

THE
SPOTTISWOODE MISCELLANY

A COLLECTION OF
ORIGINAL PAPERS AND TRACTS,
ILLUSTRATIVE CHIEFLY OF THE
CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY
OF
SCOTLAND.

EDITED BY
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ADVOCATE.

VOLUME II.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR THE SPOTTISWOODE SOCIETY.
M.DCCC.XLV.

ALEX. LAURIE AND CO. PRINTERS TO HER MAJESTY.

RELICS OF THE REBELLION,
1745-6.



THE following Papers relate to the Rebellion of 1745-6, and have been, with three exceptions, printed from the Original MSS. to which, the Editor has had access.

I.—The first on the list is a remarkable anonymous letter transmitted to the Laird of Clanranald, the original of which was given to the Editor by the late James Allan Maconochie, Esq. It is in very bad condition, being defective at the commencement.

Ranald Macdonald who succeeded to the Clanranald Chieftainship and estates, by the provident kindness of Mrs Penelope Macdonald,¹ (see page 430) had prudence enough to keep what had then been preserved to the family. This letter, now for the first time printed, is the remonstrance couched in tolerably strong terms of some zealous member of his own family, who, having no estate of his own to lose, could have no sympathy for his Chieftain's caution. The Captain of Clanranald was not moved from his resolve by the taunts contained in this epistle, and he very quietly remained in Uist during the entire period of the Rebellion. With that eye to the future, common to many of the Highland Chiefs, Ranald

¹ This admirable woman survived her husband many years, and died on the 30th Nov. 1742. The following notice of her death occurs in the Edinburgh Courant:—"Yesternight died in Canongate, the Honourable Penelope Lady Clanronald, aged about 70. She was daughter of Colonel Murdoch Mackenzie, Deputy Governor of Tangier, (where her Ladyship was born), and spouse to Ronald Macdonald, Captain of Clanronald, who was killed at Sheriffmuir—a lady of consummate honour and probity, and blessed with every qualification that can adorn the sex."

Wodrow tells a very singular story in his *Analecta*, vol. ii. p. 362, relative to a Lady Clanronald, a French Lady, who married the Captain of Clanronald in very peculiar circumstances. The entry is in 1722; and he calls her the late lady. This may improbably refer to the forfeiture of the estates, and not to her actual decease. If the anecdote be true, which may be questioned, it can only refer to Mrs Penelope Macdonald.

permitted his son to join the Prince—so that, if his Royal Highness had prevailed, the son's services would compensate for the father's delinquency, and if he lost, although the son should be forfeited, the estate would be secured in the person of the father.

This prudent gentleman was born in 1692, and married Margaret, daughter to William M'Leod of Bernera, by whom he had, 1st, Ranald, his heir; 2d, Donald, an officer of great reputation in the British service, who was killed before Quebec in 1759, while under the command of General Wolfe; 3d, Margaret, who died unmarried. Ranald the younger, was attainted under the name of Donald; by which error he escaped the forfeiture, and subsequently was pardoned. His father, on the 28th November 1753, renounced his liferent right in favour of his son, who in this way came into possession of the estates.

II.—The letter from the Prince to his father was originally printed in a periodical work, entitled "The Literary and Statistical Magazine," of which a few numbers appeared, and which in a short space of time was "consigned to the Tomb of all the Capulets." It was taken from a "manuscript volume containing a few Jacobite Relics," and there seems no reasonable doubt that the document is genuine. Whether it was a veritable private communication from the Prince to his father may be doubted, as from its tenor, it would rather seem to have been prepared with a view towards publication, in order that a favourable impression of the Prince's line of conduct, even to his opponents, might go abroad. Very probably it may have been printed as a broadside, and generally distributed.

III.—The letter from Hamilton is exceedingly curious, and the concluding portion relative to the dirtiness of the Highlanders brings to one's recollection the account given by the Margravine of Bareuth, of the abominations committed by the Muscovites when Czar Peter the Great honoured her father King Frederick William with a visit. The rapacity of the Highlanders had been long a heavy complaint by the Lowlanders.

Cleland has satyriized the Mountaineers in his clever poem on the Highland Host, and the following extract from a scarce Poem is not without merit:—

"In vain thy hungry mountaineers
Come forth in all their warlike geers—
The shield, the pistol, durk and dagger,
In which they daily wont to swagger.
And oft they sallied out to pillage
The hen-roosts of some peaceful village;
Or, while their neighbours were asleep,

Have carry'd off a Lowland sheep.
What boots thy high-born host of beggars,
Maclean's, Mackenzie's, and Macgregors,
With Popish cut throats, perjured ruffians,
And Forster's troop of raggemuffians!"¹

IV.—Lord George Murray's account of the Battle of Culloden appeared in the Magazine referred to, No. 2, and is particularly interesting. If one may believe the Chevalier Johnston, had the Prince slept during the entire period of his Scottish residence, at least for a proper time after the battle of Preston, and left the entire guidance of his affairs to Lord George, when waking he would have found the diadem on his father's brows.

In the Appendix to Home's History of the Rebellion 1745-6,² a letter is printed, adduced by Lord George Murray, under the assumed name of Vollignie, to William Hamilton, Esq. of Bangour, the poet, giving certain explanations as to his conduct. His Lordship at the outset observes—"I am persuaded you saw a copy of the letter which I wrote the 10th of May 1746, which copy I left at the Scots College of Paris. In that letter was a pretty circumstantial account of what I knew of these two last days, but to be sure but few paragraphs in that letter but could be much enlarged on." The present account is perhaps the one referred to by his Lordship, as it gives a particular detail of the "*two last days*," and corresponds with the brief statement embodied in Lord George's communication to Hamilton.

Mr Chambers has included in a singularly interesting volume, entitled "Jacobite Memoirs of the Rebellion 1745,"³ from the MS. Collections of Bishop Forbes, another and totally distinct narrative by Lord George, which gives an account of all that was done prior to the defeat of Culloden. It is not unlikely that other papers still exist relative to the Rebellion 1745-6, from the pen of this Nobleman, and indeed it has been asserted—with what truth the Editor cannot say—that many of his Lordship's MSS. are preserved at Dunkeld. He was the father of John the third Duke of Athol, who by a resolution of the House of Peers, 7th February 1764, was declared to have right to the title of "Duke of Athole, Marquis of Tullibardine, Earl of Strathtay," &c. &c.

Wodrow,⁴ in September 1725, has the following anecdote relative to Lord George:—"It may be the Lord in his providence has some good to bring out of the sufferings of

¹ Imitation of the Prophecy of Hereus—broadside—printed January 7, 1716.

² Edin. 1802, 4to.

³ Edin. 1834, 8vo.

⁴ Wodrow's Analecta, vol. iii. p. 231.

these poor abandoned people, especially the younger sort of them. The Lord Sinclair seems an instance, and we have another in Lord George Murray, third son of the late Duke of Athole, in whom they say a very happy change is of late wrought. He was a half-pay officer, and went to the rebels at Preston, after that he came over with the handfull of Spaniards. At Glenshiel he escaped, and with a servant gote away among the Highland mountains, and lurked in a hutt made for themselves for some moneths, and saw nobody. It was a happy providence that either he or his servent had a Bible and no other books. For want of other business he carefully read that neglected book, and the Lord blessed it with his present hard circumstances to him. Now he begins to appear, and its said is soon to be pardoned, and he is highly commended not only for a seriouse convert from Jacobitism, but for a good Christian, and a youth of excellent parts, hopes, and expectations." The expectations raised of a change in the political opinions of Lord George were, however, not realised; for as has been seen, in 1745 he became the Prince's General, where his abilities proved of little avail, as the knot of unhappy advisers about the Prince successfully thwarted his projects, and rendered them unavailing. "He was tall, and robust, and brave in the highest degree; conducting the Highlanders in the most heroic manner, and always the first to rush sword in hand into the midst of the enemy. He used to say, when we advanced to the charge—

'I do not ask you, my lads, to go forward, but merely to follow me'—very energetic language, admirably calculated to excite the ardour of the Highlanders, but which would sometimes have had a better effect in the mouth of the Prince, He slept little, was continually occupied with all manner of details, and was altogether most indefatigable, combining and directing alone all our operations; in a word, he was the only person capable of conducting our army."

Lord George married a lady of his own name, Amelia¹ only child and heiress of James Murray of Glencarse and Strowan, by whom he had a daughter Amelia, who became in 1750 the second wife of the Master of Sinclair, and Charlotte who died 3d August 1773 unmarried. He had three sons, the eldest of whom became third Duke of Athole, as previously noticed. Lord George died in Holland in October 1760.

¹ Memoir of the Rebellion, 1743-1746, by the Chevalier Johnstone. Edin. 1890. 4to p. 19.

V.—The three letters written by James Wolfe,¹ Aide-de-camp of General Hawley, derive an interest from the name of the writer, who afterwards became enshrined in the history of his country as the conqueror of Quebec, and who died in the moment of victory. They are official, and relate to the proceedings to be adopted against the vanquished after their prostration by the defeat of Culloden.

