchildren of those very men who on that August morning marched in battle array past the birthplace of young Alan Cameron of Errachd.

At Moy (*Moidh*),[1] a small clachan near the ford of Lochy almost opposite Mucomer, where it was expected the Stewarts of Appin and Glencoe men would join, Charles and his army remained the whole of Sunday, August 25th, and on Monday at noon the entire force forded

[1] Murray of Broughton received his official appointment as Secretary to his Royal Highness at Moy.

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the river and continued the march along the shores of Loch Lochy to Letterfinlay, a distance of about eight miles. Shortly after crossing the Lochy, a messenger arrived with the certain information that General Cope was marching rapidly through the Perthshire Highlands on his way to Fort Augustus, which it was expected he would reach in about four days. Prompt action now became necessary, and the Prince recognising the importance of pushing forward with all the speed he could command, ordered O'Sullivan, who was superintending the passage of the arms and ammunition across the river, not to wait for the heavy baggage, but to

LETTERFINLAY, FORMERLY AN INN

advance as quickly as possible with all the available arms, a few barrels of powder, and a sufficient quantity of ball, the remainder to follow on to Invergarry, where Charles intended to halt for the night.

Upon arrival at the change-house at Letterfinlay, the weather became so bad that the Prince thought it unwise to attempt the additional seven miles which lay between him and Glengarry's stronghold, and he decided to remain with his officers at the inn, while his men took refuge from the fury of the storm in the byres and outbuildings. During the evening, however, his plans were suddenly altered by the appearance of another messenger, who brought the important intelligence that Cope had got the length of Garvamore and was preparing to cross the Corrieyairack.[1] This

[1] Duncan Cameron's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol 1. p. 207. This information was not accurate, as General Cope only reached Dalwhinnie by the 26th, and never got nearer than four miles of Garvamore. Cameron also states that Charles spent the night of the 26th at Letterfinlay ("lodged in a village called Letterfinla"), which is undoubtedly an error. *Vide* Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 8. n. 6.

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news determined Charles to press on in spite of the weather, and soon the whole column was again in rapid motion, every man in it rejoicing at the prospect of an early engagement with the enemy. Before reaching Letterfinlay, Charles had been joined by young Angus MacDonald, Glengarry's second son, who had ridden over from Invergarry with a few attendants, to pay his respects to the Prince and receive his orders. The chief himself was, we have already learnt, at Dunkeld with Duke James of Atholl, and Alastair the eldest son had not yet returned from France, thus the actual chiefship of the clan devolved upon a lad of nineteen,

INN, LETTERFINLAY, FROM LOCH LOCHY

From a photograph by MR. H. V. WHITELAW

whose experience of military affairs must necessarily have been of the slightest.

Continuing the route along Loch Lochy side, the Prince arrived at Laggan-ach-drum (now called Laggan) about eight o'clock,[1] and found Lochgarry with a fine body of the Glengarry men, numbering about four hundred, drawn up to receive him, having been apprised of his coming by one of Angus's escort. Donald MacDonald of Lochgarry was a man of between fifty or sixty years of age in 1745, and being a near connection of the Glengarry family, was naturally regarded in the absence of the chief and his heir as the proper guardian of young Angus. A desire for a military career had induced him, as it had induced many another Highland

[1] Lochgarry's narrative, printed in Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 114.

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gentleman, to accept a commission in Lord Loudoun's regiment, but this was not to stand in his way when the son of his exiled king demanded his services; he could not serve two masters, and as there could be no possible doubt which of them he considered his legitimate sovereign, it did not take him very long to decide his course of action when the Prince's commands were communicated to him by Lochiel and Keppoch. Like the two chiefs who brought the message, he had grave doubts of the wisdom of associating himself with so wild an undertaking, especially as Angus was at the time away in Rannoch staying with Robertson of Struan, whose niece he had married, and it was therefore impossible to consult him. Lochiel and Keppoch pressed for an immediate answer, and expressly told Lochgarry that unless he would consent to raise Glengarry's men, they should return at once to Prince Charles and tell him that they would of necessity have to withdraw from the expedition. Gordon of Glenbucket, who was also present at this interview, probably threw in the weight of his arguments in favour of assisting the Prince, and as Alastair of Glengarry before leaving for France had left private instructions how to act in the event of a general rising of Highlanders during his absence, Lochgarry gave the required promise to call out the clan. In reporting the matter to young Glengarry later, he says, "As I knew that the family of Glengarie were never defficient or absent when the Roy[ll] family had the least to doe, and as I knew some time before your inclinations, made me immediately declare what were your orders and my own intention before I came to this meeting, viz., that your people shou'd be ready to receive His Roy[ll] H[s] at Laggan Achendroom, and should conduct his Roy[ll] person to the castle of Innergarie, your house."[1]

Either just before, or directly after the Prince's arrival at Laggan,[2] Stewart of Ardsheal[3] came in with two hundred and sixty men from the Appin district, consisting of Stewarts, MacColls, MacLarens, MacInnes', MacLeays (Livingstons), MacIntyres, Carmichaels, MacCombies, MacCorquodales, Rankins, and MacCormacs (Buchanans), officered by the principal cadets of the Stewart clan, of which the most important were Invernahyle, Fasnacloich, and Achnacone. Stewart of Invernahyle had been the first of his clan to wait upon Prince Charles; he was in Glenfinnan on the day the standard was raised and had the honour of kissing his Royal Highness's hand, an incident which the watchful James *Mór* did not fail to notice and report to his employers in Edinburgh.

[1] Lochgarry's narrative, printed in Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 113.

[2] Keppoch MS., "Loyal Lochaber," Appendix, p. 447.

[3] Dugald Stewart, the chief, was a youth in 1745, and took no active part in the rising, hence the command of the clan devolved upon his kinsman Ardsheal, "a big fat man, troubled with a lethargy."

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Upon returning to Appin, Invernahyle threw himself into the work of arming the Appin men, and energetically assisted Ardsheal in preparing the clan for active service, a task which was hardly in consonance with his descent from *Alasdair Siochail* (Alexander the Peaceful).

Many of Clanranald's men had marched with the Prince from Kinlocheil, but it was not until Laggan was reached that the greater number of Knoydart and Morar clansmen joined the ranks of their kinsmen from Moidart and Arisaig under the command of the notorious Coll MacDonald of Barisdale, his son Archibald, and Donald MacDonald, younger of Scotus. These Highlanders, who came from that remote part of the west coast of Scotland, called on account of its wild and rugged character, the *Garbh-chriochan*, or "Rough Bounds,"[1] were typical examples of the *fior Gaidheal*, or true Gaels, and made, as Lochgarry says, "a very handsom appearance before the Prince, being compleatly armed, and most of them had targes." Their leader, Coll *Bàn* MacDonald (MacDonell), Glengarry's cousin, was himself a magnificent specimen of Celtic humanity, being at least six feet four in height, and of such enormous strength of muscle and of so fierce a disposition, that his name was known and feared not only in his own district, but throughout the whole Highlands. On one occasion he is said to have pursued and caught a roe deer in a corrie of Mam Barisdale without any other assistance than the power of his own limbs, a feat of strength which will be understood and appreciated by all deerstalkers who have handled deer in a wounded or sound condition. Another time he attempted to lift, single-handed, a restive stirk that strenuously objected to be driven into a ferry-boat. Barisdale, finding his arms too short to go round the animal, made up the difference in length with his bonnet, which he was just able to grasp in both hands under the creature's belly, and then putting forth his whole strength, fairly lifted the stubborn beast off its feet and threw it bodily into the boat. These and other stories, not all of so innocent a character as the above, gave a particular interest to the personality of Coll *Bàn* (Fair Coll), and earned for him the special notice of the Prince, who having no reason to suspect his entire loyalty, appointed him to a colonelship, and granted a major's commission to his son Archibald, a youth of twenty.[2]

Charles was overjoyed at the sight which met his eyes as he rode at the head of his Highlanders on to the fine level strath which extends for

[1] The *Garbh-chriochan* includes the country lying between Loch Hourn and Loch Suinart.

