The Life and Adventures of: Prince Charles Edward Stuart

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CURIOUS PORTRAIT OF PRINCE CHARLES

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Charles P R

The LIFE & ADVENTURES *of* PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

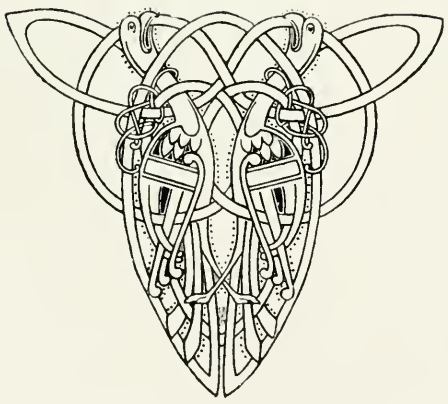
BY

W. DRUMMOND NORIE

AUTHOR OF "LOYAL LOCHABER," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS
MAPS AND FACSIMILES

IN FOUR VOLUMES—VOL. III



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MAPS

IN THE TEXT

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

CHAPTER I

"When I came next by merrie Carlisle,
O sad sad seem'd the town and eerie!
The auld, auld men came out and wept:
'O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie'?"

AT Carlisle the Prince found letters of an old date awaiting him from Lord John Drummond and Lord Strathallan; in the former he was asked, at the special request of the French king, to proceed with great caution, and if possible avoid a decisive engagement until the troops his Majesty promised should arrive. He had himself, Lord John continued, brought over sufficient men and artillery to reduce all the fortresses in Scotland, so that the ultimate success of the undertaking might be taken as assured. Lord Strathallan's letter was equally encouraging; it contained a most flattering report on the condition of the army at Perth which, his lordship stated, was even better than the one Charles then had under his command.[1]

As it was plain from the dates of the two letters that there had been great delay in their transmission, Charles quite expected that the Perth reinforcements would be by this time well on their way towards the borders,[2] and he hoped that in the course of a week or two he might be able to resume his campaign in England with a considerable accession of strength. Never for a single moment did he contemplate the abandonment of the march on London; he had consented unwillingly

[1] Maxwell of Kirkconnel.

[2] Charles had sent orders to Lord John Drummond either from Derby or shortly after leaving it, to the effect that he was to march south and join him with as little delay as possible.

to a temporary withdrawal of his army from the southern kingdom, but he had no intention of allowing it to remain for an indefinite period in Scotland, where it could serve no useful purpose, when there was so much yet to be done in England. Strong in his determination to return as soon as he could join forces with Lord John Drummond and the Perth contingent, Charles considered it advisable to leave a garrison in Carlisle to hold the town and citadel, and take charge of the heavy baggage and artillery, which he decided to leave behind. Maxwell of Kirkconnel says a council was held to decide the question, but this is doubtful, as Lord George Murray, who was strongly in favour of evacuating the town, reminded the Prince in a memorial which he drew up about three weeks later, with the consent of several of the principal officers, that "had a council of war been consulted as to leaving a Garrison at Carlisle, it would never have been agreed to, the place not being teneable, and so many brave men would not have been sacrifized, besides the reputation of His Royal Highness's arms." Evidently Charles thought the town was tenable, and his opinion was upheld by Thomas Lyddell, the adjutant of the Manchester Regiment, and by many others who had seen foreign service, and were competent to offer advice.

By the light of after events, the Prince's resolution to hold Carlisle is seen to have been a grave error of military judgment, but it is grossly unfair to charge him, as several writers have done, with the crime of deliberately sacrificing the lives of those gallant men who so bravely undertook the duty of defending the city against the might of Cumberland and his powerful army. So dangerous was the post known to be, that Charles, at first, found considerable difficulty in getting men to occupy it. The Manchester Regiment having no desire to cross the Border, was the only one willing to remain in garrison, the Scottish portion of the force being distinctly averse to the proposal. Many of the men were now anxious to get home to wife and weans, and the Highlanders were yearning with longing hearts for a glimpse of their native hills, from which they had been so long absent. The chiefs and officers were for the most part in sympathy with their men; they did not approve of the Prince's idea, and few among them were sanguine enough to anticipate an early resumption of the march southwards under more favourable conditions. The Duke of Perth was extremely unwilling to leave any of his retainers behind in such a perilous position, and asked Charles why so few of the Atholl men were not desired to stay. This remark seems to have nettled Lord George, who was present, and he at once volunteered to remain with the Atholl Brigade if the Prince

should order him to do so, "though," as he afterwards writes, "I knew my fate."

In the end, the matter was settled, and a garrison of about four hundred men was made up, consisting of two companies of the Duke of Perth's, one of Lord Ogilvy's, one of Glenbucket's, one of Roy Stuarts, one of Artillery, the Manchester Regiment, and a few men from the clan regiments who had probably received wounds at Clifton, and were unable to march with their more fortunate comrades, the whole being placed under the command of Colonel John Hamilton, whose appointment as Governor of the Castle was confirmed. Colonel Strickland was also unable to proceed to Scotland with the Prince; he was suffering from a severe attack of dropsy, and had to remain in the city under the medical charge of a kind-hearted Roman Catholic gentleman, Mr. Salkeld,[1] who claimed some distant relationship with the Sizergh family. When, on December 30th, the Jacobite garrison capitulated to Cumberland, Strickland was taken prisoner with the other unfortunates, but more lucky than they, death came gently to his aid, and rescued him from the horrors of the scaffold.

The story of the surrender is soon told. Cumberland spent the night of the skirmish at Clifton in the house of Thomas Savage, the Quaker, whilst his army bivouacked on the open moor; the following day he proceeded to Penrith, and waited there for his infantry to come up. On the 21st he marched with the whole of his forces in three columns towards Carlisle, which he closely invested. His first impression of the citadel was not apparently a very flattering one; he called it "*An old hen coop*, which he would speedily bring down about their ears when he should have got artillery." Hen coop or not, his own guns were too small to effect a breach, and he had to wait until the 28th for the six 18-pounders he had ordered from Whitehaven, before he could carry out his threat.

The Prince's garrison meanwhile did all that could be done to strengthen the defences of the town and castle, and a vigorous fire was directed upon the various parties of the Duke's soldiers who were engaged in preparing earthworks for the cannon. Colonel Townley bravely determined to defend the town to the last, and when later Hamilton proposed a surrender, he is said to have exclaimed angrily "that it was better to die by the sword than fall into the hands of those damned

[1] Mr. Salkeld, who belonged to the ancient family of Corby Castle, was disgracefully treated by Cumberland when Carlisle was retaken. He was imprisoned for some months in Carlisle jail without trial, by order of this arbitrary tyrant.

Hanoverians." Far better indeed would it have been had the whole garrison upheld the gallant English colonel's determination, and elected to die sword in hand instead of suing for terms from a heartless tyrant in whose soul the gentle quality of mercy had no place. Remembering, however, the generous consideration with which the Prince had treated the Hanoverian defenders of Carlisle under Colonel Durand, when the city fell into his hands, it was not unnatural that the Jacobite officers should expect a similiar leniency on the Duke's part.

Every one knew that resistance could not be prolonged beyond a few days ; all food supplies had been cut off ; heavy cannon threatened annihilation from the newly-erected batteries, and every hour that passed seemed to bring with it fresh reinforcements for the enemy. In spite of the treaty with France, one thousand of Wade's Dutch auxiliaries appeared on the scene and commenced to throw up a battery at Stanwix Bank, from which many shells were thrown into the fortress. On Saturday the 28th, and Sunday the 29th, the fire from Cumberland's artillery was almost incessant ; ramparts and earthworks were demolished, guns dismounted, and the walls so badly damaged that one at least was seen to totter.

Hamilton, believing it useless to struggle any longer against his powerful antagonist, decided to capitulate, and he despatched a messenger with a letter to the Duke offering to surrender the town on the condition that the garrison should be allowed the usual privileges as prisoners of war ; another letter was also sent at the same time by Captain Sir F. Geoghegan, an officer in the French service, to the commander of the Dutch troops, demanding his withdrawal from the field under the terms of the capitulation of Tournay. To neither of these communications would the imperious Duke vouchsafe an answer. He gave orders that the messenger should be bound and detained in custody, and proceeded to erect another battery of three 18-pounders to complete the work of destruction. By the morning of the 30th the new guns were in position, but at the first discharge from the old battery the discomfited and exhausted garrison, dismayed at the sight of this fresh display of strength, hung out the white flag of surrender, and shouted over the walls that they were ready to exchange hostages at the English gate.

To this proposal the Duke replied by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Conway, that he would "make no exchange of hostages with Rebels" and desired to know what was meant by the white flag? To the French officer, "if there is one in the town," he had the lying effrontery to state

in writing "there are no Dutch troops here, but enough of the King's to chastise the Rebels, and those who dare to give them any assistance."

Two hours later Colonel Hamilton, on behalf of the beleaguered garrison, despatched a courteously worded letter to the Duke, asking what terms he would grant if the city and castle surrendered, to which Cumberland coldly replied, "All the terms his R. Highness will or can grant to the rebel garrison of Carlisle, are—That they shall not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the King's pleasure."

With this crumb of comfort the garrison had to be content; it was, as the Highlanders would have said in their native Gaelic, *Da dhiu gun aon roghainn* (Two evils without a choice), and in their ignorance of Hanoverian ideas of justice, they chose what they considered the most hopeful alternative. The surrender was therefore agreed upon, and about four o'clock in the afternoon Hamilton's official capitulation was in the hands of Cumberland. Shortly afterwards Brigadier Bligh with 1000 foot and 120 horse entered the town, and after taking over the arms and military stores of its late defenders, placed the entire Jacobite garrison, consisting of 397 individuals, under lock and key. The officers were confined in the castle, and the common men were secured in the Cathedral, greatly to the indignation of the clergy, who protested in vain against such a gross misuse of the sacred edifice.

Had it not been for his fear of reprisals Cumberland would have willingly massacred the whole of his prisoners in cold blood; his letter to the Duke of Newcastle, dated from Black Hall on the day of the capitulation, leaves no room for doubt on this point.

"I wish," he writes, "I could have blooded the soldiers with these Villains, but it would have cost us many a brave man, and it comes to the same end, as they have no sort of claim to the King's mercy, and I sincerely hope will meet with none."[1] His cruel hope was fully justified. On January 10th, the wretched prisoners, disarmed and fettered, were dragged from their places of incarceration in the city; the officers were placed on horseback, and their legs tied under the horses' bellies, their arms being so tightly bound with ropes that they could only manage to hold the reins with the greatest difficulty; each horse was fastened to the tail of the one in front. The common men were made to walk two abreast, with arms pinioned, a long rope passing between them, to which every man was attached, the end being held by a mounted dragoon. In this miserable manner, driven like a herd of cattle; goaded by every species of abuse which their captors could invent; cursed and ill-used if they fainted

[1] Extract from letter in Record Office, London.

by the way from exhaustion and fatigue; jeered at by country yokels who would have run at the sight of an unsheathed claymore, the unlucky Jacobites, first fruits of Cumberland's bloody vengeance, were hurried out of Carlisle and marched through hostile villages and towns, where they were subjected to fresh insults, to the jails of Lancaster, Chester, and London, in which they lingered until the latter end of the summer, when most of the leading officers and many of the rank and file were tried, condemned, and sent to the shambles of Carlisle and Kennington Common, to suffer all the horrible brutalities which attended an execution for high-treason.[1] Seven prisoners, who were said to have deserted from Cope's army after Prestonpans, received short-shrift at the Duke's hands; they were tried by court-martial and summarily hanged with four others at Harraby.[2]

For a few days Cumberland occupied the rooms in Mr. Highmore's house which had so recently sheltered his princely rival, but the quiet old cathedral city had no attractions for a man of his kidney; so after he had placed the mayor, Mr. Backhouse, and several of the citizens under arrest, made arrangements for the disposal of his prisoners, and hanged eleven of them, he shook the dust of Carlisle from his military boots, and hurried back to recount the details of his glorious victory to his august parents at St. James's, leaving the command of the army to General Hawley, of whom the best that can be said is, that he was a man after the Duke's own heart, brutal, coarse, and arrogant, a military martinet without the redeeming qualities of soldier-like ability and *verve* which distinguished his superior.

Charles, happily ignorant of the impending fate of his brave garrison, left Carlisle on his birthday, December 20th (O.S.),[3] and halted on the English side of the Esk, between Gretna and Longtown, until the whole of his forces were ready to cross. During the halt a discussion took place regarding the route to be taken, nothing having been decided on that point. Lord George Murray, whose opinion was specially asked for by the Prince, suggested that the army should be divided into two columns, one consisting of six battalions, of which he himself would take command, proceeding by way of Ecclefechan and Lockerbie to Moffat, where a feint could be made along the Edinburgh road, to make it appear that the capital was again to be occupied, this done he would be able to make

[1] Interesting details concerning the prisoners are given by the Duke of Atholl in his "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine."

[2] Particulars of the siege of Carlisle are mostly taken from Mounsey, who quotes Ray and others as his authorities. Ray gives full transcripts of the letters and terms of capitulation.

[3] December 31st (New Style).

his way to Douglas, and continue the march through Hamilton to Glasgow; the Prince meanwhile following with the other, which would comprise the clan regiments and most of the cavalry, by Annan, Dumfries, Drumlanrig, Douglas, and Hamilton. "This," Lord George says, "was immediately agreed to, so I pass'd the water. We were a hundred men abreast, and it was a very fine show. The water was big and took most of the men past the middle. When I was near cross the river I believe there were near two thousand men in the water at once. There was nothing seen but their heads and shoulders, but there was no danger, for we had caused try the water & the ford was good, & Highlanders will pass a water where horses will not, which I have often seen. . . . "I was," he adds, "this day in my Pheilybeg (*feilebeag*), that is to say without Britches . . . . & nothing encourag'd the men more than seeing their officers dress'd like themselves & ready to shear their feat."

Although the Esk was in full spate, with a swift current running, and at least four feet deep where the crossing was made, there were no casualties, unless we may credit the Chevalier Johnstone's story, that, "a few girls, determined to share the fortunes of their lovers, were the only persons who were carried away by the rapidity of the stream." One man was like to have perished in the flood, but Charles, who happened to be passing near the spot on horseback, seized him by the hair, and shouted out in Gaelic, *Cobhair! Cobhair!* (Help! help!) until others came to his assistance, and rescued the poor fellow from his perilous position.

Upon gaining the Scottish side of the river fires were lighted to dry the wet clothes of the men, the pipers struck up a lively reel, and the Highlanders, delighted at treading once again the soil of *Albainn nam buadh* (victorious Albyn), danced with the greatest animation until their sodden kilts were dry again.[1]

The two columns were now divided, and took the routes agreed upon, Charles marching to Annan, where he found quarters for the night in the Buck Inn,[2] whilst Lord George proceeded to Ecclefechan and from thence continued his way, without any incident of importance occurring, to Glasgow, at which place he arrived a day before the Prince.

Leaving Annan at ten o'clock on the morning of the 21st, Charles

[1] This is the incident described by Lady Nairne in her stirring song, "Wi' a hundred pipers an a', an a'," but with a wide departure from historic accuracy she reverses the actual story, and makes it appear that the Highlanders were crossing the Esk in their triumphant advance to Carlisle, instead of on their enforced retreat.

[2] The local belief is that the Prince slept at the inn, but supped with Provost Williamson.

followed the more westerly road to Dumfries, whither he had been preceded the previous night by Lord Elcho and a detachment of horse, about 400 strong. There was perhaps no town in Scotland more opposed to Jacobite interests than Dumfries, certainly there was no place where religious intolerance of High Church doctrines was stronger, or Whig principles more pronounced. The appropriation by the burgh authorities of the thirty baggage-waggons which the Duke of Atholl had been obliged to leave behind at Lockerbie, was a direct act of hostility against the Prince, and Charles was quite within his right in demanding restitution or adequate monetary compensation. Cumberland would in a

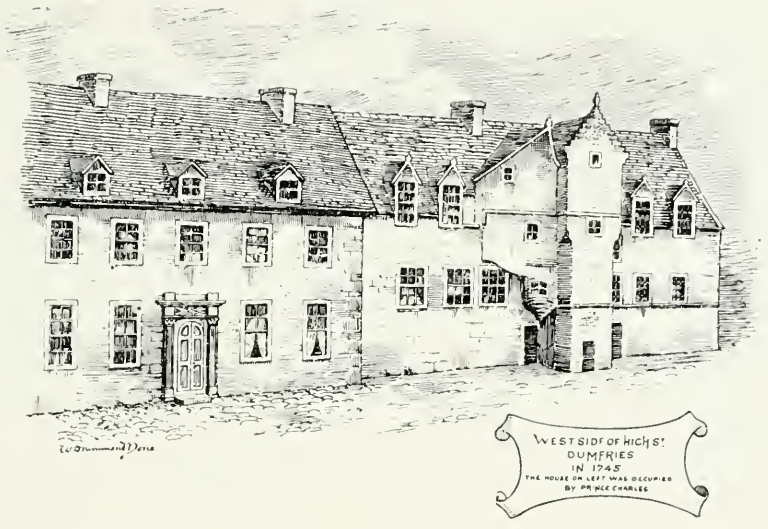
BUCK HOTEL, ANNAN

similar case have hanged a few bailies and burnt the town, but Charles contented himself with a milder and more humane form of punishment by levying a fine of £2000 upon the recalcitrant citizens, which was raised by an assessment of three per cent. upon the capital value of "houses and buildings and goods, wares, merchandise, household furniture, and oyr perishable stuff in the burgh at the time of the aforesaid demand." [1]

The house selected for the Prince's use was a fine old mansion belonging to Mr. Richard Lowthian, of Stafford Hall, Cumberland, stand-

[1] Several particulars of the Prince's stay in Dumfries are taken from a paper by Mr. J. W. Whitelaw, entitled "Some Incidents in Nithsdale during the Jacobite Rising of 1745," printed in the *Transactions of the Dumfriesshire and Galloway Natural History and Antiquarian Society for* 1894-95.

ing on the west side of the High Street,[1] next to the house in which Sir Robert Grierson of Lag spent the latter years of his life. Richard Lowthian was known to be well affected to the Jacobite cause, and he willingly placed his residence at the Prince's disposal, but he did not deem it prudent to come personally in contact with his Royal Highness during his stay. To give his wife, upon whom the duties of hospitality devolved, a plausible excuse for her husband's absence, he adopted the ingenious and original plan of getting so filled up with liquor, that his presence among the distinguished company gathered under his roof was made impossible. Mrs. Lowthian therefore did the honours of the



house, a pleasant task, in which she was gladly assisted by the ladies Dalzell of Carnwath,[2] and some other fair Jacobite dames from the neighbourhood. As a small acknowledgment for the kindness he had received, Charles presented his hostess with his portrait and a pair of leather gloves of so fine a texture that they could be drawn through her ring; both of these interesting souvenirs, together with the hangings of the bed on which the "bonnie" Prince slept, are still religiously preserved by some of the present descendants of the family.

Considering the very great provocation their leader had received from

[1] Now the Commercial Hotel.

[2] The Earldom was under attainder for the share taken by the Earl in the rising of 1715. The ladies Dalzell brought with them some table linen for the Prince's use which still remains in careful preservation.

the people of Dumfries, the Highlanders cannot be charged with an excessive abuse of power during their brief occupation of the town. There was, naturally, a good deal of pilfering, and some damage may have been done to property, but there is no record, even among Whig accounts, of any personal injury being inflicted. James Fergusson, younger of Craigdarroch,[1] Commissioner to the Duke of Queensberry, writing to his Grace under date December 28th, 1745, says, "At Dumfries they behaved very rudely, strip'd everybody almost of their shoes, obliged the town to give them £1000 and a considerable quantity of shoes, and carried away Provost Crosbie and Mr. Walter Riddell, merchants, as hostages for £1000 more, which was yesterday sent them to relieve these gentlemen."

Leaving Dumfries on the morning of Monday, December 23rd,[2] Charles having announced in a general order to his army that the French King had promised to assist the cause with a large body of troops, marched with his column of Highlanders to Thornhill, where quarters were found for some of the men, the greater number accompanying the Prince to Drumlanrig Castle, the splendid seat of the Duke of Queensberry, which had been requisitioned by Murray of Broughton for his master's use. From Commissioner Fergusson's report to the Duke we learn that the Prince's followers, remembering how one of his Grace's ancestors had assisted William of Orange to usurp the throne of the Stuarts, and how another had materially aided the Government in bringing about the Union, treated their noble host's mansion and its contents with scant consideration. "When they came here," he writes, "they laid straw the whole rooms for the private men to lye on, except your Grace's bed-chamber (where their Prince lay), and a few rooms more. They killed about 40 sheep, part of your Grace's, and part of mine, most of them in the vestibule next the low dining-room and the foot of the principal stair, which they left in a sad pickle, as they did indeed the whole house. Under the gallery they keep'd several of their horses which they made a shift to get up the front stair. They have destroyed all the spirits and most of the wine in your Grace's cellars, . . . a good deal of hay and what corn they could get, all my ale and spirits and other provisions. They have broken several chairs and tables, melted down a good deal of pewter by setting it upon the fire with their victuals, carried away a good deal of linen and several

[1] The eldest son of "Bonnie Annie Laurie."

[2] Mr. Blaikie is in error in giving the 22nd, as the night spent by the Prince at Drumlanrig Castle. Commissioner Fergusson's letter makes it quite clear that it was the night of December 23rd that the Highlanders were in the castle, a statement which is corroborated by Goodwillie (*vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 192). I make the dates, Drumlanrig, December 23rd, Douglas Castle, 24th, Hamilton, 25th and 26th, and arrival at Glasgow either late in the afternoon of the 26th, or on the morning of the 27th.—W. D. N.

other things, which I have not time to know particularly. . . . They would have done much more mischief, as the servants tell me—at least plundered the whole house—had not the Duke of Perth stayed till most of them were gone. He took sheets and blankets from several who were carrying them off, and returned them to the servants. . . . May God grant there may never again be any such guests here." Continuing his narrative on January 7th, Mr. Fergusson informs the Duke that, "they" (the High-

DRUMLANRIG CASTLE

Photo, WILSON, *Aberdeen*

landers), "have quite defaced several of the pictures in the gallery by throwing a liquid of some kind or other upon them."

It has been frequently stated that a portrait of William of Orange was slashed by the Highlanders' claymores, the marks of which ill-usage, it is said, can still be seen. Fergusson would certainly have mentioned such serious damage had it occurred, but he merely refers to some slight injury, and the Duke in his reply of January 21st, expresses satisfaction that no greater harm was done. "I suppose," he writes, "King William's picture would not fail of bearing particular marks of their displeasure, but I am glad they have not defaced the pictures with their broadswords."[1]

[1] This correspondence is to be found in Mr. Whitelaw's interesting paper.

From Drumlanrig the Prince proceeded through picturesque Nithsdale and the wild district of Leadhills to the ancient castle of Douglas, where he spent the night of the 24th, his men occupying the villages of Sanquhar and Wanlockhead. The sight of the fine old sword which had once belonged to that doughty warrior and Crusader "Good" Sir James Douglas, excited the cupidity of the Highlanders, and the weapon was coolly appropriated for the Prince's service, used at Falkirk and Culloden, and after-

HAMILTON PALACE

wards restored to its rightful owner with a fresh halo of romance surrounding its trusty blade.

On the 25th (Christmas Day), the march was continued to Hamilton, Lord Elcho with a body of cavalry going on to Glasgow to take possession of the city and make arrangements for the accommodation of the Prince's army. Hay of Restalrig, who accompanied this detachment, was authorised to demand from Provost Buchanan (Cochrane's successor), quarters for the whole force in the churches, meeting-places, and other public buildings, and also to notify that a considerable sum of money would be required from the city, together with a large contribution of food and clothing.

The same day Lord George Murray arrived with his column, and on

the following afternoon,[1] Charles, who had taken advantage of his stay at Hamilton Palace to enjoy a morning's sport among the well-stocked ducal preserves of Cadzow and Chatelherault, entered the city and took up his abode in Shawfield House, Trongate,[2] one of the finest and most commodious houses in Glasgow, which had been built in the year 1712, by Daniel Campbell, M.P. for the city, and was described in 1745 as "the great and stately lodging, orchyard and garden belonging to Colonel William M'Dowall of Castle Semple."

It is recorded among the local traditions of the period that the Prince was escorted to his new quarters by the whole of his army, which had been specially mustered for the purpose, and that in order to disguise its weakness the men were marched in at the front gate, through the gardens and out at the rear into the Back Cow Loan (now Ingram Street), from whence they made their way again into the Trongate, when the same manœuvre was repeated. The ruse might have succeeded had not some of the more observant spectators noticed the badges in the Highlanders' bonnets and the colours of their tartans, so that when these appeared again after a brief interval suspicions were aroused, and the trick was soon discovered. One who counted the Prince's men as they passed made the number 3600 foot and 500 horse, 600 of the infantry having no arms, and many sick and wounded. Dougal Graham, in his quaint metrical history of the rising, thus describes the condition of the Highlanders as they entered Glasgow:—

"The shot was rusted in the gun,
Their swords from scabbards would not win,
Their count'nance fierce as a wild bear,
Out o'er their eyes hung down their hair;
Their very thighs red-tannèd quite,
But yet as nimble as they'd been white;
Their beards were turned black and brown,
The like was ne'er seen in that town!
Some of them did bare-footed run,
Minded no mire or stony groun';
But when shav'n, drest and cloth'd again,
They turned to be like other men."

[1] Lord George says he arrived in Glasgow on the 25th, and the Prince on the day following. Gib, on the other hand, states that Charles reached Hamilton on the 25th, and spent the 26th hunting in the neighbourhood. Goodwillie's diary bears this out, viz., "Wednesday 25th.—Marched for Hamilton, where we sojourned Thursday 26th. Fryday 27th.—Marched for Glasgow." It is probable that Charles himself after spending the forenoon of the 26th in the enjoyment of his favourite pastime, went on to Glasgow in the afternoon, leaving Goodwillie and some of his staff to follow him on the 27th. Provost Cochrane, Maxwell of Kirkconnell, and the *London Gazette*, all confirm Lord George Murray.

[2] Shawfield House stood on the north side of the Trongate, where that thoroughfare is now intersected by Glassford Street, facing Stockwell Street. It was surrounded on the north and west sides by a fine garden and orchard, and had a back entrance leading into the Back Cow Loan, now Ingram Street.

Tattered, torn, and unkempt, with the natural fierceness of their features considerably enhanced by great masses of uncombed hair and beards of abnormal length, the Gaelic soldiers of the Prince's army in their ragged kilts and worn-out plaids must have presented a curious spectacle to the douce, well-dressed, business-like citizens of St. Mungo, who crowded to their windows in the Trongate and other places of vantage to see the strange procession pass. It was no peaceful pageant of civic display upon which they gazed, no showy military parade or state function with a wealth of glittering uniforms and strains of enlivening music; here was but little pageantry, and the only music to be heard was the shrill skirl of the war-pipes and the clash of weapons; here were no gorgeously-clad functionaries or well-drilled troops, but instead, a throng of uncouth, wild-looking men in quaint garb all travel-stained and torn, straggling in loose formation over the rough causeway stones at the heels of a young lad of distinguished mien and princely bearing, whom they called in their guttural native speech *Prionnsa Tearlach*. Many were the anxious glances cast upon that moving host of gaunt, stern-visaged Highlanders from window, roof, and balcony, and many were the fears expressed regarding the grave possibilities of the future for the city and its inhabitants. Glasgow had indeed every reason to dread a Jacobite occupation, and the reprisals which might be expected to follow. Her citizens had entirely ignored the Prince's pretensions, and contumaciously disregarded his call for volunteers; her magistrates, in the firm belief that the Jacobite rising was foredoomed to failure, had strenuously opposed payment of the £15,000 demanded by Charles in his letter from Leckie House, and it was only under a threat of military execution enforced by MacGregor claymores that the paltry amount of £5500 had with difficulty been wrung from them.

To make matters worse, Glasgow had not remained satisfied with an attitude of even unfriendly neutrality to the Prince's cause, but had tried to injure it in every possible way; and, to fill up the cup of her iniquities, had, in conjunction with the neighbouring town of Paisley, raised a body of nearly 700 men for the Elector's service.[1] This regiment of shopkeepers, fearing the consequences of a collision with the Highlanders, had marched off to Stirling upon the first news of the Prince's retiral, and after remaining there more than a week went on to Edinburgh, where it was now under the safe protection of the castle garrison, while the wealthy western city remained entirely defenceless.

For these and her other political crimes Glasgow, from a Jacobite

[1] Glasgow raised 500, and Paisley 160. *London Gazette*, January 7th, 1745. These volunteers were placed under the command of the Earl of Home; they marched first to Stirling on December 12th, and went on to Edinburgh on the 24th by water from Borrowstounness (Bo'ness) to Leith.

point of view, merited the severest punishment, and the Highlanders were quite ready, and more than willing, to inflict it; the sneers and sarcastic comments of the crowd regarding their appearance, although but partially understood by the rank and file, still further irritated and exasperated them, and they grew more and more fretful, until at last in a burst of wrathful indignation they threatened to burn and sack the city. If we may credit tradition, most of the Highland officers were in favour of this course, and it is said the threat would have been quickly carried into action, had not Lochiel refused his consent, and given his colleagues to understand, that rather than associate himself with so barbarous an act he would withdraw his clan and return with them to Lochaber. For this service Lochiel is believed to have received the thanks of the municipal authorities, who promised that whenever the chief of Clan Cameron chose to visit Glasgow the city bells should ring out a welcome.

Although the Glaswegians were fortunate enough to escape the worst penalty of their disloyalty to the House of Stuart, they did not escape punishment altogether, for no sooner had Charles settled himself comfortably in their midst than a peremptory order was sent, by his command, to the Provost for 12,000 linen shirts, 6000 cloth short coats, 6000 pairs of shoes, 6000 pairs of hose, 6000 waistcoats, and 6000 bonnets, to be supplied with all despatch, for the use of his army. With the enemy within their gates, the magistrates wisely recognised the futility of making any attempt to resist the Prince's demands, and within a week most of the clothing was to be seen decorating the persons of the Highlanders. This order cost the town £3556, 10s. 9½d., which, added to the £5500 previously paid, made up the respectable amount of over £9000.[1]

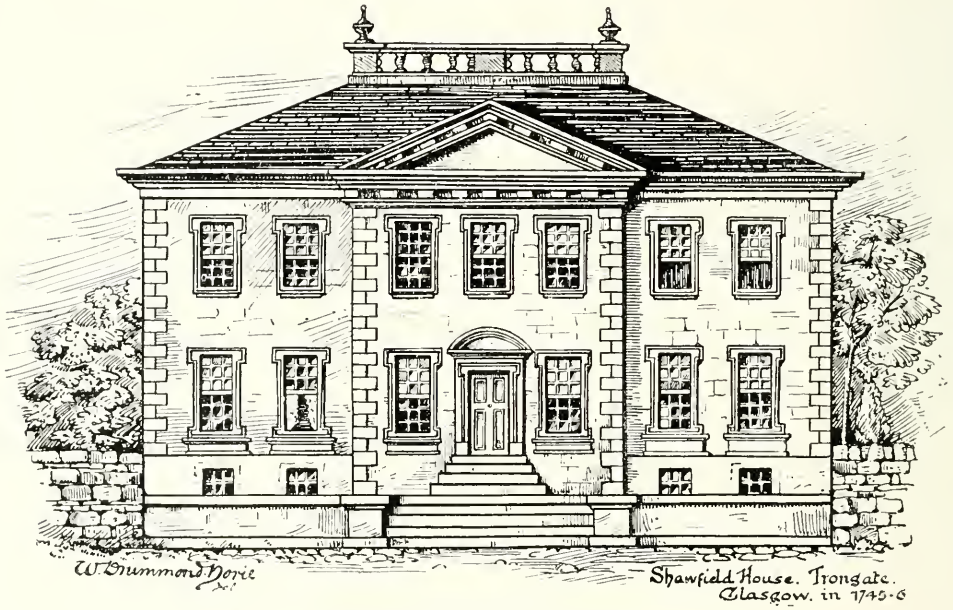
While the re-equipment of his army was proceeding, Charles remained at Shawfield House, which became at once the centre of attraction for all the Jacobite families in the neighbourhood; informal receptions were daily held at which the Prince appeared most handsomely attired either in Highland costume of fine silk tartan with crimson velvet breeches, or in English court dress with the ribbon, star, and insignia of the Garter.[2]

Twice a day he ate in public with a few of his principal officers at a table spread in the small drawing-room, his wants being assiduously ministered to by a small band of devoted Jacobite ladies, who gladly welcomed this opportunity of showing their loyalty to the cause. It is almost certain that Miss Clementina Walkinshaw was one of the fair

[1] The amount of £10,000 was paid to the city of Glasgow by the Government in 1749 as compensation for the Jacobite exactions.

[2] Gib says, "*N.B.*—The prince dressed more elegantly when in Glasgow than he did in any other place whatsomever."

Glasgow lassies who waited upon the Prince at Shawfield House,[1] and it is more than probable that it was there that arrangements were made for a future meeting at Bannockburn. This lady, who was destined by Fate to play so important a part in the after career of Prince Charles, was a daughter of John Walkinshaw of Barrowfield, by his wife Catherine Paterson, daughter of Sir Hugh Paterson of Bannockburn. Both of Clementina's parents came of good Jacobite stock; her father, who was one of the old Scottish manorial barons, tracing descent from the hereditary Foresters



SHAWFIELD HOUSE, GLASGOW

From an old Print

of the High Steward of Scotland in Renfrewshire,[2] had been *out* for King James in 1715,[3] and her maternal relatives, the Patersons and Erskines, were equally staunch adherents of the House of Stuart. One sister, Catherine, had, however, ignored the family traditions, and taken

[1] *Vide* "St. Mungo's Bells."

[2] Quoted by the Sobieski Stuarts in "Tales of the Century," from "Rede's Anecdotes," London, 1799.

[3] John Walkinshaw was taken prisoner at Sheriffmuir and confined in Stirling Castle; he escaped to the Continent, and is believed to have had a hand in effecting the escape of the Princess Sobieski from Innsbruck. It has been stated, on what authority I am unable to discover, that his daughter Clementina was born in Rome, and the Queen, out of gratitude for Mr. Walkinshaw's services, stood godmother to the child, who was in consequence named after her. The story appears quite reasonable.—W. D. N.

service in the household of Frederick, eldest son of George the Second, the titular Prince of Wales, where she was highly esteemed, and often familiarly addressed as "our faithful Walky." Clementina, at the time of Charles' stay in Glasgow, was a handsome, aristocratic-looking girl of twenty, living with her parents at Camlachie House, a substantial well-built mansion, which John Walkinshaw had erected in the eastern suburb of that name, about the year 1720, to provide accommodation for his growing family. Although probably born in Glasgow, Miss Walkinshaw had paid many visits to her sister in London: she knew that city well, and

HOUSE IN GALLOWGATE, GLASGOW, IN WHICH CLEMENTINA WALKINSHAW IS SAID TO HAVE BEEN BORN. IT WAS LATER TENANTED BY GENERAL WOLFE

Photo by Mr. H. V. Whitelaw

was quite familiar with court etiquette and the manners of fashionable society. In a mysterious letter, written in the year 1760, from Boulogne, she says, "Before 1745 I lived in London in great plenty, was between that and 1747 undone. . . . I was bred to business about White Hall . . ." What this young Scottish lady was doing in White Hall it is impossible to say, but we may infer from the other part of her letter that her *amour* with the Prince commenced in 1746, and that either in Glasgow, or at Bannockburn a week later, she consented to become his mistress.

By Thursday, January 2nd, the Highland army was again ready to

take the field ; nearly all the clothing demanded from the city authorities had been delivered, stores of food and other necessaries had been added to the almost exhausted commissariat, a few recruits had been enlisted,[1] and the men, refreshed and strengthened by their week's rest, were in the best of spirits and fit for anything. Reinforcements were now daily expected, and Charles having no longer any need for concealing the weakness of his force, "was not unwilling to let the world see with what a handful of men he had penetrated into England, and returned almost without any loss. It was, indeed a very extraordinary expedition, whether we consider the boldness of the undertaking or the conduct in the execution."[2]

Several minor parades had already been made for the purpose of proclaiming King James, and almost every day a detachment of Highlanders marched along the Westergate, up Cow Loan, and then, proceeding eastwards by the Back Cow Loan, dispersed to their quarters in the Stockwell[3] and other places in the vicinity of the Prince's quarters ; but on January 2nd, Charles decided to hold a general review of his whole army on Glasgow Green.[4] "We marched out," says Captain Daniel, the Lancashire volunteer, "with drums beating, colours flying, bagpipes playing, and all the marks of a triumphant army, to the appointed ground, attended by multitudes of people, who had come from all parts to see us, and especially the ladies, who, though formerly much against us, were now charmed by the sight of the Prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty.

"I am somewhat at a loss," the gallant captain continues, "to give a description of the Prince as he appeared at the review. No object could be more charming, no personage more captivating, no deportment more agreeable than his at that time was ; for, being well mounted and princely attired, having all the best endowments of both body and mind, he appeared to bear a sway above any comparison with the heroes of the last age ; and the majesty and grandeur he displayed were truly noble and divine."[5] This may be the overdrawn portrait of a devoted partisan, but even the indifferent Glasgow merchants saw something noble and princely in the aspect of the Jacobite leader, although they professed afterwards, that they had observed an expression of melancholy and

[1] Ray gives the number of recruits as sixty, but Ex-Provost Cochrane says "only one drunken shoemaker enlisted."

[2] Maxwell of Kirkconnell. Lord George Murray estimated the loss from all causes at forty men.

[3] Lord George Murray and many of the other officers had their quarters here.

[4] According to a Glasgow tradition, the review was held on the south-east part of the Green, known as the Fleshers' Haugh, and until within quite recent times the thorn tree, near which the Prince stood, was pointed out to visitors. I am afraid no trace of this historic tree now exists.—W. D. N.

[5] Quoted by Chambers.

dejection on the Prince's face, as if some foreboding of the terrible disaster in store for him, weighed heavily upon his mind.

The review passed off without incident, but as Charles was returning to his quarters along the Saltmarket, some excited individual among the crowd snapped a pistol at him;[1] either the miscreant's aim was bad or the weapon missed fire, for no harm was done, and the Prince for the second time within a month had to thank Providence for a lucky escape from assassination.

During the absence of the Prince in England his partisans in Scotland,

GLASGOW FROM THE SOUTH ABOUT THE PERIOD OF THE '45

From SLEZER'S *Theatrum Scotiæ*

encouraged by the glowing reports of fresh successes gained by the Jacobite army as it drew nearer and nearer the metropolis, continued their work of enlisting recruits with renewed energy. The opportune arrival of Lord John Drummond at Montrose on Monday, November 25th,[2] with a force of 800 men from France, spurred them to even greater efforts, for it now appeared certain that the French king had at last determined to throw off the mask of diplomacy and openly lend his powerful assistance to further the Prince's undertaking. Many staunch but cautious adherents

[1] Uncorroborated tradition given by Chambers.

[2] He came over in a French frigate *Le Fine*, and landed at the back of the Ness on the night of November 25th. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. pp. 18–21.

of King James, who had hitherto held aloof from any active participation in the rising because they could see no possible chance of its success, were in this belief emboldened to gird on their weapons and take their places in the ranks of the army assembled at Perth, which every day grew larger and larger.

Lord John's first act after the disembarkation of his troops had been completed was to issue a printed manifesto, notifying that by virtue of a command from His Most Christian Majesty he had come to make war upon the Elector of Hanover and his adherents, and to attack all those who "will not immediately join or assist as far as will be in their Power, the Prince of Wales, Regent of Scotland, &ᶜᶜ His Ally: & whom he is resolved with the concurrence of the King of Spain to Support in the taking possession of Scotland, England, & Ireland, if necessary at the Expense of all Men & Money he is Master of, to which three Kingdoms the Family of Stewart has so just and indisputable a Title. . . ."[1] Following this, he despatched a drummer to Edinburgh with letters for General Guest, General Blakeney and Marshal Wade dated from Perth, December 6th, couched in the following terms:—

"As I am now in Scotland at the head of a Body of Troops belonging to the King of France, with written Orders from His Most Christian Majesty to make war against the King of England, Elector of Hanover, His Majesty has likewise ordered me to propose to your Excellency the Execution of the Cartell betwixt his troops in Scotland and them you have under your Command, upon the same footing as it is settled in Flanders, which will be an equal advantage on both sides. This will be remitted to your Excellency by a Drummer whom I hope you will be so good as to secure from the Dangers upon the road & forward him to General Wade, for whom he is the bearer of a letter for the Commanding Officer of the Dutch Troops."[2]

The letter contained a demand that all the Dutch auxiliaries should be at once withdrawn from service with the Elector's army in accordance with the terms of the capitulations of Tournay and Dendermonde, to which after much correspondence and negotiation the Count of Nassau found it advisable to yield. Wade, on his part, refused to receive the letter addressed to him, and sent it on to the Duke of Newcastle with a request for instructions.[3] Having thus made his position plain to the commanders of the Hanoverian forces, Lord John turned his attention to some of his old

[1] Dated Montrose, December 2nd, 1745.
[2] Copies sent on to the Duke of Newcastle by Lord Milton are in Record Office, London.
[3] *Vide* Appendix XXXVI. "Home's History."

friends whose aid in furthering the cause would be valuable. Lord Fortrose was one of these, and in a letter from Perth[1] he calls upon his lordship as an old acquaintance, to retrieve his character and past behaviour by immediately declaring that he had only awaited a reasonable appearance of success before joining the Prince's party. The Jacobite prospects, Lord John points out, were never more flourishing; "the Prince," he continues, "has got among his friends in Wales, who are about 10,000, and will be shortly joined by the Duke of York and the Earl Marischall with a further force of 10,000 men." In proof of the latter assertion he had the Earl's letter to show.

"My Lord," Keith writes from Paris sometime in November,[2] "as I am now obliged to attend the Duke of York to England with a Body of French Troops, I desire that you will be so good as to see if Possible, or send word to ye People that Depend on me, or have any regard for me in Aberdeenshire or the Mearns, that are not with the Prince, that I expect that they will immediately rise in arms & make ye best figure they can in this affair, which cannot now fail to succeed; & that they will take from you, my Cousin German, Directions as to the manner they are to behave on this occasion.

"I am sorry that just now it is not in my power to head them myself, but as soon as the affair will be over I intend to go down to my native Country, and they may depend on my being always ready to do them whatsoever will be in my power." Fortrose, however, was not to be won over, and Lord John soon had the mortification of learning that his whilom friend had attached himself to the Hanoverian force under Lord Loudon.[3]

A few days before Lord John Drummond arrived at Montrose, the *Hazard* sloop of war, an English ship carrying 16 guns, 24 swivels, and 80 men, commanded by Captain Hill, entered Montrose harbour, cast anchor off Ferryden, and commenced a quite unprovoked bombardment of the town, none of the Jacobite force being then present within its walls. Not content with the performance of this unnecessary act of barbarism, Hill deliberately set fire to two merchant vessels, of fifty and thirty tons burden respectively, which were moored in the harbour, and burnt them to the water's edge; he next seized all the town guns from the fort, and having carried them on board a ship lying alongside the quay, he endeavoured

[1] Dated December 6th. *Vide* Letter in Appendix XXXV.

[2] This letter is dated "Paris, Novr. 1745," in Record Office, London.

[3] In spite of her husband's determination to throw in his lot with the Hanoverian party, Lady Fortrose managed to raise a few of the clan Mackenzie for the Prince's service.

with the assistance of some of the Whig townsmen to plan a scheme by which he might surprise a detachment of about 100 men of Lord Ogilvy's regiment, then stationed at Brechin, five miles away, "but," as the narrator of the incident[1] contemptuously observes, "he had not the resolution to execute it." The Ogilvy men were under the command of Captains Erskine and David Ferrier, who, when they heard of Hill's aggressive behaviour, determined he should pay dearly for it. They reached Montrose on Thursday night (the 21st), and took possession of the island of Inchbrayock, upon the south-west side of which the *Hazard* lay at anchor. A slight encounter took place on Friday morning when a boat full of men from the sloop were attempting to land at the pier,—one man was killed on the spot, another badly wounded, and the remainder taken prisoners. Hill retaliated by again firing upon the town and island, but fortunately without effect. On Saturday afternoon one of the French transports conveying a portion of Lord John Drummond's force was observed by Captain Erskine making for the harbour, upon which he hoisted a flag directing her how to approach. Hill, of course, had been watching the proceedings, and tried to lure the vessel to her doom by firing a gun as a decoy, but Erskine's signals had been understood by the French captain, and he ran his ship aground out of reach of danger, and landed the officers and guns where directed. Meanwhile Captain Ferrier had secured the vessel upon which Hill had placed the town guns, and having released her from her moorings, sailed her to the Fish Shore, and on Sunday afternoon carried four of the 6-pounders on to the Dial Hill under a heavy fire from the *Hazard*, which did some damage to the ship, but hurt no one. All Sunday night Ferrier poured a steady fire upon the Government sloop, his colleague Erskine assisting him as much as possible from the shore with volleys of musketry. By Monday morning Captain Hill had had enough of it, so he hoisted a flag of truce, and sent his brother and a lieutenant ashore to ask permission to go off with the "King's" ship, an impudent demand which was very naturally refused. After some further negotiations, Hill came ashore and surrendered himself a prisoner, with the whole of his crew, and the ship was taken over for the Prince's use.

In Aberdeenshire, Lord Lewis Gordon, the bluff sailor brother of the Duke of Gordon, had, since his return from Edinburgh on October 25th, been engaged in the task of trying to raise the Duke's tenantry for the Prince's service. That the task was one of considerable difficulty we learn from his lordship's letter to the Duke of Perth dated from Huntly Castle on October 28, 1745. "I have found," he writes, "both ye

[1] *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 18.

FARQUHARSON

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac 'ic Fhionnlaidh.* A sept of Clan Chattan

Badge—*Little Sunflower or Foxglove.* War Cry—"*Càrn na cuimhne*"

Gentlemen and ye Commonalite more Remiss than I expected, and I am Credibly informed by ye Prince's best friends y^t^ there slowness is chiefly owing to Vile Presbeterian Ministers who abuse ye Prince's goodness towards them by Inculcating a Parcell of Infamous Lyes into ye people's heads: to prevent a growing Evil which might in Time hurt the Common Cause I gave a written order to declare publickly to all ye Ministers in my Jurisdiction y^t^ if after ye day of my arrival they should dare to say anything in ye least disrepectful of his Royal Highness or any of his friends y^t^ I would punish them severely, and I am assured it will have ye Desired effect."[1]

The Duke of Gordon, although his sympathies were undoubtedly with the Stuarts, preferred to remain, outwardly at least, neutral. He was very ill at the time of his brother's visit,[2] a circumstance which enabled him to excuse himself from any active exertions either on one side or the other, and for the same reason he was able to refuse, without any appearance of political bias, his consent to an interview with Lord Lewis and his Jacobite friends. In spite, however, of the Duke's apathy and the preaching of the Presbyterian divines, Lord Lewis Gordon managed to raise two well-equipped regiments in the counties of Aberdeenshire and Banff, the command of which he gave to Moir of Stonywood and Gordon of Avochy, and he also assisted Francis Farquharson of Monaltrie in bringing out his men for the Prince.[3]

Monaltrie with his kinsman and neighbour, James Farquharson of Balmoral, had, it will be remembered, brought thirty of the clan to the Prince before the march into England, and both had returned to their homes to raise more men. The chief of *Clann Fhearchair* or *Fhionnlaidh* at this period was old John Farquharson of Invercauld, "*Fearchar Gaisgeach Liath*" (Farquhar, the grey-haired hero), who had acted as Lieutenant-Colonel to the Mackintosh battalion during the campaign of 1715. Having received a pardon from the English Government for his share in that unfortunate rising, he considered it his duty to refrain from any further act of hostility against the House of Hanover, and he not only refused to come *out* himself in 1745, a refusal which his great age sufficiently warranted, but he also strictly forbade his son James[4] to take the field with the other gentlemen of his clan. Owing to this cause many were deterred from joining the Prince's army, although the Farquharsons as a whole, in common with the rest of Clan Chattan, were "intensely Jacobite in their

[1] Letter in Record Office, London.

[2] *Vide* same letter.

[3] *Vide* Letter of the Duke of Atholl to Monaltrie in "Jacobite Correspondence of the Atholl Family."

[4] James Farquharson, younger of Invercauld, had accepted a subaltern's commission in the Black Watch, and was present at Prestonpans.

sympathies, as they had been thirty years before."[1] Balmoral was extremely annoyed at his chief's indifference. "I meet with such Difficultys," he remarks in a letter to Duke William of Atholl,[2] "from Invercald's Backwardness, & the bad Example given to the Neighbourhood, that wee can hardly gett our own men to obey, let alone Invercald's, without military execution." Continuing his letter he requests his Grace to "direct a full Company of Men here with a proper Officer to assist us in the execution of His Royal Highness's orders." The Duke accordingly wrote to Robertson of Struan, desiring him to send a hundred of his followers to assist in raising the Braemar men "with the utmost expedition,"[3] which Struan excused himself from doing on the grounds that the Prince had ordered him to hurry every available man forward to the army wherever it happened to be.[4] Eventually, with some assistance from Lord Lewis Gordon, the two gallant Farquharsons were able to raise a fine battalion of their clansmen, 300 strong, for service under the Prince's standard.

Of the other important branches of Clan Chattan, the MacPhersons under Cluny were already in the field with the *Bratach Uaine*, and had, as we have seen, taken their full share of the dangers and privations which attended the march to Derby and the retreat to Glasgow; but the Mackintoshes (*Clann an Toisich*), who in the person of their chief Angus (Æneas) disputed with Cluny the right to the chieftainship of Clan Chattan, were insufficiently prepared at the time Charles left Edinburgh to accompany their kinsmen to England. This dilatoriness on the part of the Mackintoshes was not due to any want of enthusiasm for the Prince's cause, but from the fact that their chief, having accepted a captain's commission in one of the newly raised companies of the Black Watch early in the year, did not feel himself justified, as Cluny had done, in transferring his services to the House of Stuart, although it is certain that at one time he contemplated such a course, a statement which is fully justified by his correspondence of the period.[5] With their leader in arms for the Hanoverian Government it was only natural that the principal men of the clan should have experienced some embarrassment before deciding upon their course of action, and it is probable that had it not

[1] "Historical Memoirs of the House and Clan of Mackintosh and of the Clan Chattan," by Mackintosh Shaw.

[2] "Jacobite Correspondence of the Atholl Family." Letter dated "Ballmorall, 11th Oct. 1745."

[3] *Ibid.* Letter dated "Dunkeld, Oct. 12th, 1745."

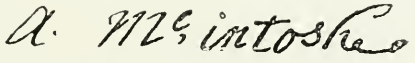
[4] *Ibid.* Letter dated "Carie, Oct. 14th, 1745."

[5] *Vide* his letter to Cluny dated "Inverness, 1st October 1745," printed in Mackintosh Shaw's "Historical Memoirs"; also letter from William, Duke of Atholl, dated "Blair Castle, October 7th, 1745"; see also "Gleanings from Cluny's Charter Chest," by Mr. Alexander MacPherson, F.S.A., Scot. Inverness, 1901.

LADY MACKINTOSH

From the Painting by A. Ramsay

been for the heroic example of their chief's brave wife, few if any of the Mackintoshes would have found their way into the ranks of the Prince's army. This remarkable woman was a daughter of John Farquharson of Invercauld by his third wife, Margaret, a daughter of Lord James Murray, son of the first Marquis of Atholl. She had bestowed her hand in marriage upon Angus, twenty-second chief of Mackintosh in 1741, and although quite a young woman at the time, her somewhat masculine temperament and masterful disposition soon gained for her a position of influence among her husband's clansmen seldom attained in those days by the wife of a Highland chief. Mackintosh himself, judging from his letters in the year 1745, was not a man of great strength of character or marked individuality; he had neither the aggressive self-assertiveness of the unprincipled but sagacious Lovat, whose policy he may have tried to imitate, nor did he possess that cool, calculating, selfish spirit which distinguished, or rather disgraced, such men as MacLeod of MacLeod and Ludovic Grant of Grant. Jacobite by instinct, conviction, and inclination, Mackintosh had nevertheless taken service in the army of an alien prince, whom he could only regard as an usurper and a very poor substitute for his legitimate sovereign, but having once donned the uniform of his master he could not muster up sufficient courage to follow Cluny's example, cast off the hated badge of slavery, and lead his clan to the Prince. In this emergency his intrepid Jacobite wife, Anne Farquharson, stepped into the breach, and with the aid of the yellow-haired laird of Dunmaglass, Alexander MacGillivray (*Alasdair Ruadh na Feille*), Gillies MacBean of Bunachton, and Angus Mackintosh of Farr, she raised the banner of the clan, and rode through the country, handsomely dressed in a semi-masculine riding-habit of tartan trimmed with lace, with a blue bonnet on her head and pistols at her saddle-bow, kindling the flame of enthusiasm for the Prince's cause wherever she went, and encouraging by her own example even the most faint-hearted of her husband's followers.



AUTOGRAPH OF ANNE FARQUHARSON, WIFE OF ANGUS MACKINTOSH OF MACKINTOSH

In a short time between 200 and 300 Mackintoshes, MacGillivrays, MacBeans, Davidsons, Shaws, and other members of the great confederacy of Clan Chattan, responded to her call, and mustered, probably for the first time in the history of the clan, under the command of a woman, whom in a spirit of affectionate regard and admiration they dubbed "Colonel Anne," a title by which Lady Mackintosh of the '45 was ever afterwards known. About the end of December the Mackintosh battalion joined the

force under Lord Lewis Gordon, and marched to Perth before proceeding southwards to reinforce the Prince.

Further north, Mackenzie, Earl of Cromartie, and his son, Lord MacLeod, after cautiously waiting until the Prince's attempt to overturn the Hanoverian dynasty seemed likely to succeed, determined to follow their own inclinations, and assist their Jacobite compatriots in restoring the House of Stuart. The astute Lord President had his suspicions that Cromartie was meditating such a course, and with the intention of discovering the accuracy of his surmise, he wrote to the Earl on September 25, 1745, requesting to be informed whether Lord MacLeod would be willing to accept a captain's commission in one of the independent companies then being raised, to which Cromartie replied, that he could not help thinking the circumstances so singular that he could not desire his son to accept such a commission, the more so as MacLeod himself had no inclination in that direction. Shortly after this Barisdale appeared on the scene with all the latest news of the great victory at Prestonpans, which so elated the Earl, that throwing his caution to the winds, he commenced without further delay the work of recruiting, with so much zeal and energy, that before the end of November he found himself at the head of a regiment of Mackenzies and others over 200 strong.[1] This force he placed under the command of Lord MacLeod, whom he instructed to proceed to Perth and await the Prince's orders.

By this time the Frasers to the number of four or five hundred,[2] led by their chief's high-spirited son, the young Master of Lovat,[3] were

[1] Bighouse Papers. Letter from Lord Glenorchy to Campbell of Barcaldine, dated Taymouth, December 3, 1745.

[2] *Ibid.* Letter from same to same, dated December 15, 1745.

