

A  
**J o u r n e y**  
Through Part of  
**England and Scotland**  
Along with the ARMY  
Under the Command of  
His ROYAL HIGHNESS the  
**DUKE of CUMBERLAND.**

Wherein the  
PROCEEDINGS of the ARMY,  
AND THE  
Happy Suppression of the REBELLION  
In the Year 1746.

Are particularly described.

AS ALSO,

The Natural History and Antiquities  
of the several Places passed through.

Together with

The MANNERS and CUSTOMS of the different People,  
especially of the HIGHLANDERS.

By a VOLUNTEER.

Comprised in several Letters to a Friend in LONDON.

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## LETTER I.

SIR,

FTER a most fatiguing Campaign in *Flanders*, we arrived at *Gravesend* the fifth of *November*, 1745. and after a short stay about *London*, we were ordered to march for *Coventry* and *Litchfield*: In our Rout thither we passed through *Hammersmith*, *Acton*, *Brentford*, &c. which being so commonly known to the Inhabitants of *London*, I think needless to describe; and next to *Uxbridge*, a very long Town seated on the River *Coln*, having plenty of extravagant Inns. After passing which River, we enter the County of *Bucks*, and pass through *Chafforn*, a small Village, and so to *Amersham*, a Borough Town, twenty-nine measured Miles from *London*, situated in the *Chiltern*, (that is, a Part of the County abounding in chalky Hills, covered with Woods and Groves of Beeches;) for, in ancient times, it was so thick with Trees, that they rendered it impassable, so it served as a common Harbour for Thieves. From thence to *Missenden*, a good Thoroughfare, having formerly a Monastery, founded by the *D'oily*s, and augmented by the noble Family,

sirnamed *De Missenden*. Four Miles further, we come to *Wendover*, a small Borough Town, and then to *Alesbury*, forty-four Miles from *London*, pleasantly situated, on a rising Ground, near the Confluence of an anonymous Rill, with the *Taine*; a large and well-built Borough Town, surrounded with a great Number of pleasant Meadows and Pastures, and by reason of its standing in the Middle of the County, is the usual Place of Assizes and Sessions; which have added greatly to its Wealth and Populousness. It has also a handsome Market, well provided, and many of the Poor are employed in making Lace for Edgings, but much inferior to those in *Flanders*; though such is the Propensity in Mankind to covet Things, which come from foreign Countries, that even the *French*, who give Fashions to most Nations, buy and sell the finest Laces at *Paris*, under the Name of *Dentelles d'Angleterre*, that is, *English Laces*. It is also in equal Repute for Cattle, which are hereabouts plentifully fed, to the great Profit and Advantage of their Owners. At our first setting out from *London*, we had gentle Frosts, but the Weather soon turned into great Rains and Wind, which continuing daily, made the Roads and Travelling extreme bad; and sprained Ankles were a common Complaint amongst us. After leaving *Alesbury*, our next Day's march was through *East Claydon* to *Buckingham*, fifteen Miles along a pleasant Country, and crossing the River *Ouze* over a Stone-Bridge of six Arches, we entered *Buckingham*, a large

Corporation Town, having a handsome Market-place. This Town is seated on a low Ground; the *Ouze*, very commodious for the Mills, surrounds it on all Sides, but the North: The Castle was seated in the Middle of the Town, upon a great Mount, of the very Ruins of which scarce any thing now remains; it did, as it were, divide the Town into two Parts, the greater Part to the North, where stands the Town-Hall; the lesser to the West, in which there is a Church (though not very antient) formerly noted for the Shrine of St. *Rumbald*. From *Buckingham* our next Stage was through an agreeable and woody Country, to *Towcester*, vulgò *Tosseter* in *Northamptonshire*, antiently called *Tripontium*, from its three Bridges: It is a handsome Town, well provided for the Reception of Travellers. From *Tosseter* we marched twelve Miles to *Daintre*, seventy-three from *London*, eminently seated on the Side of a Hill, a good Thoroughfare, having divers handsome Inns. After travelling nineteen Miles further through a fine Country, we came to *Coventry*, in *Warwickshire*, pleasantly situated, near the Middle of *England*, on the little River *Sherborn*, whose Water is peculiar for its blue Dye. It is at present a City and County, including nineteen Villages and Hamlets. It was enclosed with a strong Wall, demolished in 1662, near three Miles in Compass, with twelve Gates and twenty-six Towers: It has also many beautiful Buildings, amongst which are two Churches of excellent *Gothic* Architecture, standing

near one another, as it were, rivalling each other, one dedicated to the Holy Trinity, the other to St. *Michael*, where is a most curious Piece of Painting, lately erected for an Altar-piece, very much resembling those I had seen in Papist Churches abroad. In the Marketplace stands the stateliest Cross in the Kingdom, it being sixty-six Foot high, adorned with the Statues of several Kings, in curious *Gothic* Sculpture; it was built in *Henry* the Eighth's Time, by Sir *William Holles*, sometime Lord Mayor of *London*, and repaired and beautified *Anno* 1667. Just fronting this Market Cross, in another Street, is the Effigies of *Peeping Tom*, which draws the Regard of all Strangers; it is the Effigies of a Man's Head, as big as Life, carved in Wood, looking out of a Garret-window, kept up as a Memorial of the following Legend. They tell you, that one Lady *Godiva*, to free the Citizens from a large Tribute exacted on them by their Lord, consented to ride through the greatest and most inhabited Street of the City, naked, on horseback; whereupon, an Order was published, commanding all People to keep within their Houses, to shut their Doors and Windows, and no Person, on Pain of Death, to appear in that Street where she rode; upon which, as she was riding along, one Man, more curious than others, ventured to peep out of a Garret-window; for which he was immediately struck blind; others say, apprehended and hanged: By this Means she freed her Citizens from many heavy Impositions. And, as a further Monument of

this Action, *Leofrick*, her Husband, (who died in the thirteenth Year of *Edward the Confessor*) set up his own Picture, together with that of *Godiva*, his Countess, in the Windows of *Trinity Church*, with this Inscription:

*I, Lurick, for the Love of the,  
Do set Coventry Tool free.*

And a Procession or Cavalcade is still yearly. made in Memory of *Godiva*, with a naked Figure, representing her riding on horseback through the City.— This Place was formerly enriched with the Manufacture of Cloathing, being the only Mart Town of this Country, and of greater Resort than could be expected from its Midland Situation; but now this Trade is much decayed: But it deals pretty much at present in Small Wares, such as Worsted Stuffs, Ribbons, &c. After some short stay in *Coventry*, and marching five Miles, we came to *Meriden*, consisting chiefly of Inns, being otherwise a scattered Village, but remarkable for the best bottled Beer, at the *Black Bull*, which greatly refreshed us on our March, which was twenty Miles this Day, through exceeding bad Roads, to a Town situated on the River *Tame*, called *Tamworth*, in *Staffordshire*; it is a very straggling long Town, has a good handsome Market-place, and just before we enter the Town is a Bridge over a Rill, of one exceeding high Arch, that is difficult to pass for its great Assent on each Side, and so narrow, that but two People can go a-breast: this was a great Rarity to me at

this Time (but since, I have seen many such in *Scotland*.) Here is a Squire, a great Jockey, with whom I quartered, whose House and Gardens are situated just by the Banks of the *Tame*, where from his Summer-House we had a most entertaining Prospect of its beautiful winding Course. Our next Day's March was but very small, to *Litchfield*, a very antient City, as appears by many of its Buildings; formerly called *Licidfield*, i.e. *Campus Cadavorum*, from the many martyred Bodies, in the *Dioclesian* Persecution, to which possibly alludes the Arms of the City, viz. three slain Kings. This City is an hundred and eighty Miles from *London*, stands low, and is pretty large and neat; is divided into two Parts, by a kind of Lough, or clear Water, which is but shallow; however, they have a Communication by two Causeys, made cross it, which have their respective Sluices for the Passage of the Water. The South Part, or hindermost, is by much the greatest, being divided into several Streets, and it has in it a School and a pretty large Hospital, dedicated to *St. John*, for the Use of the Poor. The further is the less, yet adorned with a very beautiful Church, which, with the fine Walls and antient *Gothick* Workmanship that surrounds rounds it, like a Castle, and the fair Houses of the Prebendaries, and the Bishop's Palace, all about it, make a lovely Show; with three lofty Stone Spires, of most curious Carving rising from it.—We have been about a Fortnight's March to this Place, and have had, most Part of the Time, exceeding bad

rainy and windy Weather, which occasions us to be generally enough tired and wet, when we come to our Quarters; yet I have a great deal of Pleasure, as well as Fatigue, in these Journies, for we are received mighty kindly, wherever we come, and the old Women along the Road-sides, with lifted-up Hands, constantly pity, pray for, and bless us, as we go by: When the Publick Houses are too full, we are taken in by the Gentlemen and Tradesmen, who kindly entertain us; so that this present Treatment (from all those who are true Lovers of their King and Country, and its Religion) gives us Spirits to go on boldly, in order to suppress the faithless Rebels, and are Civilities that I was before unaccustomed to meet with in our Campaigns in *Flanders*. We are getting ready, in order for marching tomorrow for *Ridgley*, six Miles distance, hoping to get nearer the Rebels, whom we hear are got to *Preston* and *Wiggan*, in *Lancashire*: His Royal Highness the Duke is with with us here, whose Presence greatly encourages all of us; so that we desire nothing more than to see the Enemy. Time obliges me to end; and am, Sir,

*Yours, &c*

*Litchfield, November 27, 1745.*





## LETTER II.

*SIR,*

**A**T *Litchfield* we left most of our Baggage, not having Conveniences for its further Carriage, and went no further the first Day than *Ridgley*, a small Thoroughfare Market Town; and next Day we crossed the *Trent*, over *Ouzley-Bridge*, near to which Place Sir *Thomas Ousley* has a handsome Country Seat. We then all along our Journey to *Stone* have frequent delightful Views of the River *Trent*, and pass by a large Salt-work at *Shirley-Wich*, and a fine Country: This Day's March was fifteen Miles, to *Stone*, a good handsome Market Town, with good Inns: After halting here a Day, we were ordered to *Newcastle Under-Line*, a large, but dirty Town, well accommodated with Inns, having a good handsome Marketplace; it suffered much in the Barons Wars, and the *New Castle*, from whence it was denominated, is now levelled: The adjacent Parts yield good Quantities of Pit-Coal; and, about three Miles from the Town, is a Manufacture of Earthen Ware, which imitates brown China, and makes curious Black Tea-Pots, &c. resembling Japan, being neatly figured and gilt: We had here about five Regiments, Horse and Foot, which was our most advanced Post; and, just as we had settled ourselves, got some Refreshment, and

many in Bed, our Drums beat to Arms, the common Cry along the Streets, was, that the Rebels were entering the Town, the Women and Children, all over the Streets, were running about like mad People, crying, and fainting for Fear, and flying into the Country amongst their Friends to seek Shelter from the Rebels. Our Regiments were all drawn up on the Parade. and rested there, under Arms, for some Time, when it proved to be a false Alarm, supposed to be occasioned by some of our Advanced Parties, who had seen a small Number of them about four Miles off. However, we all marched, about twelve a-Clock that Night, back again to *Stone*, leaving our Baggage behind us, unloaded, in the Market-place, at *Newcastle*, which many of us thought never to see again: This Night's March was very fatiguing, for it was freezing before, which continued, with Snow, till we came to *Stonefield*, where his Royal Highness the Duke had drawn up all his Forces and Artillery ready to engage the Rebels, whom we expected to come this Way. We remained here under Arms for several Hours, and under the most extream cold Atmosphere that ever I felt; after which, about six or seven in the Morning, we were ordered to *Stone*, for Quarters, where we staid several Days; but Victuals and Lodgings were here extreamly scarce: We were glad of a little Straw, strewed on the Floors (for many Officers;) and Bread was so scarce, that it was rare to get a Loaf; and Beer, in its turn, was as difficult to procure, for this little Town was so

full of Soldiers, that it was almost impossible to pass by one another. We expected the Rebels intended to slip by us here for *London*, so we were ordered back again to *Ridgley*, from thence to *Litchfield*, next Day through *Coleshill* (a Town a Mile in length, seated on a Hill, by the River *Cole*, chiefly eminent as a Thoroughfare, having many good Inns) to *Meriden Heath*, where we incamped *December* 6, for several Days; the Ground was at this Time exceeding wet, and the Air extream cold and windy; so that I believe many of us would have dropped off here, had it not been for the great Plenty of Coals the Country produces, for our Firing; and the Strong-Beer, at the *Bull-Head*, of which we soon made an intire consumption. Our Soldiers had here the Quakers<sup>1</sup> Gift of Flannel Waistcoats delivered to them, which, I believe, did more Harm than Good, for they ought to have wore them only when they lay in Camp and stood Centinels, but they wore them indifferently at all Times, as on the March, which made them excessive hot, and sweat; .then would they frequently pull them off, so get Cold, and Fevers generally succeed. Our Regiment, after two Days stay in Camp, with several others, were ordered to

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<sup>1</sup> It is well known that it is contrary to the Principles of Quakers to bear Arms or wage War, but that they might express their great Zeal for his Majesty's Service, they thought of this charitable Method of assisting the private Soldiers, who, they were apprehensive, would otherwise suffer greatly from their Winters Campaign,

decamp, and march to *Coventry*, where we were quartered, and had again good Living for eight or ten Days. Our Men, though exceedingly harassed, bear the Fatigue of Marching with great Chearfulness, and seem to have no other Wish, than to come to an Engagement with the Rebels, who are the Cause of all our present Hardships. The Rebels, by this Time, had penetrated as far as *Derby* and *Tutbury*, very near to *Litchfield*; it was thought they intended to get into *Wales*, but his Royal Highness the Duke's Name terrified them so, that they thought proper to run back much faster than they came. They however levied a good Sum of Money at *Derby* (as they did before at *Manchester*) and their Train of Artillery, at this Time, consisted of fifteen Pieces of small Cannon: Their Number of Forces, by the best Accounts, do not exceed six Thousand three Hundred (both Horse and Foot) although they demanded Billets for ten thousand Men; the Horses were extreemly jaded, and in bad Condition, and in the Number were many old Men and Boys of fifteen and sixteen Years of Age, mostly without Shoes and Stockings. We had two of these miserable Wretches taken with their Arms between *Ashbourn* and *Derby*, by a Farmer and his Man, as they were stealing his Horses, who brought them to our Camp at *Merriden Common*, from whence they were afterwards conducted to *Coventry* by a Party of the Guards, with Sticks instead of Arms, and and were condemned to various Deaths, by all the Country People along the Road, that

saw them: They were two such miserable poor Objects, that one would think it impossible for an Army consisting of such, to penetrate into the very Heart of so powerful a Kingdom as *England*, if they had not had many Friends along the Roads. His Royal Highness the Duke set out from *Meriden* Camp, *December* 9, at the Head of all the Horse and Dragoons, and one thousand Volunteers, draughted out of the Army, to endeavour to stop the Rebels, and give the Foot Time to come up; upon hearing which, they immediately retired northwards, with great Precipitation: The Country People, firm and loyal to their King, brought in Horses to mount the Foot Soldiers that followed his Royal Highness, in order to overtake the Rebels. Their not being used to Riding, made them look very odd on Horseback, with their Muskets stung over their Shoulders. Their Desire of overtaking the Rebels, also was very apparent in every one's Countenance. In this Manner they followed them, and they as fast ran away from them through the Towns of *Congleton*, *Macklesfield*, *Manchester*, *Wiggan*, *Preston*, *Lancaster*, *Kendal*, *Shap*, to *Clifton Moor* (which Towns I shall describe hereafter, as I pass through them) where his Royal Highness the Duke came up with the Rear-Guard of the Rebels (consisting of about one thousand of their best Men) just beyond *Lowther-Hall*; which the Rebels abandoned on the Duke's approach, and threw themselves into a Village called *Clifton*, within three Miles of *Penreth*; which Village

his Royal Highness immediately attacked, with the Dragoons, dismounted, who behaved extremely well, and drove the Rebels out of it in an Hour's Time, though a very strong and defensible Post: The Loss of the Rebels could not be known, as it was quite dark before the Skirmish was over; that of the King's Forces amounted to about forty Men, killed and wounded, and four Officers, but not mortally, viz. Colonel *Honeywood*, Captain *East*, and the two Cornets, *Owen* and *Hamilton*. In this Action these Savages had the Cruelty to cry, *No Quarter, murder them*; and accordingly gave several of our People Wounds, when they were down.—After this Skirmish, the Rebels retired, with the utmost Precipitation, to *Carlisle*, it being so dark, and the Country so covered, that it was not possible to pursue them that Night; and the Troops being fatigued with the forced Marches they had made through very bad Roads, they halted at *Penreth*, the next Day, *December 20*, for the coming, up of the rest of the Troops.

After having entertained you with this Digression, I must carry you back again to my Quarters at *Coventry*; where, after our short stay, we expected them to have returned towards *London*, along with several other Regiments, that did; instead of which we received Orders to follow his Royal Highness the Duke, with all haste, along with another Regiment, commanded by Lord *Semple*. We then set out again from *Coventry*, marching through *Coleshill*, *Litchfield*, &c. to *Stafford*,

a Town of great Antiquity, which hath gone under divers Names: It was first built by *Edward the Senior*, under the Name of *Betheny*, where one *Berteline*, that was afterwards canonized for a Saint, for his great Piety, led an Hermit's Life; afterwards *Statford*, and now *Stafford*. It is situated in a fruitful Soil, and a sweet Air, on the Banks of the River *Stowe*, with a Bridge over it: It is adorned with two Churches, one whereof is very large and spacious; and a Free-School, beautified with a large and uniform Market-place; in which is a House where the Assizes are held for the County: The Streets are clean and well paved; the Buildings of Stone and Slate; and some of the Structures are very modish and beautiful. King *John* made it a Corporation, and *Edward VI.* confirmed and enlarged the Charter. About a Mile and Half out of the Town, upon a Hill, we saw the Ruins of an antient Castle belonging heretofore to the Barons of *Stafford*, but in the Civil Wars it was demolished; ascending the Hill, we were very well rewarded by a most pleasant Prospect of the Town and adjacent Country. Hence we proceeded over a pleasant Country to *Newcastle*, where we halted a Day; then over a pleasant Country to *Congleton*, in *Cheshire*; which Town we entered soon after the the Rebels had left it: We found here good Entertainment, and a plentiful Market. The Middle of this Town is watered by the little Brook *Howty*; the East Side by the *Daning Schow*, and the North by the *Dan*; although, in Consideration of its

Greatness, Populousness and Commerce, it has deserved a Mayor and six Aldermen to govern it, yet it has only one Chapel in it, and that entirely of Wood, excepting the Quire and a little Tower. Here we first began to hear the Actions of the Rebels, and the stinking Work they had made there. Our next Days March was to *Macklesfield*, a good handsome large Town, having many good Houses, and situated by the River *Bollen*. *Congleton*, as well as this Town, are chiefly employed in making Mohair Buttons, &c. for *Manchester*. After passing the River *Bollen*, we travel over some Part of the large Forest of *Macklesfield*, where we see on every Side the Pitts where they dig Turf in Squares, like Bricks; and in these Pitts nothing is more common than to see Fir-Trees lie here buried, from ten to twenty Foot deep, which the Men who, work here dig up for various Uses, but chiefly, for Splinters, which are very resinous, and, when lighted, serve the Poor for Candles. We now heard at every place we came to, of the Behaviour of the Rebels. in their Return back to the North, and which was with the greatest Precipitation, through every Town, that wherever they rested, they had let fall their; Odour all over the Towns, and at People's Doors, so caused the Towns to stink intolerably; many of them also fouled their Beds, and commonly the Rooms. The Towns-People tell us (to use their Words) they always go a Pogtrot, or upon a half-run, and, where they rest, leave Plenty of *Scotch* Greys behind them. Some of the greatest Liberties



they took with the Country and Towns-  
People, was in surprizing them, by one or two  
laying hands on Person, whilst others took the  
Shoes off their Feet. They would frequently  
make free also to take the Wearing Apparel of  
both Sexes, even out of their Houses, as they  
needed them; and Horses they insisted upon  
always, without making any Satisfaction: The  
poor People would sometimes complain to  
their Generals for losing their Shoes; all the  
Answer they returned them was, That if the  
Men want Shoes, &c. they must have them.  
After leaving this dismal Forest of  
*Macklesfield*, we came to *Stockport*, a Town  
of good Entertainment, lying in a Valley by  
the River *Mersey*; the Bridge over this River  
was blown up, to prevent the Rebels Retreat,  
so our Men were all Obliged to ford it up to  
their Middles; the Soldiers Wives did the  
same, which Afforded much Diversion, both  
to ourselves, and the Inhabitants from  
*Stockport*, who came to gaze at us. After  
travelling six Miles over a fine Country, we  
came to *Manchester*, where I now am; here  
we have halted two Days, and find three Parts  
in four of the Inhabitants to be *Jacobites*. Our  
Soldiers did not spare to tell them often of it.  
*Manchester* is the most beautiful Town I had  
yet seen in *England* for fine and noble  
Houses; for Industry in the Inhabitants, it very  
much resembles *Holland*, the smallest  
Children here being all employed, and earn  
their Bread: It surpasses all the Towns  
hereabouts in Buildings, and Populousness:  
Their Manufactures consist chiefly in

Cottons, Buttons, Filletings, Checks, and all Kinds of what they call Small Wares. There is a handsome Market-Place, and a fine large *Gothic* Church; The College here is an antient Building. They export vast Quantities of their Goods Abroad, as to the *West-Indies*, &c. This Town is situated between the Rivers *Irk* and *Irwell*, which last has a noble Bridge over it, going to *Salford*, which Village is only separated *from Manchester* by this River. I should enlarge, Sir, upon many Particulars, but am quite tired every Day with Marching, so that my Time and Thoughts, at Night (when we get to our Quarters) are fully employed in getting Victuals and a Bed; the next Thought is of another March the next Morning.

*I am*

*YourS, &c.*

*Manchester, Decemb. 24, 1746.*



## LETTER III.

SIR,

**A**FTER leaving *Manchester*, our next Day's March was to *Wigan*, twenty measured Miles (we had now a full View of the first: Mountains I had seen in this Journey) and passed over a wide Common, which puts me in mind of travelling from *Antwerp* to *Breda*, for in that Journey we pass by exactly such another Place: We have now got into a Country where the Roads are paved with small Pebbles, so that we both walk and ride upon this Pavement, which is generally about a Yard and Half broad; and the Middle Road, where Carriages are obliged to go, is most intolerably bad. *Wigan* is a neat and well built Corporation Town: Here we found the Prison full of Rebels, that the Country People had picked up, on their Retreat. Within two or three Miles of this Place, is some extraordinary Coal Mines, on the Estate of Sir *Roger Bradshaw*, Baronet, which yields, in burning, a very clear Flame, and consumes to a white Ash, like Wood: Of these Coals they make many curious Toys, they bearing to be turned and polished so as to look like Black Marble, or Jet, being formed into Snuff-Boxes, Nutmeg-Boxes, Candlesticks, Salts, &c. by one *Tootell*, a Turner, who lives here; and, what is very remarkable, it cannot be work'd far distant

from where it is dug, by reason of the Hardness it will acquire, through Time, when conveyed to distant Places. Fifteen Miles further, being another Day's March, after passing the most delightful River *Ribble*, we enter *Preston*, a large Town, handsome and populous, for these Parts; so called from the Religious, who were formerly here in great Numbers; for the Name, in *English*, signifies *Priest's Town*; much Gentry lives here, and there are many good Inns in this Town; but one, in particular, the Sign of the *Black Bull*: I never before met with any like it in all this Northern Journey, both for proper Attendance, and in a grand Manner, if required, in all kind of Eatables, &c. From hence to *Lancaster* is twenty Miles, or one Day's March; the Road is somewhat hilly, especially a kind of continued Ridge of Hills accompanies it on the Right, at three or four Miles Distance; at ten Miles, we cross the River *Wyre*, which waters that large Tract of barren and mossy Ground, called *Wyersdale*, and enter *Garstang*, a good Thoroughfare; from thence to *Lancaster*, the County Town, of no large extent, but vastly neat and handsome; called by the Inhabitants, more truly *Lonecaster*, and the *Scots*, *Lonecastell*, from the River *Lone*. Both the present Name, and that of the River, seem to mark it out for the old *Longovicum*; where, under the Lieutenant of *Britain*, were a Company of the *Longovici*, who took that Name from the Place where in Garrison; yet, in Proof of its *Roman* Antiquity, they sometimes meet with

Coins of Emperors, especially where the Friars had their Cloyster; for there, as they report, was the Area of an antient City, which the *Scots* (who in a sudden Inroad, in the Year 1322, destroying every Thing they met with) burnt to the Ground. From that Time they began to build nearer a green Hill, by the Rivers upon which stands a Castle, not very great, nor very ancient, but fair and strong; close to which is a large neat Church, the only one in the Town, both situated on a high Hill: In this Castle we saw great Numbers of Rebel Prisoners confined, and also a *Romish* Priest, whom few pitied. Upon the Top of this .Castle, and at one Corner, is a Square Tower, called *John a Gandt's Chair*, from whence we have a most ravishing Prospect: of the adjacent Country, and the Course of the River *Lone*, but more especially towards the Sea, where you have a most extensive View, even to the *Isle of Man*. In the Descent and Sides of the Hill, where it is steepest, hard by a very fine Stone Bridge, consisting of five Arches, there hangs an antient Piece of Wall, called *Wery Wall*, supposed to have been some antient Work of the *Romans*, by reason of several *Roman* Coins, which have been found thereabout. I must not forget to tell you, that in *Lancashire* the Women are called Witches, by Reason of their great Beauty; which Appellation, I think, they really deserve; for in marching through this Country, we had great Numbers of them assembled all along the Roads, to view us, as we passed by; and, as a Return of Thanks, we saluted the most

handsome; which they received without much Reluctance; but the poor Country-men are the most ignorant Fellows of any I had yet met with in this Journey. Our next Stage was through *Hornby*, and, after passing a noble Stone Bridge, whose Foundation is Rocks, across the River *Lone*, we come to *Kurby La Launsdale*, in *Westmoreland*, a small Town, where our former Scene is quite changed, here being nothing but Mountains and Stone Walls for Hedges, the Country not so populous, and the *Lancashire* Witches all lost, the Women here being the most ugly I had ever seen, and the Houses so desolate and solitary, that I thought I was sometimes in *Flanders*, other-times on the Borders of *Spain*. The good Food was also lost, together with the good Bread we formerly had; now it is a Rarity to meet with any other Sort than four Oat Cakes, or Clapat-Bread, which put me in mind of thick Wafers, such as the Papists consecrate for their Hosts, but of a vast Size: We sometimes get, upon our Marches, some Strong-Beer and some Cheese with these Oat-Cakes, which makes a noble Regale to our hungry Appetites. They also burn Turf in this Country, which makes us smell a Town at a great Distance. At *Kirby-Lonsdale* I lodged with the Parson of the Parish, but did not think of meeting such polite and fruitful People, as he and his Wife were, in so barren a Country. From the ChurchYard here we have a most entertaining Prospect of the Snowy Mountains, at a vast Distance, and the beautiful Course of the

