

A True and Full ACCOUNT of the late *Bloody and Desperate Battle* fought at *Gladsmuir*, betwixt the Army under the Command of His Royal Highness CHARLES Prince of *Wales*, &c. and That commanded by Lieutenant General *Cope*, on *Saturday* the *21st September*, 1745. To which is prefix'd Occasional Reflections on the amazing happy Success, which has hitherto attended His Royal Highness.

And hereto is added complete Lists of Prisoners, and the killed and wounded; together with a Detail of the Circumstances, which have been Consequential of the said Battle, &c.

AS Things are now come to that Issue, that we enjoy some Foretastes of that precious Liberty, whereof we have long had but the empty Name, and Men may freely speak those Sentiments, which but very lately would have been peril even in our secret Thoughts, could the Rigour of Laws and the Terrors of Power have reached them there; you'll allow the few following Lines a Place in your Paper.

I have been a Spectator of what has happened here of late, tho' I could not be an unconcerned one, as I love my Country; but as I have no Party Rage, and have taken no Side, I can less suspected of Partiality or Prejudice. Tho' I am as remote from Enthusiasm as any Man, yet I am not void of Religion, but love to spend some leisure Hours now and then, in contemplating the Divine Wisdom, Power and Goodness, display'd in the wonderful Methods and Events of God's Providence: The Occurrences of some Weeks past have furnished more than ordinary Number and Variety of Speculations of this sort.

When I see a Prince born to Rule, and endowed with every Quality that can fit him for it, a Prince of whom it may be said more truly than of *Titus Vespasian*, that he is the Delight of Mankind, the Admiration of all that know him, whom to see, is to love, his Presence and Manner commanding Reverence, softening Hearts, conquering Prejudices, and turning the Spite of his Enemies into Respect and the warmest Affection. A Prince of our own Blood, being the direct lineal Descendent of the ancient Race of our *Scots* Kings, which for 2000 Years and more had governed a free and happy People. A Prince who might have lived in Ease and Safety, and Splendour abroad, without running Hazards on a personal Account. When I see this Prince listening to the Groans of his oppressed unhappy People, and exposing his sacred Person for their Respect, animated more by Zeal to rescue his Country from Ruin, than to recover the just Rights of his Family. When I see this Prince not trusting to the Arm of Flesh, but placing his Confidence (next under God, who can confound worldly Power and Policy) in the Justice of his Cause, and the Affections of his People, accompanied with a very small Retinue, being just seven of his own faithful Friends, embarking in a small vessel, committing himself to the Mercy of Winds and Seas, and to the greater Danger of many armed Enemies, which lay in his Way. When I see him, through so many Difficulties, landing in a remote Corner of his Country, ill furnished with Accommodations fit for his Birth and Merit; when I find the first News with which he was entertained after his Arrival, was of a great Price set on his innocent Head, to encourage Ruffians to take away his Life; and of a disciplined Army of 4000 Men, to hinder the Acquisition of his undoubted Right; when, in spite of so many Discouragements and Incumbrances, I see a little one become a thousand, great things issuing from

small Beginnings; a gallant resolute Army of faithful Subjects brought together in a short Time, the Enemies Forces struck with Terror, fleeing while none pursued, their General Officers taking Shelter in Castles, and the Officers of State running into *England* for a while's Safety. When I see this banished, proscribed, darling Prince march on Foot above an hundred and fifty Miles, from a distant Part of his Dominions, to the Capital of this ancient Kingdom, without Effusion of Blood, without striking a Blow, or any ill Accident happening, and in six Weeks from his landing, lodged in the Palace of his Ancestors, wherein none of his Family had been for 63 Years before, and saluted on his Arrival there, by the loudest Acclamations and Shouts of the People, in Raptures of Joy and Admiration. When I take a Review of all this amazing Scene, what can I conclude, but that this Prince is the Care of Heaven, as well as the Darling of his People. Can any be so stupid, as not to discern the Finger of GOD in these great Transactions? Or can any one doubt, but the same good Providence, which has so remarkably interposed in his Behalf, can and will continue to protect and prosper him, to confound the Policy and Power of his Enemies, and make all Opposition fall before him.

