

“THE FORTY-FIVE.”

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“THE FORTY-FIVE:”

BY LORD MAHON.

BEING THE NARRATIVE OF THE INSURRECTION OF 1745

EXTRACTED FROM

LORD MAHON'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

LETTERS OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART

FROM THE STUART PAPERS, COPIED BY LORD MAHON

FROM THE ORIGINAL MSS. AT WINDSOR.

A NEW EDITION

LONDON:
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET.
1869.

LONDON: PRINTED BY
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE
AND PARLIAMENT STREET.

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“THE FORTY-FIVE.”

CHARACTER AND FIRST YEARS OF PRINCE CHARLES STUART.

(FROM CHAPTER XXVI. OF THE HISTORY.)

CHARLES EDWARD STUART is one of those characters that cannot be portrayed at a single sketch, but have so greatly altered, as to require a new delineation at different periods. View him in his later years, and we behold the ruins of intemperance—as wasted but not as venerable as those of time;—we find him in his anticipated age a besotted drunkard, a peevish husband, a tyrannical master—his understanding debased, and his temper soured. But not such was the Charles Stuart of 1745! Not such was the gallant Prince full of youth, of hope, of courage, who, landing with seven men in the wilds of Moidart, could rally a kingdom round his banner, and scatter his foes before him at Preston and at Falkirk! Not such was the gay and courtly host of Holyrood! Not such was he, whose endurance of fatigue and eagerness for battle shone pre-eminent, even amongst Highland chiefs; while fairer critics proclaimed him the most winning in conversation, the most graceful in the dance! Can we think lowly of one who could acquire such unbounded popularity in so few months, and over so noble a nation as the Scots; who could so deeply stamp his image on their hearts that, even thirty or forty years after his departure, his name, as we are told, always awakened the most ardent praises from all who had known him—the most rugged hearts were seen to melt at his remembrance—and tears to steal down the furrowed cheeks of the veteran? Let us, then, without denying the faults of his character, or extenuating the degradation of his age, do justice to the lustre of his manhood.

The person of Charles—(I begin with this for the sake of female readers)—was tall and well-formed; his limbs athletic and active. He excelled in all manly exercises, and was

inured to every kind of toil, especially long marches on foot, having applied himself to field sports in Italy, and become an excellent walker.* His face was strikingly handsome, of a perfect oval and a fair complexion; his eyes light blue; his features high and noble. Contrary to the custom of the time, which prescribed perukes, his own fair hair usually fell in long ringlets on his neck. This goodly person was enhanced by his graceful manners: frequently condescending to the most familiar kindness, yet always shielded by a regal dignity, he had a peculiar talent to please and to persuade, and never failed to adapt his conversation to the taste or to the station of those whom he addressed. Yet he owed nothing to his education: it had been entrusted to Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish Roman Catholic, who has not escaped the suspicion of being in the pay of the British Government, and at their instigation betraying his duty as a teacher. I am bound to say that I have found no corroboration of so foul a charge. Sheridan appears to me to have lived and died a man of honour; but History can only acquit him of base perfidy by accusing him of gross neglect. He had certainly left his pupil uninstructed in the most common elements of knowledge. Charles's letters, which I have seen amongst the Stuart Papers, are written in a large, rude, rambling hand, like a school-boy's. In spelling they are still more deficient. With him "humour," for example, becomes UMER; the weapon he knew so well how to wield is a SORD; and, even his own father's name appears under the alias of GEMS. Nor are these errors confined to a single language: who—to give another instance from his French—would recognize a hunting-knife in COOTO DE CHAS? I can, therefore, readily believe that, as Dr. King assures us, he knew very little of the History or Constitution of England.† But the letters of Charles, while they prove his want of education, no less clearly display his natural powers, great energy of character, and great warmth of heart. Writing confidentially, just before he sailed for Scotland, he says, "I made my devotions on Pentecost Day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty on this occasion to guide and direct me, and to continue to me

* Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 231. ed. 1785.

† *Anecdotes of his own Time*, p. 201.

always the same sentiments, which are, rather to suffer any thing than fail in any of my duties.”* His young brother, Henry of York, is mentioned with the utmost tenderness; and, though on his return from Scotland he conceived that he had reason to complain of Henry’s coldness and reserve, the fault is lightly touched upon, and Charles observes that, whatever may be his brother’s want of kindness, it shall never diminish his own.† To his father, his tone is both affectionate and dutiful: he frequently acknowledges his goodness; and, when at the outset of his great enterprise of 1745, he entreats a blessing from the Pope, surely, the sternest Romanist might forgive him for adding, that he shall think a blessing from his parent more precious and more holy still.‡ As to his friends and partisans, Prince Charles has been often accused of not being sufficiently moved by their sufferings, or grateful for their services. Bred up amidst monks and bigots, who seemed far less afraid of his remaining excluded from power, than that on gaining he should use it liberally, he had been taught the highest notions of prerogative and hereditary right. From thence he might infer, that those who served him in Scotland did no more than their duty—were merely fulfilling a plain social obligation, and were not, therefore, entitled to any very especial praise and admiration. Yet, on the other hand, we must remember how prone are all exiles to exaggerate their own desert, to think no rewards sufficient for it, and to complain of neglect, even where none really exists; and moreover that, in point of fact, many passages from Charles’s most familiar correspondence might be adduced to show a watchful and affectionate care for his adherents. As a very young man, he determined that he would sooner submit to

* Second letter of June 12. 1745. See Appendix.

† Letter to his father, December 19. 1746.

‡ Letter of June 12. 1745. James on his part writes to his son with warm affection, many of his letters beginning with the Italian name of endearment, “My dearest Carluccio.”—But my remarks apply no further than July, 1747, when the nomination of Henry as a Cardinal—a measure most injurious to the Stuart cause, and carefully concealed till the last moment from his brother, so as to prevent his remonstrances—produced an almost complete estrangement between Charles and his family.

personal privation than embarrass his friends by contracting debts.* On returning from Scotland he told the French Minister, D'Argenson, that he would never ask any thing for himself, but was ready to go down on his knees to obtain favours for his brother exiles.† Once, after lamenting some divisions and misconduct among his servants, he declares that, nevertheless, an honest man is so highly to be prized that, "unless your Majesty orders me, I should part with them with a sore heart."‡ Nay more, as it appears to me, this warm feeling of Charles for his unfortunate friends survived almost alone, when, in his decline of life, nearly every other noble quality had been dimmed and defaced from his mind. In 1785 Mr. Greathed, a personal friend of Mr. Fox, succeeded in obtaining an interview with him at Rome. Being alone with him for some time, the English traveller studiously led the conversation to his enterprise in Scotland. The Prince showed some reluctance to enter upon the subject, and seemed to suffer much pain at the remembrance; but Mr. Greathed, with more of curiosity than of discretion, still persevered. At length, then, the Prince appeared to shake off the load which oppressed him; his eye brightened, his face assumed unwonted animation; and he began the narrative of his Scottish campaigns with a vehement energy of manner, recounting his marches, his battles, his victories, and his defeat, his hair-breadth escapes, and the inviolable and devoted attachment of his Highland followers, and at length proceeding to the dreadful penalties which so many of them had subsequently undergone. But the recital of their sufferings appeared to wound him far more deeply than his own; then, and not till then, his fortitude forsook him, his voice faltered, his eye became fixed, and he fell to the floor in convulsions. At the noise in rushed the Duchess of Albany, his illegitimate daughter, who happened to be in the next apartment. "Sir," she exclaimed to Mr. Greathed, "what is this! you must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders! No one dares to

* "I never love to owe, but, on the contrary, I will deprive myself of little conveniences rather than run in debt."—Letter, June 1, 1744, Stuart Papers.

† Letter of Dec. 19. 1746.

‡ Letter of January 16. 1747.

mention these subjects in his presence."*

Once more, however, let me turn from the last gleams of the expiring flame to the hours of its meridian brightness.— In estimating the abilities of Prince Charles, I may first observe that they stood in most direct contrast to his father's. Each excelled in what the other wanted. No man could express himself with more clearness and elegance than James: it has been said of him that he wrote better than any of those whom he employed[†]; but, on the other hand, his conduct was always deficient in energy and enterprise. Charles, as we have seen, was no penman; while in action—in doing what deserves to be written, and not in merely writing what deserves to be read—he stood far superior. He had some little experience of war, having, when very young, joined the Spanish army at the siege of Gaeta[‡], and distinguished himself on that occasion, and he loved it as the birthright both of a Sobieski and a Stuart. His quick intelligence, his promptness of decision, and his contempt of danger, are recorded on unquestionable testimony. His talents as a leader probably never rose above the common level; yet, in some cases in Scotland, where he and his more practised officers differed in opinion, it will I think appear that they were wrong and he was right. No knight of the olden time could have a loftier sense of honour; indeed he pushed it to such wild extremes, that it often led him into error and misfortune. Thus, he lost the battle of Culloden in a great measure because he disdained to take advantage of the ground, and deemed it more chivalrous to meet the enemy on equal terms. Thus, also, his wilful and forward conduct at the peace of Aix la Chapelle proceeded from a false point of honour, which he thought involved in it. At other times, again, this generous spirit may deserve unmingled praise: he could never be persuaded or provoked into adopting any harsh measures of retaliation; his extreme

* Scottish Episcopal Magazine, vol. ii. p. 177.; and Chambers's History of the Rebellion of 1745, vol. ii. p. 321. The right date must be not 1783 but 1785, as Charles was still at Florence in the former year, and not yet joined by his daughter.

† See Macpherson's State Papers, vol. ii. p. 225.

‡ Muratori, Annal d'Ital. vol. xii, p. 207.

lenity to his prisoners, even to such as had attempted his life, was, it seems, a common matter of complaint among his troops*; and, even when encouragement had been given to his assassination, and a price put upon his head, he continued most earnestly to urge that in no possible case should the "Elector," as he called his rival, suffer any personal injury or insult. This anxiety was always present in his mind. Mr. Forsyth, a gentleman whose description of Italy is far the best that has appeared, and whose scrupulous accuracy and superior means of information will be acknowledged by all travellers, relates how, only a few years after the Scottish expedition, Charles, relying on the faith of a single adherent, set out for London in a humble disguise, and under the name of Smith. On arriving there, he was introduced at midnight into a room full of conspirators whom he had never previously seen. "Here," said his conductor, "is the person "you want," and left him locked up in the mysterious assembly. These were men who imagined themselves equal, at that time, to treat with him for the throne of England. "Dispose of me, gentlemen, as you please," said Charles; "my life is in your power, and I therefore "can stipulate for nothing. Yet give me, I entreat, one "solemn promise, that if your design should succeed, the present family shall be sent safely and honourably home."†

Another quality of Charles's mind was great firmness of resolution, which pride and sorrow afterwards hardened into sullen obstinacy. He was likewise, at all times, prone to gusts and sallies of anger, when his language became the more peremptory from a haughty consciousness of his adversities. I have found among his papers a note without direction, but no doubt intended for some tardy officer: it contained only

* Capt. Daniel's Narrative, MS.

† Forsyth's Italy, p. 587. Geneva ed. He is, however, mistaken as to the date of this journey, which was undoubtedly September, 1750. See King's Anecdotes, p. 196. There seems to have been another such conspiracy two years afterwards. A medal, in my possession, has on one side Prince Charles's head, and on the other the inscription, LÆTAMINI CIVES, SEPT. XXIII. MDCCLII. This date, there is reason to conjecture, refers to Charles having declared himself a Protestant.

these words: "I order "you to execute my orders, or else never to come back." Such harshness might, probably, turn a wavering adherent to the latter alternative. Thus, also, his public expressions of resentment against the Court of France, at different periods, were certainly far more just than politic. There Seemed always swelling at his heart a proud determination that no man should dare to use him the worse for his evil fortune, and that he should sacrifice any thing or every thing sooner than his dignity.

Such is, I conceive, a true and impartial portrait of Prince Charles, as he departed from Rome, and as he arrived in Scotland. I shall afterwards have occasion to explain some of the causes that ere long impaired the merits and darkened the shades of his character; and, at this place, it only remains for me to touch upon some features, inconsistent with the portrait I have drawn, but resting, as I think, on no sufficient evidence. "He was "a miser," says Dr. King. "I have known him, with "two thousand louis-d'ors in his strong box, pretend he "was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in "Paris who was not in affluent circumstances. His most "faithful servants were ill rewarded."* ... First it should be remembered that the testimony of Dr. King is very far from impartial to the Stuarts; he was that worst of all enemies, a former friend. If the facts of his story be truly stated—and his authority, though not impartial, is yet, I own, of no inconsiderable weight—they will certainly admit of no defence. But as to the charge of avarice in general, and of sparing rewards to his servants, I may observe that for the sake of the exiles themselves, and with a view to their certain and complete relief, it was surely better for Charles to be thrifty of his means, and to collect money for the execution of one great enterprise, rather than to scatter it in vague and casual acts of bounty.

"But he was a coward!" Such is the language of those who love to trample on the fallen, and to heap imputations upon him whom fortune has already overwhelmed. When Lochiel, Lord George Murray, and so many other brave men so often censured Charles as rash, and checked his headlong eagerness for battle, can it be doubted that he equalled (for

* Anecdotes of his own Time, p. 202.

none could exceed) them in bravery? But who are they that assert the contrary? Helvetius, the French philosopher, whose house at Paris was for some time Charles's residence, told David Hume that the Prince was utterly faint-hearted, insomuch that when the expedition to Scotland was in preparation, it had been necessary to carry him on ship-board by main force, bound hand and foot.* Now, on the contrary, there are no facts in all history better attested than that, throughout his stay in France, Charles warmly pressed the expedition against many of his friends, who wished to await a more favourable opportunity, and that, in Scotland, it was solely his earnest persuasion that prevailed upon the first Highlanders to rise. The documents which have since appeared not only establish these facts in the clearest manner, but must tend, by subverting the testimony of Helvetius on one point, to render it worthless on all others. † But the cowardice of Charles is also asserted by the Chevalier Johnstone, an officer of his own army. This, at first sight, may appear unimpeachable authority. The keener eyes, however, of Sir Walter Scott, and other Scottish antiquaries, have discovered that Johnstone, in other parts of his narrative, shows himself quite unworthy of credit. Thus a most minute and circumstantial story, which he ascribes to Gordon of Abbachie, is proved to be in all its parts an utter fiction. Thus, again, his own private circumstances are found to be in some respects the very opposite from what he represents them.‡ After such detections, I can only value Johnstone's Memoirs for' their military criticisms and remarks, but shall never admit them as sufficient evidence for facts. The complaints of men who in their vanity think their services slighted, or the calumnies of those who forsake, and then, to excuse their forsaking, slander, the defeated, are always too readily welcomed by contemporary rancour. But there is I believe no higher duty—I am sure there is no greater pleasure—in history, than to vindicate the memory of a gallant and unfortunate enemy.

* Letter from Hume to Dr. Pringle, February 13, 1773. *Mémoires Secrets de Dubois*, vol. i. p. 139.

† See this argument more fully urged in a note to *Waverley*, vol. ii. p. 272. revised ed.

‡ See the *Quarterly Review*, No. lxxi. p. 211.

