The Life and Adventures of : Prince Charles Edward Stuart

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BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE

By JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

The figure on the Prince's right is Lochiel, that on the left Pitsligo

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The LIFE & ADVENTURES *of* PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

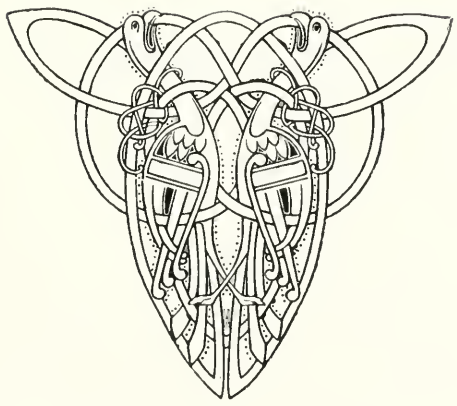
BY

W. DRUMMOND NORIE

AUTHOR OF "LOYAL LOCHABER," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
MAPS AND FACSIMILES

IN FOUR VOLUMES—VOL. II



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SEPARATE PLATES

COLOURED PLATES

MAPS

IN THE TEXT

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

CHAPTER I

"As he came marching up the street,
The pipes played loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.

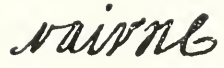
Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right
And the young Chevalier."
"Oh! Charlie is my darling," &c.—LADY NAIRNE.

CHARLES, handsomely attired in a suit of tartan, trimmed with gold lace, made his public entry into Perth riding on the horse captured from Captain Scott by MacDonald of Tirnadris at the skirmish by Loch Lochy, and attended by several of the noblemen and gentlemen of the county who had recently attached themselves to his army. The inhabitants, to whom such spectacles were rare, came out in hundreds to see the sight, and to welcome with real or assumed enthusiasm the heir of the Stuarts to their ancient city. Although dressed as became his rank, Charles's finances were in anything but a princely or flourishing condition when he entered Perth; he had, in fact, but one solitary guinea in his possession which he showed to George Kelly, remarking at the same time, with a smile on his face, that it would not be long before he got more.[1]

It has been stated by many historians of the '45, that the Prince during his stay in Perth occupied the house of Lord Stormont

[1] Home's "History," p. 75, confirmed by Maxwell of Kirkconnell.

in the High Street; he may possibly have spent a night there, but we have the sworn information of John Hickson, vintner, given at the trial of Jacobite prisoners in England, to prove that Prince Charles took up his quarters at the inn kept by Hickson himself, now the Salutation Hotel. The evidence also shows that Lochiel and Lord Nairne rode into Perth[1] and took possession of the inn for the Prince's use, and while Charles remained in the city he frequently dined and supped there with his friends. It is also certain that he slept at the inn, for Hickson informed the court that one morning the Prince rose at an early hour, and finding when he descended to the parlour that O'Sullivan had not made his appearance, he went to his room and unceremoniously pulled the sleepy Irishman out of bed.



JOHN, LORD NAIRNE

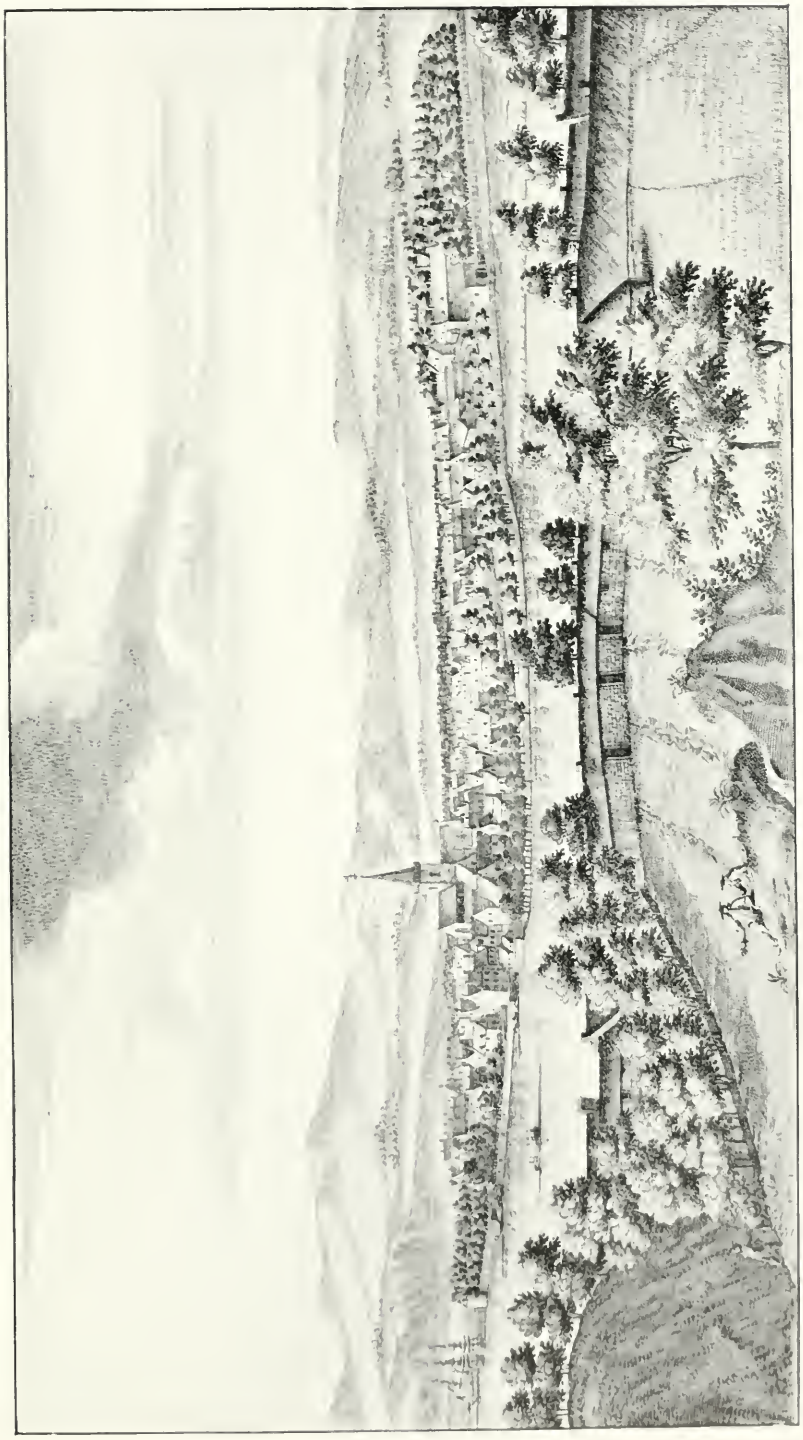
From the same source we gather many interesting particulars of the Perthshire Jacobite lairds who came to pay their respects and offer their services to Prince Charles while he was living under Hickson's roof. We learn how they were dressed, and we get occasional glimpses of their personal appearance and peculiarities.[2] To the house of the worthy vintner came the Duke of Perth in Highland dress, with his kinsman, Lord William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan; here also came David, Lord Ogilvy, eldest son of the Earl of Airlie, chief of *Siol Ghillechriost*, with a promise of six hundred men; Mercer of Aldie, Lord Nairne, and "the staunchest Jacobite in Scotland," Laurence Oliphant of Gask, a fine soldier-like man of fifty-four, who having served his king in 1715 with distinguished valour, now came forward with his son Laurence to offer his sword to the Prince. Of those who joined Charles in Perth the most notable by reason of his ability, influence, and high connections, and for the important part he played in the military events of 1745–6, was Lord George Murray, brother of the Duke of Atholl, who as soon as he learnt of his Royal Highness's arrival in Atholl, threw off all disguise, and rode over from his house of Tullibardine to meet the Prince at Perth.

AUTOGRAPH OF LORD OGILVY

Lord George, of whose consistent loyalty to King James there can be no real doubt, had successfully blinded the eyes of the Government by his apparent conversion to the political creed of his brother James, the Whig duke. His letter to the Lord Advocate of August 20th, in which he refers to the "Young Pretender," and his acceptance of the deputy-

[1] Hickson says this was on September 1st, probably an error of a day or two.

[2] John Hickson's evidence has been printed in "Prince Charlie's Friends," by D. Murray Rose.



PERTH ABOUT THE PERIOD OF THE '45

From SLEZER'S *Theatrum Scotiæ*

sheriffship of Perthshire to which he had been appointed by Duke James for the special purpose of superintending the provision of food and transport horses for the army commanded by Sir John Cope, strengthened the belief that Murray had seen the error of his ways, and had determined to throw in his lot with the supporters of the Hanoverian dynasty.

From a strictly moral point of view, Lord George Murray's conduct up to this point is justly open to some censure, and it is not surprising that anti-Jacobite writers should have made the most of it. His visit to Cope's camp at Crieff in the guise of a friend was scarcely an honourable act, and it would have been far more creditable had he refused to undertake the duties thrust upon him by his Whig brother in connection with the office he had unwisely accepted, or better still, he might have declined the appointment altogether.

Evidently Lord George believed in the old maxim that "all's fair in love and war," or at least the last portion of it, and salved his conscience by recalling to mind the many shabby and treacherous acts of his political enemies, who had little regard for their honour or good faith where Jacobites were concerned.

Unfortunately, Lord George's behaviour at this period, while it deceived the Hanoverian Government, had also the effect of raising in the minds of several of the Prince's advisers suspicions of his loyalty, and they were not slow in conveying their impressions to Charles himself, who thus at the very outset of the campaign formed a secret prejudice against his most capable officer, which grew stronger as time went on until it at last it ended in open rupture.

Murray of Broughton, whether honestly or not it is impossible to say, professed to doubt his namesake's singleness of purpose in joining the army of Prince Charles, and even went the length of stating that he believed he had done so with the express intention of delivering the Prince into the hands of the Government when a suitable opportunity occurred.

Nothing could have been more unjust or further from the truth. Lord George Murray was the last man in the world to act the part of traitor to the cause he had always considered "just and right," and having much against his interest and better judgment come to the conclusion that honour demanded his presence at his Prince's side, he prepared to sacrifice everything man holds most dear, to the principles he professed. "My Life, my Fortune, my Expectations, the Happiness of my wife and children are all at stake," he writes to his brother James on September 3rd, explaining the step he has taken ("and the chances

are against me), and yet a principle of (what seems to me) Honour, and my Duty to King and Country, outweighs every thing."[1]

There is no great enthusiasm, no sanguine expectation of success, no selfish consideration expressed in Lord George's words; honour, duty, loyalty were the sole determining factors in prompting his action. His wife, an invalid at the time, entreated him to remain at home. "She is much against my rashness (as she calls it,)" Murray writes, "yet when she found me determined, she did not dispute with me upon it." True wife and true woman, Lady Amelia Murray saw with dismay the dread possibilities of failure, and realised what it would mean to her husband and children; but she could not deny, in spite of her apprehensions, that her husband in joining Prince Charles was acting consistently with his principles, and she withdrew her objections almost as soon as made. This proof of his wife's nobility of character affected Lord George deeply, and when commending her and his children to the care of his brother James, he says, "Her acquiessing to my will makes so deep an impression upon me, that nothing but so strong an attachment as I have to the cause I am to imbark in, could make me do what in all appearance must disturb her future quiet and Happiness." For his own part, he writes in concluding his letter, "After what I have said, you may believe that I have weighted what I am going about with all the deliberation I am capable off, and suppose I were sure of dieing in the attempt it would neither deter or prevent me."

It is sad to reflect that the Prince for whom he was willing to lay down his life, biased by the suspicions and insinuations poured into his ears by Murray of Broughton and others, should have altogether misunderstood the real character of so faithful an adherent as Lord George Murray, who, though foolishly proud and imperious in his bearing to many of his associates in the enterprise, never once failed in his duty as a military officer, and certainly did nothing to merit the uncharitable reproaches cast at him by Charles after Culloden.

Whatever suspicions the Prince may have had at the time Lord George joined him in Perth, he carefully refrained from showing them; he received his lordship with every mark of respect and consideration, and immediately appointed him to the rank of Lieutenant-General in his army, a commission which he also conferred at the same time upon the Duke of Perth,[2] who, since his attempted arrest by Campbell of Inverawe,

[1] "Chronicles of the Families of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 19, 20.

[2] The original commission was dated "Paris, December 20th, 1744," and may be seen in Record Office, London.

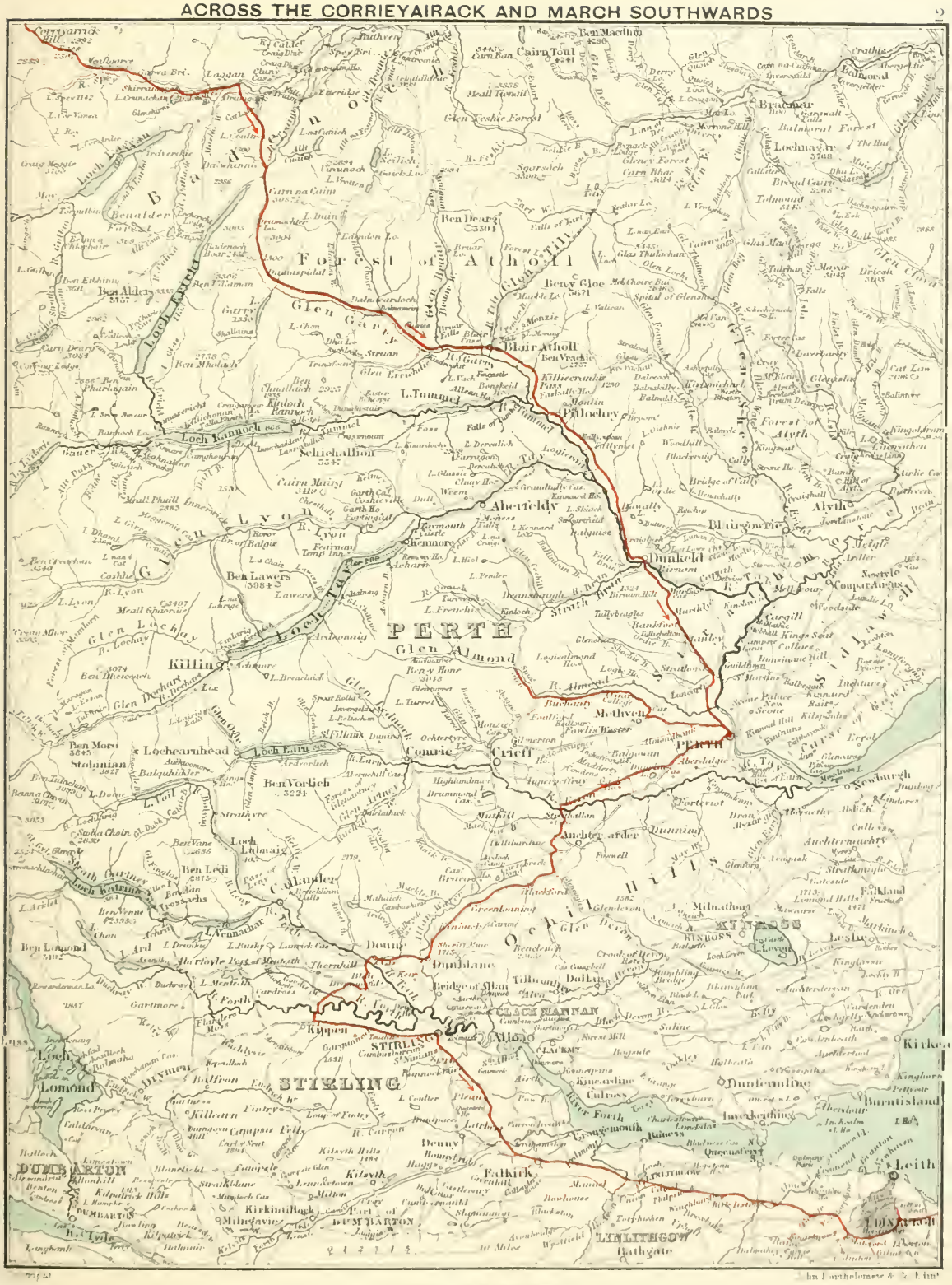
had been living in retirement near his estates, quietly organising a rising among his vassals, until the arrival of Charles at Perth enabled him to come boldly forth and place himself openly at the disposal of his Royal Highness.

For nearly a week Prince Charles remained with his army in the Fair City while his officers scoured the countryside for recruits. Duke William of Atholl after accompanying Charles as far as Dunkeld, returned to Blair to raise his reluctant tenantry; the Duke of Perth, who was expected to bring in at least a thousand men from his estates in the county, went off to Drummond Castle, from whence he could exert his personal influence upon his vassals in Crieff and Glenalmond; Lord Ogilvy busied himself among his father's dependents in Forfarshire; and the laird of Gask, burning with enthusiasm for the cause, retired to his "auld hoose" by the "clear winding Earn" to breathe fire and slaughter against those of his people who refused to answer his summons to arms.[1]

An additional reason for a prolonged halt at Perth was the urgent necessity for replenishing the now almost exhausted exchequer. Of the four thousand louis d'ors with which Charles had set out from the shores of France on his adventurous quest, nearly all had been exchanged for English guineas, and of these but one remained; it was therefore evident that money must be procured at once, and at any cost before the march southward could be resumed. To provide the sinews of war a sum of £500 was demanded from Provost Cree and the bailies of the city for the Prince's use, which amount was promptly paid out of the fund for the Town Common Good on condition that neither the citizens nor their goods should suffer any interference at the hands of the Highlanders, a condition which Charles willingly agreed to.

Young Clanranald and MacDonald of Keppoch, with a small party of their clansmen, were sent to Dundee to proclaim King James VIII., and raise further pecuniary supplies, whilst other parties proceeded through Angus and Fife on similar errands. The MacDonalds reached Dundee at dawn, and making their way to the harbour without opposition, seized a ship belonging to Captain Graham, which they supposed

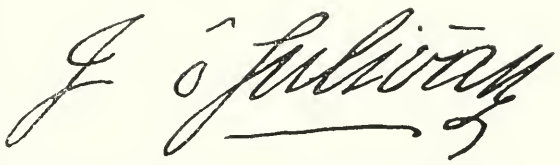
[1] Mr. Kington Oliphant in his "Jacobite Lairds of Gask," writing of this staunch old Jacobite, says he was "a shrewd Scot, swayed throughout life by the two overmastering principles, Chivalry and Religion; a man, free, open-handed, and great of heart; careless of renown, but most heedful of his good name; willing to starve or to lose his beloved Perthshire acres rather than tell a lie or become a burden on his King; ever living in the great Taskmaster's eye. It must be allowed that the one great blemish in his character was his leaning to feudalism."



to contain a quantity of gun-powder. The vessel was then put under sail and taken to Perth.

During the remainder of his stay in Perth, Charles, assisted by Lord George Murray and his other officers, worked with untiring energy to render their small force more efficient by endeavouring to instil into the minds of the Highlanders some idea of the military manœuvres practised by the trained soldiers of the enemy with whom they would soon be brought into contact, without attempting to interfere more than was absolutely necessary with their ancient methods of warfare. This sound policy was the outcome of Lord George's advice, and we are told by his aide-de-camp, the Chevalier Johnstone, who has left us an interesting but not altogether reliable narrative of the campaign, that his lordship "possessing so many qualities requisite to form a great general" entirely gained the hearts of the Highlanders.

Although O'Sullivan as quartermaster-general was responsible for the commissariat of the army, Lord George, whose experiences during the affair of Glenshiel in 1719 had shown him the importance of maintaining a regular and adequate food supply, made it his business to see that as far as possible every man carried a small haversack containing a peck of meal, and made arrangements that some carts loaded with sufficient bread for three days should precede the army when the advance on Edinburgh was continued. The predatory habits of the Highlanders rendered this step an absolute necessity, "for," as Murray himself says, "otherwise there would be no keeping the men together, and they would straggle through the whole country upon their marches if it was left to them to find provisions; from which beside the inconveniency of irregular marches and much time lost, great abuses would be committed, which above all things we were to avoid."



AUTOGRAPH OF COLONEL O'SULIVAN, QUARTER-MASTER-GENERAL OF THE JACOBITE ARMY

O'Sullivan was not slow to resent Lord George's interference with what he naturally considered his own department of the service, and thus it came about most unhappily, that from the very commencement of their relationship, bad feelings were engendered between his lordship and the Irish officers which led to much friction

and recrimination as the campaign proceeded, which undoubtedly did much harm to the Prince's cause. Murray of Broughton, who felt himself superseded by the advent of his titled namesake, shared the resentment of the Irish clique, whilst Lord George on his part bore no good will to the Secretary, whom he thought fussy and presumptuous.

In the bustle of military preparations Charles was quite happy; he rose every morning at dawn to review or drill his men on the North Inch, and at night in the congenial society of his friends he sat at supper in the inn parlour discussing and planning his future movements until a late hour. Occasionally he allowed himself a little mild dissipation by accepting one of the numerous invitations he received to attend dances given in his honour by the Jacobite ladies of Perth, but he never permitted these innocent recreations to interfere with his duties, and we are told that on one occasion after joining in a dance he bowed courteously to his fair hostess and took his departure, pleading as an excuse that he had to see his sentries properly posted.

Weapons and targes were still badly needed, and the greatest difficulty was experienced in providing them; a few swords were found in and around the city, and the wrights were kept incessantly occupied in the manufacture of targes,[1] but in spite of all that Charles and his officers could do, large numbers of the men remained either altogether unarmed, or at best, were only provided with obsolete and in many cases useless weapons.

The Duke of Perth by dint of great personal exertion had managed to raise a small body of his tenantry for the Prince's service, and on September 10th, Charles rode out to Glenalmond to inspect them. The total number that could be brought together fell far short of the thousand men whom the duke had confidently expected would answer his call, only about one hundred and fifty appearing at the muster, inclusive of Robert MacGregor of Glencairnaig and forty of the clan who had come out at the bidding of Glengyle. The Clan Gregor was at the period of the Prince's appearance in Scotland dispersed throughout the Highlands, and its members owing to the proscription of the name were only to be found disguised as Drummonds, Murrays, Stewarts, Grahams and Campbells, whilst the chiefship itself was a matter of uncertainty and dispute. The majority of the clan regarded Glencairnaig as their chief, but there were many who doubted his right

[1] One W. Lindsay, wright of Perth, was paid £30, 14s. 6d. per six score of targes on November 16th, and on January 10, 1746, his account for 242 targes, "24 Hyds leather from tandage" goat skins, wood, nails, &c., was £30, 6s. *Vide* "Jacobite Lairds of Gask."

to wear the eagle's feathers, and preferred to acknowledge William MacGregor (Drummond) of Balhaldie as their leader. Balhaldie, as we know, was busily engaged in France, and as he showed no inclination to take his place at the head of the clan in the military operations now imminent, this section of the MacGregors decided to follow Glengyle and James *Mór*, and attach themselves to the Duke of Perth's regiment.[1]

Although small, this additional force was very welcome to Charles, and he returned to Perth in the most sanguine frame of mind as we may judge from the letter of this date he caused to be sent to his father.[2] "Since my landing," he says, "everything has succeeded to my wishes. It has pleased God to prosper me even beyond my expectations. I have got together thirteen hundred men,[3] and am promised more brave, determined men, who are resolved to die or conquer with me. . . . I have occasion to reflect every day on your Majesty's last words to me, that I should find power, if tempered with justice and clemency, an easy thing to myself and not grievous to those under me. 'Tis owing to the observance of this rule, and to my conformity to the customs of these people, that I have got their hearts to a degree not to be easily conceived by those who do not see it. One who observes the discipline I have established would take my little army to be a body of picked veterans; and to see the love and harmony that reign among us, you would be apt to look on it as a large well-ordered family in which every one loves another better than himself."

Regarding his personal health at the time, of which he doubtlessly felt his father would experience no little anxiety, he says, "I keep my health better in these wild mountains than I used to do in the Campagna Felice, and sleep sounder lying on the ground, than I used to do in the palaces of Rome."

The magnanimity of his nature is nowhere better expressed than in the following sentence: "Your Majesty knows," the letter continues, "that in my nature I am neither cruel nor revengeful: and God, who

[1] This division of the clan was regarded as unfortunate by many of its members. See letter from John MacGregor to Gregor MacGregor (Murray) of Coinneachan in "Chronicles of the Families of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii p. 59.

[2] Although this letter, printed in full in Ewald's biography of the Prince, was evidently not written by Charles himself, it bears upon its face the stamp of genuineness, and was probably dictated by him to Sir Thomas Sheridan at spare moments, either during the stay in Perth or later. In any case the letter is of great interest, and undoubtedly reflects the actual sentiments of Prince Charles at this period of his life, and for this reason alone it is worthy of a place here.—W. D. N.

[3] Apparently under-estimated.

knows my heart, knows that if the Prince who has forced me to this[1] (for it is he that hath forced me) was in my power, the greatest pleasure I could feel would be in treating him as the Black Prince treated his prisoner, the King of France—to make him ashamed of having shown himself so inhuman an enemy to a man for attempting a thing whom he himself, if he had any spirit, would despise for not attempting."

The issue of the struggle he confidently leaves in the hands of his Maker. "I beg your Majesty would be under no uneasiness about me. He is safe who is in God's protection. If I die, it shall be as I have lived, with honour."

Charles knew perfectly well that upon his head the sins of his royal ancestors would be visited; that every fault committed by them would be grossly exaggerated, and adduced by his enemies as an argument against his mission; he was fully alive to the strong anti-Catholic sentiments of the large majority of the British people, and he foresaw clearly the difficulty there would be in removing the prejudices his grandfather's misrule had created. This is clear from his remarks on the subject in the concluding sentences of the Perth letter.

"I know," he goes on to say, "there will be fulsome addresses from the different corporations of England; but I hope they will impose upon none but the lower and more ignorant people. They will, no doubt, endeavour to revive all the errors and excesses of my grandfather's unhappy reign, and impute them to your Majesty and me. Can anything be more unreasonable than to suppose that your Majesty, who is so sensible of, and has so often considered the fatal errors of your father, would with eyes open, go and repeat them again?"

Amid the many new friends by whom he was now surrounded Charles missed the kindly face of his old adviser George Keith. "I find it a great loss that the Lord Marischal is not with me. His character is very high in this country, and it must be so wherever he is known. I had rather see him than a thousand French, who if they should come only as friends to assist your Majesty in the recovery of your just rights, the weak people would believe came as invaders."

It was hardly to be expected that the powerful and astute chief of Clan Campbell with his many old scores to pay off against the House of Stuart, would be likely to support any political movement in favour of what he like many others, considered a defunct, or at best, a moribund dynasty, from which no further benefits or emolu-

[1] This refers to the retaliatory proclamation Charles was persuaded by the Highlanders to issue offering a reward for the Elector's head.

ments could be derived. Charles, who realised the material advantage his cause would derive from the active friendship of so important a man, saw and regretted the improbability of winning him over.

"There is one man in this country," he continues, "whom I could wish to have my friend, and that is the Duke of Argyle, who, I find, is in great credit amongst them, on account of his great abilities and quality, and has many dependents by his large fortune; but I am told I can hardly flatter myself with the hopes of it. The hard usage which his family has received from ours has sunk deep into his mind. What have those princes to answer for, who by their cruelties have raised enemies, not only to themselves, but to their innocent children?" The Prince closes this very remarkable epistle with a warm tribute of praise to the zeal of the Protestant Jacobites, of whose loyalty it is quite possible King James had some doubts. "I must not close this letter without doing justice to your Majesty's Protestant subjects, who I find are as zealous in your cause as the Roman Catholics, which is what Dr. Wagstaff has often told me I should find them. I design," he concludes, "to march to-morrow, and hope my next shall be from Edinburgh."

Charles had shown his appreciation of the Protestant form of religion two days before, by attending, probably for the first time in his life, an Episcopal service held in one of the city churches, where he listened to a sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Armstrong from an appropriate text selected specially for the occasion.[1]

Whether for political reasons, or from honest conviction of its truth, Prince Charles most undoubtedly betrayed, in spite of the Catholic training and environment of his early years, a strong sympathy with Protestantism, and he took every opportunity of showing his desire to remove the religious prejudices of the Protestant people of Britain, to the majority of whom Stuart and Catholic were synonymous terms, by a studied respect for its doctrines and a willingness to attend its services. Although as he tells us in his proclamation of 1750, it would have been greatly to his interest had he publicly announced in 1745 his conversion to Protestantism, he found himself unable to do so conscientiously; the creed in the tenets of which he had been brought up had then too firm a hold upon him to be discarded for any selfish or worldly motives; he was still firmly persuaded of the truth of its more important dogmas, and while he was both ready and willing to admit its errors, and exhibited a most tolerant spirit to other forms of re-

[1] Isaiah xiv. 1. 2.

ligion, it was not until some years later (1750) that he publicly renounced the Catholic faith and espoused the doctrines of the Anglican Church.

Charles's departure from Perth was hastened by the intelligence he received regarding the movements of General Cope. The news was to the effect that Cope, who had remained in Inverness from August 29th, until September 4th, was now marching rapidly on Aberdeen, where he intended to embark his men on board some vessels specially sent from

SCONE PALACE, PERTH

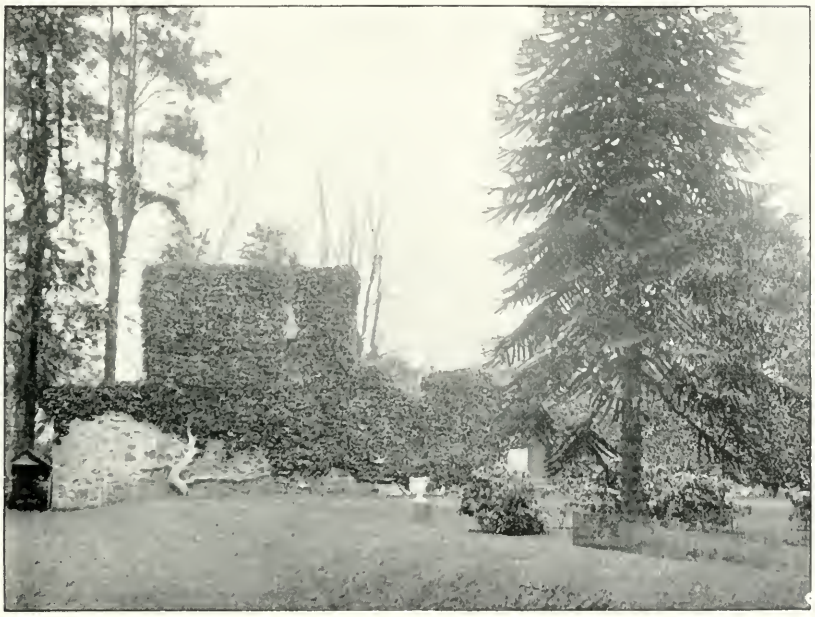
Photo by VALENTINE, *Dundee*

Leith for the purpose, and sail with them to some port on the Firth of Forth in order to protect the capital. The Prince upon receipt of these tidings called his officers together and held a council of war to decide the best method of counteracting this movement of the enemy. One plan was to proceed northward by forced marches and intercept Cope before he could reach Aberdeen; the other was to carry out the idea already determined upon of marching south and endeavouring to take possession of Edinburgh before reinforcements could arrive.

The latter plan, which was entirely in consonance with Charles's wishes, was after some little discussion finally adopted, and on Wednesday,

September 11th, the Highland army left Perth by the Stirling road *en route* for Edinburgh.

The movements of Prince Charles and his army on this day are somewhat difficult to follow. The Prince himself, according to one account, visited Scone Palace early in the morning; breakfasted with Laurence Oliphant at Gask House; dined with Lord George Murray at Tullibardine; and reached Dunblane the same night, sleeping in the house of MacGregor of Balhaldie, while his men bivouacked in the neighbour-



ALL THAT NOW REMAINS OF THE OLD HOUSE OF GASK

hood, some near the town, and others who had lagged behind, at the Roman camp of Ardoch. It seems strange that with so long a march before him (twenty-seven miles), Charles should have gone nearly two miles out of his way to visit Scone when he could have done so on any day of the seven he spent in Perth. Duncan Cameron, who narrates the incident, says: "September 11th.—Early in the morning he went on foot attended by a few and took a view of the house of Scoon; and leaving Perth that day, he took a second breakfast at Gask, dined at Tullibardine, and that night went towards Dumblain and next day to Down" (Doune).[1] The actual route

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 209.

of the army from Perth is also uncertain ; the main body in all probability took the high road which passes through Auchterarder, while detached parties were sent by more circuitous ways in order that the Government spies should find it difficult to form a correct estimate of its strength.[1]

At Gask Charles received a right royal welcome from his father's old friend, Laurence Oliphant, whose only regret was that notwithstanding his most strenuous efforts he had been unable to induce his tenants to take up arms for the Prince. Amiable and kind-hearted as the "auld laird" was in a general way, this unexpected opposition to his will raised all the old feudal spirit in his nature, and he determined that his rebellious vassals should suffer for their disobedience. The corn on his tenants' farms was ripe for the sickle, and the harvest was about to commence, when he issued a prohibition to cut any grain unless his orders were immediately obeyed. Matters were in this condition when the Prince on his way to Gask noticed the over-ripe corn hanging neglected and uncut, and inquired the reason of such culpable carelessness on the part of the farmers. Upon an explanation being given, Charles dismounted, gathered a few ears which he gave to his horse, and said to the bystanders that as he had now broken the laird's inhibition, the work of harvesting might proceed upon his authority.[2]

Before leaving Gask the Prince allowed one of his attendants, John Stewart, to cut a lock of his hair, which he left behind as a memento of his visit. The incident has been immortalised with a slight departure from fact by Lady Nairne, daughter of the younger Laurence, in that most pathetic of her many beautiful songs, "The Auld Hoose."

> "The leddy, too, sae genty,
> There sheltered Scotland's heir ;
> And clipt a lock wi' her ain hand
> Frae his lang yellow hair."

The lock of hair is still one of the most cherished possessions of the Oliphant family,[3] but the "auld hoose," like the gallant young Prince who sheltered under its hospitable roof, is "awa'."

After leaving Gask, Charles proceeded to Tullibardine House, where it had been arranged that the army was to halt and take refreshment at Lord George Murray's expense. On the road Sir John MacDonald "whether it was that he had drunk too much that morning (which was frequently the case), or that he had a natural Brutality was very rude to

[1] *Vide* Captain Vere's letter dated September 12, 1745. Record Office, London.

[2] Family tradition, uncorroborated.

[3] Since writing the above, I have learnt with much regret that under the terms of the late Mr. Kington Oliphant's will, the Gask relics are to be dispersed.—W. D. N.

L^d. Geo Murray, Keppoch being present."[1] Sir John complained of being ill-mounted, and threw the blame upon Lord George, who told the irascible Irishman that it was not his business to provide horses for anybody, but that had he known of the matter beforehand he would have endeavoured to procure a better animal. This did not pacify Sir John, and he commenced to criticise the arrangements Murray had made for provisioning the army, which he said he had no authority for doing. These remarks irritated Lord George beyond measure, and a serious quarrel would probably have ensued had it not been for the interference of Keppoch, who said that Sir John was either drunk or mad, and it was better to take no notice of him. Before the close of the day Lord George again fell foul of his Irish colleagues. O'Sullivan, it appears, remained behind at Perth after the army had marched off, and later in the day arrived at Tullibardine, bringing with him as prisoners the old Provost of Perth, Patrick Cree, and Bailie Sandieman, on the pretext that the postmaster's wife had not paid a sum of twenty pounds which she had been taxed. This arbitrary and foolish act greatly annoyed Lord George as the £500 demanded from the city had been promptly paid, and the Prince had given his word that the citizens should suffer no molestation. O'Sullivan and Sir Thomas Sheridan maintained that the action was justifiable; Lord George complained to Charles, and in the end, after some heated arguments, the Provost and his friend were liberated.[2]

After dinner the Prince rode off to Dunblane, leaving his host to follow on in the morning with the men who had been left behind.

Among the papers in the Record Office, London, there is a letter dated September 13, 1745, endorsed "Intelligence from Scotland," which gives a graphic and apparently truthful account of a review of the Highland army on the Muir of Auchterarder on Thursday, September 12th. No mention is made of the Prince being present, so that if the review really

[1] Lord George Murray's account, "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol iii. p. 20.

[2] See letter from Bailie Sandieman, "Memoirs of John Murray of Broughton," p. 188 note.

took place it was probably held either by Lord George Murray, whose house was close by, or by the Duke of Perth, who had just arrived with Glencairnaig and a body of about one hundred and fifty men, of whom forty were MacGregors. The informant writes, "The Rebels marched out of Perth on Wednesday last and quartered at Auchterarder; that on Thursday they were joined by the Duke of Perth's men and Atholmen; that the whole army was reviewed on the Muir of Auchterarder on that day; and that according to the Declarant's judgment

BALHALDIE HOUSE, DUNBLANE

The Prince stayed here on the nights of September 11 and 12, 1745

Photo by the AUTHOR

there were about 4000 men;[1] that the midle rank wanted guns, and had broadswords club'd over their shoulders; that most of them that had guns wanted swords, and several were armed with Lochaber axes only, and others had sythes; there were a great number of boys and old men amongst ym who had no weapons and attended baggage; that the Pretender's son dined on Thursday at Drummond of Ballhadis house in Dunblain; that on Friday he was to dine at More (*sic* Moir) of Lockies (*sic* Leckie's) South the forth five miles above Stirling; that when the Declarant parted with the Rebells this morning they were preparing to march over the forth at the frews, and that on Saturday they

[1] This is, of course, an exaggeration, the total, even including the Robertsons and Duke of Perth's men, could not have much exceeded 2000.

were to be in Glasgow, as he was informed, and to proceed to England, where they doubted not to be joined by a great many friends and a foreign force also."

The Atholl men referred to were probably the Robertsons, who to the number of one hundred had responded to the call of their aged chief, and now came in to swell the ranks of the Prince's army. It is doubtful whether Struan himself accompanied his clansmen on the march to Edinburgh; he, however, joined them later, and was present with his septuagenarian cousin, Robert *Bàn* of Invervack, Woodsheal's father, as a spectator of the glorious victory of Prestonpans.

The principal officers of Clan Donnachaidh were Donald Robertson of Woodsheal, and his brothers Alexander and Charles; George Robertson of Faskally; James Robertson of Blairfettie; David Robertson of East Bleaton; Duncan Robertson of Auchleeks; and Charles Robertson younger of Trinafour. Duncan Robertson of Drumachine, afterwards of Struan, suffered from ill-health at the time of the rising, and greatly to his disappointment he found himself quite unable to take any part in active military service with his fellow clansmen. He was afterwards appointed Governor of Atholl during the duke's absence in the south.

Before quitting Perth, Charles had succeeded in overcoming all Cluny's scruples, and the MacPherson chief having given a promise to raise his clan had gone home for that purpose, declaring that "even an angel could not resist such soothing, close applications." Young Glengarry in 1752 informed Bishop Forbes that Cluny, like Lochiel, had before consenting, demanded and received from the Prince full security for the value of his estates, in case the expedition should prove a failure;[1] a very natural precaution which reflects no discredit upon these two loyal-hearted and brave men.

Charles spent the nights of September 11th and 12th[2] in the house of Macgregor of Balhaldie at Dunblane,[3] awaiting the arrival of the various scattered bodies of Highlanders to come up before attempting the passage of the Forth, where some opposition was anticipated from the garrison at Stirling. By the evening of the 12th all that were expected had arrived, and the whole army lay that night in the park of Keir between Dunblane and Bridge of Allan, from whence Lord George despatched a hasty letter to his wife expressing his regret that it had

[1] *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii p. 121.

[2] He may have bivouacked at Keir with his men, but as he had arranged to march through Doune on the morrow, he probably stayed at Balhaldie's. Murray of Broughton distinctly states he spent the night of the 12th at Dunblane.

[3] Now known as Balhaldie Close.

been necessary to carry off all the horses from Tullibardine. "Our Main Gaurd," he tells her, "is in sight of the Castle of Stirling, where, and thro' all the town there is much light. I supose they will not sleep so sound as I shall this night, for we have no fears of allarms."

At daybreak the Highland army, now strengthened by the force under the Duke of Perth, the clan Donnachaidh under Woodsheal, some detachments of MacGregors commanded by Glencairnaig and MacGregor (Graham) of Glengyle, and about sixty additional Glencoe MacDonalds, marched off from their camping-ground at Keir and proceeded in a north-westerly direction to Doune; then taking a sudden turn southwards reached the river Forth at the Ford of Frew near Kippen, about ten o'clock in the forenoon.

NEWTON HOUSE, DOUNE

Notwithstanding the early hour at which Charles and his Highlanders passed through Doune, he found the little town all astir with excitement at the unwonted spectacle. At Newton House, the residence of Edmondstoun of Cambus Wallace, a merry party of ladies had assembled to witness the scene from the garden wall, which skirts the road by which the army had to pass. When the Prince appeared on horseback in front of the gate he was asked to honour the house by partaking of some refreshment under its roof, but Charles had no time to dally at such a moment; and while expressing his regret that he could not enter the house, he willingly accepted a glass of wine which was brought to him by the Misses Edmonstoun, in which he drank the health of the ladies present. Emboldened by his kindly manner and courtly grace the two lassies with many blushes requested the honour of kissing the Prince's hand, a favour which he readily granted.

This incident aroused a spirit of emulation in the mind of Miss Clementina Edmonstoun, a cousin of the favoured ladies, and she determined to outdo them. Running up to Charles just as he was

about to ride away she begged permission "to pree his Royal Highness's mou," a request which entirely nonplussed the Prince, whose knowledge of the braid Scottish tongue was necessarily extremely limited; an explanation was, however, soon forthcoming, and Charles entering heartily into the spirit of the joke, and by no means loth to oblige so well-favoured a lassie, lifted her from the ground and gave her not only one kiss but a dozen.

Hastily rejoining his men the Prince arrived with them on the banks

FORD OF FREW, NEAR KIPPEN

Photo by the AUTHOR

of the river Forth at a spot where it is joined by the Boquhan burn, about six miles above Stirling. Except in time of spate the Forth at this point is narrow and shallow, running between low banks covered with grass and rushes; it therefore offered no hindrance to a body of hardy mountaineers habituated from infancy to the crossing of dangerous rock-girt rivers, where one slip would prove fatal. The only danger anticipated was a possible attack from Gardiner's dragoons, then quartered in Stirling; but upon approaching the river as no sign of an enemy appeared, Charles, pointing with his claymore to the opposite shore and beckoning on his men, plunged without hesitation into the stream, and crossed without difficulty; Lord George Murray, clad like his leader in

Highland dress,[1] followed at the head of the army, and the whole body was soon safely across.

The command of Stirling Castle and its garrison was in the hands of Major-General William Blakeney, who had been sent thither from London at the end of August to assist Cope in opposing the advance of Prince Charles and his Highlanders.

Upon his arrival at Stirling, Blakeney found the only troops available for service were about three hundred and fifty of Gardiner's dragoons and their invalid Colonel. Hamilton's dragoons were stationed in the vicinity of Edinburgh, but General Guest who commanded that district declined to despatch them to Blakeney's assistance, and the difficult task of disputing the passage of the Forth therefore fell to the lot of Colonel Gardiner and his handful of men. The rapid advance of the Highland army was quite well known in Stirling, and as owing to the careless indifference of the Government the town was left practically unprotected, the citizens became alarmed, and offered to assist the military authorities by forming themselves into bands to guard the fords of the Forth if the necessary arms were served out to them. This, however, would have been a breach of the Act of Parliament which prohibited the carrying of weapons by civilians, and the offer went unheeded, although the Sheriff, Mr. Napier, in defiance of the Act, did actually raise a body of one hundred men as a watch to save the dragoons from false alarms.

Beyond throwing thousands of "Crows' Feet"[2] (caltrops) into the river, nothing whatever seems to have been done by Gardiner to impede the Prince's progress across the Forth; probably he was misled and thrown off his guard by the clever ruse adopted by Charles and his officers of sending a detachment of three hundred men from Keir along the high road to Stirling as if to force the bridge. This detachment, which was taken by General Blakeney to be the main body of the Highlanders, altogether diverted his attention from what was going on at the Ford of Frew, and he advanced the dragoons to defend the bridge. A few shots were exchanged on either side and the Highlanders retired to join their comrades who had, as we have already seen, taken advantage of this diversion to cross the river unopposed, while their enemies now aware of what had occurred fled as fast as their horses could carry them to Falkirk.

[1] Lord George tells us he was in his kilt, from which we infer that he marched on foot; had he been mounted he would have worn *triubhas* or trews.

[2] *Vide* extract from Duncan MacGregor's journal, given in the "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine Families," Vol. iii. p. 29.

After passing the Forth, Charles proceeded about a mile to the house of Moir of Leckie, where the army was halted for refreshment, whilst the Prince and his staff were entertained sumptuously in the mansion. Some rumours of Mr. Moir's hospitable intentions must have leaked out, for on the night preceding the Prince's visit he had been rudely

LECKIE HOUSE

From a sketch by Mr. J. H. Watson, *Glasgow*

awakened from his slumbers by a party of dragoons, and conveyed by them to the castle of Stirling. Fortunately, the soldiers had left the provisions for the banquet untouched, and although the ladies of the house had to do the honours in place of the absent laird, the viands were none the less appreciated.

As a means of disguising his real intentions from his enemies, Charles had allowed it to be given out during the march from Perth

that Glasgow and not Edinburgh was the destination of his army before crossing the border into England. He had now reached a point not more than twenty miles from the wealthy mercantile city on the Clyde, whose citizens, engrossed in the accumulation of money, looked with no favourable eyes upon the pretensions of the House of Stuart, pretensions which they regarded as dangerous to the peace of the country and likely to interfere with the business interests of the community. Business first and politics afterwards may be regarded as the governing principle of the average Glasgow merchant then as now; and it will be easily understood that the news of the Prince's appearance in the vicinity at the head of a considerable force of Highlanders of whose characteristics every one, owing to the close proximity of Glasgow to the Highland line was painfully aware, caused no little apprehension and alarm.[1] Unlike the capital, there were few Jacobites among the population, the bulk of the inhabitants being distinctly in favour of the existing *régime;* not that they had any love for the Hanoverian occupant of the throne, nor because they hated the Stuarts, but merely from a very real regard for their own pockets.

Charles knew this perfectly well, and he determined that as the city would not grant him its moral and political support, her citizens should be made to disgorge some of their wealth to provide funds for his slender exchequer. With this object he wrote a letter from Leckie House to Andrew Cochrane, Provost of Glasgow, demanding that a sum of £15,000 should be contributed by the city, and all weapons collected and placed at his disposal. When, however, the Provost and his colleagues learnt, much to their satisfaction, that the Highlanders were marching eastward in the direction of Edinburgh, their fears partially subsided, and no steps were taken to comply with what they considered an insolent demand.

Charles, having despatched his letter to the Provost, left Leckie, and marching with his army to within two miles of the walls of Stirling Castle, took up his quarters for the night at the house of Seton of Touch,[2] who, to avoid incurring the same fate as his neighbour of Leckie, had prudently disappeared, leaving the Prince's reception to his wife. The men encamped on Touch Moor, and if we may credit the story of

[1] Some interesting information regarding the panic in Glasgow at this period is to be found in a contemporary MS. by John Scott of Heathery Knowe in Monklands parish, quoted by George Eyre Todd in an article entitled "Yuletide in Glasgow in 1745."—*Glasgow Herald* for December 25, 1901.

[2] The Setons of Touch were the hereditary armour-bearers to the sovereign, an office now held by the present representatives of that ancient family, the Seton-Stuarts, who I believe still preserve the sheets on which Prince Charles slept on this occasion.—W. D. N.

Duncan MacGregor [1] who was present, some of Lochiel's clan finding themselves surrounded by flocks of fine sheep, were unable to overcome their old cattle-lifting habits, and in spite of their chief's orders, a fat wether or two found their way into the cooking-pot of the hungry Camerons.

Duncan narrates that Lady Seton had been requested by her husband "to invite Glencarnoch and Lochiel to her house, and she gave the Camerons and MacGregors three great oxen, and so many hundreds of oat loaves, pots and cauldrons to boil the beef in, and we were greatly envied by the rest of the Clans. When Glencarnoch and Lochiel were at breakfast in the morning they heard shooting on the brow of the hill. Lochiel said to Glen, 'What shooting can be on the hill?' Glen answered, 'I shall tell you; the Camerons are shooting sheep on the hill.' 'God forbid,' said Lochiel, 'it is the MacGregors.' Glen replied, 'I shall lay you one hundred guineas it is not the MacGregors.' Upon this the two left breakfast and drew their pistols, vowing if they were Camerons Lochiel would shoot them, and if MacGregors that Glen would shoot them, and by great fortune as they were passing the head of the avenue, there was a Cameron with a sheep on his back. Lochiel fired, and shot him in the shoulder; there he fell. The two went a good way and they found not a MacGregor yet."

Lord George Murray, although he does not mention the incident recorded by Duncan MacGregor, states that many sheep belonging to the country people were killed in this neighbourhood, and that the Duke of Perth and other officers did all they could to prevent so flagrant a breach of orders.

On Saturday, September 14th, at an early hour the Highland army resumed its march on Edinburgh. As nothing was to be gained at this time by an entrance into Stirling, more especially as the castle was still in the occupation of the enemy, the Prince contented himself by ordering the gates of the town to be thrown open, and Lord George Murray was sent to interview the Provost, Mr. Christie, and demand from him in His Royal Highness's name a supply of provisions for the army to be sent to Bannockburn [2] where the first halt was to be made. To avoid any possible danger from the castle, Charles, instead of taking the road which would have brought his men within easy range of its guns, made a slight détour, and keeping about a mile to the south passed through St. Ninians. The wisdom of this course was soon made apparent, for as the High-

[1] An extract from Duncan MacGregor's Journal of the Clan MacGregor's Transactions, 1715-6, printed in the "Chronicles of the Families of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 29.

[2] These provisions were paid for in full by the Prince's orders.

landers entered the village several shots were fired at the royal standard carried in their midst, but the distance was too great for accuracy of aim, and though, as Murray of Broughton says, "the balls fell very nigh him (the Prince) they hurt nobody."

A halt of two hours was made at Bannockburn, where an abundance of bread, cheese, and beer, sent from Stirling and the adjoining villages, gladdened the hearts of the men as they took a well-earned rest upon that historic field where more than four hundred years

VIEW FROM STIRLING CASTLE

Photo by the AUTHOR

before their warlike ancestors had helped Bruce to achieve his famous victory. While his men were enjoying their food in the open air, Charles and some of his officers accepted the hospitable invitation of Sir Hugh Paterson, whose house was close at hand. Sir Hugh was a keen Jacobite, whose sympathies, fostered by his mother, Lady Jane Erskine, sister of the Earl of Mar, were entirely in favour of the House of Stuart; he therefore gladly welcomed the son of his king, and did all he could to make his short visit as agreeable as possible.[1] During dinner a messenger arrived with the news that Gardiner's dragoons had retired to Linlithgow, and were encamped between the

[1] There is no record of the Prince having met Sir Hugh Paterson's grand-daughter, Miss Walkinshaw, on this occasion.—W. D. N.

town and the bridge which crosses the river Avon, a piece of intelligence which determined the Prince to push onward as fast as possible. The Highlanders were therefore soon again on the move, and the whole body proceeded to Falkirk, halting for the night in a large field of broom to the east of Callendar House, a seat of the Jacobite Earl of Kilmarnock, where Charles had elected to sleep.

The Earl, who had probably received due notice of the Prince's approach, made it his business to dine that day in the dragoons' camp,

CALLENDAR HOUSE, NEAR FALKIRK

The Prince slept here on the night of September 14, 1745

Photo by the AUTHOR

and was thus enabled, when he returned to sup with his princely guest, to confirm the news Charles had received at Bannockburn House in the morning.

The opportunity of attacking the unsuspecting enemy was too good to be lost, and the Prince, regardless of any personal danger he might incur, decided to lead a body of picked men to the ford of Avon, a mile and a half above the bridge, and fall upon the dragoons under cover of the darkness. In order to keep his intention a secret from those he had not taken into his confidence, he pretended to retire to bed, but at the appointed hour he left the house privately and proceeded to the camp, where Lord George Murray, Lochiel,

Keppoch, Clanranald, Stewart of Ardsheal, and Angus *Og* of Glengarry awaited his coming with a detachment of a thousand men.[1] Absolute silence was strictly observed, and not a whisper was heard as the Highlanders moved off in the direction of the ford. The Sabbath dawn was just breaking when they came within sight of the bridge, but no dragoons were visible, and it was evident to all that the plan had failed. As a matter of fact, Gardiner, alarmed at the swift advance of the Highlanders, had left his camp at seven o'clock on the preceding night, and passing rapidly through Linlithgow, drew rein at Kirkliston, from whence he continued his hasty retreat to Coltbridge, a small hamlet on the water of Leith, about a mile and a half west from the castle of Edinburgh. Charles, assured that pursuit was hopeless, rested for a short time in the house of MacLeod of Muiravonside, which was within a short distance from the ford, and having partaken of some refreshment,[2] he led his detachment into Linlithgow, entering and taking possession of the town at six o'clock in the morning.

The citizens of Linlithgow mindful of the town's motto, "Fidelity to God and King," were if anything inclined to favour the claims of King James and his brave son; nor was it strange that they should do so. For centuries the old palace had been a favourite residence of the Stuart sovereigns; within its massive walls James III., fearing assassination, had found a refuge from the swords of his rebellious subjects; under its roof the unfortunate Queen Mary had first opened her baby eyes on a life of tragic incident, cut short by the axe of the executioner; and close by, in the adjoining church, James IV. had seen the terrible apparition which foretold his approaching fate on the battlefield of Flodden. Stuart memories were in the very air of the quaint old town, the shades of Stuart kings haunted its streets and glided at night through the dismal corridors of its fast decaying palace; everywhere some crumbling monument, some ancient memento of the Stuarts, recalled to the minds of the townspeople the departed glories of that kingly race, and filled them with respect for the Prince who had come so unexpectedly among them. The Provost, Mr. Bucknay, was himself a Jacobite, many old Jacobite families resided in the neighbourhood, and the Episcopal ministers, who were all supporters of King James, had a considerable following in the parish; on the whole,

[1] Murray of Broughton, who is the only chronicler who mentions the Prince's presence on this occasion, says, "five hundred men." I prefer, however, to accept Lord George Murray's statement that a thousand men took part in this night attack, on the ground that as one of the leaders of the expedition he would naturally be fully aware of the number of men who took part in it.—W. D. N.

[2] Tradition only. *Vide* Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 13, note 6.

therefore, Charles found himself quite at home, and had no reason to find fault with his reception.

The day was Sunday, and Charles, ever careful not to wound the religious susceptibilities of his father's Protestant subjects, gave orders as soon as he entered the town that the church services were to be held as usual, and that all the usual observances of the Scottish Sabbath were to be continued without regard to his presence. The inhabitants, however, were far too much distracted by the noise and bustle inseparable from the movements of a large body of armed men to attend divine worship ; and even had they wished to do so, they would have found the doors of the churches closed against them, for in spite of the Prince's assurance that no interference with the services would be allowed, the Presbyterian ministers had declined to enter their pulpits. Probably the townsfolk did not regard the closing of the churches as a great hardship, as it gave them full liberty to witness the many stirring scenes passing around them.

The Provost, to avoid compromising himself in the eyes of the Government, had wisely retired, but his wife and daughters remained behind to welcome the Prince, and conduct him to the palace where a suitable repast had been prepared for him by Mrs. Glen Gordon, a staunch old Jacobite gentlewoman to whom the care of the building was entrusted. Clad in tartan dresses, and wearing the white cockade of the Stuarts in their hats, the ladies received Charles at the cross, and amid the cheers of the people accompanied him to the palace.

The main body of the Highland army arrived from Falkirk about nine o'clock the same morning, and were halted a little eastward of the town, small parties were sent to scour the countryside for weapons, and during the afternoon Charles and the whole of his army made a short march of three miles nearer the capital to a spot selected by O'Sullivan near the farmhouse of Kingscavil,[1] where the Prince got a bed, the men and officers sleeping that night on the open ground "without other covering than their plaids."

Lord George Murray did not approve of so short a march, but thought they should have proceeded further, and he criticises the conduct of the Quartermaster-General with some severity. "Mr O'Sulliman (*sic*) who went with the horse to reconaiter, and choise a litt place for the Armie to incamp and ly all night, did not incline to be out of sight and at any distance ; whether this proceeded from his not knowing the country or too great caution is not materiall, but the most of

[1] Tradition.

the officers observed it then and afterwards, that he never expos'd himself."

The following morning Charles was up betimes, and at five o'clock the Highlanders were under arms and ready for a march which would bring them almost within gun-shot of Edinburgh Castle. Every precaution was taken by the Prince and his officers to prevent surprise, the men were drawn up six in front and marched with closed files ready

LINLITHGOW PALACE

to withstand an atttack at a moment's notice. Passing through Winchburgh a halt of two hours was made in a park east of Kirkliston close to the mansion of Newliston, one of the country seats of the Earl of Stair, whose grandfather had been largely instrumental in bringing about the massacre of the Glencoe MacDonalds. Now, by a strange coincidence, the descendant of the murdered chief with a strong body of his clansmen were gathered together fully armed within sight of the house wherein the awful crime had doubtlessly been planned; it was entirely at their mercy, and a word from their chief would have doomed it to instant destruction. The Prince himself recognised the danger, and in order to

prevent an act which he knew would bring the greatest discredit upon his army, he proposed that the Glencoe men should be kept at a distance from the house of such evil associations. This suggestion, though well meant, was received by Glencoe with the greatest indignation as a reflection upon the honour of himself and clan, and he declared that if the proposal was carried into effect he would imme-

GRAY'S MILL, SLATEFORD

Prince Charles slept here on the night of September 16, 1745

Photo by MR. T. C. JACK

diately return home with his insulted clansmen. "If they were considered so dishonourable as to take revenge on an innocent man, they were not fit to remain with honourable men, nor to support an honourable cause."[1] The Prince, seeing that he had fallen into an error in his judgment of Highland character, at once withdrew all restrictions, and it is said, that to pacify the angry chief, he issued an order that during the

[1] This incident is to be found recorded by General Stewart of Gask in his "Sketches of the Highlanders," 1825 edition, vol. i. p. 109.

halt the MacDonalds of Glencoe were to mount guard over the Earl of Stair's mansion to protect it from injury.

"And loud the stirring pibroch rang
Around the foeman's walls,
But ne'er a Highland hand did rise
Against the Earl's proud halls.

Glenfinnan's banner is not lost;
We've learnt the nobler creed,
For brave Macdonald made the flag
Immortal with his deed."[1]

During the halt, Charles was entertained at Todshall (now Foxhall) the house of a Mr. Horn, close to Kirkliston, and in the afternoon, after a scouting party had been sent forward to learn if the road was clear of the enemy, the march was continued to Corstorphine, from whence the Prince sent a summons to the Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh calling upon them to surrender the city. This important duty having been performed, the army leaving the main road took a turn in a southerly direction, and encamped upon some rising ground near Slateford, Charles finding a shelter under the roof of David Wright, the tacksman of Gray's Mill.

[1] Poem by David Russell Aitken, Southport.

MACDONALD OF GLENCOE

GAELIC PATRONYMIC OF CHIEF—*Mac Iain*

Badge—*Heather*

The tartan here shown is the ordinary MacDonald sett, no special tartan being adopted by this branch of the Clan

CHAPTER II

"Doon thro' the Lowlands, doon wi' the Whigamores,
Loyal, true Highlanders doon wi' them rarely;
Ronald and Donald haste on wi' your braid claymores,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie."