[2] Some interesting particulars relating to MacDonald of Barisdale are to be found in "Tales of the Century," by the Sobieski Stuarts. Edinburgh, 1851. Appendix, pp. 1–6.

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a mile and a half between Loch Lochy and Loch Oich, forming a splendid parade ground for the small army of resolute men who were mustered there. In the best of spirits Charles greeted Lochgarry and the assembled officers, who on their part were delighted to find their young leader so affable and condescending a Prince. As it was now getting late Angus of Glengarry and Lochgarry went off with Prince Charles and some of the more important officers to the castle, having first detached a small body of their men to make a forced march in the direction of the Corrieyairack, with orders to carefully observe the motions of the enemy and hold the pass should any attempt be made to force it before the main body of Highlanders could come up.

The same night Fraser of Gortuleg arrived with a message to the Prince from his astute chief, Lord Lovat, who excused himself for not having his clan in readiness, on the grounds that the time given had been too short, and that owing to the close proximity of the garrisons of Inverness and Fort Augustus, he was exposed to such close observation, that any warlike preparations among his people would arouse the suspicions not only of the Hanoverian officers but also those of his Whig neighbour, the Lord President, Forbes of Culloden, whose enmity to the Jacobite cause was so great that Gortuleg demanded in Lovat's name that a warrant should be drawn up and signed by the Prince, authorising his capture dead or alive. Gortuleg, who had been introduced to Charles by Lochiel, informed his Royal Highness that Lord Lovat particularly desired that the commissions of Lord Lieutenant and Lieutenant-General which had been promised by the king should be sent to him.[1] These commissions, which had been signed by James in the year 1743 and confided by Murray of Broughton to the care of Lochiel, could not be produced at the moment, as they were packed in a trunk which had been left behind at Moy with the other baggage; a new one of Lieutenant-General was therefore made out by George Kelly, and the warrant for the Lord President's arrest by Murray, "but," as the newly-appointed secretary says, "not in ye terms demanded, it being only to apprehend his person and keep him in safe custody till further orders." Having been signed by Charles, these documents were enclosed in a letter written by Murray, in which he apologised in the Prince's name for not sending the original commissions, and promised they should be forwarded as soon as found. At this point in his narrative Murray pointedly remarks,

[1] Murray of Broughton, in describing the incident of Gortuleg's visit, says nothing about a demand for the patent of duke being made on this occasion. Chambers, Ewald, and other writers say it was mentioned, but on what authority I am unable to say.—W. D. N.

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MACDONALD (MACDONELL) OF GLENGARRY

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac'ic Aillean*

Badge—*Heather* War Cry—*Creagan an Fhithich*

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"This was the first time L^t^ (Lovat) had taken any notice of the Chevalier, for tho' he was amongst the first he wrote to after his landing, yett his L-p, according to his wonted cunning, seem'd to take no part in his affairs, being determined to see what turn things would take, and join with the winning side as he had done in 1715—and that this was his resolution will appear past a doubt from what follows."

Murray, who wrote after the event, is perfectly right, the artful Lovat only waited to see which way the cat would jump; and in the meantime, Jacobite though he undoubtedly was at heart, he tried, not very successfully, to act the uncongenial part of a zealous Hanoverian, and thus unwittingly played into the hands of his Whig enemies, who taking his effusive protestations of loyalty to the Government at their real value, wove around the scheming old rascal such a web of incriminating evidence, that when the fatal moment arrived there was no loophole for escape.

Never before in all its chequered history had the ancient[1] castle of Invergarry sheltered so remarkable a company as the one now congregated within its walls. Many martial scenes had been enacted around its gaunt towers in the time of Alastair *Dubh* the warrior chief, who mustered three hundred picked men of his clan in front of his stronghold, and marched off with them to fight under Bonnie Dundee at the bloody field of *Raon Ruari* (Killiecrankie), where, foremost in the fray, he wielded his mighty double-handed sword, killing two men at every stroke. Once again, in 1715, Black Alastair took down his ponderous weapon and went forth with five hundred kilted clansmen to do battle for King James at Sheriffmuir, and when his young kinsman, Allan of Clanranald, fell stricken to the heart, rallied the almost paralysed followers, who clustered around their dead chief, with the soul-stirring cry—"Revenge! revenge! to-day; mourning to-morrow." These were the fine times for the old castle, when day after day its grey walls re-echoed with shouts of war, and the MacDonald lads laden with spoil from battle and *creach* hurried past in the gloaming to their homes in the glen, all grim and gory from the fight. For thirty years the claymore had been sheathed, and an unwonted calm had settled upon the Raven's Rock[2] and hung over the gloomy pile which towered above the still waters of Loch Oich. Alastair slept with his ancestors under the long grass of the old burial-ground near the Well of Heads,[3] and his son Iain (John),

[1] I use the word ancient advisedly, the castle was probably built by Black Alastair's predecessor.

[2] The Raven's Rock (*Creagan an Fhithich*) is the rock upon which the castle is built. The name was adopted as the war cry, or slogan, of the MacDonalds of Glengarry.

[3] *Tobar nan Ceann.* The well where the bard Iain Lom washed the heads of the seven murderers who had assassinated the young chief of Keppoch. The monument which now marks the spot was not erected until 1812.

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grown indolent from the enforced inactivity of so long an interval of peace, had found no opportunity of reviving the lost glories of his house, and had even suffered the despised Sassenach to usurp the place which belonged only to the descendants of Conn.[1]

But on this August night of which we write, one transient ray of splendour illuminated the Raven's Rock and the fortress of the Glengarry chiefs, one last glorious beam flashed out from the rapidly setting sun of the Stuarts, before the on-coming of the storm which, fast spreading on the horizon beyond the distant hills, was to devastate and destroy the sturdy old castle, and bring to many of those who were now within its walls misery and death.

No thought of disaster came to them that night, as pressing round their youthful leader the Highland chiefs excitedly proposed their various schemes for out-manœuvring Cope and checking his advance across the Corrieyairack. Fraser of Gortuleg assured the Prince that if he would march through Stratherrick to Inverness the Frasers would rise almost to a man, and that as soon as Inverness was reached, the MacLeods, Mackintoshes, MacKenzies, Grants, and Sir Alexander MacDonald's clansmen would almost certainly join. To this plan the Duke of Atholl and Murray both demurred ; they strongly advised Charles to proceed across the Corrieyairack to Atholl in spite of Cope ; the Duke would call out his brother James's tenants, most of whom were known to be well affected to the Stuart cause, and thus strongly reinforced the Prince could advance boldly on Edinburgh, where it was believed he would find many supporters. Even if these were not forthcoming, it was felt that the moral effect which would be produced on the waverers by the occupation of the Scottish metropolis would far outweigh any advantages to be gained by obscure movements in the North.