Early in the summer of 1743, Cardinal Tencin wrote to the old Pretender, urging that Prince Charles should at once proceed from Home to France, so as to be ready to take the command of the intended expedition whenever that should be prepared. The answer of James, however, far more sagaciously points out, that his son's; journey should rather be deferred till those preparations were completed, as it would otherwise serve to put the British Government upon its guard, and induce it to adopt more active measures of defence.* Accordingly, the previous step was to draw together 15,000 veterans at Dunkirk, to be commanded, under Charles, by the Mareschal de Saxe, an illegitimate son of the late King of Poland, and at that time the most skilful and intrepid officer in the French service: a large number of transports for the descent were collected in the Channel, and a fleet of eighteen sail of the line, for their protection was, ready to sail from the harbours of Rochefort and Brest. Notice of these equipments, and of their state of forwardness, being duly sent to Rome, James, on the 23d of December, 1743, put his name to several important acts—a proclamation to the British people, to be published on the landing—and a Commission, declaring the Prince, his son, Regent, with full powers in his absence.† On the same day he likewise signed a patent to secure, rather than to reward, the doubtful fidelity of Lord Lovat, by naming him Duke of Fraser, and the King's Lieutenant in all the counties north of Spey.‡

Thus prepared, and full of hope and ardour, Charles took leave of his father, and set out from Rome on the night of the 9th of January, 1744, on the pretence of a hunting expedition, and afterwards in the disguise of a Spanish courier. He was attended only by a single servant, a faithful groom, who personated a Spanish secretary. Both the King of Sardinia by land, and Admiral Mathews by sea, were eager if they could to intercept him; but so skilfully were his measures taken, that his departure remained a secret even to

* Letter of June 27. 1743, the day of Dettingen.

† See these papers in the Collection of the Declarations and other State Papers of the Insurgents at Edinburgh. Reprinted 1749.

‡ See Lord Lovat's Trial, 1747, p. 24.

his younger brother during several days. Travelling day and night, he reached Savona, and, embarking in a small vessel, ran through the British fleet at great risk of being captured, but arrived safe at Antibes. From thence he pursued his journey, riding post, with such speed as to enter Paris on the 20th of the same month—the very day on which the pretended King at Rome publicly, at his own table, announced his son's departure, and received the congratulations of his family.

An interview with the King of France was now eagerly solicited by Charles, but in vain; and it is remarkable, that he was never admitted to the Royal presence, until after his return from Scotland.* He held, however, repeated conferences with the Earl Marischal, and Lord Elcho; the former his avowed, the latter his secret, adherent. He then hastened from Paris to direct the intended expedition, and took up his residence at Gravelines, where he lived in strict privacy, under the name of the Chevalier Douglas, and with only Bohaldie attending him as secretary. It was from thence that his eyes, for the first time, greeted the white cliffs of that island, which he believed himself born to rule, and was destined so soon to invade. What visions of glory and empire may then have floated before him, and seemed to settle on the distant British hills! How little could the last heir and namesake of the martyred Charles at that time foresee that he should be even more unhappy, because self-degraded, and unlamented in his end!

The letters of Charles, at this period, to his father, give, a lively picture of his close concealment:—"The situation I am in is very particular, for nobody knows where I am, or what is become of me; so that I am entirely buried as to the public, and cannot but say that it is a very great constraint upon me, for I am obliged very often not to stir out of my room for fear of somebody's noting my face. I very often think that you

* Tindal alleges an interview (vol. ix. p. 21.), and he is followed by all the later writers; but the Stuart Papers seem to prove the contrary. James writes to Mr. O'Bryen, August 11. 1745,—"*Depuis que le Prince était en France, il a été tenu guère moins que prisonnier; on ne lui a pas permis d'aller à l'armée, et il n'a même jamais vu le Roi.*"

would laugh very heartily, if you saw me going about with a single servant, buying fish and other things, and squabbling for a penny more or less!" And again: "Everybody is wondering where the Prince is: some put him in one place, and some in another, but nobody knows where he is really; and sometimes he is told news of himself to his face, which is very diverting."—"I have every day large packets to answer, without any body to help me but Maloch (Bohaldie). Yesterday I had one that cost me seven hours and a half."* About this time, however, the Prince received a visit from Lord Marischal, who intended to join the expedition to Scotland, but was informed by Charles that it was deferred until that to England had sailed.

Meanwhile the squadrons at Brest and Rochefort had combined, and, led by Admiral Roquefeuille, were already advancing up the British Channel. Our fleet had, till lately, lain anchored at Spithead: it consisted of twenty-one ships of the line; and its commander was Sir John Norris, an officer of much experience, but whose enterprise, it is alleged, was quenched by age. He had now steered round to the Downs, where, as Captain of Deal Castle, he had long been well acquainted with the coasts, and where, being joined by some more ships from Chatham, he found his force considerably greater than the French. Roquefeuille, by this time, had come abreast of the Isle of Wight, and, perceiving no ships left at Spithead, rashly adopted the conclusion that they had all sought shelter within Portsmouth Harbour. Under this belief, he despatched a small vessel to Dunkirk, to urge that the expedition should take place without delay, a direction which was cheerfully complied with. Seven thousand of the troops were at once embarked in the first transports, the Prince and the Mareschal de Saxe in the same ship, and they had put out to sea, while Roquefeuille, proceeding on his voyage, was already at anchor off Dungeness.

At this critical moment the British fleet, having advanced against Roquefeuille, anchored within two leagues of him, so that the Downs and Isle of Thanet were, for the time, left open to invasion. The French fleet might have been attacked

* To his father, April 3. April 16. and March 6. 1744. Stuart Papers.

with every advantage, and almost certain prospect of not only their defeat, but their destruction; but though a good officer, Norris was no Nelson; and, considering the state of the tide, and the approach of night, resolved to defer the battle till next morning. Next morning, however, the French fleet was gone. Roquefeuille seeing the very great superiority of his opponent, and satisfied with having made some diversion for the transports, had weighed anchor in the night, and sailed back towards the French harbours. Next day a dreadful tempest, which greatly damaged his ships, protected them, however, from any pursuit of Norris.

But the same storm proved fatal to the transports. It blew—as was observed in London on the same day—directly on Dunkirk, and with tremendous violence: some of the largest ships, with all the men on board, were lost; others were wrecked on the coast; and the remainder were obliged to put back to the harbour with no small injury. For some time Charles hoped to renew the attempt; but the French Ministers were discouraged, and the French troops diminished by this disaster. The Mareschal de Saxe was appointed to the command in Flanders, the army withdrawn from Dunkirk, and the expedition relinquished.

Under these mortifying circumstances, Charles, not yet losing hope, sent a message to Lord Marischal to repair to him at Gravelines, and proposed that they should engage a small fishing vessel and proceed together to Scotland, where he said he was sure he had many friends who would join him. This bold scheme—yet scarcely bolder than that which Charles put in execution a year later, and far better timed as to the preparations of his party—was strenuously opposed by Lord Marischal, and at length reluctantly abandoned by Charles. The Prince's next wish was, to join the French army in the ensuing campaign, a project which was in like manner withstood and finally baffled by the Scottish nobleman. On this last occasion Charles wrote to his father in terms of high resentment against Lord Marischal.* It certainly is no matter of blame to a young Prince if he ardently pants for warlike distinction; but on the other hand, Lord Marischal was undoubtedly most kind, judicious, and farsighted in

* Letter, May 11. 1744. Stuart Papers.

preventing him from entering the French ranks against his own countrymen, where his restoration was not concerned, and thereby heaping a needless unpopularity upon his head.

As another instance how rife were divisions and animosities amongst those who had every motive to remain united, it may be mentioned that Charles had, at first, neglected to summon the Duke of Ormond from his retirement at Avignon, to embark with the intended expedition. Ormond, it is true, was now an octogenarian, and his exertions even in his prime were little worth; but his name and popularity in England had long been a tower of strength. The Prince perceived his error when too late, and hastily wrote to the Duke pressing him to join the armament, and Ormond accordingly set out; but, receiving intelligence upon the road that the design had already miscarried, returned to his residence.

Disappointed in all projects of immediate action, whether in England, in Scotland, or in Flanders, Charles now returned to Paris. He received a message from the King directing him to remain concealed; accordingly, he writes to his father—"I have taken a house within a league of this town, where I am like a hermit."* But in a little while the zeal and loquacity of his adherents betrayed his presence; so that, as is observed by himself, "at last my being in Paris was LE SECRET DE LA COMÉDIE."† At some intervals, accordingly, he was allowed to live privately in the capital, but at others, he found it necessary to retire to Fitz-James, the seat of the Duke of Berwick, where he sought recreation in field sports. During all this time he carried on an active correspondence with his Scottish partisans, whom he soon perceived to be greatly superior in zeal and determination to his English. "The "truth of the matter is," says he at a later period, "that our friends in England are afraid of their own shadow, and think of little else but of diverting themselves; otherwise, we should not want the King of France."‡ During the last two years his adherents in the North had employed, as their principal agent, Mr. John Murray, of Broughton, a

* Letter, June 1. 1744. Stuart Papers.

† To his father, November 16. 1744.

‡ To his father, February 21. 1745.

gentleman of birth and property, whom they knew to be active and able, and believed courageous and trusty; and this person being despatched to Paris in the summer of 1744, held frequent conferences with Charles. In these the Prince appeared sanguine of French assistance, but declared himself willing to go to Scotland though he brought but a single footman.*

* Examination of Mr. Murray of Broughton, August 13. 1746.

“THE FORTY-FIVE.”

CHAPTER I.

(CHAPTER XXVII OF THE HISTORY.)

WE are now arrived at that memorable period when the cause of the banished Stuarts flashed with brilliant lustre, then sunk into eternal darkness—when the landing of seven men could shake an empire—when the wildest dreams of fiction were surpassed by the realities of history—when a principle of loyalty, mistaken indeed, but generous and noble, impelled to such daring deeds, and was followed by such utter ruin—when so many gallant spirits, lately exulting in hope or forward in action, were quenched in violent death, or wasted in the lingering agonies of exile.*

The spring of 1745 found the young Pretender still at Paris, harassed by the discords of his own adherents, and weary of leaning on a broken reed—the friendship of Louis the Fifteenth. Since the failure at Dunkirk, the French professions of assistance were continued, but the reality had wholly disappeared. It seems that several Protestant Princes—the King of Prussia more especially—had remonstrated against the support which France was giving to the Roman Catholic party in Great Britain†, and that most of

* Of the rebellion of 1745 there are three separate histories, which I have consulted and found of great service. First, Mr. Home's, published in 1802; it is meagre, unsatisfactory, and by no means worthy the author of Douglas, but it contains several valuable facts and letters. Secondly, Sir Walter Scott's, in the *Tales of a Grand-father*—an excellent and perspicuous narrative, but which, being written for his little grandson, is, of course, not always as well adapted to older persons. Thirdly, Mr. Chambers's—very full and exact. The writer, though a warm partisan of the Stuarts, is always fair and candid, and deserves much praise for his industry in collecting the remaining local traditions.

† *Mémoires de Noailles*, vol. vi. p. 22. This passage has hitherto been overlooked, in reference to the conduct of the French Court upon this subject, but fully accounts for it.

the French Ministers. shrunk from offending their continental allies, while others wished every effort to be concentrated for Flanders. Even the Irish Brigade, though consisting of Charles's own countrymen and partisans, was not reserved for his service. Even a little money, for his immediate wants, could only be obtained after repeated solicitation and long delay. Yet Charles's high spirit endured. He writes to his father: "I own one must have a great stock of patience to "bear all the ill usage I have from the French Court, and the TRACASSERIES of our own people. But my patience will never fail in either, there being no other part to take."* And again, "Whatever I may suffer, I shall not regret in the least, as long as I think it of service for our great object; I would put myself in a tub, like Diogenes, if necessary."†

It had been intimated to Charles, through Murray of Broughton, and on the part of his principal Scottish friends, that they could do nothing in his behalf, nor even think themselves bound to join him, unless he came with a body of at least 6000 troops, and 10,000 stand of arms. These he had no longer any hope of obtaining, and he was therefore brought back by necessity to his first and favourite scheme, "having it always at heart," says he in a later letter, "to restore my Royal Father by the means of his own subjects alone."‡ He wrote to Scotland, whither Murray had now returned, announcing his intention, at all hazards, to attempt the enterprise. Meanwhile he made every exertion for procuring arms, borrowed 180,000 livres from two of his adherents, and wrote to his father at Rome, concealing his real project, but requesting that his jewels might be pawned, and the money sent to him. "For our object," says he, "I would pawn even my shirt... As for my jewels, I should, on this side the water, wear them with a very sore heart, thinking that there might be made a better use of them. ... It is but for such uses that I shall ever trouble your Majesty with asking for money; it will never be for plate or fine

* Letter, January 16. 1745. Stuart Papers.

† Letter, January 3. 1745.

‡ Instructions to Alexander Macleod, Edinburgh, September 24, 1745. See Home's History, Append, p. 324.

clothes, but for arms and ammunition, or other things that tend to what I am come about to this country."*

The announcement of Charles's intentions excited equal surprise and alarm among his friends in Scotland; all, with the single exception of the Duke of Perth, condemned his project; they wrote dissuasive letters which, however, came too late†, and they stationed Murray on the watch on the Highland coast, that if the Prince came, he might see him, and urge him to return. Murray remained on this station during the whole month of June, and then went back to his house in the south of Scotland, supposing the enterprise abandoned. But, on the contrary, the tidings of the battle of Fontenoy had decided Charles's movements, it seeming to afford a favourable opportunity, such as might never occur again. He made all his preparations with equal speed and secrecy. He was then at the Château de Navarre, near Evreux‡, formerly a favourite haunt of his great ancestor Henri Quatre, and, since Charles Stuart, again the refuge of fallen grandeur in the Empress Josephine. In 1745, it was the seat of the young Duke de Bouillon, between whom and Charles a romantic friendship had been formed.§ From Navarre, on the 12th of June, Charles wrote a most remarkable letter to his father, for the first time revealing his design. Here are some extracts:—Let me mention a parable: a horse that is to be sold, if spurred it does not skip or show some signs of life, nobody would care to have him, even for nothing. Just so my friends would care very little to have me, if, after such scandalous usage from the French Court, which all the world is sensible of, I should not show that I have life in me. Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father. You yourself did the like in the year

* Letter, March. 7. 1745.

† Examination of Mr. Murray of Broughton, August 13. 1746,

‡ "Navarre, à une demie lieue d'Evreux, bâti par Monseigneur le Duc de Bouillon, sur les ruines d'un château que les Rois de Navarre avaient fait faire pour la chasse, 1702." (Copied from a MS., Bibliothèque du Roi, Paris.) Delille says, in *Les Jardins*.

"L'ombre du Grand Henri chérit encore Navarre."

§ See in the Culloden Papers, p. 205., an intercepted letter from the Duke to Charles in Scotland, assuring him in the warmest terms of friendship that he may dispose of all his estate and blood.