VI.—The letter from Mr John Campbell to his cousin John Campbell of Kilberry is now for the first time printed from the original, obligingly communicated to the Editor. It gives an amusing account of the search for arms, &c. after the defeat of Culloden, and is written in that pleasant off-hand manner in which the great charm of epistolary correspondence consists.

VII.—The anonymous letter to Lord President Forbes was also among the papers of the late Sir William M'Leod Bannatyne.

¹ The reader will find in a note on these letters, the reasons which have induced the Editor to affirm that the writer was the same individual as the victorious general.

RELICS OF THE REBELLION,
1745-6.

1. ANONYMOUS LETTER TO THE CAPTAIN OF CLANRANALD.

Sep. 14, 1745.

* * * * * NOT only to us who know it, but also to others, to our great and irrecoverable disgrace, you prove yourself to be the greatest coward upon earth, either by sea or land; this comes far short of the exploits heretofore recorded not only of the most valiant and most illustrious Captains of Clanronald, but also of your own predecessors of the family of Benbecula. Where now is the brave hero who would among poor people boast that his hands should put the Crown upon the Prince's head, and had such regard for his empty picture: and when he is really come in person, you lurk like a coward that dares not appear. Your predecessors never consulted their royal King's enemies when they were to join him. I send you this to let you know what you are, and what you are really thought of by others. But you should flatter yourself falsely to be what you are not, as you want to do. There is nothing can recover your honour and the family's glory, but, in the name of God, to rise from that disgraceful sleep in which you slumber, and appear bravely for God, Religion, and your King, which cases, if they do not move one of your principles, it is a sign of an obstinate lethargy. Do not you know that God is strong with few as with many. Do not take this ill, for they are but the advices of a friend and wellwisher.

P.S.—Just now arrived young Glengary, my Lord John Drummond, Old Lochiel, and severall others, att Perth;—att England * * * *¹ the Earl of Marishall, General James Keith, and six thousand French. Our army multiplies dayly. Each soldier eight pence per day. I do not doubt but you will be in more danger of your life for disloyalty to your natural Sovereign than of losing your estate by the usurper.

To the Honourable Captain of Clanranald,

South Uist, with care and haste. Indorsed by Clanranald
“without date, received September the 14th, 1745.”

II.—LETTER FROM PRINCE CHARLES STUART TO HIS FATHER.

*Pinky House, near Edinburgh,
Sept. 21, O. S. 1745.*

SIR—Since my last from Perth it has pleased God to prosper your Majesty's arms under my command with a success that

¹ Illegible.

has surprised my wishes. On the 17th we entered Edinburgh sword in hand, and got possession of the town without being obliged to shed one drop of blood, or use any violence. And this morning I have gained a most signal victory with little or no loss. If I had had a squadron or two of horse to pursue the flying enemy, there would not one man of them have escaped. As it is, they have hardly saved any but a few dragoons, who by a most precipitate flight will, I believe, get into Berwick.

If I had obtained this victory over foreigners my joy would have been complete; but as it is over Englishmen, it has thrown a damp upon it that I little imagined. The men I have defeated were your Majesty's enemies it is true, but they might have become your friends and dutiful subjects when they had got their eyes open to see the true interest of their country, which you mean to save, not to destroy. For this reason I have discharged all publick rejoicing. I don't care to enter into the particulars of the action, but chuse rather that your Majesty would hear it from another than from myself. I send this by Stewart, to whom you may give entire confidence. He is a faithful, honest fellow, and thoroughly instructed in every thing that has happened till this day. I shall have a loss in him, but I hope it shall be soon made up by his speedy return with the most agreeable news I can receive—I mean that of your Majesty's, and my dearest brother's, health.

I have seen two or three Gazettes filled with addresses and mandates from the Bishops to the Clergy. The addresses are such as I expected, and can impose on none but the weak and credulous. The mandates are of the same sort, but artfully drawn. They order their clergy to make the people sensible of the great blessings they enjoy under the present family that governs them, particularly of the strict administration of justice, of the sacred regard that is paid to the laws, and the great security of their religion, and liberty and property. This sounds all very well, and may impose on the unthinking, but one who reads with a little care will easily see the fallacy. What occasion has a Prince, who has learnt the secret of corrupting the fountain of all laws, to disturb the ordinary course of justice? Would not this be to give the alarm, or amount to telling them that he was not come to protect as he pretended, but really to betray them. When they talk of the security of their religion, they take care not to mention one word of the dreadful growth of Atheism and infidelity, which I am extremely sorry to hear from very sensible, sober men, have within these few years got to a flaming height, even so far that I am assured many of their most fashionable men are ashamed to own themselves Christians, and many of the lower sort act as if they were not. Conversing on other melancholy subjects, I was led into a

thing which I never understood rightly before, which is, that those men who are loudest in the cry in the growth of Popery and the danger of the Protestant religion, are not really Protestants, but a sett of profligate men of good parts, with some learning, and void of all principles but pretending to be Republicans.

I asked those who told me this what should make those men so jealous about preserving the Protestant religion, seeing they are not Christians? and was answered, that it is in order to recommend themselves to the ministry, who (if they can write pamphlets for them, or get themselves chosen Members of Parliament) will be sure to provide amply for them; and the motive of this extraordinary zeal is, that they thereby procure to themselves the connivance at least, if not the protection of Government, while they are propagating their impiety and infidelity.

I hope in God Christianity is not at so low an ebb in this country as the account I have had represents it to be; yet if I compare what I have frequently seen and heard at Rome with some things I have observed since, I am afraid there is too much truth in it.

The Bishops are as unfair and partial in representing the security of their property as that of their religion; for when they mention it, they do not say a word of the vast load of debt that increases yearly, under which the nation is groaning, and which must be paid (if even they intend to pay it) out of their property. 'Tis true all this debt has not been contracted under the princes of this family, but a great part of it has, and the whole of it might have been cleared by a fingsal administration during these thirty years of a profound peace which the nation has enjoyed, had it not been for the imence sums that have been squandered away in corrupting Parliaments, and supporting foreign interests, which can never be of any servace to these kingdoms.

I am afraid I have taken up too much of your Majesty's time about these sorry mandates; but having mentioned them, I was willing to give your Majesty my sence of them. I remember Dr Wagstaff (with whom I wished I had conversed more frequently, for he always told me the truth) once said to me, that I must not judge of the clergy of the Church of England by the Bishops, who were not preferred for their piety or learning but for very different talents—for writing pamphlets, for being active at elections, and voting in Parliament as the ministry directed them. After I have won another battle they will write for me and answer their own letters.

There is another sort of men among whom I am inclined to believe the lowest are the honestest, as well as among the

clergy—I mean the army—for never was a finer body of men lookt at than those I fought with this morning, yet they did not behave so well as I expected. I thought that I could plainly see that the common men did not like the cause they were engaged in. Had they been fighting against Frenchmen come to invade their country, I am convinced they would have made a better defence. The poor men's pay, and their low prospects, are not sufficient to corrupt their natural principles of justice and honesty, which is

not the case with their officers, who, incited by their own ambition, and false notions of honour, fought most desperately. I asked one of them, who is my prisoner (a gallant man) why he would fight against his lawful Prince, and one who was come to rescue his country from a foreign yoke? He said he was a man of honour, and would be true to the Prince whose bread he ate, and whose commission he bore. I told him it was a noble principle but ill applied, and asked him if he was not a Whig. He replied that he was. Well, then, said I, how come you to look upon the commission you bear, and the bread you eat, to be the Prince's and not your country's, which raised you up, and pays you to serve and defend it against foreigners, for that I have always understood to be the true principle of a Whig? Have you not heard how your countrymen have been carried abroad, to be insulted and maltreated by the defenders of their Protestant religion, and butchered, fighting in a quarrell in which your country has no concern, only to aggrandize Hanover? To this he made no answer, but looked sullen, and hung down his head.

The truth is, there are few good officers among them. They are brave—because an Englishman can not be otherwise—but they have generally little knowledge in their business, are corrupt in their morals, and have few restraints from religion, though they would have you believe they are fighting for it. As to their honor they talk so much of, I shall have soon occasion to try it; for having no strong place to put my prisoners in, I shall be obliged to release them upon their parole. If they do not keep it, I wish they do not fall into my hands again; for in that case it will not be in my power to protect them from the resentment of my Highlanders, who would be apt to kill them in cold blood, which, as I take no pleasure in revenge, would be extremely shocking to me. My haughty foe thinks it beneath him, I suppose, to settle a cartel. I wish for it as much for the sake of his men as my own. I hope ere long I shall make him glad to sue for it.