THE capital of Scotland in the year 1745 bore but a faint resemblance to the magnificent city of the present day, although even then it boasted of the largest, longest, and finest street in Europe. This famous street, which extended for nearly a mile along a gradually rising ridge of ground from its lowest point in front of Holyrood Palace to the precipitous rock occupied by the Castle, constituted with its narrow wynds and closes the main artery of the city. For about a third of its length after leaving Holyrood it was flanked on either side by the town mansions of the Scottish nobility, in rear of which were long gardens and open fields: this portion was called the Canongate, and was shut off from the city proper by the Netherbow Port, which gave access to the central division, known as the Netherbow. Just outside the gate were two roads or wynds, one, called Leith Wynd, leading in a northerly direction past the Calton Craigs to the port of Leith, and the other, St. Mary's Wynd, running south through the Cowgate Port, from whence the route could be continued by way of Kelso to England. Beyond the Netherbow the High Street commenced, having on its left the Tron Kirk; and a short distance farther along in the centre of the street stood the Guard House and Mercat Cross, near the north-east corner of Parliament Close or Square, in which were the Parliament House, Advocates' Library, and other buildings more or less connected with the law. At this point the High Street was almost blocked by the fine cathedral church of St. Giles, beside which stood the City Tolbooth or prison, and a row of unsightly shops called the Luckenbooths; these incongruous but picturesque edifices covered nearly the whole width of the thoroughfare, spoiling the continuity of the street, and obstructing the free passage of vehicles and pedestrians whenever a more than usually large crowd was abroad. Beyond the Luckenbooths

the High Street again widened out and became the Lawnmarket, terminating at the Weigh House, from which a steep ascent known as Castle Hill led to the main gate of the Castle.

From a military point of view the defences of Edinburgh were sadly inadequate ; the walls, only continuous on the south side of the city, were thin and in bad repair, except those portions extending from the Castle to the Cowgate Port, and from the Netherbow Port along the west side of Leith Wynd ; in many places houses had been built into and formed part of them, from whence parties of soldiers could easily gain access without much risk to themselves. The principal, and in fact the only, defence on the north side was the Nor Loch, a large sheet of water about three hundred feet broad at its widest point, which extended from the base of the Castle rock to a point about three-fourths the length of the High Street. The Castle itself, isolated on a steep crag, was practically impregnable against assault, but it was unable to afford any real protection to the city over which it towered like an aged giant whose course was nearly run. It is true that from the embrasures in its ancient parapets the muzzles of some cannon projected, but many of these were defective or obsolete, and even those which were of newer construction could not be fired without considerable risk of damaging either the persons or property of the citizens, who naturally regarded them with some apprehension.

The presiding genii of this antiquated fortress were a pair of octogenarian officers, whose venerable appearance was quite in harmony with their surroundings: brave soldiers both, they were nevertheless far too old to fill such important military posts at so critical a time. First in point of rank was General Guest, who, it will be remembered, had been left by Cope in command of the Edinburgh district: he was eighty-five years of age, being one year the junior of his colleague, General Preston, to whom the governership of the Castle had been given. Guest usually resided in a house he had in the town, but upon the near approach of the Highland army he removed himself and his belongings to the Castle, and took over the supreme control of the garrison, which consisted of two companies of Lascelles' (47th) Regiment, a few skilled artillerymen specially imported from London to work the guns, and a number of invalided and veteran soldiers. Hamilton's dragoons were encamped within hail at Leith Links, and Gardiner's troopers, as we have seen, were flying before the Prince's advance. With this force at his command Guest felt that the Castle at least was safe as long as his store of provisions lasted ; but to keep the Prince and his Highlanders out of the city which lay at its base, was a far more difficult matter.

LOOKING WEST FROM EDINBURGH

Showing the Nor' Loch, Castle Rock, Wellhouse Tower, and the Old Church of St. Cuthbert's which was demolished in 1775

from a Drawing by John Clerk of Eldin, 1773

The civic head of Edinburgh in 1745 was Lord Provost Archibald Stewart, whose name affords a clue to his political sympathies. He was in fact a Jacobite,[1] but a Jacobite of less heroic type than those brave men who had left their homes and families to take the field at the bidding of their prince. Stewart had no intention of doing anything so rash ; but he could nevertheless befriend the cause by other means, which, if less honourable, were equally of service. His policy was to delay as far as possible, without arousing suspicion, the steps taken by the Whig party for arming the citizens and strengthening the defences of the city.

The first tidings of Cope's unaccountable retirement to Inverness, and the consequent advance of Prince Charles and his army into Perthshire, reached Edinburgh during the evening of August 31st, probably brought thither by Duke James of Atholl. Although it was not definitely known whether Charles would march directly upon the capital, or approach it after paying Glasgow a visit, the news was sufficiently alarming to the peaceful citizens, and they immediately began to consider the means for defending themselves and their city against the dreaded Highlanders, of whose plundering propensities they had heard so many exaggerated stories.

The fact that Prince Charles had landed on the west coast was generally known in Edinburgh between the 8th and 9th of August, and by the 27th the magistrates had so far realised the danger to which the city would be exposed in the event of an assault by the Highlanders, that they had called a meeting of the Town Council and some of the leading citizens to discuss the situation and decide upon a course of action. At this meeting resolutions had been passed to put the city in a proper state of defence, by repairing the walls and raising a body of 1000 men, to be paid and armed by voluntary subscription. The Lord Provost had demurred to the latter proposal, first, on the ground that the necessary subscriptions would not be forthcoming, and secondly, that it was illegal to raise a regiment without the royal sanction. The first difficulty was overcome at once by the offer of some wealthy gentlemen present to provide funds for at least three months, and the second was referred to the Crown lawyers, who, to avoid any infringement of the law, advised an application for a royal warrant, which was accordingly done ; but no reply was received until September 9th, when "a Royal sign-manual dated September 4th came to town, authorising the Lord Provost, magistrates,

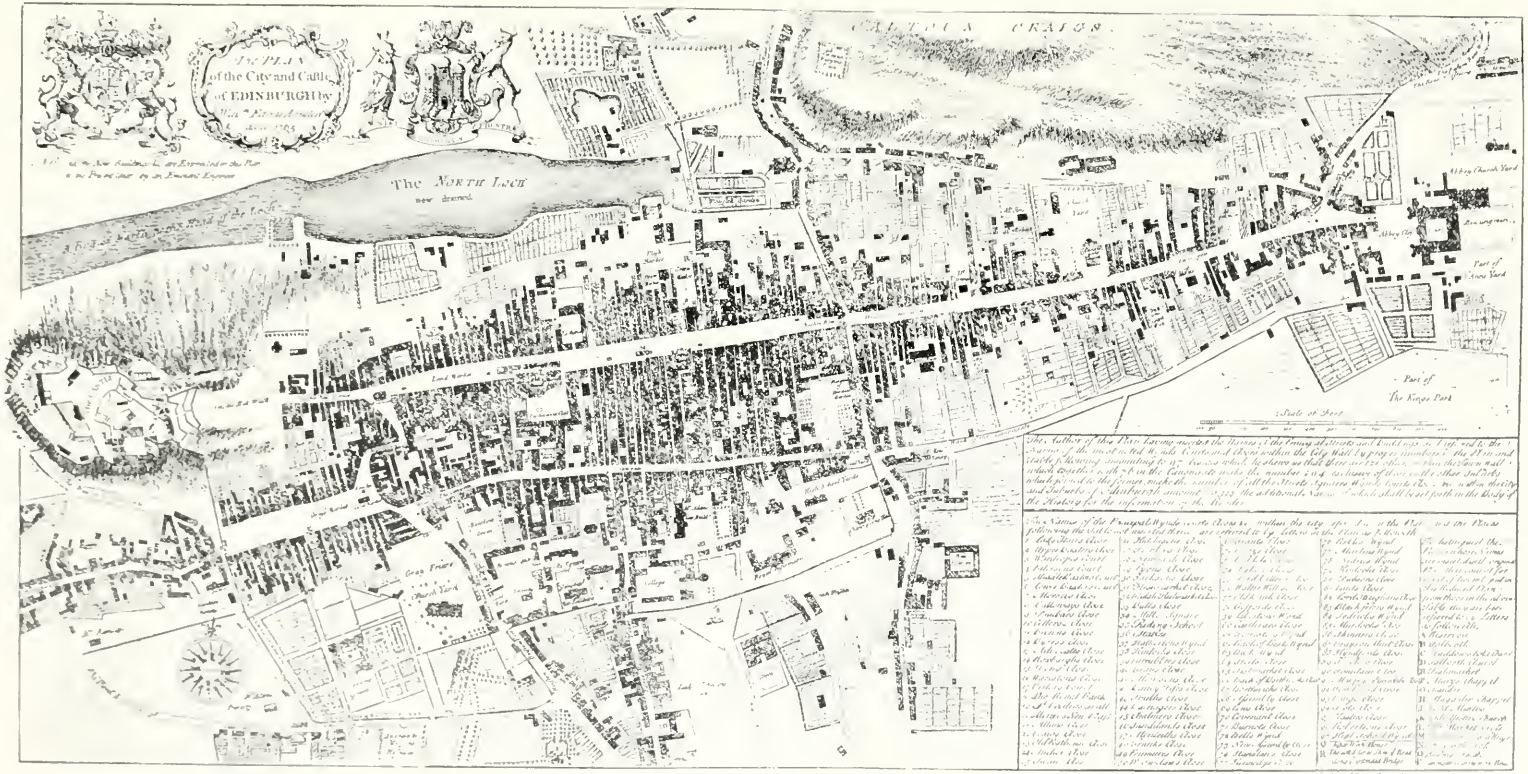
[1] There can be no doubt as to Lord Provost Stewart's attachment to the Prince's cause ; he frequented the society of the Jacobite leaders during their stay in Edinburgh, and must often have joined in the toasts drunk in honour of King James and his family. *Vide* Æneas Macdonald's Examination, "Murray of Broughton's Memorials," Appendix, p. 489

and council to raise, form, discipline, and maintain at their own proper charge, by voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, 1000 foot for the defence of the city and support of his Majesty's government."

The old city train-bands still existed, but they were in a very inefficient condition, and only paraded on festival occasions; moreover, disaffection to the Hanoverian government was known to exist in their ranks; no reliance could therefore be placed upon them at this juncture, but their arms, of which 1400 stand were kept ready for use in the magazine, although most of them were without bayonets, would be of material service in the hands of a body of volunteers. A suggestion was made to Provost Stewart that the arms should be appropriated for this purpose, but on the ground that to do so would wound the feelings of many worthy burghers who were members of the force, he declined to give his consent. In addition to the train-bands, which consisted of sixteen companies of from sixty to a hundred men in each, the magistrates had at their disposal the town guard, an effective body of well-trained, well-armed men, forming a company of foot 126 strong, to whom the safety of the city was intrusted. Apart from the garrison in the Castle and Hamilton's dragoons, no other military force of any kind was available for the protection of the capital of Scotland when, on the last day of August, the unexpected intelligence of Cope's failure to intercept the march of the Highland army came like a thunderclap upon the citizens and stirred them to prompt action. At six o'clock the drum beat to arms, and Hamilton's troopers were ordered to encamp in St. Ann's yards; a meeting of the Town Council was hurriedly convened, and an order issued that a company of the trained bands should mount guard every night; sentries were posted at each of the city gates, and the captain of the guard was authorised to take charge of the keys.

Notwithstanding the resolution passed at the meeting on the 27th, the walls still remained unrepaired, although every effort had been made to induce the Lord Provost to give the necessary order for commencing the work; but at length, after additional pressure had been brought to bear upon him by the anxious Whigs, he gave a reluctant consent, and on September 7th Professor Colin Maclaurin,[1] the eminent mathematician, was appointed chief engineer, and vested with full powers to carry out the difficult task. The post was no sinecure, and from the very first the Pro-

[1] The MacLaurins, or MacLarens, were a Highland clan of ancient origin, whose territory was in Balquhidder and Strathearn. In 1745 many of the clan were *out* with Stewart of Ardsheal and some with the Atholl men, but the chiefship was claimed by the family to which Professor Maclaurin belonged, and thus, by a strange coincidence, we find the presumed chief fortifying the city of Edinburgh to keep out his own clansmen.



fessor found himself beset with obstacles which, to a less determined man, would have proved insurmountable. The municipal elections commenced on the 10th, and the different incorporations of tradesmen were busily engaged in electing their deacons; workmen could not be got for love or money, business was at a standstill, and it was only by dint of great personal energy that Maclaurin managed to make a start. Instead of the hundreds of workmen promised he found it almost impossible to get dozens; he was discouraged and annoyed in every way by the "superior powers"; the Jacobites laughed at him, and the Whigs hindered him with their impracticable suggestions; but in spite of all he laboured on by day and night, and in all weathers, until September 16th, when Prince Charles and his army were close at hand; by this date he had managed to clear out the embrasures, mount eighteen guns, from the war ships at Leith, on wooden platforms, and partially restore the crumbling walls in their weakest places.

Having completed his arduous and thankless task, a fresh difficulty arose; who was to load and work the cannon which the Professor had been at so much pains to place in position? Guest refused point-blank to spare a man from the Castle; and the Lord Provost, when requested to send to Leith for some sailors, exclaimed, "By God! sir, while I am Provost of Edinburgh sailors shall not be admitted." The gentleman who preferred the request, surprised at the vehemence of the Provost's language, asked why he objected to the employment of men-of-war's men. "My reason is plain, sir," replied the chief magistrate; "if they should be admitted here, it would be, 'Damn your eyes! Jack, fire away and be damned!' and so they would fire upon and murder the inhabitants. It is my duty to protect the lives of the inhabitants as well as to defend the town against the rebels."

Eventually the Provost's scruples were partially overcome, and he gave permission for *one* sailor, who had a knowledge of artillery, to be brought into the city to manage the whole eighteen cannon.

The question of loading was the next point of dispute; Guest declined to allow it to be done by the artillerymen under his command without a written order from the Lord Provost, and this Stewart absolutely refused to give, but upon the strong representations of Mr George Drummond, ex-Lord Provost, and Professor Maclaurin he consented to give a verbal order, which was supplemented by a written authority from Mr. Drummond. This satisfied the military authorities, and the loading was proceeded with on Sunday evening, September 15th, but the work was not finished by eleven o'clock, at which hour the soldiers returned to the

castle. Maclaurin, however, continued the task, and by Monday afternoon everything was ready to give the Highlanders a warm reception.

While the Professor laboured on the city ramparts, other energetic citizens of Whig sympathies approached the Provost with a petition, praying that they might be enrolled as volunteers, with officers of their own selection, and that a sufficient quantity of arms might be provided for their use from the royal armoury. The Provost, who had not been consulted on the matter, professed to be deeply insulted at what he called a treasonable request ; but when the distinction between raising a body of volunteers for the defence of the city and the formation of a regular regiment of foot soldiers was explained to him by the legal authorities, he allowed himself to be persuaded into a consent, but only on condition that he should nominate the officers and retain the colonelcy for himself. This being agreed upon six captains were selected, who in their turn were each allowed to name two lieutenants. The six gentlemen appointed to command companies were Mr. George Drummond, ex-Provost, Commissioner of Excise ; Mr. Archibald MacAulay, ex-Provost ; Sir George Preston, Bart., of Valleyfield ; Mr. James Nimmo, ex-Dean of Guild ; Mr. Alexander Blackwood, Merchant ; and Mr. James Kerr, Jeweller and Engraver to the Mint.

George Drummond, who was appointed to the command of the first, or College, company had filled the office of Lord Provost in the year 1725, and was on this account, and by reason of his many public services, one of the best known and most popular men in the city. A staunch supporter of the Hanoverian dynasty and the Protestant succession, he became the acknowledged leader of the Whig party in Edinburgh, and at the time of which we are writing he was again a candidate for the provostship in opposition to Archibald Stewart, whose term of office had nearly expired. Whether from an honest desire to serve the government at this important crisis in its affairs, or from the more questionable motive of gaining further popularity to secure his election, Drummond threw himself heart and soul into the work of raising recruits for his company from among the university students and their friends ; the other officers did the same, and soon many hundreds of likely young fellows were drilling morning and evening in the College yards and other open spaces under the supervision of some non-commissioned officers from the garrison. There were in fact more men than weapons, and of the total number of men enrolled only four hundred could be provided with musket, bayonet, and cartridge-box from the Castle magazine.

Recruiting for the new regiment of foot authorised by the royal

warrant of September 4th was also proceeding, and subscriptions towards its upkeep were flowing in from all sides ; two hundred men had enlisted, but only two officers had been appointed, the colonel and adjutant, the

GEORGE DRUMMOND, CAPTAIN OF EDINBURGH VOLUNTEERS,
EX-PROVOST OF EDINBURGH

first post being filled by the Provost himself, who had insisted upon taking the chief command, and the second by Allan Burn.

The progress of the Highland army after leaving Perth was fairly accurately reported in the city ; but it was not until Friday evening,

September 13th, after the passing of the Forth, that the citizens became fully aware of the danger of their position. Rumours that Gardiner's dragoons were in full retreat and had retired on Falkirk came in and increased the public anxiety; on Saturday it was known they were at Linlithgow, and during the whole of that day the most disquieting reports were brought in by panic-stricken messengers, who in their fright had thought the whole Highland host at their heels.

Guest saw that something must be done immediately if any real resistance was to be offered to the rapidly approaching army of Prince Charles, but as he did not care to take the entire responsibility upon himself he called a meeting of magistrates, Crown officers, and some of the newly appointed volunteer captains for the purpose of determining the best course to pursue. At this meeting a proposal was made that Hamilton's dragoons, who had been moved to Leith Links on the 6th, should be ordered to reinforce Gardiner and make a stand against the Highlanders at Corstorphine. To this Guest objected, pointing out that it was not in accordance with military custom that cavalry should be employed without the support and co-operation of a body of foot to draw the enemy's fire.

Captain Drummond then asked whether 250 volunteers would be sufficient for the purpose, as he thought he could guarantee that number, provided the Lord Provost would order fifty men of the town-guard to go with them. The General replied that with this force he was of opinion that the dragoons could act with a fair chance of success. Early on Sunday morning, September 15th, news arrived that the Prince had reached Linlithgow, that advanced parties of Highlanders had been seen near Kirkliston, Winchburgh, and Gogar, and that Colonel Gardiner, retiring before them, had halted at Corstorphine. At ten o'clock Captain Drummond arrived on the parade-ground at the College yards, where the volunteers were drawn up, and placing himself in front of the right of his own company he explained the position of affairs, told them what the General had said, and concluded his address by an impassioned appeal to their patriotism as citizens. "Now, gentlemen," he exclaimed, "you have heard the General's opinion, judge for yourselves; if you are willing to risk your lives for the defence of the capital of Scotland and the honour of your country, I am ready to lead you to the field." The effect of this somewhat theatrical harangue upon the excited students was to cause them to lose their heads altogether, and with one accord those whom he addressed threw their caps into the air; the whole company shouted huzzas, and with an almost unanimous voice agreed to march out of the town and join the dragoons.

The men who belonged to the companies in rear had not distinctly understood Captain Drummond's proposal, and many had not even heard his words at all, but infected by the general enthusiasm they had joined in the cheering, and Drummond, taking this for a general approval of his plan, despatched a messenger to inform Guest that the whole body of volunteers had expressed their willingness to attack the Highlanders.

Of all this Provost Stewart, the officer commanding, appears to have known nothing; and it was therefore with some surprise and annoyance that he received a message from the General asking him to provide fifty men of the town-guard to accompany the volunteers out of the city. His first impulse was to decline to accede to Guest's request, but on second thoughts he gave an order not only for fifty men, but for the whole town-guard and all the men of the new Edinburgh regiment that were not on duty in the town to march out and receive their orders from the military officers.[1]

The excitement in the city was now intense; great crowds gathered in the neighbourhood of the College, watching with interest the movements of the volunteers and the other parties of armed men who were going out to risk life and limb in the cause of duty. At eleven o'clock the noisy clang of the fire-bell calling the volunteers to arm and repair to the Lawnmarket increased still further the panic which was spreading fast among the people. The worshippers in the churches heard its discordant notes mingling with their hymns, and, alarmed at the terrifying sound, rushed out of the sacred buildings and joined the ever-increasing throng in the streets, leaving the ministers to address their sermons to the empty pews. On every side unusual sounds disturbed the Sabbath quiet, on every face consternation and fear were depicted; the narrow wynds and closes of the poorer quarters poured forth their ragged and unsavoury inmates, who mingled their rags with the silks and satins of the church-goers, caring little whether Jamie or Geordie was king provided they could scrape together sufficient bawbees to pay for an occasional dram of usquebaugh, or a sup of milk to their parritch; everywhere was noise, bustle, and uproar. At noon the excitement was intensified by the distant sound of horses' hoofs clattering on the stone causeway, and as every eye was turned in the direction of the noise Hamilton's dragoons came galloping down the High Street on their way to meet Colonel Gardiner,

[1] This action was quite consistent with Stewart's policy, for it threw the responsibility upon the military authorities and saved him from the onus of commanding in person a force antagonistic to his lawful king, James VIII.; it also helped to allay the suspicion of the Whigs, and would, he no doubt thought, assist him in making his peace with the Government should the Prince fail to achieve his purpose.—W. D. N.

shouting at the top of their voices, and brandishing their sabres as they dashed past the volunteers, who by this time were drawn up in the Lawnmarket awaiting orders amid a throng of weeping relatives. Wives, mothers, and sweethearts full of anxiety for their dear ones, crowded round the men and endeavoured by every wile known to the feminine mind to persuade them from leaving the city. It now became apparent that Captain Drummond, carried away by his own enthusiasm, had altogether misunderstood the sentiments of the majority of the volunteers, to whom the idea of quitting the ramparts and attacking the Highlanders in the open had never even suggested itself. Either they had not heard Drummond's proposal, or they had misinterpreted his words, and when they began to realise what was expected of them, murmurs of dissent and expostulation were heard on all sides.

In the midst of all this turmoil and noise Drummond gave the order to march, and placing himself at the head of his company he led them through the West Bow into the Grassmarket, with the intention of passing out of the town by the West Port and following the route taken by the dragoons. Just inside the Port a halt was made, when, greatly to the captain's astonishment and disgust, he discovered that only forty-two men of his own company had followed him, the remainder of the volunteers having with more discretion than valour stayed behind in the Lawnmarket; or, with even still greater want of courage, had slunk off to their own homes through the narrow closes which afforded so convenient a means of escape. In this dilemma Drummond despatched Lieutenant Lindsay to discover the cause of the men's defection, and, if possible, bring back the laggards; but Lindsay found when he reached the Lawnmarket, and had consulted the other officers, that of the total number of volunteers assembled, only one hundred and forty-one would consent to march out to Corstorphine. As nothing more could be done, Sir George Preston of Valleyfield and Lindsay led the detachment down to the Grassmarket, where Captain Drummond anxiously awaited its arrival. To march or not to march was now the question; one hundred and eighty men were prepared to follow their officers to death or glory, but this number fell far short of that which Drummond had offered to guarantee General Guest, and the responsibility of a decision weighed heavily upon the ex-provost's shoulders. Matters were not improved by the advent of several ministers who, having concluded their ministrations in the churches, came down in a body to the Grassmarket to see what was going forward. Headed by the amiable Dr. Wishart, Principal of the University of Edinburgh, the black-robed divines mingled with the men and tried their utmost to induce

them to remain in the city. Dr. Wishart addressed them to the same purport, pointing out that it was their duty, as citizens, to stay within the walls to protect the peaceful inhabitants, and he conjured them by all they held most sacred not to be persuaded from this course. Such language was not calculated to raise the military ardour of the more timorous among the volunteers. Many already regretted the steps they had taken, and were only too ready to accept advice which was so much in consonance with their own wishes. A few of the bolder spirits were, however, manly enough to reject the minister's counsel; but the officers saw clearly that disaffection had set in, and Drummond, scarcely knowing what to do for the best, sent off Lieutenant Ormiston of Sir George Preston's company to acquaint the Lord Provost of what had happened, and demand from him an order for the volunteers to proceed. The Jacobite provost was probably very pleased to hear of the failure of his rival's plan, and replied that, as he was entirely against the idea of marching the volunteers out of the town from the first, he could not consistently give the required order; and that, taking everything into consideration, he must congratulate the men on the wisdom of their decision.

Drummond professed to be greatly disgusted at the provost's message, and he at once marched his company back to College Yards and dismissed them, but many of the townsfolk who knew him well were of opinion that he never intended to fight, and averred that his sole intention was to court popularity on the eve of an election, by exhibiting extraordinary zeal for the defence of the city.[1]

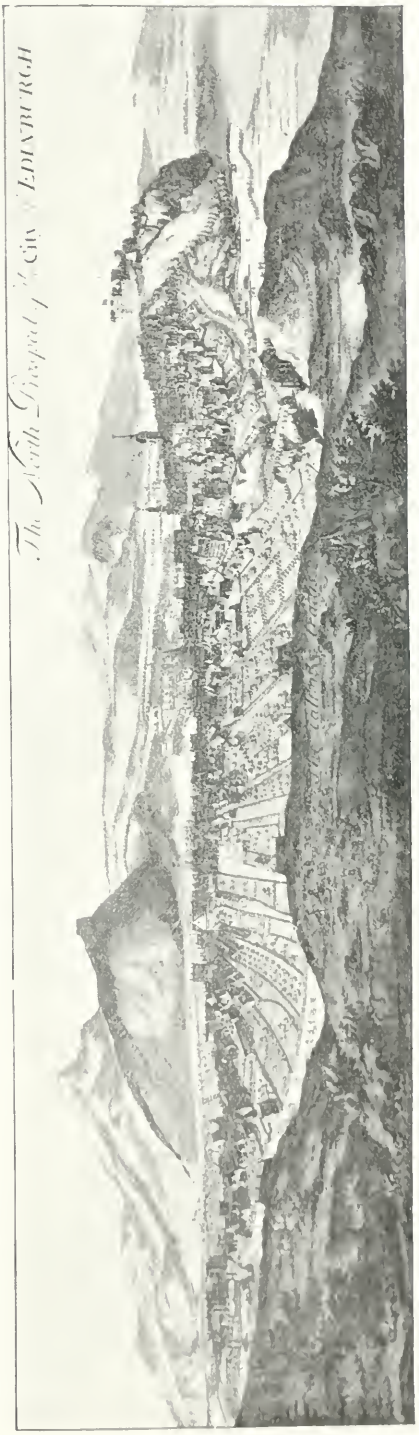
While these events had been proceeding, the town-guard, commanded by four captains and a detachment of the new regiment, had by Stewart's orders followed the dragoons, but having got as far as the east side of the Coltbridge which crosses the Water of Leith, a mile west of Edinburgh, they halted for the volunteers to come up. Later in the day a messenger arrived from the provost with an order that they were to join the dragoons, which they did; but no signs of the enemy appearing, the men returned to the city, leaving the cavalry to guard the bridge.

The volunteers, inwardly delighted at their dismissal, dispersed to the various taverns throughout the town, where in the company of admiring friends they posed as heroes, and, inspired by their liberal potations, boasted of what they would have done had they been allowed to meet the Highlanders. About twenty privates of Captain Drummond's company who

[1] *Vide* note, p. 85, Home's "History." The principal details of the state of affairs in Edinburgh at this time are taken from Home's narrative (he was one of the bold volunteers himself), Carlyle's "Autobiography," Stewart's "First and Second Trial," *Scots Magazine*, and other contemporary sources of information.

had been really in earnest, adjourned to the then famous hostelry known as Luckie Turnbull's, near the Tron Kirk, and whilst partaking of some much-needed refreshment they made a compact among themselves that if the city was to be undefended, they would march out in a body with their arms and join Sir John Cope when he landed. One of the most enthusiastic of these youths was John Home, a divinity student, who many years later wrote a history of the Jacobite rising, to which we are indebted for much interesting information concerning the events in which he took so active a part.

Before nightfall on that eventful Sabbath, Brigadier-General Thomas Fowke opportunely arrived from London to take over the command of the two regiments of cavalry. A council was then being held in the house of Lord Milton, the Lord Justice-Clerk, at which General Guest, the Lord Provost, and several other prominent citizens and officials, were engaged in discussing the burning question of the hour, how best to defend the city against the advancing enemy. To this meeting Fowke lost no time in repairing, and as soon as he learnt the actual condition of affairs, he proposed that a



EDINBURGH FROM THE NORTH ABOUT THE PERIOD OF THE '45
From SLEZER'S *Theatrum Scotiæ*

messenger should be sent off without delay to Colonel Gardiner, who was known to be retiring on Coltbridge, with an order requiring him to detail a party of his dragoons for service in the town "to suppress disorderly people and to encourage those who were in arms for the Government." This proposition from the newly-arrived officer did not at all please the provost, to whom the presence of cavalry within the walls was obnoxious, and he refused to sanction any such order being given ; it was therefore decided that the dragoons should remain where they were for the present.

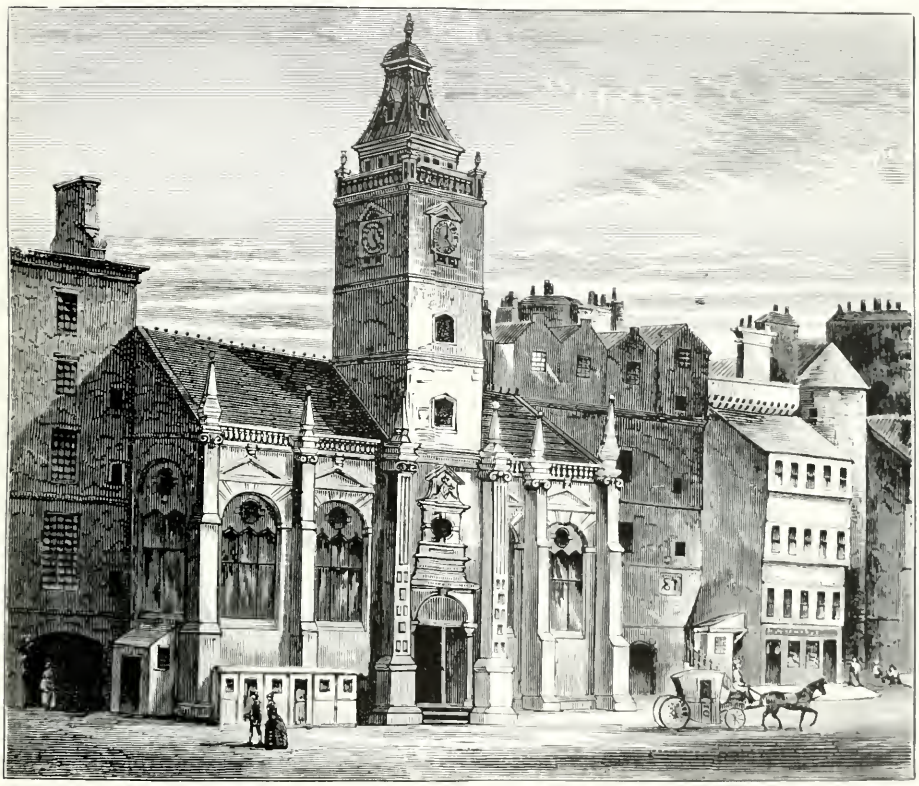
That night the inhabitants of the Scottish capital slept but little ; the volunteers, train-bands, and other bodies of armed citizens, to the number of seven hundred, manned the walls and furnished guards for the different gates, whilst those who were not on duty snatched brief intervals of repose, lying down fully dressed, with their weapons close at hand, expecting every moment to be summoned by the sound of the fire-bell to engage in deadly strife with an unseen foe. Through the long weary hours of darkness, the frightened faces of timid young students, shop lads and apprentices, with here and there the rubicund visage of some portly burgess, peered forth from the ramparts into the mirky night, to where, under the dim shadow of Corstorphine Hill, the dragoon outposts patrolled the Linlithgow road. Those who were on sentry duty paced up and down in dreary silence full of anxious thoughts, heartily wishing the day would come. At intervals of half-an-hour the cry "All's well" from some distant part of the walls broke through the stillness, echoing and re-echoing through the city as each sentry repeated the cheering words in a loud voice.

At midnight the Lord Provost started out to visit the various guards and military posts, a duty which kept him hard at work until four in the morning. Many of the volunteers were fully aware that their colonel had no great regard for the Hanoverian monarch whose commission he held, and they more than suspected he would play them false. John Home, who was on duty with young Carlyle,[1] was one of these, and after the provost had passed on his rounds he remarked to his friend, "Did you not see how pale the traitor looked when he found us so vigilant?" Carlyle, however, had no such suspicions, and thought the paleness was due to the light from the lantern. Another volunteer some time later made a written statement from his own personal knowledge, that on this very night the Bristo Port, on the south side of the city, remained wide open without a guard of any kind.[2]

[1] Afterwards Dr. Carlyle, from whose autobiography many of the facts connected with this period are taken.

[2] Chambers' "History," p. 90, note 1.

Provost Stewart's position was indeed a difficult one, and it cannot honestly be said that he came through the ordeal with much credit either to himself or the Jacobite cause. He was between two stools, and met the usual fate of one so situated. Had he been a man of more determined or heroic character, he would have thrown off all disguise at this time and openly declared his determination to support Prince



THE OLD TRON CHURCH

From ARNOT'S "*History of Edinburgh*"

Charles. A brave man would have done this regardless of personal risk, but Stewart was far too lukewarm a Jacobite to sacrifice his position to political sentiment, and far too cautious to place his head in danger by supporting an enterprise the ultimate fate of which still hung in the balance. Secretly he wished well to the Prince, hoped that he might succeed, and even, as we have seen, went the length of assisting him surreptitiously, by opposing as far as he safely could the many plans submitted to him for the defence of the town.

Before daybreak, on the morning of Monday, September 16, Brigadier Fowkes sent his major to ask the provost for permission to march out the town-guard and city regiment for the support of the dragoons at Coltbridge. As no possible objection could be raised to this request, Stewart, who had just returned tired out from his long round, gave the necessary order ; and the men started off over the road they had traversed the preceding night, being shortly afterwards followed by General Fowkes and several noblemen and county gentlemen on horseback.

Upon arrival at the camp of the dragoons, which was in a field east of the bridge, they learnt that Colonel Gardiner had come in during the night with his men in a terrible state of fatigue after their almost incessant march from Stirling. Drawn up in the form of a crescent, with their invalid colonel muffled up in a blue overcoat and with his military hat tied under his chin with a handkerchief, at their head, the regiment presented a most melancholy spectacle to the spick and span officer fresh from the gaieties of London. Fearing surprise, Gardiner had kept the men under arms all night, and they could scarcely keep their eyes open as the brigadier passed along their unsteady ranks ; many of the officers and men had even discarded their heavy top-boots, finding it impossible to squeeze their swelled limbs into the unyielding leather.

The unfortunate horses were equally exhausted, and great sores were visible on their backs where the saddles had chafed, rendering the poor beasts quite unfit for service. Fowkes, deeply concerned at the painful sight, despatched his brigade-major, Captain Singleton, to inform General Guest that the men and horses were in need of "everything," and desired him to procure supplies from the Lord Provost ; he also requested permission to leave the position the cavalry then occupied and advance with them to attack the Highlanders.

To this proposal Guest replied that he could not permit an advance, as the ground was unsuitable for cavalry, and that, taking into consideration the fatigued condition of men and horses, he thought it would be better to retire eastwards and join Sir John Cope, whose landing was hourly expected. In spite, however, of the general's refusal, Fowke determined he would learn something of the enemy's movements, and whilst waiting for the supplies he had asked for to be brought in, he sent off a small scouting party of gentlemen and a few of the town-guard to discover, if possible, the position of the Prince's outposts.

Colonel Gardiner himself and all the field officers were strongly in favour of the retreat suggested by General Guest, and after some animated discussion, in the course of which Gardiner with a remarkable premoni-

tion of his approaching end, said that "the brigadier might do as he pleased; for his part he had not long to live"; it was decided that, as soon as the scouting party returned, the whole body of cavalry should retire to Leith Links and encamp there for the night.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the gentlemen who had volunteered to act as scouts, accompanied by the advanced guard of dragoons, came galloping into the camp in a state of great excitement, bringing with them the alarming intelligence that the Highlanders were at Corstorphine, and had fired upon them as they approached. This news, acting upon the already overstrung nerves of the fatigued troopers, quickly produced a state bordering upon panic which the officers found it impossible to allay. Fowkes, however, managed to march off the front squadrons in something like decent order, but those in rear, overcome with terror at the close proximity of the enemy, were entirely beyond control; and although the brigadier sent back his brigade-major, Captain Singleton, and Gardiner's adjutant, to see that the retreat was not unduly hurried, the men, regardless of all but their personal safety, put spurs to their horses and dashed off as if the devil himself was at their heels. The panic now became general, and the whole body of cavalry, thrown into disorder by the cowardice of the rear squadron, rode wildly along the north side of the city between the Lang Dykes[1] towards Leith Links, where Fowkes intended they should bivouac for the night; but before Leith was reached the quartermasters had returned with the information that neither food nor forage were to be got, and said it would be necessary to continue the march to Musselburgh, which was accordingly done.

The precipitate flight of the dragoons had been watched by many of the Edinburgh citizens from the castle heights, and the news spread like wildfire throughout the city, where it created the greatest consternation. It was generally concluded that either the dragoons had engaged the Highlanders and been worsted in the fight, or that, finding the enemy too numerous, they had fled, rather than run the risk of being cut to pieces; whichever was the case, it was evident to all that the troops upon whom the safety of the city mainly depended were no longer to be relied upon. When this became known, a great clamour arose in the streets, and people ran hither and thither shouting out that now the dragoons had retreated it would be an act of madness to offer any resistance to the Prince's army. While the tumult was at its height, the Lord Provost, returning from the

[1] The "Lang Dykes" were on the high ridge of ground on the north side of Edinburgh, now George Street. This disgraceful episode is known as the "Canter of Coltbrig."

West Port, was mobbed by a crowd of terrified citizens who followed him to Parliament Close, where they urged him with the most vehement entreaties not to persist in defending the city, lest they should all be murdered. The provost affected to be much scandalised by such a request, and after bestowing a stern reprimand upon those who had addressed him, he proceeded to the Goldsmiths' Hall where a meeting of the Town Council was in progress.

Among those who had witnessed the dragoons unseemly flight was the Lord Advocate, Robert Craigie, who had just succeeded in obtaining with some difficulty a written order from General Guest, authorising Brigadier Fowkes to send one hundred dragoons into the city for its protection. From his place of vantage on the Castlehill he observed the cavalry marching eastward by the Lang Dykes, and hurried off to intercept them. Leaving the town by the Water Gate, he soon reached Abbeyhill, where he overtook Mr. Grosset, one of the Commissioners of Customs, who was on his way to the Lord Justice-Clerk's house at Brunstane, whither his lordship had gone in the forenoon for the purpose of secreting his papers. The message which Grosset was carrying from the Lord Provost was of similar purport to that which the Lord Advocate had in his pocket, consisting as it did of a proposal that the cavalry should be brought into Edinburgh to assist in its defence. The two gentlemen had scarcely time to talk the matter over when the dragoons came up, and almost at the same moment a messenger arrived bearing a despatch from the Provost of Dunbar, containing the important information that Sir John Cope's transports had been sighted off May Island about two o'clock, and might be expected at Leith that night. Rising in his saddle, the Lord Advocate read the letter aloud, and soon the welcome news was known to every officer and man of the two regiments of dragoons as they pressed on towards Musselburgh. Upon arrival there, difficulties arose in connection with the proposed encampment, and at Colonel Gardiner's suggestion, the force moved forward after a short halt to the vicinity of his own house of Bankton, which stood within half a mile of the village of Preston, and about a mile from the sea-coast at Prestonpans. By this arrangement Gardiner, who was extremely ill, would be able to receive proper attention under his own roof, whilst men and horses could find ample accommodation and supplies close at hand. Fowke remained behind at Musselburgh in the house of Mr. Hugh Forbes, a clerk of the High Court, where the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-General presently adjourned, from whence he despatched a letter to General Cope advising that the disembarkment should take place either at Prestonpans or North Berwick in

preference to Leith, as he would then be better able to join forces with the dragoons.

The first definite information of the Prince's intentions had reached the Lord Provost through an informal channel about ten o'clock in the forenoon, when Mr. Alves, a Writer to the Signet, reported that as he was riding into the city that morning he had passed close to the Highland army, and being recognised by the Duke of Perth, with whom he was acquainted, he was asked to come nearer. The duke inquired if he was going to Edinburgh, and being answered that such was the case, said that he had heard that the provost and magistrates intended to defend the city, but whether the rumour was true or not the Prince had made up his mind to pay it a visit. "If," he continued, "they will keep their arms in their possession, and allow us peaceably into the town, they will be civilly dealt with; if not, they must lay their account with military execution." The Prince, who was standing near, upon being appealed to by the duke, appeared to assent, and Mr. Alves proceeded on his way to communicate the tidings to his fellow-townsmen.

The Lord Provost having heard all that Mr. Alves had to say, merely remarked that it was a most extraordinary message, and that neither he nor his colleagues were to be intimidated with threats. Alves, who had received no hint to keep the matter secret, made no comment, but hurried out into the street, and making his way to the market-cross, soon gathered together a large concourse of people to whom he proclaimed the news. Mr. Dundas, the Solicitor-General, happening to pass whilst Alves was explaining to the crowd the folly and danger of resisting the Prince's entrance into the city, reported the circumstances to the Lord Advocate, who had not then left Edinburgh; and after consulting Lord Milton and General Guest, the provost was sent for, to whom it was explained that it was his duty to have Mr. Alves arrested at once and committed to the Tolbooth on a charge of high treason. Stewart had no alternative but to comply, and the imprudent W.S. soon found himself in the midst of a detachment of volunteers, being escorted to jail; but the mischief was done, and the citizens, thoroughly alarmed by the threat of "military execution," a phrase which conveyed to their minds all sorts of unknown terrors, determined by a considerable majority not to defend the city.

The flight of the dragoons naturally strengthened their determination; and at a crowded meeting which took place in the New Church aisle later in the day, when the question was put, "Defend or not defend?" only three or four voted in the affirmative. The provost, with a careful regard for possible contingencies, pretended to be greatly disappointed at this

decision, and begged his auditors not to surrender the city without a struggle; as for himself, he told them, "he would be the first man to mount the walls in case of danger."

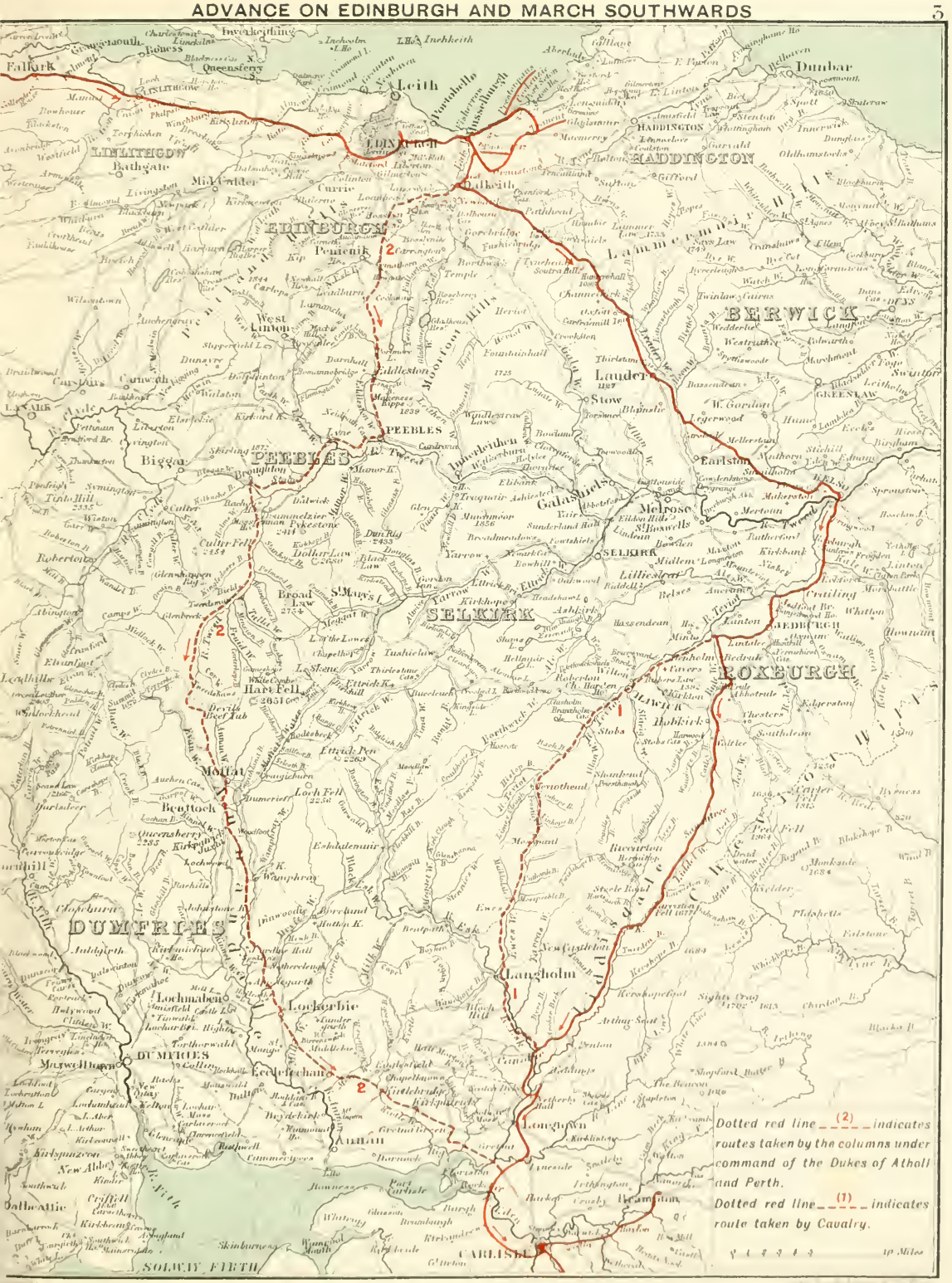
These seemingly brave words having no effect whatever upon the meeting, the provost put forward the question, "Shall we send any to treat with them?" which called forth the severe remark from Dr. Wishart, "I hoped never to have lived to hear such a question put by a Lord

OLD HIGH STREET AND ST. GILES CHURCH, EDINBURGH

From an original drawing

Provost of Edinburgh"; having said which the reverend gentleman left the church in company with Sir George Preston of Valleyfield.

Sir George had come to the meeting to find out from his colonel, the provost, what decision had been arrived at regarding the proposal to surrender the town. He had left his company of volunteers at the Netherbow, where, in accordance with the provost's orders, they had been kicking their heels all day, and he now returned to acquaint his lieutenants with what had taken place and march his men to the alarm-post in the Lawnmarket. Upon nearing the rendezvous he met several parties of volunteers coming back from the castle, where they had



been to deliver up their weapons, and fearing the consequences for his own company if it was found armed when the enemy entered the city, he gave orders that all arms were to be deposited in the castle armoury without delay. Captain Drummond did the same, and about six o'clock in the evening the volunteers as a military force ceased to exist.

The meeting of townsfolk was still proceeding in the New Church. Noisy from the first, it had by this time degenerated into a scene of wild disorder, amid which the magistrates and other more reputable citizens endeavoured vainly to get a hearing; the ragged denizens of the slums crowded into the sacred building, caring more about pocket-picking than politics, and added by their rough horse-play to the general confusion; shouts of assent and dissent to every proposal rent the air, and every one appeared to be trying to speak at once. At the height of the uproar a gentleman who had been standing outside the church was observed endeavouring to force his way through the aisle to where the Lord Provost was sitting, carrying in his hand a letter,[1] which after some difficulty he managed to place in Stewart's hands; the provost handed it to Deacon Orrock, who opened it and found it contained a letter signed by "Charles P.R." When this became known to those present a tremendous outcry arose, some shouting "Open it," and others the reverse. The provost, professing to be shocked, said he could not be a witness to the reading of such a letter, and having dismissed the meeting retired to the Goldsmiths' Hall, being followed by many members of the Town Council and a few of the townsfolk. After some further acrimonious discussion, the question of reading the letter was referred to Mr. Secretary Haldane, the sole remaining representative of the city's legal advisers, but he very wisely refused to take the responsibility of offering an opinion on so important a subject, and discreetly withdrew, an act which caused the Lord Provost to exclaim with reason, "Good God! I am deserted by my arms and by my assessors." The letter was then read, and ran as follows:—

"From our Camp, *16th September* 1745.

"Being now in a condition to make our way into the capital of his Majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland, we hereby summon you to receive us, as you are in duty bound to do; and in order to it, we hereby require you, on receipt of this, to summon the Town Council, and to take proper measures for securing the peace of

[1] The letter had been handed to a caddie named Donald MacKay outside the church by a gentleman dressed in black who said, "Here is a letter to the Lord Provost—you must give it to him; and here is threepence for your pains, and next time I see you I'll give you a shilling." Donald, finding it impossible to get through the crowd, passed the letter on to a gentleman standing nearer the door, who took it and gave it into the provost's hands. Donald said at Stewart's trial, that he afterwards recognised the person who gave him the letter as one of the Jacobite officers, and that he asked for the promised shilling, but did not get it.

the city, which we are very desirous to protect. But if you suffer any of the Usurper's troops to enter the town, or any of the cannon, arms, or ammunition now in it (whether belonging to the public or to private persons) to be carried off, we shall take it as a breach of your duty, and a heinous offence against the king and us, and shall resent it accordingly. We promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the particular property of every one of his Majesty's subjects. But if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for the consequences, being firmly resolved, at any rate, to enter the city; and in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found in arms against us, they must not be expected to be treated as prisoners of war.

"CHARLES P.R."

This letter, which had been drawn up by Murray of Broughton with his wonted skill, produced the effect he had intended; and with scarcely a dissentient voice the meeting resolved, without any formal motion, that as any opposition to the Prince's demands would in all probability occasion the destruction of the town, they would offer none; but in order to gain a little time it was decided to send four of the city bailies[1] to beg Charles that hostilities should not be commenced until the matter had been deliberated. The deputies having received their instructions, left the city by the West Port about eight o'clock in the evening and proceeded on foot to the camp at Slateford.[2]

Within a short time of their departure Grosset came galloping up the High Street from Musselburgh, bearing with him the letters to the Lord Advocate from Dunbar, which contained the news that General Cope's fleet of transports was in the Firth of Forth. The provost having mastered their contents, said that the intelligence had come too late to be of any service; the council had already agreed to capitulate, and the deputation had left to treat with Charles as to the terms of surrender. Grosset learning that the deputies had left the town on foot, suggested that a special messenger should be sent immediately to bring them back; to which the provost raised no objection; and Bailie Mansfield, a gentleman of unmistakable Jacobite sympathies, was instructed to recall them. The bailie departed on his mission, but he evidently made no great effort to carry it out, and shortly afterwards returned, having failed to overtake the deputation. Grosset was told to inform the Lord Advocate that under the circumstances the council would adhere to their resolution.

Meanwhile the news of Sir John Cope's proximity aroused once again the military ardour of the Whig volunteer officers, who now began to realise that they had acted prematurely in disarming and disbanding their

[1] Bailies Gavin Hamilton, John Yetts, David Inglis, and James Nonie.

[2] Murray of Broughton says "Bell's milns" (Bell's Mills on the Water of Leith, within a mile of the city), but this is probably an error.

men. A message was therefore sent to General Guest, asking him whether he would agree to reissue the arms which had been so recently given into his charge. To this request he replied that the city arms were still in the hands of the provost, and with regard to the others, he might be persuaded to part with them if he received a written application from the provost stating that there was a good spirit among the people, and that weapons were really desired.

At ten o'clock that night the deputation returned, bringing with them the Prince's reply signed by Murray of Broughton. It ran thus:

"His Royal Highness the Prince Regent thinks his Manifesto, and the King his father's Declaration, already published, a sufficient capitulation for all his Majesty's subjects to accept with joy. His present demands are to be received into the city as the son and representative of the King his father, and obeyed as such there. His Royal Highness supposes that since the receipt of his letter to the provost, no arms or ammunition have been suffered to be carried off or concealed, and will expect a particular account of all things of that nature. Lastly, he expects a positive answer before two o'clock in the morning, otherwise he will think himself obliged to take measures conform. At Gray's Mill, 16th September 1745. By His Highness's command. (Signed) J. Murray."

The deputies also reported that they had been closely questioned respecting the whereabouts of the arms which had been served out to the volunteers and city regiments, and that the Prince, when told they were in the castle, said with severity, "If any of the town arms are missing, I know what to do."

The Lord Provost, who was presiding at a meeting of the Town Council when this second letter was read, said "there was one condition in it which he would die rather than submit to, which was receiving the son of the Pretender as Prince Regent: for he was bound by oath to another master," a statement the sincerity of which we may well doubt. Once more the flood of noisy talk was let loose, and continued without intermission until the hour of two clanged from the steeples of the city churches, when the council, unpleasantly reminded by the sound of the bells that the time mentioned in Murray's letter had expired, hastily decided to send another deputation to the Prince, with a request that he would delay any action for another seven hours, in order that the magistrates might consult the citizens, most of whom, owing to the lateness of the hour, had gone to bed. Five gentlemen were selected, under the leadership of Ex-Provost Coutts and Bailie Robert Bailie, to carry this message to Charles at Gray's Mill, and shortly after two o'clock they left the city in a coach.

CHAPTER III

"The man that should our king hae been,
He wore the royal red and green;
A braver lad ye wad na seen
Than our royal Charlie.
O ye've been lang o' coming,
Lang, lang, lang o' coming,
O ye've been lang o' coming,
Welcome, royal Charlie."

IN his humble quarters under the miller's roof at Gray's Mill, Charles passed the night of September the 16th, a prey to many anxious thoughts regarding the events of the morrow, and it was only with difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to snatch a brief sleep of two hours in his clothes.

The message brought by the first deputation he had not considered at all satisfactory; he was well acquainted with all that had recently taken place in the city, and he naturally concluded that the sole object of the magistrates was to gain time in which to mature their plans of defence. Annoyed at being trifled with, he gave orders, immediately the deputies had departed, that Lochiel should place his clan under arms, and hold himself in readiness to march off at a minute's notice and force an entrance into the town as soon as the time mentioned for its surrender in his letter had expired.

By midnight the Camerons with some detachments of Clanranald's, Glengarry's, and Keppoch's men, commanded by Lochiel, Glenaladale, Lochgarry, and Tirnadris respectively, to the number of nearly a thousand,[1] with O'Sullivan and Murray of Broughton, the latter as guide, were ready to proceed on their risky adventure. Each man was promised two shillings of extra pay if the mission proved successful, no spirits were to be drunk, and all food consumed was to be paid for; in addition the Prince gave strict orders that the townsfolk were to be treated with civility and moderation.

[1] Duncan Cameron says that Keppoch and Stewart of Ardsheal accompanied the detachment, *vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 209, 210, and states erroneously that the route taken was through the Lang Dykes on the north of the city. I have preferred to rely upon the narratives told by Murray of Broughton and Lochgarry, both of whom we know were present.—W. D. N.

Two o'clock had been named by Charles as the latest hour up to which he would receive an answer to the letter Murray had handed to Bailie Hamilton, but it was not until the second deputation had been summarily dismissed shortly after three o'clock[1] on the morning of the 17th that Lochiel and his men marched out of the camp in the direction of Edinburgh. Murray, to whom the district was thoroughly familiar, led the way by Merchiston and Hope's Park on the south side of the city, to avoid any unpleasant attention from the guns of the castle. Silence had been strictly enjoined, and with scarcely a sound the Highlanders proceeded cautiously along the Pleasance and St. Mary's Wynd to the head of the Canongate, near the Netherbow Port, where they hid from observation among the narrow closes and in the shadow of the tall houses, awaiting an opportunity to enter the gate as soon as it should be opened. They had not met a soul on the way, and although they had distinctly heard the sentries on the castle walls calling their rounds, there were no signs that their movements had been discovered by the garrison. The gate still remaining fast closed and daylight rapidly approaching, Lochiel began to grow impatient; he therefore disguised one of his men in a great-coat with a hunting cape, and ordered him to demand an entrance, holding his men in readiness to force a passage as soon as it was opened. The ruse proved unsuccessful, as all admission was refused by the sentry of the town-guard.

The position of the Highlanders was now fast becoming serious; day had dawned and soon the whole city would be astir; Murray, who had no great stomach for fighting, did not at all relish the prospect of discovery which every minute made more probable, and he proposed that as the attempt to enter the city peaceably had failed, they should retire to St. Leonard's, where under the shelter of Salisbury Crags they could await in comparative security fresh orders from the Prince. Lochiel and O'Sullivan agreed to this suggestion, and Murray had just taken his place at the rear of the detachment in order to guide it to the place he had selected, when a quite unlooked-for incident most opportunely occurred which changed the whole course of events.

The coach which had brought ex-provost Coutts and his fellow deputies from Slateford had reached Edinburgh shortly before the Highlanders, and the driver having set down his fares at Mrs. Clark's tavern, where the Lord Provost and members of the Town Council were anxiously awaiting their return, proceeded along the High Street on his way to the

[1] The hour is fixed by the letter handed to the deputies by Murray of Broughton dated "Gray's Mill, 3 o'clock in the Morning, Tuesday, 17 September 1745." *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 250.

stables in the Canongate. The Netherbow Port through which the coach would have to pass out was guarded by six privates of the town-guard, the remainder having got so drunk that Captain Dalyell, the officer in charge, could not find one non-commisioned officer sober enough to take command. After posting his six men, Dalyell, without asking permission of the Provost, went home, leaving the keys of the gate in the custody of James Tait, the official keeper. Tait, who had been kept out of bed the two preceding nights by the noisy volunteers, considered that he was fairly entitled to a good sleep, so after handing the keys to his servant, James Gillespie, he retired to rest at eleven o'clock, no special orders having been given regarding the opening of the Port.

As the coach approached the gate, the senior private of the guard, Corsar by name, stepped out into the roadway, and after some altercation with the driver, refused to allow the vehicle to proceed, but Gillespie coming up and declaring that he had an order to let it pass, the gate was immediately opened, and the coach passed into the Canongate.

It had scarcely gone two yards, when the Highlanders, led by Lochiel, who was followed closely by Evan MacGregor, a son of Glencairnaig, rushed through the open portal, seized the guard, and poured into the High Street, claymore in hand, ready to slay any who might offer armed resistance. The terrified inhabitants of the Netherbow, awakened from their slumbers by the shrill notes of the pipes [1] and the Gaelic outcries of the excited Celts,[2] may well have fancied their last hour had come, as they looked from the windows of their houses on the moving throng of uncouth tartan-clad warriors in the street beneath and saw the glint of steel weapons flashing ominously in the grey light of early dawn. They had no real cause for fear, for the Highlanders finding themselves unopposed soon quieted down, and regaining something like order were marched up the High Street to Parliament Close, where, after guards had been posted at the Weigh House and Ports, they remained from six o'clock until eleven, surrounded by a great concourse of curious citizens, many of whom brought food and drink which they pressed upon their hungry conquerors. Drams of whisky and other potent spirits were freely offered, but these were prohibited by Lochiel's order, and had to be reluctantly refused.

So quickly had the capture of the city been effected, that with the exception of the inhabitants of the houses near the Netherbow, few were aware of what had taken place until their sleep was rudely disturbed

[1] Tradition, Chambers. The tune played was "We'll awa' to Sherramuir to haud the Whigs in order."

[2] "Lockhart Papers," vol. ii. p. 448. Sir Robert Cadell thought fit to disbelieve this account, although the reasons given in his book, p. 174, are in my opinion insufficient.—W. D. N.

about six o'clock by the loud reports of some defiant but harmless shots from the Castle guns, and even then the cause of the firing was not generally understood, but as the day wore on and those who had business to attend to left their homes to pursue their daily avocations, the news soon spread abroad, and in a few hours every citizen of the Scottish capital knew that it was in the hands of Prince Charlie's Highlanders.