River *Lone*, in a Valley far beneath us, in which is Plenty of Salmon and Trout. After leaving *Kirby-Lonsdale*, we passed over a hilly, cold Country, answering to the former Description, till we came to *Kendal*, a fair, large, and well-frequented Town, esteemed the Beauty of the County, pleasantly situated, on the River *Kent*, of no great Antiquity, but remarkable Industry, carrying on great Manufactures of Cottons, Druggets, Hats, Stockings, &c. has a large Church, to which belongs twelve Chapels of Ease: It consists of several Streets, neatly paved, but particularly, one is very long, having a Bridge in the Middle: It has a very plentiful Market for all Kinds of Provisions, and Woollen-Yarn, which the Girls bring in large Bundles, under their Arms, to sell. Just opposite the Town, on the East-side of the River, upon a Mount, stands the Ruins of an Old Castle, which was formerly of great Note. The *Can*, or *Kent*, is a beautiful River, running round one Half of the Town, in a Valley, with a Stony Channel, abounding with Trout and Salmon; the Banks of it, in the Town, are chiefly inhabited by Dyers and Tanners. In this Country are many noble Stone-Bridges, built upon Rocks, of a vast Height, but the most noted was as we entered *Kirby-Lonsdale*: These Rivers are quite different from those in the Southern Parts of *England*; its being a mountainous Country occasions always a vast Stream, and, in many Places, easily fordable and through the whole Course, the Stream is filled with mighty Rock-Stones; the Sides also are

generally lined with a firm Rock: By these Obstructions, you have frequent. Catarracts, or Water-falls; on this River, near *Kendal*, are two such, where the Water tumbles headlong, with a hideous Noise, one at a little Village called *Levens*, another more Southward, near *Betham*. From these the Neighbours form their Prognostications of the Weather, for when the Northern one sounds clear, they make themselves sure of fair Weather, but when the Southern, of Rain and Mists. Where, these Water-falls are wanting, you have vast noisy Riplings, which affords a most solitary Amusement to a thinking Person, or one who admires such Works of Nature: It was so entertaining to me, that I often wished to have had a longer Stay amongst these *Rural Scenes*. I met with several very ingenious Men at *Kendal*, in the Botanical and Medical Way, especially Mr. *John Airy*, and Mr. *Smith*, Apothecaries, to both of whom I was very much obliged for their Conversation: After some short Stay here, we expected to march in great Haste for *Carlisle*, but suddenly received Counter-Orders, with the News, that *Carlisle* had surrendered to his Royal Highness the Duke: For, on the 21st of *December*, his Royal Highness quitting *Penreth*, as is before mentioned, marched with the Body of his Army, in three Columns, towards *Carlisle*, himself with the Infantry making the Center along the Post-Road, and the Horse and Dragoons, in two Columns, one on his Right, by *Armathwate*, and the other on his Left, by *Hutton-Hall*; they joined in



*Carlton-Moor*, and took their Quarters in the Villages round *Carlisle*, which Place the Rebels left, after staying there one Night, to change the Garrison, It is said, whilst the Rebels staid in this Town, they were guilty of great Excesses; they broke open several Houses and Shops, took away great Quantities of Goods, and threw into the Streets, and spoiled or destroyed what they could not carry off. The Garrison they left here was about three or four hundred Men, who consisted only of their *English* Recruits, and *Gordon* of *Glenbucket's* Men, commanded by one *Hamilton*, formerly Steward to the Duke of *Gordon*. The King's Forces arrived within Sight of the Town the 21st, about Noon, and Major General *Bland* had invested it on the *Scotch* Side with *St. George's* Dragoons and three hundred Men, of *Bligh's* Regiment, with Orders to prevent any Passage over the Bridge upon the River *Eden*, which leads directly to the *Scotch Gate*. Major *Adams*, with two hundred Foot, was posted in the Suburbs of the *English Gate*, to prevent any of the Garrisons escaping that Way. Major *Meriac*, at the *Irish Gate*, with the same Orders, and Sir *Andrew Agnew*, at the *Sally Port*, with three hundred Men. All the Horse and the Foot-Guards, were canton'd round the Town, at a Mile or two Distance. The Rebels who were left made a Shew of intending to defend the Place, firing their Cannon upon every Body who appeared in Sight of it; but, *December 28*, our Forces began to batter their Four Gun Battery with

six eighteen Pounders; on the 29th, it was found necessary to abate the Firing from the Battery, which had begun to play the Day before, for want of Shot, till towards Evening, when a fresh Supply arriving, it was renewed very briskly for two Hours, which shook the Walls very much. The Night of the 29th was spent in raising a new Battery of three eighteen Pounders, which was completed by the Morning; but on the first Platoon of the Old Battery firing, the Rebels hung out the White Flag; whereupon the Battery ceased, and they called over the Walls, that they had two Hostages ready to be delivered at the *English Gate*, which is on the opposite Side of the Town: After the Capitulation was agreed on, Brigadier *Bligh* was ordered to take Possession of the Town, with a sufficient Number of Forces. A little before this, a Fellow was taken and carried to his Royal Highness the Duke, who at the same Time delivered two Letters, one for his Royal Highness, and the other for the Commander of the *Dutch* Troops, supposed to be with his Army: They were from a Person stiling himself Commander of the *French* Artillery, and of the *French* Garrison, that was at, or might come to *Carlisle*, and who subscribes his Name *De Geognegan*, for the Defence of the Town and Citadel; and the Contents of them were to summon the Commander of the *Dutch* to retire with his Troops from the *English* Army, under the Pretence of the Capitulation of *Tournay*. *Carlisle* being so soon reduced, instead of following his Royal

Hitherto, we were ordered to march cross the Country, for *Newcastle upon Tyne*, to join the Forces under the Command of General *Hawley*. We then procured Guides, and directed our Course for *Kirby-Steaven*, over continued high Mountains, covered with Snow. We frequently come to Valleys, which with great Fear and Danger we descend, they being so very steep. This was the most strange Journey I ever made, especially in *England*. I often thought I must soon approach the *Alps*. Our *Highland* Soldiers (for we had many in our Regiment) said they had now got into the *Highlands of Scotland*; for it is very rare to see a House, and then, a very small one; and the chief Thing it abounds with is Stone Walls. In this Journey, whenever we descended the Mountains, and came into the Valleys, we were sure of meeting the most curious and wonderful River I had ever seen, called the *Lune*, where there is a very rapid Stream, and continual Cataracts: We travel along-side this River, in the Valley, for a Mile, or more; then we cross over Stone Bridges, built upon Rocks; then we ascend again over another Mountain, where we see the beautiful Serpentine Course; and, when we descend into a deep Valley, we are sure of meeting this River again; but in traversing the High Mountains, over the Snow, we are sure of meeting a terrible hard and cold Gale of Wind, which nips our Noses and Ears in almost piercing Manner; and hereabouts I lost a Piece of one of my Lips by the Frost, and many others it affected in their

Hands, &c. These strange and wonderful Varieties, makes the Time pass away agreeably enough, till my Foundation and Spirits begin to sink with Fatigue; then is my Misery; but, if I get a good Supper, and Bed at Night, my forementioned Complaints are generally relieved, before Morning. Our next Day's March was to *Bernard's Castle*, a Town in the Bishoprick of *Durham*, to come to which Place, we leave *Westmoreland* (after having crossed the River *Eden*, just at its Rise, which enters itself into the Sea at *Carlisle*) and cross the Fag-end of *Yorkshire*, where we have almost a perfect View of the *Roman Causeway*, for a long Way together, in a very mountainous, vast Country, always exposed to Wind and Weather, which being rough and strong, is called by the Inhabitants *Stanemore*; it is desolate and solitary throughout, except one House, in the Middle, for the Entertainment of Travellers: Here we also pass by an old Piece of Antiquity, the Remainder of a Stone Cross, it being the Boundaries of *Westmoreland* and *Yorkshire*, called the *Reer-Cross*, signifying a Royal Cross, which *Hector Boetius* says, was set for a Boundary between *England* and *Scotland*, when *William the First* gave *Cumberland* to the *Scots*, upon this Condition, that they should hold it of him by Fealty, and attempt nothing to the Prejudice of the Crown of *England*. A little Distance from this Place, is the Remains of Ramparts, which the *Roman* Military Road passes through, which was a small *Roman* Fort, of a square Form, now

called *Maiden-Castle*. We next passed through two small Villages, in this Journey, each of which had the Remains of an Antient Castle; but one at *Bowes*, was curiously situated, and pretty perfect: And, after crossing the beautiful River *Tees*, over a noble Stone Bridge, we enter the Town of *Bernard's-Castle*, in the Bishoprick of *Durham*. Here we begin to eat good Food again, and have lost those Wild Mountains: We have here noble, standing Goose-Pyes, and hot Girdle-Cakes, for Breakfast, with Tea, &c. They are Buttered Short-Cakes, made with Wheat-Flower, and baked upon a Plate of Iron, over the Fire: They are such, I suppose, as we read of in Antient History. This Town of *Bernard's-Castle* takes its Name from the Castle which was built by *Bernard Balliol*, Great Grandfather to *John Balliol*, King of *Scots*, and so named from him; but *John Balliol*, whom *Edward the First* had declared King of *Scots*, lost this, with other Possessions in *England*, for falling from the Allegiance he had sworn to King *Edward*.—This Castle has been formerly a most noble and large Building, and now gives Title to a Lord: It is built upon a most high and firm Rock (somewhat like that of *Edinburgh*) on one Side is guarded by the River *Tees*, most pleasantly situated, as is the Town; for you may stand by the Market-Place, and look over the River, where you have a most extensive Prospect along the County of *Durham*; however, the Town itself is but small, and not very rich, being chiefly

inhabited by Weavers of a Manufacture like  
Camblet and Stockings. I am quite tired with  
Writing: So farewell.

*Yours.*

*Bernard's Castle, Jan. 3, 1746.*



## LETTER IV.

*SIR,*

**A**FTER halting a Day at *Bernard's Castle*, our next Day's Journey was ten Miles, to *Bishops-Aukland*, a very handsome Market Town, pleasantly situated, in a good Air, upon the Side of a Hill, having a most beautiful River surrounding it on one Side, called the *Weere*, over which is a noble Stone Bridge, built by *Walter Shirlaw*, Bishop of *Durham*, about the Year 1400. But, what is most remarkable here, is the antient, fair-built Palace, belonging to the Bishops of this See, with Turrets, magnificently repaired, by *Anthony Bec*; after which, it was pulled down, in the Great Rebellion, by Sir *Arthur Haslerig*, who built a new House out of the Materials. At the Restoration, Bishop *Cosens* pulled down the New House, and built a large Apartment to what remained of the old one, joining the Whole to a magnificent Chapel, of his own erecting, in which he lies buried; what remained unfinished, hath been carried on by his Successors, to very great Advantage, for the Convenience and

Ornament of the Place. I saw here many fine Pieces of Painting, and several Rooms nobly furnished; but, the present Bishop being grown very old, has not been here for several Years past, so it now seems, in some measure, to be neglected, and running to Ruin. From *Bifhops-Aukland*, we came to the City of *Durham*, which we can spy at a great Distance, and have a fine Champaign Country on every Side. This City makes a most beautiful Landskip, at some Distance: The River *Weere* (as if it designed to make an Island), almost surrounds this City, which is seated on a Hill, upon which Account it was called *Dunholm*, by the *Saxons*; for they called a Hill *Dun*, and an Island, in a River, *Holme*: Out of this the *Latins* framed *Dunelmum*; which the *Normans* calling *Duresm*, the common People afterwards corrupted into *Durham*. The Town stands high, and so is very strong, but of no great Compass: It lies in a kind of Oval Form, enclosed by the River, on all Sides, except the North, and fortified with Walls. In the South Part, almost where the River winds itself back again, stands the Cathedral Church, which, with its Spires and Tower, makes a noble Show. In the Heart of the Town, stands the Castle, almost in the Middle, between two Stone Bridges, each of which consists of many Arches, one over the River, on the East-side, the other, over the same River, on the West. From the Castle, Northwards, lies the Market-Place, and St. *Nicholas's* Church, from whence, for a good Way, there shoots

out a Suburbs to the North-east, within a Winding of the River, as do others, on both Sides, beyond the River, which leads to the Bridges; and each Suburbs has its particular Church. The whole City is built upon very irregular Ground, so that you ascend and descend frequently. The Original of this Town is not Very antient; for when the Monks of *Lindisfarne* were disquieted in the *Danish* Wars, and forced to wander up and down with the Reliques of St. *Cuthbert*, at last, being admonished by an Oracle (as they tell you) they fixed and settled here, about the Year of Christ 995. Five Miles further, we came to *Chester on the Street*, a small Village, very venerable for its Remains of Antiquity; for it is credibly believed to have been a Garrison of the *Romans*, where the first Wing of the *Astures* kept their Station: And it has been famous for the Body of St. *Cuthbert*, brought hither by the Bishops of *Lindisfarne*, who retired to that Place for an hundred and thirteen Years, to secure themselves from the Storms of the *Danish* Fury. And, whilst *Egelrick*, Bishop of *Durham*, in Memory thereof, was laying the Foundation of a New Church there, he dug up such a prodigious Sum of Money, buried in the Ground, as is supposed, by the *Romans*, that he quitted his Bishoprick, as being now rich enough; and so, returning to *Peterborough*, where he was Abbot before, he made Causeys through the *Fens*, and did several other good Works at very great Expencc.



Within Half a Mile of this Town, is a noble Old Castle, with a Park round it, belonging to the Family of the *Lumley's*, (descended from *Liulphus*, a Nobleman, of great Figure in these Parts, in *Edward the Confessor's* Time) for many Ages past: It is a large, square Building, with Towers at each Corner, having a large Court-Yard in the Middle: It contains a great Number of spacious antique, as well as modern-built Rooms; and the Paintings are exceeding Antient, and Curious, in several Rooms; containing several Branches of the Family, for many hundred Years past, and in their peculiar Habits, that was in Vogue in those Ages: But, what is very remarkable, you are obliged to be ferried over the River *Weere* (which is very broad here) before you can get to the Castle: There is a Person for that Purpose has a little House in the Park, close to the Banks of the River, which he rents for six Pounds *per Annum*; for which every Person pays him a Half-penny for every Time that he is ferried over. This Man's Wife is generally the Person who uses the Oars. From this Place we go for *Newcastle*, six Miles distant: For some Time before you come to this Town, you see, on every Side, the Bottomless Mouths, or Caverns, of those mighty Coal-Mines, where near thirty thousand Persons are daily employed in searching this Subterraneous World, to serve *London* with *Newcastle-Coals*. Before we enter *Newcastle*, we pass through a Sort of Suburbs, called *Gateshead*, alias *Gateside*, a Town of great Antiquity, seated on the Banks of the *Tine*,

and is supposed to have been a Colony of the *Romans*, and was called by the *Latins*, *Capræ Caput*, i. e. Goat's-Head, by occasion of some Inn, as is generally conjectured, which had a Goat's-Head for a Sign, a Thing not unusual in other Places of the World. These Suburbs are chiefly inhabited by the Coal Miners, who are a most vulgar Sett of People, that, when I passed by here, I conceited I was going along *Broad St. Giles's*, in *London*, or a much worse Place, if I might form an Idea. From *Gateshead*, before we can enter *New-castle*, we pass a very stately Stone Bridge, a-cross the famous and pleasant River *Tyne*, which consists of many Arches, and has several Houses built upon it; so that, when crossing it, I conceited I was passing *London-Bridge*. Here is also a strong *Roman Wall*, surrounding this Town, consisting of seven Gates, and many Casemetes within it Bomb-proof. It is a most eminent *Emporium*, rich and populous, highly frequented by Merchants, driving a mighty Trade, both by Sea and Land; but principally noted for its wonderful Coal Trade, of which Commodity it transmits some thousands of Ship-loads, yearly, to the City of *London*, and other Parts, Domestick and Foreign; for which, great Part of *England*, and the *Low Countries*, are indebted for their good Fires; and is thus commended by *Johnson*, in his *Poems*:

*From her high Rock great Nature's Work surveys,  
And kindly spreads her Goods through Lands and Seas.  
Why seek you Fire in some exalted Sphere?  
Earth's fruitful Bosom twill supply you here,  
Not such whose horrid Flashes scare the Plain,*

*But gi.ves enlivening Warmth to Earth and Men:  
Ir'n, Brass, and Gold, its melting Force obey;  
(Ah! who's e'er free from Gold's almighty Sway:)  
Nay, into Gold 'twill change a baser Oar:  
Hence the vain Chymist deifies its Power.  
If't be a God, as is believed by you.  
This Place, and Scotland, more than Heav'n can do.*

*Newcastle* is the Glory of all the Towns .in this Country. It has a noble Haven on the *Tine*, which is of such a Depth, as to carry Vessels of very good Burther, and of that Security, that they are in no Hazard of either Storms, or Shallows. Almost to the *Bar* of *Tinmouth* (which is a Sand that lies cross the River's Mouth, not above seven Foot deep, at Low Water) the Channel is good, and secure; but there, you meet with a Number of Rocks, which they call the *Black Middens*, very dangerous. To prevent much of the Mischiefs, that might happen among these, in the Night-time, there are two Light-Houses, maintained by the *Trinity-House*, in *Newcastle*; and, near these, was built *Clifford's-Fort*, in the Year 1672, which effectually commands all Vessels that enter the River. The Situation of this Town is climbing, and very uneven on the North-Bank of the River. The Streets, upon the ascent, are exceeding steep: The Houses built, mostly, of Stone, some Timber, and a few of Brick: It consists of four large Parishes, with as many Parish Churches, the Principal whereof is dedicated to St. *Nicholas*, and stands very lofty, on the Top of the Hill, with a fair Steeple, of curious Architecture. There is a great Descent, just here, where a Stream of Water constant runs down,

occasioned when there is no Rain by the waste Water of a noble Conduit, standing far up the Town, which is of great Use to the Inhabitants near it. Besides these, it is adorned with a convenient Market, a handsome Townhouse, and useful Key. Through this Town went part of that Wall, which ran along from Sea to Sea, and was built by the *Romans*, to defend the *Britains* against the violent Incursions and Depopulations of the *Picts*, and at *Pandon-Gate* there remains, as is thought, one of the Turrets of that very Wall; it is indeed different from the rest both in Fashion and Masonry, and seems to carry a very great Age. This Town had formerly the Name of *Monk-Chester*, which is an Argument of its being a garrison'd Fort; for so it was called, from the Monks, about the Time of the Conquest. Soon after it got the modern Name of *Newcastle*, from that new Castle, which was here built by *Robert* Son of *William* the Conqueror, in order to keep off the *Scots*. Upon *Tine* was added, to distinguish it from *Newcastle* under *Line*, in *Staffordshire*. When we marched into this Town, we found it well filled with other Troops; so that it was no small Difficulty to get Billets for us, it being a sort of general Rendezvous for the Forces from different Parts for fresh Orders. We halted here two Days to refresh ourselves after our long Marches, in which time we got Plenty of good Victuals, and filled ourselves with excellent strong Beer, and heard of the great Sickness amongst the Men in *Marstia Wade's* Army,

occasioned by the Inclemency of the Weather, the Hospitals being filled; these Fevers raged also amongst the Town's People, and even amongst the Surgeons and Apothecaries that attended them, many of whom also died. Here we find extream black Bread, which only the Poor make use of. From *Newcastle*, after marching fourteen Miles, we come to *Morpeth*, a pretty neat and long Market-town, having many good Houses and good Accommodation for Travellers; here had been a vast strong and large Castle, but now almost entirely demolished. This Town is seated on the northern Bank of the River *Wentsbeck*, and the Church on the southern, near which stands also, on a shady Hill, the Castle. It is recorded, that the Town's People, out of pure spight to King *John*, burnt the Place in the Year 1215. Here we began to get Plenty of Fish for our Food, and on our Right have a constant Prospect of the Sea. The next Place we come to, is a small Village, called *Felton-Bridge*, situated on a small but pleasant River, called *Cocket*, affording Plenty of Trout, which empties itself into the Sea opposite *Cocket Island*, which we have in View about four Miles distant from the Coast, which is said to abound in Sea-coal. Here we halted a Day. The Beer was extream bad, it being brewed with Wormwood instead of Hops; the common Breakfast was Hasty-pudding, made of Oatmeal and Water boiled together, till it comes to the Consistence of Paste, which some eat with Beer, Nutmeg, and Sugar; others with Milk; then 'tis tolerable. Their

Bread was very bad and black: Oat-cakes are here also in Fashion. Eight Miles further we come to *Alnwick*, vulgo *Anwick* (seated near the River *Alne*, *Ale*, or *Alon*) a pretty large wall'd Town. The People here are very strict in their Religion, being very nearly related to the Kirk of *Scotland*, and would by no means allow Cards on the *Sunday*. Here was the Ruins of the most famous Castle I had yet seen any where in *England* along this northern Journey. The Inhabitants told us, 'twas formerly the Residence of the *Piercy's*, of whom they tell many noble Exploits, in particular that of one of that Name performed against the *Scots*; namely, in the Year 1092, that *Malcolm* the third King of *Scots*, who did Homage to *William* the Conqueror for his Crown of *Scotland*, siding afterwards against him, and besieging this Place, was killed here, by a cunning Stratagem; for *Robert Mowbray*, created afterwards Earl of *Northumberland*, pretending to deliver to him the Keys of the Castle upon the Top of a Spear, ran him through the left Eye (*Mowbray* was for that Reason called afterwards *Pierce-Eye*) of which he died immediately, and so relieved the Town again from all Extremity; and his Son, Prince *Edward*, coming hither to revenge his Father's Death, met with the same fatal Doom. After this, in the Year 1174, in King *Henry* the Second's Reign, *William*, King of *Scots*, invading *England* with 80,000 Men, was *July 7th* here encountered by the *English* Forces, who behaved themselves so bravely, that they routed his Army, himself made

Prisoner, sent to *London*, and by King *Henry* carried to *Roan* in *Normandy*, paying 4000 *l.* Ransom. Again, in the Reign of King *Edward* the Fourth, the *Scots* coming against it with another Army, were in hopes to have taken it; but the *English* Army retreating, as if they had deserted it, by that means discouraged the *Scots* from any farther Onsets, who supposing it to have been a Stratagem of the *English*, and that they had only retreated, *Scythico more*, the more easily to entrap them, very fairly left it to the Possession of those Persons, in whose Hands at first they found it. After I had fully surveyed these Ruins, by walking round the Walls, I found it was formerly the most strong Building (both as to a. Castle as well as a Palace, that I ever saw. All around the Battlements is full of Effigies, which the Weather and great Length of. Time, has now quite defaced. The grand Port, or Gateway, as you enter, is as strong as any I have seen in *Flanders*, with every thing belonging to modern Fortification. In the Garden there remains a most curious and plentiful Fountain, with many Spouts, (which still yield Water) and several other odd ingenious Contrivances, amidst a great many vaulted Walls now in Ruins, as is the Chapel, and over-run with large rampant Weeds; among which is great Quantities of the *Solanum Lethale*, or deadly Night-shade, all which at present belongs to the Duke of *Somerset*. Our next Day's March was to *Belford* twelve Miles, a poor small thoroughfare Post town, having only one

House for the Reception of Travellers; (from *Felton-Bridge* to this Place, we have a most delightful View of the Sea, and now and then an old Castle upon the Coast, on our rights and hereabouts we frequently saw Countrymen plowing with four Couple of Oxen, and one of Horses; the Ground being so hard and stony, does here commonly require ten and twelve Cattle, as also in many Parts of *Scotland* we saw the same, and the *Cheviot-Hills* on our left. This Place was so small, that we were obliged to be cantoned all over the adjacent Villages; and next Day, in our Journey to *Berwick*, had a distinct Prospect of the *Farne-Island*, being a little Spot of Land, inclosed with the Ocean, and encircled about with craggy Clifts, which render it almost everywhere inaccessible; nearly in the Middle of which, there is a Fort, in the very Place, as some say, where *Cuthbert*, Bishop of *Lindes-Farn*, the Tutelar Saint of the North, built a City for a religious Retirement. Hither did St. *Cuthbert*, about the Year 676, retire for Devotion, desiring to sequester himself from the rest of the World, where, for nine Years together, he lived a very solitary and religious Life, till by the great Importunity of King *Egsgid*, and *Trumwine*, Bishop of the *Picts*, who came hither to him, for that very Intent and Purpose: He was at last persuaded to remove to *Hexham*, where he succeeded Bishop *Eata* in that See. After two Years spent in this Bishoprick, this holy Man, foreseeing his Death approaching, betook himself again to



this very Island, where in the Space of two Months, through the Malignancy of his Distemper, he at last died in the Year 687. We are informed this Island abounds with wild Fowl and their Eggs, of which the Fishermen here make a considerable Advantage, by selling them abroad to the Neighbourhood. The Air of this Place is accounted very unhealthy, subject to Bloody-fluxes, and other Diseases, by reason of the frequent Fogs that happen here. The Soil is barren and good for little; the only Commodities of this Place are the Fowl, and the Fish which swim in Shoals round about it. After leaving *Belford*, we travel along the Sands or Sea-shore to *Berwick*, which we have full in View for ten or twelve Miles distance, and pass by *Holy-Island*, which lies not above a Mile and half from the Shore, and at low Tide is separated only by a Sand, upon which we saw many Country People ride over to the Island, and back again. 'Twas formerly known by the Name of *Lindis-farn*, D (before (before it took the Name of *Holy-Istand*, as a retiring Place for Bishops, Monks, and others, who being weaned from the World made this their Sanctuary) called by the *Britains Inis Medicante*, which, as *Bede* says, is twice Isle, and twice Continent, in one Day; being incompassed with Water at every Flow, and dry at every Ebb; whereupon he calls it very aptly a Semi-Isle. The west Part is narrow, and left wholly to the Rabbits, which is joined to the east Part (where it is much broader) by a very small Slip of Land: Towards the south,

it has a small Town (chiefly inhabited by Fishermen) with a Church and Castle, which was formerly a Bishop's See, erected by *Aiden the Scot*. He was called hither to preach the Gospel to the *Northumbrians*, and was much taken with the Solitude and Retiredness of the Place. Eleven Bishops resided in this See. Afterwards, upon the *Danish* Invasion, it was translated to *Durham*. It is but a small Island, the Air of which is not wholesome, nor the Soil fruitful, 'tis therefore but thinly inhabited. Under the Town lies a good commodious Harbour, defended by a Fort upon a Hill to the south-east. Here I found many curious Sea-plants; and nearer *Berwick*, and every little way as you travel here, you have fine Spring Currents of pure Water off the Mountains, which spend themselves into the Sea along the Sand Banks.