I hear there are 6,000 Dutch troops arrived, and ten battalions of the English sent for. I wish they were all Dutch, that I might not have the pain of shedding English blood. I hope I shall soon oblige them to bring over the rest, which

at all events will be one piece of service done to my country, in helping it out of a ruinous foreign war. 'Tis said my victory should put me under new difficulties which I did not see before, and yet this is the case. I am charged both with the care of my friends and enemies. Those who should bury the dead are run away, as if it were no business of theirs. My Highlanders think it beneath them to do it, and the country people are fled away. However, I am determined to try if I can get people for money to undertake it, for I cannot bear the thought of suffering Englishmen to rot above the ground. I am in great difficulties how I shall dispose of my wounded prisoners. If I make an hospital of the church, it will be looked upon as a great profanation, and of having violated my manifesto, in which I promised to violate no man's property. If the magistrates would act they would help me out of this difficulty. Come what will, I am resolved not to let the poor men lye on the streets; and if I can do no better, I will make an hospital of the palace, and leave it to them.

I am so distracted with these cares, joined to those of my people, that I have only time to add that I am your Majesty's most dutiful son,

CHARLES.

III.—A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE BEHAVIOUR OF THE REBEL ARMY AT HAMILTON, IN A LETTER FROM A FRIEND, 6TH JANUARY 1746.

WE have at last got a visit from your formerly troublesome neighbours, which we neither expected, desir'd, nor wanted. However, their stay was but short, but at the same time very troublesome. Upon Tuesday the 24th December, there came in here 1900 horse and foot, tho' they gave themselves out for 2500. They were commanded, if I may call it so, by the Lords George Murray, Nairn, Elcho, Ogilyy, and Glenbucket, and others. Upon the Wednesday morning part of them went off for Glasgow; their Prince, the Duke of Perth, their French ambassadors Lochiel and others, with part of the clans, came in both these nights; the people of the town, tho' greatly thronged, were in greater peace than on the Thursday's night, when the Camerons, Macphersons, and Macdonalds, of Clan Ronald's party came up (after having burnt some houses in Lismahague, and rifled one of the minister's houses, and had it not been for two of Lochmoidart's brothers they would have laid the whole town in ashes, and plundered the country about); and then indeed we felt the effects of an undisciplined, ungoverned army of Highland robbers, who took no more notice of their nominal Prince or Commander than a pack of ill-bred hounds. The provisions, ale, and spirits, beginning to run short in the town, they threatened the people with death or the burning of their houses unless such victuals and drink were got as they called

for, which victuals were not of the coarse sort herrings, onions, and butter and a cheese, which we looked upon as their best food, such as they would not taste. The people of England have taught them such a bad custom that they would scarce taste good salt beef and greens, the meanest of them calling for roast or fried fresh victuals; if such wer not got, they treated the people very ill. My lodgers wer so luxurious that they would not taste boiled pork a little pickled unless we would cause dress it in a frying pan with fresh butter. Amongst this set of ruffians there were some civil people, some of whom my aunt and her two neighbours had the good fortune to get for lodgers. I had no less than 33 of them the last night, besides horses and naked wh—s.

Our subscribers, volunteers and militia, were obliged to leave the place, amongst whom were your good brother and myself, so I had not the least trouble of them, tho' their three nights lodgings, with what they stole frome me, cost me about 6s. sterling. They have rifled several houses in this neighbourhood, and broke and destroyed what they could not carry off, particularly Captain Crawford's, Thomas Hutton's at Smiddy Croft, and Woodside.

The Prince went a hunting upon Thursday in the Duke's park; he shot two pheasants, two woodcocks, two hares, and a young buck, all which were carried in triumph. He dined at Chatleroy, where I saw him, but could not find out this angel-like Prince among the whole rabble till he was pointed out to me. While here they stript the people of their shoes upon the street, and took what they thought proper for them, refusing to be hindered by any of their officers.

There was not any of this rabble but what were possesset of plenty of gold, even the smallest boys. We were freed from these troublesome neighbours upon Friday morning the 27th: who left us nothing but an innumerable multitude of vermin and their excrements, which they left not only in our bed-chambers, but in our very beds.¹ The civilest kind held their douds over the stock of the beds like crows ---- over the nest. Our town smells of them yet, but the people's spirits are gettin up, for while they were here they looked like dead corps. They stopp'd us from a merry Christmas; but God be thanked we were blessed with a merry New-year's day. I wish you a happy New-year, and peace, which we now begin to learn to value. All friends being here assembled, join in good wishes and services to you. I am, &c.

Hamilton, 6th January 1746.

¹ On Sunday, the 29th of December following, a detachment of Highlanders plundered the lady of Alexander Napier of Blackstoun, Renfrewshire, "of 25 bow corn and a thousand stane hay."

IV. LORD GEORGE MURRAY'S ACCOUNT OF THE
DEFEAT OF THE PRINCE'S ARMY AT CULLODEN,
16TH APRIL 1746.

SIR—In answer to what you write about the Highland army having not behaved with their usual bravery, or that some of the principal officers had not done their duty, which might be the occasion of their late misfortune, I must enform you, by all I can learn, the men showed the utmost eagerness to come to action, nor did I hear of any one Officer but behaved well, so far as the situation and circumstances would allow. The truth seems to be, that they were overpowered by a superior force, and their field of battle was ill chose, which gave the Duke of Cumberland great advantage, especially in his cannon and horse. Another misfortune they lay under was a total want of provisions, so that they were reduced to the hard necessity of either fighting an army a third stronger, or disperse. As to what happened the day of the battle, and the preceding day, I shall let you know what I could learn. On the 15th, all those of the Highland army as were assembled were drawn up in line of battle upon a muir south of Culloden, facing eastwards.

This was done early in the morning, as it was known that the Duke of Cumberland was come to Nairn that night before, but as he did not move before mid-day, it was judged he would not move that day, it being his birth-day;¹ and as his troops had made no halt from the time they left Aberdeen, it was reasonable to think he would give them a day's rest.

It was then proposed to make a night attack upon the Duke of Cumberland's army in their camp, which, if it could be done before one or two o'clock in the morning, might (though a desperate attempt) have had a chance of succeeding. Several of the officers listened to this, but as they knew that the Duke of Cumberland's was much superior in numbers to the Highland army, the objections to it were—“That a great many of the army had not as yet joined, particularly Keppoch, Master of Lovat, Clunie M'Pherson, Glengyle, the M'Kenzies, and many of the recruits of Glengary, and other regiments, which were all expected in two or three days, and some of them sooner:—that if they should fail in the attempt, and be repulsed, it would not be easy to rally the Highlanders in the dark:—that if the Duke of Cumberland was alarmed by any of his patrols, he might have time to put his army in order in their camp, (suppose no spy should give him notice), and place his cannon, charged with cartouch shot, as he had a mind, and his horse

¹ His Royal Highness was born at St James' Palace, the 15th of April 1721.

might be all in readiness so to pursue, if the Highlanders were beat off. And lastly, the difficulty of making the retreat with perhaps a good many wounded men, whom the Highlanders will not leave if it is at all possible to bring them off. That it was to be remembered that there was not intelligence of the situation of the enemy's camp; and add to this, how fatiguing it would be backwards and forwards twenty miles, and probably be obliged to fight next day, even if they could make their retreat safe, and not to be attacked before they joined the rest of the enemy."

On the other hand, the Prince was vastly bent for the night attack, and said he had men enough to beat the enemy, whom he believed utterly dispirited, and would never stand a bold and brisk attack. The Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, and others, seemed to wish it, and Lord George Murray, Locheil, with many others, were induced to make a fair trial what could be done, though they were very sensible of the danger should it miscarry.

They observed with much concern the want of provisions. The men had only got a biscuit that day, and some of them not even .that, and it was feared they would be still more reduced next day, except they could take provisions from the enemy; and they had reason to believe, if the men were allowed to disperse to shift for some meal, which many of them would do if the army continued there all night, that it would be very difficult to assemble them in the event of a sudden alarm, which, considering the nearness of the enemy, might very reasonably be supposed, as they must have lain that night upon the muirs near Culloden, as they had done the night before. They knew many of the men would disperse without liberty to several miles distance for provisions and quarters, and that it would be far in the day before they would be assembled again; and as Keppoch had come up and served the army in the afternoon, they flattered themselves that the men they had would do, if they could make the attack by one or two in the morning, especially if they were undiscovered, as they had great hopes they might; for having examined the different roads, of which they had perfect intelligence from the M'Intoshes, who lived in that neighbourhood, they found they could keep upon a muir the whole way so as to spare horse, and be a considerable way from the high road before daybreak, get back the length of Culraik,¹ which was a very stony road, and from thence by a

¹ Kilravock, in the county of Nairn, belonging to the ancient Scottish family of Rose. The following curious anecdotes relative to the Prince's visit to Kilravock appeared many years since in the Courant:—

"On the day previous to the memorable Battle of Culloden, the Duke of Cumberland having halted with his army at Nairn, lodged

at the house of Hugh Rose of Kilravock, who was then Provost of that ancient burgh, and whose loyalty and attachment to the cause of King George the Second is attested by the following inscription on a porter cup, presented to him by the Duke, and still preserved in the old Castle of Kilravock:—

“This cup belongs to the Provost of Nairn, 1746, the year of our deliverance.—A bumper to the Duke of Cumberland.”