Fifteen; but the circumstances now are indeed very different, by being much more encouraging.... This letter will not be sent off till I am on shipboard... I have sent Stafford to Spain, and appointed Sir Thomas Geraldine to demand succours in my name to complete the work, and I have sent letters for the King and Queen. Let what will happen, the stroke is struck; and I have taken a firm resolution to conquer or to die, and to stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me.... Whatever happens unfortunate to me, cannot but be the strongest engagement to the French Court to pursue your cause; nay, if I were sure they were capable of any sensation of this kind, if I did not succeed, I would perish, as Curtius did, to save my country and make it happy.... Your Majesty may now see my reason for pressing so much to pawn my jewels, which I should be glad to have done immediately, for I never intend to come back.”*

To King Louis, or to the French Ministry, Charles gave no intimation whatever of his intended enterprise, having strong grounds to fear that he might else be forcibly detained. Nevertheless, he secured the assistance of one large French man-of-war, and had even hopes of a second. “It will appear strange to you,” writes he to James’s Secretary, “how I should get these things without the knowledge of the French Court. I employed one Rutledge, and one Walsh, who are subjects (they were merchants at Nantes;) the first has got a grant of a man-of-war from the French Court to cruise on the coast of Scotland, and is luckily obliged to go as far north as I do, so that she will escort me without appearing to do it.”† The ship of war thus obtained was named the Elizabeth, and carried sixty-seven guns: the vessel for Charles’s own conveyance was a brig of eighteen,

* Letter, June 12. 1745.

† Letter to Mr. Edgar, June 12. 1745.

the *Doutelle**, an excellent sailer, fitted out by Walsh to cruise against the British trade. The arms provided by the Prince—about 1500 fusées, 1800 broad-swords, with powder, balls, flints, and twenty small field-pieces—were for the most part embarked in the *Elizabeth*: the money that he carried with him was less than four thousand Louis d'ors. It must be owned, that the charm of this romantic enterprise seems singularly heightened, when we find from the secret papers I have now disclosed, that it was undertaken not only against the British Government, but without, and in spite of, the French!

The *Doutelle* lay in the mouth of the Loire, and Nantes was the place appointed to meet at. The better to conceal the design, the gentlemen who were to embark with, Charles travelled by various routes to the rendezvous; while they remained there, they lodged in different parts of the town, and if they accidentally met in the streets, they took not the least notice of each other, nor seemed in any way acquainted if there was any person near enough to observe them.† All things being prepared, Charles set out from Navarre, and, after being delayed for a few days by contrary winds, embarked on the 2d of July at seven in the evening, from Saint Nazaire, at the mouth of the Loire. At the island of Belleisle they were further detained till the 13th, expecting the *Elizabeth*, but, on her arrival, proceeded in good earnest on their voyage. It was from Belleisle that the Prince bade a last farewell to his friends in Italy, "I hope in God we shall soon meet, which I am resolved shall not be but at home... I am, thank God, in perfect good health, but have been a little sea-sick, and expect to be more so; but it does not keep me much abed, for I find the more I struggle against it the better,"‡ As a disguise, he wore the habit of a student of the

* It is called *Le Du Belier* by Charles himself in his letter of August 2. 1745 (see Appendix); but all other authorities agree in the name *La Doutelle*,

† Jacobite Memoirs of 1745, p. 2.; a valuable work, compiled from the papers of Bishop Forbes, by Sir Henry Steuart of Alanton, and R. Chambers, Esq. 1834.

‡ To Mr. Edgar, July 12. 1745. In the proceedings abroad I always give the date according to the New Style, but in Great Britain according to the Old, The same is to be observed of Prince Charles's own letters.

Scots College at Paris, and his rank was not known to the crew; and to conceal his person still more, he allowed his beard to grow until his arrival in Scotland.

On the fourth day after leaving Belleisle the adventurers fell in with a British man-of-war of 58 guns, called the *Lion*, and commanded by Captain Brett, the same officer who, in Arson's expedition, had stormed Paita. An engagement ensued between this ship and the *Elizabeth*, when after a well-matched fight of five or six hours, the vessels parted, each nearly disabled. The *Lion* found it necessary to put back to England, and the *Elizabeth* to France. As to the *Doutelle*, it had kept aloof during the conflict; Charles had earnestly pressed Mr. Walsh to allow him to engage in it, but Walsh, feeling the magnitude of his charge, exerted his authority, as owner of the vessel, and steadily refused, saying at last, that if the Prince insisted any more he should order him down to the cabin!* The *Doutelle* now pursued her voyage alone; but the return of the *Elizabeth* lost Charles the greater part of the arms and stores he had so laboriously provided.

Two days afterwards the little bark that bore "Caesar and his fortunes," was chased by another large vessel, but escaped by means of superior sailing, and was rapidly wafted among the Western Isles,† After about a fortnight's voyage, it moored near the little islet of Erisca, between Barra and South Uist. As they neared the shore, an eagle that came hovering round the ship, delighted the adventurers by its favourable augury. "Here," said Lord Tullibardine, turning to his master, "is the King of Birds come to welcome your Royal Highness to Scotland!" Charles and his followers then landed and passed the night on shore. They learnt that this cluster of islands belonged to Macdonald of Clanranald, a young chief attached to the Jacobite cause,—that Clanranald himself had gone to the mainland; but that his uncle, and principal adviser, Macdonald of Boisdale, was then not far distant in

* Narrative of Mr. Æneas Macdonald, one of the Prince's companions. (*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 7.)

† There is some discrepancy here as to the dates (compare the *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 9. with the *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 479.); but it is of small importance. The day of Charles's landing in Moidart was certainly July 25. O. S.

South Uist. A summons from Charles brought Boisdale on board the *Doutelle* the next morning. But his expressions were not encouraging. He remonstrated with Charles against his enterprise, which he said was rash to the verge of insanity; and added, that if his nephew followed his advice he would take no part in it. In vain did Charles exert all his powers of persuasion: the old man remained inflexible, and went back to his isle in a boat, while Charles pursued his voyage to the mainland.

Arriving at this, Charles entered the bay of Lochnanuagh in Invernesshire, between Moidart and Arisaig. He immediately sent a messenger to Clanranald, who came to him on board, attended by several of his tribe, especially Macdonald of Kinloch Moidart. To them Charles addressed the same arguments as he had to Boisdale, imploring them to assist their Prince and their countryman, at his utmost need. In reply they urged) like Boisdale, that to take arms without concert or support could end in nothing but ruin. Charles persisted, argued, and implored. During the conversation they walked to and fro upon the deck; while a Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the custom of the country; he was a younger brother of Kinloch Moidart, and had come to the ship without knowing who was on board it; but when he gathered from the discourse that the stranger was the Prince of Wales, and when he heard his chief and his brother refuse to take arms with their rightful sovereign, as they believed him, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and instinctively grasped his sword. Charles observed his agitation, and with great skill availed himself of it. Turning suddenly towards him, he called out, "Will you, at least, not assist me?"—"I will! I will!" cried Ranald. "Though no other man in the Highlands "should draw a sword, I am ready to die for you!"— Charles eagerly expressed his thanks to the warm-hearted young man, saying he only wished that all the Highlanders were like him. But, in very truth, they were like him. Catching his enthusiasm, and spurning all further deliberations, the two Macdonalds declared that they also would join, and use every exertion to engage their countrymen.*

* Home's History, p. 39.

During this scene, the other kinsmen of Clanranald had remained with Charles's attendants in a tent, that had been pitched at the opposite end of the deck. One of these Macdonalds has left a journal, in which Charles's appearance is described: "There entered the tent a tall youth of a most agreeable aspect, in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt not very clean, and a cambrick stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat with a canvass string, having one end fixed to one of his coat buttons: he had black stockings and brass buckles in his shoes. At his first appearance I found my heart swell to my very throat. But we were immediately told that this youth was an English clergyman, who had long been possessed with a desire to see and converse with Highlanders."* It is remarkable that among these Macdonalds—the foremost to join Charles—was the father of Marshal Macdonald, Duke de Tarento, long afterwards raised to these honours by his merit in the French Revolutionary wars, and not more distinguished for courage and capacity than for integrity and honour.

Charles, being now sure of some support, landed a few days afterwards, on the memorable 25th of July, Old Style, in Lochnanuagh, and was conducted to Borodale, a neighbouring farm-house belonging to Clanranald. Seven persons came on shore with him, namely the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, but for the attainder of 1716, would have been Duke of Athol, and was always called so by the Jacobites—Sir Thomas Sheridan, who had been tutor to Charles—Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service—Kelly, a non-juring clergyman, the same who had taken part in Atterbury's plot—Francis Strickland, an English gentleman—Æneas Macdonald, a banker in Paris, and brother of Kinloch Moidart—and Buchanan, the messenger formerly sent to Rome by Cardinal Tencin. These were afterwards designated as the "Seven Men of Moidart;" and the subsequent fate of each has been explored by the Jacobites with mournful curiosity.†

The first step of Charles was to send letters to such

* Macdonald's Journal; Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 480.

† See [Jacobite Memoirs, p. 3.](#)

Highland chiefs as he knew, or hoped to be, his friends, especially to Cameron of Lochiel, Sir Alexander Macdonald, and Mac Leod. Lochiel immediately obeyed the summons; but he came convinced of the rashness, nay, madness of the enterprise, and determined to urge Charles to desist from it and return to France till a more favourable opportunity. On his way to Borodale he called upon his brother, Cameron of Fassefern, who concurred in his opinion, but advised him rather to impart it to the Prince by letter. "I know you," said Fassefern, "better than you know yourself. If this Prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases."* Lochiel, however, persevered in going on; he saw Charles, and for a long while stood firm against both argument and entreaty. At length, the young adventurer tried one final appeal to his feelings:—"I am resolved," he exclaimed, "to put all to the hazard. In a few days I will erect the Royal Standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the Crown of his ancestors, or perish in the attempt. Lochiel, who, my father has often told me, was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and learn from the newspapers the fate of his Prince!" At these glowing words, the sturdy determination of the Chief dissolved like Highland snow before the summer sun. "Not so," he replied, much affected; "I will share the fate of my Prince whatever it be, and so shall every man, over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." Such, observes Mr. Home, was the singular conversation, on the result of which depended peace or war; for it is a point agreed among the Highlanders, that if Lochiel had persisted in his refusal to take arms, the other chiefs would not have joined the Standard without him, and the spark of rebellion must have instantly expired.

The answer of Sir Alexander Macdonald and Mac Leod, removed as these were from the fascination of Charles's presence—was far less favourable. These two chiefs—perhaps the most powerful in the Highlands, could each have raised from 1200 to 1500 followers. They were then together in the Isle of Skye, where Clanranald had gone in person to urge them. But they alleged, as they might with truth, that their

* Communicated, in 1781, by Fassefern himself to Mr. Home. (History, p. 44.)

former promise of joining Charles was entirely contingent on his bringing over auxiliaries and supplies, and they also pleaded, as an additional motive for delay, that a great number of their men resided in the distant islands. Their object being to wait for events, and to side with the victorious, they professed zeal to both parties, but gave assistance to neither: thus, for instance, they wrote to the Government to communicate Charles's arrival in Scotland; but prudently postponed their news till nine days from his landing.*

There were not wanting in Scotland many men to follow such examples: but Lochiel's feeling was that of far the greater number. The Scots have often been reproached with a spirit of sordid gain. The truth is merely—and should it not be matter of praise?—that by their intelligence, their industry, their superior education, they will always, in whatever country, be singled out for employment, and rise high in the social scale. But when a contest lies between selfish security or advancement on one side, and generous impulse or deep-rooted conviction on the other; when danger and conscience beckon onward, and prudence alone calls back; let all History declare whether in any age or in any cause, as followers of Knox or of Montrose, as Cameronians or as Jacobites, the men—ay, and the women—of Scotland, have quailed from any degree of sacrifice or suffering! The very fact that Charles came helpless, obtained him the help of many. They believed him their rightful Prince; and the more destitute that Prince, the more they were bound in loyalty to aid him. Foreign forces, which would have diminished the danger, would also have diminished the duty, and placed him in the light of a hostile invader rather than of a native sovereign. Moreover, Charles was now in the very centre of those tribes, which ever since they were trained by Montrose—such is the stamp that great spirits can imprint

* See Mac Leod's letter in the Culloden Papers, p. 203. He says in the postscript, "Young Clanranald has been here with us, and has given us all possible assurances of his prudence!" In another letter of August 17. Mac Leod adds, "In my opinion it would be a very wrong step to draw many of the troops to Scotland, as there can be but little danger here!"

upon posterity!—had continued firm and devoted adherents of the House of Stuart. Macdonald of Keppoch, Macdonald of Glengarry, and many other gentlemen, sent or came with warm assurances of service, and after a hasty visit, went off again to collect their men; the 19th of August being fixed for the raising of the Standard and the muster of the forces. Charles, meanwhile, displayed great skill in gaining the affections of the Highlanders around his person: he adopted their national dress, and consulted their national customs, and soon learnt some words of Gaelic, which he used on public occasions*, while all those who conversed with him in English, felt the influence of his fascinating manners. Having disembarked his scanty treasure and arms from the *Doutelle*, he employed himself in distributing the latter amongst those who seemed best able to serve him. The ship itself he sent back to France with an account of his landing. He paid a farewell visit to Mr. Walsh on board, and gave him a letter to James, at Rome, entreating that in reward for his service he should receive the patent of an Irish Earldom.† By the same opportunity he informed his father of his progress:—“I am joined here by brave people, as I expected: as I have not yet set up the Standard I cannot tell the number; but whatever happens, we shall gain an immortal honour by doing what we can to deliver our country in restoring our Master, or perish sword in hand.”‡

From Borodale, Charles proceeded in a few days by water to Kinloch Moidart, a better house, belonging to the chief of that name, and about seven miles further. There he remained till the raising of his Standard. There also he was joined by Murray of Broughton, who had hastened from his seat in the south, at Charles’s summons, having first performed the perilous duty of having the manifestos, for future distribution, printed. He was appointed by Charles his Secretary of State, and continued to act as such during the

* See Macdonald’s *Journal*, Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 482.

† Prince Charles to his father, August 2. 1745. Appendix. I believe that the honour was accordingly conferred, and I was formerly acquainted at Baden with Count Walsh, who was, as I understood, the descendant and representative of this gentleman.

‡ Letter, August 4. 1745. Appendix.

remainder of the expedition.

During this time the English Governor at Fort Augustus, alarmed at the vague reports, but undoubted preparations, that were spreading around him, had determined to send a reinforcement to the advanced post at Fort William, On the 16th of August, two companies marched for this service, commanded by Captain Scott. The whole distance is thirty miles: for above twenty, the soldiers marched without molestation, when suddenly, in the narrow ravine of Spean Bridge, they found themselves beset by a party of Keppoch's Highlanders. Assailed by a destructive fire from the neighbouring heights, and unable to retaliate upon their invisible enemies, they began a retreat; but more Highlanders of Lochiel coming up, and their strength and ammunition being alike exhausted, they were compelled to lay down their arms. Five or six of them had been killed, and about as many wounded: among the latter, Captain Scott himself. All the prisoners were treated with marked humanity, the wounded being carried to Lochiel's own house at Auchnacarrie; nay, more, as the Governor of Fort Augustus would not allow his surgeon to go forth and attend Captain Scott, the generous Chief sent the Captain to the Fort for that object on receiving his parole.