*Berwick upon Tweed* seemed at a Distance to be a most delightful Place, with the Addition of Ships in the Harbour near the Bridge, which is a noble Building, exceeding long, being composed of seventeen Arches over the noted River *Tweed*, which is almost dry just by the Bridge at low Water, and at high Water appears to be a Vast large River. But when we marched into this Town, we found it extream cold and dirty, and could get no Victuals nor Drink for a long time, and then with much difficulty, which I impute to the Town's being so full of Forces, and there having been a pestilential Fever raging there amongst the Soldiers for some time past, and

which had swept off great Numbers of Town's People, as well as Soldiers. The Houses are tolerably well built for this Part of the World; but the Fortifications are very strong, especially on the *Scots* Side, where it very much resembles the Fortifications abroad, having Fossa's full of Water and very broad; which Water is now conveyed thither by means of an Aqueduct, of curious Contrivance. There has also been a fine Castle, but of late being thought useless, 'twas pulled down, and with the Stones they have built several grand Edifices.

As to the Name of this Town, some derive it from one *Berengarius*, a romantick Duke. *Leland* fetches it from *Aber*, the *British* Word for the Mouth of a River, and so makes it *Aberwick*, i. e. (*Urbs ad ostium Fluminis*) to signify the Fort built upon such a Mouth. But *Somner* rather deduces it from *Berewic* in *Saxon*, signifying a Corntown: But wheresoever it had its Name, its Situation carries it a good way into the Sea, so that that and the *Tweed* almost incircle it, and make it a Peninsula. It is a Place not so eminent for Antiquity, as for being a Town and County of itself, and included in, *Northumberland*, tho' situate on the north Side of the River *Tweed*, a Place of great Strength, having the Sea on the east and south-east, and the River *Tweed* on the south-west, encompassed with a Wall, and once fortified with a strong Castle, as mentioned before; is large and populous, and trades much in Corn and Salmon, which last

the *Tweed* supplies in great Plenty. Its being situated betwixt the two great Kingdoms of *England* and *Scotland*, occasioned it to be always the first Place they took care of, whenever they began to be at open Variance with each other; and according to the various and inconstant Successes of each Nation hath been held in Possession by one, and sometimes kept under the Power of the other, till the Reign of *Edward* the Fourth, when Sir *Thomas Stanley* retook it the last Time from the *Scots*. The Mathematicians have placed this Town in 21 Degrees and 43 Minutes of Longitude; and in 55 and 48 of northern Latitude. So that the longest Day, in this Climate, consists of seventeen Hours and twenty-two Minutes; and its Night only of six Hours and thirty-eight Minutes, so truly has serious *Honoratus* written of this Country; *Britain*, says he, *has such Plenty of Day, that She has hardly any Room for Night*: Nor is it a Wonder, that the Soldiers of this Garrison are able to play all Night at Dice without a Candle, if we consider their continued Twilight.

Now we are a going into *Scotland*, but with heavy Hearts. They tell us here at *Berwick* what terrible Living we shall have there, which I soon after found too true. From *Berwick* we came over some terrible barren Ground, then more fruitful, till we came to a small Village called *Eaton*, so to *Aymouth* or *Eymouth*, and *Coldingham*; at which Places we were cantoned that Night, they being close

to the Sea-side, where I found vast Quantities of the Fish along the Shore. Here we had Plenty of Fish, (which was our chief Subsistence) such as Scate, Codd, and Haddock, and the Pleasure of seeing prodigious Numbers brought to Shore by the Fishermen, and a most delightful Prospect of the Sea, with its bordering Rocks, it being a calm Day. Near this Village is a small River called the *Aye*, which disembogues itself into the Sea here, close to the Mouth of which this small Town is built, and therefore called *Ayemouth*. We had here plenty of Claret, and very cheap; but the Cookery was so nasty, as also the Women, and the Towns so stinking, human Excrements lying every where in the Streets, that it requires great Caution to tread out of them; the Houses and Inhabitants so miserable, that 'twas with Sorrow I beheld them. I now thought I was too soon in *Scotland*, such a thing as a Necessary-house was not to be met with in all these Towns. The Houses smoaked, very few that had a Chimney (only a Hole in the Thatch) and stunk so of Turf, that I began to condole my present Condition, but found 'twas too late. The next Town we came to was *Dunglass*, a small Village, of the former kind. From hence, along the Coast to *Dunbar*, is a pleasant Country, the most fruitful in the Kingdom, especially in Wheat and Barley. This *Dunbar* is a pretty large Town, situated in *West Lothian* upon the Sea-Coast, and hath been fenced in with a Stone Wall of great Strength, though by the frequent Batteries it

hath of late Years received, 'tis much impaired and gone to Decay. The Houses here (as generally most of their Capital Towns) are built with Stone, and covered with Slate, and are well supplied with Provisions, by reason of a Weekly Market, which is held here. Just on one Side the Harbour is a most surprizing Continuation of Rocks, and those are full of remarkable worm-eaten-like Impressions. Just on the opposite Side of this Haven, appears the Ruins of a Castle, (almost covered with the Sea at Flood-tide) which formerly was famous and remarkably strong, being then the Seat of the Earls of *March*, afterwards stiled Earl of *Dunbar*; a Fort many times won by the *English*, and as often recovered by the *Scots*; but, in the Year 1567, it was demolished by order of the *States*, to prevent its being a Retreat for Rebels: And of it they tell you many remarkable Stories; amongst which, that in the Reign of *Edward* the Third; The Earls of *Salisbury* and *Arundel* came into *Scotland* with a great Army, and besieged the Castle of *Dunbar* two and twenty Weeks, wherein, at that Time, was *Black Agnes*, the Countess; who defended the same with extraordinary Valour. One time, when the Engin, called the *Sow*, was brought by the *English* to play against the Castle, she merrily replied, *That, unless England could keep her Sow better, she would make her to cast her Pigs*; and indeed did at last force the Generals to retreat from that Place. The Inhabitants are governed by a Mayor and Alderman; and talk much of great Losses and Calamities they

sustained in the late Civil Wars; for in this Place was that fatal Battle fought betwixt *Oliver Cromwell* and the *Scots*, wherein he routed, and cut in Pieces twenty thousand *Scots*, with twelve thousand *Englishmen*, and obtained so strong and signal a Victory, that the very Thoughts of it do, to this very Day, still strike a Terror into them, whenever they call that bloody Day to Remembrance, and think what great Havock and Spoil was made amongst them, by the victorious Success of the *English* Forces. Near to this Town is a noble Seat of the Earl of *Roxburgh*, which, with its Fir-Trees surrounding, makes a beautiful Appearance. The Magistrates here made a grand Entertainment to every Regiment that passed through; the private Soldiers had all a certain Quantity of Bread, Meat and Drink, allowed them; the Officers were treated in their Town-House, where we had many Kinds of their most curious Dishes, but some of them very oddly cooked up, that it was but few, many of us could eat of; we had also Claret and Punch in great Plenty; but, with all these, they had a Table-Cloth so dirty, that, at other Times, I should with great Reluctance have wiped my Hands on it; the Sight of which alone, would have certainly turned many of our Stomachs, had we not been greatly fatigued and hungry with Travelling. Our next Day's March was to *Haddington*, a Market-Town, where great Quantities of Oatmeal are sold; it is pleasantly situated, upon the River *Tyne*, in a large Valley, and was formerly fortified by the

*English* with a deep and large Ditch, a four-square Turf Wall without; also four Bulwarks at the four Corners, and as many more upon the Inner-Wall. It was valliantly defended by Sir *George Wilford*, an *Englishman*, against Monsieur *Dessie*, who fiercely attacked it with ten thousand *French* and *Germans*, till the Plague growing hot, and lessening the Garrison, *Henry*, Earl of *Rutland*, came with a great Army, and raised the Siege, and having levelled the Works, conducted the *English* home, in the Minority of Queen *Mary*.

In this Day's March from *Dunhar*, we had a fine View of *Tantallon* Castle, and the *Bass Rock*, whence the *Scots* derive, their March on the Drum, situated above the Mouth of the *Firth*, upon the Doubling of the Shore; from whence *Archibald Douglass*, Earl of *Angus*, gave great Disturbance to *James the Fifth*, King of *Scotland*. Here, by the Winding of the Shores on both Sides, Room is made for a very noble Arm of the Sea, well furnished with Islands; and by the Influx of several Rivers, and the Tides together, extended to a mighty Breadth. *Ptolemy* calls it *Boderia*; *Tacitus* *Bodotria*, from its Depth, as is conjectured; the *Scots* the *Forth* and *Firth*; we *Edinburgh-Firth*; others *Mare Fresicum*, and *Mare Scoticum*. The *Bass* is situated in the Sea, near the Shore, and opposite the Towns of *Dirlton* and *Belhaven*, and more North than *Edinburgh*: It is an Island which rises, as it were, in one continued Craggy Rock, inaccessible on every Side; yet it has upon it a



Fort, a Fountain, and Pasture-Grounds, but is so hollowed and undermined by the Waves, that it is almost wrought through. What prodigious Flights of Sea-Fowl, especially of those Geese, which they call Scouts, and *Soland* Geese, do, at certain Times, flock hither (for, by Report, their Number is so great, as to darken the Sun at Noonday:) What Multitudes of Fish these Geese bring, so as one hundred Soldiers in Garrison here, lived upon no other Provision but the fresh Fish brought hither by them, as they report: What Quantities of Sticks they convey for the Building of their Nests, so that by their Means, the Inhabitants are abundantly provided with Firing: What vast Profit also their Feathers, and Oil bring in: These are Things so incredible, as no one can well believe, but he who has seen them. This Garrison of the *Bass*, having stood out long against King *William* the Third, and at last surrendered, the Fortifications thereof were ordered to be flighted. We next come to *Musselborough*, a long, straggling Market-Town, having two or three Villages joined in one, *viz.* *Fisherraw*, so called from a Row of Houses, mostly inhabited by Fishermen; *New-Biggin*, and *Good-Speed-all*, are also adjoining, so that a Stranger would take them to be all one continued Town; these all belong to the Parish of *Inverresk*, an adjoining Village, so called because it stands on the River *Esk*; which *Kirk* serves for all. *Musselborough* was called the *Montpelier* of *Scotland*, by Dr. *Pitcaim*, from its healthy Air.

It is only four Miles distant from *Edinburgh*. Here the Scene was the same over again at *Haddington*, where the Women were extream ugly and nasty, having dirty Clouts tied round their Heads, falling about their Shoulders, and peeping out of Pieces of boarded Windows, just big enough for the Size of their Head; they put me in mind of Pidgeon-holes. Their Ale is cheap enough, being but a Penny a Choppin (we have now left off the Appellation Quart; and a Pint is a Mutchkin) and other Things in Proportion. Their Butter is loathsome to both Eye and Taste, which they always take Care to make oily when they use it; and in their Cookery, the Sailors far excell them. You have here Wisky, which is a kind of Malt-Spirit, cheap enough: But lastly, the Nastiness of their Food, together with their dirty Beds, makes me always in Fear of either a Surfeit, or Itch. Close to *Musselborough* is a noble and antient Building, called *Pinkey-House*, with a Park and Gardens surrounding, memorable for a Song made upon it, belonging to the Marquis of *Tweedale*; adjoining to which, is a most exquisite and grand Machine, moving by Water, for pumping Water out of the Coal-Mines; of which there are great Numbers hereabouts, and almost in every other Part of *Lothian*; which are extracted in exceeding large Pieces; and, when they burn them, the Servant first beats them into smaller Pieces with a Cannon-Ball; and, in *London*, are known by the Name of *Scots Coal*. This, and *Sterlingshire*, lies very commodious along-

side the *Firth*; from whence they export these Coals, by Sea, to different Ports of the Kingdom: They also make vast Quantities of White Salt in this Shire. It produces great Plenty of *Lime-Stone*; and, in the Reign of King *James* the First, a Silver Mine was found in it, out of which they got a great deal of Silver. Near this Town, upon *Edward Seymour*, Duke of *Somerset's*, entering *Scotland*, with a powerful Army, to challenge the Performance of Articles, for the marrying of *Mary*, Queen of *Scotland*, to *Edward* the Sixth, King of *England*, there happened a most dismal Day to the Youth of the Noble Families of *Scotland*, who fell there in great Numbers. Upon the *Links* here, which is close to the Sea-shore, I found many curious Plants. Just before we come to this Town, we passed by *Preston-Pans*, on our Right, close to the Shore; so called from the Salt-Pans there; of which Material that's made here, and the Places adjacent, they export vast Quantities yearly, to *Norway*, *Hamburgh*, the *Baltick*, and *Holland*. Here we saw, with Grief, the Spot of Ground where General *Cope's* Battle was fought; the Particulars of which are as follow.

In the Beginning of *August*, 1745, when the pretended Prince of *Wales* landed upon the Coast of *Lochaber*, between the Islands of *Mull* and *Sky*, he had a Retinue of only twenty-five Persons, amongst whom were the Marquiss of *Tullibardine*, Mr. *Kelly* (who was concerned with the Bishop of *Rochester*, and

some Years ago made his Escape out of the *Tower of London*, after he had obtained Leave to go to any Place, within ten Miles of the Town, for the Preservation of his Health) and one *Sullivan*, an *Irishman*, by Birth, who, it is said, had been employed by a *French* Minister to raise a Rebellion amongst the *Corsicans*, against the *Genoese*; and so judged a proper Hand to employ among the *Highlanders*, for a like Purpose. The Chevalier took up his Lodgings at the House of *Lochyell*, a Gentleman who was in the former Rebellion of 1715; whose Son, though he enjoyed his Estate by the Lenity of the Government, immediately joined him, and raised what Men he could for his Service.

There they continued, for some Time, in a private Manner, till hearing of Sir *John Cope's* Design to march, and disperse them, they found it necessary to set up their Standard, and raise all the Force they could to oppose him: On this, they were joined by several of the other Clans of that Country, and chose as the most advantageous Situation, the *Pass of Correyarrick*, where they determined to meet him: This *Pass* being so formed both by Nature and Art, that an hundred Men could destroy a thousand, in attempting to pass that Way.

Sir *John Cope's* Orders being express, either to go to *Fort Augustus*, or *Inverness*, his Intention was to make the first of these Places; but being advertised from *Inverness* of the Danger of passing that Way, and that the

Rebels wished he would attempt it, he made a Shew of marching thither, but turned towards *Inverness*, expecting, in his Rout, to be joined by several of the well-affected Clans; but, some of their Chiefs being out of the Way, and their Tenants mostly employed in the Harvest, none of them joined him, till he left *Inverness*, when two hundred of the *Monroe's* followed him to *Aberdeen*, most of whom would have embarked with him, had it been thought necessary; but it was judged more adviseable to let them return home, for the Defence of their own Country, and to quell any Insurrections of the Disaffected that might be in those Parts; and no other *Highlandmen* accompanied Sir *John*, but three Companies of Lord *Loudouns* new-raised *Highland* Regiment.

The General embarked at *Aberdeen*, and arrived at *Dunbar* on the 16th of *October*, and landed next Day; having brought with him all the Town of *Aberdeen's* Arms, because it was thought the Rebels, under *Gorden* of *Glenbucket*, would Visit that Town soon after he left it.

When the General took his Rout towards *Inverness*, the Rebels came down to the low Country, and were joined by the *Athol* and *Perthshire* Men at *Perth*; where they remained above ten Days, and when they went off they exacted ten thousand Pounds from the Town, and then marched Southward, and crossed the *Forth* above *Sterling*; whence it was thought they would have directed their

March to the Shire of *Air* by *Glasgow*, and proceeded thence by *Dumfries* to *England*; but instead of this, they deputed two Persons to go to *Glasgow* and demand fifteen thousand Pounds, and turned toward *Edinburgh* directly, being not only invited, but solicited thereto, by the *Jacobites* in and about the City, who well knew that the well-affected Inhabitants would have baffled any Attempt upon it, if they had got the fencing of the City finished, and the thousand Men levied and trained, who were to be raised by the Voluntary Subscription. Besides these, four hundred of the chief Inhabitants of the City, Lawyers, Writers, Physicians, and even Divines, took up Arms, for the Defence of the Town. About twenty three *Pattararoes*, and Ship Guns, were placed at the Gates, and on the Bastions of the City Walls. These Volunteers, &c. continued under Arms all *Sunday* Night, and likewise on *Monday*, till five o'clock in the Afternoon; at which Time *Gardener's* and *Hamilton's* Dragoons not only retired from the *Colt-bridge*, toward the City, but likewise precipitantly retired thence, toward *Musselburgh*, on the Approach of the Van-guard of the Rebels, and that in the Sight of the Inhabitants of the City; which put them into no small Confusion, imagining the Rebels were at their Heels, with their whole Force, and that the Dragoons had deserted them. However, the Volunteers, &c. continued under Arms, waiting Orders to take their respective Stations, which they were resolved to defend to the last.

At this Time, several Persons presented a Petition to the Provost, desiring a Meeting of the Inhabitants might be called, to consider whether they should hold out, or deliver up the City. The Fire-bell was according rung, which the Persons under Arms, took as a Signal for bringing them to the Place of Rendezvous, and immediately drew up, headed by their Officers. The meeting of the Inhabitants, in the New-Kirk-Isle, was filled immediately with Persons, who had been strolling in the Streets, many of them disaffected to the present Government. In this Meeting, a Letter from the Chevalier was presented, intimating his Intention to enter the City; but the Reader was soon interrupted, and the Question put, whether the Town was, or was not tenable? some affirming, that the Dragoons had left them, and others, that it was false, and that they were ready to defend the City to the last, if required. In the mean time, the Secretary at War acquainted them, That he had an Order from the General, to desire the two Regiments of Dragoons to enter the City, if the Inhabitants desired it. This occasioned some warm Debates; when a Gentleman, who had been present at a Council of War, some Days before, asserted, That the general Opinion of the Officers was, that the City was not tenable, and that bringing the Dragoons into it, would be cooping them up to their destruction. Immediately the Vote was put, Receive the Dragoons, or not? when it passed in the Negative; and so they went and joyned

General *Cope*.

No Orders being given what Part the Volunteers should act, they delivered their Arms into the Castle; the Governour of which sent for the Cannon on the Walls and Gates, to be brought to the Castle, or nailed up; but for want of Orders from some Person in the Town, they could not be carried away, but fell into the Rebels Hands, part of whom entered the Town the next Morning, by the *Netherbow-port*, when opened to let in a Coach. The remainder took Possession about Noon, the next Day, where they continued till *Thursday*, when hearing of Sir *John Cope's*, approach to attack them, and the Garrison having thrown some Granades into the Town, to force them out, they marched to *Palside-hill*, in view of our Camp, on the Sea side, near *Preston Pans*, where our Army lay all Night under Arms. In the Morning about five, the Highlanders marched up to our Army in Battle Array, and began their Attack on the right Wing, in which *Gardener's* Dragoons were placed, who broke upon the first Fire of the Rebels, and went off. Their Officers perswaded them to rally, but just as they were returning along-side of Lord *Grange's* Parkdyke, an Ambuscade of the Rebels gave them a second Fire, which made them run off altogether, notwithstanding the most earnest Intreaties of their Officers. *Hamilton's* Dragoons went off immediately also, without firing a Shot; and the Foot, surprized at the Flight of the Dragoons, (on whose Service



they placed such great Confidence) and it being very dark, their Bayonets not fixed, and a great number of new-raised Men among them, they fired too soon; on which the Rebels rushed upon them, Sword in Hand, with great Fury, surrounded them, killed about a hundred and fifty Men, and made one thousand Prisoners. The Highlanders of *Loudoun's* Regiment, placed with General *Cope's* Baggage, and as a Body of Reserve, were fallen upon next, who behaved very well, gave the Rebels a smart Fire, and killed several of them; but being overpowered by Number, they were obliged to surrender Prisoners.

Our Army consisted only of two thousand eight hundred Men, and the Rebels were reckoned at six thousand. A great number of Volunteers from *Edinburgh*, and the Country round it, offered to fight the Rebels, but Sir *John* refused their Assistance, for fear of confusing his Men. The Rebels had about one hundred Men killed, and double the number wounded.

Our stay here has been near a Fortnight, (occasioned by our Army's Retreat after the Affair of *Falkirk*,) where we mount daily a Piquet and quarter Guard, and have part of the Regiments of *Hamilton* and *Cobham's* Dragoons quartered with us, so that we are straitened very much for Conveniences. His Royal Highness is just passed by here for *Edinburgh*, for which Place we also expect to march to morrow, in order to join the whole

Army under his Command. An account of the  
Battle of *Falkirk* you may expect in my next,  
as also the History of *Edinburgh*, for at  
present I am quite tired with writing; and am,  
Sir,

Yours, &c.

*Musselburgh, Jan. 26, 1746.*



## LETTER V.

SIR,

I Promised you an Account of the Rebels Flight from *Carlisle*, with their Proceedings to *Stirling*, and the Battle of *Falkirk*, which I shall now give you. The Rebels, after leaving *Carlisle*, in great Precipitation, crossed the *Esk*, which, at that Time, was Breast-high, and, we are told, great Numbers of them were drown'd in the River. That about three thousand of them entered into *Annan*, Dec. 20, and about four or five hundred proceeded forwards to *Dumfries*, and another Body of about two thousand marched the same Night, from the *Esk* to *Ecclefechan*, and stayed there all Night. The Account from *Dumfries*, is, That the Rebels stayed there till *Monday, Dec. 23.* that they have imposed a Contribution on this Town of two thousand Pounds, half of which was immediately paid, and as a Security for the other, they had taken two Gentlemen as Hostages. They also insisted on one thousand pair of Shoes, paid nothing for Quarters, and did a prodigious deal of Mischief every where; that two thousand remained at this time in *Moffat*. Our next News from *Edin. Jan. 2.* was, That they have got as far as *Glasgow*, and by a medium of several Computations, are said to amount to about three thousand six hundred Foot, and near five hundred Horse, (very much jaded,)

and many sick. Small Parties are continually passing towards *Perth*, but whether deserting, or marching thither, is not known; however, it is certain they have lost many by Desertion and Death, since they arrived at *Glasgow*, where they have also enlisted about fifty or sixty. Their Demands upon *Glasgow*, for Broad-cloth, Tartan, Linnen, Bonnets, and Shoes, amount to near ten thousand Pounds *Ster.* in Value; besides which, they say, they must have a Sum of Money. They have assessed the *Provost* in five hundred Pounds for promoting the new Levies on behalf of the Government; and have been very outrageous against all those who appeared zealous and active in raising them, by plundering and burning their Houses, destroying their Goods and Furniture, and (where they could carry off their Provisions) by spoiling them in a most unheard-of manner, which, so far from having the Effect they proposed, has greatly increased the Spirit against them. They give out, that they are to attack *Stirling*; and the Cannon from *Perth* was moved towards that Place, amongst which are two Pieces of eight Pounders, two of twelve, two of sixteen, all Brass; besides Iron Cannon, and a large Quantity of Powder and Ball. The Rebels, from *Perth*, marched therewith. The Prisoners who were at *Perth*, are sent to *Glames-Castle*. Here are also Advices, that the Rebels had got some of their Military Stores, particular Iron Cannon, and Ball from *Montross* by Sea, to *Perth*; and that they had fitted out the *Hazard* Sloop, and a Privateer, at *Montross*, which

was ready to put Sea; and that they were also fitting out an armed Sloop at *Perth*. At this last Place, they have fortified *Oliver's-Mount*, and have from one hundred, to two hundred Country People daily employed in fortifying the whole Town. By Advices from *Edinburgh, Jan. 5.* the Rebels marched on *Friday* Morning from *Glasgow*; their main Body lay that Night at *Kilsyth*, and the Pretender's Son lay at Mr. *Campbell's*, of *Shawfield*, near *Kilsyth*. They ordered his Steward to provide every thing, and promised payment; but next Morning told him, that the Bill should be allowed to his Master, at accounting for the Rents of *Kilsyth*, it being a forfeited Estate. On *Saturday* the Rebels marched towards *Stirling*; their Army was cantoned at *Denny, Bannockburn*, and *St. Ninian's*. They detached a strong Party of their best Men to *Falkirk*, for a Rear Guard. The Pretender's Son took up his Quarters at *Bannockburn*, the House of Sir *Hugh Paterson*. Lord *George Murray*, and the Person called Lord *George Drummond*, were at *Aloway* yesterday, concerting how to bring over the Cannon brought from *Perth*, by Floats; and afterwards surveyed the Passage at *Cambes*, to see if it could be done more conveniently there; and then went to *Dumblain*, leaving a Party of a hundred Men at *Aloway*. The next we hear at *Edinburgh*, how the Rebels had got into the Town of *Stirling, Jan. 8.* the Inhabitants opening the Gates, (as the Town was not defenceable, is a *Quere*.) The Militia Officers, with all their

Arms, went into the Castle. Their Men, by small Parcels, all made their Escape; and that Major General *Blakeney*, was well provided with Men and Provisions. By Advices from *Stirling*, the Rebels had got all their Cannon over the *Forth*; and upon the 12th, had broken Ground, between the Church of *Stirling*, and a large House called *Marr's Work*, for erecting a Battery there against the Castle. For this purpose, five large Pieces of Cannon were ready in the *Meal Market*, and three small ones were expected from *Airth*. They had sent several Expresses to their Troops in *Perthshire*, to hasten their March towards *Stirling*, where they shut up their Ports, and placed Guards at all the Outlets Of the Town, to prevent the People from coming in for, or going out with Intelligence, to the King's Troops; and the Body at and about *Falkirk*, had Orders to march upon the 13th, towards *Linlithgow*, with all the Waggon and Carts, which they could get together, for carrying off all the Provisions they could meet with.