[3] The Master of Lovat was born in 1726.

moving in the same direction by way of Fort Augustus, in the hope of taking the Hanoverian garrison in that place by surprise. Lovat still shirked his responsibility, and professed, in a letter to the Lord President, dated December 1st, to be thoroughly shocked and upset at the departure of his son. In this epistle, which as an example of splendid mendacity stands unrivalled, he says, "The consequences of his doing so are terrible beyond expression; though I declare I could not have done more to save my own life, and the lives of my clan, as well as the estate of Lovat, than I have done by smooth and rough usage to detain him at home." [1]

This was too much for his old friend and neighbour Culloden to stomach; even friendship has its limits, and the worthy Lord President of the Court of Session felt that in justice to himself and the high office he held, he could no longer stand between his ancient cronie and the punishment his perfidious conduct merited.

Since the arrival of Lord Loudon in Inverness on October 11th, the Lord President had been making the most strenuous efforts to secure officers and men for the twenty independent companies the ministry, at the suggestion of the Earl of Stair, had empowered him to raise, but as the Government had not thought it necessary to provide money and arms for the purpose, the work of enlistment was hampered and delayed, so that after two months of unwearied exertion only eleven companies out of the twenty were completed. Of these, four had been raised by the renegade chief of MacLeod under false pretences,[2] the remaining seven being composed of Munros, Mackays, Gunns, MacLeods of Assynt, Grants from Strathspey under a son of Rothiemurchus, some retainers of the Duke of Sutherland, and a company raised in the town of Inverness.[3]

With a portion of this force Lord Loudon left Inverness on December 3rd, and marched through Stratherrick to relieve the beleaguered garrison of Fort Augustus, and prevent, if possible, the junction of the Frasers with the Prince's army at Perth; but the Master of Lovat, having received timely notice of his approach, promptly raised the siege, and gave orders that the clan should cross the Corrieyairack with all speed, whilst he remained behind to bring up the rest of his men. Loudon, finding when he reached Fort Augustus that the Frasers had gone off to Perth,

[1] "Culloden Papers," p. 259.

[2] It is well known that the Laird of MacLeod deceived his followers into the belief that they were going to fight on the Prince's side, and to give colour to the fraud he was practising, he even went the length of distributing white cockades for the men's bonnets during their passage from Skye to the mainland. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 7.

[3] In all eighteen out of the twenty companies were eventually raised. For full list, *vide* Browne," "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. pp. 102, 103 *note*.

contented himself with a brief stay in the disaffected district,[1] during which he supplied the garrison with everything necessary for its defence, and endeavoured to prevent any further rising among the inhabitants by warning them of the grave risks they would incur if they left their homes to join their kinsmen. On December 8th he returned to Inverness, and in conjunction with the Lord President, who had now fully decided that Lovat must be severely dealt with, planned an expedition for the purpose of frightening that crafty Jacobite into a promise of good behaviour for the future. Taking with him about 800 men of the independent companies, Lord London set out for Castle Downie on December 10th, and on the following day he appeared in front of the Fraser stronghold, where Lovat, dissembling his anger, received the Hanoverian officers with a show of well-assumed cordiality, and pledged himself not only to answer for the peaceable behaviour of the remainder of his clan, but promised to collect all the weapons he could lay hands upon and send them to London by the 14th of the month, and as a proof of his sincerity he agreed to accompany his lordship to Inverness and remain there until the arms were delivered. This offer, which had probably been made under pressure, was of course accepted, and the Fraser chief was escorted to Inverness on the 12th with becoming state. On the 14th, as no weapons had arrived, London made a vigorous protest against Lovat's breach of faith, and finding he could get nothing out of the old chief but fair words and empty promises, he waited patiently until the 20th, when in the belief that he had been grossly deceived, he placed a guard of soldiers at the door of Lovat's house, fully intending to commit his lordship to the castle of Inverness on the next morning. In this he reckoned without his host, for during the night a party of Frasers, who had been hanging about the town, quietly approached the house by an unguarded back close, and carried off their chief upon their shoulders, as he was too infirm to walk. Meanwhile the armed portion of Lovat's clan, commanded by Charles Fraser, younger of Inverallachie, had crossed the Corrieyairack and reached Perth, where they were soon busily employed in digging a trench round Cromwell's citadel on the South Inch, and otherwise assisting in strengthening the fortifications of the town. About the end of December the Master of Lovat came in with another body of Frasers and a small contingent of Chisholms from Strathglass and Buntait, under the leadership of their chief's youngest son, Roderick.[2]

[1] Loudon intended to have gone on to Fort-William, but upon learning that the pass at High Bridge was in possession of a body of Camerons with some of Clanranald's men, he gave up the idea.

[2] "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," p. 269.

The rapid spread of Jacobite enthusiasm throughout Scotland after the Prince's successes at Edinburgh, Prestonpans, and Carlisle became generally known, created no little consternation in the mind of the Lord President; one by one those whom he had tried his utmost to restrain left their homes and went off to join the insurgent army, and every day his self-imposed duty became more difficult of accomplishment. "All Jacobites," he writes to his friend, Sir Andrew Mitchell, "however prudent soever, became mad, all doubtful people became Jacobites, and all bankrupts became heroes, and talked nothing but hereditary rights and victory; and what was more grievous to men of gallantry, and, if you will believe me, much more mischevious to the public, all the fine ladies, if you will except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him in the most intemperate manner. Under these circumstances I found myself almost alone, without troops, without arms, without money or credit; provided with no means to prevent extreme folly, except pen and ink, a tongue, and some reputation; and if you will except MacLeod, whom I sent for from the Isle of Skye, supported by nobody of common sense or courage."[1]

If common-sense meant, in the Lord President's opinion, a total disregard for solemnly made promises; and courage, a ready willingness to desert the weak in favour of the strong, then undoubtedly MacLeod may fairly be credited with the possession of both virtues; but it is more likely that honest Duncan, staunch old Whig that he was, gauged MacLeod's character pretty accurately and did not quite mean all that he said in his praise.

The chief of the powerful *Siol Leòid* was, however, a notable recruit, a brand snatched from the burning, a shining example to all refractory Highlanders, and as such he was welcomed to the Hanoverian fold by the Lord President and his military colleague with much apparent warmth and appreciation. Nor was he allowed to remain long inactive, for on the same day upon which Lord Loudon departed on his mission to Castle Downie, Macleod was despatched with four hundred of his own followers and another hundred of the clan from Assynt, to Elgin, from whence he was ordered to proceed eastwards towards Aberdeen, and endeavour to disperse the Jacobite force which Lord Lewis Gordon had succeeded in raising. An advance post of this force had been sent to guard the passage of the Spey at Fochabers, but as MacLeod drew near, the Prince's men, fearing they would be overwhelmed by superior numbers, retired to Aberdeen, where Lord Lewis Gordon quickly put

[1] "Culloden Papers."

himself into a posture of defence, and having sent off an express to Lord John Drummond and Farquharson of Monaltrie requesting their co-operation, he awaited the further motions of the enemy.

Passing the Spey without opposition, Macleod marched by way of Cullen, Banff, and Old Meldrum to Inverurie, where he was joined on Saturday, December 21st, by 200 of the clan Munro, under Munro of Culcairn, who had been sent by Lord Loudon to act in conjunction with Macleod and a body of Grants from Strathspey in suppressing the local rising of Jacobites. Culcairn had taken the road by Keith, at which place he was met by Ludovic Grant of Grant, with about 500 of his clansmen, who had been led to believe that they were to join the army of Prince Charles; when, however, they learnt as they marched through Strathbogie the real nature of their errand, "they then (every one of them) refused to go a foot farther, and instantly went home again."[1]

Lord Lewis Gordon had been by this time reinforced by two companies of Lord John Drummond's men from Montrose, the Farquharson regiment under Monaltrie and Balmoral, and a few small detachments raised by other Jacobite gentlemen in the district, so that altogether he was able to muster a force of between 1200 and 1500 men. The enemy's movements were quite well known to him, and as Inverurie was within an easy march, he determined to try conclusions with MacLeod before he could do the Prince's cause any injury. To carry out this plan, Lord Lewis selected a picked body of about 900 men, including the Farquharsons and Lord John Drummond's two companies, the remainder being made up from his own regiment. Dividing his men into two detachments, he left Aberdeen at ten o'clock on the morning of Monday, December 23rd, one detachment led by himself, Moir of Stonywood and Monaltrie, following the northern bank of the Don, and the other under Gordon of Avochy, marching on the south side of the river by the Kintore road.[2]

The attack was quite unexpected by MacLeod, and it was not until four o'clock in the afternoon that one of his sentries, having seen an apparently hostile party carrying white flags approaching through the firwood of Keith Hall, fired his musket and gave the alarm. It was nearly dark by this time, but the moon was up, and by its light MacLeod was able to watch the movements of his opponents and make some hasty preparations for repelling the onslaught. All that could be done was to station parties at the fords of Don and Urie, and prevent if possible Lord

[1] James Grant's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 7.
[2] John Downie's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 344.

Lewis's men from crossing, but the MacLeods, to their credit be it said, had no heart for fighting against the adherents of their rightful king, and purposely refrained from doing more injury than they could help; they lined the banks of the two rivers and fired a few shots, by which one

LORD LEWIS GORDON (*ætat* 13)

or two Jacobites were killed and wounded, when, finding themselves in danger of being surrounded, they made a brief stand, and then beat a precipitate retreat to Strathbogie, and the following day retired across the Spey to Elgin, from whence many returned to their own homes. The Munros were probably actuated by similar motives, and, if one contemporary writer may be credited, they took no share in the action, "for

upon hearing the first Platoon, they fled out of their Quarters in the greatest confusion, some one Way and some another."[1] The number of casualties was not great, at the most no more than fourteen were killed on both sides, and the wounded did not exceed sixty; between forty and fifty prisoners, however, fell into the hands of the victors, among whom were a son of Gordon of Ardoch, Forbes of Echt, Maitland of Pitrichie, and Professor John Chalmers of Aberdeen University.[2]

Having thus successfully dispersed his antagonists, Lord Lewis Gordon took possession of the village, and on the following morning he despatched a strong party to Strathbogie in the hope of cutting off MacLeod's retreat before he reached the Spey, but the officer who commanded the detachment, learning as he advanced that the enemy had recrossed the river, returned to Inverurie; and on December 26th the whole force marched for Aberdeen, from whence, after a short stay to collect his men, Lord Lewis set out for Perth, where the army under Lord John Drummond and Viscount Strathallan was now assembled in considerable strength. All through the months of November and December parties of Highlanders and other armed Jacobites had been continually arriving in the Fair City, so that before the commencement of January there were at least 4000 additional men ready to take the field. MacLeod of Raasa had kept his word like an honest man, and brought 86 of his clan, with several gentlemen of his own family as officers, to assist in the great enterprise.[3] Bernera, equally loyal, was also there with a small following; he had absolutely refused to comply with his chief's commands to fight on the Hanoverian side; for, in a matter which so nearly concerned his honour, he felt quite justified in breaking through the established clan tradition and custom of implicit obedience to the dictates of his hereditary leader, and when ordered to proceed to the muster of MacLeod's independent companies at Inverness, he excused himself in the following noble words, "My dear laird," he wrote to his chief, "none of your clan would be more ready than I to attend your summons upon most occasions. I send you the men required, to whose service you are entitled; but, for myself, I go where a higher duty calls me."[4] And so, in spite of their chief's

[1] Henderson's "History of the Rebellion," p. 80. Other authorities state that the Munros were stationed at Old Meldrum, and were not in time for the action.

[2] Donald *Bàn* Macerimmon, MacLeod's famous piper, was made a prisoner on this occasion, and so greatly was he beloved and respected by the Highlanders, that the Prince's pipers refused to play on the morning after the skirmish until Macerimmon was released: their pipes, they declared, would not sound while the great master of the *pìob-mhor* remained in captivity.—Tradition.

[3] *Vide* "Jacobite Lairds of Gask."

[4] Quoted by Chambers from information given by Sir William MacLeod Bannatyne. Bernera's son, Norman, had to go with some of his father's men to Inverness, and was given the command of one of MacLeod's companies.

breach of faith, the MacLeods were represented in the Prince's army by a small but select body of stalwart islesmen about 150 strong.[1]

The enforced inactivity of the army at Perth gave rise to many quarrels and dissensions between the impetuous, excitable Highlanders and their Lowland allies, which nearly ended in open rupture when Lord Strathallan[2] and his council of officers thought fit to disobey for reasons of expediency the Prince's order brought by MacLachlan of MacLachlan from Carlisle, by which his lordship was commanded to march south with all the forces he could collect and join the main army in England. The Highland officers, eager to share with their kinsmen the honours of the campaign, were highly incensed at Strathallan's decision, which they considered an act of gross and unaccountable insubordination, entirely inexcusable; they therefore held a private meeting among themselves, and agreed to march off without further delay in accordance with the Prince's wishes.

Unfortunately for their resolve, Lord Strathallan held the sinews of war in the shape of money, arms, ammunition, and stores, and as his lordship was supported in his decision by all his Lowland colleagues, as well as by the Franco-Irish and Scottish officers of Lord John Drummond's contingent, nothing would persuade him to provide the means, without which it was impossible to make a forward movement. This brought matters to a head, and as the Highlanders declared openly that they would find a way to possess themselves of sufficent money to carry out their intention, a serious outbreak of hostilities appeared unavoidable; but at this critical juncture the arrival of young Rollo of Powhouse with a further order from Charles given at Dumfries, calling upon Lord Strathallan to hold himself in readiness to join the army, then on its way to Glasgow, happily removed the cause of disagreement, and in the bustle of military preparations consequent upon the Prince's latest message, the quarrel was soon forgotten.

[1] Letter from General Handasyde to the Duke of Newcastle dated Edinburgh, November 21, 1745, in Record Office, London.

[2] Lord MacLeod charges Lord John Drummond with disobeying the Prince's orders.

CHAPTER II

"Up and rin awa, Hawley,
Up and rin awa, Hawley;
The philabegs are coming down
To gie your lugs a claw, Hawley.
Young Charlie's face, at Dunipace,
Has gie'n your mou a thraw, Hawley;
A blasting sight for bastard[1] wight,
The warst that e'er he saw, Hawley."

AS nothing was to be gained by a longer stay in Glasgow, Charles resolved, with the concurrence of his officers, to attempt the reduction of the town and castle of Stirling as soon as the reinforcements and battering cannon should arrive from Perth, and as the latter with a strong escort were known to have left that city on December 30th, he decided to evacuate Glasgow and march to Bannockburn, in order to facilitate a junction with the northern forces under Lord John Drummond and Viscount Strathallan.

The better to conceal his real object, Charles again divided his army into two columns, one, consisting of six battalions of Highlanders, being placed under the command of Lord George Murray, and the other left to his own leadership, Edinburgh being the pretended destination of both. The march commenced on Friday morning, January 3rd,[2] when Lord Elcho left Glasgow with the cavalry for Falkirk, being followed shortly afterwards by Lord George Murray, who proceeded with his column along the Edinburgh road to Cumbernauld, where he halted for the night; the Prince meanwhile took the road to Kilsyth with the remainder of his force,[3] and lodged that evening in the mansion-house of the forfeited estate of Kilsyth, which was then in the possession of Campbell of Shawfield. Shawfield's steward had been advised of the Prince's coming,

[1] Hawley was reputed to have been a natural son of George I.

[2] Information enclosed in the Lord Justice Clerk's letter.

[3] As some portion of the clothing demanded from the city authorities had not been delivered, two wealthy merchants, Archibald Coates and George Carmichael, were ordered to accompany the Prince's column as hostages.

and assured, so it is said, that the cost of his Royal Highness's entertainment should be repaid in full, but when the bill was presented on the morrow, the steward was told that the amount could only be allowed his master when the rents of the estate had been satisfactorily accounted for.[1]

An easy march on Saturday by way of Bonnybridge and Denny brought Charles to Bannockburn House, the residence of his friend, Sir Hugh Paterson, where it had been arranged he should stay during the reassembling of his army, and the progress of the siege operations which were to be carried out against the neighbouring fortress of Stirling.

BANNOCKBURN HOUSE AS IN 1745

Situated in the midst of a fine piece of almost level country which stretched away in a north-easterly direction to the foot of the beautiful Ochils, with the river Forth winding its narrow sinuous course in mid distance, until it widened out into the broad channel of the firth at Borrowstounness, Sir Hugh's mansion commanded a fine prospect from its windows, and being only about three miles from Stirling, six from Alloa, eight from Falkirk, and not more than nine from the Ford of Frew, it was eminently adapted for the Prince's headquarters. Everything had been done by the worthy Jacobite baronet to render his house a suitable abode for his princely guest, and when Charles arrived he

[1] *Scots Mag.*, January 1746, p. 32.

found a most hospitable reception awaiting him at the hands of Sir Hugh and his family, among whose kindly faces he recognised the smiling countenance of his Glasgow inamorata, the fair but frail Clementina Walkinshaw.

Lord George Murray with the clan regiments had, in the meantime, reached Falkirk, where a small force was detached to support Lord Elcho's cavalry, which had been ordered to patrol the road to Edinburgh for the double purpose of preventing a surprise from that direction, and of maintaining the fiction that the reoccupation of the capital was again intended. Having made these arrangements, his lordship went off himself with the remainder of his men to join the Prince's column at Bannockburn. Later in the day he rode over to Alloa to meet Lord John Drummond, and concert measures for the prompt conveyance of the artillery to Stirling and the disposal of the troops he daily expected from Perth in the villages of Bannockburn, St Ninian's, and Denny, where the force that had marched from Glasgow was now cantoned.

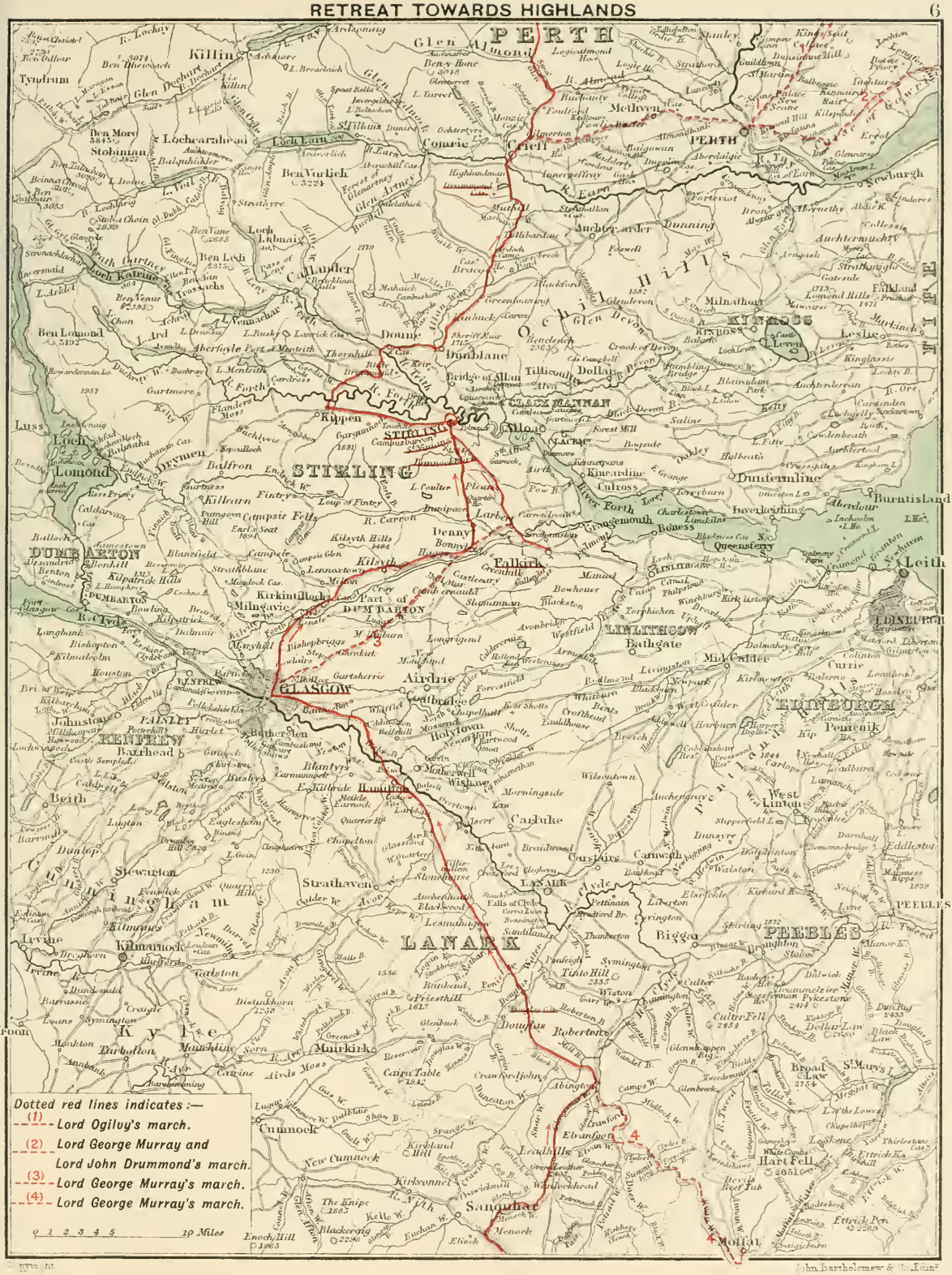
On Sunday, January 5, Lord George returned to Bannockburn; and the same evening[1] a drummer was sent to Stirling with a message demanding the surrender of the town, which by this time was invested on nearly all sides. Instead of receiving a hearing, the unfortunate drummer narrowly escaped death, for the militia or volunteer sentries, in their ignorance of the ordinary usages of warfare, greeted his appearance with a discharge of musketry, upon which the frightened lad, having vainly tried to make himself understood by shouting out that he was only a messenger, ran off as fast as he could go, leaving his drum behind him. This was afterwards hauled up with a rope, and carried into the town as a trophy.

The night passed quietly, but the next morning a trench was opened and a battery raised under the direction of Mr. Grant, the French officer of engineers, "within musket-shot of the town; and at one o'clock the magistrates and town council received a summons to surrender the town, and give up all arms and ammunition in it, with high threatenings in case of refusal or delay, and an answer was peremptorily required against two o'clock."[2]

In common with Edinburgh, Carlisle, and other once strongly fortified towns in Britain, Stirling in 1746 had no adequate means

[1] *Scots Mag.*, January 1746. p. 73.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 74. This is the summons referred to by Goodwillie. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. pp. 195–196.



of defence, although the castle still stood firm and commanding on its rocky crag, towering above the plain in picturesque isolation, an object of archæological and historic interest, but of little real utility to the state. Apart from this ancient fortress, in which Major-General Blackeney and a small garrison of regular troops, militia, and volunteers were securely cooped up, there was nothing to hinder the approach of an enemy save some low fences enclosing gardens and parks, and a dry stone wall recently built into two entries on the north side. As far as the town itself was concerned, a prolonged resistance was out of the question, the more especially that, during Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the Prince had received a considerable accession of strength owing to the arrival of the Master of Lovat[1] with between five and six hundred Frasers, Lord Lewis Gordon, with about eight hundred followers, and Lord John Drummond with a portion of his Franco-Scottish and Irish detachments, artillerymen, and engineers, the latter including M. Mirabelle de Gordon, an officer of reputed talent, experience, and sagacity, from whom great things were expected. Such being the position of affairs, a meeting of the town council was held to consider the Prince's summons, at which, after some deliberation, it was decided to send ex-Provost William Christie[2] and James Jaffray, a leading merchant, to plead for an extension of time in which to consider the matter. This plan was accordingly carried out, and the two townsmen went off to Bannockburn in the afternoon, where they saw Murray of Broughton, and obtained from him the Prince's permission to let the matter remain over until ten o'clock on the morrow.

Upon the return of the commissioners, the town council again met, and after a lengthy discussion decided to send the following answer to the Prince's demands: "That as the message received was a summons of surrendry at discretion, the town council could not agree to any such surrendry, but that they would offer the following terms: That there should be no demand made upon the revenue of the town; absolute safety to the inhabitants in their persons and effects, particularly to those of them who had been in arms; and that all arms, &c., in the town should be delivered into the castle." The whole of Tuesday was spent in negotiating these terms, the last clause being an exceedingly difficult one to settle; towards evening, however, the Prince conceded the point at issue, and the capitulation of the town was definitely agreed upon.

[1] This brave young Highlander was introduced to the Prince by Cameron of Lochiel. *Vide* "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 476.

[2] Stirling had been without a Provost since the previous Michaelmas, "the Gentleman then elected to that office not having hitherto accepted of it." *Scots. Mag.*, February 1746, p. 75.

During the progress of these tedious negotiations, Grant had got some guns into position in front of the East Gate, and having received no word of the surrender, he opened a brisk cannonade upon the town at eight o'clock on Tuesday night before the commissioners could get back with the news. This caused much irritation among the inhabitants, who naturally regarded the unexpected and unprovoked bombardment as a gross breach of the terms of capitulation ; so incensed were they, that when a detachment of the Prince's army arrived on Wednesday afternoon (January 8th), to take possession of the town, several shots were fired at the men by a party of volunteers and militia, who refused to let any one pass. Eventually, after the mistake had been explained, and a threat made to take the town by storm if any further resistance was offered, the gates were opened, and by three o'clock Stirling was in the occupation of a Jacobite force, the castle only remaining grimly defiant on its precipitous rock.

In an ordinary way Charles would have been overjoyed to find himself master of so important a town as Stirling without the loss of a single man, but there is usually a fly in the ointment, and in this instance any gratification he may have derived from the fact was impaired by the knowledge that there existed a smouldering fire of discontent and disaffection in his own camp, which threatened to give him much trouble and annoyance before it could be extinguished.

From the time of leaving Derby until now, Charles had consistently adhered to his resolution to hold no more councils, and although the military distractions of the retreat and the diversions attendant upon his stay in Glasgow had helped to restore his old sanguinity of disposition, he still exhibited an unwonted taciturnity, and evinced a marked disinclination to confide his plans to the leaders of his army. Instead, he took counsel with his old tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Murray of Broughton, and Hay of Restalrig, when the exigencies of circumstances required him to seek advice. For some time this altered state of affairs was patiently submitted to by Lord George Murray and his brother officers, in the belief that it was merely the natural outcome of the Prince's disappointment at the frustration of his plans, and could not in the nature of things last long ; but as week after week passed and Charles gave no sign that he intended to follow any other line of conduct, Lord George was asked to draw up a memorial of remonstrance and hand it to Charles when a suitable opportunity presented itself.

It was a disagreeable and unthankful task, and we cannot help wondering why Lord George Murray, after his experiences at Carlisle

STIRLING BRIDGE

Photo, VALENTINE, *Dundee*

and Derby, should have undertaken it. He was, of course, one of those most interested, and he had also the strongest personal reasons for being annoyed and hurt at the Prince's attitude towards him, but his brother, Duke William, was equally interested, and so also were the Duke of Perth, Lochiel, Keppoch, and Cluny, any of whom it might be thought would have been far more likely to persuade the Prince into acquiescence. Lord George, however, accepted the responsibility, and on the Monday, after Charles's arrival at Bannockburn (January 6th), he gave the memorial which he had prepared into his Royal Highness's hands, "for," as he wrote afterwards on the paper itself, "by this time all the Principal people in the Army were convinced that the litle people, who were the only persons that were consulted, and manag'd everything, had their own Interest in view than the good of the cause."

The memorial, which was couched in respectful but injudicious language, directed the Prince's attention to the necessity for holding periodical councils of war, at which all commanders of battalions and squadrons should have a right to attend, but as it might often happen that some of these officers would be absent on duty when a council was convened, it was suggested that a committee of five or seven should be selected from their number, to meet under the Prince's presidency when the occasion demanded it, for the purpose of discussing all questions regarding the more important military operations of the campaign. The vote of the majority was to decide the point at issue, and once settled, no alteration was to be made "except by the advice of those, or most of them, who were present when it was agreed upon."

The second clause of the memorial called upon Charles to grant discretionary powers to his principal officers in case of sudden emergency; a privilege which Lord George points out is commonly granted to the leaders of a regular army, and is more than ever necessary in a force consisting, as that of the Prince's did, almost entirely of volunteers, "and where so many gentlemen of fortune not only venture their own and their family's all, But, if any misfortune happens, are sure of ending their Lives on a Scaffold should they escape from the field." Continuing, Lord George predicts that if the suggestions made are not carried out the most dismal consequences must ensue. He recalls to the Prince's mind how the resolution of the council at Derby prevented a serious catastrophe; how a day of valuable time was lost at Lancaster because a council was not held; how, owing to the same reason, a garrison was left in Carlisle, and the lives of many brave men sacrificed;

and, in conclusion, Charles is again reminded that his "army is an army of Volunteers and not mercinarys."

Reasonable as these demands may have appeared to the chiefs and officers who had authorised Lord George Murray to put them forward —and it cannot be said they were otherwise—the wording of the memorial itself showed a remarkable want of judgment and diplomatic tact, calculated to defeat entirely the object its author had in view. To remind Charles of the blow he had received at Derby on that wretched Thursday in December, when all his hopes of reaching London were ruthlessly shattered, was to open up an old sore which still throbbed painfully at the slightest touch, and to reproach him with the fall of Carlisle was certainly neither generous nor well-timed.

The natural result followed, for as soon as the Prince had mastered the contents of the paper placed in his hands, he hastened to pen a reply in the heat of his indignation, which made it clear to all concerned that he would not brook dictation nor yield his prerogative of command to either council or committee. As the full text of the Prince's answer appears in the Appendix,[1] it will only be necessary to say here that it was exactly what might have been expected from one of Charles's temperament when exasperated by censure and opposition. Deeming it unwise to press the matter further, Lord George dissembled his annoyance as well as he could, and went off to Falkirk, which was now occupied by a Jacobite force eleven hundred strong. Here he learnt from Major Robertson of Blairfettie that a great desertion had taken place among the Atholl regiments. To such an extent had this been going on since the return of the Highland army to Scotland, that Strathardle, Strathbran, and many other parts of Atholl were so crowded with deserters that Colonel Robertson of Drumachine, the governor of the district, found it impracticable either to confine them or send them back, as he had no prisons or troops at his disposal.[2] Lord George was deeply mortified by this intelligence, and he at once despatched a message to Duke William, who was quartered in Polmaise House, near Stirling, suggesting as the only means of putting a stop to this disgraceful state of affairs, that his Grace should go home immediately and make a severe example of all those who had left the army without permission. "If Rewards and Punishments do not do," Lord George remarks, "I know not what will." Upon receipt of his brother's letter, the Duke sent it on to the Prince,

[1] *Vide* Appendix.

[2] Letter from Drumachine to Duke William of Atholl, dated "Blair Castle, January 11th, 1746." "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine."

who expressed his approval of the plan proposed, and on the following day (January 13th) his Grace set out for Blair Castle, promising Lord George that he would omit nothing that could be expected from such an invalid as he then was.

While Charles was engaged in the prosecution of his military operations before Stirling, the forces of his Hanoverian rival were concentrating in Edinburgh under General Hawley, who had reached the city on January 6th. In a few days after his arrival, he found himself at the head of an army nearly eight thousand strong, including three regiments of dragoons, the Glasgow volunteer regiment, and a small train of artillery, with which, in his supreme contempt for the Highlanders, and his utter ignorance of their methods of warfare, he made sure of gaining a decisive and easy victory. Instead of profiting by Sir John Cope's miserable failure at Prestonpans, he merely cracked coarse jokes at his brother officer's expense, and bragged loudly of what he would have done under similar circumstances. Cope, on his part, laughed in his sleeve when he heard of Hawley's appointment, and predicted a rude awakening for that arrogant general, upon whose discomfiture he wagered considerable sums of money. Sir John had learned his lesson, and Hawley was soon to learn his in a manner he least expected.

His first step upon assuming the command at Edinburgh was to attempt the relief of General Blakeney and his garrison at Stirling. Blakeney upon the capitulation of the town had retired into the castle, from whence, in reply to the Prince's summons to surrender, he had bravely replied that he intended to defend his post to the last extremity, being determined to die, as he had lived, a man of honour.

As a measure of precaution, he had already destroyed one of the arches of Stirling Bridge, so that the Jacobite reinforcements from the north had either to cross the Forth at Alloa in boats, or ford it at Frew. With the exception of two 12-pounders which had been dragged across the river by some of the Doune garrison under Glengyle with great difficulty at Frew, and two or three small cannon the Highlanders had brought from Glasgow, the Prince's artillery was still on the north side of the Forth at Alloa, in charge of Lord John Drummond, the Duke of Perth, and Lochiel, who were making the most strenuous exertions to bring it over on floats or such vessels as they could lay hands upon. By a piece of good fortune they had been able to capture a small merchant brig at Airth, upon which two guns were quickly mounted; a battery was erected on the pier at Alloa, another at Heigens Neuk, and immediately after the surrender of the town of Stirling, a third was constructed

on the hill of Airth, in which the two 12-pounders and other small guns were placed, under a guard of 400 men sent by the Prince's orders from the detachment at Falkirk.[1]

To prevent, if possible, the passage of the cannon, Hawley despatched the *Pearl* sloop of war from Leith Roads, and ordered Captain Faulkner of the *Vulture* to follow in his ship and take command of the operations. Upon his arrival at Kincardine, Faulkner saw the captured brig come out of Airth, and learning that two more vessels were in danger of being seized by the insurgents, he sent off a cutter and some boats with a party of sailors to burn them. This was effectually done under cover of night, but the tide having fallen whilst the sailors were thus employed, the boats could not return to the ship, and when daylight appeared, the Prince's men, observing their enemy's plight, opened fire upon the stranded boats. Faulkner at once replied with a brisk cannonade from the *Vulture*, which, if his own story is to be credited, dismounted two of the Jacobite guns, and killed their principal engineer with some others.[2]

During the engagement the tide had risen, and the boats were enabled to escape from their dangerous position unscathed. On January 9th, Faulkner was reinforced by 300 infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Leighton, who had been sent up the river by Hawley to assist in the destruction of the Jacobite batteries. "The point we chiefly had in view," writes Leighton, "was either to take, destroy, or prevent the ship from Alloa going to Stirling, for we had intelligence that all guns were on board of her. This was undertaken by Captain Falconer of the *Vulture* sloop ; he thought it necessary to have fifty of the land forces to assist him, which I immediately ordered, and offered more if he thought them not sufficient. I embarked with fifty men, and he attended with three of the men-of-war's boats armed and manned with fifty sailors." At nightfall the flotilla started with the intention of getting above Alloa in the darkness and laying in wait for the brig, but on passing the town one of the boats ran aground, where it soon attracted the attention of the Prince's sentries. In a few moments the Highlanders were under arms, and a rapid fire from the battery at Elphinstone, whither the cannon from Airth had been taken by Lord George Murray's orders after the previous day's engagement, greeted the unlucky occupants of the

[1] Probably drawn from Lochiel's regiment, *vide* p. 45.

[2] The account of these operations is taken principally from the letters of Captain Faulkner and other officers who were present. They are to be found in the Record Office, London. There is, however, no ground for believing Faulkner's statement that the Prince's principal engineer was killed, as both M. Mirabelle and Grant were living after the action above described. Henderson says the Duke of Perth was badly wounded.

Vulture's boat. Little harm was done, however, as the distance was too great for accurate aim in the darkness of a winter's evening, and only two sailors were wounded. The following morning Colonel Leighton landed his men, and in conjunction with Captain Faulkner, who directed the naval forces, made a determined attack upon the Elphinstone battery, which would in all probability have been captured had not a shot cut asunder the cable of one of the sloops and caused her to drift out helplessly on the tide, where she was soon followed by her consort, whose commander, learning that both his pilots were seriously injured, two sailors killed and ten or twelve wounded, abandoned the enterprise. The river now being clear of the enemy, all the cannon were got safely across, and conveyed to Stirling between the 12th and the 14th of the month.

Several projects for the reduction of the castle had been submitted to Charles by his engineers, and after some deliberation he decided to act upon the one proposed by Grant, which was to open trenches and establish batteries in the burial-ground of Greyfriars' church, from whence the main gate of the fortress could be more easily assailed. It was also suggested that some cannon should be mounted on the church steeple, a plan adopted by Monk, the Cromwellian general, when he laid siege to the castle in 1651. On Sunday, the 12th, several of the guns having arrived, Grant commenced work and broke ground at a spot between the quaint old structure known as Marr's Work and the church. While this operation was proceeding, the bells of the various places of worship within the town were rung by the Prince's commands for Divine service, in order to allay the apprehensions of the populace and take off their attention from the military preparations going on outside the walls. "Numbers of country people came in on that account, when immediately they (the Jacobites) shut all the ports, and would let none out of town as was alleged, to prevent any intelligence coming away.[1]

In spite of the distraction afforded by the ministrations of their pastors, the inhabitants of Stirling were fully alive to the danger they would be likely to incur as soon as the castle guns opened fire upon the Jacobite batteries, and they deputed some influential members of the community to remonstrate with the Prince against the plan proposed, which, if persisted in, would result in the entire destruction of the town, besides great loss of life. Charles, always ready to listen to the pleadings of reason and humanity, even when by so doing his own cause

[1] Information from Stirling enclosed in a letter of General Hawley, dated Edinburgh, January 13, 1746. Record Office, London.

was liable to suffer, promised to reconsider the matter, and upon the departure of the deputies he called upon M. Mirabelle to suggest another method of assault. That gentleman, whose dandified French airs, elaborate dress, and mincing gait had gained for him the sobriquet of "Mr. Admirable," professed with true Gallic assurance to see nothing difficult in the matter, and, as the Chevalier Johnstone informs us, "immediately undertook to open trenches on a hill to the north of the castle, where there were not fifteen inches of earth above the solid rock, and it became necessary to supply the want of earth with bags of wool, and sacks filled with earth, brought from a distance. Thus the trenches were so bad that we lost a great many men, sometimes twenty-five in one day."[1]

Hawley, meanwhile, was amusing himself in Edinburgh by bullying his officers, and erecting gibbets for the prisoners he confidently expected would fall into his clutches after the first engagement. The disconcerting news of the failure of the attempt to stop the Prince's artillery from crossing the Forth inflamed his ire still further, and caused him to commence active preparations for the immediate chastisement of the daring insurgents, and the relief of the beleaguered garrison, by sending forward Major-General Huske with five regiments of foot, the Glasgow volunteer battalion, and three squadrons of cavalry formed from the remains of Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, on Monday the 13th, with orders to dislodge the Jacobite force at Falkirk. On the same day, Lord George Murray, who was desirous of finding out what provisions had been prepared for the enemy at Linlithgow, marched thither with five battalions of infantry and the two horse regiments of Lords Elcho and Pitsligo, intending to return at night. During the forenoon an advance party of dragoons was observed, but at sight of the Prince's cavalry the whole retired precipitately, and although chased for an hour, managed to escape. Recalling his scattered horsemen, Lord George rode back with them to Linlithgow, where he dined, and as he tells his wife, in a letter written from Bannockburn two days later,[2] "just as we were comming out of town to return, their Dragouns, four Regiments of regular foot and some Militia came clos up to us. It was too great a venture for us to have atact them, since it was risquing

[1] Johnstone's Memoirs.

[2] "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 141–2. Lady Amelia was *enciente* at the time, and it is interesting to note that Lord George expresses a wish, that, in the event of a victory being gained by the Prince before the birth of the expected infant, it should be christened Charles. The child, however, was born on January 23rd, and proved to be a girl, who received the name of Katherine.

the whole cause, tho' we had the fairest prospect imaginable to have cutt them off. Locheall's Regement, which should also have been with us, had, to my great concern, been ordered over to Alloa two days before. Had that not hapned we would have had it so sure that nothing would have prevented us from atacting them. They follow'd to the bridge on this side of Lithgow; we were very near, but not a shott." Judging from what he had seen that Hawley was advancing in strength to attack the Prince's army, Lord George hastened back to Falkirk, and on the following morning vacated the town, and withdrew with his force to carry the news of the enemy's movements to Charles at Bannockburn.

On the 16th, Huske, who had been joined at Linlithgow by nearly the whole of the infantry, marched to Farkirk, and encamped on a field at the west of the town between the church and canal. The same evening General Hawley arrived, attended by his aide-de-camp, Captain Wolfe,[1] and took up his quarters in Callendar House, where the Countess of Kilmarnock,[2] disguising the annoyance she must have felt at the intrusion of so unwelcome a visitor, received her guest with such apparent warmth, that the amorous old warrior, charmed by the fine presence and engaging manners of his beautiful hostess, forgot for the time his important military duties amid the pleasures of his new surroundings. During the night or early the next morning Cobham's dragoons reached the camp escorting the artillery train, and a little later a body of Argyleshire militia, 765 strong,[3] commanded by Lieutenant-General John Campbell, came in to swell the already formidable army of the Elector.

Altogether, the total strength of Hawley's force probably amounted to between 8000 and 9000 men, although some authorities place it as high as 12,000, a figure which the author, in spite of D'Eguilles' statement, has, after considerable research, been unable to substantiate.[4]

Charles received the news of Hawley's approach with perfect equanimity, and without a moment's loss of time began to make preparations for the battle which he saw was inevitable. Since his arrival at Bannockburn his army had been daily increasing in strength, as the different contingents came in from Perth. In addition to Lord Lewis Gordon's men and the Frasers, the Farquharsons[5] and the Mackintoshes

[1] The famous General Wolfe, who fell at Quebec in 1759.

[2] The Countess of Kilmarnock was daughter and sole heiress of James, fifth Earl of Linlithgow, and fourth Earl of Callendar. She married the Earl of Kilmarnock in 1724.

[3] For complete roll of officers, &c., *vide* list in Record Office, London.

[4] D'Eguilles, in his despatch to D'Argenson, puts the strength of the Hanoverian army at a few more than 12,000 men.

[5] Farquharson of Monaltrie took up his residence at Auchenbowie House near Bannockburn.

had both joined the Prince's camp; Angus *Òg* of Glengarry had returned with a strong reinforcement of his father's retainers, and a further body of Grants and other Highlanders from Urquhart and Glenmoriston. On the 15th, the Earl of Cromartie, with his son, Lord MacLeod, the latter gaily attired in a Highland habit of tartan turned up and collared with green velvet, and armed with a silver-hilted claymore, and pistols of elegant shape and costly workmanship, marched in with colours flying, followed on the 16th by the second battalion of Lord Ogilvy's regiment under Sir James Kinloch.

It was generally anticipated that, after a brief halt at Falkirk, Hawley would advance by the Stirling road and attack the Prince's army in the neighbourhood of Bannockburn; in this belief, Charles, leaving about 1200 men under the command of the Duke of Perth and Gordon of Glenbucket to continue the siege, mustered his forces on January 15th, and drew them up in line of battle on Plean Moor, in readiness for immediate action. The day passed without incident, and when night came on and the enemy's camp fires were observed burning outside Falkirk, it became evident that the expected movement had not taken place.

The following day proved equally uneventful; Hawley still gave no sign, and the Highlanders, impatient of waiting, and discontented at being paraded without any apparent reason, informed their officers that if they were again disappointed, they would proceed to engage the enemy on their own initiative even without a commander.[1] On the morning of the 17th a rumour was spread through the Jacobite camp that as last Hawley had made up his mind to quit his snug quarters at Falkirk, and try conclusions with the Prince; there was no actual ground for this report, which was evidently circulated by Charles's orders as a further excuse for calling out the men. The army, strengthened that morning by the arrival of Coll MacDonald of Barisdale with 300 "stout followers from the north,"[2] was therefore assembled once more on Plean Moor, and during the forenoon the officers were called into the Prince's presence and asked to give their opinions on the situation. Lord George Murray at once suggested, that as the enemy would not come to meet them, they should march forward without a moment's delay and meet the enemy; by holding above the Torwood, his lordship said, the hill of Falkirk might be gained before Hawley could occupy it.

This plan was warmly approved by every one, and Charles expressed

[1] John Goodwillie, "Lyon in Mourning," vol ii. p. 197.
[2] Lochgarry's narrative.

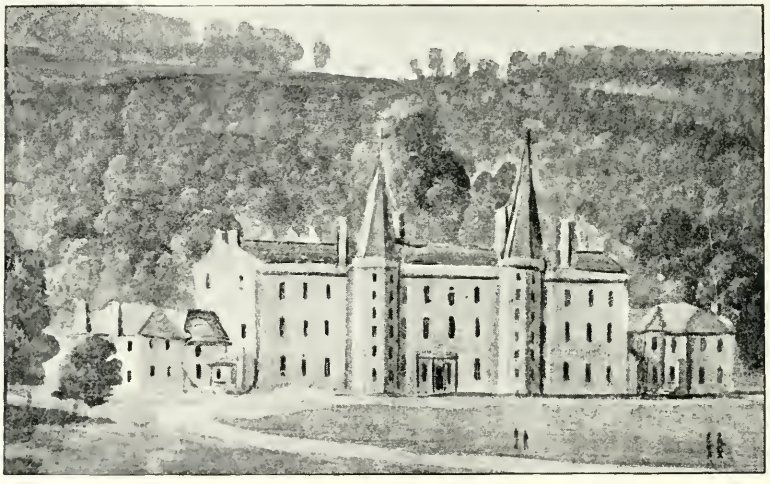
himself as much pleased with the idea. As the whole force was then drawn up in order of battle, in two lines three deep, Lord George proposed that he should march off in the same formation so that no time might be lost in unnecessary manœuvring. To this proposal the Prince readily agreed, and about noon the men were told to face right, thus forming two columns three men abreast, with a distance of two hundred paces between each column. Upon the order to march being given, the whole of the infantry moved off the ground headed by Lord George Murray, who, instead of following the high road which passes through the Torwood in an easterly direction, took a wide détour under cover of the wood, and proceeded almost due south by way of Dunipace, leaving Lord John Drummond with the cavalry to make a feint along the Falkirk road, by which it was hoped the enemy's attention might be diverted from the main attack.

Dunipace House was the country seat of Sir Archibald Primrose,[1] one of Charles' most zealous supporters; it stood on the banks of the river Carron, and as the passage was difficult at that season of the year, it is said that Sir Archibald guided Lord George to a ford, at a place called Dunipace Steps, a little to the west of the house, where the Highlanders crossed without difficulty. The Prince, who must have been riding in the rear, considered it unsafe to ford a river in such close proximity to the enemy; he therefore despatched O'Sullivan with a message to Lord George, suggesting that the crossing should be postponed until nightfall, but his lordship, feeling sure that he was acting in the Prince's best interests, refused to halt, and shortly afterwards, when Charles himself with Brigadier Stapleton and O'Sullivan rode up, Lord George made it clear to all that there was practically no risk in proceeding. The army then forded the water as already described, and moving swiftly over the level country to the west of Camelon crossed the canal and the grass-grown enbankment which covered the old Roman wall, and endeavoured to gain the summit of the high ground to the south-west of Falkirk before the enemy could reach it.

Hawley, in his supreme contempt for the Highlanders, had omitted most of the ordinary precautions usually taken against surprise; he had frequently been heard to boast that two regiments of dragoons were sufficient to ride over the whole of the Highland army, and he firmly believed that upon the slightest movement on his part the whole of the Prince's force would disperse like chaff before the wind. Comfortably

[1] Sir Archibald assumed the name of Primrose upon succeeding to his grandfather's estates; he was really a Foulis of the Ravelston family.

seated before a roaring fire in Callendar House, in the full enjoyment of his fair hostess's fascinating society, he had little inclination to face the wintry blasts that howled amid the trees of the great avenue, or pay much attention to the reports brought to him from time to time by his aide-de-camp that the insurgents were on the march. He had himself gone out at ten o'clock and reconnoitred, from a hill near the camp, the ground in the direction of the Torwood, and although some of his officers said they had observed a party of Highlanders moving southward from the wood, the general declared he could see nothing, and quickly returned to his quarters. Throughout the whole forenoon the Hano-



CALLENDAR HOUSE, NEAR FALKIRK

From a contemporary print kindly lent by WILLIAM FORBES, ESQ., *of Callendar*

verian camp was disturbed by indefinite rumours of the Highlanders' approach, but as nothing occurred to substantiate them, the soldiers lost their alertness, and following their commander's example, dismissed the matter from their minds.

About one o'clock, however, two officers of Howard's regiment, who had climbed a tree in the vicinity of the camp, clearly saw by the aid of a telescope the main body of the Prince's army debouch from the thickets of the Torwood, and march in a southerly direction towards the river Carron. It was now clear that the Highlanders, instead of retiring in terror from the neighbourhood of Hawley's camp, had actually taken the offensive, and were boldly advancing to the attack. The startling

intelligence was at once conveyed to Lieutenant-Colonel Howard, who instantly rode off to Callendar House, where Hawley, oblivious to everything but his own personal comfort, was still dallying with the countess, and taking his fill of the wine and other viands she so generously provided. He was in no mood for interruption, and Howard's information only irritated him ; the men, he said, might put on their accoutrements, but there was no necessity for them to be under arms.

This order was promptly carried out, and as nothing more could be done in the general's absence, the soldiers busied themselves in the preparation of dinner, of which they had just begun to partake when a number of mounted volunteer scouts galloped into the camp, bringing with them the news that they had seen the Highlanders at Dunipace preparing to ford the Carron, with the evident intention of making a flanking movement on the left of the Hanoverian army. In a moment all was bustle, alarm, and excitement—the drums beat to arms, men scurried hither and thither looking for their weapons, the dragoons mounted their horses, officers shouted contradictory orders, and commented loudly in no very respectful language upon the continued absence of their commander. Nearly half-an-hour of valuable time was lost in evolving something like order out of the confusion which prevailed, and at last the army was formed up in two lines, with the cavalry on both flanks, facing south, with the Glasgow road immediately in front. From this position the march of the Highlanders could be distinctly observed by the Hanoverian troops, who concluded that the battle would be decided on the ground they then occupied. It must have been about half-past two o'clock in the afternoon when Hawley—his face flushed with wine and excitement, his head destitute of any covering save his military peruke, his whole appearance plainly showing that he had dined, if not wisely, at least, well—rode breathlessly into the camp, roaring his orders for the dragoons to march up the hill and forestall the Highlanders, until the infantry could be brought up. The weather, which up to this time had been calm and fair, changed for the worse, great storm clouds gathered in the south-west, the sky darkened ominously, a strong wind sprung up and drops of rain soon began to beat in the faces of the soldiers as they started to breast the brae beyond Bantaskin House.

Close in rear followed the artillery train, which consisted of ten small field-pieces and some mortars drawn by cart-horses, and driven by local carters who had been pressed into the service. At a point a little south-east of the Bantaskin policies known as Maggie Wood's Loan, where the ground was soft and swampy, the guns stuck fast, and the drivers, after

an ineffectual attempt to extricate them, cut the traces and rode off with their horses as fast as they could go in the direction of Falkirk.

The Prince, meanwhile, fully realising the vast importance of reaching the summit of the hill before the enemy, urged on his men, who, nothing loth, hurried rapidly forward over the undulating ridge of elevated ground from which all the motions of Hawley's troops could be observed. As soon as it became evident that the Hanoverian cavalry intended to contest the advance, Lord George Murray pushed on with his two columns in the direction of Falkirk Muir until the dragoons were within

BATTLE OF FALKIRK
Bantaskin Dyke, by which the Hanoverian army marched to the battlefield
Photo by the AUTHOR

musket shot, when he ordered line to be formed, and the men making a left turn marched steadily due east towards the oncoming cavalry; his lordship "goeing alongst the line all the time and desiring them to keep their ranks and not fire till he gave the order."

The first line of the Prince's army was composed, as the Marquis D'Eguilles informed D'Argenson, of infantry which included 4000 real Highlanders, the second of 3000 *quasi* Highlanders and Lowlanders, and the third of six piquets of the Franco-Scots and Irish regiments brought over by Lord John Drummond, with two bodies of horse 220 strong on either flank. The latter force, after making a diversion to the east of the Torwood, had turned short off and crossed the Carron some-

time after the main body had passed over, and did not make up on it until the battle had commenced.

As at Prestonpans, the MacDonalds occupied the post of honour on the right of the first line, Keppoch's regiment being placed on the extreme flank, followed in due order by Clanranald's clan and Glengarry's two battalions, which included the Grants from Urquhart and Glenmoriston, and probably the 120 men Glencoe had brought into the field; these were succeeded in turn by the Farquharsons, Lord Cromartie's regiment of MacKenzies and others, the Mackintoshes, the MacPhersons, the Frasers, with whom were probably the Chisholms, the Stewarts of Appin,[1] and lastly the Camerons. Behind these in the second line were, counting from the right, the Atholl Brigade, Lord Ogilvy's regiment, Lord Lewis Gordon's, and one battalion of Lord John Drummond's with the MacLachlans. In rear of these again were Lord Elcho's and Lord Balmerino's horse, on the right flank, the Prince himself, attended by the Marquis D'Eguilles, O'Sullivan and Sheridan, with the Scots and Irish piquets and hussars in the centre, and the mounted troopers of Lords Pitsligo and Kilmarnock on the left. In all, a total Jacobite force of something over 8000 men was assembled, the largest and most efficient that Charles was ever able to bring together in front of the enemy during his brief campaign. Like his adversary Hawley, he was without artillery, for although he had started from Bannockburn with a fairly equipped train which had been placed in charge of Farquharson of Monaltrie and a body of clansmen, the rapid pace of the advance and the heavy condition of the country, soddened by recent rains, retarded the progress of the cannon to such an extent that the battle was fought and won before Monaltrie could reach the field of action.

While the Prince's army had been swiftly manœuvering into position, Hawley had succeeded in gaining the highest point of the ridge, where he at once advanced his three dragoon regiments, Ligonier's (late Gardiner's), Hamilton's, and Cobham's, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Ligonier, towards the extreme right of the Highlanders' first line, and as the infantry battalions came up he deployed them into two lines facing west, the first being composed of Wolfe's, Cholomondeley's, Pulteney's, Price's, Ligonier's, and the First Royals; the second of Blakeney's, Munro's, Fleming's, Battereau's, and Barrel's, with Howard's and a company of Edinburgh Volunteers[2] as reserves, the Argyllshire Militia

[1] Both Home and the chronicler of the Lockhart Papers place the Stewarts of Appin on the extreme left, but Lord George Murray says the Camerons occupied that position.

[2] *Vide* Home's "History," p. 172, note.

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.

Probable Strength and Composition of the Prince's Army

(Compiled from the most reliable contemporary sources.)