The SPEECH of Sir John Cope General of the Usurper's Army, a little before the Engagement, on Saturday the 21st September 1745, at Preston-Grange, six Miles East from Edinburgh;

Gentlemen, you are just now to engage with a Parcel of Rabble, a Parcel of Brutes, being a small Number of *Scots* Highlanders. You can expect no Booty from such a poor despicable Pack. I have Authority to declare, That you shall have eight full Hours Liberty to plunder and pillage the City of *Edinburgh*, *Leith*, and Suburbs, (the Places which harboured and succoured them) at your Discretion, with Impunity.

The *Grants of Glenmoriston* joined the Prince's Army, *Sept. 20*. That Morning his Royal Highness the Prince put himself at the Head of the Army at *Duddingston*, and presenting his Sword, said, *My Friends, I have flung away the Scabbard*. This was answered with a cheerful Huzza. The Army marched and drew up on *Carberry-Hill*, where we learned that General *Cope* had fallen down to the low Country, East of *Prestonpans*. This directed our March along the Brow of the Hill, till we descried the Enemy, upon which the Highlanders gave a Shout by Way of Defiance, expressing such Eagerness to run down upon them, that nothing less than Authority could restrain them from coming to Action directly.

Some Gentlemen went out to observe their Camp and reconnoitre the Ground, while the Army advanced, till it came opposite to and at half a Mile's Distance from the Enemy. These Gentlemen returning, informed, that they had got into a Fastness, having a very broad and deep Ditch in Front, the Town of *Preston* on the Right, some Houses and a small Morass on the Left, and on the Frith of *Forth* on the Rear. This made it impracticable to attack them in Front but at the greatest Risk.

That Evening Mr. *Cope* discharged several Cannon at us. A Gentleman, who had seen their Army that Day advised us, 'That they were above 4000 strong, besides Volunteers, Seceders, &c. from *Edinburgh*, and several Gentlemen at the Head of their Tenants; that General *Hamilton's* Dragoons stood on their Right, Colonel *Gardner's* on the Left; the Regiments abroad and at home formed the Centre, and that they were all in top Spirits.'

Both Armies lay upon their Arms all Night. Mr. *Cope's* threw off several Coehorns, to let us understand they were alert, and had large Fires at several Places round their Camp. Our Men continued very silent, not one Word was heard.

About three in the Morning of *Saturday* the 21st we got off the Ground and marched Eastward; then turning North, formed a Line in order to prevent the Enemy's Retreat through the East Country, while another Body of Men were posted to

provide against their stealing a March upon us towards *Edinburgh*.

The Disposition being made, his Royal Highness, the Prince, addressed his Army in these Words, '*Follow me, Gentlemen, by the Assistance of God I will this Day make you a free and happy People.* We marched cheerfully on and engaged the Enemy. The Right Wing was led on by his Grace the Duke of *Perth* Lieutenant-General, and consisted of the Regiments of *Clanronald*, *Keppoch*, *Glengarry* and *Glencoe*. The Left, by the Right Honourable Lord *George Murray* Lieutenant-General, consisting of the Battalions of *Camerons*, commanded by *Lochyle*; the *Stuarts* of *Appin*, by *Ardheill*; one Body of the *MacGregors*, with *Glencairneg*, and the rest of the *Macgregors* with the Duke of *Perth*'s men, under Major *James Drummond*. The Enemy's artillery plaid furiously upon our left, especially on *Lochyle*'s battalions; yet only one private man was killed, and a Gentleman wounded: their cannon also raked our Right Wing, but did no great Execution. Their Cannon were followed by a very regular Fire of the Dragoons on Right and Left, and this again by close Platoons of all their Infantry, which our Men received with Intrepidity and an Huzza; nor did we return the Enemy's Fire, till we approached them so near as that the Colfin of our Shot might set their Whiskers on Fire. The Highlanders then drew their Swords, and carried all before them like a Torrent; killing or making Prisoners every Officer of the Infantry, except Major *Mosman*, and either one or two more, which escaped with their General.'

The Prince's Army found 4000*l.* Sterling in General *Cope*'s Military Chest.

A second Account of the Battle, &c.

The Signal having been given to form and attack, nothing could parallel the Celerity and Dextrousness with which the Highlanders performed that Motion, except the Courage and Ardour with which they afterwards fought, and pulling off their Bonnets, looking up to Heaven, made a short Prayer, and run forward. They received a very full Fire from Right to Left of the Enemy, which killed several; but advancing up, they discharged and threw down their Muskets, and drawing their broad Swords, gave a most frightful and hideous Shout, rushing most furiously upon the Enemy, so that in seven or eight Minutes, both Horse and Foot were totally routed and drove from the Field of Battle; though it must be owned, that the Enemy fought very gallantly, but they could not withstand the Impetuosity, or rather Fury of the Highlanders, and were forced to *run* when they could no longer *resist*.