The story is told by Chambers, that a gentleman taking a morning constitutional on the ramparts, noticed with some surprise a plaided Highlander sitting astride one of the newly-placed cannons. "Surely," remarked the citizen, "these are not the same troops which mounted guard yesterday?" "Och, no!" replied the Celt, "she'll pe relieved."

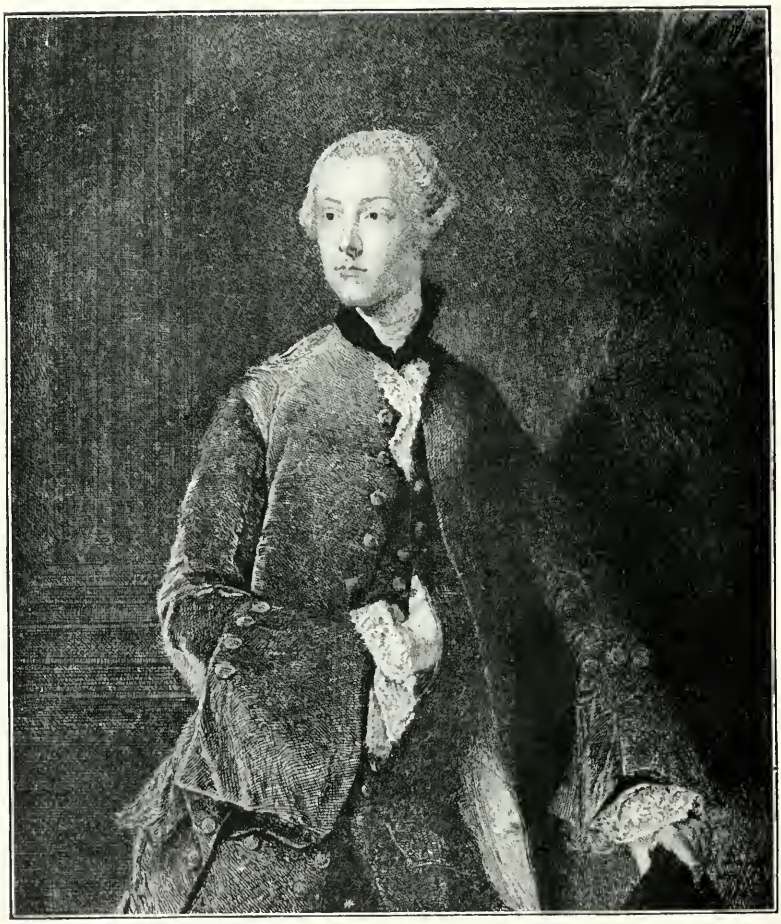
Charles, at Gray's Mill, learnt with undisguised satisfaction of the success which had attended Lochiel's bold manœuvre, and he at once made his preparations for entering Edinburgh with the remainder of his army. On the previous evening an important addition had been made to his staff of officers in the person of Lord Elcho, who not only offered the Prince his personal services, but, upon learning that Charles was short of money, begged his acceptance of a loan of fifteen hundred guineas, a sum he had just received as a present from his younger brother who had recently inherited a considerable fortune from his maternal grandfather. Charles expressed his gratitude for this timely loan by some well-chosen words of thanks, and appointed Elcho his aide-de-camp, warning him at the same time to place no confidence in Lord George Murray, whom he knew to be a traitor.[1]

The responsibility of this statement rests with Lord Elcho himself, and were it not for the corroborative evidence given by Maxwell of Kirkconnell, ex-provost Coutts, and others, it would scarcely be credited.

During his examination at Provost Stuart's trial, Coutts, when describing the reception of the second deputation at Gray's Mill, stated that Lord George Murray was asked by the deputies to support their request for a further delay, and that the Prince, who was standing by, turning to his newly-appointed aide-de-camp, said in the hearing of every one present, "My Lord Elcho, Lord George has not spirit to put this in execution; you must go and do it for him," upon which, Elcho, addressing the envoys, exclaimed, "Get you gone," an order they promptly obeyed. Lord George followed closely after them and said in a low voice, "I know your pinch, you want to have the consent of the principal inhabitants. Make haste to town, you'll have an hour or two to obtain it."

[1] *Vide* extract from MS. Journal of Lord Elcho, quoted by Ewald, vol. i. pp. 188 9.

Here we have unquestionable proof that Charles even at this early stage of his relationship with Lord George Murray regarded him as unworthy of his confidence, and did not hesitate to express in the



DAVID, LORD ELCHO

From Etching by LALANZE *after* REYNOLDS

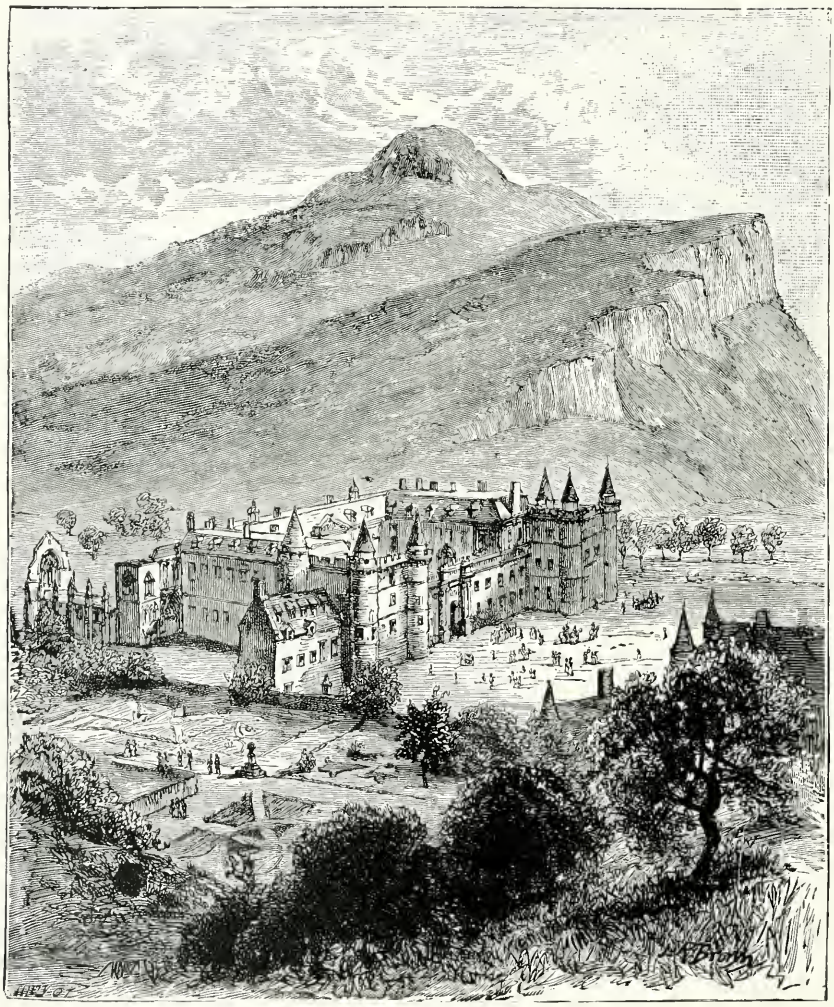
hearing of others his doubts regarding that nobleman's devotion to his cause.

Leaving Gray's Mill early on the forenoon of Tuesday, September 17th, the Prince with the main body of his army proceeded on his short march to the ancient capital of his father's kingdom of Scotland.

Although the town was in the hands of his officers, the Castle, grim and forbidding on its rocky pinnacle, reared its massive walls defiantly in front as Charles advanced, threatening destruction from its guns to any who should come within their range. So far the city had been won without bloodshed, and Charles having no desire to expose his faithful Highlanders to a fusilade from the Hanoverian garrison in the castle, by which valuable lives might be lost, deemed it advisable to take a circuitous route rather than run any risk of a catastrophe. From Slateford, therefore, the Prince, guided by some of his friends, marched through the secluded byways of Morningside, past the House of Grange, and entered the King's Park, a little to the west of Duddingston Loch about ten o'clock, halting his men in the glen known as Hunter's Bog, which lies between Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat. In this sequestered spot among the hills Charles remained until nearly noon, giving orders for the disposition of his troops and making his preparations for entering the city. At twelve o'clock he mounted his horse, and accompanied by his principal officers ascended the bridle path that leads to St. Anthony's Well, where he alighted, and climbing the side of the hill gazed for a few brief moments upon the scene beneath. Immediately in front stood the noble pile of buildings which comprised the abbey and palace of Holyrood, the ancestral home of his race, surrounded by those beautiful gardens in which the ill-fated Mary Stuart had so often walked in all the pride of her youth and beauty with her four Maries in attendance, and a train of gaily dressed gallants at her side, before the dark forebodings of a dreadful end had thrown their shadow over her life. In yon gloomy tower built by his royal forebear, James V., the unhappy Riccio had been dragged, shrieking for mercy, from among his mistress's skirts, and despatched by the daggers of the jealous nobles. Under its roof James VI. had spent many years of his life before the sister-kingdom claimed him as her monarch, and offered him the luxuries of Whitehall in exchange for the frugal fare of the North; there his martyred great-grandfather, Charles I. had sought a refuge from his troubles in the south; thither had come his grand-uncle, Charles the Merry, to enlarge and embellish the old building and make it a fit residence for a race of kings; and there also his unfortunate grandfather, James VII., when Duke of York, had held his stately viceregal court in happy ignorance of the fate that was in store for him and his descendants. It was indeed "a house of many memories,"[1] sad memories for the most part, to the princely youth who after many disappointments and difficulties had at length come

[1] Louis Stevenson.

within sight of its grey walls, strong in the hope of restoring its almost forgotten glories. His meditations were broken in upon by the gradually increasing crowd of citizens drawn thither by the tidings of his arrival,



HOLYROOD PALACE AND ARTHUR'S SEAT

and as Charles slowly descended the slope of the hill to the Duke's Walk, the Jacobites, of whom there were many in the throng, elated at the presence of their hero under such propitious circumstances, threw their fears to the winds, and openly acknowledged Charles with loud huzzas

and shouts of welcome, some more enthusiastic than the rest kneeling on the ground and kissing with fervour the hand he graciously extended.

At St. Ann's Yards, in order to be better seen by the people, the Prince remounted his horse, and attended on his right hand by the Duke of Perth, and on his left by Lord Elcho, with Lochiel, Keppoch, Murray of Broughton, O'Sullivan, and the other chiefs and more important officers following closely behind, he rode through the surging mob which had by this time collected in the vicinity of the King's Park to the great gate of the palace, encountering on all sides the acclamations of the citizens, who manifested every appearance of delight at his noble bearing and princely demeanour, which even his enemies the Whigs could not find fault with.

He was dressed, as became a Prince of Gaeldom, in a handsome short coat of tartan without the plaid, a blue silken sash crossed his left shoulder, and on his left breast sparkled the cross of St. Andrew. In place of the kilt, which was an unsuitable garment for horseback, Charles wore trews or breeches of red velvet,[1] and his feet were encased in military boots, while dangling from his side was a fine silver-hilted claymore. His rich golden-brown hair was partially concealed beneath a flaxen coloured periwig, over which a few natural locks were combed in front ; this was surmounted by a flat green velvet bonnet, trimmed with a narrow band of gold lace, and adorned with a white cockade, the chosen badge of the royal House of Stuart, which had been adopted by its adherents at the time of the Restoration in contradistinction to the gaudy orange favour of Nassau, and the funereal black of Hanover.

Thus gaily apparelled Charles looked every inch a king's son, as he sat his steed with all the grace of a skilled horseman, while he conversed with his friends, and acknowledged with princely courtesy the plaudits of the townsfolk, who crowded around him in their eagerness to obtain a glimpse of his bonnie face and shapely figure as he entered the palace of his royal ancestors. Apart from the romantic interest which enhanced his personal attractions in the eyes of the crowd, and especially the female portion of it, Charles at this eventful moment of his life was worth looking at. About five feet ten inches in stature, he was still slim and somewhat girlish in appearance, with ruddy cheeks, tanned by exposure to sun and wind on the Highland hills over which he had so recently passed ; a pair of large brown eyes gave an expression of languid melancholy to his long, oval, handsome face when in repose, but flashed out merrily, and lighted

[1] Henderson is responsible for this statement ; it is, however, more probable that the trews were of a bright red tartan, such as Royal Stuart, MacDonald of the Isles, or Drummond.

up his whole countenance with a pleasant smile as he listened to the jokes of his companions, or thanked an adherent for some personal service; his nose was high and well chiselled, his brow lofty, and of an intellectual cast; his mouth small and shapely, but wanting in firmness and determination, giving in combination with a pointed and rather weak chin a key to the principal defects in his character.

Such was the young heir of the Stuarts as he appeared to the citizens of Edinburgh on that September morning in the year of grace 1745, when, surrounded by a brilliant escort of Highland chiefs and Jacobite gentlemen, he rode up to the gloomy portal of Holyrood, which, since his grandfather's time, had never opened to the summons of a Stuart prince.

Here Charles dismounted,[1] and passing through the gateway, proceeded under the colonnade to the door which led to the Duke of Hamilton's apartments in the tower, formerly occupied by the unhappy Darnley. As he was about to enter, a middle-aged gentleman of distinguished appearance, who had been standing near the portal, suddenly stepped forward, unsheathed his sword, and placing himself in front of the Prince led the way upstairs. This latest recruit was the patriotic James Hepburn of Keith, a sturdy opponent of the Union, and a Jacobite more from the conviction that only by Stuart assistance could the ancient dignity and prestige of Scotland be restored, than from any belief in the hereditary right of that particular family to the throne of Britain. At least, so says John Home, who is the authority for this oft-repeated assertion. From Home we also learn that Hepburn, who, when a young man, had taken an active part in the rising of 1715, had "kept himself for thirty years in constant readiness to take arms, and was the first person who joined Charles at Edinburgh;" he was, Home says, "idolised by the Jacobites, and beloved by some of the best Whigs, who regretted that this accomplished gentleman, the model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour, should sacrifice himself to a visionary idea of the independence of Scotland."

Accompanied by his new friend, Charles ascended the staircase and entered the suite of rooms which had been prepared for his reception. The windows overlooked the open space in front of the palace known as the Abbey Close, where crowds of spectators still lingered, expectantly awaiting another glimpse of the Prince. Understanding from their noisy

[1] Lord Mahon, and several other historians of the '45, state that a ball fired from the Castle guns struck the wall of James the Fifth's tower just as the Prince was entering the palace, causing some splinters of stone to fall in the courtyard. As neither Lord George Murray, Murray of Broughton, Home, nor Henderson mention the incident, it may be dismissed as imaginary.

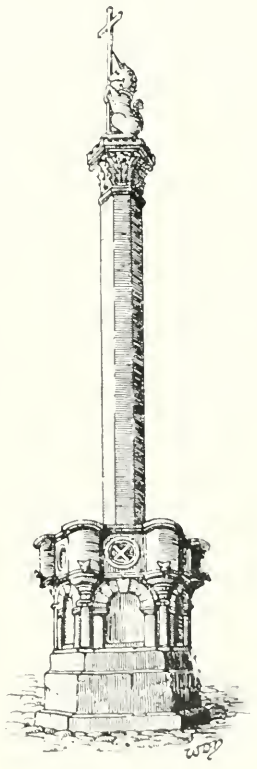
Engraved by FREDERICK BACON

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD AND THE HIGHLANDERS ENTERING EDINBURGH

From the Painting by THOMAS DUNCAN, R.S.A., A.R.A.

exclamations that the people wished to see him, he drew near the open window and stood there for some time with head uncovered, in full view of the assembled citizens, who greeted his appearance with repeated cheers and loud huzzas, which Charles smiling acknowledged with many graceful bows.

Whilst the Prince was thus pleasantly engaged at Holyrood, the ceremony of proclaiming his royal father James III. and VIII. was taking place with due pomp and circumstance at the Mercat Cross, which then stood nearly in the centre of the High Street, a short distance east of Parliament Close. Many strange and impressive scenes had been enacted around the quaint old structure, but perhaps none so strange or impressive as the one we are now recalling.



THE OLD MERCAT CROSS

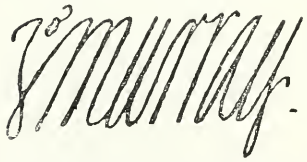
The whole street near the Cross was densely packed with an immense multitude of people of both sexes, and of every class, the majority on foot but many of the wealthier citizens on horseback, all jostling, pushing, and struggling to obtain a good view of the proceedings. From the windows of the adjacent houses crowds of gaily-dressed ladies looked on at the interesting spectacle, and manifested their sympathies with the Prince's cause by a brave display of white rosettes and breast-knots in hats and gowns, whilst their bright eyes shot encouraging glances at the handsome Highland officers, whose many-hued tartans rendered them conspicuous and attractive objects amid the throng of soberly clad citizens.

The ladies of Edinburgh were imbued with a strong Jacobite spirit, two-thirds of their number, so Carlyle tells us, being enemies to the existing *régime*, while their lords and masters, on the contrary, were for the most part favourably inclined to Hanoverian rule. The personal charms of "bonnie" Prince Charlie, his winning manner, and the romance attaching to his name, had probably far more to do with the matter than any question of dry politics: the susceptible feminine heart had been touched by the recountal of his wrongs, it pitied his misfortunes, and it beat with a pleasant emotion at his successes. Now that Charles was in their midst, young, fascinating, and chivalrous, all indeed their fancy had

painted him, the fair dames of the capital became more Jacobite than ever, and disclaiming all allegiance to the dissolute George of Hanover and his Whig Government, declared themselves henceforth as loyal supporters of the House of Stuart.

Around the Cross, the travel-stained Camerons, looking wild and unkempt after their exploit of the night, stood in three ranks gossiping among themselves in Gaelic, and surveying with no little wonder the lofty buildings and splendid edifices which everywhere surrounded them. By a prearranged plan the city herald and pursuivants had been secured earlier in the day by some of Lochiel's detachment, and they now appeared upon the gallery of the Cross—which had been specially covered with carpet—gorgeously attired in their quaint mediæval costumes, to fulfil their duties by proclaiming King James. Besides these officials, the limited space on the stone platform was filled with the Prince's friends, among whom were the Duke of Perth, Lord Elcho, MacDonald of Barisdale, and several others whose names are not recorded, while prominent among the spectators was the handsome and high-spirited Mrs. Murray of Broughton, her dress prettily adorned with white favours in honour of the occasion, who, mounted on horseback, had stationed herself near the Cross, with drawn sword in hand, to witness the ceremony in which her husband was so closely interested.

Murray makes no reference in his Memoirs either to his own or his wife's presence at this function, but the few lines he devotes to the subject show that he was annoyed at the attempts made by contemporary Whig writers to ridicule the number and social position of the Jacobite ladies who came to hear the proclamation, and as his wife was one of them, his annoyance may be naturally accounted for. "The same day" (*i.e.* September 17th), he says, "the Chevalier was proclaimed over the Market Cross, and the two following declarations read by the heralds in their robes, when was present a great Concourse of people of the best fashion in the place, not a few women only, as some of the Grub-street writers on this affair would make believe."



AUTOGRAPH OF JOHN MURRAY OF BROUGHTON, THE PRINCE'S SECRETARY

The declarations referred to were one dated Rome, December 23, 1743, in the name of the king, and one dated Paris, May 16, 1745, in the name of Charles, Prince Regent, in addition to which the Commission of Regency dated Rome, December 23rd, was also read. These mani-

festoes, which had been previously printed for distribution, were first read by one David Beatt, a Jacobite schoolmaster of the city, to the heralds, who repeated the words after him in a loud voice so that all standing near might hear; this done, the trumpeter blew a loud blast, the pipers "screwed their pipes and gart them skirl," the Highlanders brandished aloft their claymores and fired their muskets in the air, the ladies at the windows and in the street waved their handkerchiefs, the crowd shouted huzzas, and the ceremony was at an end.

The remainder of the day was devoted by Charles and his officers to the work of requisitioning a supply of food, weapons, and clothing from the city authorities for the use of the Highlanders, who were greatly in need of all three. With this object a written demand was made in the Prince's name for a thousand tents, two thousand targes, six thousand pairs of shoes, and a large number of water-canteens; the town arms were appropriated and distributed to those men who required them [1] (Murray describes them as "good for little"), bread and other provisions were purchased in large quantities and sent out to the men in camp at Hunter's Bog, and everything done to render the army efficient and comfortable. Few Highlanders were allowed to remain in the town, and save for a small guard at Holyrood, the Weigh House, and some detached parties at the various ports, no one would have known that the ancient city of Dunedin [2] was once again in its chequered history occupied by the descendants of its original Celtic founders.

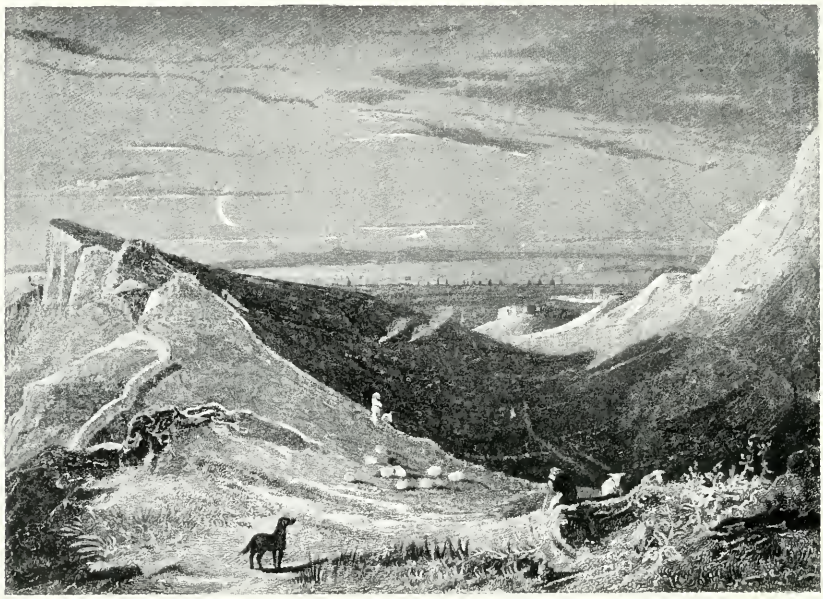
From the accounts of those who visited the Highlanders during the short time they were encamped in the King's Park, we get an interesting glimpse of these faithful followers of Prince Charles as they appeared after their long march from the west coast to the eyes of the Edinburgh citizens, who came out in large numbers to gaze in wonder upon the unwonted sight. Of these accounts the best is undoubtedly that of John Home, the volunteer, who went out to the camp for the express purpose of noting carefully the numbers and general appearance of the Highlanders so that he might be able to give General Cope an accurate report of what he had observed. Some allowance must be made for the fact that Home made his observations through Whig spectacles, but there is no reason to doubt the general accuracy of his description.

He had gone up to the grassy hollow lying between the precipices of Salisbury Crags and the towering rocks of Arthur's Seat, where he

[1] To provide money for these articles a tax of 2s. 6d. on the pound of real house rent was imposed upon the citizens. Henderson, p. 26.

[2] *Dunedin* or *Duneideann*, the Gaelic name for Edinburgh, probably derived from *Dun*, a fort, and *Aidan* the ancient Celtic king of the Dalriadic Scots A.D. 574-600, *i.e.* Aidan's Fort.

found the Highlanders sitting in ranks upon the ground, intent upon the enjoyment of the recently arrived food. This circumstance greatly favoured Home's investigations, and he proceeded to count them man by man, and by adding the approximate number left behind in the city, he came to the conclusion—a fairly correct one—that the total fell something short of two thousand.[1] They were for the most part—he afterwards told Cope—"strong, active, and hardy men ; that many of them were of a very ordinary size, and if clothed like Lowcountrymen, would (in his



THE HUNTER'S BOG, EDINBURGH
Drawing by W. B. Scott

opinion) appear inferior to the king's troops ; but the Highland garb favoured them much, as it showed their naked limbs, which were very strong and muscular ; that their stern countenances and bushy, uncombed hair gave them a fierce, barbarous, and imposing aspect. As to their arms . . . they had no cannon or artillery of any sort, but one small iron gun which he had seen without a carriage, lying upon a cart, drawn by a little Highland horse ; that about fourteen hundred or fifteen hundred of them were armed with firelocks and broadswords ; that their

[1] Patullo, the Prince's muster-master, in reply to a query of John Home when writing his history, gave the number of Highlanders that took possession of Edinburgh as two thousand five hundred : this estimate, Home thought, must have included those who joined after the 17th September. *Vide* his "History," App. p. 331, *note*.

firelocks were not similar nor uniform, but of all sorts and sizes, muskets, fusees, and fowling-pieces ; that some of the rest had firelocks without swords, and some of them swords without firelocks ; that many of the swords were not Highland broadswords, but French ; that a company or two (about a hundred men) had each of them in his hand the shaft of a pitchfork, with the blade of a scythe fastened to it, somewhat like the weapon called the Lochaber axe, which the town-guard soldiers carry ; but all of them would be soon provided with firelocks, as the arms of the Trained Bands of Edinburgh had fallen into their hands."

Either that night (the 17th) or during the following day the main body of the Highlanders moved their camp from Hunter's Bog to Duddingston, leaving only sufficient of their number behind to protect the city. The object of this movement was to lessen the distance between the Prince's army and the probable landing-place of the Hanoverian troops under Cope, so that upon definite intelligence arriving of the disembarkment being effected, the Highlanders could, without loss of time, march out and attack them.

The Prince remained behind at Holyrood, busily occupied with his indefatigable secretary in framing and signing proclamations and commissions ; discussing with his officers the best methods of attacking Sir John Cope ; and receiving with every token of regard the many new adherents who presented themselves at the palace. On Wednesday, the 18th, the chief of Clan Lachlan, Lachlan MacLachlan,[1] reached Edinburgh from his castle by the shores of Loch Fyne, bringing with him a small body of his clansmen to the number of about a hundred, and on the same day[2] the Jacobite force was further augmented by the timely arrival of Lord Nairne with a battalion of Athollmen some two or three hundred strong.[3] The greatest difficulty had been experienced by Duke William of Atholl in raising even this small contingent for the Prince's use ; persuasion and threats had both been tried and found useless, and it was only by dint of the most drastic measures that the tenantry could be pressed into military service.

Evidence of this is given in a letter to the Duke from the Baron Bailies

[1] He was related by marriage to Stewart of Appin.

[2] Most authorities agree that Lord Nairne came in on the 18th ; the Duke of Atholl in his "Chronicles of the Families of Atholl and Tullibardine" says that he marched into camp at Duddingston on the 19th.

[3] The number given by Home on the authority of Patullo is two hundred and fifty, but Duke William of Atholl in a letter to Lord George Murray, dated September 16, 1745, writes, "I went to Dumblain with my Lord Nairne, and about a thousand men he brings up to the Prince, who were to pass the Forth last night." *Vide* "Atholl and Tullibardine Families," vol. iii. p. 34, also compare Bissat's statement, Ibid. p. 48.

of Dunkeld, dated September 15, 1745, of which the following is an extract :—

"We flatter ourselves that the humour and refractory temper of the

THE HIGHLAND ARMY MARCHING FROM EDINBURGH TO ENGAGE SIR JOHN COPE

Dunkeld people is not unknown to your Grace, that nothing but force, with your Grace's presence, or the presence of your officers with a party, can or will pull them from their houses, and that tho' we were to embark heartily in the cause, neither of us could influence or induce them to rise voluntarily." [1]

[1] "Atholl and Tullibardine Families," vol. iii. p. 32.

Lord George Murray was greatly disappointed at the very small number of Athollmen who had joined the Highland army, and he expressed his annoyance in a letter to his brother the duke a few days after the battle of Prestonpans :—

"Nothing vexes me at present," he writes, "so much as that your men are much fewer in number than was expected, and of these several have deserted since they passed the Forth." [1]

Few or many, they were not to be despised, for a battle with Sir John Cope was now imminent, and every additional man who could handle a musket or wield a claymore in the ranks of the Highlanders would help to secure a victory for the Prince.

It had been confidently expected by Charles and his officers that many recruits would join in Edinburgh, either from attachment to the Jacobite cause, or from the more sordid motive of pecuniary gain. To test the feelings of the populace on this point, a drummer was sent round the city on the afternoon of the 18th to beat up volunteers and offer in the Prince's name (so says Henderson) a sum of five guineas to each man upon enlistment. To any person who could raise forty recruits a captaincy was promised, and for twenty a lieutenancy. Murray of Broughton tells us that "a good many entered the D. of Perth's regiment."

On this day a proclamation was made at the Cross calling upon the inhabitants of Edinburgh and the county of Mid-Lothian to deliver into the Prince's custody any arms and ammunition they might possess, under pain of being considered rebels and punished as such. This was done in order that the country people, who were mostly Whigs, might not, in the event of a disaster to the Jacobite arms, be able to "take the advantage cowards ever do over a broken enemy." [2]

During the evening of Thursday, September 19th, some important information regarding Cope's movements reached Charles at Holyrood, which decided him to leave Edinburgh and proceed to the camp at Duddingston. This news was to the effect that Sir John having landed his troops at Dunbar, had marched that morning with the intention of encamping for the night at Haddington, from which it was plainly evident that he intended to risk the chances of a battle. Nothing could have given Charles greater satisfaction than this welcome intelligence, as he had quite anticipated that the English general would return to Berwick, and there await some expected reinforcements from Flanders before advancing to attack him. Determined that Cope should not find him

[1] "Atholl and Tullibardine Families," vol. iii. p. 42.
[2] "Murray of Broughton," p. 198.

unprepared, Charles, with sanguine hopes of victory filling his breast, set out for Duddingston the same night, leaving orders that all the guards should vacate their posts on the following morning and follow him, with some doctors and a few conveyances for the use of those who might be wounded in the coming fray.

The Prince's information was entirely accurate. Sir John Cope had sailed from Aberdeen on September the 15th, landed at Dunbar on the 17th, at which place he was joined by Hamilton's and Gardiner's fugitive dragoons, and learnt later in the day the astonishing news of the occupation of Edinburgh by the Highlanders. By the 18th the disembarkation of the Hanoverian troops was completed, and on the 19th the whole force advanced to Haddington, and halted for the night in a field to the west of the town, about fifteen miles from the Prince's camp at Duddingston. During his march from Inverness to Aberdeen, Cope had received some greatly exaggerated accounts of the strength of the Prince's army which led him to believe that he would have to face at least four thousand Highlanders. Curiously enough, this erroneous estimate was confirmed by Colonel Gardiner at his meeting with Cope, and it was not until the two volunteers, John Home and his friend Alexander Carlyle, arrived at Dunbar on the 18th that the General became acquainted with the actual number and condition of his opponents.[1]

Of the Edinburgh volunteers only twenty-five thought their political principles worth fighting for, and these either rode in with Home and Carlyle to Dunbar, or joined at Haddington with ex-provost Drummond on the afternoon of the 19th. Drummond suggested that a volunteer company should be formed and allotted a position with the infantry, but Cope thought that as most of the men were thoroughly acquainted with the surrounding country they could be far more useful as scouts or patrols. This being agreed to, eight mounted volunteers left the camp at nine o'clock on Thursday evening in parties of two, and proceeded to reconnoitre the roads and byways lying between them and Duddingston. No sign of the enemy appearing, they returned to camp at midnight, and other eight of their comrades went forth on a similar errand. Two of this second patrol, Robert Cunningham, son of Major Cunningham of Stirling Castle, and Francis Garden (afterwards Lord Gardenstone) less fortunate than those who had preceded them, found themselves before

[1] Sir Robert Cadell unaccountably preferred to accept the palpably inaccurate computation of Gardiner who would naturally over estimate the number to excuse the flight of his men, rather than the carefully prepared report of Home fresh from the Highlanders' camp. *Vide* "Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745," p. 183.

many hours had passed in some danger of being hanged as spies. They had got the length of Musselburgh without incident, when the sight of a snug little tavern on the other side of the bridge, famous among the *gourmands* of the city for the flavour of its oysters and the excellence of its white wine, attracted their attention. The chill air of dawn and the exercise of riding had sharpened their appetites, and without stopping to think of the risk they were running, they quickly decided to enter and enjoy themselves after the fatigues of the night, merely taking the precaution to ford the river Esk instead of crossing by the bridge.

Upon gaining admittance they found the best room of the inn occupied by two military-looking gentlemen in uniform, whom they took for Hanoverian officers, but who were in reality Colonel Roy Stuart and

AUTOGRAPH OF COLONEL JOHN ROY STUART

Captain George Hamilton of the Prince's army, engaged like themselves in scouting duty. The unsuspecting volunteers incautiously began to ply the Jacobite officers with questions regarding the position and strength of the Highlanders which at once aroused the suspicions of Roy Stuart, who with the purpose of still further throwing Cunningham and his friend off the scent, charged them with being rebels. This they indignantly denied, and as a tangible proof of their *bona fides* they produced Cope's pass, explaining at the same time the reasons of their being at Musselburgh.

In an instant they were seized and disarmed, and shortly afterwards carried prisoners to the Prince's camp at Duddingston, where Stuart threatened to hang them both, but by the intervention of a Jacobite friend, Mr. Colquhoun Grant, who interested himself in their behalf, they were merely kept in custody under a guard of Athollmen during the march to Tranent, and upon reaching Carberry Hill were allowed to escape. Murray of Broughton, whose version of the story is given,[1] says that Cunningham was so terrified at his narrow escape, that he never stopped until he got to Jedburgh, thirty miles distant, and was not easy in his mind until he had crossed the English border and found shelter at Durham. The English general, ignorant of the fate of his patrol, left Haddington on the morning of the 20th, with the intention of forming

[1] For another version of the story, see Sir Walter Scott's narrative quoted by Chambers.

a strong camp at Musselburgh, from whence he could without fatiguing his men by a long march, attack the Highlanders wherever they might choose to make a stand; and in case it might be found necessary to force an entrance into Edinburgh should the Prince deem it advisable to retire thither, he had taken the precaution to send a message to General Guest, requesting him to make a breach in the town walls with his guns upon a given signal, so that his troops might enter without difficulty.

The route taken was by the low road which runs nearly parallel with the sea coast from which it is, roughly speaking, from three quarters of a mile to a mile distant. To the left, or south side, the ground rises by a series of ridges to a plateau about four hundred feet above sea-level, along which the high road ran by way of Tranent, and there branched off into several cross roads connecting that village with Cockenzie, Preston, Prestonpans, Fawside, and other places, the main thoroughfare continuing through Dolphingston to the Upper Toll, where it joined the low road.

Lord Loudon, the adjutant-general, Major Caulfield, and several other officers, were sent on in advance of the main body to watch the road and give timely warning in case the Highlanders were on the move. All went well until the Hanoverian troops arrived at Seaton, where a halt was called, when just as the soldiers were again in motion after their brief rest, Lord Loudon rode up to say that the Prince's army had crossed the Esk at Musselburgh, and was marching with all speed on Preston.

CHAPTER IV

"The Chevalier, being devoid of fear,
Did march up Birsle brae, man,
And through Tranent, ere he did stent,
As fast as he could gae, man;
While General Cope did taunt and mock,
Wi' mony a loud huzza, man,
But ere next morn proclaimed the cock,
We heard anither craw, man."[1]

UPON his arrival at Duddingston on Thursday night, Charles, having found fairly comfortable quarters at a small house in the village,[2] lost no time in acquainting the leaders of his army with his plan of action. At a council of war, which he hastily convened, he proposed that the whole of his force should march at dawn on the following morning and intercept Sir John Cope on his way from Haddington. This proposal being quite in keeping with the views of the Jacobite officers, who saw in it the only really practicable course to adopt, it was agreed to unanimously. Charles then proceeded to question the chiefs as to the probable behaviour of their men when opposed to the trained soldiers of Cope, a point on which he seems to have betrayed some natural anxiety. By request of the assembled Highlanders, MacDonald of Keppoch was deputed to reply, and he quickly assured the Prince that he need have no apprehension on that account, for although few of the rank and file of the clan regiments, he told Charles, had any experience of actual warfare in the field, he was certain that from love of the cause for which they were engaged, and from the affection they bore their chiefs, they would not fail to follow their leaders into the midst of the enemy.

This brave speech, and the confident tone in which it was uttered, caused

[1] The song entitled "The Battle of Prestonpans," from which the above verse is taken, was written by Mr. Skirving, whose farm of Garlton was passed by Cope's troops on their march from Haddington. The Lieutenant Smith mentioned in the ninth verse resented the unflattering comments made by the author regarding his conduct on the day of the battle, and challenged him to fight a duel at Haddington. Skirving's reply is too good to be forgotten. "Gang awa' back," he said to the messenger, "and tell Mr. Smith that I havena leisure to come to Haddington; but tell him to come here and I'll tak a look o' him, an' if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll do as he did—I'll rin awa'."—*Vide* James Hogg's "Jacobite Relics."

[2] Still standing.

Charles to exclaim with his wonted impetuosity that he would lead the clans himself, and charge the foe at their head, a suggestion which the chiefs firmly refused to sanction, much as they admired the heroic spirit which inspired it. They told the Prince that to risk his person in such a way would be most injudicious and foolish, as in the event of his death the cause would receive a blow from which it could hardly recover, and whether a defeat or victory followed, his friends would be utterly ruined and undone. Charles, however, in spite of this prudent advice, was still inclined to persist, until told by the chiefs that rather than permit him to carry out so rash an idea they would return to their homes, and make such terms as they could with the Government.[1] In the face of this unexpected threat the Prince had no alternative but to yield a reluctant consent to the wishes of his officers.

HOUSE AT DUDDINGSTON OCCUPIED BY PRINCE CHARLES, SEPT. 19TH 1745, BEFORE MARCHING TO TRANENT

Sketch by the AUTHOR

At dawn the next morning the Prince's army was still further increased by the arrival of another body of Grants from Urquhart and Glenmoriston, under the command of Patrick Grant (*Padruig Buidhe*, yellow-haired Patrick) laird of Glenmoriston, with whom were his brother Alexander and two sons of Grant of Shewglie,[2] Peter and Alexander. The two lads, with about a dozen others, had left Glen Urquhart on September the 11th, and proceeding southward joined forces with Glenmoriston at Invermoriston, from whence the whole party, now numbering about a hundred,[3] marched rapidly across the Corrie-

[1] "Home's History," pp. 108, 109.

[2] Shewglie was a staunch adherent of the Stuarts, but was too old in 1745 to accompany his sons to Edinburgh. William MacKay in his "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," refers to a son Robert who accompanied the detachment, but Alexander in writing to his father only mentions a brother, Peter. *Vide* his letter in Record Office, London.

[3] Local tradition gives the number as 350, which, with the 25 who joined previously at Aberchalder, would give a total of 375 men, a far larger number than any contemporary authority accounts for. Lochgarry gives the total muster of Glengarry's men, which includes the Grants, as only 500 in all,

yairack, and finding upon reaching Edinburgh that Charles was at Duddingston, hastened thither to meet him.

Chambers relates an incident in connection with the arrival of Glenmoriston, which has been so frequently repeated that it is usually regarded as an historical fact, although the whole story is based upon some uncorroborated information given to Chambers by Mr. W. Grant, W.S., who got it no one knows how. The story runs that the laird of Glenmoriston, upon arrival in Edinburgh, went in haste to Holyrood, and regardless of ceremony, made his way into the Prince's presence all travel-stained and unshaven to pay his respects and offer his services to his Royal Highness. Charles, so the tale continues, made "an ill-timed but probably half-jocular remark" regarding the chieftain's beard, which caused Glenmoriston to exclaim angrily, "Sir, it is not beardless boys who are to do your business."

AUTOGRAPH OF PATRICK GRANT OF GLENMORISTON

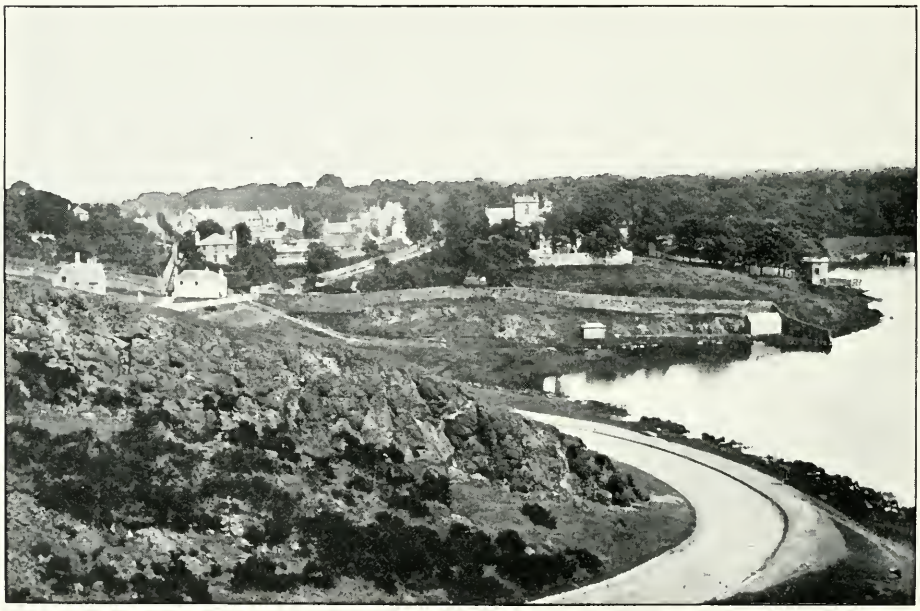
There are two very good reasons for doubting the accuracy of this sensational little anecdote. In the first place, the reflection it casts upon the Prince's character is so utterly at variance with what we know of it at this period, that it is impossible to believe that one so carefully considerate of the feelings of others as Charles usually showed himself, could have wilfully insulted a valued friend, whose very appearance betokened the hardships he had already suffered on his (the Prince's) behalf ; and in the second, the story is not in accordance with fact on one important point at least, for we know Charles was not at Holyrood on the morning of September the 20th, the day Glenmoriston arrived, but at Duddingston. This error alone condemns the tale from an historical point of view, and we may leave it to the writers of fiction to use or not as they think proper.

Alexander Grant of Shewglie, writing home to his father about a month later, says, "I am convinced you have heard that I am lieutenant to Glenmoriston's company, who is major to the regiment, by which I have the advantage of being acquainted with the best company here!"[1] The regiment referred to was young Glengarry's, to which the Urquhart and Glenmoriston men were attached as a separate company under the command of *Padruig Buidhe*. These appointments were probably made

[1] Letter dated Edinburgh, October 31, 1745, in Record Office, London.

immediately upon the arrival of the Grants at Duddingston, as before a few hours had passed they were on the march to Tranent with the rest of the Prince's forces.

About the hour of nine the Prince mounted his horse, and placing himself in front of his brave Highlanders, who were assembled in Duddingston Park, he drew his claymore and said in a loud and resolute voice, "Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard, with God's assistance



DUDDINGSTON VILLAGE TO-DAY

Photo by INGLIS, *Edinburgh*

I don't doubt of making you a free and happy people. Mr. Cope shall not escape us as he did in the Highlands."[1] The order to advance was immediately given, and in a few moments the whole force was on the move in the direction of the enemy, a small detachment of horsemen under Viscount Strathallan leading the way some distance ahead of the column. Marching in their usual formation of three men abreast, with Lochiel and his Camerons in front, the Highlanders strode eagerly onward through Easter Duddingston and Magdalen Bridge, creating no little consternation and alarm in the breasts of the peaceful country folk by their wild appearance, odd clothing, and murderous-looking weapons as

[1] "Murray of Broughton's Memorials," p. 200.

they passed through the quiet village streets and unfrequented roads with fierce determination depicted on every face. One of their number had requisitioned a broom from a cottager's house at Fisherrow, and having fastened it upon a pole raised it aloft as a standard amid the laughter of his brother Celts, who saw in it a visible sign of their resolve to sweep Johnnie Cope and his red-coated Sassenachs into the Firth of Forth.

Crossing the Esk by the old Roman bridge at Musselburgh, the Highland army instead of following the main road turned off to the left, and after skirting the south wall of the Pinkie House policies, continued its way across the open fields to Wallyford. Near this place Lord George Murray, who commanded the van of the Jacobite forces, received intelligence from the scouting party that Cope was near Preston, and apparently intended to secure a strong position on the hilly ridge of ground between Fawside and Tranent. To forestall this manœuvre (which, by the way, Cope never premeditated), Lord George quickened his pace, and after half-an-hour of rapid marching the Highlanders gained the summit of the brae at Easter Fawside about noon, and came at once into full view of the enemy, who were drawn up on the plain below facing obliquely south-west between the mansion of Preston Grange[1] and Seaton House, at a distance of a mile and a half. Defiant cheers were immediately raised on both sides, though as yet both armies were too far apart to hear more than the faint echo of the warlike sounds. At first sight the English general's position was thought by the Prince's officers to be altogether badly chosen, but as they proceeded cautiously along the elevated plateau in the direction of Tranent, it was noticed that what had appeared a smooth piece of level ground, in every way suitable for an impetuous charge of Highlanders, was separated from them by many hitherto unseen obstacles, such as stone dykes, close thorn hedges, and large stretches of soft boggy ground, over which no troops could pass without severe loss when exposed to a heavy fire from a partially concealed enemy.

A halt was called shortly after two o'clock at Birsley Brae, west of Tranent, from whence every movement of the Hanoverian army, now scarcely a mile away, was clearly visible to the keen-eyed mountaineers, who at a word from their chiefs would have swept down, like the eagles of their native hills, upon the foes of their dearly loved Prince. The afternoon was gloriously fine, no clouds obscured the sun's bright rays or cast a shadow of gloom over the beautiful landscape which lay in front of

[1] The house of the Honourable James Erskine of Grange, brother to the late Earl of Mar, and husband of the unfortunate Lady Grange.

the Highlanders' position ; far away across the blue Firth rose the distant hills of Fife, dimly seen through the autumn haze ; quiet fishing villages, with white-washed red-tiled cottages, were dotted here and there on the margin of the coast-line ; to the right the Bass Rock swam upon a sea of azure, and the Berwick Law raised its conical summit ; to the left Arthur's Seat reared its quaintly outlined form against the western sky, enshrouded in the blue reek of the great city at its base ; and almost at their feet, bathed in the warm glow of the golden September sun, great stretches of yellow stubble fields from which the corn had been newly reaped, formed the foreground of one of the most charming and peaceful scenes that this old country of ours could boast. But there was a blot upon its beauty, a stain upon its loveliness, which the gentle hand of Nature had never placed there ; man with his ambitions, his pride, his evil passions, had selected this delightful spot as an arena in which to decide by a bloody combat the right to a throne as perishable as the flowers which fade with the first breath of winter's icy blast. The same sun which showered its glories upon this enchanting scene lit up as with a fiery torch the scarlet uniforms and bright accoutrements of Cope's soldiers, flashed brilliantly from steel weapons and the polished harness of the cavalry horses, was reflected from the muzzles of field guns, and left nothing hidden to the watchful eyes of the Highlanders, to whose gay tartans it added even a brighter hue.

Like his men, Charles was impatient of delay ; he ardently wished to try conclusions with Sir John before night closed in. Cope had given him the slip once before, and it was quite possible he might do so again ; but as the Chevalier Johnstone informs us, the more carefully the Hanoverian position was examined, the more the Prince and his officers became convinced of the impossibility of attacking it, "and we were all thrown into a consternation, and quite at a loss what course to take."

By four o'clock Cope had changed the disposition of his army by a left wheel movement, so that he now faced the Highlanders on Birsley Brae, having the wall of Preston Grange on his right flank, Seaton House on his left, the sea at his rear, and a deep ditch in front, beyond which a piece of impassable bog extended to the foot of the hill, upon which stood the church of Tranent. This did not improve the Prince's chances of a successful attack, the Hanoverian position being to all appearances impregnable against an assault unsupported by artillery. Both armies watched each other narrowly, and no movement could be made on either side without it being at once observed ; the short September afternoon was slipping away, the sun was sinking low in the west, and the autumn

mists were beginning to steal over the landscape. So far, the time had been spent in reconnoitering without practical result. Cope remained secure in his judiciously selected position, from which he evidently had no intention of moving; the Highlanders were becoming restive at the inaction and could scarcely be restrained from rushing down the hillside upon the foe, in utter disregard of the consequences. Consultations had been held by the Jacobite leaders which led to nothing but disagreement and high words; no way whatever could be seen out of the difficulty,

TRANENT CHURCH

Colonel Gardiner buried here

Photo by the Author

and night was fast approaching. At this juncture Colonel Ker of Graden, a brave soldier who had seen service in Spain, offered to ride down towards the enemy's lines and see if he could discover a way across the swampy ground by which the men might pass. It was a risky undertaking, but the gallant officer did not shirk the danger attending it; on the contrary, he seemed rather to court it, as mounted on a small white pony he made his way to the edge of the marsh and coolly examined it in the face of a brisk musket fire from the redcoats. Without the slightest trace of fear he rode cautiously along the treacherous ground trying it in every direction. When he came to a dyke he dismounted and unconcernedly removed sufficient stones to make a passage for his horse; he then re-

mounted and rode back to report the result of his investigations to Lord George Murray, to whom he said that he believed it would be impossible to get through the morass and attack the enemy "without risking the loss of the whole army." [1] This disappointing intelligence was not calculated to raise the spirits of the Prince; his hopes of a successful battle were fast disappearing, and as hour after hour flew by, it became more and more evident to him that unless some prompt flanking movement was made Cope could remain where he was until the exhausted patience of the Highlanders would force them into a disastrous action by which all would be lost.

In pursuance of this idea Charles gave orders that the Atholl regiment should march by the south of Bankton (Colonel Gardiner's house) and take up a position west of the village of Preston, from whence it could threaten the Hanoverian right flank and prevent any attempted retirement by the Edinburgh road. Meanwhile O'Sullivan, with the Prince's sanction (says Murray of Broughton), was making a diversion of doubtful utility on Cope's left front by the aid of fifty Camerons whom he had posted, part in Tranent churchyard and the remainder in a small wood adjoining. The march of the Atholl detachment was quickly observed by Sir John Cope shortly before sunset, and a change of front was again carried out, the Hanoverian force now facing in the same direction (*i.e.* south-west) as when first seen by the Highlanders from Fawside Hill; a sharp fusilade ensued, and was continued intermittently until nightfall without much damage on either side. Whilst the Atholl men were engaging the enemy near Bankton, the Camerons had been discovered by Mr. Grosset, the same energetic Commissioner of Customs who had brought the first news of Cope's arrival at Dunbar to the Town Council of Edinburgh. Having performed this duty he joined Sir John at Preston, and while acting the part of an amateur scout rode unwittingly right into the midst of the Camerons and received their fire from all sides. Luckily for Grosset, either the aim of the Highlanders was bad, or what is more likely, their muskets were defective, and he managed to escape without a scratch to report the occurrence to the general, who at once ordered Lieutenant Colonel Whitefoord of the Marines to open fire upon the churchyard with two field-guns. The cannon were advanced to within a few paces of the ditch already referred to, which was a little over eight hundred yards from the church, and commenced a vigorous fire upon the unfortunate Camerons; at each discharge the Hanoverian soldiers cheered loudly, the distance being so short that

[1] Lockhart Papers.

although late in the afternoon the effect of every shot could be clearly seen.

Lord George Murray, who had not been consulted by the Prince or O'Sullivan in the matter of the Cameron outpost, expressed the greatest indignation when he learnt what was going on, and upon Lochiel reporting that his men were thoroughly disheartened at being placed in a position where they could merely sit still and be shot at without any chance of retaliation, he ordered their retirement, but this could not be carried out before several of the men had been more or less dangerously wounded. This incident naturally increased the resentment Lord George harboured against the Irish quartermaster-general, whose interference in matters outside his own province was fast becoming unbearable to the proud Highlander, and he did not rest that night without giving O'Sullivan to understand that he would not brook such conduct in future.

After withdrawing from their dangerous post in the churchyard, the Camerons, led by Lochiel, marched in accordance with Lord George Murray's orders, through Tranent, and halted in a stubble field east of the village overlooking the extreme left of the enemy's position, where they were joined at sunset by the whole Highland force, with the exception of the Atholl regiment, which still occupied the ground west of Bankton House. As the Highlanders were passing through the narrow streets of Tranent a large sow recklessly crossed their ranks, and before the poor beast had time to understand the situation, she had fallen a victim to Celtic superstition with twenty dirks in her body, "makeing such squeks as may be imagined." A hare had been previously shot for the same reason, much to the terror of a countryman, who thought he was the object of the Highlanders' animosity.[1]

Before accompanying his men to their new post, Charles had been riding about the neighbourhood, attended by his staff, examining the ground in all directions, questioning the local farmers, interrogating peasants, and closely scanning every fresh movement of the enemy. Whilst thus engaged he happened to draw rein close to the house of a stout old Jacobite gentleman, Anderson of Windygoul, whose nephew, Robert Anderson, younger of Whitburgh, had already given some useful hints to the Prince's officers during the earlier part of the afternoon. Delighted at the opportunity thus unexpectedly thrown in his way of showing hospitality to one whom he regarded as heir to the throne of Britain,

[1] The anecdote is related by Lord George Murray, but he did not seem to be aware that it was an old Celtic custom to kill any animal that crossed the path of a Celtic army when going to fight a battle; if the animal was killed it was regarded as a good omen, if it escaped, defeat was to be expected.—W. D. N.

Mr. Anderson requested his eldest daughter to carry some wine and other refreshments to Charles and his officers, but she was far too bashful to face so many handsome cavaliers, and begged to be excused. Her young sister, on the contrary, was quite willing to undertake the pleasant duty, and without demur begged the Prince to accept a glass of wine. Charles had probably not forgotten his experiences at Doune; at any rate, he drank the wine and kissed the lassie, upon which her sister, who had

VILLAGE OF TRANENT, THE FIRTH OF FORTH IN THE DISTANCE

Photo by the AUTHOR

been watching the proceedings, exclaimed in a tone of regret, "Eh, but I had kent!"[1]

Later in the afternoon the Prince, attended by the Duke of Perth and another officer, entered the small inn of Tranent to partake of some more substantial food, but the landlady could offer them nothing better than kail brose and the remains of the meat from which it had been made; and even this humble fare had to be eaten in the most primitive fashion, for the auld wife, having heard something of the predatory habits of the Highlanders, had taken the precaution to hide her cherished service of pewter in some out-of-the-way nook, so that Charles and his noble friends

[1] The Prince, as a memento of his visit, took out the red cloth from his claymore hilt and divided it among the ladies. The pieces afterwards came into the possession of Mr. Robert Chambers.

had to make the best of it with two wooden spoons and one butcher's knife between them.[1]

The Highlanders' change of position was quickly communicated to Cope, and he lost no time in changing his own front, so that once again the two armies faced each other at a distance of little over half a mile, with the impassable marshy swamp and deep ditch lying between. Before these manœuvres were completed the daylight had faded, and a chill mist rising from the morass heralded the approach of a bitterly cold night. From the heights of Tranent Charles, who had now joined his men, could see through the fog the glare of Cope's camp fires, and could watch the shadowy forms of the sentries as they paced backwards and forwards in the ruddy glow, keeping ward over their sleeping comrades. At intervals the echoes of the hills were awakened by the reports of cohorns discharged at the Prince's position by Cope's artillerymen, and some balls fell unpleasantly near, but the night was too dark for accurate aim and no damage was done. Inured to hardships and inclement weather from infancy, the Highlanders made no complaint of the cold, as enveloped in their plaids they lay in close ranks on the hard stubble of the bleak hillside, snatching brief moments of sleep whilst waiting for the command which would send them forth to death or victory on the plain beneath. Not a sound was to be heard save the whispered command of some officer to his men, or the unavoidable clash of weapons as guards were mounted and pickets sent out on their lonely rounds ; not a glimmer of light was to be seen in the whole camp, everything was enshrouded in a ghostly mist which providentially obscured every movement from the watchful enemy.

Before seeking a few hours' repose Charles and his principal officers held a council of war, at which it was finally decided after some discussion that an attack should be made at daybreak, Lord George Murray assuring the Prince that it was not only practicable, but that it would in all probability be attended with success. In the sanguine hope that this prediction would be verified, Charles lay down to rest upon a heap of pease straw, and covering himself with an ample plaid was soon fast asleep ; the officers followed their leader's example, and soon the whole camp was wrapped in slumber. A slight diversion occurred shortly after two o'clock when the Athollmen, by Lord George Murray's instructions, vacated their post on the Edinburgh road west of Preston, and rejoined the main body, greatly to the annoyance of the Prince, who had not authorised their withdrawal. His first impulse was to countermand Murray's orders, and send the detachment back again, but fearing to

[1] Tradition.

cause confusion at so critical a time, he contented himself with a complaint that his commands had been neglected.

Whilst Charles and his hardy mountaineers slept in silence upon the hill-top, Sir John Cope bivouacked on the ground he had so obstinately held throughout the day. His men, less accustomed to exposure than the Highlanders, suffered much from the keen frosty air and damp unwholesome fog which hung over the marsh like a pall and chilled them to the marrow. Even worse was the plight of the Edinburgh Volunteers, few of them being provided with greatcoats or other necessary protection against cold, and upon this being represented to the general, he considerately allowed them to leave the field and seek shelter in the villages adjoining, on the understanding that they should return at dawn and take their place in the ranks. It may be stated at once that, owing to circumstances over which they had no control, but for which they were doubtlessly thankful, they did not appear in time for the battle.

For the greater safety of his baggage train and military chest, Cope had sent them earlier in the evening to Cockenzie, a small village on the sea-coast about half-a-mile to his left rear, under a strong escort drawn from his veteran regiments ; but at nightfall, some fears assailing him with regard to the loyalty of the Gaelic-speaking portion of his force, he withdrew the older soldiers from Cockenzie, and replaced them with five companies of Lord Loudon's and Lord John Murray's Highlanders.

It has been often stated that Cope, instead of sharing the hardships of his troops by bivouacking on the open field, sought rest and comfort under the roof of a house in Cockenzie, "Which if true," Sir Robert Cadell very truly says, "would constitute a shameful military offence." It is more than probable, it is practically certain that Sir Robert Cadell's account of this much abused general's movements on the night before the battle of Prestonpans is substantially correct, and it may be as well that a Jacobite pen should confirm the opinions of so consistent a political opponent as the author of "Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745," and assist to remove the stigma which false report has attached to the name of a fallen enemy.

We have already seen that the Hanoverian position was most judiciously selected, the wisdom of the choice of ground being clearly evidenced from the fact that the concerted military skill of Prince Charles and his advisers had been insufficient during the whole of a long afternoon and evening to discover a reasonably safe way of attacking it. What more likely to expect than that Cope, in spite of the strongly urged proposals to leave it and attack the detachment of Highlanders near

Preston, made by Colonel Gardiner and others, should hold tenaciously to his original plan when he observed the various unsuccessful attempts made by his enemies to dislodge him. Nor did his vigilance decrease when night came on, as some writers aver. He had, as he fondly hoped, taken every precaution against surprise by posting a strong picket of a hundred men of Hamilton's dragoons on his left flank, forty of whom with their captain patrolled the waggon road between Cockenzie and Tranent, other thirty under the command of a lieutenant extended eastwards along the edge of the marsh, and the remainder covered the ground towards Seaton; Gardiner's troopers performed a similar duty on his right, and his front was, he thought, sufficiently protected by the ditch and wide stretch of bog. All through the night he was kept acquainted by his officers of every known motion of the Highlanders; at half-past two in the morning Lord Loudon, Colonel Lascelles, and Lieutenant-Colonel Halkett saw him on the field and reported all well, the dragoon orderlies came and went, and every one on duty seemed vigilant and active.