The bolder plan naturally commended itself to the majority of those present ; the Celtic enthusiasm of the Highlanders caught fire at the prospect of an almost immediate battle, and with scarcely a dissentient voice it was decided to take the Duke of Atholl's advice. The ever cautious Murray, with Lochiel's consent and approval, had shortly after the raising of the standard in Glenfinnan drawn up a document, binding those who subscribed to it never to lay down their arms or make peace with the enemy without the consent of all the signatories ; this was now opportunely produced and read aloud, and before the company separated for the night, it was approved and signed by all the gentlemen present.

[1] This refers to the fact that Glengarry had leased his forest to an English smelting company, and the manager occupied the castle until he was compelled to leave it owing to the expostulations of Glengarry's tenants, who considered the presence of the alien in their chief's castle an insult to the clan.

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INVERGARRY CASTLE

Photo by VALENTINE, *Dundee*

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As the Corrieyairack road joined Wade's road to Inverness almost within sight of Fort Augustus, it was decided to go no farther in that direction than the small village of Aberchalder at the north-eastern end of the loch, halt there a day to allow all the stragglers to come up, and then cross the hills and gain the Corrieyairack road near Laggan a Bhainne, by which time it was expected Cope would have come in contact with the Prince's outposts.

An early start was made the next day, August 27th, the Prince, much to the delight of his army, appearing in Highland dress, having donned

ABERCHALDER HOUSE AND BRIDGE

From a photograph by the Author

it that morning for the first time since his arrival in Scotland. We learn this from the letter written by Fraser of Gortuleg to the Lord President, in which he describes the men as being "in top spirits," and says, "the young forward leader called for his Highland cloaths; and at tying the lachets of his shoes, he solemnly declared that he would be up with Mr. Cope before they were unloosed." At Aberchalder the Prince, having posted his sentries and seen his men properly cantoned among the clachans in the neighbourhood, took up his quarters in the farmhouse.[1] All day long small parties of Highlanders, who from one cause or another

[1] Since demolished.

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had been unable to join before, came into the camp and helped to swell the Prince's army. Among the new-comers was Alastair MacDonald of Glencoe, a grandson of the chief so brutally murdered at the time of the massacre in 1692 ; and his kinsman, MacDonald of Achtriachtan, a veteran of over seventy years of age ; they brought with them a small party of sixty men and a promise of more to follow ; a few Grants from Glenmoriston [1] also arrived and attached themselves to the regiment commanded by Angus *Òg* of Glengarry and Lochgarry, so that by the evening a force of nearly eighteen hundred fairly armed men was collected in readiness to attack Cope on the morrow. Although this was by no means a despicable force with which to oppose the English general and his army of fourteen hundred in a narrow mountain pass, where the advantage would be all on the side of the Highlanders, Charles was a little disappointed when he found that it was not greater; he had confidently expected at least another hundred men,[2] but as any further delay might enable the enemy to slip past him, he determined to go forward with those he had, and trust to the loyalty of the others to follow on as quickly as they could. He was the more encouraged to do this on account of a message received by Lochiel at Invergarry from Fraser of Foyers, an important chieftain of Clan Fraser, who promised to send a body of two hundred of his followers to meet the Prince on the hill of Corrieyairack.[3] To still further raise the spirits of the Prince and his army, deserters from Cope's Highland regiments kept dropping in throughout the day, bringing with them their arms and accoutrements as well as much useful information regarding the movements of the Hanoverian troops. An informer who visited the camp at Aberchalder told Sir John Cope that Charles "encouraged the Deserters with the reward of nine Luydores (louis d'ors), the Private men have eightpence the day of pay. Tuesday night (the 27th) about seven o'clock I left them, and they then intended to meet our Army next morning if we came by Corrcharrack, if not to meet us at Slokmuik (*Slochd-muich*), and if our Army did not meet them at all, I understood they were

[1] Major Grant, Governor of Inverness Castle, writing to Ludovick Grant, the Whig chief of Clan Grant, on August 26th, says, "Glenmoristone and Glengarry's people joyned them (the Jacobites) on Saturday," which would have been the 24th, when Charles was at Moy. I can find no corroboration of this, however, and there can be little doubt that the few who joined at this early stage of the campaign did so either at Invergarry or Aberchalder.

[2] Had the whole of the men who had joined from the first been with the Prince, his army should have numbered over 1900 men at the lowest estimate, viz., Clanranalds, 200 ; Keppoch, 300 ; Glengarry, 400 ; Glencoe, 60 ; Camerons, 700; Stewarts of Appin, 260 ; and say 25 Grants. Total = 1945 men. It follows, therefore, that there must have been considerable desertion, as Murray tells us the number fell short of 1800. See note 1. p. 10, Blaikie's "Itinerary." Mrs. MacDonell of Keppoch told me the same thing some years ago, regarding the alleged desertion of some of Keppoch's followers.—W. D. N.

[3] They never appeared, having been prevented from going by Lovat.

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to march southwards. They had seventeen swivells (guns), hilster (*sic* in original, probably holster) pistols on the men that had none of their own. Whoever comes to the camp arm'd have twenty shillings of reward ; they threaten Fire and Sword to everybody that does not joyn them."[1]

At dawn on the morning of Wednesday August 28th, Prince Charles and his army left the camp at Aberchalder, ascended the hill above the Calder burn, and after a short march in a westerly direction debouched upon the road which led directly through the famous pass. Here Charles and his officers took their breakfast,[2] whilst Lochgarry and Murray were

ABERCHALDER, LOCH OICH

The site of the muster of the Highland army on August 27, 1745, before crossing the Corrieyairack. It was then a fairly populous place, as may be seen from the remains of the old crofts in the foreground, Invergarry and Ben Teigh in the distance

From a photograph by the Author

sent forward to reconnoitre the enemy and find out if possible their strength and disposition.

Nothing could exceed the wildness and grandeur of the scenery by which the Prince was surrounded. In front, barring his way to the south-east, were the four mighty hills of Corrieyairack, Carn Leac (*Carn na*

[1] Information contained in a letter from Sir John Cope to the Marquis of Tweeddale, dated Inverness, August 31, 1745.

[2] A spot is still shown on the Cullachy estate where the Prince is said to have taken his breakfast. It is called "Prince Charlie's Table," and is formed of a circle of turf around which a trench has been cut to allow a number of persons to sit in comfort while taking a meal.

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Lic) Geal Charn, and Garbh Bheinn, their majestic cloud-wreathed peaks rising nearly three thousand feet into the sky, and standing out all dark and awesome against the rising sun. Among these stupendous mountains the road wound and twisted, here crossing a foaming torrent, which roared and tumbled over great lichen-covered boulders, there spanning a deep ravine in the depths of which lurked, so the natives said, a malignant spirit to whose magic power they attributed the strange and unaccountable

EAST END OF CORRIEYAIRACK PASS, SHOWING REMAINS OF MILITARY ROAD AND BRIDGE

Photo by Mr. T. C. Jack

gusts of wind that even on perfectly calm days assailed the traveller and so bewildered him that, worn out with fatigue and chilled to the marrow, he sank exhausted into a sleep from which he never awoke; and then, after nearly reaching the summit of the Corrieyairack itself, descending abruptly by a series of seventeen steep zig-zags to the lower level of the plateau. To the north-east Loch Ness, a sea of silver light from which

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the morning mists were slowly rising, glittered and shone between the hills of Glenmoriston and Stratherrick, with Fort Augustus obtruding its ugly grey walls in mid-distance ; on all sides mountains, lochs, and streams, and everywhere, save on the grey scarred summits, the glorious purple heather wearing its summer robe of royal colour as if in honour of the Prince's visit.