	Regiments, Clans, &c.	Approximate Number of Men.	Commanders.
	FIRST LINE.		
MacDonalds	Keppoch	400[1]	MacDonald of Keppoch.
MacDonalds	Glengarry, 1st Battalion	900[1]	Angus *Og* of Glengarry.
MacDonalds	Do. 2nd do.		MacDonald of Lochgarry.
MacDonalds	Clanranald	350	Macdonald, younger of Clanranald.
MacDonalds	Glencoe	120	MacDonald of Glencoe.
	Farquharsons	150[2]	Farquharson of Balmoral.
	MacKenzies, &c.	200[3]	Earl of Cromartie and Lord MacLeod.
	Mackintoshes	300	MacGillivray of Dunmaglass.
	MacPhersons	400	MacPherson of Cluny.
	Frasers and Chisholms	500	Master of Lovat.
	Stewarts of Appin	300	Stewart of Ardsheal.
	Camerons	900[4]	Cameron of Lochiel.
	MacGregors[5]	...	MacGregor of Glencairnaig.
	MacKinnons[5]	...	
	Grants and MacLeods[7] (Attached to the Glengarry Regiment.)	...	Grant of Glenmoriston.
		4520	
	SECOND LINE.		
	Atholl Brigade[8] (Three Battalions.)	900	Lord George Murray.
	Lord Ogilvy (Two Battalions.)	900	Lord Ogilvy.
	Lord Lewis Gordon (Two Battalions.)	800	Lord Lewis Gordon
	Lord John Drummond (One Battalion.)	400	Lord John Drummond.
	MacLachlans		
		3000	
	THIRD LINE.		
	Lord Elcho's Horse	220[6]	Lord Elcho.
	Lord Balmerino's Horse		Lord Balmerino.
	Piquets from Lord John Drummond's Force and Hussars	300	
	Lord Pitsligo's Horse	220[6]	Lord Pitsligo.
	Lord Kilmarnock's Horse		Lord Kilmarnock.
		740	
	First Line	4520	
	Second Line	3000	
	Third Line	740	
	Total Strength	8260	

[1] Lochgarry gives the number of Keppoch's men as 500, and the two Glengarry battalions as 1200 strong, which includes the Grants, &c., from Urquhart and Glenmoriston; but as there were only between 200 and 300 of Keppoch's men at Prestonpans, and only, on Lochgarry's own showing, 500 of Glengarry's men, including 100 Grants, present on that occasion, it is difficult to account for the very large accession of strength; Barisdale brought in 300 men on the morning of the battle of Falkirk, and Angus of Glengarry returned with a strong reinforcement of Glengarry, Glen Urquhart, and Glenmoriston men, which may have been 200 strong at most. This would give a force of 900 to the two Glengarry battalions as an outside number, and if we add another 150 men to Keppoch's regiment, making it 400 strong, we have probably a fair estimate of the actual strength. If we include the MacLeods (*vide* note [7]) another 150 men may be added.

[2] Farquharson of Monaltrie with half the regiment was left behind to bring up the artillery.

[3] Some authorities place Lord Cromartie's regiment in the second line.

[4] The Camerons were reinforced by a body of 450 of the clan brought by Ludovic Cameron of Torcastle, Lochiel's uncle. *Vide* Letter from Torcastle to the Prince, dated Paris 1753, in Appendix, Browne's "History," vol. iv. cclxvii.

[5] Hawley's report shows the MacGregors and MacKinnons attached to Lochiel's regiment.

[6] Numbers taken from D'Eguilles' correspondence.

[7] I can find no reference to the MacLeods under Raasa and Bernera, except a note in Home's "History," p. 249, in which it is stated that they were attached to the Glengarry regiment.

[8] The Menzies and Robertsons were probably attached to the Atholl Brigade. *Vide* Jacobite Correspondence of the Atholl Family, p. 150.

being left behind to guard the camp and approaches to Falkirk.[1] Hawley himself took command of the centre, Brigadier Cholomondely of the left, and Major-General Huske of the right.

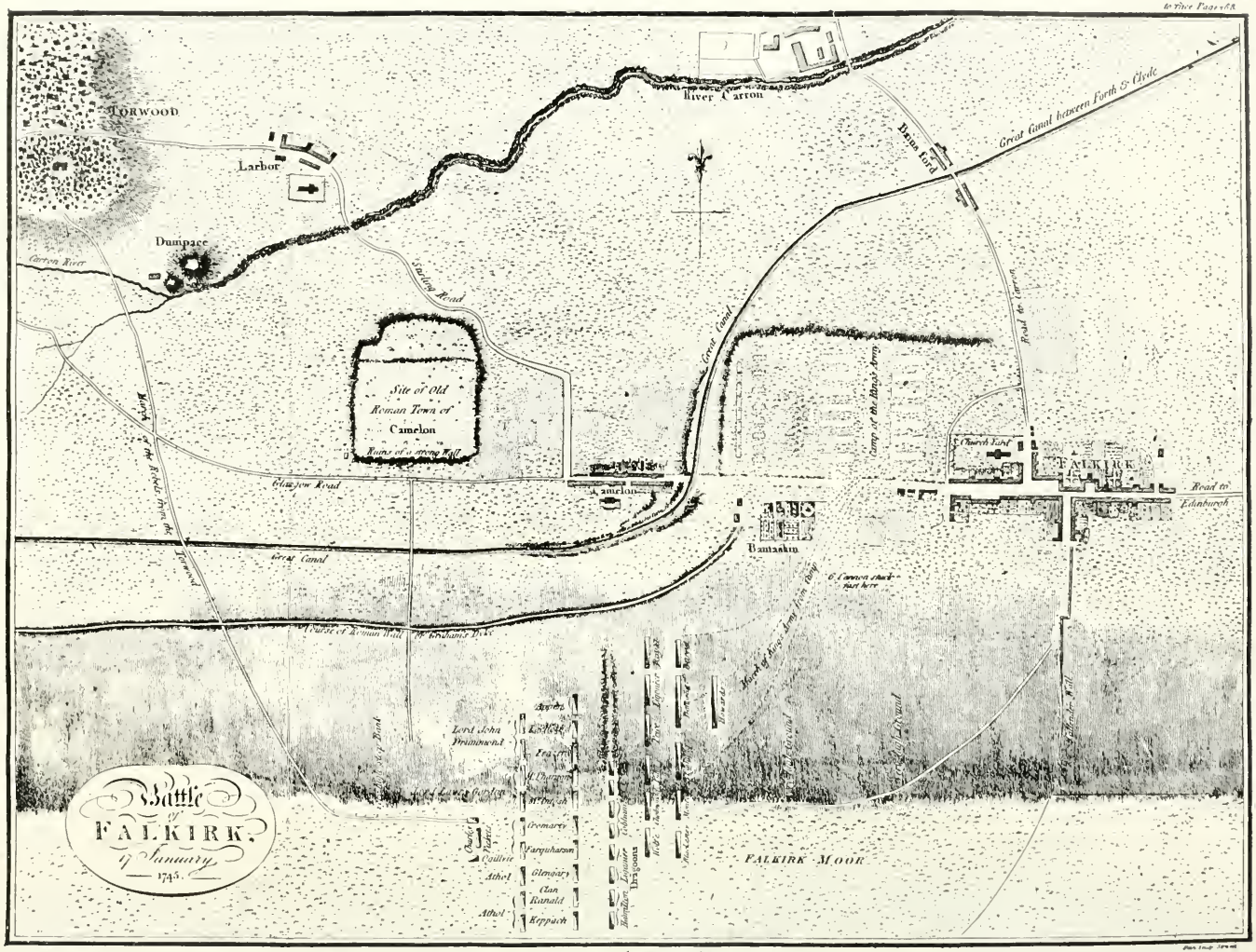
By the time all had formed up, the cavalry had extended until their further progress was barred by a morass across which it was considered unsafe to move; several squadrons had therefore to take post in front of the foot regiments on the left wing, leaving Colonel Ligonier's own

THE BATTLEFIELD OF FALKIRK (LOOKING NORTH)
The trees in centre now hide the ravine which divided the two armies
Photo by the AUTHOR

regiment on the flank without any other support than the Glasgow and Paisley Volunteers, who were posted among some farm buildings a considerable distance in rear.

The ground of Falkirk Muir upon which the contending armies now faced each other was an undulating plateau of uncultivated moorland, covered with whin, heather, and coarse grass, rising about a hundred feet above the level of the plain. Northwards, that is, on the side it had been approached, it sloped somewhat abruptly to the line of Graham's

[1] The famous Gaelic bard Duncan *Bàn* MacIntyre (*Donnacha Bàn nan Orain*), then a lad of twenty-one, was with the Argyllshire Militia at Falkirk as an unwilling substitute for Mr. Fletcher of Glenorchy, whose sword he carried. At the commencement of the action Duncan, disgusted at having to fight against his fellow-countrymen, threw away the sword and retired from the field. His poems, "*Oran do Blàr na h-Eaglaise Brice*" and "*Claidheamh Ceannard Chloinn-an-Leisdeir*," commemorate the occasion.



HOME'S PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK

Dyke[1] and the Forth and Clyde Canal, beyond which was the Glasgow road, but on the south it rose and fell in more gentle sweeps of hill and vale with wide stretches of impassable bog between. To the east, and about a mile in rear of Hawley's reserves, the battlefield terminated at the park dyke and fences of the Callendar policies, while in a westerly direction the plateau extended more or less unevenly almost as far as Bonnybridge.

At a point immediately between the Camerons, Stewarts, and Frasers, and the right of Hawley's first line, the ground was intersected by a ravine or gully, shallow at its southern extremity but gradually increasing in width and depth towards the northern declivity of the hill, and sufficiently precipitous in places to render it an obstacle of some danger in the mirk of a stormy January afternoon.[2] The position of the combatants at the commencement of the action was a somewhat curious one, for while the Prince's left was outflanked on the other side of this ravine by two if not three regiments of Hanoverian infantry, his right had gone so far to the south that the MacDonalds on that flank discovered when line was formed that they had outmarched the enemy's foot and were opposed by cavalry only. Instead of a smooth level field as at Prestonpans, the ground was of so uneven a character that the wings of both armies were entirely hidden from each other, a circumstance which was productive of much confusion and uncertainty as the battle proceeded.

About 3.15, in a perfect hurricane of wind and rain, which, coming from the south-west, drove pitilessly into the faces of Hawley's troops, the dragoons under Ligonier advanced at a trot to attack the MacDonald battalions on the Prince's right flank. Lord George Murray, who, with young Oliphant of Gask, John Roy Stuart, and Anderson of Whitburgh, was standing in front of Keppoch's regiment, claymore in hand and targe on arm, observing no infantry in rear of the dragoons, requested Stuart and Anderson to ride cautiously out and discover if this was really the fact. They readily obeyed, and soon returned with the information that no foot were to be seen, upon which his Lordship removed his wig from his head to his pocket, scrogged his bonnet firmly on his brow, and prepared to give his old foes of Prestonpans a warm reception.

It seemed evident from Ligonier's movements that he wished to draw the Highlanders' fire before he got to close quarters, so that he might charge in upon them before they had time to reload, but Lord George,

[1] The name by which the Roman wall is locally known.

[2] This ravine, since planted with trees, is within the grounds of South Bantaskine House.

far too wide awake to fall into this snare, allowed the dragoons to discharge their pieces and come well within pistol-range (Lochgarry says "7 or 8 yards") before he permitted a single shot to be fired in return. As soon as the command was given, a wave of fire and smoke ran down the Highlanders' ranks from the right to a little beyond the centre of the line, where the Frasers were posted, which instantly checked the further advance of the Hanoverian cavalry and emptied many saddles; a moment later the MacDonalds, in spite of all efforts to restrain them, threw down their muskets, unsheathed their claymores, and with a mighty shout

BATTLE OF FALKIRK. RAVINE IN FRONT OF THE LEFT WING OF THE HIGHLAND ARMY

The trees have probably been planted since the battle

Photo by the AUTHOR

rushed madly upon the dragoons, who, instead of facing the attack boldly, wheeled abruptly about and fled in all directions, Hamilton's and Ligonier's cowardly troopers galloping down the steep hill to the rear, throwing the infantry into confusion, and carrying with them in their flight a company of the Glasgow Volunteers, while Cobham's men, after vainly attempting to stem the tide of onrushing tartan, rode off along the ravine between the two armies, receiving as they went such a heavy fire from those clan regiments which still remained in position that many fell dead or wounded on the field.

Nor did the Highlanders escape without some loss, numbers were

knocked down and trampled on by the dragoon chargers, but those who remained uninjured lay where they fell and struck at the horses' bellies with their dirks and *sgians*, or clutching the riders by their military cloaks, dragged them to the ground, and despatched them with the same terrible weapons. Among those who narrowly escaped death at this time was young Clanranald ; a dead horse had fallen across him in such a manner that he was unable to extricate himself from the animal's carcase, and he lay at the mercy of any assailant who might pass. While in this strait he saw close beside him a Highlander engaged in mortal combat with a dismounted trooper ; luckily for Clanranald, the Celt, having succeeded after a desperate struggle in killing his opponent, came to his assistance and quickly rescued him from his perilous situation.[1]

On the left of the Prince's line the position of affairs was not so favourable. Across the ravine the Camerons and Stewarts of Appin saw themselves opposed by a formidable array of Hanoverian infantry, whose serried ranks stretched away down the slope of the hill far beyond their own flank, and to make matters worse, Lord George Murray states that "there was no superior officer on that wing," for although Lord John Drummond was commonly credited with the honour of commanding the left, "yet," Lord George remarks, "I believe he had no direction to do it, and was not there when the Batle begun."[2]

Nothing could be seen of what was taking place on the right, but the sound of firing and the fierce war-cries of the MacDonalds, as they swept down upon the flying cavalry, could be distinctly heard even above the raging storm by the clans on the left, who, crouching like deerhounds straining at the leash with every sense on the alert, awaited with ill-concealed impatience the signal to join the fray. Five minutes or so elapsed, when the ring of horses' hoofs was heard close at hand, and almost at the same moment the Camerons, Stewarts, and Frasers were suddenly attacked by the regiments of foot immediately in front, while Cobham's dragoons, who had rallied after their flight, made their appearance on the left flank in support of the infantry.

The Highlanders met the attack in their usual fashion by a rapid discharge of musketry followed by a frenzied rush, during which, after guns, plaids, and other encumbrances had been thrown away, the whole line ran furiously forward, sword in hand, towards the centre of the enemy's line, which broke and fled at their approach. It was at this stage of the

[1] The Chevalier Johnstone says he was told this by Clanranald himself.

[2] *Vide* Lord George Murray's account of the battle in the "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 146–52. Lord John Drummond, it will be remembered, had been delayed by the feint he had made to the east of the Torwood.

battle that the superior strength, discipline, and disposition of Hawley's right wing began to tell seriously against the Prince's chances of victory. Instead of imitating the dastardly behaviour of their comrades on the left, the men of Ligonier's, Price's, and Barrel's regiments, who were stationed in a hollow at the foot of the hill, stood their ground after they had delivered their fire, and awaited the Highlanders' charge with a firm unbroken front. The Scots Royals could not, however, be persuaded to remain and face the claymore; they disappeared as soon as the High-

THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK—RAVINE WHICH DIVIDED THE TWO ARMIES

Photo by the AUTHOR

landers began to move, and their place in the line was taken by Barrel's regiment, which had been posted in rear. This unexpected stand of a portion of the Hanoverian infantry greatly disconcerted the Highlanders; they found themselves exposed to a deadly fire from the three flanking regiments as they charged downhill in pursuit of the retreating force; men were dropping in all directions, and their own ranks were so confused by the crowding in of men from the second line that it was almost impossible to wield the claymore without injuring friend as well as foe. Lord George Murray, referring to what happened at this point, says: "Had there been any officer on the left to have order'd two or three Battalions from the second line, or reserve, to have faced those of the

enemy that outflank'd them, they would have had a compleat Victory. Most of the officers were with H.R.H. in the Reserve ; had they come up, and with the left of the second line follow'd the first, extending a little further to the left, the enemy's whole army, at least the foot, must have been taken or killed."[1] This statement does not quite agree with D'Eguilles' account of what occurred. He remarks, "Fortune was not so favourable to us on the left ; we were there so dispersed that it was not possible, humanly speaking, to rally us in time. This was the more unfortunate that the Prince, who had rushed forward with the reserve corps to effect it, was in the greatest danger of being taken prisoner or killed. The enemy's cavalry had already rallied (Cobham's dragoons), and partially outflanked us, at the distance of half a gun-shot, whilst the infantry were advancing in front. Fortunately the six French pickets advanced so as to cover our flank and confront the enemy's cavalry. This movement stopped the enemy's advance, and restored the courage of our people, and gave them time to get ready to receive the charge of the infantry. The cavalry thereupon seeing that order had been restored, took fright, and went away. As soon as they had gone, the infantry, seeing their right wing in retreat, and nothing doubting but that we were marching towards them, immediately took fright, before being attacked, and ran away, leaving the battlefield to us."[2] This was later, for before the right of Hawley's army joined in the general stampede, the Highlanders on the Prince's left were ordered to halt by John Roy Stuart,[3] who, alarmed at the sight of the three unbroken regiments on the flank, feared an ambuscade, and called out loudly to stop the pursuit.

In an instant the cry of "Halt!" flew, as Johnstone tells us, "from rank to rank, and threw the whole army into disorder ;" those who had not gone too far to be out of hearing either stopped where they were or retired hastily to the rear in the belief that the Prince had suffered a defeat, and except for a few reckless individuals who, careless of consequences, still followed the retreating enemy, nearly the whole of the left wing recrossed the ravine and fell back upon its original position. Both forces were at this moment in the greatest confusion—on one side more than two-thirds of Hawley's army were in full flight eastward towards Falkirk ; while on the other, large bodies of Highlanders were

[1] *Vide* "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 150.

[2] From a translation of the Marquis D'Eguilles' report by J. G. F. in the *Scotsman*, April 17, 1900.

[3] The Chevalier Johnstone is responsible for this statement. Lochgarry says, "By this time there was a general halt call'd thro' the army, by whose orders I can never learn hitherto. . . . Our men during the halt were quite stiffened, after the former heat and furry they were in time of action."

hurriedly retreating from the field in the direction of the camp at Bannockburn. Lord George Murray saw clearly that if the battle was to be decisive something must be done to press home the advantage he had gained, so he despatched Colonel Ker of Graden "to entreat that the reserve might advance on the left," while he went forward with the Atholl brigade to support the MacDonalds. Ker did as he was told, and brought up Lord John Drummond with the Irish picquets and other troops of the reserve to the top of the hill. This force was accompanied by Charles himself, who, as he passed the straggling remnants of the first line, spoke a few kindly words of encouragement to the disheartened Highlanders, and telling them to pick up their muskets, which lay strewn about in all directions, he placed himself at their head and led them up the hillside.

Cobham's dragoons, meanwhile, had been slowly reascending the hill from the other side, with the probable intention of charging the broken ranks of the Prince's left flank before the men had time to re-form, but as Charles with his pickets and reserves came into view on the summit of the plateau, they turned abruptly and galloped down the hill to warn the three regiments of foot that still remained on the field. General Huske, in the belief that further resistance would only result in the annihilation of his little force, immediately gave the word to retire, and retreated in perfectly good order upon the main body of the army, which was now drawn up in a miserably demoralised condition in front of the old camping-ground west of Falkirk. Captain Vere (the Hanoverian spy), who had been released by Cumberland at the taking of Carlisle, in his account of the battle, says with truth, "Had not the brave Gen[l]. Huske with two Batt[s], viz., Ligonier's and Barrel's, put a stop to the Highlanders' pursuit, I doe not know where it might have ended."

In ignorance of what was occurring on the left, Lord George Murray pushed on with his Atholl men in the direction taken by the retreating enemy. As he proceeded he made a last strenuous attempt to rally the MacDonalds,[1] who were scattered all over the field in detached parties, but the task was an impossible one, and he had to continue his way with his own brigade, picking up a few stragglers here and there on the road. He had got to the foot of the hill and passed the spot where Hawley's cannon remained embedded in the bog, when he observed the three

[1] Lord George says, "Our vast loss was that not a pair of pipes could be gott; the Pipers whenever a Batle begins give their pipes to their Boys, who take care of themselves, and the Pipers, who are commonly as good men as any, charge with the rest; this, tho' it may appear trifling, was the reason the MacDonalds and others had not rallied from the first."—"Chronicles of Atholl and Tulliebardine," vol. iii. pp. 149. 150.

unbroken regiments of foot marching off the field in rear of the defeated army, followed by Cobham's dragoons in proper military formation. The sight was a disappointing one, for it was clearly evident that either the attack by the Prince's left wing had not been carried out, or it had failed to make much impression on the enemy. Under the circumstances, Lord George considered he would not be justified in continuing the pursuit with the small force at his command—six or seven hundred men at most—so he halted where he was until the Irish picquets and several other regiments came up. A consultation was immediately held among the officers present, the majority of whom were strongly of opinion that the best course to adopt would be to retire to Dunipace and places adjacent, where the men might obtain some shelter from the fury of the elements. To this suggestion Lord George refused to listen, he "was absolutely for marching into the town, for he said that if the enemy had the least time they might line the houses and clean their guns, so as to make it impossible for them to get in, did they give them time, and that therefore there was not a moment to be lost, for he was certain the enemy were in the utmost confusion, and concluded with Count Mercy's expression at the Battle of Parma "that he would either ly in town or in Paradise.'"

Charles, who had arrived while the discussion was proceeding, signified his entire approval of his lordship's plan, but as some time must necessarily elapse before it could be carried out, he decided, by the advice of his officers, to remain in a small cottage on the hillside until Lord George "should send him word of his success."

From the Marquis D'Eguilles' report we get a good idea of the state of the Highland army at the conclusion of the actual fighting.

"The fighting," he says, "ended at 4.30, while the night was coming on. The Highlanders required time to pick up their guns and find their way to their respective places in order to close their ranks, so that the night was on us before we were able to march in any direction. We did not know what to do. We had neither bread nor tents. It was raining; a cold wind swept around us that would have caused the army to perish had we attempted to pass the night there. To return to our quarters was to abandon the battlefield and renounce the fruit of our victory. We decided, therefore, in spite of the danger of the undertaking, to go, without cannon, without guides, in the profoundest obscurity, and attack the enemy in their camp, that we knew to be strongly entrenched from the nature of the locality, and provided with all the defences of art. They suspected that we might do so.

but their soldiers, terror-stricken, could not be forced to face us there. They presented their bayonets to their officers, who, sword in hand, endeavoured to bring them to a stand. Nothing could allay their terror. They set fire to their camp, and marched in hot haste towards Edinburgh."[1]

For some time after the conclusion of the action many of the Jacobite officers remained in doubt regarding the issue of the struggle in which they had been engaged. The Prince's whereabouts was unknown except to a few; whole battalions had disappeared in the darkness, the clan regiments were inextricably mixed, and their commanders, unable to discover in which direction the men had gone, withdrew from the field to find shelter in the neighbouring houses. Although Dunipace was some distance from the battlefield, the Chevalier Johnstone informs us that when he arrived at Sir Archibald Primrose's mansion with Colonel Brown, one of the Irish officers, after an unsuccessful search for the Prince, he found Lord Lewis Gordon, the Master of Lovat, and several other chiefs assembled round the hospitable hearth, all quite ignorant of what had become of their regiments, and uncertain whether the day was lost or won. Every few minutes other officers kept dropping in, bringing contradictory accounts of what had happened, but no one knew definitely what to believe until Lochgarry appeared about eight o'clock, and set every one's mind at rest by announcing that the Prince had gained a most decisive victory, and was at that moment safely quartered in Falkirk, while the discomfited Hawley was in full retreat with the remnants of his army towards Edinburgh.

The welcome intelligence that the Hanoverian force had evacuated Falkirk was brought to Charles by Lord Kilmarnock,[2] whose intimate knowledge of the locality stood him in good service on this occasion. He had been sent by the Prince to observe the motions of the enemy, it being generally anticipated that Hawley would dispose his troops among the houses and other buildings in the town, from whence it would be almost impossible to dislodge them. Kilmarnock, therefore, proceeded cautiously across his own fields and along the sequestered paths which skirted the grounds of Callendar House until he came within sight of the Edinburgh road. Here an extraordinary spectacle met his vision, the whole highway was covered as far as his eyes could reach in the obscurity with a great crowd of panic-stricken soldiers, hurrying along the miry

[1] *Vide* translation by J. G. F. in *Scotsman*, April 17, 1900.

[2] Johnstone's narrative. Although not corroborated by other writers, this statement is probably accurate, as Lord Kilmarnock's local knowledge would almost certainly have been made use of.

road in the direction of Linlithgow, officers and men, foot and horse mingled in indescribable confusion, regardless of order or discipline, and all struggling on through the driving rain as if the devil himself was at their heels.

Hawley, braggart and boaster that he was, had learnt his lesson, as Cope had learnt his; from 300 to 400 of his men lay dead upon the field,[1] at least another hundred were prisoners; baggage, tents, guns and ammunition were all in the hands of the despised Highlanders, and it was only by a miracle that his whole army had not been cut to pieces. Tired, dejected, and deeply mortified at his failure, he reached Linlithgow that evening in no very enviable frame of mind; his first experience of Highland warfare had been a bitter one, and his preconceived notions had suffered a rude shock, his overweening pride was wounded, and he had nothing better to look forward to than the angry reproof of his sovereign and the sarcastic sneers of Sir John Cope. From Linlithgow he despatched his well-known letter to the Duke of Cumberland;[2] his heart, he said, was broken, he could not say he was quite beaten, but his left was beaten; such "scandalous cowardice" he had never seen before, "the whole second line of foot ran away without firing a shot." He has a word of praise for General Huske, as well he might, and concludes by subscribing himself "the most unhappy, but most faithfull and most dutifull your R.H. has." Hawley had intended to remain at Linlithgow, but finding that his troops, after their long exposure to the rain, had no dry powder left, he continued his retreat to Edinburgh on the morning of the 18th, arriving in the city with his whole army about four o'clock the same afternoon. Among the Hanoverian officers of note killed at Falkirk were Colonel Sir Robert Munro of Fowlis,[3] Lieutenant-Colonels Whitney, Powell, and Biggar, Captain Edmonstoune of Cambus Wallace,[4] and Dr. Duncan Munro, Sir Robert's brother. Lieutenant-Colonel Ligonier's death was also directly traceable to the battle. He was suffering from the effects of a recent attack of pleurisy and was quite unfit for military service, but in spite of his doctor's warning he courageously insisted upon going into

[1] There is great discrepancy in the various contemporary statements regarding the number of killed and wounded on the Hanoverian side at Falkirk. Home gives from 300 to 400 private men killed, exclusive of officers. Vere says, "As to the common men not above 300 in the whole being amissing, but our officers have suffered vastly more in proportion, 22 of them being killed and taken." The Jacobite accounts are in most cases exaggerated, D'Eguilles gives 600 killed; Johnstone, 600 killed and 700 prisoners; Maxwell of Kirkconnell, 400 to 500 killed, and several hundred prisoners. Hawley's official report is palpably inaccurate.

[2] In Record Office, London.

[3] Twenty-seventh baron and seventh baronet of Fowlis.

[4] It will be remembered that Prince Charles accepted refreshments from the Misses Edmonstoune when passing through Doune on his way to Edinburgh, *vide* Vol. II. p. 18.

action, with the result that he contracted a severe cold and quinsy, which proved fatal on January 25th. The death of Sir Robert Munro was deplored by Hanoverian and Jacobite alike. As a distinguished Highlander and chief of the clan Munro (*Clann an Rothaich*) he was greatly respected and admired by the Gaelic portion of the Prince's force, and Scotsmen of all shades of politics had reason to hold in high esteem the gallant soldier whose bravery at Fontenoy at the head of his splendid regiment, the Black Watch, "was the theme of admiration through all Britain."[1] As a reward for his conduct during that disastrous action he had been appointed Colonel of the 37th regiment, a change which he must have deeply regretted at Falkirk when he witnessed the cowardly flight of his men at the first approach of the Highlanders. Disdaining to follow, he remained at his post defiant and alert until "attacked by six of Locheal's regiment, and for some time defended himself with his half-pike." "Two of the six," writes his son, Sir Harry Munro,[2] "I'm informed, he kill'd; a seventh,[3] coming up fired a pistol into my father's groin; upon which, falling, the Highlander, with his sword, gave him two strokes in the face, one over the eyes and another on the mouth, which instantly ended a brave man." Duncan Munro, seeing his brother's terrible plight, hurried to his assistance, but had scarcely reached his side when he received a bullet in the breast, and was immediately afterwards despatched with the claymore. The following morning the bodies of the two unfortunate brothers were discovered, stripped of clothing and almost unrecognisable, lying in a pool of water. By the Prince's orders the corpses were borne off the field with every mark of respect, and honourably interred in the churchyard of Falkirk in the presence of nearly all the principal chiefs and Jacobite officers.

On the Prince's side the loss had been trifling; at the highest estimate not more than forty killed and a hundred and twenty wounded, the only prisoner of consequence taken by Hawley being Major MacDonald of Tirnadris, the hero of High Bridge, who during the confusion which prevailed after his battalion (Keppoch's) had charged, inadvertently walked up to a company of Barrel's regiment, which he took for a detachment of Lord John Drummond's men, and demanded in an angry tone why they were standing there idle instead of pursuing the enemy. He had no sooner spoken than he realised the fatal error he had made and

[1] Stewart of Garth.

[2] Letter to the Lord President, "Culloden Papers," pp. 267, 268.

[3] This man, according to tradition, was a MacGregor, known as *Calum na Ciabhaig* (Malcolm of the Ringlet), which tends to confirm Hawley's statement that the MacGregors were attached to Lochiel's regiment on this occasion.

endeavoured to retreat, but a cry was at once raised, "Here is a rebel! Here is a rebel!" and his arrest immediately followed. Huske, who was present, gave orders that he was to be shot, and the sentence would undoubtedly have been carried out there and then but for the generous intervention of Lord Robert Ker, which called forth the deep and lasting gratitude of the unlucky Highlander.[1] Tirnadris was removed to Edinburgh and imprisoned in the castle, where he met Bishop Forbes, who described him as "a brave, undaunted, honest man, of a good countenance, and of a strong robust make." He suffered at Carlisle on October 18, 1746.

Of those Jacobites who were slain on the field of battle, only two names are recorded, viz., Captain Farquharson of Achindryne, and Robert Grant,[2] a son of Grant of Shewglie; Lord John Drummond received a shot through his right arm which fortunately missed the bone; Lochiel and his brother, Dr. Archibald, were both wounded, the former in the foot,[3] and Farquharson of Balmoral was struck by a bullet at the commencement of the engagement, but refused to leave his clansmen, and insisted on being carried into action by four stout followers when his regiment charged the enemy.[4]

The victory was unmistakably with the Prince, but the full advantage of it had been lost. Had the Highlanders on the right rallied after the first onset, and awaited the development of the attack on the left; had the second line moved up to face the three flanking regiments on Hawley's right, and the whole front line swept forward simultaneously, it is more than probable that the entire Hanoverian force would have been cut to pieces or captured. Lord George Murray, with or without reason, blames O'Sullivan for the failure on the left wing. "Mr. O'Sullivan," he writes, "whom the Prince chiefly trusted with the disposition, was the person that might easily have remedied the error in bringing up the men from the Second Line of the Corps de Reserve to have extended the first Line; nothing was more easy, but that Gentleman had certainly no knowledge in these affairs, nor was he ever seen to do anything in time of action." A strong impeachment if justified.

Johnstone attributes the escape of Hawley's army to the terrible conditions of the elements, and there can be no doubt that his remarks

[1] For full account of his arrest *vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. pp. 127-29.

[2] Robert was the eldest son of Shewglie by his second wife; he was not badly wounded, but died from neglect and exposure.

[3] Captain Vere, the informer, writes, "Lochiel wounded in the foot with a bullet. I wish it had been through his heart, and then there would have an end been put to this rebellion.

[4] *Vide* "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 156, note.

on this point are, in the main, accurate. "The bad weather," he says, "which had been so favourable to us during the battle, and contributed so much to our obtaining the victory, proved very injurious to us afterwards, by preventing us from pursuing the vanquished enemy, and totally dispersing that army without leaving a vestige of it in Scotland: which would have obtained for us repose and tranquillity for a long time in that country, as this army was composed of old regiments, and the best troops of the English."

Charles, however, was not inclined to rail at Providence because the results of the battle were not quite as satisfactory as he or his officers could have wished; he had gained an undoubted advantage, the enemy's camp, baggage and artillery remained in his possession, and Hawley, beaten and dispirited, with the disorganised remnants of the Hanoverian army, was in full flight. On the whole, the Prince had every reason to feel gratified at the issue of an action which would certainly add fresh lustre to his arms, and might, if judiciously made the most of, produce a good moral effect both upon friends and foes. It was, therefore, with something approaching his old high spirits that he entered Falkirk about seven o'clock on the evening after the battle, escorted by Lord George Murray and several gentlemen of the army, and took up his quarters in the house of a Jacobite lady, Mrs. Graham by name, where a small but comfortable apartment had been prepared for his reception.[1] Thus happily terminated an eventful day; a second great victory had been gained for King James by his intrepid son; the claymore was again triumphant; and the undisciplined tartan-clad Gael had once more proved himself a match for the well-drilled, red-coated Sassenach.[2]

[1] The house, now in the occupation of Mr. John Watson, bootmaker, has recently undergone much alteration.

[2] To Highlanders the battle of Falkirk is known as *Blar na h-Eaglaise Brice*, "The Battle of the Speckled Church," probably from the mottled appearance of the masonry in the tower.

CHAPTER III

"Now great Hawley led on, with great Husk at his tail,
And the duke in the centre, this sure cannot fail:
Horse, foot, and dragoons; pell-mell, knock them down;
But gadzoons, where are they? Confound them, they're gone.
By a Harlequin trick the vile dogs run away,
Fifty miles in a morning, to t'other side Tay;
Then, in their strongholds, they laugh us to scorn.
Such scurvy, damn'd usage is not to be borne."

THE night of the battle was spent by the Highlanders in looting the deserted camp and stripping the bodies of their slain enemies. All through the long hours of darkness the gruesome work went on, unhindered by the whirling torrents of rain that swept over the exposed upland, and converted the battlefield into a miry swamp, upon which, when morning dawned, the nude corpses of the dead soldiers appeared to the inhabitants of Falkirk like great flocks of white sheep resting on the hillside. Upon a nearer approach the scene of conflict presented an extraordinary and ghastly sight: the whole face of the hill was dotted with dead bodies, lying here and there, singly or in heaps, all, except those of the Highlanders, being devoid of clothing; everywhere the terrible effects of the claymore and dirk could be seen in the mutilated limbs, gashed trunks, and severed heads of the unfortunate victims of the fight. A large pit was dug on the field by a party of country people, employed specially for the purpose, into which the corpses were unceremoniously thrown, with little regard to rank or nationality; when, however, the body of an officer was identified, it was rolled in flannel and interred with as much decency[1] as the time and place permitted. Throughout the whole of Saturday the storm of wind and rain raged with such fury that only those officers who had some special duty to perform quitted their lodgings; the others remained indoors and discussed the details of the late battle, and suggested various plans for following up the victory. It unfortunately happened that, as usual, too much warmth was thrown into the arguments brought forward,

[1] *Vide* Captain Vere's account, Record Office, London.

and the conversation ultimately degenerated into altercation and personal recrimination. Lord George Murray openly attributed the failure of the attack by the Prince's left wing to the absence of Lord John Drummond from his post at the commencement of the action, while Lord John, on his part, blamed Murray for neglecting to advance with the MacDonalds when the remainder of the line went forward to attack the enemy's foot. O'Sullivan was charged with keeping out of harm's way until the fighting was at an end, and every one endeavoured to justify himself at the expense of his colleagues.[1]

Regarding the best method of securing the greatest advantage from the success of the Prince's arms, opinions differed also, but a majority of the Jacobite officers were in favour of following Hawley's vanquished army to Edinburgh, and forcing another engagement, which, it was argued, would effectually break up the Hanoverian resistance for some time. The principal objection to this proposal was, that it would, if carried out, necessitate the withdrawal of the artillery from Stirling, and put an end to the siege, a matter of minor importance, one would think, in comparison with the moral and actual advantages to be gained by the dispersal of Hawley's still formidable body of troops. Johnstone is undoubtedly right in remarking, "We ought to have pursued the English with the rapidity of a torrent, in order to prevent them from recovering from their fright; we should have kept continually at their heels, and never relaxed till they were no longer in a condition to rally, without thinking of reaping the fruits of our victory till their complete defeat should enable us to do so with safety, and with leisure and tranquillity."

Contemporary narrators, strangely enough, give us no clue to Charles's reasons for abandoning the pursuit of the Hanoverian force other than the one above stated; probably he was, as Johnstone assumes, deterred by the promise of the vainglorious M. Mirabelle, who came to Falkirk, and asserted, at an interview with the Prince, that he would positively reduce the Castle of Stirling in forty-eight hours. Upon this assurance, Charles, instead of leading his army to Edinburgh, returned to Bannockburn on January 19th, with the Lowland troops, leaving Lord George Murray and the clan regiments to occupy Falkirk. The same day[2] a

[1] Home, who was taken prisoner at Falkirk, is the narrator, *vide* his "History," p. 179. There can be no justification for the charge against Lord George Murray, who, as D'Eguilles says, "fought on foot, like a lion, at the head of the Highlanders. It is to him, after the Prince, that the greatest credit is due."

[2] The chronicler of the Lockhart Papers says that Angus of Glengarry was shot the day after the battle of Falkirk, *i.e.* the 19th, by one of Keppoch's men. I have, however, preferred to accept Lord George Murray's account. He writes, in a letter to his wife, dated "Falkirk, 22nd Janr, 1746, 9 at night. A most unfortunate accident happened here two days after the action; Colonel Angust

most regrettable accident caused the death of one of the Prince's bravest followers, and produced results which seriously affected the future of the campaign. A Highlander of Clanranald's regiment had appropriated one of the enemy's muskets on the field of battle which had been loaded with a double charge; he had extracted one of the balls, and imagining that the gun contained powder only, pointed it out of the window of the room he occupied and fired into the street. The consequence of this foolish act was deplorable. Young Angus MacDonald (MacDonell), colonel of the Glengarry regiment, was standing on the causeway among a group of officers, engaged in conversation, when the second bullet struck him full in the body, and he fell to the ground mortally wounded. Amid loud lamentations and angry threats of vengeance against the author of the catastrophe, the wounded chieftain was carried to his lodgings[1] by his sorrowing comrades and carefully tended, but in spite of all medical aid he gradually sank, and died on January 22nd, mourned by every one who knew him. His last thoughts were for the unhappy man who had been the unwitting cause of the accident, and before he died he earnestly entreated his clansmen to pardon the offender.

For once, a chief's orders were disregarded; nothing would appease the wrath of the Glengarry-men but the instant execution of the slayer of their gallant young leader. Clanranald pleaded for his clansman's life in vain, and at length, rather than cause a dangerous feud between the two great branches of Clan Donald, he surrendered the culprit, who was immediately hurried outside the town and shot. Even this cruel sacrifice of a human life failed to satisfy the revengeful feelings of Glengarry's bereaved followers; they still remained embittered and discouraged, and although the Prince did everything he could to show his sympathy with them in their loss, and gave orders that the highest honours were to be paid to the remains of the deceased chieftain,[2] a great many deserted and returned to their native glens, bearing with them

MacDonell, Glengarry's son, who was a modest, brave, and advisable lad, was mortally wounded by an accidental shot of a miserable fellow of Clanranald Regement out of a window upon the street, of which he died this day, vastly regreated; it is more loss to us than all we suffer'd at the Batle." —"Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 159.

[1] The house in which Angus *Og* died still stands in Burns Court.

[2] Chambers says the body was interred by the Prince's commands in the grave of Sir John Græme in Falkirk churchyard, and that his Royal Highness himself attended the funeral. The former statement is quite probably true, although when the grave was opened in 1850 only one body was discovered, five feet down on a gravel bed. *Vide* "An account of the Principal Memorials in Falkirk Churchyard," by J. Reddoch McLuckie. I can find no confirmation of the assertion that Charles was present at the funeral. He went to Bannockburn on the 19th, and his letters after that date to Lord George Murray show that owing to a cold from which he was suffering, and the bad state of the weather, he was prevented from riding over to Falkirk.

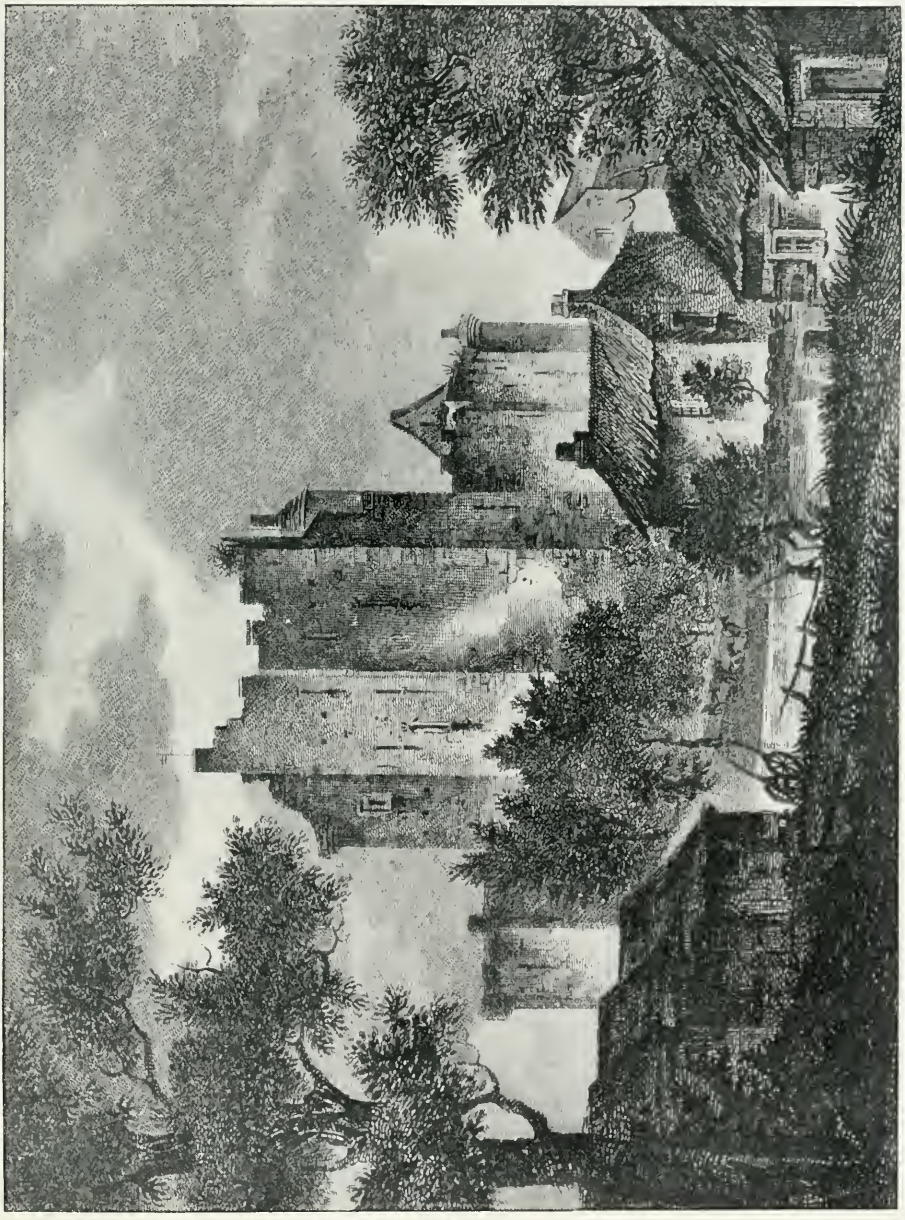
the sad news of the accident. Not only the Glengarry MacDonalds, but, as Lochgarry states, the Highlanders generally were "really dispirited" by this melancholy occurrence; a perfect epidemic of desertion set in, and day after day large bodies of plunder-laden Gaels crossed the Forth and made their way to the Highlands, spreading as they went the strangest and most contradictory stories regarding the condition of the Prince's affairs.

The prisoners taken during and after the battle were conveyed first to Stirling and afterwards to Doune, where they were confined in the Castle under the charge of MacGregor of Glengyle. As a whole they had little to complain of in the treatment they received at the hands of their captors, but the Glasgow volunteers, who had surrendered in considerable numbers, were not let off so easily; they were especially obnoxious to the Highlanders, as tradesmen, shopkeepers and clerks, who in an excess of zeal for the House of Hanover had laid down their tools, yard-sticks, and pens, and taken up arms against their rightful King. The fierce, warlike Gaels regarded these pale-faced apprentices and beardless scriveners from the contumacious city of Glasgow with supreme contempt, which they did not trouble to disguise, and it is to be feared that many budding bailies and future town councillors of St. Mungo found themselves in as uncomfortable a position as that of their worthy fellow townsman, the immortal Bailie Nicol Jarvie, when subjected to the scathing taunts of Helen MacGregor, before they were allowed to regain their homes in the Saltmarket or Trongate.

A few of the Edinburgh volunteers, including that militant and enterprising divinity student, John Home, had also been captured and brought to Doune. They were incarcerated in a large room next to the battlements, which being over seventy feet from the ground precluded, so the Highlanders thought, all chance of escape. In this belief Home and his comrades were allowed to take exercise upon the lofty ramparts whenever they felt inclined. The idea of regaining his freedom soon entered Home's mind, and was quickly put into execution. A rope was made from blankets, and on the night of January the 31st six prisoners, Home being of the number, let themselves down over the walls and got safely away.[1] One of Charles's first acts upon his return to Sir John Paterson's house was to order the publication of an official and true account of the late battle, which should contradict the many lying stories disseminated by his enemies regarding the result of the engagement. A printing-press and type had been brought from Glasgow by James Grant the Jacobite

[1] *Vide* Home's "History" pp. 187–192

printer—a partner in the Edinburgh firm of Ruddiman Brothers—who had attached himself to the Prince's army a day or two before Preston-



DOUNE CASTLE

From FITTLER'S *Scotia Depicta; drawn in* 1799

pans. From this press the printed narrative was issued in the form of a quarto sheet, entitled *The Bannockburn Journal.* which gives a fairly

accurate, and on the whole a reasonably impartial, description of what took place.[1]

The presence of the Prince at Bannockburn, and the news of the victory he had gained at Falkirk, infused new enthusiasm into the hearts of the troops in front of Stirling, and the siege of the Castle was resumed with fresh energy. Blakeney was again summoned by the Duke of Perth to surrender, but as he still reiterated his intention of holding out, M. Mirabelle proceeded to carry out those wonderful feats of military

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engineering which he had promised should reduce the garrison to submission in two days. He commenced by digging trenches on the Gowan Hill, at a spot about forty yards to the north of the fortress, where there was neither cover of any description to protect the men, nor sufficient earth to mask the guns he proposed to place there. Exposed to an intermittent but deadly fire from the castle battlements, which towered above them in front, the unfortunate soldiers of Lord John Drummond's regiment and the Irish picquets who had been selected for this dangerous work, fell in such numbers that it was found almost

[1] *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 197. The full text is given in Browne's "History of the Highlands," vol. iii. pp. 196–197 note. Mr. Blaikie is of opinion that the report of the battle was printed in Edinburgh by Robert Drummond, Swan's Close, and that the story of the printing-press at Bannockburn was concocted as a blind. Personally I fail to find any sufficient reason for doubting Bishop Forbes' statement given in the "Lyon in Mourning."—W. D. N.

impossible to accomplish the task. Instead of forty-eight hours, more than another week of valuable time was lost before the batteries were ready for the cannon. At last, on the morning of the 29th, the sanguine Frenchman having partially completed two batteries, one on the hill already named, which for lack of earth had to be protected with wool sacks, and the other on a neighbouring eminence called the Lady's Hill, opened fire from the former with the only three pieces of artillery he had been able to mount. The result was disastrous: a brisk cannonade was exchanged for a few moments, during which the Prince's guns were all dismounted, the battery demolished, and in less than half-an-hour, after many brave men had fallen, the position was abandoned as untenable.

In all, more than three weeks were wasted in the prosecution of an enterprise which, even if successful, could never have materially improved the Prince's position; from first to last the siege of Stirling, and especially the siege of Stirling Castle, was a mistake, one of those regrettable blunders which unhappily marked, only too frequently, the progress of this remarkable and ill-starred campaign.

During the days immediately following the battle, while M. Mirabelle was conducting, under the supervision of the Duke of Perth, those offensive operations against General Blakeney from which so much was expected, Charles remained at Bannockburn House, suffering from a cold he had contracted on the bleak moor of Falkirk. The weather continued wet and stormy, and the Prince's friends, solicitous for his health, advised him to stay indoors until he was thoroughly restored. Doubtless his fair acquaintance, Clementina Walkinshaw, added her persuasions to those of her relatives, and willingly adopted the *rôle* of nurse to her princely hero.

Writing to Lord George Murray on January 23rd the Prince says, "I was just ready to get on horseback in order to make you a visit, but have been overpersuaded to let it alone by people who are continually teasing me with my cold; but this wou'd not have done, had I not considered that it wou'd not be possible to draw out any Troops such a day as this, and I intended to have seen Glengarry's Regiment, of which I intend always to take a particular care, . . . by very good intelligence w^ch^ I received last night from Edinburgh, there is no appearance of the enemie's moving this way." From the tone of this letter, and from the tenor of others that followed it on the 24th and 25th, it is clear that Lord George had expressed a wish that Charles should ride over to Falkirk and review the Highland regiments. Desertion was every day

increasing, the men were gradually becoming demoralised by inaction, and discipline was growing more and more lax; something was necessary to counteract this state of affairs, and his lordship probably thought that the presence of the Prince, and the diversion created by a review, would be of material service in restoring the *morale* of the army. Charles, however, still remained indisposed, and as the weather showed no signs of improving, Lord George reviewed the men himself on the 27th. "We had a review here this day," he writes to his brother, Duke William, "and made a fine appearance, it was only those of our first line that were in the last Batle."[1]

Although debarred by the state of his health and the persistently bad condition of the elements from taking a very active part in the military operations then in progress, Charles was by no means idle. Assisted by Sir Thomas Sheridan, he employed much of his time in drawing up reports of the battle for transmission to the kings of France and Spain, which he hoped might awaken the enthusiasm of those lethargic monarchs, and convince them that the Jacobite cause was still worthy of their support. In addition to these formal communications, Charles wrote privately to Louis XV. on January 21st, explaining his position more definitely, and requesting immediate assistance. "*Cette Victorie me met a l'aise pour le present; mais Votre Majesté peut bien voir que la partée sera trop inegale, si je ne recois bientot de plus grand sécours. . . . Si le Debarquement que j'attens depuis si longtems se fait a present ou peut regarder l'Affaire comme finie, autrement je me verrai chaque jour obligé de risquer ma vie et toutes mes esperances contre un ennemie qui ne peut de longtems manquer de ressources et en attendant je me trouve dans le plus pressent besoin d'Argent.*"[2]

The pressing need of money was only equalled by the pressing need of men. With a depleted exchequer and an army reduced in strength by desertion, Charles saw his chances of success gradually diminishing, while, on the other hand, the enemy was growing daily more formidable. On the 28th, he learned that the Duke of Cumberland had left London to take command of the Hanoverian troops in place of the incompetent Hawley, and would doubtless seek an immediate engagement; it therefore became more than ever necessary that his own army should be reinforced and made as efficient as possible. The Duke of Atholl at Blair, and Lord Strathallan at Perth, were straining every nerve to raise additional men for the Prince's service, but they both found themselves

[1] "Jacobite Correspondence of the Atholl Family," pp. 160 161.
[2] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," Appendix.

STIRLING CASTLE

From the Painting by ALEXANDER NASMYTH

hampered by want of funds and the necessity for maintaining a sufficient force to guard the prisoners and arrest deserters.[1]

Charles fully realised the grave importance of the coming action, which he felt, to use his own words, would "decide the fate of Scotland,"[2] and although he could not disguise from himself the fact that might was on the side of his adversary, he had no intention of shirking the ordeal of another battle, but, on the contrary, he regarded the opportunity as providential, and contemplated without fear the result of the struggle. The sole question was, should he go forward and meet the enemy, or remain where he was and make his appeal to the God of Battles on the historic field of Bannockburn? Having, after some consideration, decided upon the former plan, Charles despatched Murray of Broughton to Lord George with an order bidding him remain at Falkirk, offering at the same time some suggestions regarding the dispositions to be made in the event of a battle becoming, as was expected, imminent.

His lordship professed to approve of the Prince's ideas, and proceeded to embody them, with some slight modifications, in another plan which he drew up and forwarded the following day (January 29th) for His Royal Highness's approbation. With these proposed alterations Charles appeared highly satisfied; the prospect of meeting Cumberland face to face put him in the best of spirits, his old vivacity was restored, enthusiasm again glowed within his breast, and the perfect confidence he possessed in the righteousness of his cause filled his soul with the most sanguine anticipations of a victory which should be at once decisive and complete, a victory which could not fail to place the crown of Britain within his father's reach.

It was always the strange and unhappy fate of this brave young Prince, that at the moment when Fortune seemed about to bestow upon him her most gracious favours, and make amends for her past neglect, a bolt, unforeseen and undreamed of, should fall from the unclouded heaven and shatter in its downward course his cherished hopes, his highest aspirations, his fondest desires, dashing the cup of success from his lips before a single drop of its nectar could be tasted.

At this moment, just such a bolt was being forged in the camp at Falkirk, where Lord George Murray and the chiefs were assembled at a council of war to discuss the question of an immediate retreat. What could have brought about this extraordinary change of attitude during

[1] *Vide* Dr. Colvill's letter to Murray of Broughton, dated Blair Castle, 19th January 1746, in "Jacobite Correspondence of the Atholl Family," p. 146; also Lord Strathallan's letters of January 19th and 27th, *Ibid.*, pp. 148 and 160.

[2] *Vide* Letter from the Prince to Duke William, dated Bannockburn January 28th, 1746. "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," p. 167, reprinted from the Blair Drummond Papers.

the few hours that had elapsed since the improved plan of battle had been sent to the Prince at Bannockburn? Lord George remarks in his journal, "Many of the men went home from all the different corps, and this evil was daily increasing; so that when we understood (on January 28th) that the Duke of Cumberland was ready to march from Edinburgh,[1] and that two or three new regiments had joined the army, the principal officers at Falkirk, taking their situation into their serious consideration, were persuaded that we were in no condition to fight them, and that there was not the least hopes of taking Stirling Castle . . . but by starving, which would be the work of months. In less than two hours after they first talked of this matter the officers at Falkirk drew up their opinion and signed it, and sent it to his Royal Highness."

It will be noted that his lordship makes no reference either here or elsewhere to the plan of the contemplated battle he had forwarded that very morning (the 29th) for the Prince's approval, and were it not for the evidence of Maxwell of Kirkconnell, and Hay of Restalrig, we should probably have remained in ignorance of this interesting fact. The memorial itself, which is dated "Falkirk 29th of January 1746," contains no adequate explanation of the reasons which brought about such a complete and sudden reversion of military policy.

It is true M. Mirabelle's attempt to demolish the citadel of Stirling had failed ignominiously, and it is quite possible that the news of the destruction of his much-vaunted batteries, which must have reached Falkirk within a few hours after the disaster, probably before the meeting took place, led many of the Prince's officers to believe that it would be a sheer waste of time to continue the siege. This belief is, in fact, embodied in the memorial, and forms, with the somewhat overdrawn report of increasing desertions, the principal argument in favour of a retreat. Desertion had been rife since the night of the battle, and no one was better acquainted with the fact than Lord George himself, as his correspondence amply proves; but the numbers of the army could not have been materially diminished since the morning, when he signified his acquiescence in the Prince's proposal to make a stand at Falkirk and contest Cumberland's advance there; how comes it then that Charles is informed in the memorial that, "It is but just now (*i.e. on the afternoon or evening of the 29th*) that we are appriz'd of the numbers of our own people that are gone off, besides the many sick that are in no condition to fight?" That Lord George had no definite idea of a retreat in his mind previous to the meeting of officers is evident, for he distinctly states in a letter to his wife, dated, "Falkirk,

[1] This was, of course, an error, as Cumberland did not reach Edinburgh until the morning of the 30th.

