

AN IMPARTIAL
HISTORY
OF THE
REBELLION IN BRITAIN

IN THE
YEARS 1745, & 1746.

By DOUGAL GRAHAM

THE NINTH EDITION



CHAP. I.

*Introduction and Origin of the War. Charles' landing in
Scotland and march to Tranent.*

In the year se'enteen hundred and forty one,
An imperious and bloody war began,
Amongst kings and queens in Germanie,
Who should the Roman Emperor be.
French and Prussians did jointly go,
The Hungarian queen to overthro';
But British, Hanoverians, and Dutch,
Espous'd her cause, and that too much.
From year to year, the flame it grew,
Till armies to the field they drew,
At Dittingen and Fontenoy,
Did many thousand lives destroy.
And then the French, they form'd a plan,
To animate our Highland clan,
By sending the Pretender's son

To claim Great Britain as his own;
Which drew the British forces back,
And made the German war to slack.
In the month of July, forty-five,
This project into act, they drive.
Prince Charles, the Pretender's son,
On board a French frigate is gone,
With Sullivan, of Irish birth,
And Tillybairn of noble worth;
With other five Scots natives more,
Left Lazare, on Brittany shore.
First to Belleisle they steer'd their way
July the fifteenth, that very day,
Where they the Elis'beth did join,
A man-of-war, with arms and coin,
To be his guardian ship, and store,
But could not reach the British shore;
Altho' well mann'd with sixty guns,
The English Lion, made blood and wounds,
Her captain slew, and seventy more;
Made all her crew with wounds and gore,
Fly with the wind in haste to France,
And into Brest they got by chance.
Right narrowly, escaping sinking,
Show'rs of balls around them clinking.
Thus by the Lion, and captain Brett,
He and his convoy, were separate.
His frigate eleven guns did carry,
But on the battle, she did not tarry,
And thought it best to get away,
Because he'd been the richest prey:
The Scottish coast, he reach'd at last,
Amongst the Isles, into the west;
Near Lochaber, there did he land,
At Kinloch-moidart, I understand;

With one Macdonald he did stay,
And on his standard, did display
This motto, TANDEM TRIUMPHANS,
At length triumphant, the English is.
His Manifestoes, also spread,
Which for the Scots, great favour had;
How that the Union, he'd dissolve,
And the tax from Malt, Salt and Coal;
And as for the High Church of England,
As now establish'd, 'twas to stand:
But for Scots Kirk, call'd Presbytry,
He would consider at more delay.
This set the clergy on his tap,
And kept some thousands from the trap,
Wherein with him they had been snar'd
If under arms, they had appear'd.
The Highland Chiefs and clans together,
But of the end, did not consider,
If their designs, miscarry should,
How that they were, of all befool'd.
The Cam'rons rose, headed by Lochiel,
And Stewarts did under Appin dwell,
With the Macdonalds of Glengary.
These clans did first his arms carry,
Numb'red one thousand, eight hundred men,
But badly arm'd, as you may ken;
With lockless guns, and rusty swords,
Durks and pistols of ancient sorts,
Old scythes, with their rumples even,
Into a tree, they had them driven;
And some, with battons of good oak,
Vow'd to kill at every stroke:
Some had hatchets upon a pole,
Mischievous weapons, antic and droll,
Was both for cleaving and for clieking,

And durking too, their way of speaking.
Their uniform, was belted plaids,
Bonnets of blue upon their heads,
With white cockade and naked thie
Of foot, as nimble as may be.
The rumour spread thro' all the land,
Of the Pretender and his band,
Then two companies padrolling went
Of Sinclair's soldiers, with intent,
For to disperse this rebel crew,
But found it was too hard to do;
Being surrounded by the way,
And forc'd their arms down to lay,
They prisoners of war were made,
Or with them list, they freedom had;
And, Swethenham of Guise's foot,
But he on parole, release got,
Who gave the real authentic count
What strength, the Highland pow'r did mount,
Who did command, what clans they were,
How they encamped, when and where.
Then Sir John Cope gen'ralissimo,
Troops in Scotland prepar'd to go,
Break and scatter them, if he might,
Before they came to a great height,
And all inventions did contrive,
To catch that Prince, dead or alive.
A proclamation there was made,
Of thirty thousand ¹ for his head,
Yet this did not prevent his friends,
Him to assist with men, and means,
From different corners of the land,
They came for to augment his band.

¹ *Pounds Sterling.*

But Cope into the North he went,
Thinking their growth for to prevent;
With all the foot he could collect,
Light arm'd they were, thinking to break
And scatter a wild unarmed crew,
Who that of fighting, nothing knew.
The horse he made at Stirling stay,
Under the wall encamp'd they lay,
While he march'd on from hill to hill,
But them to find he had no skill,
For Charles sent in their way a scout,
At which they follow'd close pursuit,
O'er the mountains to Inverness;
Before he heard where Charlie was,
Possessed of the town of Perth,
And there was join'd by men of worth,
The Drummonds and Duke John by name
Whose stile was Perth, of noble fame;
There Elcho came, and Broughton too,
With Balmarino not a few,
Kilmarnock also gave consent
And afterwards unto them went,
With many more, from north to south,
Of gentlemen, the flower of youth.
Here of Prince Regent, he took the name,
And his royal father did proclaim,
King of Great Britain, and Ireland,
With all its titles, you'll understand;
And here they lifted tax and cess,
Which did the lieges sore oppress,
And what was worse, I understand
Without his knowledge or command,
Some thievish bands, in many parts,
To cloak their rog'ry, us'd these arts,
In tartan dress'd from top to toe,

Arms and livery had also;
Plunder'd the country where they went,
Profess'd they by the Prince were sent,
To levy horse, men and money,
Extorting cash and horse from many;
Excise and cess made people pay,
And gave receipts, so just were they:
A famous way for making rich,
But Charlie got the blame of such,
Which did his merit sore defame,
And gave his men a thievish name.
Many of his crew indeed were greedy,
To fill their bellies when they were needy;
They cocks and hens, and churns and cheese
Did kill and eat, when they could seize,
And when owners did them exclaim;
“*Hup poup*, hersel be far frae hame,
“You need not fash² to say no thing,
“Herself brings you a bra' new king”
From Perth they march'd unto Dumblane,
And then by Down the road they've ta'en;
By Stirling bridge they could not go,
Fearing the castle, and troops also,
Gardner and Hamilton's dragoons
Which lay encampt between the towns
Of St. Ninians and Stirling wall,
Impatiently waiting the call,
Thinking John Cope was on their rear,
Though no tidings could from him hear.
They watch'd their motions day and night
But five miles distant in their sight;
Until inform'd by an express,
Of Cope's marching from Inverness,
And then was bound for Aberdeen,

² *Anglice* – trouble yourself

From thence to sail for East Lothi'n:
And so from Stirling to retreat,
On his arrival there to wait;
And were by no means to oppose
Them on their march, or come to blows,
Until the foot and horse unite;
This was John Cope's orders complete,
While Charles yet, he lay at Down,
And the dragoons at Stirling town:
A counsel call'd at his desire,
Held in the house of Arnprior,
With chiefs and heads of every clan,
Their expedition south to plan.
Some was with Gardner for to fight,
And others said, that was not right;
Unless in Glens, or mountain tops,
To fight horsemen they had no hopes.
If field they lost, what could they do,
Nought but their heels could them rescue;
We'll cross the Forth, then take the hill
Where horse can do us little ill;
Thus take the South at any rate,
Arms and money we'll surely get:
Then shall we be more fit by far,
To fight with men that's learn'd in war.
And that in field open and plain,
The victory they'd surely gain;
The mountain road 'tween Forth and Clyde,
Where's glens and bogs on every side,
A famous field, if need there be
We'll fight with more securitie.
Perhaps these horse will not us face,
Because no foot is in the place;
For certain, they'll not fight alone
Without infantry to lead them on.

Then reply'd Stewart of Glenbuck,
"We're them that loup before we look;
"What madness is't for so few, he said,
"To 'ttempt down pulling a crown'd head;
"Bout two thousand is our number,
"What can we do, but raise a rumour,
"Though all be north us could be trusted,
"Yet by the South we will be worsted;
"Without a numerous aid from France,
"With them we can have little chance.
"A people that's to Whiggism bound.
"With life and blood will keep their ground;
"And 'mongst them if we broken be,
"For shelter then, where can we flee?
"We already stand 'tween two fires,
"And yet go South is your desires.
"There's Cope behind, Gardner before;
"Beat one of these, I'll say no more.
"Gain but one battle, and then pursue,
"Twill raise your fame and army too;
"But still run forward and be chac'd,
"That is no conquest but a jest.
"I'll rather chuse to turn about,
"And try our might, this Cope to rout;
"For if the two rejoin, 'tis true,
"We'll find the work more hard to do;
"First break the foot, if that ye may,
"The horse then will no longer stay."
At this high speech they took offence,
And charg'd him and his men, go hence;
For such a tim'rous soul as he,
Should not go in their companie:
A cow'rd, they said, so full of care,
Would fill their troops with dread and fear;
No trust he had in Providence,

In feats of war could have no chance.
And thus their counsel ends in rage,
Glenbucket's schemes they'll not engage,
But call'd him cow'rd and shabby names,
Who 'gainst their eager plan exclaims;
And in their strife they parted so,
Glenbucket to his sleep did go;
But how it happen'd none can tell,
Such accident on him befel:
They were alarmed with a shot,
Then found him bleeding on the spot;
Into the bed he lay alone,
But friend nor foe, with him was none.
Whether it was dregs of remorse,
Or thoughtful of the dang'rous course
He was engag'd to undergo;
But here he di'd, that's what I know.
His men the body carried home,
And decently did him intomb;
And through displeasure of the act,
Not one of them returned back.
September, on the thirteenth day,
From Down they march'd in good array;
And at the Frew they cross'd the Forth,
The only passage from the North;
Without the help of boat or brigs,
Charles himself first wet his legs;
Being on the front of all his foot,
For help of horse there sought he not;
And on the south bank there he stood,
'Till all of them, had pass'd the flood.
Here for a space they took a rest,
And had refreshment of the best
The country round them could afford,
Though many found but empty board;

As sheep and cattle were drove away,
Yet hungry men sought for their prey:
Took milk and butter, kirns and cheese;
On all kinds of eatables, they seize:
And he who could not get a share,
Sprang to the hills like dogs for hare;
There shot the sheep, and made them fall,
Whirl'd off the skin and that was all;
Struck up fires and broil'd the flesh,
With salt and pepper, did not fash.
This did enrage the Cam'ron's chief,
To see his men so play the thief;
And finding one into the act,
He fir'd and shot him through the back:
Then to the rest himself addrest,
"This is your lot, I do protest,
"Who e'er amongst you wrongs a man,
"Pay what you get, I tell you plain;
"For yet we know not friend or foe,
"Or how all things may chance to go."
And then to arms they order'd were,
On thoughts of Gardner's coming there:
But finding that he did decline,
They took the hills on some design,
Where men on horse could hardly sit,
They speil'd the rocks like goat or cat.
Out o'r the top, above Red ba',
To th' moor of Touch went one and a',
And in that moor lay all that night,
Where Stirling castle's in their sight,
About three miles south from the town,
Which made Gardner to leave his ground,
Who lay encampt in Stirling park,
And judging they might in the dark
Upon him have some rude design,

For which his camp he did resign,
But for Falkirk they march'd away,
And all that night in field they lay,
Between Larbert and Falkirk town,
Then the morrow were eastward bound,
Through Lithgow to Edinburgh went,
To meet with Cope was his intent.
When Charlie found that they were fled,
Upon their rear, his front he led,
And near to Stirling marched by,
While the castle at him let fly;
But being too far, and badly serv'd,
Nought but terror was observed;
Which made th' straglers mend their bicker,
And only run a pace the quicker;
Which kept them in from seeking plunder,
And cry, "That pe o'er muckle thunder."
So through St. Ninian's they passed wi' speed;
To Bannockburn they did proceed,
There on the moor lay down to rest,
And from their friends got a repast,
Of what the country could afford,
As of 'munition they were not stor'd;
Neither of bread nor baggage carts,
Got bread and ale to cheer their hearts.
Came crowding in many a hunder
And all to keep them back from plunder;
As hunger will make men to steal.
Forsooth they took both brose and kail,
And when refresh'd, they march'd away
Yet some indeed forgot to pay.
Then through Torwood with speed they past,
To Callender house they came at last,
A little by east Falkirk town
Where store of arms in it they foun',

Whereof they surely stood in need.
Then to Linlithgow did proceed;
Op'ned the prison in search of more,
Thinking to seize on Gardner's store,
But th' information was but mocks,
For all they found was sacking frocks,
Which troopers use dressing their horse,
This made Hersel to rage and curse,
Saying, "Het, tat soger has been chac'd,
; And left his auld sark in the haste."
To Borrowst'ness they did advance,
Where powder and lead they found by chance;
To Winceburgh then, they march'd that day
And form'd a camp in regular way,
About eight miles from Edin. west,
Expecting to be attack'd in haste,
By horse, cit'zens and city-guard,
Who all for marching were prepar'd,
Thinking, upon Corstorphin plain,
To give them battle they did intend:
But yet the Achans in the town
Advis'd to lay all arms down.
Then Gen'ral Guest to the castle went,
Perceiving what was their intent
With what arms and reg'lars he had,
For nought they should not it invade.
When Charles found how all might be,
He marched on courageouslie,
Within two miles west from the town;
Then by Slateford took compass round,
By the south side of Burrow-muir,
Out of the castle's sight and power.
South from the city he camp'd again,
While the surrender was made plain.
In the night, September the seventeen,

Into the city all marched in;
Which gave to many a sad surprize,
Rapping at their doors to make them rise:
The castle then struck round her clear,
None in its sight there durst appear.
They fix'd a guard at the West-Bow head,
And the Weigh-house their guard house made,
Crowding it full, 'bove and below;
When this the Castle came to know,
Their half-moon cannons 'gan to play:
Like mad-men then they ran away;
But such a *furich* was never there,
As they tumbled headlong down the stair:
All in a haste got out together,
And riding one above another;
Each striving foremost for to get,
Their naked hips and noses met.
They centries kept at the West port,
Which did afford the castle sport:
As oftentimes they did let fly,
Made many on the streets to ly:
And also on the Castle hill,
Sham sallies did them many kill:
Ev'n for to draw them in the snare,
When they return'd, pursu'd they were,
Being unacquaint with such play,
They pop'd them off both night and day.
Then tidings came in from Dunbar,
Of Gen'ral Cope's arrival there
But twenty miles from Ed'nburgh east,
Which made them all take arms in haste.
On the east side of Arthur's seat,
They rendezvouz'd both small and great,
And call'd a council what to do:
For ten miles east they had a view

Of all the coast to Aberlady,
And so for battle made all ready.
The Duke of Perth and great Lochiel
They chus'd for ground, that rising fell
West from Tranent, up Brislie brae,
A view both South and North to ha'e.
A few were left on Arthur's Seat,
Thinking the king's army to cheat.

CHAP. II.

Battle of Preston pans. – Rebels return to Edinburgh, and behaviour there.

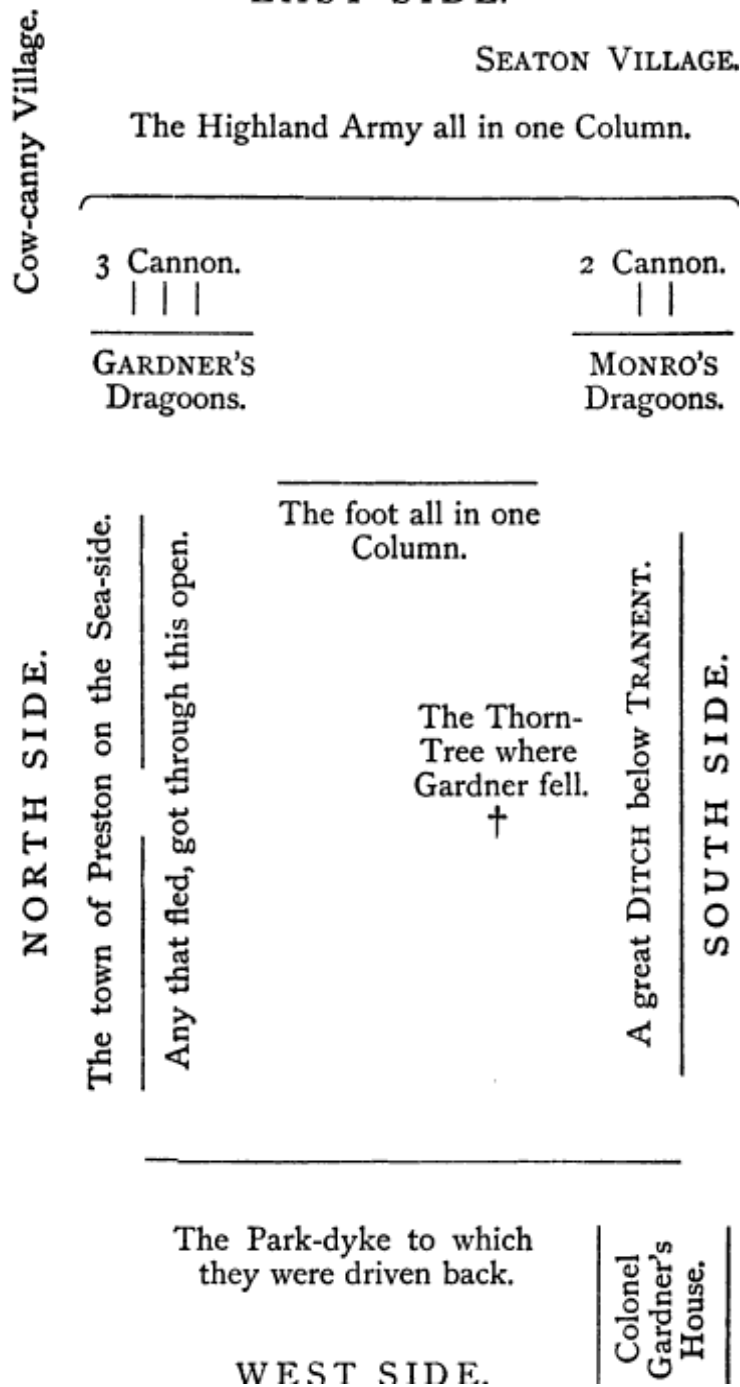
Now, at Dunbar, both foot and horse
Were join'd again, with full purpose,
The proud Pretender's force to try,
And all the Highland pow'rs defy:
Commanded by Cope and furious Fowke,
Who had, alas! their plan mistook;
Though Loudon and Gardner both were there,
They in council had, but little share:
For Cope he challeng'd the sole command,
And Fowke was still at his demand.
A day's march made from Haddington,
Judg'd great fatigue, four miles of ground.
Between Cow-canny and Tranent
There Cope encamp'd, to council went,
Loudon and Gardner were of a mind,
That night to fight were well design'd:
Cope shamm'd it till another day,
In hope 'twould prove a cheaper way:
"Old men and boys, he said, would run,
"Sight of his army would them stun,
"A rabble undisciplin'd to fight,
"They neither have courage nor might.
"This day we've march'd enough, you'll grant,
"T'morrow we'll make the rogues repent."
With that the Highlanders appear'd

(While Cope huzza'd, mocked and jeer'd)
On the hill top be west Tranent,
All in good order, for battle bent.
Then Cope began to Cannonade,
So back behind the hill they fled,
Thought it too hard to face his shot,
As 'tween them lay a ditch or moat;
Their Chiefs in council quickly chose
On the east side Cope to enclose,
South, north and west, he was hemm'd in,
No ways but one could at him win.

 This was about the hour of two,
When first they did each other view.
The afternoon was fair and clear;
Yet Sir John Cope stopt all, we hear,
The fields are plain around Tranent,
Be-south the town grow whins and bent,
Where Charles kept his men secure,
Thinking on battle ev'ry hour.
But, Cope to move no man could treat,
More than he had been Arthur's seat,
On which hillside he spy'd some men,
And vow'd they were the Rebel train,
Which was divided in parties two,
And on his rear in ambush drew;
For which the piece of ground he chus'd,
As on all sides it was inclos'd.
So under arms they stood all night,
Till break of day began the fight.
His troops indeed, none can deny,
Were form'd in order gallantly;
The foot into the centre stood,
And cavalry, wings covered,
With each battalion was seen
Counter guards, cannons between.

All night he in this posture stood,
While Charlie in a bushy wood,
A little be-west of Seaton town,
Picquets and spies went him around,
Lay undiscover'd till break of day,
Then rous'd like lions for their prey,
In full brigades and oval form,
Upon Cope's front came as a storm,
The orders were not for to fire,
Until they came a little nigh'r;
To sham the first fell to the ground,
By which means few receiv'd a wound:
And ere they gave the other charge,
They on them with their sword and targe.
The furious Cam'rons, led by Lochiel,
With hideous cries gave such a knell
As frightened both dragoons and horse,
They could not fight, but roar and curse:
And Sir John Cope, for all his might,
Went with the foremost out of sight.
Fierce Fowke, brave Hume and Loudon both,
For to be ta'en that day were loth,
Few of the horsemen stood at all,
Woe to their conduct, worst of all;
For those who on the right wing stood,
A whole battalion over rode,
That kept the rear *Corps de garde*;
Quite over them they headlong tread.
One thing they knew, they were inclos'd,
And where to flee, was not dispos'd:
They always sought the way they came,
Though in their face were sword and flame:

A PLAN of the BATTLE of PRESTON. EAST SIDE.



So when they got down to the sea,
Took east the coast most furiouslie:
And some through Preston vennial fled,
Then west by Mussleburgh they said,
Up to the hills above Dalkeith,
O'er Sutrae hill, then out of skaith,
In such a pannic, 'twas a shame,

Ran thirty miles, even to Coldstream,
And there to rest they would not yet;
But unto Berwick, next morning set,
Where all the fugitives did meet,
And Sir John Cope his cheeks did weet;
Because they swore he had sold them,
To fight nor flee he ne'er told them.
The poor foot, left here, paid for all,
Not in fair battle, with powder and ball;
But horrid swords, of dreadful length,
So fast came on, with spite and strength,
Lochaber axes and rusty scythes,
Durks and daggers prick'd their thighs:
Fix'd bay'nets had but little share
With the long shanked weapons there;
Altho' they kept together fast,
Their en'mies close upon them prest;
And back to back long did they stand,
Till lost was many a head and hand.
Then after Gardner's party's beat,
The whole of's horsemen clean defeat,
Himself on foot rejoic'd to see
The brave lads fight so valiantly,
With no commander on their head,
To join that party swift he gade:
Although some wounds he'd got before,
To lose the field his heart was sore.
Then all around he was inclos'd,
Behind, before, fiercely oppos'd,
With sword in hand he hew'd his way,
While blood in streams did from him fly.
Ere him down on the field they got,
His head was clove, his body shot,
And being sep'rate from the rest,
The battle sore upon him prest,

Ev'n after he lay on the ground,
No mercy was unto him shown,
I mean by the rude vulgar core,
Yet gentlemen lamented sore;
Because he would no quarter have,
While they endeavour'd's life to save.
One man he had, who by him staid,
Until he on the field was laid,
And then he fled to the Meadow-mill,
Where he acquainted was right well,
Thence in disguise return'd again,
And bore him off, from 'mongst the slain.
His stately dwelling was near by;
But now he could not lift an eye,
His speech was laid, all hopes were gone
No signs of life, except a groan.
Of hours he liv'd but very few,
"A good Christi'n and soldi'r too;"
This character he's left behind
Military men there's few of's kind.

The poor foot, on field, I can't forget,
Who now were caught as in a net,
From 'bove Cow-canny to Preston-dyke,
About a mile or near the like,
They were beat backward by the clans,
Along the crofts 'bove Preston-pans,
Till the high dyke held them again,
Where many taken were and slain;
Although they did for quarters cry,
The vulgar clans made this reply,
"Quarters! you curst soldiers, mad,
"It is o'er soon to go to bed."
Had not their officers and chiefs
Sprung in and begg'd for their reliefs,
They had not left one living there:

For in a desp'rate rage they were,
'Cause many clans were hack'd and slain;
Yet of their loss they let not ken:
For by the shot fell not a few,
And many with bay'nets pierc'd thro'.
'Bove three hundred lay on the field,
Fifteen hundred were forced to yield,
The rest with Cope got clear away.
And so ended this bloody fray,
Since call'd the battle of Preston-pans,
Fought by John Cope and Charlie's clans,
September the twenty-first day,
Below Tranent a little way;
From Gladsmoor church two miles and more,
The place old Rhymer told long before,
"That between Seaton and the sea,
"A dreadful morning there should be,
"Meet in the morning lighted by the moon,
"The lion his wound here, heal shall not soon."
In Thomas' book of this you'll read,
Mention'd by both Merlin and Bead.

Now, the field tents and warlike store,
And cannons, which they'd not before,
All fell into the conq'rer's hand,
Of arms many a hundred stand.
To Edinburgh then he did return,
His great triumph made many mourn.
Through Lothian then it was the way,
Whose man ye was ye durst not say.
Nor to what side you'd wish good speed;
So critical were times indeed.
To Holyrood-house, great Charles then,
Went in with all his noblemen,
Being low out of the Castle's view
There to him flocked not a few,

Who were in dread to come before;
But now they thought the conquest o'er,
Rich presents were unto him sent,
And much time in gallanting spent.
His army here strove to recruit,
Large collections were contribute,
Taxes, cess, and all king's dues,
His orders no man durst refuse.
The whole country and neighbouring towns
Obediently sent in their pounds:
Horses and carts they did provide,
And men likewise these carts to guide.
Yet when of all he was prepar'd,
Another hardship was declar'd,
As they were 'bout to leave the land,
Six weeks cess before the hand,
They gave a charge for all to pay
Who dealt into the malting way,
Forthwith to raise this contribution
On pain of military execution.