“About two o’clock of the same day, an officer from Prince Charles Stuart arrived at Kilravock, to announce that it was the intention of the Prince to dine that day at the castle. Mr Rose and his lady made the best preparation that the shortness of the time admitted, for the reception of so illustrious and unexpected a guest; and in about an hour after the Prince reached the castle, attended by a numerous retinue of gentlemen, many of whom were French.

“The manners and deportment of the Prince on this occasion were described by Mr Rose and his lady as having been most engaging. He asked the number of Mr Rose’s children, and on being told three sons, he requested to see them, praised their dress, and kissed each of them on the forehead. Having walked out with Mr Rose previous to dinner, and observed several people engaged in planting those trees which now adorn the ancient family seat of the Roses, he remarked—‘How happy you must be, Mr Rose, in being thus peacefully engaged, when the whole country around you is in a stir.’

“Mr Rose, who was a capital performer, having taken up the violin and played an Italian minuet, said to the Prince—‘That, if I mistake not, is a favourite of your Royal Highness.’ ‘That it is a favourite of mine, Mr Rose, is certain, but how you came to know that it is so, I am quite at a loss to guess.’ ‘That, Sir, replied Mr Rose, ‘may serve to show you, that whatever people of your rank do or say is sure to be remarked.’ ‘I thank you,’ said the Prince, ‘for that observation.’

“Prince Charles, his secretary Mr Hay, and Mr and Mrs Rose, dined together in what is now the parlour of the old castle, while forty of the Prince’s attendants dined in a large hall adjoining. Between these two rooms there is a short passage, in which two of the Prince’s officers stood with drawn swords while he was at dinner. When the cloth was removed, Mr Rose proposed to the Prince that he would allow those gentlemen to go to dine, adding—‘your Royal Highness may be satisfied that you are perfectly safe in this house.’ To which he replied—‘I know, Sir, that I am safe here; you can desire them to go to dinner.’

“A large and very handsome china bowl, capable of containing as much as sixteen ordinary bottles, is still preserved at the Castle of Kilravock. This bowl Mr Hay greatly admired, and said that he would like to see it filled. In consequence, immediately after dinner, the bowl, filled with good whisky punch, was placed on the Prince’s table. After drinking a few glasses of wine, Prince Charles rose to depart, as did also Mr Hay; but the Prince good humouredly said—‘No, no, Hay, since you have challenged that

hill they could retire the whole way, on the south side of the water of Earn, till they were joined by their friends, whom they expected, and by the stragglers. Nor did they believe the enemy would follow (suppose the Highlanders were beat back) till it were good day light, so as they could see about them to send out reconnoitring parties to prevent them falling into snares and ambuscades. And before all this could be done, the Highland army might have reached Culraick, and the hilly ground on the south side of the water above mentioned, where regular troops could not easily overtake them, and where their cannon and horse, in which their greatest superiority consisted, would have been of little use; that they found the Prince was resolved to fight them without waiting the succours that were soon expected, and without retiring to any strong ground, or endeavouring to draw the Duke of Cumberland's army farther from the sea, whence he got all his provisions that were brought about in ships alongst as the army marched near the shore.

For these reasons these gentlemen, and most others, if not all who were spoken to upon the subject, seemed to think the night attack might be attempted; but most of them thought they were in very bad circumstances at any rate, and no attempt could be more desperate than their present situation.

About mid-day Lord George Murray desired Brigadier Stapleton and Colonel Kerr to cross the water of Earn near where the army was drawn up, (not far from the place the battle was fought next day), to take a view of the hilly ground on the south side of the water, which to him seemed to be steep and uneven, consequently much properer for Highlanders, for the ground they were then drawn up on was a large plain muir, and though in some places it was interspersed with boggs and deep ground, yet for the most part it was a fair field, and good for horse.

After two or three hours they returned, and reported that the ground was rough and rugged, mossy and soft, so that no horse could be of use there; that the ascent from the water side was steep, and there was but two or three places in above three or four miles where horse could cross, the banks

bowl, you must stay to see it out.' Hay, however, took only a glass, and accompanied his master to Culloden, where they slept.

"Next day the Duke of Cumberland stopped on his march at the gate of Kilravock Castle, and Mr Rose having gone out to receive him, the Duke said—'So, I understand, you had my cousin Charles here yesterday.'—'Yes, please your Royal Highness,' replied Mr Rose, 'not having an armed force I could not prevent his visit.' 'You did perfectly right,' said the Duke, 'and I entirely approve of your conduct.'" So saying, he rode on to the moor of Culloden.

being inaccessible. They could not tell what sort of ground was at a greater distance, but the country people informed them it was much like the other.

Upon this information Lord George Murray proposed that the other side of the water should be the place for the army to be drawn up in line of battle next day, but this was not agreed to. It was said that this was like shunning the enemy, being a mile farther than the muir they were then upon, and at a greater distance from Inverness, which it was resolved not to abandon—a great deal of baggage and ammunition being left there. This was before the resolution was taken of making the night attack.

About seven that night an incident happened which had like to have stopped the designed attempt, and upon it many were for giving it up as impracticable. The thing was this. Numbers of men went off to all sides, especially towards Inverness, and when the officers who were sent on horseback to bring them back came up with them, they would by no persuasion be prevailed on to return, giving for reasons, they were starving, and said to the officers they might shoot them if they pleased, but they would not go back till they got meat.

However, the Prince continuing keen for the attack, and positive to attempt it, said there was not a moment to be lost, for as soon as the men should see the march begun, not one of them would flinch.

It was near eight o'clock at night when the army began to move, which could not be sooner, otherwise they might have been perceived at a considerable distance, and the enemy have got account of it. Lord George Murray led the van, Lord John Drummond was in the centre, and the Duke of Perth was towards the rear, where the Prince also was—having Fitz-James' horse and others with him. Proper directions were given for small parties possessing the road to prevent intelligence being carried to the enemy. Two officers of the Macintoshes, with about thirty of their men, marched in front as guides. Some of the same Clan were in the centre, and in the rear, and in other parts, to hinder any of the men from straggling before.

The van had gone about a mile before as slow as possible to give time to the line to follow; but express after express were sent to stop them, because the rear was far behind. Upon this the van marched still slower, but in a short time there came aide-de-camps and other officers to stop them, or at least to make them go still slower; and of these messages there came near 100 before the front got the length of Culraik, which retarded them to such a degree that the night was far spent; for to Culraick from the place they began their march was but six miles, and they had still four long miles to

Nairn, and yet it was about one o'clock of the morning when Lord John Drummond came up to the van, and told him there were several behind, and if they did not stop or go slower he was afraid the rear would not get up. In a little after the Duke of Perth came also up to the front and assured them, if there was not a halt, the rear would not join. There was a stop accordingly: Lochyell had been mostly in the van all night with his men, which, together with the Athol men, who were likewise in the front, made up together a body of about 1200 men. There were several other officers that came up, there being a defile a little way behind, occasioned by a wall at the wood of Culraik, which also retarded the march of those behind. During this halt the officers fell a talking of the different places of making the attack, and agreed it was better to make the attempt with 4000 men before day-break than with double that number after it was light.

In the meantime Mr O'Sullivan coming up to the front, and it being now evident, by computing the time the army had taken to march little more than six miles, it would be impossible to make the other four miles before it was clear day light, besides the time that must be spent in making the disposition for the attack, as that would not be done by the army on their long march, Mr O'Sullivan said—"he had just come from the Prince, who was very desirous the attack should be made, but as Lord George Murray had the van, and would judge the time, he left to him to do it or not."

As the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, and the other general officers, seemed much diffculted what to resolve upon, Lord George Murray desired the gentlemen volunteers' present, such as Mr Hepburn of Keith, Mr Hunter, Mr Anderson, and others, (who had walked all night in the front) and who were all deep concerned in the consequence, to give their opinion. These gentlemen were all very keen to march on. Some of them said the red coats would all be drunk, as they had solemnized the Duke of Cumberland's birth-day, and that though it were day light, (for it was agreed on all hands, that it must be sunrise before the army reach Nairn, and form, so as to make an attack upon the enemy's camp, for one part of it was to have passed the water a mile above the town, to have fallen upon them towards the sea side), "they would be in such confusion, they would not withstand the Highlanders." This opinion shewed abundance of courage, for these gentlemen would have been in the front rank, had there been any attack.

But the officers present were of a different opinion, as several of them expressed. Lochiel and his brother said—"they had been as much for the night attack as any body could be, and it was not their faults it had not been done, but those in the rear who marched so slow and retarded the rest

of the army.”

Lord George Murray was of the same opinion, and said—“if they could have made the attack, it was the best chance they had, especially if they could have surprised the enemy; but to attack a camp that were near double their number in day light, when they would be prepared to receive them, would be perfect madness.”