29th Jan^r^, 1746," "I expect in two or three days we may have another Batle, which will assuredly be more desisive then the last, tho' a more reall Victory cannot be obtean'd." The letter was, however, not despatched until the following day, and in the meantime the fatal decision to retreat had been agreed upon, and his lordship was able to give Lady Amelia the latest information in a postscript. "I shall now tell you our situation is changed since what I wrote yesterday. Our men are Impatient to be home, and numbers have left us; so we are in an absolute necessity to retyre northwards, and the season hinders the taking of Stirling Castle."[1] How the situation had changed in so brief a space of time neither Lord George nor his contemporaries sufficiently explain.

The memorial which was to cause the Prince so much distress of mind, ran as follows:

Copy of what was presented to His Royal Highness as the opinion of the Officers at Falkirk, 29th January 1746.

We think it our duty in this critical juncture to lay our opinions in the most respectful manner before y^r^ R: H:

We are certain that a vast number of the soldiers of y^r^ R: H:'s army are gone home since the Battle of Falkirk; and, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the commanders of the different corps, they find that this evil is increasing hourly, and not in their power to prevent: and as we are afraid Stirling Castle cannot be taken as soon as was expected, if the enemy march before it should fall into y^r^ R: H:'s hands we dread the most fatal consequences. If y^r^ R: H: should risque a Battle and Stirling Castle not in your hands, we can forsee nothing but utter destruction to the few that will remain, considering the inequality of our numbers to that of the enemy.

For these reasons we are humbly of opinion, that there is no way to extricate y^r^ R: H: and those who remain with you out of the most imminent danger, but by retiring immediately to the Highlands, where we can be usefully employed the remainder of this winter, by taking and mastering the Forts in the North; and we are morally sure we can keep as many men together as will answer this end, and hinder the enemy from following us in the mountains at this season of the year, and in the spring we doubt not but an army of ten thousand effective Highlanders can be brought together, and follow y^r^ R: H: wherever you think proper. This will certainly disconcert your enemies, and cannot but be approved of by y^r^ R: H:'s friends both at home and abroad.

If a landing should happen in the mean time, the Highlanders would immediately rise, either to join them or make a powerful diversion elsewhere.

The hard marches which your army have undergone, the winter season, and now the inclemency of the weather, cannot fail of making this measure approved of by y^r^ R: H:'s allies abroad as well as your faithful adherents at home. The greatest difficulty that occurs to us is the saving of the Artillery, particularly the heavy

[1] This most interesting and touching letter is printed in the "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 170–172.

Cannon: but better some of these were thrown into the Forth as that y^r R: H:, besides the danger of your own person, should risque the flower of your army, which we apprehend must inevitably be the case if this retreat be not agreed to, and gone about without the loss of one moment. And we think it would be the highest imprudence to risque the whole on so unequal a chance, when there is such hopes of succours from abroad, besides the resources y^r R: H: will have from your faithful and dutiful followers at home.

It is but just now that we are appriz'd of the numbers of our own people that are gone off, besides the many sick that are in no condition to fight, and we offer this our opinion with the more freedom, that we are perswaded that y^r R: H: can never doubt of the uprightness of our intentions.

No body is privy to this address to y^r R: H: except the subscribers, and we beg leave to assure y^r R: H: that it is with great concern and reluctancy that we find ourselves obliged to declare our sentiments in so dangerous a situation, which nothing could have prevail'd with us to have done but the unhappy going off of so many of our men.

Signed by L^D Geo: Murray. Clunie M^cPherson. Ardshiel.
Lochiel. Clanronald. Lochgarry & Scotus.
Keppoch. Mast^R of Lovat. Glengyle.

Fearing that Charles might misinterpret their motives, the signatories added the following declaration:

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed do hereby solemnly and in the Presence of God declare, that tho' for reasons which to us seem of the greatest weight, we have advised His Royal Highness to retire beyond the Forth, we are still firmly resolved to stand by him and the Glorious Cause we have espoused, to the utmost of our lives and Fortunes."[1]

This done, the memorial was entrusted to the care of an aide-de-camp, who was charged to proceed to Bannockburn and hand it, together with a letter of instructions from Lord George Murray, to Hay of Restalrig.[2] In this letter Hay is entreated to take the most prudent method of placing the document in the Prince's hands, without a moment's delay. "We are sensible," his lordship remarks, "that it will be very unpleasant, but in the name of God what can we do?"

The messenger reached Bannockburn early on Thursday morning, January 30th, while Charles, in happy ignorance of what fate had in store for him, was still wrapped in slumber. Hay received the packet containing the memorial from the aide-de-camp's hands, but he would not allow the Prince to be disturbed. At length, after some time had elapsed and Charles had risen from his bed, Hay entered the room and handed the despatch to his Royal Highness.

[1] Printed in Blaikie's "Itinerary," Appendix, p. 76.
[2] Hay of Restalrig was acting as the Prince's secretary at this time.

No sooner were its contents mastered than the Prince, flaming with indignation, and unable, for the moment, to control his passion, exclaimed, "Good God! have I lived to see this," and struck his head so violently against the wall of his chamber that he reeled from the blow.[1] In the blindness of his anger he saw nothing but Lord George Murray's handiwork in the proposal to retreat, and upon the head of that devoted and greatly misunderstood nobleman the disappointed Prince did not hesitate to pour out the vials of his wrath. After the first ebullition of passion had subsided, he was, however, able to reason more clearly, he had not forgotten his experiences at Derby, and he began to recognise the futility of opposition, seeing that not only Lord George but all the principal chiefs had affixed their signatures to the document. But Charles was determined not to yield without a protest; he still had some faith in his powers of persuasion, and as he was firmly convinced in his own mind that to retreat at this juncture would be a fatal error—and who can say that he was not right?—he made haste to communicate his views in a letter which he dispatched to Falkirk by Sir Thomas Sheridan, who was authorised to discuss the matter fully, and concert measures for carrying out the plan ultimately decided upon.[2] The letter was couched in the following terms:—

THE PRINCE TO THE CHIEFS[3]

BANNOCKBURN, *Jan. y^e 30th.*

GENTLEMEN,—I have received y^rs of last night and am extremely surprised at the contents of it, w^ch I little expected from you at this time. Is it possible that a Victory and a Defeat shou'd produce the same effects, and that the Conquerors should flie from an engagement, whilst the conquer'd are seeking it? Shou'd we make the retreat you propose, how much more will that raise the spirits of our Ennemys and sink those of our own People? Can we imagine, that where we go the Ennemy will not follow, and at last oblige us to a Battel which we now decline? Can we hope to defend ourselves at Perth, or keep our Men together there, better than we do here? We must therefcre continue our flight to the Mountains, and soon find our selves in a worse condition than we were in at Glenfinnen. What Opinion will the French and Spaniards then have of us, or what encouragement will it be to the former to make the descent for which they have been so long preparing, or the latter send us any more succours? I am persuaded that if the Descent be not made before this piece of news reaches them, they will lay aside all thoughts of it, cast all the blame upon us, and say it is vain to send succours to those who dare not stay to receive them.

[1] This incident is described by Hay, *vide* "Home's History," Appendix xl., p. 355.

[2] A further letter was sent at the same time in which the Prince expresses his entire confidence in Sir Thomas Sheridan, and concludes, "I desire you to give entire credit to him, and whatever shall be determined I shall readily agree to." Printed in Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 77.

[3] State Papers Domestic, George II.

Will they send us any more Artillery to be lost or nail'd up? But what will become of our Lowland friends? Shall we persuade them to retire with us to the Mountains? Or shall we abandon them to the fury of our Merciless Ennemies? What an Encouragement will this be to them or others to rise in our favour, shou'd we, as you seem to hope, ever think our selves in a condition to pay them a second visit? But besides what urges us to this precipitate resolution is as I apprehend the daily threats of the Ennemy to come and attack us; and if they should do it within two or three days our retreat will become impracticable. For my own Part I must say that it is with the greatest reluctance that I can bring my self to consent to such a step, but having told you my thoughts upon it, I am too sensible of what you have already ventured and done for me, not to yield to y^r^ unanimous resolution if you persist in it. However I must insist on the Conditions w^ch^ S^r^ Thomas Sheridan the Bearer of this, has my orders to propose to you. I desire you wou'd talk the matter over with him and give entire credit to what he shall say to you in my name.

Your assured friend.

[*Endorsed*] 30 Jan., 1746.

It will be seen from this letter, that Charles, instead of expressing the resentment he naturally felt, by launching forth a torrent of bitter reproaches against those who had thwarted his plans, wisely adopted a tone of dispassionate, dignified remonstrance, which he hoped would produce the effect he most desired. One by one every point brought forward in the memorial is touched upon and replied to with convincing logic, each argument in favour of a retreat is calmly refuted, every suggestion is duly weighed and fairly considered, but neither the Prince's reasoning nor Sheridan's propositions sufficed to change the opinion of the chiefs, although they agreed to send some of their number to talk over the matter with Charles at Bannockburn. Of what passed at this meeting we know practically nothing, but it is evident from the letter the Prince sent to Falkirk upon the following day, January 31st, which is here printed in full,[1] that it was a stormy one, and it is also clear that Charles yielded his consent to a retreat only because he found it impossible to do otherwise.

THE PRINCE TO THE CHIEFS[2]

I doubt not but you have been informed by Cluny and Keppoch of what passed last night and heard great complaints of my Despotick temper, I therefore think it necessary to explain my self more fully to you. I can't see nothing but ruin and

[1] I have had the correspondence between Prince Charles and the chiefs, relating to the retreat from Stirling, printed in full and inserted in the text for the convenience of the reader, and also because I deem it of the greatest interest. These letters, I believe, have not hitherto been brought together in their proper sequence in any work dealing with the subject.—W. D. N.

[2] State Papers Domestic, George II.

destruction to us all in case we should think of a retreat. Wherever we go the Ennemy will follow, and if we now appear afraid of them their spirits will rise and those of our men sink very low. I cannot conceive but we can be as well and much more safely quarter'd in and about Falkirk than here. We have already tried it for several days together, and tho' the men were order'd to be every day on the field of Battle early you know it was always near noon before they cou'd be assembled. Had the Ennemy come upon us early in y^e^ morning, what wou'd have become of us? and shall we again wilfully put our selves in y^e^ same risk? Believe me y^e^ nearer we come to the Forth the greater the Desertion will prove. But this is not the worst of it. I have reason to apprehend that when we are once here it will be proposed to cross the Forth it self, in w^ch^ case we shall be utterly undon and lose all the fruits of y^e^ success providence has hitherto granted us. Stirling will be retaken in fewer days than we have spent in taking it, and prove a second Carlile for it will be impossible to carry off our Cannon, etc. In fine why we should be so much afraid now of an Ennemy that we attacked and beat a fortnight ago when they were much more numerous I cannot conceive. Has the loss of so many officers and men killed and wounded and the shame of their flight still hanging upon them made them more formidable? I would have you consider all this and represent it accordingly, but shew my letter to no mortal. After all this I know I have an Army y^t^ I cannot command any further than the chief Officers please, and therefore if you are all resolved upon it I must yield; but I take God to witness that it is with the greatest reluctance, and that I wash my hands of the fatal consequences w^ch^ I foresee but cannot help.

Charles, young and inexperienced as he was, foresaw what his elder and more experienced officers either did not see or did not care to see; his judgment was more accurate, his perceptions were more acute, and his insight into the future was clearer than theirs—in this instance, at least, he was right and they were wrong;[1] he knew perfectly well that his enemies would be sure to regard his retirement, even if it were conducted in the most orderly manner, as a sign of weakness, and an attempt to escape from the vengeance of their new hero, Cumberland, whose presence would certainly inspire them with fresh confidence, and help to efface the unpleasant recollection of their recent defeat. It was, however, useless to protest further; the chiefs had determined to retreat, and it now only remained for the Prince to make the best of a bad bargain and proceed with his arrangements for the march northwards; that ill-omened march which was to end so fatally on the moor of Culloden.

At three o'clock on the morning of January 30th, the Duke of Cumberland, who, as soon as Hawley's defeat became known to the Government, had been hastily appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Hanoverian forces in Scotland, arrived at the palace of Holyrood. After

[1] In taking up this position, I have accepted as accurate the statement of Hay and others, that the number of desertions in the Prince's army had been greatly exaggerated.—W. D. N.

two hours' repose upon the bed which had been used by Prince Charles during his stay in Edinburgh, he arose and proceeded without a moment's delay to hold a long conference with General Hawley and his chief officers, regarding the measures to be taken in attacking the Jacobite army. The soldiery, with whom the Duke was undoubtedly popular, welcomed his appearance with acclamations; any leader was better than the ferocious Hawley, who, since his return to Edinburgh, had taken a brutal revenge for his discomfiture at Falkirk by flogging, shooting, and hanging a number of his unfortunate men,[1] bullying his officers, and making himself generally obnoxious. It is true Cumberland approved of these executions,[2] which were quite in accordance with his own savage ideas of military discipline, but the troops, not being able to read, as we can, their new commander's private correspondence, did not know this, and they therefore regarded the change as one likely to benefit them in many ways. As Charles had feared, the presence of the Duke assisted greatly in restoring the spirits of both men and officers; they no longer feared to be led against the Highlanders, and all who had taken part in the late battle expressed an earnest desire to atone for the disgraceful proceedings of that disastrous day. This praiseworthy spirit naturally commended itself to Cumberland, and he determined that it should not be allowed to die out for want of encouragement; there was nothing to delay his advance, as all the reinforcements he expected had arrived, with the exception of Bligh's regiment of foot, and some 4000 or 5000 Hessian mercenaries who had been ordered from the Continent to replace the Dutch auxiliaries, and as everything else was in readiness, he decided to march on the following morning.

The remainder of the day was spent in a careful inspection of the troops and the reception of the city dignitaries, and concluded with an informal levee or drawing-room held in the great picture-gallery, where only four months previously all the Jacobite rank and fashion of Edinburgh had assembled to do honour to the victorious heir of the Stuarts, and renew their vows of loyalty to King James the Eighth. Now the scene was changed, and the actors were of a different school. It was no longer a graceful, dignified, handsome Prince Charmant, with courtly manners and kingly mien, who played the title-rôle, but a coarse, obese,

[1] *Vide* his letter to Cumberland, dated January 29th, in Record Office, London. Captain Cunningham, rather than face one of Hawley's court-martials, opened a vein in his arm and bled to death. Information given by Captain Vere.

[2] *Vide* his letter dated from Netherby on January 26th, in Record Office, London. Upon his arrival in Edinburgh he however put a stop to these punishments, probably in order to gain further popularity.

sensual-minded libertine, who had nothing in common with his princely cousin but youth and courage. In place of stalwart Highlanders kilted and plaided in their multi-coloured tartans,[1] and fair Jacobite dames, wearing in their hair or on their bosoms the white cockade of the royal House, the room was crowded with scarlet-coated English officers, devoted to the rival House of Hanover, and groups of Whig ladies who thought it no disgrace to have their pure cheeks kissed by the sullied lips of this libidinous young roué.

In spite of defective morals and physical superfluities, Cumberland, to do him justice, was a vigorous, bold, and capable officer, prompt to act in moments of emergency, cool-headed in the midst of danger, firm of purpose, but too often biased in his judgment, and led into serious error and brutal excesses by his unbridled passions, to which he gave full rein. As a son of Britain's Teutonic ruler he regarded every soldier in the Jacobite army as a rebel, every adherent of King James as a traitor, and as to Charles himself no epithet was too strong, no expression too scurrilous, no language too abusive, to satisfy the hatred of this imperious Duke. He was sent by his father to stamp out the "rebellion," and he meant to do it even if he had to exterminate the whole body of disaffected Gaels and their Lowland allies.

The army which Cumberland now commanded was composed of all the regular troops and Highland militia recently in action at Falkirk, reinforced by Lord Semple's battalion (25th Foot), the Scots Fusileers (21st Foot), Lord Mark Ker's Dragoons (11th), the new regiment of horse raised by the Duke of Kingston, and a train of artillery; in addition, there were many officers who had been taken prisoners at Prestonpans, and who, regardless of their oaths of parole, had allowed themselves to be "forcibly liberated" by the natives of the towns to which they had been sent by the Prince's orders. The Duke not only absolved them from all responsibility, but he took immediate steps to send an order to all the other officers, who still remained prisoners, to the effect that unless they at once returned to their duty, parole or no parole, their commissions would be cancelled. A few worthy gentlemen[2] had the courage to refuse obedience to this arbitrary command, which was contrary to all the usages of civilised warfare; they were quite willing, they said, to resign their commissions into the Duke's hands,

[1] There may have been a few Highland officers of the Argyllshire Militia present.

[2] Among the names recorded are those of Sir Peter Halket, Lieutenant Colonel of Lee's Regiment, Captain Lucy Scott, Lieutentants Farquharson (probably James Farquharson, younger, of Invercauld), and Cumming.

but their honour was their own, and they declined to sacrifice it at the bidding of any one.

In a Jacobite pamphlet, printed in Aberdeen,[1] to explain the reasons for the retreat from Stirling, reference is made to this disgraceful breach of faith. "It is not amiss here," remarks the writer, "to take notice how Scandalously and Shamefully many of the Officers that were taken Prisoners at Gladsmoor have broken their Paroles. This is a new maxim of Hanoverian growth, that no Parole is to be keept to Rebells (this is something like the Romish one, no Faith to Hereticks); how far this may affect the future Behaviour of the Highlanders in time of Action let our Enemies consider."

Early on the morning of Friday, January 31st, the Hanoverian army left Edinburgh in two columns, the Duke's column proceeding by the Glasgow road to Linlithgow, and the other, under the command of Brigadier Mordaunt, marching as far as Borrowstounness, both forces being preceded by strong advance-guards of cavalry. At nine o'clock Cumberland seated himself in a state coach, drawn by twelve horses, lent or given by the Earl of Hopetoun, which naturally attracted much attention from the populace as it rattled over the stones of the Canongate and High Street, surrounded by an escort of cavalry, and followed by a large number of staff officers and state officials on horseback. At Castlebarns the Duke left his coach, mounted his charger, and, in response to the cheers of those who had followed him out of the city, he made a brief speech in which he thanked the people for their expressions of goodwill, said he hoped soon to be back again with good news, shook hands with some of the crowd, and set off at a gallop to join his army.

About three o'clock in the afternoon he arrived at Linlithgow, where it had been arranged his column should halt for the night, the column under Brigadier Mordaunt being quartered a few miles off, at Borrowstounness; the Argyllshire Militia occupied an advanced post on the river Avon, and the cavalry regiments were stationed among the adjacent villages. It is probable that Cumberland took up his quarters in the old palace of Linlithgow, as it was usually his custom to make a point of sleeping under the same roof that had formerly sheltered his cousin Charles, and we may reasonably infer that he did so in this instance; in any case, many of his soldiers were accommodated within the palace precincts on the night of January 31st, and, owing to their neglect, or something worse, the magnificent and venerable pile, the home of many Stuart kings and the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots, which had

[1] Dated February 10th, 1746, a copy in Record Office, London.

bravely withstood the ravages of time for so many centuries, caught fire on the morning of February 1st, and was allowed to burn without any attempt being made to extinguish the flames until nothing but the outer walls remained standing.[1] If an accident, the destruction by fire of this noble building—

> "Of all the palaces so fair,
> Built for the royal dwelling,
> In Scotland, far beyond compare,
> Linlithgow is excelling"[2]—

must have been due to some act of criminal carelessness on the part of the reckless soldiery, which merited, at the very least, a severe punishment, but no one appears to have suffered, and the affair was so hushed up that beyond a brief paragraph in the *Scots Magazine*,[3] and a few lines devoted to the subject by a volunteer in Cumberland's army, which are to be found in an exceedingly rare pamphlet,[4] no contemporary reference to the catastrophe can be discovered. The volunteer says: "When we were drawn up in the field, we had a melancholy sight, for the Palace was, through some accident, set on fire, and continued burning without any help for the contrary when we marched off the field."

The fact is, the Duke's popularity would have been so seriously diminished in Scotland had the wanton destruction of Linlithgow Palace become generally known, that an attempt was evidently made, probably by the Duke's orders, to suppress all mention of the occurrence; and even in his own letters to the Duke of Newcastle and the Lord Justice Clerk, of February 1st, all reference to the accident is carefully omitted.

Having thus inaugurated his campaign in Scotland with an act of vandalism, which was to be the predecessor of many others, Cumberland, after reviewing his troops on the morning of February 1st, continued his march to Falkirk in the belief that Charles intended to dispute his advance somewhere between that place and Stirling. It may be as well to say here, that as this work is primarily a history of the life and adventures of Prince Charles, written from the Jacobite standpoint, the author does not intend to follow in detail the movements of the Hanoverian forces on their march northwards; to do so would occupy far too much space, and would only divert attention from the main thread of the narrative.

[1] The only possible excuse for this barbarous neglect is that, owing to a hard frost which prevailed at the time, water was difficult to procure.

[2] Marmion, Canto iv.

[3] For January 1746, p. 48.

[4] "A Journey . . . along with the Army under Command of H.R.H. the Duke of Cumberland . . by a Volunteer." I am indebted to Mr. Blaikie's letter in the *Scotsman* of February 11, 1901, for this information.—W. D. N.

To those readers who wish for full information on this subject, the pages of Chambers, and many other histories of the "Forty-Five" are available.[1]

The news of the enemy's appearance at Linlithgow was brought to Lord George Murray by his scouting parties sometime during the afternoon of the 31st, and he at once proceeded to carry out the arrangements already agreed upon for the evacuation of Falkirk. The clan regiments had been under arms all day, and only awaited the command to march, which was given by his lordship shortly after sunset. Leaving some detachments of cavalry behind to patrol the Edinburgh road east of Falkirk, to create an impression that the town still remained in his occupation, Lord George, with the remainder of his force, took the road to Bannockburn, at which place he arrived about nine o'clock. Charles by this time had resigned himself to the inevitable; and if we may believe the report made by Colonel Warren[2] to King James, in a letter from Paris of the following May, he (the Prince) "waived his own opinion and paid a deference to that of some of the chiefs as in reward of their services, and a mark of his condescension to what they judged for the good of your royal cause and their happiness, which he gave proof was more to him than any other satisfaction he could propose, even life itself; so that they could not but admire his spirit, heart, and conduct. He has taught them how to bear the inconvenience of adversity, or a mis-step, by looking forward, providing for the time to come, and taking lesson for what is past; and all this with such prudence, dignity, caution, and dexterity, that really shew him a born general. I am sure there never was one more universally beloved by his army or more deserving of it."

A meeting of officers was held at Bannockburn House, shortly after Lord George's arrival, which lasted until after midnight; and it was agreed in his Royal Highness's presence that, at nine o'clock on the following morning, Saturday, February 1st, the whole Jacobite force, except that portion of it which, under the Duke of Perth and Lord John Drummond, still held the town of Stirling, should rendezvous in a field to the east of St. Ninian's. Lord George Murray again expressed his willingness to accept the honourable but dangerous duty of commanding the rear; and arranged that he should select a hundred men from each battalion, or a certain number of the clan regiments, to form a strong guard.[3]

[1] Hanoverian accounts are to be found in all contemporary magazines, and in "The Life of the Duke of Cumberland," published in London, 1757; Biggs' "Military History of Europe," &c. &c.

[2] An officer in the French service who was sent from Scotland with despatches.

[3] The author, in describing the first stages of the retreat, has drawn largely from Lord George Murray's narrative. *Vide* "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. pp. 180–186.

Before the meeting broke up, O'Sullivan was commissioned to despatch an order to the Duke of Perth and Lord John Drummond, requesting them to have their men in readiness to march between nine and ten in the morning, but not to leave Stirling until they received further instructions. For some reason this order was withdrawn after the officers had separated for the night, and in place of it another one was sent which authorised the evacuation of Stirling at daybreak. Why the alteration was made, or who was responsible for it, will never be definitely known. O'Sullivan probably suggested it, and Charles may have sanctioned it in a moment of irritation and thoughtlessness ; in any case, when Lord George entreated the Prince at a council of war held two days later (February 2nd) at Crieff, to name the individual who had given such pernicious advice, Charles "declin'd naming anybody, and took it upon himself, so," as his lordship adds, "there was no more to be said." Whoever was responsible, the effect produced by O'Sullivan's despatch was deplorable ; for no sooner did Lord John Drummond proceed to act upon it, than a panic seized upon the troops in and about Stirling, who believed the enemy was close at hand, and before anything could be done to reassure them they marched off at five o'clock in the morning, in the greatest confusion, leaving behind most of the baggage, all the clothes they had brought from Glasgow, and many weapons.[1] In the hurry of the flight, for it was little better, the most ordinary precautions for covering the retreat were omitted ; no guard was posted at the gate of Stirling to protect the stragglers, and as a natural consequence, the townspeople, when they began to realise what was happening, shut the ports and secured as prisoners all those who, from one cause or another, had delayed their departure. At a convenient spot below the town, where boats had been placed to keep a passage open, the same neglect was shown ; nothing was done to protect them, and many men who arrived late were unable to cross the stream and fell into Blakeney's hands.

Utterly ignorant of what was taking place at Stirling, Lord George Murray, after a night spent in receiving reports from his cavalry patrols—from whom he learnt that, up till two o'clock in the morning, Falkirk still remained clear of the enemy—left his quarters at Easter Green Yards[2] as soon as it was light, and proceeded to the place where the cloth, shoes, bonnets, and other articles which had been requisitioned from Glasgow were stored, in order to satisfy himself that they were being properly secured. He found, when he reached the spot, that those in charge of

[1] *Vide* the Rev. John Cameron's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 83.
[2] A farm near Bannockburn.

the stores were endeavouring to load them on some carts ; but as there were only horses for one out of every six vehicles, Lord George saw that, unless a distribution was made at once, the greater portion would have to be left behind. He accordingly gave orders that a piece of cloth or lining should be given to any of the men who would be willing to carry it. While he was engaged in this duty, the sound of a great explosion was heard near at hand, which created no little consternation among the Highlanders gathered around the carts. None could tell what it meant, but Lord George surmised that the guns of Stirling Castle had opened fire upon some parties of the Prince's men in the neighbourhood of the town, and attributed the report to that cause. About this time Colonel Ker, of Graden, rode up and informed his lordship that he had just returned from visiting the cavalry outposts, and was assured that none of Cumberland's troops had yet entered Falkirk.

This was most welcome intelligence, and, as the time had now nearly come for attending the muster at St. Ninian's, Lord George hastened thither in the best of spirits to communicate the information he had received to the Prince. Greatly to his surprise, he found, when he arrived upon the field where he expected to see the greater part of the army drawn up in readiness to march off, that the place was empty ; and beyond a crowd of rustics gathered round the ruins of the church, which, he was told, had been blown up by the retreating troops, there was little to be seen, but in the distance his quick eye readily detected scattered bodies of the Prince's men making off at great speed, in the evident belief that they were hotly pursued.

It was an unfortunate and discreditable business, to say the least of it, and Lord George was fully justified in losing his temper. To discover that his well-thought-out scheme for an orderly retreat, which had been approved by his colleagues and had received the Prince's sanction on the previous evening, had been set aside without any apparent reason, was galling in the extreme ; but to find that the change of plan had been decided upon, not only without consulting him, but without even a word of notification that any alteration in the arrangements had been made, was bitterly provoking, and many an officer in his lordship's place would have felt so deeply affronted that he would have lost all interest in his work and let matters take their course, bad as they were. But Lord George Murray was not a man to neglect his duty under any circumstances, and, in spite of the chagrin and annoyance he felt, his sole thought was to do what he could to minimise the evil which he saw must result from the foolish step the Prince had seemingly authorised. He had already sent an

aide-de-camp to withdraw his cavalry outposts from the neighbourhood of Falkirk, as their position was fast becoming dangerous ; and as he now knew all that he wanted to know regarding the approach of the enemy, there was no advantage to be gained by patrolling the road beyond the Torwood. The important point was to try and convince the men that, as the Hanoverian army had not made its appearance in Falkirk, there was no cause whatever for alarm or hurry ; he therefore put spurs to his horse and galloped off after the retreating troops, hoping that he might be able to persuade a few battalions to form a rear-guard, and thus give at least a semblance of order to the retirement. Sending Colonel Ker by another road on the same errand, Lord George rode on until he overtook the Glengarry regiment, which immediately halted ; and when his lordship explained the position of affairs, a few men, about twenty or thirty, were prevailed upon to return the length of Green Yards and get pieces of cloth. The remainder persisted in continuing the march, making the excuse that they feared being cut off by the enemy's cavalry ; and as none of the other battalions could be induced to halt, Lord George was obliged, much against his will, to relinquish his plan and take his place among the fugitives.[1]

Charles, accompanied by his staff and several of the chiefs, had taken his departure from Bannockburn House at a very early hour ; receiving, before he went, an assurance of undying fidelity from the enamoured Clementina, who promised that she would follow wherever Providence might lead him. He reviewed the few troops assembled ; but their numbers were so small that he thought it unnecessary to waste further time, when he reached St. Ninian's, by attending the rendezvous at the place appointed. The parade was accordingly cancelled, and, after he had given some instructions regarding the destruction of a large quantity of gunpowder which had been stored in the church, he continued his way towards the Fords of Frew with the straggling remnants of his army.

Eight or ten minutes later, just as the wounded Lochiel was driving through the village in a chaise with Mrs. Murray of Broughton, the powder blew up with a terrific report. The church was instantly wrecked, nothing remaining but the tower ; the surrounding houses were shattered ; fourteen or fifteen men were killed on the spot, and several bystanders were hurt. Lochiel and his fair companion had an exceedingly narrow escape from serious injury ; stones fell thickly around them, and the horses, taking fright at the explosion, kicked and reared so violently that Mrs.

[1] "Lord George Murray was in a concern not to be expressed, and, I believe, lost his temper upon that occasion." *Vide* his account of the retreat.

Murray was thrown out of the vehicle, and remained lying speechless in the road until rescued from her dangerous position by some of the villagers.[1]

Naturally enough the Whigs attributed the destruction of the building to Jacobite malice, and some even went so far as to assert that the Prince had personally given the order which led to its demolition. But the falsity of the charge is apparent when we consider that Charles was himself scarcely out of danger at the time the catastrophe occurred; that Lochiel, unwarned of the risk he was running, was actually passing through the village at the moment of the explosion, and that four or five of the men killed belonged to the Jacobite army.

ST. NINIAN'S STEEPLE

The rest of the church was accidentally destroyed by gunpowder on February 1, 1746

Photo by the AUTHOR

A paragraph in the *Scots Magazine* for July 1746, gives a probably accurate explanation of the accident. The writer states that the Prince gave orders that all the gunpowder was to be taken outside the building, and any barrels which could not be carried away were to be burst open and the explosive spread over the rising ground at the back of the church, where it could be destroyed without danger. Whilst this was being done by a party of townspeople engaged for the purpose, the sentries, who had been posted near the churchyard, observed several of the villagers in the act of secreting parcels of powder and other stores; whereupon one of the soldiers, with the intention of frightening the pilferers, discharged his musket, and some sparks falling upon the loose gunpowder which had been accidentally spilt between the church door and the field,

[1] The Rev. John Cameron's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 83.

the train took fire and spread like a flash of lightning to the sacred edifice, with the result already described.[1]

After leaving St. Ninian's, Charles followed the Dumbarton road by way of Touch and Gargunnock, halting for dinner at Leckie House.[2] Having finished his meal, he was about to proceed on his journey, when Lord George Murray—fresh from a heated altercation with O'Sullivan, whom he had overtaken on the road—appeared on the scene, and began at once to express in plain language the indignation he felt at the army's dishonourable and unnecessary flight.

It was not a very opportune moment for the discussion of controversial military questions, and Charles, already annoyed and worried by the whole wretched business, was in no mood to listen to his lordship's natural but ill-timed reproaches; deferring, therefore, all explanations for a future occasion, he mounted his horse, crossed the Forth at the Frews, and rode northwards through Dunblane to Drummond Castle, the stately residence of his loyal-hearted friend and adherent, the Duke of Perth, whose guest he had promised to be.

Following their disheartened leader, the Highlanders forded the river, now dangerously swollen by the recent rains, in more or less disorganised parties—only a few of the better-disciplined clan regiments maintaining anything like order—and made their way to Doune, Dunblane, and the adjacent villages, where they found quarters for the night. In the hurry and confusion of the retreat, many of the sick and wounded were left behind for Cumberland to wreak his vengeance upon;[3] and the cannon, which had been the cause of so much trouble and anxiety, were abandoned, after being dragged from Stirling and conveyed with great difficulty across the Forth.[4] At Doune the garrison, under MacGregor of Glengyle, was withdrawn, and the prisoners who still remained in his charge were carried along with the army; but, as the discipline was extremely lax, several

[1] The Whig version, written by Mr. James Mackie, the minister of St. Ninian's, will be found in the *Scots Magazine* for May 1746, pp. 221–223, with a further note in the July number, p. 347.

[2] Chambers mentions a tradition that the Prince dined in a farmhouse at Boquhan, close to the Ford of Frew; but Lord George Murray, who is my authority, states that he partook of this meal at Leckie. As the two places are scarcely a mile apart, it is hardly likely Charles would require further refreshment on the south side of the Forth.—W. D. N.

[3] Jenny Cameron was taken among them, *vide* vol. i. p. 173.

[4] My authority is Lord George Murray, and his statement is corroborated by the Duke of Cumberland's official report; but we are told later, in a letter from an informer at Perth, dated February 5th, 1746, in the Record Office, London, that a party of 140 men under Robertson of Faskally and his kinsman, Blairfettie, brought with them from Crieff "7 pieces of brass cannon, 4 covered waggons, and 19 carts with ammunition." The four large guns used during the siege of Stirling were, we know, spiked and left behind; the others taken across the Forth were brass nine-pounders—so Lord George tells us; where then did the seven pieces of cannon brought into Perth come from, if they were not the same?

succeeded in making their escape before they had gone far. On the 2nd, the retreating force continued to push onwards, the clan regiments and some of the foot halting that night at Crieff, whilst the Lowland battalions, the French picquets—to the number of 100, and a few straggling bodies of mounted men, went forward to Perth. The same morning the Prince proceeded to Fairnton (now Ferntower), Lord John

DRUMMOND CASTLE AT THE PRESENT DAY

Photo, VALENTINE, *Dundee*

Drummond's house near Crieff ; and during the day he reviewed all the troops that still remained in the vicinity, and was grievously mortified to discover how greatly he had been deceived in the matter of the alleged desertions. Instead of a third of the army being missing, as he had been led to believe, he now found, after reckoning the numbers of those who had gone on to Perth, that the total reduction did not exceed a thousand men.[1] It may be easily imagined that this discovery did not tend to

[1] Maxwell of Kirkconnel is the authority for this statement, which bears out the remarks of Hay of Restalrig regarding the exaggerated reports of the desertions. Patullo says there were only 5000 men in the retreat from Stirling, an estimate he probably arrived at when the troops were reviewed at Crieff. If this assumption is accurate, another 1500 men must be added for the Perth contingent—*vide Scots Magazine* for February 1746, p. 85—which would bring the total number of the Prince's force in the

improve his relations with Lord George Murray, whom he now, more than ever, regarded with suspicion as the prime mover and instigator of the deception which he conceived had been practised upon him ; and as many of those around him, who had their own private reasons for disliking his lordship, shared, or appeared to share, their leader's opinion, he felt doubly assured that his convictions were well founded.

FAIRNTON, NOW FERNTOWER, CRIEFF

Feeling ran high at the council of war that was held immediately after the review to decide the future course of action. Lord George Murray demanded the name of the person who had counselled the precipitate flight from Stirling, and hinted that treachery was at the root of the matter, "for it was worth the Government at London's while to have given a hundred thousand pounds to any who would have given

field to 6500—*i.e.* about 1700 less than fought at Falkirk. Lord George Murray, however, in his account of the retreat, quite honestly, no doubt, persists in justifying the statement regarding desertions contained in the memorial, and asserts, that even after the muster at Crieff, he was satisfied that the army was diminished by at least 2400 men, of whom 1200, he says, were from the clan regiments. That considerable desertion had taken place is certain ; but the author is still of opinion that the Prince's decision to risk another battle at Falkirk was far wiser than the miserable plan of retreat which was substituted for it.

such advice and got it follow'd." Charles, however, as we have seen, refused to be drawn, and took the responsibility upon his own shoulders. Then followed an angry discussion regarding the route to be taken by the army; the chiefs were all for proceeding direct to Inverness by the Highland road, while the Prince and the Lowland officers were in favour of marching thither by way of Aberdeen. A vote was eventually taken, when it was found that the majority had decided for the shorter route through the Highlands. Still Charles held out, and Lochiel, probably in the hope of preventing further wrangling, assented to his proposal; but Cluny warmly opposed it, and represented his views so strongly to Murray of Broughton, whom he met outside the house, that Murray, who was as anxious as Lochiel that the question should be settled amicably, went at once to Sir Thomas Sheridan and persuaded him of the necessity of endeavouring to alter the Prince's determination. Sir Thomas promised to do his best, and ultimately succeeded in persuading his royal pupil to agree to the wishes of the majority.[1] It was therefore decided that Charles should march with the clan regiments by the Highland road; that Lord Ogilvy's men and the Farquharsons should select a route through their own district and reach Inverness by Speyside; and that the remainder of the army should take the coast road by Montrose and Aberdeen, under the command of Lord George Murray and Lord John Drummond. After a few minor details had been discussed, the council broke up; and the officers went their several ways, the Prince remaining at Fairnton, while Lord George Murray, with the battalion commanders of the coast division and several other gentlemen attached to the army, went on to Perth.

Leaving the two columns under Lord George Murray and Lord Ogilvy to make their way to the rendezvous at Inverness by the routes agreed upon,[2] we will follow the fortunes of the Prince and his little force of Highlanders in their wearisome march through the wild mountain passes of Atholl and Badenoch.

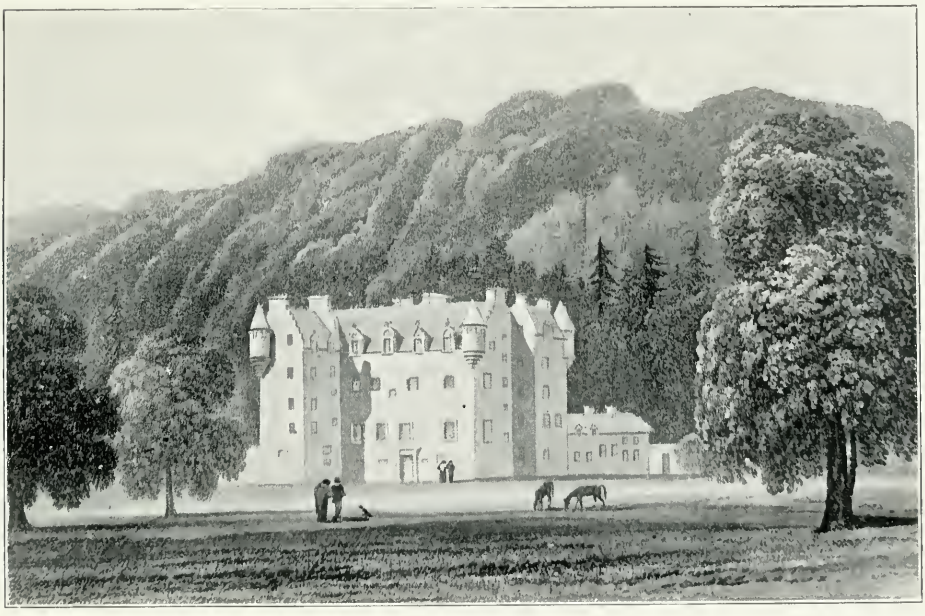
Charles left Fairnton on Tuesday, February 4th, and crossing the Tay at Aberfeldy, proceeded to Castle Menzies (Weem), the seat of Sir Robert Menzies, where he stayed two nights; while the baggage and artillery (the seven brass cannon brought from Crieff) were conveyed from Perth to Dunkeld, and from thence to Dalnacardoch, by Lord

[1] The Rev. John Cameron's narrative.

[2] No occurrence of special interest happened during either of these marches. Perth was evacuated on the 4th, after the guns had been either nailed up or thrown into the river; and most of the troops, after leaving Aberdeen on the 11th, were distributed among the towns and villages of the north-eastern counties.

Lewis Gordon's regiment. The Marquis D'Eguilles, Lord Kilmarnock, MacLeod of Raasa, and "another gentleman,"[1] who had been quartered in Perth, followed the baggage column in a coach, and reached Dalnacardoch on the 5th.

Since his return to Blair Castle, Duke William, spurred on by his brother's letters, had been engaged in the thankless and unsatisfactory task of trying to raise from among an apathetic peasantry a further



CASTLE MENZIES

contingent for service with the Prince. So difficult and disheartening was the work, that his Grace, who was suffering from a severe attack of rheumatism at the time, found it well-nigh intolerable. "I am sorry to tell you," he writes to Colonel Mercer of Aldie (Lord Nairne's brother), "that instead of three or four Regiments which this Country should have set out, there is now hardly men enough together to make up one. As for me, did my health permit, I would quit the Country intirely, and leave it to the Prince to send who he pleases to use them with the utmost rigour such singularly refractory and chicaneing people deserve; which I find good usage cannot do effectually, to the shame and disgrace

[1] *Scots Magazine*, February 1746, p. 86.

of such mean-spirited successors, as the former brave people in Atholl have now shown themselves in a most pitiful manner, to their own dishonour, besides the scandalous detrement which the necessary Service of their King and Country suffers." [1]

As a last resource, the Duke determined to try the effect of the *Crois-tarra*,[2] in the hope that the latent warlike enthusiasm of the more Celtic portion of his tenantry might be awakened by the sight of the ancient symbol which had so often summoned their ancestors to the field of battle. The result was disappointing in the extreme; in Atholl, at any rate, the "fiery cross" had apparently either lost its old significance, or the people were so terrified at the near approach of the Hanoverian troops, that they preferred to run the risk of incurring the Duke's anger rather than obey its summons; and even when the news came to hand that a party of Campbell militia, Cumberland's advance-guard, had invaded the ducal territory at Dunkeld, they refused to take the field. Their obstinacy was so marked, that Lady Lude's (the Honourable Mrs. Robertson) ground officer, when reporting the failure of his mission to raise the tenantry, exclaimed angrily, "Damn them, they will rather stay and go for King George than go any more with Duke William." [3]

Charles, following in rear of his column, arrived at the Castle on Thursday, February 6th. During his stay, the Duke suggested that an attempt should be made to oppose the advance of the Argyllshire militia in the Pass of Killiecrankie; but the Prince refused to entertain the idea, on the ground that, as the Campbells were Highlanders, they would be as used to hill warfare as the men of his own force;[4] it was therefore decided that the original plan of marching straight on to Inverness, with as little delay as possible, should be adhered to.

Young Clanranald, MacDonald of Glencoe, Stewart of Ardsheal, Cameron of Torcastle, Cameron of Dungallon, and several others, had been despatched, after leaving Crieff, to their respective districts, with orders to hunt up deserters and raise every available man for the Prince's service; and Captain Donald Roy MacDonald—brother of Hugh Mac-

[1] "Jacobite Correspondence of the Atholl Family," p. 180.

[2] The *Crois-tarra*, or *Crann-tarra*, was originally a small cross, made of two pieces of wood burned at the ends, and dipped in the blood of a newly killed goat which had been slain by the chief's own hands. It was then handed to a swift runner, who sped on to the nearest house and delivered it to the occupant, who hurried on with it to the next dwelling; and in this manner it passed from one hand to another, until every member of the clan was apprised of the summons to arms, and the place of rendezvous. Failure to attend instantly was punishable by fire and sword. The last time this symbol was used was in August 1746, when the MacDonalds of Keppoch, threatened by Cumberland's brutal soldiers, sent it across the hills to ask assistance from the Stewarts of Appin.

[3] Letter from Grant of Grant to Lord Loudon, February 11th, 1746, in "Chiefs of Grant."

[4] *Ibid.*

MACGILLIVRAY

Gaelic Designation of Clan—*Clann Mhic 'Ilibhràth.* A sept of Clan Chattan

Badge—*Box or Red Whortleberry.* War Cry—"*Loch-na-moidh*"

Donald of Baleshair, N. Uist—was sent on a special mission to Skye, bearing with him a last appeal to Sir Alexander MacDonald, in the shape of a letter,[1] "subscribed by all the Highland chiefs in the Prince's army, desiring him forthwith to join the Prince's standard with his following."[2] It may be at once stated that the mission proved a failure, Sir Alexander, much as he admired the quixotic gallantry of King James' brave son, could not muster sufficient courage to take an active part in his enterprise. The letters of Forbes of Culloden had convinced him, as they had convinced his neighbour MacLeod, that the Jacobite rising must end in disaster, and he had no intention of being involved in the catastrophe when it occurred. It was hardly likely that the man who had failed to respond to the Prince's summons after the victory at Prestonpans, would be willing to join him at a time when the chances of success were daily diminishing; exaggerated accounts had reached Skye of the condition of the Highland army, and, at the very moment that Captain MacDonald handed Sir Alexander the chiefs' message, he received letters from the Lord President and MacLeod of MacLeod, stating that Charles was left with only 500 followers, the remainder having deserted.

Although, as we are aware, the report was entirely without foundation, it afforded an opportune excuse for another and final refusal on the part of the MacDonald chief to associate himself with the Jacobite rising; and all that the captain could get out of him was a letter to Keppoch, in which he says, "Seeing I look upon your affairs as in a desperate way, I will not join you; but then I assure you I will as little rise against you. If any misfortune shall happen to yourself, I desire you to leave your son Ranald to my care."[3] With this letter in his possession, Captain MacDonald proceeded to Kyle, where he found his brother, Baleshair, in command of a company of Government militia. He remained three days in his company, "drinking and making merry with his friends, and eating plentifully of King George's beef and provisions, with the white cockade in his bonnet; his several friends of the militia heartily wishing and drinking success to the Prince's arms."[4] After which he made his way to Inverness, and was agreeably surprised to find the Highland army in possession of the town and castle. At Blair, Charles found time amid his more serious duties and occupations to enjoy a good day's hunting[5] in the great forest which surrounded his host's castle on nearly every side. Cumberland, of course, could not

[1] Letter from an informer, dated, "Old Rock, Feb. 16th, 1746," in Record Office, London.
[2] Captain Roy MacDonald's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 34.
[3] *Ibid.* [4] *Ibid.*
[5] Gibb, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 134.

withhold a sneer, when he heard that his cousin, instead of being disconcerted by the proximity of the Hanoverian army, seemed to be almost unaware of its existence. Writing to the Duke of Newcastle from Perth, on February 10th, he remarks, "The Rebels give out that he (the Prince) is every day hunting and hawking at Blair, which does not seem at all suited to his inclinations; for he can hardly sit on horseback, and therefore made all his marches on foot."[1] Comment is scarcely necessary. Cumberland was either telling a downright falsehood, or he was astonishingly ignorant of everything regarding his cousin's disposition and habits.

While the Prince remained at Blair, the Highlanders composing his column were pursuing their march towards Inverness by way of Dalnacardoch, Dalnaspidal, and Dalwhinnie; and on Friday the 7th, about 3000[2] reached Ruthven, in Badenoch, and commenced preparations for an assault upon the barracks, where a small Government force still remained in garrison, under the command of Lieutenant (late Sergeant) Terence Mulloy.[3] On this occasion the brave Irishman realised the hopelessness of attempting to defend his post against the Jacobite force, and when summoned to surrender by Gordon of Glenbucket, on Sunday the 9th,[4] he wisely agreed to capitulate on condition that each member of the garrison was allowed a pass to carry him home. This request was granted, the only stipulation being that the lieutenant and his men should bind themselves by an oath not to bear arms against the Prince for two years. A considerable quantity of meal, and some barrels of gunpowder, were discovered when the barracks were taken over; the meal was greatly needed, and the hungry Highlanders, delighted at the find, scrambled for it eagerly and carried it off without waiting for a proper distribution.

Charles resumed his march northwards from Blair on the 10th, with the rear-guard, accompanied by Duke William and the few officers who had remained behind with him. In the belief that the Castle would be immediately occupied by the enemy, the Prince was advised to order its destruction by fire, but this he firmly refused to do. A few days later, Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Andrew Agnew, of the Scots Fusiliers, with a detachment of Hanoverian troops, arrived from Dunkeld and took possession of the

[1] In Record Office, London.

[2] From information given to Duke James of Atholl by some men of the garrison, "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 209.

[3] Mulloy had been promoted to commissioned rank for his gallant defence of the barracks in the previous August. *Vide Scots Magazine* for February, 1746, pp. 89 90.

[4] From the statement made by the men of the garrison to Duke James, the *Scots Magazine* gives the date as the 10th; but Lord Loudon, in a letter to Lord Stair, dated Dornoch, March 2nd, confirms the accuracy of the men's statement. Letter in Record Office, London.

building; while Lieutenant-Colonel Leighton (21st Regiment), with another party of soldiers, posted himself at Castle Menzies.

The whole of Scotland south and east of Blair Atholl was by this time in Cumberland's hands. He had followed closely the march of the Highland army, reaching Stirling on February 2nd,[1] Dunblane on the 4th, Crieff on the 5th — where he gave full license to his soldiers to raid the Drummond country, and amused himself by trying to terrify the ladies of the Perth and Strathallan families by brutal threats of burning their homes;[2] and on the 6th he entered Perth, where Duke James of Atholl, who had left Edinburgh on the 4th, with the intention of keeping an eye on his property, awaited his coming. Having quartered his troops in and around the Fair City, Cumberland began to make his preparations for the total suppression of what he and his friends chose to call the "unnatural rebellion"; but he did not find many of the Perthshire folk inclined to assist him in his undertaking. "I am sorry," he writes to the Duke of Newcastle, "I don't find the same zeal for totally suppressing the Rebellion as there seemed to be for driving the Rebels northward." Even Duke James appeared lukewarm, and could only be induced to issue orders to the Atholl tenantry demanding their services in the Hanoverian cause, after much persuasion. "I have *at last*," Cumberland remarks in the same letter, "prevailed on the Duke of Athol to publish a Declaration to his Vassals, a copy of which I shall enclose." The Highland militia soldiers he regarded with especial dislike and suspicion, and when General Campbell arrived in Perth, on the 9th, with four companies of Argyllshire men, he was reluctant to employ them. "Yesterday," he continues, "General Campbell came hither to meet me, and has brought with him four companys of Western Highlanders. He assures me that they will shew no favour or partiality to the other Highlanders; as he knows them best, he must answer for this; for my own part, I suspect them greatly, for those who were with us here before these came, almost absolutely refused to plunder any of the Rebels' houses, which is the only way we have to punish them, or bring them back."[3] Most of these men were eventually sent to garrison the posts in the West Highlands, the remainder being employed with the main army as scouts and advance parties.

[1] The van of the army reached Stirling on the 1st, and was usually a day ahead of the Duke.

[2] "This day we began marching through some of the Drummond's, Strathallan's and other disaffected persons' estates. I thought fit to let the soldiers a little loose, with proper precautions, that they might have some sweets with all their fatigues."—*Vide* Cumberland's letter to the Duke of Newcastle, dated "Crief, Feb. 5, 1745-6." Record Office, London. *Vide* also *Scots Magazine* for February 1746, pp. 86-87. The Dowager Duchess of Perth and Viscountess Strathallan were committed to Edinburgh Castle on February 11th, and were not admitted to bail until the following November.

[3] Extracts from Cumberland's letter to the Duke of Newcastle, dated "Perth, 10th Feb. 1745-6.

On the 14th, three battalions of foot were despatched to Coupar-Angus, and a regiment of dragoons to Dundee; and on the 15th, Cumberland having been notified of the arrival of his brother-in-law, Prince Frederick of Hesse, and the Earl of Crawford in Leith Roads, with a force of four or five thousand Hessian troops, set out for Edinburgh to concert measures with the Prince for their disposal. The matter was arranged, after some discussion, at a council of war held in Lord Milton's house; four battalions were sent to join the main body at Perth, and the remaining two battalions were ordered to Stirling. The dragoon regiments of Hamilton, Naizon (late Ligoniers), and a portion of Lord Mark Ker's, with Kingston's Horse, had been left behind in Edinburgh when the army marched, and, since then, the St. George's Dragoon's had reached the city. These troops were now despatched to their several posts—Hamilton's and Naizon's to Bannockburn, with instructions to patrol the roads leading south, in case the Highlanders should make another attempt to pass into England; St. George's to guard the bridge of Earn; and the others to Perth. These dispositions made, the Duke hastened to rejoin the army, and in a few days everything was ready for the advance to Aberdeen.

From Blair, Charles proceeded to the inn of Dalnacardoch, where he probably spent the nights of the 10th and 11th, continuing his journey to Dalwhinnie on the 12th. On the following day, Thursday the 13th, he reached Ruthven with about 500 men, and was doubtless gratified to find upon his arrival that the fortress, which had so stubbornly withstood the assault of his Highlanders in the previous autumn, had fallen into their hands without bloodshed. Many of his principal officers were gathered here; some having attended him from Blair, and others having preceded him with the van of the column. The Dukes of Atholl and Perth, Lord Kilmarnock, Lord Nairne, Lochiel, Keppoch, Cluny Macpherson, Gordon of Glenbucket, Robertson of Drumachine, Mercer of Aldie, Colonel Warren, and the Marquis d'Eguilles, were all quartered in the neighbourhood.[1]

For the two nights that Charles spent at Ruthven, he slept under the roof of the farmhouse, where, even at this day, the tradition of his brief visit still lingers. His stay was marked by one of the rarest incidents of his campaign—the execution of a spy. The unlucky victim of military justice was captured in *flagrante delicto*, while on his way to Inverness with

[1] The date of the Prince's arrival at Ruthven, and several of the other particulars given here, are taken from the statement made by the men of the garrison to Duke James of Atholl previously quoted, *vide* p. 98 note [4].

a letter from Cumberland to Lord Loudon, which was found concealed in one of his boots; and, as it was absolutely necessary that an example should be made, the man was hanged on Saturday the 15th.[1]

The same day the Highlanders, after blowing up the barracks with gunpowder, resumed their march through the densely wooded district of Rothiemurchus and the country of Clan Chattan; the van advancing to within eight miles of Inverness, while the main body cantoned in and

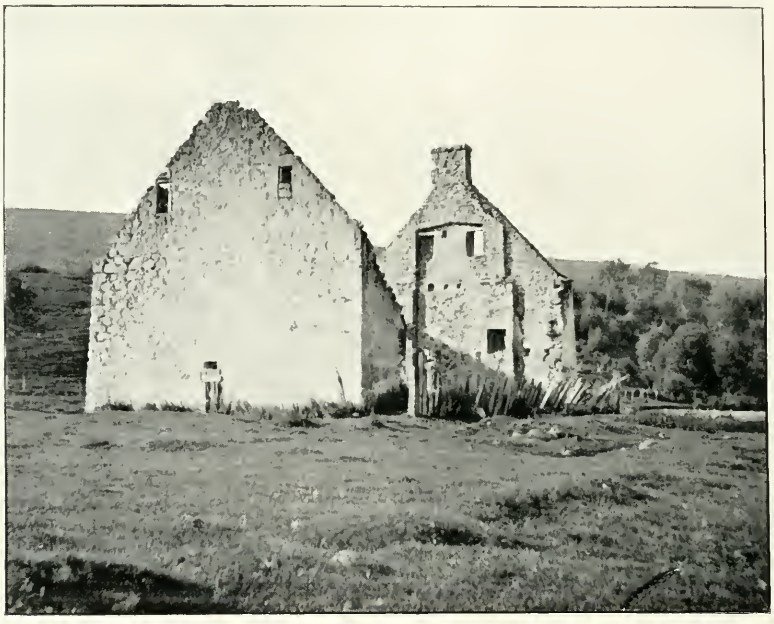
SLUGGAN BRIDGE OVER THE DULNAIN NEAR INVERLAIDNAN, WADE'S MILITARY ROAD

Photo by Mr. T. C. Jack

around the villages between Aviemore and Moy. Charles halted for the night at Inverlaidnan, the residence of Grant of Dalrachny, a man whose politics were probably guided by the dictates of his chief. His wife certainly did not appreciate the honour done to her house by the Prince's visit, for if credence may be given to Gibb's narrative, she not only refused point-blank to allow any bread to be baked on the morning of Charles' departure, the day being Sunday (the 16th), but she shocked the worthy master of the household by rudely remarking, "What a pack ye are.