Some Dragoons formed soon after on a neighbouring Eminence, but observing our Men marching to attack them, fled to *Dalkeith*, others took Shelter in the neighbouring Villages, others again got to *Leith*; some Dragoons and Foot fled into *Edinburgh*, who discharged their load Pistols at People in the Street.

As the second Line, which was commanded by the Lord *Nairn*, and consisted of the *Athole* Men, *Strowan*'s People, the *Maclachlans*, &c. could not come up to have a Share of the Honour; and the Nobility, Gentry, &c. stood on Horseback, as a Reserve, it may in Justice be said, That 2000 *Highland* foot, unsupported by Horse, and charged in Front and Flank with Artillery and small Arms, routed a regular Army of above 4000 Horse and Foot in an open Plain, and obtained a most signal and complete Victory with a very inconsiderable Loss.

We had killed on the Spot in this Battle of *Gladsmuir*, near *Seton* House,

Capt. Robert Stuart, of *Ardheill*'s battalion;

Capt. Archibald Macdonald, of *Keppoch*'s;

Lieut. Allan Cameron of *Lindevera*, and Ensign James Cameron, both of *Lochel*'s Regiment.

Capt. James Drummond, *alias* Macgregor, mortally wounded, of the Duke of Perth's regiment.

And about 30 private men, and 70 or 80 wounded.

On the other hand, the enemy had killed,

Col. Gardner,	Ensign Forbes.
Capt. John Stuart of Phifgil,	PRISONERS.
Capt. Rogers,	Of Guife's <i>Regiment</i> .
Capt. Bifhop,	Capt. Pointz,
Lieut. Cuming,	Capt. Monro,
Lieut. Patton,	Capt. Lieut. Macnab,
Ensign Wakeman,	Capt. Stewart,
Ensign Irvine,	Lieut. Reed,
<i>Lord John Murray's Regiment</i>	Ensign Grant,
Capt. Sir Peter Murray	Ensign Rofs,
Lieut. James Farquharson	Ensign Maclaggan.
Ensign Allan Campbell.	Of Lafcelle's <i>Regiment</i> .
Of Lee's <i>Regiment</i> .	Major Severn,
Col. Peter Halket,	Capt. Barlow,
Capt. Bafil Cochran,	Capt. Adam Drummond,
Capt. Chapman	Capt. Forrefter,
Capt. Tatton,	Capt. Anderfon,
Lieut. Sandilands,	Capt. Corbet,
Lieut. Drummond,	Capt. Collier,
Lieut. Kennedy,	Lieut. Swinie,
Lieut. Hewitfon,	Lieut. Johnfton,
Ensign Hardwick,	Lieut. Carrick,
Ensign Archer,	Lieut. Dundafs,
Ensign Dumbar,	Lieut. Herring,
Mr. Wilfon as Quartermaster,	Ensign Stone,
Dr. Young,	Ensign Cox,
Of Murray's <i>Regiment</i> .	Ensign Bell,
Lieut. Col. Clayton,	Ensign Gordon,
Major Talbot,	Ensign Goulton,
Capt. Reid,	Dr. Drummond,
Capt. John Cochran,	Of Hamilton's <i>Dragoons</i> .
Capt. Scot.	Col. Wright,
Capt. Thomas Lefly,	Major Bowles,
Capt. Blackes,	Cornet Jacob,
Lieut. Thomas Hay,	Cornet Nafh,
Lieut. Disney,	Dr. Trotter.
Lieut. Wale,	Of Gardner's <i>Dragoons</i> .
Lieut. Wry,	Col. Whitney,
Lieut. Simms,	Lieut. Grafton,
Ensign Sutherland,	Cornet Burroughs,

Ensign Lucey,
Ensign Haldane,
Ensign Binnie,
Ensign L'Esrange,

Earl of Loudoun's Regiment.
Capt. Mackay,

Cornet Alcock,
Quartermaster West,
Col. Whiteford, Volunteer,
Major Griffith Master-Gunner
of Edinburgh Castle.
In all 84 Officers, &c.
Many of the above wounded.