Our next Accounts from *Edinburgh*, Jan. 16. mention, that within these three Days past, twelve Regiments of Foot, and two of Dragoons, have marched from thence to *Linlithgow*. The Artillery followed yesterday, as did this Day Lieutenant General *Hawley*, with Lord *Cobham's* Dragoons. The Party of the Rebels which had retired to *Falkirk* from *Linlithgow*, upon Major General *Husk's* Arrival at the last Place, on the 13th, retired on the 14th, from *Falkirk*, towards *Stirling*, to

their main Body. There is Advice, That the Rebels have got most of their Friends to the South-Side of the *Forth*, and are endeavouring to spirit up their Men to an Action. And, by Advices from *Stirling*, of the 14th, the Rebels had got together two Pieces of Cannon, sixteen Pounders, two of eight, and three of three Pounders, and were expecting four Pieces more by Water, for their Battery in that Town. They had also a great Number of Fascins, but had not been able to plant their Cannon, Major-General *Blackeney* having fired several times upon them from the Castle, and demolished their Works. Major-General *Husk* marches from *Linlithgow* to morrow Morning, for *Falkirk*, with eight Regiments; at which Place, he will be joined by a Thousand *Argyleshire-Men*, under Lieutenant-Colonel *Campbell*. Our next News, is of the Battle which happened on the 17th, *near Falkirk*: The whole Army being assembled, and *Cobham's* Dragoons being arrived early, upon the Morning of the 17th, it was resolved to march the next Day to attack the Rebels, who, by all Accounts, lay, with their main Body, in the Enclosures, near *Torwood*; but, by the Report of several Persons, who were sent out to reconnoitre, they were observed to be in Motion early in the Morning (as they had also been the 16th) but it was not confirmed, that they were in full March against us, till about One in the Afternoon, when they were seen about three Miles Distance, marching in two Columns towards the South, to some rising Grounds, upon a

Moor, near *Falkirk*; upon which, our Troops got under Arms, and formed immediately in the Front of the Camp, and bent their March towards the same Ground, to which, it was apprehended, the Rebels were going, being a large Mile, on the Left of the Camp. No sooner were the Troops got thither, but we saw the Rebels moving up, their Right extending Southwards; as there was a Morass, or Boggy Ground, upon our Left, we could not stretch so far as they, so that their Left, and our Foot, was formed in two Lines, Part upon plain Ground, and the rest upon a Declivity: When all was formed, and our first Line within an Hundred Yards of the Rebels, Orders were given for the Lines to advance, and a Body of Dragoons to attack them, Sword in Hand. They accordingly marched forwards, but, upon the Rebels giving them a Fire, they gave Ground, and great Part of the Foot of both Lines did the same, after making an irregular Fire, except the two Regiments of *Barrel* and *Ligonier*, under the Command of Brigadier *Cholmondley*, who rallied immediately; and being afterwards attacked by the Rebels, fairly drove them back, and put them to Flight. Whilst this was transacting, a Body of the Foot, by the Care of Major-General *Husk*, formed at some Distance, in the Rear of these two Regiments, which the Rebels seeing, durst not advance; and, about the same Time, Brigadier *Mordaunt* rallied the scattered Battalions into their several Corps, in which he was greatly assisted by the Officers, and pretty near formed them: For



some Time before the Army moved forwards, there was a violent Storm of Rain, to which we may, in some measure, impute our Misfortune, for it hindered the Men from seeing before them, and consequently the Rebels had the Advantage of us greatly in that Particular: Besides, as it rained also before that, many of the Firelocks were so wet, that it is believed, not above one in five that were attempted to be fired, went off. Our Loss is but small, the greatest being that of the Officers, several of whom, being left by their Men, were lost: And, we have Reason to believe, that of the Rebels to be very considerable, by the Report of some who were upon the Field. It was a Misfortune, that we could not get up our Artillery to us; for it had rained heavily in the Night, and on the 17th, in the Morning, and having a steep Hill to ascend, and the Horses but bad, they could not get forward; and, when we returned to our Camp, we found the Captain of the Train had abandoned it, and the Drivers had run off with the Horses, which obliged us to leave some Pieces of Cannon behind us. The Grenadiers of *Barrell's* Regiment drew down one to the Camp, and Horses were found at *Falkirk* to bring away three of them. The Evening being excessive rainy, it was thought proper to march the Troops to *Linlithgow* that Night, and put them under Cover, otherwise we should have continued in our Camp, being Masters of the Field of Battle; and Brigadier *Mordaunt* was ordered to take Post there. When we came to strike our Tents, we found

that many of the Drivers had run off with their Horses; upon which, the General gave Orders, that what Tents were left, should be burnt; which was done. During the Time the Army was on its March to meet the Rebels, a Body of them, with some Colours, passed the River of *Carran*, towards the Right of the Camp, with a Design, as may be apprehended, to attack it; but the *Argyleshire-Men* being posted in the Front of it, kept them in Awe, so that they prevented their advancing. The *Glasgow* Regiment was posted at some Farm-Houses, where it was thought they might be of Use, when the Action begun, and remained formed there, notwithstanding they saw that the Dragoons had given Way, and Part of the Foot. We have also to add, that it had been resolved, that the Army should remain at *Linlithgow*, whither it had retreated on the 17th, at Night; but, upon Examination, it was found, that the Troops had no Powder that would take Fire, from the excessive Rain for twenty-four Hours before; and thereupon, a Resolution was taken, upon the 18th, in the Morning, to march to *Edinburgh*, and the Places adjacent, where the whole Army arrived that Afternoon, about Four a-Clock. Some Accounts make mention, that we lost, in the Field, three Hundred Men, seven Pieces of Cannon, with some of our Baggage, and that Half of our Army, *i. e.* the Infantry, was not engaged. Part of the Rebel-Army are returned to *Stirling*, and the Remainder were Yesterday-Night at *Falkirk*, and, *January* the 19th, in the Morning, they sent to bespeak

Quarters at *Linlithgow*. Sir *Robert Monro* was wounded, and afterwards taken Prisoner, together with his Brother, the Surgeon, who came to assist him in dressing his Wounds, both of which, at the same Time, they murdered in cold Blood. About this Time, thirty-one of our Officers, who were taken Prisoners at the Battle of *Preston-Pans*, made their Escape from *Glames, Couper, and Leslie*, where they were imprisoned by the Rebels. Soon after the Battle, the Pretender's Son marched back to *Stirling*, when the Rebels summoned the Castle there to surrender, in the Morning, and again in the Afternoon; but General *Blakeney's* Answer was, That he had always been looked upon as a Man of Honour, and that the Rebels should find he would die so. Which they found too true, in the End. *January* the 24th, The Siege of *Stirling-Castle* proceeds very slowly; General *Blakeney* has fired so often upon the Men at Work upon the Batteries, and with so much Execution, that the Rebels cannot get any of their own People to go near them; for which Reason, the *Irish* Brigade, and *Drummond's* Regiment, from *France*, have been ordered upon that Service. Further Advices, of *January* the 28th, mention, That the Rebels had, the Day before, erected two Batteries against the Castle, one at *Gawan Hill*, within forty Yards of the Castle, and one at *Ladys-Hill*; upon which, they gave out, they should have their Cannon mounted, as that Day, consisting of two Pieces of eighteen Pounds, two of sixteen, and three of twelve:

A Drum had been sent round the Town, with Notice, That every Person, that was taken near the Castle, should be shot; and that, if any of the Town's-People entertained any of the Wives or Children of the Soldiers, who were in the Castle, they should be punished with Military Execution. Upon the 26th, they fired several Platoons of Small Arms, against the Castle, but without doing any Harm; whereas the Loss which they have sustained by the Firing from it, is very considerable. Seven *French* Officers are said to be killed. The principal Part of their Army remains about *Falkirk*. All the Prisoners (except Officers) taken by them, in the late Action, were sent from *Stirling*, on the 25th, to *Down-Castle*; and, upon the same Day, the Baggage of the Pretender's Son was sent to *Leckie-House*. They were securing all the Meal they could get in the Country. About this Time, Colonel *Ligonier* (Brother to the General) died at *Edinburgh*, very much regretted; for, being ill of a Pleurisy, for which he was blooded and blistered on the 14th, he would nevertheless, contrary to Advice, march with the Army to *Falkirk*, on the 19th, and command the Brigade of Dragoons, at the Attack, of the Rebel Army's two Lines; where he broke the first, and did great Execution: When Lieutenant-Colonel *Whitney*, and several other Officers, were killed, in the midst of the Rebels, Colonel *Jordain*, and others, wounded, and the Squadron repulsed, by their second Line, Colonel *Ligonier* rallied them, and made the Rear-Guard of the Army,

in their Retreat to *Linlithgow*, where he arrived at One in the Morning, his Cloaths wet through: This brought on a Quinsey, which soon carried him off.

In our Stay at *Musselborough*, I made a Journey to *Dalkeith*, about two Miles Distance; it is a tolerable good Town, for this Part of the World, pleasantly situated upon the River *Esk*, on a rising Ground; and, on the Edge of this River, stands a noble Seat, belonging to the Duke of *Buccleugh*, pleasantly situated, with Plenty of Planted Firs; and this River gives Boundaries to the Park, which is considerably large. Here I found good Entertainment, and a plentiful Market, in Provisions and Corn, which proves very convenient for *Edinburgh*, being but four Miles Distance. From *Musselborough*, we travel along the Sands of the *Firth* Shore, four Miles, when we come to *Edinburgh*, which we cannot see, till we just enter the City, for it lies in a Sort of a Valley, between two Hills, one of which, is called *Salisbury Craigs* (i. e. Rocks) the other makes the Foundation of the Castle. By the *Irish-Scots*, this Town was called *Dun Eaden*, i. e. *Eaden Town*; which, without Doubt, is the same that *Ptolemy* calls *Στρατοτεδομ τερωτόν*, and the *Romans*, *Castra Alata*, that is, the Winged Camp; for, as *Camden* observes, *Adian*, in the *British* Tongue, signifies a Wing, and so *Edinburgh* (from a Word compounded of the *British* and *Saxon* Tongue) is nothing else but the *Winged Borough*. This City, in Regard of its high

Situation, the Goodness of the Air, and Fertility of the Soil, so many Seats of the Nobility lying round it, its being watered with excellent Springs, and reaching, from East to West, a Mile in Length, and Half so much in Breadth, is, upon these Accounts, justly esteemed the Metropolis of *Scotland*. It is strongly walled, and adorned with publick and private Buildings, well peopled, and frequented, for the Advantage of the Sea, which the neighbouring Port of *Leith* affords; and, as it was formerly honoured with the King's Residence, so is it the Sacred Repository of the Records, and the Chief Tribunal of Justice. At the Extremity of the East-End of the City, stands the Palace of *Holy-Rood House*; leaving which, a little to the Left, you come through a populous Suburb, to the Entrance, called the *Water-Port*. From hence, turning West, the Street goes on in a straight Line, through the whole City, to the Castle, which is above a Mile in Length, and said, by the *Scots*, to be the largest, longest, and finest Street, for Buildings, and Number of Inhabitants, in *Europe*. From the Palace-Door, which stands on a Level with the lowest of the Plain-Country, this Street begins to ascend very gradually, being no-where steep; but this Ascent being continued, for so long a Way, it is easy to understand, that the furthest Part must necessarily be very high, for the Castle, which stands, as it were, at the Extremity, West, as the Palace does East, makes, on all Sides (that only excepted which joins it to the

City) a frightful and inaccessible Precipice. Besides the continual Ascent of this great Street, you are to suppose it running along the Top of a Ridge so narrow, that the Street and the Row of Houses on each Side, take up the whole Breadth; so that, whether you turn to Right, or Left, you go Down-hill immediately, which is so steep, that it is very troublesome to those who have not very good Lungs, to walk in those Side-Lanes, which they call *Wynds*. By this Description you will perceive the City stands upon the narrow Ridge of a long, ascending Mountain. The Castle is situated on so high a Rock, strongly fortified with a great Number of Towers, that it is looked upon as impregnable. This the *Britains* called *Castle Myned Agned*; the *Scots*, the *Maidens Castle*, and the *Virgin Castle*, because the Maiden Princesses of the Blood-Royal of the *Picts*, were kept here, in old Time. The Ascent upon which the City stands, has, on the North-Side, a Pool, called the *North-Loch*, and was, formerly, guarded by another, on the South, called the *South-Loch*; but this last is drained many Years ago, and upon the Banks of it are built two several Tracts of Houses. The Magistrates have also, with great Expencc, brought one of the best Springs of *Scotland* into the City, which they did by Leaden Pipes, from a Hill, at about three Miles Distance; and, to make it more convenient, they have erected several stately Conduits in the Middle of the High Street, to serve the Town with Water. From the Palace-Gate, Westward, this Street is called the

*Canon Gate*, as belonging to the Canons of the Abbey, which is a kind of Suburb by itself. In this Part of the Street, though otherwise not so well inhabited as the City itself, are several very magnificent Houses of the Nobility, built for their Residence when the Court was here. Besides these, there is vast Numbers of Bawdy-Houses in this Street; which amongst the Frequenters of, it is a common Question to ask, *If they have got a Pair of Canon-Gate Breeches*, meaning the Venereal Distemper, which rages here, as well as in other Places, and had made its Appearance here above two Hundred Years ago. At the Upper, or West-End of this Street, where it joins to the City, is a Gate, which, like *Ludgate*, parts, the City from the Suburb, but does not discontinue, the Street, which, rather widens, and is more spacious, when you are through the Gate, than before. This is the famous *Nether-Bow Port*, whose Doors were like to have been taken away by the Parliament, when the Affair of Captain *Porteus* was under their Consideration. Just at this Gate, on the Outside, are two Streets, one of which is called *St. Mary's Wynd*, and the other *Leith-Wynd*; the first leads out of the City, South, into the Great Road for *England*, by the Way of *Kelso*; and, at the Foot of it, a Gate, turning Westward into the Low-Street, called the *Cow-Gate*, because the Cattle are driven through it, to and from the Great Market-place: The other leads North, into a Suburb, called the *Calton*, from whence there is a very handsome Gravel-Walk continued to



the Town of *Leith*, which is kept in Repair at the Publick Charge. We now enter the City at the *Nether-Bow Port*, and have an open View up the High Street, where stands the *Tron Kirk*, and near it, in the Middle of the Street, stands the Guard-House, where two Companies of Soldiers, at the Charge of the Town, do Duty every Night, and keep the Publick Peace of the City. About Midway, between the *Nether-Bow* and the Castle, stands the Great Church, which, before the Reformation, was Collegiate, and dedicated to *St. Giles*; but it was afterwards divided into several Preaching Places; and Districts of the City were allotted to them, so as to be Parochial. When King *Charles* the First erected a new Bishoprick at *Edinburgh*, which before that Time was in the Diocese of *St. Andrews*, it was made a Cathedral, and the Dean was Forenoon Minister of that Part of it called the *New Kirk*, which is the Choir, Chancel, or Eastern Part. The Great Cross, under the Tower, is called the *Old Kirk*; and the Front, or West-Part of the Great Church, is divided into two Parts: that on the South is called the *Tolbooth-Kirk*, and that on the North, *Haddo's Hole*, From the Laird of *Haddo*, who, being a great Royalist, and Anticovenanter, was kept Prisoner in a Vault there, till he was beheaded. The Steeple, in the Middle, is very high, and of good Architecture; the Summit of it resembles an Imperial Crown. Here they have a Sett of Bells, which are not rung out, as in *England* (for that Way of Ringing is not known in this

Country) but are played upon by the Hand, with Keys, like a Harpsichord, the Person playing having great Leather Covers to his Fists, by which he is able to strike with the more Force; and, for the larger Bells, there are Treddles, which he strikes with his Feet. They play all Manner of Tunes, very musically; and the Town gives a Man a yearly Salary for playing upon them, from Half an Hour after Eleven, till Half an Hour after Twelve, every Day, *Sundays* and Holydays excepted. The same Sort of Musical Bells are also common all over *Flanders* and *Holland*. On the South-Side of this Church (formerly the Church-Yard) is a Square of very fine Buildings, called the *Parliament-Close*, the West and South-Sides of which are mostly taken up with the Parliament-House, the several Courts of Justice, the Council Chamber, the Exchequer, the Publick Registers, the Lawyers Library, the Post-Office, &c. The Great Church makes up the North-Side of the Square; and the East, and Part of the South-Side, is built into private Dwellings, very stately, lofty, and strong, being seven Stories high, to the Front of the Square, and the Hill they stand on having a very steep Descent, some of them are no less than fourteen Stories high, backwards. In the Middle of this Square, or Court, is the Statue of King *Charles* the Second, in Brass, erected upon a stately Pedestal, at the Charge of the City. The Great Opening into the High Street, being the only Passage into it for Coaches, is at the North-East Corner; a little from which is the Market-

Cross, where all the Proclamations and Publick Acts are read, and published by Heralds, and Sound of Trumpet. Here is the Great Parade, where Gentlemen meet for Business, or News, and serves as an Exchange, every Day, from Eleven to One.

Near the West-End of the Great Church, stands the *Tolbooth*, or Common-Prison, as well for Criminals, as for Debtors. It was formerly the Place of Residence for the Provost of *St. Giles*, as most of the adjacent Houses were for the Canons and Choristers of that Church. The Great Church, and this Prison, both standing in the Middle of the Street, the Breadth and Beauty of it is, for some Space, interrupted; but, beyond those Buildings, and a Middle Row, called the *Lucken-Booths*, the Street opens again to its former Breadth, and is now called the *Lawn-Market*, from the Linnen-Market being kept here. This Part of the Street extends West, to a narrower one, which leads to the *Castle Hill*. At the upper End of it is a Stone Building, appropriated to several Publick Offices, of lesser Note, called the *Weigh-House*, for, Below-stairs, are Ware-Houses, with publick Weights and Scales, for weighing heavy Goods. In this Place, the Rebels kept a Guard, when they endeavoured to besiege the Castle, but some Cannon being pointed to it from the Castle, beat a Part of it down, and dispersed their Guard.

Here the High Street parts into two, one of which leads to the *Castle Hill*, as already

noticed, and the other turns SouthWest, and, descending gradually, leads to the *Grass Market*, a Place very like *Smithfeld*, on Account of a weekly Market for Black Cattle, Sheep, Horses, &c. This Street, which is called the *West-Bow*, is inhabited, mostly, by Wholesale Dealers in Iron, Pitch, Tarr, Oil, Hemp, Flax, Linseed, Druggs, Woads, and such-like heavy Goods.

This City has seven Gates, or Ports, belonging to it, the first of which is called the *Nether-bow-port*, this is the chief Gate; it was magnificently built in 1606, and adorned with Towers on both sides; this is the Entrance from the Palace, and the principal Suburb, called the *Canon-Gate*. 2dly, The *Cowgate-Port* at the East-end, likewise gives Entrance to the Street of that Name, leading to the Abby by a back Way. 3d. The *Potter-Row-Port* gives Entrance to the Suburb so called, and leads to *Dalkeith, Kelso, &c.* Southward. 4th. The *Society-Port*, called so from the Society of Brewers, who have a great square Court near it, with stately Houses and Buildings round it. 5th. The *West-Port*, the only Gate at the West-End end of the City, which leads through a large Suburb to *Glasgow, Stirling, Queen's-Ferry*, and from thence to the West and North Highlands. 6th. The *New-Port*, at the East End of the Lake, leading Northwards, towards a Village called *Mouter's Hill*, and *Leith*. 7th. The *Colledge-Kirk-Port*, leading also to *Leith*. The next remarkable Buildings, are, First, *Heriot's*

*Work*, which is really a large and stately Building, adorned with a consecrated Chapel, and pleasant Gardens: It was built by the Reverend Docter *Balcanquhal*, to whom *George Heriot*, Jeweller to King *James VI*, left near seventeen thousand Pounds, to be disposed of in pious Uses; which that worthy Dean did, by building and endowing this House, and giving Statutes to it, which he ordered should be unalterable. It is a Nursery for an indefinite Number of the Sons of Freemen, who are maintained, cloathed, and educated in useful Learning, till they are fit for Apprentiships, or to go to the University, where they are allowed handsome Salaries and Exhibitions. The next most remarkable, is the *Royal Infirmary*, lately erected, but not quite finished or filled, but by our sick and wounded Soldiers; it has great number of Conveniences, and a beautiful large Building; the Amphitheatre for Operations is also the grandest, and best designed, of any I had before seen: It was built by the liberal Contributions of many well disposed Persons, and there was so general a Good-will to the Work, that the like Spirit has hardly ever been known any where. The Proprietors of several Stone Quarries made Presents of Stone to it, others of Lime, Merchants contributed Timber. The Wrights and Masons were not wanting in their Contributions also: The neighbouring Farmers agreed to carry Materials *gratis*: His Majesty was also pleased to give one hundred Pounds towards it. The following is the Inscription on the first

Stone, *The Royal Infirmary at Edinburgh*, founded August 2, 1738. Earl Cromarty, G. M. Next is the Royal Palace, a very handsome Building, rather convenient than large; it was formerly both a Royal Palace and an Abbey, founded by King *David* the first, for the Canons Regular of Saint *Austin*, who named it *Holyrood-House*, or the House of the Holy Cross, which was burnt by *Oliver Cromwell*, but nobly re-edified by King *Charles* the Second, and of which his Grace the Duke of *Hamilton* is hereditary Keeper; it is now almost neglected. The Entrance from the great outer Court, is adorned with Pillars of hewn Stone, under a Cupula in form of an Imperial Crown, balustraded on each side at the Top. The forepart has two Wings, on each side of which are two Turrets; that towards the North was built by King *James V.* whose Name it bears in Letters of Gold, and that towards South (as well as all the rest) by King *Charles II.* whereof Sir *William Bruce* was Architect. The inner Court is very stately, all of Freestone, well hewed, with a Colnade round it, from whence are Entries into the several Apartments; but above all, the long Gallery is very remarkable, being adorned with the Pictures of all the *Scots* Kings, from *Fergus I.* done by masterly Hands. This served as a lodging Room for our Soldiers, upon Straw, as were most of the other Rooms. The adjoining Park belonging to this Abbey before mentioned, is about four Miles in Circumference; but what is very odd, there is neither Deer nor Tree in it; and though it be

very mountainous, affords good Pasture for Cattle, excepting the mighty craggy Rock in it, near half a Mile to the Top, called *Arthur's Seat*, from *Arthur* the *British* King, who, they say, used to view the adjacent Country from thence. This Palace, or Abbey, and Park, are a Sanctuary for Debtors. Close to this Abbey, is a neat Physic Garden, abounding with great variety of curious Plants, with Stoves, under the direction of Docter *Charles Alston*, the present *Botanical* Professor, a most: learned and curious Gentleman. Next, and lastly, is the College, or University, which stands near the *Potter-row-port*; it consists of three Courts, two lower, and one higher, equal to the other two; these Courts are encompassed with neat Buildings, for the use of such Students as please to lodge in them; for they do not live in common, nor are they obliged to reside, but only to attend their Classes at certain Hours. There is a high Tower over the great Gate looking to the City. The fortune of this City hath in former Ages been very variable and inconstant, sometimes it was subject to the *Scots*, and otherwhiles to the *English*, who inhabited the East Parts of *Scotland*, until it became wholly under the *Scots* Dominion, about the Year 960, when the *English* being over-powered, and quite oppressed by the *Danes*, were enforced to quit all their Interest here, as unable to grapple with two such potent Enemies. *Edinburgh* is certainly a fine City, and, I believe, can boast of the highest Houses in *Europe*; notwithstanding, it has its Faults, and those

very great, meaning its Nastiness, which is composed of Excrements in all Parts of the Town; and in a Morning, about seven o'Clock, before the Excrements are swept away from the Doors, it stinks intolerably, for which, I believe, it exceeds all parts of the World: For after ten o'Clock in the Evening, it is Fortune favours you if a Chamber-pot, with Excrements, &c. is not thrown on your Head, if you are walking the Streets; it is then not a little Diversion to a Stranger, to hear all Passers-by, cry out, with a loud Voice, sufficient to reach the Tops of the Houses, (which are generally six or seven Stories high, in the Front of the High-Street,) *Hoand yare Hoand*, *i. e.* hold your Hand, and means, do not throw till I am past. Every Stair-case is called a Turnpike, or Land, with the Addition of some Name to distinguish it from another; as for Example, Hold your Hand in *Blackfryar's* Land; this, with variation, is the common Cry all over the Streets, at ten o'Clock at Night, and after. At first when I came here, and enquiring out various People, (not then knowing there was Cadies, *i. e.* Boys on purpose to direct and shew Peoples Houses,) they sometimes directed me to some Close or Wynd, as they call all their Alleys, and then to such a Turnpike, which in their *English*, is a Stair-Case; I found, with the greatest Difficulty, the Persons I wanted; for every Family, of the best Rank, generally have but one Floor, some only half a Floor, and others less; the Gentry take the first and second, &c. and the Poor mount on high.



When you ascend their Stair-Cases, which are all Stone, the first thing at every Landing presented to your View, are human Excrements, one upon another, and so thick laid, that it is with difficulty you can pass them without bruising them, which at the same time emits a most volatil Hautgoût, not at all agreeable to Strangers. They keep Close-Stools in their Bed-Rooms, which they call Boxes, which are emptied out of the Windows in the Night; so Shitten-luck generally lights on the Person who walks at late Hours in the Streets.

The Women here use the *Scots* Plaids about their Heads and Shoulders, exactly of the Shape, and worn after the same manner with the *Flemmings* Veils; only these are of different Colours, made of Worsted, and the Foreigners always black Silk; these are very good Cover-sluts, and serve to hide the Nastiness of their Undress. Great numbers of the Ladies of *Edinburgh* are very handsome, light haired, and fair Complexions, with Freckles: along the Streets, they have a noble Walk and erect Deportment; you must, at the same time, understand that *Edinburgh* is to *Scotland*, as *London* to *England*, where all the Beauties of the distant Counties come for Education, which makes their Numbers seem much more, than otherwise it would be: They are also very industrious, and take great Pride in having most part of their Cloaths the product of their own working; they are great Admirers of white thread Stockings, and also

of shewing them upon their Legs; but what is still better, they make them themselves, for it is a very great Rarity to see a *Scotch* Woman sit idle; nay, over the Tea-Table, they are generally at work, either upon their Thread to make them Linnen or Plaids, or else knitting themselves Stockings or Gloves, most curious and fine; a piece of Industry that our *English* Ladies take no care after! but more the Pity, and their Men, on the contrary, live as idle.

Our whole Army expects to morrow (His Royal Highness commanding,) to march against the Rebels, who are destroying every thing they can lay Hands on about *Falkirk*, where the Battle happened, and it is thought there will be a Famine in the Country soon: unhappy, of consequence, must our Troops be, in going after these Rebels, if we can get nothing to eat, but what we must be supplied with from *England*. But however we are all in high Spirits, by means of his Royal Highness's Presence, who also gives new Life to the Soldiers, and we want nothing but to meet with our Enemy speedily. Three fourths of *Edinburgh* are supposed to be *Jacobites*; and those of the Town, who pretend to be stanch Whigs, even tell us so. And the Ladies in general, are in love with the Pretender's Son's Person, and wear white Breast-Knots and Ribbons in his Favour, in all their private Assemblies. We are too, most miserably accommodated, and meet with innumerable Hardships from the Inclemency of the Weather; thus it is in the Lowlands, and what

then must we expect in the Highlands, which we think soon to approach. I am quite tired with writing, so end

Your most humble Servant, &c.