This success, though of no great importance in itself* served in no small degree to animate the Highlanders on the Raising of the Standard. The day fixed for that ceremony, as I have already mentioned, was the 19th of August; the place Glenfinnan, a desolate and sequestered vale, where the river Finnan flows between high and craggy mountains, and falls into an arm of the sea; it is about fifteen miles from Borodale, and as many from Fort William. Charles having left Kinloch Moidart on the 18th, proceeded to the house of Glenaladale, and early next morning embarked in a boat for the place of muster. On arriving, attended only by one or two companies of Macdonalds, he expected to find the whole valley alive with assembled clans; but not one man had come, and Glenfinnan lay before him in its wonted solitude and silence. Uncertain, and anxious for his fate, the Prince entered one of the neighbouring hovels, and waited for about two hours. At length the shrill notes of the pibroch were heard in the distance, and Lochiel and his Camerons

appeared on the brow of the hill: they were above six hundred in number, but many without weapons; and they advanced in two lines of three men abreast, between which were the two English companies taken on the 16th, marching as prisoners, and disarmed. On being joined by this noble clan, Charles immediately proceeded to erect the Royal Standard; the place chosen being a little knoll in the midst of the vale. The Marquis of Tullibardine, tottering with age and infirmities, and supported by an attendant on each side, was, as highest in rank, appointed to unfurl the banner: it was of red silk, with a white space in the centre, on which, some weeks afterwards, the celebrated motto, "TANDEM TRIUMPHANS," was inscribed" At the appearance of this Standard, waving in the mountain breeze, and hailed as the sure pledge of coming battle, the air was rent with shouts, and darkened with bonnets tossed on high; it seemed, says an eye-witness, like a cloud.* Tullibardine, after a little pause, read aloud the manifesto of the old Chevalier, and the Commission of Regency granted to Prince Charles. This was followed by a short speech from the Adventurer himself, asserting his title to the Crown, and declaring that he came for the happiness of his people, and had selected this part of the kingdom because he knew he should find a population of brave gentlemen, willing to live and die -with him, as he was resolved at their head to conquer or to perish. Among the spectators, but no willing one, was Captain Swetenham, an English officer, taken prisoner a few days before in proceeding to assume the command at Fort William: he was now dismissed by Charles, after very courteous treatment, and with the words, "You may go to your General; say what you have seen; and add that I am coming to give him battle!"

On the same day, but after the ceremony, arrived Keppoch with three hundred of his clan, and other smaller parties. Some gentlemen of the name of Mac Leod came to offer their services, expressing great indignation at the defection of their Chief, and proposing to return to Skye, and raise as many men as they could. The little army encamped that

* Letter in the Culloden Papers, p. 387., derived from Captain Swetenham's description. On the spot where the standard was raised, there now stands a monument with a Latin inscription. See note to Waverley, vol. i. p. 238. ed. 1829.

night on Glenfillan; O'Sullivan, an Irish officer who had lately joined the Prince, being appointed its Quartermaster-General.* Next morning they began their march, Charles himself proceeding to Lochiel's house of Auchnacarrie, and he was joined by Macdonald of Glencoe with one hundred and fifty men; the Stuarts of Appin, under Ardshiel, with two hundred, and Glengarry the younger, with about the same; so that the united forces marching onwards soon amounted to upwards of sixteen hundred men.

While these things were passing in the Highlands, the established Government was neither prompt in its news, nor successful in its measures. It was not till the 30th of July, Old Style, that we find Lord Tweeddale, the Scottish Secretary of State in London, informed that the young Pretender had sailed from Nantes.† This report was immediately transmitted to Edinburgh; yet, even so late as the morning of the 8th of August, nearly three weeks after Charles's first appearance on the coast, it was unknown to the authorities at that capital. "I consider the report of the sailing as improbable," writes the Lord President on that day, "because I am confident that young man cannot with reason expect to be joined by any considerable force in the Highlands‡," and he then proceeds to show how much the Jacobite party was reduced since 1715: it had indeed died away like a fire for want of fuel, while the strength of prescription (the mightiest

* There seems some uncertainty as to when Mr. O'Sullivan joined the expedition. It is supposed by some persons that he sailed with Charles in the *Doutelle*, and that Buchanan being considered the Prince's domestic was not included in the number of seven that came on shore. (*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 2.) But it is more probable that O'Sullivan afterwards joined Charles on shore—one of several officers who came from France and landed on the east coast of Scotland. (See *Culloden Papers*, p. 398.)

Culloden Papers, p. 204. See also p. 360. and 365., and the *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 405., on the diminution of the Jacobites since 1715.

† Lord Tweeddale to Lord Milton, July 30. 1745. *Home's History*.

‡ *Culloden Papers*, p. 204. See also p. 360. and 365., and the *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 405., on the diminution of the Jacobites since 1715.

after all of any) had gathered round the Reigning Family. But then this inference suggests itself—if the Scottish Jacobites even thus diminished seemed scarcely a minority in 1745—what, under wise direction, might they not have been thirty years before?

At this period the persons in Edinburgh most relied on by the Government, were, first, the commander-in-chief, General Sir John Cope; secondly, the Justice Clerk Andrew Fletcher, Lord Milton; and, thirdly, the Lord President, Duncan Forbes. The last has been highly, yet not too highly, extolled as a most learned and upright judge, a patriot statesman, a devoted and unwearied assertor of the Protestant succession. Few men ever loved Scotland more, or served it better. Opposing the Jacobites in their conspiracies or their rebellions, but befriending them in their adversity and their distresses, he knew, unlike his colleagues, how to temper justice with mercy, and at length offended, by his frankness, the Government he had upheld by his exertions.* When, in 1715, the jails of England were crowded with Scottish prisoners, plundered, penniless and helpless, Forbes, who had lately borne arms against them in the field, set on foot a subscription to supply them with the means of making a legal defence; and when, on the same occasion, the exasperated Government proposed to remove these misguided but unhappy men from the protection of their native laws, to a trial in England, it was Forbes that stood forward to resist, and finally to prevent, this arbitrary measure. His seat lying in the north, (Culloden House, near Inverness,) he had always repaired thither in the intervals of the Court of Session; he had there cultivated a friendly intercourse with the principal Highland gentlemen, and gained a considerable mastery over the minds of many. He was the link that bound the false and fickle Lovat to the Government; it was mainly through him that Mac Leod, Sir Alexander Macdonald, and several other chiefs, were restrained to a prudent neutrality; it was he who inspired, guided, and directed the Sutherlands, the Mackays, and the other well affected clans in the north. Even before the news

* See some remarks on the character of Duncan Forbes in the Quarterly Review, No. xxviii. p. 321., I believe by Sir Walter Scott.

of Charles's landing was fully confirmed, he hastened from Edinburgh to Culloden, ready to perform every service that the exigency might demand.

Sir John Cope, on his part, sent orders for drawing together his troops at Stirling. He had two regiments of dragoons (Gardiner's and Hamilton's), but they were the youngest in the service; and the whole force under his command, exclusive of garrisons, fell short of three thousand men. There were also several companies of a Highland regiment, headed by the Earl of Loudon: these* however, besides the doubts of their fidelity, were not at hand for present action, being for the most part in the north, beyond Inverness. Nevertheless, with such force as he could muster, Cope was eager to march forward to the mountains, and crush the rising rebellion in its bud. This scheme he proposed in a letter to the Lords Justices in England, and it was warmly approved; nay, he even received their positive commands to carry it into execution. They also furnished him with a proclamation, issued in the London Gazette several days before, offering a reward of 30,000*l.* to any person that should seize and secure the pretended Prince of Wales.

Thus instructed by the Government, but at the same time deluded by the Jacobites around him with a multitude of false advices, Sir John set out from Edinburgh on the 19th of August, the very day that Charles was raising his standard at Glenfillan. Next morning he commenced his march from Stirling, at the head of nearly fifteen hundred foot, but leaving behind the dragoons, who could not have afforded much service amongst the mountains, nor yet obtained sufficient forage. He took with him, however, a vast quantity of baggage, a drove of black cattle, to kill for food, when required, and about a thousand stand of arms, which he expected to distribute to native volunteers. Not one such appearing to join him, he sent back 700 of the muskets from Crieff. His march was directed to Fort Augustus, as a central post, from which he hoped to strike a decisive blow against the rebels; and as he advanced, being met by Captain Swetenham, he obtained the first certain accounts of their numbers and appearance. But on arriving at Dalwhinnie, he found the pass of Corry Arrack, that lay between him and

Fort Augustus, already in possession of his enemy.

Corry Arrack is a huge precipitous mountain, ascended, by a part of Marshal Wade's military road, which winds up in seventeen zig-zags or traverses, before it attains the rugged heights. The pass was known to the country people by the name of the Devil's Staircase, and afforded, a most excellent position for defence. Charles, discerning its importance, had determined to occupy it as soon as he heard of Cope's approach; and made a forced march for that object, burning and destroying all incumbrances which could impede his progress, and, that his men might not complain, sacrificing his own personal baggage. Early on the 27th he stood on the north side of Corry Arrack, and hastened to ascend it, expecting an attack that afternoon, and exulting in the expectation. It is recorded, that as he put on his new Highland brogues that morning, he exclaimed with delight, "Before these are unloosed, I shall be up with Mr. Cope!"* As he walked up he sent forward Macdonald of Lochgarry, and Secretary Murray, expecting that they would see the British troops beginning their ascent on the opposite side. But when they reached the summit, instead of beholding the numerous windings filled with the ascending files of Sir John Cope's army, they gazed on utter solitude. Not a single man appeared. At length, they observed several Highlanders, whom they supposed some of Lord Loudon's, and the British van-guard; but who proved to be deserters, bringing the surprising intelligence that the General had entirely changed his course, and, avoiding the expected battle, was in full march for Inverness.†

For this and for his subsequent conduct, Sir John Cope has sometimes been called a coward, and sometimes a traitor. He was neither. He was a plain, dull officer, of indisputable fidelity and courage, who had been previously in action, and behaved respectably under a superior; but Endowed with very moderate abilities, and overwhelmed by the feeling of his own responsibility as chief.‡ On this occasion he felt that

* Mr. T. Fraser to the Lord President, August 29.1745. Culloden tapers.

† Tales of a Grandfather, vol. ii. p. 270.

‡ On Cope's character, see Quarterly Review, No. lxxi. p 177.

it was in vain to attack the rebels upon Corry Arrack: to remain at Dalwhinnie seemed inactive, to return to Stirling ignominious. What other course then was left but a march to Inverness to join the well-affected clans, with the prospect that the insurgents must be drawn towards the same direction, and would not venture to descend upon the Lowlands while Cope remained in their rear? But Sir John did not trust to his judgment only; he adopted that favourite resource of incapable commanders—a Council of War. No officer was found to advocate remaining near Dalwhinnie; only one urged the alternative of a retreat to Stirling; all the others, concurring with their General, gave their signs manual to the plan he proposed. Yet, it certainly was by far the worst of the three; and had the King's troops but kept their ground in front of the rebels, the latter would, probably, either have been checked in their advance, and cooped up in their mountains, or else been obliged to hazard a battle upon equal terms.*

The news of Cope's flight (for such it was considered) filled the Highland host with exultation. The greater number wished to follow and give him battle—a less hazardous course, perhaps, than to march onwards, leaving His army unconquered, to cut off their retreat; but Charles, seeing the superior importance of a descent upon the Lowlands, wisely decided for the latter scheme. It was immediately put into execution. Two days carried him through the rugged mountains of Badenoch; on the third he beheld the pleasant vale of Athol, expanding to his view. The Grants, of Glenmorrison, to the number of one hundred men, had already come in at Corry Arrack; and as the Highland army descended to the plain, they were joined, like one of their own rivers, by accessions of Strength at the mouths of all the

and also the proceedings on Cope's trial.

* "The military men here think that, though it might not have been fit for his Majesty's service for Sir John Cope to attack the rebels, yet that he ought to have staid somewhere about Dalwhinnie; and, in that case, it would not have been easy for the rebels to have made such a progress into the south before him. But as the matter is now over, it is needless to enter into a discussion." (Lord Tweeddale to the Lord President, September 10.1745.)

little glens which they passed.* Charles was especially eager to secure Lord Lovat, and sent him the most pressing solicitations through Lochiel, together with his patents as Duke of Fraser, and Lord Lieutenant of the northern counties. But the wily old Chief still kept aloof and unengaged: on the one hand, continuing the strongest professions of his allegiance to his neighbour, the Lord President; and at the same time writing to Lochiel, "My service to the Prince; I will aid you what I can; but my prayers are all I can give at present."† Prayers! from such a saint of course doubly precious!—By this conduct, Lovat expected to reap profit whichever party prevailed; by this conduct did he ultimately bring his head to the scaffold, and his name to lasting disgrace. When will mankind become convinced that the dirtiest path is always the most slippery!

Charles, however, derived some compensation from one of his detachments, which, after an unsuccessful attempt on the barracks of Ruthven, carried off as a prisoner, perhaps no unwilling one, Lovat's son-in-law, Macpherson of Cluny, the head of a powerful clan. Cluny had been appointed by the Government Captain of an independent Company, but now, after several conversations with Charles, consented to return and raise his men in the Prince's cause. As an apology for his change, he declared to a friend that "even an angel could not resist such soothing, close applications!"‡ Indeed, the fascination of Charles was acknowledged by every one around him.

The Highlanders were delighted at his athletic form and untired energy; like one of Homer's heroes, he overtopped them all in stature§, and they found that he never required from them any hardship or exertion that he was not willing to share. Thus, at Dalwhinnie, he slept with them upon the

* Chambers's History, vol. L p. 79

† Lord Lovat to the Laird of Lochiel, September, 1745.

‡ See Culloden Papers p. 142.

§ One of Sir John Cope's spies from Perth described to him the Chevalier, as "in a fine Highland dress laced with gold, wears a bonnet laced, wears a broadsword, had a green riband, but did not see the star; a well made man, taller than any in his company." (Sir John Cope to the Lord President, September 12. 17-45.)

open moor, sheltered only by his plaid; Every day he marched alongside some one or other of their bands, inquiring into their national legends, or listening to their traditionary songs. At table, he partook only of their country dishes, seeming to prefer them to all others; he wished to be, as he said, "a true Highlander," and his few phrases of Gaelic were used whenever occasion offered. On the other hand, the simple and enthusiastic Highlanders were prepared to find or to fancy every possible merit in their long expected Prince. Upon the whole, it might be questioned whether any chief has ever, in so short a period, so greatly endeared himself to his followers.