This did the brewers exasp'rate,
But to answer they knew not what.
An honest quaker brew'd good ale,
Who never wanted a ready tale,
To him the brewers did apply,
For his good counsel what to say:
After that he had heard them speak,
"Your speech, says he, does make me sick;
By Yea and Nay, I think it's fit,
To keep our money and pay with wit,
Though he's noble born, I do not lo'e him,
Yet ne'ertheless I will go to him:
Were he all the earthly into one skin,
He's but a lump of dust and sin,
If I regard the face of clay,

To-morrow be my bury'ng day:
He's fenc'd around with men and swords,
Which I'll repel with simple words."
This honest quaker took his way,
And call'd for Charles without delay,
I am a man who want to see him;
Because I have some bus'ness wi' him.
Said one, You must tell that to me,
By Yea and Nay, thou art not he,
The tidings which I have to tell
Concerneth none but Charles himsell,
And if he'll not permit me in,
My mouth I'll shut and not begin.

Then at the door he entrance gat,
Yet neither mov'd his hand or hat,
Says—"Charles, man what dost thou mean?
Thou sure are not this countries friend,
Thou'rt worse than all that came before thee,
And will make the country quite abhor thee,
Thou'rt worse than George for all his stents,
He ne'er before-hand charg'd his rents;
But gave six weeks to scrape it in;
Thou car'st not whether we lose or win;
We may die, ere six weeks be past,
Look what thou do'st, run not too fast."
Charles replies,—“a strait we're on;
But 'gainst your wills, it sha'n't be done.”
Then thank thee kindly for thy grant,
And off he came as mild's a saint.

CHAP. III.

Their March into England. Taking of Carlisle. Rout through England and retreat back.

Then, taking leave of Edinr, they
Unto Dalkeith all march'd away,
First of November camped there,
And then for England did prepare.

Short time they in that camp did stay,
Till south they went the nearest way.
At Kelso town they pass'd the Tweed,
And west the Border went with speed:
By Jedburgh and through Liddisdale,
They spread themselves o'er hill and vale:
And some by Moffat took their route;
Although it was some miles about.
In this order they march'd along,
Only about sev'n thousand strong.
Chief in command was duke of Perth,
And Lord George Murray of noble birth;
Lord Elcho son to the Earl of Wemyss,
Col'nel of the Life-guard it seems;
The Earl Kilmarnock, in this cause,
Commanded those they call'd Hussars;
Lord Pitsligo gen'ral of the horse,
With Lords Nairn and Ogilvie there was;
Bold Balmarino and brave Dundee,
MacDonald th' aid de' camp was he:
Sheridan too, and Sullivan,
By birth an Irish gentleman:
The squire of Broughton his secret keeper,
Who got the name of *bosom-viper*:
Besides the worthy brave Lochiel,
Other Chiefs I have not room to tell.

At the English border they did unite,
All in a body their troops complete,
Near Canabie in Liddisdale
They enter'd Cumberland in hail.
Then did assault the fort Carlisle,
Which did hold out but little while.
Having friends within and round about,
Long to resist they seem'd unstout.
The town and castle both they got,

Call'd England's Key, an useful spot.
At Carlisle he did leave a band,
The town and fort for to command,
From thence to Penrith did proceed,
And then for Kendal march'd with speed:
To Lancaster they came indeed:
Which news put England in great dread;
To Proud Preston and Manchester
They still advanc'd withouten fear,
Being join'd by none of English train,
But five hundred Lancaster men,
Which to him was of small effect;
For hard marching made them to ake,
And miss'd their dinner many a day,
Made them, repenting, sigh and say;
"Woe worth the Scots; for they can feed;
On drinking water and eating bread:
Their irony soles do never tire;
On stony ground, dub or mire:
Beef or pudding they never mind;
Them Scots can live on *snuffing wind*:
For me, my belly clings to my back,
Since I have join'd this hellish pack.
If in this state all soldiers be,
The dev'l be soldi'r again for me."
To such hard frets thus driven were
Poor hungry Toms, of Lancashire:
For in all haste they marched up,
At Manchester they made a stop;
Here his faithful Clans perceiv'd and saw,
That English vows were nought at a';
Some kind enough; but no way friendly:
Only through terror they acted meanly.
Said the Scots Chiefs, "We blinded be,
That's come far from our own countrie.

As friends, indeed, some English own us;
But if once defeat, they'd set upon us.
France and England, by perjurie,
Will be our ruin, we clearly see:
They've charm'd us out as working tools,
Now use us as a band of fools,
England to Whiggism is inclin'd,
And with the Georgian house combin'd;
They cry, *Oppression*, from high to low:
Yet *Redeeming-time* they do not know.
'Gainst Acts and Tax on ev'ry trade:
They're all bewitch'd, and we're mislead:
Here in a trap betwixt two fires,
And what we'll do counsel requires.
The Duke before and Wade behind,
And where now shelter can we find?"

Then Charles, hearing all this, said,
With heart full sore he answer made,
"My Lords and Gentlemen (said he),
Our case is bad, I plainly see;
But all's not lost that's in a peril,
Kind providence can ease the quarrel.
Both French and English have betray'd us;
But I trust a better hand will guide us:
On Preston field, ye all well ken,
We found the English there but men.
I trust in field they're no more here,
Though thrice our number should appear:
Could we pass the Duke without a blow,
And with all speed to London go,
Our friends there would so well assist,
That en'mies were of small request.
That stalward Duke's so fierce and keen,
Were he defeat, 'twould end the scene,
And give aspects another face,

Which we can't do in such a case;
For if here defeat, then all is lost;
Battle avoid we surely must,
I trust the French to come by sea;
But where can their invasion be?
If at sea indeed they have been check'd
It damps our hope; but does not wreck't.
Then let's push on and do our best;
Kind providence make out the rest!"

Then proclaiming his father there,
As done in ev'ry town elsewhere,
In form, all market towns he past,
To Staffordshire he came at last:
Where the Duke's army lay 'fore him,
Well prepar'd for to devour him.
He here to fight had no desire,
Took east the muirs for Derbyshire,
Directed his rout by th' town of Leek,
Left Cumberland to claw his cheek:
Kept south by east to Derby town,
In full career for London boun':
But there receiv'd intelligence,
His friends to rise had now no chance,
The Georgian party was so strong,
And mixt in each place them among,
No assembling could be together,
Nor word of French ships coming hither.
The south coast all was guarded round,
An English fleet cruis'd up and down;
And through each county in the south lands,
Militia swarm'd, like locust-bands.

These tidings put him in great fear,
But for to flee, he knew not where.
They all in council did agree,
Backward for Scotland then to flee.

This did the vulgar sore chagreen,
To plunder London that were keen.

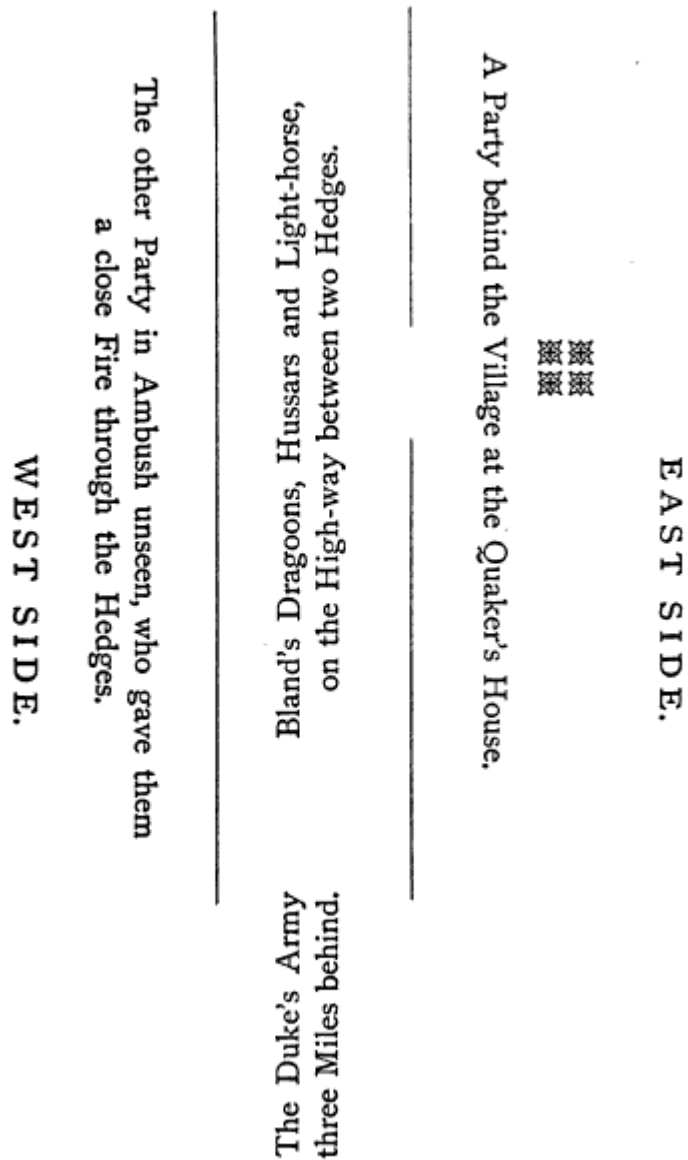
When Cumberland perceived this,
He form'd a plan was not amiss,
To intercept 'em in Lancashire:
But how he miss'd you may admire.
Wade on the north, was marching to him.
The Duke behind, did still pursue him.
One Oglethorpe upon his right,
With a thousand hunters all in flight:
Yet he, still his way did keep,
Through Derby town and Ashburn peak:
Which towns indeed for rash proceeding,
Were badly paid for what was needing,
When they perceived their flight was back,
Quite contrary was their kind act,
For all the praise they got before,
They now were savages and more.

December the fourth, they turn'd about,
Out of England they took their rout,
At Derby town they staid two nights,
To get in superscription writes,
Form'd by an English party there,
Which made that town and country bare,
And furnish, at an easy price,
A vast of things for their supplies.
When to Manchester back they came,
Their usage there was much the same:
And for their using them that way,
Two thousand Sterling were made t' pay,
To save the plund'ring of the town;
Paid when the kingdom was his own.
So north they came to Wigan then,
Next day they did Proud Preston gain.
The Duke behind him but a day,

Ride as they will he kept his way.
And could not gain a mile upon 'em,
Tho' stout hors'd, they did outrun 'em.
From Preston on the thirteenth day,
Early at morn he march'd away.
No sooner had they quit these towns,
Than Oglethorpe with Wade's dragoons
Enter'd just at the other end,
To give them chase they did intend;
But being fatigu'd, chose rest a while
In three days they march'd a hundred mile,
Through ice and hills cover'd with snow,
Across Yorkshire as they did go,
With full intent to intercept him,
And at Proud Preston thought to kep him,
They had no footmen here, 'tis true,
But royal hunters not a few,
Who were so keen in battle rage,
On foot they offer'd to engage,
Being zealous youths of gentle fame,
Who, by fighting thought to gain a name.
And as they were to march again,
A false alarm gave them pain,
That French invaded had the south,
Which passed for a certain truth:
Such tidings from Duke William came,
Who actually believ'd the same,
And stopt his forces for a day,
Till Charles was got out of the way.
And Orders sent to Oglethorpe
To come to him with all his troop:
As soon as he the Duke had join'd,
The news prov'd such as Jacks had coin'd.
Then Oglethorpe he got command,
To go in chace of Charlie's band,

And, if possible, get before him,
 While he behind would soon devour him.
 But, on the fifteenth, I understand,
 Charles reach'd Kendal in Westmoreland,

A PLAN of the BATTLE of CLIFTON-MUIR NORTH SIDE.



SOUTH SIDE.

Now thinking that the chace was over,
 Slacked his march; but did discover
 The English bloody flag behind,
 And colours waving in the wind.

To range their rear they were not slow,
But the front, of this they did not know.
At the village Clifton, in Westmoreland,
They prudently pitch'd out a stand,
At a Quaker's house stood near the way,
Which rous'd his sp'rit 'bove Yea and Nay:
Behind the hedges, walls and lones,
Where unperceiv'd they stood as stones.
The eighteenth day of dark December,
In Forty Five, you'll this remember,
After the setting of the sun,
Just as Black night was coming on,
The King's dragoons and Kingston's horse
Came prancing up, at unawares.
A volley shot out thro' the hedge,
Full on their flank did them engage,
Which in confusion did them throw,
And through the hedge they could not go.
Brave gen'ral Bland commanded here,
Who quickly caused his troops retire;
For had they more such volleys got,
Few had returned from the spot.
Young Honeywood was wounded sore,
The Duke, enrag'd, then highly swore
That he'd revenged be that night,
Or die before the morning light:
Yet counseled was for to desist;
For ambuscades were hard to trust,
So the pursuit he did delay,
Till near about the break of day:
Brave men and horse lay on the field,
Tho' both the sides did flee and yield:
Yet this check Charles' end did gain,
For he that night wou'd been o'erta'en:
Lord Elcho and Murray form'd that plan,

And did the party here command,
Not without loss, I truly say;
On both sides dead and wounded lay.
Few Highlanders did come to blows,
Till thro' the hedge some horsemen goes,
And did engage with sword in hand;
But made nought of it with the Clan,
Who did come on in numbers thick,
And horse and men did hough and prick.
'Bout twenty five lay on the field,
And thirty wounded fled for bield,
With gen'ral Bland they rode away,
Toward the Duke, who heard the fray,
And came the battle to renew;
But in the dark it would not do.
Of Highlanders, as I heard say,
But fourteen on the field there lay.
George Hamilton of Stewart's reg'ment,
As prisoner he did consent,
After a stout resistance made,
And deeply wounded in the head,
Cut by an Austrian Hussar,
Who serv'd the Duke during this war.
Then from the field they fled in haste,
And to Penrith at midnight past,
Where the main body was come before,
Which spread the alarm more and more;
Dreading th' English did yet pursue,
Then all out of the town they flew.
Good for Penrith it happen'd so,
Or next morn had been a day of woe:
They vow'd in ashes it to lay,
For what they'd done the other day,
To those who plunder'd Lowther-hall.
And Penrith guards did on them fall,

Beat and broke them, and some slew,
And some they into prison threw:
The rest into Carlisle did run,
As from that fortress they had come,
The while that Charles was in the south,
Wanting something to taste their mouth,
A foraging they came about,
Only a small band in a scout,
And Penrith guards upon them fell,
So Charles by chance of it heard tell:
Perth vow'd revenge, in dreadful ire,
A recompense with sword and fire;
But when such hurry on them came,
They minded nought but up and ran.
As one behind another did stand,
He cries, *Furich tere be Cumberland.*
Dark was the night and rough the way,
Carlisle they reach'd by break of day:
There's sixteen miles between these towns,
But the weak and weari'd, left in wounds,
Were all caught on the next day,
By their fierce foes coming that way,
About an hundred men or more,
And badly us'd you may be sure.
Being into loathsome jails confin'd,
But poorly kept and badly din'd.

The Duke to Penrith came next day,
On the twentieth at Hasket lay,
Being then within twelve short mile
Of the strong fortress of Carlisle.
And hearing the Scots were safely there,
To follow hard he took no care:
Upon his rear thought fit to rest,
And counsel call'd to do what's best.
On the twenty-second they marched on;

But finding that the Scots were gone,
All but a few who did pretend,
The town and castle to defend.
Who there were left, I understand',
By sole advice of Sullivan,
(Of Irish birth although he be)
The cowardliest of the company.
Unlike was he to Blakeney's blood;
For Irishmen are soldiers good,
Will fight for what they take in hand,
Abroad or yet in native land.
This Sullivan he did pretend,
They would the English so suspend,
That they should come no further north
Till Scots had join'd their friends on Forth.
And Hamilton from Aberdeen,
To guard the place appear'd so keen;
Had they stood on but for a day,
As open to the north it lay,
Which was Perth, Murray and Elcho's plan,
In it they need not lost a man,
They might at ev'ning issued out,
And ev'ry one been out of doubt:
Through boasted courage and hot zeal,
For a month, said, they would not fail,
Cannon, powder and wealth of balls,
Very strong gates and stately walls:
As in despair, they did pretend,
It to the last they would defend.
Lancashire reg'ment chus'd there to 'bide,
For to keep the fort were not afraid:
The English gate of iron and oak,
For fear with cannon it should be broke
They built it up with stones within,
And swore the de'il should not come in;

Unless that he got wings to fly,
And all by oaths would do or die.

 This being done, Charles and his men,
For Scotland marched back again,
By the Langtown on Esk's side,
The water swoln, not by the tide,
But a mighty current from the hills
Made all to stop against their wills.
And then to fly they knew not where,
North, south and west, inclosed were.
And though Carlisle lay on their rear,
They knew not but the English were
Hard behind them on the pursuit,
By only going six miles about,
To a bridge lies near Brampton town,
And on the north side to come down,
Whereof they had great fear and dread;
Which put them to this desp'rate deed,
The fords they tried which were too strong,
Horse of more strength and legs more long,
They would require at such a place,
And there to stay great danger was.

 Thus chus'd a swamp above a ford,
And in they plung'd with one accord,
The horse went first and swim'd half thro',
Foot at their tails they forward drew,
Who hung together with arms a-cleek,
Tho' floods went over head and cheek:
And those who were of stature low,
Hard was their lot in wading so,
Their powder clothes and arms wet,
This was the bath these poor men gat.
Not one shot was preserved dry,
But these that did on horseback ly:
They in the water plung'd so fast,

That many lost their grips at last,
And tumbling, went off with the stream,
Down went their heads, up came their wame:
Though people stood on ev'ry shore,
Alas! their lives were now no more!
Both men and women were wash'd away,
Into the firth of Sollaway.
And some at Bowness were cast out,
At Annan-foot and thereabout.

To Gretna, and Annan they march away,
Thence to Dumfries on the next day,
And charg'd a ransom off that town,
Or else to plunder they were boun':
Two thousand Sterling made them pay,
And carried hostages away,
When cash failed them, to the North,
To join their friends upon the Forth.

CHAP. IV.

Retaking of Carlisle by Cumberland. His return to London. Battle of Inverurie. The Rebels march from Dumfries by Glasgow to Stirling.

December, on the twenty-two,
The English round Carlisle they drew,
On south west side fix'd on a place
Which opposite the castle was;
The Duke all round it took a view,
And of the castle had no brow,
It seem'd to him like a dung hill,
Or like a German old brick kiln:
But yet their cannon play'd right smart,
Which caus'd them from the hills depart.
To capit'late the terms they crav'd,
Were, *T' march with honour away to leav't.*

The Duke reply'd, "That is a due
Ne'er given to any rebel crew;
But ne'ertheless take it I shall,

Either with honour or not at all.”
Then in the dark time of the night,
He caus’d lay down, to cloud their sight,
Loads of straw and ricks of hay;
There dig’d a trench of turf and clay:
But batt’ring cannon he had none,
But small field guns to mount thereon;
Till from Whitehav’n, thirty miles away,
Drove heavy cannon on it to lay.
As soon as they began to fire,
They beat the walls as low as mire,
And made a breach both broad and wide,
In the castle wall on the west side;
To enter there, began to form,
And take the fort by bloody storm.
No quarters they propos’d to give,
Put all to death, not one to live;
When this they saw, without all doubt,
A flag of mercy they hung out;
But all that could obtained be,
Was pris’ners at the King’s mercy.
From thence they were to London sent,
Where heads and hearts were from them rent:
Some executed in that place,
And members dash’d into their face,
Their very hearts cut out alive,
Such butch’ry’s horrid to describe.
Many of the commons banish’d were
To plantations, I know not where,
John Hamilton the governor,
His head, from off his body shore,
Fix’d on a pole on the Scots-port,
Scots for the future to exhort,
By viewing the spectacles were there,
Against rebellion to have a care.

Two Lancashire men's heads also,
On th' English gate fixt as a show,
Whom they did English rebels call,
A proof Scots are not rebels all;
I only show there's part of both,
And for their fate, I say, "Oh, hogh!
A dreadful sight for human eyes,
For to behold such sacrifice
'Mong Christian people, as I think,
At what I've seen my heart does shrink;
When I view the place and on it ponder,
The bloody butch'ry that's been yonder,
I mean in the streets of Carlisle,
The mangling that was there a while.
Of such like acts I'll say no more,
But follow the subject just before.

The Duke forthwith to London went,
And gen'ral Hawley to Scotland sent,
Who round by Berwick took his rout,
Near a full hundred miles about,
Ev'n by Newcastle and Dunbar,
It must be own'd the stretch was far,
Before he came to E'nburgh town
Fatigu'd were both foot and dragoon.

While Charles did through England pass,
Lord Loudon lay at Inverness,
And with him did two thousand men,
To keep in awe the Highland Clan:
For several lairds their Clans did raise,
And some took part in both the ways;
Others kept them in their own bounds,
For preservation of their grounds,
And when Duke William gain'd the day,
It was for him, they then did say;
But if Charles had chanc'd to prevail

Some think they'd told another tale.
Yet Loudon to King George was true,
And by his conduct did subdue
Many who were as foes inclin'd,
And kept them in a neutral mind.
The Frazers' clan he drove away,
Who around Fort Augustus lay,
Commanded by Lord Lovat's son,
He made them from that fort to run.
Lord Lewis Gordon lay from him south,
With Lord John Drummond, a furious youth,
And brother to the Duke of Perth,
Who wish'd Loudon sent off the earth,
And under their command, it seems,
Was the French Regiment de Fitz James,
With Clan's rais'd on the northern shore,
About three thousand men or more,
Kept Aberdeen, Perth, and Dundee,
And all the low towns by the sea:
The fierce MacLeod lay west from them,
Who on George's side had rais'd his men,
Intending to take Aberdeen,
Knowing that Gordon lay therein,
He as far as Inverurie came,
In hopes next day to reach the same;
But Gordon of this was aware,
And for to meet him did prepare,
But march'd his men another way,
As tho' he would not on him stay.
West from the road he took his rout,
Altho' it was some miles about,
Kept hollow ways not to be seen,
Where woods and planting did him screen,
And 'bout the setting of the sun,
He spy'd them entering the town.

A halt he made, judg'd what to do,
Of's being there they nothing knew.
Much like his own their number seem'd,
Then for to fight, it best he deem'd:
And what favour'd his notion more,
He saw them billoting, a score
Or more into each country town,
At two miles distance all around.
When the full half of them were gone,
He thought it time to draw them on,
In full brigade at the town's end,
Before MacLeod ought of him kend:
The first intelligence some got,
Was by the rattling of the shot.
Confus'd he was in this sad case
His men dispers'd, and few to face.
The foes assault, upon the hill,
He rallied them near to the mill.
They fir'd full brisk on every side;
Yet Gordon's force was hard to bide,
They being to arms bred in France,
Knew how to retreat, and to advance.
MacLeod's men, in number few,
Quite raw and undisciplin'd too,
Lost nearly twenty upon the spot,
And forty fled gall'd by the shot.
The laird himself, to end the matter,
Did fly and could not make it better.
His men in crowds came running in,
Crying, *Master did ye loss or win?*
But for to rally in such a stour,
He had no time, might, or power;
The darksome night was coming on,
And his best men lay dead and gone,
Or wounded, they before him fled:

While Gordon brisk advancing made,
Whose loss that night was not heard tell,
Alledging that none of them fell;
He gained the field and town, 'tis true,
But yet 'twas judg'd he lost a few,
Whom they did bury in the night,
To keep their losses out of sight.

 This bloody battle, as they say,
Was fought the night before Yule-day,
At the end of Inverurie town,
Led on by Gordon and Drummond,
Against MacLeod and all his Clan,
Who did not well concert the plan:
Spreading his men so far a-breed,
Was nothing like a martial deed:
For the one half they overthrew,
Before the other ought of't knew.
It was a trick of war ye ken
For making them more wise again;
No sooner Gordon got the town,
Than centries plac'd were all aroun'd,
Who kept patrolling through the night,
Lest MacLeod should renew the fight;
But to the hills he did proceed,
There to bewail his luckless deed.
Gordon return'd to Aberdeen
Rejoicing he'd victorious been,
From thence to Stirling got his rout,
To join his Prince when thereabout.

 When from Dumfries they came away,
Hamilton they reach'd on the next day;
Knowing no danger then before them,
They levied all things fit to store them,
As horse, of which they had great need,
Many of them being rode to dead.

Of meat and drink they spier'd no price;
But little harm did otherwise,
Save changing shoes when brogues were spent,
For victuals sure they could not want.
To Glasgow they came the next day,
In a very poor forlorn way,
The shot was rusted in the gun,
Their swords from scabbards would not twin,
Their count'nance fierce as a wild bear,
Out o'er their eyes hang down their hair,
Their very thighs red tanned quite;
But yet as nimble as they'd been white;
Their beards were turned black and brown,
The like was ne'er seen in that town,
Some of them did barefooted run,
Minded no mire nor stony groun';
But when shav'n, drest and cloth'd again
They turn'd to be like other men.
Eight days they did in Glasgow rest,
Until they were all cloth'd and drest:
And though they on the best o't fed,
The town they under tribute laid,
Ten thousand Sterling made it pay,
For being of the Georgian way,
Given in goods and ready cash,
Or else to stand a plundering lash:
And 'cause they did Militia raise,
They were esteem'd as mortal faes:
For being oppos'd to *Jacobites*,
They plainly call'd them *Whiggonites*.
But, for peace sake, to get them clear,
Of ev'ry thing they furnish'd were,
A printing Press and two workmen,
To print their journals as they ran.