HOUSE AT COCKENZIE WHERE GENERAL SIR JOHN COPE IS SAID TO HAVE STAYED THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS, KNOWN AS THE "INK-BOTTLE"

From a Sketch by the AUTHOR

At this point it may be as well to consider the relative strength, efficiency, equipment, and peculiarities of the two armies, that we may the better understand the causes which led to the Jacobite victory.

Sir John Cope's force upon his disembarkment at Dunbar numbered a little over 1600 men, exclusive of officers, sergeants, and drummers, made up as follows: Murray's (46th) Regiment consisting of ten companies with a total of 580; eight companies of Lascelles' (47th), and two companies of Guises (6th), the latter brought from Aberdeen, 570; five companies of Lee's (44th), 291; and five weak companies of Highlanders amounting to 183 men, three of which belonged to Lord Loudon's Regiment and had joined Cope at Inverness, the other two being all that remained of the three companies of Lord John Murray's

(Black Watch) Regiment, many of the men having deserted on the march north. At Dunbar Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons came in and added 567 cavalrymen to the Hanoverian army, and 25 Edinburgh volunteers joined either there or at Haddington, so that by estimating the proportion of officers and sergeants at 350 we get, including the six sailor gunners brought from the warships, a grand total of 2,572 men.

Taken as a whole the troops were well armed, and with the exception of the newly raised Highland companies, fairly well drilled and disciplined; there were, however, some doubts in the minds of the officers

BATTLEFIELD, PRESTONPANS, LOOKING WEST

Photo by the AUTHOR

as to the way the dragoons might behave after their cowardly flight from Coltbridge. At Dunbar Colonel Gardiner had despondently admitted to young Carlyle that he had lost faith in his men, they had not recovered from their panic he said, and added, "I'll tell you in confidence that I have not ten men in my regiment whom I am certain will follow me," a most unwise and tactless admission even if true. Another weak point was the want of skilled artillerymen to serve the six 1½-pounder field-guns and six cohorns which Cope had brought with him; the gunners from the men-of-war were an utter failure, they got hopelessly drunk on the march and disappeared before the commencement of the fighting. To a request for artillerymen made by Cope to General

Guest, the latter officer despatched from the Castle, at two o'clock on the morning of the 21st, one bombardier and four gunners disguised as civilians hoping they might be in time to assist, but having ten miles to cover, the battle was over before they got much more than half way. Sir John had therefore to fall back upon Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefoord of the Marines, and an old master gunner, Major Griffith, who had belonged to the Scots' train of artillery in pre-Union days; to these veterans the sole charge of the guns and cohorns was committed. A further disadvantage was, the erroneous belief, held apparently by officers and men alike, that they were out-numbered by their antagonists to the extent of nearly two to one; an altogether mistaken idea, which when coupled with the exaggerated and ignorant notion then commonly held, that the Highlanders were a barbarous and cruel race of semi-savages, from whom no mercy might be expected, assisted largely to unnerve the men and rendered them especially liable to panic.

The principal officers engaged upon the Hanoverian side under Sir John Cope were General Wightman, Brigadier Fowke, Colonels Lord Loudon, Lascelles, and Gardiner; Lieutenant-Colonels Halkett, Whitney, Wright, and Clayton; Majors Singleton, Caulfield, Talbot, and Bowles; and Captains Sir Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre and the Honourable Alexander Mackay, son of Lord Reay. The Earl of Home was also present as a volunteer.

Turning to the Jacobite army commanded by Prince Charles, we find it composed of a heterogeneous collection of more or less undisciplined, badly armed, poorly clad units called clan regiments, composed for the most part of Gaelic-speaking Celts from the wildest parts of Inverness-shire and Perthshire, few of whom had ever seen military service or undergone systematic instruction in military evolutions and drill. Taught from childhood to regard their chiefs' commands as their only law, they could not, without the greatest difficulty, be brought to obey orders coming to them through any other channel, especially when, as was usually the case, these orders were given in a language many did not understand; thus a difficulty was created, which often led to much altercation and dispute at critical moments when absolute unanimity of action was of the greatest consequence. Clan customs and privileges had also to be seriously taken into consideration by all who wished to gain the ready obedience of Highlanders; any ignorance or neglect of these was always fraught with danger, and to disregard the rules of Highland precedence and rank was to fall into the bad graces of the

sensitive Celt at once. It was not long before a practical instance of this jealous regard of the Highlanders for their ancient privileges was brought prominently before the Prince, which will be related in its place.

Apart from these racial peculiarities, which unfortunately Charles did not sufficiently understand, he had every reason to be satisfied with his army of tartan-clad mountaineers, which like a rolling snowball had grown larger and larger the further it travelled. At Aberchalder, before crossing the Corrieyairack, its total strength did not exceed 1800 men; there were now at least 2500, so that as far as numbers were concerned he could meet Cope on equal terms. Strict discipline had never been adopted by the Highlanders, even in the days of Montrose and Dundee, but its absence was more than compensated for by the inherent martial spirit possessed by every true Celt as the natural outcome of many centuries of almost incessant tribal and other warfare in which his race had engaged. In these continual struggles the Highlander had developed to the full those warlike characteristics and powerful military instincts that made him so important a factor in the various conflicts which had already taken place between the supporters of the old dynasty and the Whig iconoclasts who wished to overturn it. His methods of fighting differed considerably from those of his contemporaries; his arms were by many considered obsolete; his dress was spoken of with derision; but in spite of all, his presence in the field was seldom regarded with equanimity by those who were opposed to him. Charles had already been assured by the chiefs that he might put implicit reliance upon his Highlanders, and as we shall see, this assurance was amply verified.

The complex nature of the Prince's army and the absence of any official muster-roll,[1] makes it difficult to estimate correctly the exact strength of the various clan regiments and other units which composed it. There can be no doubt, that for the purpose of deceiving the enemy, the numbers were persistently exaggerated, and Commissary Bisset was not far wrong, when in a letter to his master, Duke James of Atholl, he said: "Y^r^ Grace will hear that the rebells are verry strong and numerous, particularly the author of the *Caledonia* (*sic*) *Mercury*, a papist and partiall fellow, makes every 100 that joyns them 5 or 600." The ruse evidently succeeded, as Cope himself thought the Prince had over 4000 men in the field. The following figures compiled from the most reliable contem-

[1] Patullo, the Prince's Muster-Master during the campaigns of 1745–46, replying many years after that event to some queries of John Home, gives the total number of the Jacobite force at Prestonpans at 2500. Home himself counted the Highlanders at Hunter's Bog before the arrival of the MacLachlans, Athollmen, and Grants, and made them 2000, and Bisset, the Commissary for Duke James of Atholl, who had every facility for forming an accurate opinion, gives 2645 as the probable figure.

porary sources, which for convenience of reference are tabulated, may be taken as fairly accurate.

THE HIGHLAND ARMY AT PRESTONPANS

	Regiments.	Number of Men.	Colonel.	Second in Command.
MacDonalds	Glengarry	400	Angus *Og* MacDonald, 2nd son of Glengarry.	Donald MacDonald of Lochgarry.
	Keppoch	250	Alexander MacDonald, Chief of Keppoch.	Donald MacDonald of Tirnadris.
	Clanranald	200	Ranald MacDonald, younger, of Clanranald.	Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale.
	Glencoe	100	Alexander MacDonald, Chief of MacIain sept.	Alexander MacDonald of Achtriachtan.
	Cameron	600[1]	Donald Cameron, younger, of Lochiel, *de facto* Chief.	Donald Cameron of Errachd, or Dungallon.
	Appin[2] (Possibly including a company of MacGregors under Glencairnaig.)	200	Charles Stewart of Ardsheal.	Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle.
	Robertson (*Clann Donnachaidh.*)	100	Donald Robertson of Woodsheal.[3]	James Robertson of Blairfettie.
	MacLachlan	100	MacLachlan of MacLachlan, Chief.	
	Grants (Of Glenmoriston and Glen Urquhart.)	100	Formed a Company of the Glengarry regiment, under the individual command of Patrick Grant of Glenmoriston.	Alexander Grant, younger, of Shewglie.
	Duke of Perth's (Including about 40 MacGregors.)	200	James Drummond, Duke of Perth.	James *Mór* MacGregor (Drummond), son of Rob Roy.
	Atholl[4] (Including about 50 of Sir Robt. Menzies' men, 40 of Robertson of Faskally's, 50 of Spalding of Ashentullie.)	250	Lord Nairne.	Probably George Robertson of Faskally, or Archibald Menzies of Shian.
	Cavalry Took no part in the action.	50	William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan.	
	Total	2550		

[1] A number of men had been sent home by Lochiel from Dalnacardoch, *vide* vol. i., p. 225.

[2] In a narrative of the campaign by Duncan MacPharic (MacGregor) given in Nimmo's "History of Stirlingshire," the writer states that two hundred MacGregors joined the Stewarts of Appin during the night march on Edinburgh, and that the Stewarts were only seventy strong. It may be that these were the MacGregors commanded by Glencairnaig who fought at Prestonpans, but the number is probably greatly exaggerated.

[3] Struan witnessed the battle as a spectator only.

[4] Commissary Bisset says many deserted before the action, and those that remained were not allowed to join in the attack.

Although equal to their adversaries in point of numbers, the Highlanders were decidedly at a disadvantage in the matter of weapons and equipment. Artillery they had none, their guns were mostly old fowling-pieces, or defective muskets from the Edinburgh armoury; and although their chiefs, officers, and principal men were splendidly equipped with Andrea Ferara claymores, Doune pistols, serviceable dirks, and beautifully decorated targes, many of the rank and file had to content themselves with common brass-hilted swords, hastily made targes, knives, sticks — anything, in fact, which could by any possibility be used as an instrument of destruction.

From the engraving in DODDRIDGE'S "*Life*"

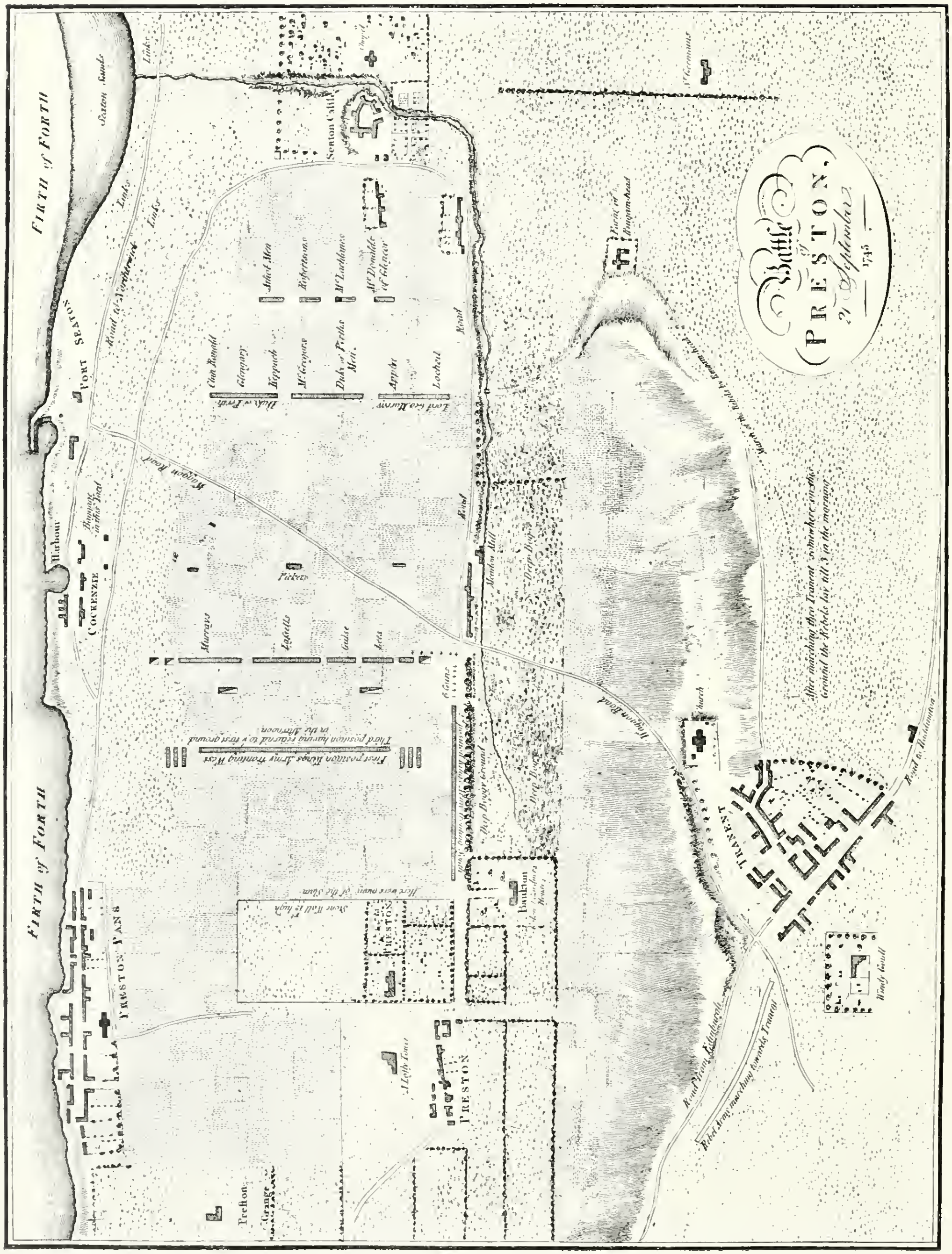
The MacGregors attached to the Duke of Perth's regiment, under the command of that most inconsistent and faithless but brave Highlander, James *Mór* MacGregor, being unprovided with proper arms, had, by the advice of their leader, made themselves some terrible weapons from a quantity of scythe-blades, which they had sharpened and attached to wooden poles seven or eight feet long; similar makeshifts were common, until at length every man in the Prince's force possessed a weapon of some sort, if it was only a bludgeon.

When Lord George Murray assured Charles that an attack upon the Hanoverian army at break of day was likely to prove successful, he had not received a piece of information which would have made him even more confident in his prediction; this valuable intelligence, of which it may not be too much to say that it aided materially in securing a victory for the Prince's arms, was communicated late at night by young Anderson of Whitburgh to Hepburn of Keith, who, quickly realising its vital im-

portance, hurried his informant off to Lord George. The night was pitch dark, and it was no easy matter to discover his lordship amid the scattered groups of sleeping men lying about in all directions, but at length the search was successful, and Murray, awakened from his slumbers, listened attentively to what Anderson had to say.

It would appear that at the council of war held that night Anderson had been present, but having no official position in the Prince's service, and being of a somewhat retiring disposition, he had refrained from offering any suggestions in connection with the proposed attack. He had thought the matter over before retiring to rest, and having come to the conclusion that his local knowledge of the ground would prove useful to Charles, he went to Hepburn and told him that he was acquainted with a way across the bog within a short distance of Cope's left flank, where the Highlanders could pass in perfect safety without attracting the attention of the enemy or drawing their fire. Lord George, with a true soldier's instinct, perceived at once the value of Anderson's communication, but before acquainting the Prince, he thought it more prudent to inspect the proposed route personally and satisfy himself of its practicability. This done he awoke Charles, who expressed his entire willingness to act immediately upon Mr. Anderson's suggestion. Lochiel and the other officers were aroused and informed of the new plan, and shortly before three o'clock on the morning of Saturday, September 21, the whole body of Highlanders was drawn up on the hill-top awaiting the order to march.

Before this order could be given an important alteration had to be made in the formation of the fighting line, out of consideration for a claim put forward by the MacDonalds that they were entitled, in virtue of an ancient privilege conferred by Robert the Bruce to their clan at Bannockburn, to occupy the post of honour on the right flank of the army. Charles had learnt something of this at Perth, and with a view to the prevention of any disputes which might arise on questions of clan precedent, he had proposed that the chiefs should then and there decide the matter, once and for all, by casting lots among themselves for the most coveted positions. This they agreed to do, and the choice fell to Lochiel who had elected to join forces with the Stewarts of Appin ; he naturally selected the right of the line, leaving the left to the MacDonalds, the other clans, Murray of Broughton says, not pretending to any precedency. So the matter rested until the morning of September 20, when, before leaving Duddingston, the MacDonalds, disregarding the agreement of their chiefs, refused point-blank to forego the privilege of



Reprinted from HOME'S HISTORY

fighting on the right, which they again asserted was theirs by right of ancient custom. The Camerons, on their part, were equally determined to occupy the honourable position their chief had won for them at Perth, and for some time the dispute ran so high that Charles saw with dismay the possibility of a serious outbreak of hostilities between the contending clans.

At this point, Lochiel, who never allowed any personal ambition or private considerations to stand in the way of the Prince's interests "generously offered that in case no action happened that day, which did not seem probable, he would willingly quite his post the next to the M^c^donalds nothwithstanding the agreement, in persueance of which ye M^c^donalds marched from the left the next morning." [1]

Upon the completion of this movement the order to advance was given, and the four MacDonald regiments of Clanranald, Glengarry, Keppoch, and Glencoe, now composing the right wing of the Prince's army, commanded by the Duke of Perth, marched off under the guidance of Mr. Anderson, who was closely followed by young Clanranald, MacDonald of Glenaladale, and a detachment of sixty men, to whom instructions had been given to take possession of Cope's baggage as soon as the engagement commenced. Next came, after the necessary interval had been allowed for, the Camerons, Stewarts of Appin, Duke of Perth's men, and MacGregors, who were to form the left wing under Lord George Murray; and these were in turn followed by the reserve column, which consisted of the Athollmen, Robertsons, and MacLachlans, commanded by Lord Nairne. To this latter force Charles attached himself, marching at its head on foot, no horses having been permitted to accompany the army.

Darkness still prevailed, although a faint streak of light in the eastern sky gave evidence that day was at hand; no breeze had sprung up to clear away the rolling clouds of mist which yet hung heavily over the countryside, obscuring all but the nearest objects, and rendering even these ghostly and indistinct. Nothing could have been more fortunate for the Prince than the atmospheric conditions prevailing during the march of his army to attack Cope.

In absolute silence the Highlanders, marching in a north-easterly direction, quickly descended the hill by a route which took them through the farm of Riggan, or Ringam-Head, from whence turning due north they debouched upon the morass, over which young Anderson led them by the path he had spoken of, and got them safely across the ditch by a small

[1] Murray of Broughton's *Memorials*, p. 202 note.

wooden bridge which then spanned it at a place about two hundred paces from the existing stone bridge over Seaton mill-dam. The passage of this difficult piece of ground was not effected without considerable delay and some amusing mishaps, which only created mirth and did no harm. Many of the bare-kneed Celts sank deep in the mire and floundered about for some time before they could extricate themselves, others in their hurry to get over tried to jump the ditch, and missing their footing fell in.

BURN NEAR SEATON CROSSED BY THE HIGHLAND ARMY

The bridge did not then exist

Photo by the AUTHOR

"When our first line had passed the marsh," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "Lord George despatched me to the second line, which the Prince conducted in person, to see that it passed without noise or confusion. Having examined the line, and found that everything was as it should be, on my return to Lord George I found the Prince at the head of the column, accompanied by Lord Nairne, just as he was beginning to enter the marsh, and I passed it a second time along with him. We were not out of the marsh, when the enemy, seeing our first line in order of battle, fired an alarm gun. At the very end of the marsh there was a deep ditch, three or four feet broad, which it was necessary to spring over, and the Prince in leaping across fell upon his knees on the other side. I laid hold of his arm and immediately raised him up. On examining his

countenance, it appeared to me that he considered this accident a bad omen."

Quietly as the Highlanders had marched, the noise inseparable from the movement of a large body of armed men had betrayed their approach to some of Cope's dragoon patrols, and a little after three o'clock it was generally known in the Hanoverian camp that the army of Prince Charles had left Tranent and was directing its course eastwardly. The English

"The thorn tree, which you may see,
Bewest the Meadowmill, man."

Old thorn tree which on the day of the battle of Prestonpans stood a little to the right rear of the Hanoverian army. The fight raged around it, and many were slain beneath its branches. It still stands, in a fast decaying condition, a weird memorial of the battle.

Photo by the AUTHOR

general, seeing that his left flank was in considerable danger of being turned, promptly changed his position by bringing the whole of his force into a line facing nearly due east, the direction from which he rightly anticipated the attack would be made. The Hanoverian army now occupied the very centre of the cultivated plain which lay between the high wall of Preston Grange and the policies of Seaton House, its front resting on the old waggon road which led to Cockenzie on the one hand and Tranent on the other. Except for a slight fall towards the sea the ground was perfectly level, and free from all obstacles, only one solitary

tree, an old thorn,[1] which stood immediately in rear of the line, breaking the monotony of the long stretch of yellow stubble fields. Cope's right flank was extended to some small cottages adjoining the Meadowmill, beyond which was the ditch and morass; here he posted his artillery under Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefoord with a guard of one hundred men of Murray's regiment, beside whom were stationed two squadrons of Gardiner's dragoons commanded by their colonel, and then prolonging the line northward towards the sea, came in due succession the several companies of Lee's, Guise's, Lascelles' and Murray's regiments, the left flank being protected by two squadrons of Hamilton's troopers, all the remaining cavalry acting as supports.

During the execution of this manœuvre the Highlanders had been creeping steadily onwards through the mist unseen by their enemies until Major Caulfield, who had been sent out by Cope to bring in the pickets and patrols, came unwittingly upon them just as they had crossed the bog, and at first mistook them for a body of red-coats, but quickly perceiving his error, he rode back to the Hanoverian lines and pointed them out to the artillery officers.

Meanwhile the MacDonald regiments, under the Duke of Perth, continued their way past Seaton House towards the sea, inadvertently outflanking the Hanoverian left in the darkness, and leaving a space which Lord George Murray found he could only fill up by exposing his own left flank to serious danger. Ever prompt to act in cases of emergency, Lord George at once ordered his brigade to face left (*i.e.* in the direction of the enemy), and at the same time he dispatched an aide-de-camp to inform the Duke of Perth that as the left wing had commenced the attack, it would be desirable for the movement to be carried out simultaneously on the right.

By this time the whole of the reserve column commanded by Lord Nairne had crossed the morass and formed up about eighty yards in rear of the attacking line, with the Athollmen on the right, the MacLachlans on the left, and the Robertsons in the centre. A little in front of this second line stood the Prince with a small escort of picked Highlanders, eagerly watching the preliminaries of a battle upon which so much depended. The promise he had made under pressure to the chiefs at Duddingston prevented him from carrying out his wish to lead the charge in person, but he could not be restrained from following the attacking line at a distance of fifty paces, where he was almost as much exposed to

[1] The old thorn, grown venerable with age, still stands, or did stand a year or so ago, on the battlefield of Prestonpans.

danger from the enemy's fire as if he had been in front. He was extremely anxious to hurry on the attack under the cover of the mist, and overwhelm his foes before they could rally after the first onset; in his eagerness to convey his wishes in this respect to his officers on the right flank, he left his guard and went over to the Duke of Perth and Clanranald, to whom he gave his final personal instructions, and happening to pass on his way back one of Clanranald's officers[1] hastening to join his regiment, he urged him on with a Gaelic expression he had picked up, "*Greas ort, greas ort!*" "Make haste, make haste!"

With incredible swiftness the Camerons, Stewarts, and MacGregors on the left, led by their gallant chiefs, swept onwards across the field in the direction of the guns, which could now be clearly seen looming grimly in front. The sun had risen over the Firth of Forth, and as the mist gradually rolled away from the landscape the whole brilliant array of the Hanoverian army was disclosed as if by magic to the advancing Highlanders.

Like a wall of steel, the bayonets of the red-coated soldiers flashed brightly in the sunlight, barring the way; rank after rank of well-disciplined troops in correct military formation extended over the plain; squadrons of formidable-looking dragoons appeared on either flank; and more fearsome than all, the black muzzles of the cannon gaped viciously in most unpleasant proximity to Lochiel and his intrepid clansmen. For a moment it seemed impossible to many of the Prince's officers that the poorly armed Highlanders could prevail against such well-ordered troops as Cope had brought into the field; but the rapidity with which the attack developed gave little time for reflections of any kind. A shot was fired from the enemy's guns which severely wounded one of the Camerons in the leg who cried out lustily; this was the signal for the onset, and in an instant the whole of the Highlanders composing the first line started off at a run, fiercely shouting their Gaelic war cries, which, mingling together in one great body of sound, had the most terrifying effect upon the Hanoverian ranks.

"Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page, and groom,
Tenant and master
Fast they come, fast they come,
See how they gather!
Wide waves the Eagle plume,
Blended with heather.

[1] The MacDonald chronicler of the Lockhart Papers.

Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward each man set!
Pibroch of Donald Dhu,
Knell for the onset!"[1]

Crouching low under cover of their targes, the Highlanders rushed furiously on like a mountain torrent in spate, the noise of their hurrying feet among the long stubble sounding like the swish of the waves on a pebbly shore. Those who had muskets or other firearms discharged them wildly as they ran, flinging them away as soon as fired; many finding their movements impeded by their plaids cast them loose, and sped forward with little on but their shirts.[2] So inconceivably rapid was the onset, that the Camerons and Stewarts of Appin on the extreme left had swept over Whitefoord's artillery before he had time to fire more than five hasty rounds. The guard, overwhelmed in the wave of tartan, made a brief stand behind the guns and then fled for their lives, leaving the two brave officers, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefoord and Major Griffith, to the mercy of the enraged Celts. Griffith was severely wounded and made prisoner, Whitefoord alone remained at his post, and when asked by Stewart of Invernahyle to surrender, made a desperate lunge at his antagonist with his sword by way of answer. Invernahyle adroitly caught the point of the weapon in his targe, and in another instant Whitefoord would have met his fate at the hands of Invernahyle's stalwart miller, who seeing his laird in danger raised the Lochaber-axe he was carrying to cut down the obstinate Lowlander, but fortunately for that officer, Invernahyle was able to restrain his excited clansman, and Whitefoord seeing the utter futility of further resistance yielded to his magnanimous preserver.[3]

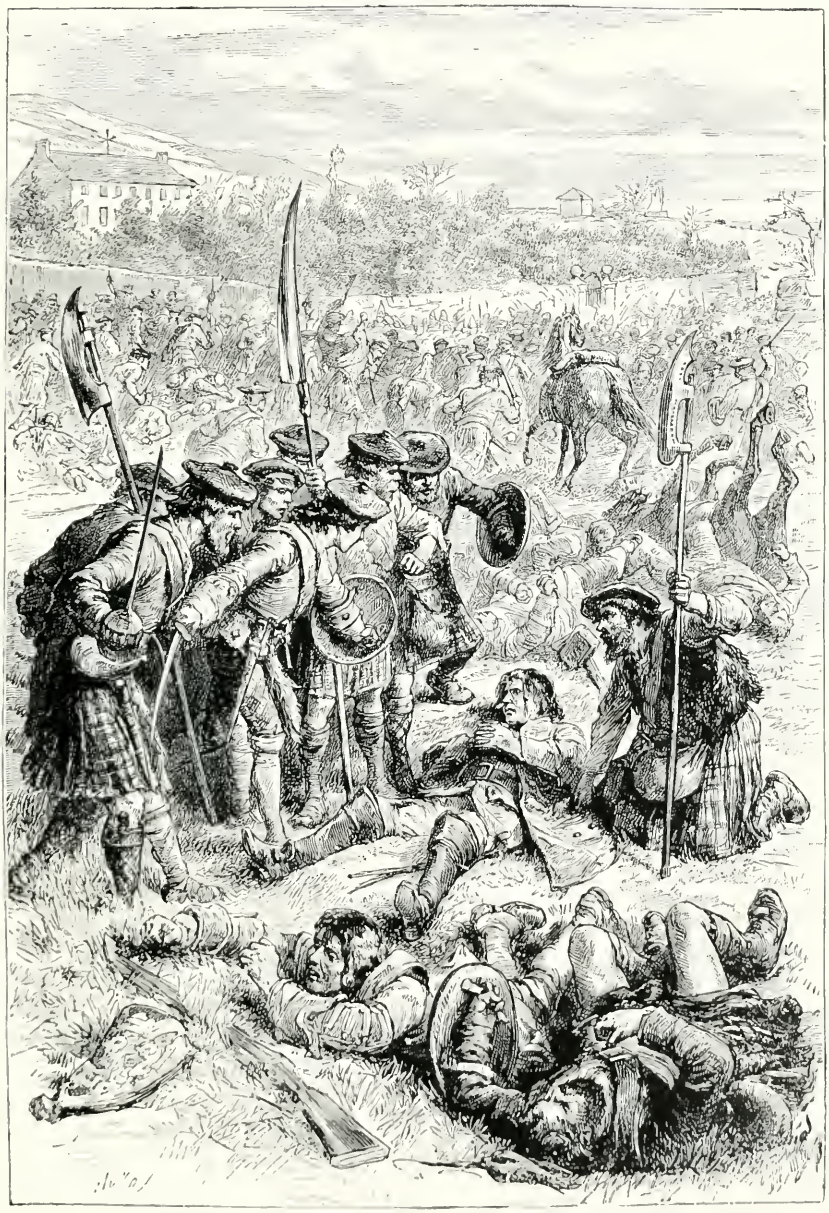
The two squadrons of dragoons under Colonel Gardiner, instead of going to the assistance of their comrades of Murray's regiment, reined back their horses, and although repeatedly urged by their colonel and Brigadier Fowkes to do their duty like men, they could only be persuaded to give one straggling fire before joining in the ignominious flight of the artillery guard. The squadron commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel

[1] "Pibroch of Donald Dhu," by Sir Walter Scott.

[2] It was a common custom among the Highlanders to discard their plaids in battle and fight almost naked. From this cause a clan battle fought in the year 1544 was called *Blar nan Leine*, The Battle of the Shirts.

[3] Whitefoord did not forget his obligation to Invernahyle, and after Culloden, when that chieftain was a fugitive among the hills, the brave colonel made the most strenuous efforts to secure his pardon from the brutal Cumberland, threatening to resign his commission if a protection was not granted for the lives and property of his preserver's wife and children.—*Vide* Introduction to "Waverley."

Whitney, which had been stationed in rear of the line, made a feeble



DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER AT PRESTONPANS

attempt to check the advancing Highlanders, but upon receiving a few shots, one of which shattered the leader's right wrist, the men in the rear

rank gave way at once, and the remainder turning their horses' heads galloped off in parties of tens and twenties.

Gardiner saw with feelings of the bitterest mortification the dastardly behaviour of his regiment, and ill as he was he endeavoured by every means in his power to rally the cowardly troopers ; whilst thus engaged he was struck by a bullet in the left breast, and shortly afterwards he was again hit in the right thigh, still he fought on, "determined," Murray of Broughton says, "not to survive the odium that might thereby have been thrown upon him, and by his obstinacy occasioned his own fall." His end came as he had a few days before predicted. Deserted by his own men he attached himself, wounded as he was, to a detachment of foot soldiers who were trying to defend themselves, "Fire on, my lads," he shouted, "and fear nothing." Scarcely had the words left his lips, than one of Lochiel's clan [1] dealt him a terrible blow on his sword arm with a Lochaber-axe, and a second later he was dragged from his horse and despatched by another stroke on the back of his head. Thus died one of the Prince's bravest enemies, whose sad end was deplored not only by his own friends, but by the very men who in the heat of battle had been the instruments of his death. The panic which had commenced on Cope's right, spread like wildfire to the regiments in the centre and on the left of his line, infecting them with an epidemic of terror in which all sense of discipline, duty, honour, and manliness was lost, and within a few minutes of the first onset the whole proud array of the Hanoverian army became a confused mob of men and horses rushing hither and thither to escape the avenging claymores of the pursuing Highlanders.

Following hard upon the heels of the Camerons and Stewarts of Appin came the MacGregors under Glencairnaig, leaving, in the hurry of their advance, a wide gap between themselves and the company of their fellow clansmen commanded by James *Mór*, which in consequence of its isolated position was immediately exposed to a concentrated fire from a foot regiment in front. At the first discharge James *Mór* fell seriously wounded by no less than five bullets, two having passed right through his body. Nothing daunted, this singular man—who but a short time before had been playing the part of a spy in the interests of the Government whose soldiers had now laid him low—grievously hurt as he was, raised his head with difficulty on his hand and shouted to his men

[1] This was Samuel Cameron, a native of Kilmallie, Lochaber. His grandson, who was an elder of Kilmallie Church in 1835, always asserted that his kinsman killed Gardiner in self-defence.—W. D. N.

THE BATTLE OF PRESTONPANS AND DEATH OF COLONEL GARDINER

21ST SEPTEMBER 1745

Painted by SIR WILLIAM ALLAN, P.R.S.A., R.A.

in a tone of command, "My lads, I am not dead!—by G—, I shall see if any of you does not do his duty."[1]

Incensed at the fall of their leader, Rob Roy's brave son, the MacGregors only wanted such a speech as this to inflame all the fiery Celtic blood which coursed so hotly through their veins; with a wild shout they threw themselves upon the red-coats, cutting down men and horses with their long scythe-armed poles, cleaving skulls, lopping off limbs in their mad lust of battle, and doing such terrible execution that in a short time the ground was covered with "hands, legs, arms, and mutilated bodies."[2] The same sickening spectacle was to be seen all over the field of battle, demonstrating in the most awful manner the deadly effects of the Highland weapons.

Bravely as the MacGregors had behaved, their Lowland comrades in the Duke of Perth's regiment had shown almost as great cowardice as the Hanoverians, standing—Duncan MacPharic tell us—stock-still like oxen when they approached the enemy's lines. This extraordinary conduct was in all probability due to the fact that the majority were tenants of the Duke who had been pressed into the service much against their inclinations; they had no inherent love of fighting like the true Celts, and as soon as the battle was over the greater number deserted and made the best of their way back to Perthshire, preferring to incur his Grace's anger than risk their lives again on the field.

The MacDonald regiments forming the right wing of the Prince's army, under the Duke of Perth, in their eagerness to emulate the gallant deeds of the clans on the left endeavoured to regain the ground they had lost in the darkness by a succession of rapid rushes, but the distance they had to cover was too great, and before they arrived at striking distance the fight was practically at an end.

The carnage had been terrific; five hundred of Cope's unfortunate soldiers were killed outright, fourteen hundred made prisoners, of whom nine hundred were wounded, the remainder making their escape to Edinburgh Castle or Berwick. In the first heat of the battle the excited Highlanders had run among the fleeing herd of red-coats and cut them down mercilessly with their claymores; round the old thorn tree and at the high wall of Preston Grange, or wherever a brief stand had been made, heaps of shockingly mutilated corpses showed how furious had been the onslaught of the Gael. Never even in those Fingalian combats of which Ossian sang had so great and bloody a victory been gained in such a short space of time. From beginning to end the battle lasted

[1] "Johnstone's Memoirs." [2] Ibid.

scarcely a quarter of an hour, the hosts of the usurper had melted away. Cope himself was flying with his craven dragoons to Berwick, his military chest containing nearly £3000 with the whole of his baggage, cannon, and military stores had been secured. The victory was complete in every respect. Charles had won the day for the King, his father, by the good swords of his faithful Highlanders.

CHAPTER V

"'When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speer'd at him, 'Where's a' your men?'
'The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' this morning.'

. . . . . .

'I' faith,' quo' Johnnie, 'I got a fleg
Wi' their claymores and philabegs.
If I face them again, deil break my legs!
So I wish you a' gude morning.'"

FROM his position in rear of the fighting line, Charles had the intense satisfaction of witnessing the total rout of the Hanoverian army and the ignominious flight of the redoubtable Cope; in whichever direction he looked he perceived his enemies fleeing before the swift-footed, victorious Highlanders; in every nook and corner of the field he saw the hapless victims of the conquering claymore lying dead or dying, their bodies piled in gory heaps where the slaughter had been heaviest, or dotted here and there in solitary isolation amid the long stubble. The victory was decisive and complete; fortune had at last crowned his efforts with success; all opposition to his further progress was for the time at least swept away; right had for once overcome might; and everything augured well for the future.

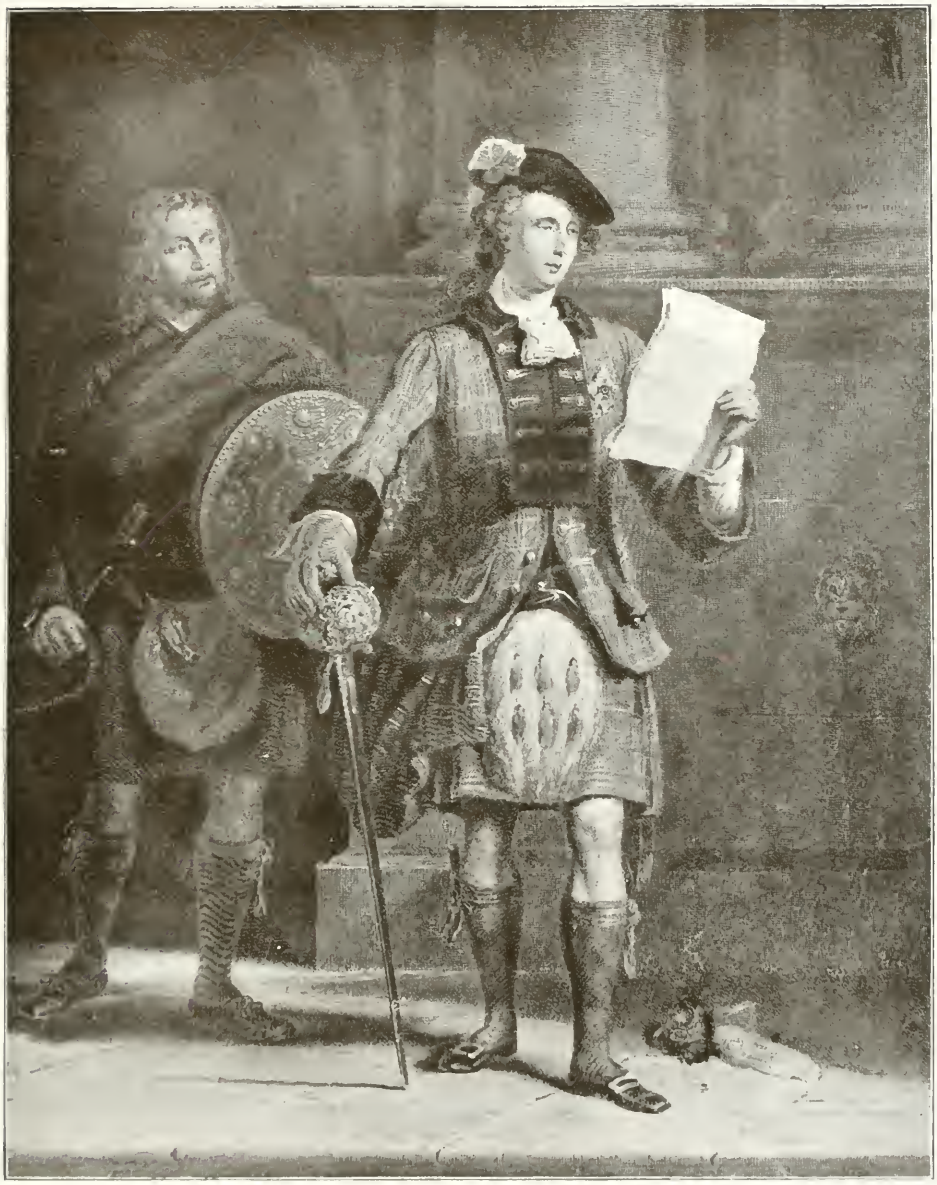
His first thoughts were for the wounded, and with that tender compassion for human suffering which had always been a prominent characteristic of his disposition, he gave orders immediately the action was over "to have the wounded dressed, and carriages provided to take them off the field, which was executed by his Surgeons w[t] all the care and expedition imaginable, to the great loss of the wounded of his own army, who from being neglected till most of the troops were taken care of, their wounds festered, being all gun Shott and mostly in the legs and thighs. He breakfasted on the field, but not amongst the dead and within hearing of the wounded, as has been falsely asserted by little ignorant Scholl master who has pretended to write the history of an affair of which he could be no judge." So says Murray of Broughton, whose ire had

been aroused at the mendacious narrative of the affair given by Andrew Henderson, the Edinburgh pedagogue, in his "History of the Rebellion."

In the first frenzied onset, and during the hot pursuit which followed the breaking up of the enemy's ranks, it had been found impossible to restrain the fierce passions of the Highlanders; their fiery spirits long pent up, burst forth with ungovernable fury as the lust of battle took entire possession of their souls, and they rushed on heedlessly, dealing death and destruction with every blow of the claymore and every thrust of the dirk. One young officer, Mr. Colquhoun Grant—afterwards a sedate city lawyer—in the excitement of the moment mounted a horse, and pursued single-handed a party of dragoons through the streets of Edinburgh to the Castle, when finding the great gate shut in his face after the panic-stricken troopers had passed in, he defiantly stuck his bloody dirk into its oaken timbers as a memento of his visit.

Such reckless bravery was not always successful. Mr. David Threipland younger of Fingask, who with his brother Stuart had recently joined the Jacobite army, impelled by a similar desire to distinguish himself in his Prince's service, rode after another body of dragoons attended only by his two servants, and came up with them near St. Clement's Wells, beyond Wallyford. At this spot Cope was making a last futile effort to rally a considerable number of his fugitive cavalry, and Threipland unexpectedly came almost into the midst of them before he discovered his danger; in a moment the dragoons he was following, emboldened by the close proximity of their comrades, faced about and cut him down with their sabres. He was buried where he fell, and we are told by Sir Walter Scott, who narrates the incident in a note to "Waverley," that as a lad he had the melancholy privilege of sitting on the unfortunate gentleman's grave.

The state of terror into which whole regiments of Cope's well-armed soldiers were thrown at the sight of a few kilted Highlanders is so remarkable, that were it not for the convincing testimony of eye-witnesses on both sides, few would credit the story. The Chevalier Johnstone tells us, and there is no reason to doubt the accuracy of his narrative, substantiated as it is by the contemporary accounts of the battle given by Whig writers, that, "The panic-terror of the English surpasses all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves of the only means of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of



Engraved by J. Hastings

PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD READING A DISPATCH FROM SIR JOHN COPE

Painted by W. Simpson, R.S.A.

defending himself. Terror had taken possession of their minds."[1] He relates how a lad of fourteen had killed or wounded as many of the enemy as there were years in his age, and upon the Prince, to whom he was specially presented, asking him if it was true, the boy replied, "I do not know if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my sword."

One of Cope's officers, in a letter to a friend, says with truth, "Neither officers nor general can divest men of dread and panick when it seizes them, he only can do that who makes the heart of man. To their being struck with a most unreasonable panick, and to no one thing else, the disgraceful event was owing. The ground was to our wish, the disposition was unexceptionable, and we were fully formed."[2]

It is no part of the author's duty, writing as he does from a Jacobite point of view, to attempt a vindication of Sir John Cope and his officers, moreover, this has already been done, and done well, by General Sir Robert Cadell. Cope was neither a brilliant nor a bold officer—his letters show this—but he was apparently no coward;[3] the panic which overtook his army was no fault of his own; his oft repeated demands to the Government for more troops were persistently overlooked; his advice was not taken; he was regarded in the army as an alarmist; and when the disaster followed which he had predicted, it was upon his own unlucky shoulders that the whole obloquy of the shameful affair fell. Poor unfortunate Sir John, little did you think on that September morning in the year of grace 1745, when you rode proudly in front of your assembled troops, that more than a century and a half later the descendants of those Highlanders you and your officers so contemptuously despised would still immortalise your memory, and carry the story of your defeat throughout the vast British Empire in the skirl of their war-pipes. No tune is better known than "Hey! Johnnie Cope," and wherever our grand Highland regiments are to be found, at home or abroad, in camp or barracks, in peace or war, there will its notes be heard at early dawn awakening the kilted soldiers from their slumbers, and calling them to their routine of daily drill and military exercise, or to the glorious excitement of battle.[4]

Of Cope's officers it is only reasonable to believe that they did all they could to rally and encourage their men; the task, however, was a

[1] "Memoirs of the Rebellion." London, 1820, p. 29.

[2] Printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1745.

[3] I have dealt rather harshly with Sir John Cope, in "Loyal Lochaber," which was written before Sir Robert Cadell's work was published; since then I have somewhat modified my opinion, as will be seen from above.—W. D. N.

[4] This popular tune is played in most Highland and Scottish regiments at *réveille*, to awaken the soldiers.

hopeless one from the moment the dragoons turned tail, and they had to yield, or be cut to pieces. The officer whose letter has been already quoted, says, "I do not mention the behaviour of the officers. I saw many of them exerting themselves to rally the dragoons before they enter'd the defiles, thro' which they fled from the field. In general I have not heard one single suggestion against any one man who had the honour to carry the King's Commission, either in the dragoons or foot, as if he had not done his duty."

Captain Pointz of Guise's regiment, who had the misfortune to lose

BANKTON HOUSE, COLONEL GARDINER'S, NEAR PRESTONPANS

Photo by the AUTHOR

one of his hands before he surrendered, disgusted at the cowardice of his men, shouted, "For shame, gentlemen! behave like Britons; give them another fire, and you'll make them run." Lieutenant Greenwell, of Murray's, also entreated his company to make a stand, and not "be beat by such a set of banditti;" many swore at their men, some threatened severe punishment, others tried persuasion, but all methods were alike unavailing, and the "banditti" swept on to victory unopposed.

Before finally quitting the field, Sir John Cope, supported by the Earl of Home, had made one desperate effort to induce a body of four hundred and fifty dragoons, who were massed in front of the Preston Grange dyke with their horses' croups turned to the advancing High-

landers, to make a stand, but to no effect, and to save them from being slaughtered like sheep, he had at last to lead them through the narrow defile between the walls of the Grange, and those which surrounded Colonel Gardiner's house of Bankton ; having got them through in safety, the General ordered them to form up in rear of the village of Preston, and the Earl, pistol in hand, turned them into a field, where there were three squadrons gathered. Whilst the dragoons were forming

MONUMENT TO COLONEL GARDINER, BANKTON

Photo by the AUTHOR

a party of Highlanders appeared at the west end of the defile, and observing the cavalry, seemed indisposed to proceed further ; again Cope made a most strenuous appeal to the dastard troopers to charge the foe, "but they could not be brought," Lord Loudoun says, "to move one foot ;" had they done so at this critical moment the tide of defeat might have been turned, and as Sir Robert Cadell justly remarks, "very probably they might have killed or captured the Prince himself." Instead of trying to redeem their character by so manly an action, they retreated still further, and after being halted and formed three several times, "to

make the retreat look as decent as possible," the General marched them to Lauder, and from thence to Coldstream, where they rested for the night, and on the following day continued the retiral to Berwick.

Throughout this dismal march the officers mutually abused each other and their men, and nothing but bitter recriminations were heard. So noticeable was this, that Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, who with his wife had fled from Jacobite vengeance, and happened to be that night at Cornhill, near Coldstream, describes in his Autobiography how many of Cope's officers came to lodge in the same house, and "we thought hell had broken loose, for I never heard such oaths and imprecations, branding each other with cowardice, and neglect of duty."

It will be remembered that Cope had left his baggage and military stores at Cockenzie under a strong guard of Highland soldiers belonging to Lord Loudoun's and the Black Watch regiments. Lord George Murray having received intelligence of this important fact shortly after the conclusion of the battle, marched off at once with Lochiel and his clan, to take possession of the valuable property which the defeated General had been unable to carry with him. The baggage guard was under the command of Sir Patrick Murray of Ochtertyre, whose treacherous attempt to capture his friend and neighbour, the Duke of Perth, has already been described. He had posted his men behind the walls of Warren Parks, a little south-east of the village, in so advantageous a position, that Lord George quite expected a stout defence would be made. He therefore sent one of his prisoners, Captain Cochrane of Lee's regiment, to inform Sir Patrick, that if he would immediately surrender himself and his men, "as prisoners of war, they should be used as such; if not, they would be immediately attacked, and no quarter given, upon which they readily gave up their arms."[1] Thus everything fell into the Prince's hands, Cope's military chest, containing between two and three thousand pounds, being discovered later among some old barrels under the staircase of Cockenzie House.

The Duke of Perth could not let the opportunity afforded by his quondam friend's capture pass without a joke at his expense. Addressing Ochtertyre with studied courtesy, he inquired after that gentleman's health, adding as a parting shot, "Sir Petie, I am to dine with *you* to-day."

The Highlanders were now dispersed all over the field of battle, busily engaged in appropriating as much of the personal property of their fallen enemies as they could conveniently carry in plaid or pouch;

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 203.

and it was ludicrous to see young lads and great bearded Celts strutting about in all the glory of scarlet and gold-laced coats, lately possessed by the officers of his Hanoverian Majesty, or endeavouring to crowd all sorts of bulky articles into sporrans already filled to bursting pitch. One

EPISODE AT PRESTONPANS

struggled on with a dragoon's saddle on his brawny shoulders, another had found a watch, which had run down, and finding he could get no sound out of it after a severe shaking, disposed of it for a trifle to a passer-by, with the remark, "Och! she wass ferry glad to be rid of ta teed beastie." Some chocolate was found among an officer's belongings,

and was regarded with the greatest wonder and curiosity by the unsophisticated mountaineers, who concluded it was some kind of drug. It was afterwards offered for sale in the streets, under the name of "Johnnie Cope's saw" (*i.e.* salve). The General's travelling-carriage fell to the lot of the veteran chief of Clann Donnachaidh, Alexander Robertson of Struan. The old gentleman, infirm as he was, could not be persuaded to remain at home when his clan was in the field, and so, accompanied by his aged kinsman and cronie, Robert *Bàn* Robertson of Invervack, he had journeyed all the way from Rannoch, and witnessed the success of the Prince's arms from an eminence near the scene of combat. After the battle, he had the gratification of returning home in triumph, seated in Cope's carriage, clad in the fur-lined cloak, and wearing the chain of that unlucky officer.

The Highlanders, to their credit be it said, showed no desire to take any unfair advantage of their cowardly enemies, and after the first terrible ten minutes of carnage were at an end, they were quite ready to give quarter to any who offered to surrender. Murray of Broughton makes special reference to this fact, in order to contradict the lying accounts of Highland ferocity which were disseminated by contemporary Whig journalists. "For to evite death," he writes in his "Memorials," "numbers threw themselves on the ground, the greatest part not so much as wounded ; nor was there ever more mercy showed upon any occasion, notwithstanding the many false and malicious Storys that have been alledged to the Contrary, not a Creature having been refused quarter so soon as they asked it."

This is confirmed by the MacDonald chronicler, who says, "Whatever notion our Low-countrymen may entertain of the Highlanders, I can attest they gave many proofs this day of their humanity and mercy. Not only did I often hear our common clansmen ask the soldiers if they wanted quarter, and not only did we, the officers, exert our utmost pains to save those who were stubborn, or who could not make themselves understood, but I saw some of our private men, after the battle, run to Port Seton for ale and other liquors to support the wounded. As one proof for all, of my own particular observation I saw a Highlander carefully, and with patient kindness, carry a poor wounded soldier on his back into a house, where he left him with a sixpence to pay his charges. In all this we followed not only the dictates of humanity, but also the orders of our Prince, who acted in everything as the true father of his country."

It was quite another matter where plunder was concerned, for the

old predatory instinct of the Celt was by no means extinct in 1745, and the sight of so much booty naturally served to awaken it. The chiefs and officers did all they could to recall their scattered men from the congenial task in which they were engaged, but the temptation of acquiring wealth in such an easy fashion proved so great an incentive that many not only refused to obey the commands of their superiors, but deserted altogether in their eagerness to carry home the spoil they had secured. So great was the desertion from this and other causes, that within a few days of the battle the Prince's army was found by Patullo, the muster-master, to number only about 1400 men ;[1] as Charles did not lose in the action more than 11 officers and 100 rank and file killed and wounded, it would appear that nearly 1000 of his followers must have gone off in this manner.

Six officers only were slain on the Jacobite side, viz., Captain Archibald MacDonell of Keppoch's regiment, Captain Angus Macdonald of Achtriachtan, of Glencoe's, Captain Robert Stewart, of Appin's, Lieutenant Alan Cameron of Lundavra, and Ensign James Cameron, both of Lochiel's, and Mr. David Thriepland, son of Fingask; the wounded, officers and men were nearly all from the regiments of Lochiel, Appin, and the Macgregor companies, under Glencairnaig and James *Mór*.

If we may credit the story told by Duncan MacPharic, the MacGregors greatly distinguished themselves in the pursuit, and so won the admiration of the Prince that he warmly embraced Glencairnaig and Major Evan MacGregor, and congratulated them upon the result of the fight. "He then commanded the whole of the Clan Gregor to be collected in the middle of the field ; and a table being covered, he sat down with Glencairnaig and Major Evan to refresh himself, all the rest standing round as a guard, and each receiving a glass of wine and a little bread." This incident probably occurred whilst Lord George Murray and Lochiel were engaged in taking possession of Cope's baggage at Cockenzie. Henderson purposely misrepresents it, and refers to Charles refreshing himself upon the field, and eating a piece of cold beef and drinking a glass of wine with the utmost composure, "amidst the deep and piercing Groans of the wounded and dying, who had fallen a Sacrifice to his Ambition." Seeing that the Prince had refrained from taking any food until he had made the most humane provision for relieving the sufferings of his wounded enemies, the schoolmaster's remarks are both unjust and ungenerous. His description of Charles's personal appearance and attire is, however, worth noting. "I saw," he says, "the Chevalier after the

[1] *Vide* Home's "History," Appendix XXX. p 331.

battle standing by his Horse, dressed like an ordinary Captain, in a coarse Plaid, and large blue Bonnet with a narrow plain gold lace about it, his Boots and Knees much dirtied, the effects of having fallen into a Ditch."

Before leaving the battle-field Charles suggested at a council of his chief officers, that the victory should be followed up by an immediate descent into England by way of Berwick, the garrison of which town he thought might be easily overcome; but after some hours' consideration,

PINKIE HOUSE

the reasons against such a plan were found to be so weighty that it was abandoned, and the Prince having made the necessary arrangements for the disposal of his prisoners, "given the Strictest orders to have the officers used with all imaginable Civility," and left instructions regarding the decent interment of the dead, rode off to Pinkie House. In this fine old Scottish mansion, built in the reign of his royal ancestor James VI., belonging to the Marquis of Tweeddale, Charles passed the night of September 21st, whilst his army found quarters in and around the neighbouring village of Musselburgh. Many of the wounded prisoners were brought

into Musselburgh by Lord George Murray, who treated them with the greatest kindness and consideration, lending his horses for their conveyance, and finding comfortable accommodation for them in an empty house where, lest they should be subjected to any violence or insult, he stayed himself, sleeping on the floor in the same room.

The news of the Prince's success was not long in reaching Edinburgh. It was brought by fugitive dragoons, by mounted civilians who had ridden out to see the fight, and lastly by a party of Camerons, who within three hours after the fight marched proudly into the city with pipes playing, carrying the captured colours of the Hanoverian cavalry which they waved aloft that all might see.[1] On the following day (Sunday, September 22nd), the victorious army returned in triumph to the capital, marching in one long extended line through the lower gate of the city, and parading the principal thoroughfares with banners flying, and a brave show of stalwart pipers in front playing vigorously the popular Jacobite tune, "The King shall enjoy his ain again." Cope's standards and colours were ostentatiously displayed, and those prisoners who were able to walk, marched disarmed in rear of the column in a body nearly half as strong, in point of numbers, as that of their captors, followed by the captured baggage and cannon escorted by a strong guard. The Highlanders had decked themselves with the personal ornaments and military garments of the vanquished foe, which they wore in most incongruous fashion over their own national tartan garb as the easiest method of carrying the spoil. In their excitement and enthusiasm several fired their muskets in the air to the no little danger of the spectators. In one instance this reprehensible practice nearly proved fatal to a Jacobite lady who was viewing the spectacle from a balcony. This was a Miss Nairne, who many years later related the incident to her friend Sir Walter Scott—the bullet grazed her forehead as she was waving her handkerchief. "Thank God," said she the instant she recovered, "that the accident happened to me whose principles are known. Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose." [2]

Charles took no part in this procession; he had no wish to pose as a conqueror over those he considered his father's subjects, rebellious though they might be, and he showed his good taste by returning quietly to Holyrood in the evening, where, upon learning that bonfires were to be lit and other rejoicings intended in honour of the victory, "he gave possitive orders against it, saying that he was far from rejoicing att the

[1] "The Wanderer; or, Surprising Escape." Glasgow, 1752. Quoted by Chambers.
[2] *Vide* "Waverley," note 39.

death of any of his father's Subjects, tho' never so much his Enemys, y^t^ he pittied their unhappy way of thinking, which had drawn so many misfortunes upon the Country, and ended in their own fall." [1]

He had already sent word on the afternoon of the battle to the Presbyterian ministers of the city desiring them to continue their services as usual, a course which he invariably adopted during the period of the campaign ; being always most tolerant to the clergy of every denomination wherever he stayed, always encouraging his men to attend divine service, and generally evincing a strong desire to support the national form of religion.

The Prince's courtesy was, however, quite thrown away upon the dour Presbyterian divines ; many had left the city, and the few who remained preferred to be regarded as martyrs to their Whig principles rather than fulfil their religious duties to their congregations. This is clearly evident from their audacity in sending a deputation of their number to Sir Thomas Sheridan to ask whether they would be allowed to pray for "King" George, a request which they must have known it would be impossible to grant. Sir Thomas, incensed at such insolence, would have made short work of the deputation by sending the would-be martyrs about their business with a decisive answer in the negative, but Charles, who saw that such a course would only assist in furthering their plans, determined they should have no grounds for charging him with bigotry and persecution, and instructed his old tutor to tell the petitioners that although he could not with any show of consistence or reason give them the permission they desired, they might rest assured that no notice would be taken of anything they said in their sermons.

In spite of this most unheard-of clemency and toleration on the Prince's part, the stubborn ministers refused to officiate, and their congregations had, for once in a way, to forego the usual Sabbath homily, for which, for all we know, they may have been devoutly thankful. The clergy of the West Kirk "being sheltered," as Henderson says, "under the Castle guns," proved the exception, and the Rev. Neil MacVicar gained a little cheap notoriety among the Whigs by giving utterance to a prayer utterly unworthy of a Christian minister. "Bless the King," he prayed. "Thou knowest what King I mean ; may the crown sit long and easy on his head, &c. &c. And for this man that is come amongst us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in mercy to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory."

Charles had far more important matters to attend to than the foolish

[1] "Memorials of Murray of Broughton," p. 209.

tirades of a few acrimonious ministers ; and in the discharge of his multifarious duties the ill-timed jest was contemptuously overlooked. His first business was to make suitable arrangements for the accommodation of his army, the care of the wounded, and the disposal of his prisoners. With the most thoughtful regard for the comfort of the citizens, he forebore to exercise the privileges of a conqueror, and instead of billeting his men in private houses, he ordered his officers to find quarters for them in inns and other places of public entertainment within the city or in the suburbs and adjacent villages. Straw was laid down on the floor of the Tron Kirk and in the lobby of Parliament House, and every night whilst the occupation of the city lasted, these fine buildings were filled with a great crowd of sleeping Highlanders. The Camerons, who were among those who found shelter in Parliament House, furnished the guard in the Lawnmarket—a dangerous post which Lochiel had bravely volunteered to occupy—from whence they could check any sortie of the hostile garrison in the Castle. The wounded of both armies were conveyed to the Royal Infirmary where they received the best medical attention and careful nursing. The Hanoverian officers who had been taken prisoners were placed under easy restraint in Queensberry House, while their men were confined in the Canongate Tolbooth and church.