[1] *Ibid.*

God lat me never hae the like of you in my house again."[1] From the questionable hospitality and doubtful loyalty of Inverlaidnan the Prince betook himself to the friendly shelter of Moy Hall, where that fair Jacobite amazon, Lady Anne Mackintosh, like a Highland Joan of Arc, awaited his coming with anxious expectancy, ready if need be to take



RUINS OF INVERLAIDNAN HOUSE

Photo by Mr. T. C. Jack

the field in person at the head of her gallant followers, and die for the cause in which she had so bravely embarked.[2]

The necessity for active exertion on the Prince's behalf arrived sooner than she or anyone else anticipated. Lord Loudon, who was still at Inverness, received early information from, it is believed, Grant of Dalrachny, regarding the presence of Charles in Lady Mackintosh's

[1] Gibb's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 134.

[2] "When the Prince came first to Moyhall, Lady Macintosh (junior) told Mr. Gib to be at no trouble at all about supper, for that she was resolved to compliment the Prince and his houshold with a supper that night, so that his cooks had the play for one night. Mr. Gib took care to represent to her ladyship that he behoved to provide for the servants (the houshold consisting of about seventy at least), and therefore he would employ his cooks to dress supper for the servants. But Lady Macintosh would not allow that to be done, for she gave supper to the whole houshold. There were always ten covers upon the Prince's own table, and eight covers upon another table in the same room for the aid-de-camps. Lady Macintosh's supper was exceedingly genteel and plentifull."—*Ibid.* p. 137.

MENZIES

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Am Mìncarach*

Badge—*Ash.* War Cry—"*Geal 'us Dearg a suas*"

house, attended only by a small body-guard, and he at once determined to win fame, crush the rebellion, and earn the Government reward of £30,000 at one and the same time. At eight o'clock on that Sunday evening—while the Prince and his friends, all unconscious of impending danger, were enjoying themselves in the pleasant society of the ladies of the house—Loudon called his officers together, and, without divulging his real plan of attempting to secure the Prince's person, he gave them to understand that he had been warned of the possibility of an attack being made upon the town before the morning; and although it was more than probable, he said, that the intelligence was false,[1] he thought it just as well to be prepared in case anything of the sort might be attempted. He therefore ordered them all to repair to their alarm posts at eleven o'clock, and remain under arms until he marched them off himself.

His next step was to place a cordon of troops round Inverness, to prevent any of the inhabitants, most of whom were Jacobites at heart, from following his movements and giving timely notice to the Prince. This done, he strengthened the garrison in the Castle, commanded by Major Grant, an uncle of Ludovick Grant of Grant, with a company of Strathspey men under young Rothiemurchus; and at midnight, all his arrangements being completed, he marched quietly out of the town with his own regiment and the remaining Independent Companies, making in all a total force of about 1500 men, for the ostensible purpose of bivouacking all night near the Barnhill, where some defensive works had recently been erected. In spite, however, of all his precautions, the Dowager Lady Mackintosh, who resided in Kirk Street, Inverness, had her suspicions aroused by the unwonted activity of the troops; and rightly concluding that some plot to surprise the Prince was intended, she promptly ordered one of her dependants, a lad of about fifteen, Lauchlan Mackintosh by name, to go with all speed to Moy and warn Charles of the approach of his enemies. The brave little fellow immediately set out on his dangerous journey, and having with boyish cleverness managed to elude the vigilance of the sentries, he ran on until he came within sight of the marching column. Here his difficulties began, for he could see no way of slipping past the soldiers without running great risk of being caught; he therefore trudged on manfully in rear for two or three miles, keeping well out of sight, until, at a spot where the road divided, a halt was called, and a consultation took place among the officers

[1] Loudon says that, as he was afraid of desertion, he professed not to believe the information. *Vide* his letter to the Earl of Stair, dated "Dorneck (Dornoch), March 1745/6, 11 at night," in Record Office, London, from which some of the above facts are taken.

regarding the route to be taken. The most direct road, which led across a moor, was in a terribly bad condition, and as it also passed through a strongly disaffected district, much more thickly populated than the country traversed by the other, Loudon decided not to take it; but as he feared that some of the inhabitants, guessing his intentions, might pass that way and alarm the Prince, he ordered an officer and thirty men to guard the road, and cut off all communication with Moy Hall in that direction.

This slight delay was Lauchlan's opportunity. He had crawled into the shadow of a dyke the moment the soldiers halted, and lay there quietly until he perceived what was taking place; then, during the confusion which attended the marching off of the main body, he crept cautiously from his hiding-place, and finding, much to his satisfaction, that the short cut to Moy was not yet fully patrolled, he dashed quickly down it and never stopped running until he reached the Hall, in so breathless and exhausted a condition that it was only with difficulty he could make himself understood by the Highland sentries of Clanranald's regiment who guarded the sleeping Prince. In an instant after his arrival the whole household was alarmed. Charles, awakened by one of the guards, jumped from his bed, and without waiting to dress himself properly, hurried down the stair, with his bonnet above his nightcap, his shoes unfastened and down at heels, and his plaid wrapped carelessly around his body. Lady Mackintosh and her sister, aroused from their peaceful slumbers in the same startling and unceremonious fashion, were equally regardless of their attire, and ran hither and thither *en chemise de nuit*, giving orders to the servants, and making hasty arrangements for the safety of the Prince. Within a short space of time, Charles, with an escort of thirty Highlanders, left the house, and after following the shore of Loch Moy for rather more than a mile, halted in a wood at the south-west end, where he was soon joined by Lochiel and the Cameron regiment. Meanwhile, an event was occurring within a few miles of his hiding-place, which not only freed him from the unpleasant attentions of Loudon's troops, but proved the direct means of placing him in possession of Inverness without the costly necessity of a battle; and, strangely enough, both these important advantages were gained through the humble instrumentality of the Moy blacksmith, Donald Fraser,[1] and four of Lady Mackintosh's Highland servants, who, by the forethought of their mistress,

[1] The hero of the Rout of Moy was born on the estate of MacQueen of Corrybrough. He fought at Culloden, and was one of the few of the Clan Chattan officers who escaped. His grave may yet be seen in Moy churchyard, his anvil is still at Moy Hall, and his claymore is preserved at a house in Strathdearn.

had been sent out secretly on the night of the Prince's arrival to watch the roads and paths leading from Inverness, in case any attempt should be made by Lord Loudon to attack the house under cover of the darkness.

Proceeding some distance beyond the line of sentries, the bold smith, since known as *An Caiptein nan Còig* (the Captain of the Five), led his small devoted band of armed Gaels to a secluded hollow [1] about two miles from Moy, near which any party of troops coming from Inverness in the direction of the Hall, would, he anticipated, probably march. His surmise proved correct, for, during the early hours of the morning, his keen eyes observed against the sky-line a body of men approaching within musket shot. Without a single moment's hesitation, Fraser raised his piece to his shoulder and fired into the advancing party of soldiers, shouting out at the same instant to his comrades in stentorian tones, "Advance, advance, my lads! Advance!" (naming some particular regiments), "I think we have the dogs now!" as if he had the whole Highland army at his back. Keppoch was called upon to come up on the right with the MacDonalds; Lochiel to charge on the left with the Camerons. The war-cries of the clans resounded loudly amid the noise of the musketry; and the flashes of fire from the Highlander's guns just gave sufficient light to show kilted figures stealthily moving from place to place, thus serving to heighten the illusion that a large force lay concealed in the neighbourhood.[2]

What followed is best told in the words of Lord Loudon himself. Having posted the detachment at the junction of the roads, as already narrated, he says: "We marched on to the heights above the watter of Nairn, when to my infinite mortification I saw and heard, about a mile to my left, a running fire from the whole detachment. They saw, or imagined they saw, five Men on which they had made the Fire. But the Consequence on the Main Body was very bad, for it threw us into the greatest confusion. I got my own Regiment, at the head of which I was, in the Front, saved from falling out of the Road. All faced to where they saw the Fire. They were ten men deep and all presented, and a good many droping shots, one of which killed a Piper [3] at my Foot

[1] Called in Gaelic *Ciste Chraig an Eoin.*

[2] The account of the Rout of Moy is taken from the several narratives in the "Lyon in Mourning," and from Home's History.

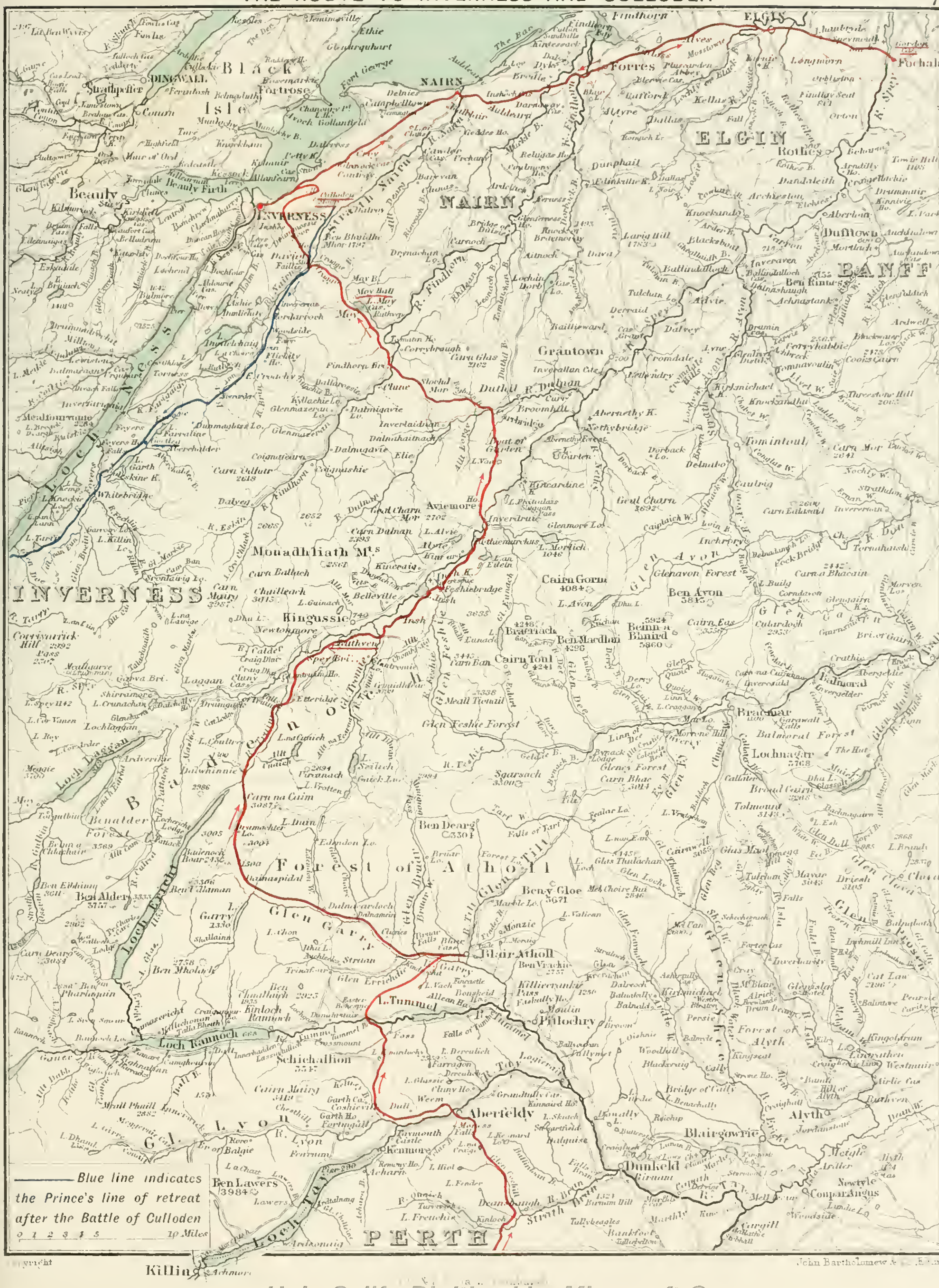
[3] This was the famous Donald *Bàn* Maccrimmon, a member of the celebrated family of hereditary pipers, who for some centuries were attached to the household of the MacLeods of Dunvegan in Skye. He followed his chief to the field as a matter of duty, but his sympathies, like those of many of his comrades, were all with Prince Charles. A presentiment of his fate inspired him to compose before he left Skye the beautiful and pathetic lament, "*Cha till mi tuille*" (I'll return no more).

whilst I was forming them. The rest fell all back out of the Road to the Right a considerable way, in the utmost confusion, and it was a great while before I could get them brought up and formed, and the Panick still so great that it was with the greatest difficulty when the Party came in, wh they did in twos and threes, that I could, standing before the Muzzles of their pieces, prevent them firing on them, and when I came to count the corps (If I may call Independent Companies by that name) I found I had lost the Five Companys in the Rear, of whom, after all the search I could make, I could hear nothing. After remaining an Hour on the ground and finding that I had lost one third of my Men in a Body, besides those who had left the Companys that remained with me, and finding then the whole Country was alarmed, I thought it improper, especially in the condition the men were, to march on to a superior Force, who must be prepared to receive me, and concluded that the best thing left for me to do, was to march back to town, which I accordingly did." [1]

The blacksmith's clever *ruse de guerre* resulted in the entire demoralisation of Loudon's force. Nearly 200 men deserted the following day, and the remainder were in such a condition of panic that his lordship, after consulting the Lord President, MacLeod of MacLeod, and a few of his principal officers, came to the conclusion, in which all agreed, that instead of remaining in Inverness and risking a battle, it would be wiser to cross the ferry of Kessock into Ross and Cromarty, and await in the district occupied by the Whig clans the approach of Cumberland's army.

This movement was hastened by the appearance of the Prince's advance-guard, early on the morning of Tuesday the 18th, at a short distance from the town; and about ten o'clock in the forenoon, it being by that time evident that the Highland army was in considerable strength, Lord Loudon, the Lord President, and the whole Hanoverian force except the Castle garrison, now further reinforced by a company of Rosses under the Master of Ross, left Inverness and proceeded to the ferry. "As we had seen the enemy from the top of the Castle," writes one of Loudon's officers, "some hours before, advancing slowly to attack us, sundry of their advanced guards were got into the east end of the town by the time our rear had got over the bridge; but it being commanded by the Castle, and the Ness not fordable, they could not get over to attack us, but at the same time very alertly drew down three field-pieces by the north side of the city, and, from the point near Oliver's (Cromwell) old fort, canonaded us while we were passing the Kessock Ferry,

[1] Extract from Lord Loudon's letter to the Earl of Stair.

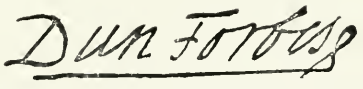


which, though it did no damage, yet having thrown sundry shot among and over us, it struck a most unaccountable terror into the Highlanders (*i.e.* the Hanoverian Highlanders), which appeared by many deserting us that night, and more soon after."[1]

Charles, in his retreat at Loch Moy, had received early news of the blacksmith's remarkable exploit, and as he had no longer anything to fear from Lord Loudon, he returned to Moy Hall on the morning of the 17th, considerably the worse for his exposure to the keen frosty night air. The cold he contracted on this occasion proved extremely obstinate, and even endangered his life, which "was one great reason of his staying so much at Inverness afterwards, to the great detriment of his affairs in other places."[2] The remainder of the day he spent in assembling his army; and on the 18th he marched for Inverness and took possession of the town, as we have already seen, without the slightest opposition.

[1] From a letter printed by Mr. Murray Rose, in a pamphlet entitled, "Lord Loudon's Campaign, 1745."

[2] From a letter in the handwriting of Mr. George Innes, Forres. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 269.



AUTOGRAPH OF DUNCAN FORBES OF CULLODEN

CHAPTER IV

"As I came in by Inverness,
The April sun was sinking down;
O there I saw the weel-faur'd lass,
And she was greeting through the town.
The grey-hair'd men were a' i' the streets,
The auld dames crying (sad to see!)
'The flower o' the lads o' Inverness
Lie bluidy on Culloden Lee!'"

THE Inverness of 1746 was a vastly different place from the clean, flourishing, and populous town with which we of the twentieth century are acquainted. Instead of the many fine, well-stocked shops, the substantial public-buildings, the handsome churches of all denominations, the commodious hotels, and the pretty flower-bedecked villas that now adorn and beautify the modern "Capital of the Highlands," we are informed by the writers of the eighteenth century that the Inverness of their day possessed only two tolerably good thoroughfares; a few mean shops, in which the necessaries of life could be purchased at high prices; and but two churches, one for the English-speaking inhabitants, and the other for the natives who preferred to worship in the Gaelic tongue, both languages being spoken by rich and poor alike. Taking into consideration the size and population (about 3000) of the town, its industries were fairly numerous, and, on the whole, profitable. Malting, however, which had been at one time the staple industry of Inverness, was, owing to heavy Government taxation, a rapidly declining business; but the manufacture of linen and tartan still gave ample employment to a large number of the townsfolk; and the shipping trade, materially encouraged by the erection of a new quay in the year 1738, at which vessels of 150 tons could load and unload, was daily increasing.

For the most part, the houses were of the poorest description, especially those on the west bank of the Ness; but in Kirk Street (now Church Street) and Bridge Street, several well-built mansions, the winter residences of the local gentry, and a few public buildings of some architectural pretensions, gave an air of importance and dignity to the

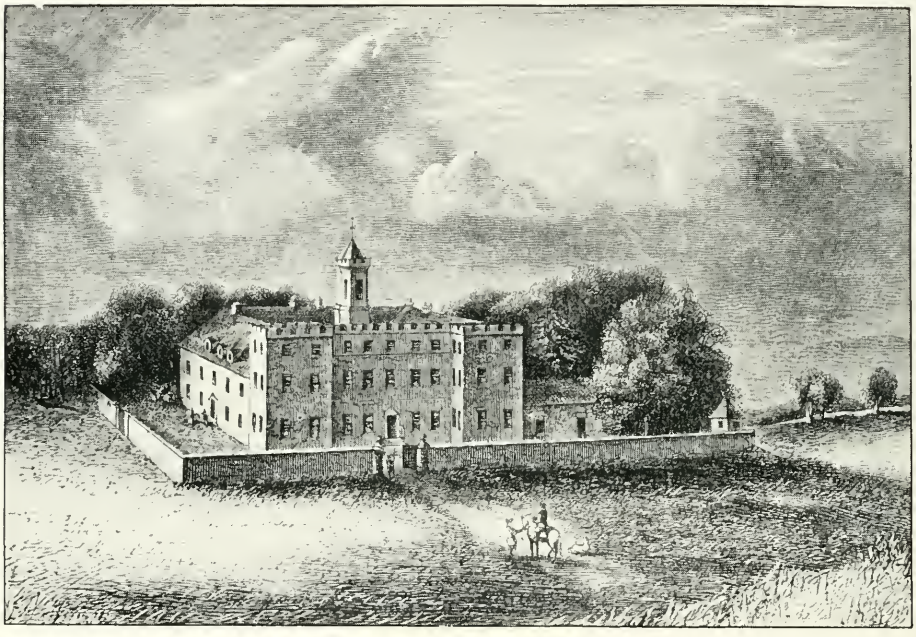
town, which was heightened by the picturesque appearance of the neighbouring castle. This structure was not the ancient castle of Inverness, within whose walls Shakespeare, without historic warrantry, places the scene of King Duncan's murder by MacBeth ; that edifice, the fortress of the once powerful Mormaers of Moray, had, so local tradition declares, been razed to the ground by Malcolm Ceannmór and replaced by another, which, in its turn, had been partially demolished and afterwards rebuilt by General Wade during his occupation of the northern capital. In 1746 it remained much the same as Wade had left it, and consisted principally of a lofty, massive tower, flanked by four bastions, with a few detached buildings, surrounded by earthworks, the whole being erected on a steep hill on the east bank of the river near the bridge. Beyond this fortalice, known as Fort George,[1] Inverness had no other means of defence against an enemy, the old citadel constructed by Oliver Cromwell between the years 1652–7, on the north side of the town, having long before fallen into decay.

The inhabitants of Inverness were mostly Gaelic-speaking Highlanders, who had been induced to lay down the claymore and dirk and take up their residence within its walls by the all-propelling desire for riches common to the human race. These men, descendants of warlike chiefs and plundering caterans, were quickly transformed into douce, peaceable, law-abiding citizens, who, while still retaining all their old Celtic peculiarities of speech, dress, and national custom, readily adapted themselves to their new mode of life, and quickly acquired the polish and language of the Sassenach merchants and traders who formed no inconsiderable portion of the population. In fact, long before Prince Charles' day, the Invernessians prided themselves, as they do now with justice, upon their good English ; and even that prejudiced Englishman, Ray of Whitehaven, is constrained to speak a word in their praise: "The Town, above all others in Scotland," he remarks, "is noted for handsome Women. They are generally of a fair Complexion ; reddish hair is also common amongst them ; many are taught Musick (as the Spinet) and Dancing. They also speak the best English here of any place in Scotland."[2] There was naturally a strong Jacobite sentiment pervading every class of Inverness society, and, with the exception of the hostile garrison left by Lord Loudon in the Castle, the Highlanders of the Prince's army found themselves among friends of their own race and political sympathies when they arrived within the precincts of the burgh.

[1] Not to be confounded with the other Fort George between Inverness and Nairn.

[2] Ray's "History of the Rebellion," 1754, pp. 366–367.

On the night of the occupation of Inverness by the Jacobite force, Charles, attended by Murray of Broughton and a few officers and servants, stayed at Castlehill, a house about two miles out of the town; Duke William of Atholl remained at Moy; the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord Lewis Gordon, and Lord Nairne made themselves at home within the walls of the Lord President's deserted mansion, Culloden House, and the other leaders either went on to Inverness with their regiments or slept close at hand.



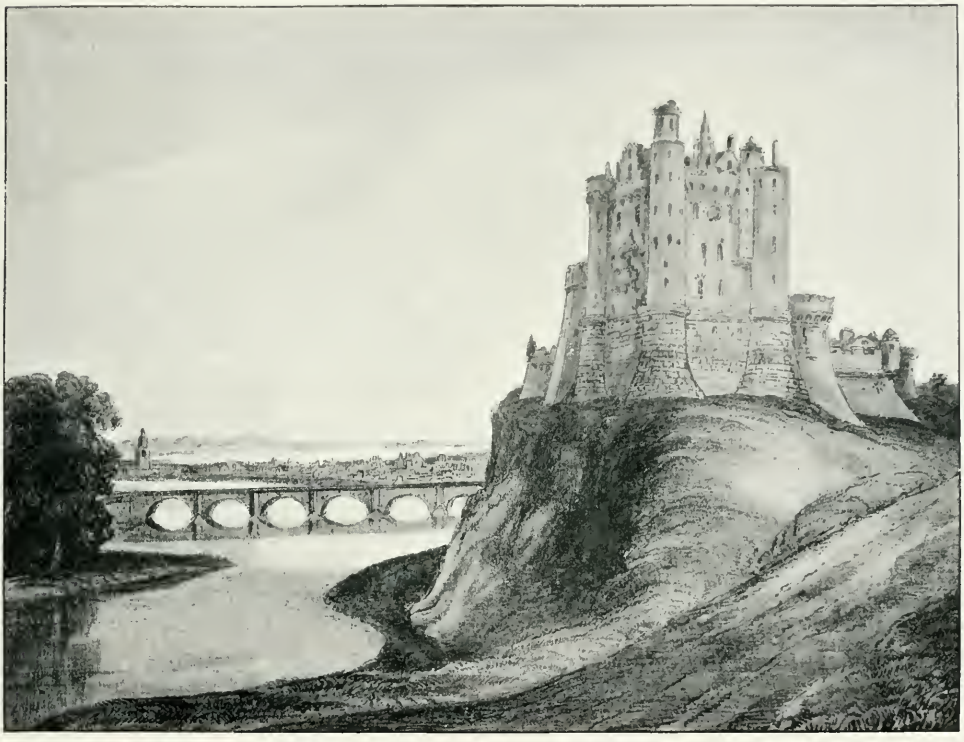
OLD CULLODEN HOUSE

From a contemporary print

The following day the Prince betook himself to Culloden House, where he was joined by Duke William and Lord George Murray, the latter having been greatly delayed, during his arduous march from Aberdeen, by severe snow-storms, which made the roads impassable for cavalry. Only a part of his lordship's force accompanied him, he having deemed it advisable to detach portions of his column at Elgin, Nairn, and other places near the East Coast, for the purpose of preventing a junction between Lord Loudon and Cumberland, the flight of Loudon into Ross-shire being of course unknown to him. Lord Ogilvy's column had also reached Inverness by this time, and, as the whole Jacobite army was now once again practically

complete, Charles decided to send a strong body of Highlanders in pursuit of Loudon, while the remainder of his force prosecuted the siege of the Castle.

A day later, on Thursday, February 20th, much to every one's surprise, Major Grant, after a few shots had been exchanged between the garrison



OLD CASTLE OF INVERNESS
Blown up by the Jacobite army in 1746
From a drawing by JOHN CLARK *of Edinburgh*

and the besiegers,[1] expressed his willingness to surrender; and before nightfall the citadel, with all that it contained, was in the Prince's possession. Partly to gratify the Highlanders, who regarded all Government fortresses with the strongest aversion, and partly from motives of military expediency, Charles promptly decided to destroy the building. A French sergeant of

[1] It has often been stated that the garrison of Inverness Castle surrendered without a shot being fired in its defence. This is not accurate, as we learn from the Hon. George Colville's letter to Duke William of Atholl, dated "Inverness, 19th Feb. 1746, six at night," that several shots were fired from the Castle, and that one of the Prince's men was wounded.—*Vide* "Atholl Jacobite Correspondence," pp. 206–207.

artillery, named L'Epine, was charged with the performance of this dangerous work; and he at once carried out his instructions by laying mines under each of the bastions, which were successively demolished. The last mine failing to explode, L'Epine ran forward to ascertain the cause, when, just as he was stooping down to examine the train, the explosion occurred, and the unfortunate man was blown into the air and fell into the river, from whence his dead body was shortly afterwards recovered. With Inverness in his hands, its castle demolished, and its garrison prisoners, Charles had no reason to be greatly dissatisfied with his position. Cumberland was still far off in the south;[1] Loudon lay with his small force on the north of the Cromarty Firth, from fifteen to twenty miles away; provisions were fairly plentiful; and the people of the district were, on the whole, strongly in sympathy with the Jacobite cause. There was now a welcome breathing space, in which, while resting after the fatigues of the hurried march, the Prince and his officers could find ample leisure to discuss the situation and make their plans for the future conduct of the campaign.

Although Fort George had been reduced to a heap of ruins, and nothing was left of the barracks at Ruthven but a few tottering walls, Fort Augustus and Fort William still remained intact to threaten and harass the loyal Highlanders who had the misfortune to dwell in their vicinity. The former, built on the shores of Loch Ness at Kilcumin (*Cille-chuimein*), about thirty miles from Inverness, was a standing menace to the Frasers, MacDonalds of Glengarry, and the Grants of Urquhart and Glenmoriston; while the latter, originally erected by the famous Cromwellian general, Monk, occupied a commanding position on Loch Linnhe, under the shadow of Ben Nevis, where it served as a check upon the Camerons, MacDonalds of Keppoch, and other Jacobite clans of Lochaber. Both, it goes without saying, were objects of intense hatred to all the Gaels in the Prince's army, but especially to those whose homes were in close proximity to the obnoxious garrisons; and now that there was a lull in the military operations, the chiefs most affected by the presence of these Government fortresses eagerly seized the opportunity to urge upon the Prince the necessity for attempting their immediate destruction.

Charles readily gave his consent, and within two days of the surrender of Fort George, Brigadier Stapleton, with a small force consisting of Lochiel's and Keppoch's men, some Franco-Irish troops, and a detachment of Lord John Drummond's regiment, laid siege to Fort Augustus,

[1] The Hanoverian army commenced its march from Perth to Aberdeen on February 20th.

then held by three companies of Guise's regiment. From February 22nd to March 1st the garrison resisted manfully; but on the latter day, after the powder-magazine had been blown up by a well-directed shell, the officer in command agreed to capitulate on condition that neither he nor his men should be robbed of their effects. This being granted, the defenders evacuated the nearly-demolished fort, and yielded themselves prisoners of war; a few enlisted in the Prince's service,[1] and the others were sent on to Inverness under a guard. The military stores, guns,

INVERNESS ABOUT 1745

and ammunition remaining in the fort—including about 200 bolls of oatmeal, 200 lbs. of beef, sixteen 4-pounders, two 6-pounders, and six cohorn mortars—were secured by the besiegers and appropriated for the Prince's use.

Encouraged by his success at Fort Augustus, Stapleton next directed his energies to the reduction of Fort William, where Deputy-Governor Alexander Campbell awaited his coming with some anxiety. The place was greatly out of repair, and, although the substantially built stone walls and well constructed earthworks were still capable of affording a certain measure of protection to the garrison, it was extremely doubtful whether

[1] A detailed account of the siege of Fort Augustus is to be found in the report of James Hart, a soldier of Guise's regiment, who joined the Jacobite army because those who refused were, so he says, put on the short allowance of half a pound of meal a day. Record Office, London.

they could withstand a prolonged bombardment. Of food there was sufficient for about eight weeks, and, as several sloops of war were anchored close at hand, fresh supplies could easily be obtained. Three companies of Guise's regiment and three of Argyll Militia, about five hundred men in all, composed the garrison ; and the armament consisted of eight 12-pounders, twelve 6-pounders, two 13-inch mortars, and ten cohorns, with plenty of powder and shot, so that on the whole the governor's position was far from being a hopeless one. A further detachment of militia was posted at Eilean Stalker, twenty miles away, off the coast of Appin, by means of which communication could be kept open with the more distant posts at Dunstaffnage, Inveraray, Portincaple, and Dumbarton. Both sides of the narrows of Corran, the quarter of a mile passage that forms the entrance to Loch Linnhe, were, however, well guarded by the Prince's men, who were able to check, if they could not prevent, the passing to and fro of the men-of-war's boats, as Captain Caroline Scott, who had been sent to assist and advise Governor Campbell, soon had the mortification of discovering.[1]

During the first week in March some severe skirmishes took place at this point ; and on one occasion the Highlanders managed to capture a boat and crew belonging to the *Baltimore*, an act of daring which was quickly followed by a sharp attack on their posts by a party of Government troops and sailors from the *Baltimore* and *Serpent* sloops, who, after killing two of the Highlanders and wounding several, landed and destroyed the ferry-houses and burnt a small village on the Ardgour side of the current. By this time fresh parties of Camerons and MacDonalds had joined Stapleton's little force, and were encamped with their fellow-clansmen in Glen Nevis, about two miles from Fort William, under the command of Lochiel and Keppoch.[2] Stewart of Ardsheal, and MacDonald of Glencoe were both at their respective homes, ready to give assistance when required, young Clanranald was expected from Moidart daily,[3] and everything was in readiness to commence the siege the moment the artillery arrived from Fort Augustus.

In the meantime desultory fighting was going on in the neighbourhood, and on the 15th, the day after Captain Scott's arrival, some Highlanders (probably of Lochiel's clan), who had entrenched themselves in

[1] Captain Scott's letters, and journal of the siege, can be seen in the Record Office, London.

[2] The numbers of the besieging force have been greatly exaggerated by historians who have followed the Whig accounts. Colonel Ker of Graden, a strictly veracious man, says the Jacobite detachment did not exceed 300 men.

[3] Young Clanranald, instead of joining the Prince's force in Lochaber, went on to Inverness and took part in the pursuit of Lord Loudon's army.

and around a stone building known as Kilmallie Barns, at Corpach, on the opposite side of the loch, succeeded in beating off quite a large flotilla of armed boats manned by a detachment of soldiers from the garrison; one sailor was killed and three men wounded during the engagement. Nettled by this rebuff, the governor ordered Captain How of the *Baltimore* to proceed to Corpach, on the 18th, and open fire upon the insurgents while a landing was effected; but so strong was the Highlanders' position, that even a sharp bombardment from the sloop's 4-pounder failed to make any impression, and Captain How had to withdraw without having achieved the object of his mission.

On Thursday, March 20th, Brigadier Stapleton having got some mortars into position on the Sugar-loaf Hill, an eminence about 800 yards from the fort, saluted the garrison with a few shells, which hurt no one but did some damage to the building. From this date until the night of April 2nd, the siege was vigorously prosecuted, both sides displaying the greatest courage and activity. Day after day the Highland batteries erected on the Sugar-loaf and Cow Hills poured shot and shell into the fortress; but the garrison continued to offer a stubborn resistance, returning the cannonade at intervals, and refusing all demands to surrender. Now and again parties of soldiers sallied forth, under the guns of the warships, and raided the country along the loch side, burning every house they came across, ill-treating the women and children, and carrying off all the cattle, sheep, and provisions they could lay their hands upon. Lochiel and Keppoch were kept well informed of all that went on, and both bitterly resented the outrages daily committed in their territories by the Campbells, their old feudal enemies; but they were unhappily powerless to prevent them. A letter signed by the two chiefs, written from Glen Nevis House,[1] on March 20th, 1746, and addressed to Stewart of Invernahyle, is still extant and may be read with interest.[2] One paragraph will suffice here to show its general tenor: "But in spite of all the clemency that a prince could show or promise, the Campbells have openly appeared, with their wonted zeal for rebellion and usurpation, in the most oppressive manner. Nor could we form a thought to ourselves, that any men endowed with reason or common-sense could use their fellow-creatures with such inhumanity and barbarity as they do; of which we have daily proofs, by their burning houses, stripping of women and children, and exposing them in the

[1] The residence of Alexander Cameron of Glen Nevis, chief of *Sliochd Shomhairle Ruaidh*. He was not *out* in 1745-6, but his brother Alan followed the Prince and fell at Culloden.

[2] The author has printed the entire letter in "Loyal Lochaber." Appendix xxvii.

open field to the severity of the weather, houghing of cattle, and killing of horses ; to enumerate the whole would be too tedious at this time. . . . As God was pleased to put so many of their people into our custody, we hope to prevail upon his Highness to hang a Campbell for every house that will hereafter be burned by them."

Even the Whigs did not all approve of these atrocities, as we may learn from an anonymous communication addressed to Lord Breadalbane, dated March 20th, 1746, from "A Friend." There is "a thing that has happened," the writer remarks, "for which I am heartily sorry, and that is the burning of the Houses and Corn upon the whole Coast of Morvern. This is a trade that the friends of the Government will not be gainers by."[1] The protests of friends and the threats of foes were, however, alike disregarded ; no mercy to rebels, or to the kith and kin of rebels, was Cumberland's barbarous command ; and the Campbells remembering Inverlochy,[2] and having many other old scores to pay off with the Camerons, MacDonalds, and Stewarts of Appin, were only too ready to interpret their leader's orders in a way that was best calculated to serve their own purpose of revenge.

By the end of March, Brigadier Stapleton and the Highland officers who were with him began to realise the hopelessness of their task. Several of their guns had been put out of action ; their batteries, erected under the supervision of Grant and Mirabelle, had been demolished, and, worst of all, their principal magazine had been blown to fragments, and all the ammunition it contained destroyed. The garrison in the besieged fort gave no sign of yielding ; ships of war came and went without let or hindrance, bringing men and stores, and lending the assistance of their guns to the defenders, who every day grew more defiant and aggressive. A last effort had been made by the besiegers, during the closing days of the month, to bring about the surrender of Fort William by a heavy fire from a new battery erected at the Craigs burying-ground, from which red-hot shot were occasionally discharged ; but even these unpleasant missiles failed to do more than set fire to the governor's brew-house, and cause a few moments' commotion while the conflagration was being extinguished. On the 31st a sortie was made by a detachment from the garrison under Lieutenant Foster, who succeeded, after a brief skirmish, in driving off the Franco-Irish artillerymen and capturing the Craigs battery with all its guns, implements, and two prisoners. For

[1] Letter in Record Office, London.

[2] The battle of Inverlochy, fought on February 2nd, 1645, between the Clan Campbell and the Royalist army of Montrose, which was composed largely of Camerons, MacDonalds, and Appin Stewarts. Over 1500 Campbells are said to have been slain on this occasion.

the next few days a little intermittent fighting went on ; but the siege was practically at an end, and, when Captain Scott arose on the morning of April 3rd, he had the satisfaction of learning that Stapleton, after spiking his cannon, had retired during the night with the whole of the besieging force.

While the siege of Fort William was proceeding, other military operations were being carried out by the Prince's officers with more or less success elsewhere. In the north the Earl of Cromartie, Lord MacLeod, MacDonald of Lochgarry, MacDonald of Barisdale, and MacGregor of Glengyle, with a contingent of about 1500 [1] Highlanders from the regiments of Glengarry, Clanranald, Appin, Glengyle, Cromartie's own regiment of Mackenzies, and some Mackinnons, were endeavouring to capture or disperse the remnant of Lord Loudon's army which still remained faithful to its commander. Cromartie had started in pursuit of the fugitive Hanoverians immediately after the occupation of Inverness ; but Loudon having taken the wise precaution to secure or destroy all the boats on the firths of Beauly, Cromarty, and Dornoch, after he had crossed the ferries, the Jacobite force had to make a wide detour by land, and then could only get the length of Tain on the south side of the Dornoch Firth, while Loudon lay secure at Dornoch, on the north side of the Meikle Ferry. At Tain, Lochgarry says, "we stay'd for some time, and cou'd not gett a boat tho we had given a thousand guineas for one." As soon as Cromartie made a move as if to pursue by land, his adversary recrossed the firth into Ross-shire ; and directly Cromartie returned and tried to force a battle, Loudon again retired across the ferry to Dornoch. So the game of hide and seek went on until Lord George Murray appeared on the scene, early in March, with some reinforcements, and put new life into the struggle ; but even Lord George, with all his military experience, could do nothing to dislodge the enemy without boats. He therefore returned to Inverness and reported the difficulty to the Prince, who, in the belief that Cromartie was incompetent, appointed the Duke of Perth to take his place ; and at the same time Moir of Stonywood was commissioned to collect a small fleet of boats at Findhorn and place them at the duke's disposal.

[1] Cromartie started with only a small force, consisting chiefly of his own regiment and some Mackintoshes and Mackinnons ; he was afterwards reinforced at Dingwall by 530 men of Glengarry's regiment, 300 of Clanranald's, 200 of Appin's, 300 of the Master of Lovat's (Frasers), and 100 of Glengyle's (MacGregors)—"Lochgarry's Narrative." The Appin men were posted at Foulis Castle, and the MacGregors at Dingwall. Home says that a body of Camerons took part in these operations, under the command of "Lochiel's brother." It is extremely doubtful, however, that Dr. Archibald Cameron, the only brother of Lochiel who was *out* in 1745-6, was in command. If any Camerons were with the northern force, they would have probably been in charge of Ludovic Cameron of Torcastle, Lochiel's uncle.

The story of the final dispersal of Lord Loudon's force may be briefly told by Lochgarry himself: "The boats," he observes, "being at last arrived undiscovered by the enemy, occasioned by a very thick mist that one man cou'd not discern another at ten paces distance. As the boats arrived only at 10 o'clock at night,[1] and not being in time acquainted of their arrival, the tide left them dry on the beach, about half a mile from the sea. We gott all to arms in order to launch them; but as they were heavy boats, it took us a long time before we cou'd sett them afloat. So by the time we gott them ready, the enemy cou'd fairly discern us; but we resolved at any rate to make the attempt, which seem'd very dangerous had our enemys made a right use of it, especially as we were little more than half their number, they being two thousand, including Loudon's own regiment. . . . Upon our landing (to our great surprize) we found no opposition; Loudon and the president were quarter'd very near the place where we landed, and had discovered us in time eneough to make their escape. We were at this time command'd by James, Duke o' Perth. At our landing, and seeing no enemy, it was determin'd strait to Dornoch, about 6 miles distance, which was Loudon's headquarters and where we certainly expected to meet him upon our approach to that place. The laird of M^c^Intosh[2] cap^t^ in Loudon's regm^t^, and Major M^c^Kenzie of the same, with sev^r^l other officers, came and surrendred themselves prisioners, with all the men under their command, among which were a good number of Loudon's own regiment. Cap^t^ Stack of Laly's regm^t^ and I received the arms of the whole prisioners. Next day we pursued Loudon and the president, but cou'd not come up with them, as it always happens them that are running to save their lives outmarch their pursuers. We remain'd some time in this country, untill we were called to Inverness, some days before the battle of Culloden."[3]

Finding, after a rapid march of about thirty miles, that he was unable to overtake the retreating army, the Duke of Perth halted at the head of Loch Shin, and shortly afterwards returned to Inverness with a portion of his force, leaving the command of the remainder to the Earl of Cromartie, Lord MacLeod, and Barisdale. Meanwhile Loudon, the Lord President, and MacLeod of MacLeod continued their flight towards the West Coast with the MacLeod and MacDonald Independent Companies; while the MacKays, Gunns,[4] Sutherlands, and other Hanoverian clans, with some

[1] Probably on the 18th or 19th of March.

[2] Eneas (Angus) Mackintosh of Mackintosh, husband of Lady Anne.

[3] From "Lochgarry's Narrative," printed in Blaikie's "Itinerary."

[4] The Gunns were strongly Jacobite at heart; but, owing to their chief's dependence upon the Earl of Sutherland, they were induced to appear on the Hanoverian side.

companies of Loudon's Highlanders, dispersed themselves through the counties of Sutherland, Ross, and Caithness, under the protection of Lord Reay, chief of the MacKays, and the Earl of Sutherland, both zealous supporters of the House of Hanover. Travelling by way of Loch Broom, Kinlochewe, and Loch Carron, Lord Loudon and his fellow fugitives reached Loch Alsh, on March 26th, from whence they ferried over to Skye, and remained there as guests of MacLeod, until a letter arrived on April 18th, containing the news of Culloden battle.[1]

Upon the departure of the Duke of Perth, Cromartie returned to his own house, leaving the work of reducing the counties of Ross, Sutherland, and Caithness to his son, Lord MacLeod, and Coll *Ban* of Barisdale. The latter, owing to his marriage with one of the Mackenzies of Fairburn, was well known in the shire of Ross, where his wife's estate was situated; but it must be admitted that his presence in the district was not generally appreciated by the inhabitants, who had more reasons than one for preferring his room to his company. Cattle often disappeared mysteriously after one of Fair Coll's visits, and although that truculent fire-eater hastened to assert his entire ignorance of their whereabouts, and coolly suggested that the Camerons would be more likely to know something of the missing beasts, those who were best acquainted with the character and habits of the gentleman in question did not hesitate to declare, when he was out of hearing, that the animals they had lost would be found, by any who had the hardihood to look for them, contentedly grazing among the fastnesses of Glen Barisdale, whither they had been spirited by a band of Coll's notorious caterans.

At this period Barisdale had more important matters on hand than cattle lifting, and we find him congenially employed in annexing or burning[2] the property of the Whig Highlanders, and frightening the more timid among them into submission. On March 20th, Dunrobin Castle fell into the hands of a party of his clan.[3] The Earl of Sutherland managed to escape and make his way to the Duke of Cumberland; but his Countess, a handsome woman of twenty-eight, whose sympathies, as

[1] Upon hearing of the dispersal of Loudon's army, Charles commissioned Colonel Warren to carry the news to Louis XV. The Colonel's letter to King James, describing his reception by the French Court, is printed in Brown's "History of the Highlands," Vol. III. Appendix, p. 458.

[2] Ker of Graden says "this procedure was very much condemn'd in Inverness, and I believe is the only instance of that kind can be given."

[3] In a letter addressed by Thomas Dove to Sir Everard Fawkener, Secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, dated "Hound Sloop Cromarty Bay 27 March" the writer states, "The 20th MacDonald of Clanronald with 300 men took possession of 4 Merchant Ships at Ferry Oven (Ouns) and Lord Sutherland's House, took all his Horses except Lady Sutherland's Horse. They used Lady Sutherland very ill by pointing a Dirk to her breast." I have been unable to find any corroborative evidence that young Clanranald was in command of the party.—W. D. N.

became a daughter of an Earl of Wemyss, were all in favour of the House of Stuart, elected to remain and entertain the Prince's officers. Either by accident or design, the MacDonalds who first took possession of the Castle treated her ladyship so rudely that, when Barisdale arrived at Dunrobin on the 26th, she dictated a letter to the Prince complaining of the ill-usage she had been subjected to, and got "her acquaintance," Barisdale, to write it with his own hand. "Least my letter be too tediouse," she remarks in the course of this curious epistle, "I will only give one Instance of my usadge, a man holding a drawn durk to my brest gave a scrach of a wound which merk itt well beare." The following day, Barisdale, writing from Ardmore, exhibits himself in the new and more amiable rôle of *cavaliere servente* to his "faire prisoner," as it pleased him to call the Countess; he promises to inform the Prince of her zeal for the cause, says he will endeavour to restore her favourite horses, and concludes his letter by gallantly assuring her that he will always be "Nott onlie your Lady's prisoner in the strictest Confinement, but your Ladyship's most obd^{tt} and most humble ser^{tt}." [1]

Lord MacLeod, who was stationed at Skelbo Castle, received orders about this time to march into Caithness, for the double purpose of collecting the revenues of the county and enlisting recruits for the Prince. The Sinclairs, followers of the Earl of Caithness, were strongly inclined to support King James, and many would undoubtedly have joined the Prince's standard at an earlier period of the campaign had they not been held in check by their powerful Whig neighbours, the Earl of Sutherland and Lord Reay. The dispersal of Lord Loudon's army and the flight of the Earl of Sutherland, had, however, put an end to their fears, and they were now ready to place themselves under the command of Lord Cromartie and march with him to Inverness; but while they were preparing to take the field, an incident occurred in the north of Sutherlandshire which caused so great a delay that not only the Sinclairs, but the greater portion of Cromartie's forces, were prevented from being present on the day of Culloden. The incident referred to was the capture of the *Prince Charles* (formerly the *Hazard* sloop), at Melness, on the Kyle of Tongue, by a party of MacKays and some officers and men of Loudon's regiment, led by Lord Reay. The vessel was returning from France with a number of Jacobite officers in the service of France and Spain, and a large amount of money (£12,500), stores, and ammunition for the Prince's use, when she was sighted off the Banffshire coast, on March 24th,

[1] Both letters are among the Cumberland MSS. at Windsor Castle, and will be found printed in "The Companions of Pickle," Andrew Lang, pp. 110–112.

by the captain of the *Sheerness* man-of-war, who immediately gave chase and drove the *Prince Charles* through the Pentland Firth into the Kyle of Tongue, where, the next evening, after a short engagement, the sloop ran aground; and as the *Sheerness* was unable to follow, all the officers and crew got safely ashore, landed the money and stores, and took shelter for the night near the house of Captain MacKay of Melness. In the morning it was decided to abandon the stranded vessel, and proceed to Inverness with as much of the money as the men could carry; but they had only gone a short distance on the road when they fell into an ambuscade prepared by Lord Reay, chief of the MacKays, who had been apprised of the occurrence, and although the Prince's adherents made a brave attempt to resist capture, they were eventually overpowered and made prisoners after several lives had been lost in the struggle. Lord Reay rightly anticipated that, as soon as the news reached the Earl of Cromartie, a desperate effort would be made to recapture the treasure and effect the release of the prisoners; he therefore ordered his son, Captain MacKay, to convey both men and money on board the *Sheerness* and sail for Aberdeen, which was immediately done, the captain of the man-of-war, O'Brien, having first floated and secured the *Prince Charles* as a prize.[1]

This unfortunate occurrence cost Charles dear, for it not only deprived him of the greatly needed money at a time when his exchequer was almost exhausted, but it was the indirect cause of the absence of Cromartie's force on the day of the great struggle, when the loss even of a single man was of vital consequence. Intent upon the recovery of the treasure, Cromartie, in the belief that it still remained in the Reay country, ordered Lord MacLeod, Barisdale, MacGregor of Glengyle, and MacKinnon, with a body of about 1500 men, to march thither and force the MacKays to yield up the stolen gold. MacLeod got as far as Thurso when he found himself opposed by a strong party of Lochbroom men, and being unable to proceed farther, returned along the coast to Langwell, from whence, on April 13th, he marched to attack a detachment of Lord Loudon's men on the borders of Sutherlandshire; but as they went off before he could engage them, he rejoined his father, who was then at Dunrobin. On the 15th an urgent order arrived from the Prince, summoning Cromartie, with the whole of the men remaining under his command, to Inverness. Barisdale had already started and reached Beauly on the night of the 15th, Lochgarry had gone on to Inverness

[1] A tradition still lingers in the Reay country to the effect that part of the gold remains hidden to this day.

with a portion of the Glengarry regiment ; and within a few hours after the Prince's message was in Cromartie's hands, most of his men were on the road ; and a little later the Earl himself, with Lord MacLeod and the principal officers, left the Castle and followed with the rear-guard. They had not gone far when they were attacked by a body of the Sutherland Militia, under Ensign John MacKay, who had been sent by Captain MacAllister to intercept them. Cromartie, believing himself surrounded, retired hastily with his party to Dunrobin, where he displayed a white flag from the tower and sounded the alarm bell, in the hope that the officers commanding the main body would understand that he required assistance. The loud clangour of the bell soon attracted the attention of some of those who had gone forward, and the order was at once given to return. MacKay, observing this movement, marched his men to some high ground in the vicinity, from whence he could see all that was going on. In the meantime, a detachment of the Sutherland Militia, strengthened by two of the Independent Companies, the whole acting in concert with the parties commanded by Captain MacAllister and Ensign MacKay, had reached the hill of Culmaily, near Golspie, and there awaited in concealment the approach of Cromartie's returning force. In entire ignorance of the ambuscade, the Jacobite officers hurried onward to the relief of their leader, and were just drawing up their men in order of battle, in order to surround the Castle, when the enemy was observed marching down the hill upon them in apparently overwhelming numbers. Terrified at the unexpected sight, the men broke from the ranks and fled in the direction of the Little Ferry, but were quickly overtaken by the Hanoverian troops, who attacked them in flank and rear. The engagement was short but bloody, over forty of the Prince's supporters being either slain in the struggle or drowned while attempting to cross the ferry, and of the remainder only about thirty escaped. Shortly afterwards Ensign MacKay proceeded to Dunrobin, and by dint of a little strategy succeeded in capturing the Earl of Cromartie, Lord MacLeod, and eighteen officers. A few days after the battle of Culloden, the whole of these unfortunates were landed from the *Hound* sloop of war and consigned to the tender mercies of Cumberland.[1]

During the progress of Lord Cromartie's campaign in the north, Lord George Murray and Lord John Drummond had both been actively engaged with the enemy in other directions, the former in Atholl and the latter on the Spey. The presence of a Hanoverian garrison at Blair

[1] Particulars are taken from letters in the Record Office, London, *Scots Magazine*, "Lyon in Mourning," "Life of Lord Cromarty, London, 1746," &c.

was particularly distasteful to Lord George, and, shortly after his return from Ross-shire, he obtained the Prince's permission to attempt the recapture of his brother's castle and the seizure of the other hostile posts Cumberland had stationed in Perthshire. Starting from Inverness, on March 12th, with six or seven hundred of the Atholl Brigade and two small cannon (4-pounders), his lordship first proceeded to Strathspey, and, on the 14th, demanded the surrender of Castle Grant, the residence of Sir James Grant of Grant and his son Ludovic, both of whom had refused to associate themselves with the Prince's enterprise. Neither Sir James nor his son were at home at the time; but those they had left in charge of the Castle, intimidated by the sight of artillery, and fearing the walls would be battered down, offered no resistance, and without further parley threw open the gates to the Prince's officers. Lord Nairne immediately took possession of the building with 100 men;[1] and Lord George, having quartered some detachments in the vicinity to keep open his line of retreat, continued his march southwards with about 400 men and the two guns. Near Ruthven he was joined by Archibald Menzies of Shian and 300 MacPhersons under Cluny, who had remained behind to guard the defiles in the district instead of accompanying Charles to Inverness. Passing rapidly through Badenoch, the little Jacobite force reached Dalwhinnie, from whence, on the evening of March 16th, the whole body pushed on to Dalnacardoch, where a halt was called and final arrangements made for surprising the various posts, most of which were held by bodies of the Campbell Militia. In all there were about thirty, but only seven of the more important were selected for attack on this occasion—namely, those at Bun Rannoch, Kynachan, Blairfettie, Struan, the Inn at Blair, Bridge of Tilt, and Lude. From Dalnacardoch Lord George sent off the attacking parties under cover of darkness, while he and Cluny went on to the Bridge of Bruar with the remainder of their men to await the result of the night's operations.

The secrecy and rapidity with which the several movements were executed ensured their complete success. One by one the posts named were surrounded and seized before any organised defence could be made; over 300 prisoners were taken; several of the enemy were killed and wounded; and all this was effected without the loss of a single man on the Prince's side. It was a brilliant exploit, well conceived and well carried out.[2]

[1] *Vide* Letter from Ludovic Grant to his father, dated "Castle Forbes, March 19th, 1746," in "The Chiefs of Grant," by Sir William Fraser, Edinburgh, 1883.

[2] Details of the seizure of the Atholl posts are given in full in "The Chronicles of the Families of Atholl and Tullibardine." It is instructive to note that when the Kynachan garrison was taken, and

Having disposed of his prisoners by sending them to Ruthven under an escort, Lord George secured the pass of Killiecrankie, placed guards at several points to prevent intelligence from passing, and prepared to make an assault upon the Hanoverian garrison at Blair Castle, commanded by the redoubtable Sir Andrew Agnew. About nine o'clock on the morning of the 17th, his lordship entered the village of Blair with Cluny MacPherson and 300 men, and as soon as he had established his head-quarters in the inn, from which a small picket of Government troops had just managed to escape, he despatched a messenger with a letter to Sir Andrew, calling upon him to instantly surrender the castle with all that it contained. A humorous and fairly truthful account of the siege of Blair Castle, by an officer of the garrison,[1] was published in the *Scots Magazine* for 1808, from which the following amusing passage is culled: "It appeared afterwards," the writer observes, referring to the summons to surrender, "that no Highlanders, from the impression they had received of the outrageous temper of Sir Andrew Agnew, could be prevailed upon to carry that summons; but a maid-servant from the Inn at Blair (then kept by one McGlashan), being rather handsome and very obliging, conceived herself to be on so good a footing with some of the young officers that she need not be afraid of being shot, and undertook the mission—taking care, however, when she came near the Castle, to wave the paper containing the summons over her head as a token of her Embassy; and when she arrived at one of the low windows in the passage, whither the furnisher of these notes, with three or more of the officers, had come, the window was opened and her speech heard; which strongly advised a surrender, promising very good treatment by Lord George Murray and the other Highland Gentlemen; but denouncing if resistance was made, that as the Highlanders were a thousand strong, and had cannon, they would batter down, or burn the Castle, and destroy the whole garrison. That speech was received from Molly with juvenile mirth by the officers, who told her that those gentlemen would soon be driven away and the garrison again become visitors at McGlashan's as before."