On the 30th of August, Charles reached Blair, the seat of the Duke of Athol, who hastily fled at his approach, while Tullibardine resumed possession of his paternal halls, and gave a stately banquet to his young master and his ancient vassals. Charles remained at Blair two days, during which he was joined by several gentlemen of note: Mr. Oliphant of Gask, Mr. Mercer of Aldie, Mr. Murray, brother of the Earl of Dunmore, Lord Strathallan, with his son, and Lord Nairn, the son of the Peer who had been attainted and condemned to death in 1716. Still marching onwards, the vanguard of the insurgents arrived at Perth on the 3d of September, and the Prince made his public entry on horseback, and amidst loud acclamations, the next day. Unlike his father, he did not proceed to the neighbouring palace of Scone, but took up his residence at an antique house in the town, belonging, as Scone, to Lord Stormont. Here he remained a week to collect supplies and to muster his men. Of the 4000 louis-d'ors brought with him, he had remaining on the day he came to Perth but a single one, which he showed to Mr. Kelly, saying that he would soon get more.* Accordingly, he sent out parties through Angus and Fife, who, while they proclaimed "King James the Eighth" in the principal towns, enlisted a few men and levied a little public money. From the city of Perth he obtained 500*l.*, and several voluntary offerings reached him from his partisans at Edinburgh. All the strangers, however, whom Charles found at Perth attending the fair, received his passports, to protect their persons and

* Home's History, p. 75. note.

goods from depredation; and with several of them he courteously conversed, amongst others with a linen-drapeer from London, whom he desired to inform his fellow citizens that he expected to see them at St. James's in the course of two months. Nor was he less busily employed in bringing into some degree of order, the ill-assorted elements of his little army; one day he held a public review upon the North Inch, and could not suppress a smile at the awkwardness of some of the new recruits. Every morning he rose early to drill the troops; and it is recorded that one night, when invited to a great ball by the ladies of Perth, he had no sooner danced one measure than he made his bow and withdrew, alleging the necessity of visiting his sentry posts. It is added, that the Perth ladies—thinking, of course, that no business could possibly be so important as their ball—were grievously surprised and offended at the shortness of his stay.*

At this period Charles received two most valuable accessions to his cause, in the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, The former brought with him about 200 of his men; the latter was of great use in raising the tenantry of his brother, the Duke of Athol; and both were created Lieutenant Generals in the Prince's service, James Drummond, titular Duke of Perth, was grandson of the Chancellor of James the Second in Scotland, and had received his education in France.† His character was amiable rather than able, of courtly manners, conciliatory temper, and dauntless bravery, but very young, and unskilled either in politics or war. A warrant had been issued for his apprehension by the Government, as a suspected person, about the time of Charles's landing. Captain Campbell, who was charged with the execution of this warrant, had first, in a spirit very unlike a British officer's, procured for himself an invitation to dine at Drummond Castle, directing his men to draw as near as they could without raising the alarm, and then, at dessert, told His Grace that he was his prisoner. The Duke received the tidings very coolly, saying there was no

* Chambers's History, vol. i. p. 87.

† The Duchess of Perth carried off her sons to France (in 1720) as soon as she heard of the Duke their father's death." (Lockhart Papers, vol. ii p. 42.) She was a most vehement Roman Catholic. (Tindal's Hist. vol. ix. p. 165.)

help for it; but in leaving the apartment he made the Captain, as if in courtesy, pass before him, and then suddenly starting back and locking the door, escaped by a private staircase from the house into the wood. He was quickly followed, and might perhaps have been retaken, had he not found a pony and leaped upon its back, without saddle or bridle, and only a halter on its head. By this means he made his way from his pursuers, and lay concealed in the neighbouring Highlands until, on the approach of Charles, he joined him with as many of his men as he could raise.

Lord George Murray was both an older and an abler man. With his brother Tullibardine he had taken part in the rebellion of 1715; he had been at the fight of Glenshiel in 1719, and had afterwards served for some years in the Sardinian army. Being then pardoned by the Government, he had since lived quietly on his estate in Scotland, had married, and was the father of a family*: nay, as it is said, he had even solicited a commission in the British army, which was however refused. He was by far the most skilful officer that appeared with the insurgents in the whole course of this rebellion. His personal hardihood and bravery, however conspicuous, might be rivalled by many others; but none could vie with him in planning a campaign, providing against disasters, or improving victory. Yet so far was he from being a formal tactician or lover of strict rule, that he strongly advised the Prince to trust to the national weapons and mode of fighting of the Highlanders, with some improvements of discipline, rather than attempt to instruct them in any more scientific manoeuvres. But the merits of Lord George, as a commander, were dashed by no small waywardness of temper, an impatience of contradiction, a blunt and supercilious address. A rivalry almost immediately sprung up between him and the Duke of Perth; which, as we shall find, afterwards ripened into a quarrel very hurtful to their common cause. In these broils the part of the Duke was

* Lord George was the ancestor of the present Duke of Athol. He has left a Military Memoir on the marches of the insurgent army (printed in the Jacobite Memoirs, p. 29—130.), which is very clear and able, but dwelling a little too much on his own services. His letter on the battle of Culloden appears in Home's Appendix, p. 359—370.

always espoused by Secretary Murray, an able and active, but selfish and intriguing man, who expected to wield a greater influence over Perth than over the superior genius of Lord George. Sir Thomas Sheridan also, whom Lord George once or twice fiercely rebuked for his ignorance of the British Laws and Constitution, became of course his personal enemy; and the Prince himself, who was equally ignorant upon those subjects, was often offended at his disrespectful tone.

From Perth, Charles despatched a letter to the Earl of Barrymore in London, urging his party to strenuous exertions.* He also caused to be printed, and circulated as widely as possible, his Father's Proclamations and his own. Besides those put forth at his landing, he had been prevailed upon to issue a reprisal for that of the Established Government, setting a price of 30,000*l.* upon his head. For several days Charles stubbornly refused to follow what he termed "a practice so unusual among Christian Princes;" he only yielded, at length, to the necessity of conciliating his officers, and then insisted that the price in his Proclamation should be no more than 30*l.* Fresh importunities at last induced him to extend it to the same amount as in the Government†; saying, however, he was confident no follower of his would ever think of doing any thing to merit such a reward. This generosity of Charles was more than once carried to a romantic extreme: thus, as we shall see hereafter, his reluctance to punish some acts or attempts of assassination, even to his own peril, provoked the discontent and murmurs of his army.

During their stay at Perth news reached the insurgents, that General Cope, deeply mortified at their descent into the Lowlands, Was directing his march from Inverness to Aberdeen, with the intention of embarking his army, and returning with it for the protection of the capital.‡ On these

* Examination of Mr. Murray of Broughton, August 13.1746.

† See this document in the Collection of Declarations, &c. p. 22. signed Charles P. R. and countersigned John Murray. The concluding words are: "Should any fatal accident happen from hence, let the blame lie entirely at the door of those who first set the infamous example."

‡ This intelligence is first mentioned in a letter of Lord George

tidings Charles formed his plans—not like Lord Mar's, to stand at gaze and wait for others to help him—but to forestall his enemy's movement upon Edinburgh, by a movement of his own. Having completed his scanty preparations, he resumed his adventurous march on the 11th of September. It was found no easy matter to draw the Highlanders from their good quarters at Perth; but the Prince went first with the vanguard, and the rest joined him at Dumblane. "It was in this neighbourhood," observes one of the officers, "that many of our fathers, and several of us now with the Prince, fought for the same cause, just thirty years before, at the battle of Sheriffmuir."* On the 13th they proceeded to the Fords of Frew, about eight miles above Stirling; since they could not cross the Frith, where several of the King's ships were stationed, nor yet the bridge of Stirling, which is commanded by the cannon of the castle. But at the Fords of Frew, the river being low at this season, they passed without difficulty; and Gardiner's dragoons, who had been left behind by Cope, retired before them, designing to fall back upon the other regiment which was now lying at Leith. As the insurgents marched on, the sight of their Royal Standard provoked some cannon shot from Stirling Castle, aimed, it is said, at Charles himself, but without effect; the town however gladly opened its gates, and furnished its provisions. Every thing was paid for, discipline being strictly maintained by the exertions of the officers; and Lochiel, finding one of his men plunder in spite of his repeated orders, shot him dead upon the spot.†

The army was now passing over the plain of Bannockburn: on the next evening, the 14th, they were quartered in the town of Falkirk, or lay in some broom fields near Callender House. Charles himself was entertained at that mansion by its owner, the Earl of Kilmarnock, who hailed him as his sovereign, and assured him of his future services. According to the information given by the Earl, Gardiner's dragoons had intended to dispute the passage of Linlithgow Bridge

Murray's in the night of Saturday the 7th September. (Jacobite Memoirs.)

* Macdonald's Journal. (Lockhart Papers, vol. ii p. 486.)

† Chambers's History, vol. i. p. 104.

next day, and the Prince, hoping to surprise them, sent forward before daybreak a detachment of a thousand Highlanders under Lord George Murray; but they found that the dragoons had decamped the evening before, and quietly took possession of the town and its ancient palace. A few hours later they were joined by the Prince in person, and his vanguard pushed forward to Kirkliston, only eight miles from Edinburgh. All the ground thus traversed by the insurgents is fraught with the brightest recollections of Scottish story. On that field of Bannockburn had Liberty and The Bruce prevailed—that palace of Linlithgow was the birth-place of the ill-fated Mary, and afterwards her dwelling in hours—alas how brief and few! —of peaceful sovereignty and honourable fame —those battlements of Stirling had guarded the cradle of her infant son—there rose the Torwood where Wallace sought shelter from the English invaders—yonder flowed the Forth, which so often had “bridled the wild Highlandman.” Surely even a passing stranger could never gaze on such scenes without emotion—still less any one intent on like deeds of chivalrous renown—least of all the youthful heir of Robert Bruce and of the long line of Stuart Kings!

Meanwhile the citizens of the capital, like a stormy sea tossing with successive billows, had been agitated by every alternation, according to the rumours that reached them, of presumptuous confidence or of craven fear. But little concern appeared at the first news of the insurgents. None of the friends of Government doubted their speedy dispersion or defeat; while the Jacobites (there, as elsewhere in Scotland, a very considerable party) concealed their secret hopes under an affected derision of the enterprise, and of all the measures adopted to quell it. But when the tidings came that Cope had marched to Inverness, and that Charles was descending from the mountains, the well-disposed inhabitants were struck with consternation, much heightened by the succeeding intelligence, that the Prince had already entered Perth. The Government newspaper indeed, the Edinburgh Evening Courant, continued to speak of the Highlanders in arms with most utter contempt, as “a pitiful ignorant crew,” good for nothing, and incapable of giving any reason “for their proceedings, but talking only of SNISHING “(tobacco), King

JAMESH, TA RASHANT (the Regent), PLUNTER, ANA NEW PROGUES!"* But this confident language was belied by the activity with which the preparations for defending the city were now pursued. A few days later, however, the magistrates and the inhabitants reverted to their feelings of security from the arrival of one of Sir John Cope's Captains, directing that transports for his embarkation might be immediately despatched to Aberdeen. These transports accordingly sailed on September the 10th; and from that time, says an eye-witness, the people of Edinburgh were continually looking up to the vanes and the weathercocks†, as conscious that their destiny hung suspended on the winds. But who shall describe their fresh panic, when they learnt that the young Pretender had not only passed the Forth, but that, driving the King's dragoons before him, he was actually within a few miles of their walls!

Against this danger the Castle of Edinburgh stood secure in its inaccessible position, and held a sufficient garrison, commanded by General Guest, an intrepid veteran. The city, on the other hand, was protected only by an antique rampart of varying height, from ten to twenty feet, which was embattled, but with parapets in most places too narrow for mounting cannon, and on the whole but little stronger than a common garden wall. Some fortifications, indeed, but hasty, slight, and incomplete, were added in this emergency, under the direction of Professor MacLaurin, the celebrated mathematician.‡ The defenders were still more contemptible than the defences. There was a Town Guard, of which the value may sufficiently be estimated from their conduct in the Porteous Mob. There were Trained Bands of Militia; but these had never been called out since the Revolution, except for a yearly parade on his Majesty's birthday, and a dinner afterwards. There were also some volunteers, who had offered their services at this crisis; but their number never exceeded four hundred, and they required to be taught the first elements of military discipline. All these forces were

* This extract is given in Mr. Chambers's History, vol. i. p. 125.

See Provost Stewart's Trial, p. 39. &c.

† Home's Hist. p. 63.

‡ See Provost Stewart's Trial, p. 39. &c.

under the authority of the Lord Provost, Archibald Stewart, who was afterwards subjected to a long imprisonment and a harassing trial, for alleged breach of duty at this period. It is probable that his own principles were not free from a secret Jacobite bias; but nevertheless it was proved on the clearest evidence, and to the satisfaction of the jury, that he had honestly acted for King George, and had failed from want of means, or perhaps of capacity, but not from any traitorous design.*

The dragoons of Colonel Gardiner having now retired before the rebels to Corstorphine, within three miles of the city, and resolving to make a stand, sent for the second regiment from Leith; and it was proposed that they should also be supported by the City Guard, and by the body of volunteers. To collect the latter, the fire-bell, an ominous signal, began to toll on Sunday, the 15th, in the midst of divine service; the churches were emptied in an instant, and the congregations pouring out into the streets beheld the volunteers arrive under arms, and Hamilton's regiment ride through on its way to Corstorphine. As the dragoons appeared the volunteers hailed them with loud huzzas, in token of their own alacrity, which the dragoons returned with similar shouts and with the clashing of their swords. At these warlike sights and sounds, the female friends and relatives of the volunteers were filled with consternation, and clung around the objects of their tenderness with tears and entreaties to consult their precious safety. Sir Walter Scott truly observes, that there is nothing of which men in general are more easily persuaded than of the extreme value of their own lives; and a further argument was supplied by a clergyman present, who declared that such valiant men ought not to sally forth, but reserve themselves for the defence of the city walls. The effect of these exhortations was soon apparent. When the regiment of volunteers was directed to move on, the files grew thinner and thinner; man after man dropped off; from hundreds they dwindled to tens,

* See the proceedings of this trial, which began March 24. 1747, and which affords much minute and authentic information on the surrender of the city. Stewart was certainly very harshly dealt with by the Government.

from tens almost to units; and at last, when their commander, Mr. Drummond, had passed the gates and looked round, he was amazed to find only one or two dozen in his train. One of their number, afterwards, in very sublime and suitable language, compared their march to the course of the Rhine, a noble river as it rolls its waves to Holland, but which, being then continually drawn off by little canals, becomes only a small rivulet, and is almost lost in the sands before reaching the ocean.*

On this occasion, however, the prudence of the soldier citizens was not destined to be shamed by any superiority in the regular troops. The command of the latter was assumed on Sunday night by Brigadier Fowkes, who had been despatched from London, and had just landed at Leith. By this new chief the dragoons and Town Guard were drawn up at the Colt Bridge, a little nearer the city than Corstorphine. There, on the Monday morning, they were, at Prince Charles's order, reconnoitred by a party of mounted gentlemen from the Highland army, who, as they rode up, discharged their pistols in the usual manner of skirmishers. Immediately, the dragoon piquets were seized with an unaccountable panic: that panic was communicated to the main body; and the officers, after vainly endeavouring to check, were compelled to share their shameful flight. Within half an hour the inhabitants of Edinburgh were dismayed or rejoiced according as their principles inclined them, to see these dragoons galloping along in the greatest confusion over the ground where the New Town at present stands. No sense of honour, no respect to orders could arrest them; they scarcely halted till they came to Preston, where they quartered for the night near the house and grounds of their own chief—the excellent and deeply afflicted Colonel Gardiner. But after dark one of the men going in quest of forage happened to fall into a disused coal-pit full of water, and his outcry for assistance was mistaken by his comrades

* See Quarterly Review, No. lxxi. p. 173. Another volunteer, a writing master, assumed for his march what has been termed a "professional cuirass," namely, two quires of long foolscap paper, which he tied round his valliant bosom; but still, for fear of accidents, wrote upon them as follows: "This is the body of John MacLure; pray give it Christian burial!"

for an alarm that the Highlanders were coming; upon which they instantly remounted their horses, and resumed their race through the night, never stopping till they reached the shores of Dunbar.