On the 26th, 113 of the unwounded prisoners were sent north to Logierait in Perthshire, under the care of Menzies of Shian, and on the 29th, 60 of Cope's officers left Edinburgh for Perth in charge of David Stewart of Kynachan, George Robertson of Faskally, and an escort of 150 men. Every reasonable provision was made for their comfort: two pecks of meal being allowed every week for the rank and file, with a due proportion of meat, and a penny a day for drink money, while the officers, who upon arrival at Perth were allowed out on parole, having sworn an oath not to serve against the House of Stuart for a twelvemonth, were of course at liberty to provide for themselves. Lord George Murray hospitably invited them to dine at Tullibardine House[1] on their way. "I have propos'd," he writes to his wife, "that they all (the officers) dine at Tullibardine on Teusday, if you can make ready Beeff and Mutton, coald and hot, both made ready at home and with your neighbours. It will be an obliging thing, and what they will be sensible off."

Some of the Prince's advisers suggested that he should send one of his prisoners to London with a proposal, that a cartel for the exchange of prisoners during the continuance of hostilities should be arranged, and a threat that unless it was granted no quarter would in future be

[1] "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 49.

given. There would have been a decided advantage to Charles in such an agreement, as many of the more timid Jacobites would undoubtedly have joined him had they felt less fear of the terrible doom which would certainly overtake them if they fell into the hands of the Elector of Hanover; but his humanity revolted at the idea of no quarter, and he refused to be persuaded. A few of the prisoners, mostly Highlanders from Lord Loudoun's and the Black Watch regiments, donned the white cockade and joined the ranks of the Prince's army; several English soldiers did the same, if we may credit an information sworn by one Robert Bowey of Prestonpans before the Mayor of Newcastle, in which he declared he "saw many of them going about at large with white cocades along with the Rebells, by Reason whereof it was generally said, and (he) the Deponent verily believes, that they had all Inlisted with the Pretender and wer in his Service. And (he) the Deponent further saith that on the same day (Sunday, September 29th) he saw an English Sergeant with a white Cocade upon his hatt beating up by Drum for Volunteers for the Pretender in the publick Street of Edinburgh."[1]

The Prince's next step was to form a properly constituted council for the regulation and discussion of all important matters of business connected with the campaign. The members first appointed were the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, Lord Nairne, Lochiel, Keppoch, Young Clanranald, Lochgarry, Glencoe, Ardsheal, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Colonel O'Sullivan, and John Murray of Broughton; Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord Ogilvy, Lord Pitsligo, and Gordon of Glenbucket joined the council board when they reached Edinburgh, and other names were added as time went on.

Lord Elcho, in his journal, tells us how the council met regularly every morning in the Prince's drawing-room, and describes in terms of the strongest disapproval the way in which business was conducted on these occasions. "The Prince," he says, "in this council, used always to declare what he was himself for, and then he asked everybody's opinion in their turn. There was one-third of the council whose principles were, that kings and princes can never either act or think wrong; so in consequence they always confirmed whatever the Prince said. The other two-thirds, who thought that kings and princes thought sometimes like other men and were not altogether infallible, and that this Prince was no more so than others, therefore begged leave to differ from him when they could give sufficient reasons for their difference of opinion. This very often was no hard matter to do; for as the Prince and his old Governor,

[1] In Record Office, London.

Sir Thomas Sheridan, were altogether ignorant of the ways and customs of Great Britain, and both much for the doctrine of absolute monarchy, they would very often, had they not been prevented, have fallen into blunders which might have hurt the cause. The Prince could not hear anybody differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to everybody who did."

Although these words were written many years after the events described, when the writer disappointed at the failure of the attempt, and vexed at the loss of his fifteen hundred guineas,[1] had conceived a bitter prejudice against the Prince, it must be admitted that in all probability they give us a fairly truthful account of what took place. The principle of hereditary divine right had been installed into Charles's mind from earliest boyhood. "The King can do no wrong," was a fundamental article of the political creed in which he had been educated, and although in spite of this belief he was usually amenable to advice when it was given by those he liked and respected, even if such advice did not always coincide with his own views, he rarely failed to make it plain that by doing so he was conceding a part of his princely prerogative to the necessities of the occasion. From those he disliked or suspected he would never willingly accept either suggestions or counsel.

Elcho lays great stress upon the Prince's marked preference for his Irish friends, who, he says "had nothing to risk," whilst "the people of fashion (meaning himself and the other Scottish members of the council) thought they had a title to know and be consulted in what was for the good of the cause in which they had so much concern." There was undoubtedly some justification for these remarks, for it is certain that not only his lordship but Lord George Murray and many of the chiefs saw with much concern the gradually increasing influence of the Irish clique over their young and inexperienced leader.

One of Charles's first acts upon his arrival at Holyrood was to despatch a special messenger into England with the news of the victory. Hickson, the Perth vintner, was selected for this duty, and a letter was handed to him bearing the Prince's signature, containing full instructions how to act. He was told to visit the north and north-western districts, and notify to the Prince's friends "the wonderful success with which it has hitherto pleased God to favour" his Royal Highness's "endeavours for their deliverance. You are," the letter

[1] *Vide* Edgar's letter to Lord Elcho, in which, writing on King James's behalf, he says, "Besides H. M. thinks that the money which you say you advanced to the Prince in Scotland having been on account of the then public service, that it can never be claimed as a personal debt either for the Prince or himself." (Printed in Brown's "History," vol. iv. Appendix CLXXV.)

continued, "to let them know that it is my full intention, in a few days to move towards them, and that they will be inexcusable before God and man if they do not all in their power to assist me in such an undertaking." He was to demand in the Prince's name "provisions and money" in order that the country should suffer as little as possible by the march of the troops, and he was to give them clearly to understand that the time had come for action, not promises. "Now or never," Charles concludes, "I am resolved to conquer or perish. If this last should happen, let them judge what they and their posterity have to expect."[1] Hickson started on his journey, but only got the length of Newcastle, when he was arrested, and the letter, which had been hidden in his glove, fell into the hands of the Government. The unhappy innkeeper, in terror of the consequences, endeavoured to commit suicide by cutting his throat; the wound, however, was not serious, and after Culloden, we again hear of him giving evidence against the Jacobites, who had frequented his house in Perth.

The brilliant success of the Prince's arms at Prestonpans had a most inspiriting effect upon those Scottish Jacobites who had hitherto held aloof from his enterprise, either from doubt of the final issue, or because they were unprepared to take the field at so short a notice. They had watched with anxiety the gradual development of the rising, they had followed with interest Charles's rapid progress from the west coast to Perth, and from Perth to Edinburgh, they had learnt with undisguised satisfaction how he had entered the capital of his father's kingdom of Scotland in triumph, and they now heard with feelings of pride and delight how the army of the usurper had been utterly defeated by the gallant Highlanders under his command. Charles determined that this newly awakened enthusiasm should not die out for want of fanning: he felt assured that if Sir Alexander MacDonald, Lord Lovat, and MacLeod of MacLeod were ever to be persuaded to throw in their lot with him, now was the time to bring the strongest influence and pressure to bear upon these dilatory chiefs. With this object in view, Alexander MacLeod younger of Muiravonside was sent to Skye on September 24th, to confer with Sir Alexander MacDonald, MacLeod of MacLeod,[2] MacKinnon of MacKinnon, and the lesser chieftains of the *Siol Lèoid*, the lairds of Raasa, Talisker, Bernera, and Swordland; whilst MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, MacDonald of Barisdale, and Hugh Fraser of Dalcraig,[3] were despatched on a similar mission to Lord Lovat.

[1] Printed in "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 24, Lord Mahon's History, &c.

[2] *Vide* Barisdale's letter to Murray of Broughton, giving a report of his mission, in Appendix.

[3] Hugh Fraser was an Edinburgh lawyer, who had been Lord Lovat's confidant and secretary up till 1744; he was taken prisoner in July 1746, and gave evidence at Lovat's trial.

The instructions given to young Muiravonside were drawn up by Murray of Broughton, whose diplomatic talents were now in great demand for the drafting of proclamations, letters, and other documents, which the political situation rendered necessary. With considerable adroitness, Murray, writing in the Prince's name, wisely refrained from censure or reproaches. The chiefs were to be told that their delay in joining was not imputed "to any failure of loyalty or zeal for His Majesty's cause, but to the private way in which we have judged it most proper to come into this kingdom, having it always at heart to restore our royal Father by the means of his own subjects alone." They were to be acquainted "that we have most undoubted assurances of assistance from France and Spain; and we have now for some time past, and still do expect the Earl of Marshall, with a body of troops, to land in this country; as likewise the Duke of Ormond, to land in England with the Irish brigade, with a large quantity of arms, ammunition, and money."[1] The envoys to Lord Lovat carried instructions to the same purport, and Kinlochmoidart was specially provided with a letter written by Murray, containing orders to make it known wherever he went, that Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod "were actually in arms, and either readie or upon their march" to join the Prince.

It will be remembered that when Charles was at Invergarry, Fraser of Gortuleg had demanded in his chief's name a warrant for the capture of the Lord President, whose untiring exertions on behalf of the Government had done so much injury to the Jacobite cause that even the gentle Lochiel in a letter to Lovat, says "he has rendered himself a scandal to all Scotsmen, and a nuisance to all society;"[2] For many reasons it had been found impossible to put this warrant into execution, and it was therefore thought advisable to draft another one and send it north in charge of one of the gentlemen who had been selected to visit Lord Lovat, probably Hugh Fraser. The warrant (a reduced facsimile of which is here given)[3] was entrusted to James Fraser of Foyers, and an attempt was made on the night of Tuesday, October 15th, by a party of Frasers under Fraser of Byerfield to surprise and capture his Lordship in his castle of Culloden, but it proved abortive, as the wary old gentleman in the full expectancy of some unpleasant attentions from his Jacobite neighbours had taken the precaution to fortify and garrison his residence to such good purpose that the Frasers after the first attack retired discomfited, and contented them-

[1] The whole letter is printed in Home's "History," Appendix XXVIII.

[2] State Trials, XVIII. 771.

[3] The original was in the possession of the late Dr. C. Fraser MacKintosh, who kindly lent it for reproduction.

Charles Prince of Wales &c: Regent of Scotland England france and Ireland and the dominions thereunto belonging To. James Fraser of Foyers

Whereas We gave a Warrand Sometime ago to the Lord Lovat to Apprehend and Secure the person of Duncan Forbes of Culloden Which warrand for Suffitient reason he could not put in Execution We now Judge it necessary hereby to impower you to Seise upon the person of the above named Duncan Forbes and when you have so Seised and Apprehended him to Carry him prisoner to us at Edinburgh or where we Shall happen to be for the time for the doing of which this Shall be your Warrand Given at his Majesties Palace of Holyroodhouse the Twenty third Day of September 1745

By his Highness Command

FACSIMILE OF WARRANT FOR THE ARREST OF LORD PRESIDENT FORBES

By kind permission of the late Dr. C. Fraser Mackintosh

selves with a raid upon the cattle and live stock. Lovat, of course, washed his hands of any responsibility, "cursed for a matter of two hours" when he heard of it, and wrote a long letter of condolence to his injured friend in which he offers reparation in the shape of "a hundred fat wedders," and after assuring him that he need have no apprehension of further trouble, concludes, "I solemnly swear to Gortuleg, that if any villain or rascal of my country durst presume to hurt or disturb any of your lordship's tenants, I would go personally, though carried in a litter, and see them seized and hanged."[1]

It is difficult to believe in Lovat's assertion that he was ignorant of the purposed attack on Culloden House; if he really spoke the truth his ignorance must have been the result of an expressed wish on his part not to be informed of a matter which he knew would compromise him fatally in the eyes of the Government. His position was growing every day more difficult, for whereas, as Burton says, "he had formerly but to conceal his intentions, an easy task, he had now to conceal his actions."[2] Prestonpans decided him to support the Prince, but how to do so with the least amount of risk to himself in case of failure was a question that required mature consideration. A less unscrupulous or more timid man would have recoiled from the formidable task, but Lovat had few scruples of conscience in political matters, and although cautious, he was certainly not timid; he had an overwhelming belief in his own powers of diplomatic dissimulation and epistolary eloquence, he felt himself more than a match for his neighbour Culloden, and if the worst happened, there would be many loopholes through which a clever man might escape.

Circumspect as he usually was, Lovat could not refrain from openly showing his extreme gratification at the great and unexpected news of the Prince's wonderful achievement. "He called it the greatest victory that had even been gained, and said the Prince would undoubtedly prevail;" he caroused with his Jacobite friends at Castle Downie, and drank bumper after bumper "to the triumph of the enterprise and to the confusion of the White Horse of Hanover."[3] In these avowals of sympathy with the Prince's cause, Lovat was thoroughly sincere, and had he been a younger man, there can be little doubt that he would have instantly called out his clansmen and started for Edinburgh at their head; but age with its attendant infirmities rendered such a plan impossible, and it only remained for him to stay at home and send his eldest son as a substitute. There was nothing extraordinary or unnatural in this idea, his brother

[1] Culloden Papers, 232.
[2] Hill Burton's "Life of Lord Lovat," London, 1847, p. 227. [3] Ibid.

chiefs, Clanranald and Glengarry, had both adopted a similar course ; all that was left for him to do was to devise some method by which he might, in the event of a possible catastrophe, save his head from the block and his estates from confiscation.

To one so well versed as himself in the art of deception the task did not appear insuperable ; it would be an easy matter, he thought, to cozen the Whigs, and make it appear that his son, inflamed by the accounts of Jacobite successes, had obstinately refused to remain at home, and that in spite of all commands and remonstrances he had mustered the clan and gone off to join the Prince. This plan looked so feasible to Lovat that he definitely decided to carry it out, and while on the one hand he wrote to Murray of Broughton a letter expressing the intense grief he felt at being unable, owing to severe sickness, to venture his old bones in the service of his "dear brave Prince," and how being thus debarred from coming himself, he had sent his eldest son, the hope of his family and the darling of his life, "to venture the last drop of his blood in the glorious Prince's service ;" on the other, he tried to allay the suspicions of the Lord President by another epistle, in which he refers to "several villainous, malicious, and ridiculous reports" that had been spread abroad which vexed him very much, "but as there was nothing even out of hell more false," he declared that he "despised them, and the scoundrels that invented them ;" all that he wished to do was to live in perfect amity with his friend, "communicating to one another what news we hear, and inquiring for one another's health." In another letter to Forbes, he says, "I do solemnly declare to your lordship, that nothing ever vexed my soul so much as my son's resolution to go and join the Prince, and venture his person with him ; and this mad resolution struck him on the head as soon as he heard of the Prince's landing ; and after what MacLeod said to him, and what Gortuleg said to him, and what myself said to him, I know by his answers to MacLeod, Gortuleg, and me, that all the creation will not keep him from going to live and die with that Prince." The astute Lord President knew his correspondent's character far too well to be thrown off his guard by so transparent an attempt at deception, and although in his first reply he refrained from accusing Lovat of deliberate lying, he makes it fairly clear that a heavy responsibility would rest upon his shoulders if he did not prevent his son from carrying out

AUTOGRAPH OF SIMON FRASER, LORD LOVAT

his intentions.[1] In a further letter dated the same day (October 29th), he is more outspoken, and plainly tells the Fraser chief that he can no longer remain a spectator of his conduct and see the double game he is playing without betraying the trust reposed in him, or risking his reputation. This was after the Master of Lovat had called out the clan for service with the Prince, and Forbes distinctly charges Lovat with having authorised him to do so. "You sent away your son," he writes, "and the best part of your clan to join the Pretender, with as little concern as if no danger attended such a step. I say *sent* them away, for we are not to imagine that they went of themselves, or would have ventured to take arms without your lordship's concurrence and approbation."[2] Lovat, of course, indignantly denied the charge, and said that he had never received such a letter since he was born, he referred to "the mad foolish actings of an unnatural son, who prefers his own extravagant fancies to the solid advice of an affectionate old father," spoke of his "infirmities and pains," and concluded by professing himself "as peaceable a subject as any in the kingdom, and as ready to pay the King's taxes, and do everything that a faithful subject ought to do."

Whilst Lovat was thus trying to wriggle out of danger by prevarication and bluster, his friend MacLeod was playing a far safer but far more dishonourable game. He was at Castle Downie at the beginning of October during the visit of Barisdale, who says, "I foregathered with the Laird of McLeod . . . and gote him and Lovatt to apoynt a day that both their Clans would meet upon their march to Dalchunie (? Dalwhinnie), and McLeod settled that promise with the highest oath which he perfidiously broke, and is now raising ane other Independant Companie ffor the Usurper's service." Fraser of Foyers confirms this in a letter to Duke William of Atholl, dated October 9th, in which, having referred to the movements of the MacDonalds of Skye, the MacLeods, MacKenzies, MacKintoshes, and Frasers, all of whom, he writes, are to march on Tuesday, October 15th, he adds, "All the certainty I have of this is, that I have been present when the Laird of MacLeod was despatched Saturday last, by express to Skye, and is engaged in honour to be Tuesday next in Corryarrak, with his name, where the Frasers will join them."[3] Instead, "he went directly to Mr. Forbes of Culloden, the President, and told what had passed ;"[4] his oaths, his promises, and even the written engagement he had given to Lochiel the previous year were alike disregarded, and

[1] Culloden Papers, 237. [2] Ibid., 436.
[3] Letter printed in Home's "History," Appendix XXIX.
[4] "Memorials of Murray of Broughton," p. 229.

when he did return to Skye, he made it his first business to raise a body of men for the service of the Government. Meanwhile, under the influence of the Lord President, he despatched a letter to Sir Alexander MacDonald, in which he strongly dissuaded him from taking any part in the Prince's enterprise ; and twelve days later, when he had returned to his native island, he wrote Lovat "that after deliberating fully with his neighbour Sir Alexander, and weighing the arguments on both sides, he and his neighbour had resolved to stay at home and not trouble the Government."[1]

Lovat communicated this intelligence in a letter to Lochiel. "The base and treacherous behaviour of our wretched cousin, the Laird of MacLeod," he writes, "has almost cost me my life already. The night before he took his journey to the Isle of Skye, from this house, sitting by me, he looked up seriously, and swore to me, that as he should answer to God, and wished that God might never have mercy on him, and that he might never enter into the kingdom of heaven, but that his bones might rot on earth, be burnt, and his ashes blown up in the air, if he did not come with all speed imaginable, and with all his men that was already prepared, and come and join my son and the clan Fraser, and march south with them to the Prince's service, wherever he was."[2] This is "the highest oath" referred to by Barisdale, and we may well understand the wrathful indignation of old Simon Fraser at his cousin MacLeod's perfidy, beside which his own questionable conduct must have appeared quite exemplary and worthy of the highest praise.

Before the receipt of MacLeod's letter, Sir Alexander MacDonald, upon hearing that Charles had won the day at Prestonpans, announced to a few Jacobite friends his intention of joining his Royal Highness as soon as he could muster and prepare his people for the march south. The news of the battle and its result was brought to Skye by a Glenelg man, and soon flashed like lightning across the island. Sir Alexander, thoroughly aroused by the startling intelligence, placed himself in communication with Alexander MacDonald of Kingsburgh, and Malcolm MacLeod of Raasa, and suggested that they should meet to discuss the matter. The meeting eventually took place at the end of September in the inn at Sconsary. Sir Alexander, Kingsburgh, Raasa, and his cousin, Captain Malcolm MacLeod, being present, when the MacDonald chief said "this was a most remarkable and surprising victory the Prince had obtained ; that he doubted not now of the Prince's succeeding in the attempt, and that therefore every one should raise his men to assist him in his design." For his own part he

[1] Burton's "Life of Lord Lovat," p. 240. [2] Ibid.

promised to bring out nine hundred good men, Raasa, he thought, might raise another hundred, making a thousand men in all, whom he proposed to divide into two battalions of five hundred each. Raasa was to be colonel of one, and march as soon as the men could be got ready, while Sir Alexander would command the other, and follow at the distance of a day's interval. Every detail connected with the march was arranged ; the route they were to take, the places where quarters might be obtained, and the number of cattle they were to drive with them for food, and, "in a word, all matters were most amicably and frankly resolved upon for joining the Prince's standard without loss of time." Business concluded, the four Highlanders settled down to a night's enjoyment, "Sir Alexander making very merry, and taking a hearty glass with the gentlemen."

The morning brought MacLeod's letter, accompanied by another from the Lord President himself, and in a moment all Sir Alexander's enthusiasm vanished ; "he left his former cheerfulness and frank way and was quite upon the grave and thoughtful. He spoke not one word more of the matter, and left the company soon like one in confusion."[1] The letters had served the purpose for which they were intended, and from that day the Government of George II. had nothing to fear from the powerful chief of clan Donald. Although greatly disconcerted and discouraged by Sir Alexander's unaccountable behaviour, the Laird of Raasa determined to carry out his part of the agreement as became a man of honour, and he went off with his cousin to raise every man he could for the Prince.

Throughout the whole month of October, while Charles remained in Edinburgh, his emissaries scoured the Highlands for recruits. Barisdale having satisfied himself that whatever Lovat might pretend, the clan Fraser would not fail to appear, proceeded to Glen Urquhart in company with the Master of Lovat, and attended a meeting of the Prince's friends at Torshee on October 22nd, which had been convened by three of the most important men in the district, Alexander Grant of Corrimony, Alexander MacKay of Achmonie, and James Grant, Shewglie's eldest son. Young Angus of Glengarry, with Peter Grant, another of Shewglie's sons, and a small company of the Glengarry regiment, had been sent north at the end of September to hunt up deserters and bring in fresh men. Very unwisely he had written a letter to John Grant of Ballintomb (the chief's factor) from Dalwhinnie, threatening to let loose the MacDonalds upon the glen if men were not forthcoming ; this letter was made good use of

[1] From the narrative of Captain Malcolm MacLeod, who was present. *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 146–147.

at the meeting to counteract Barisdale's persuasive speeches, much to that chieftain's anger and chagrin, for having by dint of much exertion extracted promises from about sixty of the tenants to join the force he was endeavouring to raise, one and all declined to move when the factor cleverly excited their clannish hatred of MacDonald interference by laying stress upon the threatened raid, and Barisdale had to depart with his friend without a single recruit. Later the soreness wore off; the Jacobite spirit, which had always been strong in the glen, reasserted itself, and when the MacDonalds with a body of Frasers marched to Castle Downie on October 25th, forty of the Urquhart tenants went with them. They were not long absent, for Lovat had not yet completed his arrangements for the departure of his clan, and the Glen Urquhart men were instructed to return and await his summons.[1]

The chief of Clan Grant at this period was Sir James Grant of Grant, but on account of age and parliamentary duties in London, he had yielded the entire control of the clan and the management of his estates to his son, Ludovic Colquhoun Grant, who thus became *de facto* chief. In politics Ludovic Grant was a lukewarm Whig, with a strong inclination to become a Jacobite. He had no love for the potentate who occupied the throne of Britain, or for the Government which controlled the destinies of the nation. His family had supported the first George in 1715, and had received nothing but empty promises for the sacrifices its members had made. "I see," he writes to his father as early as 1737, "our familie in possession of nothing but a vast manie fair promises made, as appears to me, without anie view of being performed." Like many another Highland laird of the time, he would have gladly supported Prince Charles had he seen the slightest probability of his ultimate success, but his cautious legal mind (he had been trained as an advocate) held him back from any rash or premature disclosure of his sentiments, whilst the fate of the Stuart dynasty hung by so frail a thread. Beyond writing a few ambiguously worded letters to his factor in Glen Urquhart counselling his tenants to remain at home, and obey no orders other than those he should give them, he did little to assist the Government in that quarter, but at home, at Castle Grant, he was more vigorous, and he took every precaution to prevent the Strathspey men from joining the Prince's army. After Culloden, when all hopes of a Stuart restoration were at an end, he tried to atone for his lukewarmness in the Hanoverian cause by a servile submission to the brutal orders of Cumberland and the

[1] Full details of the movements of the Glen Urquhart and Glenmoriston men will be found in "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," by William MacKay, Inverness.

most abominable treachery to the heroes of Urquhart and Glenmoriston, which will be referred to in a later chapter.

Barisdale after his apparently unsuccessful endeavours to influence the Glen Urquhart men, went north into Ross-shire to stir up the MacKenzies and Rosses, and concert measures with MacKenzie, Earl of Cromartie, and his son, Lord MacLeod—both staunch Jacobites—for bringing about a general rising of the people, while Angus *Og* of Glengarry with his own men and a few Frasers proceeded to Appin with a like purpose.

DUDDINGSTON

Old Print

Charles meanwhile was not idle; from morning till night he was incessantly occupied in the performance of those duties which his high position rendered necessary. "In the morning before the council met," he "held a levee of his officers and other people who favoured his cause. Upon the rising of the council, which often sat very long—for his counsellors frequently differed in opinion from one another, and sometimes with him—he dined in public with his principal officers. After dinner he rode out to Duddingston[1] (where the army lay after their return

[1] About the middle of October the camp at Duddingston was broken up, only a small detachment remaining there. The other regiments were quartered in the villages near Edinburgh, and furnished guards for the different posts within the city in rotation.—*Vide* note to Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 29.

to Edinburgh). In the evening he returned to Holyrood House and received the ladies who came to his drawing-room. He then supped in public, and generally there was music at supper and a ball afterwards."[1]

These balls and receptions, which were held in the great picture-gallery, where De Wet's[2] hideous caricatures of Scottish monarchs frowned savagely from their canvasses, attracted all the Jacobite rank and fashion of the capital and surrounding district. High-born women richly attired in their gayest dresses brought their less enthusiastic husbands and lovers in the hope that they might be induced to support their princely hero with something more substantial than mere sentiment; country lairds and fashionable dandies whose politics were an unknown quantity came out of curiosity to see the gallant lad who had performed such remarkable deeds; worthy citizens with their homely clad wives and daughters found themselves for the first time in their lives in a real court with a real Prince to look at and admire; there were few restrictions, and all who could claim any pretensions to respectability were made welcome. Spys in government pay were of course present, and from one of these gentry we get a description of the Prince which is of some interest. "The young Chevalier (we must thank him for not using the word 'Pretender') is about five feet eleven inches high, very proportionably made: wears his own hair (*this must be an error*), has a full forehead, a small but lively eye, a round brown-complexioned face; nose and mouth pretty small; full under the chin; not a long neck; under his jaw a pretty many pimples. He is always in Highland habit, as are all about him. When I saw him, he had a short Highland plaid (*tartan*) waistcoat; breeches (*trews*) of the same; a blue garter on, and a St. Andrew's cross hanging by a green ribbon at his button-hole, but no star. He had his boots on, *as he always has*"[3]

Charles rarely, if ever, danced himself at these assemblies, but he liked to see the old rooms in which his ancestors had held their brilliant courts and stately revels once more repeopled with those kindly Scottish folk whose forebears had so loyally supported the ancient dynasty which he now represented. He knew that many of those present had transferred their allegiance to his father's rival; he was quite aware that much of the effusive applause which greeted his appearance was insincere; he knew his every movement was watched by spies; but as he gazed with interest upon the moving throng of people and saw the smiling faces around him,

[1] From an account given by a Jacobite officer to Home. *Vide* his "History," p. 139.

[2] An ancestor of the Boer general of that name. He stayed for some time at Glamis Castle when engaged upon the painting of the chapel, receiving £35 with board and lodging for his work.

[3] From a MS. quoted by Chalmers in his "Caledonia," vol. ii. p. 717.

PRINCE CHARLES AT HOLYROOD

By R. Caton Woodville

the admiring glances of pretty women, who had bedecked themselves with tartan sashes and white roses in his honour, the gallant bearing of his kilted Highlanders, and the courteous and respectful behaviour of the Lowland gentry and Edinburgh citizens, he had every reason to regard the future with equanimity. To the more sanguine among the Jacobites it seemed as if the happy time they had so long looked forward to with gradually diminishing hopes had indeed come. There was now something tangible, something real, to inspire their loyalty; it was no longer an absent King, but a visible Prince, who demanded their services. The battle was half won already, their hero's brow was crowned with the laurels of victory; Scotland was once again ruled by a Stuart, and nothing was wanting to complete the overthrow of the usurper at St. James's but a full exchequer, and the assistance of their English colleagues.

Money was indeed badly needed, and somewhat harsh measures had to be resorted to before it was forthcoming. Peremptory notices were sent by Murray to the provosts of the principal towns, ordering them to repair to the Secretary's office in the palace of Holyrood House, where they would be told the amounts fixed upon for their several contributions. The tax collectors and customs officials were called upon to pay over any public monies in their possession, and instructions were sent to the Leith custom house that all contraband goods which had been impounded were to be sold forthwith for the benefit of his Royal Highness. Nor was the wealthy city of Glasgow forgotten. John Hay of Restalrig, a Jacobite Writer to the Signet who had attached himself to the Prince, was sent thither with a mounted detachment to enforce the demand for £15,000 made by Charles from Leckie House. At Glasgow, Hay was joined by a body of MacGregors under Glengyle, and although Murray tells us "the Chevalier took care that the party should be so inconsiderable as might plainly evince to the inhabitants that he did not intend to have it by force but in friendship, with ample Security for the pay[t] when affairs were Settled," it is pretty evident that some threats must have been used before Andrew Cochrane, the Provost and his fellow magistrates, would have consented to hand over even the small sum of £5000 in cash and £500 in goods, which was all that Hay could manage to screw out of them.

Before Charles entered Edinburgh the bankers had taken the precaution of removing their cash and other effects into the Castle for safety; this resulted in a great scarcity of silver which caused much inconvenience both to the Prince, who could get no change to pay his men, and to the tradesmen who needed it for the accommodation of their customers. A proclamation was accordingly issued calling upon the bankers to resume

business under the protection of the Prince, but as no notice was taken of the invitation, Murray was authorised to demand payment of £857 in current coin from John Campbell, Cashier of the Royal Bank of Scotland, in exchange for notes, and on failyure theirof within forty-eight hours, that the estates and effects of the directors and managers should be distress'd for the same."[1] This was on October 1st, and whilst Campbell was discussing the matter with two of the bank directors on the following day, another demand for a further exchange of £2307 in banknotes for specie was made by the Prince's attorney, Peter Smythe, brother of Lord Methven, under a similar penalty. The unhappy cashier was in a fix, but having procured a pass from the Prince for himself and three directors, the party sallied forth on the morning of the 3rd, and having satisfied the Highland officer in command of the Cameron guard at the Weigh House that all was right, proceeded up the hill to the Castle, Campbell walking in front with a white napkin tied to a stick by way of a flag. On being challenged by the sentry on guard, the cashier showed a letter he had received from Guest in which permission was granted to enter the Castle, and this having been shown to the officer in charge, the party was allowed to pass in. After some conversation with the two generals, Guest and Preston, who raised no objection to the money being removed, the bank officials took over the specie which the Prince required, and left the Castle about three o'clock.[2] Four days previously, Charles had found it necessary to put the Castle into a state of siege by withdrawing his permission for food supplies to be sent thither for the use of the garrison, and a party of Jacobite volunteers took possession of a house in Livingstone's Yard occupied by one Taylor, a shoemaker, to watch the Castle gate and prevent any one from passing in or out. Guest by way of retaliation sent a letter couched "in a very blustering military stile" to Provost Stewart, threatening that unless communication was immediately restored and free access allowed to all who wished to bring provisions into the garrison, he should open fire upon the city.

Stewart, alarmed at this brutal threat, convened a meeting of the magistrates, at which it was decided first to ask Guest for a night's respite, and secondly to send a deputation to wait upon the Prince at Holyrood, with a request that, in view of the serious consequences that would ensue to the town and its inhabitants if the general's demand was disregarded, his Royal Highness would reconsider his decision, and allow the blockade of the Castle to be discontinued. Charles received the depu-

[1] *Vide* "Leaves from the Diary of John Campbell," vol. xv. Scot. Hist. Soc. Publications.
[2] Ibid.

tation with courtesy, but he declined to be intimidated by Guest's imperious demand ; instead, he caused a letter to be written, which he handed to the magistrates, telling them at the same time that they might show it to the general, in which he expresses surprise at the barbarity of an officer who could contemplate so inhuman a revenge upon innocent and helpless citizens, and at the unreasonableness of expecting him to forego all the advantages he possessed by the fortune of war. In conclusion, he declared that if the bombardment of the city was attempted, the fullest reprisals would be made upon the estates of all those who were known to abet the "German Government."

When the contents of this letter were made known to Guest, he promised to suspend hostilities until a reply could be had from London to a message he would send asking for instructions ; provided the Prince on his part consented not to harass the garrison. This seems to have been agreed upon, and Charles very considerately granted a pass to Guest's messenger, to allow him to quit the town. What occurred afterwards is more difficult to follow. Murray of Broughton says that on October 2nd, the Castle guns opened fire "as against a Town besieged, tho' the Chevalier's guard had not been in any Shape altered, nor one Shot fired att them." On the other hand, the Whig journals of the day assert that the Jacobites commenced hostilities on October 1st, by digging a trench across the street a little below the reservoir on the Castle hill, about three o'clock in the afternoon, which caused the garrison to fire upon the party with small arms, killing three of the Prince's men and wounding the officer, after which the trench was abandoned. At four o'clock the guns opened fire, doing little or no damage to the town.[1]

Charles immediately retaliated by strengthening the guards at the posts near the Castle, and forbidding all communication with the garrison under the severest penalties. Lochiel was consulted as to the possibility of taking the fortress by storm under cover of night, and two of his clan, with an officer, were sent to survey the battlements, with a view to the discovery of a weak spot, where an entrance might be effected by a party of determined men with scaling ladders. The scheme was, however, frustrated by an Edinburgh tradesman named Lorimer, who had been trying to ingratiate himself with the Government, by sending the Marquis of Tweeddale accounts of the Prince's movements, and by keeping the two Hanoverian generals in the Castle informed of what was taking place in the city. He had watched the Camerons climb the rock, and guessing their object, he managed to communicate his suspicions to General

[1] *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1745, p. 555.

Preston, who at once ordered fires to be lighted on the walls, and so prevented what might have proved a successful attack.[1]

During the visit of the Royal Bank directors to the Castle on Thursday, October 3rd, the soldiers were making great efforts to dislodge the party of Jacobite volunteers in Livingstone's Yard. Campbell, the cashier, narrates how "one Watson, a soldier, was so courageous as to go down over the Castle wall upon a rope, fire upon the Gardner's house (occupied by the shoemaker), kill some of the volunteers there, carry off a firelock or two from them, sett the house in fire, and return with these firelocks by his rope into the Castle, where he was received with loud huzzas for his valour." Murray, probably describing the same incident says, "They demolish'd one house and Sett fire to some others, but fortunately their being little wind, it did no further hurt, but cost the lives of some innocent people who, for fear of its Spreading, run to extinguish it durring this imaginary Seige. They killed Several people of both Sexes, inhabitants of the City, and only wound one man and a boy of their enemy who, on the fourth in the evening, retired to the Weigh house and Milns Court, about 100 yards from their former Posts."

Terrified at this unlooked-for catastrophe, which threatened to lay their city in ruins, the unfortunate inhabitants made the most piteous appeals to the Prince, begging him, as he valued their lives and property, to raise the blockade, and save them from further peril and suffering. Moved by these entreaties, Charles had the good sense to yield a consent, and on the evening of October 5th, he issued a proclamation, removing the restrictions which had previously been made regarding communication with the Castle.

This considerate action on the Prince's part put an end to the bombardment, and during the remainder of his stay in Edinburgh, the citizens were able to live in comparative peace, and follow their ordinary avocations without risk of being killed at their own shop doors.

Shortly after Charles returned to Holyrood, the main body of his army was removed to Duddingston, where a camp was formed; other detachments of Highlanders were quartered at Musselburgh, Leith, and the villages near at hand, and only sufficient men remained in the city to furnish the several guards. Reviews were held almost daily at one place or the other by the Prince in person, and at night he often slept in a tent at Duddingston wrapped in his plaid, preferring a soldier's couch to his luxurious bed at Holyrood.

[1] *1776* "James Lorimer, a Hero of the '45," in "Historical Notes," by D. Murray Rose. Edinburgh, 1897.

The continual desertion of his men was a constant source of anxiety, and do what he would he could not stop it. The chiefs wrote to their wives and other relatives at home ordering them to treat the culprits with the greatest severity when they arrived, and Lord George Murray, angered beyond measure at the gradually decreasing numbers of the Atholl brigade, entreated his brother, Duke William, "to cause some effectual method be taken about the deserters. I would have their houses and crops[1] destroyed for an example to others," he writes, "and themselves punished in a most rigorous manner." The leakage, however, still went on, and it was only by dint of much manœuvring that the actual state of affairs was kept from the knowledge of the many spies in Government service, who were never allowed to see the Highland army reviewed in one body.

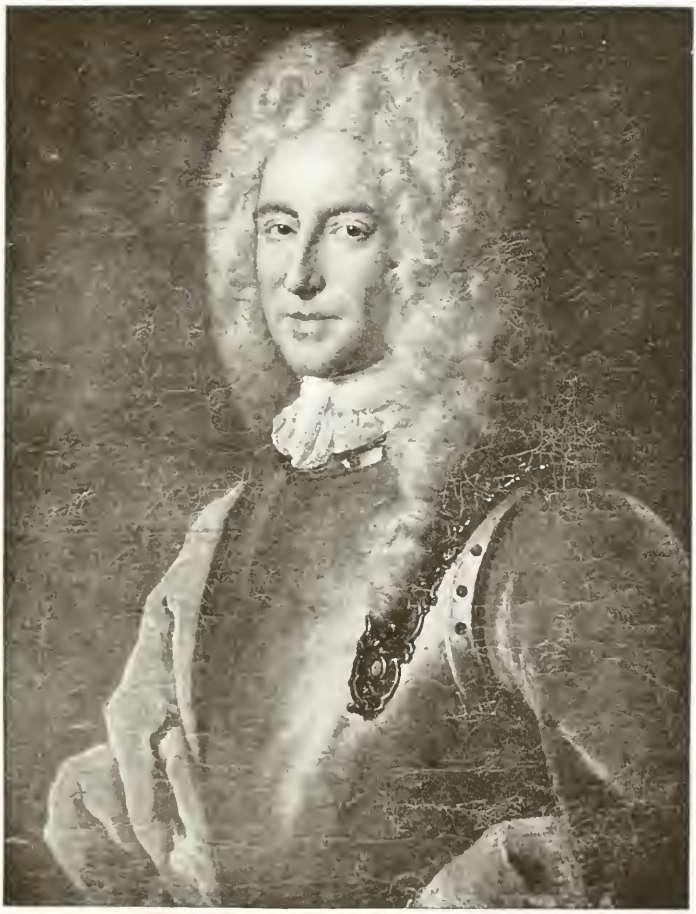
After a time the steady influx of new recruits more than compensated for the loss due to desertion, and by the end of October the Prince had the satisfaction of knowing that he commanded a force more than twice as large as the one with which he had beaten Cope at Prestonpans. Scarcely a day passed without bringing some welcome addition to his army. On the 3rd, Lord Ogilvy, who had joined Charles at Perth, came in with 600 men[2] from his father's estates in Forfarshire; Francis Farquharson of Monaltrie, nephew of Invercauld, "a tall man with thin face, dressed in Highland garb, with sword and pistols and white cockade,"[3] and James Farquharson of Balmoral brought 30 of their clansmen, and James Graham of Duntroon (Viscount Dundee) rode into the city with a small party of Angus lairds. A day later,[4] fierce old Gordon of Glenbucket arrived with a fine body of Aberdeenshire and Banff men, 400 strong, a regiment in itself: followed on the 9th, by the venerable Lord Pitsligo, a Jacobite of the old school, now in his sixty-seventh year, who had been *out* with the Earl of Mar in 1715, and suffered much trouble in consequence. His wife tried her utmost to persuade him from joining the Prince: she reminded him of his age and infirmities, and recalled to his mind the miseries that had attended the last disastrous rising in which he had engaged. His sole reply was, "There never

[1] *Vide* letter of September 26, 1745, printed in "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 45.

[2] Commissary Bissat gives the number of Lord Ogilvy's men as 280 only. *Vide* "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine."

[3] *Vide* "Minor Septs of Clan Chattan," Dr. Fraser Mackintosh, p. 155.

[4] The *Caledonian Mercury* of October 4th, mentions a force of 480 men brought in on the 4th by Colonel David Tulloch and John Hamilton (late factor to the Duke of Gordon) raised by Lord Lewis Gordon. I can find no confirmation of this. Lord Lewis Gordon came himself to Edinburgh on the 15th, but returned directly to Huntly Castle to raise men.



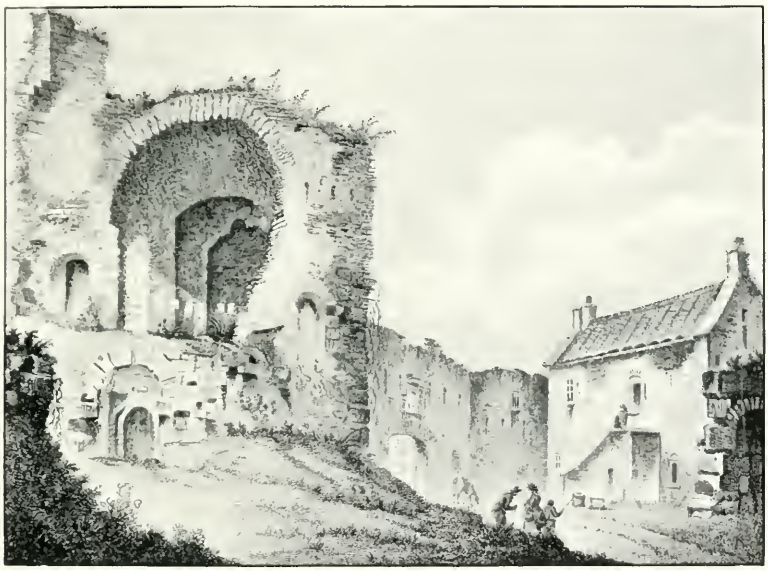
ALEXANDER FORBES, 4TH LORD PITSLIGO

DIED 1762

From the picture at Fetteresairn House, Kincardineshire

was a bridal but the second day was the best," and so without much enthusiasm, but with a strong determination to do his duty to his sovereign, this faithful old gentleman went forth with all the men he could raise (132 horse and 248 foot)[1] to offer his sword to his Prince. "It seemed," says one who witnessed his arrival in the Prince's camp, "as if virtue, religion, and justice were entering the camp under the appearance of this venerable old man."

Other notable recruits who joined at Edinburgh, some bringing parties



RUINS OF PITSLIGO

From FITTLER'S "*Scotia Depicta*."

of their tenants with them, were the Earl of Kilmarnock and his son, the Honourable Charles Boyd;[2] the Honourable Arthur Elphinstone (who succeeded to his brother's title of Lord Balmerino in January 1746); Lord Lewis Gordon (brother of the Duke of Gordon); Maxwell of Kirkconnell;[3] Erskine Earl of Kellie; Gordon of Aberlour; Stewart of Tinninmar; Sir William Gordon of Park; Hay of Rannas; Gordon of Buckie; Gordon of Glastirum; Henry Ker of Graden; William Hamilton of Bangour; and Andrew Lumsden, whose pretty sister had induced her

[1] Bissat gives the number as 250.
[2] His eldest son, Lord Boyd, was an officer on the Hanoverian side.
[3] Usually called "of Kirkconnell." His father was, however, alive at the time.

lover, Robert Strange,[1] to join the Prince by refusing to marry him unless he did so. The Earl of Nithsdale and Viscount Kenmure also professed their loyalty to the cause, and were received with much cordiality by Charles at Holyrood on October 18th. They supped with him that night in company with the Earl of Kilmarnock, but the morning's reflections brought visions of the dread consequences of failure, and they both disappeared, never to return.

Besides these noblemen and gentlemen who mostly came from the Lowland districts of Scotland, there were several important accessions to the purely Highland portion of the Prince's army. First to come in after Prestonpans on October 13th, was the veteran chief of *Clann Ionmhuin*, John (*Iain Dubh*) MacKinnon of MacKinnon, with 120 of his clan from Skye, "realy brave and honest, inured to fatigue and pateint to undergoe any thing that tended to the Service of their Masters, and might according to the litteral Sense of the word be called Solgers."[2] A further body of MacGregors, about 200 strong, under the command of James *Mór*, now recovered from his wounds, crossed the Forth on the 13th, and reached Edinburgh on the 14th, acting as escort to the Master of Strathallan[3] and the French envoy, Du Boyer, Marquis d'Eguilles, who had recently arrived at Montrose, charged with a mission to the Prince. These were followed on the 29th by Cluny MacPherson, chief of *Clann Mhuirich*, described by Murray of Broughton as a man "of low Stature, very square, and a dark brown complection, of extreme good sense, and inferior to none in the north of Scottland for Capacity, greatly beloved by his Clan, who are by all their neighbours allowed to be a Sober, regular, Sedate people. A man not only brave in the general acceptation of the word, but upon reflection and forethought determined and resolute with uncommon calmness."

AUTOGRAPH OF THE MASTER OF STRATHALLAN

His clan to the number of 480 was detained at Alloa by order of Duke William of Atholl, who wished as strong a party as possible to cross the Forth at the same time in case of an attack from the hostile garrison in Stirling Castle. The Duke had with great difficulty succeeded

[1] Young Strange was an artist, and became afterwards one of the finest engravers of his day; his portrait of the Prince is reproduced as a frontispiece to vol. i. of this work. He was knighted by George III.

[2] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 223.

[3] *Vide* Letter from the Master of Strathallan to William Duke of Atholl, in "Jacobite Correspondence of the Atholl Family." Printed for the Abbotsford Club.

MACPHERSON

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac Mhuirich*

Badge—*Box or Red Whortleberry.* War Cry—"*Creag Dhubh Chloinn Chatain*"

The tartan shown above is the Dress tartan

in raising a force of 300 men from among his tenantry, and on October the 8th or 9th, he placed himself at their head, and marched southwards to meet the Prince, halting for a few days at Dunkeld and Perth on his way, to allow time for the other detachments from the district to come up with him. These consisted principally of 200 men from the Grandtully estate (Sir George Stewart's), commanded by John MacEwen, son of Mucklie, and Campbell of Kinloch; 50 from Logiealmond under Crichton younger of Ruthven; 50 of the Clan Menzies led by Archibald Menzies of Shian; and at Doune or Dunblane his grace was joined by some 50 or 60 MacGregors detached from the garrison at Doune Castle by Glengyle, who had recently been appointed governor of that fortress by the Prince.[1]

This fine body of over 1100 men escorted a quantity of arms and ammunition which had been brought from France and landed at Montrose

AUTOGRAPH OF EWAN MACPHERSON OF CLUNY

and Stonehaven by a small party of artillerymen (10), under the command of James Grant (or Grante), an officer of Engineers in the French service. There were "six four pounders, 188 chests of arms, 28 shorter chests, some with broad-swords, some with pistolls, and some with cannon and musket balls, and 26 casks supposed to be powder."[2]

Batteries were hastily thrown up on either side of the Forth at Alloa and Elphinston, and as at this point the water was too shallow for the Hanoverian warships to pass, the Duke and his small army were ferried across without mishap. One of the MacPhersons (initials J. M.) in a letter to a friend, John Gordon of Auch, dated October 29th, says, "I write from the south side of the water of Forth, opposite to Alloa, sitting on a slimy bank, my feet in the uglyist Slyme, my Target my Table, waiting the rear, I being the first man crossed of our Regiment; we was afraid of Stirling, but tho' we passed by their noses, within Reach of their guns,

[1] The numbers are taken from Commissary Bissat's letter to Duke James, dated Stirling Castle, (where he had taken refuge) October 31, 1745. *Vide* "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 76 81.

[2] Ibid.

did not fire a shot at us. We lodged two nights at Alloa, a night at Dunblaine, a night at Crieff, we go straight on to Edin[br.]" [1]

The Duke reached the capital on the night of the 30th, his men with the baggage train and artillery proceeding to Dalkeith where the army was then concentrating. The MacPhersons, who had acted as rear-guard, arrived in the camp on the following day, being the last body of men to join the Prince before he started on his march into England.

[1] Record Office, London.

CHAPTER VI

"We a' maun muster soon the morn,
We a' maun march right early
O'er misty mount and mossy muir,
Alang wi' royal Charlie.
Yon German cuif that fills the throne,
He clamb to't maist unfairly;
Sae aff we'll set, and try to get
His birthright back to Charlie."

THE joyful news of the great victory at Prestonpans was communicated by Charles to his anxious father in a letter dated October 7th from Edinburgh.[1] "It is impossible," he writes, "for me to give you a distinct journal of my proceedings, because of my being so much hurried with business which allows me no time; but notwithstanding, I cannot let slip this occasion of giving a short account of the battle of Gladsmuir,[2] fought on the 21st of September, which was one of the most surprising actions that ever was. We gained a complete victory over General Cope, who commanded 3000 foot, and two regiments of the best dragoons in the island, he being advantageously posted, with also batteries of cannon and mortars, we having neither horse nor artillery with us, and having to attack them in their post, and obliged to pass before their noses in a defile and bog. Only our first line had occasion to engage; for actually in five minutes the field was cleared of the enemies; all the foot killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; and of the horse only 200 escaped, like rabbits, one by one. On our side we only lost a hundred men, between killed and wounded; and the army afterwards had a fine plunder."[3]

Before it could be despatched the Marquis d'Eguilles arrived with

[1] A long letter dated "Pinkie House, September 21, 1745," signed "Your Majesty's most dutiful son, Charles," giving an account of the battle and other matters, has been printed by Ewald as authentic. Like the letter from Perth, it was probably inspired by the Prince, and published later as an expression of his opinions.

[2] Usually called Gladsmuir by the Highlanders, but changed officially to Preston or Prestonpans, on the petition of the inhabitants. *Vide Scots Magazine*, 1745, p. 521.

[3] I have, for greater convenience, copied the letter from Lord Mahon's "History" (Appendix). His lordship has not preserved the Prince's faulty orthography. The original is among the Stuart Papers.—W. D. N.

letters from King James to the Prince, to which Charles replied on the 15th, enclosing the brief account of the battle he had already written on the 7th. James had reiterated his wish that Strickland should be dismissed, and Charles expressed his willingness to obey his father's injunctions. "It is a grief to me," he says, "that my keeping Strickland has given you one moment's concern, but I shall send him away in all haste." He, however, took no steps to perform this unpleasant duty, and Strickland remained in the Prince's service until Carlisle was reached on the return march from Derby, when he was taken prisoner by Cumberland, and whilst in prison was seized with a severe dropsical attack, from the effects of which he died. Continuing his letter, Charles writes, "I wish to God I may find my brother landed in England by the time I enter it, which will be in about ten days; having then with me 8000 men and 300 horse at least, with which as matters stand I shall have one decisive stroke for it, but if the French land, perhaps none. . . . . Adam (*the French King*) has sent me a gentleman (*the Marquis d'Eguilles*)—who brought me your letters—to stay with me, for to give notice of anything that I may want, which as he says will be done immediately; accordingly I am sending off immediately three or four expresses all to the same purpose, so that some one may arrive. What is said is very short, pressing to have succour in haste, by a landing in England; for that as matters stand, I must either conquer or perish in a little while."[1]

On the same day he wrote to Louis XV.,[2] thanking him for having sent D'Eguilles, and urging the necessity of speedy assistance. "*Ainsi je conjure votre Majesté de hâter le plus qu'il est possible les secours qu'elle me destine. Si elle voudra bien le faire. J'ai tout bien de me flatter que la querelle sera bientôt décidée et la paix rendue pas là à l'Europe.*"

One more letter to his father is all that Charles appears to have written during his stay in Britain. This was dated from Edinburgh on October 22nd,[3] and was placed in the hands of Sir James Stuart of Goodtrees for conveyance as far as Paris. It is probable that George Kelly accompanied Sir James to France—he certainly was sent off about this time—and from one of Sempill's letters to his master we learn that he was in Paris on November 15th[4] with another gentleman "that is

[1] Printed in Appendix to Lord Mahon's "History."

[2] Printed in "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," Appendix, p. 513.

[3] Printed in Appendix to Lord Mahon's "History."

[4] Printed in Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii., Appendix, p. 436. The *Scots Magazine* gives the date that Kelly sailed as October 26th, and of his arrival in Paris as November 13th. Commissary Bissat says he sailed from Montrose on October 6th.

come over with him." Charles refers in his letter of October 22nd to Sir James Stuart as "an understanding, capable man, and can be depended on, which has made me choose him to send to the French Court with proper compliments to the French King, and to hasten them for succours."

The active assistance of France, and the loyal support of the English Jacobites were the two remaining factors upon which the success of the Prince's enterprise now depended, and no efforts were spared either by Charles or his friends to secure both. The advent of D'Eguilles as the accredited representative of the French king, and the arrival of the French artillerymen with their guns and ammunition trains, removed all doubts as to the friendship of Louis XV., but far more would have to be done if there was any real desire on the part of His Most Christian Majesty to assist in the restoration of the Stuart dynasty.

Charles, by the execution of his bold plan, had forced the hand of the French ministry; the slow tortuous course of diplomacy had been superseded by prompt action; military movements in the field had taken the place of desultory political arguments in the council chamber; professions were henceforth useless, and it only remained for Louis to decide whether to help the brave Prince with troops and money, or leave him to fight his own battle to the end.

Sempill, who was either in Paris or Fontainebleau during the months of September, October, and November 1745,[1] where he had every opportunity of learning the actual intentions of Louis XV. and his ministers, was, or professed to be, quite satisfied that French aid would be forthcoming. He wrote to James on September 20th:—"The King of France is so strongly inclined to promote the King's cause, and the French ministers are so thoroughly convinced that it is his interest to do so in the present state of Europe, that I believe we shall attain the assistance we want; they say they are not sure enough of the persons they deal with in Holland and Hamburg to trust them with money, but they propose to supply the Prince as plentifully and as quickly as they can. The money is ready at Lille in Flanders, and there are arms and ammunition prepared in several places, which they resolve to send over by degrees, because they have not a fleet to transport much at a time—they will not hinder officers to pass at the same time, and would even consent to give us 2 or 3 battalions for Scotland if that would satisfy Lord Marischal; but he

[1] Sempill's long correspondence with King James during these months is included among the Stuart Papers at Windsor Castle. The letters are printed in the Appendix to Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii.

insists on great matters, and must have all at once, because he can trust nobody, and is persuaded that the French Court will sacrifice our country, if his firmness does not prevent it. . . . I am sorry to see my old friend so very unfit for great affairs. The French ministry are very willing to send troops into England, but they find it impracticable without the utmost secret, and that it is not possible while there are so many persons authorised to enter in your Majesty's affairs as pretend here to be so at present; besides 6000 can be transported where 14,000 cannot."

It will be noted how the old spirit of resentment against the Earl Marischal still showed itself. Sempill hated Keith as he hated all who had supplanted him in the confidence of Prince Charles, but he was probably right in drawing the attention of his royal master to the injury that would ensue to the cause by the over-zealous interference of the gradually increasing number of Jacobite agents who flocked to Paris at this period. The Earl, on his part, was not so unfit as Sempill would have James believe. It is true he insisted "on great matters" because he considered that nothing short of a large army would serve the purpose of putting the King on his throne again; small bodies of men sent over at long intervals could, he thought, serve no good purpose, and might do considerable harm. He had no faith in the sincerity of the French king, and he knew that unless the troops were sent before disaster overtook the Prince, they would never be sent at all. That his conclusions were just and his forecast accurate we know only too well.

It is probable that James himself did not place implicit reliance on Sempill's optimistic reports; like the Earl Marischal he had every reason to believe that Louis XV. would only assist in a half-hearted way, but even this he thought might be better than no help at all. "I shall be very anxious," he writes to Sempill on October 11th, "till I know some succour of troops is actually sent to the Prince; were the number ever so small, it would still be a help; say would they send but 2 or 3 battalions to him, they should, I think, be accepted of with pleasure and thanks."

Both Charles and his father were agreed that if a French force was sent, it should be commanded, at least nominally, by the Duke of York[1] (Prince Henry). Sempill informed James that there would be no objection raised on this point, as "the French ministers all agree that the Duke should be at the head of the expedition, since it is your Majesty's

[1] The Duke of Ormonde, who was to have accompanied Prince Henry, died at Avignon on November 14, 1745.

pleasure, but they seem not to incline that His Royal Highness should come here till he is going to set out."

The arrival of Sir James Stuart and Kelly in Paris with direct news from Charles of his success at Prestonpans awoke the French ministers from their lethargy; they had hitherto looked upon the Prince's visit to Scotland as a foolish adventure scarcely worthy of serious consideration. Some slight assistance they had unwillingly given as we have seen; more for the sake of appearance than from any real motive of state policy, but now, seeing that alone and unaided he had raised a body of Highlanders, and by their sole help had gained a complete victory over an army of the Elector's trained troops, they began to regard the proposal of an expedition with more favour. Had Clancarty been able to produce at this time some satisfactory credentials from the English Jacobite leaders, it is more than probable that D'Argenson would have advised an immediate descent upon England with a powerful force. This, however, his lordship was unable to do, and D'Argenson told the Earl Marischal that he must have the signatures of the chiefs of the English party before he would engage to hazard a body of his master's troops on the word of a single individual. (*"Qu'il faut des seings des chefs du parté en Angleterre, et qu'on ne hasardoit pas un corps des troupes du Roy sur la parole d'une seule personne."*)[1] From his own point of view D'Argenson was quite right; he had no certain information that the English adherents of the Stuarts were prepared to rise in arms to assist Charles when he should commence his march on London. Letters and professions were all very well in their way, but there were no indications that they meant anything beyond a weak moral support of the Prince's enterprise, and as to the long rigmaroles of Sempill, Balhaldie, and Clancarty, he regarded them as mere idle words upon which he could place no reliance.

If James's friends in England were so eager for his restoration, why did they not send a properly authorised person of high rank furnished with a document signed by all the principal men of the party, and entrusted with full powers to arrange a plan of concerted action with the French ministers? The fact is, the English Jacobites, as a body, were neither ready nor willing at this juncture to risk anything for the cause they professed to serve. Sir Watkin Williams Wynne[2] and Lord Barrymore kept carefully in the background, possessed of a nervous

[1] Quoted by the Earl Marischal in his letter to D'Argenson, dated Paris, October 23, 1745. Printed in Appendix, "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 513–14.

[2] Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, to avert suspicion from himself, subscribed largely to the fund that was raised to provide means for defending the country against the Jacobites. *Vide* Bigg's "Military History of Europe," p. 318, *note*.

dread lest the Government should discover their secret verbal communications with the Jacobite agents, and making, as Sempill tells James, "a vast distinction between the owning of their principles, and being engaged in any direct or indirect correspondence with your Majesty and the French court, with an actual design of overturning the present government."

Such friends were of little service, and the French ministers soon perceived that James had but the faintest prospects of support from these timorous Englishmen, who even with their king's son in the field, were afraid to declare themselves. Believing this, they could not consistently advise Louis to undertake the risk and expense of a costly expedition to England without some definite guarantee from the Jacobite party there that a general rising would take place immediately upon the disembarkation of French troops on the English coast. At the same time they did not wish to give up the idea altogether, as there was still a possibility that Charles, who had already done so much, might do more, and it was just as well to be prepared for emergencies. M. de Maurepas was therefore instructed to report upon the best means of transporting an army of 10,000 men to the shores of England. This he did in a long *mémoire*,[1] dated October 13th, in which he suggests the ports of Calais, Ambleteuse, and Boulogne as the most suitable for ships of under thirty tons; Dunkirk, Ostend, St. Valery sur Somme, Dieppe, and Fécamp are also mentioned, and Mr. Anthony Welch ("*Le S. Wailshe, qui a passé en Ecosse le Prince Edward*") the owner of *La Doutelle*, is recommended as a likely person to superintend the arrangements for embarkation. A month later[2] Sempill is able to inform his master that the Duc de Richelieu had been appointed by Louis XV. to command the proposed expedition, and was doing his utmost to hasten it.