The Prince had other and more important things to engage his

REMAINS OF THE MILITARY ROAD IN THE UPPER SPEY VALLEY NEAR CORRIEYAIRACK, LOOKING EAST

Photo by Mr. T. C. Jack

attention that morning than the scenery, beautiful though it was, and as soon as his hasty meal was completed, he pushed on to the top of the hill, where he met a deserter from the Hanoverian army, sent in by Lochgarry, who brought most unexpected news of Sir John Cope. Murray tells us that when he and Lochgarry arrived at the highest point of the pass from which they expected to see Cope's red-coated army slowly wending its

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way across the plain beneath, much to their surprise not a creature was to be seen; fearing an ambush they proceeded cautiously until they got about half-way down the southern slope, when they noticed a party of armed men some distance off which they at first took for Cope's advance guard of Highland soldiers; upon more careful observation, however, Lochgarry came to the conclusion that whoever they might be they were not enemies. Approaching a little nearer he endeavoured to attract the attention of the men by making signs of friendship, which were speedily answered in so satisfactory a manner, that the two Jacobite officers boldly rode down the hill and went up to the men to learn who they were and what they wanted. It then transpired that the strangers were part of a body of forty soldiers who had deserted from General Cope's army the day before, and who were now on their way to offer their services to Prince Charles, the others having remained behind at Garvamore.

The spokesman, a MacPherson, told Lochgarry that Cope had held a council of war the day before (August 27th) at Dalwhinnie, when it was determined to abandon the idea of attempting the passage of the Corrieyairack, and that having so decided, the army was ordered to march some way on the road to the pass, then wheeled about, and was now in all probability on the way to Inverness. Lochgarry, who had no reason to doubt the truth of MacPherson's surprising story, seeing that none of the enemy were in sight, despatched him at once to the Prince.

To say that Charles and his Highlanders were astonished at the news, would very inadequately express the varied emotions it awakened in their breasts; they were astonished, disappointed, delighted, exasperated alternately, as they slowly began to realise what had actually taken place. Expecting every moment to find themselves face to face with a powerful, well-armed, well-disciplined enemy, the Highlanders had wrought themselves up to such a pitch of excitement that they could scarcely be made to understand that the foe with whom they longed to engage in deadly strife had vanished like the mists on their own hills. The Prince himself hardly knew at first whether to regard the retirement of the Hanoverian troops as providential or the reverse; he was not fully informed as to the motives for this sudden change of plan on Cope's part, it might only be a ruse to draw him into some ambuscade; a thousand doubts assailed him, but the comforting fact remained, his enemy had disappeared, and what might be a strategetic retiral, looked uncommonly like an ignominious flight. As this gradually dawned upon the Highlanders, disappointment gave way to feelings of exultation, and many were the Gaelic jokes made at "Mr." Cope's expense, when it became known that he had fled without

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firing a shot.[1] Charles very wisely fostered this spirit as much as possible by making a short speech, in which he told his men that the behaviour of the enemy was a proof of their cowardice and showed how little they were to be feared.

As there was now nothing to hinder the progress of the Prince and his army, the march was resumed, and at two o'clock in the afternoon the whole force arrived at the inn of Garvamore, where Charles made arrangements for spending the night.[2] He had covered between thirteen and fourteen miles of a rough and hilly road on foot since leaving Aberchalder, walking at such a pace that when the heel of one of his new brogues came off, "the Highlanders said they were unco glad to hear it, for they hoped the want of the heel would make him march at more leisure."[3]

From the country people who gathered round the inn to witness the arrival of the Highland army, Charles was able to get more definite information respecting Cope's retreat; he now learnt that fear had inspired it, and by whatever name the English officers chose to call the movement, it was unmistakably a flight. The exaggerated account given by the natives of the vast quantity of baggage horses, fine carriages and stores attached to Cope's force, and the tale they told of his fatigued and frightened men, so excited the predatory instincts of the Highlanders, that their chiefs could scarcely restrain them from pursuing the enemy in the hope of cutting off their retreat and appropriating the booty. The Prince, who had ordered his own dinner to be got ready shortly after he reached Garvamore, and had at the same time given instructions that a number of cattle should be slaughtered for the men's use, when he heard how eager the Highlanders were to come up with Cope, delayed his much needed meal, and called a council of the chiefs to decide what had better be done. It was known that the English general had left Ruthven that morning, and it was therefore practically impossible with such a start to intercept him. The only chance of doing so, one of the officers said, was to select a body of five hundred picked men and despatch them immediately by a short cut across the hills to the Pass of Slochdmuich, near Inverlaidnan, where, if they could arrive before Cope could get through in the morning, they might hold him engaged until the main body of the Prince's army came up and attacked him in rear. Upon examining the

[1] The unreliable Henderson in his "History of the Rebellion" says that upon Cope's flight becoming known to the Prince, "He called for a cask of brandy, and taking a glass in his hand, said with a jeering smile, 'Here's a health to Mr. Cope.' Usquebaugh (Gaelic, *uisge beatha*) was ordered the private men." The story may be true, but is unconfirmed.

[2] The inn no longer exists.

[3] Duncan Cameron's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 208.

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map the distance was found to be at least twenty-four miles, which Charles, having regard to the tired condition of his men, considered much too far ; he pointed out that even supposing the detachment succeeded in out-marching the Hanoverian troops, the Highlanders would be so exhausted that they could hardly be expected to offer a very stout resistance, and if the attempt failed, which was not unlikely, his cause would sustain a serious blow at the very outset of the campaign, the effects of which it would be difficult to overrate.

The wisdom of this counsel was appreciated by all the chiefs, but they found it quite a different matter to satisfy their clansmen, who, now that their fiery Celtic blood had become inflamed by the lust of battle and plunder, were in no mood to let the foe escape their clutches, and it required a show of all the authority the leaders could command before the men were pacified.

The motives which led Cope to discard his original plan of marching on Fort Augustus by the Corrieyairack road, have been much criticised both by modern and contemporary writers. In nearly all cases these criticisms have been adverse and mere reiterations of the opinion expressed by Home, but within the last few years the character of this much maligned general has been ably defended in the valuable posthumous work of the late General Sir Robert Cadell,[1] who, if he has not succeeded in altogether removing the stigma of incompetency which has become attached to the name of Sir John Cope, has at least proved to the satisfaction of most of us that the charges of cowardice so often made by the historians of the "Forty-Five" have no foundation in fact.[2]

The council at Dalwhinnie had unanimously decided that any attempt to force a passage across the mountainous road which was the only practicable route to Fort Augustus would be to run the risk of annihilation or total surrender. Cope and his officers knew perfectly well that a comparatively small force of Highlanders securely hidden among the boulders and crevices of the narrow pass, could hold it against an army twice as large as the one at their disposal ; they knew also what effect a defeat would have upon the already disaffected Highlanders of the district, and they resolved with one accord to substitute some other and less dangerous scheme of action. This was caution, not cowardice, and Cope had plenty

[1] "Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745," by the late General Sir Robert Cadell, K.C.B. Edinburgh, 1898.

[2] Some allowance, must, of course, be made for the author's unmistakable sympathies with the Hanoverian party, and it must also be remembered that his principal authority is Cope himself ; that is to say, the evidence given by the general at his trial, when it is only natural he would put his own conduct in its best light.