The "Canter of Coltbliff," as this disgraceful flight has been popularly called, might well have damped much stouter hearts than now remained for the defence of Edinburgh. Even previously, they had been greatly alarmed at a message brought them by one Mr. Alves; who stated that having approached the rebel army by accident, he had there seen the Duke of Perth, to whom he was personally known. "The Duke," continued Mr. Alves, "desired me to inform the citizens of Edinburgh, that if they opened their gates their town should be favourably treated; but that if they attempted resistance, they must expect military execution; and his Grace ended by addressing a young man near him with the title of Royal Highness, and desiring to know if such were not his pleasure, to which the other assented." This message being publicly delivered, (for which piece of imprudence, or of treachery, Mr. Alves was committed to prison,) seemed to produce a general feeling of aversion to any further measures of defence; an aversion speedily heightened into panic terror by the rout of the dragoons. In this emergency the Provost called a meeting of the magistracy that same afternoon, and sent also for the Crown officers to require their advice; but these, with infinite prudence, had already quitted the city.

The magistrates having met, and many unauthorised persons pressing in amidst the general confusion, the question, "Defend, or not defend the town?" was put, and but very few voices declared in favour of the former. But in the height of the debate, or rather of the din, a letter addressed to the Provost and Town Council was handed in at the door, and, being opened, appeared subscribed "Charles P. R." The Provost rose and protested against reading any such letter: It was read, nevertheless, and was found to contain a summons to surrender, with a promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the property of every individual. "But," it added, "if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for the consequences, being firmly resolved, at any rate, to enter the city; and if any of the inhabitants are found

in arms against us, they must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.”* This letter, though it increased the cry against resistance, did not lead to any definite resolution; and it was at length agreed, as a middle course, to send out a deputation to the Prince, entreating a suspension of hostilities, and time for full deliberation.

Scarcely had the deputation set forth on their errand, when the citizens were once again inclined towards warlike counsels, by the arrival of an express, with news that Cope’s transports were already in sight of Dunbar, and that the General would immediately proceed to land his men, and march for the relief of the city. It appeared, therefore, that a few hours of delay or of defence might be sufficient to save the capital of Scotland; and various measures for that object were submitted to General Guest, and to the magistrates,—all, however, on examination, rejected as impracticable.’

About ten o’clock at night the deputation returned: they had found the young Chevalier at Gray’s Mill, within two miles of the city, and brought back another letter from him, appealing to his own and to his father’s Declarations, as sufficient security, and demanding a positive reply before two in the morning. Thus pressed for time, the bewildered magistrates could think of no better expedient than to send a second deputation to Gray’s Mill, with renewed entreaties for delay. This deputation, however, the Prince refused to admit into his presence; and they were obliged to return without any answer.

During this anxious night Charles slept only two hours, without taking off his clothes. Fully conscious of the value of time at this crisis, and afraid that the negotiation would lead to no result, he resolved to storm or surprise the city at daybreak; and sent forward Lochiel and Murray of Broughton, with five hundred Camerons, to watch any favourable opportunity. They carried with them a barrel of powder, to blow up one of the gates, if necessary. Arriving, without discovery, close to the Netherbow Port, they lay in ambush near it; when as it happened, about five in the morning, the hackney coach which had conveyed the second

* This letter was produced at Provost Stewart’s trial (p. 113.), and is printed in Home’s History, p. 92.

deputation to Gray's Mill drove up to the gate from within, the coachman having completed his business, and wishing to return to his stables in the suburb of Canongate. The sentinels, knowing that the man had been that night engaged in the service of the magistrates, readily opened the gate to let him go home. But no sooner were the portals disclosed, than the foremost Highlanders rushed in, overpowered and secured the watchmen, and seized the guardhouse. Immediately sending parties round the inner circuit to the other gates, they secured these also, without bloodshed or disturbance. It passed as quietly, says a person present, as one guard relieves another; and when the inhabitants of Edinburgh awoke in the morning, they found that the Highlanders were masters of their city.*

At the first break of dawn the Camerons were marched up to the Cross, where they stood (so strictly was discipline maintained!) from six o'clock till eleven, in perfect order, refusing the whiskey that was offered them, and refraining from all plunder, though in a city taken, as it were, by storm, and surrounded by so many objects of temptation. At noon the old Cross—already so renowned in the Scottish annals—became the scene of another striking ceremony. The heralds and pursuivants, arrayed in their antique and glittering dresses of office, were compelled to proclaim King James the Eighth, and to read the Royal Declarations and Commission of Regency, while the bagpipes were not wanting in their music, nor the populace in its acclamations; and a thousand fair hands, from the neighbouring windows and balconies, waved white handkerchiefs in honour of the day. One lady, of distinguished beauty, Mrs. Murray of Broughton, sat on horseback beside the Cross, raising a drawn sword in one hand, and with the other distributing the white ribbons that denoted attachment to the House of Stuart. The old days of Scottish chivalry appeared to have returned.

At nearly the same hour of the same memorable 17th of September, Charles, till then at the head of his advancing troops, set forth to take possession of the palace of his ancestors. To avoid the fire of the Castle, he made a

* Home's History, p. 96.

considerable circuit to the south; he entered the King's Park by a breach which had been made in the wall*, and approached Holyrood House by the Duke's Walk, so termed because it had been the favourite resort of his grandfather, as Duke of York, during his residence in Scotland. His march had begun on foot, but the enthusiastic crowd which pressed around him, eager to kiss his hand, or even to touch his clothes, nearly threw him down; he therefore mounted his charger, having on his right the Duke of Perth, on his left Lord Elcho, who had joined him the night before. His noble mien and his graceful horsemanship could not fail to strike even the most indifferent spectators; and they were scarcely less pleased at his national dress—a tartan coat, a blue bonnet with a white cockade, and a star of the order of St. Andrew. With fonder partiality, the Jacobites compared his features to those of his ancestor Robert Bruce, or sought some other resemblance in that picture-gallery at Holyrood, which, according to their boast, contains so many undoubted originals of Kings who lived so many centuries before the invention of painting. On this occasion, indeed, the joy of the Jacobites knew no bound; and their feelings, long dissembled or pent in, from compliance with the times, now burst forth in exuberant and overflowing transports. The air resounded with their rapturous acclamations; and as Charles rode onwards, his boots were dimmed with their kisses and tears.†

As Charles came in front of Holyrood House, the garrison of the Castle, informed of his progress, and eager if possible to arrest it, fired a cannon ball with such direction as to make it descend upon the palace. It did, however, but little injury, striking obliquely a part of James the Fifth's Tower, and falling into the court yard, followed by a quantity of rubbish. The Prince, undismayed at this accident, was about to enter the porch, when a gentleman stepped from the crowd, drew his sword, and raising it aloft marshalled the way up stairs. This was James Hepburn of Keith, who had taken an active part in the rebellion of 1715, and had ever since continued devoted to the Stuart cause. His main motive was abhorrence

* Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 446.

† Chambers's History, vol. i. p. 136.

of the Act of Union; while even his political enemies, admiring him as “a model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour,” lamented that he should sacrifice himself to a visionary idea of Scottish independence.*

In the evening the long-deserted chambers of the palace were enlivened with a splendid ball, and, as on the eve of another great battle—“bright the lamps shone o’er fair women and brave men,” and “a thousand hearts beat happily.”†—Charles showed that neither the fatigue of the previous march, nor the anxiety of the coming conflict, could impair his natural vivacity and powers of pleasing; and the ladies were loud in his praises, many of the younger, perhaps, thinking that the cause of so handsome a Prince and so graceful a dancer could not possibly be wrong.

Next morning was devoted to more serious cares. The Standard had lately been joined by several persons of distinction, the Earl of Kellie, Lord Balmerino, Sir Stuart Threipland, Sir David Murray, Lockhart the younger of Carnwath, (his grandfather, James’s correspondent, had died in 1732,) and several other Lowland gentlemen. From the magazine of Edinburgh Charles obtained about a thousand muskets, which served to arm many of his Highlanders, still leaving, however, several unprovided, he also laid upon the city a requisition for tents, targets, shoes, and canteens. Few of the burghers showed any inclination to enlist in his service; but on the next day after his entry, Lord Nairn, who had been left in the north to gather reinforcements, came up with five hundred men, consisting of the clan MacLauchlan, with their chief, and other Highlanders from Athol. All these forces—the new and the old—were passed in review at the camp before the Prince, and he announced his resolution to lead them forward against Sir John Cope, and give him battle—a courageous measure, to which he obtained the consent of all the officers.

The leisure left to Charles for repose or preparation at Edinburgh was only one entire day, the 18th: on the night of

* Home’s History, p. 101.

† I need scarcely quote—for who does not know And admire?—the beautiful stanzas on the Duchess of Richmond’s ball at Brussels in 1815. Childe Harold, canto iii.

Thursday, the 19th, he came to the village of Duddingstone, and the troops lay upon their arms. Calling a council of war, the Prince proposed to march next morning, and meet the enemy half-way; this being agreed to, he next asked the chiefs how they thought their men would behave. The chiefs desired Keppoch to answer for them, since he had served in the French army, and was well acquainted with the difference between Highlanders and regular troops. Keppoch said, that as the country had been long at peace, few or none of the private men had ever seen a battle, and it was not very easy to say how they would behave; but he would venture to assure His Royal Highness that the gentlemen would be in the midst of the enemy, and that the private men, as they loved the cause and loved their chiefs, would certainly follow them. Charles then declared that he would lead them on himself, and charge in the first ranks. But here a general outcry ensued; the chiefs exclaimed that they were ruined and undone, for if any accident befel His Royal Highness, a defeat or a victory must be the same to them; and on Charles's persisting, they said they would then return home, and make the best terms they could for themselves. The Prince was therefore compelled to yield, declaring, however, that at least he would lead the second line.

Early on the morning of the 20th, the Highlanders began their march in a single narrow column, and with joyous anticipations of victory. As Charles put himself at their head, he drew his sword, and said to them, "Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard," which was answered by loud cheers. Their cavalry scarcely amounted to fifty, being only some gentlemen and their retainers on horseback; but their numbers altogether were about 2500.* They had but a single piece of artillery—an iron gun, which was fired as the signal of march, but was useless for any other military purpose. Charles had expressed a wish to leave this encumbrance behind him; but to his surprise the Highland chiefs interposed, pleading the prejudices of their followers in

* See the answers of Mr. Patullo, Muster-master General to the Rebel Army, and Mr. Home's note in his Appendix, p. 331. See also a long and valuable note (by the editor) to Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 29. octavo ed.

favour of the "Musket's Mother," as they termed any cannon; and accordingly it followed the march, drawn by a long string of Highland ponies. The DUNNIE WASSAILS, and the best men in each clan, were excellently armed; but even after the supply from Edinburgh, several of the inferior followers could only boast a single weapon—a sword, a dirk, a pistol, or even a scythe-blade set straight upon the handle. Besides the Royal Standard, each clan displayed its banner inscribed with its gathering words, such as those of Clanranald, DHANDEON CO HERIGHA (Gainsay who dares), of Mac Gregor, "E'en do and spare not," or of Athol, "Forth Fortune, and fill the Fetters." In this guise did the men march on, interrupted only by some straggling shots from the Castle, and soon disappearing beyond its reach.

I must now advert to Sir John Cope's proceedings. That general was landing his army at Dunbar on the same day that his enemy's entered Edinburgh: his disembarkation, however, was not completed till the 18th. He had been reinforced at Inverness by 200 of Lord Loudon's men, and was joined at Dunbar by the runaway dragoons, in number 600, so that his whole force was upwards of 2200 men. A very few gentlemen from the Lowlands also came to him as volunteers, but brought no accession of force; the principal of them, the Earl of Home, being attended only by two servants. Even so late as 1633, the Earl of Home of that day had come to greet Charles the First at the head of 600 well-mounted men, his relations and retainers. The change was, no doubt, mainly owing to the decline of feudal power; but it also, in some degree, denotes the state of popular feeling in Scotland, and the difference between raising men for or against the House of Stuart.

The King's troops at Dunbar became likewise the refuge of the Judges and other Crown Officers who had fled from Edinburgh before its capture, but who expected to be soon and triumphantly restored. One of the volunteers—Mr. Home, afterwards the author of Douglas—had remained a little longer in the capital to observe the force and appearance of the rebel army, and now brought Cope an accurate report of it. Sir John's own forces, besides being very nearly equal to the enemy's, were well equipped and in high spirits, the infantry seeming eager to augment, and the

dragoons to retrieve, their reputation. He had six pieces of artillery—a most effective arm against Highlanders; and not only the country people, who flocked from all quarters to gaze on the array, but many of the Royal officers, were convinced that there would be no battle, but only a pursuit, as soon as their strength was seen and understood by their opponents.*

Beginning his march on the 19th, Sir John Cope encamped that night near Haddington, and resumed his advance next morning. He expected that the Highlanders—if indeed they awaited his approach—would be met along the common highway; but, on the contrary, after passing the bridge of Musselburgh, they had turned inland to their right, to obtain the advantage of the rising ground; and they occupied the brow of Carberry Hill, the spot marked in former years by the surrender of the unhappy Mary. The English General, hoping to obtain early intelligence of their movements, had sent forward two of the Edinburgh volunteers; who, however, proved as incompetent for this as for every other military duty.†

Cope received no report; and thus, on the 20th, after having marched about eight miles, while he continued to look out for the rebels to the west, he suddenly saw them appear on the ridge to the southward. Immediately he changed his front, and drew up his troops in order of battle, his foot in the centre, with a regiment of dragoons and three pieces of artillery on each wing. His right was covered by Colonel Gardiner's park wall and by the village of Preston; at some distance on his left stood Seton House; and the sea, with the villages of Preston Pans and Cockenzie, lay upon his rear.

* Home's History, p. 107. He adds, "It is doubtful whether the people who talked in this manner really thought so; but such was the tone of the army, and whoever did not hold the same language was looked upon as a lukewarm friend."

† See a minute account of their adventures, *Quarterly Review*. No. lxxi. p. 177. It seems that these two doughty warriors could not resist the temptation of some excellent oysters and sherry at a well-remembered public house, and were both taken prisoners by a young lad an attorney's clerk.

When the Royal troops first perceived the insurgents, they set up a loud shout of defiance, which was promptly answered by the Highland yell. The two armies were less than a mile apart; the Prince's occupying the ridge beyond the little town of Tranent, with a gentle descent and a deep morass between them and their enemy. It was now about three in the afternoon*, and Charles was desirous to indulge the impatience of his troops by an onset the same day. First, however, to reconnoitre the ground, he sent forward one of his officers, Ker of Gradon, who, mounted upon a little white pony, rode down the hill in front of the enemy with the utmost coolness. Disregarding several shots that were fired at him in the discharge of his duty, he examined the ground with great care and in several directions; and on coming to one or two walls of dry stone that intersected it, he deliberately alighted, pulled down gaps and led his horse over them. He then returned to the Prince and assured him that the morass was deep and difficult, and could not be passed to attack the English in front without risking the loss of the whole army.† Charles accordingly desisted from his purpose, to the great dissatisfaction of the common Highlanders, who supposed that the enemy intended to escape from them as before at Corry Arrack; nor were they appeased until Lord Nairn with 500 men was detached to the westward, so as to prevent Sir John Cope from stealing off towards Edinburgh, had he so designed, unperceived and unopposed.

Meanwhile the English General, being satisfied with the strength of his position, damped the spirit of his men by remaining thus cautiously on the defensive. In vain did Colonel Gardiner urge upon him the necessity of bolder measures; the only aggression of the King's troops that afternoon was to fire a few cannon shots and dislodge a party of Highlanders from the churchyard at Tranent. The two armies lay that night (it proved dark and cold) upon their ground; Cope, however, retiring to more comfortable

* Macdonald's Journal (Lockhart Papers, vol. ii p. 489). Mr. Chambers, on less good authority, says noon.

