

# A RELIC OF THE “FORTY-FIVE.”<sup>1</sup>

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IN the Chetham Library<sup>2</sup>, at Manchester, there is a little volume, formerly in the possession of Barrett, the well-known Manchester antiquary, which adds one or two facts to our previous knowledge of the Rebellion of 1745. The manuscript of which we speak is numbered 8029, and is thus described in the catalogue:—

“8029—A small M.S., 12°. This is a kind of brief diary or journal of some person unknown—apparently a partizan of the rebel army in 1745, who received sentence of death, amongst others of the like description, at Carlisle, but was reprieved, and afterwards joined an expedition sent by order of the Government to the East Indies.”

“James Miller his Book Made at Madrassapatam In East India September ye 14 —A<sup>no</sup> Domini 1749.”

This last entry is on the fly-leaf, and the next seventeen pages are entitled:—

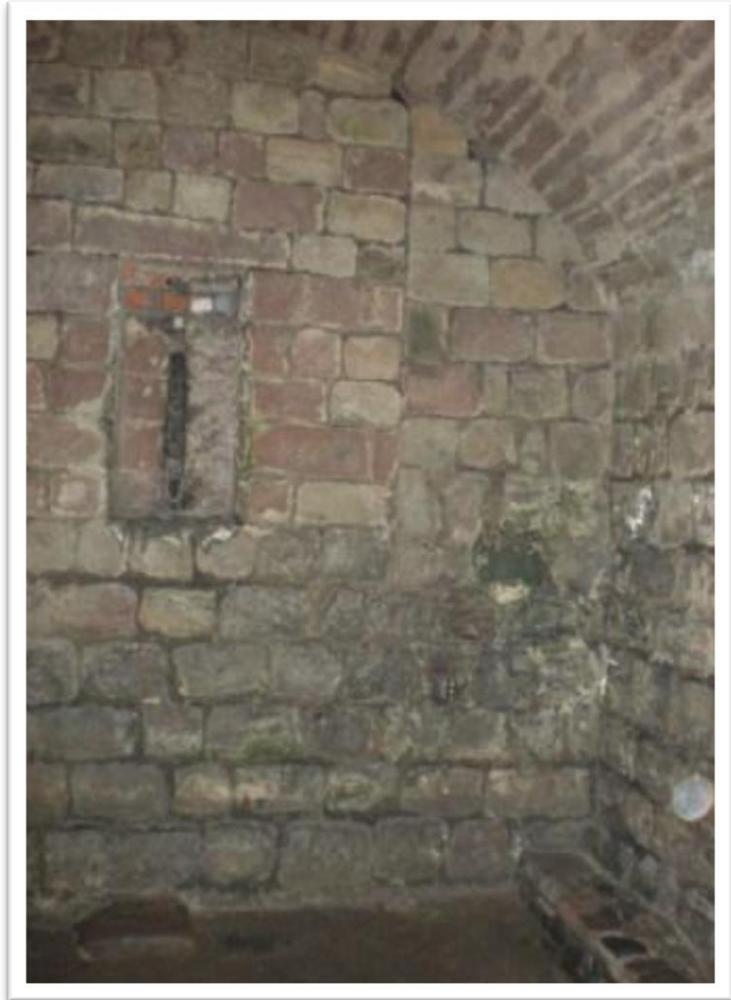
“A Book of Prayers For Private Persons Upon Severall occasions. Taken out of Many Authors of the Church of England, and Composed att Fort St. George otherwise Madrassapatam In East India Ano. Domini 1749.”

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<sup>1</sup> The Reliquary and Illustrated Archaeologist: a quarterly journal ..., [Volume 11](#) page [197](#).

<sup>2</sup> Bibliotheca Chethamensis Catalogi Tomus [III](#).

So far there is nothing very promising, but if the reader will turn the book upside down, and commence at the other end, he will find he has left James Miller's pious orisons behind, and is perusing the diary or narrative of one who followed Prince Charlie in the fatal "forty-five." He joined on the 7<sup>th</sup> of December, when the army was at Leek, in Staffordshire, retreating to Scotland. Of their march he gives no particulars, beyond a brief notice of the Duke of Cumberland's check at Clifton Moor. "When Carlisle surrendered," says our witness, "the officers were confined in the town gaol, and the private persons in the cathedral church, there being no other place in the town large enough to hold so large a number; we were barbarously treated, the soldiers rifling us, and taking everything from us, both money and clothes; they did not allow us any provisions for three days, and on the fourth but one small biscuit a man." So