By this time Mr John Hay came up, and told the line was joined. But when he was informed the resolution was taken to return, he began to argue upon the point, but nobody minded him. This was the gentleman the army blamed for the distress they were in for want of provisions, he having had the superintendence of all these things from the time of Mr Murray, the Secretary’s illness, who had always been extremely active in whatsoever regarded the providing for the army.

About two in the morning (the halt not having been above a quarter of an hour) they began to return in two columns, the rear facing about, and the van taking another way. At a little distance they had a view of the fires of the Duke of Cumberland’s camp, and as they did not shun passing near houses as they had done in advancing, they marched very quick—day light began to appear in about an hour after. Having got back to Culloden pretty early, the men had three or four hours rest. They killed what cattle and sheep they could find, but few of them had time to make any thing ready before the alarm of the enemy’s being upon their march and approaching.

The horse of the Prince’s army had been all on so hard duty for several days and nights before that none of them were fit for patrolling, and at that time Fitz-James’s horse and several others had gone to Inverness to refresh, so at first it was not known whether it was an advanced party, or the Duke of Cumberland’s whole army.

However, the Highlanders got ready as quick as possible, and marched through the parks of Culloden in battalions, just as they happened to be lying in the muir on the south side facing eastward, and about half a mile farther back than where they had been drawn up the day before. Lord George Murray proposed once more to pass the Water of Earn, as being the strongest ground, and much the fittest for Highlanders, but it was not agreed upon, for the same reasons given the day before. And speaking to Mr O’Sullivan, he told him he was afraid the enemy would have great advantage in the plain muir both in their horse and cannon. But he answered, that he was sure that horse could be of no use there, because there were several boggs and marshes; but the event proved other ways.

Mr O'Sullivan drew up the army in line of battle, he being both Adjutant and Quarter-Master-General, and showed every battalion their place—the right close to some inclosures near the Water of Earn, and towards the parks of Culloden. But I cannot justly tell what order they were drawn up in, there having been some disputes a day or two before about the rank. But nobody who had any regard for the common cause would insist on such things upon the occasion.

Those who had gone off the night before and early that morning to Inverness and other parts had now joined, and the Master of Lovat was come up with a considerable recruit of men.

It was observed that upon the right there were park walls, under cover of which so many of the enemy could draw up and flank the Highlanders. Lord George Murray, who commanded the wing, was very desirous to have advanced and thrown them down. But as this would have broke the line, and the enemy forming their line of battle near that place, it was judged by those about him too dangerous to attempt. Both armies being fully formed, the cannonading began on both sides, after which there were some alterations made in the dispositions of the two armies, by bringing some troops from the second line to the first, as both ends advance to outflank one another.

The Highlandmen were much galled by the enemy's cannon, and were turning so impatient that they were like to break through their ranks, upon which it was judged proper to attack, and orders were given accordingly.

The right wing advanced first (as the whole line did much about the same time), and when they were within pistol-shot of the enemy, they received a terrible fire, not only in front but also in flank, from those posted near the stone wall; but notwithstanding, they returned the fire close upon the enemy, and went in sword in hand upon Barrell's and Monro's regiments posted on the left, and would have cut them in pieces had not they been immediately supported by other two regiments brought up from the second line, and two regiments of dragoons coming in upon the same side, entirely broke that wing; for though three battalions of the right were brought up and gave their fire very well, yet the ground and every thing else was so favourable for the enemy that nothing could be done, and the left wing not having attacked, at least did not go sword in hand from an apprehension that they would have been flanked by a regiment of foot, and some horse whom the enemy had brought up from their second line, a total rout ensued. I am positively informed that the Highland army did not consist of above 7000 fighting men, and the Duke of Cumberland's must have been 10 or 12,000. In the one army there was not

above 150 horse, of which one-half was of the French regiment of Fitz-James's, in the other army they had 11 or 1200.

When a misfortune happens people are apt to throw blame upon persons or causes, which frequently are the effects of either malice or ignorance, without knowing the real springs and motives. Many are of opinion that the night attack could have been made, but I am convinced of the contrary for the following reasons:—

1. The Highland army, when they halted at Culraik, were not above 5000. 2. They had four miles to march, and part of them would have been obliged to make a large circumference, so that it would have been sunrise before they could have made the attack. 3. The ground about Nairn, where the enemy lay encamped, was a dry hard soil, and plain muirs three miles round about, except where the sea intervened—the nearest strong and uneven ground being the wood of Culraik.

Now, let it be supposed they had made an attack in broad day light upon an enemy double their number, well refreshed with a day and two nights' rest, in plenty of all kinds of provisions, in a camp with their cannon pointed as they thought proper, their horse drawn up in a fine plain, what must have been the consequence? What would have been said of officers that led on men in such circumstances and such a situation? Would it not have been the certain death and destruction of all those who made the attack? Would it not have been said, and justly said, why went you on such a desperate attempt, seeing it could not be done by surprise, and undiscovered? Why not wait the chance of a fair battle, by returning and being joined by the rest of the army, as well as with those that had withdrawn the night before, and a great many others who were hourly expected, where they might have had both cannon and choice of the field of battle? By this there was a fair chance, by other means there was none.

As to the above mentioned facts you may rely upon them, for I saw the Duke of Perth,¹ Duke of Athol, Lord John

¹ James, titular Duke of Perth, was born 11th May 1713. He joined Prince Charles, and was Lieutenant-General at the battle of Preston, and commanded at the sieges of Carlisle and Stirling. After the battle of Culloden he escaped to the coast of Moidart, where he embarked for France, but his constitution being exhausted by fatigue and ill health, he is generally considered to have died on his passage, 11th May 1746, when in the thirty-third year of his age. However, the legend now is that he did not die then—that he settled in the north of England, married a woman of a low condition in life, and left a family. An alleged descendant has

Drummond,¹ Lord George Murray, and Lord Ogilvy, Colonel Stewart of Ardsheill, Colonel Roy Stewart, Lord Nairn,² and several others, at Ruthven of Badenoch's, and they all agreed on the same things.

One thing I must take notice of, that from the beginning of the whole affair there never had been the least dispute or misunderstanding among the officers. Some people find fault that the night-march was undertaken, seeing there was not a certainty of marching to Nairn time enough to make the attack before day light, as also that they had too few men. I answer to this—it was not doubted when the march was begun but that there would have been abundance of time, their greatest precaution was not to be discovered. The Highlanders had often made very quick marches in the night-time. The French piquets, I believe, were in the rear, and were not so clever in marching, and the muir they were in was more splashy than they expected, and they were obliged to make some turns to shun houses, and there were * two or three dykes that took up a good deal of time to pass. The guides, though they knew the ground very well, yet were not judges to tell what time the army would take to march the ten miles (as they were called), though, by reason of indirect roads, it must be a great deal more. Notwithstanding all which I am persuaded most of the army, had not the van been frequently stopt and retarded by repeated orders and messages, would have been at Nairn by two o'clock in the morning. As for the number of men, though not half the number, they might probably have succeeded in the attempt had they made the attack undiscovered. Nothing is more uncertain than the events of war—night-attacks are most subject to disappointments.

This march and counter march was, as things turned out, to be sure a very great disadvantage. It fatigued the men much, and a council of war might have been called, in which doubtless a resolution would have been taken to choose a

accordingly preferred a claim to the Earldom of Perth, but no decision has ever been come to upon it.

¹ Lord John Drummond assumed the title of Duke of Perth. He died 27th October 1757, and was buried in the Abbey Church of Holyrood. He was twice married, but had no issue.

² This was the titular Lord Nairn, who was forfeited for his accession to the rebellion 1715, when Master of Nairn. He was again forfeited in 1746. He died in France, 18th July 1770, aged 79. He married his cousin, Lady Catherine Murray, third daughter of Charles, first Earl of Dunmore, and by her, who died at Versailles 9th May 1754, had eight sons and three daughters. This was one of the titles restored by George IV.; but the issue-male has failed, and the honours are claimed by Lady Keith, who is descended from the Hon. Robert Nairn, second son of the second Lord Nairn, who took the name of Mercer upon marrying the heiress of Aldie.

more advantageous field of battle, and perhaps postpone fighting for a day, till the succours that were coming up with the utmost expedition should join. Councils of war were seldom held, and were out of request from the time the army marched into England. I remember but of two that were held there, one at Brompton, whether to return and besiege Carlisle, or to march forward and attack General Wade; and the other council was at Carlisle, where it was resolved to march forward into England. As to what happened at Derby, it was accidental, by most of the officers being at the Prince's quarters; and taking into consideration their situation, they were all unanimous in advising the Prince to retreat. I think there was but one council of war called after they returned to Scotland, and that was near Crieff after the retreat from Stirling, where there was some difference of opinion, but it was at last agreed to march for Inverness in two separate bodies—the one by the Highland road, and the other by the coast; several at first being for the army all going one road. The day of the battle of Falkirk the officers were called to the field, where the army was drawn up betwixt Bannockburn and Torwood, and they all agreed to march straight to the enemy. Also the retreat from Stirling was advised by many of the principal officers, particularly the clans, who drew up their reasons and signed them at Falkirk three days before the retreat was made; the chief of which was, a vast number of men had gone after the battle, and were not returned, and that as the siege of Stirling Castle was not advancing, they did not think it adviseable to fight in such circumstances.