† Compare Home's History, p. 111., with the Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 448.

quarters at Cockenzie, but Charles sleeping amidst his soldiers in a field of pease made up into ricks. *

But, earlier in that evening, the young Adventurer and his principal followers had met in council, and agreed, at all hazards, to make their attack next morning opposite Tranent, where the morass seemed less impervious; and for many hours did their minds continue to revolve their hazardous determination. Amongst them was Anderson of Whitburgh, a gentleman well acquainted with the neighbouring country, who, in the middle of the night, suddenly bethought himself of a path that from the heights where they lay wound to their right by the farm of Ringan Head, avoiding in a great measure the morass, and leading to the plain below. This important fact he imparted first to Hepburn of Keith, and then to Lord George Murray, who immediately went with him to awaken Charles. The Prince sat up on his bed of pease-straw, and heard with joy the tidings that assured him of speedy battle, more especially when Anderson undertook to act as his guide. He sent for Lochiel and some other chiefs; and finding their opinion concur with his own, he prepared at once (for by this time the night was well nigh spent) to execute the scheme. An aide-de-camp having been sent to recall Lord Nairn and his detachment, the troops got under arms, and began to move forward with equal silence and speed, Anderson leading the way. The path was found lonely and unguarded, and the morass was passed without much difficulty, though even in this selected place several Highlanders sunk knee deep, and the Prince himself stumbled and fell. Soon, however, they reached the firm ground, concealed from the enemy, first by the darkness, and when day began to break, by a frosty mist.

* It was long remembered at Tranent, that late that afternoon Prince Charles, attended by the Duke of Perth and another officer, went into the little inn of that village to dine. They had some coarse *kail*, or broth, and then the meat from which it had been made; but as the landlady had previously concealed her little service of pewter for fear of the Highlanders, they had only two wooden spoons among the three, and one butcher's knife to cut the meat, which they then ate with their fingers. (Chambers's History, vol. i. p. 163.) A curious picture of a Prince on the eve of a victory.

On the plain, however, the dragoon outposts heard the sound of their march, and firing their pistols, galloped off to give the alarm; but as a surprise had formed no part of the insurgents' scheme, they were not discomposd, and only hastened to form themselves in line of battle. There had been some warm discussion as to which clan should obtain the honours of the right: it was claimed by the Macdonalds, and in prudence, but reluctantly, was yielded by the Camerons and Stuarts. Charles put himself at the head of the second line, which was close behind the first, and addressed the men these words:—"Follow me, gentlemen, and by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people!" On the other part, Sir John Cope lost no time in disposing his troops, his order of battle being nearly the same as when he first saw the enemy on the previous day, except that the men's faces were now turned in the opposite direction, towards the east instead of towards the west. His infantry stood in the centre, Hamilton's dragoons on his left, and Gardiner's, with the artillery before them, on his right next the morass. The mists now rolling away before the rising sun revealed to each army the position of the other. But the Highlanders did not long stand at gaze. First, with uncovered heads, uttering a short prayer, they pulled their bonnets over their brows, and as the pipers blew the signal, they rushed forward, each clan a separate mass, and raising a war-cry that gradually rose into a terrific yell.

The first reached was the Royal Artillery, which was not served by regular gunners, but by some seamen whom Cope had hastily collected from the fleet. The Camerons and Stuarts, running straight on the muzzles of the cannon, took them by storm, while the scared artillerymen dispersed in all directions. Colonel Gardiner now commanded a charge upon the advancing enemy, encouraging both by voice and example his dragoons. But these receiving a heavy rolling fire from the Highlanders, and seeing them come on with their drawn broad-swords, wavered—gave way—and struck with a panic, galloped off in all directions. On the right, at nearly the same time, and nearly the same manner, did the Macdonalds scatter Hamilton's regiment before them. The English infantry now remained uncovered at both flanks, but yet undismayed, and poured upon the Highland centre a

steady and well-directed fire, before which several of their best men fell. Amongst these was James MacGregor, a son of the well-known Rob Roy, who, though struck by five wounds, still continued from the ground to call out and animate his men. But on coming to close quarters, the Highlanders parried with their targets the soldiers' bayonets, and the separate masses of the clans broke through on several points the extended line of the King's army; by which means the whole of the latter was thrown into confusion, while the inclosures and park wall of Preston impeded their retreat. So rapid was this Highland onset, that in five or six minutes the whole brunt of the battle was over.

Never was a victory more complete. There was scarce any cavalry, indeed, to pursue the dragoons; but not above 170 men of the infantry escaped, all the rest being either killed or taken prisoners. The whole number of slain in the Royal army was nearly 400; and of these none was more lamented than Colonel Gardiner. When forsaken by his horsemen in battle and left almost alone, he saw a party of the foot who were then fighting bravely close by, but who had no officer to head them: "These brave fellows," said he, "will be cut to pieces for want of a commander," and riding up, he cheered them on to the charge; but, in a few moments, he was cut down by a Highlander with a scythe, and despatched with several wounds, close to his own park wall.* Thus died a gallant Soldier and a worthy man. In his youth he had been drawn to ardent devotion by a miracle, as he believed it;—while awaiting an assignation with a married woman, he saw, or thought he saw, the Saviour on the Cross, surrounded on all sides by a glory, and calling him to repentance—a call which he obeyed ever afterwards by a most exemplary life.†

The insurgents' loss in this conflict was only thirty killed and seventy wounded. The Highlanders wreaked their whole fury on such dragoon horses as they could reach, believing, in their ignorance of cavalry, that these animals were trained

* Dr. Doddridge's Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel Gardiner, p. 187. Gardiner was carried senseless to the *manse* of Tranent, where he expired a few hours afterwards, and was buried close to his children in his own the village, church.

† Doddridge. See a note to Waverley, revised ed. vol. i. p. 72.

to bite and tear in battle. But as to their vanquished enemies, Charles, who had been scarcely fifty paces behind the vanguard, immediately exerted himself, and, in a little while with success, to command and enforce mercy. In fact, his moderation in his victory, whether proceeding from temper or from policy, has been universally acknowledged.* He remained on the field till midday, giving orders for the relief of the wounded of both armies, without any distinction of friend or foe. It is recorded, also, that one of his officers coming up to congratulate him, and saying, "Sir, there are your enemies at your feet the Prince, far from exulting, expressed only his compassion for what he termed his father's deluded Subjects.†

No sooner was the victory decided, than most of the victors disbanded for plunder. The standards and other trophies, and the military chest, containing about 2500*l.*, were brought to the Prince, but all other spoils were reserved by the captors for themselves* Unaccustomed to luxuries, the rude mountaineers looked half in scorn and half in wonder on the refinements of civilised life. A quantity of chocolate taken was afterwards cried in the streets of Perth under the name of "Johnnie Cope's "salve! "One man, who had got a watch, very soon sold it for a trifle, observing, with great glee, that "he was glad to be rid of the creature, for she lived no time after he caught her"—the machinery having in fact stopped for want of winding up! Another man exchanged a horse for a horse-pistol! Uncouth old Highlanders were seen strutting about in the officers' fine clothes; others appeared hurrying away with a large military saddle upon their backs; and a great number immediately set off, without leave or notice, to their mountains on purpose to secure their spoil.

Of the dragoons who had fled from the field of battle, a small party made their way to Edinburgh, where they rode up the High Street at full gallop, and with prodigious confusion and uproar. They continued their race up the hill to the Castle as their surest place of refuge; but the Governor,

* Home's History, p. 122.

† MS. Memoirs of James Maxwell of Kirkconnell See a note to Waverley, revised ed. vol. ii. p. 273.

so far from admitting them, sent them word to begone, or he would open his guns upon them as cowards who had deserted their colours. Scared at this new peril* they turned their horses, and pursued their flight towards the west. But the greater number having been collected, though not rallied, by Sir John Cope and the Earls of Loudon and Home, were seized with a fresh panic the same morning, and in spite of every exertion of their chiefs, went off again at full speed towards Coldstream. Even at Coldstream they did not feel secure, but after a night's rest sought shelter behind the ramparts of Berwick. There they arrived in the most disgraceful disorder; and Sir John was received by his brother officer Lord Mark Kerr with the sarcastic compliment, that he believed he was the first general on record who had carried the tidings of his own defeat!

This battle, called of Preston, or sometimes of Preston Pans, by the well-affected party, received the name of Gladsmuir from the insurgents, out of respect, as it would seem, to certain ancient predictions. "On Gladsmuir shall the battle be,"—says a Book of Prophecies printed at Edinburgh in 1615; but Gladsmuir—a large open heath—lies a full mile to the east of the actual scene of conflict.

CHAP. II.

(CHAPTER XXVIII OF THE HISTORY)

AT the news of the growing insurrection, King George had set out from Hanover, and on the 31st of August arrived in London. He found that the Regency in his absence had not neglected any measure of precaution; even on the mere apprehension of the troubles a warrant (though, as we have seen, in vain) was issued against the Duke of Perth; and with better success were Sir Hector Maclean and two or three others brought prisoners to England.* A requisition had been sent to the Dutch for the 6000 auxiliaries they were bound to furnish; a resolution taken to recall some of the English regiments from Flanders. Marshal Wade had likewise been directed to collect as many troops as he could at Newcastle, and the militia of several counties was called out. But the spirit of the people in no degree responded to the efforts of the government; they remained cold lookers on, not indeed apparently favouring the rebellion, but as little disposed to strive against it. A member of the administration, and a man of no desponding temper, Henry Fox, in his confidential letters at this period, admits and deplures the passive state of public feeling: "England, Wade says, and I believe, is for the first comer; and if you can tell whether the 6000 Dutch and the ten battalions of English, or 5000 French or Spaniards, will be here first, you know our fate.† ... The French are not come, God be thanked! But had 5000 landed in any part of this island a week ago, I verily believe the entire conquest would not have cost them a battle."‡

On the King's return, moreover, the factions of the Court aggravated the difficulties of the country. His Majesty's whole confidence was centered on the fallen minister Granville, who awaited only some favourable opening to drive the Pelhams from power, and who, from rivalry to them, continued till the battle of Preston to make light of the rebellion. According to Horace Walpole, "Lord Granville and

* Tindal's Hist. vol. ix. p. 171.

† To Sir C. H. Williams, Sept. 5. 1745.

‡ To the same, Sept. 19. 1745. Coxe's Lord Walpole of Wolterton.

his faction persist in persuading “the King that it is an affair of no consequence; and “for the Duke of Newcastle, he is glad when the rebels make any progress, in order to confute Lord Granville’s assertions!”*—It was amidst such feuds and jealousies that the ministry had to make their preparations for retrieving the lost battle, and for meeting the Parliament which was summoned for the 17th of October.

On departing from France without permission from its Government, Charles had left a letter of apology and solicitation for the King, which was delivered after he had sailed, and was seconded by the warm entreaties of his friend the Duke de Bouillon.† Still more effectual were the tidings of his first successes. Louis became well disposed, both in self-interest and generosity, to aid him, and continued to despatch several small supplies of arms and money, some of which were intercepted by the English cruisers, while others safely reached their destination. But another far more important diversion in his favour was meditated by the Court of France. His young brother, Henry of York, having arrived from Rome, it was designed to put him at the head of the Irish regiments in the French service, and of several others, and enable him to effect a landing in England; and already were preparations for that object in active progress in Dunkirk.

Charles, conscious how much his final success would depend upon French succour, had determined to lose no opportunity of pressing it. On his victory at Preston*he sent over Mr. Kelly with letters to the Court of Versailles and to his father‡; three weeks later Sir James Stewart was despatched. Both these emissaries succeeded in safely arriving at Paris; Kelly, however, narrowly escaping arrest from the British consul at Camp Veer in Zealand. But neither of them throve in his negotiations. Cabals were already at

* To Sir H. Mann, September 20. 1745 He adds seven days later, after the battle, “Lord Granville still buoys up the King’s spirits... His Majesty uses his ministers as ill as possible, and discourages every body that would risk their lives and fortunes with him.”

† Culloden Papers p. 206.

‡ See these letters in the Appendix. I am surprised that Mr. Chambers should have been imposed upon by a clumsy forgery, which he inserts in his History, vol. i. p. 108.

work against the intended expedition; some pretext of delay was always invented, some obstacle always interposed. Even the warmest partisan of the Stuarts, Cardinal Tencin, complained to Kelly of the backwardness of the English Jacobites, and insisted, as a pledge of their sincerity, that, before the armament sailed, Sir John Hinde Cotton should resign his office at Court. In vain did Kelly reply that Cotton could not reasonably be expected to incur that useless risk, since his resignation, at such a crisis, would at once be followed by his arrest and committal to the Tower.*—Thus did the French Government long defer, and finally lose, the fairest opportunity it had ever seen since the Revolution of establishing its influence and principles in Britain.

Prince Charles's first wish and design upon his victory was to march immediately towards London, at the head of his little army. On the very next morning he despatched an agent into Northumberland, with instructions to stir up the country and prepare the way for his coming,† Had Charles really been able to push onwards with a body of two or three thousand men, there is strong reason to believe, from the state of things I have described in England—the previous apathy—and the recent terror—the want of troops—and the distraction of councils— that he might have reached the capital with but little opposition, and succeeded in at least a temporary restoration. There was no fortified place upon his way beyond the Tweed, except Newcastle, and even at Newcastle his arms had struck the deepest dismay. We learn from Wesley, who was there at the time, "The walls are mounted with cannon, and all things prepared for sustaining an assault; but our poor neighbours on either hand are busy in removing their goods, and most of the best houses in our street are left without either furniture or inhabitants."‡ If such was the feeling behind ramparts, what must it have been in open and defenceless towns?

* Secret examination of Murray of Broughton, August 13. 1746. These and many other curious particulars were suppressed in his public evidence.

† This agent's name was Hickson; he was discovered and arrested at Newcastle. See his instructions in the Appendix, dated Sept. 22. 1745.

‡ Wesley's Journal, September 23. 1745.

On the other hand, the Prince's Scottish advisers were nearly unanimous against an expedition into England. It was urged, as a reason for at least delaying it, that he might triple or quadruple his army by reinforcements from the Highlands, and obtain the advantage of the French supplies that were beginning to arrive at Montrose, Dundee, and other points of the eastern coast. But the motive, which more than any other weighed with Charles to forego his resolution, was the number of Highlanders who were already hastening towards their mountains in order to secure their plunder; so that, had he marched on from the field of battle, he could scarcely perhaps have mustered 1500 men beneath his standard.