*Edinburgh, Jan. 30, 1746.*



## LETTER VI.

*SIR,*

**I** Set out with the Army, *Jan. 31.* and passed through *Leith*, a Mile from *Edinburgh*, a Sea-Port Town, large for this Country, situated on both Sides the River *Leith*, over which is a stately Stone Bridge, to which Ships of Burthen may come, and at high Water lay their Sides close to the Shore; here is a very fine Quay, well wharffed up with Stone, and fenced with Piles; at the Mouth of the Harbour, is a very long well built Pier, or Head, which runs out beyond the Land a great way, and defends the Entrance into the Harbour, from being filled up with Sand, as it would otherwise be, when the Wind blows hard at North-East. There are also Ranges of Piles, or Break-Waters, as the Seamen call them, on the other side of the Harbour, all which are kept in good repair; and by this means the Harbour is preserved and kept open, in spite of a flat Shore, and a large Swell of the Sea. The *Firth* is here seven Miles across to *Kinghorn* on the other side, where are Ferry-Boats for Men and Horse

passing every Tide. Formerly this Town was strongly fortified by one *Dessey* a *Frenchman*, for the Security of *Edinburgh*; after which great Numbers of People flocked hither, and in a short Time, from a mean Village, it grew to a large Town. In the Reign of our *Kmg Harry* the Eighth, the Sufferings and Calamities, both of it and its Neighbours, were grievous and inexpressible, being both burnt and plundered by Sir *John Dudley*, Viscount *Leslie*, Lord High Admiral of *England*, who came hither with a puissant Army, and broke down the Pier, burning every Stick thereof, and took away all the *Scots* Ships that were fit to serve him; which kind of Execution was done likewise at *Dunbar*. Afterwards when *Francis*, King of *France*, had taken to Wife *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, the *Frenchmen*, who in hope's and conceit had already devoured *Scotland*, and began now to gape for *England*, A. D. 1560. strengthened it again with new Fortifications: but Queen *Elizabeth* being solicited by the Nobles, who had embraced the Protestant Religion, to side with them, by her Wisdom and Prowess so effected the Matter, that the *French* were enforced to return into their own Country, and all their Fortifications were laid level with the Ground; and *Scotland* hath ever since been freed from the *French*, and *Leith* hath become a very opulent and flourishing Port for *Edinburgh*. After leaving this Town, we have a beautiful Prospect of the City and Castle of *Edinburgh* on our left, where the whole City appeared, at this View, not unlike

a Castle, in relation to the height of the Houses, and their building a Top. From hence we next came to *Queen's-Ferry*, a small fishing Town, situated close to the *Forth* shore, supposed to be so called from Saint *Margaret*, Queen to King *Malcolm Canmore*, as the shortest Passage over the *Forth* to *Dumferling*, where she resided much, and began to build a Monastery. Here is always a speedy Passage over the *Firth*, and only two Miles in breadth, (which at *Leith* is seven, and besides obliged to wait the Wind and Tide.) In the middle of the *Firth*, just opposite this Village, you have a small Island, with the remains of an antient Castle upon it: Here we have a fine flat Corn Country along the Banks of the *Firth*, of which we a constant View on our right; but on the other side, called *Fifeshire*, you see a vast Ridge of high Mountains. In our Road from this last Town to *Burrostowness*, we travel along the Banks of the *Forth*; and in our Way pass by one of the noblest Seats in *Scotland*, called *Hopton-House*; it is composed of a large Front and two Wings, (somewhat like *Buckingham-House*;) one Wing makes the Stables, and the other his Library; its being situated upon a rising Ground, and near the Banks of the *Forth*, makes it command a most delightful Prospect along that River, and the adjacent Country. *Burrostowness* is a long Town, consisting only of one stragling Street, which is extended along the Shore, close to the Water; it is said to produce the best Seamen in the *Firth*, who are very good Pilots to the

Coast of *Holland*, the *Baltick*, and the Coast of *Norway*, to which Places they drive a great Trade. From hence we turn to our Left, and in about five or six Miles March we come to *Linlithgow*, vulgarly *Lithgow*, noted for the noblest King's Palace in *Scotland*, and a grand Church, (which stands upon a level with the Palace, and is a curious Work of fine Stone,) and a Lake plentifully stocked with Fish; from which Lake it seems to derive its Name; for *Lin* in the *British* Language signifies a Lake. This Town is a Royal-Burgh, well built, (for this Country) and is accommodated with Conduits, which furnish Water to the Inhabitants, and with a stately Town House, for the meeting of the Gentry and Citizens, and with a Harbour at *Blackness*. The King's House before mentioned, stands upon a rising Ground, which runs almost in the middle of the Loch, and looks like an Amphitheatre; having Terras Walks, (as it were,) and a descent from them; but upon the Top, where the Castle stands, it is plain. This Palace has Apartments like Towers at the four Corners; and in the midst of the Court is a stately Fountain, adorned with several curious Statues, the Water whereof rises to a good Heighth. The Church of *St. Michael's* makes a part of this Building, and is a Wing on the right Hand of the first Court, as the proper Offices make the left, but is now much in Ruins. This Town is noted for a great Linnen Manufacture, and the Water of the Lake here, is esteemed so extraordinary for bleaching or whitening of

Linnen Cloth, that a vast deal of it is brought hither from other parts of the Counry for that purpose.

Our Army was without the Town, drawn up in order of Battle, expecting the Rebels would stand us; but it proved a false Alarm, for in truth the Rebels were nearer *Stirling* at this time, and preparing to get from thence as fast as they could. When we were drawn up in the Field, we had a malancholy Sight, for the Palace, before described, was through some Accident set on Fire, and continued burning without any help for the contrary, when we marched off the Field. From hence we came to *Falkirk*, but not without several false Alarms; before we came to which Place, we pass by *Calendar-House*, the Seat of the Earl of *Kilmarnock*, the Commander of the Rebel Huzzars; it is an old Building of no great consequence, but has a noble Firr Wood on the backside, upon a Hill. Fronting this House, you have a vast space of flat Ground, the *Forth* keeping its Course in the middle; the Prospect is most delightful and entertaining, by reason of the great number of Gentlemens Seats, situated on either side the Banks of the *Firth*. These Houses are of white Stone, and the Roofs covered with blue Slate, which make a most agreeable glistering in . Sun-shine Weather, which we then had. About a Mile from *Calendar House* we enter *Falkirk*, which Town is not so big as *Lithgow*; it is a Burgh or Barony, situated upon a rising Ground. This Town is famous for the notable

Battle which was fought here, betwixt King *Edward* the First, and the *Scots*; wherein were slain no less then two thousand Men.

Just out of this Town we encamped, *February* 1. and remained one Night under our Tents, and cold Lodging we had, for it was a hard Frost; we were now pretty sensible of the Hardships we had endured for several Days past, when we could get neither Victuals nor Drink for our Money, the Rebels having consumed all the Provisions, and had just left the Town as we entered, flying before the Duke with great Confusion. We here found most of our wounded Men, whom they had made Prisoners in the late Action, which they in their Retreat had been obliged to leave behind them. A little before we reached this Town, we had a view of *Stirling* Castle, at about nine *Scots* Miles distance, situated on a vast high Hill. We now hear the Rebels have left *Sterling* with great precipitation, and passed the *Forth* about four Miles above the Town, (for one Arch of the Bridge was blown up by General *Blakeney's* Order, so they could not pass over it,) and without taking the Castle, which they were always sure of in their own Thoughts. After decamping, we left *Falkirk*, and hastened to *Stirling*, which we had in full view, at four Miles distance. In our way thither, we passed by the Place where the late battle of *Falkirk* happened, which Curiosity tempted me to spend some time in remarking; and I met with a Countryman, just on the Spot, who lived close by, was an Eye-



witness, and gave me its History. We also passed by *Torr-Wood*, which served as a Harbour for the Rebels, before the late Battle; it is chiefly composed of Firs and Beech. We expected to meet with some lurking Rebels now here, but did not. From hence the Town of *Stirling* made a beautiful Appearance, being built just like *Edinburgh*, all up a Hill, the Castle making the Top of the Town. Just before we came to this Town, there is a small Village, called *St. Ninian*, the Kirk of which the Rebels had made their Magazine, and in it, the Inhabitants told us, was contained near six thousand Weight of Powder, which in their precipitate Flight they blowed up, the Report of which we heard upon our March, near *Falkirk*: They set Fire to it by discharging a Musket into the Powder. There was three Men ordered to perform this Operation; but the first Firing did; and the Church gave a terrible Shock, and destroyed several of the Rebels, who were the Actors of this Tragedy, and nine or eleven of the Town's-People were also buried in its Ruins, which our Men dug out, for the Sake of their Cloaths, while we halted at *Stirling*, Its great Shock also broke all the Windows in this Village, so that we thought, at first Sight, they were so many Baudy-Houses, till we understood the Cause: Many of the Windows also in *Stirling* suffered, with their neighbouring Town, or Suburbs. *Stirling*, at this Time, was evacuated by the Rebels, they having left it in great Confusion, and was now entirely filled with the King's Forces; and our

Regiment coming in last (we being an Escort to the Train) we could get no Quarters, and hardly Victuals: I was scarce ever in more Distress, till Providence assisted me very accidentally. The Rebels Efforts towards taking the Castle, had proved all in Vain; their Batteries they had raised, were all beaten down by the Firing from the Castle, and their Men in vast Numbers killed; their Cannon (several of which were sixteen and eighteen Pounders) drove from their Batteries, and dismounted, and their Muzzels the Sides beat together, by two or three Cannon-Balls, which had hit upon different Parts of the Circle, by the Skilfulness of our Marksmen in the Castle. The Rebels then finding their mighty Efforts all in Vain, and the Duke hastening after them, hurried away, leaving all their Cannon behind, and many other Things: And the Time our Men halted here, which was two Days, they were continually digging in the Trenches, to find dead Men, for their Cloaths, Sand-Bags, &c, others seeking out where Cannon-Balls had razed the Earth, then they dig for them; and by this Means they got much Money in selling them; which made it a Sort of Carnival all over the Town; this Monty making them first drunk, and then mad. Here was continually great Numbers of the Rebels brought in to the Duke, who had hid themselves in Holes and Corners, and who had not a timely Notice of their Brethrens leaving their Quarters. Some of these our Men, as soon as taken, stripped of their Cloaths, and dressed themselves up in

the *Captive-Highlander's*, with their Targets, &c. Their strutting about in this Manner, made a very comical Appearance, and was very diverting. Whole Companies of the *Irish* Brigades had deserted from the Rebels, and delivered themselves up to his Royal Highness. The Great Street in this Town looks very grand, and the Houses are exceeding high, so that they approach, in Height, very near to those at *Edinburgh*: Here is also several very antique Buildings, in the highest Part of the Town., but greatly decayed, by being neglected. The Castle is not so very difficult of Access as that of *Edinburgh*, but is esteemed equally strong, being built on a vast high Rock. The Works are capable of mounting more Cannon; and there is a Battery that commands the Bridge, which is of the utmost Importance, and seems to have been the main End and Purpose for which it was built. The Walls, with a Variety of Casemates, and all the Outworks, are very firm, and, seemingly, in good Condition. It appears also, in every Respect, a very grand and magnificent Structure; the Architecture is noble, and strong; several of the Buildings within it are faced with wreathed Pillars, consisting of various Emblems, in curious antient Carving. Upon the Bastions, on the North-Side of the Castle, we had a most agreeable Prospect over the Valley, and of the Meanders, Turnings, or Reaches of the River *Forth*; which River runs very near the Castle, and has a vast extensive flat Land on each Side its Banks. Here are three Double

Reaches, which make six Returns, together, and each of them above six *Scots* Miles in Length; and as the Bows are almost equal for Breadth, as the Reaches are for Length, it makes the Figure compleat. This beautiful winding Course gave me infinite Satisfaction, for a long Time, to behold; at the same Time, I thought, it excelled every Thing of the Kind I had ever seen. It continues from a little below the Great Bridge at *Stirling*, to *Alloway*, the Seat of the Earls of *Mar*. The Form of this Winding may be conceived by the Length of the Way; for it is twenty-four Miles from *Stirling* to *Alloway* by Water, and hardly four Miles by Land. Adjoining to the Castle, were formerly large Gardens: The Figure of the Walks and Grass-Plots are still plainly to be seen. The Bridge of *Stirling* is a very noble Building, consisting of four very large Arches, with Watch-Towers on each Side; one of which being blown up, we were obliged to stay till it was rebuilt with Boards, which was done in two Days. We had here fine Prospects, both East and West; Eastward, we could plainly see the Castle of *Edinburgh*, and the Hill called *Arthur's Seat*; and Westward, we could see *Dumbarton* Castle. To the Southward, we saw *Dunblain*, and the Field .of Battle, called *Sheriff-Muir*. From *Stirling*, our first Day's Journey was to *Dunblain*, a pleasant little Town, situated on the Bank of the River *Teith*, or *Taich*: It was made a Bishoprick by King *David* the First; and the Ruins of the Bishops and Canons Houses are still to be seen. Here our Army

was cantoned, and in all the adjacent Villages, situated always at the Foot of a Mountain, and consisting of three, six, eight, and ten Houses each. In coming hither, we passed over *Stirling-Bridge*, and began to ascend those mighty and dreadful Mountains, called the *Highlands*, which we always had in View at *Stirling*, and which we as often dreaded to ascend. From hence we passed several Windings of the River *Allen*, which falls into the *Firth* at *Stirling*: and on our Right passed by *Sheriff-Muir*, where the Battle with the Rebels was fought. in the Year 1715. From thence we came to *Methel*, a small Village, and then passed by (at some small Distance) *Drummond-Castle*, the Seat of the Duke of *Perth*, situated on the Banks of the *Ern*; about two Miles further was *Crief*, twelve Miles North of *Stirling*, a small Village, about the Bigness of *Dumblain*, where we were cantoned, as before. Here we understood the Rebels had left this Place the Day before Part of our Army entered it, and had divided themselves into three separate Corps; the Clans over the *Tay-Bridge*, towards their Hills again; the *Lowlanders* of *Bamff* and *Angushire*, are gone towards *Dunkeld*, with four Covered Waggon, and seven Pieces of Cannon; and the Person called Lord *John Drummond*, with all the *Irish*, and other Troops, that came from *France*, are gone for *Aberdeen*, as the give out. From *Crief* our next Day's March was for *Perth*; and it proved a very long one, and very bad Roads, but now and then we had agreeable Firr

Woods, which are mighty solitary and amusing, and are the only artificial Beauty of these Mountainous Places, being always planted very close and regular, and afford an entertaining Scene to a wearied Traveller. About three Miles before we came to *Perth*, we pass by *Huntingtoun*, a Seat of the Dutchess of *Athol's*, having Firr-Tree Woods on every Side; but we had not a Sight of *Perth* till we came within Half a Mile of it, because of its lying in a Hollow. Posterity has named it, from a Church founded in Honour of St. *John*, *St. John's Town*; and the *English*, in the Heat of the War between the *Bruce's* and the *Baliol's*, fortified it with large Bulwarks, the greatest Part of which the *Scots* afterwards demolished: It is nevertheless a neat, little City, pleasantly situated between two Greens, which they call *The Inches*, and serve for Bleaching their Linnen Cloath, of which they have a great Manufacture here. It has three very long Streets, and many, cross ones, with an old Wall in Ruins, surrounding every Side, excepting that which is bordered by the famous River *Tay*, the biggest in all *Scotland*; by which it is furnished every Tide with Commodities from the Sea, in their Light Vessels, which come up to a handsome Key, joining to the Town. *Perth* is the second Town in *Scotland* for Dignity: Near it stood antiently the Town of *Berth*, which being overflowed by an Inundation of the *Tay*, occasioned the building of this, where it now stands. The Town is well supplied with all Sorts of Sea-Fish, and from the River

prodigious Quantities of Salmon, and extremely good; which they carry to *Edinburgh*, and to all the Towns where they have no Salmon, and barrel up great Quantities for Exportation; Here is several antient Houses in this Town, and about a Mile distant on the other Side the *Tay*, I saw the famous Palace or Monastery of *Scone*, extending two Hundred Feet in the Front, and has been honoured with the Coronation of all the Kings of *Scotland*, ever since *Kenneth*, who having, hard by, made a general Slaughter of the *Picts*, placed a Stone here, inclosed in a Wooden Chair, for the Inauguration of the Kings of *Scotland*: It was brought out of *Ireland* into *Argileshire*, and from thence hither; but was carried away by the victorious King *Edward* the First, and placed in *WestminsterAbbey*, where it now is. The Rebels, when they marched from this Town, left thirteen Pieces of Iron-Cannon, about eight and twelve Pounders, nailed up; and they threw into the River fourteen Swivel Guns, lately belonging to his Majesty's Sloop the *Hazard*, which were taken out again the Morning after we arrived here; they also threw a great Quantity of Cannon-Bails into the River. After staying here a Day and two Nights, the next Day being the Eighth of *February*, two Detachments of five Hundred Foot each were ordered forwards, one to *Dunkeld*, under the Command of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir *Andrew Agnew*, with one Hundred and Twenty *Argileshiremen* added thereto; the other under the Command of

Lieutenant-Colonel *Leighton*, to *Castle-Menzie*, a Mile on the other Side *Tay-Bridge*; with the first of which it happened to be my Lot to march.

The rest of the Army remained at *Perth*, in order to rest the Regiments of Foot, after the great Fatigue they have undergone. We set out of *Perth*, for *Dunkeld*, early in the Morning, it snowing very hard, and arrived there at Four a-Clock in the Afternoon. In this Journey we had a most agreeable Variety; we were now a-going over the Hill, as they called it, but proved to be of the Plural Number, for no sooner had we got ever one high Mountain, and into a pleasant Valley, but another Hill, higher, presented itself, for our next Labour. Between, and upon the Declivity of these Hills, we had most solitary Fir-Woods, all regularly planted; and oftentimes a perfect Sugar-loaf-shaped Mount was chosen for this Purpose, which, was it in a Roman Catholick Country, no Place would be more acceptable for the fixing of a Crucifix, or Saint, to worship. After you have passed a Ridge of Mountains, and come into a Valley, you are sure of meeting a most agreeable River, with noisy purling Streams, occasioned by large Rock-Stones lying in every Part, and the River in most Places being exceeding shallow, so that the Stones are frequently higher than the Water; the Sides of the Banks being as often lined with the same rocky Substance, make the Stream glide most swiftly. There happens frequently to be a



confused and vast Number of these craggy Rocks lying in different Parts of the River; where these happen, it seems to threaten a Stoppage to the Stream; but Nature, by this Obstruction, collects a larger Quantity of Water, and forces its Way with a violent Current; which Cascade, together with its Noise, gives a Person disposed to Solitude a most agreeable Harmony: But with all these pleasing Varieties, yet we endure great Fatigue and Hunger; for when we have overcome all the Difficulties, in ascending these Mountains, and are frequently wet, and cold with the piercing Winds, and our Journey is over, we are then at a Loss for both Bed and Nourishment. The Rebels, who have just passed before us, have always eat up and destroyed every Thing for Sustenance. We did not see *Dunkeld* till we came just upon it; it then seemed to be a very neat and most agreeable small Village, but enclosed with most high Mountains on every Side, having the forementioned beautiful River *Tay* winding almost round it, and is very broad, so that we are always obliged to be ferryyed over, to get into the Town. Here is two Ferries for this Purpose, at different Ends of the Town, where are Boats for Men and Horse always in Readiness; at either of which Places the River is exceeding deep, and the Water looks quite black at a Distance. This Town, by King *David*, was adorned with an Episcopal See, and, on Account of the Name, is looked upon by most as a Town of the *Caledonians*; and those Persons interpret it, *The Hill of Hazels*,

who will have it to take the Name from the Hazels of the *Caledonian* Forest: It is surrounded with pleasant Woods, at the Foot of the *Grampian Hills*, on the North-side of *Tay*; It is the chief Market Town of the *Highlands*. The Duke of *Athol* has a noble Seat, and newly built, in this Town: Here was also formerly a beautiful and magnificent Cathedral Church, dedicated to St. *Columba*, the Seat of a Bishop, whose Chapter or Prebendaries were *Culdees*, or Black Monks; but they were dissolved at the Reformation, and most Part of the Church is now in Ruins. There is, at present, a most remarkable Crack, all up, and through the Building of the Steeple, which is of Stone, and which, in Painting, would make a most entertaining Landskip; the Duke's House, and this Church makes the greatest Part of the Town. The Gardens here, belonging to the Duke of *Athol*, are all of Nature's forming. You have here Variety of Mounts and Flats, adorned with Statues, and a neat Green-House; as also a handsome Stove, with many curious Plants in it, such as Pine-Apples, Torch-Thistles, Oranges, Lemons, &c. &c. and several curious Coffee-Trees, that thrive vastly well, and had ripe Fruit now in *February*. The *Highland* Houses hereabouts are very oddly built, and look most miserable and desolate, they being composed of Clods of Peat, Stones and Broom. As to Chimnies, they are little acquainted with them; there is sometimes a little Hole left open in the Top, for the Smoke's exit; other-times it is in the End, and

most frequently the Door performs this Office. Nay, what is more odd, in coming into this Town, I saw in one House a Chimney made of a Cart-Wheel, and out of the Hollow for the Axel, passed the Smoak. As to their Way of Living, it is as odd, being chiefly on Oatmeal, boiled up in various Forms, with Water; like Hasty-Pudding, we used to mix it with Milk or Ale, and so eat it. Their Bread is Oatmeal and Water made into thin Cakes: Their Method of making these Bannocks or Oat-Cakes, is by kneeding the Oatmeal with Water to a Paste, then flatting it with the Hand (by the Help of dry Meal) to less than half an Inch Thickness, it is laid dry upon a Girdle-Iron, to bake over the Fire: The Girdle-Iron here is a thin Iron-Plate, of different Sizes, but for ordinary it is about two Foot in Diameter; this is supported by a Trevet with three Legs, and it is set upon the Hearth, and a Fire is made underneath, as Occasion shall require; they are also frequently turned, till sufficiently baked. (In the Bishoprick of *Durham* they have these Plates, but are hung upon a Trammel by means of a Girdle-Handle.) When Oatmeal is dear, they make them of Barley-Meal, and Ale instead of Water, which in every other Thing is performed after the former Manner, and by some are more esteemed, than the others (with Oatmeal) thinking it not so hot for the Blood. These Cakes are made and kept in Quantities by the better Sort; and for Tea, we had them warmed before the Fire, which is soon done, and then buttered, and so are

agreeable enough. They have generally two Apartments in their Houses (meaning the common People) by means of a slight Partition; one End they lye in themselves, having a Fire in the Middle, and Chaff of Corn or Heather is their Bed; the other End is for their Oxen, Calves, &c. which are exceeding small; a full-grown Ox is seldom bigger than one of our Calves of a Year old: The Smell of the Cattles Dung (which is generally very thick about the House) and their Peat Fire, I believe, keeps them in Health, but not free from the Itch, which is as common as their Oatmeal; and their better Sort of People are rarely free from this Malady, which they seldom mind to cure any other Way than by their dumb Musick (they having their Instruments always about them) and when the Spirit moves them, which is most frequent, they are very dexterous in playing, both with their Arms and Fingers, nay, their whole Bodies would very often move. You must think, this gave us not a little Diversion, but at the same Time, we had great Fear, lest they should present us with a Fiddle. The Duke of *Athol's* House, at *Dunkeld*, made a Strong-Hold for our Detachment; and here stayed several Days, but not without frequent Alarms from the Rebels. After leaving this Town, we came for *Blair*, in *Athol*, another of the Duke's Seats, and is called *Blair-Castle*, a much older and larger House than the former, having a pleasant small River running close by it, which by means of Sluices, is formed into a

Pond, quite in the Front of the House, which is six Stories high, and a Prison, in Appearance, having the Windows covered with Iron-Bars, and Walls five Foot thick. This House is not so agreeably situated as the former, though somewhat like it, only having a much larger Plain about it, and has vast high Mountains on every Side, but at a greater Distance from the House. The Gardens here are also not so agreeable as the others, nor has it any Green-Houses, but has some curious Statues, which the other wants, such as a *Hercules*, a *Diana*, *Bacchus*, &c. and has also a *Temple of Fame*, filled on every Side with Busto's of the antient Philosophers and Poets, the Duke himself being placed in the Middle, gilt upon Lead: He has also *English* Cattle, such as Oxen and Sheep, which thrive very well, and *English* Servants to attend them. The Town itself consists only of a few Peat-Houses, according to the former Description, excepting the Minister's House, one pretty good Change, or Publick-House, and a poor old Kirk, but the Pews are all broken down, and the Doors left open, so consequently full of Dirt; the Minister however preaches in it once a Week an *Erse* Sermon. In coming this last Day's Journey, which is twenty measured Miles (which the Stones upon the Road show, fixed there for that Purpose by the present Duke of *Athol*) we still come into a more mountainous Country, and the Variety is still the greater (having Plenty of Frost and Snow) and in turning out of the Road about a Mile from *Dunkeld* (upon the River *Almand*, being

a Branch of the *Tay*) there's the most wonderful Cascade, caused by Rocks, that ever I saw: I believe it is near thirty Yards high, and is called the *Rumbling Brig*; for it makes a most surprizing Noise; and close by it there is two Rocks over the River, which meet together, by which Means it makes a natural Bridge; the Country-People that live near it, to make passing over it easier, have covered it with Clods of Peat and Sticks, it being the only Bridge they have over the River; and when you stand on this Bridge, the Fall of Water is so great, and near twenty Yards below you, yet it will wet you all over, like Smoke and Rain mixed, which ascends from out of this bottomless River, by means of the constant Fall of Water from on high; which, they say, has been frequently plummed, but could never find a Bottom. We travelled greatest Part of this Day upon the Banks of the famous and deep River *Tay*, lying in a Hollow, or Valley, having the most high Mountains on either Side; and in about fourteen Miles come to the *Pass* of *Killicranky*, which is certainly a Place the most wonderful, and contains the greatest Variety I ever saw. The Rebels going just before us, had spoiled the Road all along this Pass, by digging Holes, and blocking up other Parts with large Rock Stones; they also broke up one Arch of a Bridge, which we must necessarily pass; here we expected to meet them, but did not, they being nine or ten Miles distance, which afterwards heard. Near this Pass of *Killycranky*, we have, on every

side, Mountains so exceeding high, that they seem to be even with the Clouds, and all covered with Snow, it being a very hard Frost at this time, and snowed great part of our Journey; the Cold was also extream, we scarce could bear it; now and then we saw three or four Houses together, built of Clods of Peat and Stones, after the former manner; but we saw no young Men, they being all gone with the Rebels, as we conjectured. We have now a continual view of Rocks, Mountains, Woods, Plains, Flats cultivated, and Rivers; and on the Mountains we saw frequently great Herds of Cattle, such as Oxen, Sheep, and Goats. This Pass of *Killicranky*, is situated at the Foot of a vast Mountain, near a Mile long. Next, there is a River called the *Timel*, which divides it from other Mountains, still higher on the other side, which are covered with Woods. The Road through it is very narrow and dangerous to retreat for the River, which is close to you in a vast Hollow: From the woody Mountains here, run frequent Streams of the purest Water, which are obstructed now by the hard Frost, and make most romantick Winter-appearances, by the congealed Streams of Icicles, which hang pendulous over the rocky Banks of these Rivers. I staid at *Blair Castle*, in *Athol*, near a Month, in which time our Detachment plundered all the Houses which were concerned with the Rebels, for five or six Miles compass. The most noted were the Lady *Ludd*, a Sister of Lord *Nairn's*, Lady *Fascally* of *Blairfettidy*, several *Robinson's*,

and *Stuart's*, &c. I believe most of the whole Country about here, deserved the same Treatment, for I fancy there were few that were not rebelliously inclined. We got plenty of Oxen, Sheep, Goats, and Horses; also plenty of Forage, and Oatmeal, Bedding, &c. otherwise I believe we should all have been starved: The first Week of our stay here we had a hard Frost, with much Snow; then came on a great Thaw, and Wind; immediately after that, came a Frost again; these sudden Changes, and cold windy Weather, (and by reason of keeping our Men so closely confined in *Blair* Castle, as two hundred, and one hundred in every Room, breathing in the most nasty Scents, which arise from one and the other, lying upon Straw,) almost brought a Pestilence amongst them, so that three, four, and five, were brought out every Day, most extream ill, into the Hospital, which was the Duke's Stables; so that our Number of Sick encreased to sixty in three Weeks time. They were generally at first taken with a most violent Head-ach, and Pains all over their Limbs, so that their Use was entirely lost, and always attended with a violent burning Fever, which mostly, first arose with a cold Shivering; in many, the Pain settled in the Side, and became violent Plurisies; others, the Fever broke out in Eruptions all over the Body, and many with these Symptoms had a spitting of Blood. Fluxes and Dysenteries were also common. From hence, I rode back again Post to *Perth*, and after leaving that Place, I enter a new Country, that I had not



before seen, *i. e. Fifeshire*, and travelled over some very high Mountains, till I came to *Kinross*, ten Scots Miles from *Perth*. I was frequently obliged to alight from my Horse, and walk, in order to ascend and descend several of these steep Mountains. *Kinross*, is a small Market-Town, but remarkable for the famous *Loch-Leven*, (just by) above ten Miles in Circumstance, abounding with Pike and Trout, which afforded me a noble Dinner; in the middle of which is an Island, upon which are the Ruins of an antient Castle, where *Mary*, Queen of *Scots*, was imprisoned. Out of this *Loch* flows a River, which bears the same Name, and empties itself into the *Forth*, at *Lewen*.