This letter has been much longer than I intended; but before I conclude, I must acquaint you that six weeks before the battle of Culloden some officers proposed sending up meal to several places in the Highlands, and in particular to Badenoch, that in the event of the Duke's marching towards Inverness before, they might retreat for a few days till they could assemble; or if a misfortune should happen by a defeat, there might be some provisions in these parts. But this was reckoned a timorous advice, and rejected as such, though I have reason to believe that all the Highland officers were of the same opinion. They were not for precipitating any thing.

There is no doubt the Highlanders could have avoided fighting till they had found their advantages, and in so doing they could have made a summer campaign without running the risk of any misfortune. They could have marched through the hills to places in Aberdeenshire, Banff, the Mearns, Angus, Perth, or Argyleshire, by ways that no regular troops could have followed them; or if the regular troops had continued among the mountains, it must have been attended with great difficulties and expence. Their convoys might have been cut off, and opportunity might have offered to have attacked them with almost a certainty of success; and though

the Highlanders had neither money nor magazines, they could not have been starved in that season of the year, so long as there were any cattle or sheep to be had. They could also have separated into two or three different bodies, got meal for some days' provisions, met again at a place appointed, and have attacked the enemy when they least expected. They could have marched in three days what would have taken regular troops five, nay, had those taken the high road as often as they would have been obliged to do upon account of their carriages, they would have taken ten or twelve. In short, they would have been so harassed and fatigued, that they must have been in the greatest distress and difficulty, and at the longrun probably been destroyed; at least much might have been expected by gaining of time: perhaps such succours would have come from France as would have made the Highlanders to have made an offensive instead of a defensive war. This, I say, was the opinion of many of the officers, who considered the consequences of losing a battle. They knew well that few of the Highlanders would join heartily against them so long as they continued entire, but would do it upon a defeat. There was one great objection to this, that the Irish officers, who were so brave men, and as zealous in the cause as possibly could be, and many of the low countrymen, could not endure the fatigue of a Highland campaign. As for the common soldiers who came from France, there was not 400 remaining. They and their officers, even though a battle was lost, had but to surrender and be made prisoners of war. It was very different with the Scots, whose safety depended upon their not venturing a battle without great probability of success.

But any proposition to postpone fighting was ill received, and was called discouraging the army. I have nothing further to add, but that I am, your 's, &c.

V. LETTER, JOHN CAMPBELL, ESQ. TO LIEUTENANT COLIN
CAMPBELL OF KILBERRY.

Inveraray, 14 July 1746.

DEAR COLIN—Whether you are dead, or still in the land of the living, are two things I am equally ignorant of. Another point not easy for me to decide is, whether this very long silence—this almost total extinction of our correspondence—has happened through your fault or mine. But as I choose to avoid meddling with any question of so much intricacy, these shall, for me, be left to be discussed by the learned; and upon a supposition of your being yet numbered among the living, shall proceed to acquaint you with what I think you wish to know of the warlike operations in our western world.

After the junction of the two armies under the General and

Collonel, they remain'd at Appine a week or two, receiving the arms and homage of the rebels of Appine and Glencoe. Both the arms, and the persons who brought them in, were of the meanest and worst sort, and it seem'd that necessity, not inclination, had been the principal cause of their obedience. We must, however, except the Laird of Glencoe, a good sensible well behav'd sort of man, who surrender'd himself to the General, and is since that time a prisoner at large within this town.

About the beginning of June (I can't be exact as to dates, having seen none of the Officers' journals), the combin'd army embarked at Dunstafnage, and after touching on the coast of Mull, landed in Strontian,¹ in the county of Suinart, famous for the lead mines. Here they staid some days, and sent out parties quite around to apprehend and search for arms, stragling rebels, and cattle. A good number of guns and swords were brought in, and a great number of cattle. The former were no better hero than at Appine, but the latter exceeding good. Here Mr Cameron of Dungallon² surrendred. He is also now with us in town at large. In this country and at Appine we have got about 700 stand of arms, according to the best information I could get. It was one of the party sent out from Moydart, in the neighbourhood of Strontian, that apprehended his lowsy Lordship of Lovat.³ At

¹ The seat of the speculations so ruinous to Sir Alexander Murray, Bart, of Stanhope—a man much in advance of the times in which he lived.

² Cameron of Dungallon was descended from Donald Cameron, second son of Alan Cameron of Locheil who fought at the battle of Glenlivet in 1594.

³ If we may credit Burt's letters from the Highlands, the epithet bestowed on the wily Simon was not altogether unfounded. The following particulars relative to Lord Lovat, &c. which occur in the Inverness Courer, will be read with interest:—

“RELICS OF THE REBELLION IN 1745.—Lately, as some men were engaged in the drainage of part of Loch Farraline in this county, they came upon a quantity of old fire-arms—a brass blunderbuss in excellent preservation, about twelve muskets, the scabbard of a sword, and other articles. The loch is situated in the high mountains above Loch Ness. There has been a tradition among the people of the district for many years that a quantity of arms was thrown into the lake at the stormy period of the Rebellion in 1745, which seems to be confirmed by this occurrence. As the drainage proceeds, it is probable that other discoveries of the same kind will be made, in accordance with the popular belief of the peasantry. In the immediate neighbourhood of the spot is the house of Gortuleg, which, in 1745, was the property of Mr Fraser, chamberlain and agent of Lord Lovat. Old Lovat himself resided at Gortuleg at this interesting time, and hence we may suppose took place this accumulation of fire-arms, which were afterwards thrown into the loch, when the battle of Culloden had decided the fate of the Jacobites. It is well known that, after his defeat, Prince Charles

Moydart, about six weeks ago, the General, with 100 militia, and some red coats from Fort-William, parted from the army, and re-embarking on board the ships, sett out for the Western Isles. Our last accounts of him were of the 8th current, from Barra, where he had just then arrived, after visiting the Islands of St Kilda and South Uist. There was nobody found there. But as there is the highest reason to believe that the Pretender's son and some of his gang are skulking thro' some of these Isles, he was to make a tower thro' North Uist, Lewis, and Harris before his return. The Collonel, with the rest of our militia, excepting 3 or 4 companys who have been disbanded, wait the General's arrival at Strontian. When that happens, we look for them all, bag and baggage back again here.

I forgot to tell you, that beside Glencoe and Dungallon, four more gentlemen (one of them M'Donald, a brother of Kinlochmoydarts,¹ who was the bankier at Paris), surrender'd to the General at Strontian. So that I believe our little army can give as good account of their success as I believe any of the detachments can do. If the General besides should nabb young Charles, our campaign would end with great glory, and no blood but that of a good many cattle, who

retreated through Strathnairn, a district possessed by the Clan Macintosh, of whom their leader, and every individual of rank, had fallen in the action, and came towards evening to the house of Fraser of Gortuleg. Lovat had prepared a sumptuous feast in anticipation of victory! The house was crowded with the retainers of Charles Edward and Lovat, and connected with this Mr Fraser used to relate a touching and striking anecdote:—The children of the family were for convenience placed in a small room between the Prince's chamber and another, but which had communication with both. The whispers of the children, afraid to speak out, produced a suspicion in the mind of Charles that he had been betrayed, and he exclaimed with agitation—"Open the door,—open the door." One of the boys having complied with his request, the unfortunate Prince presented a countenance so strongly marked with terror, that his features were indelibly impressed on the minds of his juvenile beholders. One of them described, in vivid terms, the fair oval face and blue eye, distended with fear and agitation, of the tall, handsome, young wanderer. Seeing his mistake Charles gave way to the following pathetic exclamation:—"How hard is my fate, when the innocent prattle of children can alarm me so much!"—words which long dwelt in their memories, and often moved the household to tears. Charles was too much agitated to think of rest. He changed his dress, and taking a glass of wine, left the house at ten o'clock at night for Invergarry, the seat of Macdonell of Glengarry.

¹ Kinlochmoidart had two brothers, Ranald and Allan, both Captains under Clanranald. Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart was descended from John fourth son of Allan eighth Chief of Clanranald.

to be sure were in the Rebellion.