Whilst these preparations were being made with a view to future contingencies, the immediate needs of the Prince were not entirely overlooked. On the 24th of October (new style) a treaty was signed at Fontainbleau by the Marquis d'Argenson on the part of the French king, and by Colonel O'Bryan on the part of Prince Charles as the representative of the royal House of Stuart, by which it was agreed that "His Most Christian Majesty, desiring to contribute to the success of the Prince Royal, Charles Edward Stuart by placing him as far as possible in a position to support himself and act against their common enemy, engages to assist him for this purpose by all practicable means."[3] This assistance was to take the

[1] Printed in "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," Appendix, pp. 511–13.

[2] Letter dated November 15, 1745.

[3] Free translation. This treaty which contains seven Articles is printed in Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii., Appendix, pp. 448–50.

form of a body troops drawn from the Scottish and Irish regiments in the service of France, and Charles in consideration of such aid pledged himself in a secret Article to grant every facility to the officers for raising levies and making recruits in the countries which were, or which might be in the future, under his domination. In addition both parties to the treaty promised that they would give no help to their respective enemies or do anything prejudicial to each other, and they engaged to work in union and concert for the re-establishment of peace on a footing which would be to the reciprocal advantage of both nations.

In accordance with the terms of this new alliance, Lord John Drummond, Brigadier of Infantry, and Colonel of the Royal Scots, received an order from the King,[1] dated October 28th (new style), instructing him to proceed at once to Ostend and embark with his own battalion and six detachments (*piquets*) from the Irish regiments, under the command of Brigadier Stapleton, Lieutenant-Colonel of Berwick's, on board some transports which would be provided for the purpose. As soon as this could be done and the artillery and other munitions of war shipped, the vessels were to set sail for the east coast of Scotland ("*entre Edimbourg et Berwick*") where a landing was to be effected, and due notification sent to Prince Charles.

Lord John was also empowered to order in the king's name the instant withdrawal from the Elector's service of 6000 Dutch troops, commanded by Count Maurice of Nassau, under the terms of the capitulations of Tournay[2] and Dendermond. They had formed part of the garrisons of those towns, and having surrendered to the French earlier in the year, had engaged to refrain from military duty for a period of eighteen months, which fortunately for Charles had not yet expired. To this aggravating demand the English Government were eventually forced to yield a reluctant consent, and Count Maurice with his little army of Dutchmen retired from the campaign.

Cope's defeat entirely upset all the sanguine calculations of George II. and his ministers; they had confidently expected an easy victory for the Hanoverian troops, and a prompt suppression of the rising; instead, they learnt with dismay that Cope and his army had been utterly routed; that Charles was firmly established in the capital of Scotland at the head of a large and gradually increasing number of adherents, and was busily engaged in making preparations for a march into England; and worst of all, that France, and probably Spain, intended to support the Jacobite

[1] "*Instructions du Roy du Sr Comte de Drummond*," &c. &c., printed in Browne's "History of the Highlands," Appendix, vol. iii. pp. 451–2

[2] Tournay capitulated to the French on May 21, 1745.

party in their effort to restore the Stuart dynasty, by sending a powerful expeditionary force to invade Britain.

The English people, and especially the Londoners, were as a whole

LORD JOHN DRUMMOND, BROTHER OF THE DUKE OF PERTH.

From a painting at Drummond Castle by D. Dufra, *Rome*, 1739

indifferent to the stirring events which were occurring in Scotland, and regarded the possibility of a French invasion with feelings more of curiosity than apprehension. Indeed, Walpole sarcastically observes in one of his witty letters, that if Count Saxe with 10,000 men appeared within a day's march of the metropolis, people would "be hiring windows at Charing Cross and Cheapside to see them pass by." Walpole professed to be quite undisturbed by the startling intelligence, but his correspon-

MARCH OF THE GUARDS TOWARDS SCOTLAND IN THE YEAR 1745

Painted by WILLIAM HOGARTH

dence at this period only thinly disguises his real fear that a change of dynasty might be imminent. He pictures himself in a letter to Montague, as an exile, "shivering in an antechamber at Hanover," wearing "a threadbare coat," and "reduced to teach Latin and English to the young princes at Copenhagen. Will you," he jokingly asks his friend, "ever write to me in my garret at Herrenhausen?" George, secure, as he believed himself to be on the throne of Britain, at first persistently disregarded the warnings of his ministers and refused with stolid Teutonic obstinacy to consider any measures for stemming the rising tide of Jacobite disaffection. To all such advice he turned a deaf ear, remarking, "Pooh! pooh! don't talk to me of such stuff!"

Prestonpans was a rude awakening; he found he had no longer to deal with a despised "ragged hungry rabble of Yahoos of Scotch Highlanders,"[1] and a "mock prince," as the Whig journalists were pleased to call Charles and his followers, but a victorious army of determined men, led by one who had shown himself worthy in every way to uphold the dignity of the House of Stuart. Once aroused to a sense of danger, George shook off his habitual disinclination to exert himself, and entered as energetically as his sluggish nature would allow into the various schemes for crushing the insurrection which his alarmed ministers daily laid before him.

All the available military forces of Britain were now called into requisition and hurried over from Flanders and elsewhere with almost frantic haste. Three battalions of the Guards reached London on Sunday, October 6th, and for lack of barrack accommodation were quartered in the old playhouse at Lincoln's Inn Fields, whither they were followed by an immense throng of noisy, excited cockneys; later they proceeded towards Finchley Common, where it was intended to form a large camp for the protection of the metropolis in case Charles should attempt a march in that direction.

Hogarth has left us a wonderfully realistic picture of the Guards' march to Finchley, so vivid in its wealth of detail, that we can see the whole remarkable scene as if it were actually occurring before our eyes. It depicts a military saturnalia of the coarsest description, a jumble of drunken soldiers, prostitutes, weeping women, applauding spectators, and the usual ragged crowd of dissolute camp-followers inseparable from an army on active service. There is little left to the imagination, everything is as the clever artist saw it with his observant eyes a hundred and fifty-six years ago.

Besides the Guards, seven regiments of foot arrived from Flanders,

[1] *Vide Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1745, p. 547.

accompanied by the Dutch auxiliaries under Count Maurice of Nassau, and were ordered to proceed with all speed to Doncaster and place themselves under the command of Field-Marshal Wade, who had been selected to check the Prince's advance in the north of England. Wade left London on October 6th, and having assembled his army at Doncaster, continued his way to Newcastle, arriving in that town on October 29th, where he found another body of troops awaiting him.[1]

He had now a force of 14,000 men[2] and a train of twenty field-pieces of artillery at his disposal with which to cross the Scottish border and attack the Highland army under Prince Charles, but the inclemency of the weather and the fatigues the soldiers had undergone during their long march, having occasioned a great mortality among them, Wade decided to remain at Newcastle and await more positive orders from the Government before proceeding further.

Parliament met on October 17th, and in his speech from the throne George informed the members of both Houses "that the unnatural rebellion which had broken out in Scotland had occasioned his calling them together, in order to have their timely advice and assistance for its suppression." There was an exceedingly poor attendance; most of the Jacobite members stayed away on principle, and many of the more timid Whigs, deterred by the Prince's proclamation of October 9th, in which he warned his father's subjects that all who obeyed the Elector's summons would be considered guilty of high treason, absented themselves rather than run any risk.

On the same day General Handasyde took over the command at Berwick, where the remnants of Cope's army still lingered in a demoralised condition. "The foot with me," the General informs the Duke of Newcastle some weeks later, "will, I think, do well, but the dragoons I am jealous of (not without reason) five having deserted since yesterday. Added to this a damned rebellious Spirit and a disposition to robb everywhere. I only wait to take some of them, and the decree of their Fate shall be put in execution after a Court Martial."[3] At Berwick, Handasyde found the Lord Justice Clerk, the Lord-Advocate, the Solicitor-General, and some lesser officials of the Court of Session who had retired there for safety during the occupation of Edinburgh by the Highlanders, all

[1] Some troops had disembarked at Berwick and Newcastle.

[2] This force comprised the foot regiments of Howard, Barrel, Wolfe, Pulteney, Blakeney, Cholmondeley, Fleming, Monro, Battereau, the second battalion of Royal Scots, the Dutch auxiliaries, and Hissel's three battalions of Swiss; there were also some squadrons of horse, and the newly raised Yorkshire volunteer regiment, the Royal Hunters, commanded by Major-General Oglethorpe.

[3] Written from Edinburgh, November 21, 1745. Record Office, London.

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

From Contemporary Engraving of a Painting by A. Pind

anxiously awaiting the opportunity which Charles's departure from the city would give them of returning thither.

On the evening of the 18th, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, the second son of his Hanoverian Majesty, George II., who had been recalled from Flanders by his father to assist in the suppression of the Jacobite rising, arrived at St. James's Palace. At this period he was a coarse-minded, imperious, and dissolute youth of twenty-four years of age, of whom Walpole prophetically wrote, "He will be as popular with the lower class of men as he has been for three or four years with the low women. He will be the soldiers' '*Great Sir*' as well as theirs."

In spite of the recent disastrous defeat of the troops under his command at Fontenoy, a defeat redeemed in some measure by the intrepid behaviour of the gallant Black Watch and their brave leader, Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis, Cumberland had managed to retain the confidence and gain the applause of a certain section of the English people who professed to regard him as a being almost Divine, a noble champion sent specially by Heaven for their protection. The pages of contemporary magazines and journals are filled with columns of indifferent poetry addressed by some of these sycophantic admirers to their idol in flattering language of the most exaggerated and nauseating description. One of these obsequious bards commences a long ode in the *Gentleman's Magazine* with the following grandiose lines:—

"Illustrious Prince! whom far above
The light of Heaven, or life we love;
Of ev'ry royal virtue heir!
The pride of *Albion* and the care!
Hail, from the adverse fight,
Where all the rage of fury burn'd,
With undiminished fame return'd;
The people's and the soldiers' light!"[1]

"If Scotland possessed a hero, why should England be without one?" thought Walpole and many other supporters of George II., who, while they had no love for the Duke personally, saw the advantage of providing the mob with an object of worship in opposition to the "Young Chevalier."[2] So it came about that Cumberland, "the people's and the soldiers' light!" the darling of the *demi-monde*, the boon companion of profligate noblemen and disreputable officers, and the beloved of the London crowd, quickly acquired, by the aid of a subsidised and servile Press, an immense popularity, which increased beyond all bounds, when

[1] *Vide Gentleman's Magazine*, May 1745, p. 270. The "adverse fight," of course, refers to Fontenoy.

[2] The name given to Prince Charles to distinguish him from his father, who was commonly called the Old Chevalier.

it became known that he had been selected to head an army against Prince Charles.

The English Jacobites, frightened by so great a display of military strength, were afraid to make any movement which might expose them to the resentment of the Government; they had no organisation, no cohesion, no leader; and if they ever had any real idea of assisting the Prince with weapons instead of words, they probably gave it up at this period.

To what extent Charles relied upon his father's English adherents, it is impossible to say; one can hardly imagine that he would have undertaken his dangerous march through England without some clear and satisfactory assurance that military aid would be forthcoming as he proceeded; we have, however, no documentary evidence that any such pledge had been given, and it is therefore reasonable to believe that Charles was led to take this perilous step solely on his own initiative, in the firm belief that the mass of the English people were in favour of a Stuart restoration, and only awaited his appearance among them at the head of a large army, to declare their allegiance, and join him in his attempt to overthrow the usurper of his royal father's throne. The ease with which he had secured the capital of Scotland, and the apparent sincerity of his welcome by its citizens, produced a false impression on his mind and led him to anticipate an equally enthusiastic reception when he should reach London.

It is certain that the majority of the Prince's Scottish advisers were at first distinctly opposed to the idea of crossing the Border; the Highland chiefs and their followers disapproved of it entirely, and told him respectfully but plainly (so the Chevalier Johnstone says), "that they had taken arms, and risked their fortunes and their lives, merely to set him on the throne of Scotland; but that they wished to have nothing to do with England." There seems to have been a general wish that Charles should firmly establish himself as his father's representative on the throne of Scotland, annul the hateful Union, and so strengthen his military position that he could withstand any force the Elector could send against him. Such a plan might have succeeded; it would undoubtedly have been popular with a considerable section of the Scottish people, and there is every probability that a large accession to the Prince's army would have followed the declaration of this policy. Charles was, however, far too ambitious to remain satisfied with the crown of Scotland only; nothing short of the entire restoration of the whole of his father's dominions would satisfy him; and neither arguments nor persuasions had the slightest effect in turning him from his set purpose. He was prepared to modify his ideas as to the best methods of conducting the march southwards, but to march he was determined.

After some consideration, the chiefs, in the firm belief that Charles had received trustworthy assurances of substantial assistance from the English Jacobites, yielded to his wishes, and agreed to follow him with their clansmen into the land of the Sassenach.[1] The question of route was now the only one to be decided, and as it was of the greatest importance Charles called a meeting of the Council on the night of October 30th, shortly after the arrival of the Duke of Atholl, to discuss the matter. The Prince declared himself in favour of marching on Newcastle, and giving battle to Marshal Wade before proceeding farther south. His reasons for wishing to adopt this plan, he told the Council, were, that the Hanoverian troops would be too fatigued after their recent unsuccessful campaign in Flanders and long march from London to fight with much energy against the men who had so thoroughly defeated Sir John Cope; and although it was true that Wade's force was larger than his own, he assured his hearers that the Marquis d'Eguilles by enforcing the Articles of the Capitulation of Tournay would soon reduce it by some thousands of Dutch auxiliaries. This proposal did not at all commend itself to the majority of the Prince's officers: Lord George Murray was strongly opposed to it from the first. He argued that as the principal object of the march into England was to give the Prince's friends there an opportunity of joining, it would, he considered, be most unwise to risk a battle with Wade until the conditions were more equal. The alternative route was by Carlisle, and this he insisted was the only practicable one; the road was better; there were more suitable quarters to be found; and once in possession of that city it would be an easy matter, when the Lancashire and Northumberland Jacobites had come in, to march to Newcastle and fight Wade. Charles, however, refused to yield; he pointed out with some warmth that by going to Carlisle an impression would get abroad that he was purposely avoiding a battle with the Elector's troops because his own force was not strong enough to engage them; such an impression, he asserted, might do much harm by disheartening and alarming the men, who would feel that their retreat was liable to be cut off by a formidable army if Wade remained unmolested in the north of England; whereas, if Wade was attacked and defeated and Newcastle reduced, the men would gain greater confidence in their leaders; Northumberland, Durham and Cumberland would be clear of the enemy; the road to the south would be open; and there was more than a possibility, that amid the general confusion and consternation of the London citizens following upon the news of another Hanoverian defeat,

[1] There was a great reluctance shown on the part of the Highlanders to cross the Border. A son of MacDonald of Leek, writing home to his father from Musselburgh on October 31st, says, "Our men are terribly afraid to march to England, but I hope the'll do better things." Record Office, London.

some great advantage might be secured. This reasoning failed to shake the opinion of the majority, and Charles finding he was unable to carry his point, adjourned the meeting until the following morning and retired to his own apartment. A little quiet reflection enabled him to see how foolish and impolitic it would be to run counter to the wishes of his principal officers, and when they appeared at the Council the next day, Charles "told them in a very obliging manner, that he had seriously considered of their arguments the night before, and was now, upon reflection, given to think they were in the right, and that he was ready to follow their advice, and then proposed y^t^ the rout might be agreed upon, and proper orders conserted for their speedy march."[1]

To throw Wade off his guard by making it appear that an advance on Newcastle was intended, Charles proposed that the army should be divided into two columns, one, which he would lead himself, with Lord George Murray as second in command, to march as far as Kelso, on the road to Northumberland, before turning south-east by Jedburgh in the direction of Carlisle; the other, commanded by the Dukes of Atholl and Perth, to proceed directly south by Peebles, Moffat, and Lockerbie, and join the first column at Newton of Rowcliff (Rockcliff) in Cumberland. This plan (suggested, it is said, by the Marquis d'Eguilles), meeting with the universal approval of the Council, the Prince ordered the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray to make the necessary arrangements for an immediate march.

Before nightfall, on October 31st, most of the scattered detachments of the Prince's army had been brought in from their cantonments at Duddingston, Musselburgh, Tranent, Fisherrow, Restalrig, Newhaven, Leith, Craigmillar, &c., and assembled at Dalkeith, where Charles joined them the following morning, he having spent the night at Pinkie House. The same day (November 1st) Edinburgh, save for a few wounded men, was entirely evacuated by the remaining Highlanders, who were brought off by Lord George Murray from their several posts to Parliament Close, from whence they were marched for the last time through the streets of the old city with pipes playing and colours flying,[2] Lord George bringing up the rear to cover their retreat and collect stragglers.

The Prince was much concerned for the sick men whose wounds prevented them from accompanying their comrades, and he gave orders that litters should be provided for all who could safely bear the journey; some, however, were too seriously ill to be moved, and for their safety

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton." p. 234.
[2] *Vide* "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 82.

hostages were demanded from the magistrates. As there was some demur to this, Bailie Wilson was seized and carried to Dalkeith, but it was not thought advisable to detain him, and he was accordingly dismissed.

No sooner had the Prince's force departed than the cowardly soldiers of the garrison "broke out like a parcel of hungry dogs" and brutally ill-treated these unfortunate Highlanders, particularly "one poor fellow in the Canongate, who after they had taken him from out his bed pull'd

DALKEITH PALACE, NEAR EDINBURGH

Photo by WILSON, *Aberdeen*

him down Stairs by the heels, his head striking against every Step, and then pull'd him in the same manner along the pavement till he expired."[1] Such was the barbarous return made by these dastard red-coated scoundrels for all the generous kindness bestowed by the Prince upon the wounded prisoners of Cope's army.

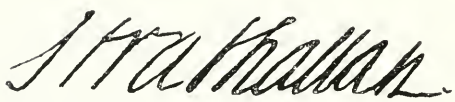
Charles was very anxious that the road north should remain open as far as possible, in order that free communication might be kept up with his friends at Perth and elsewhere; but with Wade at Newcastle, Handasyde at Berwick, Loudoun at Inverness,[2] and hostile garrisons in the castles of

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 236.

[2] Lord Loudoun arrived in Inverness on October 11th, and took over the command of the new Independent Companies raised by Forbes of Culloden.

Edinburgh and Stirling, it was extremely doubtful whether this could be managed. Precautionary measures were, however, taken, and MacGregor of Glengyle, whom Murray of Broughton describes as a "tall handsome man and more of the mein of the antient heroes than our modern gentlemen," was appointed Governor of Doune Castle, a place of considerable strategic importance, as it commanded three of the principal roads to the Highlands, one running north-west through the Pass of Leny, one due west by Loch Katrine and Inversnaid, and one north-east by Dunblane and Perth. In this venerable stronghold of Murdoch, Duke of Albany, Glengyle with about 100 of the Clan Gregor took up his abode, and did much valuable service for the Prince's cause by keeping the country clear of the enemy, watching the movements of the garrison at Stirling, protecting the passage of the Prince's messengers, and affording shelter to any Highlanders who arrived too late to march with the army into England.[1]

The city of Perth, where Charles expected some large reinforcements to arrive, was placed under the control of Viscount Strathallan, who was appointed, in the absence of William, Duke of Atholl, Commander-in-Chief, North of the Forth, with Lawrence Oliphant of Gask as his Lieutenant; Robertson of Drumachine was made Governor of Atholl, principally for the purpose of intercepting and punishing deserters; and the towns of Dundee, Aberdeen, and Montrose were entrusted to the charge of David Fotheringay, Moir of Lonmay, and Carnegie of Balnamoor respectively.



AUTOGRAPH OF VISCOUNT STRATHALLAN

Having thus, as he believed, made all secure in Scotland, Charles turned his face towards England, strong in the hope that before another two months were passed he might find himself securely seated as his father's representative upon the throne of Britain, with his enemies at his feet.

For two days the Prince remained at Dalkeith in the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch, whilst his army was concentrating on the ground which had been selected for that purpose, between the Melville Burn and Newbattle Water. His total force, when all the several units which composed it were assembled, amounted in the aggregate to between 5000 and 6000 men, of whom nearly 500 were mounted. For the convenience of the reader the approximate details are here appended :—

[1] General Blakeney, writing from Stirling on November 22nd to Henry Pelham, the Prime Minister, says that Stewart of Invernahyle and MacDonald of Glencoe had about a hundred good men at Doune, Callendar, and Menteith, and that Ludovic Cameron (of Torcastle) was expected with three hundred of his clan. Letter in Record Office, London.

THE MARCH INTO ENGLAND.

Probable Strength and Composition of the Prince's Army.

(Compiled from the most reliable contemporary sources.)

Regiments, Clans, &c.	Approximate Number of Men.	Commander.	Second in Command not definitely known.
ATHOLL BRIGADE.		William, Duke of Atholl.	
First Battalion, composed of men from the estates of Hon. Mrs. Robertson of Lude; Sir George Stewart of Grandtully, Robertson of Blairfettie, Robertson of Auchleeks, Stewart of Fincastle, Stewart of Kynachan, Stewart of Bohally, Stewart of Temper, Stewart of Garth, Stewart of Inchgarth, Stewart of Ballechin, and thirty MacLachlans	200	Lord Nairne.	David Stewart of Kynachan.
Second Battalion, composed of men from the estates of Spalding of Ashintullie, and from the districts of Strathardle, Blackwater, and Forest of Alyth	60	Lord George Murray.	Andrew Spalding of Glenkilrie.
Third Battalion, composed of men from the estates of Robertson of Faskally, and Campbell of Glenlyon.[1]	120	Hon. Robert Mercer of Aldie, brother of Lord Nairne.	George Robertson of Faskally.
FOOT REGIMENTS.			
Duke of Perth's, including some MacGregors .	200	Duke of Perth.	
Lord Ogilvy's	600	Lord Ogilvy.	
Gordon of Glenbucket's	400	Gordon of Glenbucket.	
John Roy Stuart's, mostly raised in Edinburgh, including the Earl of Kellie's men . . .	400	John Roy Stuart.	
Lord Pitsligo's Foot .	248		
CLANS.			
MacDonalds — Glengarry	400	MacDonald of Lochgarry.	Angus MacDonald, brother of Lochgarry.
MacDonalds — Keppoch	250	MacDonald of Keppoch.	Donald MacDonald of Tirnadris.
MacDonalds — Clanranald	200	MacDonald, younger, of Clanranald.	MacDonald of Glenaladale.
MacDonalds — Glencoe[2]	100		

[1] John Campbell of Glenlyon was too old to accompany his men. He had been *out* in 1715.

[2] If General Blakeney is to be credited, Glencoe himself did not march into England, but went home to recruit. He was at Doune on November 22nd. *Vide* note, p. 154. Achtriachtan probably commanded the Glencoe men.

THE MARCH INTO ENGLAND.—*Continued.*

Regiments, Clans, &c.	Approximate Number of Men.	Commander.	Second in Command not definitely known.
CLANS.—*Cont.*			
Camerons	650	Donald Cameron, younger, of Lochiel.	Cameron of Errachd or Dungallon.
Stewarts of Appin . .	200	Stewart of Ardsheal.	Stewart of Fasnacloich,[7] or Achnacone.
MacLachlans	70[1]	MacLachlan of MacLachlan.	
Grants of Glenmoriston and Urquhart	90[2]	Grant of Glenmoriston attached to the Glengarry regiment.	Alexander Grant, younger, of Shewglie.
MacKinnons	80	MacKinnon of MacKinnon.	
MacPhersons	480	MacPherson of Cluny.	Ewan MacPherson of Dalwhinnie.
Robertsons	50[3]	Robertson of Woodsheal.	
Menzies	50[4]	Menzies of Shian.	
Farquharsons . . .	30[5]		
MacGregors	100	MacGregor of Glencairnaig.	Evan MacGregor, son of Glencairnaig.
Approximate total of Foot	4978		
CAVALRY.[6]			
Life Guards, Lord Elcho's troop	120	Lord Elcho.	
Do. Hon. Arthur Elphinstone's troop	40	Hon. Arthur Elphinstone, afterwards Lord Balmerino.	
Lord Kilmarnock's Horse (formerly Strathallan's)	100	Lord Kilmarnock.	
Lord Pitsligo's Horse .	120	Lord Pitsligo.	
Hussars	80	Commanded by Major Baggot, a French-Irish officer.	
Approximate total of Cavalry	460		
ARTILLERY.			
13 Small field-pieces, 2 to 4 pounders; 7 guns taken at Prestonpans . . .		James Grant (or Grante), officer in the French service.	

[1] Thirty MacLachlans were attached to the First Battalion Atholl Brigade. *Vide* "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 97.

[2] There were a hundred Grants at Prestonpans, but several returned with Angus *Óg* of Glengarry and Peter Grant, son of Shewglie to assist in recruiting. They did not return in time for the march into England. Alexander Grant, Glenmoriston's brother, accompanied the company as a private.

[3] Most of the Robertsons were attached to the Atholl Brigade, but a company under Woodsheal probably marched with Keppoch's men. *Vide* Struan's orders to Woodsheal, "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 44.

[4] Menzies of Shian and the men he commanded were probably attached to the Atholl Brigade.

[5] Brought by Farquharson of Monaltrie, but he returned to raise more men. As the Farquharsons are a sept of Clan Chattan, it is likely they were attached to the MacPhersons.

[6] The particulars of Cavalry are taken from "the Marches of the Highland Army," by Captain James Stuart of Ogilvy's Regiment, printed in the Spalding Club Miscellany.

[7] Stewart of Invernahyle had gone back to Appin for men. *Vide* note, p. 154.

Never before had Charles commanded a finer, better armed, or more efficient body of men ; the long stay in Edinburgh had enabled him to provide proper weapons and suitable clothing for every individual, and although it pleased the Government spies and Whig scribblers to refer to the Prince's army as a mere "rabble of ragged, hungry-looking Highlanders," Charles and his officers were well assured that in a fair fight they could be thoroughly depended upon, uncouth as they may have appeared to the sleek beef-fed Englishmen, to give a good account of themselves. For the sake of uniformity, and possibly to encourage a feeling of national pride and *esprit de corps*, all the foot regiments, Highland as well as Lowland, were clothed in the tartan of the Gael, and were armed with muskets, broadswords, pistols, dirks, and targes.

Many regiments carried colours of some white material emblazoned with a red St. Andrew's cross,[1] and a few bore in addition the clan badge (*suaicheantas*) fastened to a long pole, in accordance with an old Highland custom.[2] The rates of pay were—captains half-a-crown a day ; lieutenants, two shillings ; ensigns, one and sixpence ; and privates, sixpence a day, without deductions. "In the clan regiments every company had two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns."[3] Most of the mounted men wore their ordinary everyday garb, but the two fine troops of horse, raised and commanded by Lord Elcho and the Honourable Arthur Elphinstone, commonly known as the Prince's Life Guards, were more smartly accoutred, every man being clad in a blue uniform with red facings, scarlet and gold-laced vest and high red cap with a fur plume. The Hussars—as they were called—under Major Baggot, also wore a semi-military dress of tartan, with head gear similar to Lord Elcho's men. Horses to the number of seven or eight hundred, with a hundred and fifty waggons, had been collected under the terms of a proclamation from the gentry and farmers of East Lothian ; bread and other provisions had been provided for four days' supply ; and large quantities of arms, ammunition, tents, tartan plaids,[4] and other stores were packed in readiness for the march.

The column commanded by the Prince and Lord George Murray was composed almost entirely of Highlanders, and included the MacDonalds of Glengarry, Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glencoe ; the Camerons, Stewarts of Appin, MacGregors and MacKinnons, with Lord Kilmarnock's (sometimes called the Perthshire) Horse, Lord Pitsligo's Horse,

[1] *Vide* letter from Derby in *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1745, p. 708.
[2] *Vide* letter in Record Office, London, from Derby, signed T. Drake.
[3] Home's "History," p. 138.
[4] Supplied by the city of Glasgow, *vide* Mounsey's "Carlisle in 1745," p. 28.

and Major Baggot's Hussars as cavalry. The second column, under the leadership of the Dukes of Atholl and Perth, comprised the three battalions of the Atholl Brigade, with which were probably the Robertsons and Menzies ;[1] the foot regiments of the Duke of Perth, Lord Ogilvy, Gordon of Glenbucket, Roy Stuart, and the MacPhersons ; the mounted troops of Lord Elcho and the Honourable Arthur Elphinstone, and the artillery and heavy baggage.

On Sunday, November 3rd, all the necessary preparations being completed, the whole of the Prince's army moved off from Dalkeith, and took the road towards the English border, Charles on foot in Highland dress with his targe slung over his shoulder leading the way at the head of the clan regiments. The route settled upon at the last meeting of the Council was taken ; the Prince proceeding by way of Channelkirk to Lauder, and the Duke of Atholl following the more westerly road by Auchendinny to Peebles, communication being kept up between the two columns by mounted scouts at frequent intervals.[2] There is a tradition mentioned by Chambers, that during this first day's march breakfast was provided for the Prince at the gate of the Prestonhall policies by order of the Duchess of Gordon, for which kindly act she is said to have lost a Government pension of £1000 per annum ; and it is also recorded by the same authority that, on the same day, the sisters of Robert Anderson of Whitburgh had refreshments specially prepared for Charles and his suite by the roadside near Fala Dam, of which he gratefully partook.

At Lauder the Prince installed himself in the castle of Thirlestane,[3] belonging to the Earl of Lauderdale, but then unoccupied and so bare of furniture, that bedding and other plenishing had to be obtained from a neighbouring inn.

The rear of the column got no farther than Channelkirk, where it halted for the night, the men finding billets in the village. The following morning Charles was up betimes, and finding the rear-guard had not arrived, he rode back to Channelkirk and returned with it to Lauder, before commencing the day's march. Murray of Broughton speaks very highly of the Prince's untiring attention to his military duties.

[1] Menzies of Shian may have had a regiment of his own, he certainly brought about fifty of his chief's men to the Prince, and we find him mentioned by contemporary writers as commanding a regiment, but how it was composed the author has been unable to discover.

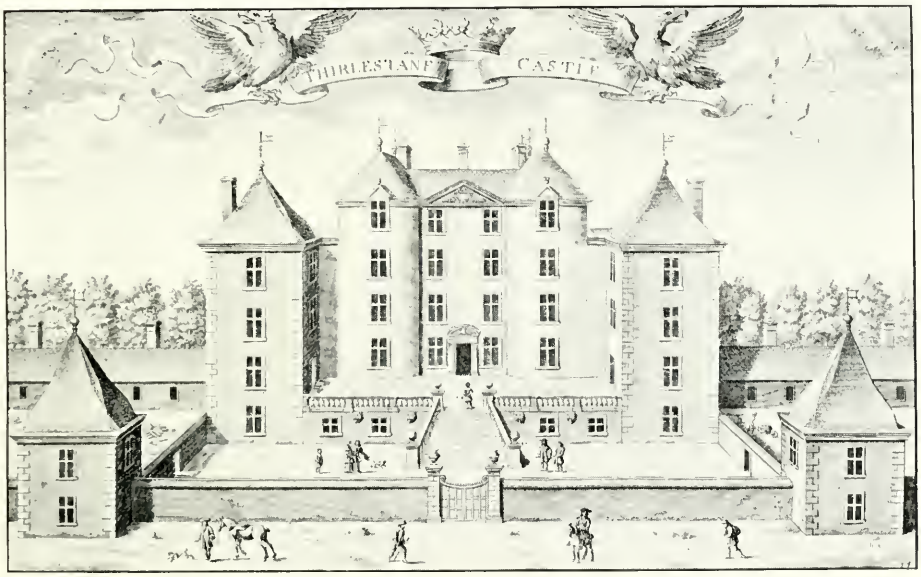
[2] Poor Duncan Cameron (who had accompanied the Prince from France) fell off his horse at starting, and was so badly bruised that he had to be left behind at Dalkeith. Shortly afterwards he was taken prisoner by a party of dragoons in the belief that he was Colonel Strickland, but when the authorities discovered this was not the case he was allowed, after some months' imprisonment, to go free. He sailed for Holland on June 19, 1747. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 210.

[3] Then known as Lauder Fort, or Castle.

MARCH INTO ENGLAND AND RETREAT

"It is worthy of observation," he says, "that perhaps never general, especially a Prince, was so minutely assiduous as the Chevalier to see every the most minute motion with his own Eye, never neglecting, throughout the whole march, so Soon as he had put all in motion, to return and view the whole Column, after which he repaird again to the front and from time to time as he judged necessary view'd the whole and prevented them from Strageling."[1]

As at Prestonpans so during the march into England the Hanoverian



THIRLESTANE CASTLE IN 1745

From SLEZER'S *Theatrum Scotiæ*

military authorities formed an entirely wrong and exaggerated idea of the strength of the Prince's army. It was commonly believed that it was 7000 to 8000 strong, and even the lowest estimate put the numbers at over 6000.[2] This erroneous impression was created by the fact that it was the usual custom of the Prince's officers to demand billets for a far greater number of men than they had under the command. Thus we find the Earl of Kilmarnock ordering the Provost of Kelso, in a letter dated November 3rd,[3] "to provide billets and provisions for 4000 foot

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 237, *note*.
[2] *Vide* List in the "Life of the Duke of Cumberland," London, 1757, p. 301.
[3] Letter dated from Blackbarrony, in Record Office, London.

and 1000 Horse," a copy of which the Provost sent on to the Lord Justice Clerk, who of course forwarded it to London, which was the very thing the Prince wanted.

Charles reached Kelso on the evening of November 4th and spent the night at Sunlaws, a house about four miles out of the town on the Jedburgh road. Here, if local tradition may be credited, the Prince, in spite of his many anxieties and eagerness to hurry forward, found time to plant a

SUNLAWS, NEAR KELSO

The part to right of central tower was occupied by the Prince

white rose-bush, offshoots of which still survive in the old gardens bearing the appropriate name of Prince Charlie's Rose.[1] At Kelso, roads branched off north-east to Berwick by way of Coldstream, south-east to Newcastle by Wooler and Whittingham; west to Selkirk and Melrose, and south by Jedburgh to Carlisle; the latter route being the one that Charles had been, as we have seen, persuaded to take.

Up to this point neither Wade nor the Government could be sure of the Prince's intentions—he might continue his way into Northumberland and engage the Hanoverian force stationed at Newcastle, or he might go

[1] Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 24. *note* 6.

on to Carlisle, where it was feared he would meet with very little opposition. Beyond issuing a proclamation calling upon all who had joined Prince Charles to "return to their habitations on or before the 12th day of November"[1] if they wished to avail themselves of "his majesty's clemency," Wade made no attempt to stay the march of the Jacobite army; but to prevent a surprise some detachments of Hamilton's and Ligonier's dragoons were posted at Wooler and Whittingham to give notice of any advance in that direction. To mystify and deceive Wade by leading him to suppose that Newcastle and not Carlisle was the destined point of attack, Charles on the morning of the 5th sent off a detachment of cavalry under Colonel Ker of Graden to reconnoitre the country in the neighbourhood of Wooler, by which means he hoped to frighten the dragoon outposts into the belief that the main body of the Highlanders was close at hand. The dragoons, however, had received timely notice of the Prince's movements, and having no desire to meet the heroes of Prestonpans, they retired with more haste than valour to Whittingham without giving Colonel Ker even a glimpse of their horses' cruppers. Another feint was made by Lord George Murray with his regiment in the direction of Berwick, with no other result than the loss of one man, who, having foolishly entered a house at Coldstream, was taken prisoner and sent to Newcastle.

In order to allow time for the second column to keep pace with his own, Charles remained at Kelso until the morning of the 6th, when he again placed himself at the head of his men, and crossing the Tweed[2] marched to Jedburgh; Lord George instead of returning by Kelso forded the river at some point between that place and Coldstream, joining the Prince at Jedburgh the same evening. The Tweed was very high and the men hesitated to enter it, but Lord George, with Murray of Solzarie and Robertson of Eastern Bleaton, "instantly leaped into the river and forded while the soldiers looked on with amazement from the bank. When Lord George and his two companions got out of the deep and strong current, they leaped and danced in the river, to show the soldiers there was no great danger, and to encourage them to follow, which they instantly did. At the first village to which the regiment came after fording the river, each man got a glass of gin and a halfpenny roll."[3]

[1] Proclamation printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, November 1745, p. 601.

[2] It is stated in the *London Gazette*, November 12th, "At ten they began to pass the Tweed and continued passing till after it was dark."

[3] Related to Lady Amelia Sophia Murray in 1807 by two old men who had served in Lord George's regiment in 1745, and had forded the Tweed on this occasion. *Vide* "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 84.

There is some little doubt as to the house occupied by Prince Charles during his brief stay at Jedburgh. One tradition is that he slept under the roof of Ainslie of Blackhill in Castlegate,[1] but many local authorities believe that the Upper Nag's Head Inn, No. 13 Castlegate (recently demolished), sheltered the heir of the Stuarts on this memorable occasion. After resting a night in this quaint old town, famous for "Jethart staves" and "Jethart justice"

> "Where in the morn men hang and draw,
> And sit in judgment after,"

Charles continued his march southwards with the clan regiments through the wild border country of Liddesdale to Haggiehaugh (Larriston), all the cavalry except the hussars proceeding by a more circuitous route through Hawick and Langholm. At Haggiehaugh a halt was made, and as provisions were then beginning to run short, a quantity of sheep were purchased by the Prince's orders in the neighbourhood, and a farmer, known as Charlie o' Kirnton, spent the whole night in killing them, for which service he received half a guinea. There is a story still told in Liddesdale that two Highlanders having observed the payment of the money followed Charlie, and made him yield up his dearly earned wage, by holding pistols to his breast and threatening instant death if he did not hand over "ta hauf keenie."[2]

Before leaving Haggiehaugh Charles received despatches from the Dukes of Atholl and Perth, informing him that after great difficulty they had succeeded in bringing the heavy baggage as far as Moffat, but they feared it would be impossible to reach Carlisle before the 10th. As it was of the greatest importance that the guns should arrive simultaneously with the first column, the Prince returned word that they must go forward at once and leave the baggage to be brought on by a strong detachment which he ordered to remain behind for that purpose.[3]

On Friday, November 8th, after a march of about thirteen miles, Charles, for the first time in his life, placed his feet on English soil, a stranger in the beautiful country over which his immediate ancestors had held the sceptre of sovereignty by right of long descent from the ancient kings, but now ruled by a boorish German debauchee at whose

[1] Now divided into two houses, Nos. 9 and 11. My correspondent, Mr. A. C. Mounsey, who resides at No. 11, writes that when he came to Jedburgh forty years ago, the only tradition extant was that the Prince stayed at the Upper Nag's Head Inn (demolished in 1899 to make way for the New Public Library). "The idea that the house 9 and 11 is such as the Prince *ought* to have occupied has apparently led to the conclusion that *therefore* he *did* occupy it. The logic is not of the most convincing kind."

[2] Tradition, quoted by Chambers.

[3] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," pp. 237, 238, *note*.

feet the English people, forgetful of their honour, pride, and national traditions, grovelled in lazy, indifferent content. They had neither love nor respect for the alien dynasty they had set up in their midst; they openly abused and ridiculed the king they had chosen; they found subjects for jest and amusement in his scandalous amours; they caricatured his mistresses in the public prints, and they were rather glad than otherwise when he removed himself and his Teutonic *ménage* to Herrenhausen. But he was a Protestant—that was the main point; the representative of liberty of conscience; the defender of the faith; and

HAGGIEHAUGH (LARRISTON)

so these good people winked at his vices, and occasionally imitated them: provided for his enormous expenditure out of their own or other people's pockets, and admitted his pretensions to the crown of Britain. It was an expensive price to pay for such a champion, but the nation paid up with as good a grace as possible, hoping the bargain might turn out better than it expected.

So it came about by a strange turn of Fortune's wheel, that the legitimate heir-apparent to the British throne found himself on English ground a stranger in a strange land, unwelcomed and unknown.

The passage of the Esk was made at Gritmill near Canonbie, Lochiel with his Camerons and Major Baggot with the hussars accompanying

the Prince, the other clan regiments remaining on the Scottish side of the river until the following morning. "It was remarkable," Murray of Broughton says, "that this being the first time they entered England, the Highlanders, without any orders being given, all drew their Swords with one Consent upon entering the River, and every man as he landed on t'other Side wheeld about to the Left and faced Scotland again."[1] Lochiel is said to have cut his hand when unsheathing his claymore, on this occasion, an accident which was regarded by the Highlanders as full of ill-omen, boding no good to the expedition.

Friday night was spent by Charles in the house of Mr. David Murray at Reddings, and the next day November 9th, after waiting on the banks of the river until the remainder of his column had crossed, he resumed his march by way of Longtown, where he was met by the cavalry, and passing through Rockcliff was joined by the Duke of Atholl's column which had come from Lockerbie that morning. The whole force, once again united, passed the river Eden at two o'clock in the afternoon, and encamped for the night in some villages to the west of Carlisle, the Prince taking up his quarters at Moor House within two miles of the city.

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 238.

CHAPTER VII

"When first I came by merrie Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
The white rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thristled banners far were streaming."

CARLISLE at the period of this history, although a city of considerable ecclesiastical and commercial importance, was, from a military point of view, most inadequately provided with the means of defence against a determined siege prosecuted by an enemy provided with artillery. Its old citadel, built by William Rufus in the eleventh century, had been found strong enough to resist the might of Bruce when he besieged the city in 1315, and since that time two English monarchs, Richard the Third and the seventh Henry, had spent large sums of money in repairing and strengthening the walls and castle. In 1745, however, both had fallen into a condition of disrepair; the battlements round the walls had recently been removed; houses were to be found built close to the outworks with windows overlooking the fortifications, from which small parties of an enemy's troops could fire upon the exposed sentinels on the ramparts; everything, in fact, connected with the defence of the city was in a state of neglect and inefficiency.

The municipal control of the city was in the hands of Thomas Pattinson, a typical civic functionary of the meaner sort; pompous, arrogant, and self-assertive, full of his own importance, but with no real capacity for the position he presumptuously assumed. He had been appointed deputy to the late Mayor, Henry Aglionby, whose term of office had expired at Michaelmas, and although a Mr. Joseph Backhouse was duly elected to fill the vacant post, Pattinson still continued to exercise the functions and authority of chief magistrate in spite of all protestations, taking upon himself the responsibility of arming the citizens, granting commissions to volunteer officers, and generally interfering with the arrangements being made for the protection of the city, out of a sheer love of opposition, and in a manner at once offensive, narrow-minded, and contemptible.

In a burst of patriotic braggadocio, this "wonder of a Mayor"[1] declared in a proclamation, which he caused to be printed for his fellow-citizens' delectation, that he was not Paterson a Scotsman, but Pattinson a true-born Englishman, who would die rather than surrender; a boast which naturally awakened the contempt, and brought down upon his head the ridicule of the Highlanders. The garrison of Carlisle in 1745 was commanded by Lieutenant-General Folliot, and until a few weeks prior to the Prince's approach it had consisted of two companies of invalided soldiers, eighty men in all, under Captain Gilpin; two companies of militia, about one hundred and fifty; a troop of militia horse seventy strong; and three artillerymen, under Master-Gunner Stevenson, to whose care were entrusted the twenty 6-pounder cannon, which were all the town could boast of. In addition, there were eighty civilians who had been trained by Captain Gilpin as volunteer gunners, and nine companies of townspeople formed by Pattinson, which could never be mustered when wanted.[2] When it became known that Charles meditated a march in the direction of London and might probably take Carlisle on his way, Dr. Waugh, Chancellor of the Diocese, a brave, energetic, and intelligent man, to whom we are indebted for a clear and reliable account of the siege, placed himself in communication with the Duke of Newcastle in order to awaken the Government to a sense of the danger it would incur if the city were left in so defenceless a condition.

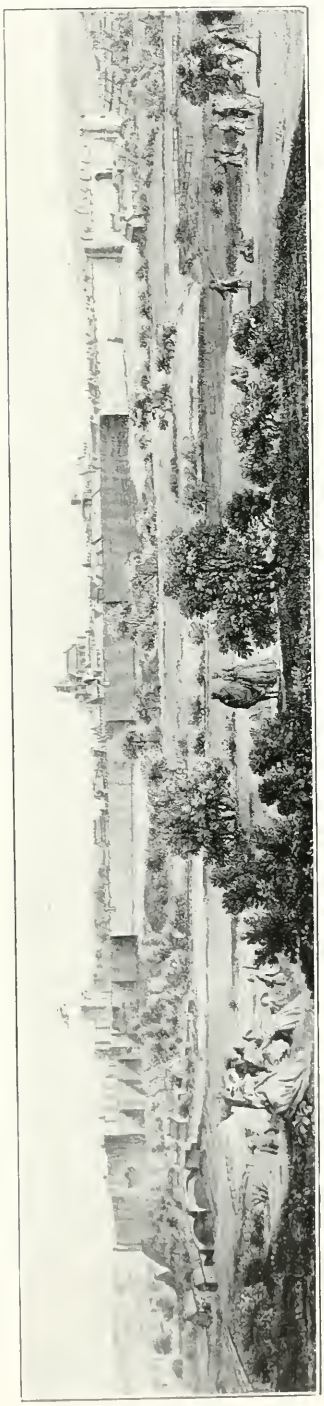
The usual result followed. A solitary officer, Colonel Durand, was ordered to proceed to the threatened town and organise means for its defence, but he was unsupported by any reinforcements, and when shortly after his arrival he applied to the Duke for five hundred men of Sinclair's and Battereau's regiments, and requested that an express might be sent him, he was told "that Carlisle was not, or could not be, of consequence enough to put the Government to the expense of sending an express on purpose." Left to his own resources, Colonel Durand made the best of a bad bargain, and commenced that most unprofitable task, so often imposed by a weak Government upon its military officers, of making bricks without straw. The militia of Cumberland and Westmorland, then undergoing their month's annual training, were, at his desire, brought into the city; some extra guns were procured from Whitehaven and mounted on the town walls; sand bags were made to take the place

[1] *Vide* the well-known Jacobite song, "the Mayor of Carlisle," in which Pattinson is held up to ridicule. Printed in Hogg's "Jacobite Relics," &c.

[2] The particulars of the internal condition of Carlisle during the siege are mostly taken from Colonel Durand's diary, and Dr. Waugh's correspondence printed in Mounsey's "Carlisle in 1745." London and Carlisle, 1846.

of the demolished battlements; trees were cut down; and all the farmers within six or seven miles round were directed to bring in their ladders, in case the enemy might use them for scaling the fortifications.

The militia soldiers proved themselves utterly unworthy of trust from an Hanoverian standpoint, and were ultimately the chief cause of the premature surrender of the city. From the first they showed a mutinous and disobedient spirit, excusing themselves for their insubordination by protesting that their month's training having expired, they could not be legally detained.[1] Many refused to remain and went off to their homes, from whence, by Colonel Durand's orders, they were soon driven back again by a party of militia horse. In all there were five companies of about seventy men each, their arms being mostly fowling-pieces and old muskets of obsolete type, more or less defective in condition. As it was most important that the near approach of the Prince's army should be immediately observed, Durand requested that two men might be posted on the cathedral tower with a "very large spying-glass" (which he had brought with him) to watch the surrounding country for any signs of an advancing enemy. At the suggestion of Dr. Waugh, the cathedral clergy willingly undertook this duty, and so vigilantly did they keep watch, that at noon on Saturday,



CARLISLE ABOUT THE YEAR 1745

[1] There is some reason to believe that the majority of the militia soldiers, officers and men, were strongly in sympathy with the Prince's cause, and that it was owing to this fact that they refused to assist in the defence of the city. *Vide* Mounsey's "Carlisle in 1745," pp. 97–99.

November 9th,[1] they were able to report to Durand the appearance of a detachment of the Prince's horse at Grimber Hill, about two miles' distance from the town. An hour later the same party was observed at Stanwix Bank,[2] and shortly afterwards one Atkinson, a local farmer's son, arrived in the town bearing a letter to the Mayor from one of the Prince's quartermasters, demanding quarters for 13,000 foot and 3000 horse. The only reply to this was a discharge of the castle guns, upon which the enemy retired.

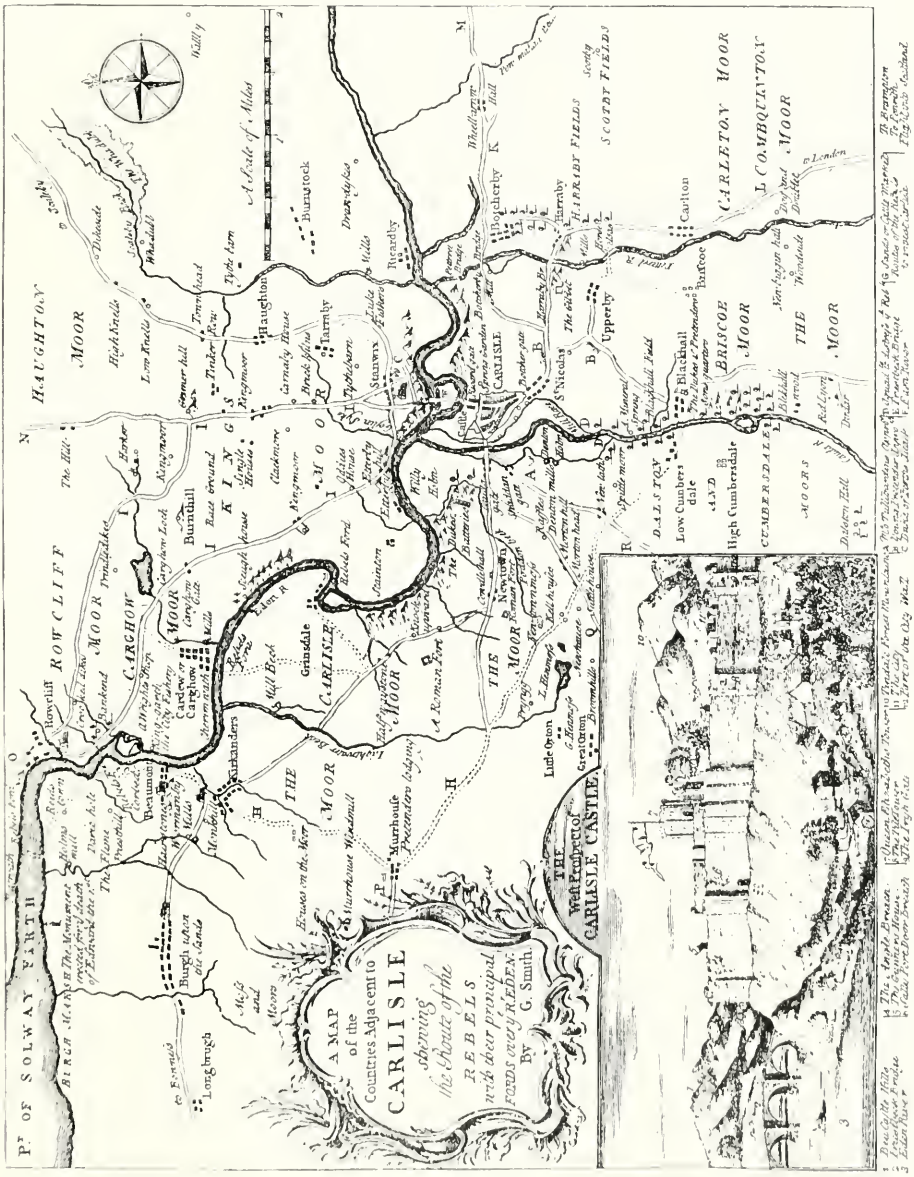
Matters were now beginning to look serious, and as a last resource Durand despatched an express to Field-Marshal Wade at Newcastle to acquaint him with the news, in the hope that some assistance might be sent to the beleaguered city; but Wade's reply, which arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th, made it clear to every one concerned in the defence that nothing was to be expected from him. The roads, Wade wrote, were impassable for artillery; there would be no provisions for the men, after the Highlanders had "ravaged and consum'd what they find in their way;" and it was more than probable that as Lancashire was believed to be the destination of the invading force, Carlisle would be passed by unmolested; he hoped, however, to meet the "rebels" in Lancashire and cause them to repent of their rashness. Little comfort could be derived from such a letter, and when its contents became generally known, the rebellious militiamen began to talk openly of abandoning the town, and it was only by dint of much persuasion and expostulation that Durand succeeded in keeping them at their posts even for a few hours. There could be but one issue to such a state of affairs, and although the Prince did not know it at the time, the fall of Carlisle was assured from the moment that Wade's refusal to march to its relief was known.

On Sunday, November 10th, a formal demand was made by Charles in writing, for the surrender of the city within two hours. "About 3 o'clock that afternoon," writes Dr. Waugh, "one Robinson, a countryman who said he was compelled to come, brought in a letter from the young Pretender, setting forth that he was 'come to claim his father's rights, and was sorry to find the Mayor was preparing to resist him; that if he was quietly admitted he promised protection to all; if

[1] The first definite news of the approach of the Highlanders was brought in by Colonel Dacre of the Militia Horse, on Friday the 8th; he had scouted beyond Ecclefechan, and not only sighted the advancing army, but secured one of the Prince's quartermasters, named Brawnd, as a prisoner. Dr. Waugh's narrative.

[2] This was a small body of hussars under Major Baggot.

not, he must use the means God had put in his hands, and could not be answerable for the consequences that must attend the entering the town



by force.' . . . This was the substance of the letter which was immediately shown to the Governor, the officers of the Militia and Garrison,

the Magistrates, &c., who were all called together at the Bush, and without the least hesitation agreed that no answer ought to be sent, that the messenger should be detained, and the Rebels fired upon wherever they were seen, which was accordingly done."

The day was dark and gloomy, a dense November fog hung over the country, screening the movements of the opposing forces, and effectually preventing any accurate observations being taken on either side. Shrouded in mist the Highlanders gradually drew nearer and nearer to the city, by different routes, until it was invested on nearly all sides. All the remaining regiments of the Prince's army had now come up. Lord Ogilvy and Glenbucket had crossed the Eden at Cargo and Grinsdale; the Duke of Perth approached by Stanwix Bank; the Duke of Atholl by Shaddongate; and the Prince having left Moor House proceeded with the first column to St. Nicholas, on the south side of the town, taking up his quarters for the night at Black Hall. Towards noon the fog lifted a little, and the watchers on the city walls and cathedral tower were able to discern the movements of the besiegers, which they at once reported to the gunners, who promptly opened fire upon the Duke of Atholl's party at Shaddongate. The Duke was heard to remark, "Gentlemen, we have not metal for them. Retreat!" And putting spurs to his horse he retired with his battalion to a safe distance. The Duke of Perth, with O'Sullivan, the engineer officer, and a few others, boldly went within pistol-shot of the walls for the purpose of selecting a suitable spot for a battery, and eventually decided to throw up one a little to the north-west of the Penrith gate.

Late at night Charles retired to his quarters, leaving to the Dukes of Atholl and Perth the duty of superintending the trenching operations which he ordered to be carried out without delay; but within an hour after reaching Black Hall he received a piece of news that entirely altered his plans. This intelligence, brought by a special messenger, was to the effect that Marshal Wade had decided to attempt the relief of Carlisle, and might be expected in the neighbourhood at any moment. This was exactly what the Prince most desired; he had never felt thoroughly secure whilst Wade remained in his rear, and although for politic reasons he had given way to the wishes of his officers by advancing on Carlisle instead of Newcastle, he was as anxious as ever to try conclusions with the Marshal before marching further into England. As there was no time to be lost, he gave orders that the whole army was to assemble at daybreak in readiness for a march to Brampton, a small village seven miles north-east of Carlisle on the Newcastle road, where

the country being of a hilly nature, and suitable for the movements of Highlanders, Charles determined to wait and intercept his enemy.

The withdrawal of the Prince's force from the vicinity of Carlisle led the inhabitants to conclude that the siege was abandoned, and they began to congratulate themselves upon their happy escape. The deputy-mayor Pattinson, not to lose an opportunity of self-glorification, wrote off at once to the Lord-Lieutenant of the county, Lord Londsdale, sending a copy of the Prince's demand for the surrender of the city, adding, "That he had returned no Answer thereto but by firing the Cannon upon them," and "that their whole Army was at the time of dispatching the above Advice, marched for Brampton, seven miles on the high Road to Newcastle."[1]

The satisfaction of the citizens was but short-lived, for upon Charles discovering that the information he had received regarding Wade was false, he convened a council of war on the 12th, at which it was decided that the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray should return to Carlisle with half the army and resume the investment of the town; the Duke with his own regiment was to conduct the siege; Lord George Murray with six battalions was to maintain a strict blockade on all the approaches; and the Prince himself would for the present remain at Brampton[2] with the remainder of the army, and keep watch on the Newcastle road in case Wade might after all summon up courage to advance.

On the afternoon of the 13th,[3] the siege of Carlisle was vigorously recommenced, and before the following morning an entrenchment had been thrown up about three hundred yards east of the citadel, between the English and Scots gates, in which the Dukes of Atholl and Perth, to encourage and animate their men, worked without their coats like common soldiers,[4] in spite of the inclemency of the wintry weather. Lord George Murray was, meanwhile engaged in posting a cordon of troops around the city, a duty he performed with all the skill of a practised general. Even Murray of Broughton, who can hardly be considered a friendly critic, has a word to say for his proud namesake. "The blockade," he writes in his Memoirs, "was formed by one-half of the Army under L(ord) G(eorge) M(urray), and the disposition left to himself, which he performed with so much judgement, that the few French officers then in the Army allow'd they had never seen anything of the kind better executed, and regreted

[1] Letter printed in Ewald.

[2] It is believed locally that the Prince stayed in High Cross Street; the house is still pointed out.

[3] Charles marched with the besieging force as far as Warwick Bridge, and dined the same day at Warwick Hall, where he was entertained in the "Oak Parlour" by the squire's lady, a daughter of Thomas Howard of Corby Castle, who had been *out* in 1715.

[4] *Caledonian Mercury*.

that a man possessed of so fine a natural genius for war should not have been bred a Solger." [1]

The arrival of the messenger bearing Wade's disappointing reply to Colonel Durand's letter, and the almost contemporaneous reappearance of the Highland army before the walls, quickly brought about a change in the position of affairs inside the city. The militia officers as soon as they had been made acquainted with the contents of Wade's despatch, refused to hold themselves responsible any longer for the conduct of their men, and demanded that they should be allowed to retire from the city with their companies by the English gate. At this unheard-of request Durand could scarcely restrain his indignation, but as the defence of the town was largely dependent upon the behaviour of the militia, he refrained from making use of any language which might cause offence, and contented himself with a point-blank refusal to open the gate. The militia officers were at first inclined to resent this interference with their liberty of action, and it was only after many appeals to their honour had been made by the Colonel, Sir John Pennington (Chancellor, and Colonel of the Militia), Dr. Waugh, and others, that they could be prevailed upon to resume their duties for the night.