From Glasgow then they took their rout,

Lochiel he led his Clan about
By Cumbernauld, another way,
Lest Kir'ntilloch they should repay,
Which had killed two of their Clan,
That a spulzieing unto it came;
As they were passing through the town,
They by the rabble were knock'd down,
For which the place was taxed sore,
And dreaden much 'twould suffer more.
Near Stirling then, they all did meet,
Summon'd the town for to submit,
Militia therein were quartered,
And the townsmen also, armed,
Who did defend a day or two;
But found their force it would not do:
Though a good wall both stout and strong,
Lay on the south where they came on;
Yet 'tween the water and the town
It lay quite open, halfway roun'.
The bridge was cut on the south side,
The water deep they could not wade;
Their nearest pass was at the Frew,
Full four miles west and in their view.
Four thousand lay on the north side,
Threat'ning the town whate'er betide.
Glasgow Militia had left the place,
And to meet Hawley at Ed'nbro' was.
Militia they had; but not enou',
Such duty was too hard to do.
Those who did ly on the north hand,
Were not of those were in England;
But with Lord Lewis Gordon came,
Brother to th' Duke of that same name,
Which he had raised in the north,
Help'd by Lord John, brother to Perth,

Who did command Fitz-James's horse,
That came from France into Montrose:
Most of their riders Irish and Scots,
Nat'rally bent to join such plots,
Inclin'd to love the Stewart race,
Whose father's did that side embrace.
These foresaid Lords most active were,
Both men and money to prepare,
And would have rais'd some thousands more,
Had but six thousand French came o'er,
Which, time from time, they promised;
But the seas were too well guarded.
Lord Loudon lay into the north,
Long way beyond the Murray firth,
Twenty sev'n hundred men had he,
Which made the Frazer's Clan to flee,
When Fort Augustus they did besiege;
Yet in open field would not engage.
Likewise MacLeods, Grants and Munroe's,
Against the Stewarts in arms rose:
The Sutherlands and name of Gun,
To arms did against them run.
Sir Duncan Forbes, Lord president,
Caus'd many rise by his consent.
Thus, in the north, I you assure,
There was an army of great pow'r,
All upon the Georgian side,
Beside what was besouth the Clyde,
Who all in arms there did unite,
Unto the cause with noble sp'rit.
Also the brave men of Argyle,
Who were preparing all the while;
But could not find safe passage east,
Until they were from Glasgow past:
And then they went by Airdrie town,

When Hawley was through Lothian come,
Him join'd at Ed'nburgh where they lay
Preparing for the battle day;
Glasgow and Paisley troops were there,
To serve King George free volunteer.

CHAP. V.

Siege of Stirling Castle. Battle of Falkirk.

Now as Charles around Stirling lay,
To surrender they did give way,
All but brave Blackney, who withdrew
Into the Castle, with those thought true,
Who chose with him the siege to stand
To their life's end, with sword in hand.
His stores, indeed, were ill laid in,
S' unexpected it did begin,
No time had they for to provide,
Charles being so long on their south side.
Their ammunition too was small,
No stock of powder, nor yet of ball;
Yet all encouragement he gave
To those who'd help the Fort to save:
His endeavours he spared not
To find such stores as could be got:
And all he thought of use to be,
Were welcome to his company:
And those who fearful were to stay,
Freely got leave to go away;
Th' unloyal he charg'd not to 'tend it;
For to the last he would defend it.

Summons he got for to surrender;
But answer made, "He was defender,
Intrusted by King George command,
To which, he vow'd, he'd firmly stand."
Then to assault they did prepare,
Milit'ry engines erected there,

Cannon from th' other side the Forth,
Which had been landed in the north.
British cannons lost at Fount'noy,
Came home this Fort for to destroy.
To raise a trench, in haste they got,
As near the walls as pistol shot,
On the east side, on a hill top,
To breach the wall it was their hope:
And then by storm they did pretend,
Of all within to make an end:
But at this instant Hawley came,
Which put a stop to their fierce aim.

Then all their force together drew,
Those in the north past at the Frew;
Near by Torwood they rendezvouz'd,
Where Hawley's camp, afar they view'd,
Hard by Falkirk, on the north side,
The English banners were display'd.
From th' banks of Carron they had in view,
All passes where they could come thro':
Ev'n from Forth side up to the hills;
But high presumption their courage fills,
As they were arm'd in such a case,
The rebel Scots would not them face:
And as in scorn did them deride,
So to advance did slow proceed:
And spent their time in vain delay,
Ev'n the forepart of th' battle-day.

While Charlie, with much active care,
His res'lute troops did well prepare:
From Torwood head they issu'd down
To the south side, on rising groun';
Cross'd Carron at Dunnipace-mill.
By foot of Bonny took th' hill,
And still he kep't a sharp look out,

In hopes that Hawley would take th' rout;
As in his camp sure news he had,
From's out-guard posts who there had fled.

Mean time the Highlanders gain'd th' hill,
Wind on their back just at their will.
Hawley's camp it was alarmed;
But he himself could not be had:
Chief orders then they could get none,
Which caused some confusion,
And when that Hawley did appear,
He'd not believe they were so near.
Husk form'd his men and took the hill,
The horsemen also march'd there-till,
Glasgow and Paisley volunteers,
Eager to fight, it so appears,
With the dragoons advanc'd in form,
Who 'mong the first did feel the storm.
The Highlanders, seeing their zeal,
Their highland vengeance pour'd like hail,
On red coats they some pity had,
But 'gainst Militia were raging mad.
Cob's dragoons they southmost stood;
But gain a flank they never cou'd:

A PLAN of the BATTLE
NORTH

The *HIGHLAND ARMY.*

SOUTH

<u>The Cammerons</u>	<u>The Stewarts.</u>	<u>MacGregors.</u>	<u>L. Geo. Murray's.</u>
or first Column.			This Col. fired first.

The Second Column who came not up to Action,
but still in Motion.

The Third Column, who stood as Corps of Reserve.

The Hussars or
Horse-men.

The French Brigades,
or Prince's Guards.

WEST SIDE.

ATT
ORT

of FALKIRK MUIR
SIDE.

THE KING'S ARMY.

Cob's Dragoons.

Gardner and Glasgow and
Monro's Dr. Pais. Militia.

Scots Royal.

G. Husk's
Column.

3 Regiments
marching up
the Hill.

Argyle Militia
formed below
the hill to co-
ver the retreat.

Falkirk Town.

EAST SIDE

SIDE.

For Murray led on the front line,
And kept them both from flank and wind:
Some time was spent these points to gain;
But all the struggle prov'd in vain.
Gardner's and Monroe's were next,
On worse ground troopers could not fix;
I don't mean as to th' en'mies fire;

But on their front a boggie mire,
Which in th' attack the horse confounded,
And they on all sides were surrounded;
Next to them the volunteers,
Between the foot and Grenadiers.
Some reg'ments coming up the hill,
And as they came, they formed still.

The Highlanders in columns three,
Came moving on courageously,
With loud huzza's on every side,
Their bloody banners were display'd,
The front line only three men deep,
They in reserve the rest did keep:
Their plaids in heaps were left behind,
Light to run if need they find:
And on they came with a goodwill,
At the dog-trot, adown the hill.
At Cob's dragoons the first rank fir'd:
But rear and centre were desir'd
To keep their fire, and then to pour't
Into their face, while front in scour'd
With sword in hand, (as they intended)
This was design'd them to defend it.
So near their front at flight they came,
They turned back both horse and man,
They kept up fire then crack by crack,
They surely found it on their back;
For men and horse to field they brang,
And many in their saddles swang,

The brave Monroe, with his troops too,
Disdain'd to flee; but went quite thro'
Their front line, centre, and the rear;
But fell himself, as he came near,
Two balls out-through his body ran,
Alas! he never raise again.

He was a soldier, bold and true,
Rather too fierce as some avow,
His whole troop now was in the mire,
Inclos'd about with sword and fire,
Hacking, slashing, behind, before 'em,
All enrag'd for to devour them:
Th' horses legs to their bellies was,
Few with life from 'mong them pass.

By this the horse were fairly beat,
And those were left made full retreat;
But oh! such wind and rain arose,
As if all conspir'd for Hawley's foes.
The southside being fairly won,
They fac'd north, as all had been done,
Where next stood, to bide the brush,
The volunteers, who zealous
Kept firing close, till near surrounded,
And by the flying horse confounded:
They suffer'd sore into this place,
No Highlander pity'd their case—
“You cursed Militia”, they did swear,
“What a devil did bring you here?”
Ligonier's, Husks and Cholmondelly,
Gave from them many a dreadful volley,
Two running fires, from end to end,
Which broad swords could no way defend
But seeing so many run and fall,
They thought they were in danger all,
And for their safety did prepare,
In haste they form'd a hollow square:
The horsemen being all fled or slain,
The very LOYAL fled like men!
Some reg'ments marching up the hill,
To turn again, had right good will.
Brave col'nel JACK, being then a boy,

His warlike genius did employ,
He form'd his men at the hill foot,
Which was approv'd as noble wit:
But if Husk had not check'd their fury,
Some thousands more had been to bury;
He beat them fair quite out of sight,
But O! the rain and blowy night,
Horse or cannon, there, he had none,
He could not keep the field alone,
Some cannon which on th' field there was,
Being spik'd up with iron flaws,
And render'd useless for that time,
The hole being stopt whereat they prime,
Barrel's grenadiers to some yok'd too
And eastward to Falkirk them drew;
Yet all their toil no effect had,
Their drivers and the horse were fled,
The cannon, for some time, were lost,
The chance of war so *rul'd the roast*,
Husk in form made safe retreat,
Where all were flying the other gate
Out from the camp, the Lithgow way,
He form'd the Buffs behind to stay,
In trust, to cover the retreat,
Which was nought but a pannick fright:
For had they kept their camp, I'm sure,
The Clans wou'd soon have left the Muir;
For there was but few who kept th' field,
Many dispers'd to seek for bield.
No sooner the battle was begun
Than on both sides the cow'rdly run;
And thro' the country word was spread,
How George had won, and Charles fled:
Ev'n Charles himself could hardly tell,
That very night how it befel;

But the abandoning their camp
Confirm'd all, and made them ramp.
It is well known by all about,
The battle was not half fought out:—
But to run, O shame! and leave your tents,
Like brok'n tennants with unpaid rents?
The dread of Highlandmen to consider!
And not two hundred of them together;
But all disper'd the country thro',
Afraid of them, and they of you!
For had they known th' English retreating,
'Hind TAMTALLAN, had been a beating.
This was the step which Hawley took,
Which ruined all, else I mistook.

The duke of Perth laught in his sleeve,
And Charles himself could scarce believe,
That Hawley was turn'd such a cow,
As flee when none was to pursue.
When those about heard of the flight,
They came and took the town that night.
Both town and camp left to their will,
As Hawley march'd on eastward still,
To Lithgow and Borrowstounness,
And some to Edinburgh did pass,
There gave it out, "That all was lost,
Few left alive of Hawley's host,
Charles was driving all before him,
The very *wind* and *rain* fought for him."

On Janu'ry sixteenth, afternoon,
This battle was fought, but never won:
But on the morn both great and small
Unto Falkirk assembled all,
To view the field and bury the slain;
But which was which, was ill to ken:
For by their clothes no man could tell,

They stripped were as fast's they fell.
The plund'ring wives, and savage boy
Did many wounded men destroy;
With durks and skians they fell a sticking,
For which they well deserved a kicking:
Some of the brutish commons too,
I saw them run the wounded thro'!

The brave Monroe his corpse was there,
Among the slain and stripped bare;
In Falkirk yard, you'll read his name,
Interr'd hard by Sir John the Grahame.

All who Militia were suspected,
To catch that day was not neglected,
And hundreds more, I you assure,
Who came to see their Falkirk-muir,
Ev'n for such curiosity,
Were brought into much misery.
Being driven north to Inverness,
Their cold and hunger I can't express:
Those who felt it, best can tell,
I leave them to express't themsel.

An accident happ'ned next day
T' one Glengarie on the street-way,
A man in plunder got a gun,
Two balls from which he had new drawn,
Judging in it there was no more,
Yet another she had in store.
Out at a window did her lay,
Dreading no harm he did let fly,
Which kill'd Glengary as he past,
Dead on the street it laid him fast.
They siezed the fellow and did bang him,
Would give no time to judge or hang him;
But with guns and swords upon him drave,
Which made him minch'd meat for the grave.

For Stirling then they march'd again,
With prisoners and all their train:
To Blackney new summons were given,
For to surrender, or be driven
Unto death, by fire and sword;
Just now to yield—or trust the word,
That they would make that fort his grave,
And not a soul therein would save.
But Blackney said, The fort was his,
And each within a-minded was,
To stand the last extremity:
Take this for answer now from me,
“When my King and Master gives me word,
You will have it without stroke of sword.”

Then with fury began the siege,
Both day and night they did engage:
On the east side upon a height,
Open'd a batt'ry in the night,
Of wooden faggots fill'd with mud:
Upon a rock the trench it stood,
To dig it deep it would not do,
At last they purchas'd packs of woo',
For which Perth's Duke gave his own bill,
Smith may protest it when he will,
For Perth and Blackney both are gone,
And I trow, it was paid by none.
The country 'round they did compel
Faggots to make and trees to fell.
The one built up, th' other beat down,
Their noise was heard the country round.
Indeed *hersel* was loth to do it;
But on pain of death *she* was put to it.
French engineers indeed they had,
Who order'd all to work like mad.
Here many a poor man lost his life,

Being unaccustom'd to such strife,
Crying "Shentlemen, ye'd best let be;
For feth wese hae a meuds of ye;
If we had up our muckle dyke,
We'll tak your Castle when we like."
These engineers, who knew far better,
Out of their lives did still them flatter,
At ev'ry point where danger was
They made the poor unthoughtfu' pass:
Which only did prolong the time,
To murder men they thought no crime:
For well they knew it would not do,
With such batt'ries of mud and woo':
Unless they made a cover'd way
Dug in the earth, thro' sand or clay.
Ten days they wrought with all their pow'r,
And men they lost on't ev'ry hour,
Night and day there was no rest,
And Blackney always had the best.
The fort being high above their trench,
To see their work it was no pinch,
Dung hill like on a rock 'twas laid:
In form of a potatoe bed.
With tow and tar when it was dark
He let them see to do their wark,
Which as a lamp burnt on their trench,
Caus'd many die who thought to quench't.
They skirmish'd on, both night and day,
With cannons and small arms did play:
Four big guns were brought up at last;
But soon were off their carriage cast,
Their very muzzles were beaten in,
And off their wheels they made them spin.

One called Fife on Blackney's side,
At ev'ry shot he laid their pride,

Experienc'd by hand and eye,
A perfect gunner, by land and sea;
But the worst thing which did ensue,
Of cannon balls they had but few,
Which caus'd them fire with coals and stones,
Or ought was fit for smashing bones:
For of the balls he was but sparing,
Unless to give some hearty fairing.
An engineer who plagu'd him sadly,
Whereat he was enraged madly,
By his upbraiding speech and mocks,
As he'd been more than other folks,
Some did believe he had a charm,
As 'gainst a shot he'd wag his arm,
Fife try'd with ball, iron and stones,
Then curs'd his *cantraips* skin and bones;
He was some de'il as all did miss him,
Said he, "I'll find a way to bless him,"
Having drunk some beer, bottles were by,
With glass, methinks, this devil I'll try:
When broken small, he cram'd them in,
"I trust, with this, to pierce thy skin."
Then play'd it off with all his art,
Which minch'd him quite above the heart,
So down he fell, spoke never more;
Soon after this the siege gave o'er.
The cannons all off carriage driven,
And trenches with the rocks made ev'n.
Then to all those who went to see,
Like potatoe field it seem'd to be.
Many dead bodies in't were found,
White noses sticking thro' the ground.

All being o'er, since it began,
Brave Blackney lost only one man;
Six were wounded, 'tis very true;

But poor John Fife got not his due
Recompence, equal to his merit;
Which broke the poor lad's noble spirit,
He went again back to the sea,
Got a wat'ry tomb, as they tell me.
He was but a Scot, and meanly born,
Had no good speakers, Scots then at scorn.

Now, to ev'ry body, 'tis a wonder,
How that so many liv'd on plunder;
For between Falkirk and Kippen ay
It is but sixteen miles of way,
Which space maintain'd ten thousand more
Than th' usual number within each door,
For full four weeks, or nearly thereby,
The time they at the siege did ly,
The happy Janet kept the Forth,
And curb all vessels from the north.
About the Queens-ferry she lay,
Came with the tides, and gave them play,
Up by Airth and Higgins Nook,
Where was a batt'ry prov'd a mock.
They thought to keep Forth to themself';
But what it cost there's few can tell:
For all th' shipping they had at sea,
Did not exceed in number three,
Which kept about Perth and Montrose,
And privily to France did cross.
So all round Stirling where they lay,
Oft did they wish they were away.
Commands they sent all round about,
And searched all provisions out.
Some of them paid like honest men,
Others did not, I tell you plain:
But this I have so far to say,
They duly got their weekly pay;

But yet when plunder came in use,
They spared neither duck nor goose,
Butter, cheese, beef, or mutton,
All was theirs that could be gotten,
Pocks of meal, hens and cockies,
They made that country bare of chuckies,
Made many a Carlin whinge and girn,
By crowdie of her meal and kirn:
All this they did before their eyes,
“Goodwife cum sup here an ye please,
I own indeed it was a failing;
But yet I cannot call it stealing:
Because some folks refus’d to sell:
How long, now, cou’d ye fast yoursel?
For the hungry came, chas’d out the fu’,
Where meat was found, this was their due.

CHAP. VI.

The Dukes return. His Speech to the Army. March to Stirling. Explosion of St. Ninian’s Church.

Now when the news to London went,
Guess ye if George was well content,
At Hawley’s being so defeat,
And making such a foul retreat.
On Friday’s night the deed was done,
This was on Sunday afternoon.
The council’s call’d, and in all haste,
The Duke again they did request
To go, and take the whole command,
For to reduce the Highland band,
That so disturbed Briton’s peace,
Which was accepted by his Grace.
All things prepar’d for posting ways,
He on the road was near six days.
To Ed’nburgh town he came at last,
Which gave their spirits a quickning blast.

The troops review'd and brought together,
All for the field he did consider,
The Glasgow and the Paisley core
He order'd home, knowing of more,
Six thousand Hessians beside dragoons
Were entering in the Scottish boun's,
On pressing march towards the north,
Expecting battle, south side of Forth.

The DUKE'S Speech to his Army at Edinburgh, January 30th, 1746.

“Now Gentlemen, hear this of me,
You're th' soldi'rs of a people free,
Not like the poor starv'd slaves in France,
Bound to a Popish ordinance.
I know there's many of you here
Who've shown your merit, that I can swear,
Others, perhaps, n'er had occasion
To show your valour in foreign nation,
Yet think yourselves as good as they,
I doubt not but part of you may;
Tho' native soil you've yet possest,
In foreign land no foes have fac'd,
You descend from men, as well as they,
Who never turn'd their backs to fly:
I hope you're now resolv'd to fight
All for your King and countries Right,
'Gainst their rebellious resolution,
Who're for turning order to confusion,
A set of plunderers and thieves,
Which in ev'ry age disturbs and grieves:
Ay, learn'd from their fathers they are,
In troublous times to raise up war:
Boasting themselves in bauling words,
To do great actions with broad swords:
I think they'll prove to be small stops,
In front of well disciplin'd troops.

Stand and behold them in the face,
And use your points in such a case.
If you don't fly and break your line,
By swords you can no danger find;
But when you turn your backs to fly,
You throw honour and life away;
You murder by this means yoursell,
And foes encourage to excel.
Think on Tourney and Fontenoy.
Fear not this Rabble, who wou'd destroy
All that's good, if they had power.
May heav'n protect us in battle hour!
Remember you're for a right cause,
Against subverters of the laws."

From Ed'nburgh town they march'd away,
To Lithgow came that very day,
The Campbells on front also this night,
Retook Falkirk, and put to flight
Part of the Highland troops were there,
Who straight for Stirling did repair;
But orders met them by the road,
That night to stop at the Torwood,
Because against the morning light,
Their army would be there on sight.
The council call'd at Bannockburn,
Where all agreed for to return
And fight the Duke, whate'er betide,
But his Lowland men would not 'bide;
These Nor'landers swore by their saul
That Cumberland would kill them all.
But the Higlanders made this reply,
That for their Prince they'd fight and die,
Where'er he went, they'd with him go
And face the Duke, tho' ten for two.
So then to-morrow by break of day,

The northern men march'd all away;
And yet the Clans they were so kind
As offer to fight if he inclin'd.
But all agreed to take the rout,
More of the Clans for to recruit:
Then all of them took to their heels,
Kept no high road; but cros'd the fields,
The nearest way unto the Frew,
For otherwise it would not do,
Stirling Militia the bridge had cut,
And on the water there was no boat,
But what was broken or haul'd away,
To keep the Forth when north they lay.
Their cannon and baggage, all forsaken,
Lay round Stirling and soon was taken.
Their magazine of powder and ball,
Falkirk plunder, tents and all,
Were stor'd up in St. Ninian's church,
An engineer enter'd the porch,
On purpose for to lay a train;
But too much haste did him atten'.
He broke one barrel, as they say,
Began the powder for to stray
All along upon the floor,
Without the threshold of the door;
Some people in the kirk there was,
The love of plunder was the cause,
The engineer backward did run,
And at the powder fir'd his gun,
Himself he thought quite secure too;
But to the air with it he flew!
Other eight persons there was slain,
And one blown up, but fell again,
So senseless, that he was thought dead,
As he lay on a midden head.

He first fell on a thatched house,
Next on a midden, with a souse:
His clothes and hair were really sing'd,
Sat on the midden, curs'd and whing'd,
So stupid drove, knew not the cause
But own'd his mercy in such fa's.
But others were in pieces torn,
And from the church a long way born;
One safe before the pulpit lay,
When all above was blown away:
This roar did him so stupid drive,
He knew not whether dead or alive;
In flames and smoak he was benighted,
And own'd that he was fairly frightened.
Charles and his court from a hill top,
Stood and beheld the catastroph';
Then to the north they march'd away
Unto St. Johnston upon Tay.

 This great explosion, I heard say,
Was heard full forty miles away.
Duke William at Lithgow heard th' crack,
And cry'd, "Now Blackney's gone to wreck!"
Not knowing what the meaning was,
Till in Falkirk he heard the cause,
Now all of them had cross'd the Forth
Quite o'er the hills into the North.
The Campbells, and some troops of horse,
That night arriv'd at Stirling cross,
Who came harrassing the retreat,
And pick'd some straglers by the gate:
Blackney also sallied out,
And catch'd some strollers thereabout.
Many of them were so mischiev'd,
It shocked nature to perceiv't,
Legs and arms shot clean awa',

And some wanting the nether jaw!
Some were out of the trenches drawn,
Being bury'd alive 'midst the san'.
The Campbells kept upon the chace,
And pick't 'em up in many a place.
Some cannon were found near the Frew,
Their horse, being weak, could not go thro'.
Much baggage left and several things,
With a Printing Press, called the King's,
Which back to Stirling was return'd,
While Charles, by Crief, to Perth adjourn'd.

CHAP. VII.

The Duke's arrival at Stirling. The Rebels' Retreat, and the Rout both Armies took to the North.

SOON after William to Stirling came,
With all his troops, a warlike ban':
Reg'ments of foot, there were fourteen,
Sixteen field pieces of brass, full clean:
Kingston's, Cobham's, and Ker's dragoons.
The trusty Campbells, all chosen ones,
With Hawley, Husk, and John Mordaunt,
Brave Ligonier he could not want,
With Cholmondely, bred soldiers all,
For battle ready at any call.
One day his march was here suspended,
The broken bridge for to get mended,
O'er which the foot were safely past,
And all the carriages at last.
The horsemen forded Forth at Drip,
Then to Dumblain they marched up.
While the army into Stirling lay,
They caught one they call'd a spy,
Whom Hawley, by some uncouth laws,
Condemn'd for carrying Charles' pass,
Likewise another from the Duke,

Which made him more like traitor look,
Hawley seiz'd them, and with an oath
Swore he should be depriv'd of both:
Go, said he, and get a rope,
And take the dog and hing him up,
Which was no sooner said than done,
As soon's the hangman could be foun',
Without confession, or clergy's stamp,
Was like a dog hung to a lamp.

Next day the Duke went to Dumblane,
Campbells' and th' horse had Crief reta'en.
Here the Highlanders did divide,
Some took the hills, some water-side;
The highland road by bridge of Tay,
Or by Dundee, the sea-side way,
The horse and French brigades did chuse;
And did the Highland roads refuse,
So kept their rout north by Montrose,
While th' others climb'd o'er hills and moss:
Short time they took in Perth to tarry,
All the stores they could not carry,
They threw into the river Tay,
With cannon they could not take 'way,
Thirteen of iron they spiked up,
And swivels of the Hazard sloop,
Which was taken off John's haven,
By help of that town's fisher-men.
Argyle Militia and the horse
To Perth straight came; but did not cross
The river Tay for to pursue,
Till the whole army came in view.
Some would have a party take the hill,
But to this the Duke deny'd his will,
And kept his march down by Dundee,
Thro' towns that lay hard by the sea,

Toward the town called Montrose,
And great resentment there he shows:
All the suspect' did apprehend,
And south to Stirling did them send,
Where they're detain'd close prisoner,
'Till 'bout the ending of the stir;
Many of them were innocent,
As afterwards was truly kent,
If 'twas not for their thought and wish:
For few durst say whose man he was,
Who lived into such a clime,
And in such a critical time.
Thence he unto John's-haven sent,
As being upon vengeance bent
For taking of the Hazard sloop,
And burnt their boats both stoop and roop.
Two off'cers here he also broke,
For their goodwill to Charlie's folk,
The one's sash was in pieces cut,
And quite out of the army put,
His sword was broke above his head;
Because he unto Charlie fled.
The other, because he stopt the plunder
Of th' house of Gask, being sent under
Strict command, to do such duty;
But kept his party from the booty,
For which he got's commission torn,
Himself depos'd with shame and scorn.