In the end, Molly managed to persuade a timid lieutenant to carry the document to his fiery tempered commander, who no sooner glanced at its contents than he rushed at the luckless officer, drove him out of the room with some tremendous oaths, cursed Lord George vigorously, and

the papers belonging to Captain Campbell of Knockbuy were appropriated, Cumberland's order "to give no quarter to rebels," was found amongst them. *Vide* Narrative of Captain John MacPherson of Strathmashie, "Lyon in Mourning," Vol. II. p. 92, also Vol. I. pp. 316–317.

[1] Ensign Melville (afterwards General Robert Melville), of the 25th Regiment.

threatened to shoot any other messenger whom he might send. The girl, hearing Sir Andrew's ravings, made quickly off, carrying the summons with her, and reported the result of her mission to Lord George and the officers with him, who were observed by the garrison to be much diverted by her report.

During the evening the cannon arrived and were placed in position behind a dyke, a little below the church, at a distance of about 300 yards from the Castle. On Tuesday morning, the 18th, the first shot was fired by Lady Lude, as an act of retaliation for the damage done to her house by the soldiers of the Blair garrison, who, not satisfied with merely appropriating her property, had wantonly destroyed the doors and windows, and had even attempted to remove the flooring from some of the rooms.

All day long the guns continued to hurl their small missiles at the massive walls of the sturdy old castle, with no apparent effect, and although red-hot balls were occasionally used, no serious injury was done, as they were quickly lifted by the soldiers with an iron ladle, purloined from the Duke's kitchen, and quenched in a tub of water before they could set fire to the woodwork. It soon became evident to Lord George Murray that the garrison could only be reduced by the tedious process of starvation, but as he was assured by the country people that the store of provisions in the building was exceedingly scanty, he believed the surrender would not be very long delayed. One other plan, that of undermining the castle and blowing it up with gunpowder, he might have attempted to put into execution, but he either did not think of it, or, what is more likely, he had a natural repugnance to adopt a measure which would necessarily result in the entire destruction of the ancestral home of his family, with all its valuable contents. If the garrison surrendered, the pictures, plate, and other costly heirlooms could then easily be removed before the building was rendered untenable for any further bodies of Government troops. From the correspondence which passed between Lord George and his brother, Duke William, while the siege was in progress, it is clear that his lordship intended to pull down the place as soon as it fell into his hands. "If we get the Castle," he writes, "I hope you will excuse our demolishing it." The Duke's reply indicates that he was annoyed at being misled with regard to the real object of Lord George's expedition ; but, in spite of his personal feelings, he fully admitted the necessity for the sacrifice demanded.[1]

Unfortunately for the Jacobite cause, the opportunity for making the sacrifice never occurred. On Tuesday, March 25th, 600 Hessian troops

[1] The letters are printed in the "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine."

reached Dunkeld, and on the following day, the Prince of Hesse arrived with the remainder of his men and took up his residence in Dunkeld House, where Duke James of Atholl had shortly before put in an appearance.

By the end of the week there were, according to a statement made by the Whig Duke,[1] 3000 Hessians, 70 Hussars, and 240 Dragoons (St. George's) encamped within the enclosures of Dunkeld House; the Earl of Crawford had also arrived, and there was now nothing to hinder an immediate advance to the relief of the Blair garrison. Lord George's Highlanders, however, still held the Pass of Killiecrankie, through which the road ran by way of Dowally and Pitlochry, and neither Hessians nor dragoons were at all eager to try conclusions with their warlike foemen in the famous ravine, where General Mackay's troops, bent upon a similar errand, had perished so miserably in the year 1689. Some skirmishing took place south of the Pass, and, on the 30th, a Hessian hussar was captured by one of the Highland patrols and taken before Lord George Murray, who describes him as "a Swed by birth and spoke very good laten, was a Gentleman and had formerly been a Lutenant, as he said."[2] The Hessian was treated with civility, and after a brief detention he was allowed to return to Dunkeld, carrying a letter from Lord George to the Prince of Hesse, in which his lordship courteously suggests the advisability of a cartel being arranged for the exchange of prisoners. The Prince sent a report of the incident to Cumberland, and enclosed Lord George's missive, asking at the same time for instructions regarding the answer he should return. Cumberland, highly incensed to find his august father referred to as "the Elector," returned the following characteristic reply: "I am assured that you will not think of replying to the letter which a rebel against the King your father-in-law has written you, and in which he only gives to His Majesty the title of Elector. I admire the insolence of these rebels, who dare to propose a cartel, having themselves the rope round their necks"[3]—a prophecy which was, unhappily, nearer fulfilment than even the self-conceited Duke himself imagined. Cumberland was at Aberdeen, with the headquarter staff and second line of his army. His first line, consisting of six battalions of infantry, with Cobham's Dragoons, and Kingston's Horse, commanded by the Earl of Albemarle and Major-

[1] Letter from Duke James to Captain James Murray, dated "Dunkeld 29th March 1746." His Grace deplores the destruction caused by the presence of so many troops. "The poor Trees are no more that I have taken such pains to propagate." *Vide* "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," Vol. III. p. 249.

[2] Lord George Murray's letter to Hamilton of Bangour. *Ibid.* p. 254–255.

[3] The letter, written in French, is in the Record Office, London. See also Cumberland's letter to the Duke of Newcastle, dated "Aberdeen, April 4th," also in Record Office.

General Bland, occupied Strathbogie; while his reserve, composed of three battalions, was stationed at Old Meldrum. Some fighting had occurred, during March, between the Hanoverian outposts and the Jacobite troops under Lord John Drummond and Colonel Roy Stuart, in which the latter, in one instance at least, had proved themselves the better men; but this solitary and unimportant success,[1] known to history as the "Skirmish of Keith," could not hinder for a moment the slow but steady progress of Cumberland's advance northwards.

As the end of March drew near, Charles began to realise the necessity for recalling the several detached portions of his army, so that every man might be in his place when the coming battle took place. Lochiel and Keppoch, with their clans, were, as we have seen, in Lochaber vainly attempting the capture of Fort William; Cromartie, Lord MacLeod, Barisdale, Lochgarry, Young Clanranald, Glengyle, and Mackinnon were conducting the campaign in Sutherland and Caithness; the Frasers and Mackintoshes were dispersed in several directions; the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord Ogilvy, Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord Kilmarnock, Gordon of Glenbucket, and John Roy Stuart, with a considerable body of men, consisting of Mackintoshes, Frasers, Chisholms, Farquharsons, and the men of their own regiments, occupied the posts on the Spey and other strategetic points in the neighbourhood of Gordon Castle; MacDonald of Glencoe and Stewart of Ardsheal were either at home raising recruits, or with Lochiel; and Lord George Murray, Cluny, Menzies of Shian, Mercer of Aldie, with the Atholl Brigade, and the MacPhersons, were engaged in the blockade of Blair Castle.

Whether Lord George might have eventually succeeded in starving the garrison into submission before the relieving column forced its way through the defile of Killiecrankie is a question which it would be useless to discuss; but we may judge from Ensign Melville's narrative that, had the investment continued much longer, Sir Andrew Agnew would have been reduced to feed his men on horseflesh; and when the very limited amount of that delicacy came to an end, there would only have remained the alternatives of a desperate sortie, or an unconditional surrender. Fortune, however, was in favour of the garrison; and before horseflesh became an item in the daily menu, Lord George had raised the siege and was on his way to Inverness, whither he had been sum-

[1] A cleverly conducted enterprise organised by Major Glascoe, a lieutenant in Dillon's regiment, serving in the Prince's army under Lord John Drummond, which resulted in the capture, on the night of 20th March, of a body of Argyllshire Militia and some troopers of Kingston's Horse, who had been sent to occupy the village of Keith. For details *vide* General Bland's letter to Sir Everard Fawkener, dated "Strathbogie 21 March 1745-6," in Record Office, London.

moned by the Prince. Describing the events which immediately preceded the abandonment of the blockade, his lordship writes: "I had the day before (March 31st), and that day (April 1st), got three expresses to return to Inverness, for it was believed the Duke of Cumberland would march in a day or two. I had that morning order'd of our two pice of cannon, that we might not be impeaded in our march. About ten at night I drew off the men from the pass and came to Blair, and as I had left orders, all was in readyness, so we marched off about two in the morning (April 2nd). We had a good deall of fatigue on this Expedition, but I was well assisted by the officers and men as I could desire, particularly Clunie, who always kept to the post at the town of Blair." [1]

The news of the Highlanders' departure was brought to the Castle by the irrepressible Molly, who arrived shortly after daybreak to congratulate her military friends upon the termination of the blockade. She informed them "that Lord George and all his men, as she called them, had gone off in the night for Dalnacardoch and Badenoch; adding that she believed the Highlanders had been afraid of being surrounded by Lord Crawford, with the King's Black Horse from Dunkeld." The eccentric old commander refused to credit Molly's story, and kept his men within the walls until a Hanoverian officer arrived, bringing a message from the Earl of Crawford that some cavalry would be at the Castle within an hour. When Lord Crawford and Duke James appeared at Blair the following day, April 3rd, the whole garrison was ceremoniously paraded in front of the building by Sir Andrew, who remarked, when receiving his superior officer's compliments, "My Lord, I am very glad to see you, but, *by all that's good*, you have been very dilatory, and we can give you nothing to eat." "I assure you, Sir Andrew," replied his lordship, amused at the sally, "I made all the haste I possibly could; and I hope that you and the officers will do me the honour to partake with me of such fare as I can give you." [2] Needless to add, the invitation was eagerly accepted; and later in the day a merry party of officers met in the summer-house at Blair, where a substantial dinner, with abundance of good wine, was provided for their entertainment.[3]

Lord George, having evacuated Blair and withdrawn his pickets and patrols from the outlying posts, marched with the Atholl Brigade along the valley of the Spey to Elchies, a small village about ten miles south of Fochabers, at which place he was able to effect a junction with the forces

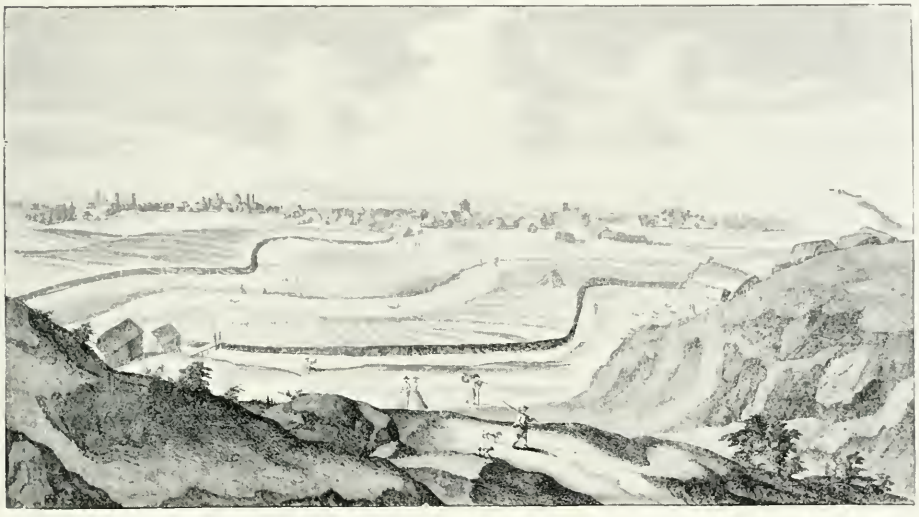
[1] Letter to Hamilton of Bangour.

[2] Ensign Melville's narrative.

[3] Duke James of Atholl was present at this dinner. *Vide* his diary quoted in "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine."

of Lord John Drummond; while Cluny and his clansmen remained in occupation of Badenoch, to guard the passes as they had done before the expedition. From Elchies his lordship made his way to Inverness, where he arrived on Thursday, April 3rd, after an absence of rather more than three weeks.

Shortly before Lord George's departure for Atholl, the Prince removed his quarters from Culloden House[1] to the town residence of his loyal-hearted friend, Anne Duff of Drummuir, the Dowager Lady Mackintosh, in Kirk Street (now Church Street), Inverness,[2] where he remained until



ELGIN

From SLEZER'S *Theatrum Scotiæ*

March 11th. On that day he set out for Gordon Castle, presumably to visit Lord John Drummond, who was stationed there with the other officers of his staff; but at Elgin the chill, which he had contracted on the night of the Rout of Moy, developed such serious symptoms of inflammation of the lungs, that he had to remain in the town for more than a week, under medical treatment, before he could proceed on his journey. He stayed during this period at Thunderton House, in Batchen Lane, once the abode of the Earls of Moray, but owned in 1746 by Mr. Dunbar. There he received every attention at the hands of a Mrs. Anderson, who

[1] A present of £10 was left by the Prince for Mr. Stewart, the Lord President's Master of the Household. *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 139.

[2] The house was demolished in 1843; it stood on the west side of the street, at a point nearly opposite the present Episcopal Church.

ministered to his wants and nursed him so assiduously that, in two days, the crisis had passed and a quick recovery followed. Charles was not ungrateful for the care bestowed upon him by his kind hostess, and, before he left the house, he asked if he could in any way make a return for her services. The lady replied that she would like a post in the Customs for her son, a request which must have considerably nonplussed the Prince, how at the time could have seen very little prospect of gratifying it. Strange, however, as it may appear, Charles did eventually manage to secure the coveted Government post, and Mrs. Anderson's son was duly installed in the Customs of his Hanoverian Majesty, George II.[1]

As soon as his cure was effected, Charles rode over to Gordon Castle whenever the weather permitted, to inspect the troops under Lord John Drummond's command, and make himself personally acquainted with the defences of the river Spey, which were being prepared for the purpose of impeding the advance of Cumberland's army. On Friday, March 21st, he returned to his quarters in Kirk Street, Inverness, and from that date until the evening of April 14th, when he departed on his ill-fated journey to Culloden, we know very little regarding his movements.

Maxwell of Kirkconnell speaks of the wonderfully high spirits he maintained amidst all his misfortunes, and tells of balls given to the ladies of Inverness, at which Charles, in the gayest of moods, often danced himself with his fair adherents. To these pleasant *réunions* came many a bonnie Highland lass whose husband, brother, or sweetheart, had donned the white cockade and gone *out* for the "yellow haired laddie," and the cause of Britain's rightful king Here were assembled the more aristocratic dames of his party, the Ladies Ogilvy, Gordon, and Kinloch, and the intrepid Anne Farquharson, Lady Mackintosh, the latter "dressed as nearly as she could in Highlandmen's cloathes."[2] Probably the beautiful Mrs. Murray of Broughton was also occasionally present, when she was not engaged in nursing her sick husband, who, like his master, had succumbed to the fatigues of the campaign, and lay very ill at Elgin; the duties of his office, greatly to the disadvantage of the army, devolving upon Hay of Restalrig.

A few notable but small additions to the Prince's forces were made during this period. On or about March 21st, Charles MacLean of Drimnin, with several gentlemen of the clan,[3] reached Inverness with 150

[1] Family tradition. *Vide* "Prince Charles Edward," Andrew Lang, p. 170.

[2] From information contained in a letter of Lord Milton to Cumberland, dated Edinburgh, April 1st, 1746, in Record Office, London.

[3] A letter in the Record Office, London, dated Inveraray, December 17th, gives some interesting information anent the rising of the MacLeans, and mentions, in addition to Drimnin, Hector MacLean of Torloisk, James MacLean, a son of MacLean of Ardgour, with several others, as leaders of the clan.

men, a number which was later increased to nearly 200 by the exertions of Hugh MacLean, late lieutenant in Loudon's Regiment, who had been made a not unwilling prisoner at the taking of Rannoch post, on March 17th, and Alan MacLean, younger, of Drimnin. Undeterred by the fact that their chief was a captive in the hands of the Hanoverian Government, these brave representatives of Clan Gillean nobly determined to follow

GORDON CASTLE

From FITTLER'S *Scotia Depicta; drawn in* 1799

the example of the other loyal clans and risk their lives and fortunes in the same cause for which they, or their immediate ancestors, had so gallantly fought in 1715. Many of the MacLeods and MacDonalds of the Independent Companies, who had fallen into the hands of the Duke of Perth, at Dornoch, also readily volunteered to serve with their fellow clansmen and compatriots in the ranks of the Jacobite army, and only a few hours before the final conflict, on April 16th, the three doughty

[1] *Vide* letter from "A Friend" to Lord Glenorchy, dated March 20th, 1746, in Record Office, London.

Alexanders of Urquhart—Grant of Shewglie,[1] Grant of Corrimony, and MacKay of Achmonie—in spite of their chief's commands, appeared fully armed in the Prince's camp, with eighty stout followers from the glen, including Patrick and Alexander, two of Shewglie's sons ; Donald Mackay, Achmonie's young brother ; James and Alexander Grant, Shewglie's cousins, with several other men of some importance in the district, and offered their services to His Royal Highness.

The great outstanding need of Charles at this stage was not so much the want of men as the want of money to provide pay for those he

OLD HOUSES IN CHURCH (KIRK) STREET, INVERNESS

The house in which the Prince stayed, demolished long since, was on the opposite side of the street

already had at his command. So low indeed were his finances at the end of March, that he was reduced to the expedient of paying his troops in meal, "which the men being obliged to sell out and convert into money, it went but a short way for their other needs, at which the poor creatures grumbled exceedingly,"[2] and suspected that their officers purposely kept it back from them. Even this mode of payment was so irregular and uncertain that the Highlanders often had to roam about the country in search of food, pilfering hen roosts, appropriating live

[1] Shewglie, who was too old for service in the field, after paying his respects to the Prince, returned to Inverness.

[2] The MacDonald narrator. "Lockhart Papers."

stock, and when they could get nothing better, taking even the cabbage leaves from the farmer's gardens to allay the pangs of hunger. To a certain extent this miserable condition of the commissariat department was due to the mismanagement of those officials who were directly responsible for supplying the wants of the men ; and Lord George Murray specially points out John Hay of Restalrig as "the gentleman the army blamed for the distress they were in for want of provisions, he having

PLAN OF OLD INVERNESS

had the superintendency of all those things from the time of Mr. Murray's illness, who had always been extremely active in whatsoever regarded the providing for the army."

Desertion was, of course, rife ; and many of those Highlanders who had been driven to their homes by the dire necessity of want, or had taken advantage of the lull in the military operations to visit their families, were in no hurry to return to a camp in which there was neither food nor money. Besides, it was now the season for sowing, and the land, neglected since the previous autumn, required considerable

tillage before it could be prepared for the seed. This circumstance alone kept hundreds of men dispersed throughout the Highlands at a time when it was absolutely necessary that every regiment in the Jacobite army should have been at full strength.

The crucial struggle was fast approaching. Cumberland, after more than a month's stay in Aberdeen—a stay marked by many abominable acts of unwarrantable oppression,[1] set out for the north on April 8th, marching, by way of Old Meldrum and Turriff, to Banff, where he halted for a day to give his men a rest. "Here," Ray of Whitehaven tells us, "were two Rebel Spies taken, the one was knotching on a Stick the Number of our Forces, for which he was hanged on a Tree in the Town; and the other a little out of Town; and for want of a Tree, was hanged on what they call the Ridging-Tree of a House, that projected out from the End, and on his Breast was fixed this Inscription:—

'All you that does pass by,
Take warning by me, a Rebel Spy.'

which," facetiously observes our bold volunteer, "with the Addition of *good Entertainment*, might have been a very famous sign."

"Leaving Banff on April 11th, the Duke proceeded to Cullen, at which place he was joined by Lord Albemarle, with the advanced division of the Hanoverian army, the whole forming an imposing and formidable force nearly 9000 strong. Twelve short miles away lay the Prince's outposts, commanded by the Duke of Perth and Lord John Drummond; but between the two armies ran the deep and rapid current of the river Spey, dangerously swollen by the rain and snow of several weeks of inclement weather. Cumberland and his officers naturally imagined that on the banks of this stream the decisive action would be fought; they quite expected their passage would be hotly and stubbornly contested, and they did not disguise from themselves the fact that the task would be a difficult one. It was therefore with something less than his usual assurance that the Duke, having formed his army into three divisions, set out on the morning of Saturday, the 12th, for the town of Fochabers, his last march east of the Spey. He fully appreciated the possibility of a serious check at this point to his hitherto unhindered advance; and he also knew that such a check would not only prolong the campaign indefinitely, but

[1] I refer more especially to the disgraceful spoliation of Mrs. Gordon's house by General Hawley. Household furniture, china, linen, bed-sheets, blankets, and even wearing apparel, to the value of £600, were appropriated by this military tyrant and shipped for London; some of the cases being addressed to Cumberland at St. James' Palace. For details of this scandalous affair, *vide* Mrs. Gordon's account given in the "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. pp. 167–180.—W. D. N.

would be made the occasion for much rejoicing on the part of his political and private enemies.

Marching by the coast-road, he had the satisfaction of seeing his fleet of transports and their convoy of warships standing in close to the shore, following as nearly as possible the movements of the troops. The sight of the ships added greatly to the spirits of the soldiers, and, when a gun was fired from one of the vessels at a party of Jacobite hussars near the mouth of Spey, the men could not restrain a hearty cheer. About noon the Hanoverian army, headed by Kingston's Horse and the Argyllshire Militia, reached Fochabers, which was found to be clear of the Prince's men; but on the other side of the Spey the whole of the Duke of Perth's force could be clearly seen drawn up in battle array, with standards displayed, as if in readiness for attack. This idea was, however, quickly dispelled, for, as Cumberland's troops after a short halt continued their way towards the fords, it was seen that, instead of any attempt being made by the Jacobite leaders to dispute the passage of the river, a retreat had been decided upon, and was at that moment visibly in progress—"On which," writes the duke, "the Duke of Kingston's Horse immediately forded over, sustained by the Grenadiers and the Highlanders. But the Rebells were already got out of their Reach before they could pass. The foot waded over as fast as they arrived, and, though the water came up to their Middle, they went on with great chearfulness. It is a very lucky thing," Cumberland continues, "we had to deal with such an Enemy, for it would be a most difficult undertaking to pass this River before an Enemy who should know how to take advantage of the situation."[1] This admission of the Hanoverian commander appears to indicate that a grave military error had been made by the Duke of Perth and his brother, Lord John Drummond, in withdrawing from the Spey without a struggle; and it certainly does seem at first sight an almost incredible thing that, with a force numbering about 2500 strong, the two Jacobite noblemen did not at least make one determined effort to hold their position and prevent their adversaries from gaining the west bank of the river. It is true they had no guns, whereas Cumberland was well provided with artillery; but, in spite of this fact, one would imagine that at least a temporary stand might have been made behind the newly erected earthworks. Had this been done, there can be little doubt that the enemy would have suffered very serious loss, even if they had not been defeated altogether; the passage

[1] Letter to the Duke of Newcastle, dated "Spay Mouth, April 13, 1746," in Record Office, London. The three divisions of the Hanoverian army marched in parallel columns, with about half a mile interval between each, and crossed the river at three several points.

of a swiftly flowing, deep stream by heavily equipped troops is always attended with great danger, but when a crossing is attempted under a heavy hostile musketry fire, the slightest panic means utter disaster.

The Spey ought, undoubtedly, to have been held by the Prince at any cost. It was Nature's own bulwark; the key to his whole position – the one great barrier between his own small force and the powerful army of his rival. On the rocky banks of Spey, and not on the open moor of Culloden, should have been fought the battle which was to decide the fate of his royal House; but Fate decreed otherwise, and Charles, either on his own initiative or led by the counsels of others, surrendered without a blow the one solitary advantage he possessed over his formidable antagonist. No blame can be attached to the Duke of Perth and his brother for what occurred, both would gladly have defended their posts and defied the might of Cumberland; but they were, Lord George Murray tells us, under distinct orders to retire unless reinforced by the whole Jacobite army. "Had the rest of our Army been come up," he writes, "we were all to have march'd there; Clanronald's and the MacKintoches were sent to strengthen them, & they had orders to retyre as the Duke of Cumberland advanced;" from which it is evident that Charles had at first intended to dispute the crossing of the river, but the absence of some of his best troops, and possibly the weak state of his own health, deterred him from carrying out a project which might have proved the salvation of his cause.

Once across the Spey, the Rubicon of his campaign, Cumberland moved his army rapidly forward towards Inverness without other hindrance than flooded rivers and the ordinary natural obstacles to be found in a bleak moorland country during the early spring. On the night of the 13th he encamped at Alves, four miles west of Elgin; and on the 14th he reached Nairn, a small seaport town on the Moray Firth, about sixteen miles from the Highland capital—the rear-guard of Perth's division, which consisted of a body of FitzJames' Horse, retiring across the bridge as Kingston's troopers and the Campbells entered the village from the opposite side. Lord Robert Sutton, who commanded the advance party, at once started in pursuit of the Jacobite cavalry, and a running fight ensued for four or five miles, during which, so Cumberland declares in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, eight or ten of the Prince's men were killed, and four taken prisoners.

The news that the Hanoverian forces had crossed the Spey was definitely known in Inverness on Sunday, April 13th, where it created no little consternation and anxiety among the townsfolk, who began to fear

that their solicitude for the Prince, and their known partiality for the Jacobite cause, might not be regarded in a very favourable light by the imperious son of their *de facto* monarch. The Prince himself, undaunted and fearless as ever, received the tidings with the greatest nonchalance; and calmly prepared to take the field, in the sanguine hope that fortune would at last turn the scales in his favour.

THE HANOVERIAN ARMY CROSSING THE SPEY

A purely imaginary picture, combining the crossing of the river and the battle of Culloden

From an old print

On the following morning all Inverness was astir early. Drums beat loudly in the streets, calling the men to arms; the great war-pipes skirled out their shrill summons under the windows of the inhabitants; tartan-clad Gaels, with targe on back and claymore at side, hurried hither and thither, endeavouring, without much success, to secure food before proceeding to the muster; colours flew bravely in the keen breeze; and the noisy clash of weapons sounded ominously loud in the narrow thoroughfares. Every one understood that the long-impending battle

must be fought within the next few days, and this knowledge, while it was productive of some uneasiness in the minds of the more timid among the Prince's followers, inspired the majority with a new enthusiasm, which found vent in many a hearty cheer and loud hurrah as Charles appeared on foot in their midst. After addressing a few earnest words of encouragement to the assembled troops, the Prince, having given orders to Lord George Murray to remain behind and bring up the detachments quartered in the neighbourhood of Inverness, mounted his horse, and putting himself at the head of his men, marched out of the town, with colours displayed and pipes playing, to Culloden House, which had been fixed upon as the rendezvous of the army. During the evening Lochiel arrived with the Cameron regiment. He and his hardy clansmen had covered the fifty odd miles of hilly country between Achnacarry and Inverness in little more than two days ; but, in spite of the fatigued condition of many of his followers, he made only a brief halt in the town and then continued his march to Culloden,[1] where he was gladly received by the Prince, who was becoming anxious regarding the non-appearance of one of his best officers at so critical a time. The same night the Duke of Perth, with the army of the Spey, joined the camp, and the whole force bivouacked in the enclosures surrounding the Lord President's House or on the adjacent moor, where the long dry heather provided a Highlander's bed and furnished material for the camp fires, which the intense cold rendered necessary. Charles slept in Culloden House, his guard being furnished by the newly arrived Camerons, with a few of Glengarry's men,[2] who had returned from Sutherland with Lochgarry.

At an early hour on Tuesday morning, April 15th, the whole of the Prince's available forces were drawn up, facing eastwards, on Culloden Muir, about a mile south-east of the house, in the belief that Cumberland would advance that day from Nairn and make an attempt to reach Inverness, in which case a great and probably decisive battle was certain.

To the practised military eye of Lord George Murray, the almost level ground upon which the army was assembled appeared totally unsuitable for the movements of Highlanders, while it offered every advantage to a force largely composed of cavalry and well provided with artillery, an opinion fully shared by most of the commanding officers and all the chiefs who were present. Little more than a mile away, in an easterly direction, the river Nairn divided the large undulating tract of moorland, known as Drummossie Muir, from the mountainous country

[1] The Rev. John Cameron's narrative. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 84, 85. [2] *Ibid.*

which extended far into the heart of Inverness-shire. In this wild and inaccessible region the Highlanders would be at home, and could hold their own against an army twice as strong as any that Cumberland might be able to bring there. Lord George therefore proposed that Brigadier Stapleton and Colonel Ker should cross the river and reconnoitre the country on the other side, with a view to altering the position of the army before the conflict occurred.

The men, refreshed by their night's rest, were, notwithstanding the

CULLODEN HOUSE AT PRESENT DAY

Photo, VALENTINE, *Dundee*

scarcity of provisions, in the best of spirits; and when Charles, gaily dressed in tartan jacket and buff vest, with a pleasant smile on his face, rode down the ranks with his aides-de-camp on either side, and saluted each regiment in succession, he was greeted with lusty Gaelic shouts from the plaided Highlanders and vociferous cheers from the Lowland and other troops, that increased in volume when some scouting parties came in with tidings of the enemy's approach.[1]

A general order had been issued to the principal Jacobite commanders on the 14th, which was probably read and explained to the

[1] From an account furnished by the Rev. George Innes, *ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 275.

men as they stood awaiting the attack of the Hanoverian army. Much controversy has arisen regarding the exact wording of this interesting historic document, owing to the disgraceful treatment it received at the hands of some unprincipled persons in Cumberland's employment, who, in order to excuse the atrocities committed after the battle, forged and interpolated a sentence in every copy that fell into their hands, by means of which the original purport of the order is distorted and falsified to serve the purpose intended.

The order, as it left Lord George Murray's hands, ran as follows :—

ORDERS AT CULLODEN FROM THE 14TH TO THE 15TH APR : 1746.
PAROLL "RIEE HEMISH."[1]

It is His Royal Highness's posetive orders that evry person atatch himself to some corps of the armie, and remain with that corps night & day untile the Batle and persute be finally over. This regards the foot as well as the Horse.

The Order of Batle is to be given to evry Ginerall officer, and evry commander of a Regement or Squadron. It is requier'd & expected of each individual in the Army, as well officer as souldier, that he keep the post that shall be alotted him, and if any man turn his back to run away the nixt behind such man is to shoot him. No body upon pain of Death to strip slain or plunder till the Batle be over.

The Highlanders to be in their Kilts, and no body to throw away their Guns.

By His Royal Highness' command.

GEORGE MURRAY,
Leutenant Gineral of His Majestie's forces.

Two copies of this order, in Lord George Murray's handwriting, are in the possession of the Duke of Atholl, and a third is, or was, in the Hardwicke collection of MSS., all of which are undoubtedly genuine. It is therefore clear that the copy taken, it is said, from the pocket of a Jacobite prisoner, was tampered with before publication in the *Scots Magazine* for April 1746, and other contemporary journals, for, after the words "finally over," the following passage appears, "*And to give no quarter to the Elector's troops on any account whatsoever.*"

Once started in the press, this vile slander was readily accepted as truth, not only by the Whigs, who eagerly seized the opportunity it gave them for vilifying the Prince and justifying the many brutal acts of their hero, but by the great unthinking mass of the public, to whom any statement in print was gospel. Thus the lie was handed down, and history falsified ; so that even at the present day there are some who profess to believe that the "no quarter" order was a fact.

[1] The phonetic form of *Righ Seumas* (King James).

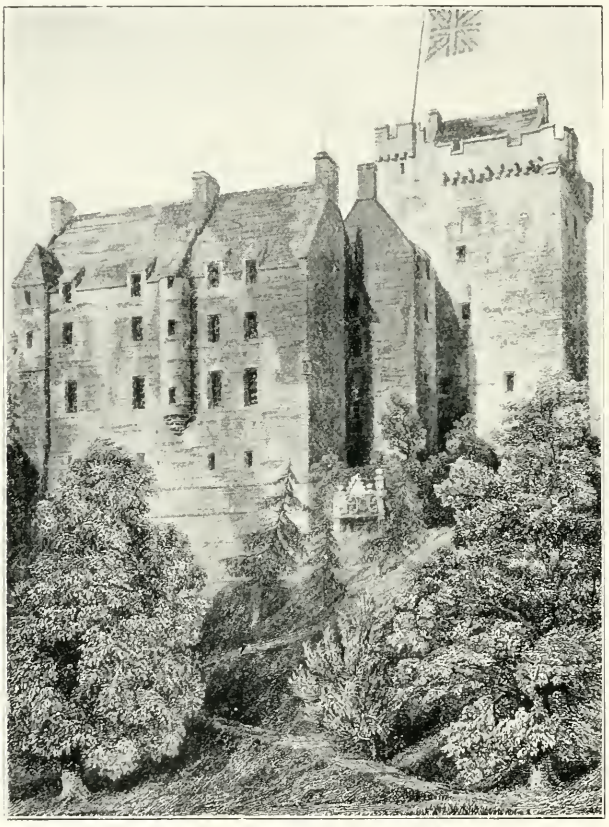
To resume, after this short digression, the thread of our narrative. The Highland army discovered as the day wore on that the scouts had been misinformed or deceived by appearances. Cumberland, it was evident, intended to remain at Nairn and celebrate his birthday (he was born on 15th April 1721) with some special festivities, which might very probably be continued late into the night. The expected battle was no longer imminent, and the Highlanders, sustained hitherto by the anticipation of an immediate conflict with the enemy, began to feel the cravings of their empty stomachs and clamoured for food. The wretched state of the commissariat now became painfully apparent; scarcely any provisions had been brought from Inverness, and the hungry men had to remain satisfied with a single biscuit each, which was served out to them at twelve o'clock.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, Brigadier Stapleton and Ker of Graden returned from their examination of the ground east of the water of Nairn, and reported that it was, as Lord George Murray had surmised, far better suited for the purpose of withstanding Cumberland's attack than the exposed plain upon which the army then stood. It was, they said, full of bogs, and so hilly that neither cavalry nor artillery could move across it without the greatest difficulty. The question of proceeding thither was then discussed; Lord George strongly advocated the change of position, and pointed out that if once the Hanoverian forces were lured among the mountains, they could be attacked in some narrow pass where the advantage would be all on the side of the Prince. Many of the officers expressed their opinion in favour of this very sensible and wise suggestion; but an objection was raised—probably by O'Sullivan, who, having gone in the forenoon to Inverness, had not been invited to accompany the reconnoitring party—that if Lord George's plan was adopted, Cumberland, instead of being drawn into the hilly country, would slip by to Inverness, capture all the baggage that had been left there, and wait until the Highland army was starved out before attacking it.

There was, of course, a possibility of such a thing happening, and after the experiences of the last few days, the probability of starvation among the hills did not seem very remote; it was therefore decided, in spite of Lord George's protestations, to remain on the ground then occupied, and await there the coming of the enemy. The matter having been settled, Charles rode off to Kilravock Castle, the seat of Rose of Kilravock, chief of the small but ancient clan known in Gaelic as *Clann na Rosaich*.

In politics Kilravock was ostensibly a supporter of the Hanoverian dynasty, but it is hardly likely that the Prince would have paid him a

visit at so critical a moment without some assurance of his sympathy with the Jacobite cause. The enemy's camp was only four or five miles away; a word from his host would have brought a squadron of Cumberland's cavalry about the house, and escape would have been impossible. In all likelihood Kilravock was one of those lukewarm Whigs, who, while



KILRAVOCK CASTLE, NAIRN

accepting the *fait accompli* of Hanoverian rule, still retained an affectionate regard for the living representatives of the old historic House of Stuart. At any rate, Whig or Jacobite, he did the honours of his house as became a Highland gentleman, and both he and his wife were charmed with the engaging manners of their royal guest. Before dining, Charles, while making a tour of the gardens, noticed several men engaged in planting trees, which caused him to remark, "How happy, sir, you must feel, to be thus peaceably employed in adorning your mansion,

whilst all the country round is in such commotion." In justice to Cumberland, it is only fair to give the sequel of the story. Next day the Hanoverian commander, on his way to Culloden, called at the castle; and when Kilravock came out to receive him, the Duke dryly observed, "So, you had my cousin Charles here yesterday." The Highlander admitted the fact, and added that he could not prevent the visit. "Oh!" replied Cumberland, as he rode on his way, "you did perfectly right."[1]

After partaking of Kilravock's hospitality, Charles returned to his troops; and during the afternoon a proposal was made at an informal meeting of the officers,[2] by whom is uncertain, to make a night march to Nairn and fall upon the Duke of Cumberland's camp, at an early hour in the morning, when the Hanoverian soldiers would probably be sleeping off the effects of their copious birthday libations. Lord George, referring to the discussion that ensued, says, "H: R: H and most others were for venturing it, amongst whom I was, for I thought we had a better chanse by doing it then by fighting in so plain a feeld; besides, those who had charge of providing for the Army were so unaccountably negligent, that there was nothing to give the men nixt day, & they had gott very litle that day."

For once the Prince and Lord George Murray were in absolute agreement on an important point of military policy,[3] although each regarded it from a different standpoint. To Lord George the night attack was a dangerous necessity, only to be justified by the fact that the army had nothing left but a choice of evils, of which this was perhaps the least; while, to the more adventurous and less experienced mind of Charles, the plan recommended itself as a fortunate opportunity, providentially afforded him for dealing his enemy an overwhelming blow, which it would be a crime to neglect.

The objections to the scheme were many, and were duly pointed out during the meeting. In the first place, nearly every regiment, from one cause or another, was considerably under its full strength. Keppoch, Cluny, and the Master of Lovat had not yet arrived with their respective clans; and the Earl of Cromartie, Lord MacLeod, Barisdale, Glengyle, and

[1] The anecdote is told by Logan in M'Ian's "Costumes of the Clans." Further particulars are to be found in Bain's "Nairnshire."

[2] Lord George Murray says, "Nor was a council of war held at that time, nor any time after the one at Fairnton, which His Royal Highness called after the retreat from Stirling." *Vide* letter in "Home's History," App. No. 42.

[3] *Vide* holograph memorandum of the Prince, printed in Browne's "History of the Highlands," Vol. III. p. 138, note.

Mackinnon, with a large portion of the Jacobite force, were still north of the Moray Firth, no one quite knew where. Secondly, it was urged that a spy might easily convey intelligence of the proposed attack to Cumberland, in which case failure, involving grave contingencies and serious loss of life, would be certain. There was also the distance to be considered—ten miles, at least, each way—so that, in the event of the plan miscarrying, the half-starved men would have to cover twenty miles, with the prospect of a severe engagement in the morning before they could obtain rest or food. But Charles was in no mood for objections; he "was vastly bent for the night attack, and said he had men enow to beat the enemy, whom he believed utterly dispirited and would never stand a brisk attack."[1]

His arguments were strengthened by the timely arrival of MacDonald of Keppoch, with 200 of his followers, who marched into the camp about four o'clock, while the meeting was in progress. The presence of this brave chief and his warlike clansmen clinched the matter effectually; and it was agreed without, as far as we can learn, a dissentient voice, that provided the attack could be made before two, or at latest three o'clock in the morning, it should be attempted; and as the afternoon was not far advanced when the discussion terminated, there appeared no valid reason why this might not be easily accomplished.

No word of this decision was allowed to leak out, and neither the junior officers nor the rank and file received any information regarding the proposed enterprise. As evening approached, the usual preparations were made for an ordinary bivouac, and a dry hillside near at hand was selected for the purpose. Cold and hungry, the men made themselves as comfortable as they could under the circumstances; and having lit fires to warm their benumbed limbs, they wrapped themselves in their plaids and lay down on the heather, in the anticipation of a few hours' unbroken repose before the coming battle, which everyone expected would be fought the next day. Many found the pangs of hunger insupportable; and when darkness overspread the camp, great numbers of men stole off in search of food—some making their way to Inverness, while others raided the villages and farmhouses in the vicinity of Culloden. The night march had been planned to commence about seven o'clock, but by that time nearly 2000 men had disappeared; and although mounted officers scoured the country in all directions, and made every effort to induce the stragglers to return, it was all to no purpose. The men were starving, and told "the

[1] From a letter said to have been written by Lord George Murray. "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 254.

officers they might shoot them if they pleased, but they could not go back till they got meat."[1]

In the face of such an unexpected state of affairs it seemed hopeless to proceed with the expedition, and the Prince was strongly urged to lay aside the idea of attempting it. Charles had, however, fully made up his mind to carry out his plan, and refused to be persuaded ; the men, he said, would all be hearty as soon as the march began, and those who had gone off would return and follow.

The Prince's determination put an end to all further opposition, and, as the men were by this time assembled, the order was given to march off in accordance with the arrangements originally agreed upon. It was a little after eight o'clock when Lord George Murray moved off the ground at the head of the first column, which was chiefly composed of the Atholl Brigade and clan regiments ; the second column, commanded by the Prince—who was on foot, accompanied by an escort of FitzJames' Horse—following, after the necessary interval had been allowed for. Lord George Drummond marched in the centre ; and the Duke of Perth towards the rear, not far from the Prince. Two officers and thirty men of the Mackintosh regiment, to whom the district was familiar, preceded the first column as guides ; while other parties of Colonel Anne's brave followers kept some distance in rear of the army, to prevent the men from straggling.[2]

It had been intended that the attack upon the Hanoverian camp should be made simultaneously by both columns from different directions, and as this plan involved a longer march for Lord George Murray, who would necessarily have to make a wide detour in order to avoid the Duke's outposts, and deliver his onslaught upon the north and east sides at the same time that the Prince's column made an assault upon the south and west faces, he probably marched with greater speed than he would otherwise have done. The night was eminently suited for an enterprise such as the one Charles was now engaged in ; it was pitchy dark, and a thick mist obscured everything but the nearest objects ; the only disadvantage being that the darkness facilitated desertion, and before a great distance had been traversed, numbers dropped quietly from the ranks and made off, notwithstanding the vigilance of the Mackintoshes.

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 254.

[2] The account of the night march is compiled from Lord George Murray's letters, &c., in the "Lyon in Mourning," "Home's History," and the "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine" ; also from the narratives of Ker of Graden, the Rev. John Cameron, the Rev. George Innes, and others, given in the "Lyon in Mourning," and from the "Memoirs of Sir Robert Strange."

It soon became apparent to those in front of the rear column that Lord George, with his fleet-footed Highlanders, was getting too far ahead, and, as the interval between the two columns continued to increase, an aide-de-camp was sent with a message to his lordship requesting him to halt. "I had not marched half a mile," says Lord George, "till I was stopped by a message that the half of the line were at a considerable distance, and ordered to halt till they should join. Though I did not halt, yet I marched slow, hoping that might do; but all to no purpose. I am positive I was stopped by Aid-de-camps and other officers, sent for the same purpose, fifty times before I had marched six miles; that is to say, opposite to the house of Kilraick" (Kilravock). At this point the Duke of Perth, "who was as keen as any man in the army," rode up and told Lord George Murray that it was impossible for the rear column to catch up unless a halt was made. A halt was therefore called for a quarter of an hour,[1] during which an animated discussion took place among the assembled chiefs and officers who were then with the van, regarding the best method of procedure. It was about two o'clock; six miles only had been covered, and there were yet at least four to go before the enemy's camp was reached. Nothing could be more evident than the fact that the plan had wofully miscarried, and that it was no longer possible for an attack to be made before daybreak. The Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, and Lochiel were among those who took part in the deliberations, and all, after due consideration of the circumstances, expressed their opinion that it would be foolish to proceed farther. At this juncture O'Sullivan appeared on the scene, and "said he had just then come from the Prince, who was very desirous the attack should be made; but as Lord George Murray had the van, and could judge the time, he left it to him whether to do it or not." The discussion was thereupon resumed, and his lordship invited Hepburn of Keith, Hunter of Burnside, Anderson of Whitburgh, and other gentlemen volunteers who had marched all night in the van of the army, to state their views on the subject, and strangely enough, most, if not all of them, were in favour of carrying out the original programme. Hepburn was very keen on continuing the march, and declared that as the red-coats would all be drunk, it could matter very little if it were daylight or not.

"This opinion," observes Lord George, "shewed abundance of courage, for these gentlemen would have been in the first rank had there been any

[1] The farthest point reached by the Jacobite army was, according to George Innes' account, "Kildrummie, within two miles of the Duke's camp." Home says the Highland army halted at the Yellow Knowe, a small farmhouse on the Kilravock estate.

attack. But the officers were of different sentiments, as several of them expressed. Lochiel and his brother[1] said they had been as much for the night attack as anybody could be, and it was not their fault that it had not been done; but blamed those in the rear that had marched so slow, and retarded the rest of the army." Lord George Murray was of the same way of thinking, and said, "If they could have made the attack it was the best chance they had, especially if they could have surprised the enemy. But to attack a camp that was near double their number in daylight, when they would be prepared to receive them, would be perfect madness."

In the end it was unanimously decided to return to Culloden, and the Duke of Perth and his brother were sent off to give the Prince notice of his officers' resolution. Meanwhile Ker of Graden—who had been instructed by Lord George, earlier in the night, to ride from front to rear of the whole line, and pass the word to attack with the sword only—returned to report to his lordship the execution of his orders; and shortly afterwards John Hay of Restalrig came up with the intelligence that the line had joined, but it was then too late, and he was told that a retreat had been decided upon. The secretary, anxious to make a show of his newly acquired authority, began to argue the point; but as Lord George Murray justly regarded Hay's criminal neglect to supply the army with provisions as the principal, if not the only reason why the night march, upon which so much depended, had been rendered abortive,[2] he curtly refused to listen to his vapourings, and went on with his work of superintending the retirement, regardless of the secretary's expostulations. Hay, in all probability, took umbrage at Lord George's haughty indifference, and, burning with indignation at the treatment he had received, hurried back to inform the Prince that Lord George Murray refused to obey his royal commands.

Thwarted and disappointed at the very moment when success seemed within a measurable distance, it was only natural that Charles, in whose mind still lurked those unworthy and unjust suspicions of Lord George Murray's loyalty which had been implanted there at the very outset of the campaign, should have given a ready ear to Hay's story, and really imagined that he had been betrayed.

In the account given by the Rev. George Innes, we read, "Certain it is that the Prince was not consulted, & tho' master of his temper beyond

[1] This must have been Dr. Archibald Cameron.

[2] *Vide* Lord George Murray's letter to the Prince, written from Ruthven the day after Culloden Printed in Blaikie's "Itinerary," Appendix pp. 79-80.

thousands, 'tis impossible to express the concern he was in upon meeting the Duke of Perth's regiment in their way back. Some positively say that he cry'd out, 'I am betray'd. What need I give orders when my orders are disobeyed!'" Another narrative gives fuller details: "About 2 o'clock of the morning of the 16th, the Duke of Perth came galloping up from aside to the front of the second line, and ordered the officers to wheel about and march back to Culloden. They had not gone above a hundred yards back when they met the Prince, who called out himself, 'Where the devil are the men a-going?' It was answered, 'We are ordered by the Duke of Perth to return to Culloden House.' 'Where is the Duke of Perth?' says the Prince; 'call him here.' Instantly the Duke came up, and the Prince, in an angry tone, asked what he meant by ordering the men back. The Duke answered that Lord George, with the first line, was gone three-quarters of an hour agoe. 'Good God!' said the Prince, 'what can be the matter? What does he mean? We were equal in number, and would have blown them to the devil. Pray, Perth, can't you call them back yet? Perhaps he is not gone far yet? Upon which the Duke begg'd to speak with his royal highness. They went aside a very short space. The Prince returned and call'd out, 'There is no help for it, my lads; march back to Culloden House.'"[1]

Hay's own version of the story is, that after delivering his message, he "immediately rode back to Charles, who was in rear of the first column, and told him that if he did not come to the front of the army and order Lord George Murray to go on, there would be nothing done. Charles, who was on horseback,[2] set out immediately, and riding pretty fast, met the Highlanders marching back. He was extremely incensed, and said Lord George Murray had betrayed him."[3] On this point practically all the various narratives agree. The Prince undoubtedly thought, in the first bitter moments of his intense disappointment, that Lord George had played him false, and the expression "I am betrayed" fell unwittingly from his lips. Many years after the occurrences of that eventful night, Charles, in answer to the query, "Had Lord George Murray, in the night march from Culloden to attack the Duke's army, begun the retreat without orders?" sent him by John Home, the historian;[4] settled the matter definitely in his lordship's favour by the following

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 66 67.

[2] Ker of Graden says Charles marched all night on foot. It is probable, however, that his horse accompanied him, and he would naturally ride in this emergency.

[3] Home's "History." Appendix xliii. p. 371.

[4] *Ibid.* Appendix xliv. p. 372.

reply: "Upon the army's halting, M. le Comte[1] rode up to the front to inquire the occasion of the halt. Upon his arrival, *Lord George Murray convinced M. le Comte of the unavoidable necessity of retreating.*"[2] Thus tardily the stigma of treachery, which had rested on the head of one of the Prince's most faithful adherents, was removed once and for all by the Prince himself.

It would be impossible to exaggerate the disastrous effect this unlucky march produced upon the ultimate issue of the Prince's ill-starred campaign. Everything had depended upon its success; it was the last chance of an army in difficulties, the forlorn hope of a waning cause. Weary, hungry, and dejected, men and officers retraced their steps towards the fatal moor upon which, a few hours later, many would be lying stark and bloody among the heather. In the cold light of the early dawn the Jacobite army, in broken and disconnected detachments, straggled along the roads leading to Culloden, careless of military formation, discipline, and of all save the one great overpowering desire for rest and food. In rear Cumberland's camp-fires burned brightly; but no movement could be observed, and every one fondly hoped that the Duke would remain where he was for yet another day.

It was clear daylight before the front of the army reached the church of Croy, which was scarcely two miles from the spot where the order to return was given. From this fact, stated by Ker of Graden, it is abundantly evident that had the march been continued to Nairn, the attack must have been delivered under conditions which would have precluded all possibility of success. About five o'clock on Wednesday morning the first body of the Prince's exhausted and famished troops got back to their old camping-ground near Culloden House. Lord George Murray arrived at six, and Charles a little later, as he rode in the rear. From that time until nine o'clock the men, spent with fatigue and famished for want of food, continued to come in. Some laid down from sheer exhaustion by the roadside; others proceeded to the enclosures and parks surrounding the Lord President's mansion, and fell into a dead sleep upon the lawns and grassy slopes; while many, regardless of fatigue, hurried on to Inverness to procure provisions at any cost.

Like his men, Charles was tired, hungry, and dispirited; he had

[1] Charles was known at this time as the Count of Albany. Italics are mine.—W. D. N.

[2] From a letter of Prince Charles to his father, written in 1759, quoted by Andrew Lang, we learn that as Clanranald, at the time of the retreat, had got close to the Hanoverian outposts, and found them unprepared, it was likely the attack might have succeeded. This is extremely doubtful, as Clanranald's men could not have coped with the enemy's forces alone, and, as the remainder of the column had only got the length of Kilravock, reinforcement would have been impossible.

marched on foot all that long dreary night, and needed sleep and food almost as much as they. The bitter reproaches and loud murmurings of his faithful Highlanders, which he was unable to avoid hearing, affected him greatly; and before retiring to his own room, he gave orders that some officers from each regiment were to go without delay to Inverness and buy whatever provisions they could lay their hands upon, and in the event of a refusal on the part of the inhabitants to prepare the food and send it out to Culloden, the officers were to threaten the immediate destruction of the town. This done, the weary Prince having, after great difficulty, managed to obtain a little bread and whisky, threw himself upon a bed without even removing his boots, and was quickly asleep. His rest was soon rudely disturbed by the entrance of an officer, who brought the alarming intelligence that a body of the enemy had been descried marching in the direction of Culloden.[1] FitzJames' Horse, and most of the cavalry were by this time seeking refreshment in Inverness, and no mounted patrols were available, so that it was at first impossible to say whether the troops seen were merely an advance party or the whole Hanoverian army. It is practically certain that neither Charles nor his officers anticipated Cumberland's rapid advance on the morning of the 16th. The Rev. John Cameron says, "The Prince intended to give the army an hearty meal and a day's rest, and to fight next morning." Only a few hours previously he had been within sight of the enemy's camp-fires, and almost within touch of the enemy's sentries; but nothing had been observed that betokened an important movement on Cumberland's part, and Charles, in common with the majority of his officers, appears to have arrived at the conclusion that another day's grace would be granted him.

Nothing could have been more unfortunate than the feeling of security this belief engendered in the minds of Prince, officers, and men alike; it lulled them into slumberous inactivity; it caused them to neglect many of the ordinary precautions for their own safety, and it afforded a good excuse to the many hundreds of men who had slipt off to Inverness for not rejoining their regiments before the battle.

For some time after the news of the enemy's approach reached Culloden House, confusion reigned supreme. Men staggering with sleep, and faint with unappeased hunger, stood shivering in groups uncertain what to do; others, too exhausted to rise, remained lying where they had fallen after the march, in sheltered nooks and corners of the

[1] Home says the news was brought by one Cameron, a lieutenant in Lochiel's regiment, who overcome with sleep, had been left near the spot where the army had halted.

moor, sleeping on in spite of the din occasioned by the muster of the troops, and knowing nothing of the deadly struggle that was taking place so near them, until the sharp prod of a Hanoverian bayonet or the cut of a dragoon's sabre gave them a terrible awakening. Mounted officers galloped hither and thither, carrying urgent orders to the different commanders, or rode hotly along the road to Inverness to warn the cavalry and bring back the stragglers. There was no time to prepare food or partake of any that was prepared, and although Charles might, had he chosen, have satisfied his hunger with a good meal before leaving his quarters, he preferred to share the privations of his men and take the field on an empty stomach.[1]

It has been said, on the strength of a statement made by Neil MacEachain,[2] that the Prince, so far from "insisting upon immediate battle" with Cumberland, as Chambers, Ewald, Lord Mahon, and other historians of the "Forty-Five" have assumed, was strongly opposed to the idea of fighting, and would willingly have postponed the battle until a later day, had it been possible. Neil, writing of the time Charles was with him in the Highlands, says that the Prince "blamed always Lord George as being the only instrument in loseing the battle, and altho' that he, the morning before the action, used all his rhetorick and eloquence against fighting, yet my Lord George out-reasoned him, till at last he yielded for fear to raise a dissension among the army."[3] Did MacEachain's statement stand alone, there might be reason for questioning its accuracy, but we read in the account of Culloden furnished by George Innes to Bishop Forbes, "The Prince was quite against fighting; and the only time it was that ever he appear'd to be of that opinion."[4] Added to this we have the reply of Patullo, the Prince's muster-master, to John Home's query regarding the strength of the Jacobite army at Culloden, in the course of which he observes, when referring to the deplorable state of the men on the morning after the night march, "Therefore proposals were made to retire over the river Nairn, and avoid fighting at so great a disadvantage, which might have been done with great facility. But Sir Thomas Sheridan, and others from France' having lost all patience, and hoping, no doubt, for a miracle, ... insisted upon a battle and prevailed."

Lord George Murray and all the chiefs, "especially Lochiel," were undoubtedly in favour of placing the Nairn between them and the

[1] *Vide* Chambers's "History," 1869 edition, p. 285, note.
[2] One of the Prince's faithful guides during his wanderings in the Highlands after Culloden.
[3] *Vide* his narrative printed in the *New Monthly Magazine* for 1840.
[4] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 279.