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of military precedents for declining to engage an enemy of whose numbers he was not properly informed, and who held so impregnable a position. The difficulty was, how to act for the best. He could retreat the way he had come, to Stirling; he could entrench the position he now occupied and try to hold the Prince's army in check; or he could march straight forward to Inverness. The first plan was probably the best,[1] and if it could have been carried out, the advance of the Highlanders on Edinburgh would have been materially delayed, if not prevented altogether. It appears, however, that the food supplies were so short, and the rate of progression, owing to the heavy transport, would of necessity be so slow, that not only would the troops be half starved before they could reach Stirling, but there was a great danger of their being out-marched by the Highlanders, who would, by destroying bridges and placing other obstacles in the way, endanger the safety of the column. This course having been rejected as impracticable, the alternative ideas were duly considered and their respective advantages discussed. To the unmilitary critic it would seem that by remaining in the vicinity of Dalwhinnie behind natural or artificial entrenchments, and by posting strong detachments on the road by which the Prince must pass, Cope would have done a far greater service to his Government than by a hasty retreat to Inverness, for whatever might have been the real object of such a manœuvre, it was certain to be misconstrued by the Highlanders, who could only regard it as evidence of weakness and timidity.

AUTOGRAPH OF
SIR JOHN COPE

Cope, however, thought otherwise, and with the approval of his officers the step for which he has been so much blamed, and of which Burton says, "A more preposterous military movement was never made," was decided upon and carried out without further incident, Inverness being safely reached on the 29th. From this city Sir John sent off an express to the Marquis of Tweeddale with a letter complaining in almost piteous terms of the way the Highlanders had treated him. "From the first," he writes, "I treated this (the rising) as a Serious affair. I thought it so, I am sorry I was not mistaken. My Fears were for the Publick and for the Publick only, they still continue the same. I came to Engage the Rebels, they would not let me but in Passes, as has been described. I'll still Engage them if I can. I'll do my best for his Majesty's Service."[2] What could be more ludicrous?

[1] In spite of Sir Robert Cadell's arguments, this still appears to have been Cope's only sensible plan.
[2] Letter dated August 31st, in Record Office, London.

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The proposal to follow Cope having been definitely rejected, a further consultation took place at Garvamore between Charles and his officers to determine the future course of action under the altered circumstances produced by Cope's retreat.

The advantages of a continued march south through the now unprotected Lowlands, were apparent to all, and it was at once agreed that a

GARVAMORE

Photo by Mr. T. C. Jack

start should be made the following morning, by which time the men would be sufficiently rested. The only hostile force in the vicinity was a small garrison of twelve men and a sergeant who had been left behind by Sir John Cope to guard the barracks at Ruthven Castle, which were about fifteen miles off in a north-easterly direction. The chiefs strongly urged the Prince to attempt the capture of this stronghold of the enemy, principally on account of the stores of meal it was supposed to contain, but also that the district might be cleared of the last remnants of Cope's army. Charles did not approve of the idea, which he thought

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might endanger the lives of his men without any adequate results, but in the end be allowed himself to be persuaded, and gave a reluctant permission for Colonel O'Sullivan, Dr. Archibald Cameron, and a hundred men of the doctor's clan to make an attack on the barracks the next night.[1]

Within a short distance of the spot where the Highland army were encamped stood Cluny Castle, the residence of Ewan MacPherson, chief of the MacPhersons, whose support Charles was most anxious to obtain.

DALWHINNIE

From a photograph by the Author

It will be remembered that Murray had paid him a visit when returning from his mission to the West Highlands in the early part of the year, for the purpose, no doubt, of enlisting his sympathies on the Prince's behalf, and preparing him for what was likely to happen. Of what actually occurred at the interview we know nothing, for Murray has not chosen to enlighten us, but we do know that up to the time Charles arrived at Garvamore, Cluny not only retained his Captain's commission in Lord Loudon's regiment, but was, ostensibly at least, busily engaged in his military duties. On the 26th he had visited the camp at Dalwhinnie and reported himself to Sir John Cope, who treated him insultingly, and to

[1] Murray only mentions O'Sullivan and Dr. Cameron, but Æneas MacDonald says that Lochgarry was of the party.

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Lord Loudon, who ordered him to join the next day with his company. Nettled at the remarks of the general, Cluny returned home and allowed the army to pass his house on its way north without making any effort to join it.

Whether this was all part of a preconceived plan to throw the Government off the scent will probably never be known, but it is reasonable to surmise that Cluny was by no means sorry when Charles thoughtfully relieved him of the necessity of deserting his colours by sending a party

RUTHVEN BARRACKS

From a photograph by the Author

of Camerons to make him a prisoner in his own house, a fact which his wife, a daughter of Lord Lovat, notified to Duncan Forbes of Culloden in a letter dated August 29th. At five o'clock on the morning of that day (Thursday), the Prince and his Highlanders left Garvamore and proceeded by way of Laggan to Dalwhinnie, where they bivouacked on the ground recently vacated by Cope's army.

During the march the detachment of Camerons who had undertaken the dangerous enterprise of attacking the barracks of Ruthven left the main body at the junction of the roads, and arrived in the village of Ruthven (Kingussie) the same evening, from whence O'Sullivan sent a message to the sergeant in charge of the fortress, demanding its immediate surrender in the Prince's name.

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The barracks occupied a strong position on a mound east of the village near the river Spey, having been built by the Government in 1718 upon the site and with the stones of the old castle which had formerly belonged to the Comyns, Earls of Badenoch. The sergeant, Terence Mulloy, was, as his name implies, a countryman of O'Sullivan, but this in no way rendered him a less formidable opponent, and the Highlanders soon learnt that he had no intention of yielding to their demands without a struggle, when he replied to O'Sullivan's message, that he "was too old a soldier to surrender a garrison of such strength without bloody noses."[1]

Upon receipt of this reply, the Highlanders made a feint of drawing off, but under cover of night returned, and about midnight O'Sullivan, Dr. Cameron, and one Gordon, who professed to know the place, managed to get into the stables belonging to the barracks, where they collected bundles of straw and other combustibles in some old barrels, which were then carried to the sallyport by a small party of men and set on fire, whilst the others covered them with their muskets from the shelter of the stables. The attempt proved utterly futile: one man was shot dead on the spot as he was endeavouring to fix the barrels against the door, and two or three others were so badly wounded that they had to be left behind in the village.[2] The loss on the part of the garrison was one man killed, "shot through the head," Mulloy reports to the Commander-in-chief, "by foolishly holding his head too high over the Parrapets, contrary to orders."

The brave sergeant quite anticipated another attack, as he informs Cope "I expect another visit this night with their Pattararoes, but I shall give them the Warmest Reception my weak party can afford. I shall hold out as long as possible." The Highland leaders, however, decided that the game was not worth the candle, and being reluctant to run the risk of any further loss of life, they withdrew their small force and rejoined the Prince at Dalwhinnie on the morning of the 30th, just as he was preparing to start on the day's march. Cluny MacPherson had been brought into the camp by his captors on the previous evening, but as he had made no formal submission to the Prince, or given any definite promise to attach himself voluntarily to the Highland army, he was still nominally, at least, a prisoner, and a military escort was provided for appearance' sake. Charles had employed his time at Dalwhinnie in despatching letters to his

[1] See Mulloy's letter to Sir John Cope, dated August 30, 1745, Record Office, London.

[2] The man killed was John MacEwan (*alias* Cameron). The cost of his funeral and the charges for nursing the wounded men were afterwards sent on to the Prince by Kenneth MacPherson, the Barrack Master. The account is preserved in the Record Office, London.