Licking Stones

much for solid food, now as to liquid sustenance. An old well which was in the church itself, and had been unused for a century, was unclosed for the benefit of the prisoners, who, if they were too fastidious to drink thereof, had the alternative allowed them of perishing of thirst. On January 12<sup>th</sup>, according to our diarist, the officers were removed, and the two next days other detachments of prisoners were sent off to York, Lancaster, and Chester jails. The officers were tightly pinioned, arms and legs, so that it was impossible for them to escape, and only with difficulty they could hold the bridle. Each horse was fastened to its predecessor. This melancholy procession was headed by Hamilton, the late Governor; his horse was led by a dragoon, who bore in his hand a naked sword. After the band of officers were more dragoons, two of whom held a rope, to which the undistinguished herd of rebels were attached. Our hero was one of the sorry band which left Carlisle on the 14<sup>th</sup>, in charge of the brutal soldiery,

anxious to emulate the barbarity of their royal commander—at least they could only hope to equal it; to surpass it would have been impossible.

On their arrival at Lancaster, on the 18<sup>th</sup>, they were heavily ironed, their allowance for food from the Government was fourpence a day, but the jailor being a man of enterprise, confiscated this sum, and in return fed them upon the garbage and refuse of the meat market. In spite of this humane and considerate treatment, the prisoners were dissatisfied, and eighty of them were such ungrateful rebels as to sicken and die.

Amidst these horrors our diarist remained until the 1<sup>st</sup> of August, when forty-nine prisoners were marched to Carlisle, guarded by a company of soldiers, and there confined. Eight days after, one Peter Taylor effected his escape, but was unlucky enough to be re-captured at Kendal. This brought fresh hardships upon his friends, and increased the closeness and severity of their confinement in the castle. More prisoners were brought into the town; more, indeed, than the ingenuity of jailors could find room for. This want of space procured for the rebels mercy they might otherwise have sued for in vain. By a process of very doubtful legality, a number of them, selected by chance, the most obnoxious having been previously eliminated, were allowed to accept immediate transportation as their punishment instead of awaiting their trial with the certainty of the gallows beyond it. The number for trial was reduced to 127, who were arraigned on the 9<sup>th</sup> of September, “where, by the advice of a friend, I unfortunately pleaded guilty,” says the Diarist.

Several others united in this plea in the delusive hope of pardon. They were soon undeceived. On the 19<sup>th</sup> our diarist received sentence of death, and on the 26<sup>th</sup> came the death-warrant, fixing the day for his execution on the 15<sup>th</sup> of November, *being the anniversary of the day when the rebels took Carlisle!* For two months he remained in the valley of the shadow of death, looking forward to a death upon the gallows, and a traitor’s unhonoured grave. Two months of suspense and agony, and then on November 14<sup>th</sup>, the day on which “twenty poor souls suffered at Carlisle, seven at Penrith, and six at Brampton,” he was reprieved. Here the diarist and his fellow-prisoners remained, until there came a messenger from the Duke of Newcastle, and with him Lieutenant George Gordon, with instructions to enlist as many as were fit and able, acquainting them that they were to go to the East Indies on a secret expedition against the French. This is the only gleam of merciful policy visible in the actions of the Government. These men had proved their soldierly qualities, and abroad they would be fighting for old England, and care little whether it was under the banner of James or George.<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup> “... and it is H[is] M[ajesty]’s particular direction to me, that I desire you not to be nice as to the principles of those you enlist; but, on the contrary, rather chuse those whose loyalty has of late been most suspicious.”—*H. Fox to the Lord President Forbes (Culloden Papers, p. 304)*.

September 27<sup>th</sup> found them at Penrith, where they were civilly treated by Gordon, and after the hardships they had undergone, it must have been a delightful sensation to receive fair words and fair promises from any one wearing the king's uniform. With their long marching their feet were almost naked. Complaisant Gordon promised to furnish them with new understandings. Then comes the shoemaker and places a bundle of new shoes on the ground; those who will enlist may have shoes at once, those who refuse may carry their feet to be shod where they will. Only two were tempted, the rest refusing, being harshly treated in consequence, and marched by long and fatiguing stages to York. Meanwhile the wily Gordon had stolen a march upon them, and by an unvarnished assertion that they had all enlisted, had made many recruits amongst the prisoners there. By threats and cajolements many were induced to join. Some were still obstinate, and refused to bear arms for King George. Six were sent back to Carlisle for execution, the remainder were to be sent on board ship, safely secured, and treated as the Admiral thought fit. Seeing that further resistance was useless, the obdurate now gave way, and on the 25<sup>th</sup> October, they went on board the *Royal Duke*, and sailed for India.