Between the Town and the Lake, is a pleasant Plain, where a stately House hath been built by Sir *William Bruce*, the *Wren* of *North-Britain*, and at present belongs to Sir *John Hope Bruce*, Bart, which for the goodness of Stone, the curious Architecture, and the Avenues, Gardens, and Inclosures, together with the pleasant Prospect of the Loch and the Castle, gives Place to few Seats in *Scotland*. From hence I passed through a fine pleasant Country, abounding with Corn, Coals, and Pigeons, and came to *Innerkeithing*, an antient walled Town, with a Harbour for Shipping, and crossed over from *North-Ferry* to *Queen's-Ferry*, two Miles by Water; at *Queen's-Ferry* I again took Horse, and had a pleasant Ride seven Miles to *Edinburgh*; the method of riding Post in this

Country, is, that you have a Horse for your self, and a Man runs on Foot before as a Guide, and to bring the Horse back again, for both which you pay only two Pence *per* Mile; some of these Fellows will hold running for a whole Day, as fast as you can well ride; and a Dram of *Whisky* always quickens his Pace. While our Detachment was at *Dunkeld*, we were informed that the Rebels were about *Blair* in *Athol*, with their Pretender, who, they told us, had been out frequently a Hunting and Fowling; but upon our Approach, they left that Place, after having taken several of the Duke of *Athol's* large *English* Oxen and Sheep, and many other things that they needed, and were gone for the *Ruthven* of *Badenoch*, twenty Miles farther North, in the Road for *Inverness*; of which we were more particularly informed by some Countrymen returning from *Dalnacardoch*, who had been carrying Baggage for the Rebels: That a few Days before about one thousand of the Clans, with about forty Gentlemen on Horseback, forty Baggage Horses, together with all the Prisoners carried from *Falkirk*, who were in a miserable Condition, (and several Officers that were very fat, who could not keep up with their Pace, they forced along, not allowing them Horses, although many of them wanted Shoes and Stockings at the same time,) arrived at *Dalnacardoch*, in their Way towards the North; that the Day after, their Artillery, with about eighty Cart Load of Baggage, was carried off from *Blair*, and that it was given out, that they were driving to

*Ruthven* in *Badenoch*. I hear, since I have been in *Edinburgh*, that they have burnt our Barracks at *Ruthven*, and proceeded farther. Their other Parties are said to lye from *Strathbogie* to the *Spey* Side, and extend beyond *Inverness*; the News amongst some are, that their Numbers amount to about ten Thousand, others more; but the *Jacobite* Party would enlarge them to as many again, and do invent News every Day, which consists of the greatest Falsities; but we give no Ear to them: We have had such bad Weather lately, that it was impossible, for an Army to live in the Field: and the Rivers being, by this means, impassible, has detained his Royal Highness the Duke, and Army, so long at *Aberdeen*; but now we expect to hear of his March very soon, the Weather, I hope, being just changed for the better. We soon expect to hear of some happy Event over the rebellious Crew, the Disturbers of our Peace. In the mean time

*Adieu.*

*Edinburgh, March 16, 1746.*



## LETTER VII.

*SIR,*

**A**FTER three Weeks stay at *Edinburgh*, I set out *March 20*, for my Journey to the Army at *Aberdeen*, and crossed the *Forth* at *Leith*, seven Miles to

*Kinghorn*, a stragling dirty Town, chiefly inhabited by Fishermen, and Hirers, (People that keep Horses to let,) for these *Kinghorn* Hirers are known all over *Scotland*, for their Impudence and Impositions, as well as their Skippers. In our Passage we saw great Numbers of Porpusses swimming about the *Firth*, which the People here shoot, and having brought to Shore, boil their Fat into Train Oyl, as they do Whales, and several other great Fish, which they sometimes meet with hereabouts. Our Company got here very good Entertainment; we also hired Horses here for *Dundee*, and had Guides, who also brought back the Horses. From *Kinghorn* we travel along the Sands of the Sea. shore, six Miles, and pass through the Villages of *Kirkcaldy*, *Dysert*, *Weems*, *Buckhaven*, and so to *Leven*. These Villages are chiefly inhabited by Fishermen and Coalminers, they digging vast Quantities of Coal hereabouts, and at *Kirkcaldy*, even close to the very Sea, at the West end of the Town, and where one would think the Tide should make it impossible to work them: They also have several Salt-pans hereabouts, for boiling and making Salt. Having crossed the River, where it disembogues itself into the Sea, we leave a large Promontory of Land on our right, and come to the *Cooper-in-Fife*, the Shire Town, most pleasantly situated in a Valley, upon the Banks of the River *Eden*, surrounded with plenty of tall Trees, which makes the Town look very Rural at a small distance; we got very good Entertainment here, at a Widow's,

called *Cooper* of *Cooper*, and good Fires to dry us, for it had rained very hard all this Journey. After leaving this Town, we pass two small Rivers, and over a large Hill, which having descended, we arrive at the Banks of the *Firth of Tay*; (we had hitherto a pleasant and plentiful Country, as to Corn, &c. but Trees you see none) where we hired Boats, and ferryped over to *Dundee*, which is three Miles broad, and the Current is exceeding strong, so that in bad Weather, it is counted a very dangerous Passage. At *Dundee*, the People were very disaffected, for it was with the utmost difficulty we could get fresh Horses, although we were ordered Express to the Duke. *Dundee* is situated near the *Tay's* Mouth, to which it is joined by a Causeway or Walk, well paved with flat Free-stone, and Rows of Trees are planted on either side of the Walk, which makes it very agreeable. The Name seems to be derived from *Dun*, a Hill; and the River *Tay*, (on the North-side whereof it is situated) is a Town of Note, good Trade, and well built; it has two very long and large Streets, with a large Market-place in the Middle, said to be the largest and fairest in *Scotland*, except that at *Aberdeen*. This Town stands in a pleasant Plain, and besides the Advantages just now mentioned, hath two Churches, and a Harbour for Ships of Burthen. The Inhabitants are generally rich, and those that fall to Decay have a large Hospital provided for them. The great Church was formerly Collegiate, and a very large Building; but Part of it was demolished in the

Civil War, when this Town was stormed and plundered by *Cromwell*, and the *English Army*. The Tower upon this Church, is a handsome square Building, large, antient, and very high, and is a good Ornament to the Town. We found great plenty of Fish here, such as Salmon, Codds, Haddocks, &c. and pretty well cooked at the *Sutherland's-Arms*, where they keep a Man Cook. After waiting four Hours, we got Horses, but many had no Bridles, which were supplied by Halters, with a large wooden Bit under the Chin. After leaving *Dundee*, we pass by an old Fort, called *Brochtycrag*, about a Mile distant upon the Banks of the *Firth of Tay*, which was formerly defended by a Garrison of *English* for many Months together; when out of an earnest desire of a perpetual Peace, they sued for a Marriage between *Mary of Scotland*, and *Edward the Sixth of England*, and upon promise thereof, demanded the Performance by force of Arms; but the Garrison at length abandoned it. We are now travelling through the County of *Angus*, chiefly upon the Sands of the Sea Coast, where we have a most delightful and constant Prospect of the Sea, till we come to *Aberbrothock*, commonly called *Arbroth* by contraction, lying open to the Sea. It is a Royal Borough, with a Harbour, very famous for the stately Ruins of the greatest Abbey in *Scotland*, and which still looks exceeding grand at a Distance. It was of old, a Place consecrated to Religion, by King *William*, in honour of Saint *Thomas of Canterbury*, and endowed by him with

large Revenues. Here he lies interred, and has a stately Monument. Here also is a famous Mineral Water, which is very much frequented for various Diseases. It is a very neat small Town, pleasantly situated, and where we found good Entertainment at one *Bruce's*, at the Cow and Calf. Their chief Manufacture here is Thread, for which they have several Mills to wind it by, of curious Contrivance, much resembling some of the Silk-Machines at *Derby*; the Thread made here passes for *Dundee* Thread, the most noted in *Scotland*. After leaving *Arbroth*, and travelling eight Miles farther, through exceeding bad Roads, we come to *Montrose*, (after having crossed another Ferry upon the River *South-Esk*, at the very Mouth of which is *Montrose*,) that is the *Mount of Roses*, a Town antiently called *Celurca*, (risen out of the Ruins of another of the same Name, and situated between the *Two Esks*.) The Town is well situated for Trade, and has a good Harbour. Here we had a View of a *French* Man of War, wrecked, that brought over Lord *John Drummond*, occasioned by one of our Men of War persuing her. *Montrose* makes a fine Prospect from the Ferry, and lies very near to the Sea; it consists of a long Street, and another shorter, at the End of it. Here is also a pretty good Kirk, and the Street is very broad, and well paved; but the People here were very disaffected, and used us ill, in not providing Horses; we waited here half a Day, before we could get any, and those we then got were so bad, that it was with Misery we

rode them; and to find one that had two Shoes, was a Rarity; and we were forced to accept of Halters for Bridles, as before at *Dundee*. After leaving *Montrose*, about a Mile and half, we cross another small Ferry, called the *North-Esk*, but an exceeding rapid Stream; we were obliged to ride our Horses full against it, otherwise they could not have withstood it; from whence we cross through a very bad Country, to *Bervie*, a miserable small Place, chiefly inhabited by Fishermen: Here we put up at the Provost's House, a good honest old Fellow, whose Face shewed what he loved. His Wife told us, she had brought out Wine to present when the Duke and Army came by, but could get none of her Neighbours to back her. We were here first obliged to eat Oat-Cakes in this Journey, which was a great Hardship to several of our unexperienced Travellers. Most of these small Villages upon the Sea-Coast, live only by Fishing and Smugling. From *Bervie* we came to *Stonehive*, a small Sea-Port Town, lying quite in a Hollow, so that we did not see it, till suddenly we fell into it. We put up here to lodge at a Doctor's, named *Lawson*, who kept a Publick House, his Wife was lame, and he none of the wisest of his Profession; but had great Quantities of Wormwood, Sage, and other Herbs, hanging up in the Room where we supped; the Dust of which, diffused itself amongst our Victuals, and gave it no small Relish. These Towns being situated by the Sea side, and having generally a Rivulet, or Inlet of the Sea, adds not a little to make an



agreeable and useful Habitation. From this last Place, we have twelve short Miles to *Aberdeen*, and within four or five Miles of that City, we begin to have a most wretched bad Country, producing only Peat, and barren Land, even till we come to *Aberdeen*; but the Road is paved, otherwise we should have most wretched Travelling. About a Mile before you come to the Town, you have a most stately and neat Bridge of Stone, consisting of seven Arches, (built by *Gawin Dunbar*, then Bishop of this Place,) across the River *Dee*. We then travel alone the Banks of this River, and have a most delightful Prospect of *New Aberdeen*, situated almost close to the Sea-side. When we entered this Town, it was with great Difficulty we found a Publick-House, which they call Change-Houses, there being but one Sign in the whole Town, to notify such a House, though, at the same Time, there is many of them in the Place. This City is placed in 57 Degrees, 25 Minutes, Northern Latitude, and is the Capital of the Sherifffdom of *Aberdeen*, and the Seat of the Sheriff, for trying of Causes; and much exceeds the rest of the Cities in the North of *Scotland*, in Bigness, Trade, and Beauty. The Air is wholesome, and the Inhabitants well-bred. The River *Dee*, runs along the back of the Town, and is very broad, but hath many Sands, so that it is almost dry at Low-tide. About half a Mile from the Town, the large Shiping come up, and smaller Craft come even with the middle of the Town. You have here vast plenty of Salmon, and all other

kinds of Sea Fish; and here is great plenty of a Sea-Weed called *Dulse*, (mentioned by Mr. *Ray*, in the Second Edition of his *Synopsis*, Page 3.) which the Poor pick off the Rocks, and sell about the Town every Day; The Poor, and also the Rich, eat it by itself, and sometimes with Vinegar. The Streets are paved with a sort of Flint, and Pebbles, and the Houses built of Stones, generally four Stories high. The Town consists of three or four good Streets. That called the *Broad-street*, is the Principal, and is really a fine Street, and the Houses stately, considering where we are. Here is also a fine square Market-Place, called the *Castle-Street*, in the middle of which is an antient and curious Market Cross, with many antique Effigies all round it; and a little higher, you have a very useful Conduit, with a Spout on each Side, always surrounded with People, coming with Pitchers, for Water. Here is in this broad Place the Tolbooth, just opposite the Market-Cross; and is what every Town has in *Scotland*, and serves for a Prison, and Stadhouse; here is two Churches, but one is all in Ruins, only some of the Commandments are still remaining upon the Walls; but the Episcopal Meeting-House here, is the handsomest I have seen in *Scotland*; having a neat Organ, and many other Ornaments. The handsomest young Ladies are generally Attendants of those Meeting-Houses, (as they call them here,) and are generally esteemed as *Jacobites* by the stanch Whigs; but the greatest Ornament of this City

is its College, called the *Mareshalian-Academy*, as being founded by *George Keith*, Earl Marshal, in the Year 1693, which the City of *Aberdeen* hath very much adorned with several additional Buildings; besides a Primary Professor, who is called Principal. It has four Professors of Philosophy, one of Divinity, and one of Mathematicks, and there is lately added a Professor of Physick. It has also, a very good Library, founded by the City; enlarged by the Gifts of several learned Men, and well furnished with Mathematical Instruments. This College, with that in the Old Town, make up one University, called the University of King *Charles*.

This City is built upon three Hills, but the greatest Part upon the highest: The outer Parts are spread out upon the Plain, from whence there is an easy Access, by an Ascent every Way. It had formerly a Mint, as appears by Silver Coins stamped there, with this Inscription, *Urbs Aberdeæ*; which are still preserved in the Closets of the Curious. At the West-End of this City is a little round Hill, at the Foot of which there breaks out a Fountain of clear Water, and in the Middle another Spring bubbles out, called the *Aberdonian Spaw*, as coming near the *Spaw*-Water in the Bishoprick of *Liege*, both in Taste and Quality; particular concerning which Dr. *William Barclay* has wrote a Treatise. Their Manufacture is chiefly in Stockings, of which they make vast Quantities all around the adjacent Country; and every Morning the

Poor bring in Loads to sell about the Town to Merchants, who export them, some to *London*, but the most Part go to *Hamburgh*, or *Holland*: They are generally all white, when they bring them in, and exceeding cheap; and the Maid-Servants scour them by treading them in Lye, in a large Tub, which gives the Strangers great Diversion, for by so doing they are obliged to expose their Legs and Thighs, by holding up their Coats sometimes rather too high. It is great Yearnings when these poor Wretches get Two-pence *per* Day that make them; so the Merchant told me, with whom I quartered. They knit them all with Wires, the most Part plain, some ribed, and vast Quantities in Squares, and with Flourishes, which greatly please the *Dutch*: They have Stockings here in common from a Shilling the Pair, to a Guinea and Half; and Stockings have been made here to five Guineas the Pair. It is almost incredible what Abundance of Salmon they have here, and in all the Rivers further North; a Fish unknown to *Pliny* (unless it was the *Esox of the Rhine*) as it is to this Day to all Parts of *Italy*, but very common and well known in those Northern Parts of *Europe*, being of a bright Scarlet all within. They breed in *Autumn*, in little Rivers, and mostly in Shallows, where they cover their Spawn with Sand, at which Time they are so very poor and lean, that they are scarce any thing but Bones. Of that Spawn, in the Spring following, come a Fry of small Fish, which going to the Sea, in a little Time grow to their full Bigness, and

then making back again to the Rivers, which they were bred in, struggle against the Force of the Stream; and wherever any Height obstructs their Passage, they will with a Jerk of their Tail (*cum Saltu*, from *Salio*, to leap, whence, probably, they have the Name of Salmons) whip over, to the Amazement of the Spectators; and they keep themselves within these Rivers till they breed, during which Time, there is a Law against taking them, that is, from the Eighth of *September*, to the First of *December*. They are salted and barrell'd, and exported in large Quantities to *France* and *Holland*, and are reckoned amongst the best Commodities of *Scotland*. They have also a particular Export here of Pork, pickled, and packed up in Barrels, which they sell chiefly to the *Dutch* for Victualling their *East-India* Ships and their Men of War; the *Aberdeen* Pork having the Reputation of being the best cured in *Europe*, for keeping on very long Voyages. The continued bad Weather we have had here for this Month, has raised the Waters of the *Spey* so high, that the Army still remains here, but his Royal Highness proposes to march as soon as possible. Two Hundred of *Stoneywood's* Men (belonging to the Rebels) which they attempted to embark, at *Findorn*, deserted from them; also several of the Deserters confirm the Intelligence which had been received, that the Rebel Army are in great Want of Money, having had no Pay for these last seven Days. We hear, that *Fort George*, at *Inverness*, is taken, and actually blown up

by the Rebels; in doing which, they have blown up their Chief Engineer, Colonel *Grant*; that four or five Hundred of the Rebels, with the *French* Picquets, were gone to *Fort Augustus*, and had taken the Old Barracks; and that they expected to take the Castle in a very few Days: This we soon after found too true, that it is really fallen into the Rebels Hands, and that the Garrison, consisting of three Companies of *Guise's* Regiment, are Prisoners of War. All the Advantages the Rebels will have gained by taking *Fort George* and *Fort Augustus*, and the Retreat of Lord *Loudoun*, will be drawing the Seat of the War (as is conjectured) amongst the Hills, and protracting it a little Time; for the only Junction they gained there, is some few of the *Mackenzies*, headed by the Lady *Seaforth*; but the Lord of that Name is with Lord *Loudoun*, as is Mr. *Mackintosh*, whose Wife is likewise in the Rebellion, and is counted the Beauty now at *Inverness*. She got together all her Clan, and marched at their Head (with her white Cockade, &c.) and presented them to the young Pretender, at *Inverness*; for which (without Doubt) she was most kindly received by him. The Precautions we have taken for the Security of *Fort William*, will, probably, be of Use, as our Accounts of the Rebels assure us, they have actually invested that Place; from which, we are however assured, that they cannot cut off our Communication by Sea; and, as a farther Safeguard, there has been several Reinforcements ordered thither. It is said also,

that Lord *George Murray*, with a Body of the Rebels, has actually attacked the Castle of *Blair*, and that there was another Body of them within three Miles of *Castle-Menzies*; and that his Royal Highness the Prince of *Hesse*, and Lord *Crawford*, are marched, with four Battallions and some Dragoons, from *Perth* (where they have been quartered some Time) in order to raise the Siege of *Blair*. We have just now an Account, that a Captain of the *Highlanders*, whom General *Bland* had detached with a Party of Seventy *Highlanders*, and Thirty of *Kingston's*. Light Horse, to *Keith*, from *Strathbogie*, has been surprized, and has lost his whole Party, except a Cornet and five of *Kingston's* Men, two Horses, and one *Highlander*, who made their Escape. The Rebels marched from *Focabers* in the Night, surrounded *Keith*, and entered at both Ends. As the *Camplells* lay in the Church, and defended the Church-Yard for above Half an Hour, during which there was very brisk Firing, it is not doubted but the Rebels paid dear for this Disadvantage. One of *Kingston's*, Men (a fine young Fellow) made his Escape, but was wounded in the Arm, for which he was obliged to have it cut off at *Strathbogie*, Our Army is divided now, *March 26*, into three Cantonments; the whole first Line, consisting of six Battalions, the Duke of *Kingston's* Horse, and *Cobham's* Dragoons, are at *Strathbogie*, within twelve Miles of the *Spey*, under the Command of the Lord *Albemarle* and Major-General *Bland*. The Reserve, consisting of three Battalions,

with four Pieces of Cannon, under the Command of Brigadier General *Mordaunt*, are at *Old Meldrum*, half way between *Strathbogie* and this Place. And the whole second Line, consisting of the six remaining Battalions, and Lord *Mark Kerr's* Regiment of Dragoons, are still here. His Royal Highness the Duke having had certain Intelligence, that the Earl of *Airly*, Father to the Lord *Ogilvie*, was raising his Men to join the Rebels, and he not having complied with the Order to desist from such treasonable Practices, his Royal Highness sent Captain *Hewett*, with an Hundred recovered Men, who were coming up to the Army to take Possession of his House, and to make him Prisoner in it, until his People should bring in their Arms, and behave in such a Manner as became good Subjects: Which has already had good Effect, as a Number have brought in their Arms. His Royal Highness has likewise ordered Major *La Fausille*, with three Hundred Men, to go to *Glenesk*, which is one of the most rebellious Parts, to attack all whom he finds in Arms against the Government, and to burn the Habitations of such who have left them, and are with the Rebels. The Pretender's Son is reported to be still at *Inverness* (*April* the 4th) and is lodged at the Lady Dowager *Macintosh's*. By all we can learn from their different Parties, there is great Disorder and Confusion amongst them; which, added to the Want of Money, has occasioned many Mutinies, and great Desertion amongst their People. His Royal



Highness has spared no Pains or Trouble, to put every thing in Readiness to have been in Motion long ago; but he has met with so many Difficulties of contrary Winds, and other Accidents, as have hitherto prevented him. The few last Days of dry South Wind have brought up our Transports, with *Bligh's* Regiment, our Firing, and Provisions, and, we hope, have rendered the *Spey* fordable: But we expect a Report from thence every Hour, the Duke having sent two Officers to reconnoitre it. Major *La Fausille* having disarmed all the Rebels in *Clova* and *Glen-Esk*, is expected up here in three or four Days, with near five Hundred recovered Men. His Royal Highness has been fortifying a large House here, called *Gordon's Hospital*, just at one End of the Town, in which will be left, under Command of Captain *Crosby* (now Major) of the *Scots* Fusileers, a proper Force for securing this Town from any Insults from *Glenbucket's* People, or any others. Here has, for several Days past, been scandalous written Libels dropp'd about the Town, by the Rebel's Party; in order to find the Authors of which, all the Inhabitants are obliged to show their Handwriting to People appointed for that Purpose, which, by comparing with the Libels, was hoped, would be found out; but has hitherto proved ineffectual. At this Time, the Rebels are besieging *Fort William*, with several Batteries, but are bravely repulsed by the Besieged; and by Accounts of *April* the 4th, we hear the Rebels have left their Batteries, and raised the Siege of *Fort*

*William.* Captain *Scott* is in Possession of eight Cannon and seven Mortars, which they have left behind them. The Besiegers were about one Thousand five Hundred, commanded by Brigadier *Stapleton*, and, under him, by *Cameron* of *Lochiel*, and *Clanronald*, with three or four more Chiefs of the *Macdonald's*, *Stewart's*, and *Cameron's*. By an Account from *Perth*, we are informed, that upon the 3d Instant, by Five a-Clock in the Morning, the Earl of *Crawford*, with a Party of Dragoons, arrived at *Blair-Castle* (and was followed by the Duke of *Athol*) upon whose Approach the Rebels raised the Siege, and retired with the greatest Precipitation to *Ruthven*: And that, upon the 4th, the Prince of *Hesse* set out from *Dunkeld* for *Blair*, with all the Cavalry and Hussars, and was followed by one Thousand Foot. This Relief was very seasonable, the Garrison in this Castle having been (as some Letters say, which highly commend Sir *Andrew Agnew*) obliged to eat Horse-Flesh for several Days. Our Accounts of *April* 6. say, his Royal Highness the Duke will begin his March tomorrow towards *Inverness*, where he proposes to be on the 17th Instant. All the Intelligence we had for some Days past about the Rebels, has been only a Confirmation of their Confusion and Mutinies; and we hear that they Desert from all Parts. We have just now a fresh Piece of News, that Captain *Mackay*, Lord *Rea's* Son, and Sir *Henry Monro*, Son of the late Sir *Robert*, both Captains in Lord *Loudon's* Regiment, are just

come hither with Letters from Captain *Obrien* of the *Sheerness* Man of War now at this Place, giving an Account, that after chasing the *Hazard* Sloop (called by the *French*, The *Prince Charles* Snow).above 56 Leagues, he drove her ashore, and oblig'd the *French* and *Spaniards* who were in her, to quit her, and to land, which they did, with five Chests of Money to the value of 12000 £. and upwards, in order to join the Rebels; but the Lord *Reay*, in whose Country they were landed, and at whose House Captain *Mackay*, Sir *Henry Monro*, Lord *Charles Gordon*, and Captain *Macleod*, with some other Officers of Lord *Loudon's* Regiment were, with about 80 Men of the same Regiment who had been driven thither by the Rebels, march'd out and attacked them, and after killing three or four, and dangerously wounding eight, took the remaining 156 Officers, Soldiers and Sailors Prisoners, who were immediately embarked on board the *Sheerness*; the Prize, with the Officers and Men, who made this Capture are now here. After having stay'd a Fortnight with the Army at *Aberdeen*, fine Weather coming on, and having our Transports and all Things favouring us; we marched out of *Aberdeenm*, April the 8th, in order to seek the Rebels, and encamp upon our Marches, because in this Road there was not Conveniencies for an Army to quarter. We first pasted thro' Old *Aberdeen*, which is a Mile from the Town, and consists of one long Street, has one Church, and a College more noted than that of the New Town. This old