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friends in the north calling upon them to join his standard without further delay, and at night having no roof or tent to shelter him, he wrapped himself in his plaid and slept with his men on a bed of heather, with the starry heavens as his only canopy. The failure of the Cameron detachment to take possession of the barracks at Ruthven did not cause the Prince any uneasiness or disappointment, as he had from the first regarded the adventure with disfavour and had no expectation that it would succeed; he was, however, greatly concerned when he heard that a brave man had fallen in the attempt, and that several others had been dangerously

DUNKELD HOUSE

From a contemporary print lent by the DUKE OF ATHOLL

wounded. This was the first life lost on his side in the campaign which was now commencing, and trivial though the incident might appear to an experienced soldier, it touched the tender heart of Charles, who was deeply moved at the occurrence, which brought home to him the sad consequences that must of necessity attend the struggle in which he was now about to engage.

A march of about twelve miles along Wade's military road brought the Prince and his army to Dalnacardoch in the forest of Atholl, where at that time stood an inn which Charles made his headquarters. From this place, which is only six or seven miles from Blair Castle, Duke William of Atholl sent off a special messenger to his cousin, the Honourable Mrs.

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Robertson of Lude, announcing the near approach of Prince Charles, and requesting her to go at once to the castle, and make suitable preparations for the reception of his Royal Highness; he also wrote a number of letters to the principal tenants in the district, calling upon them to appear in arms with as many men as possible at Blair on the Sunday immediately following.[1] Murray tells us that Lochiel, finding that many of his clansmen were wanting weapons, dismissed one hundred and fifty to their homes from Dalnacardoch, "not inclining to have any but who were compleatly armed."

On Saturday, August 31st, Charles set out for the castle of his faithful friend, Duke William of Atholl, who, after an enforced absence of twenty-nine years, had at last returned to claim his own. As the duke passed along the old well remembered road, noting with interest each familiar object, men, women and children came running out of their houses to greet him with every extravagant mark of affection, kissing and caressing him, and manifesting every outward sign of the pleasure they felt at his home-coming. The Prince and those who were with him were greatly affected and gratified by the touching spectacle afforded by the undisguised love of the simple peasants for their beloved master, for they saw in it not only an evidence of affection for the duke's person, but also an indication of the Jacobite sympathies of the people themselves, which argued well for the future.

AUTOGRAPH OF
DUKE WILLIAM OF ATHOLL

When within two or three miles of Blair, the duke was met by his brother James's commissary, Thomas Bissat, who had been left in charge of the castle. He came to receive instructions respecting the billeting of the Prince's army, and to make the necessary arrangements regarding provisions and other matters. His letter,[2] written the same day to Duke James, then in Edinburgh, reporting the events that were taking place, is exceedingly interesting, and gives many details of the occurrences attending Charles's arrival.

The Prince and his Highlanders, according to Bissat's account, reached the castle about three o'clock in the afternoon. "They all as yet behave verry civilly," he writes, "and I expect they'll continue so dureing their stay here, which will be till Munday morning. . . . The Highlanders doe not yet exceed in number 2000, and they'l scarce be so much, two-thirds of which are the poorest naked like creatures imaginable, and verry

[1] See "Jacobite Correspondence of the Atholl Family," printed for the Abbotsford Club, 1840, pp. 3–4.

[2] "Chronicle of the Families of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 3–4.

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indifferently armed ; I doe not think the one half of their guns will fire. Some of them have guns without swords, and some have swords without guns." The commissary's impressions of the Prince are not, on the whole, unfavourable. "The young Gentleman himself seems to be good-natured, but I doe not think that he hath verry much in him." Of the duke he says, "Your brother is still the old man as he was ; he looks as if he were of greater age by ten years than he is."[1]

The appearance of the *La Doutelle* party is described in no very flattering terms. "There are with them," he tells his master, "five or six gentlemen, that came over in the ship with them, old aligrougus[2] (grim) like fellows as ever I saw."

At Blair Castle Charles was received with all the respect due to his rank by Mrs. Robertson of Lude, who was delighted at having the honour of serving so noble a guest, and she did everything in her power to render his visit as agreeable as possible. In her company the Prince walked through the beautiful gardens of the castle, which, after the rugged hills and bare moorland he had so recently traversed, must have seemed a paradise. The smooth green sward of the bowling green particularly attracted his attention ; he had never seen one before, he said, but when Mrs. Robertson sent an attendant for the bowls, to show his Royal Highness, thinking they would also be a novelty, he told her that some one had sent him a present of a set as a curiosity and he still had them in Rome.

Commissary Bissat evidently objected to the presence of the lady of Lude at Blair, for he adds the following postscript to his letter : "Lady Lude is here with them, and behaves like a light Giglet, and hath taken upon her to be sole mistress of the house."

It was a gay party that sat round the hospitable table at Blair that night at the bidding of the Jacobite Duke, who, after many weary years of exile, had now come to his own. The privations and hardships that most of those present had undergone during the past few weeks were forgotten amid the unwonted luxury and refinement of the ducal mansion. Rare wines and costly dishes were placed before the guests, and no trouble or expense was spared to make the feast worthy of so notable an occasion. For the first time in his life Charles saw and tasted a pine-apple, which had been sent specially from the hot-houses at Dunkeld ; a circumstance noted by Bissat, who thought it strange that the Prince had never seen one in Italy.

[1] Duke William of Atholl was not more than fifty-seven years of age in 1745.

[2] A curious old Scottish word now seldom used, evidently derived from the Gaelic *grugach*, having a gloomy, surly face.

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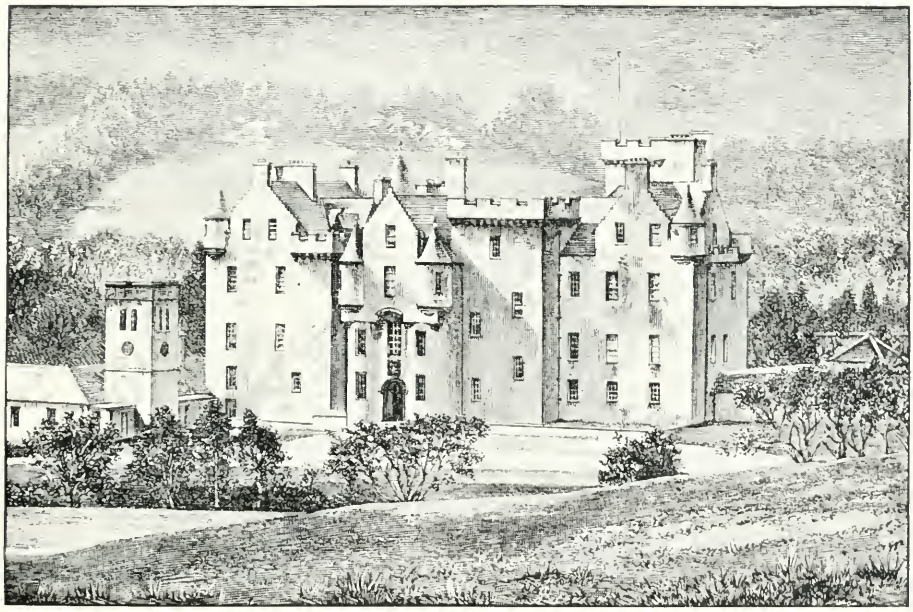
It was Charles's ambition to be considered a true Highlander, and on this occasion as on many others he did his utmost to show his interest in the distinctive customs of the Celtic chiefs, by wearing their picturesque dress and drinking their healths in the few Gaelic phrases he had managed with some difficulty to learn by heart. He also showed a marked predilection for those dishes which he understood were peculiarly Scottish, and it is to be feared that he only too readily adopted the habit of excessive drinking then so common, not only in Scotland, but throughout Britain,[1]



BLAIR CASTLE

From a contemporary print

a habit which grew stronger as time advanced until it ultimately ruined his health and brought misery to his declining years.