From thence they march'd to Aberdeen,
Where a storm of snow and frost full keen,
Which on the mountains some time lay,
Caus'd them into that town to stay.
Hesse's band in Perth then quarter'd was,
And at Dunkeld kept the pass;
The remains of Gardner's broke dragoons

Kept Blair in Athole, and such towns:
These horsemen twice had suffer'd sore,
Here, by surprise, they suffer'd more:
As they next to the Highlands lay,
They skelped at them night and day.
Being station'd in this utmost pass,
They bore the brunt of all distress;
But the Hessians kept about Dunkeld,
And did into more safety dwell.
These Hessians were a warlike band,
Six thousand did their Prince command,
Earl Crawford in their company,
To guide them thro' the Scots country.
Their countenance was awful fierce,
They spake High-Dutch, or German Earse,
Had white buff-belts, and all blue clothes,
With a long beard beneath their nose,
And those who were in wedlock state,
Had all long whiskers, like the cat.
Their spatterdashes with pick were gilt,
And long swords with a brazen hilt,
Bars on the outside of the hand,
And in their guns an iron wand.
The finest music e'er you did hear
Would make one dance who could not stir,
Their whistles and drums in chorus join,
Did cheer one's heart, they played so fine:
Their grenadier's had caps of brass,
Thus order'd were the men of Hesse,
Who camp'd for some time near Dunkel',
And kept that pass, till they hear'd tell
How at Culloden all were broke,
And they had never fought a stroke,
Except one canonading bout;
The clans afar came on a scout

To view their camp from a hill top
Who soon retir'd when they drew up:
Whene'er their cannon began to play,
They skipt like rams and ran away,
Describ'd the Hessians ev'n as they can,
Said, "He was a blue and bloody man,
His drums and guns pe ready, got
Hersell pe rin, or else be shot."

CHAP. VIII.

Blowing up the Castle of Cargarf by the Earl of Ancram.

Skirmishes at Keith and Inverness, &c.

NOW while the duke lay at Aberdeen,
From England did his troops maintain,
Brought in his stores ay by the sea,
And laid no stress on that country,
From thence the Earl of Ancram went,
One hundred horse were with him sent,
Major Morris with three hundred foot,
Near to the head of Don they got,
To take the Castle of Cargarf,
But ere they came all were run aff,
Wherein was a large magazine
Of amunition, and arms clean,
Which did become the Earl's prey;
But could not get it born away,
No horse he could get to employ,
Most of the spoil he did destroy,
'Bout thirty barrels of powder there,
Made soon that fort fly in the air,
And so returned to Aberdeen,
Long forty miles there were between.

Next Col'nel Stuart of Charlie's band,
At Strathbogie he did command
One thousand foot, beside Hussars,
Who kept that country round as theirs:

Against him were sent on command
The generals Moredaunt and Bland;
But to Stra'bogie as they drew near,
Stuart did unto Keith retire.
Then captain Holden with volunteers
Follow'd in chase, as it appears,
Seventy Campbells by Bland were sent,
And thirty Kingston's horse too went,
To clear the village of Keith while light,
And to Stra'bogie return that night:
But their presumption ran so high,
They ventur'd there that night to lye,
When Stuart return'd with secret pains,
Enter'd the town at both the ends,
And set upon them unawares,
Till few were left of men and horse:
Their loss was this, you may consider,
Because they were not got together.
The Campbells sold their lives like men,
And of the horsemen left were ten.
This did the Highlandmen revive,
And rais'd their sp'rits for more mischief,
And to the Duke's men gave a caution,
Where to quarter on like occasion.
His army in three divisions lay,
The first at Strathbogie, they say,
Second at Old Meldrum, half-way between
Strathbogie town and Aberdeen,
The last at Aberdeen still lay,
Until April on the eighth day.

While Charles must the mountains keep,
Among the goats, cows and sheep,
His army sure was sorely spent,
Ere into Inverness he went,
Having nought but deserts by the way,

Want of meat and scant of pay.
Ruthven of Badenoch they took,
And laid it flat on every nuik.
To Inverness when they drew near,
Lord Loudon did from it retire,
Having but sixteen hundred men,
All newly rais'd, could not preten'
To face them fairly in open field:
Therefore, Retreat was safest bield.
Two companies he left behind,
The fort to Major Grant resign'd,
To defend it to extremitie,
Strict orders, thus to do or die,
But no sooner did Charles' troops appear,
Than soldiers hearts did quake for fear,
And being threaten'd with a siege,
They durst not stand their spiteful rage.
So town and castle became his own,
The fort was levell'd with the groun'.
Lord Loudon fled but little way,
The firth of Murray between them lay,
Perth and Cromartie play'd a brogue,
Assisted by a hazie fog,
Unexpectedly sallying over,
Upon them fell, and would not hover,
Till many they in pieces cut,
Some officers they pris'ners got:
As before them they could not stand,
Being forc'd to flee from Sutherland.
Another party at castle of Blair,
Had beat the Duke's detachment there;
This gave the king's army some pain,
And rais'd their Highland blood again.
Fort-Augus too they did attack,
And in short time beat it to wreck:

Three companies of Guise' therein,
'Gainst Highland fury not worth a pin.
Major Wentworth did here command,
Which had not force them to withstand,
None stood but Fort-William now,
And it in haste they 'sieged too.
A large detachment chosen was;
Of artillery the best he has,
Commanded by brave Stapleton,
A French Brig'dier of great renown.

On the third of March at Glenavis,
Which opposite Fort William is,
The first attack began at sea,
Betwixt the Baltimore and he,
A sloop then lying at Fort-William,
Into the straits of Carrion,
Stapleton siezing of their boat,
Thought t' master them with num'rous shot:
The Serpent-sloop, Captain Askew,
Caus'd man his boat, with other two,
And soon were master of Carrion,
Where put to flight was Stapleton.

Their next 'ttempt was Kilmadie Barns,
Where many shot were thro' the harns:
Yet the Baltimore she could not stand it,
Nor could their troops at all get landed:
For shells and cannons play'd so fast,
Their engineer they kill'd at last.
The Baltimore she could not take it,
Forc'd to sheer off and so forsake it,
Some prisoners of Guise's men,
In this hurry did liberty gain,
During the time the parties fir'd,
Took to their heels and so retir'd,
And got safe to the garrison,

Without the reach of Stapleton.
Now for some time they stopped were,
Thro' loss of their chief engineer,
And ere another fill'd his place,
The garrison had their wall in case,
Their bastions raised seven feet high,
Ere the besiegers did draw nigh.

It was on March the twentieth day,
Their battery began to play,
From a hill top, call'd Sugar loaf,
Eight hundred yards, or thereby off:
Their shots fell weak and came too short,
Some fell before they reach'd the fort:
Cohorns, bombs and a twelve pounder,
In vain at such a distance thunder.
Finding their batt'ry was too far,
They erect another half way nigh'r;
But being in a hollower place,
It did not alter much the case,
Except the cohorns and some bombs
Broke some roofs, beat down two lums;
Three men indeed they did disable,
And kill'd a poor horse in a stable.
Stapleton a French Tambour sent,
Beating a parly on he went:
The captain ask'd for what he came?
He said, From gen'ral Stapleton,
To you, Sir Governor, with this letter,
'Tis to surrender, You can't do better.
Then to your Gen'ral this answer give,
"No letters from rebels I'll receive,
I shall do better, and him defy,
Ev'n to the last extremity."
The drummer return'd to Stapleton,
O then a fierce bombard went on,

For several hours on either side,
At last the garrison laid their pride,
By tearing their chief battery,
Flat with the ground they made it ly,
And many buried were therein,
Besides the wounded that did run;
The people within the garrison,
Without the houses kept none,
For being wounded with the slate,
During the hurry of this heat:
The rest behind the ramparts stood,
And so were free from wounds and blood.
Thus in a rage, before they tir'd,
Near two hundred rounds were fir'd,
With sixteen cannons, 'gainst the fort,
As afterwards they did report:
Yet did no harm was worth a fig,
But a poor soldier lost his leg.
And on the morrow when day appear'd,
The garrison their trenches clear'd.
Then for a day they let them slack,
Another batt'ry to erect,
Nearer the Fort one hundred yard,
At which no labour there was spar'd.
At this time, a party sallied out
To make provision in, no doubt,
Who spar'd no bullock, sheep or cow,
Some prisoners they in brought too
From the laird of Apine's estate,
Burnt every house came in their gate;
And those who did resistance shew,
They made no stop to run them thro'.
Their ships came in with meal and bread
So to hold out they had no dread.

Now when the last batt'ry was raised,

To fire again they soon practis'd;
The garrison too began a-fresh,
And soon their batt'ry down did thresh.
At last their powder store took fire,
Which dash'd the gunners here and there.
The garrison perceiv'd the case,
And took advantage in short space,
Twelve men out of each companie,
Then sallied out courageously,
And set upon them without dread,
Till many on the place lay dead,
One sergeant of the Campbells slain
The rest victorious turn'd again.
Into the Fort with them they drew
Three brazen cannons and mortars two,
Spik'd up the rest but only five,
At which they could not get a drive:
Yet timely retreat safety procur'd,
Or with numbers they'd been o'erpowr'd.

Stapleton did yet again direct
Another batt'ry there to make;
But at that time came an express
Forthwith to march for Inverness.
Thus on the third day of April,
From the third of March a dreary while.
They left their cannon and took the rout
But never more came thereabout.

Now another party prince Charles had,
At the castle of Blair prosper'd as bad,
Under Lord George Murray's command,
Who took this doughty deed in hand,
For to conquer this castle of Blair:
The Duke of Athole oft lived there,
Who was upon the Georgian side,
And had the Stewarts oft aid deny'd.

The garrison therein was few,
Commanded by Andrew Agnew,
An old Scots Worthy, I well may say,
No better soldier was in's day.
He could do more by wiles and flight,
Than those who were five hundred weight;
He did defend them in such ways,
The siege prolong'd for several days.
Till word reach'd the camp at Dunkeld
How with Sir Andrew it befel.
Earl Crawford with the Hessian men,
Two troops of horse to him did sen';
In all great haste they march'd away;
But Murray got other fish to fry:
For he receiv'd a hot express,
Forthwith to come to Inverness,
That very day that Stapleton
Left the siege of Fort-William.
All parties of the Chevalier,
Did to their head quarters draw near,
By which Sir Andrew relief had,
And made this siege a fair blockade.
Here the wheel it turn'd, I trow,
And luck to Charles bade adieu.
'Tis oft misfortunes come together,
Or after one mischief another,
His men half mad for want of pay,
Had little to eat, what's worse, I say?
Being hemm'd in on ev'ry side,
Among the hills and muirs so wide.
On the Hazard sloop they did depen',
Which went to France for money and men;
As back and fore she oft did go,
Her name's changed to Prince Charles' Snow
On her return, unluckilie,

Met with the Sheerness sloop, at sea,
Commanded by Captain O'Brian,
With whom she fought but did not gain
The day, nor yet could get away;
But was chas'd into Tongue-bay,
Where she upon the shallows ran,
And in the fight lost many a man.
O'Brian enrag'd still kept the sea,
But mann'd his boat right hastily:
For fifty leagues they gave her chace,
And forc'd them to land in this place;
Into the country of Lord Rea,
From whence they no relief could ha'e.
His lordship's house it was near by,
Just then was there captain Mackay,
My Lord's son, with Henry Monroe,
Lord Charles Gordon was there also,
Captain MacLeod a trusty han',
And fourscore of Lord Loudon's men,
Who had fled there from Inverness
When Perth had put them in distress,
And as the crew came to the land,
As pris'ners they're compell'd to stand,
But when near to the camp they came,
They could not execute their plan:
For Murray and Sulli could not agree,
On what side the attack should be:
For want of courage in such a plight,
They argu'd till the morning light,
Then the Duke's drums fell a beating,
And they thought fit to be retreating:

So this attempt prov'd nought at all,
But saving of their powder and ball.

Now Charlie and his Noblemen,
In council night and day were then,
And in their schemes could not agree,
Where AHITOPHELS among them be;
Some for this, and some for that,
Long time they in confusion sat:
Some did incline to fight at Spey,
And of all fords to stop the way;
But Tullibardine and Sullivan,
Were quite upon another plan,
To let the Duke free passage have,
And no disturbance there to give;
But lead him to some ugly ground,
Where cannon and horse were useless found;
So pitch'd upon Culloden place,
Where dykes and bogs might vex his Grace;
In hopes, cannon, could not get there;
Which was great pain, I must declare,
The way so rough was, and so ill,
But drawn by men were up the hill.
The Duke his march made very slow,
Being form'd in lines as on they go.
In four columns they march'd away,

On cannon and baggage, made them stay,
Did front and rear in a body keep,
Except the Campbells, who ran like sheep,
With Kingston's horse, as spies and van,
From hill to hill they skipt and ran;
Back and fore had many a bout,
Act as Jackals to search them out,
And that day. near the hour of twelve,
At Culloden-house found them all.
– The Highland army here were ranged;
That no position could he changed,
Twelve piece of cannon, but highly mounted ,
By which the gunners were affronted;
For should they level e'er so low,
Shot down the hill is loth to go;
And tho' they pty'd them e'er so warm,
In such a posture could not harm.

But the Duke's cannon so conceal'd,
They thought he'd got none on that field;
In the center line he did them screen,
That they at all could not be seen.
Straight on their front he did advance;
On right and left he made a stance.
From Charles' hatr'ry the" fire began,
By gunners who no honour wan.

The Duke perceiving that his left,
Would he too weak, for such a drift
Of the stout Clans were coming on them.
Sent Bland and Hawley to wait 'pon them.
With foot and horse, and Camphells too.
As goad as e'er could iron drew.
Then seeing all in order right,
The signal gave for bloody fight.
His front to fall some paces hack.
And then the cannon began to crack.
Grape them, grape them, did he cry,
Then rank and file he made them ly!
When bags of balls were fir'd at once,
Where they did spread, hard was the chance:
It hew'd them down, aye, score by score.
As grass doth fall before the mow'r.
Breaches they made as large and broad,
As avenues in through a wood;
And then such terror on them fell,
That what to do they could put tell;
Whether that they should fight or flee,
Or with the rest, stand there and die.
They had no conduct to consider,
Or in a body rush together;
But some drew back, others advanc'd,

They all into confusion launch'd.
But M'Phersons, Cam'rons and the Stewarts,
Who did disdain the name of cowards,
All rush'd on, quite void of fright,
And chused death before a flight,
Struck Barrel's regiment on the flank,
For two companies they made a blank,
Wolf's Bligh's and Semple's were attacked;
But sore for this they were corrected.
For Bland and Hawley came on behind 'em,
Campbells and light horse, which so confin'd 'em,
Between two fires, and bay'nets fixt,
That few got off, being so perplex.
The Campbells threw down a stone wall,
To let the horsemen on them fall,
Who with sword in hand put them to flight,
And could no longer stand the fight.
Yet many, in rage, came rushing on,
Till bay'nets thro' their backs were gone,
The bright points on the other side;
So bravely was their valour try'd.
If all their front had so come on,
I know not how the day had gone;
Their lives they did not sell for nought,
The Duke himself, own'd they were bought.

Those on the left stood still as stupid,
Some would advance, others back skipped:
Dreadful cannons on them did blatter,
Till at the last they're forc'd to scatter.
Till at last they were lore'd to scatter.
The French Brigades, who puff'd so high,
Into a bog were fain to flee:
Great Stapleton, their Brigadier,
In every spaul did quake for fear;
Fitz James's horse, for all their pride,
Unto the rear were fain to ride.

 The Duke right stood, and saw the fun.
Some reg'ments never fir'd a gun;
They only twice or thrice presented,
But seeing them run it was prevented:
For the order was, that fire they don't,
Till within few paces of their front.
So when they see'd them so present,
Back they fled with one consent,
Brandisht their swords and pistols fir'd,
Some threw their durks and then retir'd.
The Hussars likewise took the flight,
And never did presume to fight;
But left their leader on the field,
Who as pris'ner was forc'd to yield.

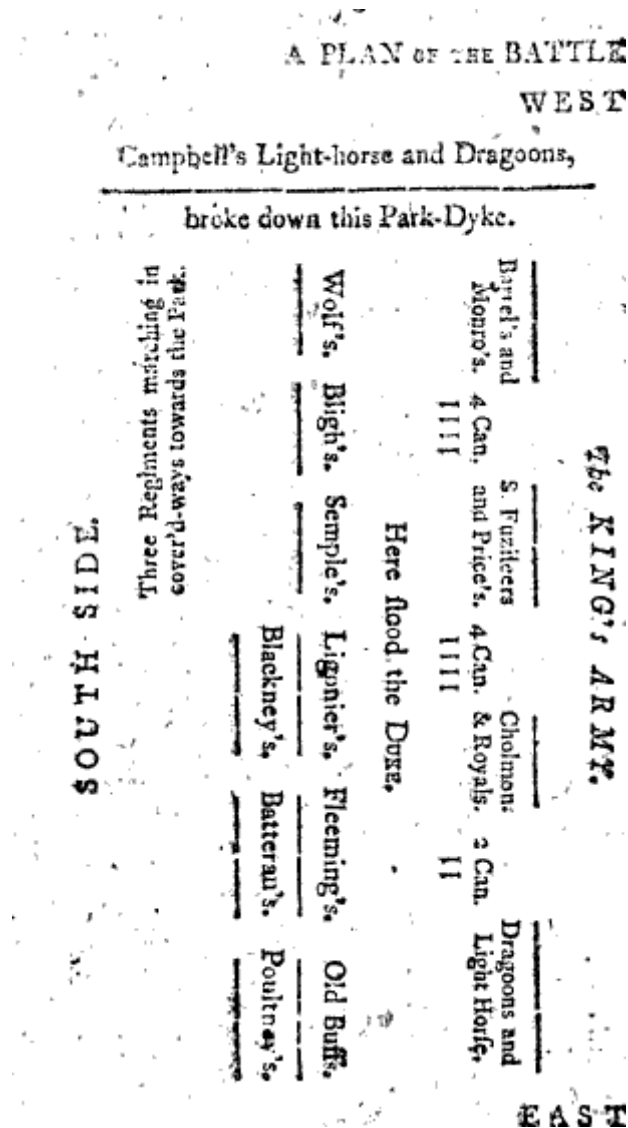
The noble Earl of Kilmarnock,
Whose head was from his body struck,
Afterwards, upon Tower-hill!
Great pity 'twas this Lord to kill,
Were it but for his lenity
To prisoners before that day;
He favour shew'd to many a hunder,
And in no case would hear of plunder.

Now Charles, the Prince yet kept the field,
And loth was he to flee or yield:
Major Kennedy with some troops of horse,
Out of the field he did him force,
About five miles from Inverness,
The water of Nairn they did pass,
As they had been for Bad'noch bound;
But spread throughout the country round.
And those behind on field who staid,
Ran every-where, being so afraid;
But those who ran by Inverness,
Were hotly handled in the chase.
Lord Ancram and General Bland,
This fierce pursuit they took in hand;
With Kingston's horse and Kerr's dragoons,
They thro' the bonnets clave their crowns,
Struck with such vigour and desperation,

Some hands were swell'd on this occasion,

Within the hilt of the sword,

That to pull out, they seem'd full gourd.



CULLODEN MUIR. SIDE.

The HIGHLAND ARMY.			
Duke of Perth.	L. John Drummond.	L. George Murray.	
4 Cannon.	4 Cannon.	4 Cannon.	
Glengary, Clanron MacLeod.	Farquhar, M'Intosh, M'Phersons, Camerons.		
Keppoch, M'Leans, M'Intosh.	Fraser, Stewarts, Athole.		
L. J. Drum, Picquet.	Brig. Stapleton's Picquet.		
CULLODEN.			
Hussa: Guards.	Fitz James'		
& P. Squadron	Horse.		
First Column.	Pretender's 2d Col.	3d. Column.	
HOUSE.			
Those of the above, who	L. L. Gordon and	C. Roy Stewart,	
have only guns, under	Glenbucket's to be	and those of the	
Lord Kilmarnock's	ready to advance	above who have	
command.	when needful.	only Guns.	
Inverness & Town			
The D. of Perth & L. Ogilvy's Reg. not to fire without positive Orders, and to keep close up as fresh Corps of Reserve.			
Total, 8356.			
NORTH SIDE.			

They would not yield as vanquish'd men,
Such discipline they did not ken,
To ground their arms or turn their sword,
Nor knew they ought of Quarter's word;
But madly run, was all their chance,
And never turn'd to make defence.
The pursuers had them at their will,
Nought but follow and safely kill.
Some hundreds who fell that day,
Were a mean of throwing their lives away.

Two thousand lay upon the field!
And those who took flight for their bield,
Through Inverness and all about,
Were hew'd down in this bloody rout:
For Kingston's men were young and rude,
Of mercy nought they understood,
When answer'd by a Highland tongue;
But used cruelty all along.
Of prisoners were told and seen,
Full seven hundred and fifteen;
But many more were after this,
Which not into this number is;
Lord Lewis Gordon, Marquis of Giles.
And Stapleton this number fills,
Four ladies too, here taken was,
And one of them into man's dress,
Who as a Captain did appear,
In fighting for her Chevalier.
Five thousand stand of arms were found,
Ten brazen cannons, smart and sound,
Twelve stand of colours were ta'en, I know,
'Twas the Royal Standard's fate also,
For to be left, that fatal hour,
On the field of Culloden Muir,
With the baggage and milit'ry chest

(Its contents did of nought consist.)

Then Brigadier Mordaunt was sent,
Nine hundred chosen with him went,
For to subdue all arm'd who were,
Into the Frazer's country there,
Search'd ev'ry corner and each *quorum*,
Thinking that Charles was still before 'em.
Strathallan fell when on his flight,
Lord Balmarino the next night,
Into the hands of Grant he fell,
Who made him pris'ner, as they tell,
And to the Duke sent him also,
Who soon to London made him go,
And with him many a hundred more,
To English jails and London-tower,
Cargoes by sea were sent away;
But to return ne'er saw the day.

Now Charlie safe to Bad'noch rode,
Where council held, and they conclude,
That all of them should sep'rate be,
And differ'nt ways for safety flee,
For the miscarriage of their plan,
They blam'd both Murray and Sullivan,
For sending some brave Clans away,
A hunting of the Gowke that day.

Earl Cromartie and hundreds more,
Were taken that morning before,
Being sent home to his own countrie,
For raising men and more supplie.
Lord Rae's militia, hearing this,
Upon him came at unawares:
As each mischief follow'd another,
Things went to wreck just altogether,
Their parting was at Badenoch,
With wat'ry eyes and loud *Och-hoch*:
Their bag-pipes mournfully did *rore*,
And *Piperoch Dhonail* was no more!
This was a day of lamentation,
Made many brave men leave their nation.
Their eyes were open'd, all was vain,
Now grief and sorrow was their gain.

CHAP. X.

Charles' flight. Arrival in the Isles. Hardships, hidings and narrow escape.

THE Prince from Badenoch that night,
Over the mountains took his flight.
With only six in's company,
And one who led them on the way.
O'er many a rock, thro' glens they past,
And to Invergarry came at last.
About two hours ere break of day;

But none within that house did stay,
Only one servant, the laird being gone,
Bed or provisions there were none:
No drink but water to be had,
On the cold floor he made his bed,
All in their clothes thus sleeping lay,
Till near the middle of the day:
Having had no sleep five nights before,
And little food, you may be sure.
No bread or cheese there could they find,
Or ought to eat of any kind.
No living poultry could they get;
But in the water found a net,
Wherein two salmon were present,
Which they took as a blessing sent,
And on them heartily did dine,
Having no liquor but Adam's wine.
Then to their journey set again,
For Donald Cam'ron's at Glen Bean,
Where they arrived late that night,
Thro' Lochiel's country, 'twas their fright
Of being known by friends or foes:
He drest himself into Burke's clothes,
The rest being gone but only three,
No more was in his companie.

Then on the morrow, the eighteenth day,
To Clan-Ronald's country took their way,
And in Mewboll lodged that night,
Being kindly us'd, but still in fright,
Delay'd next day some hours, to hear
How all was gone; but yet for fear
They quit their horse, and took the hill,
O'er mountains climb'd scarce passible,
To Arisaig or Borasdale:
And here themselves they did conceal
At Kinloch Moidart, where they lay,
Not knowing what to do or say.
There came Lord Elcho and O'Neil,
Who to their Prince did plainly tell
How all had gone at Inverness,
Since the fatal day of their distress;
That all the Clans were scattered,
So as rally again, they ne'er cou'd;
For the Duke had parties every-where
To burn and plunder, none did spare,
Who with them were the least concern'd,
So where to flee must be determin'd.
Here Sullivan and many more,
Their council gave as bad's before,
Their Prince to flee into some isle,

And there to ly *incog*, a while,
Sending for one Donald MacLeod,
Who knew the isles and safest road.
And while they were a-planning this,
An alarm came for to dismiss,
A party coming was that way,
Direct, as knowing where they lay.
Then to the woods all of them fled,
Took sundry ways being sore afraid.
The Prince himself bewilder'd ran,
And with him there was not a man,
Being thus dejected and all alone,
Thro' the wild woods he made his moan.
While thus he melancholy lay,
MacLeod came past on's road from Sky;
The Prince cried boldly, What art thou?
And he reply'd, What's that to you?
My name's MacLeod, from Gaultergill,
I'm not afraid it to reveal.
Then said the Prince, 'Tis thee I want,
I am the man who for thee sent,
The Son of your King, your Prince I am,
And for your pity here I came.
On you, Donald, myself I throw,
Do what you will, prove friend or foe.