Town was formerly the Bishop's Seat, and has a Cathedral commonly called *St. Machar's*, a large and stately Structure, which was antiently much more magnificent: It suffered greatly at the Time of the Reformation, and more since the Revolution. The Windows of this Church were formerly very remarkable for their painted Glass, and something of their antient Splendor still remains. The Steeple besides other Bells, hath two of a very extraordinary Bigness. The chief Ornament of this Town is the College, consisting of a Square with a good Pump in the Middle, and makes a grand Appearance at a Distance, which was founded by Bishop *Elphinston* in the Year 1500, and the greatest Part built by him; but King *James IV.* taking the Patronage upon himself, it was called the King's College. The Bull was procured from Pope *Alexander VI.* in 1510, endowing it with as ample Privileges as those of *Paris* and *Bononia*. There is in this College a Principal, a Sub-principal, who is also one of the Regents, three other Regents or Professors of Philosophy, a Professor of Humanity, or Philology, a Professor of Divinity, a Doctor of Physick, a Professor of the Oriental Tongues, a Professor of the Civil Law, and a Professor of the Mathematicks. This Town is situated in the Mouth of the River *Don*, (which is remarkable for the Multitude of Salmon and Trout taken in it) and is sometimes called *Bon Accord* from its Motto. After leaving this old Town, we pass over a Bridge a-crofs the River *Don*, consisting of

one immense Arch of Stone sprung from two Rocks, one on each Side, which serve as a Butment to the Arch, so that it may be said to have a Foundation coequal with Nature and which will last as long; and upon the Banks of this River on our left, is a fine Seat of one Squire *Middleton*, most agreeably situated. From hence we pass thro' several small Villages, amongst which is *Newkirk*, noted for a famous Bawdy-House kept there by an old Woman and her two Daughters. From hence we came to *Old Meldrum*, a small old Town, but nothing more, excepting good Provision of Fowls, Eggs and Claret, which was the greater Rarity at this Time, when Victuals and Drink were exceeding scarce in every Part. From *Old Meldrum* we go over a fine hilly Country full of Springs, till we come to *Turreff*, a much smaller Town; here we put up at the Post-House at one *Urquhart's*, and were Customers to his handsome Daughters, for very curious and fine Cotton Stockings which they themselves made. The Women all along this Road seem'd to be exceeding free and good-natured, for some of them would give us Part of their own Bed rather than let us want. This *Turreff* is a miserable small Town, built upon irregular Ground, but had fine Streams of Chrystal Water, and presented us with an extensive Prospect; the Church was the greatest Curiosity, where the Bell Ropes hung without side, and where they rung them upon Occasion. Here was also a Nonjuring Meeting House, but our Soldiers took the Liberty to disrobe it; it nevertheless

far'd better than many of its Neighbours which were consumed by Fire. From *Turref*, after riding eight Miles over a moderate hilly and plentiful Country, and good Roads, having also a Sight of several Gentlemens Seats, but at a Distance, we arrived at *Bamff*, a Royal Burgh, the first Sea-port Town we came to after leaving *Aberdeen*, and situated at the Mouth of the River *Deveron* in the *Bolne*, 58 Degrees Northern Latitude, which divides the Shire of *Bamff* from that of *Buchan*. Before we can enter *Bamff*, we are oblig'd to ford this broad River, and on its Banks have a fine Prospect of the Town, adjoining to which is a most grand and modern Building of the Laird of *Braco*'s. I thought it was the finest Piece of Architecture I had seen in *Scotland*; but what's a great Misfortune, the Inside is not finished, so that no-body lives in't, which was occasioned by a Law Suit between the Laird of *Braco* and his Architect, about a Crack in the Building; but the Architect getting the Cause, griev'd Laird *Braco*, and made him abandon this noble Pile, and live amongst the Mountains near *Strathbogie*, quite a recluse Place and distant from Company. This Building at *Bamff* is very high, square and full of Columns of noble Architecture on every side; it has also Towers at every Corner, and others in the Middle; it griev'd me to see so noble a Piece of Work neglected. The River *Deveron* runs close by the intended Gardens, and upon it is some small Islands where he has built agreeable Summer Houses, &c. *Bamff* is a

neat Town consisting of two long Streets and several short ones; there's also some neat Buildings in it, and two small Harbours for Shipping, but large Vessels cannot come near them. Here's the Ruins of an old Castle at the Head of the Town, as also a Market-Cross just by it; close to which is a House of good Entertainment kept by the Town Clerk, one *Innes*, a very civil and obliging Landlord; about a Mile from the Town is a good Salmon Fishery upon the *Deveron*, and from the Sea you have plenty of all sorts of Sea-Fish. The Town I believe lives chiefly by Smugling, as do most of the Sea-port Towns in *Scotland*. Our Army with his Royal Highness in passing through here, pick'd up two Spies, one of which was said to have been found knotching upon a Stick the Numbers of our Forces when passing by, for which he was hang'd upon a Tree in the Town; and the other, two Miles out of Town upon a projecting Beam at the End of a House for want of Trees, his Feet touching the Ground within five or six Inches, and upon their Breast was fixed a Paper, upon which was wrote *a Rebel Spy*, which I saw the next Day in passing by. After leaving *Bamff*, we travel along the Sea Coast, and have fine Views of the rising Mountains near the *Firth* of *Cromartie*, but at a vast Distance, and had a fine Fleet of Transports not far from us at Sea attending our Army, and having exceeding fine Weather at the same Time, made it most pleasant Travelling. We journeyed thus six Miles, when. we came to Port *Soya*, and in our way were presented

with many Nonjuring Meeting Houses burning, which our Soldiers (very deservedly) took no small Pleasure in destroying, they being as Seminaries for training up Roman Catholicks and Rebels. Port *Soya* is a pretty enough small Village, the Sea coming full into the Town, so consequently was plenty of Fish, and a great Number of black Rocks all about the Edge of the Sea, which produced vast quantities of Sea Weeds, especially *Dulse*, which we diverted ourselves in gathering and eating. Here was nothing more remarkable in this Town, but a beautiful spiring Mount close to the Mouth of the Harbour, which after we had ascended with some Difficulty, were rewarded for our Labour, by a most beautiful and extensive Prospect, both over the Sea and adjacent Country. From Port *Soya* is three Miles to *Cullen*, a small Town consisting of one Street, though antiently a Royal Burgh; here the Kirk Yard was full of Rebel Horses that had been taken. At the Entrance of this Town was a noble Seat belonging to the Earl of *Finlater*, but had been plunder'd by the Rebels. After leaving *Cullen*, we pass by some large barren Mountains on our Left, and then again pretty good Land, till we come to *Forcabus*; about three Miles before we come to which Place, we had a most beautiful View again, of our Transports waiting upon the Army with Provisions. The Men of War that accompanied them, were pretty to near the Shore, and discharged several Shot at a Party of the Rebels Huzzars, (as they called them,)



on the other Side the River *Spey*; great Numbers of which we could easily distinguish, (upon Horses of all Colours, but chiefly white,) in coming down a Hill, before we entered the Town of *Forcabus*, which lies in a Hollow, close to the Banks of the *Spey*, and chiefly consists of one Street, a Mile long; in the Middle of which is a Tolbooth lately built; but the generality of the Houses are but very mean and scattering. The chief Ornament of this Place, is *Gordon Castle*, situated just by the *Spey* Side, and was formerly called the *Bog of Gicht*, the noblest Palace in the North, being the Duke of *Gordon's* chief Seat, adorned with pleasant rural Gardens, Park, and fine Canal, with a most agreeable Fountain and Statues, which the Rebels had defaced, by shooting at, for Diversion. We had here the best Salmon I had eat before in *Scotland*, the noble River *Spey*, being famous for the incredible Numbers taken in it: And as we approached the *Spey*, the Rebels made off with great Precipitation, excepting two or three, who had the Impudence to fire at some of our People, as they crossed that rapid broad River, which if they had stood, (it was thought,) might have defended that important Pass a long time, to our great loss; here being a very strong Current, and also deep. We were obliged to ford it with our Horses, and those who had none, waded it, the Rebels having broke all their Boats, which before were on purpose for the Use of Passengers; we lost two Women, and a Trooper, which were drowned: It was

an odd sight to see the Women wade this strong rapid River, much above their Middles, holding up their Coats, and frequently giving way with the Stream, which it was a great Difficulty to withstand; they were also obliged to step with great Caution, for fear of the great Stones, which lye in every part of the Bottom; notwithstanding our Soldiers passed it with great Courage, desiring nothing more than to engage with their Enemies, and the more, for having his Royal Highness at their Head. Our Army incamped one Night on the other Side the *Spey*, and many of the Dragoons crossed the *Spey* again, and quartered in the Town of *Forcabus*, for conveniency of Forage, which we had there in Plenty; and exceeding good Weather. On this River *Spey*, a Poet thus remarks, which being very applicable, I take the Liberty to insert.

*Spey loca mutantis præceps agitator arenæ,  
Inconstans certas nescit habere vias.*

*Officium Lintris corbis subit, hunc regit  
audax Cursus labentis nauta fluenta  
sequens.*

Great *Spey* drives forward with impetuous  
Force

Huge Banks of Sand; and knows no certain  
Course.

Here for a Boat, an Osier-pannier, row'd  
By some bold Peasant, glides along the Flood.

We are now in the Shire of *Murray*, it being divided from that of *Bamff*, by the River

*Spey*; and here, close to the Banks of the *Spey*, we observed a sort of Barracks, which the Rebels had made, with Clods of Earth and Sticks, after their Highland Fashion, for their Guard, which they kept here. Our next Journey was over a pretty level Country, and fine Roads to *Eglin* in *Murray*, eight Miles, which is a Royal Burgh, pretty large, consisting of one very long Street, and others shorter, having a good neat Kirk in the Middle: This Town is very remarkable for Stone Arches; almost every House in the Town is sustained by such, which with their intermediate Pillars, form agreeable Piazza's, and serve to defend the Inhabitants from the effects of Rain, Wind, or Sun. It is also noted for the Ruins of one of the most stately Cathedral Churches in the Kingdom; most of the End Walls are still remaining, and many noble Pillars, which shews its former Greatness: At the other End of the Town are the Ruins of an antient Castle, upon a large Mount; upon which you have a fine Prospect all over the Town, and of the adjacent Country, even to the Sea, and the winding Course of the River *Lossie*, which surrounds this Town, at a small distance, and is famous for Salmon, there being annually pickled, and exported from eighty to a hundred Lasts, all taken in a few Months of the Summer, and in a Space of one Mile, at a Village called *Germach*; it abounds with Fish to the very Head, which are taken either with hooked Tridents by Day, or wicker Baskets, or little Boats, covered with Hides, by Night. None but the Natives, who are used to them,

will venture into these Boats. This Shire of *Murray* is esteemed the most plentiful County in the North of *Scotland*, and is remarkable for larger Horses then is commonly to be found in this Country. The Climate is also remarkably kind and forward, to most other of the adjacent Counties. Our Army encamped, after leaving the *Spey's* Side, near a pitiful Village called *Arvis*, four Miles from this Town, where it had a false Alarm from the Rebels. From *Elgin* it is eight Miles to *Forress*; here are good Roads and fine Prospects, especially over the Sea, with the Shiping in *Findorn* Harbour, a small Sea-Port, four Miles distant from *Forress*. This Burgh of *Forress* is pleasantly situated at the End of several Ridges of Mountains, and is made up of one long Street, with a Kirk and Tolbooth, and the Ruins of an old Castle, which, 'tis said, the Kings of *Scotland* used to reside in. Here were Gardens to every House, very agreeably situated, and also seemed to be much regarded by the Inhabitants, which, before, to me was a rare thing in this Country. Just before we entered this Town, on our right Hand, we were presented with the Sight of an obelisk flat square Pillar of Stone, which rises about twenty three Foot in Heighth above Ground, and is, as the Inhabitants of *Forress* informed me, no less than twelve or fifteen Foot below, so that the whole Heighth must be about thirty five Foot, and its Breadth near five; it is all one entire Stone: Great variety of Hieroglyphic Figures, in low releivo, are carved thereon, some of which are still

distinct and visible; but the Injury of the Weather. has obscured those towards the upper Part. What the Import, or Signification is, I could hear of none that could inform me. The whole above Ground, is divided into seven Compartments, the lowest of which is almost hid by some Steps, or Supports, lately made, to secure it from falling, at the Expence of the Countess of *Murray*. The Second contains sundry Figures, but most of them defaced. In the third are several of a monstrous Form, resembling four-footed Beasts, with human Heads; and others of Men standing by them. In the fourth Division, are six or seven Ensigns, or Standards, with some Figures, holding obscure Weapons in their Hands. The fifth and sixth Divisions are filled with the like Figures; and in the uppermost of all have been others, which are now in a great measure defaced. On the reverse Side of this Stone is the Figure of a Cross, beneath which are two human Figures, of a very disproportionable and *Gothick* Form; and indeed the whole Monument, as to its Sculpture, is executed in a rude and barbarous Taste: On its Edges are continued Flourishes. The Inhabitants here told us, it was erected as a Monument of a *Danish* King; some say, slain in Battle here; others, that he died at Sea, and was brought here, and buried; others, that it was for a *Scotch* King, &c. But *Camden* tells us, it was erected as a Monument of the Fight between King *Malcolm*, Son of *Keneth*, and *Sueno* the *Dane*. After leaving the Town of *Forress*, about a

Mile in our Road to *Nairn*, we are obliged to ford a broad and deep River, that disembogues itself into the Sea, at *Findorn*, and therefore is called *Findorn-River*; upon which is also carried on a great Salmon-Fishery; and upon the Banks of this River are several Hutts, where they boil the Salmon, and pickle it. In our Road to *Nairn*, which is six Miles, we have frequent Views of Gentlemen's Seats: This is a Royal Burgh, and Hereditary Sheriffdorn of the *Campbells* of *Lorn*, and a small Sea-port Town: In coming to which, we pass over a very moorish Country, and through a large Wood, and just as we enter the Town, cross a River, over a noble Stone-Bridge, of one Arch. This was the last Encampment of our Army, before the Engagement with the Rebels. From hence to the Field of Battle, called *Colloden-Moor* (taking its Name from the President *Forbes* Seat) was eight Miles from *Nairn*, and four from *Inverness*. The Account of the Engagement is as follows: On *Tuesday*, the 15th of *April*, 1746, the Rebels burnt *Fort Augustus*, which convinced us of their Resolution to stand an Engagement with the King's Troops. We gave our Men a Day's Halt at *Nairn*, and on the 16th marched from thence, between Four and Five in the Morning, in four Columns. The three Lines of Foot (reckoning the Reserve for one) were broken into three, from the Right, which made the three Columns equal, and each of five Battallions. The Artillery and Baggage followed the first Column, upon the Right,

and the Cavalry made the fourth Column, on the Left. After we had marched about eight Miles, our Advanced Guard, composed of about forty of *Kingston's* Men, and the *Highlanders*, led by the Quarter-Master General, perceived the Rebels at some Distance, making a Motion towards us, on the Left; upon which, we immediately formed; but, finding the Rebels were still a good way from us, and that the whole Body did not come forward, we put ourselves again upon our March, in our former Posture, and continued it to within a Mile of them, where we again formed in the same Order as before. After reconnoitring their Situation, we found them posted behind some old Walls and Hutts, in a Line with *Colloden-House*. As we thought our Right entirely secure, General *Hawley* and General *Bland* went to the Left, with the two Regiments of Dragoons, to endeavour to fall upon the Right-Flank of the Rebels, and *Kingston's* Horse was ordered to the Reserve. The Ten Pieces of Cannon were disposed, two in each of the Intervals of the First Line; and all our *Highlanders* (except about one Hundred and Forty, which were upon the Left, with General *Hawley*, and who behaved extreamly well) were left to guard the Baggage.

When we were advanced within five Hundred Yards of the Rebels, we found the Morass, upon our Right, was ended, which left our Right-Flank quite uncovered to them; his Royal Highness thereupon immediately

ordered *Kingston's* Horse from the Reserve, and a little Squadron of about sixty of *Cobham's*, which had been patrolling, to cover our Flank; and *Pultney's* Regiment was ordered from the Reserve to the Right of the Royals.— We spent above Half an Hour after that, trying which should gain the Flank of the other; and his Royal Highness having sent Lord *Bury* forward, within one Hundred Yards of the Rebels, to reconnoitre something, that appeared somewhat like a Battery to us, they thereupon began firing their Cannon, which was extreamly ill pointed: Ours immediately answered them, which began their Confusion. They then came running on in their wild Manner; and upon the Right, where his Royal Highness had placed himself, imagining the greatest Push would be there, they came down three several times, within an Hundred Yards of our Men, firing their Pistols, and brandishing their Swords; but the *Royals* and *Pultney's* hardly took their Firelocks from their Shoulders; so that after those faint Attempts, they made off, and the little Squadrons on our Right, were sent to pursue them. General *Hawley* had, by the Help of our *Highlanders*, beat down two little Stone-Walls, and came in upon the Right-Flank of their Second Line. As their whole First Line came down to attack at once, their Right somewhat out-flanked *Barrel's* Regiment, which was our Left; and the greatest Part of the little Loss we sustained, was there; but *Bligh's* and *Semple's* giving a Fire upon those who had out-flanked



*Barrel's*, soon repulsed them, and *Barrel's* Regiment, and the Left of *Munro's*, fairly beat them with their Bayonets: There was scarce a Soldier or Officer of *Barrel's*, and of that Part of *Monro's* which engaged, who did not kill one or two Men each with their Bayonets and Spontoons. The Cavalry, which had charged from the Right and Left, met in the Center, except two Squadrons of Dragoons, which we missed, and they were gone in Pursuit of the Runaways: Lord *Ancrum* was ordered to pursue, with the Horse, as far as he could; and did it with so good Effect, that a very considerable Number was killed in the Pursuit.

As we were in our March to *Inverness*, and were near arrived there, Major General *Bland* had also made great Slaughter, and took about Fifty *French* Officers and Soldiers Prisoners, in his Pursuit.

By the best Calculation that can be made, it is thought the Rebels lost two Thousand Men upon the Field of Battle, and in the Pursuit. We have here two Hundred and Twenty-two *French*, and three Hundred and Twenty-six Rebel-Prisoners. Lieutenant Colonel *Howard* killed an Officer, who appeared to be Lord *Strathallan*, by the Seal, and different Commissions from the Pretender, found in his Pocket It is said, Lord *Perth*, Lord *Nairn*, *Lochiel*, *Keppoch*, and *Appin Stuart*, are also killed. All their Artillery and Ammunition were taken, as well as the Pretender's, and all their Baggage; there were also twelve Colours

taken. All the General Officers, and Soldiers, did their utmost in his Majesty's Service, and shewed the greatest Zeal and Bravery on this Occasion. The Pretender's Son lay at Lord *Lovat's* House at *Aird* the Night after the Action. Brigadier *Mordaunt* is detached with 900 Volunteers this Morning into the *Frazer's* Country, to attack all the Rebels he may find there. Lord *Sutherland* and Lord *Rea's* People continue to exert themselves, and have taken upwards of 100 Rebels; the *Monro's* have killed 50 of the Rebels in their flight, and we have also had many of *Fitz-James's* Regiment, who were mounted, come and surrendered themselves Prisoners. The killed, wounded and missing of the King's Troops amount to about 300, 50 of which only are killed. The Rebels, by their own Accounts, make their Loss greater by 2000 than we have stated it: Four of their principal Ladies are in Custody, viz. Lady *Ogilvie*, Lady *Kinloch*, Lady *Gordon*, and the Laird of *Macintosh's* Wife. Lord *Cromartie* and his Son are also just brought in Prisoners from *Sutherland*, by the *Hound* Sloop, to the Duke, together with 162 others. As to the young Pretender, he kept during the whole Action in the Corps de Reserve, and when he perceiv'd the Clans, who were his sole Dependance, to give way, not daring to pass thro' *Inverness*, he forded the River a Mile above it, up to the Neck; and the Day of the Battle, he issued Orders to his People to give no Quarters, so certain was he of Conquest; as a further Instance of which, the Rebels ordered all the Inhabitants of

*Inverness*, to provide all the Oatmeal they could spare, and with it bake Bannocks for their Suppers against their return from the Victory; but how pleasing and beneficial was their ; Disappointment to us, who came to eat it in their stead. General *Barrel's* Regiment gained the greatest Reputation imaginable in this Engagement; the best of their Clans having made their strongest Efforts to break them, but without Effect, for the old Tangierines bravely repulsed those Boasters with a dreadful Slaughter, and convinced them, that the Broad Sword and Target, is unequal to their Musket and Bayonet when in the Hands of Veterans, who are determined to use them. I must further tell you, that our Army had several Alarms; but at last the Rebels formed about a Mile and a half South of the Lord President's House of *Culloden*; about five Minutes past One the Cannon began to play, which continued very close on both sides for about 25 Minutes; some short Time after which they began to run: It was visible that our Artillery had the Advantage of that of the Rebels, as it was better serv'd, and did very great Execution, by Means of the Grape Shot made use of, for theirs being pointed too high, went over our Heads. The *Frazers* and *Macdonalds* which composed the right Wing, made an Attack upon his Royal Highness's Left, and endeavoured to get in Sword in Hand; but were so well received, and the Fire so close and regular, that on the second Discharge they fell into the utmost Confusion, and fled over an adjacent Hill.

The whole of the Rebels followed their Example, and immediately took to their Heels by different Roads, some towards *Badenoch*, others towards Fort *Augustus*, and several by the Roads that lead to *Ross-Shire*. The Duke's Army mov'd regularly forwards, and the *Campbell's*, Duke of *Kingston's* Light Horse, with the whole Dragoons, persued and did great Execution; and several of *Kingston's*, Men killed their fifteen and sixteen a Piece. After the Chace was ended, our Army was quartered at *Inverness*: After the Battle, we were daily finding Rebels dead, whom we suppose in their Flight, to have at last languished of their Wounds and dropt in different Places, some far distant from the Battle, lamenting their *Charley's* Fate, and many we could not find to bury for some Time after, by reason the Heather or common Heath was so thick and high in which they lay. After leaving the Field of Battle, we have a most delightful View of the *Murray Firth*, even to the Sea and Town of *Inverness*. The History of which Place I intend you in my next; and am,

*Sir,*

*Yours, &c.*

*Inverness, April 30, 1746.*



## LETTER VII.

SIR,

**I**NVERNESS is but a small dirty poor Place, although the Capital of the *Highlands*, built close along the Banks of the River *Ness*, in a vast Hollow, which joyns the *Murray Firth*. At the Key where the Shipping unload, it has two tolerable good Streets, and two Churches, one for the *English*, the other for *Irish*, or what they call *Erse*: For in this Town the *English* Language, as well as *Irish*, are spoke indifferently among the Rich as well as Poor, so that those two Languages are spoke here in common, as *French* and *Flemish* are in *Brussels*. Here are several antient Buildings about this Town, now joyn'd with ordinary Houses, and let to different Families, as is almost every House in all the Capital Towns in *Scotland*; for 'tis a great Rarity to see a single House inhabited only by a single Family. Among these is one where they say *Mary* Queen of *Scots* was nursed in, near to the Foot of the Bridge. This Bridge is a strong Building of Stone, consisting of seven Arches over the River *Ness*. To the Sides of this River, the Washerwomen come to wash their Linnen, and dry it upon the Stones or Grass adjacent. Their Method of Washing, is by treading it in a Tub with their naked Feet, and holding at the same Time their Petticoats up to their