While the Prince and his principal officers were enjoying themselves in the Castle, the rank and file of the Highland army found comfortable quarters provided for them in the villages near at hand. From the time of leaving Glenfinnan until now, the men had hardly tasted bread, their food having consisted almost entirely of freshly killed beef cooked over a

[1] There can be no doubt that the Prince betrayed his weakness in this direction even before he set foot in Scotland, for his father, writing to Colonel O'Bryan on August 30, 1745, refers to this tendency in his son Charles in the following words, "La grand vicacité du Prince, son penchant pour toutes sortes de divertissements, *et un peu trop de gout qu'il sembloit alors avoir pour le vin*, &c." See letter printed in Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. pp. 445-6. The italics are mine.—W. D. N.

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heather fire and eaten without even the necessary accompaniment of salt; —in Atholl, bread and salt were in plenty, and as the inhabitants were for the most part friendly the Highlanders had nothing to complain of. Bissat began to think he had been a little premature in his comments regarding the length of time the army would remain at Blair, and he corrects his first statement in another letter to his employer, written on Sunday, September 1st, in which he says, "I thought the Highlanders would leave this place to-morrow. But I hear your brother is to keep them for four or five days, that he may raise and press the Atholl men; meantime I see all this poor country will be eat up and ruined."[1]

The duke since his arrival at Blair had continued the work commenced at Dalnacardoch of writing to his friends and vassals, urgently entreating them to join the Prince at once, and threatening them with all sorts of pains and penalties if they refused to do so. Many of these letters had the desired effect, and at a meeting of the recipients which was convened at Aldclune on September 1st, quite a number expressed their determination to take up arms for King James. The principal clans in the Atholl district were the Robertsons (*Clann Donnachaidh*), the Menzies', the Stewarts, and the Murrays, the two former being the most important in point of numbers, for, strange as it may appear, the family name of the duke was by no means common in the district of which he was the superior. The Robertsons were descended from the ancient Celtic Earls of Atholl, and had occupied the territory for centuries before the family of Murray acquired the earldom, a fact which explains the preponderance of the name. Their chief was the aged Alexander Robertson of Struan, warrior and poet, who from the year 1689, when he joined the forces under Viscount Dundee, had never swerved from his allegiance to the house of Stuart. He was now a man of seventy-five and as zealous a Jacobite as ever, but the infirmities of old age fast undermining his strong constitution prevented him from taking the field with his clan on this

[1] List of Highlanders given by their respective Quartermasters when billeted at Atholl. (Record Office, London.)

		Commanders.
Lochiel	650	Lochiel.
Glengairy, including ye Grants of Glenmoriston .	220	Angus McDonald, 2nd son to Glengarry.
Clanranald, his Islanders not being able to join them by ye vigilance of the men of war, and which also stopped the McLeans	250	Young Clanranald.
Keppoch	500	Keppoch.
Appin's men, commanded by Stewart of Ardsheill	220	Ardsheill.
	1795 (*sic*)	Lochgarry.
		Kenlochmoydart and his brother.
		The three Barisdales, Grandfay', ffather, and Son."

N.B.—Total should be 1840.—W. D. N.

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ROBERTSON (CLAN DONNACHAIDH)

Badge—*Fern* Chief—*Struan*

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occasion. Under these circumstances the command of Clan Donnachaidh was given to Donald Robertson of Woodsheal, a son of Robert *Ban* Robertson of Invervack, the chief having no family.

Woodsheal entered upon his duties with the greatest determination, and exerted himself vigorously to raise a strong, well-armed body of his fellow clansmen for the Prince's service, a task in which he was eminently successful. Next to the Robertsons, the Menzies' were the most ancient landed proprietors in Atholl, their charters dating as far back as the early part of the thirteenth century. In 1745 the chief was Sir Robert Menzies, who resided at the castle of Weem (Gaelic *Uamh*) near Aberfeldy; his following was not large, the total number not exceeding three hundred, of whom few were of his own name, many being Camerons from Loch Rannoch side. Sir Robert himself took no active part in the rising, but he was well represented by his factor, Archibald Menzies of Shian, to whom the military organisation of the clan had been entrusted.

As a whole, it cannot be said that the Atholl men showed any marked eagerness to join the Prince's army, the country had settled down since the rising of 1715 into a state of peace, and the younger generation had grown callous and apathetic to the cause for which their fathers and grandfathers had sacrificed so much. To them it was but a name, a tradition, an auld sang; interesting indeed, on account of its associations with their race, but now meaningless and impracticable. The appearance of Prince Charles and Duke William in their midst materially assisted in counteracting this fast growing belief, but it could not be destroyed altogether, and it was only by dint of very energetic action on the duke's part, accompanied by threats of severe punishment, that many of his vassals could be brought to a sense of their duty.

The Jacobite noblemen and gentlemen of the district were for the most part ready to attach themselves to the side of their king's eldest son, with a noble disregard for the consequences, quite in keeping with the best traditions of their ancestors who had fought and suffered in the same unfortunate struggle for right against might; and while the Prince was at Blair several of the more important lairds took the opportunity of visiting the castle to pay their respect to his Royal Highness in person, and assure him of their devotion. On Sunday afternoon Lord Nairne and his brother Robert Mercer of Aldie rode over from Dunkeld, bringing with them the young laird of Gask, and sometime during the same day John Roy Stuart,[1]

[1] This remarkable man, poet and soldier, was the son of a well-to-do tacksman of Kincardine Strathspey, and was notorious in his youth for his dare-devil escapades, which often got him into serious trouble. He enlisted in the Scots Greys, and rose to the rank of quartermaster, but having become involved in some society scandal, and being suspected of Jacobite leanings, he was dismissed

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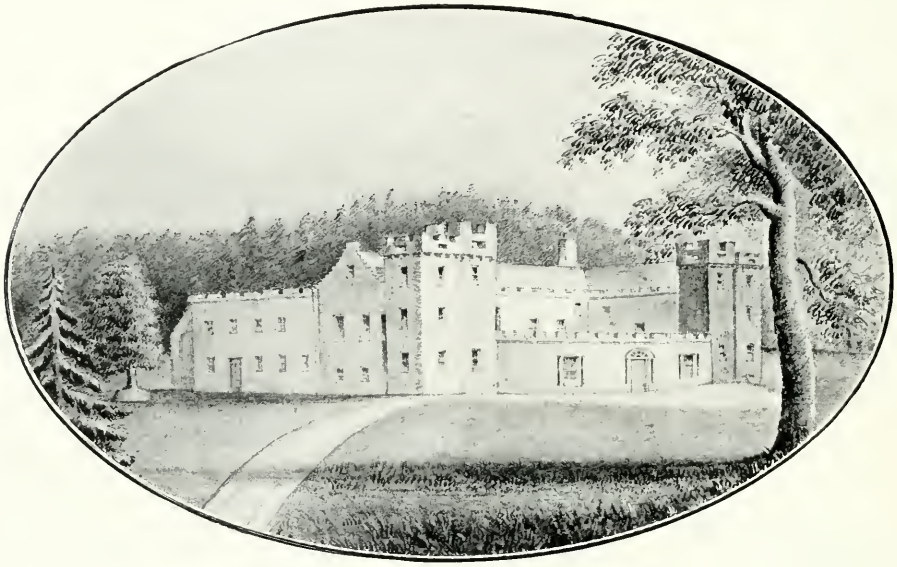
late Quartermaster of the Scots Greys, arrived from France, bringing with him, it is said, some promises of assistance from the Kings of France and Spain.