Then Donald, in tears, stood all amaz'd,
With dumb surprize he on him gaz'd:
My Prince, my Prince and here to lurk!
Oh! this would move the heart of Turk,
To see the turns of time and fate,
From honour to a wretched state;
I'm old, I'm old, thus did he cry;
Yet t' serve my Prince I'd live and die.
Then said the Prince, Since it is so,
With these two letters, wilt thou go,
To Sir Alexander? though that he
And th' laird of MacLeod's my enemy,
I'll yet their clemency request,
If humanity lies in their breast,
In noble hearts pity is found,
They'll land me safe on German ground.
No, no, said Donald, that will not do;
For now they're both in search of you:
But my service shan't cost you a groat,
Near this there lies an eight oar'd boat,
Get all you have, ready on sight,
And we will go on board this night.
To this the Prince did well comply,
They went in search of all was nigh,
To wit, brave O'Neil and Sullivan,

With Allan M'Donald of Elen-o-ron,
Alex. M'Donald, Edward Burke,
And four stout men the boat to work,
Donald MacLeod was pilot too,
No more were in his retinue.
For store they had four pecks of meal,
A pot they bought for making kail:
This was on April twenty-sixth,
They put to sea, full sore perplexed,
At the same place he came on shore,
When first he landed the year before.
Dark was the night, the wind blew high,
The rain drove on, black was the sky,
No deck or cover was to be got,
Pump or compass had they not;
Before the wind they durst not stand,
Because they knew not where to land:
In all the Isles were armed men;
But in what place they did not ken.
Ev'ry wave threat'ning their last,
And shipt great seas, which o'er them past;
Yet kept above from sand and rock,
Till to morrow 'bout seven o'clock,
They made Rushness-point, on the long isle,
Call'd *Benbecula* in Gallic style,

Two hundred miles in eight hours space,
Past many a rock and dang'rous place,
Where militia boats were out on spy,
Which otherwise he'd not got by:
But this vi'lent storm they could not stand,
All fled for shelter to the land.

Now on this isle they landed were;
But found no house or shelter there,
Except an old sty of a byre,
Wherein they kindled up a fire,
Shot a cow and did her boil,
And made fine brochan of her oil.
The place was hollow and remote,
Upon dry land hauld up their boat;
But when they view'd the raging sea,
They prais'd their Maker heartilie,
To think what dangers they'd come by
'Twixt the isles of Cowl, Mull and Sky.

The storm it still increased high'r,
For fourteen hours it blew like fire.
They spy'd, for dangers, round about,
And then to sleep their Prince was put.
No bed-clothes but the sail all wet,
Without straw, bolster, or a matt,
Where cows had lain all night before,

A poor palace without a door,
A bed of state, all wet with *shern*:
This may the great humil'ty learn.
Here they remain'd for nights two,
Until the storm did overblow:
And then for Stornaway set sail,
But meeting with a desp'rate gale,
Were drove on *Scalpa isle*, or *Glass*,
Which to one MacLeod belonging was,
By whom they wou'd been gripped fast;
But for a shipwreckt crew they past,
Old Sullivan the Prince's father,
And ev'ry one gave names to other.
They said, they were to Orkneys bound,
And here great lenity they found
From Donald Campbell, a farmer there,
Who for a passage did prepare
A boat of his own for Stornaway,
Which went off on the first of May,
With Donald MacLeod, his trusty guide,
Who went a vessel to provide,
To get to the Orkneys by all means:
For there he thought to meet with frien's,
Who, well he knew, would use their pow'r,
To land him on the German shore.

And in three days a message came,
That a ship was ready at his comman'.
Another boat was mann'd with speed,
And to Storn'way they did proceed,
Landing upon MacKinnon's ground,
At Loch Seaforth, then to walk round,
Long thirty miles, upon their foot,
Before to Ayrnisk point they got.
None with him but only Sullivan,
Brave O'Neil and another man,
Who was to guide them on the way;
Yet by good chance led them astray:
Long eighteen hours this stage it was,
Through a long Muir all wet to plash:
But had they come the nearest way,
They had been catch'd in Stornaway.
About a half mile from the town,
Faint and weary they all sat down,
And sent their guide for Donald MacLeod,
To bring refreshment if he cou'd,
Who brought them brandy, cheese and bread,
Which cheer'd their hearts in time of need.
Then took him to Lady Kildoun's,
The only friend found in that bounds,
Who kindly did them all intreat,

And well refresh'd he went to sleep.

So Donald return'd into the town,
And found all to confusion grown,
Above two hundred in arms were,
And *furich ha-nish* every where.

A clergy-man from the South Uist
He sent a letter, for truth almost,
That the Prince, with above five hunder,
Was coming for to burn and plunder.

Then Donald to their Chiefs did go,
And curs'd and swore it was not so:
For the Prince has not got a man but three,
And I one of his number be.

So gentlemen, think what you do,
Lest, when too late, you come to rue;
For if Seaforth himself were here,
A hair of's head you durst not steer;
For, if you kill him, or catch alive,
Think not for such an act to thrive.

This island lies far out at sea,
In faith it will revenged be,
By favourites he hath abroad,
So stop your fury, cries brave MacLeod,
For surely, gentlemen, if you do it,
Your babes unborn may come to rue it.

Then said they, Well, since it is so,
Out of this island let him go;
For if the rabble come to hear it,
They'll do it through a zealous spirit.
The wind is fair and so be gone,
We'll still the people and send them home.
Keep all right snug and let none know
Whether he's in this isle or no.
The boatmen hearing of such a rout,
And fearing what might be their lot,
Two with the boat fled to the sea,
And two up to the muirs did hie.

MacLeod and Burke, here left on shore,
Went to their Prince with hearts full sore.
Cry'd Sullivan, We'll take the hill,
No, said the Prince, We'll stand it still:
Since here is friendship in the least,
Take ye no fear, we'll be releas'd,
So in that night return'd again
Their boat from sea, with the two men;
But the other two who took the hill,
Where they ran I cannot tell.
Next morn they put to sea again,
Though hard beset for want of men,
Having only three who understood

Either to row, or sail to crowd.
For store they got two pecks of meal,
Brandy, beef, butter and ale,
So bid adieu to brave Kildoun,
As to the Orkneys they were boun'.

But to the south as they did steer,
Two English ships there did appear,
Which made them all in haste to turn,
And put into the isle of Euirn,
A desart place, where none abode,
One mile in length, another broad,
Where fishers oft frequent by day;
But seeing them all fled away,
Thinking they were the King's press-boat,
Their fish behind was all forgot,
Both fresh and drying on the rock,
Of Cod and Ling, the poor men's stock;
And here they stay'd a day or two,
Until the ships were out of view,
And on the fish well did they fare,
Although their lodging was but bare,
An old hut, like a swine's sty,
Which fishers us'd to occupy:
They had no bed but heathry feal,
The hut's roof cover'd with the sail.

They roasted fish and brandy drank,
No host they had to pay or thank.
For what they did the fishers bereave,
He was amind money to leave:
But Donald says, No not a *snishing*;
For that would cause a strong suspicion,
That some good fellows had been here;
Therefore be not so mad my dear,
For 'tis the men of wars' men's way,
To take all fish, but not to pay.

Now here to stay they thought was vain,
On the tenth of May set sail again,
And back to Scalpa came once more,
Where they were kindly us'd before,
And offer'd money for men and boat;
But such a thing could not be got,
To venture with them out to sea,
To Noraway or Germanie.—
But here they found danger to stay,
So in all haste they put away;
For men in arms in ev'ry place,
In search of him were in full chace;
Ships and boats watching by sea,
So without fresh store they're forc'd to flee:
And coming past the South of Uist,

An English ship before they wist,
Commanded by one Ferguson,
For three full leagues came chasing on:
They kept by shore, to windward lay,
Till in the Loch call'd Esca-bay.
Got on an island, and then, by chance,
Wind contrary rose and drove them thence.
Rain and fog did favour shew,
So who they chac'd they did not know.
Well, said Charles, I see my lot
Is neither to be drown'd nor shot,
Nor can they e'er take me alive,
While wind and rain against them strive.
Yet piercing hunger's hard command:
For here no fresh water they fand,
And to big isles they durst not go;
But such as were a mile or two.
So here they were so hard bestead,
Of salt water they *dramack* made,
And of it hastily did eat;
Hunger for sauce, made it good meat.
If e'er I mount a throne, said he,
I'll mind who din'd this day with me.
A bottle of brandy then he took,
And to them all drank better luck.

So then for Benbecula,
They hoisted sail, and steer'd awa':
And landed there among the rocks,
Where Crab-fish and Partan flocks,
To fishing these, with speed went all,
And soon did fill a wooden pail.
The hut was two miles from the shore,
Where Charles carried this store,
Lest suspicion should arise,
This he did for mere disguise:
And when near to this hut they drew,
Such a cottage one did ne'er view!
On feet and hands they crawled in,
Sowre was the smoke their eyes to blin':
Then Edward Burke digg'd down the door,
And made the entry somewhat more.
Twas here Clan-Ron, did visit make,
To see what measures they could take,
For sending him to France again,
To see him so, it gave him pain,
No shirts he had excepting two,
And these unwash'd like dish-clouts blue;
Sulking, lurking, here and there,
A prey to all like hounds on hare,
Though in times of prosperity,

He was extoll'd most gallantly.
Thus he no longer here could trust;
But to Cardail into South Uist,
He caus'd him to remove and go,
And did provide for him also
Bread, brandy, wine and clothes,
And such necess'ries as he chose.

At this time the faithful MacLeod,
In Campbell's boat the sail did croud,
And steer'd for the main land again;
How matters stood he long'd to ken,
With brave Lochiel and Murray too,
And have their council what to do.
Murray's answer was, My money's gone,
And help from me you can get none.
Then Donald laid out what cash he had
For liquor and for other trade,
Whereof his master stood in need,
And so return'd again with speed,
Being only eighteen days away,
Which to his Prince seem'd a long stay.
No counsel he brought, as I heard tell;
But ev'ry man do for himsel;
Which made his Master quite amaz'd,
And for a time he on him gaz'd:

It pierced Donald's heart to see
A Prince into such misery,
Confin'd into a stinking sty,
And 'bove his head two hydes of kye,
To skonce away the sooty rain.
And all his clothes in dirty stain.
At this time soldi'rs came to Raski,
An island, in length but miles three,
Lying 'twixt Barra and South Uist;
And therefore flee again he must.

The Prince, O'Neil and Sullivan,
Edward Burke and Donald the man,
Just from the foot of Corradail,
In Campbell's boat they did set sail,
And landed in the isle of Ouia,
From South Uist not far awa',
And there they stayed a few nights;
But constantly were in sad plights:
For armed boats still passing by,
They knew not where to hide or ly.
Charles, O'Neil and a sure guide,
Went thence into Rushness to hide;
But was not there above nights two,
Till information was all thro',
Where he lodged at Rushness,

Which trusty Donald did distress:
So he, that night, with Sullivan
Set sail, to save him if they can,
And got him once more safe on board;
But wind and rain upon him pour'd:
So at Ushness-point they shelter took,
And lodg'd under a clifted rock.
This storm it did the whole day blow,
And then at night they came to know,
Of a party, distant, but miles two.
So to sea again they're forced to go;
And as they steer'd to Loch Boisdale,
One of the sailors a swearing fell,
He saw a boat full of Marines,
Which prov'd a rock at some distance.
Cry'd, Hardy weather, and ship about,
Then to Celie-stella that night they put.
On next day Donald spy'd afar,
Two sail of English men of war;
Yet here they stayed for some days,
And could not rest in any ways.
Hearing captain Scot on shore was come
At Kilbride, two miles off from them.
Thus now they all were forc'd to part,
Their Prince went off with heavy heart,

And with him took none but O'Neil,
Whose heart he found as true as steel.
Two shirts apiece, for baggage they took,
Tied up into a wallet or pock,
Around the Prince's neck and shoulder,
Like master and man they trudge together.
So here we leave them for a while,
In lonesome caves and mountains wild.

The others two days hover'd near,
And sunk their boat through perfect fear,
Both night and day lay in the field,
Nought but the sails they had for bield;
The red coats swarming all around,
And yet by chance none of them found.
Then Donald MacLeod he went away,
And was ta'en at Slate in isle of Sky,
By Allan M'Donald, the laird of Knock,
Who him on board the Furnace took,
Where gen'ral Campbell and Ferguson
For to examine him thus began ...

Gen. Was you with the Pretender, or was you no?

Heth was I, *quoeth* Donald, and that you know.

Gen. Do you know what's bidden for his head?

Thirty thousand pound, a bra' sum indeed!

Prutish, quo' Donald, it's no worth a straw,

Her ain sound conscience is better nor't a':
Tho' I'd got Scotland and England, a' for my pains,
I wadna see him hurt, for your muckle gains.
He's a good civil shentleman, his life on me threw,
Wad I kill him, or drown him, or gie him to you.
And deil care what ye do, he's now far awa',
The win ran awa' wi'm, the like you ne'er saw:
For the win and water, Sir, did sae combine,
Carri'd him twa hunder mile in aught hours time,
They thought Donald a fool of the honest kind,
He confessed so freely all to their mind,
Suppos'd the Prince might lurking stay
Into the isle of St. Kilday,
A little island which does stand,
Far nor-west from isles or land,
The property of the laird MacLeod,
A barren soil, and poor abode,
Famed most for Solan Geese;
Sea fowl and fish their living is:
And there they thought, as Donald spake
The Young Pretender for to take.
Poor Donald to London they sent away,
Where he twelve months in prison lay;
Yet got his liberty at last,
When the Act Indemnity was past.

Gen'ral Campbell with an armed fleet,
Around St. Kilda came complete,
Which frightened the poor natives there,
Who ran to holes like fox or hare:
And when they reach'd the wretched shore,
They caught some who to them swore,
That none did in that place sojourn,
But who were in St. Kilda born:
Of a Pretender they nothing knew;
But what they heard of a boat's crew,
How the laird MacLeod had arm'd his men,
To fight against some ill woman,
Who lived somewhere far away;
And this was all they had to say.
So the Gen'ral soon return'd again
And saw St. Kilda for his pain.

And here we'll leave them for a while,
Who hunted was from isle to isle,
O'er hills and mountains, wood and glen,
As afterwards I'll let you ken.
Poor Edward Burke was left alone,
For now companions had he none;
Lodg'd in a cave for weeks three,
Ate Dulce and Lampets from the sea!
In short he thought he would turn wild,

Seeing no man, woman, or child;
Till an honest Souter and his wife,
Agreed for to sustain his life,
For two long months, he said, and more:
Some meat each night they to him bore,
Their like was not in all North Uist,
For to pity rebels no man durst:
Because ev'n at that very time,
It had been made a mighty crime,
Read from the pulpits by the priests,
That none should pity man or beasts,
Who had along with Charlie been,
Give them no victuals, nor close their een
In sleep, or warm within a door,
Or excommunicate to be therefore,
Besides, the pains of milit'ry law,
Hanged or shot one of the twa.

Of this act I know not what to say,
Since Solomon speaks another way,
And a great, yea wiser King than he,
Bids us to feed our enemy,
And give him water for to drink:
For me, I know not what to think.
But Burke of all at last got free,
When th' Act of Grace gave libertie,

And home to Edinburgh came again,
For's love to Charles got nought but pain,
And yet if Charles return, to-morrow,
He vows he'd go tho' on a barrow.

CHAP. XI.

Procedure of the King's men against the suspected. Confusion in the Army and severity against the Clans.

Now, the royal Duke, at Inverness,
Did the whole North fully possess,
Encamp'd, and sent his parties out
To burn and plunder round about,
All the offenders, who for their crime,
Were severely punish'd at this time.
All those who were loyal and true,
Had some acknowledgement as their due.
He number'd first what he had lost,
And what his signal vict'ry cost.

Lord Robert Ker was 'mong the slain,
A brave Captain of Barrel's men;
Of Price's reg'ment, Captain Grossot
Here did fall, it was his lot,
Captain Campbell of Argyleshire men,
Was likewise found among the slain.
Near six hundred, rank and file, lay there,
Two hundred and forty wounded were.
His sole reflection was, in the chase,

The Pretender's rout he could not trace,
Any farther than that afternoon,
He drank with Lovat when all was done,
When his very tears mingl'd with wine;
But never could be catch'd sinsyne.
As some ran east, and some ran west,
To south and north in crouds they past;
Some to Argyleshire, through Kintyre,
And into Ireland flew like fire.
Tullibardine by Loch Lomond came,
Fled from the battle into the flame,
Into the house of Drummiekill,
Who stood on the cross-way, to kill
Those who from the battle fly,
Against all such does Moses cry,
As in the sacred Writ we read,
They're curs'd who're guilty of such deed:
Yet here was Tullibardine gripped,
When from the roaring guns escaped,
And prisoner to London led;
Yet dy'd there quietly in his bed.

Duke William still camp'd in the north,
All was in stir beyond the Forth;
Ports, pass, and ferries all were guarded,
Who catch'd a rebel was well rewarded.

Few but preachers, at this day,
Were counted righteous in this way:
For where the minister said the word,
To life and liberty they're restor'd,
Resign their arms, with Mess John's line
That they were prest for to combine
To go with Charlie, and his crew,
By force controul'd.—Tis very true,
Most of the common men were prest,
Drove to the slaughter like a beast:
But one thing of Highlanders I see,
To them they serve they'll faithful be;
For those who serv'd King George, just here,
'Gainst the rebels proved most severe,
And rebels, who afterwards did list,
Loyaller hearts no man could trust:
And, ev'n the conquering of this field,
Unto the English I will not yield:
Had Scots and Irish run away,
They'd found it hard to gain the day;
Yet after all they 'gan to boast,
'Twas they only who rul'd the roast;
And even where in camp they lay
To upbraid the Scots, and oft did say,
Mocking the mis'ries that befel,

“These Scotsmen are but rebels all,
“For which they all should hanged be,”
Which rous’d the Scots most veh’mentlie:
And when they did complain thereof,
Were answer’d with a mere put off:
This did enrage them still the more,
Vengeance to seek by the Clay-more,
Which all into confusion threw:
The Scots into a body drew,
Irish, by blood and love allied,
Did join into the Scottish side.
His Grace, the Duke, perceiving this,
Into this broil most active was,
Who, as with no party he would stand;
But charg’d them by his high command,
For to be still, and silent be,
Till he’d the dispute rectifie;
Then agents from each side were chose,
Whom he in council did enclose,
Where they made a solemn act,
“That by a thousand on the back,
“Every man should punish’d be,
“Who’d thus upbraid any countrie.”
So this again cemented peace,
Thro’ mediation of his Grace,

Which was indeed a virtuous scheme,
And adds great honour to his name:
For had they once come on to blows,
'T had been the glory of their foes,
And the murd'ring of one another;
But now they're Britons all together,
And yet the spite ended not here,
As afterwards you'll come to hear,
But agitated the Parliament,
Though contrary, it with them went,
To put the Scots beating away,
A march which vex'd them ev'ry day:
Because it was a grief to hear it,
And very irksome to their spirit,
The dinging down of Tamtallan,
They swore it mean'd some other dwallion.
The bonnets, plaids, and spotted coats,
A dress long time worn by the Scots,
These by an act were laid aside,
Thro' nought, I think, but spite and pride:
For when the Scots they came to need,
They were restor'd again with speed,
Ev'n by an order of the crown;
But Tamtallan was ne'er beat down,
The Scots still kept by their old march,

In spite of all their foes could urge.
But the cause of the Duke's long stay here,
Was to find out the Chevalier,
As Scotland round by sea was guarded,
If catch'd on land, so high rewarded
The apprehender was to be,
There was no hopes he could get free.
Hesse camps, did at Perth and Stirling stand,
Armed militia through all the land,
And parties searching ev'ry isle:
Being heard of ev'ry other while,
They still kept on a close pursuing,
Hard was the hunt for Charlie's ruin.
All prisoners, they catch'd, of note,
On ship-board were securely put,
And to England sent, trial to stand,
But deserters judg'd were in Scotland,
Who had as soldiers with Charlie gone,
They hang'd and shot them every one:
For Hawley's verdict was so quick,
"Go hang the dogs up by the neck!"
Which was no sooner said than done,
No pity he shew'd on woman's son.
The Duke, by half, not so severe,
Did often the condemn'd set clear,

Made his soldiers say, he was too civil;
But swore, That Hawley wou'd hang the devil.
The Duke did love to burn and plunder,
And sweet revenge upon them thunder,
On house and huts made devastation,
As it had been a foreign nation:
Their whole utensils, rock and reel,
To see in flames he loved well;
With dogs and cats, the rats and mice,
And their old shirts, with nits and lice,
Were all unto the flames consign'd,
To bring them to a better mind,
And never more for to rebel,
A doleful time for her nain sell,
For all that she had done or said,
She thought it more than double paid;
Eating kirns, and supping sheese,
And coddling of the Lothian pease,
Or taking a bit of beef to eat,
When she could get no other meat;
And when she met a Lalan-rogue,
But pate a shainshment on her brogue,
The soger has done a ten times mair,
Brunt her house, ta'en a' her geer,
And after that cuts off her head,

An shot on them that frae her fled.
For all who did from the soldiers fly,
Were fir'd upon immediately,
By which, many a poor innocent
Was put to death, by them unkent;
Their flying away caus'd the error,
The red-coats were to them a terror.
Now Charles concealed was in Uist,
And there to stay no longer durst,
The Campbells were coming a ho, a ho,
He durst not bide, and could not go:
Every day he saw them well,
And had none with him but O'Neil.
The day was long and hot the sun,
About the twenty first of June,
Upon a mountain top they lay,
And saw their motions ev'ry way,
From glen to glen, caves and rocks,
As ever hounds did search for fox,
Campbells, and lads with the red coat,
With them guides knew every spot,
And corner of that country side;
So here it dang'rous was to bide.
But in a desart place remote,
They found a lonely dismal hut,

And there to stay they judged best,
Until part of the hurry past.
Such venison as they could take,
Of ev'ry thing a prey they make:
It was not out of cov'tous greed;
But only as they stood in need.
O'Neil alone was out at last,
To hear of what was done or past,
And met a lady whom he knew,
Miss MacDonald good and true,
To her their straits he did reveal,
Who did with tears their sorrows feel,
And vow'd by all was dear within her,
She'd them relieve, if they should skin her:
Then hasten'd O'Neil to him away,
Appointing where to meet next day,
And to the Prince with him did go,
Her servant did the secret know,
One Neil MacKechie, an honest heart,
Who in ev'ry point did act his part;
There, they their whole plan did frame,
And then to Malton came again.
Miss Flora and her man next day,
Going to Clan Ronald's house were they,
For to perform the enterprize,

And get clothes fit for his disguise;
By a party of militia men,
Both of them prisoners were ta'en,
Miss ask'd who was their officer,
And they in answer told it her:
He prov'd her father-in-law to be,
Preferr'd, for suppos'd loyaltie,
No less than a King's officer,
She thought she might the better fare,
And there did tarry all that night,
Before of him she got a sight.
Greatly surprized then was he,
His step-daughter prisoner to see,
Call'd her aside to know the matter,
And gave her both a pass and letter,
For herself, her lad, and Betty Burke,
A woman who was to spin and work,
Being a maid for her mother hir'd
So all was done as she requir'd.
Then to Clan Ronald's house they came,
And let the lady know the same,
Where ev'ry thing in haste was got,
Apron, gown, and a petticoat:
Of printed cotton the gown it was,
Just fitting for a servant lass:

Then to the hut they went away,
To get him drest without delay;
And as they entred into the door.
They found their Prince, surpriz'd him sore,
A cooking something for to eat,
A sheep's pluck on a wooden spit.
This put them all in Brinish tears,
A Prince brought to such low affairs!
But he reply'd, Why weep ye so?
'Tis good for Kings sorrow to know:
And ev'n the great, won't after rue,
They suffer'd part of what I do.
That night they stayed all in the hut,
Ere ev'ry thing was ready got,
And on the morrow a message came
For lady Clan-Ronald, in haste extreme,
That Cap. Ferguson, with Campbell's men,
Did all night in her house remain;
And to confirm what they had said,
The Captain took up her own bed.
Now Charles by this time was drest,
Like a Dutch frow, I do protest;
His brogues, indeed, had leather heels,
And beard, well shaven, all conceals;
But gown and petticoat so short,

Shew'd too much legs, but no help for't.
He of the lady took his leave,
And left O'Neil behind to grieve,
Who thro' the world with him would go;
But Flora said it would not do:
Because their pass that number bore,
And one too much was not secure,
Herself, her servant, and Betty Burke,
Who was going to her mother's work.
The boat's prepar'd, away they set;
But lady Clan-Ronald was in a strait:
For soon as she had reached home,
Was strict examin'd by Ferguson—
Pray where now, Madam, have you been?
Seeing a sick child, a dying frien';
My servants might have told the matter,
But the child now is somewhat better.
For this no proof was but her lips;
So he put them both on board of ships,
I mean Clan-Ronald and his dame,
Who did in sep'rate ships remain,
Until to London they were sent,
And nothing of each .other kent,
Long twelve months there they did remain;
Before they saw their homes again.