'Tis computed about 500 of the Enemy were killed; and that 900 are wounded, and that we have taken about 1400 Prisoners. All their Cannon, Mortars, several Colours, Standards, abundance of Horses and Arms were taken. As was all their Baggage, Equipage, &c.

The Prince, as soon as Victory declared for him, mounted his Horse, and put a Stop to the Slaughter; and finding no Surgeons amongst the Enemy, dispatched an Officer to *Edinburgh*, with Orders to bring all the Surgeons to attend; which was accordingly done.

The Victorious PRINCE lay that Night at the House of *Pinkie*, and returned Yesternight to *Holy-wood-house*, welcomed by the loudest Acclamations of the People.

Several Serjeants and Corporals, with a vast many private Men, have entered into the Prince's Service; so that, with the Volunteers who come in, the Clerks of the Office have no Leisure to eat, drink, or sleep, by enlisting. These Serjeants and Corporals are now beating up for Volunteers to serve Prince *Charles*.

A great many of the Dragoons of *Hamilton* and *Gardner's* Regiment have also enlisted, and we hear are to be incorporated with the Prince's Squadrons.

The poor Soldiers who were wounded at the late Battle daily die of their Wounds, both in Town and Country; and such of them as have been able to crawl to Town, are cheerfully succoured by the Inhabitants.

All the Prisoners taken at the Battle of *Gladsmuir*, have been brought to Town, and are most humanly and civilly used, agreeably to the Orders issued in that Respect. The Officers were lodged in *Queensbery* House, but are free at Liberty upon Parole, not to depart from the City, nor correspond with the Garrison of the Castle, &c. The Soldiers remain confined in the Church and Prisons of *Canongate*, &c.

Besides the List of Prisoners taken at the Battle, and published in our last, we learn, That Sir *Thomas Hay* of *Park* (in the County of *Galloway*) Bart. a Lieutenant in Col. *Murray's* Regiment, was made Prisoner and his left Hand quite cut off, but is nevertheless in a fair Way of doing well.

And we learn that Captain *Brymer* of *Guise's* Regiment, has died of his Wounds in the Country; that Lieutenant *Cranston* of Colonel *Murray's* Regiment and Captain *Holloway* are also dead of their Wounds.

Certain it is, that never were such Strokes seen given by Sword as on the above Occasion; not only Men's Hands and Feet were cut off, but even the Legs of Horses; and what many saw may be affirm'd for Truth, *viz.* 'That a *Highland* Gentleman (who led up a Division) after breaking through *Murray's* Regiment, fetching a Blow at a Grenadier, the poor Fellow naturally got up his Hand over Head, and not only had his Hand lop'd off, but also his Scull cut above an Inch deep, so that he expired on the Spot.'

Many Things happened that Day, as uncommon and marvellous, as the Events

which preceded and followed that Action seem portentous, and the Effect of an Influence more than human.

So that the Battle of *Gladsmuir* fought on the 21st of *September* 1745, will be classed amongst the most remarkable *British* Affairs.

By this Battle, an innocent Gentleman's Life was saved (a Writer of this City) who had been judged to be hanged at the Head of General *Cope's* Army, on *Saturday* at Ten o'Clock before Noon, as a Spy. He unluckily happened, in his Way from this City to *Haddingtoun*, on Business, to fall in with the General's Camp, and his Father being at the Time a Field-Officer in the Prince's Army, he was suspected as a Reconnoiterer of theirs.

After the most strict Enquiry it now most obviously appears that only 1456 of the *Highland* Army engaged and foiled that commanded by Mr. *Cope*.

The Officers who are Prisoners, extol the Humanity of the Gentlemen who commanded the *Highland* Troops, and acknowledge that no Military (*equal*) Force, with all the Discipline and Stratagems of War yet devised, could have withstood the Resolution and Ardour of the Highlanders on this Occasion.

The Tents and other Utensils furnished by this City to the Army, were Yesterday and this Morning sent down to the Abbey; these, with the Tents taken from the Enemy at the Battle, will serve the whole Army; so that they will encamp this Night. They have also got a pretty Park of Artillery, which they are repairing and augmenting with Diligence.

Yesterday a Letter was read at the Prince's Court, dated at *London*, the 17th instant, advising, That on the 9th five *French* Men of War, and 20 Transports with Troops aboard, sailed from the Port of *Dunkirk*, steering Northward.