The military knowledge possessed by Roy Stuart rendered him a valuable acquisition at this juncture, and Charles, who had formed a high opinion of his merits when he met him in France during the preparations for the expedition of 1744, at once granted a colonel's commission in his army to the whilom quartermaster, and despatched him on the following morning with letters to the vacillating chief of Clan Fraser, whose



LUDE HOUSE

From an old drawing lent by W. McINROY, ESQ., *Lude House*

promises still remained unfulfilled. Stuart was also entrusted with full powers to raise the Grants of his native Strathspey with or without the consent of their chief, Sir Ludovic Grant of Grant.

Before leaving Blair, Charles paid a visit to the neighbouring house of Lude, where he spent a most enjoyable evening with his friends in the agreeable society of its kindly mistress. When dancing was proposed for his amusement he specially asked for a Highland reel to the Jacobite tune of "This is no my ain hoose," and gaily took his part in it and several others, greatly to the delight of those present.[1]

from the army, and imprisoned in Inverness gaol, from which he escaped. He fled to France, and having been introduced to the Prince, became an enthusiastic partisan of King James. His Gaelic poetry is still much admired.

[1] It is probable that Charles did not sleep at Lude House, as Murray tells us he spent three nights at Blair Castle. These would be the nights of August 31st and September 1st and 2nd.

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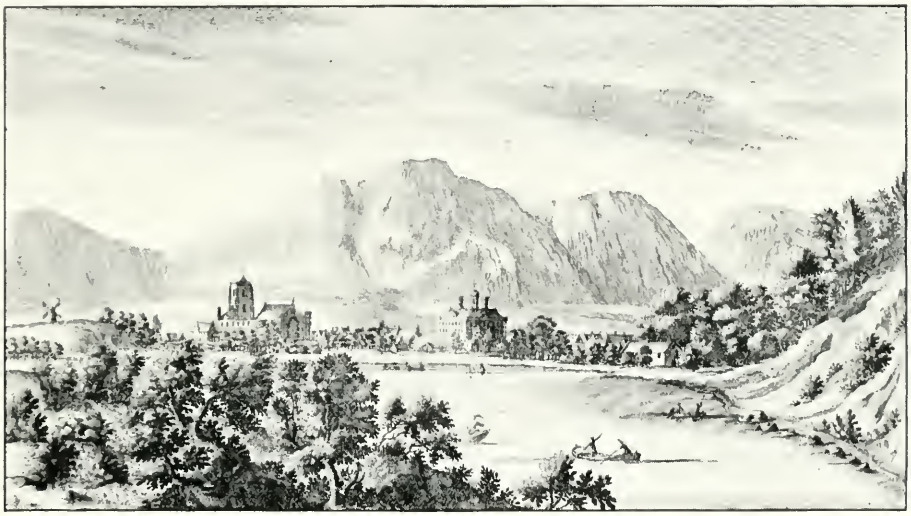
Charles with the main body of his army marched from Blair to Dunkeld on September 3rd, Lord Nairne and Cameron of Lochiel having been sent off previously with four hundred men to occupy the town and read the King's proclamation to the inhabitants. The route taken was through the picturesque pass of Killiecrankie, where fifty-six years before the ancestors of many of the brave Highlanders now following Prince Charles had so gallantly maintained the honour of their King against the army of the Dutch usurper. The spot was fraught with glorious memories,



DUNKELD ABOUT THE PERIOD OF THE '45

From SLEZER'S *Theatrum Scotiæ*

which must have inspirited the men as they passed by the swift-rushing Garry and along the rocky banks of the foaming Tummel, where many a red-coated soldier of William of Orange had perished on the day that "bonnie" Dundee fell fighting for King and country with the shouts of victory ringing in his ears.

Upon arrival at Dunkeld, the Prince proceeded to Dunkeld House,[1] another residence of the Atholl family, from which only a few days before Duke James had hastily departed for Edinburgh, carrying with him the alarming news of the near approach of the Highland army, which caused the greatest consternation among the inhabitants of the capital. Lochiel, having proclaimed King James in Dunkeld, did not wait for the Prince to come up, but continued his march to Perth with his small body of

[1] Demolished about 1830.

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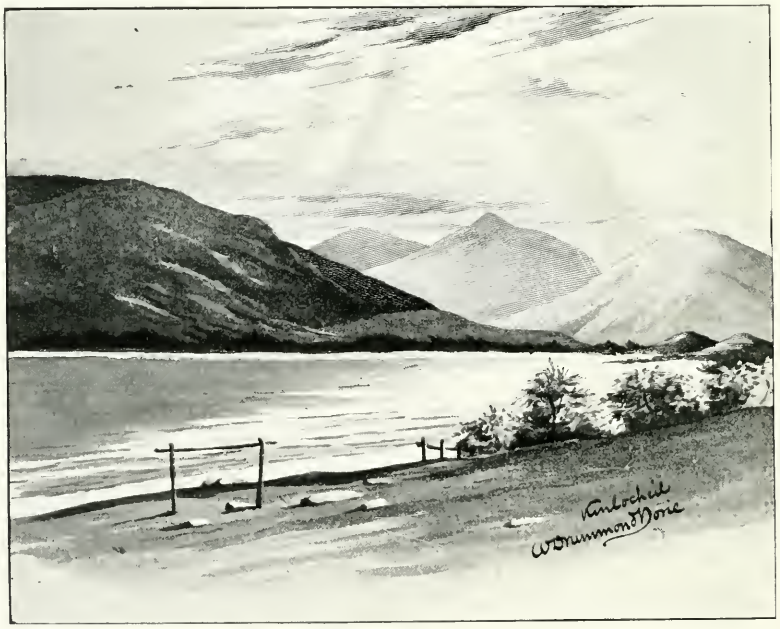
Camerons, boldly entering the city and taking possession of it in the King's name on the night of September 3rd, whilst his Royal Highness with the main body of the army, after resting a night at Dunkeld, marched leisurely by way of Strathord, reaching the Fair City on the evening of Wednesday, September 4th. *En route* Charles dined at Nairne House,[1] and we are told by Duncan Cameron that during the meal an observation was made by one of the company regarding the great anxiety the King would experience during the time the Prince was engaged in his dangerous mission, and how much he was to be pitied. To which remark Charles replied that he did not half so much pity his father as his brother. "For," said he, "the king has been inured to disappointments and distresses, and has learnt to bear up easily under the misfortunes of life. But poor Hary! his young and tender years make him much to be pitied, for few brothers love as we do."

[1] The house of Nairne stood near Auchtergarven, and was in 1745 a splendid mansion, designed by Sir William Bruce. It contained three hundred and sixty-five windows. Commenced in 1709, it was never completed, owing to the political troubles of the times, and after 1746 it fell into the hands of the Atholl family. It was demolished about the year 1759.



KINLOCHEIL

From a drawing by the Author

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