Now poor O'Neil was left alone,
And through the hills a wand'ring gone,
By chance he met with Sullivan;
As on the shore they both did stand;
A French cutter came in their sight,
With pendent flying, colours bright,
O'Neil her hail'd, and to she came,
To fetch the Prince was all her aim.
O'Neil desir'd them there to stay,
And he to bring him back wou'd try:
Then off he sets along the shore,
A traveling for a day or more,
As the wind had contrary been,
Into some creek they might be seen;
But finding he was gone for Sky,
He thought to touch there going by,
Knowing the secret, the way plann'd,
The very place he was to land.
Night and day he did not spare,
Back to the cutter he did repair;
But ere he came she was away,
Sullivan would no longer stay:
For's life was preciouser to him,
Than all the princes in Christendom.
He saw some ships afar at sea,

Then pray'd the French with him to flee;
But had they got O'Neil on board,
From Sky the Prince had been secur'd;
Yet here O'Neil was left behind,
Who soon was taken and confin'd,
And sent to Berwick upon Tweed,
Where he remain'd some time indeed,
Thence by cartel was sent to France
Pass'd for an officer from thence.
Sullivan was got home before him,
The cow'rdliest cur in all the quorum:
For had he staid three hours in Uist,
They'd carry'd their Prince safe off the coast:
For O'Neil would made them touch at Sky,
The very place which they past by,
Where he knew the Prince was to 'bide:
But Sullivan sav'd his own hide,
And with all speed went home to France,
Left them behind to Providence.
As the Prince, Miss Flora and her man,
Were just about to quit the land,
Four King's wherries came in their view,
Where armed men were not a few:
Back to the heather they're forc'd to fly,
And there some time conceal'd to ly,

These wherries soon went out of sight,
And then came on a pleasant night,
Their boat ready they put to sea;
But were not gone past leagues three,
'Till dark and dismal grew the skies,
The wind and waves did dreadful rise,
In open boat, no compass had,
Only two men, whose skill was bad.
Here Charles' courage was at a stand,
Tempests by sea and storms by land;
For wind and wave did fight again' him,
And nothing seemed to befrien' him.
Miss Flora she fell fast asleep,
The rest by oars and helm did keep,
And when the day light did appear,
They knew not to what hand to steer,
The wind had vary'd in the night:
At last of Sky they got a sight.
At Waternish, the west of Sky,
Upon that point to land did try;
But the red-coats were swarming there,
To ship about they did prepare:
They smartly fir'd to bring 'em too,
But all in vain, it would not do.
Two men of war were hov'ring by,

And there it was no time to stay;
So, off they set before the wind,
And all their foes they left behind.
The alarm up to the village went;
Yet to pursue they were not bent,
Knowing all boats were in a fright;
So about they put when out of sight,
And landed in a little creek,
Under a rock did shelter seek,
The men to rest and be refresh'd,
Who all the night were sorely dash'd:
And then to sea again did go,
Lest some should of their landing know.
They were not half a mile from shore,
Till they see'd pursuers half a score,
All running to the very place,
Which they had left a little space.
Then to the north twelve miles they stood,
At Tornish made their landing good.
Near Alexander MacDonald's house,
Where went Miss Flora bold and crouse,
As Sir Alex. was not at home;
But to visit Duke William gone,
Only his factor, who prov'd a friend,
And how to act Miss to him mean'd:

As a military officer was there,
She told him where he should repair,
And meet the Prince in woman's dress,
To whom he went in full express,
With bread and wine, and other food,
Then took the hills, a private road
To his own house to be conceal'd,
Though afterwards it was reveal'd.
Miss Flora on horseback, and another
Kept the high-way, for to discover
What militia or foes might be;
From all dangers to keep him free,
Miss Flora, her man, and a Highland maid,
Coming on the way, She to Miss said,
"That Lawland Carlin gangs like a man,
She strides o'er far by half a span:
I wonder Kingsborough's not afraid,
To crack sae wi' that English jade:
See how her coats wamels again!
These English women can fight like men."
No, said Miss, She's an Irish woman:
Cries, Lady Marg'ret, Are you coming?
(Not liking what the girl had said)
Go after Kingsborough yon road,
And you'll be there as soon as we,

Thus she kept him from suspicion free;
And to the house they came at last,
Before elev'n o'clock was past.
But Kingsb'ro's wife was gone to bed,
Thinking that no such stranger wad,
At such a time come to her door:
For th' two young ladies were oft before.
She sent them word to take the key,
With all in the house for to make free;
But Kingsb'ro' said that would not do,
Herself must rise, and quickly too.
The child ran back and told her plain,
Such a lang wife she ne'er saw nane,
As that was walking through the ha',
Her like was never there awa',
Therefore she'd go no more for fear,
Then up she rose and did appear:
And the one who walked through the hall,
Did her salute and kiss with all,
Whereat she started and was afraid,
Being so prick'd with a lady's beard:
Then to her husband said, whisp'ring ways,
Is not this a gentleman in disguise?
His pricking beard does me convince,
Pray ask him, What's come of the Prince?

The Prince, my dear, Why this is he—
Oh, said she, then we'll hanged be—
A well, said he, We'll die but once,
Get supper for him, cakes and scones,
Butter and cheese, we have eggs enow:
What! That for a Prince will never do.
Yes, for rarities be nowise griev'd;
You little know how he has liv'd:
And with ceremony be not affected,
Lest by your servants he be suspected,
He supp'd that night and went to sleep
As a stranger lady, all snug was kept.
On the morrow he rose and was drest,
And for their kindness thanks exprest:
Miss Flora and the other Miss,
They had him in his robes to dress,
The gown, the mutch, and petticoat,
Such stuff to wear he loved not;
But because to them in such he came,
He should go off wearing the same,
Lest by enquiry they might provoke
What they were, being stranger folk.
Then Kingsborough's wife did them desire,
To ask a pickle of his hair.
And they in Gaelic did debate,

Who should it ask, they were so blate:
He understood, the reason speir'd
Of their debate, desir'd to hear't.
This freely granted as soon as told,
And to their sheers his head did hold.
The lock was parted 'mongst the three,
Of their dear Prince mindful to be,
An ancient freit, a Highland charm,
Look on that hair her heart will warm.
Kingsb'rough a bundle of men's clothes took
Far from his house, to a wooden nuik,
Remounted him in Highland dress,
There he much kindness did express—
They wept, they kiss'd, and off he goes,
While drops of blood fell from his nose.
Their hearts were great, you may weel ken,
They parted ne'er to meet again.
A guide sent wi'm the mountain way,
Had a boat ready, the freight did pay,
At Portree, or the King's port,
Miss Flora's there ere he came to't.
And here they parted at Portree,
Where thanking her most heartilie,
Miss Flora did no longer wait;
But went to her mother's house at Slate.

Now Kingsborough did Raaza send,
To meet the Prince, and be his friend,
With sev'ral of his trusties there,
Who in his expeditions were,
Both at Culloden and Falkirk.
To Portree came when it was dark,
Both John MacKenzie and Donald Frier,
Who had been with him far and near,
They set off in a little boat,
And safely into Glam all got:
In a mean hut their dwelling made,
For kid and lamb young Raaza gade:
There was no bedding to be found,
They're oblig'd to ly upon the ground:
His pillow was a wisp of Ling!
Poor state for a pretended king.
This was in July the first day,
And here incog, some time they lay.
Now Ferguson got the sure tract,
From the two men, as they went back,
Who did him and Miss Flora bring
Out of Uist, and everything,
His coat, his mutch, his very gown,
From whence they came, and whither boun';
How Malton's daughter and Kingsborough too,

Went all together out of their view.
Then Ferg'son with a party came
To Kingsb'ro's house, and did deman'
Which way the young Pretender went?
Where he and Miss Flora were sent?
Whether they lay in one bed together?
What clothes he came in, or went thither?
Few answers to him Kingsb'rough made:
"What!" said his wife, "Miss Flora's maid,
They staid all night and went away,
Whether man or woman was I to try?"
Then, said he, "Show where they were laid;
Where lay the Miss? where lay the maid?
Now then," quoth he, "I have you fast:
Because the maid's bed is the best."
Then Kingsborough away was led
To Fort-Augustus, hard bestead,
Plunder'd of's watch, buckles and shoes,
And all the cash was in his trews,
In a dungeon deep, iron'd he lay,
Thence to Ed'nburgh castle sent away,
And there confin'd was kept one year,
Till by the Act of Grace set clear.
For love of Charlie he got this,
And poor Miss Flora no better was:

For she was scarce ten days at home,
Until she got a card to come
And speak unto an officer,
Who had no great good will to her:
This for a night she did delay,
And on the morrow, by the way,
A party meets, in search of her,
By whom she was made prisoner,
And carry'd instantly away,
On board a ship that very day,
The Furnace, captain Ferguson,
Who did show lenity to none.
But good for her, as fortunes were,
That gen'ral Campbell, as judge sat there:
Though she before made 'quivocation,
She told to him the true relation,
And the general did use her well,
Since she the truth did not conceal:
For of the deed she thought no shame,
To any in need she'd do the same.
Said she, "I've no cause to betray,
Or yet to wish his life away;
Wherefore then should I do him wrong?
To you soldiers does such belong.
If that a price be on his head,

‘Tis for those by blood who have their bread.”

The gen’ral then had nought to say;

But gave her leave, on the next day,

Of her friends to go and take farewell;

Her mother heart-sore grief did feel:

An officer and forty men

Did guard her there, and back again.

Then she unto the Nore was sent,

Five months on sea, where no friend kent;

At last to London was convey’d,

There with a messenger to bide,

Till the month of July forty-seven,

That she was home to Edinburgh driv’n,

When by the Act of Grace reliev’d,

She’s now in Sky, yet unmischiev’d.

Now Charles at Glam, in Raaza lay,

Long, long he thought to get away,

Hard was his living, poor his hut,

Upon all heights they watches put.

A stranger to this island came,

To sell tobacco, perhaps a sham;

For after all his roll was sold,

He daily through the island stroll’d,

And to the hut one day drew nigh;

Then Raaza swore he was a spy,

And cockt his pistol, him to shoot,
The Prince cry'd, No, You shall not do't.
That poor man may innocent be,
Without a fault he shall not die.
The poor man then went stepping by,
And did not ev'n look to their sty.
Now, said the Prince, what would ye said,
If innocent blood had here been shed?
Too much, indeed, on my account
At this some seem'd to take affront;
Yet as a joke he past it by,
And then propos'd to go for Sky,
In the small boat which brought them there,
So for the voy'ge they did prepare.
Toward ev'ning they put to sea,
And then the wind rose wond'rous high,
The boatmen begg'd to put about;
But he was obst'nate on his rout,
And told them life was but a chance,
They were in hands of Providence:
He lav'd the water with a scoop,
And bid them in their Maker hope,
The boat is making a good way,
No man will die but him that's fey;
We've all in dangers been ere now:

At Nicolson's rock they brought her to,
Near Scorebreck in Trotternish,
Their lodging in a byre it was,
All wet and weary as they were,
Lay on the ground, sleep seiz'd him there,
In which he sigh'd, and starting said,
"Poor people, poor people, hard bestead!"
He then awak'd, and thus did say,
"Malcom, dear captain, is it yet day?
You've watch'd too long, now take a sleep,
And I myself will centry keep."
"No, said MacLeod, Sir, if you please,
I know this ground best, take your ease;
There's not a house near by two mile,
Our friends are few into this isle;
The red coats are not far from us,
To slip my charge is dangerous."
So here they did remain next day,
Before they could venture away,
Having no bread, or ought to eat,
(For a King's Court, a poor mean treat!)
Except water, sprung from the ground,
No meat or drink could there be found.
Two bottles of brandy was all their store,
On earth they had no substance more,

Nor in that place durst one look out,
For en'mies planted round about.
When night came on, they parted all,
Captain MacLeod we shall him call,
Did undertake to be his guide,
One bottle of brandy by his side,
Over muir and mountain, wood and glen,
Between hope and despair they ran.
The Prince as servant did appear;
Because he did the baggage bear,
A hairy wallet on his back,
Just like a chapman and his pack,
Wanting the *breiks*, with legs all bare,
Into his hand his brogues did bear,
A napkin ty'd around his head,
In this posture forward they gade,
Long thirty miles ere they took rest,
Water and brandy was all their feast:
Because they had no other cheer,
For house or hut they went not near,
Till at Ellighill, the place call'd Ord,
Whereof MacKinnon is the lord,
Their brandy bottle now was done,
And here they hid it under groun':
Yet were they in a strait again,

Meeting two of MacKinnon's men,
Who had on the expedition been,
And oft before the Prince had seen,
Who knew him well, though in disguise,
Fell down and bursted out in cries.
Then Malcom, Hush, to them did call,
Or else they would discover all,
To which they swore, by all that's Good,
They'd rather spend their dearest blood,
So faithfully they did conceal it,
And did not in the least reveal it.

Now were they come unto the place,
Where Malcom's sister married was
To John MacKinnon, who'd captain been
Along with Charles in armour keen;
But had got clear by Proclamation,
And for to skulk had no occasion.
He orders the Prince, now Lewis Cawe,
For to ly down some space awa',
While he into his sister's went,
Their doleful case to represent.
She him embrac'd, and wept amain,
As in the war she thought him slain:
He said, Dear sister, here I'm come
Myself to hide, if you have room,

With one, my servant, Lewis Cawe,
In the same case, hard is our fa':
He's a surgeon's son, who came from Crief
Shelter to seek and some relief.
Then poor sick Lewis was called in,
With head bound up, he look'd right grim,
And by his master there he did stand,
With head uncover'd, bonnet in hand:
But the Captain urg'd him to sit down,
And put his bonnet on his crown,
Since there are no strangers here,
Come, eat with me, Lewis, my dear.
And when their dinner over was,
The Captain says, Our feet we'll wash:
The servant maid brought water then,
And wash'd his feet with tender han'.
Said he, my lad's not well, I know,
You'll wash his feet before you go;
But she reply'd, I ken some better,
'Tis fair enough if I bring water,
He's but your lad, as you me tell,
Dat loon may wash her feet hersel;
Being forc'd to do't, through mere constraint,
To work in a rude way she went,
Rubbed his toes, made the water rise

At every splash, betwixt his thighs;
On this he to the Captain said,
She rubs too hard this saucy maid,
I had far better do't mysell,
In trout, quo' she, an sae ye sall,
Then both of them to sleep were put,
The goodwife went to a hill-top;
For to keep watch, lest from the sea
Incursions should come suddenlie.
As King's ships hover'd all about,
And parties through the land did scout.
Just as they wak'd the husband came,
When Malcom heard, he to him ran,
And did salute him in the field,
Which meeting did great pleasure yield;
Because that word was to them brought,
He kill'd was at Culloden fight.
And after they had talk'd a while,
Think you yon ships will touch this isle?
Says John, I know not but they might,
Because they're never out of sight.
What if our Prince a pris'ner be,
In one of those ships which we see?
God forbid, then John reply'd;
But of his 'scape I'm much afraid;

For our nation's guarded round about,
And through the land there's many a scout.
But do you think, if he were here,
He would be safe, in such a stir?
Ay, safe be sure, whate'er they do,
I wish we had him here just now.
Then said he, John, he's in your house;
But to salute him, be cautious:
Because your wife, nor none else knows,
By the name of Lewis Cawe he goes;
My servant, a surgeon's son in Crief,
Like us, brought to trouble and grief:
Therefore behave when in you go,
That none within the house may know.
So home they came, and in he goes,
Then courteously poor Lewis rose,
Bare-headed stood, bonnet in hand,
But John could not himself command,
Burst out in tears, and on him flew,
Oh-hon, Oh-hon, What's this on you!
From splendor into deep distress!
He cry'd, and could no more express.
Wife and servants stood in amaze,
And did upon poor Lewis gaze!
Then Malcom in a passion flew,

And swore that he had fools enow,
Hurry'd them to another place,
And told his sister all the case,
That he and poor Lewis was in,
Charged her forthwith for to run,
And bind her servants to secresie,
Or else they soon would ruin'd be.

When his sister knew what guest he was,
Her kindness she did the more express,
And said, Upon her very knees
She'd travel for to give him ease.
They then to consultation went,
To get him to the Continent,
Because the isles were dangerous,
Soldiers searching every bush.
John then unto the laird he went,
To try how his affection bent,
By long-wind stories laments his case,
In being hunted from place to place.
Oh, said the laird, were he now here,
I'd lay my life to get him clear,
And set him safe on the main land.
Then John he told him, clean off hand,
Where he was, and in what place,
And to his conscience left his case.

Go tell him, I'll be with him soon,
To see what quickly shall be done.
John went home, the laird soon came,
With loyal affections, as Chief o's Clan,
And told, that for him he did provide
A good stout boat, pilot and guide,
That he himself design'd to go
To the main land with him also,
A thousand blessings on him prays,
And wish'd him long and happy days.

Then Malcom said, he would return,
Which caus'd the Prince in tears to mourn,
Captain, he said, will you leave me now?
On the main land, what shall I do?
Then said the Laird, leave that to me,
On the main land I'll you supplie.
Sir, said Malcom, by now I'm miss'd
By friends, by foes, and this I trust
For to be ta'en, when I return,
Then I'll tell a tale of my sojourn,
Of all my travels how I was here,
Seeing my friends and sister dear;
But if they chance us to pursue,
They'll hear of me along with you:
For answer then, what could I say?

What man ye was, or gone what way?

Which accordingly it came to pass:

For he twelve months confined was,

And saw great London for the same;

There try'd and came with Flora hame.

So to the boat they all did go,

Which lay upon the shore below:

And as to it they did draw near,

Two men of war there did appear,

Came cruising in before the wind,

Hard on the shore, as they design'd,

Which caused them to sit down a space,

And smook a pipe in a hollow place.

A silver stock-buckle to Malcom he *geid*,

And ten guineas too in his *loof* he laid,

Which he did often times refuse;

But begg'd some trifle that he did use;

Then, said he, Captain, Your pay's too cheap,

Besides, you will have my cutty pipe,

And when you blow't, you'll think on me,

As I have got another you see:

And take these lines to Murdoch MacLeod,

To pay respect to him I'm proud.

The men of war having laid about,

Toward the boat they took the rout,

The writing in the letter this,

As writ verbatim, here it is,

SIR,

I thank God, I am in good health and have got off as designed. Remember me to all friends, and thank them for the trouble they have been at I am, Sir, Your humble Servant,

JAMES THOMSON.

CHAP. XII.

Sundry dangers and hardships on the main shore. Meets with six men who relieve him. Almost starved. Goes to Lochaber. Meets with Lochiel. Gets off from Moidart.

NOW, the men of war being out of sight,
On the eighth of July, at eight at night,

The laird of MacKinnon, John by name,

With a pilot, guide, and four boat-men,

All on board with him they went,

To carry him to the Continent.

The night indeed was fair and clear,

But not above a mile they were,

Till wind and waves did rise in ire,

This providence we may admire,

Which seemed to be frowning on him,

The very waves striving to drown him,

And on their boat, came straight a-head,

A boat with men all well armed;

But the sea was high, the wind so blew,

And nought but present death in view,

They hail'd each other, and that was all,

It was no time to search or call.

Had not this storm proved their frien',
He'd surely in their clutches been.
And when they reached the main land,
Under the lee they're forc'd to stand;
The pilot ran her into a creek,
Got past the breakers, 'mong sand and sleik,
There they landed him and his guide,
And chus'd no longer to abide:
But to the sea again did go;
Because the storm did fiercely blow.
And as they were returning back,
A boat from Morar did them 'ttack;
And old MacKinnon was pris'ner made,
Being, by direction, to him led,
By a party who did the two pursue,
And the boat who of them had a view
The night before, when going over,
The facts of all they could discover,
At Morar, on his going back,
The laird MacKinnon they did take,
And prov'd the deed which he had done,
For which they sent him to London.
In Southwark goal long did he ly,
With heavy fetters did him ty,
Till in Forty Seven, the next year

By Act of Grace he got home clear.

Now Charlie went to Glen-Brasdale,
Where he heard tell of brave Lochiel,
Who about Lochaber was lurking there;
But to get to him great dangers were:
As a line was form'd from Inverness,
Which reached to Fort-Augustus,
From thence unto Fort-William again,
Night and day stood armed men.
The word, in a few minutes, did wheel,
From end to end, *All is well*
And from Fort-William to Locharkaig-head,
Another line was likewise made.
Thus he did in Glen-Brasdale ly,
Till circled almost every way.
Gen'ral Campbell with four hundred men,
Upon the south-west side did land:
Captain Scot, with five hundred more,
Advancing from the easter shore,
And came within two miles of way,
They knew not what to do or say:
He sent for Cam'ron of Glen-Pan,
Who chus'd to be his guide and van,
To Lovat's country for to go,
The braes of Locharkaig as he did know,

With them went Glenaladale and his brother,
Boradale's two boys, there was no other:
First went the guide on's hands and knees,
After past the Prince and the two boys,
Glenaladale and his brother at last,
Favour'd by the night, they quietly past
So near their tents they heard their speech,
And ere day, got far out of reach,
Right safe into Glen-Morrison,
Left Glenaladale and him alone.

One day, as they a travelling were,
Over a desert mountain there,
Glenaladale chanc'd to lose his purse,
With forty guineas which in it was,
And money behind it they had none,
The Prince's being spent and gone.
While Glen, return'd his purse to seek,
Charlie lay down at a bush cheek,
And there appear'd unto his view,
A band of soldiers not a few,
Just upon that very spot
Where they had met, were't not the lot
Of turning for that very purse,
Kept them from what had been much worse.
So, close he lay, slie as a tod,

Being at some distance from the road,
And saw them take another rout,
That they'd met Glen, he had no doubt,
Being gone quite the contrary way,
For which he thankfully did pray.
Glen, found his purse and turn'd again,
They chang'd their rout through a wild glen,
Where nothing had they for to eat,
Full forty hours they wanted meat:
Weak and weary were they both,
Water indeed they had enough;
But found no sheep or venison,
The cattle being plund'red and gone.

At last, they chanced for to spy
A little smoking hut, near by;
Then said the Prince, Thither I'll go,
Whether they should prove friend or foe:
Better for us be kill'd like men,
Than starved like fools: What say'st thou Glen?
Yet Glen refus'd, and said, I fear,
They may be King's-men watching here.
But in the Prince goes to the hut,
Which them in some confusion put;
Six sturdy thieves resided there,
Who at their dinner sitting were,

At a weighty piece of boiled beef,
For hungry men a blest relief.
Peace be here, the Prince did cry,
You're welcome, sir, they did reply;
One star'd at him, then up he flew,
Ah, Dougal MacColony, is this you?
I'm glad to see thee, with all my heart!
Sit down with us and take a part.
By winks, he found that he was known,
Return'd him thanks, and then sat down,
Ate hearty, and seem'd very merry,
Talk'd of the times,— found by enquiry,
That ev'ry one spake as his frien',
And had all at Culloden been;
But only one of them him knew,
He then bethought him what to do,
And after dinner they took a walk,
With that same man to have some talk,
Who told him all the strengths about,
Where parties lay, and what to doubt.
And as, said he, "The other five,
Are as faithful fellows as alive,
You may your safety to them trust,
Your case by them's lamented most.
Here do we all in private stay,

And make incursions for our prey:
For meat and drink we do not want,
Of silver and gold we are not scant:
And since 'tis such a roaring time,
To steal and rob we think no crime.”

The other five were call'd and told,
Who did rejoice him to behold,
And swore that he should with them stay,
Till he found it safe to get away.

‘Tween Strath-Ferrar and Glen-Morr'ston,
They kept up huts, yea more than one,
And kindly there did entertain him;
To the very last they did befrien' him,
And ere that he should taken be,
They every man would for him die.

While here he liv'd on stolen beef,
Right suddenly there came relief:
Rod'rick MacKenzie, a merchant-man,
At Ed'nburgh town had join'd the Clan,
Had in the expedition been,
And at this time durst not be seen,
Being sculking in Glen-Morrison,
Him the soldiers lighted on,
Near about the Prince's age and size,
Genteely drest, in no disguise.

In every feature, for's very face,
Might well be taken in any case;
And lest he'd like a dog be hang'd,
He chose to die with sword in hand,
And round him like a mad-man struck,
Vowing alive he'd ne'er be took:
Deep wounds he got, and wounds he gave,
At last a shot he did receive,
And as he fell, them to convince,
Cry'd, Ah! Alas! You've kill'd your Prince!
Ye murderers and bloody crew
You had no orders thus to do.”
This did confirm them in the thought,
He was the very man they sought:
And ere that he was really dead,
They forthwith did cut off his head.
Scarce took they time the corpse to bury,
Being so o'erjoy'd, in such a hurry.
To Fort-Augustus they went with speed,
Triumphing o'er poor Charlie's head.
All who had seen him, came it to view,
And vow'd the face was just and true;
The very barber who us'd to shave him,
The sim'lar treats seem'd to deceive him:
But, said he, wer't on his body set,

And spake, his voice I'll not forget.

Then to the Duke in haste they're bound,

And claim'd the thirty thousand pound.

The Duke thought now the work was done,

When Charlie's head was to him shown;

Call'd in all out upon command;

And caus'd the militia to disband.

The ships of war went to the south,

And Charles' death did pass for truth.

He then for London took his rout,

On July eighteenth did set out,

As brave Culcairn had sent him word

Of Lochiel's death, ev'n as absurd—

When plund'ring of Locharkaig isle,

He found the grass cut through the pile,

Thinking it was some hidden store,

He digg'd it up, and found therefore

A man's body, who dy'd of a sore wound,

As appeared when they view'd him round;

A fine Holland shirt he on him had,

Which soon they whirled o'er his head,

Being so much used to plunder,

To rob the dead thought little wonder,

And him they thought to be Lochiel,

Yet a near friend of his, they tell,

One Cameron, son of Callavat,
After which, Lochiel no hunting gat,
Supposing him and Charlie dead,
Tho' it was two others in their stead.
So all the parties far and near,
To Fort-Augustus did retire:
Yet some of them were soon sent back
To burn and plunder, and to take
Some great offenders, as Barrisdale,
In which attempts they oft did fail:
For altho' the Duke's to London gone,
Burning and plunder still went on.