It would be of little use to reproduce our hero's impressions of his voyage. He is not a very minute observer, and deals much in generalities. Madeira belongs to the Portuguese, who, he tells us, are very courteous to strangers, and of a tawny complexion. This bit of ethnology is followed by a similar fragment of geographical lore, for, on the 29<sup>th</sup> they saw the "*Pike* of Teneriffe, supposed to be the highest hill in the world."

The only active service our hero appears to have seen, was the unsuccessful siege of Pondicherry, by Admiral Boscawen. It is not an incident of much note in military annals; not nearly so famous as the successful siege of that town, thirteen years later, when Coote razed its ramparts and filled its moat with mud, and so we shall not follow day by day his record of the progress of the siege; his recapitulation of the firing, and skirmishes; the building up and blowing down of forts; his occasional entries of days when nothing extraordinary happened "except some few killed and wounded."

Here is a specimen entry—

"Sept. 10, we had several killed and wounded in the Trenches, two Europeans came from the French; surrendered themselves to our Generals. We have had very bad weather of late, the Rains [*sic*] filled with water and mud, being almost unpassable, being so deep that it takes us to the waist and are obliged to stand in them twenty-four hours and to pass and repass everything to the assistance of our Brother Soldiers, the duty is very hard upon us having scarce a night's rest in a week."

No wonder that after these hardships we should find him in the hospital, where he remained a month, "but, thank Almighty God, I returned to my company in pretty good health upon the 4<sup>th</sup> of November."

One extract more from our rebel's narrative, ere we conclude with him:—

“April 12, 1749. At night it began to rain very heavily attended with much thunder and lightning; the 13 it continued with more violence, the wind being so high that it blew up trees by the roots, and such a storm at sea, that the ships lying in Fort St. David's Road were obliged to slip their cables and put out to sea, but the wind blowing right in shore, they could not get out, but most or all sunk or drove to pieces upon shore. The *Namur*, our Admiral's ship of 74 guns and upwards of six hundred men were both lost and but 24 poor [souls] saved out of both ships, Guns of distress were continually firing all day, and we hear that a great number of country ships were lost; we have not heard any certain account of the ships our men embarked in only of the *Pink*, whose ship's crew are safe arrived, but the ship is in a very shattered condition; the *Dealcastle* [a forty gun ship] lies nigh Pondicherry, with her side almost beat out, but the hands are all safe; the *Lincoln* and *Winchelsea*, two East India merchant ships, were both lost, the hands of the former were all saved, but the latter were all buried in the deep. We hear no tidings of the *Apollo* a 40 gun ship, and am [*sic*] much afraid she shared the same fate, William Hargreaves went on board the said ship.”

After all the perils of the ocean and battlefield, it is pleasant to know our hero lived to see his native land once more; lived, let us hope, to be a hale old man, garrulous of his deeds of valour done for “yellow-haired Charlie;” of the perils he had undergone beneath the feverish sun of India; and of the dangers of the mighty deep. His diary ends thus:—

“April 13, 1750. About 5 o'clock in the afternoon we joyfully saw the land of Great Britain.

“April 14. Came to an anchor at St. Helens.”

The writer of this narrative has never been identified; the attempt has, perhaps, appeared too hopeless to be attempted.

As he joined at Leek, the probability appeared to be that he was an inhabitant of that quarter. Following up this slight clue, I communicated with Mr. John Sleight, the author of the “History of Leek,” who found on examining the list of those rebels who were tried at Carlisle, only the following names, which could possibly have belonged to Leek recruits:—William Cook, sentenced (Sept. 18), James Chadwick (Sept. 18), Molineux Eaton (Sept. 12), William Hargraves (Sept 16), John Radclyffe (Sept. 17), and Thomas Harvey (Sept. 19.)

The list of rebels we find in Mounsey's “[Carlisle in 1745](#)” (p. [248](#)), but in the matter of dates of their trial we have preferred to follow the *Gentleman's Magazine* (vol. [xvi.](#), p. [554](#)), which, as a contemporary account, is more likely to be accurate. Our inquiries would appear to point out, from the agreement of dates, Thomas Harvey, as the “person unknown,” whose narrative we have now examined.