Hanoverian army ; it is certain, therefore, that either MacEachain must have wrongly interpreted the Prince's references to Lord George's obstinacy, or what is more likely, Charles had himself, in his perplexity, forgotten the exact details of the hurried, heated, acrimonious discussion which preceded the battle. It is reasonable to believe, in view of these conflicting statements, that the Prince was at first quite disposed to adopt the plan of retiring into the hills or to Inverness, but that, after listening to the injudicious advice of his old tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the equally unwise counsel of O'Sullivan and the more adventurous French officers, he gave his fatal order to await Cumberland on the open and exposed moor of Culloden. Having once made up his mind to fight, neither the protests of the chiefs, nor the objections of the Marquis D'Eguilles, could turn him from his purpose ; the die was cast, the dark cloud that for so long had hung like a pall over the Prince's fortunes was ready to discharge its lightnings upon his devoted head ; the *dies ira* had dawned for the House of Stuart, and the hand of man was powerless to avert the coming catastrophe.

About ten o'clock a general movement was made towards the ground which had been selected by O'Sullivan, in his capacity of adjutant and quarter-master general, as the arena of battle. No proper order was observed in marching off the men, but all went off in the direction indicated by their officers, in battalions or detachments, just as they chanced to be lying when aroused. Since the previous afternoon, when the MacDonalds of Keppoch and Glen Urquhart men had come in, no further body of the dispersed Highlanders had joined the Prince's army. Cluny, who had been recently in Inverness, had gone to Dalmagarry, nine or ten miles away, to meet his clan, and was expected every minute.[1] Barisdale and his followers were near Beauly, and might possibly reach the field before the action commenced ; and the Earl of Cromartie, with the remainder of the northern force, were understood to be returning as quickly as circumstances would permit. Nothing could be done now to hurry the movements of these detached bodies of troops, and with or without them the battle would have to be fought.

It was some satisfaction to Charles and his jaded, drowsy men, to see, as they marched on to the moor above Culloden House, a party of three hundred or more of Lord Lovat's clansmen, led by young Inverallachie[2] in the unavoidable absence of the Master of Lovat, appear from the

[1] Captain MacPherson's (Strathmashie) narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 93.

[2] Edward Burke's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 190. He gives the number as "between six and seven hundred," but this evidently includes all Lovat's men that were on the field. I have taken Ker of Graden's account as my authority.—W. D. N.

direction of Inverness and attach themselves to the army as it moved across the heathery upland; the reinforcement was a small one, but it was very welcome, and every one was encouraged and cheered at the sight. A few moments later the Highlanders caught their first glimpse of the enemy debouching upon the level plain some distance in front; and at the same time Ker of Graden, who had been sent out to reconnoitre, returned with the intelligence that they were advancing in three columns, with their cavalry on their left, so that they could form line of battle in an instant.

There still remained the alternative of crossing the river Nairn and taking up the ground which Brigadier Stapleton and Colonel Ker had reported so favourably upon the day before, and Lord George Murray again proposed that the army should proceed thither while there was yet time; but the Prince, influenced by his Irish advisers, refused to alter his decision, and gave orders that the men should be formed up at once on the spot they were then on, which was about half a mile nearer Inverness than the place they had occupied on the 15th. O'Sullivan, upon whom this duty devolved, thereupon hastened to carry out the Prince's orders in accordance with his own views, and by twelve o'clock the whole available Jacobite force was drawn up in two lines, facing north-east, with the cavalry disposed in rear towards the flanks, and the artillery distributed at intervals in front.

Seeing that Lord George's proposal had been rejected, the Jacobite position was perhaps as well chosen as the time, place, and circumstances would allow. In front, the moor stretched away in a long, unbroken, monotonous plain, interspersed with patches of bog, towards Kilravock and Croy, upon which the enemy's movements were clearly discernible; on the left was a morass that extended for some distance in the direction of Culloden House and the shores of the Moray Firth; the right flank appeared to be well protected by the stone dykes of an enclosed park, beyond which ran, within three hundred yards, the swift current of the water of Nairn; and in rear the line of retreat was open either to Inverness or the mountainous country beyond Daviot. In the opinion of Lord George Murray, the park walls on the right of the line, instead of affording the protection promised by O'Sullivan, were far more likely to be utilised by the enemy as a screen, from behind which they could pour in a heavy fire upon the Prince's right flank; he was therefore most anxious to partially demolish them, but, as the work would have necessarily taken some time and must have disturbed the formation of the line, he was reluctantly compelled to let them stand.

So many varying contemporary accounts are extant regarding the position and strength of the several regiments which constituted the Jacobite army on this momentous day, that it is well-nigh impossible for the historian to arrive at anything like an accurate conclusion on the subject. It has been usual to accept Patullo's statement that, although he had over 8000 men on his muster-rolls, only about 5000 could be brought on to the field. The present author, after considerable research,

CUMBERLAND'S STONE, CULLODEN MUIR

It is said that the Duke reconnoitred the movements of the Highlanders on the day of the battle from this boulder. The fir plantation did not then exist.

Photo by the AUTHOR

sees no adequate reasons for rejecting or amending Patullo's estimate; and although one narrator, believed to be Lord George Murray himself,[1] puts the number as high as 7000, and another modestly places it as low as 3000,[2] there is every probability that the Prince had, as nearly as possible, 5000 men under his command on the morning of Culloden. The position occupied by the different clans and regiments on this most miserable of days is equally difficult to ascertain, scarcely two authorities agree; most of the contemporary narratives and plans are grossly incorrect, and with the solitary exception of Finlayson's, there is not one

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 278.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 67.

that is at all reliable. In the following summary and specially prepared plan, the author places before his readers the abridged results of his own investigations:—

THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN.

PROBABLE STRENGTH AND COMPOSITION OF THE PRINCE'S ARMY.

(Compiled from the most reliable contemporary sources.)

	REGIMENTS, CLANS, &c.	APPROXIMATE NUMBER OF MEN.	COMMANDERS.
	FIRST LINE.		
	ATHOLL BRIGADE, including Menzies and Robertsons[1]	500	Lord Nairne, Mercer of Aldie, Menzies of Shian, and Donald Robertson of Woodsheal.
	CAMERONS	400	Cameron of Lochiel.
	STEWARTS of Appin	250	Stewart of Ardsheal.
	JOHN ROY STUART'S[2]	200	John Roy Stuart.
	FRASERS	400	Charles Fraser, younger, of Inverallachie.
	MACKINTOSHES	350	MacGillivray of Dunmaglass.
	FARQUHARSONS	250	Farquharson of Monaltrie. Farquharson of Balmoral.
	MACLACHLANS	290	Lachlan MacLachlan of MacLachlan.
	MACLEANS		Charles MacLean of Drimnin.
	MACLEODS	120	MacLeod of Raasa. MacLeod of Bernera.
	CHISHOLMS	150	Roderick Chisholm, son of the Chief.
MACDONALDS	GLENCOE[3]		
MACDONALDS	CLANRANALD	200	Ranald MacDonald, younger, of Clanranald.
MACDONALDS	KEPPOCH	200	MacDonald of Keppoch.
MACDONALDS	GLENGARRY	420	MacDonald of Lochgarry.
	GRANTS (Attached to the Glengarry Regiment.)	80	Alexander Grant of Corrimony. Alexander Mackay of Achmonie.
		3810	
	SECOND LINE.		
	LORD OGILVY'S REGIMENT[4]	1190	Lord Ogilvy.
	LORD LEWIS GORDON'S REGIMENT		Lord Lewis Gordon.
	GLENBUCKET'S REGIMENT		Gordon of Glenbucket.
	DUKE OF PERTH'S REGIMENT		
	LORD JOHN DRUMMOND'S REGIMENT		
	IRISH PIQUETS		
	Detachments of cavalry on flanks		
	REAR.		
	Remnants of cavalry and a few detachments of foot, stragglers, &c.		Lords Kilmarnock, Pitsligo, Balmerino, and Strathallan were in the rear.
	Approximate Total	5000	

[1] There is some doubt regarding the position of the Robertsons at Culloden. It is almost certain they were attached to the Atholl Brigade, but there is a possibility that some of the clan were attached to Keppoch's regiment under Woodsheal. *Vide* Struan's orders to Woodsheal, "Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol. iii. p. 44.

[2] Some authorities place John Roy Stuart's men in the second line.

[3] The Glencoe men were probably attached to one of the other MacDonald regiments.

[4] Lord Ogilvy's regiment was sent to guard the right flank at the commencement of the action.

On the extreme right of the line with its flank covered by the park dyke stood the Atholl Brigade, which included a body of Sir Robert Menzies' followers, under Archibald Menzies of Shian, and a contingent of Clan Donnachaidh (the Robertsons), led by Donald Robertson of Woodsheal; the Camerons came next, and the line was continued by the Stewarts of Appin, John Roy Stewart's regiment, the Frasers, the Mackintoshes, the Farquarsons, the MacLachlans and MacLeans as a linked battalion, the MacLeods, the Chisholms, and ended on the left with the MacDonald regiments of Clanranald, Keppoch and Glengarry, the few Glen Urquhart men who had joined with Grant of Corrimony and MacKay of Achmonie being attached to the Glengarry battalion, which was commanded by Lochgarry.

The second line was made up of the remnants of Lord Ogilvy's, Lord Lewis Gordon's, Glenbucket's, and the Duke of Perth's regiments, with Lord John Drummond's men and the Irish Piquets on the left. The small force of cavalry consisting of about a hundred and fifty horse, of which half were FitzJames', was stationed partly in rear, with Lords Strathallan, Pitsligo, and Balmerino, or on either flank of the second line. Lord George Murray commanded the right of the first line, Lord John Drummond the centre, and the Duke of Perth the left. Brigadier Stapleton had charge of the second line, and Lord Kilmarnock commanded the rear. Just before the commencement of the action, the Prince, mounted on a horse which had been presented to him by Mr. Dunbar of Thunderton, rode along the lines to encourage his men, and then took up his position on a small hillock to the right rear of the second line, attended by his aides-de-camp, personal servants, and two troops of horse from the regiments of Balmerino and FitzJames.[1]

The arrangement of the first line gave great offence to the MacDonalds, who found, that in spite of their claims to fight on the right flank, in accordance with the privilege said to have been conferred upon their clan by Robert the Bruce after Bannockburn, they had been posted on the left. That this most injudicious and unnecessary interference with an established clan custom was not submitted to without a protest from the MacDonald chiefs, is clear from Lochgarry's statement. "The McDonells had the left that day," he remarks in his narrative of the proceedings, "the Prince having agreed to give the right to L^d. George and his Atholmen. Upon which, Clanranald, Keppoch, and I spoke to his R.H^s. upon that subject, and begg'd he wou'd allow us our former right, but he intreated us for his sake, we wou'd not dispute it, as he had already agreed

[1] Home. Sir Robert Strange says Lord Elcho's Horse Guards formed the Prince's escort.

MACKINTOSH

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac an Toisich*

Badge—*Red Whortleberry, Box* War Cry—*Loch na Moidh*

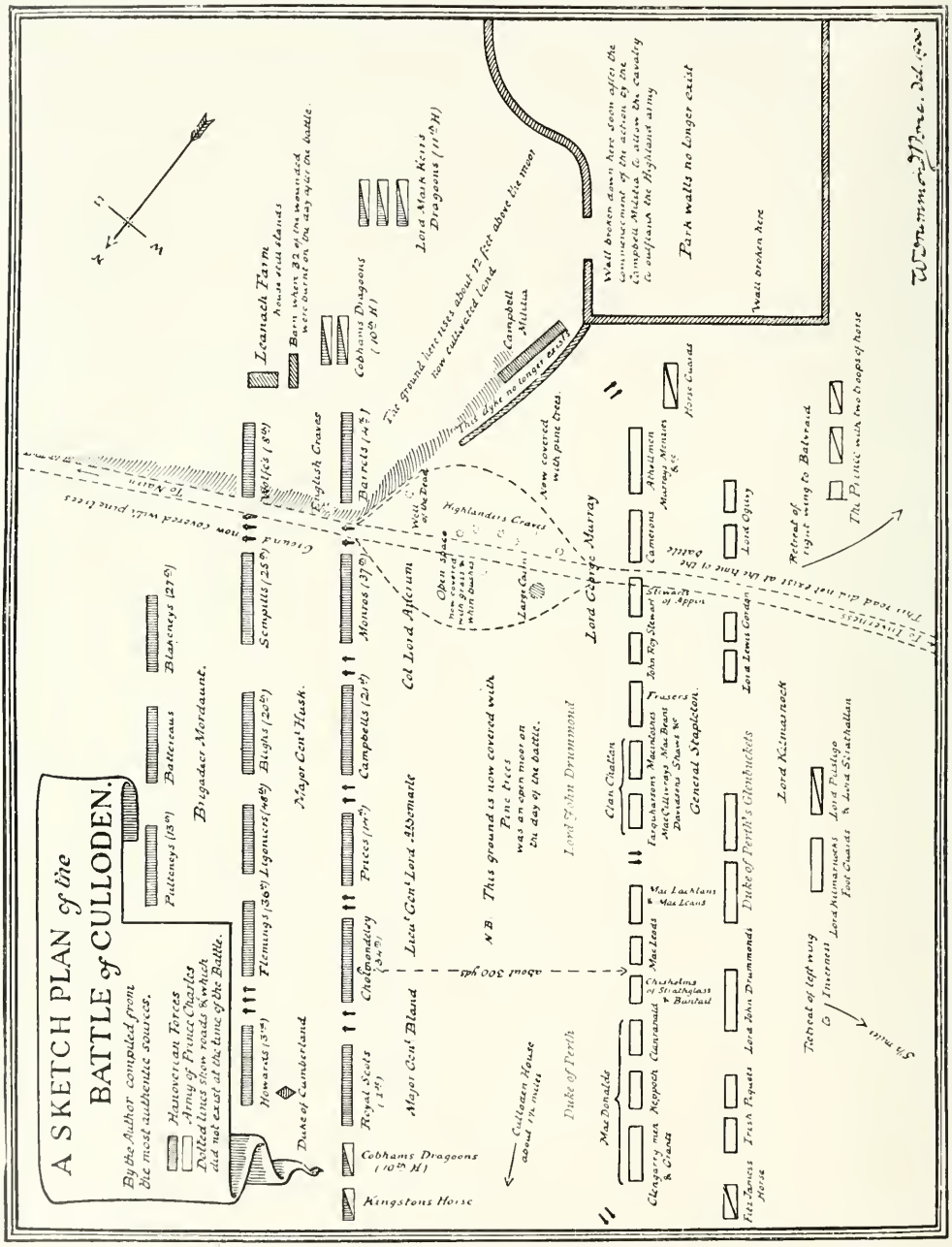
to give it to Lord George and his Atholmen, and I heard H.R.H. say that he ressented it much, and shou'd never doe the like if he had occasion for it."

It is difficult to believe that Lord George Murray could have been so unwise as to insist, at so critical a juncture, upon a course which he must have known would cause trouble and dissension in the ranks of the MacDonalds; and from what we know of Lochiel it is even more difficult to imagine that he would be likely to raise questions of precedence after his experiences on the morning before Prestonpans;[1] but both have been held responsible by their colleagues as the originators of the untimely and unfortunate dispute, and as far as Lord George Murray is concerned, there can be little doubt, after reading Maxwell of Kirkconnell's confirmation of Lochgarry's story, that he, at least, had a hand in bringing it about by demanding the position of honour for the Atholl Brigade. The MacDonald narrator of the Lockhart Papers hints at Lochiel, under the letter "L," but it would be unfair on such slight evidence to charge the unselfish chief of Clan Cameron with anything more than a passive acquiescence in Lord George's claim. Lord George himself has nothing to say regarding the matter, unless we assume that he wrote the letter printed in the "Lyon in Mourning," already referred to. The writer, commenting on the subject, says, "There had been some disputes a day or two before (*i.e.* before the day of the battle) about their rank, but nobody that had any regard for the common cause would insist upon such things upon that occasion." Unhappily "such things" were insisted upon, with the result, that at a time when every individual in the Prince's force should have been animated with the sole desire of meeting the enemy and winning another great victory for King James and his gallant son, nearly a thousand brave Highlanders were fretting and fuming over their own personal grievances, instead of throwing themselves heart and soul into the conflict raging around them.

A little before one o'clock the Hanoverian army, about 8000 strong, marching in order of battle, halted within cannon-shot of the Prince's first line. It formed an imposing spectacle to the eyes of the watchful Highlanders, that splendid array of scarlet-coated regiments, spreading in long lines across the moor far beyond their own flanks, the fixed bayonets of the infantry and drawn sabres of the cavalry glittering brightly in the cold, cheerless rays of the April sun, that at rare intervals pierced the heavy drifting snow clouds with which the sky was covered, and lit up the scene with a brilliant but uncanny light. Drums beat,

[1] *Vide* vol. ii. pp. 91, 93.

trumpets sounded, and even the pipes, prostituted by the renegade Highlanders of the Campbell Militia to the service of their German ruler,



screeched their wild notes defiantly at the Prince's men. Many who observed the steady, well-ordered movements of Cumberland's disciplined

troops, and noted the precision and alacrity with which every fresh command was carried out, must have felt, as Lord Kilmarnock is said to have done, a presentiment of the approaching disaster.

In the ranks of the Prince's army numbers of the men were nodding with sleep,[1] and half-fainting with weariness and want of food; some, like Keppoch's hardy clansmen, and the stalwart Gaels from Glen Urquhart, had marched continuously for a day and a night without any rest, save the few moments of repose snatched by a few upon their return to Culloden House that morning. Even Charles himself, notwithstanding his brave efforts to appear alert and cheerful, was unable altogether to conceal the effects of the toilsome night march and its disappointing termination. He was fully conscious of the gravity of the struggle in which he would so soon be engaged: the hour he had long waited for had come at last, but it had come when he least desired it, when he was least prepared for it; when his army, reduced by desertion, enfeebled by hunger and exhausted by fatigue, was in its very worst and least efficient condition; when his officers were at variance with each other; when his own health was impaired, and when his resources were nearly at an end. It was no longer possible to postpone the battle even if he had wished to do so, nor to evade it by flight; there, a few hundred yards away, lay the enemy, and all that could be now done was to fight bravely, and leave the issue to God.

Cumberland had marched from Nairn at daybreak, and after some little manœuvering when he came within sight of the Highlanders, he had deployed his army into three lines, parallel or nearly so with the Prince's first line, at a distance of between 300 and 400 yards. At the time the action began, the position of the Hanoverian forces was as shown in the annexed plans, but several changes were made during the first few moments of the engagement. It was noticed by Lochiel, who stood near his own regiment with the Prince and O'Sullivan, that the Campbell Militia had drawn off from the main body of the enemy, with the evident intention of taking possession of the enclosed park on the right of the Atholl Brigade. Lord George Murray was at the moment engaged in conversation with the Duke of Perth on the left, but an aide-de-camp was immediately despatched to inform him of the threatened danger, upon which he returned to his post and sent O'Sullivan, John Roy Stewart, and Ker of Graden to examine the enclosure as far as the river Nairn. This was quickly done, and all three agreed that it would be impossible for any cavalry to approach from that direction, but as the Campbells were still

[1] Rev. George Innes' account.

advancing, and the men on the right feared they might be outflanked, it was wisely suggested by some of the officers that the dyke should be lined by a body of troops, a proposal which was highly approved of by the Duke of Perth, who had ridden over from the left to take part in the consultation. Lord George, however, did not think this necessary,[1] as Lord Ogilvy's regiment, which was posted in rear, would protect the right flank from any danger coming that way ; he therefore ordered Lord Ogilvy to cover the flank, and watch vigilantly for the approach of the enemy.

Shortly after one o'clock, Lord Bury was sent by Cumberland to reconnoitre the position, and discover the strength of the Prince's artillery. The sight of this intrepid officer riding coolly across the moor up to within a hundred yards of their line exasperated the impatient Highlanders, who for more than an hour had been standing idly in front of the advancing foe exposed in their tattered tartans to all the bitter fury of the north-east wind, which, accompanied by intermittent showers of sleet and snow, blew right into their faces from the Moray Firth. Forgetful of cold, hunger, and fatigue, they now ardently desired to be led forward to the attack. The old fighting spirit of the Gael asserted itself and prevailed over all bodily discomforts, the *crith gaisge* quivered in every breast, to be followed later by the dreadful *mire chath*,[2] or frenzy of battle, when the claymore would leap from its scabbard and hew a bloody path to victory or death. A great Gaelic shout of defiance rose up to Heaven from the Highland ranks when Lord Bury's movements were observed, which was answered by the loud huzzas of the Hanoverian soldiers. Bonnets were waved aloft, swords were brandished in the air, and above the shouts of battle, the clash of weapons, and the howling of the blast, the humming of the great war pipes could be heard calling the children of the Gael to the slaughter : "*Thigibh an so ! thigibh an so ! clannabh nan con s' gheibh sibh feoil !*"[3]

The moment for action had come, and before the sound of the shouting had died away the Prince's cannon roared out a hoarse challenge from their brazen throats, and in a few minutes the cannonade became general. The inferiority of the Jacobite artillery soon became painfully apparent ; in all there were only six pieces, and these were of such small calibre and were so badly served, that they inflicted very little, if any, damage upon the enemy, whereas the Duke's guns, which greatly outnumbered those

[1] George Innes' account, confirmed by the Rev. John Cameron and others.

[2] The *crith gaisge*, literally "tremblings of valour," and the *mire chath*, or frenzy of battle, were the two phases of emotion common to the Gael immediately before and during an engagement.

[3] The pibroch of Clan Cameron, "Come hither ! come hither ! children of the dogs, and you'll get flesh."

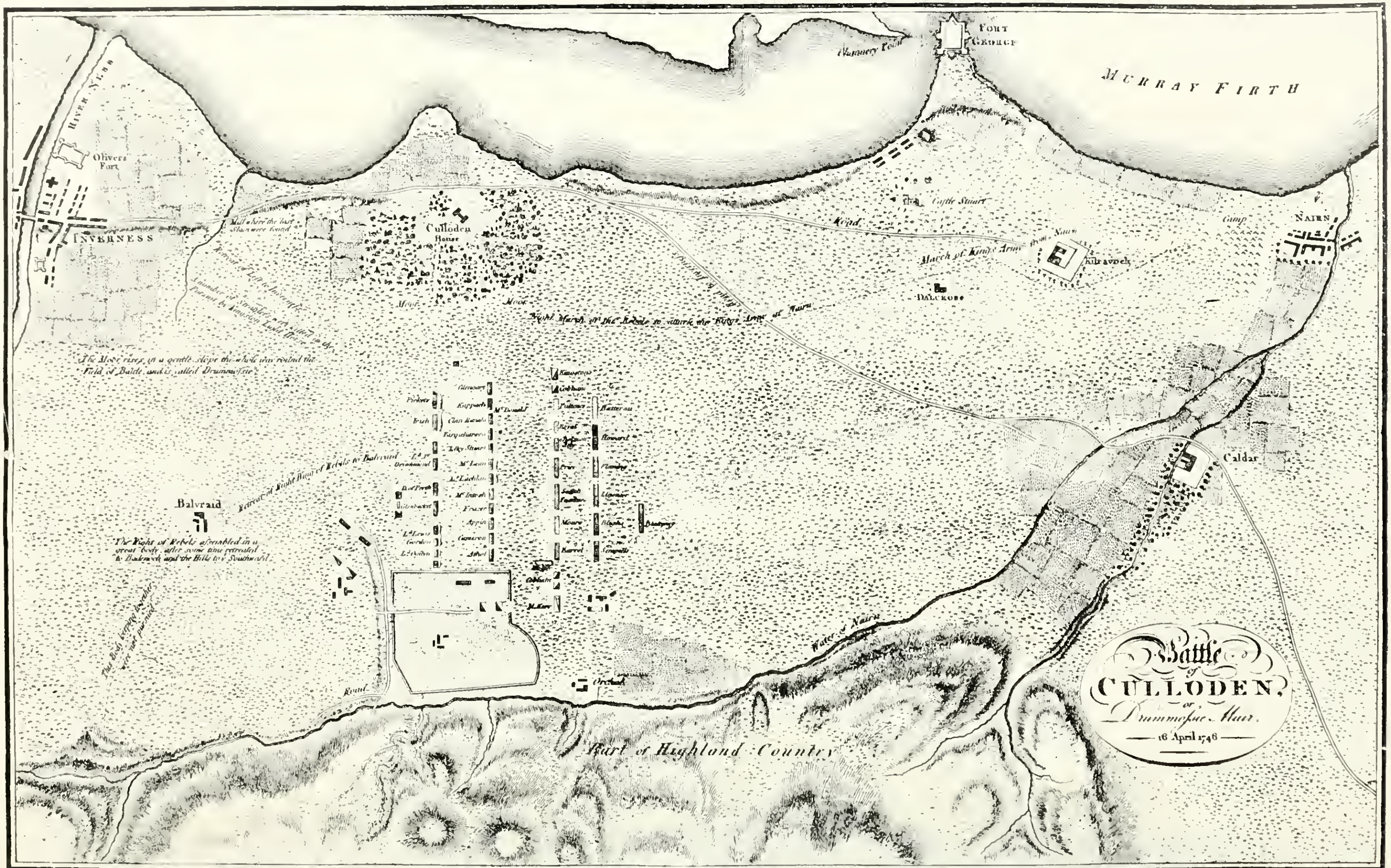
BATTLE OF CULLODEN

From an old Print

of the Prince, were so effectively directed and handled by Colonel Belford, an experienced officer of Engineers, that within a quarter of an hour the heather was dyed crimson with the life blood of many a gallant Highlander. Men were now falling thick and fast, and still the deadly hail of iron continued without intermission, mingling with the hail of ice and snow that grew worse every minute, blinding the eyes of the Prince's men, benumbing their limbs, and adding yet another pang to the sufferings of the wounded. Charles, careless of the risk he ran, sat his horse unmoved amid the storm of shot that hurtled through the air, and although one of his grooms, Thomas Ca, was decapitated by a cannon-ball within a few yards of his person,[1] he betrayed neither fear nor anxiety, but continued in the same position, calmly watching every fresh movement of the enemy. Had he given the order to attack at this moment when the Highlanders, irritated and galled, but not overawed, by Cumberland's artillery fire, were excited to the highest pitch of courage, all might have been well, but a desire to let the enemy attack first restrained him, and he waited on for nearly an hour until flesh and blood could no longer endure the murderous cannonade, and the Highlanders began to show unmistakable signs of breaking their ranks. Then, and not till then, he sent an aide-de-camp, a MacLachlan, to Lord George Murray, with an order to attack at once, but the unlucky man was struck down by a cannon-ball before he could deliver his message, and Lord George remained in ignorance of the Prince's commands. It was, however, clear to his lordship that if an immediate advance was not ordered the men would take the matter into their own hands, in which case defeat would be certain ; he therefore despatched Colonel Ker of Graden to Charles to ask if he might commence the attack. Ker rode off immediately and received the Prince's orders, but as he noticed that the left wing of the army was some distance further back from the enemy than the right, he went first to the Duke of Perth who commanded there, ordered him to deliver the attack without further delay, and galloped off to Lord George, who was then engaged in conversation with Lochiel, with similar instructions.

At this instant, and before Lord George Murray could give the necessary orders, a wild cry was heard from the centre of the line, and the Mackintoshes, led by their brave colonel, MacGillivray of Dunmaglass, were seen rushing headlong through the rolling clouds of gunpowder smoke right on to the bayonets of the enemy. In another minute the right wing was on the move, and Frasers, Stewarts, Camerons, and Athollmen, with Lord George Murray riding gallantly in front, ran forward

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 225.



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HOME'S PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN

with reckless valour to join their comrades of Clan Chattan in the desperate onset, "scrugging" their bonnets on their heads as they went. To avoid the fire of some cannon immediately in front, the Mackintosh regiment had inclined considerably to its right, so that the other clans on that flank had to advance in a similar direction to avoid confusion; this brought them close under the park dyke, which was now lined by the Campbell Militia, who having broken down the wall in two places so that cavalry could pass through the enclosures, crept up under its cover, and poured in a deadly flanking fire upon the onrushing Highlanders. Wolfe's regiment had also been detached from the second line and placed at right angles to the front, thus outflanking the Prince's right. Nevertheless they still swept proudly and impetuously forward through snow and fire, heedless of everything, but all burning with a fierce desire for vengeance, all longing to get to grips with the slayers of their kinsmen. Mown down in hundreds by grapeshot, shattered by an incessant rain of bullets, suffocated with the sulphurous fumes with which they were surrounded, and stung by the icy particles that were dashed in their faces by the freezing blast, the Gaelic heroes sped onward like a foaming torrent of their own mountains, cutting their way right through Barrel's and Munro's regiments to be nearly annihilated on the bayonets of the second line, against which they dashed like the billows of an angry sea. Meanwhile the clans on the left of the Mackintosh regiment, the Farquharsons, the MacLachlans and MacLeans, the MacLeods, and the Chisholms, and the three battalions of MacDonalds, advanced with equal bravery, but having a greater distance to cover owing to the line not being parallel they were unable to keep pace with their compatriots on the right. To make matters worse, the oblique manner of the advance had occasioned a wide gap in the ranks on the right of the MacDonalds, who seeing that they were in danger of being surrounded, halted a short distance from the enemy, while the Duke of Perth's and Glenbucket's regiments were being drawn forward from the second line to fill up the interval. Before this could be done, the other battalions of the left had got within pistol-shot of their opponents, receiving as they went forward a tremendous fire from the Scots Royals, Cholmondeley's and Price's regiments, which they answered with a brisk discharge, and the men were about to follow the MacLachlans and MacLeans, and rush in upon their assailants, sword in hand, when they observed through a rift in the rolling smoke clouds the remnants of the right wing retiring in confusion. This terrible and unexpected sight instantly threw the whole left wing into a state of unreasoning panic which neither threats

nor entreaties could allay. For an instant the line wavered, and then broke as the men fled hurriedly off the field, some towards Inverness, others in the direction of their native hills.

The MacDonalds, rendered dour and sullen by the slight that had been so thoughtlessly put upon them, saw from their position, which Johnstone says was within twenty paces of the enemy, all that was taking place; with claymores in hand they stood, awaiting the order to advance, hacking viciously the while at the whin and heather[1]

BATTLE OF CULLODEN

From an old print

that covered the ground at their feet. In front Pulteney's regiment, which had been brought up from the reserve, poured volley after volley into their ranks, man after man dropped wounded and writhing with pain on the blood-stained turf, or fell dead from a mortal wound: bullets hissed around them, grapeshot shrieked overhead; still they stood their ground, stern and unyielding, expecting every minute the order which would hurl them headlong against the hated red-coats. But even their heroic spirits were not proof against that mad rush of panic-stricken men; they also saw the repulse and flight of the right wing, and realised all it

[1] Tradition has it that there was a large bush of white heather where the MacDonalds halted, which they cut up with their swords, hence the *Fraoch-geal* (white heather) is sometimes known as "the curse of the MacDonalds."

meant; they saw the English cavalry preparing to hem them in and cut them to pieces, and as the other clans fled west, they also, in spite of the threats and entreaties of their brave chiefs, turned their backs upon the enemy and joined the flying host of their defeated countrymen. Yet a few gallant souls disdained to save their lives in this manner. The chivalrous Alexander of Keppoch, true Highland gentleman that he was, had no thought of showing his back to the Sassenach, and finding much to his sorrow and mortification that his clansmen refused to advance, he went on alone to meet a hero's death in front of the foe.[1] He had not gone far when a musket-ball struck him to the earth. A captain of Clanranald's regiment, Donald Roy MacDonald,[2] ran quickly forward to assist the wounded chief, and endeavoured to persuade him to return, but Keppoch positively refused to listen to such a suggestion, and once more moved slowly towards the English ranks. He only proceeded a few steps when he was again hit, and he fell mortally wounded among the heaps of slain. Alexander MacDonald (MacDonnell) of Dalchosnie and his brother John, Alexander MacDonald (MacDonnell) of Drumchastle, and Donald MacDonald of Scotus, with twenty other clansmen, all shared the same fate.

On the left of the Mackintoshes, the MacLachlans and MacLeans appear to have been the only complete body of men to come in actual contact with the enemy. Commanded as an united regiment by the chief of MacLachlan, with MacLean of Drimnin as Lieutenant-colonel, they fought with all the traditional courage of the Celtic race. Lochgarry says, referring more particularly to the MacLeans, that they were near the MacDonalds on the right,[3] and were "as well looked men as ever I saw, commanded by MacLean of Drimnin, one of the princi[ll] gentlemen of that clan; he and his son were both kill'd on the spot, and I believe 50 of their number did not come of the field." MacLachlan of MacLachlan, equally brave and equally unfortunate, was struck by a ball as he was leading the regiment into action.

Awful, indeed, had been the fate of the clans on the right and centre of the Prince's first line. The Atholl Brigade was literally cut to pieces; nineteen officers were killed and four wounded,[4] and few of the rank and file escaped death or wounds. "Lord George Murray behaved himself

[1] I have refrained from including in the text the uncorroborated story that Keppoch exclaimed as he strode onward, "My God! have the children of my tribe deserted me!"—W. D. N.

[2] Brother of MacDonald of Baleshair, North Uist.

[3] It does not follow from this that the MacLachlan and MacLean regiment was immediately on the MacDonalds' right. I have followed Finlayson in the annexed plan. The Rev. John MacLachan says the regiment was drawn up between the Mackintoshes and Stewarts of Appin, a statement which agrees with no other authority. *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 210.

[4] General Stewart of Garth.

with great gallantry, lost his horse, his periwig and bonnet, was amongst the last that left the field, had several cutts with broadswords in his coat, and was covered with blood and dirt."[1] The Cameron, Fraser, and Appin regiments were decimated, Lochiel was badly wounded in both legs, and had to be carried off the field into a place of safety; young Fraser, of Inverallachie, less fortunate, lay where he fell, and was murdered in cold blood the following day; the Appin men were slaughtered like sheep around the blue and yellow banner of their clan; no less than seventeen

WELL OF THE DEAD, OR MACGILLIVRAY'S WELL, CULLODEN MUIR
Where the wounded M'Gillivray of Dunmaglass died. The stone in the foreground marks the spot

Photo by the AUTHOR

men were slain one after the other while attempting to save it from falling into the hands of Cumberland, until, at last, Donald Livingstone, or *Domhnuill Mac an Leigh*, as he is known in Gaelic, cut the flag from its staff and bore it off in safety.[2] Of the Mackintosh or Clan Chattan regiment

[1] The Rev. John Cameron's narrative.

[2] The banner is still preserved in the family of Mr. John Stuart, North Dron, a representative of the Ballachulish branch of the clan. It was recently exhibited at the Jacobite Exhibition, Inverness. A gallant attempt was also made by William Chisholm—*Fear Innis nan Ceann*—to save the banner of his chief, but after keeping his enemies at bay for some time outside a barn to which he had fled, he was shot down and the banner fell into the hands of Cumberland. There is a tradition that the banner of Clan Chattan was saved by one Donald Mackintosh, known afterwards as *Domhnuill na Brataich*, but the author cannot vouch for its accuracy.—W. D. N.

scarcely any came off unscathed ; all their officers were killed except three, and one of the three was wounded. Four hundred of the rank and file are said to have been slain outright, but this must be an exaggeration, as there were probably not more than 350 present altogether. The number, however, matters little ; nothing can diminish the fame or detract from the honour gained by this brave little band of heroes on this most dismal of days. Culloden still cherishes the memory of the yellow-haired laird of Dunmaglass, who, stricken unto death by English bayonets, crawled over

COMMEMORATIVE CAIRN ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF CULLODEN

Photo by the AUTHOR

the blood-stained heather to the little spring of water which even yet bubbles up among the moss and forget-me-nots, and died while stretching out his nerveless hands for the precious fluid ; nor does it forget the prowess of Gillies MacBean, who, when the Campbells threw down the dyke which protected his men, rushed into the gap and hewed down fourteen of his assailants, including Lord Robert Ker, with his good claymore before he fell covered with wounds.

> "With thy back to the wall and thy breast to the targe,
> Fair flashed thy claymore in the face of their charge :
> The blood of their boldest that barren turf stain,
> But, alas ! thine is reddest there, Gillies MacBain."

All this sacrifice of brave lives was of no avail to avert the fatal disaster, and neither the heroism of the Highlanders nor the personal gallantry of Charles himself could stem the tide which was overwhelming them all. A brief twenty-five minutes of time had sufficed to mar and upset all the labour, all the plotting and planning, all the hopes and aspirations of many years. The day was irretrievably, hopelessly lost, and Charles, from his position in rear of the line, saw and understood that he had failed miserably, but he nevertheless continued to rally his dispirited followers, until forced from the scene of his defeat by Sir Thomas Sheridan and O'Sullivan.[1]

[1] Since the above account of Culloden was written, the Albermarle Papers have been published by the New Spalding Club. They are of great interest, but as the letters throw very little additional light upon the Jacobite side of the great struggle the author has not found it necessary to alter his original text in any way.—W. D. N.

OLD SCOTTISH FLINTLOCK

MACBEAN

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac Bean vic Coil Mór.* A sept of Clan Chattan

Badge—*Box or Red Whortleberry*

The above sketch represents Major Gillies MacBean defending the breach at Culloden

CHAPTER V

"The homes of my kinsmen are blazing to heaven,
The bright sun of morning has blush'd at the view;
The moon has stood still on the verge of the even,
To wipe from her pale cheek the tint of the dew:
For the dew it lies red on the vales of Lochaber,
It sprinkles the cot, and it flows in the pen;
The pride of my country is fallen for ever,
Death hast thou no shaft for old Callum-a-glen?"

TO describe adequately the enormities which followed immediately upon the defeat of the Jacobite army, the historian would require the pen and genius of a Dante or a Zola; but neither in the imaginary "Inferno" of the great Italian poet, nor in the terribly realistic delineation of modern warfare by the famous French novelist, which is to be found in the pages of "Le Débâcle," can we discover anything more gruesome, anything more barbarous and revolting, than we may read in the simple, unadorned narratives of those who witnessed the awful atrocities committed by Cumberland's brutal soldiery, at the instigation and with the full sanction of their blood-thirsty commander.

"Oh heavens!" exclaims Captain John MacPherson of Strathmashie. "In what character will what follows be writ! Murders, burnings, ravishings, plunderings! An army of fiends let loose from Hell with Lucifer himself at their head! Barbarities unheard of—noe distinctions of sex or age—cruelties never as much as named among any people who made profession of or pretended to Christianity, and all, not only with impunity, but by command."[1] Unhappily for the credit of the English and Scottish officers who were present with the Hanoverian army at Culloden, not one word of Captain MacPherson's damning indictment can be traversed, every charge is literally true, and can be proved up to the hilt by the most convincing contemporary evidence, Hanoverian as well as Jacobite.

The moment victory was assured to the forces of George II. all

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 93.

semblance or pretence of civilised warfare ended, humanity and mercy were immediately forgotten, the evil passions engendered in the soldiers' breasts by the recent fighting, instead of being restrained, were tacitly and in many cases actively encouraged by the officers, and murder, red-handed and unchecked, ran riot over the battlefield, which became within an hour after the engagement a butcher's shambles of the most horrible description. "The moor was covered with blood," writes a

RENDEZVOUS OF THE HANOVERIAN CAVALRY AFTER THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN

Photo, VALENTINE, *Dundee*.

Hanoverian officer in the *Scots Magazine*, "and our men, what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood and splashing it about one another, looked like so many butchers." [1]

The exact number of the Prince's men who perished at Culloden will never be known. Cumberland, henceforth to be branded with the infamous name of *Am Feoladair* (The Butcher), in his official report of the battle to the Duke of Newcastle, gives the number as 2000. His own words are as follows: "Lord Ancrum was ordered to pursue with the horse as far as they could, and which he did with so good effect that a very considerable number were killed in the pursuit. As we were on

[1] *Scots Magazine* for April 1746, p. 192.

our march to Inverness and were near arrived there, Major-General Bland sent me the enclosed Paper, and I immediately received the French officers and soldiers as Prisoners of War. Major-General Bland had also made great slaughter, *and gave quarter to none* but about fifty French officers and soldiers he picked up in the pursuit. By the best calculations we can make, I think we may reckon the Rebells lost 2000 men upon the field of Battle and in the pursuit, *as few of their wounded could get off.*" [1]

In his anxiety to exaggerate the importance of his victory, Cumberland has, in the opinion of the most reliable authorities, nearly doubled the number of his victims. The probability is, that about 1000 adherents of the House of Stuart lost their lives on the battlefield or in its immediate vicinity, and of these unfortunates a very large number were murdered in cold blood, either on the day of the conflict or on the three terrible days which followed it.

The order for this wholesale slaughter of wounded and helpless men is believed to have been issued by the brutal Hawley, who out-heroded Herod whenever an opportunity for indulging his lust for blood presented itself; he was, in fact, Cumberland's evil genius, and many of the crimes for which the Duke has been held responsible emanated from the brain of his ferocious satellite. Major-General Tulloch, in his interesting little brochure entitled, "Culloden, The '45," referring to the well-known story given by Chambers [2] and others concerning the murder of young Fraser of Inverallachie on the field of battle, in which we are told that Cumberland ordered his aide-de-camp, Major (afterwards the famous General) Wolfe, to "shoot that insolent scoundrel" as he lay wounded on the ground, and when Wolfe offered to resign his commission rather than become an executioner, commanded a common soldier to blow out the unfortunate Highlander's brains, states that, "on further investigation it turns out that Wolf (*sic*) was not the Duke's staff officer at all, he was General Hawley's aide-de-camp. Now," continues the general, "considering what an unmitigated brute Hawley was, such an order on his part was not at all unlikely; his own soldiers called him chief-justice and hangman." [3] We may take this for what it is worth. Cumberland has much to answer for without this particular crime being laid to his charge, and in any case he was commander-in-chief, and therefore

[1] Letter dated "Inverness the 18th April 1746" in Record Office, London. Italics are mine.—W. D. N.

[2] The story fixing the guilt upon Cumberland is to be found in the "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 56.

[3] "Culloden, The '45," by Major-General Tulloch, C.B., C.M.G., Inverness and Nairn, 1896, pp. 44–45.

morally if not actually responsible for the conduct of his officers, who naturally looked to him for guidance and advice.

The wording of the order for indiscriminate massacre runs thus:—

INVERNESS, *April 17th.*—The four officers next for duty to come from camp in order to divide and search the town for rebells, their effects, stores, and baggage. A

MAJOR (AFTERWARDS GENERAL) WOLFE, GENERAL HAWLEY'S AIDE-DE-CAMP AT CULLODEN

From the Painting in the National Portrait Gallery. *Photo*, WALKER & COCKERELL.

captain and fifty men to march immediately to the field of battle, and search all cottages in the neighbourhood for rebells. *The officers and men will take notice that the published orders of the rebells yesterday were to give no quarter.*"[1]

Having no excuse to offer for such abominable and unprecedented barbarity, the Hanoverian commanders took the inconceivably mean course of attempting to justify their atrocious proceedings in the eyes of

[1] Italics are mine.—W. D. N.

the civilised world by making use of an obviously falsified document, which had, in all probability, been fabricated for the express purpose. Any stick is good enough to beat a dog with, and the forged or interpolated Jacobite order came in very opportunely, both as a goad by means of which the rank and file of the army could be stirred up to chastise and murder the troublesome "rebels," and as a shield behind which the officers might shelter themselves from public criticism and censure.

The soldiers inflamed and exasperated by the "no quarter" lie, and remembering only too well their recent ignominious defeat at Falkirk and their equally discreditable reverse at Prestonpans, were not slow to take the hint so subtly thrown out by their superiors, and readily construing it into a command to kill and spare not, sallied forth with savage eagerness upon their errand of destruction, and wherever a stricken Highlander was found, whether lying in fancied security beneath the shelter of some friendly roof in Inverness, or writhing in mortal agony upon the ensanguined heather of Culloden Muir, these monsters in human shape dragged their victim from his hiding-place and battered his life out of him with their muskets, or with more refined cruelty propped his limp, resistless form against the nearest dyke, and made a target of it for their bullets.

If proof is needed, we have but to read the well-authenticated story of the marvellous escape of Alexander Fraser[1] from the cruel fate which overtook so many of his companions in misfortune. He was an "Ensign in the Master of Lovat's regiment, was shot through the thigh by a musket bullet at the battle of Culloden, and was taken prisoner after the battle at a little distance from the field, and carried to the House of Culloden, where a multitude of other wounded prisoners lay under strong guards. There he and the other miserable gentlemen (for most of them were gentlemen) lay with their wounds undressed for two days in great torture. Upon the third day he was carried out of Culloden House, and with other eighteen of his fellow-prisoners flung into carts, which they imagined were to carry them to Inverness to be dressed of their wounds. They were soon undeceived. The carts stopt at a park dyke at some distance from the house; there they were dragged out of the carts; the soldiers who guarded them, under command of three officers, carried the prisoners close to the wall or park dyke, along which they arranged them on their knees, and bid them prepare for

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. pp. 260-61. The name is given as John Fraser, but the Rev. David Chisholm, Presbyterian minister of Kilmorack, who was well acquainted with the man, says in a note that his name was Alexander Fraser, or MacIver, and that he was living in 1758 at Wellhouse in the said parish.

death. The soldiers immediately drew up opposite to them. It is dreadful to proceed! They levelled their guns! They fired among them. Mr. Fraser fell with the rest, and did not doubt that he was shot. But as those gentlemen who proceeded thus deliberately in cold blood, had their orders to do nothing by halves, a party of them went along and examined the slaughter, and knocked out the brains of such as were not quite dead; and observing signs of life in Mr. Fraser, one of them with the butt of his gun struck him on the face, dashed out

HIGHLANDERS' GRAVES, CULLODEN
Photo by the AUTHOR.

one of his eyes, and beat down his nose flat and shattered to his cheek, and left him for dead. The slaughter thus finished, the soldiers left the field. In this miserable situation, Lord Boyd,[1] riding out that way with his servant, espied some life in Mr. Fraser, who by that time had crawled to a little distance from his dead friends, and calling out to him, asked what he was. Fraser told him he was an officer in the Master of Lovat's corps. Lord Boyd offered him money, saying he had been acquainted with the Master of Lovat, his colonel. Mr. Fraser said he had no use for money, but begged him for God's sake to cause his servant carry him to a certain mill and cott house, where he said he would be concealed and taken care of. This young Lord had the

[1] The eldest son of the Earl of Kilmarnock. He held a commission in the Hanoverian army.

humanity to do so, and in this place Mr. Fraser lay concealed, and by God's providence recovered of his wounds."

Perhaps the most horrible instance of man's inhumanity to man during these awful days of bloodshed, is to be found in the account given by the veracious Bishop Forbes of the burning of the wounded Highlanders at Old Leanach farm. "At a small distance from the field, he writes, "there was a hut for sheltering sheep and goats in cold and

CULLODEN MUIR LOOKING TOWARDS NAIRN

The small house in front is the farmhouse near which stood on the day of the battle the barn in which thirty-two wounded were burnt. In the field behind the dyke the English dead were buried; it is known as the "field of the English."

Photo by the AUTHOR.

stormy weather. To this hut some of the wounded had crawled, but were soon found out by the soldiery, who (immediately upon the discovery) made sure the door, and set fire to several parts of the hut, so that all within it perished in the flames, to the number of between thirty and forty persons, among whom were some beggars who had been spectators of the battle, in hopes of sharing the plunder. Many people went and viewed the smothered and scorched bodies among the rubbish of the hut. Sure the poor beggars could not be deemed rebels in any sense whatever." [1]

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 72.

In this terrible holocaust many prominent Jacobite officers perished miserably. Archibald Menzies of Shian, the brave leader of the small contingent of Clan Menzies present at the battle, is known to have been among the victims, and David Stewart of Kynachan, a major in the Atholl Brigade, probably shared the same fate, as his body was never afterwards recovered. Of the other unfortunate men who lost their lives amid the flames little is known, but the names of three are recorded, viz., Colonel Alexander O'Reilly, an Irish officer in French or Spanish service, attached to Lord Ogilvy's regiment, and two gentlemen of the name of Rattray, father and son, holding commissions in the same regiment.

Even such a death as this was preferable to the prolonged agony suffered by the wretched prisoners, who had been driven in great herds, like cattle, into the prisons, churches, and cellars of Inverness, where they lay for weeks together, starving for want of food, perishing with cold, their wounds festering for want of surgical attention, and their lives imperilled by the absence of all sanitary arrangements or proper ventilation. The air of these awful dungeons became so frightfully vitiated, and was charged with such pestilential exhalations from the accumulated filth, that many poor creatures, unable in their weak and emaciated condition to endure life under such conditions, sank down exhausted upon the foul and reeking floors of their prison and yielded up the ghost, their dead bodies remaining where they fell until at least a dozen corpses were ready for burial.[1]

A small chamber built into one of the piers of the bridge, and known as the Bridge Hole, was utilised as a prison, and within its damp and rat-infested walls Ronald MacDonald of Bellfinlay, a cadet of Clanranald's family, who had been badly wounded in both legs at the battle, a Mr. Robert Nairn, and a few other prisoners were confined. Their sorry plight awakened in the breasts of the charitable ladies of Inverness feelings of great commiseration and sympathy, and a plan was conceived among them to effect the release of Mr. Nairn, who, though seriously injured in the arm, was yet able to walk. A poor Skye woman named MacDhai[2] (Davidson), who lived in a room above the Bridge Hole, was asked to assist, and after many months' perseverance, during which she was able to supply the sufferers with food and clothing, she managed to decoy an unsuspecting sentry from his post while Mr. Nairn slipped out and escaped. Suspicion falling upon the faithful Highlandwoman, she was

[1] *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. pp. 154–150.

[2] Often erroneously called Mackay. *Vide* note "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 207.

THE HIGHLAND CORONACH

From the Painting by R. R. MacIan

immediately arrested and brought before no less than five court-martials, at which she was treated to every kind of abuse, and threatened with the most severe punishments if she refused to confess the names of her employers, but neither threats nor abuse moved the staunch old dame, and she was at length committed to the common prison, where she lay for seven weeks, having never divulged her secret.

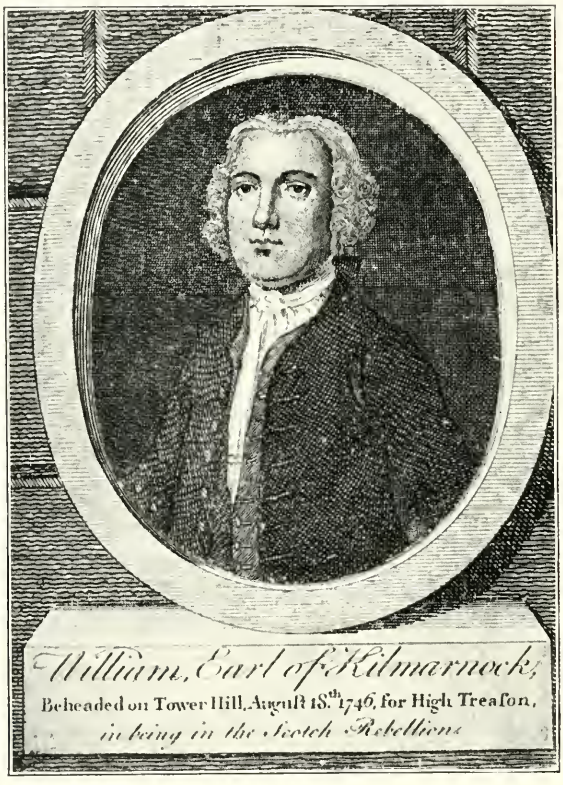
It is unnecessary to dwell longer on the painful and revolting subject of Hanoverian atrocities after Culloden; the main facts are well known to all readers of history, and to those who wish for fuller details, the blood-curdling narratives contained in that remarkable work, the "Lyon in Mourning," are available. Nothing can palliate, nothing can excuse the unspeakable crimes perpetrated during that *année terrible* of the Highlanders, 1746, by Cumberland and his inhuman associates; the stain of them is ineffaceable, unforgetable, and although more than a century and a half has passed since they were committed, and Gael and Saxon have happily become the best of friends, the shadow of those unprovoked outrages still casts a gloom over many a Highland heart and darkens many a beautiful Highland glen, and will continue to do so, as long as a single Gaelic tongue remains to tell the tale of *Latha Chuilodair* (the day of Culloden), and recount the horrors of *Bliadhna Thearlaich* (Charles' year).

Among the more distinguished adherents of the Prince who fell during the action were Viscount Strathallan and the Honourable Robert Mercer of Aldie, the former, "resolving to die in the field rather than by the hand of the executioner, attack'd Collonel Howard, by whom, 'tis said, he was run through the body. His character," the narrator continues, "as a good Christian, setting aside his other personal qualities and rank in the world, as it endear'd him to all his acquaintances, so did it make his death universally regretted."[1] The Laird of Aldie was killed while leading his battalion, and his son, a mere lad, who accompanied him, is believed to have fallen at the same time, although neither of the bodies were ever found.

Lochiel had a narrow escape; he was endeavouring to rally his men after the first wild rush, when he was hit in both ankles by a flanking shot fired from behind the fatal dyke, and fell helpless to the ground. In an instant four of his clansmen lifted him in their arms and bore him off the field to a little barn near at hand, where they proceeded to disguise him as well as they could by changing his clothes. While engaged in

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 12; see also note 2, p. 311, Chambers's "Rebellion," edition of 1869.

this manner a party of dragoons surrounded the hut, and were on the point of entering when they were providentially called off to some other part of the field. Lochiel was immediately placed on horseback, and escorted to the house of Cluny MacPherson in Badenoch, and the following day proceeded to Achnacarry,[1] where he was soon afterwards joined



by Stewart of Ardsheal [2] and several other fugitives who had successfully eluded the pursuit of the enemy's cavalry.

The Duke of Perth and young Clanranald both received wounds during the action, but neither were seriously injured; the Duke, however, whose delicate constitution had already been shattered by the fatigue and continual exposure of the campaign, was in a dangerous condition, and although in the heat and excitement of battle he had behaved with the most conspicuous gallantry, and had exerted himself

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 87–88.
[2] "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," p. 269.

to the utmost in his futile attempts to prevent the flight of the left wing, the reaction and disappointment caused by the defeat told so severely upon him that he never recovered health and strength. Donald Robertson of Woodsheal, who had commanded Struan's men, was badly wounded, but managed to crawl to some rising ground from whence he could survey the field. He lay on this spot the whole night, fearing to move lest he should fall into the hands of the enemy, and on the following morning he witnessed from his hiding-place the horrible butchery of his stricken compatriots, expecting every moment to share their fate. Fortunately the soldiers did not observe him, and he was able to make his escape, and ultimately succeeded in reaching the Continent. According to Cumberland's official report, the number of prisoners who were taken or who surrendered themselves on the day of the battle, was 548, which includes 222 French and other foreign troops. Few names of importance are to be found among them, the most notable being those of the Earl of Kilmarnock, Sir John Wedderburn, and Colonel Francis Farquharson of Monaltrie, all of the Highland army, and those of Lord Lewis Drummond, the Marquis D'Eguilles, and Brigadier Stapleton, belonging to the foreign contingent.