Now, the Prince into Lochaber went,
The seat of Lochiel, where he was bent
To know if he in life might be,
As word of's death o'er all did flee,
And the Prince's death so struck Lochiel,
That neither did bemoan himsel;
But each lamented for the other,
And wept as one would for a mother:
But when they heard both were alive,
To meet in haste they did contrive,
Being only twenty miles between,
His brother, the doctor, did them convey,
With the other brother, John the priest,

Who had sincerely been in quest,
Through many a mountain, wood and glen,
And found him out with eager pain,
Into a hut, built in a wood,
Near Achnasual where it stood.
Charles at a distance did them spy,
Made him and Achnasual fly,
Not knowing what kind of men they were,
Nor what might be their business there;
But being inform'd, soon turn'd again,
Embrac'd with tears in tender strain;
And hearing that Lochiel was well,
His heart-felt joy did not conceal.
The Prince was now in a poor dress,
Poverty's picture in distress,
A black coat with many patches,
Barefooted, and wanting breeches,
No signs of roy'tie or pride,
A durk and pistol by his side,
All weather-beaten, his gun in's han',
Like a Gibeonite, once in Canaan.
They had kill'd a cow the day before,
Kept a pudding feast, you may be sure,
Part of it roast, part of it sodden:
But here no bread was to be gotten,

No meal nor salt could there be bought;
But what's from Fort-Augustus brought.
One man they had was passing free,
Came home by chance, right cannilie,
With a horse-load of provision,
Meal and salt, bread and snishen,
And with him brought a printed News,
Which did their whole attentions rouze,
How the young Pretender and Lochiel,
O'er Corriarick, had pass'd that fell;
That they were both alive again,
And with them thirty armed men;
This caus'd him longer to abide,
As safely there he could reside,
If a new searching should ensue,
His watchmen here were good and true,
Dismiss'd Glenaladale for home,
With the men came from Glen-Morrison,
Kept with him only Captain MacRow,
Cameron the priest, and other,two,
With Cluny's children, they kept the hut,
And tour about on watch were put.

About this time from Dunkirk came
Sixty gentlemen, who in a band,
As volunteers had freely join'd,

To bring him from the British ground.
At Polliver, in Seaforth's country,
Four of them landed privately,
The rest, on sea, kept hov'ring round;
And left a signal, how to be found,
And where they were for to bring to:
These were their orders how to do.
Soon after two of them were ta'en,
One Fitzgerald, called by name,
An Officer belong'd to Spain,
Was hanged up at Fort-William,
Proven to be a Flander's spy,
Judg'd for same end, he came that way.
The other was Monsieur de Berards,
An officer of the French guards,
Who from the gallows was befrien'd,
And by cartel again redeem'd.
The other two wandered about,
Till Lochgarie sent, and found them out;
Strangers they seem'd, but who could know
Whether that they were friend or foe?
Captain MacRow did them invite,
At Lochgarie's with him to meet,
To him they plainly did unfold
From whence they came, and that they would

Fain see the Prince, or yet Lochiel,
Having letters to them and words to tell,
Or else to one call'd Captain Drummond,
And more they would reveal to no man.

Lochgarie judg'd they might be spies,
Strove to be cautious and wise,
First he sent them to Lochiel,
With what suspicion he had himself:
Lochiel order'd the Prince to come in,
Under the name of Captain Drummond,
As they the Prince did never see,
He told them where the two should be,
Bade him a letter bring, as from him come,
To tell their secrets unto him,
And this the Prince actually did,
Met in a hut, built in a wood,
And kept converse with them a day,
Then to meet Lochiel went on his way,
For to consult what might be done,
Out of Scotland once for to win:
For the small ship the Frenchmen left,
Quite off the coast were, all abaft,
And never did at all appear:
But forc'd homeward with dread to steer,
And the officers, as I heard tell,

Were kept, by orders of Lochiel,
Most secretly into a hut,
Until a ship was ready got.
While the Prince yet at Clun's hut lay,
One morning, early of the day,
A child of Clun's came running in,
Crying, "O-hon! the red coats and the gun!"
Which caus'd them hurry out and see
A party coming, and that right nigh:
Cluny, John Cameron and his son,
Into the wood did quickly run.
Clun stood their motions to behold,
The others ran to the Prince and told:
He sleeping was in another hut,
Farther in the wood and more remote;
They plainly said, they were surrounded;
Then up he rose, no-ways confounded,
Says he, My lads, review your guns,
And let us die like Scotland's sons,
For me, I've been a shooter bred,
To miss a mark I'm not afraid;
Yet we'll escape them if we may,
And live to see a better day.
Captain MacRow and Clun's old son
Were in another hut alone,

He sent for them, they came with speed,
And to the hill did all proceed,
Being eight in number, they were no more,
Soldiers they saw above five score;
But what gave them the most surprise,
Was that the soldiers had past their spies,
Which they had planted round about,
Them to inform of every rout:
This caus'd them be the more afraid,
And think they surely were betray'd.
Then a hill-top they march'd unto,
Where of the party they had a view,
And all around could no more spy,
Than what were of the first party.
Next to Mallantagart's top they flee,
High above the braes of Glenkengie;
Then Cameron, the priest, and Clun's son,
To make discov'ry did backward run.
Two hundred men had gone that way,
Headed by Knockardo of Strathspey,
A going to plunder Barrisdale,
And of Clun's ten cow's left not a tail,
Which he few days before had bought,
When burnt his house and left him nought,
And yet they thought it was no crime,

To plunder him a second time,
The very hut they rummaged,
Out of which they had lately fled.
Clun in the wood all the while lay,
And saw them drive his cows away,
Until perceiving they were gone,
Then he return'd crying, Oh-hon,
What, Shall I e'er thus plunder'd be?
For shelter now, where shall I flee?
Went with his son for bread and cheese,
Four bottles of whisk they did not seize:
His stores all under ground were hid,
Cover'd with turf into the wood.
Being midnight ere they reach'd the spot,
Where Charles lay trembling and wet;
They drank the whisk and eat the cheese,
Then of the heather made a bleeze.
When day came in, beek'd by the sun,
They lay and slept till afternoon:
Then took their travels that very night,
To Achnacarie came full right,
Through water to their cleavings high,
Dark was the night, they could not see.
Upon the morrow they kill'd a cow,
Whereof they fill'd their bellies fu',

Without bread, salt or sallad,
Sweet hunger relished their palate;
They told the flesh, bread was before,
And thankful were they had such store,
The country being burnt, and plunder'd,
And here to live no way they had.
On the next day Lochgarie came,
And with him doctor Cameron,
On their return back from Lochiel,
They bade the Prince for safety still,
To cross the hills near Badenoch;
For Athole braes were safe enough,
Among good friends could skulk a while,
Till time was found to leave this isle,
Whereat the Prince was well content,
And to their journey then they went,
Travell'd by night and slept by day,
Through many a glen and awkward way.
Lochiel and he again did meet,
And loud they cry'd like infants sweet;
Contrived now what should be done,
Once more all hazards for to run.
His brother the priest, of modest mouth,
To hire a vessel they sent south,
To take them off from the north shore;

Because that coast was watch'd no more.

But ere that he could get that done,

They found another of safer run,

On north and west they watches set,

Upon the French ships for to wait,

Still thinking that the Dunkirk sloop,

Might yet be hov'ring round about,

From which the Frenchmen did come,

And still attempt, to take them home:

Their signals to many ships they us'd,

But ne'er a one to answer chus'd.

Now Col'nel Warren had got to France,

And brought a privateer from Nantz,

With three hundred and forty men,

Well arm'd, with thirty guns and ten,

Of carri'ge and swivels which she bore,

The best sailer he could procure,

The Bellona, of St. Maloes by name,

To anchor in Loch Moidart came;

And here the Col'nel came on shore,

To a house where he had been before,

About the Prince for to enquire,

By chance the watch was waiting there,

Who knew what rout the Prince was gone,

And made it to the Col'nel known;

Besides these officers of note,
Who now were lurking in a hut.
Then to the Prince express he sent,
Now was the time for his intent,
Who did set out that very night,
And message sent to all he might,
With speed at Moidart to appear,
With Warren, on board of privateer,
The two officers likewise came,
And met the Prince, who dash'd their frame,
Because with him they'd been so free,
When they took him Drummond to be.
But nevertheless he smil'd it over,
Hoping from suff'rings they'd all recover.
All who came, did haste on board,
Last went himself, then sheath'd his sword;
Regretted sore, he was so kind,
So many suff'ers left behind.

CHAP. XIII.

Arrives at France. Reception there.

THUS on September the twentieth day,
He from Loch-Moidart sail'd away;
The wind was low, the waves were kind,
To clear the land they much inclin'd,
No tempests rag'd as in times before,

As now the blast of Fate was o'er;
No foes on sea did them perplex,
Till safe at Roscort, near Morlaix,
They on the twenty-ninth did land,
Poor Charlie and his broken band,
Who all had surely been bewitch'd
By Spaniard's and the subtile French,
They then to Paris did proceed,
To be refitted, great was their need.
He went *incog*, into Versailles,
With no attendance at his heels,
Receiv'd by King and Queen of France,
To them he told his mournful chance;
His sufferings they're surpris'd to hear,
And a thousand welcomes did appear.
So for his honour, I understand,
A *Feu de-joy* they did command,
That he should in procession come,
With sound of trumpet, beat of drum.
In the first coach there was conducted,
Lord Og'lvie, Elcho, and .Glen-Bucket;
And with the Prince, there next came on
Lochiel, and Lord Lewis Gordon,
Pages around, with ten footmen,
The Prince of Wales' liv'ry on them,

Kept by the Prince on ev'ry side,
While thousands did admire their pride.
Here Kelly who broke London tower,
And Stafford, late from Newgate bower,
Who both from prison stole away,
And in Britain could no longer stay;
Young Lochiel brought up the rear,
With three gentlemen of the bed chamber.
These did all on horseback prance,
In procession to the court of France.
That night the Prince supt with the King,
In Lochaber the like he had not seen,
Nor yet in Uist, fainting for fault,
When glad of brochan wanting salt.
He hir'd a fine house, The Theatine,
Which stands upon the banks of Seine,
A river does through Paris run,
Ev'n as the Thames does through London.
His nobles all commissions got,
And form'd new reg'ments, Did they not,
The Scots, English, and Irish too,
Fought well at Vail, and stood full true:
The British troops they did not spare,
Which was not altogether fair,
Commanded by Og'Ivie and Lochiel;

But Charles took no command himsel.

Incog, he once to Madrid went;

But soon return'd, right ill content:

For about this time his brother gat,

From Rome's Bishop a Card'nal's hat,

Which does not any honour bring,

To Princes of Protestant spring;

In connexion with such a See,

No Protestant can ever be.

At this great Charles was much chagrin'd,

Would hear no more of him as friend;

Omitted ev'n to drink his health,

Meaning he'd pledge his soul for wealth.

While he at Paris did reside,

Were silver and copper medals made,

With an inscription thus exprest,

“CAROLUS WALLIAE PRINCEPS.”

This in letters round the head,

On the reverse BRITANNIA, read,

Then ships with this motto you'd see,

“AMOR ET SPES BRITANNIAE.”

This did offend the French grandees,

And did the King himself displease:

It did inform them, that he thought,

His pay was poor for what he wrought.

So here we leave him now to rest,
And view his friends sorely distress,
And brought to desolation,
Through this deluding cause alone:
Schemes of the Devil, Pope and Spain,
And French delusion, trust not again,
You brave Scotsmen, I pray beware
Of being trick'd into such war.

Now when this campaign ended was,
Troops did to winter quarters pass,
Hessians set out for Germany,
And at Burnt island put to sea,
Where some other reg'ments also went,
The Flanders war being still extant.

CHAP XIV.

*Trial and Execution of severals at Kensington, Brompton, and Carlisle. The Lords
Kilmarnock, Cromartie, Balmerino, Lovat, and Charles Ratcliff.*

POOR Scotland yet did sigh and moan,
Because her suff'rings were not gone,
A time of trial for her deeds,
Where many lost their hearts and heads;
The mildest was Kensington³ muir,
Not far from London to be sure,
Seventeen officers by the neck
Were hung like dogs, without respect:

³ Kennington

No clergy benefit, or Psalms at a',
Cheer'd by the mob with loud huzza!
Elev'n at York, shar'd the same fate:
Seven at Penrith, thus too were treat:
Six at Brampton likewise fell,
And nine were butcher'd at Carlisle:
Many were sent to the Plantations,
To live among the savage nations;
Which indeed was a milder act,
Than what is in the following tract,
Of these poor souls at Carlisle,
Whose execution was so vile;
A wooden stage they did erect,
And first, half strangl'd by the neck,
A fire upon the stage was borne,
Their hearts out of their breasts were torn,
The privy part unspar'd was,
Cut off, and dash'd into their face,
Then expanded into the fire!
But such a sight I'll ne'er desire,
Some beholders swooned away,
Others stood mute, had nought to say;
And some of a more brutish nature,
Did shout *Huzza*, to seal the matter!
Some a mourning turn'd about,

A praying for their souls, no doubt:
Some curs'd the butcher, Haxam Willie,
Who without remorse did use his gullie,
And for the same a pension got,
Thus butchering the Rebel Scot.
God keep all foes, and friends of mine,
From death of such a cruel kind:
It did fulfil an English law;
But such a sight I never saw!
O! may it ever a warning be,
From rebellious mobs, to keep us free!
My dear Scotsmen, a warning take,
Superior pow'rs not to forsake;
Mind the Apostle's words, of law and love,
Saying, *All power is giv'n from above.*
'Tis by will of heav'n Kings do reign,
The chain of Fate's not rul'd by men.
Every thing must serve its time,
And so have Kings of Stewart's line.
Methinks they're fools, whate'er they be,
Who draw their swords to stick the sea,
Or call upon the wind to bide,
Think not that strength will turn the tide,
Though praying made the sun to stand,
When help'd by an Almighty hand.

All those who fight without offence,
Get but a dreadful recompence!
And those who trust in France or Spain,
Are fools if e'er they do't again:
Witness poor Charlie and the Scots,
What have they got, but bloody throats?
Charlie's from France banish'd, like a thief,
A poor reward for his toil and grief.
Poor simple Charles they have thee tricked,
Thy wage is almost like the wicked.

Now the trials were brought on,
Of the Chiefs who had with Charlie gone,
My lord Kilmarnock and Cromartie,
In Westminster-Hall judged to be,
Lord Lovat and Balmerino,
One Mr. Ratcliff indicted also
Before their peers, for high treason,
Were to the bar brought, one by one,
Lord Kilmarnock did first appear,
Who humbly own'd his guilt was clear;
Confess'd his folly, and heinousness,
How obnoxious to punishment he was.
For offences of so deep a dye,
Begg'd they'd interceed with's Majesty,
That the unshaken fidelity

Of's ancestors should remember'd be;
His father having been a steady one,
In promoting the Revolution,
Took active measures to secure
The Protestant succession to endure,
Which keeps the kingdoms quiet and firm,
From Arbitrary and Popish harm:
This was well known for certain truth,
His own ev'ry action from his youth,
Upon the strictest enquiry,
Was a course of firmest loyalty,
Until that very unhappy time,
He was seduc'd with them to join;
Soon after the battle of Preston,
He by flatt'ry was prevail'd upon:
That he bought no arms, listed no men,
Persuaded none to join that train:
He endeavour'd their rage to moderate;
For sick and wounded med'cines gat,
And for prisoners begg'd lenity;
This many a soldier could testify.
That for his error he had feel'd smart,
With pining grief and aching heart;
Ev'n at Culloden, chus'd not to fly,
But rather among the slain to ly:

He wish'd Providence had aim'd a shot,
That there to fall might been his lot,
Ere he'd flee to foreign power for aid:
No, that he never wou'd, he said:
If he did so, conscience would tell,
'Twas continuing in Rebellion still.
He had seen a letter from the French court,
The British Sovereign to exhort,
In what a manner he should deal
With such subjects as did rebel;
But he abhorr'd the mediation
Of any foreign intercession;
'Pon his Majesty's great clemency,
For sacred mercy I rely;
And if no favour's to me shown,
With resignation, I'll lay down
My head upon the fatal block,
For to receive the dreadful stroke!
With my very last breath fervently pray,
That the illustr'ous house of Hanover may,
In peace and prosperity ever shine,
And Britain rule, to the end of time.

The Earl of Cromartie came next,
While all their eyes were on him fixt,
He begg'd their lordships for to hear,

How ungrateful guilt brought him there,
Which justly merited indignation,
Of his Majesty, and all the nation.
The treasonable offence, said he,
He'd ne'er attempt to justify:
His plea did on their compassion ly,
And his Majesty's royal clemency.
Appeal'd to his conduct in time bygone,
Ere that unhappy Rebellion.
Witness the commander at Inverness,
And the Lord President Forbes,
Who knew his acts and loyal ways,
Till seduc'd by designing phrase:
His awful remorse, made him to fret
Severely now, alas! too late;
Life and fortune valu'd not at all,
But his loving wife, now drown'd in gall,
With a babe unborn, of children eight,
All brought to a most mournful plight;
His eldest son with these must dree
The penalties of his misery:
"Let these Objects of mercy be
"Known to his most gracious Majestie;
"Let innocent children now produce
"Bowels of pity in this house,

“As men of honour be men of feeling,
“My griefs to you needs no revealing.”
He pled his blood might quench his crime,
That their inn’cense should be kept in mind,
That those to mis’ry should not be brought,
Who of his guilt had never thought,
Since public justice would not let pass
From him that cup of bitterness,
Desir’d their Lordships to go on,
And said, *The will of God be done.*

Then Balmerino next came on,
Who, as friend or foe, regarded none;
But star’d about, and look’d as bold,
As he had been judge, that court to hold,
And ‘gainst them mov’d a point of law,
“His indictment was not worth a straw,
“As being in the county of Surry founded,
“For acts of treason in Scotland grounded:
“Therefore should be in Scotland try’d.”
But this the House of Lords deny’d,
And said, “The British Parliament
Rul’d over all the king’s extent.”
Therefore he’s forc’d to wave his plea;
But not a fig regarded he,
As mercy he scorn’d for to crave.

Then all three sentence did receive,
“To be beheaded on Tower-hill,
(A humble bow they gave there-till,)
“On the eighteenth August, Forty-Six,
“Their heads be sever’d by an ax,
“Quite from their bodies, on open stage,
“To lose both life and heritage,
“Their estates forfeit to the crown.”

Which makes the babes unborn frown,
And parents folly to lament.

So to the Tow’r they all were sent,

For to prepare for their exit,

And with a greater Judge to meet.

Kilmarnock was as a Christian mov’d,

The time tho’ short he well improv’d.

Balmerino took little thought,

As by the Sacrament all was bought,

And the externals of the book,

His persuasion did no farther look.

When the Dead Warrant was to him sent,

To Cromartie they did present

A remit for life and libertie,

But the other two Lords were to die.

While Balmerino at dinner sat,

The tidings came, how, and what

Was to be done on the next day,
His lady rose and swoon'd away:
He rose from's chair, says, "You're distracted,
"It is no more than I expected,
"Sit down, my lady, (and did constrain her,)
"It shall not make me lose my dinner;
"I know we all were born to die,
"From death at last, where can we flee?"
By his mild words she kept her seat,
But ne'er a bit at all could eat.
He took the Sacrament, they say,
After th' Episcopalian way,
With a Roman courage and resolution,
Boldly waited his dissolution,
And of his fate oft made a jest,
Which to English eyes wou'd be a feast.
He often walked without his coat,
With shirt open about his throat,
One of his friends unto him told,
He'd wrong his health by getting cold,
To which he answered again,
The lease of it was near an end,
'Twas the height of folly to repair,
For all the time it had to wear.

On the next day, the stage being erect,

All rail'd about and hung with black,
A thousand foot-guards march'd theretil,
And form'd betwixt the Tow'r and hill.
The stage within the line enclos'd,
A full free passage so compos'd;
The Horse Grenadiers posted without,
As to awe the crowd they were more stout,
Thus was it fixt right near until
The Transport-office at Tow'r-hill,
Which, that day, was hir'd for reception,
Until they went to execution.

About the hour of ten o'clock,
Upon the stage they fixt the block,
Which cover'd also was with black;
And of saw dust had several sack,
For to sprinkle upon the blood,
Being judged for that purpose good:
Their covered coffins within the rails,
Ornamented with gilded nails,
And plates, with their inscription,
Were fixed upon ev'ry one—
'Twas thus upon Kilmarnock's plate,
In Capital Letters engraved,

GULIELMUS COMES DE KILMARNOCK,

DECOLLATUS 18^{mo}. AUGUSTI,

ANNO DOM MDCCXLVI.

AETAT SUAE XLII.

His Coronet was thereto added,
Upon the plates likewise engraved,
And Balmerino's inscription,
Was deeply grav'd the plate upon.

ARTHURUS DOMINUS DE BALMERINO,

DECOLLATUS 18^{mo}. AUGUSTI,

ANNO DOM M, DCC, XLVI.

AETAT. SUAE LVIII.

Thus plac'd in a conspicuous light,
With a Baron's coronet shining bright,
Then after ten, near half an hour,
The two Sheriffs went to the Tow'r,
Knock'd at the gate, the Porter cry'd,
What do you want? They then reply'd,
The bodies of these Lords two.
Kilmarnock and Balmerino.

The Lieutenants and his Wardens brought
These two Lords for whom they sought,
And got receipts for each of them,
As usual is to give the same
And as they past out from the Tower,
('Tis usually said as they leave the door,)
"GOD bless King George," the Warder cry'd,

“GOD bless King James,” Balmerino reply’d,
But Kilmarnock made a humble bow,
For Balmerino, seem’d nought to rue,
His regimentals and all was on,
The same as he had at Culloden.

Now, this procession slowly steers,
Under a guard of musqueteers,
The Sheriffs and their officers,
Tow’r-hamlets and tip-staves in pairs,
Two hearses and a mourning coach,
All to the scaffold did approach,
Three clergymen were there also,
The one with Balmerino
Was of the Episcopalian strain,
Th’ others were Presbyterian men,
Who had of late from Scotland come,
Their names were Forester and Hume,
They did upon Kilmarnock wait,
Assisting in his last exit.

Unto the tavern first they went,
Where some time in devotion spent,
And taking of their friends farewell,
Tears did anguish and grief reveal.
As to the tavern they did go,
Some ask’d, Which is Balmerino?

He turn'd about and smiling says,
I'm Balmerino, if you please.
In the inn they're put in sep'rate rooms,
Where mourning was, and heavy moans.
Then Balmerino he did require
A conference with Kilmarnock there,
Then said, "My Lord, before we go,
"One thing of you I want to know,
"That of it the world we may convince;
"Heard you of orders from our Prince,
"If we had Culloden battle won,
"That quarters should be giv'n to none?"
To which Kilmarnock answer'd, NO;
NOR I, Sir; cry'd Balmerino,
"It seems this on invention borders,
"To justify this way of murders."
"No," said the Earl, "by inference just,
"To tell the truth, for so we must,
"While prisoners at Inverness,
"I heard some officers express,
"That an order was sign'd by George Murray
"Of such a nature as what you say,
"That's Grace the Duke had it to show:
"More of the matter I do not know."
"If Murray (said he) did the same,

“Why did they give the Prince the blame?”

And then a final farewell took,

And parted with a mournful look!

“I’m sorry (he cry’d) as he was gone,

“That I cannot pay this score alone,”

Then turning round upon his heel,

“For time, my friend, For ay farewell.”

Kilmarnock some time in pray’r spent,

While tears did flow from all present;

Then took a glass to cool his heart,

Before he did the room depart.

The warrand him mention’d first to go,

And being inform’d it must be so,

Then to the stage he did approach,

Seeing the hearse, coffins, mourning coach,

The dreadful block, edg’d instrument,

With the executioner and crowd’s lament,

He paus’d a while, and thus said he,

O Hume, ‘tis terrible this to me!

His pale countenance, contrite demure,

Did pity from all around procure,

Being tall and graceful, cloth’d in black,

In a praying posture, mildly spake,

Which did the multitude surprize,

While brinish tears showr’d from their eyes,

And many said, "He's dying well,
However he liv'd we cannot tell."
The head cutter first took a glass,
Then came to ask him forgiv'ness;
Yet drink did not quite drown his fears,
At the awful scene he burst in tears:
But the Earl bade him not be afraid,
As it must be done by some, he said,
Gave him five guineas in a purse,
And bade him strike without remorse,
"When I let my handkerchief fall,
Do you proceed by that signal."
With eyes and hands lift up in pray'r,
Most earnestly he did require,
The pray'rs of's greatest enemy,
And all the crowd around that be,
In the fatal moment of exit,
That JESUS might receive his sp'rit;
Pray'd for King George most fervently,
And bless'd his royal Family.
As he promis'd to do at his end,
Upon that day he was condemn'd.
Then for the block he did prepare,
His gentleman ty'd up his hair,
Took off the bag and the big coat,

His neck made bare all round the throat,
On a black cushion he kneel'd down,
While friends stood weeping all around:
The mournings off the rails they threw,
That all around might have a view;
His neck right on the block it lay,
With hands stretcht out to swim away,
And when he let the handkerchief go,
He did receive the fatal blow,
Which cut the head off to a tack
Of skin, cut by a second hack.

Thus did a brave Lord end his days,
Whose head was kept upon red baize,
And with his body in coffin laid,
By Forester with his servants' aid,
Which quickly to the hearse they bore,
And clear'd the block and stage of gore,
By sprinkling fresh saw-dust thereon,
That sign of slaughter there was none.

Then Balmerino he came forth,
Like a bold hero from the North,
Who of death itself was not afraid,
At least, he show'd but small regard,
Cloth'd in his regimental Blue,
Trimmed with gold, a warlike hue.