Middle, and with an unusual Motion, constantly turning round, they continue Day after Day, for they wash seldom, and a great deal at a Time, amongst the better Sort of Families; and those who are not worth a Tub, tread it in the River upon a large Stone under Water, for they very seldom use Soap. You'll see in a warm Morning, the River Edges lin'd with these Sort of Women that are Maid-servants, and frequently as many Soldiers admiring their Legs and Thighs, and particularly their Motion in treading, which always put me in mind of the Negroes dancing. Near to the Foot of the Bridge, upon a pleasant Hill, and close by the River side, is situated *Fort George*, which was a great Ornament to the Town, before the Rebels blow'd it up; it was not a Place of Force, but a beautiful Barrack. Their Chief Engineer who laid the Train for blowing up this Fort, was mounted up in the Air by one of the Blasts, and was killed, whose Dog fared better than his Master, for although he was also blown up at the same Time a great height, and thrown near to the other Side of the River, yet liv'd, but is sadly lamed. The Manufacture here is chiefly in Linnen and Plaids; and the Market once a Week is well supply'd by the Country, People with extream bad *Goats* Milk Cheeses, and fresh Butter of several Colours, full of Hairs; but the Salt Butter is brought to Market in Wooden Dishes that hold about three Pounds each, cover'd over with the Membranes that hold the Calves, and within-side is full of large Grains of Salt. We have

here at *Inverness* quite a Highland Prospect, and more especially looking towards *Fort Augustus*, for there you see nothing but irregular Mountains and Vallies, and the farther you look, they are still larger. This Town above all others in *Scotland*, is noted for handsome Women, and indeed there's many agreeable Girls, with whom it requires very little trouble to get acquainted with. Red Hair is also extremely common amongst them; and they are all taught Musick, (as the Spinnet) and Dancing, but for Singing I knew none that excell'd in it; they are said also to speak the best *English* here of any Place in *Scotland*, which 'tis thought they formerly learnt from *Oliver Cromwell's* Forces, who were a long while garrison'd here in a large Pentagon Fort built by him, close to the Entrance of the River *Ness*, into the *Murry Firth*, but is now entirely in Ruins, nothing remaining but Earthen Banks, or Bastions and Ditches. This Place is said to have been formerly the Seat of the Kings of *Scotland*, and that they liv'd in the old Castle, upon the Foundation of which Fort St. *George* now stands. We have now the Middle of *May*, exceeding fine Weather, which is the first we had since our coming into *Scotland*; but some Days are so exceeding hot, that 'tis with Difficulty I keep from fainting. We have also at this Time hardly any Night that may be properly so called, for I can see to read a Book at any Time of the Night in my Chamber. The Country and the adjacent Hills look most beautifully green; the Plants

likewise begin to flourish, which makes our Life a little more agreeable, than when the Weather is excessive cold or rainy, the Winds blowing, and the Mountains covered with Snow, or black barren Rocks, with Streams of Water issuing down with great Rapidity: which is our Winter Appearance, and which we had most frequently, before the present Time. After we had made some stay here, the Rebels came in by hundreds daily giving up their Arms, (which were few, and bad enough that they brought us) and receiving Protections, and our Parties as frequently bringing in Prisoners, Rebels that lie lurking about and thieving for their Bread, which makes it unsafe for single Persons to venture upon many Roads. This Town is exceeding full of Prisoners, although we are sending of Ship-loads frequently to *London*, and other Places to be try'd. We have Hospitals in every Part of the Town filled with sick Soldiers: Their Sickneses, at first, were chiefly Plurisies and Fluxes, the last of which was thought to be chiefly occasioned by drinking the bad Water of *Ness*, it running out of a *Loch* of that Name, having a Sulphurous Bottom. A little while after we had a most terrible malignant kind of Fever introduced amongst us, by the Regiment of Brigadier *Houghton's* coming from Sea, in Ships that had before carried Rebel Prisoners to *London*, amongst which was the Goal Distemper. This Malady not only made Havock amongst our Soldiers and Officers, but even the Towns People; great Numbers of whom, both young



and old died daily. Here's a great Salmon Fishery up the River *Ness*; four of the Heads of the Town go Partners, and one of them is no less than a Baron. The Fishermen who drag the Nets to catch the Salmon, are a Sort of Amphibious Creatures, being almost always up to their Knees in the Water in drawing their Nets; they also make use of little flat-bottom'd Boats for this Purpose, and Harpoons, by which means they kill great Numbers in wooden Sort of Cages (built in the Water) where the Fish run in with the Stream, but can't get back again; the Fish thus catch'd, are nothing near so good as those catch'd with the Drag Net, where they kill them immediately, by striking them on the Head with a Stone, and so hinders their fluttering in the Water, which spends their Fat; for those caught with the Net, if dressed soon after, are found, when boil'd, all over vein'd with a hard suety Kind of Substance, and eat quite firm, (and *Caller* as the People here call it) or in Perfection, but if kept a Day or Night before dressed, this Fat is all lost, and the Fish eats quite flabby and soft. The Heart being taken out of the Fish and laid by, will continue its Motion for a long Time, and frequently till after the Fish is boil'd and eat. Our Army, after a stay of about six Weeks, encamped; the greatest Part left this Place, one Brigade marching daily after another to different Places, but his Royal Highness the Duke with the main Body, has settled a Camp at *Fort Augustus* or *Kilwhumen*, amongst the Mountains. After two Months stay at

*Inverness*, I set out for *Fort Augustus*, in coming to which Place, I travel along the Banks of the River *Ness* four Miles, till I come to *Lochness*. From whence the River runs and discharges itself into the *Murray Firth* at *Inverness*. *Lochness* is a most remarkable and beautiful Loch 24 Miles long, and 2 broad in some Places: When we are come to the Head of the Loch, the Prospect is most charming, we look strait along the Loch, and loosing our Sight in the Water, on each Side the Loch, is a Ridge of most terrible barren woody Mountains, which give great surprise to a Stranger: We travel from the Head of this great Pool, along the Banks (which makes the Foot of these Mountains) for near 12 Miles, and through a Road made with the greatest Difficulty, by blowing up monstrous Rocks, which in many Places hang stooping over passengers, and higher than Houses, so that'tis a little frightful to pass by them. We find many of these dreadful Passes, with Water dripping out from every Part of the fractur'd Rock. These are intermixt with Woods of Oak, Birch, white Poplars and Nut Trees, with Springs of Water, and many curious Plants, peculiar to those Mountainous Places. We then came to a small and pitiful House of Entertainment, (yet the only one on the Road) called the General's Hut, because he lived there when he commanded the Forces in making these most surprising and useful Roads through the Highlands of *Scotland*. Before we came to this Place, we had a View on the other Side this Loch, of the

Ruins of the famous Castle of *Urquhart*, formerly consisting of seven great Towers, said to be built by the *Cumins*, and overthrown by King *Edward* I. about four Miles to the Westward of which Castle, on the Top of a very high Hill, two Miles perpendicular, is a Lake of cold fresh Water, about 30 Fathom in Length and six in Breadth; no Stream running to it or from it. It could never yet be fathomed, and at all Seasons of the Year, it is equally full, and never freezes. After we leave the General's Hut, we are surpriz'd by a Parcel of almost naked Boys and Girls, coming upon sight us, down some craggy Rocks of a Mountain to sell us *Whortle Berries*, or the *Vaccinia Nigra* of *Virgil*, which they gather in almost every Part of these Mountains in prodigious Quantities. They sold to every one of us near a Mutchkin-full for a Baubee, and they chiefly live on the Fruit, when they are gathering them on the Mountains: By Means of the great Stain they give, their Mouths and Hands are dy'd in a frightful Manner. These are mighty agreeable Fruit to the Taste, and are accounted very astringent by the Country People, but the Astringency lies all in the black Skin, and not in the Pulp: Our Soldiers eat them for the Bloody Flux, while encamped at *Fort Augustus*. After a little way riding from this Hut, we are presented on our Right, with a most remarkable Cataract, or Fall of Water, more than twenty Yards high: It being a small River, obstructed by vast Rocks on the Edge of a Mountain, and so lets

itself into the Loch at the Foot of this Mountain. We leave the Loch hereabouts on our Right, and travel over continued Mountains, covered with Woods and Rocks, and see *Lochness* no more till we come to *Fort-Augustus*; but pass by several smaller Lochs, that are separated from the Grand one by vast Mountains; we also meet with several small Rivers, (abounding more with Rocks than Water,) which together with the Woods and high Mountains, give great Variety and Entertainment to the solitary Traveller. Lastly, when we have ascended the highest Mountains, and just going to descend, we are most suddenly and agreeably surprised with a Valley, (where our Army is encamped,) and the Loch-end, close to which is the most grand Building, (but now in Ruins,) . called *Fort Augustus*; and within two or three Stones-throw, upon a more rising Ground, is another large Building, which is called the *Old-Barracks*, also burnt by the Rebels. The Town of *Kilwhumen*, is only a few Earthen miserable Hutts, thatched with Heath, or Heather, and is situated just by the *Old-Barracks*. Just by here, and at the End of the Loch, is a very large Hollow, or sort of Amphitheatre, (being chiefly surrounded with Hills,) is placed our Camp, having a River winding through, and emptying itself into the Loch; but the Water is of a brown Colour, as it is in the Loch itself: Some of our Men it purges, others not; but amongst the Natives, it is accounted the best of Water, as is also the River *Ness*, at *Inverness*: But our Soldiers

always complained of its giving them the Flux, with which Distemper we had great Numbers affected here. Several curious People told me, this Loch never freezes; the same is said of the River *Ness*: Nay, even in our hardest Frost in *England*, and elsewhere at the same time, this Loch, and the Rivers that run through it, still retained their *Fluidity*. They also informed me, that it abounded; much in Sulphur, and was the lightest Water in *Scotland*. The Road from hence to *Fort-William* is thirty Miles, quite in a Valley; as it is from *Inverness* to this Place, and full of Lochs all the Way, from Sea to Sea, East and West. This Valley is supposed to be near twenty Foot lower than the Sea, and there is not above eight Miles of the Way from *Inverness* to *Fort-William*, but what is either Lochs or Rivers: Hereabouts is plenty of Red Deer, whose Flesh eats exceeding well. The Highlanders inhabiting hereabouts, *Buchannan* has formerly well described, whose Account I here give you, with some Alteration, it being very applicable to the present Time. 'In their Diet, Apparel, and Houshold Furniture, they follow the Parsimony of the Antients; they provide their Diet by Fishing and Hunting, and boil their Flesh, wrapt up in the Paunch or Skin of a Beast; while they hunt, they eat it raw, after having squeezed out the Blood. (And at presant, when they Bleed their Cattle, which is generally twice a Year, they, with great Care, preserve the Blood, which they mix with Oatmeal to eat, and is esteemed by them

a most nourishing Dish.) Their Drink is the Broth of the boiled Meat, or Whey kept some Years, which they quaff plentifully at their Entertainments; but most of them drink Water. (They also brew Ale now, but then they drink it a Day after it is brewed, when it is extream thick and new, which purged us who were not accustomed to drink it; and if we had a mind to keep it a few Days to become fine, it was then so stale and sower, having no Hops, that it was sure of griping us.) Their Bread is of Oats and Barley, the only Grains their Country yeilds, which they prepare after various Forms, by boiling, &c. with Water; they eat a little of it in the Morning; and contenting themselves with that, through necessity, hunt, or go about their Business, without eating any more till Night. They delight most in Cloaths of several Colours, especially striped; the Colours they affect most are Purple and Blue. Their Ancestors, as most of them still, make use of Plaids, very much variegated; but now they make them rather of dark Colours, resembling that of the Crops of' Heath, that they may not be discovered, while they lye in the Heaths, waiting for their Game; being rather wrapped up, then covered with their Plaids; they endure all the Rigours of the Seasons, and sometimes sleep covered over with Snow.'

I have seen in their Huts, when I have been walking, and forced to retreat thither for shelter from the Rain, their Children, sometimes many in a Hut, full of the Small-

Pox, and at their Heighth, they having been lying, and walking about in the Wet and Dirt, the Rain at the same time beating through the Thatch with Violence; so that I used to get from one End of the House to the other to keep dry; but it was all in vain, the Rain soon following me. These Children at the same time seemed hearty, drinking Whey and Butter-Milk; Wet and Cold, with the Inclemency of the Weather, and yet do well!

‘At Home they lye upon the Ground, having under them Fern or Heath; the latter laid with the Roots undermost, so that it is almost equal to Feathers for softness, but much more healthful; when they lye down weary and faint upon it at Night, they rise fresh and vigorous in the Morning. They affect this hard way of Sleeping; and if at any time, they come into other Places of the Country, where there is better Accommodation, they pull the Coverings off the Bed, and lye upon them, wrapped in their Plaids, least they should be spoiled by this barbarous Effeminacy, as they call it. They go naked from below the Knee to the Mid-Thighs, wearing a Broad-Sword, Durk and Pistol at their Girdle, and a Target at their Shoulder. They are desperate in Fight, fierce in Conversation, apt to quarrel, mischievous, and even Murderers, in their Passion.’ Or, as *Camden* observes, ‘These Parts are inhabited by a People, uncivilized, warlike, and very mischievous, commonly called ‘*Highland-men*; who being the true Race of the antient *Scots*, speak *Irish*, and call

themselves *Albin-nich* (in *Braidalbin*.) A People they are of firm and compact: Bodies, of great Strength, swift of Foot, high-minded, inured to Exercises of War, or rather Robbery, and desperately bent upon Revenge. They wear, after the Manner of the *Irish*, striped Mantles (Plaids) of various Colours, with their Hair thick and long, living by Hunting, Fishing, and Stealing: In War, their Armour was formerly an Iron Head-piece, and a Coat of Mail; and their Arms a Bow, Barbed Arrows, and a Broad Back Sword; but now it is altered, as before mentioned; and being divided into Families, which they call Clans, what with Plundering, and Murdering, they commit such barbarous Outrages, that their Savage Cruelty hath made this Law necessary; That if one of any Clan hath committed a Trespass, whoever of that Clan chances to be taken, shall repair the Damage, or suffer Death.’

Presently after the Camp was settled at *Fort Augustus*, his Royal Highness the Duke, and Officers, gave frequent Sums to be run for by Horses, Men and Women riding: Here was also many Foot-Races performed by both Sexes, which made many droll Scenes. It was necessary to entertain Life in this Manner; otherwise, by the constant View of Mountains surrounding us, we should have been affected with hypochondriacal Melancholy.

Upon *Lochness* is built a very handsome Sloop, which serves the Garrisons with Necessaries from *Inverness*; and at the same



Time was of great Use to us in bringing up our Forrage and Provisions for the Army, &c. and carrying Sick from hence to *Inverness*, of which we had too great Plenty. The Climate here was so excessive bad, that we had a Winter from the Beginning of *July*, and continued so all our Stay, continually raining, and cold Winds blowing, which occasioned great Numbers to fall sick daily, as well in their Minds, as Bodies; for it is a Rarity to see the Sun, but constantly black Skies, and rusty-looking, rocky Mountains, attended with misty Rains and cutting Winds, with violent Streams of Water rolling down from every Part of the Mountains, after hard Rains, and so filling the Rivers surprizingly soon. Whilst our Army stayed here, we had near twenty Thousand Head of Cattle brought in, such as Oxen, Horses, Sheep, and Goats, taken from the Rebels (whose Houses we also frequently plundered and burnt) by Parties sent out for them, and in Search of the Pretender; so that great Numbers of our Men grew rich by their Shares in the Spoil, which was bought up, by the Lump, by Jockeys and Farmers, from *Yorkshire*, and the South of *Scotland*; and the Money was divided amongst the Men, and few Common Soldiers were without Horses. Gold also was as common, amongst great Numbers, as is commonly Copper, at other Times; but Firing was a great Scarcity, and much wanted, the Weather being so cold and wet, that we were obliged to pull down many Houses for Firing (being made of Peat and Sticks, as before mentioned) and frequently

Part of that we lived in, to supply us, when the others were burnt up. The Flies and Fleas were also as great a Plague to us in our Hutts, as I have seen them in some very hot Countries. Our Army is marched away, and the *Campbells*, under Lord *Loudoun*, have taken their Place; so I am just a-going to be relieved from this wretched Place, and coming South, when *I* hope to write with more Spirits; and am,

*SIR,*

*Tours, &c.*

*Fort Augustus, or Kilwhumen,  
Sept. 3, 1746.*



## LETTER VIII.

SIR,

AFTER leaving *Fort Augustus*, I passed through *Inverness*, *Nairn*, *Forress*, *Elgin*, and so to the *Spey-Side*, in my Journey back. At this Time, they were very busy at their Harvest here, in *Murray*; and it is remarkable, how they make all their Corn into Stacks, in the open Air, and their making use of One-Horse Carts, like Wheel-barrows for Smallness, and their frequently carrying it upon Horses from the Field to the Stack, is still more particular. The Women here are so dexterous in Reaping, that, I think, they will out-do many of our Men in *England*, at that Work. The River *Spey*, at this Time, was not fordable, so I was obliged, with my Horse, to be ferried over, there being now Boats for that Purpose, as before the Rebels destroyed them. And, after leaving *Focabers*, I rode over a mountainous Country, where I had a fine View of the Town of *Focabers*, with the Sea, and the Course of the River *Spey*, and the *Highlands* on the West, towards *Badenoch*. After six Miles Riding, I came to a small Village, called *Keith*, where the Rebels had surprized a Party of *Kingston's* Light Horse, and the *Campbells*, as before mentioned. Here was nothing remarkable, but an exceeding high and steep Stone-Bridge, of one Arch, over a

pleasant Branch of the River *Deveron*, close to which I saw a mighty Rock-Stone, which makes Part of the Foundation of this Bridge. It was on a *Sunday* when I passed by here; and stopped at the Post-House for Refreshment, but could have nothing but an Egg or two with some Wine, or thick *Scots Ale*; it being a Custom through many Parts of *Scotland*, to eat only an Egg, or nothing, for Dinner, and to have a hot Supper at Night; for their seeming Strictness in Religion will not let them do any Labour, even so much as dressing a Dinner of Fowls or Meat for themselves or Travellers, although at the same Time they have such Things in their House, till *Sunday* is over, as at Night, before hinted. From *Keith* I had six more Miles to *Strathbogie*; and in that Road passed over the most stony Country I had yet seen, called *Gaury*: I then thought I was come into the most desolate and barren Part of the World. From thence I passed through a very boggy Country, till I came to *Strathbogie*, a small pitiful Village, but a very proper Name, it being on every Side boggy and marshy Ground: I here forded a River before I entered the Town, called the *Deveron*. This runs all around one Side of the Town, and another surrounds the other Side, called the *Bogie*, and joins it; so that this Town is agreeably situated; for it is surrounded by two Rivers abounding with Trout. The Town consists of very poor Houses, and full of disaffected People, which appeared very plainly when *Kingston's* Light Horse first came here,

against whom they had shut up all their Doors, many of which they were obliged to force open, before they could get Entrance. Here is also a Nonjuring Meeting-House, a Kirk, and Tolbooth. The small Trade they have here consists of making Linnen-Cloth, which is chiefly carried on by an *Irishman*, who has brought this Manufacture to great Perfection, near equal to that of *Ireland* in Goodness. Here is an old Castle, a small Distance from the Town, but mostly ruined, belonging to the Duke of *Gordon*, called *Huntley-Castle* (which gives Title to the Marquisses of *Huntley*) of great Antiquity: There is still the Remains of some Rooms, with very antient History-Painting on the Ceilings, which shows its former Greatness. A small Distance, and behind this Castle, is a large Stone Building, belonging to *Hamilton*, that was taken at *Carlisle*, the Rebel-Governor of that City, and where he dwelt, before entering into the Rebellion. This Town and Castle stands in a vast Plain, and the Mountains are so regular around it, that, one would think, they were formed by Art, or else Nature took its Choice in placing them. From *Strathbogie* I took a Journey to *Bamff*, and back again, twelve Miles Distance, all cross the Country, and very mountainous, so that all along the Road (greatest Part of which was stony and boggy) I conceived I was got again into the *Highlands*; for, I think, the Country here may be properly so called, being continued barren Mountains and Valleys. I passed by several small Villages, consisting

of three or four Houses each; and several Lairds Dwelling-Houses, and frequent delightful Views of the River *Deveron*. About four Miles from *Stratbbogie*, I passed by another famous Seat of the Laird of *Braco's*, called *Rothy Mays*, where he at present dwells, close to the Banks of the *Deveron*; it has a very extensive Prospect: all along the Valley wherein it runs. About a Mile further, on the same Side, and upon a more rising Ground, is another antient Building, the Seat of one *Abernethy*, at present an Officer in the First Battalion of Royal *Scots*, called *Laird of Main*, close to the River, which has a much more extensive Prospect: than the former, having a full View of all the Windings of this beautiful River. I thought it was the most pleasantly situated of any Place I had ever seen, and it gave me infinite Satisfaction to view it off a Mountain at a small Distance, when I stopped on my Horse a considerable Time to have the Pleasure of admiring so delightful a Place, and the serpentine Course of that charming River *Deveron*, on every Side, running through vast Valleys, lined with inaccessible Mountains, covered either by Snow or Clouds. From this Place to *Bamff* the *Deveron* obstructs our Way, which with great Difficulty and some Danger, I forded with my Horse. From hence we come into a Country producing scarce any thing but Peat, for Firing: In this barren Spot I passed by a good sort of House, belonging to one *Gordon*, a very old Man, formerly a General in the Czar of *Muscovy's* Service; and then had a pretty

good Road to *Bamff*. After my Return to *Strathbogie*, and resting a Day, I set out for *Aberdeen*, twenty-five Miles over a very loansome and barren Country, till I came to *Inverary*, a small Town, but pleasantly situated upon the River *Don*, and surrounded with Trees; it was erected into a Royal Burgh by King *Robert Bruce*, upon account of his having gained a signal Victory at it. After fording the River *Don*, I next came to *Aberdeen*, and then along the common Road to *Kinghorn*, before described, where I crossed the *Forth* to *Leith*, and arrived once more at *Edinburgh*, but not without some satisfaction, where I rested some time. After leaving *Edinburgh*, we travelled through a pleasant Country to *Linton*, twelve Miles, a small Village, and so to *Brockton*, eight Miles more, where we dined; and six Miles more brings us to *Tweedie*, being but one House of Entertainment, situated just at the Rise of the *Tweed*, and the Man's Name is *Tweedy* who keeps this House. We had had for many Days past exceeding heavy Rains, so that the River *Tweed* was overflown, and little Rills of Water running into it from the Mountains, had now become exceeding large and frightful Currents, and all the Valleys under Water, many of which we were obliged to pass, but with much danger, although we had Guides. After leaving *Tweed*, we had the most terrible Weather I ever saw, for the Wind and Rain was so excessive strong, that it was with the greatest difficulty I sat my Horse. The Country here was very mountanious, and

upon the Top of these Mountains, we suddenly passed by a most surprising Hole, or small Valley, frightful to look down, being so exceeding steep and deep, that one would think it extreme dangerous to descend, although one of the Rebels ran down here, when coming Prisoner to *Carlisle*, and made his Escape. After passing several small Rills of Water, we come to *Moffat*, twelve Miles distant, in the Shire of *Annandale*, situated upon the River *Annan*, which disembogues itself into the *Solway Firth*. *Moffat* is but a small Town, noted for its Medicinal Well, which is situated just by the Side of a small rocky River, a Mile out of Town; it consists of two Wells, one above the other, springing out of the solid Rock; the Water-tastes like rotten Eggs, or rather like the Washings of a Gun Barrel; and on the Sides of the rocky Well, I found many curious and rare Plants. The Waters are said to Purge and Vomit, and are mightily esteemed against Cholicky and nephritical Disorders, powerfully removing Obstructions in the Bowels. They are applied outwardly to Ulcers, and for Pains in the Joints; and in Summer-time here is a great Concourse of the Nobility and others from *Scotland*, who come to drink, the Waters; and have a Ball Room, where they meet twice a Week. After leaving *Moffat*, we came to *Lokerby*, twelve Miles distant, a small Village, and in six more to *Achenfachel*, over a most wretched boggy Road, till we came near to *Gretney-Green*, which is six Miles farther; here I got some *English Beer*, for my



Landlady was an *English* Woman which Beer, together with some dryed Salmon, made me a noble Regale after my Day's Journey of twenty four *Scots* Miles; my Mind was also highly elated to think of getting upon *English* Ground the next Day, *Carlisle* being but eight Miles distant. Here we hired Guides, in order to cross the *Esk*, which is very dangerous to Ford, and especially at this time, the Waters being high, by reason of the great Rains and every Tide shifts the Sands, so that even the Guides themselves are frequently at a loss to obtain a safe Fording, and after having crossed two exceeding broad and deep Waters of the *Esk*, I took my farewel of *Scotland*, wishing never to see it more. About two or three Miles riding from these Fords, we cross a noble Stone Bridge of many Arches, and enter the antient City of *Carlisle*, having a delicate pleasant Situation, bounded on the North with the River *Eden*, on the East by the *Peteril*, and on the West by the *Caude*; and besides these natural Fences, it is fortified with a strong Wall and Castle. The *Romans* and *Britains* called this Place *Lugovallum*, which *Camden* interprets, *The Fort by the Wall*, which Name is derived, probably, from that famous Military Vallum or Trench, built by the *Romans*, which stands apparent, a little out of the City. Others have it, that this City was built by an antient *British* Prince, named *Luel*, and from him called *Caer-luel*, i. e. *Luels Town*, to which it retains an Affinity of Sound. That it flourished exceedingly in the Time of the *Romans*, the famous mention of it

in those Days, and divers Remains of Antiquity, which have been here frequently discovered, do sufficiently attest.

After the Departure of the *Romans*, it suffered extremely by the insolent Outrages of the *Scots* and *Picts*; and afterwards being almost quite ruined by the *Danes*, it lay about two hundred Years in Ruins, till King *William Rufus* rebuilt it, and planted a Colony of Southern *English* in it; he is said likewise to have built the Castle, which is strong and large, standing in the North-west Corner of the Town. Almost in the Middle of this City stands the Cathedral Church; the upper Part whereof (being new) is a curious Piece of Workmanship, built by King *Henry VIII.* but the Lower is much more antient. In the lower West Part of the Town, is the Parochial Church, as old as *St. Cuthbert*, after whom it is called. King *Henry VIII.* also fortified this City against the *Scots*, and built an additional Castle to it on the East Side, Which *Camden* called a Citadel. This City gives Entrance by three Gates, *i. e.* The *Caldo*, or *Irish Gate*; *Brother*, or *English Gate*; and *Richard*, or *Scots Gate*; and the Walls round it are so thick, that three Men may walk a-breast on them, within the Parapet. *Carlisle* is a wealthy and populous Place, and the Houses are well built, the Streets neatly pav'd, and has a good Trade in Fustians. It is situated in Longitude 21 Degrees 31 Minutes West; and 54 Degrees 55 Minutes in North Latitude. Here we rested some Time, and regaled ourselves nobly, to

think we were now in *England*, with Provisions and Drink, much different from those we had left in *Scotland*. After leaving *Carlisle*, we pass'd over an indifferent level Road, and open way for 18 Miles, when we descend a Hill, (where we have a Prospect of a most delightful Country, like a Garden) and enter the Town of *Penrith*, accounted the second Town in the County for Wealth and Trade; it commonly called *Perith*, and is a noted little Market Town, fortified on the West with a Royal Castle, which in the Reign of King *Henry VI.* was repair'd out of the Ruins of *Maburg*, a *Danish* Temple hard by, now in Ruins itself; it is adorn'd with a pretty handsome Church and a large Market Place, where there is an Edifice of Timber for the Use of such as resort hither to Market, garnished with Bears climbing up a Ragged Staff, which was the Device of the Earls of *Warwick*. The Town is built all of Red Stone, whence comes its Name *Penrith* in *British*, signifying a Red Hill or Head. In the Church Yard here, on the North Side, are erected two large Pillars of about four Yards in height each, and about five Yards distant from each other; its said they were set in Memory of one Sir *Ewen Cæsarius*, in old Time a famous Warrior of great Strength and Stature, who liv'd in these Parts, and killed Wild Boars in the Forest of *Englewood*, which much infested the Country. He was buried here, they say, and was of such a prodigious height, as to reach from one Pillar to the other; and they tell you, that the rude Figures of Bears

which are in Stone, and erected, two on each side of his Grave, between the Pillars, are in Memory of his great Exploits upon these Creatures. Upon the North outside of the Vestry in the Wall, in rude Characters, is this writing, for a Memorandum to Posterity, *Fuit Pestis, &c. i. e.* There was a Plague. A. D. 1598. of which there died at *Kendal* 2500, at *Richmond* 2200, at *Penrith* 2266, and at *Carlisle* 1196. From *Perith* we cross two Rivers, the *Eden* and *Brougham*, near each other, and pass over a most wretched Country, being Mountains on every side covered with Snow; after travelling thus ten Miles, we come to *Shap*, a long stragling thorough-fare Village; from hence the Road is little better till you come to *Kendal* fifteen Miles, which I have before described, and where I now end.

*Dear Sir,*

*Adieu.*

*Kendal, October 4, 1746.*

*F I N I S.*