Here then endeth the history of our military operations hitherto; perhaps there is yet to come matter to fill a heavy volume. It is time now to let you come home among your friends. Knockbuy was remov'd about three weeks agoe by the General's order from his former station of Castlemenzies to Dunnoon, within 6 miles of Dumbarton, where he still remains with Rasckelly's company of militia under his command. Your mama and sisters left Glasgow at Whitsunday, and have once more betaken themselves to Kilberry. They took baby from us more than a month agoe. Captain Angus, after being all winter and spring Governor of Castle Lachlan, was discharg' d beginning of June, and the garrison locked up. The Captain and our aunty Bell and I can keep family at Minard, where I have mostly been for two months bygone. My brother Robin parted with the army at Dunstaffnage, and now somewhat unwillingly indeed has resum'd the old dung-fork business. Soon after you left this our Megg brought us a chopping fellow who now goes by the name of Archibald, and is a very promising young man. 'Tis confidently said she has another on the stocks. It gives me great concern, as it will also to you, that I cannot tell you the same thing of our sister Susy at Glasgow. Poor thing, she had the same misfortune this spring as she had last year. I am told, however, she is in for't again.

The inclos'd comes from a fair of your acquaintance, as I assure myself you will lose no time in making her a return; pray put it under cover to me, and in as many lines as your constant hurry or more constant laziness will allow. Send a few sentences to

My dear Colin,
Your very affectionate cousin and servant,

JO. CAMPBELL.

Let me know if my direction for you is right.

To Lieut. Colin Campbell of Kilberry, of the Right Hon. the Earl of Lowdon's Regiment at Strathbogie by Aberdeen.

VI. THREE LETTERS FROM JAMES WOLFE, ESQ. AIDE-DE-CAMP TO GENERAL HAWLEY, TO CHARLES HAMILTON, ESQ. CAPTAIN OF COBHAM'S DRAGOONS AT FORFAR, 1746.

(1.)

Inverness, May 19, 1746.

SIR,—I am ordred by General Hawley¹ to acquaint you that he has shown your letter to his Royal Highness, who approves of every thing you have done, and desires you will continue that assiduity in apprehending such as have been in open rebellion or are known abettors, and that you will be carefull to collect all prooffs and accusations against them, and deliver them to Major Chaban, and let the Major know from General Hawley that he is to receive and keep together all such accusations as shall be sent him from you, or any other officer under his command, that they may be more conveniently had when called for: you know the manner of treating the houses and possessions of rebels in this part of the country. The same freedom is to be used where you are as has been hitherto practised, that is, in seeking for them and their arms, cattle, and other things that are usually found. These that have submitted to his Royal Highness' Proclamation are to be treated as you have mentioned. The list is to be kept, and their arms are to be taken from them.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,

¹ As Hawley had rendered himself, by his abominable spoliations of the Jacobites, very unpopular with that class of the community, it is not surprising that they should make his birth in keeping with his conduct, and represent him not only as illegitimate, but as sprung from the dregs of the people. It seems, however, that this most unpopular man was the son of a General Hawley, "who lost his life at one of the sieges where General Erie had a command, by taking up a hand-grenade which burnt in his right hand."—Gen. Mag. Feb. 1805, p. 135, 251. He had a sister Anne, for whom he provided amply. From the terms of his will it is clear he had no near relations excepting his sister, as he leaves the whole of his property, real and personal, which was very considerable, between Lieutenant-Colonel John Toovey and Captain William Toovey (Tovey), sons of "Mrs Eliza Toovey, widow," who is declared in the will to have been "for many years my friend and companion, and often my careful nurse, and in my absence a faithful steward." He consequently gave her the liferent of certain heritable estates, vesting the fee in her son William, then a Captain in his own Regiment of Dragoons, who was enjoined to take the name of Hawley.

The General held the government of Portsmouth, and Colonelcy of the Royal Regiment of Dragoons. He died on the 24th of March 1759, at his seat near Portsmouth, aged eighty. His will was proved by William Toovey, the sole executor, on 27th March, just three days after his death.

J. WOLFE, Aid-de-Camp to General Hawley.

P. S.—You will be so good to show Major Chaban what concerns him in this letter, and also what relates to the possessions of the rebels, that he and the officers under his command may make a proper use of it.

(2.)

SIR,—The General has shown your letter to his Royal Highness, and both approve your conduct. You are permitted to graze your troop in that neighbourhood, for the reasons you assign as the most effectual means of doing your duty. Major Chaban must be acquainted with the General's intentions in that respect; and you are likewise to let him know, that he and the rest of the regiament have no right to claim any share of seizures made by your troop when in separate quarters.

The General is satisfied with what you have done in regard to the meeting house, and the money may be applied as you think proper. Young Fletcher's effects are to be secured, but not disposed of till further orders. If you think the attestation of Mr Watson's tennant a sufficient proof of his having acted in treasonable manner, you are to make yourself master of his person, and confine him at Montrose with the rest.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,
JAMES WOLFE, Aid-de-Camp.

Fort-Augustus, June 11 1746.

(3.)

SIR—General Hawley acquainted the Duke with the purport of your letter, who was very well satisfied with your conduct, and you have leave to dispose of the effects of Brown and Watson, but nothing further is to be done in Fletcher's affairs.

The General bid me tell you that when any seizures were made of cattle or otherwise in this part of the world, the commanding-officer and every person concerned have shares in proportion to your pay. You mention Mr Doway to me as a person to be recommended, but at the same time say you have very little knowledge of him, as I have much less, and no more interest here than you have. I think if you have found him serviceable to you, will not neglect an occasion of rewarding him, as it is not known when the troops will move from hence, or what road General Hawley will go. I'm sorry to let you know it's impossible for me to appoint any place for your seeing him.

I am, Sir, your most obedient humble servant,

J. WOLFE, Aid-de-Camp to General Hawley.¹

The father of Wolfe was, according to Lord Mahon, General Edward Wolfe, “a veteran from the wars of Marborough.”² He fixed himself at Westerham in Kent, where he rented the Vicarage house as his residence. In that house his eldest son, James, was born on the 6th of November 1726. At the early age of sixteen he was present at the battles of Dettingen in 1742. He fought at Fontenoy in 1745, and at Laffeldt in 1747.

Whether Wolfe was in Scotland in 1746 has been disputed, and Mr Chambers asserts that Southey held an opinion that he was *not* there at that time; of course the greatest deference is due to the opinion of that distinguished person, who had access to many of Wolfe’s letters, and who intended to write his *Life*,³ but we should like to have been furnished with the evidence, if any, to support the assertion of Wolfe’s absence from Scotland at that precise period. From Bishop Forbes’ memorials we learn that there was a Major Wolfe in Scotland, who was accessory to some of the many thefts and robberies—for they deserve no other name—committed by General Hawley. His Christian name has not been given, and undoubtedly there was then in the army a *John Wolfe*, who was made a Lieutenant-Colonel in 1750.⁴

But the letters now for the first time printed, establish this much, that General Hawley had an Aide-de-camp called *James Wolfe*; and when we call to remembrance that he fought under the Duke of Cumberland at Fontenoy, it is a reasonable presumption, that the regiment to which he belonged would, upon the return of His Royal Highness from the Continent, and subsequent progress to Scotland, accompany him thither. Added to this, after a careful search,

¹ On the letter is written—“This letter was brought me from Fort-Augustus by Baillie Doway on Teusday 22d July 1746.”

² Mahon, vol. iv. p. 225. His services in the Marborough wars could not have been very considerable, for he must have been then, if this assertion be correct, a very young soldier. This seems to follow from the following memoranda as to his promotions:—Colonel Edward Wolfe was appointed in November 1738 Colonel of the Third Regiment of Foot Guards, was in Cuba October 1741, under General Wentworth. He was made Brigadier-General in February 1744. In April 1745 the Brigadier was Colonel of His Majesty’s own Regiment of Foot. In June following he was made Major-General; and in 1747 a Lieutenant-General.

³ See “Lives of Eminent British Commanders,” by the Rev. R. G. Gleig, vol. ii. p. 317.

⁴ On 30th of March 1750, John Wolfe, Esq. was raised to the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of Lord Viscount Bury’s Regiment of Foot—(Gen. Mag.) This, however, may have been the same person who in January 1749 was Captain of “Borelli’s” Regiment, and was promoted to a majority in Sackville’s Regiment.

no other officer of the name of James Wolfe has been traced.¹ We have little doubt, therefore, in holding that Hawley's Aide-de-camp was the Conqueror of Montcalm. Although Wolfe may have been present during the sanguinary atrocities of Cumberland, and the mercenary abominations of Hawley, it does not follow that the deeds of these worthies met with his approbation, nor is it a necessary sequence, that because he was Hawley's Aide-de-camp, he was the *Major* Wolfe whose zeal for the General is so particularly set forth in the work before alluded to.

"*One Major Wolfe,*" says Mrs Gordon, informed her, that "by the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley's order, I was deprived of every thing I had except the clothes upon my back." He remarked that Hawley having inquired into her character, had heard well of her—that she had no hand in the Rebellion, and that she was a stranger without any relations in that country, and that therefore he would make interest with the Duke of Cumberland that she might have any particular thing of her own she had a mind to.