He pray'd to God, and mercy sought;
But fear of men was past his thought:
Drank to's friends ere he left the room,
And charg'd them all for to drink round,
Ain degree to heaven for me;
And wish'd them better times to see:
Then said, *Gentlemen a long adieu,*
I'm detaining both myself and you.
Then to the scaffold he went full brief,
No signs of sorrow, fear or grief,
And round it walk'd a turn or two,
Where he saw acquaintance, gave a bow;
The inscription on his coffin read,
Said, *That is right*, and shook his head.
The block he call'd, His pillow of rest,
And said, *That ax has been well drest,*
The executioner's shoulder did clap,
And said, "My friend, give a free chap,
"You ask my pardon, but that's a fable,
"Your business is commendable:
"Here's but three guineas, it is not much;
"For in my life I ne'er was rich;
"I'm sorry I can add no more to it,
"But my coat and vest, I will allow it,
"The buttons, indeed, they are but brass;

“But do thy bus’ness ne’ertheless,”
Stript off his coat and neck-cloth too,
And them upon his coffin threw;
A flannel waist-coat then put on,
With a tartan cap his head upon,
Then said, *For honour of the Clan,*
This day I die as a Scotsman.
Then adjusted his posture on the block,
Shewing his signal for the stroke,
Was by dropping of his arms down;
Then turning to his friends aroun’,
He once more of them took farewell,
And to the crowd around did wheel,
“Perhaps you’ll think that I’m too bold,
(This to a gentleman he told,
Whom he perceived standing near,)
But, Sir, I solemnly declare,
‘Tis all through confidence in GOD,
A sound conscience, and cause avow’d,
If I dissemble with signs of fear,
I were unworthy of dying here.”
Then to the executioner said,
“Strike resolute and have no dread:
For I’ll surely count you for a foe,
Unless you give a hearty blow,”

To the stage side did then retire,
And call'd the Warder to come nigh'r,
Asking which was the hearse for him,
Bade the driver come nearer in,
Immediately kneel'd to the block,
Stretch'd out his arms, and thus he spoke,
"O LORD reward my friends," he cries,
"And now forgive mine enemies,
"Receive my soul, good LORD, I crave,"
So his arms fell, the signal gave.
At this unlook'd for suddenness,
Th' executioner surpriz'd was,
Did unprepar'd direct the blow,
That deep enough it did not go;
Before the second he turn'd his head,
As if in anger his jaws they gade,
Gnashing his teeth so veh'mently,
The head went off by blows three.
Upon red baize, the chopt-off head,
Was in coffin with his body laid.
Then the two hearses drove away,
To the grave where Tullibardine lay,
In St. Peter's Church, into the Tower,
Is these three Scots Lords' sepulcher;
All for one cause, into one grave,

Whom French delusion did deceive.

Next Charles Ratcliff was execute,
For an old heroic exploit,
In the rebellious year fifteen,
Had with his brother at Preston been,
James the Earl of Derwentwater,
Who likewise suffer'd for the matter,
About thirty years before,
He lost his life and land therefore,
This Charles too was condemned,
But he from Newgate safely fled,
By slipping through a private door,
Along with other thirteen more,
Who by good fortune had the chance,
For to get safe away to France:
And he with King James went to Rome,
And zealous Papist did become
Twice return'd to England again,
Thinking his pardon to obtain;
But when he found it would not do,
A French commission he clapt into,
And there remain'd till Forty-Six,
When he thought, as heir, to refix
Upon the lands of Derwentwater;
But yet he did not mend the matter,

For as he did for Scotland steer,
On board of a French Privateer,
The Sheerness caught him at sea,
With Scots and Irish more than he,
Bold officers for the Pretender,
Who yet were forced to surrender.
His Sire was Sir Francis of Derwentwater,
By extract from a Royal fornicator;
His mother's name was Mary Tudor,
From Charles the second, a nat'ral brooder;
Her mother's name was Mary Davis,
Whom the King lov'd as any mavis:
By this he came of Stewarts' line,
And blood to blood doth much incline;
Yet, b' equivocation to get free,
Deny'd himself Ratcliff to be,
After the identic body's prov'd,
He for arrest of judgment mov'd,
Said, he was a French officer,
Claim'd usage as a prisoner:
Being taken in a lawful war,
To touch him did them boldly dare,
But all this prov'd of no effect,
For the old crime he lost his neck,
Committed in the year Fifteen,

Though three and thirty years between.

Upon December the eighth day,

He to Tow'r-hill was led away

Where stage and block they did up-fix,

And cut his head off at three licks,

Yet of his death he was right vain,

Gave his neck-cutter guineas ten.

His coffin was made super-fine,

Its handles all like gold did shine.

In Roman faith he liv'd and pray'd,

And in that sort of faith he dy'd:

All seeming repentance he declin'd

As in Purgatory to be refin'd;

And had salvation so a cooking,

As to think no more of death than ducking,

Being so stout a Pope's believer,

Went to death as he would swim a river;

The priests clear'd all the passes for him,

Invok'd the saints full well to store him:

So in his death there were no bands,

Although his neck did feel some pains.

He smil'd his coffin to look upon,

Whereon was this inscription,

CAROLUS COMES DE DERWENTWATER,

DECOLLATUS DIE 8^{vo} DECEMBRIS.

MDCCXLVI AETATIS LIII.

Requiescat in pace.

After the cutting off the head,
His corpse were in the coffin laid,
And carry'd back into the Tow'r,
Where they lay till the eleventh hour,
That a procession of mourning coaches,
Unto St. Giles with him approaches,
To the Earl of Derwentwater's grave;
And here poor Ratcliff we shall leave.

Now comes Lord Lovat, an aged man,
And Chief of all the Frazer's Clan,
Was next before his Peers try'd;
Most of th' impeachments he deny'd:
Half dead with age, and almost deaf,
Which did them plague, and caus'd mischief;
For when they cry'd and cry'd again,
He answer'd on some other strain,
And told them, it was no fair trade,
As he did not hear one word they said,
And did not see what they could do,
As he 'gainst George his sword ne'er drew;
But always was governments' friend:
Therefore he wonder'd what they mean'd.
In the year Fifteen it was well known,

How much his loyalty was shown,
In quenching that rebellious storm,
What brave exploits he did perform.
Now, said he, I'm old and fail'd,
And cannot walk without a hald,
Without cause, ye need not my blood spill,
For death right soon will come a will:
If you judge I have been kind to foes,
It is but what the world allows.

Yet his servants were witness led,
Of every deed done and said,
In supporting the rebellious way;
And so their proof bore heavy sway,
What Charles drank that afternoon,
When from Culloden he did run.
Then for his life was no remead,
He was condemn'd to lose his head,
Which he bore in a heroic way,
As an ancient Roman thus did say,
DULCE ET DECORUM PRO PATRIA MORI,
'Tis sweet and glorious a patriot to die.
The proof was strong, though he deny'd,
His letters also were apply'd,
Which he to Lord President sent,
When he advis'd him to repent,

And recal his son and men again,
Which counsel he held all in vain,
Saying, He had six hundred Frazers got,
To guard his body from the King's hate;
And ask'd from whence such law could come,
As punish a father for the son?
If's son and the young Clan were lost,
Yet of the old he made a boast,
That if his person were attack'd
His foes should be in callops hack'd,
Such were the brags in a letter sent,
Was writ unto Lord President,
When he advis'd him for his good,
To call his clan from Charlie's croud:
Fight! that he would, and die at home,
As it was not far unto his tomb:
When dead, his country-wives he'd have
Cronoch to sing around his grave.
Likewise he wrote, I understand,
Unto the Duke of Cumberland,
Reminding him, that he with joy,
Us'd him to carry when a boy,
Through Kingston park and Hampton Court
And to his Royal Sire made sport:
So, of his Grace he did demand

The favour, but to kiss his hand;
And told him he would do more good,
Than what they really understood.
Says he, 'twill be a better way,
Than take a poor man's life away,
Who cannot stand, ride or walk;
But only ly, or sit and talk.

To this the Duke no answer gave;
'Tis like, he wish'd him in his grave.
A zealous Roman did to him write,
And had in him so great delight,
That he offer'd to suffer in his stead.
Whereat he smil'd, and jeering said,
This man's contrair Scripture, I see,
For a righteous man one'll hardly die:
But for me, indeed, I'se no regard;
For I doubt he'll hardly be preferr'd.

When to the scaffold he was born,
He looked round the croud with scorn:
"Preserve me Sirs," then did he say,
"What's brought a thir fowk here the day?
"To see an auld gray head cut off,
"That canna gang, no wi' a staff,
"But maun be borne here by men,
"The like o' this we ne'er did ken."

Then view'd the hatchet and the block,
Said, A strange way of killing fowk,
To th' executioner, said he too,
There's nae man works, friend, after you,
But you'll have a little job of me,
My neck's sae short, strike cannily;
Here's a bit purse, gi't a guid drive,
I needna wish your trade to thrive.
Then fell a scaffold which rais'd a roar!
He did enquire the cause therefore?
They said, A scaffold's fall'n, and many kill'd.
"A-weel, said he, Their time's fulfill'd,
"I thought, this day, to dy'd my lane,
"But the best of fowk will be mistane:
"I cannot say, I am sorry for't,
"For the mair mischief, the better sport."
Then after *Ave Maria* and pray'r,
With *Salve Regina*, in a heroic air,
He laid his head upon the block,
And there receiv'd the fatal stroke,
In the eighty-third year of his age,
Thus dy'd on Tow'r-hill, on open stage,
Old Simon Frazer, Lord Lovat,
'Gainst rebellious Plots a *Caveat*.

CHAP. XV.

Conclusion. Charles interrupts the Congress. Is seized at the Opera. Carried to the Castle of Vincennes. And forced to leave France.

Now France was hemm'd on ev'ry side,
And Charles' reward was humbling's pride.

By sea, by land, poor France was done,

She begg'd for peace to draw her win'.

No ship durst from her harbours steer,

Man of war, merchant, or privateer,

Her trade was stopt by sea and land,

Bold Britain did the seas command:

She sued for peace at any price,

But Charles' affairs made it right nice.

At Aix la Chapelle did the Congress hold,

And when Charles thereof was told,

He protested 'gainst what might be done,

In prejudice of his pretension:

For all his titles he would keep still,

Let Britain and France do what they will:

And this perplexed Lewis sore,

And anger'd Britain still the more.

So with France no peace there could be made,

While She the Pretender harboured:

France durst not on her part say No,

Lest she shou'd get the fatal blow.

Britain now ask what you will,

France can promise and not fulfil.

The Articles were all agreed,
But neither sign'd nor ratify'd,
Until poor Charlie was sent away,
Which he postponed every day,
And instead of hastening to go,
He gave the King's gold-smith to know,
That he wanted a service of plate,
At twenty thousand crowns in rate,
Charg'd to be ready 'gainst such a day,
Without excuses or delay.
Before this work was well begun,
Another the King must have as soon:
This put the jeweller in dread,
Straight to the Prince he did proceed,
Told him the matter, begg'd more time,
No, said he, the first order's mine,
Go to the King and let him know
Then said Lewis, *Let it be so*,
Thinking that he was going away,
But yet this caus'd some more delay.
The plate was made and to him sent,
Ev'n by the King's commandement,
And his Comptroller the charge to pay,
Hoping 'twould hasten him away.

But Charles told him very plain,
That he in France would still remain,
For he had full right to do so,
By an alliance treaty long ago,
And this he might let Lewis know.

On this the King wrote straight to Rome,
To advise what plan he might assume.
The Pope and Pretender did approve,
That Charles should from France remove.
As the King for him would provide,
At Tribourg, a palace to reside,
On what yearly pension he should demand;
Sent him a blank from his own hand,
To name the sum tho' e'er so high,
Sign'd by's most Christian Majesty.
The Duke de Graves with it was sent,
Who begg'd he'd write the sum's content,
Into the blank with his own pen,
But down he threw it with disdain,
Saying, "Bills and Bonds will seem but froth,
"If Sovereigns cannot keep their troth."
Then came the Count de Maurepas,
With Charles to argument the cause;
As it was the King's express command,
That he should forthwith leave the land,

If he chus'd not in peace to do it,
Their scheme was to compel him to it:
That the ministry were greatly struck
At his behaviour and conduct,
In stopping the whole of their affairs;
This is what the Count's commission bears.

Your Ministry, cry'd he, with disdain,
You'll oblige me, tell your King and them,
I'm born, I trust their schemes to break,
And how to do't, I could direct:
But, I hope, the time will soon draw on,
When that good work it will be done.

About this time from London came,
Two hostages of worthy fame,
As pledges of the peace to be,
And Articles to ratifie,
While the French had none to London sent:
At which the Prince a squib did vent,
"What! is Britain conquer'd," he did say,
"That their hostages are here away?
"And is French-faith so current grown,
"That hostages they ask for none?
"This league shall yet like poor mine go,
"Which was sworn to a few years ago."
This did the Ministry enrage,

And nought's for Charlie but the cage,
As the scheme was fully contriv'd,
A courier from Rome arriv'd,
Where the Pope and old Pretender too,
Did his whole conduct disavow;
Ord'ring him forthwith to retire,
To which he yet gave a deaf ear:
But knowing that he must fall their prey,
Order'd his plate and jewels away.
His behaviour did through Paris spread,
And all did own him, hard bestead.

Then by the King an order's sign'd,
Directly to have him confin'd;
Twelve hundred guards did close parade,
Horse and grenadiers were had,
All armed and Cap a-pee,
Set round the Opera carefullie;
The Duke de Biron had command,
But loth to take the deed in hand,
Caus'd Major Venderville execute,
Who did not with much honour do't.
Six lusty ruffians were prepar'd,
Who waiting stood within the guard,
And as he entred the Opera door
They seiz'd him fast, and squeezed sore

His hands and arms in the squabble;
The guards around kept off the rabble,
Who had the Prince in great esteem,
And wish'd their help him to redeem.
His servants and each favourite
Were strictly order'd to retreat.
Sword and pistols from him did wrest,
This comes French vows to at the best.
His arms and thighs with cords were knit,
And in a coach they have him set,
With a Major upon every side;
In this posture they made him ride
Unto the castle of Vincennes,
While soldiers guarded all the lanes,
Until that length they did proceed,
As there an uproar was indeed;
For 'mong the croud it was current told,
That he was to the English sold:
Some said this, and some said that,
And thousands told they knew not what.
The governor did him embrace,
And cried, "Ah my friend, Alas!
"A noble Prince so bound with cord!
"Upon my word, I'm sorry for't."
And then in haste with his own hands,

Respectfully unloos'd his bands:
But to a dark apartment led him in,
Was only ten feet square within;
No window to look any way,
A sky-light shew'd some peep of day.
When he view'd his prison round and round,
Said, He'd been worse into Scots ground;
Poor Charlie this was hard to thole,
To clap thee in a French black-hole!
And there he was confin'd to ly,
Till to depart he did comply,
As the Pope and King James did desire,
That he from French ground should retire.
When finding that it must be so,
He freely did consent to go.
Two Col'nels went, as it appears,
To see him pass the French frontiers:
They took the rout to Fountainbleau,
And to his dungeon bade adieu,
He did not love to be confin'd,
So now the peace was fairly sign'd,
And Charlie banish'd like a fool,
Who was only us'd as a French tool,
And to Scotland a scourge and curse,
I mean by waste of blood and purse.

But in time to come, dear countrymen,
O do not do the like again!
The Popish oaths ye'll find a puff,
When ye get on the neck a cuff;
For in ages past you may see plain,
These are the tricks of France and Spain,
For to be peaceable and good,
Till they are in a fighting mood,
And then a quarrel they will breed,
For any thing they stand in need.

THE END



POSTSCRIPT.

The Impeachments against Lord GEORGE MURRAY, and JOHN MURRAY Secretary, accused of treachery by the Public, are here omitted, thought in some respects to be groundless, at least of Lord GEORGE: For there is never a Battle lost, but the Commander gets the Blame, and when one is won, the Commander gets all the Praise, as if the Soldiers had done nothing: And it is further observed, after the loss of a Battle, it is the cry of the Public and the run-away Soldiers, *We are Sold, We are Sold.*

The following Copy of ORDERS, mentioned by Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino, on the day of their execution, is here inserted *Verbatim*. The Public are left to judge whether it is spurious or not, as the Author does not pretend to judge in the affair: Only it was judged spurious by DUKE WILLIAM himself, and several officers, who knew the order of war.

COPY *of the* REBELS' ORDERS before the BATTLE of CULLODEN, (*said to be*) found in the Pocket of one of the Prisoners.

“It is his Royal Highness’ positive orders, that every person attach himself to some Corps of the Army, and remain with the Corps night and day, until the Battle and Pursuit be finally over: And to give *no Quarters* to the Elector’s Troops, on any account whatsoever.—This regards the Foot, as well as the Horse.— The Order of Battle is to be given to every General Officer, and Commander of a Regiment or Squadron.

“It is required and expected of each Individual in the Army, as well Officer as Soldier, that he keep the Post he shall be allotted: And if any man turn his back to run away, the next behind such man is to shoot him.

“No person, upon pain of death, is to strip the slain, or plunder, until the battle is over. The Highlanders to be in Kilts, and no body to throw away his gun.”

(Signed)

GEORGE MURRAY, *Lt. Gen.*



A
QUAKER'S ADDRESS
TO
PRINCE CHARLES,
SHEWING

What was the Cause and Ground of his Misfortunes.

NOW Charles, If thou want'st more sorrow,
Thou may return if 'twere to-morrow,

I know, the Pulpit and the Press

Were the great means of thy distress,

And thou hadst got no wit to guide it,

No Principle thou had provided.

Hadst thou, like Oliver appear'd

In devout mood, thou might been heard:

But a Prince without a Principle!

What thou couldst be, I cannot tell.

The Protestants look'd badly on thee,

So many wicked hang upon thee;

And of thy forbearers, they plainly tell,

Of Popery thou bear'st a smell.

Thou trustedst nought to ordination,

But thought to force a crown and nation;

I tell thee, Kings reign not by men,

'Tis a higher pow'r, thou'lt find it plain.

The Pope, the Pagan, and the Turk,

'Tis all by fire and sword they work:

We Quakers are of greater merit,
We conquer none but by the Spirit:
But thou, and each thy like's a cheat,
That pretend to rule the turns of fate,
And will fight against the great Decree,
As of winds and waves would ruler be,
The Pope pretends to curse and bless,
And yet cannot create a Louse,
Nor make a dead beast live again,
For all the might he does preten';
Yet claims a power in heav'n and earth,
Of judgment here there is a dearth,
But O! what madness fills their head,
To pray to saints thousand years dead!
If dead men had such power to sell,
Many of them wou'd been living still;
And if those dead men they could hear us,
They might sometimes send news to cheer us.

By Yea and Nay, the Popes are thieves,
And he's as stupid that believes
These roguish priests, who pardons sell,
Or yet pray back a soul from hell:
He's surely of the Devil's kind,
Who thus deludes the vulgar blind
And who adheres to such a college,

Will be destroy'd for lack of knowledge,
With Beads and Waffers, the Devil's batter,
Your musty Mass, and Holy Water,
Wherewith ye blind the souls of men,
For to encrease your worldly gain,
Done with pretence of holiness:
O hypocrites, why live ye thus?
You thump, you mump, with face awray,
And at one time ye rob and pray,
Pretend so much to chastitie,
None of your priests can married be,
Yet run like rams, and lead lewd lives,
Ye're but a pack of venereal thieves:
You practise cuckoldom and whoredom,
That innocents have no freedom,
Dreading the power of curse and bless,
You thus put modesty in distress,
Pretending miracles and charms,
To keep from evil spirits harms,
Such as clover-leaves, and branch of yew,
Will keep the devil from man or cow;
And that Holy Water has such effect,
As make him run and break his neck;
Ay, to the vulgar too you'll tell,
Of sending letters to heaven or hell,

Bring half burnt souls from Purgatory,
For gold you'll harle them out in hurry,
And those who cannot money raise,
You'll do it for butter, beef or cheese;
But they may there stay, eternalie,
Whose friends will not pay you a fee.
I think a stronger delusion,
Was never in any ages known,
The Turk, the Pagan and the Jew,
More mercy have to show than you,
Your ceremonies so ye cook,
The devil gets none but poor fo'k,
Who cannot pay the priest his fee;
Accurs'd be such belief for me.

And now, dear Charles, how dost thou think,
Such doctrine would in Britain stink,
Into a Presbyterian's nose,
Or any who good plain sense knows?
Dissenters and we they Quakers call,
Protest, they're not of Israel,
Who pretend a power to damn or save,
Or bear a rule beyond the grave.
All is given us from above,
And souls are saved by mere love;
But the sp'rit of men, which some hold money,

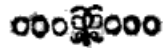
I term it but the devil's honey,
Wherewith you blind the ignorant,
And cozen them who hate repent:
But as thou profess no principle,
Thou might have turn'd a *What ye will*:
But those who no profession own,
Are of kin to the beasts alone:
They surely have but little wits,
Who esteem no God above their guts.
What wa'st thou sought? What wa'st thou got?
Surely 'twas nothing but thy lot.
Though Popes pretend to rule the earth,
They cause nought but a sp'ritual dearth,
As they can neither rule earth nor sea,
Witness what has behappen'd thee.
It surely makes your Pope a knave,
To pretend a pow'r beyond the grave:
Had his apostolic pow'r been true,
Thou wou'dst been King of Britain now.
Wert thou a Protestant in heart,
I'd wish thee very well in part;
But the last wish thoul't get from me,
Is, GOD keep our land of Pop'ry free!
May the throne continue in Protestant race,
And ne'er a Papist fill his place.

Thus saith to thee an honest Quaker,
Thou ne'er shalt here be a partaker:
For all Rome's plots and magic spell,
'Tis seldom now they prosper well;
Her days of witchcraft are near run,
Few *Aves* or *Te Deums* sung,
A Mass that's mumbled o'er in haste,
Spoke in the language of the beast,
Which but by few is understood,
Poor chaff instead of sp'ritual food:
But ignorance, the Papists say,
Is unto heaven the nearest way:
But, O ye wretches, this I doubt,
While you the sp'ritual light keep out,
And teach so freely, and off hand,
To break the very Lord's command,
And on no other things lay hold,
But trust the priest, and give him gold.
All sins by them are pardoned,
So by the nose the poor are led;
Not blinded nations or ideots,
But the rich, learned reprobates,
Who will not from sinning hold,
As long's they have one bit of gold.
Wo will be to such priests, I say:

For hell's prepar'd for such as they.

NATHAN NOMORE.

THE
AUTHOR'S
ADDRESS
TO
ALL IN GENERAL.



Now gentle readers, I have let you ken;
My very thoughts, from heart and pen,
'Tis needless now for to conten,

Or yet controule,

For there's not a word o't I can men',

So ye must thole.

For on both sides, some were not good,
I saw them murd'ring in cold blood,
Not th' gentlemen, but wild and rude,

The baser sort,

Who to the wounded had no mood,

But murd'ring sport,

Ev'n both at Preston and Falkirk, That fatal night
ere it grew mirk, Piercing the wounded with their
durk,

Caus'd many cry, Such pity's shown from
Savage and Turk,

As peace to die.

A woe be to such a hot zeal,
To smite the wounded on the fiel',
It's just they get such groats in kail,

Who do the same,

It only teaches cruelty's real,

To them again.

I've seen the men call'd Highland Rogues, With
Lowland men, make *shange* a brogs, Sup kail and
brose, and fling the cogs

Out at the door,

Take cocks, hens, sheep and hogs,

And pay nought for.

I see'd a Highlander, 'twas right drole, With a
string of puddings, hung on a pole, Whip'd o'er his
shoulder, skipp'd like a fole,

Caus'd Maggy bann,

Lap o'er the midden and midden-hole,

And aff he ran.

When check'd for this, they'd often tell ye,
Indeed *her nainsel's* a tume belly.
You'll no gi'et wanting bought, nor sell me,

Hersel will haet,

Go tell King Shorge, and Shordy's Willie,

I'll hae a meat.

I see'd the soldiers at Linton-brig,
Because the man was not a Whig,
Of meat and drink, leave not a skig

Within his door,

They burnt his very hat and wig,

And thumpt him sore.

And thro' the Highlands they were so rude, As
leave them neither clothes nor food, Then burnt
their houses to conclude,

'Twas tit for tat,

How can *her nainsel'* ere be good,

To think on that.

And after all, O shame and grief,
To use some worse than murd'ring thief,
Their very gentlemen and chief,

Unhumanly,

Like Popish tortures, I belief,

Such cruelty.

Ev'n what was act on open stage, At Carlisle in
the hottest rage, When mercy was clapt in a cage,

And pity dead,

Such cru'ity approv'd by every age,

I shook my head.

So many to curse, so few to pray,
And some aloud huzza did cry,
They curs'd the Rebel Scots that day,

As they'd been nout

Brought up for slaughter, as that way

Too many rowt.

Therefore, Alas! dear countrymen,
O never do the like again,
To thirst for vengeance, never ben

Your guns nor pa'

But with th' English, e'en borrow and len,

Let anger fa'.

Their boasts and bullyings, not worth a louse, As
our King's the best about the house, Tis ay good to
be sober and douce,

To live in peace,

For many I see, for being o'er crouse,

Gets broken face.



Miss FLORA'S Lament. A SONG.

Tune. Woes my heart that we should sunder.

WHEN that I from my darling pass'd,
My love increas'd like young Leander,
With the parting kiss, the tears fell fast,
Crying, woes my heart that we should sunder.

O'er mountains, glens, and raging seas,
When wind and waves did roar like thunder,
Them I'd encounter again with ease,
That we were ne'er at all to sunder.

O yet I did to Malton go,
And left my darling Swain to wander;
Where was one friend, were fifty foe;
And I myself was then brought under.

By a rude band of bloody hue,
Because I lov'd a young Pretender;
If it were undone, I would it do,
O'er hills and dales, with him I'd wander.

From ship to ship, was toss'd about,
And to the Nore did me surrender;
Crouds of rude hands, I stood them out,
And lov'd none like my young Pretender.⁴

To great London, I came at last,
And still avow'd my passion tender ;
Thinking for death I would be cast,
For serving of my young Pretender.

But thanks be to the Georgian race,
And the English laws, I judg'd untender;
For they thought nought of all my case,
Although I lov'd a young Pretender.

They charg'd me to the Highlands go,
For womens' wit, and strength was slender;
As I ne'er in arms appear'd as foe,
In defence of a young Pretender.

⁴ The preceding five stanzas are all of this song given in the Aberdeen (1850) edition. In the other editions it is given as in the one of 1774, and, of course, as as it is reproduced here.

O were my Swain at Malton gate,
Or yet at Sky I'd be his lover;
In spite of all the laws of late,
I would call him sweet darling Rover.