The ladies of the Jacobite party were not forgotten by the victor of Culloden in the hour of his triumph, and five of the most distinguished, viz., Lady Ogilvy, Lady Gordon, Lady Kinloch, "Colonel" Ann MacKintosh, and the Dowager Lady MacKintosh had the misfortune to fall into his clutches. Ray remarks in his usual coarse fashion, "The Ladies after Tea were preparing to dress for a Ball in the Evening, expecting the Rebels had gain'd the Victory; but the King's Red-Coats were so rude as to interrupt them and lead them up a Dance they did not Expect."[1] These gently nurtured dames were subjected to many indignities and suffered much personal discomfort before they were able to regain their freedom. Lady Ogilvy was sent to Edinburgh Castle on June 15th to keep company with the Duchess of Perth, Viscountess Strathallan, and Mistress Jean Cameron, from whence she managed to escape on November 21st, disguised as a servant-maid.[2] Two days after the battle the undaunted "Colonel" Ann was arrested at Moy Hall by a party of soldiers commanded by an officer named

[1] Ray's "History of the Rebellion," p. 340. The author, a volunteer in Cumberland's army, was a vulgar-minded brute. On the day of the battle he pursued two fugitive Highlanders to a house in Inverness, and while the servant-maid, Margaret Grant, held his horse, went in and murdered both in cold blood. *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. pp. 53–54.

[2] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. pp. 113–14.

THE END OF THE "FORTY-FIVE" REBELLION

Drawn and Etched by W. B. Hole, R.S.A.

Cockeen, and carried to Inverness. On her way thither she saw with unspeakable horror many poor wretches barbarously murdered under her very eyes by the men of her escort, who straggling on in front put to death all they met with, sparing neither age nor sex. No less than fourteen dead bodies of men, women, and children were observed and counted by this unfortunate lady on the road between Moy and

ARTHUR ELPHINSTONE (LORD BALMERINO)

Beheaded on Tower Hill, August 18, 1746

From a contemporary print

Inverness.[1] She was eventually conveyed to London, and after a brief term of imprisonment liberated on parole. Her relative, Lady Drummuir, the Dowager Lady MacKintosh, whose house in Kirk Street had been appropriated for the use of the Duke of Cumberland, was confined for fourteen days in the guard-house, where she contracted so violent a cold that for some time her life was despaired of.[2] Well, indeed, might the old lady exclaim in after years when recounting her experiences of

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 189.

[2] *Ibid* p. 191.

the year 1746, "I've had twa King's bairns living wi' me in my time, and to tell ye the truth I wish I may ne'er hae anither."[1]

From the Hanoverian point of view, the victory of Culloden was an eminently satisfactory one; the Jacobite army, which had for eight months disturbed the peace of the country and had nearly succeeded in overturning the reigning dynasty, no longer existed; several of its leaders were dead, and the remainder were either prisoners in the hands of the conqueror or were fleeing hurriedly from the neighbourhood of their late defeat; the Highland clans were broken and scattered far and wide, many of their chiefs had been slain or wounded, and their power and prestige gone, probably for ever; in addition, the whole of the vanquished army's cannon, stores, baggage, and spare ammunition, besides a large quantity of colours, broadswords, and muskets had been taken in Inverness, or on the battlefield, and all these advantages had been secured with the trifling loss of 310 men killed, wounded, and missing.

Never before had so important a victory been gained at so cheap a rate, never had there been such a hero as the Duke, never, among the nations of Europe, had there been an army so brave, so well disciplined, so immaculate and invincible as the one he commanded; such at least was the opinion of the Whigs, who in their ecstatic delight at the news of the Jacobite collapse, which reached London on April 25th,[2] poured out so many extravagant and fulsome eulogies[3] in praise of their idol, that Parliament, carried away by the popular enthusiasm, could do no less than vote the "saviour of the country" the enormous sum of £25,000 per annum as an addition to his already large annual income of £15,000.

It was a little disappointing for these noisy and effusive supporters of George II. to learn that Charles himself, the head and front of the "unnatural rebellion," had escaped to the mountain fastnesses of his Highland friends, there to concoct fresh plots against their beloved and estimable sovereign, and his noble and heroic son; it was the one drop of gall in the cup of their rejoicings, the one unpleasant fact that marred the completeness of their triumph, the one regret that tempered the exuberance of their self-congratulations. To the Jacobites everywhere the first tidings of their leader's defeat came as a staggering blow, which for the moment stunned and overwhelmed them, and even the most sanguine among the party realised that their hopes of a Stuart restoration

[1] Chambers's "History," p. 306, note 1.

[2] Brought by Lord Bury.

[3] "The homage culminated," writes Dr. Doran, "when the Duke's portrait appeared in all the shops, bearing the inscription, 'ECCE HOMO!'"

BATTLEFIELD OF CULLODEN, SHOWING HIGHLANDERS' GRAVES
AND COMMEMORATIVE CAIRN AT PRESENT DAY

Photo, VALENTINE, *Dundee*

lay buried with Cumberland's victims on the field of Culloden ; but when fuller details of the battle reached them and it became known that, not only had the prince made good his escape without personal injury, but that many of his most important officers with a considerable number of men were still at large, some were found bold enough to express a belief that all was not yet over, and that Charles might still be able to rally his scattered forces and save the cause from final dissolution. That this was not done is a matter of history ; why it was not done will ever remain a subject for speculation.

It now becomes necessary to return to the Prince in order that we may trace his footsteps during those long, toilsome, and perilous wanderings which followed the catastrophe of Culloden. Having vainly attempted with all the frantic energy of a desperate man[1] to arrest the flight of his army, Charles at length suffered O'Sullivan to seize the bridle of his horse and lead him from the field, when he was immediately surrounded by a few of his more intimate adherents and a detachment of FitzJames' Horse, and hurried quickly away to the Ford of Faillie on the Water of Nairn, where the first halt was made. After a brief consultation the Prince dismissed his escort and pursued his way towards Fort Augustus, accompanied by Lord Elcho, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Colonel O'Sullivan, Captain O'Neil, and Alexander MacLeod, younger of Muiravonside, whose servant Edward Bourk or Burke, a native of North Uist and consequently a good Gaelic speaker, had been selected as guide. A short ride of a few miles brought the fugitives to Tordarroch, the home of Angus Shaw of Tordarroch, a younger brother of Robert Shaw who had perished so miserably in Newgate after the rising of 1715. Angus, taking warning from his brother's untimely fate, declined to risk his life and property in a similar enterprise, but he nevertheless sympathised heartily with the Jacobite cause, and it was one of the greatest regrets of his life that he was at his house of Wester Leys when the Prince appeared to claim his hospitality at Tordarroch. Finding the place deserted, the little band of tired and hungry men pushed on, in the hope of finding food and shelter under the roof of John Mackintosh of Aberarder ; but here again they were disappointed, for no one responded to their summons, and they had to continue their journey by way of

[1] When he realised that his men were retreating in confusion, he called out to them to stop and he would lead them on foot to the charge. But a number of his officers got about him, and assured him that it was improbable for them to do any good at present. For, since the clans had turned their backs, they would not rally, and it was but exposing his person without any probability of success; and therefore entreated he would retire, and really forced him out of the field.—"Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 68.

Farraline to the house of Fraser of Gortuleg, where they arrived at night in a terribly exhausted and famished condition.

By a strange chance, Gortuleg House held at that moment a distinguished guest within its walls, who, had he heard the sound of those hurrying footfalls and guessed what they betokened to himself and family, would have felt a strong desire to flee from the spot and hide his grey old head and faltering limbs amid the deepest recesses of the Stratherrick hills. But he heard nothing, save the sough of the wind among the trees, and Gael though he was, the gift of second-sight was mercifully denied him, and he neither knew nor suspected that the battle which was to decide his fate had even then been fought and lost. In a comfortable chair before a good fire Lord Lovat, the aged chief of Clan Fraser, sat alone in deep thought. The stirring events of the past few months, in which he was so closely concerned, were doubtless the subject of his meditations; he had played his cards cleverly enough in his own estimation, and although his confidence in the success of the Jacobite cause must have been rudely shaken by the news of the retreat from Derby, the victory of Falkirk had somewhat restored it, and he was still sanguine enough to hope and expect that the Prince might yet win; if he did not, well, he would have to trust to the precautions he had taken to prove his own innocence of any personal share in the rising, and failing that, he would retreat to the secret lair he had caused to be constructed in an island on Loch Muilzie (now Loch a' Mhuilinn), where, protected by the great mountains of Glen Strathfarar, and guarded by a devoted band of a hundred clansmen, he could defend himself against any force his enemies might bring against him.[1]

It was quite in keeping with Lovat's cautious policy that he should purposely have avoided a meeting with the Prince, and it is more than probable that he went to Gortuleg to be out of the way in case Charles took it into his head to visit Castle Downie. In a letter to his son, dated March 20, 1746, he had expressed a fear that the Prince might come to view the Aird and fish salmon on the river Beauly. "I do not much covet that great honour at this time," he writes, "as my house is quite out of order, and that I am not at home myself, nor you; however, if the Prince takes the fancy to go, you must offer to go along with him, and offer him a glass of wine and any cold meat you can get there." Such was the welcome Lovat proposed to give to the son of his king—cold meat and a glass of wine in a deserted house—a poor entertainment indeed, and one that was scarcely calculated to uphold

[1] State Trials, xviii. pp. 760-761.

the traditions of lavish hospitality which for so long had been associated with the ancestral home of the Fraser chiefs.

But, neither under the roof-tree of Castle Downie, nor on the banks

SIMON LORD LOVAT

From the Painting by HOGARTH *in the National Portrait Gallery*

of the Beauly, was the meeting Lovat dreaded to take place; for while that unhappy old man had been buried in his reflections by the cosy ingle of his kinsman's fireside, the man he feared to meet had reached

Gortuleg, and now stood at the threshold demanding admission. In another instant the room was filled with a party of dejected-looking, travel-stained horsemen, and Lovat, aroused from his stupor by the noise of their entrance, found himself at last, in spite of all his machinations, face to face with the Prince he had taken such great pains to avoid.

We, unfortunately, have no authentic account of this dramatic meeting between the youthful Prince and his aged adherent. Several stories have come down to us, but they differ so widely that it is impossible to place much reliance on any of them. In one we are told that Lovat, having already received tidings of the Jacobite defeat, met the Prince with a torrent of bitter accusations and angry complaints, and called distractedly upon his attendants to put an end to his sufferings by chopping off his head there and then. While in another we are informed that when Charles arrived bearing the melancholy tidings of failure, the old chief, throwing off once and for all his pretence of loyalty to the House of Hanover, welcomed the despondent Prince with the strongest expressions of attachment, and urged him in impassioned terms to continue the struggle at any cost, bidding him remember his great ancestor Robert Bruce, who lost eleven battles and won Scotland by the twelfth.

The latter story appears in every way the most probable. Lovat, cunning and cautious though he was, had no reason for dissembling his real feelings in Charles' presence ; the better side of his nature may well have been awakened at the sight of the gallant young lad, who, in spite of his misfortunes, still maintained the bearing of a prince, and it would not be unreasonable to believe that Lovat, like all who had come the under spell of Charles' fascinating personality, felt at the moment that for such a leader much could be sacrificed. It was also quite natural that he should advise further resistance ; his own life and the lives of hundreds of his clansmen and fellow-countrymen were at stake, and he realised only too well that unless the scattered portions of the Highland army could be brought together quickly for the purpose of mutual defence, the whole country would be at the mercy of Cumberland and his bloodthirsty troops. The question was—Could this be done ?

By a strange want of foresight on the part of the Jacobite commanders, no rendezvous had been fixed for the muster of the army in the event of defeat, and Charles had ridden off the battle-field in total ignorance regarding the future destination of his surviving officers and their decimated

FRASER

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac Shimidh*

Badge—*Sprig of Yew.* War Cry—"*Caisteal Dunie*"

regiments.[1] With the exception of the few who had accompanied him to Gortuleg, nearly the whole of the officers who had been fortunate enough to escape with their lives went off, as soon as they perceived the battle was hopelessly lost, with Lord George Murray towards Ruthven in Badenoch, in the evident belief that there if anywhere the rally would take place. The Duke of Atholl, who was in poor health, could not travel very far, so he and Lord Nairne spent the night at Corrybrough House, the residence of James MacQueen ; the other leaders proceeded to Aviemore, and the main body of the fugitive army continued its flight until Ruthven was reached. At Dalmagarry, near Loch Moy, Lord George came up with Cluny and his regiment of MacPhersons, between five and six hundred strong. The MacPherson chief had been about to start on his march to Culloden when the news of the Prince's defeat was brought to him by a party of FitzJames' Horse, and shortly afterwards the dismal tidings were confirmed by the appearance of Lord George, who quickly explained the state of affairs, and ordered Cluny to form his regiment into a rear-guard with which to cover the retreat of the escaping troops as far as Badenoch, as he feared the Grants, through whose country they would have to pass, might, in order to curry favour with Cumberland, try to obstruct their passage.

By Thursday, April 17th, Duke William of Atholl, the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lord George Murray, Lord Ogilvy, Lord Nairne, Stewart of Ardsheal, John Roy Stuart, and several other officers, with about 1500 men, had arrived at Ruthven, and all awaited in eager expectation a message from the Prince, of whose actual whereabouts few, if any, of those assembled knew anything. Lord George may have had an inkling of the truth, at any rate he did not despair of communicating with his absent leader, for he was no sooner settled down in his new quarters than he took pen and ink and wrote him a long expostulatory letter, which so exasperated and annoyed Charles when he received it, that he would never afterwards see or hold any communication with the writer. It certainly was a most inopportune moment for Lord George to have chosen in which to pour out his personal grievances, and reproach the Prince for having raised the royal standard without a more definite promise of French assistance, and to have selected such an occasion for an impeachment of O'Sullivan and Hay was equally foolish, but even this was not all—the sting of the letter, like that of a wasp, was in its tail.

[1] "I have heard his R.H^s. often regrett that a place of rendezvous had not been ordered, which occasioned that the prince^ll people who escaped from the battle not meeting with H.R.H^s."—*Lochgarry's narrative.*

"Your R.H. knows," his lordship adds, in concluding this remarkable epistle, "I had no design to have continoud in the Army, even if things had succeeded, gladly would I have laid down my Commission, particularly leatly when I return'd from Atholl, but my Friends told me & perswaded me that it would be a prejudice to the cause at that juncture. I hope your R.H. will now accept of my dimission, and whatever commands you have for me in any other station you will please honour me with them, being with great zeal, Sir.—Yr. R.H.'s most Dutyfull and Faithfull Humble Servant, George Murray." With these words Lord George Murray takes, although he did not know it at the time, a final farewell of the Prince he had served so faithfully, so unselfishly, but so injudiciously. From first to last Charles had never liked the man who had sacrificed so much for his cause, he had never been able to free his mind from those unworthy, suspicious, and baseless prejudices which Murray's enemies had placed there, and it followed as a natural consequence that whenever the Prince found his plans opposed by Lord George, as he very often did, he at once jumped to the conclusion that some secret motive of questionable loyalty was at the bottom of the matter. We, of course, know now that Lord George Murray's motives were of the purest, but Charles did not know, and circumstances so often conspired to place the two imperious natures in direct antagonism, that it is scarcely to be wondered at that Charles should end by losing confidence in his Lieutenant-General altogether; and as a matter of fact, Lord George, before leaving Scotland, admitted that the Prince had some reason for disliking him, and candidly acknowledged, with much concern and regret, that he had often been guilty of contradicting and thwarting his leader in the measures he proposed.[1]

It is extremely doubtful whether Charles, after his crushing defeat at Culloden, had any intention of prolonging the unequal contest; and there are many reasons for believing that from the moment he rode off the field he had practically decided to make his escape to France, not for the purpose of saving his own skin, as many of his enemies professed to believe, but that he might, by a personal appeal to Louis XV. and his ministers, secure the powerful aid of the naval and military forces of France before the last remnants of his own army had disappeared. To carry out this idea successfully two things were necessary, the first was to preserve absolute secrecy regarding his own movements until he was well out of reach of capture; and the second, to keep the clans together as far as possible, so that in the event of a successful termination to his

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 363 64, note; also *ibid.* p. 80.

mission, there would still remain at least the nucleus of a Jacobite force in the field.

If this surmise is correct, it helps us very much to understand the otherwise unexplainable letter which was written by Alexander MacLeod to Cluny MacPherson from Gortuleg by the Prince's instructions on the night of the battle. It runs as follows: "Dr. Sir, You have (heard) no doubt ere now of the ruffle we met with this forenoon. We have suffered a good deal; but hope we shall soon pay Cumberland in his

GORTULEG HOUSE, INVERNESS-SHIRE

The evening after the battle of Culloden Prince Charles arrived at this house, where he met Lord Lovat, and having supped continued his way to Invergarry. He is said to have dropped from the right-hand window when disturbed while dozing after his meal.

Photo by the AUTHOR

own Coin. We are to review to-morrow at Fort Augustus the Frasers, Camerons, Stewarts, Clanronalds, and Keppoch's people. His R.H. expects your People will be with us at furthest Friday morning. Dispatch is the more necessary that his Highness has something in view which will make an ample amends for this day's ruffle. I am Dear Sir, Your's Alexander McLeod. Gortleg April 16th 9 at night 1746. We have sent an Express to Lord Cromarty, Glengyle and Barisdale to join us by Bewly. For God's sake make haste to join us; & bring with you

all the people can possibly be got togither. Take care in partienlar of Lumisden and Sheridan,[1] as they carry with them the Sinews of War." [2]

It has been asserted that this letter was written for the sole purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the chiefs, and that Charles neither expected nor intended to review the clans at Fort Augustus on the day stated, seeing that by the evening of that day he was at Glen Pean, more than thirty miles away from the rendezvous he had fixed. Lord George

GENERAL WADE'S ROAD NEAR FORT AUGUSTUS
By which the Prince travelled after leaving Gortuleg House. Loch Ness in the distance
Photo by the AUTHOR

undoubtedly took this view, for after a perusal of the letter he returned it to Cluny on the 18th, with the following remarks: "Dr. Sir, Mr. McLeod's letter seems to be a state of politicks I do not comprehend, tho I can guess it is wrote the day of the Battle; and instead of sending any word to us, everybody are ordered from Lochaber to Badenoch to cover H.R.H. from being pursued, which I wish it had taken effect. Adieu. I wish we may soon see better times. Your's G. M. I observe the rendezvous was to be yesterday at Fort Augustus, but those who came from that last night, say H.R.H. was gone to Clanronalds country." [3]

[1] This was Young Sheridan, Sir Thomas was at Gortuleg with the Prince.
[2] "Jacobite Correspondence of the Atholl Family," Letter ccxiii.
[3] *Ibid.*

There is of course a possibility that Lord George was correct in his supposition, Charles unquestionably desired to effect his escape as quickly and as quietly as possible, for motives already explained, and he may have dictated the letter not only with the intention of diverting attention from his real purpose, but also in the hope that the presence of a strong force of Highlanders among the hills which surrounded Fort Augustus might serve the double purpose of covering his flight and protecting the country from the ravages of Cumberland. On the other hand, we have the statement of Captain O'Neil (a somewhat unreliable authority) that the Prince quite expected to meet a considerable body of his adherents at Fort Augustus; that he waited a whole day there, and that it was only when he found no one appeared that he proceeded on his way to Invergarry, leaving O'Neil behind "to direct such as pass'd that way the road he took."[1] The only other explanation of the matter is that after MacLeod's letter was despatched something occurred which altered the Prince's plans; he may have been pursued by a party of Hanoverian horse —there is such a tradition in the district—or he may have learnt that the greater portion of his army had concentrated at Ruthven,[2] and consequently two days at least would have to elapse before the muster could take place. Further speculation without fresh data is mere waste of time, and we must therefore assume that for one or other of the reasons suggested, Charles thought it best to push on with all the speed he could command to the west coast, instead of lingering in the dangerous neighbourhood of Fort Augustus for an army which might never appear.

A rest of two hours at Gortuleg was all that Charles allowed himself,[3] and long before daylight broke he had said farewell to Lovat and was well on the road to Fort Augustus, where a brief halt was made, during which a bullet was extracted from the counter of his horse.[4] Crossing the river Oich near Aberchalder, the little party of fugitives, conducted by Ned Burke, followed the western shore of Loch Oich, calling at

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 367.

[2] Lord George's letter of the 17th could not have reached him until the 18th, or even later.

[3] When at Gortuleg a few years ago, I was told by Mr. Matheson, the then tenant, that the local belief is that the Prince was disturbed whilst sleeping by the noise of approaching footsteps, and that in his alarm he jumped from the couch, dropped from the window of the room, and made his way to the garden, where he hid, or was hidden by some of his friends, in a disused well (since closed up, owing to a child having been drowned in it), until he learnt that the sounds were occasioned by some children arriving home from some distant village. Being fully awakened, he determined to pursue his journey and quickly departed.

[4] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 68.

Droynachan as they passed,[1] and about two o'clock in the morning came in sight of the grim old castle of Invergarry standing dark and desolate on its frowning crag above the black waters of the loch. Its master, old Glengarry, was absent ; he had gone to Inverness to make his peace with Cumberland ;[2] the heir, Alastair *Ruadh*, was a prisoner in the Tower of London, and young Angus, who but a few short months before had welcomed his king's son within its hoary walls, and had gone forth in all the pride of his budding manhood to uphold the honour of his clan

RUINS OF INVERGARRY CASTLE, LOCH OICH

Photo by Mr. H. V. Whitelaw

on the field of battle, lay buried, far from home and kindred, beneath the stones of Falkirk kirkyard.

Upon a near approach the castle was found to be utterly deserted, the rooms had been emptied of furniture, the presses of food, and the

[1] This is only surmise. It is stated by Glenaladale that Charles partook of a supper of broiled trout at Droynachan. *Ibid.* vol. i. p. 321. But it is more probable that Ned Burke's narrative, which is here followed, is the correct one.

[2] Cumberland, in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, dated Inverness, April 30th, says, "Old Glengarry, the Head of the Tribe came in here a few days ago. He has not been actually out with the Rebells, but had he been of consequence Enough, I believe I could have Easily found sufficient Proof for confining him, but I have let him go away without seeing him, or giving him any measure of Encouragement, and I hear he has gone home to gather together the remains of his Clan in order to bring them in with their arms to throw themselves on His Majesty's Mercy."—Record Office, London. Old Glengarry was afterwards arrested, taken to Edinburgh on August 23rd, and imprisoned in the Castle until October 1749.

hearth was cold and bare; it offered shelter, nothing more, and Charles and his friends were fain to accept what Providence provided with as good a grace as possible. They did not fare so badly after all, for while they snatched a few hours' uncomfortable repose on the hard uncarpeted floor, their resourceful guide went out and hauled in a fishing-net he had espied stretched across the river Garry, in which, much to his delight, he discovered two fine salmon; these he quickly prepared, and when the famished men awoke a capital breakfast awaited them. The meal at an end, Charles proceeded to disguise himself as well as he could by discarding his showy doublet of tartan, and assuming the well-worn coat of Ned Burke; this done, he took leave of those who had accompanied him from Culloden except O'Sullivan and the faithful Ned, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon (Thursday, April 17th), set out for the house of Donald Cameron of Glen Pean (*Peighinn*) at the head of Loch Arkaig, a priest named (Captain) Allan MacDonald of Clanranald's family, who may have joined him at Gortuleg, making one of the party. MacLeod appears to have made his way to Ruthven, where Johnstone states he arrived on the 20th (Sunday) with the following message from the Prince, "Let every man seek his safety in the best way he can,"[1] upon which the whole body of assembled Jacobites dispersed, some to skulk among the hills until the hue and cry was over, some to seek a sanctuary in the houses of friendly Whig relatives, while others hurried away under cover of night to the nearest seaport in the hope of finding a vessel in which to make their escape to the Continent. "Our separation," Johnstone says, "was very affecting. We bade one another an eternal adieu. No one could tell whether the scaffold would not be their fate. The Highlanders gave vent to their grief in wild howlings and lamentations; the tears flowed down their cheeks when they thought that their country was now at the discretion of the Duke of Cumberland, and on the point of being plundered, whilst

[1] Lumisden declares that a messenger arrived at Ruthven the day after the fugitive officers got there (that would be the 18th) from Charles, "thanking them for their attachment to him, and the bravery they had shown on every occasion, but at the same time desiring them to do what they thought was best for their own preservation, till a more favourable opportunity of acting presented itself."—Home's "History," p. 240, note. Johnstone may have made an error in the date. MacLeod by riding all night across the Corrieyairack could have reached Ruthven without much difficulty on the 18th. Robert Stewart, a personal servant of Duke William of Atholl, writing on April 24, 1746, states that his master and Lord Nairne came to Ruthven on the 17th, where they met Lord George Murray and the Duke of Perth, and "staid all Friday with about sixty or seventy men who were dismist upon Saturday (19th) morning and desired to provide for themselves, and upon Saturday about mid-day they left Ruthven and went to Fort Augustus upon a message they got from the Pretender, and the person who brought the message said there was no body of men there." He also states that the Macphersons were disbanded on Saturday, and "told there was no further use for them."—"Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine," vol iii. pp. 294, 296.

they and their children would be reduced to slavery, and plunged, without resource, into a state of remediless distress."

Charles, happily for his peace of mind, was spared the pain of witnessing this affecting scene; he did not even know that his message would reach those to whom it was addressed, and he may very well have believed, when he found none of his officers either at Fort Augustus or Invergarry, that the dispersal of his army had already taken place. Lord George Murray's letter could not have been received by him before he

KINLOCHARKAIG. GLENDESSARY IN THE DISTANCE

The cottage in foreground is built on the site of the one in which the Prince rested on April 18, 1746. *Vide* footnote

Photo by the AUTHOR

left Invergarry, and, as far as we are aware, he had no knowledge of what had occurred at Ruthven until he arrived at Glen Beasdale some days later. Meanwhile he had plenty of food for reflection as he followed his guide along the twenty-three or four miles of rough, dirty, but fairly level track that led to Donald Cameron's humble farmhouse.[1] For the first ten miles the road ran close to the margin of Loch Lochy, then taking a sharp turn at Clunes, the home of another loyal member of Lochiel's clan, struck off in a due westerly direction through the

[1] The house was destroyed by fire about ten years ago; a small portion of the bed on which the Prince slept was, however, saved from the flames, and may still be seen in the modern cottage built on the same site and with the stones of the old house. I slept under its roof in 1899.—W. D. N.

gloomy *Mile Dorcha* (Dark Mile) within a short distance of Achnacarry, and debouched upon the northern shore of Loch Arkaig, the whole length of which it traversed. The journey was long and wearisome to the jaded travellers, and the Prince was so exhausted when he reached his destination at an early hour of the morning of the 18th, that he could scarcely keep awake while Ned Burke assisted him to remove some of his soiled clothes. As Ned was untying his master's muddy spatterdashes seven guineas rolled out upon the floor ; the honest fellow

ENTRANCE TO GLEN PEAN FROM KINLOCHARKAIG

Photo by the AUTHOR

immediately handed them to the Prince, who, pleased to discover that he had secured so reliable an attendant, said, "Thou art a trusty friend, and shall continue to be my servant."

In the hope of receiving intelligence regarding the movements of his officers, Charles lingered at Kinlocharkaig until five o'clock in the afternoon, when, no messenger having arrived, he set out on foot with his three companions through Glen Pean for Oban at the head of Loch Morar, passing from thence over the almost inaccessible mountains which lie on the north side of Loch Beoraid to Meoble in the Braes of Morar, where at about four o'clock on the morning of the 19th he fortunately came upon a good friend in the person of Angus MacEachine,[1] Borrodale's

[1] MacEachine had acted as surgeon to the Glengarry regiment.

son-in-law, who entertained the fugitives in a most hospitable manner, either at the farmhouse or in one of the shealing huts hard by.[1] The whole of Saturday the fatigued men rested in the vicinity of Meoble, and it was not until dawn was about to break on Sunday morning that the march was resumed to Glen Beasdale (*Biasdail*), an appendage to the farm of Borrodale, then tenanted, as we are already aware, by Angus MacDonald, at whose house Charles had stayed in the July previous when he landed from *La Doutelle*.

From its position on the coast within gunshot of any vessel that might come into Loch nan Uamh, Borrodale House was probably thought an unsafe refuge for the Prince, and we may assume that he remained sheltered in some cottage or hut on the thickly wooded banks of the Beasdale burn. In this secluded retreat Charles made himself as comfortable as his novel circumstances would permit; he had outdistanced pursuit, and could without immediate risk take the rest he so greatly needed. Food was plentiful, and his soiled garments had been exchanged for a clean suit of Highland clothes, provided by his kind hostess, Mrs. MacDonald, who thought they would better disguise her royal guest's identity and enable him to pass for a native of the district. Before he had been many hours in Glen Beasdale he was joined by several gentlemen of the country, who had escaped from the battle-field and fled homewards with young Clanranald; hither also came John Hay of Restalrig[2] and Coll *Ban* of Barisdale,[3] the former probably from Inverness, and the latter from Glenmoriston, where he had met Murray of Broughton in a miserable condition of sickness and anxiety.

[1] The distance from Kinlocharkaig to Oban through Glen Pean is about eight miles on a fairly level road; from Oban to Meoble through Corie Sliabhach (the only practicable route across the hills) is another five miles of terribly rough climbing, but not an impossible or unlikely undertaking for an athletic youth like the Prince. I am therefore inclined to believe that Charles completed the whole journey to Meoble with perhaps a short rest at Oban *en route*. This is quite in agreement with Burke's account, and is partially confirmed by Neil MacEachainn. Mr. Blaikie thinks that the Prince rested somewhere between Oban and Meoble in a "small sheal house near a wood," as stated by Glenaladale, who, however, did not make one of the party. From Meoble the route taken must have been by Loch Eas Bhain at the foot of Beann na Cabar and by Loch na Creige Duibhe to Glen Beasdale.

[2] It has been stated, on the authority of Home, that Hay brought with him a letter from Lord George Murray to the Prince "to entreat that he would not leave Scotland, as Lord George had heard that he intended." The statement is not confirmed by any other narrator, and I agree with Mr. Blaikie in thinking it improbable.—W. D. N.

[3] Barisdale was at Beauly with his regiment on the night of April 15th, and might, had he hurried forward, have been in time for the battle, but he only reached Inverness as the fugitive Highlanders were hurrying through it from Culloden, and learning from them what had happened, he went off to Glenmoriston. It is probable the MacGregor regiment under Glengyle was with him, as Murray of Broughton says that Barisdale's men and the MacGregors arrived together at the head of Glemoriston the morning he was there, which I take to be April 19th.—W. D. N.

Although temporarily safe, Charles was not slow to recognise the danger he would incur by staying long in a place so easily approached from the sea, and he determined in his own mind that if he could not find a vessel to take him to France, he would go to Skye and place himself under the protection of Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod of MacLeod, whose sympathies, in spite of what had happened, he felt sure of enlisting. It does not appear that he confided this strange resolution to his friends in Glen Beasdale, for we learn that at the conferences which daily took place, the principal subject of discussion was the all-important question of the continuance or abandonment of the campaign. Young Clanranald and Barisdale were both disinclined to consider the cause as hopelessly lost, and they advised Charles to wait a little longer on the mainland and see what might cast up.[1] Clanranald even offered to build four huts in the deepest recesses of the neighbouring woods, in which the Prince might hide in perfect security while he (Clanranald) made a trip to the Isles to find out what was happening there, and look out for a ship in case flight became an absolute necessity.[2] While these discussions were in progress, Charles was visited by Æneas MacDonald, the banker, who came over from his brother's house at Kinlochmoidart in response to his master's summons. Early in the month of April MacDonald had been sent to the island of Barra, for the purpose of recovering and transporting to Inverness a quantity of gold landed from a Spanish vessel during the previous December.[3] Thanks to the assistance of a brave and intelligent Skyeman, Donald MacLeod, tenant of Galtrigal on Loch Dunvegan, who had accompanied the banker as pilot and guide, the mission had been quite successful ; the gold was safely lodged at Kinlochmoidart, and would have gone forward to Inverness had not MacDonald received a letter from the Prince containing the dismal story of Culloden, and a request that he should at once proceed to Borrodale. We have no information regarding this interview,[4] but the banker returned to Kinlochmoidart, and Donald MacLeod was sent to Borrodale by the Prince's orders. Donald reached the vicinity of Borrodale some time on the 21st, and while making his way through a wood he came quite

[1] "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 322. Glenaladale does not mention Barisdale, but Neil MacEachainn says he was present, and supported young Clanranald in trying to persuade Charles not to abandon the enterprise and leave Scotland.

[2] *Ibid.*

[3] *Vide* letter from an informer, dated December 14, 1745, sent from Inveraray, Record Office, London.

[4] The interview must have taken place on Sunday, April 20th, soon after Charles reached Beasdale.

unexpectedly upon a youth in Highland dress walking alone amid the trees, who immediately advanced and asked, "Are you Donald MacLeod of Guatergill in Skye?" "Yes," said Donald, recognising his interlocutor at the same instant, "I am the same man, may it please your Majesty, at your service. What is your pleasure wi' me?" "Then," said the Prince, "you see, Donald, I am in distress. I therefore throw myself into your bosom, and let you do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man and fit to be trusted." To a Highlander such an appeal was irresistible, and Donald there and then determined, that come what would, he would aid and befriend the unfortunate lad to the full extent of his humble capacity. With tears welling up in his eyes, he answered, "Alas, may it please your Excellency, what can I do for you? for I am but a poor auld man, and can do very little for mysel'." Charles then proceeded to broach his plan of seeking a shelter with Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod, and asked Donald whether he would undertake to carry letters from him to the two chiefs. Donald was naturally staggered at such an extraordinary proposal, and plainly told the Prince that he would be hanged rather than be the bearer of any such communications. "What," said he, "does not your Excellency know that these men have played the rogue to you altogether, and will you trust them for a' that? Na, you mauna do't." He then went on to inform Charles that he could expect no assistance or sympathy from either Sir Alexander or MacLeod, as both were then engaged in an attempt to effect his capture at a place not above ten or twelve miles away, and that instead of trying to communicate with them, it would be far wiser, and certainly safer, to leave the dangerous neighbourhood of Borrodale and find a refuge in some less suspected locality. In the end Charles signified his willingness to give up his original intention, and after some further talk with the old Skyeman, agreed to go with him to the Outer Islands as soon as a suitable boat could be procured. Donald at once set about the task of finding a boat and crew, while the Prince went off to discuss the matter with his friends, and make final arrangements for an early departure. It has already been stated that young Clanranald and Barisdale both thought that Charles should continue on the mainland until something more definite was known regarding the position and condition of his dispersed forces; on the other hand, O'Sullivan and Allan MacDonald secretly urged the Prince to flee to the Hebrides while the opportunity offered, and as their advice was quite in accord with his own views, he decided to depart the moment O'Neil arrived; meanwhile, having a little time at his

JACOBITE PRISONER IN AN ENGLISH VILLAGE

Painted by CHARLES MARTIN HARDIE, R.S.A.

disposal, he dictated the following farewell letter, which he addressed to his chiefs.

"For the Chiefs,—

"When I came into this country, it was my only view to do all in my power for your good and safety. This I will always do as long as life is in me. But alas! I see with grief I can at present do little for you on this side the water, for the only thing that can now be done is to defend yourselves till the French assist you, if not to be able to make better terms. To effectuate this, the only way is to assemble in a body as soon as possible, and then to take measures for the best, which you that know the country are only judges of. This makes me be of little use here; whereas, by my going into France instantly, however dangerous it be, I will certainly engage the French court either to assist us effectually and powerfully, or at least to procure you such terms as you would not obtain otherways. My presence there, I flatter myself, will have more effect to bring this sooner to a determination than any body else, for several reasons; one of which I will mention here; viz. it is thought to be a politick, (policy,) though a false one, of the French court, not to restore our master, but to keep a continual civil war in this country, which renders the English government less powerful, and of consequence themselves more. This is absolutely destroyed by my leaving the country, which nothing else but this will persuade them that this play cannot last, and if not remedied, the Elector will soon be as despotick as the French king, which, I should think, will oblige them to strike the great stroke, which is always in their power, however averse they may have been to it for the time past. Before leaving off, I must recommend to you, that all things should be decided by a council of all your chiefs, or, in any of your absence, the next commander of your several corps with the assistance of the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, who, I am persuaded, will stick by you to the very last. My departure should be kept as long private and concealed as possible on one pretext or other which you will fall upon. May the Almighty bless and direct you."[1]

This letter, purposely post-dated April 28th, was enclosed in another one dated April 23rd (the day on which both were probably written) addressed to Sheridan, in which Sir Thomas is instructed to keep back the letter as long as possible, and to withhold all information regarding the Prince's departure on any pretext he might contrive, and he was also desired to enjoin a similar reticence on the part of all those who were entitled to read the paper. The motive of these precautionary measures is apparent—in the first place Charles wished to prevent pursuit by keeping his movements as secret as he could, and in the second, having come to the conclusion that it would be futile to prolong active hostilities after so crushing a defeat, he thought it better to quit Scotland before the chiefs could interfere to restrain him from carrying out his purpose. From the fact that he recommends them to take counsel with the Duke

[1] From a copy among the Stuart Papers marked on the back in Charles's own hand:—"The Prince's Letter to ye Chiefs in parting from Scotland, 1746."

of Perth and Lord George Murray, it is probable that he had not at the time of writing received Lord George's letter of April 17th.

O'Neil having waited two days at Fort Augustus in accordance with the Prince's orders, hastened on to the west coast by way of Kinlochmoidart in company with Lord Elcho, whom he picked up somewhere on the road. Leaving Elcho at Kinlochmoidart to keep Æneas MacDonald company, O'Neil went on to Borrodale and arrived there on Saturday, April 26th, just as Charles was preparing to embark on his

REMAINS OF CLANRANALD'S OLD GARDEN, NEAR BORRODALE

Photo by the AUTHOR

venturesome journey. Donald MacLeod had by this time succeeded in procuring from Angus of Borrodale a stout eight-oared fishing boat, lately the property of his son John, who had fallen at Culloden; the crew of eight stalwart Highlanders[1] were within hail, some meal and a cooking pot had been provided, and everything was in readiness for putting to sea the moment the Prince gave the order.

[1] The names of these brave and devoted men have been fortunately rescued from oblivion by Bishop Forbes, who took them down from Donald MacLeod's own lips. They are, Roderick MacDonald, Lachlan MacMurrich, Roderick MacCaskill, John MacDonald, Duncan Roy, Alexander MacDonald, Edward Burke, and Murdoch MacLeod, son of Donald the pilot. This intrepid youth of fifteen was at school at Inverness, and hearing that a battle was imminent, he secured a claymore, dirk, and pistol and ran off to Culloden, where he fought on the Prince's side, afterwards fleeing to the west coast, where he found his father.—"Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 163.

THE ESCAPE OF PRINCE CHARLES

From Painting by S. Ogilvy Reid, R.S.A.

As evening drew on, the weather-wise Gaels, quick to notice the slightest alteration in the appearance of the sky, discerned the unmistakable signs of an approaching storm, and prophesied a wild night. Charles, however, could see nothing to warrant their prognostications, and when Donald begged him to postpone his journey until the danger was past, he only made light of the old Highlander's fears, and told him to start without loss of time.

The chill spring twilight was deepening into the gloom of night when the Prince and his companions came down on to the shore in front of Borrodale House, where the little craft that was to take him across the perilous Minch lay waiting. After a few words of farewell to the friends he was leaving behind, Charles took his place in the boat with O'Sullivan, O'Neil, Allan MacDonald, Donald MacLeod, Ned Burke, and the other seven men who with honest Ned made up the crew, and in a few moments the little company of adventurers had left the land behind them and were tossing on the heaving waters of Loch nan Uamh.

Donald, upon whom the responsibility of piloting the boat to the Long Island devolved, took his place at the tiller with the Prince seated, or rather lying, between his feet, and steered well out into the middle of the loch in order to avoid the dangerous reefs of sunken rocks which everywhere abound on the treacherous coast of Arisaig. The wind had been gradually increasing in violence since the travellers started, and soon began to blow a perfect hurricane, lashing the waves into a fury of foam and drifting spray; thunder crashed among the great hills of Moidart, and went rolling with echoing reverberations down the narrow glens, vivid flashes of lightning lit up the surrounding landscape with a lurid, uncanny light, in which the great expanse of white-crested tumultuous billows of the open sea between Eigg and the mainland could be seen with horrible distinctness, and to add to these terrors and discomforts, the flood-gates of heaven opened, and rain commenced to descend upon the unlucky men, mingling with the clouds of spray, and soaking through plaid, wrap, and overcoat until every one was wet to the skin. It was a deplorable and alarming situation, and as there was no sign of an abatement of the storm, Charles requested Donald to steer for the shore and endeavour to effect a landing while the boat was still in Loch nan Uamh; but that experienced mariner had no intention of imperilling the life of his Prince by any such risky attempt, and he respectfully explained to the royal youth that as the squall was against them it would be impossible to put about and return to land without sacrificing the boat, and probably the lives of all it contained. Charles

then inquired what Donald intended to do. "Why," bravely replied the old fellow, "since we are here we have nothing for it but, under God, to set out to sea directly. Is it not as good for us to be drown'd in clean water as to be dashed to pieces upon a rock and be drowned too?" There was nothing more to be said, and the soaked and miserable men could only huddle down in the boat and silently await the terrible fate they one and all expected. The night was pitchy dark, and Donald had with him neither compass by which to steer his course, lantern to see by, nor pump to empty the gradually filling boat, and he feared greatly that it would be driven ashore on the Isle of Skye, or some other place at which parties of militia were posted to look out for the Prince and prevent his escape. But, dawn came at last, and with it the welcome sight of the Long Island looming through the misty grey light a short distance off; the perils of the voyagers were, however, not yet at an end, for the tempest still raged furiously, and great foam-crested seas could be seen breaking heavily upon the jagged rocks of the dreary-looking coast. It was now that Donald's knowledge of the locality proved of the greatest service, he saw at once where he was, and by dint of careful steering he took the staunch little craft, which had so bravely battled all night against overwhelming odds, safely through the rolling surf into the small sheltered creek of Barra na Luinge at Rossinish, the north-eastern point of the low-lying island of Benbecula.[1] On this barren and desolate spot Charles and his forlorn companions were, after some trouble, safely landed on the morning of Sunday, April 27th, thankful enough to have escaped with their lives. The boat was then got ashore and hauled up out of reach of the sea, and the whole party went off for shelter and rest to a shealing bothy, that fortunately stood near at hand.[2] Here a fire of driftwood was soon kindled, at which the soaked and half-frozen men were able to dry their sodden garments and warm their benumbed limbs.

On the bare ground, in one corner of the hut, an old sail was laid, and upon this strange couch Charles gladly extended his tired body and soon sank into a deep and refreshing sleep, while some of the Highlanders went off in search of provisions to add to the scanty stock of meal

[1] Neil MacEachainn gives the credit of steering the boat into safety to Roderick MacDonald.

[2] In the spring of 1899 I traversed Rossinish with John MacDonald, a most intelligent shepherd, and native of the district. Mr. Blaikie, he told me, missed seeing him when in Benbecula, and consequently got erroneous information regarding the hut in which the Prince stayed, the one pointed out to Mr. Blaikie having only been built sixty years ago. The actual bothy has long ago disappeared, but its site can be plainly seen as a raised ridge of turf about a foot high, showing the exact outline of the walls. In the photo on p. 205 John is shown with his dogs sitting on the highest portion of the ridge.—W. D. N.

they had brought with them from Borrodale. Necessity has never been a great respecter of law, and no one thought it a crime when a cow that had been unconcernedly grazing in the vicinity of the bothy was appropriated by the foragers and converted into good useful beef; besides, they were now on the territory of the elder Clanranald, and although the old chief himself had not followed his son's example and taken an active part in the rising, he was known to be friendly, and would scarcely be likely to grudge a cow for the Prince's use. He was, in fact, living just then

BARRA NA LUINGE
The Prince's landing-place on the island of Benbecula
Photo by the AUTHOR

within seven miles[1] of Rossinish at Nunton (*Baile nan Cailliach*), on the west side of the island, and on the day of the Prince's landing, while dining at his own table with the Rev. John MacAulay,[2] Presbyterian minister of South Uist, and Neil MacEachainn[3] (MacDonald), the school-

[1] Neil MacEachainn says "five long miles of Clanranald's house." Having myself walked the distance I know it to be nearly seven by the shortest route.—W. D. N.

[2] Lord MacAulay's grandfather.

[3] The MacEachainns, MacEachans, MacEachins, (meaning sons of Hector) as the name is variously spelt, are a sept of the MacDonalds of Clanranald; Neil MacEachainn (Nial MacEachainn Mhic Sheamais), who, there can be little doubt, was the author of the very interesting narrative of the Prince's wanderings printed in an early volume of the *New Monthly Magazine*, calls himself Neil MacDonald. He was a young man of twenty-seven years of age in 1746, of a quiet, good-natured, and rather timorous disposition. He had received a good education at the Scots College in Paris, having been intended for the priesthood, but he never took orders, and upon his return to Scotland he was appointed parish schoolmaster of South Uist.

master of the same parish, who was also tutor in his own family, he was apprised by one of his herds that a party of finely dressed, well-armed men had come on shore at Rossinish, and were sheltering in the shealing hut at Barra na Luinge. Not knowing what to make of the news, he sent off a messenger, one Donald MacDonald, to find out something more respecting the mysterious visitors who had arrived in so strange a fashion. The minister was no less curious, his suspicions were aroused, and being like most of his Presbyterian brethren a supporter of the Hanoverian

ROSSINISH, BENBECULA

Site of the shealing bothy in which the Prince sheltered after crossing from Borrodale. It was here also that he met Flora MacDonald on the evening before sailing for Skye. *Vide* footnote 2, p. 203

Photo by the AUTHOR

dynasty, he probably thought there might be something in the wind that it would be to his interest to discover and report to the Government; he therefore despatched upon his own account a person upon whom he could rely, to gain the required information.

From what followed, it seems likely that MacAulay's messenger reached Rossinish before the arrival of Donald MacDonald; in any case by falsely pretending that he had been sent by Clanranald, he learnt not only the all-important fact, that the Prince himself was with the newly-landed party, but also that he (the Prince) intended to proceed to Stornoway in search of a ship, as soon as the weather moderated. This

was great and wonderful news for the minister, to whose mind there doubtlessly came pleasant visions of a huge reward and lucrative preferments, and he lost not a moment in sending word of his discovery, by a special courier, to his father, the Rev. Aulay MacAulay, an equally zealous Hanoverian, who held in the neighbouring island of Harris a similar office to the one filled by his son John in South Uist. MacAulay *père* was enjoined to transmit the intelligence to Colin MacKenzie, minister of Stornoway, who was to be told to arrange with Lord Seaforth's factor for the apprehension of the Prince immediately he set foot on shore.

Meanwhile Clanranald having been informed by Donald MacDonald that the strangers who had landed were some fugitive Jacobite officers, and that his relative Allan MacDonald was with them, he went off as privately as he could, accompanied only by Neil MacEachainn, and made his way to Rossinish, where he found the Prince and his companions discussing the arrangements for the proposed journey to Stornoway. Charles received Clanranald with many kind expressions, and at once confided to him the plan then under consideration, which appears to have met with the old chief's approval, and before he left it was agreed that the story to be spread about through the Lews should be, that the Prince and his companions were the shiprecked crew of a merchant vessel wrecked off the island of Tiree, from whence, being anxious to return to their homes in the Orkneys, they had come to Uist, where MacDonald of Boisdale had advised them to take a passage with some of his men who were going to Stornoway to charter a ship for the purpose of bringing meal from the Orkneys to supply the country. O'Sullivan was to pose as the master of the wrecked vessel and assume the name of Sinclair, Charles was to pass as his son, and Allan MacDonald and O'Neil were to play the parts of first mate and boatswain respectively, under the names of Graham and Neilson.

These details settled, Clanranald took his leave of the Prince and set out with MacEachainn for Nunton, while Donald MacLeod, Ned Burke, and the other men who had come from Borrodale proceeded to get the boat ready for sea. This was soon done, and at about six o'clock on the evening of the 29th, Charles and his little company again committed their lives and fortunes to the treacherous waters of the stormy Minch, and with the faithful MacLeod once more at the helm, steered out to sea and shaped their course northwards in the direction of Stornoway.[1]

[1] Neil MacEachainn states, that the Prince and his companions did not get farther than Loch Maddy on the night of the 29th, and remained there all day on the 30th in hiding, fearing to venture forth until nightfall, lest they should be captured. He says they arrived at Scalpa on May 1st. I have however adhered to Donald MacLeod's narrative, as he was one of the party.

Two hours before daybreak Donald found himself close to Scalpa, a small rocky island at the entrance of East Loch Tarbert, known in the vernacular as *Eilean Glas* (Grey Island), then leased to Donald Campbell, with whom he was well acquainted. To have proceeded farther in broad daylight would have exposed the Prince to the risk of capture from one or other of the many Government vessels which were scouring the seas and lochs of the Long Island on the look-out for foreign ships-of-war and escaping Jacobites; he therefore, with Charles' consent, ran

The old lady on the right is Mrs. Flora MacLeod, great-granddaughter of Donald Campbell, Scalpa, the Prince's host. *Vide* footnote

the boat ashore at Ard na h-adhadh and conducted the whole party to Campbell's house, which stood at a short distance from the shore.[1]

[1] The house was demolished a little more than twenty years ago by order of Sir Edward Scott, proprietor of the island, as it was fast falling into decay. A new house was built on the same site (see photo on p. 209), and a tablet with a Gaelic inscription inserted in the wall over the door to commemorate the Prince's visit. The inscription runs as follows: "*Air an laraich so bhan tigh san do chuir Prionnsa Tearlach seachad gu h-allbanach cuid de laidheabh mar fhogarrach na rioghachd dhligheach fein*" "(On this site was the house in which Prince Charles spent part of his days as a wandering exile, in his own rightful kingdom)." The house is now occupied by Mr. Kenneth Campbell, merchant, to whom I am indebted for the information, which he gave me when on the island. I also paid a visit to Mrs. Flora MacLeod, a great-granddaughter of Donald Campbell, the Prince's host. The old lady is seventy-six years of age, and looked, when I saw her, hale and hearty. She kindly took the trouble to relate to me in Gaelic the whole story of the Prince's visit, which tallies very nearly with the account given by MacDonald of Baleshair in the "Lyon in Mourning." I secured a photo of Mrs. MacLeod, taken under great difficulties, which will be found above.—W. D. N.

Campbell, like the majority of his fellow clansmen, professed attachment to the House of Hanover, but he was a kindly, hospitable, worthy man, in spite of his name and politics, and, if Ned Burke may be credited, "one of the best, honestest fellows that ever drew breath."[1] His wife moreover, was a MacDonald, own sister to Hugh MacDonald of Baleshair, a fact which greatly assisted to remove any fears the Prince had of accepting the shelter of a Campbell roof. It was, however, thought safer to keep up the fiction of the wrecked merchant-vessel, and Charles and his friends were therefore introduced to the tacksman of Scalpa under their assumed characters of distressed mariners. Campbell may or may not have had his suspicions that his visitors were not what they pretended to be, but, if he had any doubts, his regard for the unwritten laws of Highland hospitality did not allow them to interfere with his duties of host; he welcomed the strangers one and all to his humble abode, ordered a great fire to be lit for their comfort, and put the best cheer his house afforded before them. The following day, Thursday, May 1st, MacLeod borrowed a small sailing boat from his friend and set out for Stornoway, where he hoped to find a vessel suitable for the ostensible purpose of bringing a cargo of meal from the Orkneys, but in which the Prince, if he thought proper, might effect his escape to the Continent.

During MacLeod's absence, Charles, notwithstanding his many cares and anxieties, gave himself up to the quiet, homely enjoyment of a Highlander's rough out-door life, and readily adapted himself to his novel environment. He was soon on the best of terms with his hostess, who, having received from one of her MacDonald kinsmen a hint regarding her guest's identity, took special care to treat him with the greatest respect and consideration. Every morning, before any one was stirring in the house, he would rise from his bed, saunter down to the shore and sit upon the rocks watching the sea, or wander across the hilly moorland at the back of the little township, returning with a smiling face to tell Mrs. Campbell his walk had made him very hungry, and ask her what she was going to give him for breakfast. On one occasion he was rummaging, with all the inquisitiveness of a schoolboy, among the kitchen utensils, when he came across a couple of newly laid eggs in a cask of seeds—eagerly seizing upon the treasures, he carried them triumphantly to the good-wife and begged her to cook them

[1] Neil MacEachainn calls him "an enemy by name and a downright hypocrite in his heart," but Neil was a MacDonald and hated all Campbells like poison. I can find no justification for this strong expression of opinion regarding Donald Campbell of Scalpa.—W. D. N.

for him, which she was only too delighted to do. Once he went out on a fishing excursion with his host's young son, Kenneth, and succeeded in catching his supper in the shape of a small cod. The lad was talkative and curious, and plied Charles with so many embarrassing questions respecting the supposed wreck, the size of the ship, and the destination of the crew, that at last the harassed Prince had to change the subject abruptly and make for the house. On the way thither, when near Ard an Aiseag, one of Mr. Campbell's cows was discovered floundering hopelessly

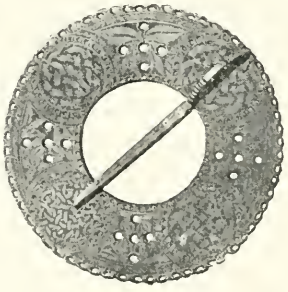
House at Scalpa, built on the site of the one in which the Prince stayed when on the island. A stone tablet over the door commemorates the fact. *Vide* note 1, p. 207.

in a deep bog; Kenneth at once went to the rescue, but his exertions were of no avail until Charles came to his assistance. Regardless of the consequences to his nether garments and white hose, the heir of the Stuarts flung off his outer coat and strode recklessly into the wet, yielding peat-moss, out of which, after a great deal of trouble, he managed to drag the frightened beast.[1]

To the grave, erudite student of dry historical tomes, such incidents

[1] I am disinclined to credit the story given by Buchanan in his "Travels in the Western Hebrides," and reprinted in Mr. Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 48, note 3, in which it is stated that while the Prince was on the Island of Scalpa, an attempt was made by Aulay MacAulay and others to capture him and earn the Government reward. If such an event had happened it would surely have been referred to by one or other of the many narrators who furnished information to Bishop Forbes.—W. D. N.

as these may seem trivial and commonplace, but to Highlanders they have a very real and pathetic human interest, an interest which is as intense to-day, among the poor shepherds and humble crofters whose uneventful lives are spent amid the scenes of the Prince's wanderings, as it was a hundred and fifty-seven years before to the ancestors of these self-same men, when *Prionnsa Tearlach* was a living, breathing entity in their midst. Over and over again the author, while listening to the recital of some Prince Charlie tradition on the spot where the incident in course of narration was said to have occurred, from the lips of a direct descendant of one of the actors in the story, has been pleasantly astonished to note how real was the interest displayed by the narrator in every little detail of the Prince's doings ; time itself seemed to have been bridged over, and one could almost believe that the events described had happened but a few weeks, or at most, a few months ago. It was a revelation of the depths of Jacobite sentiment still remaining in the land of the Gael, among the unsophisticated dwellers on the soil, after the lapse of more than a century and a half of Hanoverian rule, or perhaps it might be more accurate to say, when referring to the Highlands of Scotland, misrule. Long may the old sentiment remain is the sincere wish of the author.



END OF VOL. III.

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