Mrs Gordon proposed to take the *tea* belonging to her; when the gallant Major announced it was remarkably good, and that as tea was scarce in the army, he did not think she could have it. Chocolate was asked and refused. She next begged her china, but Wolfe said it was very pretty, and that they were "very fond of china themselves,"—in short, the poor lady was regularly pillaged. So pitiful was the military tyrant Hawley, that when she sent for a pair of breeches for her son, a lad of fourteen—for a little tea, a bottle of ale, and some flour—she was positively refused. She says—"This Major Wolfe was Aide-de-camp to General Hawley."² This may have been a misconception on her part; however, the General had several Aide-de-camps, and a Colonel Watson, amongst others, is specially noticed.

The noble-minded Hawley finished by robbing this poor woman of property to the tune of six hundred pounds, which he packed up and sent to England by sea. The inventory of the stolen property has been printed, and the variety of articles is wonderful,—table-covers, blankets, china, glass, plate, silk stockings, shirts, wigs, breeches, tea, chocolate, butter, pickled pork, wash-balls, Cheshire cheese, wax candles, Florence oil, a spit, copper fish-kettle and drainer,

¹ In August 1743 there is a James Wolfe, Captain and Adjutant in Lord Dunmore's Regiment, but this is probably the hero of Quebec.

² P. 223. James Wolfe was only then twenty years of age—rather too young for a majority; but the actual Major may have been a relative, and the patronage of the "butcher" Prince will easily explain how the youthful hero may have been, at and after the battle of Culloden, attached to the General's staff.

larding pins, hooks, &c. &c.

Wolfe was in Scotland afterwards for some time, and it is perhaps to his last visit that the following anecdote is referable:—"When Mr Wolfe was a young officer, part of his regiment was quartered at Glasgow. There being a College of considerable reputation in that city, Mr Wolfe obtained a letter of recommendation to a Professor, who introduced him to one of their social evening meetings. The conversation happened to turn on subjects with which Mr Wolfe was unacquainted. He was so much mortified at not being able to bear any share in it, that he next morning entreated his friend the Professor to put him in a train of acquiring the knowledge he found himself so deficient in. He was gratified in this request, and he became a most diligent student while he continued at Glasgow."—Gent. Mag. June 1791, p. 506.

VII.—ANONYMOUS LETTER ADDRESSED TO
LORD PRESIDENT FORBES.

MY LORD—Tho' no mortall can have more true regard for the merits of his Royal Highness the Duke than I have, yet I cannot see, without indignation, all the praise rendered to him upon this happy occasion, and that the publick should take no notice of your never enough to be admired part in the management of it. Your modesty, my Lord, upon all occasions, is well known; but pardon me, if I think it impossible that you can be so unsensible of the infinit sacrifice you have made, as not to expect at least a smal share of the glory.¹

¹ The Duke of Cumberland did not think so highly of the President's services towards the House of Hanover as the writer of this letter appears to have done. "After all, what do you think of the return the Lord President of the Court of Session, the *sagacious Duncan*, met with for all his remarkable services? Remarkable indeed they were, and yet the utmost scorn and contempt he had in return for them! When his Lordship was paying his levee to the Duke of Cumberland at Inverness, he thought fit (as it well became his character and station) to make mention of the laws of the country, &c. To which the Duke of Cumberland was pleased to say—"The laws of the country! My Lord, I'll make a brigade give laws to the country, by G—d." 'It was well that President Forbes escaped a kicking bout, as the Duke of Cumberland uses his friends with freedom. For my own part I would not wish to be the person that had received the sage advice of the sagacious Duncan with derision, because it would have been a lasting imputation upon my judgment and discretion; for certain it is that his Lordship was a gentleman of very extraordinary and uncommon parts, and had an extensive knowledge of men and books. It was not beneath the dignity of a crowned head to listen to his words. He was one of a very high spirit; and the usage he met

I am determined, my good Lord, after paying my first compliments to yourself, to inform the mistaken world of your deserts, which can be done no way so well as by shewing what your joint deliverers had in their power. It is needles for me to enumerate the noble qualities of his Royall Highness; the publick has done him sufficient justice in that respect; but not to derogate at all from his merits, people of sense must consider the Duke as a foreigner, son to the Elector of Hanover, whose family Britain made choice of to rule over them,—wisely judging that to be the way to become a happy people. But the advantage we reap from that succession might very probably have been overlooked by the people, especially as the Court party themselves, at the time affected to be patriots, had, in a most outrageous manner, instil'd subject of clamorous complaint into the mind of the populace, that nothing less than a miracle, one would have thought, could have so suddenly razed out. Add to this the present accomplishments of the young Chevalier, which even his enemies owned to be very great—the male heir of our Scots King, under whose reign our forefathers had nobly maintained their libertys against the attacks of the most powerful invaders; and which is still the strongest argument of all, the young Chevalier, conscious of his own innocence, and the purity of his intentions, threw himself, I may say, naked into the hands of his pretended subjects, when he knew thirty thousand pounds were sett upon his head; and as a proof of what a surprisening effect that had, being equal mixture of the savage and the thief, instead of taking that bribe to better their pityfull circumstances, they fled to his protection, and risked their lives, and the peace of their familys, to procure him what they had been taught to think his right. Behold, my Lord, and admire the amasing force of nature, this bulwark in the humane mind, which his Royall Highnes the Duke had to combat with: And, my Lord, in that combat he might have trembled to think what the consequences might have been, had not your conduct and address paved the way to the late happy victory, by crushing—in the two most powerfull, (tho' God knows—the weakest Chiefs), the very principles sucked in with their milk, and strengthned by some education. With so much art, my Lord, did you steal in upon them, that before they were

with for all his services, joined with the miseries of his country, bore so hard upon him, that it is indeed a prevailing opinion among us in Scotland that he died of heartbreak.”—Jacobite Memoirs, p. 333. This, be it remarked, was the communication of a Whig, and there is no reason for doubting the accuracy either of the anecdote or the justice of the commentary. Duncan Forbes was exceedingly ill used unquestionably by the Whig Government. It was to him, and not to the Duke, that the suppression of the Rebellion was mainly attributable—a Peerage was the least return King George could have made for his services.

aware of it, you had plucked the very seeds of nature, and what they once thought honour and religion, out of their hearts, and turned a ridiculous love to a barren spott of country into a noble resolution of murdering and butchering it, as it was become senseles and stupid, to prefer the family of Stewart, only because, forsooth, they were their own detestable blood, to the illustrious House of Hanover.¹ This was a stroke of yours, my Lord, never to be forgot by posterity, which knocked that audacious boy's natural scheme quite in the head. Your Lordship, however, was too great a man even to stop there. You have now put your hand to the last commendable work, and torn out the very bowels that brought you furth. The Romans killed themselves to save their country; how infinitely have you exceeded to preserve the present happy establishment. My Lord, you have sacrificed your native country, laid it in ashes, and stopt your heroick ears to the tears and lamentations of her widows and orphans. William has indeed slain his thousands, but these were his enemies; Duncan, the immortall Duncan —let it be published even from Dan to Barshaba—has slain his ten thousands, and these his friends and countrey men.

P. S.—One thing I had almost forgott, which is of the utmost consequence. All conspicuous great men have, you know my Lord, their enemies, and as that is much the case with you at present—and all mortalls are fraill, and have ane open side for satyre—one cryes the Lord President may be a good any thing but a General: he has of late plaid that part with ill luck. Another cryes, C----, he is a bad Divine, witness his piece of the Revelations;² and a third cryes, Nay, he is even but ane indifferent lawyer, witness the late story of the proceedings some years ago at Glasgow. Now, my dear Lord, these things require a mighty able pen to defend them. I would therefore advise your Lordship to take your own, and clear these points to the publick.³

¹ Some of the Highland Chiefs were induced by the President to refuse their aid to the Prince. One of the persons referred to in the text was evidently Sir Alexander M'Donald of Slate, whom he persuaded to withdraw from the Rebellion. "He likewise talked with many others upon the subject, and was the happy instrument of keeping above two thousand of them from joining the standard of the Chevalier."—Memoirs of the Life of Duncan Forbes, Esq. Lond. 1748, 8vo. p. 64. The other Chief referred to above may have been the elder Clanranald, or rather Macleod of Macleod.

² "A Letter to a Bishop concerning some Important Discoveries in Philosophy and Theology." This was originally printed in the year 1732, and a third edition in 4to. was published at London in 1736.

³ The President died upon the 12th of December 1747, in the sixty-third year of his age. "Thus died Duncan Forbes of Culloden, who was above six foot high, very straight and genteel in his body,

which much inclined to slenderness; his face was smooth and majestic, his forehead large and graceful, his nose high; his eyes were blue and full of sweetness, and though very quick, yet rather grave than sparkling; the pupilla was charmingly intermixed with the white; his cheeks and chin were finely proportioned, his hands and arms were every way delightful; the moment he appeared in public, he challenged admiration and esteem; his graceful outward parts bespeaking more sublime and internal beauties.”—Memoirs, p. 73, 74.