A Letter from Capt. H—e, dated at *Canongate*, *Monday* Night last, to his Friend at *Inverness*, has been intercepted; it narrates, 'That while he was along with the two Regiments of Dragoons at *Corstorphine*, &c. a Serjeant had been employed to reconnoitre the *Highland* Army disguised; That by means of a Friend, he had at *Linlithgow*, the Serjeant passed among them as a Farmer who had furnished their Army with Horses, &c. That upon the Serjeants Return, he was examined upon Oath, and deposed, That he believed the *Highland* Army was then 5000 strong, besides some small Out-parties; that he saw Prince *Charles* that Morning sitting along with the Men on the Grads, his Horse's Bridle over his Arm; that upon an Alarm of the Dragoons advancing, he put up in his Pocket a Crust of brown Bread he had been eating, and calling to Arms, said with a loud Voice, *March, my Friends, my beloved Countrymen, let us advance in the Name of the Lord!* Upon which the Letter-writer has this Remark, *This Charles bids fair to imitate the Royal Swede of that Name.*'

A Letter from *London* says, 'The Chevalier de St. *George* has certainly left *Rome*; and is said to be bound for *Scotland*.—And as this Court expects a Descent from *Dunkirk*, or some other Port in *France*, the Regiments of Horse of *Montague Wade*, and Lord *Mark Ker* are ordered to the Coast of *Kent* to ly.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Answer to the Gentlemen who were sent Deputies from the City of Edinburgh, with a Letter from General Guist, threatening, that unless the Communication betwixt the City and Castle was opened, they would fire upon the City.

Gentlemen,

I Am equally surpris'd and concerned at the Barbarity of the Orders that have been signified to you from the Castle, and which those who command in it say they have received from the Elector of *Hannover*, at the same Time that they own they have

fix Weeks Provisions left. If he look'd upon you as his Subjects, he would never exact from you what he knows it is not in your Power to do. And should we, out of Compassion to you, comply with this extravagant Demand of his, he might as well summon us to quit the Town, and abandon those Advantages which Providence has granted us, by crowning the Valour of our Troops with such signal Success. I shall be heartily sorry for any Mischiefe that may befall the City, and shall make it my peculiar Care to indemnify you in the most ample manner. In the mean Time, I shall make full Reprisals upon the Estates of those who are now in the Castle, and even upon all who are known to be open Abettors of the *German* Government, if I am forced to it by the Continuance of such Inhumanities.

CHARLES P.R.

Holy-wood-house, Sept. 30, 1745.

We are advised that General *Cope* had sent down from *Berwick* an attested Copy of an Order he had received from *London*, for bringing the above Distress upon this City, not thinking proper to transmit hither the Original; and that General *Gust* on Receipt thereof, was absolutely tied down to intimate his Orders.

A Body of Gentlemen were last Week detach'd hence, in order to settle with the Town of *Glasgow* the Proportion of the publick Money, &c. payable by that City. They were kindly received by the Magistrates and Community, have amicable compromised the Matter, and highly commend the Prince's Civility and Moderation. We hear that City is to pay down 5000*l.* and Tartanes and Linen for 1000*l.* more.

There is now forming, and pretty well advanced, a Body of Horse Life-Guards for his Royal Highness the Prince, commanded by the Right Honourable the Lord *Elcho*; their Uniform is Blue trimm'd with Red, and laced Waistcoats; they are to consist of four Squadrons of Gentlemen of Character.

The Prince's Tent has been erected in the Camp near *Duddingstoun*, where his Royal Highness lies each Night wrapp'd up in his Highland Plaid. He takes the utmost Pleasure in reviewing his People, and is highly beloved by them.

They write from *Berwick*, that General *Cope* has his Dragoons quartered or encamped on the South-Side of the River *Tweed*, above *Tweedmouth*, and the 700 or 800 *Dutch* encamp on the East-Side of *Tweedmouth*. The People of this Town were confounded, on seeing General *Cope* coming riding up to us, and the Dragoons after him. The Inhabitants fell a cursing the whole *Scots* Nation, and would scarce condescend to let a *Scotsman* stay in Town. Yesterday it was rumoured, that a Body of 400 *Highlanders* from *Dunbar* were advancing towards that Town; whereupon all got to Arms: But on hearing that only four Gentlemen had passed by the Garrison, they recovered their Senses.

F I N I S.