All went well until the morning: the militia remained at their posts, "and did their duty more regularly, making fewer alarms than any night before;" but when day dawned and it was seen that the Highlanders had commenced siege operations in grim earnest, the men threw down their weapons, and nothing would persuade them to continue on the ramparts. News of the entrenchment having been conveyed to Durand, he went at once to view it, and came to the conclusion (an accurate one) [2] that the cannon placed within it were of too small a calibre to do much damage, and must have been put there more with the intention of intimidating the garrison than from any hope that they could make a breach in the walls. Leaving orders with the gunners to keep up a fire upon the entrenching party, Colonel Durand left the battlements, and proceeded to a meeting of militia officers, then being held at the King's Arms, where he was told that a surrender of the town had been agreed upon by them all, and the following paper was placed in his hands:—

"The Militia of the Countys of Cumberland and Westmoreland having come voluntarily into the City of Carlisle for the defence of the same Citty, and having for

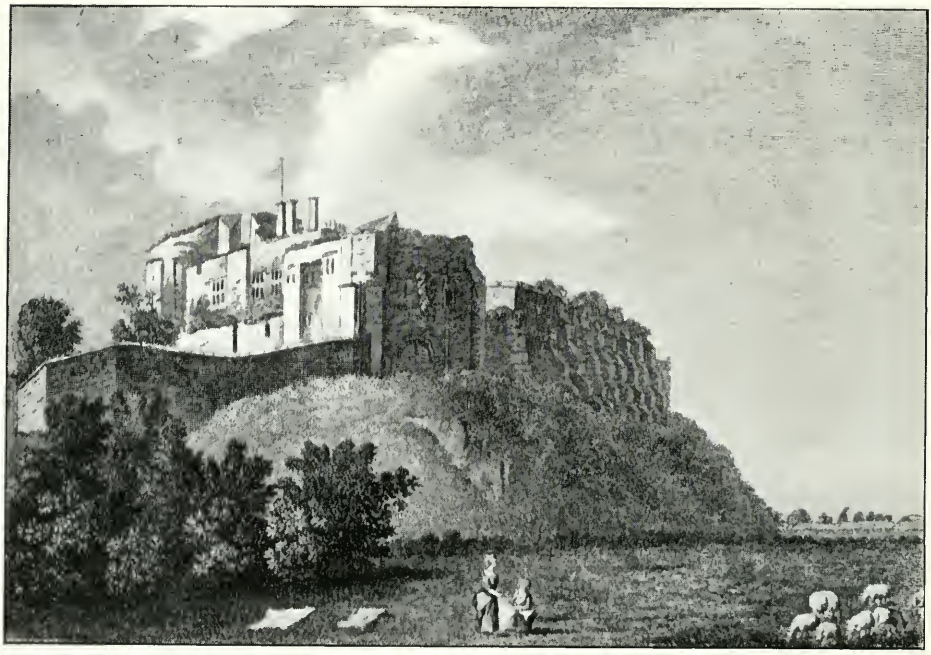
[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 240. He is wrong, however, in stating that Lord George had not been bred a soldier, as his lordship had in his younger days held a commission in the 1st Regiment (Royal Scots).

[2] *Vide* "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 240.

six days and six nights successively been upon duty in expectation of relief from His Majesty's forces, but it appearing y^t^ no such relief is now to be had, and ourselves not able to do duty or hold out any longer, are determined to capitulate, and do certify that Colol. Durand, Capt. Gilpin, and the rest of the Officers, have well and faithfully done their duty."

It was in vain that Durand tried to alter their decision. "They had shaken hands upon it," they told him, "and would do it." He, therefore, did all that a brave man could, and before taking his departure protested against the resolution in a most solemn manner in his own name and in the names of all the regular officers of the garrison. The inhabitants were in favour of holding out if possible, and during the day a meeting was held at the Town Hall to discuss the situation. Pattinson was of course present, "took the direction upon himself, and behaved with great insolence." He said the question was "*Whether we should open the gates to the Rebels, or not open the gates?*" To which way of putting it Dr. Waugh and several other prominent townspeople demurred, and substituted the following proposal: "*Whether as the Militia were determined to capitulate for themselves, which could not be prevented, it was proper that the inhabitants should be included,* to save the town and people from destruction; that all that now appeared to us rational to be done for the service of the Government was to retire into the Castle, to defend that, which we were resolved to do, but could not advise those who would not run that hazard to refuse being included out of mere bravo." By this time Pattinson's valour had entirely vanished, and after Dr. Waugh and his friends had left the meeting, he succeeded in persuading the majority of his fellow-citizens to make the best terms they could with the Prince. Whilst this business was proceeding, Colonel Durand, Captain, Gilpin, and the rest of the officers commanding the invalid companies had retired into the castle, where they were afterwards joined by several gentlemen and clergy of the town, most of the militia officers, and about four hundred of their men, who all declared that they would defend the castle to the last. Before shutting himself up in the citadel the gallant Colonel caused the ten guns on the ramparts to be spiked; he bought up all the gunpowder in the town; brought in the small-arms and ammunition that had been in the possession of the militia; despatched another messenger to Wade; purchased large quantities of bread and other provisions; and made every possible effort to render his position secure against a prolonged siege. All his labours proved futile; that evening a white flag was displayed, probably by Pattinson's instructions, on the city walls, and before another day had passed Carlisle was in the hands of its rightful owner.

Charles was quietly enjoying his supper in his quarters at Brampton when the welcome tidings arrived that the city was prepared to capitulate without a struggle. The news seemed almost too good to be true, but in order that no time might be lost in ascertaining the real state of affairs, Murray of Broughton was ordered to proceed without a moment's delay to the Duke of Perth's camp at Stanwix, and if the intelligence proved accurate, he was empowered to arrange the terms of surrender with his



CARLISLE CASTLE

By S. Hooper. *Published 1st April* 1783.

Grace and the town deputies. The Mayor (Mr. Backhouse),[1] who with three other citizens had come out to treat with the Prince's officers, agreed to give up the town on condition that the liberties and effects of the townsfolk were not interfered with; that the militia might be allowed to retire to their homes, and the officers provided with passports to go whither they would; and he promised that all the cannon and other arms should be given up in the condition they were in when the white

[1] It will be noticed that now the city was *in extremis*, Pattinson retired into the background, leaving the onus of capitulation upon the real Mayor.

flag was first hung out. As far as the castle was concerned the deputies could say nothing; they explained that Colonel Durand was obdurate and had determined not to yield; they hoped, however, that the Prince would not make the city suffer on that account.

To this important reservation neither the Duke nor Murray could agree without the consent of their leader, and an express was therefore sent off to Charles with a request that his wishes might be known.[1] In the morning (Friday, November 15th), the Prince's orders arrived, and were as follows: "*That he would grant no terms to the Town, nor treat about it at all unless the Castle was surrendered; likewise if that was done all should have honourable terms; the inhabitants should be protected in their persons and estates, and every one be at liberty to go where they pleased.*"[2]

As the Mayor had no authority to speak on behalf of Colonel Durand or the other officers and gentlemen who were with him in the castle, he still pleaded his inability to do more than he had already promised, but the Duke would consent to nothing but a complete surrender of the town and citadel, and threatened that unless the Prince's orders were strictly complied with he should open fire at once and compel submission. This settled the matter, and the Mayor having agreed to arrange for the capitulation of the entire garrison, departed with his fellow-deputies to lay the matter before Durand. They reached the city about ten o'clock in the forenoon, and when the result of their mission became known, the inhabitants made a great stir and clamoured loudly for instant surrender, fearing that every moment the bombardment would commence.

When Durand learned what had happened he called a council of war, and finding that the general opinion was that it would be folly to hold out any longer, he reluctantly added his signature to the following paper:—

"At a Council of War holden in the Castle of Carlisle, Nov. 15, 1745.

"The Militia of the Countys of Cumberland and Westmoreland, as also the Militia of the town of Carlisle, having absolutely to a man refused to defend the Castle, and the Garrison, consisting only of two companys of invalids amounting to about eighty men, many of whom are extremely infirm, and the Castle very large, so that there are neither men to manage the guns nor man the walls, and the Mayor and inhabitants of the town, together with the officers of the Militia, having sent to treat with the Rebels against the opinion and protest of Colonel Durand, Capt. Gilpin, and the rest of the officers of the Garrison, and being refused any terms, and threatening to destroy both town and Militia with fire and sword unless the Castle be surrendered, it is our

[1] Murray of Broughton does not mention this, but it is recorded by Dr. Waugh and others; probably the deputation remained at Stanwix until the Prince's reply arrived.

[2] Quoted by Dr. Waugh. Maxwell of Kirkconnell mentions that one stipulation was, that both garrisons were to take an oath not to serve against the house of Stuart for a year, before being allowed to retire.

opinion that the Castle being not teneable, it is for his Majesty's service that it be abandoned, as it will be absolutely necessary for the preservation of the lives of his Majesty's subjects, who would otherwise be exposed to inevitable ruin.

"Given under our hands at Carlisle, this 15th day of Nov. 1745.

(Signed) "J. Durand.
"Jno. Bernd. Gilpin.
"Jno. Cowley.
"Jno. Hutchinson.
"Geo. Smith.
"Fra. Gatton."

A document of similar purport was drawn up and signed by the leading citizens, and both were produced at the court-martial held for the trial of Colonel Durand at the Horse Guards in September 1746, at which that brave officer was rightly exonerated from all blame.

At one o'clock in the afternoon, the terms of surrender having been settled, the Duke of Perth with his division entered Carlisle by the English gate, and took possession of the town and castle; passports were granted to Colonel Durand, Sir John Pennington, and all the other officers who desired them, and the private soldiers and militia were allowed to return to their homes without restraint. The next morning the Duke, attended by the Mayor and civic officials in their robes, proclaimed King James with due ceremony at the Market Cross, and later in the day the Mayor and Corporation rode out to Brampton and presented the keys of the city to the Prince, kneeling at his feet in token of submission. From first to last there were only two casualties during the siege, both on the Prince's side —one man wounded, and an Irish officer named Dalton killed. The latter was standing up in the newly-dug trench when, as Lord George Murray says, "a Cannon Ball went thro' his throt."[1]

This first success of the Prince's arms in England was unhappily marred by the outbreak of a serious disagreement in his own camp, which gave rise to much ill-feeling at the time and was productive of the most unfortunate results in the future. Primarily it was caused by the action of the Duke of Perth at the commencement of the blockade in sending his reports direct to Charles at Brampton, instead of to Lord George Murray, who was his senior officer. Probably this was done in accordance with the Prince's orders, but whatever the reason, Lord George was greatly offended, the more especially that his advice regarding the conduct of the siege had not been taken on some important points.[2] To a man

[1] This was, curiously enough, a chance shot, the cannon match being accidentally ignited when the guns were spiked on the afternoon of the 14th. Dr. Waugh's narrative.

[2] *Vide* his letters to his brother the Duke dated from Harraby, November 14th and 15th, printed in the "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 89–95.

of Lord George's temperament such treatment was galling in the extreme: he had sacrificed everything for the cause; he had worked with unremitting exertion to render the Prince's army efficient; he had perfect confidence in his own ability as a military commander; and he very naturally resented the interference of such men as Murray of Broughton and O'Sullivan in affairs which he considered entirely outside their province.

The matter was brought to a crisis when Lord George learned that the Prince had entrusted the duty of arranging the terms of the capitulation of Carlisle to Murray of Broughton and the Duke of Perth, although he had particularly requested before he left Brampton that the details of the proposed arrangements should be sent to him. In the heat of his indignation at this fresh slight, he wrote a letter to the Prince on the night of the 14th, throwing up his commission on the ground that his advice had no weight, and offering his services as a volunteer, to which Charles replied curtly:—

"Brampton, *Nov. ye 14th*, 1745.

"I think y^r^ advice ever since you join'd me at Perth has had another guess weight with me than what any General Officer cou'd claim as such. I am therefore extremely surprized you shou'd throw up y^r^ commission for a reason which I beleeve was never heard of before. I am glad of y^r^ particular attachment to the King, but I am very sure he will never take anything as a proof of it but y^r^ deference to me. I accept of y^r^ demission as Lieutenant General and y^r^ future services as a Volunteer.

"Charles P. R."

Such a letter was not calculated to throw oil upon the troubled waters, but it is difficult to see what other course Charles could have consistently adopted under the circumstances. He had never really liked Lord George, and he still harboured those unjust suspicions and prejudices regarding him which had been instilled into his mind by Murray of Broughton and others. From this moment the breach was widened, and although the quarrel was temporarily adjusted during the Prince's stay in Carlisle,[1] and Lord George once again resumed his duties as Lieutenant-General, Charles never quite forgave him.

On Sunday, November 17th, the Prince, mounted upon a handsome

[1] Murray of Broughton says: "The Duke of Perth so soon as he heard it (*i.e.* the argument used by Lord George, viz., that the Duke being a Roman Catholic it was improper for him to hold a command in England) was very justly dissatisfied, being sensible of the weakness of the plea and his view in it, but as he had nothing at heart but the Chevalier's interest, he very readily declined having any command." This is confirmed by Maxwell of Kirkconnell. Murray also states that rather than Lord George should resign on his account, he requested the Prince to allow him (Murray) to absent himself from the Council, which Charles after some protestations permitted him to do, "which seem'd to quiet L(ord) G(eorge) a good deal." *Vide* "Memorials," pp. 242-3, *note*.

white charger, which had been sent him by James Menzies of Culdares,[1] rode out of Brampton, and marched by way of Warwick Bridge to Carlisle, entering the city at the head of the clan regiments, and preceded by a fine body of pipers at least a hundred strong.[2] Suitable quarters had been prepared for his reception at the house of Mr. Highmore, Attorney-at-Law, in English Street, a fine old mansion commonly known as "The Earls' Inn," from the fact that it had once been the town residence of the Earls of Cumberland. Here Charles stayed until the 21st, paying the

SOUTH OR MAIN ENTRANCE OF CARLISLE CASTLE AND DRAWBRIDGE IN 1745

From Mounsey's *Carlisle*

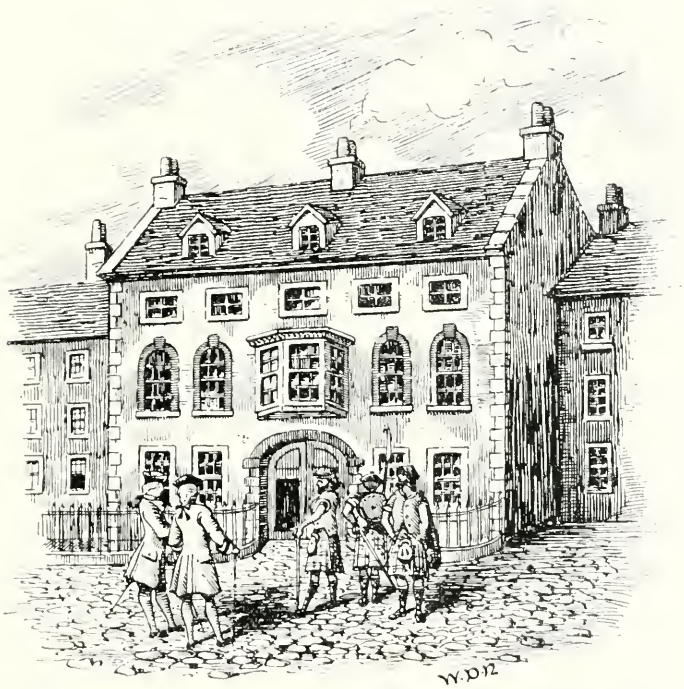
princely sum of twenty guineas for the use of the house, "though (Mr. Highmore) furnished nothing, not so much as coal or candle; and every day he (Mr. H) had two dishes of meat at dinner and as many at supper for himself and his wife at the Prince's charges." This is vouched for by James Gib, the Master of the Household to his Royal Highness, and he

[1] Culdares had been *out* in 1715. He was captured at Preston and condemned to death, but afterwards reprieved. He remained at home in 1745, but sent this horse as a present for Prince Charles by an old servant, John MacNaughton, who was afterwards taken prisoner and executed at Carlisle, on the false charge of having slain Colonel Gardiner at Prestonpans. He was offered a pardon provided he would say who sent the horse, but his fidelity to his master was such that he refused. *Vide* "Sketches of the Highlanders," by Stewart of Garth, vol. i. pp. 54-56 (1825 Edition).

[2] Mounsey's "Carlisle in 1745," p. 50.

adds, "When the Prince happened to be a night or so in any gentleman's house, the ordinary custom was to give five guineas (at least) of drink money to the servants."[1]

To the simple English folk who inhabited the villages around Carlisle the appearance of the Highlanders was terrifying in the extreme. In their dense bucolic ignorance they imagined that these fierce-looking



HIGHMOOR HOUSE, CARLISLE, OCCUPIED BY PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD IN 1745, AND AFTERWARDS BY CUMBERLAND

From a Contemporary Print in MOUNSEY'S "*Carlisle in* 1745."

bearded men, clad in garments the like of which they had never seen before, who spoke a language of which they could not understand one word, were savages of the most bloodthirsty description; many even believed them cannibals, and hid their children lest they should furnish a meal for the invaders. Murray records an instance of this absurd belief which occurred when the Prince was at Moor House on the night of November 9th. He was about to retire to rest when some of the gentle-

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 120.

men in attendance heard a noise under the bed, and upon looking to discover the cause, they found a little girl of five or six years of age hidden there. The mother came into the room at this moment, and seeing that her child had been discovered, she made the most piteous entreaties for its life. Neither Charles nor his friends could understand the reason of the woman's palpable terror, and she was asked what cause she had for alarm? "To which she answered that indeed She had been assured from Creditable people that the highlanders were a Savage Sett of people and eat all the young Children."[1] As the people came to know the Highlanders better they soon perceived that their fears were groundless, and before Charles quitted the city the panic had quite subsided. It says much for the good behaviour of the Prince's men that during their stay they "never used as much as a single woman in the whole country with indecency."[2]

The chivalry of the Celtic nature was as strong then as now, and many a kind and gentle heart beat warmly beneath the rough travel-stained tartans of the Gaelic soldiers. Fierce in the excitement of battle, easily provoked to anger, and always ready to resent and avenge an insult however slight or unintentional, the Highlander was rarely guilty of ungallantry to women or cruelty to children. Most of those who accompanied the Prince in his march had wives and bairns of their own in the glens of the north, and the sight of the ruddy-cheeked English youngsters playing at their parents' knees must often have brought visions of a stone-walled cot by the blue loch side where a grey-haired old mother sat with her spinning-wheel, greeting sairly for the son who had gone off with *Prionnsa Tearlach* into the unknown south; and of a dark-eyed wife at her feet by the peat fire, holding an infant to her breast while she crooned a Gaelic lullaby to ease her darling's slumbers, and assuage the pain that consumed her own soul. There were, of course, many disreputable characters in the ranks of the Prince's army: broken men of lawless clans who had no regard for the rights of property or the conventionalities of society as then constituted; outlaws and neer-do-weels to whom the Prince's service offered splendid opportunities for secret plunder; and other undesirable hangers-on of the lowest class who had been attracted from the slums and jails of Edinburgh as birds of prey are attracted.

These were the exceptions, but the Prince's enemies in their eagerness to abuse and calumniate the Highlanders did not hesitate to charge them

[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 239, *note*. Also see Chambers' "History," New Edition, p. 183, *note*.

[2] Quoted by Mounsey, p. 106.

with every crime that was committed by these camp-followers, magnifying each trivial instance of theft into wholesale plunder, and spreading abroad the most exaggerated and lying reports regarding the unbridled ferocity of their behaviour. It is pleasant to turn from these grossly mendacious stories of Celtic barbarity and recall an incident of romantic interest which occurred at Rose Castle, the residence of Colonel Dacre, on the day of the surrender of Carlisle.

On that morning, while her husband who commanded the troop of militia horse was in the besieged city, Mrs. Dacre had given birth to a girl, and the baptism was arranged to take place a little later in the day. The chaplain had arrived, and was just about to commence the ceremony, when greatly to the alarm of every one present, a body of Highlanders appeared marching towards the castle, with the evident intention of making reprisals for the active part played by the Colonel in opposing the Prince's approach. In the faint hope that the peculiar circumstances might move the Highlanders to pity, an old grey-haired servant was sent out to meet them and beg them not to enter the house. The party was led by a Captain MacDonald, to whom the servant explained matters, assuring him at the same time that any noise or fright might prove fatal to mother and child. A few inquiries soon satisfied the officer that the facts were as stated, and upon learning that the child was shortly to be baptized, he gallantly removed the white cockade from his bonnet, handed it to the servant, and said, "Let her be christened with this cockade in her cap; it will be her protection now and after if any of our stragglers should come this way; we will wait the ceremony in silence." This they did, and at its conclusion all went quietly into the coach-yard where a substantial meal of bread, cheese, beef, and ale was served for their refreshment. Shortly afterwards the whole party went off without the slightest disturbance.[1]

The few days spent by Charles in Carlisle were principally occupied in taking over the artillery and military stores from the captured citadel, and in making arrangements for the next forward movement. To determine the latter, a council was held on the 18th, at which four plans were discussed. First, to march towards Newcastle and engage Marshal Wade; second, to return to Scotland and carry on a defensive warfare until the army was strong enough to again act on the offensive; third, to remain at Carlisle and await a general rising of the English Jacobites;

[1] *Vide* Mounsey's "Carlisle in 1745," p. 125, *note*. The child was christened Rosemary, and became afterwards Lady Clerk. It has been stated that the Highland officer was MacDonald of Tirnadris, but he was a major, not a captain; it is quite possible, however, that he was the hero of this pretty story.

and fourth, to continue the march southwards through Lancashire where a considerable accession of King James' supporters might be looked for.

The last suggestion was naturally the one that commended itself to the fearless and determined Prince, and he at once expressed his intention of acting upon it. Lord George Murray had remained silent during the proceedings, probably from a feeling of pique at the slight he had received; but upon being specially desired by Charles to give his opinion on the subject, he went into the matter at some length, and concluded by saying, that although he could not venture to advise his Royal Highness to proceed further into England seeing he had received so little encouragement from the English people, he was sure that if such a plan was resolved upon, the army, though small, would follow him without hesitation. It was therefore decided that the march should be resumed on the 20th, and in order that the army should be kept at full strength[1] in view of possible eventualities, MacLachlan of MacLachlan was ordered to return to Perth with an escort of twenty hussars, and hurry forward all recruits that had joined there since the Prince's departure from Edinburgh.

In the execution of the orders sent by Charles from Haggiehaugh, the Duke of Atholl had left some of the heavy baggage behind at Lockerbie, which had since been appropriated by the country-folk, and carried by them to Dumfries. Hundreds of tents captured from Cope at Prestonpans, packed on thirty waggons, were included in the spoil, and as these were now wanted for the use of the army, Lochiel was despatched with a party of Camerons to reclaim them, or if this could not be done he was commissioned to demand in place of them £2000 from the town authorities. Before he could reach Dumfries Charles recalled him to join the army on its march to Penrith,[2] and the town was left unmolested until the Highlanders passed through it in their retreat a month later.

Before the Prince left Carlisle one of the envoys[3] sent to Lord Lovat, and MacLeod of MacLeod arrived with (Murray of Broughton says) "most distinct answers from them both, having been present at most of their Consultations and agreements where to rendezvous and join their Clans to march South." Lovat's men were indeed actually on the move; the

[1] There had been considerable desertion on the march, only about 4500 men appearing on parade when mustered at Carlisle. *Vide* Maxwell of Kirkconnell and Chevalier Johnstone. This is confirmed by Commissary Bissat in a letter to Duke James of Atholl, dated Edinburgh, November 30, 1745, printed in "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 96–97.

[2] *Vide* Letter from Lord Glenorchy to Campbell of Barcaldine, dated December 3, 1745. Bighouse Papers, printed in "Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness," vols. xxi.–xxiii.

[3] This must have been either Young MacLeod of Muiravonside or Fraser of Dalcraig.

STUART, STEWART

Gaelic Patronymic of the Chief of Appin—*Mac Iain Stiubhaird na h-Apunn*

Badge—*Thistle, Oak* War Cry—*Creag an Sgairbh*

The above figure is shown with Royal Stuart tartan

crois tara (fiery cross) had been travelling through Stratherrick and the Aird for weeks past, and before the end of November seven hundred Frasers were being drilled on the green in front of Castle Downie in full military array, "with white cockades and sprigs of yew (the Fraser badge) in their bonnets."[1]

MacLeod, although engaged in the work of raising four companies of his clansmen for the Elector's service,[2] had not sufficient courage or honesty to sever altogether his connection with the Jacobite party; there was yet a chance that the Prince might succeed in his endeavour to recover his father's crown, and should such an event happen it would not do to be left out in the cold when the honours were divided; so—if Murray's story is true—he still continued to send friendly messages to Charles promising the assistance he had no intention of granting. Happily for the MacLeods, their reputation as loyal adherents of the Stuarts did not rest entirely with their faint-hearted chief: Raasa was true as steel, Bernera, Brea, and Glendale were all equally staunch, and Muiravonside was a real friend of the cause. By the sole exertions of these brave men about a hundred and twenty[3] of the clan were induced to don the white cockade, and were brought to Perth early in November, from whence they afterwards marched to meet the Prince at Bannockburn or Stirling.

Among those gentlemen who had been sent north with messages to the laggard chiefs, was Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, at whose house Charles had stayed shortly after his landing at Loch nan Uamh. Whilst passing across a desolate moor near the village of Lesmahago, in Lanarkshire, on his way to rejoin the Prince, with only a single servant in attendance, Kinlochmoidart was set upon by a cowardly crew of rustics armed with pitchforks and old fowling-pieces, under the direction of a bigoted Presbyterian divinity student named Linning.[4] For a short time Kinlochmoidart's faithful servant kept the mob at a distance by a

[1] State Trials, XVIII., 676, 683, 685, quoted by J. Hill Burton.

[2] These formed part of the twenty Independent Companies which Forbes of Culloden was commissioned to raise for Lord Loudoun's army at Inverness. The MacLeod companies contained about four hundred men. *Vide* Bighouse Papers, and Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. pp. 102 103, and *note*.

[3] Lord Glenorchy, writing to John Campbell of Barcaldine on December 3, 1745, says: "I hear nothing about the Frasers. 100 of them came some time ago to Perth, about 120 McLeods of Rasa are there, Lord Cromartie has 200 McKenzies, Ludovick Cameron is there with the Camerons who came through Glendochart as also Stewart's and Glenco's men. There are Farquharsons and McIntoshes there, and some of Glengarie's men." Bighouse Papers. Also see items paid to "Coll. MacLeod of Rasay for his officers and 86 private Men" on November 12th and 13th, also to MacLeod of Bernera in "Jacobite Lairds of Gask."

[4] Captain Spalding of Whitefield was also captured about this time on his way north to Atholl with dispatches by the Shawfield factor, near Kilsyth.

few shots from his gun ; but his master seeing that resistance was hopeless and being unwilling to cause further bloodshed, gave up the attempt, and yielded himself a prisoner.[1] He was at once placed in charge of a strong guard, and taken by his captor to Edinburgh, and committed to the castle on November 12th, from whence he was afterwards removed with other Jacobite victims to suffer trial and execution at Carlisle. Owing to the severity of the weather and the absence of tents it was arranged that upon the resumption of the march, proper billeting accommodation should be found for the men in the towns through which the army passed. As this plan might be found difficult of execution if the whole force marched at one time, it was decided that two divisions should be formed, one preceding the other by a day's march, the second division always taking over the quarters the first had occupied, but if the country was found suitable and the towns closer together, only half a day's marching interval was to be maintained between them.[2] In accordance with this arrangement Lord George Murray left Carlisle with the first division of the army on Wednesday, November 20th, and marched to Penrith, the Prince following on the 21st, having left Colonel John Hamilton, an Aberdeenshire gentleman, and Sir John Arbuthnot with a small garrison of about one hundred and fifty men to hold the captured city. The first part of this march was quite uneventful, and is best described in the words of the observant secretary who with his beautiful wife accompanied the division commanded by Charles. "The day following" (*i.e.* after Lord George had departed) he

OLD "GEORGE AND DRAGON" INN, PENRITH, WHERE THE PRINCE LODGED

[1] He had Murray of Broughton's letter (*vide* p. 119) in his possession when captured, but he took the precaution of tearing it in pieces ; these were put together, and a copy of the contents sent to the Government. This may be seen in the Record Office, London.

[2] Maxwell of Kirkconnell.

writes, "the Chevalier with the main body and Artillery came to Penrith,[1] and the van advanced that day to the village of Shap about Six Milles further. The Chevalier w^t the main body halted here (*i.e.* Penrith) all this day whilst the Van proceeded to Kendal, the roads being so full of Snow and Ice that it was necessary to give all possible rest to the horses. On the 23rd, the main body march'd to Kendal,[2] the foot by the hills and the Artillery by the low Road by Orton, and there joined the van which had made a halt that day at Kendal. The day following being Sunday, the Van proceeded to Lancaster and y^e Main body remained at Kendal where Divine Service was performed in the Churches as usual, and attended by all the people of Rank in the Ranks in the Army, R. Catholicks as well as Protestants. The Chevalier himself could not goe, there being no Church man of higher rank than the Curate then in the place."

STRICKLAND GATE HOUSE, THE HOUSE IN WHICH THE PRINCE STAYED WHEN AT KENDAL

At Penrith Charles heard that Wade, having somewhat late in the day made up his mind to relieve Carlisle, had marched from Newcastle on the 16th to Hexham, a distance of twenty-two miles, and learning upon his arrival there that the city was in the hands of the Prince's troops, he had returned to Newcastle without making any effort either to recapture Carlisle or follow the Highlanders.[3]

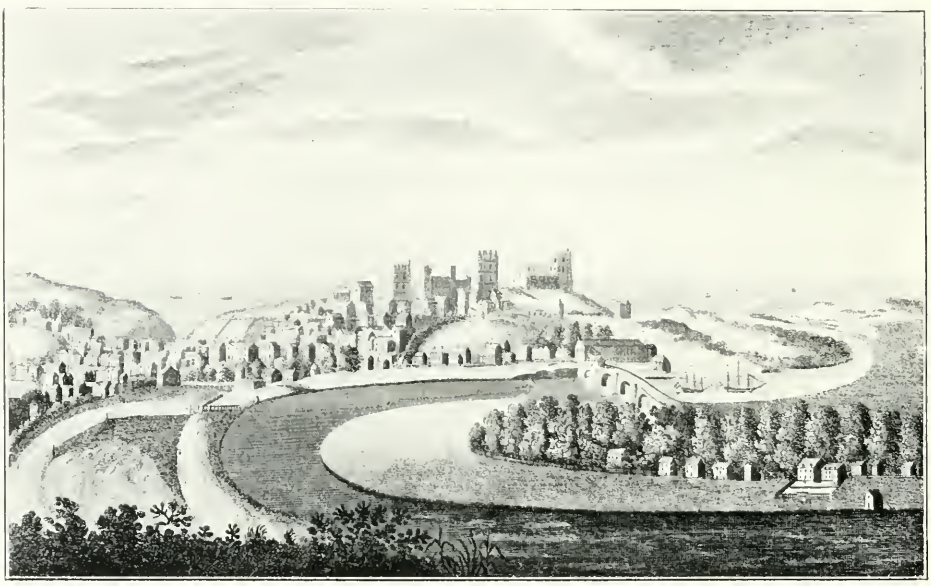
These eccentric movements of Wade, "grandfather" Wade as he

[1] He stayed at the George and Dragon Inn, which sometime previous to 1800 was converted into a private dwelling-house, and was in that year occupied by a Mr. George Ramsay, chemist, to whose granddaughter I am indebted for the information. It is now a confectioner's shop, appropriately called "Prince Charlie's Restaurant."—W. D. N.

[2] At Stricklandgate House, still extant in an altered condition.

[3] The annotator of the Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs (1820 Edition) justly remarks, "The conduct of Marshal Wade is certainly inexplicable; and, as it appears infinitely more censurable than that of General Cope, it is somewhat surprising that he was never called to an account for it."—*Note*, p. 44.

was often called, were a source of wonder and anxiety to Charles ; he would far rather have had a bolder adversary to contend against whose manœuvres he could understand, even though they resulted in a pitched battle. He could hardly believe that a British officer of high rank with an army of nearly 14,000 men under his command should act with so little spirit ; there was, however, a possibility, the Prince thought, that the retreat from Hexham was only a clever ruse to cover some deep laid scheme which was not clearly apparent. This feeling of uncertainty



LANCASTER

From a contemporary print

regarding Wade's intentions worried him not a little, and before leaving Kendal he sent an inhabitant of the town—presumably a Jacobite—to that officer's camp with instructions to ascertain, if possible, what move was premeditated. At four o'clock on the afternoon of the 25th Charles reached Lancaster,[1] and the next day continued his way with his division to Preston.

Throughout the whole of the long and tedious marches towards the metropolis, the gallant young Prince, buoyed up by the sanguine hope of ultimate success, appeared in the highest spirits, never wearying or

[1] He stayed at a house in Church Street, now the Conservative Club.

complaining of fatigue even when so tired and worn out that he had sometimes to support himself by grasping the shoulder-belt of a sturdy Gael,[1] by whose side he would trudge on almost asleep for miles. So determined was he to set a brave example of endurance to his officers and men that he rarely mounted a horse, preferring to march on foot in kilt and plaid, targe on shoulder and claymore at side, with his faithful Highlanders, climbing snow-clad hills and fording half-frozen rivers with the best of them, never shirking work or betraying the slightest unwillingness to share the dangers and privations of the humblest soldier in his army. Although a fine travelling-carriage had been specially provided for his convenience during the march, he generously allowed the aged Lord Pitsligo to make use of it instead of occupying it himself. He lived frugally, as his household accounts show, seldom halting for a meal in the middle of the day, but supping heartily on good plain food in the evening before retiring to rest after his day's exertions.

To the warm-hearted, impulsive sons of the mountains such conduct in a leader was fully appreciated ; it was quite in accordance with their ancient custom and traditions,—for the true Gael always had a contempt for luxury, and felt little respect for those who indulged in it. Charles had proved himself a real hero in their eyes ; he wore their dress, he cultivated their language, he adopted their customs, and he led them to victory ; in return they lavished upon him in their own simple unaffected way all the love and devotion of their souls, and prepared to follow him to death or victory in the great Sassenach city of which they had heard so much. Their own hardships were extreme by reason of the bitterly cold weather prevailing during the march, and the scanty fare with which they were provided, but complaints were seldom made, and it was only when the retreat from Derby commenced that their usual good spirits were temporarily damped.

Until the Prince's arrival at Preston on the evening of November 26th, his progress through England had been marked by no expression of sympathy on the part of the populace, nor had he been joined by any new adherents save two gentlemen from Northumberland.[2] The attitude of the people generally was one of stolid indifference : they came out of their houses to watch the Highlanders pass, or peered at them from behind windows and hedges out of sheer curiosity, just as they would have done at any other novel sight which came their way, but they made no demonstration hostile or otherwise, and if there were any Jacobites

[1] One of the clan Ogilvy ; the story is told by Chambers.

[2] Mr. Sanderson and Mr. Taylor. *Vide* "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 214, *note*.

among the spectators they had not sufficient courage to avow their political opinions openly. At Preston appearances were a little more favourable, and as Charles marched through the streets at the head of his men, he was received with joyful shouts of acclamation from the

STRAIT SHAMBLES, PRESTON, FORMERLY MITRE COURT

From HEWITSON'S "*History of Preston*"

assembled townsfolk ; bells rang out a welcome from the church steeples, and manifestations of sympathy for his cause were clearly apparent. Lord George Murray with the van of the army had reached Preston the night before, but as he feared that the more superstitious among the Highlanders might recall the disasters which had occurred to Scottish armies there in 1648 and 1715, and consider a halt in the town a bad

omen, seeing that no Scottish force had ever got beyond it, he crossed the Ribble, and quartered his division in the villages on the south side of that river, where he awaited the arrival of the Prince. The next day the whole army halted in the neighbourhood of Preston,[1] while Charles made an excursion on horseback to the battlefield of 1715, in which he was naturally much interested. He examined the several positions of the opposing forces narrowly, and criticised with some severity the dispositions which had been made by the officers of his father's army on the day of battle. From the warmth of his reception the Prince had every reason to anticipate a goodly number of recruits; Lancashire was known to be strongly Jacobite, and the town of Preston, by reason of the large numbers of Catholics among its inhabitants, especially so; here at least it was thought that a considerable body of active adherents might be certainly depended upon to join the army, but as the event proved, the Lancastrians, like their fellow-countrymen elsewhere, were, with few exceptions, far too cautious and fearful of the consequences in case Charles failed to achieve his purpose, to do more than remain passive but sympathetic and interested spectators of his bold proceedings. Instead, therefore, of the hundreds that were expected, only three gentlemen of consequence, Mr. Francis Townley of Townley Hall, Lancashire, Counsellor David Morgan and Mr. William Vaughan—both the latter being Welshmen from Monmouthshire—with a few of the common people, were courageous enough to take up arms and enter the service of the Prince.

By this time it had become evident to all but Charles himself that English Jacobitism was a myth, a mere unsubstantial phantom upon which it would be madness to depend for any practical support. The cooler-headed among the Prince's officers recognised this clearly, and although not wanting in courage, they began to feel that the prospect of reaching London, except as prisoners of war, grew fainter and fainter. These fears must have been communicated to Charles, for before leaving Preston he called a council of the chiefs, at which he reiterated his belief in the probability of English aid, and assured them that at Manchester many would undoubtedly join his standard. Possibly the Prince himself had lost faith in English promises, or he may have received fresh assurances from Sir Watkin Williams Wynne by the two Welsh gentlemen who had just volunteered their services that the Jacobites of the Principality were preparing to march to his assistance; in either case he was still bent

[1] Charles is said to have occupied a house on the north side of Mitre Court, now known as Strait Shambles.

upon carrying out his project, and with or without further support he was determined to go on.

From Preston the whole army marched on the 28th, fourteen miles further south to Wigan, where Charles occupied the Manor House in Bishopsgate, paying ten guineas for its use. Manchester was the next stage of the journey, and upon his arrival there the Prince found that owing to the energetic action of one of his sergeants, a young Scotsman

OLD MANOR HOUSE, WIGAN

Photo, A. R. Douglas, *Wigan*

named Dickson, who had been taken among the prisoners of Cope's army at Prestonpans, the town was already in his possession, and quite a number of recruits awaited his coming. Entirely on his own responsibility Dickson, with his mistress and a drummer, left Preston on the evening of the 27th, and travelling on horseback all night reached Manchester the following afternoon, where, after coolly dining at the Bull's Head Inn, he immediately declared his mission, and commenced without loss of time to enlist volunteers for "the yellow-haired laddie."[1]

[1] *Vide* "Memorials of the Rebellion," by the Chevalier Johnstone. Dickson was Johnstone's servant.

The mad project fortunately succeeded, for the inhabitants believing the Highland army to be close at hand, were afraid to interfere, but as the day wore on and the Prince did not make his appearance, some of the bolder spirits plucked up courage and endeavoured to capture the intrepid sergeant. Dickson—so says the Chevalier Johnstone, who narrates the incident—behaved like a lion, threatening to blow out the brains of any who laid hands upon him, and by turning round continually, blunderbuss in hand, he managed to keep the crowd at bay until a party of Manchester Jacobites, five or six hundred strong, appeared on the scene, and rescued the brave Scot from his perilous position. After this stirring adventure Dickson, placing himself at the head of his newly acquired friends, paraded the town unmolested for the remainder of the day for the purpose of beating up recruits. By offering a sum of five guineas to any who would join, he soon collected one hundred and eighty volunteers, of whom the Duke of Perth is said to have remarked, "That if the Devil had come a recruiting, and profer'd a Shilling more than his Prince, they would have prefer'd the former."[1]

Charles, marching on foot, surrounded by his Highland bodyguard, entered Manchester about two o'clock on the afternoon of Friday, November 29th, and took up his quarters at the house of a Mr. Dickenson in Market Street Lane,[2] where he stayed the whole of Saturday, whilst the newly enlisted volunteers were selecting their officers, and making the necessary arrangements for accompanying the expedition. Including Dickson's recruits between two hundred and three hundred men joined the Prince here, of whom more than a hundred were of the lower class, the remainder being mostly the sons of well-to-do farmers and tradesmen, the whole body receiving the designation of the Manchester Regiment, of which Francis Townley was appointed colonel; Thomas Syddall, the son of a wig-maker who had suffered the death penalty for his share in the rising of 1713, adjutant; John Sanderson (or Saunderson) from Northumberland,[3] Peter Moss, James Dawson, George Fletcher, all from Lancashire, and Andrew Blood, from Yorkshire, captains; Samuel Maddox (or Maddock) who afterwards turned informer, and the unfortunate Thomas Cappock, regarding whom the absurd and improbable story was spread abroad by the Hanoverians that he had been installed as Bishop of Carlisle by Charles during the occupation of

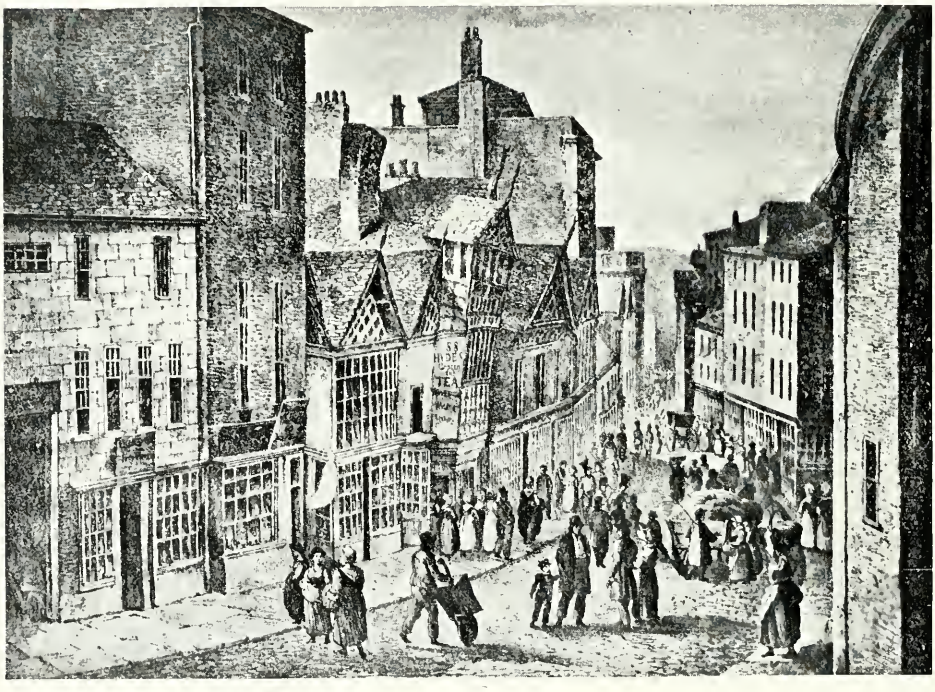
[1] I give this for what it is worth. It is to be found in James Ray's "Compleat History of the Rebellion," a scurrilous Whig production of little historical value.—W. D. N.

[2] Known later as the Palace Inn, since demolished.

[3] *Vide* note, p. 187.

Carlisle by the Highland army,[1] also received commissions. No special uniform was worn, but the colonel assumed a tartan sash as a distinctive mark of his rank, and officers and men alike ornamented their head-gear with the white cockade of the House of Stuart in token of their loyalty to King James and his brave son.

Encouraging as this fresh accession of strength must have been to



MARKET STREET LANE, MANCHESTER

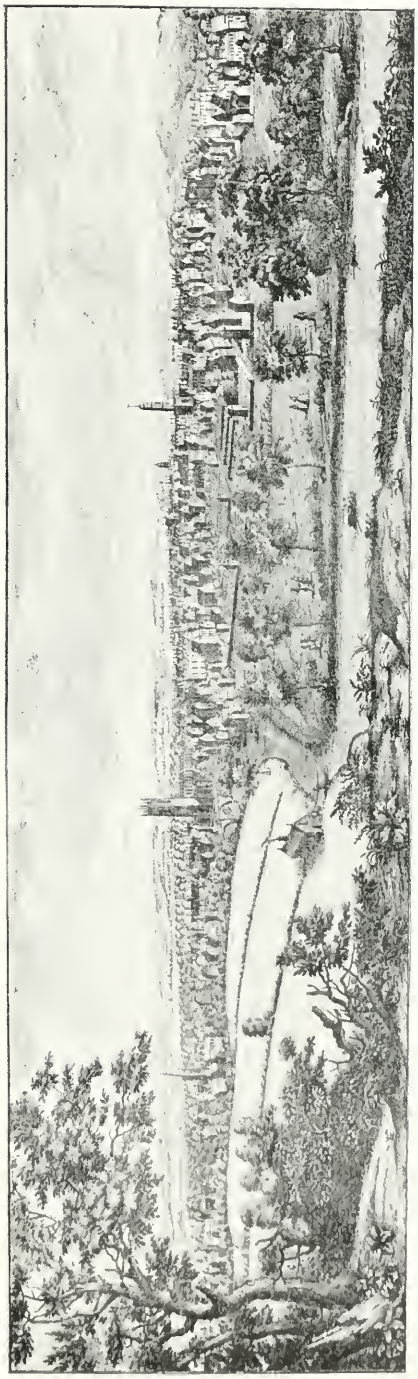
From an old drawing by J. Ralston

the Prince and his Scottish followers, it did not altogether remove the doubts of the latter regarding the advisability of continuing the march southward. True, many of the recruits promised by Charles had come forward, but there were no signs of a general rising of the populace such as would alone warrant an advance on London. Soon whispers and suggestions of a retreat began to be heard, and Lord George Murray was plainly told by one of his brother officers that the army had gone

[1] As Cappock was not in Carlisle at the time, and did not join until Charles reached Manchester, the falsity of the story is apparent.

far enough, upon which his lordship is said to have observed, that he thought they might proceed the length of Derby, and if it was found when they got there that appearances were not more favourable he should himself propose a retreat to the Prince.[1] Charles, dauntless as ever, had no fears, and although in his own inmost soul he must have felt the keenest disappointment at the lack of English support, he did not repine, but continued to brace himself up with the comforting belief that the people were at heart strongly in his favour, and would declare themselves openly as soon as the leaders of the party appeared in arms.

During Saturday strong patrols and detachments of troops were sent to Warrington and Altrincham to examine the country, and create an impression that the next march would be through Chester to Wales. The newly raised regiment was reviewed, and in the afternoon Charles mounted his horse "and rode through the Town to view it by way of amusement, attended by the principal officers of his Army, when he was followed by vast Croweds of people with loud huzzas and all demonstrations possible of their zeal for his Success."[2]



MANCHESTER FROM THE SOUTH-WEST (*From a print published in 1728*)

[1] Maxwell of Kirkconnell.

[2] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 247.

On Sunday, December 1st, Manchester was evacuated by the Highland army, part of which with the Prince forded the Mersey near Stockport, and the remainder with horse and artillery crossed the river at Cheadle and Gatley on roughly-constructed bridges of poplar trees. An observer stationed at Butley Ashe, near Macclesfield, states in a letter of that date: "About three this afternoon marched by the (*Young Chevalier*)[1] at the head of two regiments of foot, one of which is called his; he marched all the way from Manchester and forded the river above Stockport,[2] which took him up to the middle. He was dressed in a light plaid belted about with a blue sash; he wore a grey wig, with a blue bonnet and a white rose in it."

Upon the other side of the Mersey, Charles was welcomed as he stepped ashore by a small party of Cheshire gentlemen, with whom was Mrs. Skyring, a very old lady, whose father had fought for the Stuarts in the Cromwellian wars. From the year 1660, when as a child she had witnessed the landing of Charles II. at Dover, intense loyalty to the race of her hereditary and legitimate monarchs had been one of her most distinguishing characteristics. The downfall of the dynasty had awakened her strongest sympathies for the exiled royal family and her intense hatred for the usurpers. Year by year she put aside half her income and sent it anonymously to the King over the water, and when she heard that Prince Charles had boldly come across the sea to claim his own and his father's rights from the British people, she immediately sold her jewels, plate, and other articles of value, and putting the proceeds in a purse hastened to lay it at the feet of her hero. With trembling hands and eyes dimmed with tears of joy the aged gentlewoman tendered her offering as Charles approached the spot on which she stood, saying as she pressed his outstretched hand and gazed long and earnestly into his handsome face, "Lord! now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." The prayer was unavailing; a few days later came the news of the retreat from Derby, and the poor old lady, whose hopes of a Restoration had been raised to the highest pitch by her recent interview with the Prince, was so bitterly disappointed that she succumbed to the shock.[3]

The intelligence which awaited Charles at Macclesfield was not of the most welcome or reassuring nature. The Duke of Cumberland, he was told, had reached Lichfield with a large body of troops, some of which

[1] The writer uses an opprobrious word which I have altered.—W. D. N.

[2] The bridge had been demolished by the authorities to hinder the Prince's progress.

[3] Lord Keith told the story to Lord Mahon, who records it in his "History."

MACLACHLAN

Gaelic Designation of Clan—*Clann Lachlann*

Badge—*Periwinkle or Rowan*

were stationed at Newcastle-under-Lyme, not more than seventeen miles away. A council of war was held during the evening "in which it was unanimously agreed to make some forced marches so as to get between the Duke's army and London, and then march on as fast as they could to the capital. One of the keenest for that measure was Lord George Murray."[1] To mislead Cumberland, by making it appear that the Prince intended either a direct frontal attack or a descent upon Wales, Lord George advanced upon the following morning with a considerable force westward to Congleton, where he gave the inhabitants to understand that the main body would arrive later in the day; he then despatched a party of horse under Colonel Ker of Graden to scout in the direction of Newcastle, and observe, if possible, the motions of the enemy. This manœuvre was so far successful that the Duke of Kingston, who was in command of the cavalry outpost, thought it prudent to retire precipitately, and Cumberland, deceived into the belief that Charles had given up his intention of marching on London, endeavoured to intercept his progress into Wales by moving a large portion of his force by way of Stafford to Stone, at which place he arrived on December 3rd, only to learn, much to his chagrin, that he had been the victim of a clever ruse. The Prince with the main body of his army remained the whole of Monday, the 2nd, in Macclesfield,[2] marching from thence to Leek, on the 3rd, where a halt was made for some hours. Meanwhile Lord George having carried out his part of the arranged plan with great credit to himself, left Congleton early in the morning of the same day, and preceding Charles by a few hours regained the main road to Derby, near Leek, and continued his way to Ashbourn. His scouting party had been fortunate enough to capture in a village near Newcastle-under-Lyme a notorious Government spy, one Captain Vere, who had dogged the Prince's footsteps from the time he entered Edinburgh,[3] and previously in France since the year 1743.

Fully understanding the character of his prisoner, Lord George immediately sent him to Charles at Macclesfield in the hope that he would be at once shot or hanged, a fate which he richly deserved; but the Prince in defiance of all advice and with a careless disregard for the natural instinct of self-preservation refused to pronounce the death sentence, on the ground that Vere had not been found in disguise; instead, therefore,

[1] John Hay of Restalrig. *Vide* his account in Home's "History of Rebellion," Appendix XXXII.

[2] At a house in Jordangate, now known as Cumberland House.

[3] Several of his letters are to be found in the Record Office, London. His name is often erroneously spelt Weir.

of being slung up to the nearest tree, this prying scoundrel was merely put under an escort, and carried with the army as a prisoner of war.

With a large Hanoverian force in such close proximity Charles thought it advisable to push on to Derby as fast as possible, so that if attacked he could offer a united front to the enemy, and if not, he could march rapidly on London with little chance of being overtaken. In pursuance of this plan the main body left Leek at midnight and proceeded to Ashbourn, where Lord George Murray was already quartered, the Prince remaining behind at Leek[1] with a few Highlanders and a small party of cavalry. At eleven o'clock the next morning, Wednesday, December 4th, an advance guard of the Prince's army rode up to the George Inn, Derby, where they made inquiries for the magistrates, and demanded quarters for 9000 men or more.

[1] He is believed to have slept at a house on the side of Market Place, which still exists.

CHAPTER VIII

"Poor London, alas, is scar'd out of its wits
With arms and alarms, as sad soldiers as cits;
Sure of dying by inches, whatever cause thrives,
Since by parting with money they part with their lives."

THE Whig citizens of Derby were only partially prepared to receive their uninvited guests; a day before they had rejoiced to learn that Cumberland with his powerful force was in touch with the Highlanders, and they had since awaited the result of the expected battle with perfect equanimity, in the confident anticipation that the Prince and his army would be swept off the face of the earth. The Duke of Devonshire and his son, the Marquis of Hartington, had come over from Chatsworth and put up at the "George" a fortnight before, to make arrangements, with other county gentlemen of Hanoverian predilections, for the protection of the district. By the exertions of these energetic noblemen and their friends over six hundred men had been enlisted for the Elector's service, and on Tuesday (December 3rd) his Grace reviewed the whole body in a field outside the town. An hour later a messenger arrived bearing the unwelcome tidings that the Highlanders had given Cumberland the slip, that their vanguard had reached Ashbourn, and might be expected in the town before nightfall, or at latest the following morning. The greatest confusion followed the relation of this piece of news; those of the townsfolk who had not already secreted their valuables hurried home to do so; many of the principal citizens with their families hastened out of the town to find a refuge in the neighbouring villages; and the newly-raised troops, after remaining under arms for some time in the market-place, were marched off by torchlight at ten o'clock at night towards Nottingham, headed by his Grace of Devonshire.

Shortly after the arrival of the Prince's advance party, "the vanguard rode into the town, consisting of about thirty men, clothed in blue, faced with red; most of 'em had a scarlet waistcoat with gold lace, and being likely men, made a good appearance. They were drawn up in the market-place, and sat on horseback two or three hours; at the same time the bells were rung, and several bonfires made to prevent any resentment from 'em

that might ensue on our showing a dislike to their coming among us. About three in the afternoon, Lord Elcho, with the life-guards and many of their chiefs, also arrived on horseback, to the number of about one hundred and fifty,[1] most of them clothed as above; these made a fine show, being the flower of their army. Soon after, their main body marched into the town in tolerable order, six or eight abreast, with about eight standards, most of them white with a red cross. They had several bag-pipers who played as they marched along." The above account is taken from the *Derby Mercury* of December 12, 1745, and is probably accurate, but the writer in common with most of his English contemporaries could not help indulging in a sneer at the ragged and uncouth appearance of the Highland infantry as they passed into the city, "a parcel of shabby, pitiful-looking fellows mixed up with old men and boys; dressed in dirty plaids, and as dirty shirts, without breeches, and wore their stockings made of plaid, not much above half-way up their legs, and some without shoes, or next to none, and numbers of them so fatigued with their long march that they really commanded our pity rather than our fear." It is difficult to see what else these eighteenth-century journalists expected of men who had trudged manfully hundreds of miles over bad roads in the depth of winter, who had forded dozens of ice-bound streams and rivers, and crossed the boggy moors and bleak fells of Liddesdale and Cumberland; who had been rained upon, hailed upon, and snowed upon, until their clothing was soaked, discoloured, and torn into shreds by thorns and rough usage. Tired they were, doubtless, these hardy sons of the mountains, after their toilsome journey, but there were undaunted hearts still beating beneath the soiled tartans, strong arms to wield the claymore in those ragged sleeves, sturdy legs ready to march on to London and dance reels in the courtyard of St. James's Palace in those chequered, mud-splashed hose. Wiry, thin, and muscular, quaintly attired and curiously armed, the travel-stained, bare-kneed Gaels offered a remarkable and striking contrast to the well-fed, burly, rubicund Anglo-Saxon squires and farmers of the English midlands, in their broadcloth and top-boots, who watched with an outward semblance of supercilious indifference, but with many inward qualms of trepidation, the progress of the Highland army towards the metropolis. Leaving Leek on the morning of December 4th, escorted by his bodyguard of Highlanders, Charles proceeded to Ashbourn, where a brief halt was made at the "Three Horse Shoes," whilst the horses were baited, and the usual proclamation made at the Market Cross. In the afternoon the march was continued to Derby, the Prince entering the city on foot at dusk,

[1] Lord George Murray probably came into Derby with this party.

"attended by a great body of his men, who conducted him to his lodgings (the Lord Exeter's),[1] where he had guards placed all round his house." The Prince's officers found accommodation in the houses of the principal citizens, the Duke of Atholl being quartered "at Thomas Gisborne's, Esq.; the Duke of Perth at Mr. Rivett's; Lord Elcho at Mr. Storer's; Lord George Murray at Mr. Heathcote's; Lord Pitsligo at Mr. Meynell's; old Gordon of Glenbucket at Mr. Alderman Smith's; Lord Nairne at Mr. John Bingham's;" and the two intrepid ladies who shared with their

EXETER HOUSE, DERBY

husbands the dangers and privations of the expedition, Lady Ogilvy and Mrs. Murray of Broughton, "with some other persons of distinction, at Mr. Francey's." "Many common ordinary houses, both public and private, had forty or fifty men each, and some gentlemen near one hundred. At their coming in," continues the scribe of the *Derby Mercury*, "they were generally treated with bread, cheese, beer, and ale, whilst all hands were aloft getting their suppers ready; after supper, being weary with their long march, they went to rest, many of them upon straw and others upon beds."

[1] Exeter House in Full Street, demolished in 1854. It stood next to the house of Dr. Erasmus Darwin, F.R.S., grandfather of the author of "The Origin of Species," &c.

Like his men, Charles retired to his couch beneath Lord Exeter's roof physically tired and worn out by the fatigues of his twenty-six miles' march, but with a mind active and sanguine as ever. He was now nearing the goal; a hundred and twenty odd miles were all that separated him from the capital of his father's kingdom; in another week, if Providence prospered his efforts, he would be leading his faithful Highlanders through its streets, amid the acclamations of his adherents, who, freed from the Hanoverian yoke, would hail his appearance with undisguised delight, and once more proclaim the Stuarts as their only legitimate sovereigns. True, the usurper's son with his great army was a formidable obstacle, but what of that, Cumberland must be boldly attacked on the morrow, if necessary, and by the help of God the claymore would be again triumphant. Little did he dream as he lay upon his bed of the terrible disappointment which was in store for him ere another sun had set.

The rapid advance of the Highland army on London had caused George the Second and his ministers to bestir themselves with unwonted vigour; there was no more pooh-poohing the threatened danger, it was far too real to be treated with contempt any longer, far too imminent to be disregarded. Nearer and nearer came the wave of tartan, bearing upon its crest the legitimate heir to the British crown with all his father's and grandfather's wrongs to avenge, all his devoted adherents' grievances to redress; it had already overwhelmed Cope at Prestonpans, it had laved the streets of Edinburgh and Carlisle, and now with ever-increasing strength it was sweeping onwards towards the capital.

No one could foresee the events of the next few days, but the citizens of the great metropolis knew that a grave crisis in the history of the nation was at hand, that the fate of the Hanoverian dynasty hung trembling in the scales of destiny, and they awaited the coming storm with mingled feelings of apprehension and curiosity. The London Jacobites were, of course, highly elated at the continued success of their Prince, and they prepared to receive him with open arms when he should appear in their midst, whilst the supporters of the Government began to pack up their more portable treasures and make preparations for a hasty departure. When it became known on Friday, December 6th, that the Highlanders were at Derby, the agitation of the populace increased to such an extent that the whole city was thrown into a state of panic. Shops were shut and barred, plate and other valuables were hidden away in places of security; business was partially suspended; a run was made upon the Bank of England, and "the trading part of the

city, and those concerned in the money corporations, were overwhelmed with fear and dejection."[1] Upon this "Black Friday," as the day was afterwards appropriately called, the rats of the Ministry thought it high time to consider the advisability of deserting the sinking ship, and one member at least, the weak-minded vacillating Duke of Newcastle, more than half made up his mind to turn Jacobite. George himself almost lost faith in his lucky star, and "ordered all his yachts in which he had embarked all his most precious effects to remain at the Tower quay, in readiness to sail at a moment's warning."[2]

Rather more than a week previously the supporters of the House of Hanover had found matter for congratulation in the news that Prince Henry, Charles's younger brother, the Duc de Richelieu, the attainted Earl of Derwentwater, Lord John Drummond, and several other Jacobites of distinction, had been taken prisoners on board *Le Soleil*, a French privateer, which had fallen into the hands of a British captain off the Dogger Bank whilst on its way from Dunkirk to Montrose with money and arms for the insurgent army. The information was only partially correct, but the capture was an important one nevertheless, and although neither Prince Henry nor the Duc de Richelieu was on the vessel, and Lord John Drummond was already safely landed in Scotland, many notable adherents of King James fell into the clutches of the Government, among whom were Charles Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, who had been condemned to suffer execution with his brother, the then Earl, in 1716, but had succeeded in making his escape from the Tower; his son, a young man whose age and general appearance had caused his captors to believe they had secured the person of Prince Henry; young Glengarry (*Alasdair Ruadh*); and Thomas Nairne, a son of Lord Nairne. The prisoners were brought from Deal to Dover, and incarcerated in the castle, from whence they were shortly afterwards removed by road to London. Their progress through Kent was marked by an outburst of savage exultation on the part of the ignorant rustics, who could scarcely be restrained from doing serious injury to the unfortunate gentlemen. So disgraceful was the treatment they received, that young Ratcliffe remarked, "that he had heard of English mobs but could not conceive they were so dreadful; and wished he had been shot at the battle of Dettingen where he had been engaged."[3]

The feelings of satisfaction with which the Hanoverians in London had received the news of the capture of *Le Soleil* were quickly forgotten

[1] Smollett's History. [2] Johnstone's Memoirs.
[3] Quoted by Dr. Doran in his "London in the Jacobite Times."

amid the general consternation occasioned by the Prince's approach; their sole hope of salvation was now centred in the Duke of Cumberland, their newly-fledged hero, and if he failed them the end was indeed near. Had they but known what was passing at Derby they would have deemed that blackest of Fridays one of the most fortunate days in their political calendar, and thanked Heaven for the miracle which had averted the dreaded catastrophe.

The disturber of their peace arose from his slumbers on the morning after his arrival at Derby in the best of spirits; no shadow of the coming storm cast its shadow over his soul; no presentiment of evil disturbed his mind; the sky above him was roseate and serene, and the tiny cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, which hung like a dark spot over the horizon, awakened no apprehension. Quite unsuspicious of the determination of his principal officers, "Charles was just going out, and had put on his bonnet, when Lord George Murray came in and said to him that it was high time to think what they were to do; Charles asked him what he meant, as he thought it was resolved to march on. Lord George said that most of the chiefs were of a different opinion, and thought they should march back to Ashbourn and join the army from Scotland, which was believed to be following them fast." [1]

To Charles the mere suggestion of a retreat was insufferable; he could conceive of no possible reason for such a step, and he, at first, indignantly refused even to consider it, but when Lord George assured him that practically the whole of the chiefs and officers had decided to abandon the idea of marching on London, he agreed to discuss the matter at a council of war.

From a report of the examination of Counsellor David Morgan, who joined the Prince's army at Preston, we learn that this fateful council lasted from eight o'clock in the morning until night, and that it comprised the Duke of Perth, the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord George Murray, the Lords Elcho, Ogilvy, and Pitsligo, and "all the heads of the clans, but neither Sullivan or any of the Irish were admitted." [2]

The principal, and it must be admitted the most reasonable, argument

[1] John Hay of Restalrig's account given in Home's "History," Appendix XXXII. Hay says he was with Charles at the time, and states that no council of war was held to decide the question of the retreat, but that "the whole day was spent in brigue and cabal." It is, however, practically certain that there was a council held in Exeter House. The old oak wainscoting of the room in which the retreat was decided upon now adorns the Committee Room of the Derby Public Library.

Some local authorities state that the council was not held at Exeter House, but in a large mansion in the Market Place, still standing, though in an altered condition.

[2] In Record Office, London. Morgan says he was told this by Mr. Hepburn, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Murray ("said to be the brother of the Earl of Dunmore"), and Sir John MacDonald. The Duke of Atholl did not join the council until the evening.

used by the Prince's officers in favour of a retreat, was, that they had been induced to advance thus far solely in the belief that the English people were ripe for an insurrection against the House of Hanover, and would join the expedition in large numbers, but there were no signs whatever that any such rising on behalf of the Prince was contemplated. Charles was asked if he could show them a single letter from any English nobleman or influential gentleman promising assistance, and advising a continuance of the march. Unhappily this was impossible; the timid Jacobites of South Britain had been far too cautious to commit their promises to paper, and no such documentary evidence of good faith could be produced.

With a force reduced by desertion and other causes to less than 5000 men, it would, Lord George—who merely voiced the opinion of the majority—argued, be an act of madness to risk a battle with Cumberland and his army of over 12,000.[1] Wade also would have to be reckoned with if they continued any longer in the neighbourhood of Derby, for it was known that he had left Newcastle on November 24, and was approaching by way of Wetherby in Yorkshire, with the evident intention of co-operating with Cumberland in either cutting off the Prince's retreat, or following him to London. Even if they were able, by forced marches, to reach the outskirts of the capital before the Duke and Wade could overtake them, there was still another body of Hanoverian troops in camp at Finchley[2] ready to dispute their passage and keep them in check until the other two armies came up; and if by any possible chance they managed to secure a victory over any one of these forces, the loss in killed and wounded would be necessarily so great, that the next engagement would certainly end in a defeat which would mean utter annihilation, for no mercy was to be expected from their implacable enemies. The Prince himself, if he escaped death during the action, would inevitably fall into the clutches of the usurper, and end his days ignominously on the scaffold.

Only a few hours previously, Charles had received a dispatch from Lord John Drummond, containing the information that he had safely

[1] Sir John Ligonier was originally appointed to the command of this army, but on account of ill-health he was superseded by the Duke of Cumberland, who joined it at Lichfield on November 27. This force consisted of "seven thousand five hundred veteran foot and fourteen hundred horse; with three thousand new raised foot and eight hundred horse; in all, twelve thousand seven hundred men." *Vide* "Life of the Duke of Cumberland," London, 1757. The principal commanders were: Lieutenant-Generals, the Duke of Richmond and General Sinclair (St. Clair); Major Generals, Skelton and Bland; Brigadiers, Lord Sempill, Bligh and Douglas; Brigade-Majors of Artillery, Leslie, Roper, and Barnard.

[2] The camp at Finchley was a myth, it never got beyond the paper stage.

landed at Montrose with his regiment and some detachments of Irish troops; the papers lay on the table, and Lord George, to add force to the proposal for a retreat, pointed to them, and said, that as Lord John had happily arrived, it would be far wiser to return speedily, join forces with his lordship and the Highlanders assembled at Perth under Lord Strathallan, and make preparations for meeting the enemy in Scotland on more equal terms.

The Prince, who had been awaiting with ill-concealed impatience his turn to speak, now arose, and hotly disputed the arguments of those who had counselled a retreat. Right and justice were both on his side, he said, and would undoubtedly prevail; for his personal safety he had no regard; he placed his trust in that benign Providence which had hitherto protected him, but in any case death was better than disgrace. "Rather than go back," he passionately exclaimed, "I would wish to be twenty feet under ground."[1] There was still a possibility, he continued, that French troops might effect a landing on the English coast; it was too early in the day to give up all hope of English assistance; many friends might yet rally round his standard before London was reached, and if these things did not happen, then they must rely upon the very audacity of their enterprise to carry them through.

At this the most critical moment in his life, Charles discovered to his infinite chagrin and disappointment that his powers of persuasion were of no avail, that his eloquence was thrown away, and that his wishes were entirely disregarded. Only one member of the council, the chivalrous Duke of Perth, could be found to support him, and even he in the full belief that to proceed further would be suicidal, eventually declared himself in favour of a retreat.

Charles could not yet bring himself to believe that his officers were inflexible, and when he found that neither argument nor expostulation had the slightest effect, he endeavoured to win them over by entreaties, but these were alike useless. Nothing could shake the opinion of the council, and the unhappy Prince could only suggest as a last resource that instead of returning to Scotland a march should be made into Wales, in order that the Jacobites there might have an opportunity of joining. Even this proposal was rejected, and at length after many hours had been spent in angry debate, Charles, thoroughly offended and irritated beyond measure at the persistent opposition to his wishes, closed the discussion, and dissolved, or rather adjourned, the council until the evening.

[1] "MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel," a Lancashire volunteer, who joined the Prince's army. Quoted by Lord Mahon.

Murray of Broughton during the course of his examination in the Tower of London on August 13, 1746, said "that when the Army was at Derby he accidentally went into the Room where a Council of War was at that time sitting. That he offered to go back, but the (*Prince*) called him into the Room and told him, in some heat, that he was quite scandalised, for that they were pressing him to go back to Scotland, instead of marching directly to London as had been intended. That they, Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, and every Body present except Lord Perth, declared their opinion for marching back to Scotland. That the (*Prince*) insisted to go on to London, but at last yielded to the Council of War (as this Exam^t^ advised him to do), and it was resolved to march back to Scotland." [1] This resolution was definitely agreed to at the meeting of the council which took place in the evening, at which the Duke of Atholl was present. Like his Grace of Perth, Duke William of Atholl was at first inclined to adopt the Prince's views, but after carefully weighing the arguments on both sides he came to the conclusion that a retiral to Scotland was necessary under the circumstances, and he accordingly voted in agreement with the rest of his colleagues.

This was the finishing stroke which shattered any lingering hope Charles may have had of being able to carry out his intention ; all was now over, the unexpected blow had fallen, and there was nothing left for the disappointed Prince to do but yield a sullen and reluctant consent to the wishes of his officers. In a few bitterly worded sentences he gave his sanction to the proposed retreat, adding by way of conclusion, "In future I shall summon no more councils, since I am accountable to nobody for my actions, but to God and my father, and therefore I shall no longer either ask or accept advice."

To speculate upon what might have occurred had Prince Charles continued his march on London, is, after the lapse of more than a century and a half, to indulge in an interesting but unprofitable occupation ; many historians of the "Forty Five" have, however, given decided opinions on the subject, some like Smollett, Lord Mahon, and Ewald asserting that he would in all human probability have succeeded, whilst others are equally positive that a further advance would have ended in complete disaster.

Lord Mahon says emphatically : "I believe, then, that had Charles marched onward from Derby he would have gained the British throne ; but I am far from thinking he would long have held it." With the first portion of this statement of opinion, the present writer fully agrees, but

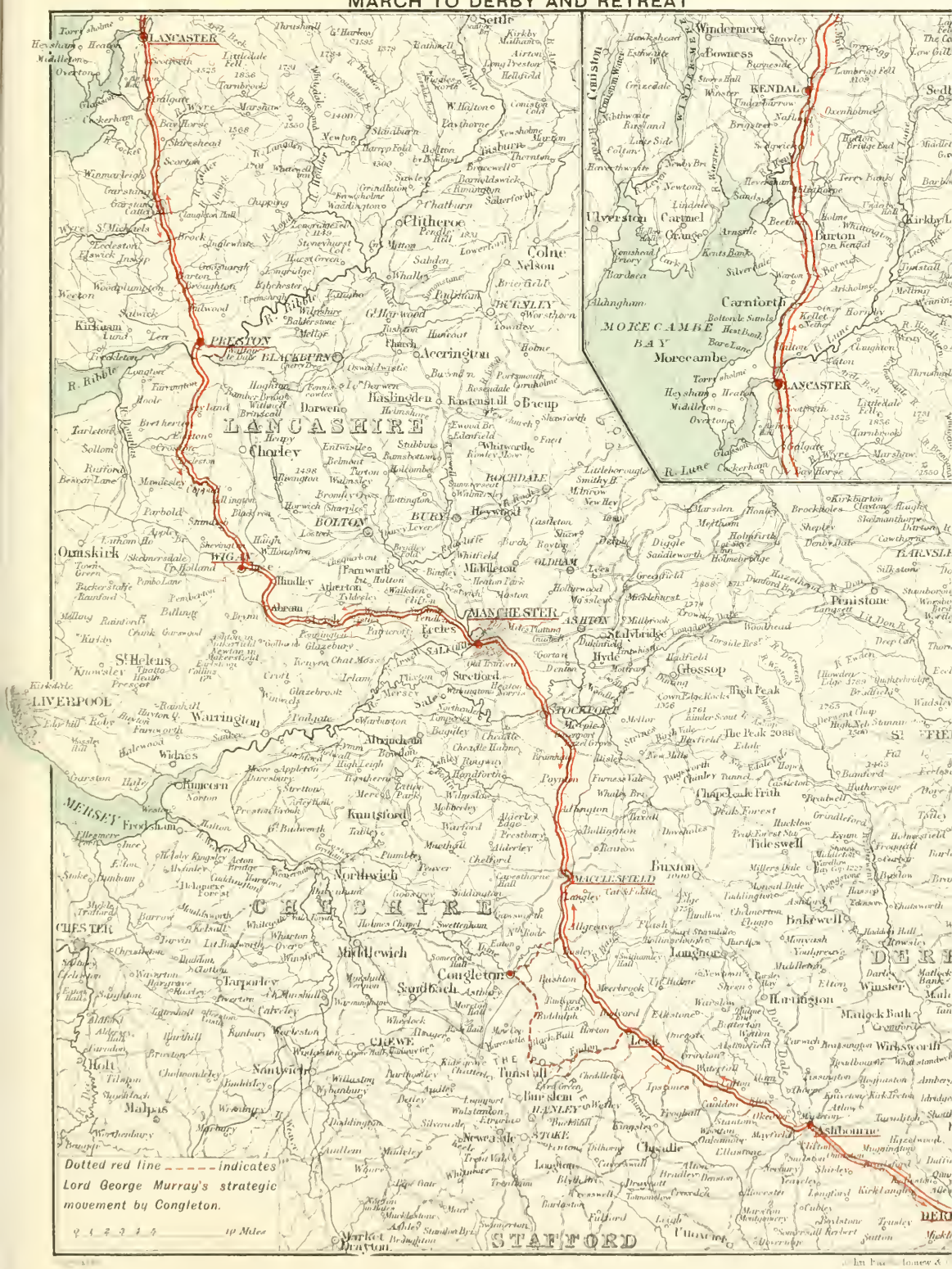
[1] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," Appendix IX., p. 434. Italics are mine.—W. D. N.

he is not inclined to accept his Lordship's view contained in the concluding words. Had Charles once secured the crown, had he been able to drive out of the country the usurping Teutonic adventurers and their British parasites, who defiled the palaces of his royal ancestors and enriched themselves at the expense of a long-suffering public; had he once gathered around him the ancient nobility of the three kingdoms and the more enlightened statesmen of the age; had he been able to do all this without French aid or foreign intervention, he would, in course of time, have been hailed as a deliverer by the whole British nation.

It is most improbable that he would have fallen with open eyes into the errors of his grandfather. Unlike his father, Charles was not a deeply religious man, and it is hardly possible to believe that he would have allowed any petty differences of creed to stand in the way of his ambition, and it is even less likely that he would have endeavoured to force Roman Catholicism upon his subjects or have tolerated any attempt at Papal interference. But surmise and conjecture are alike vain. Fate had decreed against a restoration of the Stuart dynasty, and the historian can do little but record the fact, with regret or satisfaction according to his political bias. One thing is certain, Prince Charles was never nearer to the recovery of his patrimony than on that dismal Thursday at Derby, when half a dozen votes in favour of an advance might have changed the whole course of our national history.

It was known to the members of the council that a retreat would be most unpopular among the men and inferior officers, who were all highly elated at the prospect of an immediate engagement with Cumberland, followed by an early and triumphant march into London. In their eagerness to prepare themselves for the fray, the Highlanders crowded all day long into the cutlers' shops, bringing their claymores and dirks to be ground, many afterwards attending the various churches to receive the sacrament, in the firm belief that a great battle was at hand. To conceal their intentions as far as possible, the members of the council agreed to withhold all information regarding the decision arrived at from the rest of the officers until the retreat had actually begun, but, in spite of all precaution, the secret reached the ears of Sir John MacDonald. That garrulous old gentleman had dined "not wisely but too well" on the day of the council, and chancing to meet Lord George Murray, Keppoch, and Lochiel in the street, while the fumes of the wine he had recently drunk were still in his brain, he commenced to rally them regarding the retreat. Accosting his clansman Keppoch, he satirically remarked, "What! a MacDonald turn his back!" then addressing Lochiel he exclaimed, "For shame! A Cameron

MARCH TO DERBY AND RETREAT



run away from the enemy! Go forward, and I'll lead you!"[1] It was in vain the three Highlanders attempted an explanation; Sir John persisted in asserting that he had received definite intelligence of all that had transpired, and there was no more to be said.

"Early on Friday morning," the Derby chronicler writes, "their drums beat to arms and their bagpipes played about the town; no one then knowing their route, but most people imagined they would march to Loughborough for London, their advance-guard having secured the pass at Swarkstone Bridge.[2] However we were soon undeceived by their precipitate retreat the same road they came, marching off about seven o'clock in the morning." The Prince, "mounted upon a black horse (said to be the brave Colonel Gardiner's), left his lodgings about nine o'clock and riding across the market-place, went through the Rotten-row, then turned down Sadler-gate towards Ashbourn, preceded and followed by the main body of his army. We were rid of them all (except a few stragglers) by eleven o'clock." In a further paragraph the same writer remarks, "They (the chiefs) were heard to complain 'that the English promises of support were delusive: that they were extremely loyal to the House of Stuart when warmed by a good fire and good liquor; but the warmth of the fire, their liquor, and their loyalty evaporated together."

It was poor consolation for Charles to discover later that, two days after he had left Derby, Dr. Barry, the London Jacobite agent,[3] arrived in the town with positive assurances of English and Welsh assistance. "He had been sent," the Prince informs his father in a letter dated from Avignon on February 12, 1747, "by Sir Watkin Wynn and Lord Barrymore to assure me in the name of my friends, that they were ready to join me in what manner I pleased, either in the capital, or every one to rise in his own country."[4]

For a short time after leaving Derby, the rank and file and petty officers of the Prince's army imagined they were going to fight Wade, who, they were told, was close at hand; and as powder and ball had been issued before starting, and other arrangements, usually made before an expected battle, carried out, the fiction was maintained until the gradually increasing daylight enabled the observant Highlanders to notice objects on the road which they had passed two days previously; then it began to dawn upon them that the movement in which they were engaged was a retrograde one, and as this suspicion was whispered through the ranks, murmurs of

[1] "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 57.
[2] About six miles from Derby, the nearest point to London touched by the Prince's army.
[3] *Vide* vol. i. p. 98.
[4] Quoted by Lord Mahon.

disapproval and anger could be heard on all sides. "If we had been beat," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "the grief could not have been greater." Entirely ignorant of all that had passed at the council meeting, the men were utterly at a loss to comprehend the reasons for a retreat at a time when the prize for which they had come so far was almost within reach, and "even such as knew them and thought the retreat the only reasonable scheme, could hardly be reconciled to it." [1]

To pacify the men and give some semblance of consistency to the plan of retiral, it was now given out that Lord John Drummond had crossed the border with a large body of troops, and was marching south to join the Prince, but as Wade was trying his utmost to prevent the junction of the two Jacobite forces, it was necessary to go to Lord John's relief before resuming the march on London.

Plausible as this story was, it only partially satisfied the men. "The hopes of returning immediately made them somewhat easy under their present disappointment, but still all was sullen and silent that whole day." [2] In deeply despondent mood, Charles followed his retreating army, his mind occupied with the most melancholy of thoughts and the gloomiest of forebodings; he, who had formerly been the life and soul of the enterprise, who had risen earliest in the morning, who had always been the first to lead the way, who had never failed to set a good example to officers and men alike, who had cheered and inspirited everybody by his kindly words and sanguine predictions of success, was now a morose, dejected youth, so absorbed in the mental contemplation of his injuries, that for a time he almost forgot his duty to his devoted Highlanders. He had been wounded in his tenderest part; he had been opposed, disobeyed, and, as he then imagined, insulted; his best laid schemes had gone sadly "agley;" his friends had apparently become his enemies; everything had gone hopelessly wrong, and even Providence seemed to have deserted him in the hour of his greatest need.

Too proud to accept sympathy, too indignant to discuss the position calmly, Charles shut himself up in company with his own bitter thoughts, preferring to suffer in secret isolation rather than share his troubles with those who had thwarted his plans. "Instead of taking the lead," during the retreat, "he allowed the army to start long before he left his quarters, kept the rear always behind waiting for him, and when he came out, mounted his horse and rode straight forward to his next quarters with the van." [3]

[1] Maxwell of Kirkconnell. [2] *Ibid.*
[3] Lord George Murray's narrative in "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 59.

OGILVY, OGILVIE

Gaelic Designation of Clan—*Siol Ghillechriot*

Badge—*Evergreen Alkanet or Whitethorn*

The first night of the retreat the Prince and his staff slept at Ashbourn Hall, the men taking over their old quarters in the village and neighbourhood. "There were many fine men among them," says an eye-witness,[1] "(especially in the vanguard), which had a very fine appearance. They had with them fifteen field-pieces, each about three inches diameter, and about fifty covered carts, containing ammunition, etc. As the rebels went through, they behaved better than was expected; but as they came back they were very insolent and impudent."

This was only natural: the Highlanders from the time of leaving

ASHBOURN HALL

From "History of Ashbourn"

Dalkeith had been led to believe that the great mass of the English people were in sympathy with their enterprise and would assist it in every way; instead, they found it regarded either with callous indifference or covert hostility. While the advance on London continued, there was still a chance that the Sassenach might redeem his character and help them to free the country from the thraldom of Hanover, so he was treated with every consideration as a possible friend; but during the retreat, when all hope of English aid had vanished, and the disappointed Highlanders realised that they had been deceived, their rage was un-

[1] "History of Ashbourn," 1839.

bounded, and in their just resentment at the treatment they had received all the instinctive antipathy of Celt for Saxon awoke within their breasts, and neither the commands of their chiefs and officers nor threats of severe punishments could prevent them from venting their indignation and anger upon the inhabitants of the towns and villages through which they had to pass on their way North. "As to plundering," Lord George Murray writes,[1] "our men were not entirely free of it, but there was much less of this than could have been expected, and few regular armys but are as guilty."

Lord George, at the council meeting, had offered to take upon himself the difficult and dangerous duty of commanding the rear of the retreating column, his only condition being, that the artillery and baggage should be sent on in front with the van of the army. Throughout the whole of the long and arduous march to Scotland, his lordship worked with unremitting energy and indefatigable zeal, and it was mainly due to his exertions that the retreat, instead of degenerating into an unseemly flight, which it might easily have done, was carried out in an orderly and skilful manner, and with so much secrecy that the Duke of Cumberland was left at least two days' march in rear, and Wade's intentions were entirely frustrated. The first few days of the retreat were uneventful. Leek was reached on December the 7th, Macclesfield on the 8th, and on the 9th Charles entered Manchester, where little more than a week before he had been so well received. Now all was changed; the appearance of the Highland army was greeted with derisive cheers, and a mob of excited townsfolk made an attempt to bar the progress of the vanguard, which so enraged the Prince that he inflicted a fine of £5000[2] upon the town as a mark of his displeasure. Charles would have stayed a day at Manchester, but Lord George wisely insisted upon maintaining the advantage which had been gained on the pursuing force, and finally succeeded in persuading the Prince to abandon his intention. On the 10th the Highlanders were at Wigan, and here Charles narrowly escaped death at the hands of a Whig fanatic who had planned his destruction. Fortunately, the would-be assassin was neither a good shot nor a close observer, for he mistook O'Sullivan for the Prince, and the shot he fired went wide of the mark and did no harm.[3]

At Preston, where the army arrived on the 11th, a halt was made for

[1] *Vide* his letter to Hamilton of Bangour, printed in "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 320.

[2] Reduced afterwards to £2500. *Vide* letter describing the behaviour of the Highland army in Manchester during the retreat, in *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1745, Supplement, p. 708.

[3] MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel, quoted by Lord Mahon. The culprit was never caught.

a day to give men and horses a much-needed rest; and on the 13th the march was continued to Lancaster. By this time Cumberland was in hot pursuit. He had left his camp on Meriden Common, near Coventry, on December 8th, with the whole of his cavalry and a body of infantry and volunteers mounted on horses supplied by the local gentry. Speed was his principal object, and as the foot regiments would only have hampered his movements, he gave orders that they were all to remain behind with Sir John Ligonier, except 1000 men, who were to follow on horseback as soon as mounts could be provided. On the 10th he reached Macclesfield, where an unfortunate straggler from the Prince's army, who had been captured by the country people and delivered to the Duke at Cheadle, was condemned to death as a spy and incontinently hanged, his body being afterwards sold to a surgeon of the town for 4s. 6d.[1]

Wade meanwhile was making strenuous efforts to intercept the Prince's retreat through Lancashire, but the rapid marching of the Highlanders and the good generalship of Lord George Murray upset all his plans, and upon learning when he reached Wakefield on the 10th that Charles had entered Manchester with his army, he came to the conclusion that any attempt to overtake such a fleet-footed enemy with his infantry would assuredly fail, and he therefore decided to return with the foot to Newcastle, leaving the pursuit to the cavalry under the command of Major-General Oglethorpe.[2] As no time was to be lost, Oglethorpe set out at once, and by a succession of forced marches he managed to reach Preston on the 13th only a few hours after the Prince quitted it. The same evening he was reinforced by Cumberland and arrangements were made for a determined pursuit of the Highlanders on the morrow, but before this could be done a messenger arrived from London with orders to hold the army in readiness to march southwards, as news had been received from Admiral Vernon that the French fleet had put to sea. The delay occasioned by these instructions enabled Charles to gain a day, but by this time he had partially shaken off his listlessness and had recovered something of his old impetuosity and self-reliance, so that instead of showing any desire to hurry the retreat, he was rather inclined to proceed slowly, lest it should be said that he was afraid of risking an engagement with his pursuers. Upon his arrival at Lancaster he informed Lord

[1] Ray's "History of the Rebellion," p. 188. The skin of this first victim of Cumberland's brutality was given to a tanner, but he could make nothing of it and it was eventually buried. Ibid.

[2] The force under Oglethorpe consisted of the Yorkshire "Royal Hunters," a newly raised volunteer regiment composed of gentlemen of that county; Montague's and Wade's Horse, and the St. George's Dragoons.

George Murray that he had determined to remain a day and fight the advancing enemy on any suitable ground that could be found in the locality. Lord George raised no objections on this occasion to the Prince's wishes, but expressed a desire that, as ground which might be suitable for regular troops might not be so well adapted for the movements of Highlanders, he should have the assistance of Lochiel in selecting a site for the proposed battle. To this request Charles made no demur, and his lordship, accompanied by the Cameron chief, O'Sullivan, and a small detachment of horse and foot, proceeded to a spot about two miles south of the town, within eight miles of Oglethorpe's advance-guard at Garstang, where there was a large field on elevated ground upon which the whole army could remain entirely hidden until the enemy was close upon them. Having completed their observations, the three officers and their escort returned to Lancaster, carrying with them some of Oglethorpe's patrols, who had been captured in the neighbourhood whilst scouting. Lord George at once hastened to report the result of his morning's work to the Prince, but by this time Charles had changed his mind, and although Murray said that a better battlefield could not be wished for, the order went forth that the march northwards was to be resumed on the following day.

At this stage of the retreat the Duke of Perth received the Prince's commands to proceed to Scotland with all possible speed and bring up the reinforcements which were lying idle at Perth. His Grace departed on his perilous mission on the 13th with a body-guard of 110 Hussars and a travelling carriage for the convenience of Lady Ogilvy and Mrs. Murray of Broughton, who took the opportunity thus offered of returning to their homes. Lodgings for the night were found at Burton and the next morning the journey was continued, Kendal being reached at about ten o'clock. Shortly before the Duke and his party entered the town, an anonymous letter had been placed in the mayor's hands containing a piece of false intelligence to the effect that the Highland army had sustained a severe defeat and was in full flight for Scotland with Cumberland in pursuit. The appearance of a detachment of the Prince's cavalry riding hard towards the town escorting a chaise in which ladies were seated, only served to confirm the news, and it was immediately surmised that one of the ladies was Charles himself in female attire, the other being either the famous Jenny Cameron or a mistress of the Duke of Perth.[1] What fol-

[1] *Vide* an extract from an absurdly erroneous letter said to have been written by a lady of Preston to her friend in town. Printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for December 1745, p. 644.

lowed is described by Hodgson in his "History of Westmorland."[1] "They passed quietly till they came to Finkle Street, when the mob suddenly fell upon them with clubs, stones, and anything they could pick up in their hurry. The Duke's men made a short stand a little below the Fish Market and fired several shots, by which four people received wounds of which they died. Of the rebels, none were killed on the spot, but four made prisoners, one of them Perth's servant.[2] The rebels then pushed briskly forward and were pursued near a quarter of a mile to Stramongate Bridge, by the enraged populace, annoying them with stones. Then they made another stand here, and seemed as if they would return; but a townsman having crept privately to the bridge, fired at the foremost, who immediately let his gun and cloak fall and could not turn his horse; but by the help of his companions they got to Shap, from which place they proceeded that afternoon to Eamont Bridge; but perceiving Penrith beacon on fire, they inquired the reason, and being told that it was to raise the country, and that all the hedges from that place to Penrith were lined with armed men, they returned to Shap, where they halted during the night." The countryside was by this time thoroughly aroused; the beacons were lit on the hill-tops; 120 soldiers who had been sent by Wade to Penrith turned out in company with some volunteers and countrymen and patrolled the mile of road between Eamont Bridge and the town; guards were stationed at Armathwaite and Sebergham bridges, and the inhabitants of Penrith and the surrounding villages furbished up their weapons and prepared to give the expected fugitives a warm reception.

To extricate himself and his fair charges from this mob of excited rustics was, the Duke discovered, a matter of no little difficulty; had he been unaccompanied by ladies, he would in all probability have attempted to cut his way through the crowd which barred his way; but he was too much concerned for their safety to run so great a risk, and he endeavoured to escape his enemies by making a detour to the east by Cliburn, crossing the Eden at Temple Sowerby and following the right bank of the river in the direction of Langwathby Moor.

The natives were, however, too quick for his Grace; they had crossed the stream lower down and the two parties met on Appleside Hill within pistol-shot. Ignorant of the strength of his opponents the Duke decided to retire, and rode off with the Hussars through Culgaith, Kirkby Thorpe,

[1] Quoted by Chancellor Ferguson, F.S.A., President of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian Society, in his excellent paper on "The Retreat of the Highlanders through Westmorland in 1745," read before the Society, July 11th and 12th, 1888, and included in vol x. of its Transactions.

[2] The Duke's portmanteau fell into the hands of the mob, and some letters which it contained are now in the Record Office, London.

and Newby, hotly pursued by the country people, who followed so closely that one of their number, Jack Boucher (or Bowser), fell into the Duke's hands and was constrained to act as a guide. All through the quiet hours of that Sabbath morning the chase went on, over hill and down dale, across bleak moors and along the frozen roads, by retired villages, where the sober folk on their way to church, Bible in hand, stood aside in fear and trembling as the strangely clad horsemen clattered down the street with smoking pistols in their hands and the mob of mounted yokels at their heels. At Raegill, much to the surprise of their pursuers, the Hussars faced suddenly round and fired a volley, which, although it injured no one, effectually dispersed the countrymen ; but they rallied later, and even succeeded in taking one of the Hussars prisoner after shooting his horse. Morning had changed to noon and noon was fast darkening into night before the chase ended owing to the sheer inability of the fatigued horses to continue it. The Duke, who was not physically strong, had by this time begun to feel the effects of the day's hard riding, and by the time Orton was reached he was really ill. Luckily the enemy had now retired, and his Grace was able to take a rest of two hours in the village, whilst his men refreshed themselves and baited their exhausted animals. The march was then resumed towards Kendal, where the Highland army had arrived that day, the 15th, from Lancaster, but the Duke's indisposition increasing as he proceeded, he made arrangements to spend the night at Burrow Bridge, north of Kendal, with a guard of six men, the remainder of his party continuing the journey to warn the Prince of the danger ahead.

Lord George Murray says, "We got to Kendal next night" (*i.e.* the night of the 15th) ; "it was late before the rear got in. Here we found the Duke of Perth had been obliged to return, having been attacked by the country Militia, so he could not make his way to Carlisle." The intelligence was not reassuring, but it confirmed his lordship's suspicion that Wade's army was not far off and might at last be brought to action. Charles had sometimes reproached him for his unwillingness to risk an engagement ; now, however, he had no objection to raise, and before the Prince left Kendal on the following morning Lord George said, "As your Royal Highness is always for battles, be the circumstances what they may, I now offer you one, in three hours from this time, with the army of Marshal Wade, which is only about two miles distance from us." [1]

[1] From the Chevalier Johnstone's narrative, Lord George would seem to have been unaware that Wade with the whole of his infantry was on the way to Newcastle. Regarding the Prince's desire to engage the enemy, Lord George says, "H : R : H : had so much confidence in the Bravery of his Army that he was reither too hazardus, and was for fighting the enemy on all occasions ; what he had seen them do, and the justness of his cause, made him too ventorious." *Vide* letter to Hamilton of Bangour, "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 320.

Charles made no reply, but got into his carriage, which he now frequently occupied, and went off with the main body to Shap, leaving Lord George to follow with the rear-guard. It was a soaking wet day, and the roads were in such a terrible state of mud that the baggage waggons got stuck fast in the deep ruts and watercourses every few minutes, and it often took two horses and forty men to extricate them.[1] In the performance of this arduous duty several of the Manchester officers proved of great service; they cheerfully volunteered their assistance, and worked up to the middle in water under his lordship's supervision, for an hour. So great was the labour involved, that the rear-guard only got four miles from Kendal before nightfall, and as it would have been contrary to the Prince's orders to leave any of the waggons behind, Lord George took up his quarters at the farmhouse of Otterbank, "about a gunshot off the road," and the men (mostly of the Glengarry regiment:[2]) found shelter in the barns, byres, and stables, "without," as Lochgarry says, "thro'ing a stich of cloaths."[3]

On the 17th Charles marched to Penrith, and Lord George Murray, having bought up all the small carts in the neighbourhood, transferred the contents of the heavy waggons into them, and purchased oatmeal, cheese, and other provisions for his men, left Otterbank at dawn and followed the route taken by the main body towards Shap. Lochgarry, who commanded the Glengarry men in the absence of Angus *Og*, thus briefly describes the events of this day: "We marched by daylight, and for want of proper horses the artillery was very fashious, and a last load with cannon shot happening to break on the road, upon Lord George's giving a hearty dram to the men, they carried, some one, some two, some three of the shot, with all their arms and acuterments.[4] All this day some of the enemy's horse were in our rear, but made no attack. At night we came to Chap (*Shap*), and after placing our guards and sentinels, Lord George, the other gentlemen, and I, took up our quarters about 8 o'clock at night."[5] At Shap his lordship found most of the cannon and ammunition had been left behind in charge of Colonel Roy

[1] Although Lord George had expressly stipulated that he should not have the responsibility of looking after the baggage, little regard was paid to this condition.

[2] In his account of the day's proceedings Lord George writes: "It was the Glengarry men were in the rear that day; they are reckoned not the most patient, but I was never better pleased with men in my life; they did all that was possible."

[3] James Gib in his household account book makes it appear that the Prince spent two nights in Kendal, December, 15th and 16th, but this is contrary to all other authorities and must be an error. Mr. Blaikie, however, prefers to accept Gib's statement.

[4] Lord George says he gave them sixpence for each ball, by which means he got over two hundred carried in the men's plaids.

[5] Lochgarry's narrative, printed in Blaikie's "Itinerary."

Stuart and about 120 men of his battalion; which added greatly to his difficulties, for now the entire responsibility of baggage, artillery, and a rear-guard, continually threatened by a fast approaching enemy, rested upon his already overburdened shoulders.

Detached from the main body by a distance of ten miles, with Cumberland's advance-guard close behind him and General Oglethorpe at Orton only five miles away on his right rear; seriously impeded in his movements by the Prince's express commands that not so much as a cannon ball was to be left behind; checked in his advance by bad roads and the continual breaking down of ammunition and baggage carts, and hindered in every possible way by the hostile country-folk, Lord George Murray's position on the morning of Wednesday, December 17th, was a most dangerous and unenviable one.

A start was made at dawn, the artillery, under Colonel Grant, preceded by two companies of Roy Stuart's regiment as escort, leading the way,[1] the rear being brought up by Lord George and the Glengarry men. To protect his little force from a sudden attack, his lordship selected forty of his most active men, to whom he granted extra pay, and ordered them to ascend the hills on either side of the road, from whence they could observe the surrounding country and give timely warning of the enemy's approach, whilst another small detachment was sent about a quarter of a mile in rear of the column for the same purpose. The men, Lord George says, "were as swift as horses," and so well did they perform their duty that any unusual circumstance was at once reported, and no one was allowed to approach within a mile of the column.

As the day wore on it became evident that the Hanoverian cavalry was gaining ground; small bodies of horse appeared upon the high ground in rear, and at noon, as the artillery guard was beginning to ascend a hill about half-way between Shap and Penrith,[2] over which it was necessary to pass, the sound of trumpets and kettledrums was distinctly heard, and at the same time the enemy's patrols were seen marching two and two abreast on the summit. A halt was at once called, and a brief

[1] The Chevalier Johnstone was in command of one of these companies, which he says were sent by the Duke of Perth, from which it would be reasonable to infer that they were from the Duke's own regiment. Lord George, however, distinctly states that he was joined at Shap by John Roy Stuart and his battalion, and makes no mention whatever of any other force having been sent to his assistance until after he reached Clifton. Johnstone's account of the events of this day is so palpably erroneous, that I have only made use of those particulars which are corroborated by other eye-witnesses, or which may be taken as accurate by inference.—W. D. N.

[2] This hill, or eminence, as Johnstone calls it, is usually assumed to be Thrimby Hill, which is but little more than three miles from Shap. As the artillery left Shap at daybreak (say eight o'clock at latest), it seems strange that it should have taken four hours to get that short distance.

discussion took place among the officers to determine the best course of action. Colonel Brown of Lally's regiment, in the French service, who, according to Johnstone's statement, was leading the advance, strongly advised that they should boldly rush upon the enemy sword in hand and attempt at any cost to cut their way to Penrith. This plan was agreed to by all, and without communicating their intention to Lord George who was some distance in rear with the baggage, the officers darted forward with great swiftness, followed by their men, and ran up the hill as fast as their legs could carry them.

This movement was quickly observed by the Glengarry men from their position on the lower ground, and before Lord George could make any effort to restrain them, they broke from the ranks and rushed off with all the fleetness of deer to the assistance of their comrades in front, casting their plaids as they ran. So eager were they to come up with their adversaries, that they overtook the artillery guard and reached the top of the hill almost at the same time. Lochgarry writes; "About half way to Penrith, we saw at some distance, to the number of about 5 or 600 horse,[1] whom we took to be part of our own army, but upon coming near us they made a form to attack us. These were militia sent to intercept our march; but by a detachment we sent to attack them giving them a smart fire, which killed two or three of them, they were routed and fled, so we marched on untill we came to Clifton, within two short miles of Penrith, where the Prince and his army lay."

It seems to have been generally assumed by the officers of the rear-guard that the troops with whom they had come in contact were country militia ("light horse and chasseurs" Johnstone calls them); but in this supposition they were entirely at fault; the mounted force which they had so fortunately dispersed was in reality an advance party of a column commanded by General Bland, which consisted of his own regiment of dragoons (3rd Hussars), the Duke of Kingston's light horse, and some of Oglethorpe's Royal Hunters. Bland had been sent on in front of the main body of Cumberland's army to co-operate with Oglethorpe in an endeavour to prevent the junction of Lord George Murray with the Prince at Penrith, and by dint of hard riding by a circuitous route to the west of the highroad, he had succeeded in outstripping the Prince's rear-guard, with the result already described. Oglethorpe meanwhile was moving towards Penrith a few miles to the eastward of Lord George, with the intention of getting in front of his lordship and disputing his passage in the neighbourhood of Brougham Common, where he expected

[1] Lord George says two or three hundred.

to be reinforced by a body of men from Appleby ; and the Duke himself having reached Shap, was now pushing on with the remainder of his cavalry with all the speed he could command.

Ignorant of the close proximity of Cumberland, but quite alive to the seriousness of his position, Lord George continued his slow and laborious march towards Penrith in the full expectation of another attack as soon as the enemy recovered from the effects of the recent skirmish. At the first appearance of the light horse patrols in his rear he had dispatched a messenger to inform the Prince of the fact, and although Charles also was of opinion that it was only a detachment of the county militia with whom the rear column had to deal, he wisely sent back the Duke of Perth and a small force consisting of Pitsligo's Horse, the Hussars, the MacPherson regiment under Cluny, and the Appin regiment under Ardsheal to reinforce it in case the enemy should become troublesome.

Meanwhile Lord George had got nearly as far as the south end of Clifton Moor, within a short distance of Lowther Hall, without further molestation ;[1] but the breakdown of some baggage carts on the boggy ground at this point again arrested his progress for two hours and enabled Cumberland's main body to approach still nearer. One of the ammunition carts was so badly damaged that it had to be left behind, and the Chevalier Johnstone with Sergeant Dickson, and seven or eight men, were sent to a neighbouring farm to procure another one. Whilst the party were returning with a waggon that had been seized, Dickson drew his officer's attention to a black-looking object on a hill to the left about a league away, which he declared was the English army advancing. All eyes were turned in the direction pointed out by the keen-eyed sergeant, but neither Johnstone nor any of the others could be brought to believe that what they took for bushes were Hanoverian soldiers, and Dickson only got laughed at for his pains. He, however, persisted in his assertion, saying, by way of protest, that they would see in an hour whether or no he was in the right. The ammunition having been taken out of the broken cart and transferred to the newly appropriated waggon, Lord George ordered the whole artillery and baggage train forward to Penrith, with a small escort, and went off himself with the Glengarry battalion and Pitsligo's regiment of Horse, (which had recently joined him) to

[1] The circumstantial account given by Johnstone of a running fight which took place somewhere between Thrimby Hill and Clifton between Cumberland's army and the MacDonald rear-guard must be purely imaginative ; it is corroborated by no one who was present, and neither Lord George Murray nor Lochgarry makes any allusion to a further collision with the enemy until Clifton was reached. Lochgarry, who commanded the Glengarry battalion, would certainly have mentioned an incident so creditable to his clan, had it really occurred.—W. D. N.

MURRAY

Gaelic Designation of Chief—*Am Moireach*

Badge—*Butcher's Broom or Juniper*

scour the Lowther policies and enclosures in the hope of surprising the enemy, leaving John Roy Stuart's men, to the number of about 200, in or near the village of Clifton[1] with the Prince's Hussars, who had probably come in with Pitsligo's Horse, disposed about the farm buildings on the outskirts of the town, where they lay in wait for any hostile force which might appear.

This intention of ensnaring the enemy into an ambuscade was frustrated by the action of Thomas Savage, a Quaker farmer of Clifton,[2] whose barn had been selected by a party of Hussars as a suitable spot for the purpose. Guessing their intentions, Savage sent his son to warn the English officers, whom he saw on a hill about 400 yards south of his house, of the danger that awaited them if they proceeded incautiously.

A little before three o'clock in the afternoon, while Lord George Murray was still absent at Lowther Hall, General Bland with his regiment of dragoons and the Duke of Kingston's Light Horse, approached Clifton from the south, advancing with extreme caution in consequence of Savage's information. At the foot of the moor Bland halted his dragoons and sent forward the light horse to dislodge the Prince's men. They were at once met by a sharp fusillade from the hidden Hussars in the vicinity of the Quaker's house, and for some moments a good deal of desultory firing went on without effect on either side. At length the Hussars, in the belief that they were in contact with a vastly superior force, retired in some confusion, completely blocking the narrow village street as they hurried through it on their way to Penrith, whilst Kingston's troopers, fearing to pursue farther, drew rein and awaited their commander's orders.[3] One of the Hussar officers, Captain Hamilton of Red House, had dismounted, and when the others went off he sought shelter in a small cottage a little detached from the town, where he was soon afterwards discovered by a soldier of the pursuing force, said to be an Austrian, who fired at him through the window. Hamilton immediately rushed out of the house and bravely engaged his adversary in single combat, but he stood no chance against a mounted man, and in a few minutes he was so badly cut about the head that he had to yield himself a prisoner. At the same

[1] Lord George distinctly states that he left Roy Stuart's men at Clifton (Roy Stuart himself being with his lordship); *vide* his narrative in "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 112. It is somewhat strange that we do not hear of them during the skirmish at three o'clock, when the Hussars were driven out.

[2] *Vide* his letter describing the events of the day, printed in Chancellor Ferguson's paper on the "Retreat of the Highlanders through Westmorland in 1745."

[3] *Vide* map, p. 221.

time one of the Manchester regiment named Odgen was taken, and both he and Captain Hamilton were carried off to Cumberland.

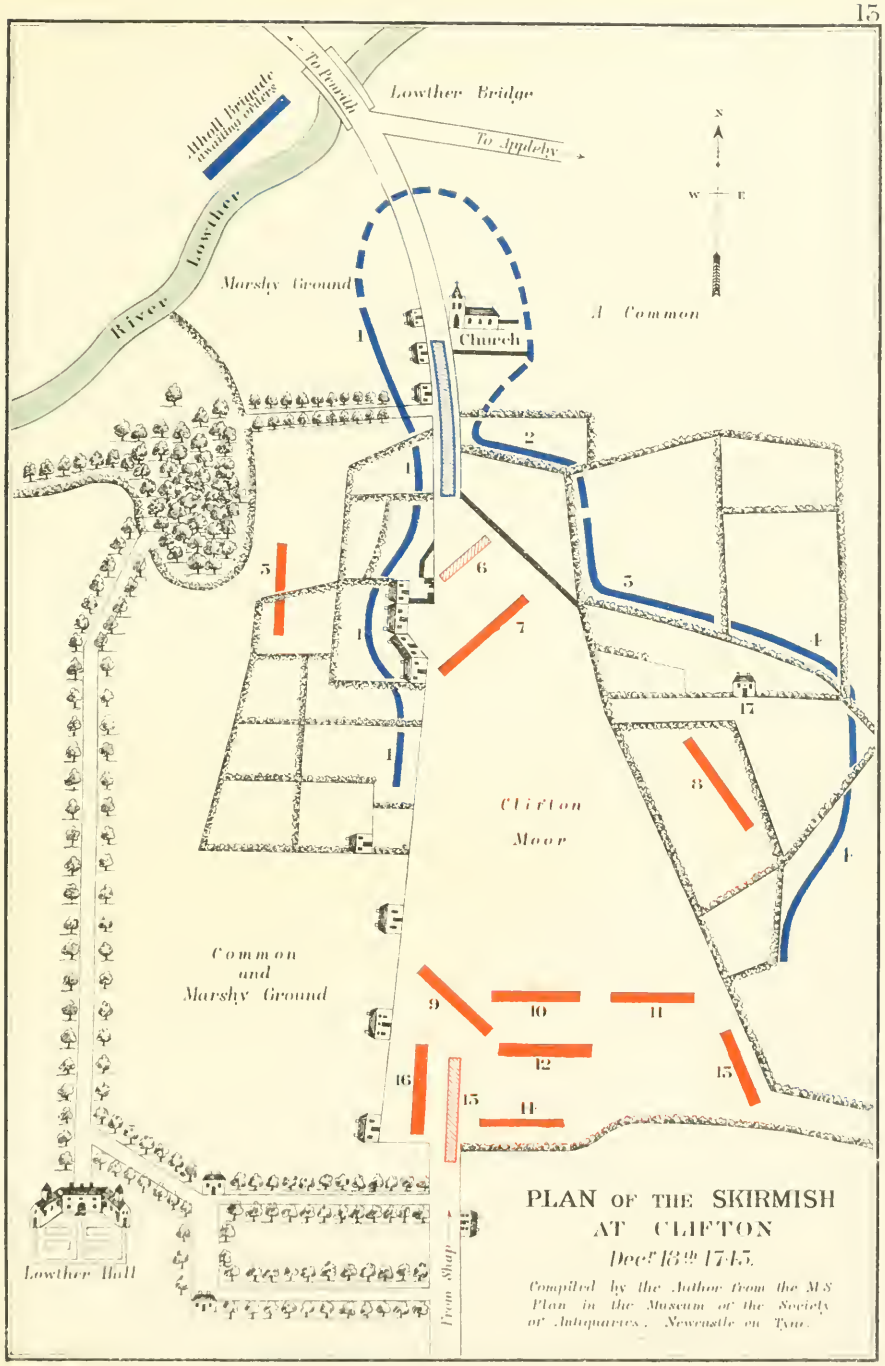
Instead of following up the retreating Hussars, Bland thought it more prudent to await the arrival of the Duke; so he recalled Kingston's regiment and took up a position on Clifton Moor in readiness to move forward with the main body.

Lord George Murray's expedition to Lowther Hall had resulted in nothing but the capture of an officer of the Royal Hunters and one of Cumberland's footmen, who had been sent on to prepare quarters in Lord Lonsdale's house for his master. Upon interrogation, the captured men informed his lordship that the Duke with an army of 4000 horse was about a mile behind; a piece of news which Lord George lost no time in transmitting to the Prince by Colonel Roy Stuart, who was ordered to ride off to Penrith at once and take the prisoners with him.

This done, Lord George returned to Clifton, where he learnt of what had occurred, and found the Duke of Perth, Cluny MacPherson with his clan, the Appin men under Stewart of Ardsheal, and Roy Stuart's regiment awaiting him. It was still the general belief that the force encountered by the Hussars at three o'clock had been only a body of militia light horse, but while the matter was under discussion Cumberland's army appeared in considerable strength on the moor about a cannon shot away and drew up in two lines, "in different divisions and squadrons." There was no longer any need for argument; a fight was imminent, and Perth putting spurs to his horse, galloped off to bring up reinforcements from Penrith, with which the enemy could be attacked in flank, whilst Lord George made the necessary dispositions for defending his position. This he did in the most judicious manner, placing the Glengarry men in the enclosures and gardens on the west of the highway, and extending them in a line parallel with the main street of the village to a point a little north of the church. On the east side, in touch with the MacDonalds, he posted Roy Stuart's regiment on the side of a lane close to the town, the line being continued southwards through the fields by the Appin battalion and the MacPhersons, all being well protected under cover of hedges, dykes, and farm outhouses.[1] "It was now about an hour after sunsett,"[2] Lord George writes, "pretty cloudie, but the moon, which was in its second quarter, from time to time broke out and gave good light, but this did not continue above two minutes at a time. We had the

[1] Lord George says his total force was about a thousand. *Vide* map for position of troops.

[2] Probably about five o'clock.



Highland Cavalry at 3 p.m.
Highland Infantry at 5 p.m.
English Troops at 3 p.m.
English Troops at 5 p.m.

1. Glengarry's Regiment.
2. Roy Stewart's Regiment.
3. Stewarts of Appin.
4. Cluny Macpherson's Regiment.
5. Cobham's Dragoons. 6. Kingston's Light Horse. 7. Lord Mark-Kerr's Dragoons.
8. Bland's Dragoons. 9. Horses of Cobham's Dragoons. 10. Horses of Kerr's Dragoons.
11. Horses of Bland's Dragoons. 12. Montague's Light Horse. 13. Detachment of Dragoons.
14. Duke of Cumberland's Baggage. 15. Bland's Dragoons. 16. Kingston's Light Horse.
17. Col. Honeywood wounded here.

advantage of seeing their disposition, but they could not see ours." At this juncture, Colonel Roy Stuart returned from Penrith with an order from the Prince to the effect that, as he had resolved to march for Carlisle immediately and had already sent the artillery forward, Lord George must follow him with the remainder of the army without stopping to engage the enemy. After a brief consultation with Stuart, Lord George decided to disregard an order which he knew must have been given without knowledge of the altered situation. The Hanoverian troops had already assumed the offensive and were firing intermittent shots in the direction of the Highlanders; any sign of retreat on his part would be taken as a signal for pursuit, and as the road out of Clifton ran in part between high walls which it was impossible to line with men, there would be great danger in the semi-darkness and confusion of a serious catastrophe which might involve the whole force. It was therefore agreed between the principal officers that the Prince's message should not be divulged, in case it should unsettle the men, who were now fully prepared for action.

Old Gordon of Glenbucket had come over from Penrith, probably with Roy Stuart, but being very infirm, he was constrained, much against his will, to remain on horseback at the end of the village while the fighting proceeded. He gave Lord George his targe,[1] and entreated him to be extremely careful, as if anything went wrong he (Lord George) would most assuredly be blamed; a caution which his lordship was not slow to understand.

By this time the English cavalry had advanced to the south end of Clifton Moor, Bland's, Cobham's, and Lord Mark Kerr's dragoons forming the first line, and the two light horse regiments of Montague and Kingston the second, with the Duke of Cumberland's baggage in rear. After a short halt to survey the ground, most of the dragoons were ordered to dismount and go forward on foot to attack the Highlanders, a small detachment remaining behind in charge of the horses, and another to guard the Appleby road. Kerr's troopers marched straight across the moor in the direction of the village, Cobham's went to the left in rear of the Glengarry men, and two squadrons of Bland's under Colonel Honeywood to the right facing the MacPhersons.

Meanwhile, Lord George, attended by Colonel Stuart, was passing backwards and forwards between the Glengarry MacDonalds on one side of the town and the three regiments on the other, giving his final orders, encouraging his men, and enjoining the necessity of strict attention to his instructions regarding the method of delivering their fire. Colonel

[1] "It was convex and covered with a pleat of mettall which was painted."—Lord George Murray.

Ker of Graden, who had so noticeably distinguished himself at Prestonpans, was left with Lochgarry, and behaved throughout the action with his wonted coolness, "rideing thro' the feelds in the time of the fire as if it had been a revew."[1] Upon reaching the spot where the MacPhersons lay extended behind a close hedge, Lord George discovered that Bland's dismounted dragoons had crept across the fields in front and were but a short distance away, only two hedges dividing them from Cluny's men. Night had now closed in, and save for a few fitful gleams of light when the moon shone out from behind the passing clouds, the darkness was almost impenetrable, and it was impossible to make out the surrounding objects; but during the bright intervals the buff belts of the dragoons could be plainly seen. At this critical moment, Lord George gave Cluny the order to clear the first hedge and take up a position behind the second one. As, however, it was more than likely that the Macphersons would be met half way by the enemy, he said, "Cluny, if such will happen, I'll attack on the right of your regiment and doe you the same on the left of it, and we'll advance soe if you approve of it;" to which Cluny answered, "he was very well satisfied to attack when his Lordship pleased."[2]

"Through the hedge we made our way" says John MacPherson of Strathmashie, "with the help of our durks, the prictes being very uneasy, I assure you, to our loose tail'd Lads." Firing was now going on pretty briskly, and just as the MacPhersons reached the second hedge and began to line it, they received the full discharge of the dragoons' fire "full in the teeth," which caused Cluny to exclaim, "What the Divle is this?" Lord George replied that they had better charge at once, and drawing his sword he shouted out "Clymore!"[3] Cluny did the same, and in a moment the whole body of his clansmen rushed forward with Highland impetuosity, clearing the hedges as they went in utter disregard of thorns and brambles, until they swept the astonished dragoons into the ditch which lay at the bottom of the field, where many were killed and wounded: the remainder fled across the moor, meeting the fire of the Glengarry regiment as they stumbled on in the darkness.

As it would have been dangerous to pursue farther, Cluny halted his men at the ditch; but so eager were many of them to continue the chase that it was only with great difficulty he managed to hold them back. One excited Celt, Angus of Knappach, a famous swordsman of powerful physique, who was afflicted with deafness, could not hear his chief's

[1] Lord George Murray.

[2] From a detailed account of the part taken in the affair by the MacPhersons, written by Captain John MacPherson of Strathmashie. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. pp. 86–90.

[3] Lord George Murray's account. "Clymore" is the correct Gaelic pronunciation.

command and went on alone, claymore in hand, after the fleeting troopers.

SKIRMISH AT CLIFTON

Discovering at length that his comrades had halted, he shouted out, "Why the devil do you turn back? I see a great many more a little farther

on," and returned with manifest reluctance.[1] The firing had now ceased, and the enemy having been successfully beaten off, Lord George thought he might safely retire. "We had now," he writes, "done what we propos'd, and being sure of no more trouble from the enemy, I order'd the retreat, first Roy Stuart's, then Appine, Clunie, and then Glengarry, and it was half an hour after the skirmish before we went off. I was the last man myself. The Atholl Brigade had come the lenth of a Bridge within half a mile of Clifden, hearing of my being in sight of the enemy, and there waited my orders. Had the rest of the army come out and folow'd the plan that was propos'd, they would have been upon the flank of the Dragouns that were on horse-back by the time we atact the others."

From first to last the skirmish lasted about half-an-hour; the actual fighting having been principally confined to the east side of the village between Bland's dragoons and the MacPhersons.[2] There must, however, have been some fighting on the other, for Lochgarry states that after the repulse of Bland's two squadrons by Cluny, "they sent a stronger body to attack us both, which came directly up to us, and it being then quite dark, they coming very close to us, we only heard the noise of their boots, and could plainly discern their yellow belts. We first received their full fire, which did us little damage. We immediately gave them ours, and then attacked them sword in hand, and obliged them to retreat with considerable loss."[3]

The loss on the Hanoverian side was officially given as forty killed and wounded; the killed being six men of Bland's, three of Cobham's, and one of Kerr's;[4] another of Bland's troopers died from the effects of his wounds some time later, making eleven deaths in all. Colonel Honeywood, described by a Highland prisoner as "the lang man in the muckle boots," slipped as he was crossing a dyke and was immediately cut down by the MacPhersons, but escaped with three severe wounds on the head and the loss of his sword, which Cluny carried off as a trophy. Colonel East and Cornets Owen and Hamilton were also among the wounded. Of the Prince's men, five only were slain outright, but many were taken prisoners as they straggled off the field in the mirk and gloom of that December night. The Jacobite officers were particularly fortunate, none of them receiving a scratch except Lochgarry, who got a slight wound on the knee. Lord George himself, although in the thick of the fight, was un-

[1] Narrative of one of the MacPherson officers, quoted by the Duke of Atholl in his "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 117–118.

[2] *Vide* Cluny's narrative in Home's "History." Appendix xxxiv.

[3] Lochgarry's narrative, confirmed also by MacPherson of Strathmashie.

[4] Confirmed by the parish register of Clifton, quoted by Chancellor Ferguson.

touched, but the paint of Glenbucket's targe "was clear'd in two or three places with the Enemy's Bullets, and indeed," he writes, "they were so thick about me that I felt them hott about my head, and I thought some went thro' my hair, which was about two insh long, my bonett having falen off." The victory, such as it was, undoubtedly rested with the Prince's small force. Lord George Murray had secured a safe retreat to Penrith, which was his principal object; inflicted considerable injury upon Cumberland's crack cavalry regiments, and intimidated the Duke's officers to such an extent that they feared to follow the retiring Highlanders. Naturally, Cumberland, in his report of the occurrence to the Duke of Newcastle, claimed the advantage. He had, he wrote, driven the "rebels'" rear-guard out of Clifton in an hour with a very small loss; excusing himself for not having continued the pursuit by stating, that, "As it was quite dark before the skirmish was over, we were obliged to remain contented with the ground we had gained."[1]

As a matter of fact, he had *not* driven the Highlanders out of the village; on the contrary, Clifton had been held by Lord George Murray just as long as he thought advisable, and the march was continued to Penrith as if nothing had occurred, in the most leisurely manner possible and without the slightest sign of panic.

Upon his arrival in Penrith, Lord George found the Prince had already sent on the artillery train to Carlisle and was preparing to follow with the main body. "He seem'd very well pleas'd with what had hapned," and before setting out ordered Clanranald and Keppoch to take their regiments back as far as Lowther Bridge, so that the country people might think he intended to engage the Duke. The Highland army left Penrith about eight o'clock that night and entered Carlisle about nine the next morning December 19th, the rear-guard having "marched t(w)o days without resting from Kendal to Penrith, which is a long 20 miles, and, without halt, 16 more on to Carlisle, all without sleep and very little provision;" yet Lochgarry says, "we bro't all the artillery safe and lost very few men at the attack at Clifton."

[1] In Record Office, London.

END OF VOL. II.

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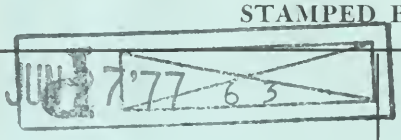

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