Accordingly the young Adventurer, having passed the night of his victory at Pinkie House, returned next evening to fix his residence for some time at Holyrood. On the same day his army marched back into Edinburgh with every token of triumph, displaying the prisoners, the spoils, and the standards they had taken, while the multitude greeted them with repeated acclamations, and the pibrochs struck up the old Cavalier tune, "The King shall enjoy his own again." Amidst the exulting licence of this tumultuous entry, many of the Highlanders fired their pieces into the air; but one of them having been accidentally loaded with ball, it grazed the forehead of Miss Nairn, an enthusiastic Jacobite, who was waving her handkerchief from a neighbouring balcony. She was stunned for some moments, but on coming to herself, her first words were, not of concern at the pain, or of resentment at the carelessness: "Thank God," she exclaimed, as soon as she could speak, "that the accident has "happened to me, whose principles are known. Had it " befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on "purpose!"*

The battle of Preston made the Prince master of all Scotland, except some districts beyond Inverness, the Highland forts, and the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling. In almost every town was the Pretender proclaimed as "King James the Eighth," while the public money was levied for his

* Note to Waverley, revised ed. vol. ii. p. 202. Miss Nairn survived so long as to be an acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott in his younger days.

service. On the city of Glasgow, at once the richest and the least friendly to his cause, an extraordinary payment of 5000*l.* was imposed. The late public authorities either fled to England, or skulked in privacy, while the Jacobites, throwing off the mask, took no pains to dissemble their rapturous joy, and loudly vaunted of their young Prince, who, according to their own phrase at the time, "could eat a dry crust, and sleep on pease- "straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle "in five!"*

Meanwhile this idol of their affections was exercising at Holyrood all the attributes of sovereignty, and making every exertion to confirm and heighten the popular feeling in his favour. He forbade all public rejoicings for his victory, stating as his reason the loss which his father's misguided subjects had sustained. The Banking Companies having retired into the Castle, to the great public inconvenience, he invited them to return by a proclamation, assuring them of full protection; but none obeyed the summons. The clergy of Edinburgh were in like manner exhorted in another proclamation to resume their religious duties: with a timidity, however, for which they were afterwards censured by their own party, they persisted in absenting themselves. One only, MacVicar by name, the minister of the West Church, appeared as usual in his pulpit, and even continued to pray for King George. Charles was urged to punish this boldness, but wisely refused to disturb him; and Mr. MacVicar, perhaps in gratitude for the toleration, added to his prayer on the next occasion, "As for the young man that is come among us to seek an earthly Crown, we beseech thee in "mercy take him to thyself, and give him a Crown of glory!"

Forbearance in such a case was easy, but in that of Edinburgh Castle it involved a heavy sacrifice. Having drawn a close blockade around the fortress, and being informed that the garrison had only a six weeks' stock of provisions, Charles might reasonably hope that this important stronghold must ere long fall into his hands. General Guest, however, wrote as governor to the magistrates of Edinburgh, that unless the communication were re-opened he would fire upon the city and lay it in ashes. The affrighted townsmen

* Caledonian Mercury, ap. Chambers's Hist. vol. i. p. 204.

obtained a day's respite in order to lay the letter before Charles at Holyrood. The Prince's answer was likewise given in writing; he declared that he was surprised at the barbarity of an officer who could threaten ruin to the inhabitants of Edinburgh for not doing what it was out of their power to do; that, if even compassion should make him raise the blockade of the castle, the Governor might next with equal reason require him to leave the city with his troops, and resign all the advantages of victory; and that, if any wanton mischief were attempted, he would make full reprisal upon the estates of the officers in the Castle, "and even upon all who are known to be open abettors of the German Government." * This answer being transmitted by the citizens, they obtained from the General a suspension of his threatened cannonade until the return of an express, which was sent to London for orders. Meanwhile the Governor expected that nothing should be attempted against his garrison. But this condition not being clearly understood by the common Highlanders, they, a few days afterwards, fired at some people whom they saw carrying provisions up the hill. Upon this General Guest opened his own fire; the streets were swept with cartridge shot, and several of the inhabitants as well as Highlanders were killed. A new and most earnest appeal was now made to Charles's mercy, and he either found it necessary, or felt it desirable, to yield in his second answer. "As we have threatened, we might justly proceed to use the powers which God has put in our hands to chastise those who are instrumental in the ruin of this capital, by reprisals upon the estates and fortunes of those who are against us; but we think it no way derogatory to the glory of a Prince to suspend punishment, or alter a resolution, when thereby the lives of innocent men can be saved. In consequence of this sentiment the blockade of the Castle is hereby taken off." † From this time forward, therefore, supplies were freely allowed to pass into the fortress, its cannonade ceased, but all hopes of its reduction disappeared.

* Charles's answer (Sept 30.1745) is printed in the Collection of his State Papers, p. 29.

† Charles's Proclamation, Oct 5.1745.

In another transaction of this time, however, the Prince's generosity excited no small discontent among his followers. It had been proposed to send one of the prisoners of Preston to London, in order to demand of that Court a cartel for the exchange of prisoners taken, or to be taken, in the war, and to declare that if this were refused, and if the Prince's friends, falling into the enemy's hands, were put to death as rebels, the Prince would be compelled to treat his captives in the same manner. It was evident that a cartel would be of the utmost advantage to Charles's cause, as his well-wishers would be far more ready to declare for him if they had only to fear the chances of war in the field; and it was argued that a few severe examples would induce the English officers to remonstrate, and the English Government to comply: but to this scheme, however plausible, and however warmly urged, Charles stubbornly refused his assent. "It is below me," he said, "to make empty threats, and I will never put such as these into execution; I cannot in cold blood take away lives which I have saved in the heat of action."*

According to Charles's orders great clemency was shown to the prisoners of Preston. Within a few days the officers were liberated on parole, and permitted to live at large in the town, and scarcely more restraint was imposed upon the common men. But one officer breaking his parole and escaping into the Castle, both officers and privates were sent into temporary custody at, or near, Perth, where, however, it was found both difficult and expensive to confine them. Some few were persuaded to enlist in the Prince's army, and the greater number were released on taking an oath not to serve against the House of Stuart for one twelvemonth; an engagement which is alleged, though not perhaps on adequate authority, to have been broken by many.

The first thought of Charles had been to summon a Scottish Parliament at Edinburgh, but the practical difficulties of that scheme were so great that he relinquished it. He published a proclamation, however, on the 9th of October, denouncing "the pretended Parliament of the Elector of Hanover," summoned at Westminster for the 17th,

* MS. Memoirs of Maxwell of Kirkconnell; from a copy in possession of Sir Walter Scott.

warning the English not to attend, and declaring it high treason for the Scotch. Another longer and more important proclamation, issued by Charles on the 10th, was designed as a pledge of his future conduct, and an incentive to popular support. He had observed that the measure most obnoxious on the north of the Tweed was the act of Union; it was still clamoured against as a fatal blow to the national independence; and no saying was more common among the Jacobites, than that they were bound to restore, not merely the King, but the kingdom, of Scotland.* In his proclamation, therefore, Charles takes care to announce that his father would never ratify this “pretended Union;” but, “with respect to every law or act of Parliament since the Revolution, so far as in a free and legal Parliament they shall be approved, he will confirm them.” He also touches upon the delicate subjects of the public funds and the Protestant religion, and repels the various imputations that had been urged against his cause. “We must further declare the sentiments of our Royal Father with regard to the national debt. That it has been contracted under an unlawful government nobody can disown, no more than that it is now a most heavy load upon the nation; yet in regard that it is for the greatest part due to those very subjects whom he promises to protect, cherish, and defend, he is resolved to take the advice of his Parliament concerning it. Our present attempt is not undertaken to impose upon any a religion which they dislike, but to secure them all the enjoyment of those which are respectively at present established among them, either in England, Scotland, or Ireland. ... And this security for your religion, properties, and laws, we ratify and confirm in our own name, before Almighty God, upon the faith of a Christian, and the honour of a Prince.

“Let me now expostulate this weighty matter with you, my father’s subjects Do not the pulpits and congregations of the clergy, as well as your weekly papers, ring with the dreadful threats of Popery, Slavery, Tyranny, and Arbitrary Power, which are now ready to be imposed upon you by the formidable powers of France and Spain? Is not my Royal father represented as a bloodthirsty tyrant, breathing out

* See for example the Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 301.

nothing but destruction to all those who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth. I with my own money hired a vessel, ill-provided with money, arms, or friends; I arrived in Scotland attended by seven persons; I publish the King my fathers declaration, and proclaim his title with pardon in one hand, and in the other liberty of conscience, and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free Parliament shall propose for the happiness of the people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the King my father's subjects. ... As to the outcries formerly raised against the Royal Family, whatever miscarriages might have given occasion for them have been more than atoned for since, and the nation has now an opportunity of being secured against the like for the future. That our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years every body knows. Has the nation during that period of time been the more happy and flourishing for it? Have you found reason "to love and cherish your governors as the fathers of the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Has a family, upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful prince, retained a due sense of so great & "trust and favour? Have you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a Crown, than in my Royal forefathers? Have they, or do they, consider only the interest of these nations? Have you reaped any other benefit from them than an immense load of debts? If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their government been so often railed at, in all your public assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out for redress?

"The fears of the nation from the powers of France and Spain appear still more vain and groundless. My expedition was undertaken unsupported by either. But indeed when I see a foreign force brought by my enemies against me, and when I hear of Dutch, Danes, Hessians, and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies being called over to protect his

government against the King's subjects, is it not high time for the King my father to accept also of assistance? Who has the better chance to be independent of foreign powers—he who, with the aid of his own subjects, can wrest the government out of the hands of an intruder, or he who cannot, without assistance from abroad, support his government, though established by all the civil power, and secured by a strong military force, against the undisciplined part of those he has ruled over for so many years? Let him, if he pleases, try the experiment. let him send off his foreign hirelings, and put all upon the issue of a battle, and I will trust only to the King my father's subjects!" *

This spirited proclamation was not, we may presume, without effect in drawing more recruits to Charles's standard—the great object to which all his measures were directed. Many volunteers joined him from the Lowlands, and new tribes of Highlanders poured down from their mountains. Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Airly, brought 600 men, mostly of his own name, from Forfar. Another regiment of 400 from the hills of Aberdeenshire came under Gordon of Glenbucket. In the same country Lord Lewis Gordon, brother of the Duke, declared for Charles, and undertook to raise the vassals of his house. Macpherson of Cluny, having gone from Perth to levy his followers, returned with about 300. Lord Balmerino, a bold, bluff, hard-drinking veteran, of the old Scottish stamp, took up arms again, as he had in 1715. Another still more important accession was gained Lord Pitsligo, a man also in advanced years, of gentle temper, and peculiar wariness and prudence. "I always observed him," says Dr. King, "ready to defend any other person who was ill-spoken of in his company. If the person accused were of his acquaintance, my Lord Pitsligo would always find something good to say of him as a counterpoise. If he were a stranger and quite unknown to him, my Lord

* Murray of Broughton, in his secret examination (August 13. 1746), says, that this proclamation was drawn up by Sir Thomas Sheridan and Sir James Stewart. No doubt it may have been corrected as to the language, and must have been as to the spelling; but the style appears to me very much to resemble that of Charles's letters, allowing for the difference between a studied and a hasty composition.

would urge in his defence the general corruption of manners, and the frailties and infirmities of human nature!”* From this cautious temper, which he was known to possess, the gentlemen of his neighbourhood in Banffshire deemed him a safe leader, and were the more easily persuaded to join him when he espoused the Stuart cause: they formed with their retainers about 150 cavalry under his command; besides which, he also brought a small body of foot With Sir Alexander Macdonald and MacLeod the Stuart cause found less favour. Only three days after the battle Charles had despatched to them a messenger, exhorting them, but in vain, to join his standard,† Lovat likewise, though strongly urged in Charles’s letters, continued to waver between his hopes and fears. For some time he brooded over a scheme of collecting a new Highland army at the Corry Arrack, which should affect neutrality, and side at last with the victorious. But finding this impracticable, and afraid of losing all credit with the Pretender’s party, he finally adopted the dastardly middle course, of exposing his son’s life to protect his own. He privately directed that son, the Master of Lovat, to march towards the Prince at the head of seven or eight hundred of his clan, protesting all the while to his neighbour, the Lord President, that the march was made to his infinite sorrow and against his repeated orders. But his previous hesitation had lasted so long, that the Frasers did not arrive at Perth until after the Prince had entered England. And it may be alleged, with great show of truth, that the defection or delay of these three chiefs, MacLeod, Macdonald, and Lovat—who could, had they heartily engaged, have brought a further force of 4000 men—turned the nearly balanced scale against the success of the English expedition, and the triumph of the Jacobite cause.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Charles’s army, within six weeks after his victory, mustered nearly 6000 men. These were encamped at Duddingstone, and supplied with tents, partly from the requisition upon Edinburgh, and partly from the spoils of Cope. The hardy mountaineers, however, were not easily prevailed upon to sleep otherwise than in the open

* Anecdotes of his own Time, p. 145.

† See his Instructions in Home’s Appendix, p. 324.

air, and only yielded at length, as they said, out of respect to the Prince's orders. Charles came daily to visit or review them, and sometimes passed the night in the camp, lying down without taking off his clothes. He formed the cavalry, besides Lord Pitsligo's, into two troops as guards; the first to be commanded by Lord Elcho, the second by the Earl of Kilmarnock. Great pains were taken in like manner to equip and discipline the infantry; their rations being punctually supplied, and their pay fixed at sixpence a day for the common men, and a shilling for those of the front ranks in the Highland regiments. But with every care the camp still presented an irregular and uncouth appearance. A spy, who was sent from England about the middle of October, reports as follows: "They consist of an odd medley of grey beards and no beards,—old men fit to drop into the grave, and young boys whose swords are near equal to their weight, and I really believe more than their length. Four or five thousand may be very good determined men; but the rest are mean, dirty, villanous-looking rascals, who seem more anxious about plunder than their Prince, and would be better pleased with four shillings than a Crown."*—Yet we may observe that, in spite of such forbidding looks, their acts of outrage or depredation to the country-people were at this time extremely few. It was not uncommon, indeed, for them to stop some respectable portly citizen as he passed along, levelling their muskets at him with savage and threatening gestures; but, on being asked by the trembling townsman what they wanted, they usually answered "a baubee," that is, a halfpenny! Several more serious robberies that had been at first imputed to them were soon clearly traced to some professed thieves—a class abounding the more, since the insurgents had every where opened the public jails, and who now assumed the Highland dress and the white cockade as a convenient disguise for their misdeeds. Against these mock Highlanders Charles issued a proclamation†, and succeeded

* MS. Report quoted in Chambers's Hist vol. i. p. 214. This spy obtained an audience of the Prince as a pretended partisan, and was asked many questions as to the number of troops and the state of public feeling in England.

† Collection of Declarations, p. 33. It is amusing to find the Jacobite newspaper allege the jails flung open by themselves as a

in recovering and restoring a part of the stolen property.

Money was scarcely less needful than men to the young Pretender, and this he obtained in three modes—free gifts, forced contributions, and foreign supplies. Several gentlemen, too aged or too timid to take up arms, displayed their zeal for him in purse instead of person; thus, for example, the old Earl of Wemyss sent 500*l*. The public revenues and the King's-land rents were levied throughout the greater part of Scotland, as by a regular and established government, and all arrears of them called in.* Forced loans, also, were imposed upon some places, as Glasgow; and the factors of the estates forfeited in 1715 were commanded to render their accounts, and pay their balances†; all under the threat of military execution, with fire and sword. The goods in the custom-houses at

Leith and other ports having been seized, Charles forthwith converted them into money, by selling them back to the smugglers, from whom they had been taken. Less invidiously was his treasury replenished from a French ship, which anchored at Montrose, with 5000*l*. on board. Three other ships coming to the same coast brought 1000*l*. more; they also conveyed about five thousand stand of arms, a train of six field-pieces, and several French and Irish officers. With these came over, likewise, M. de Boyer, called the Marquis d'Eguilles, and brother of the well-known Marquis d'Argens, who was entrusted with a letter of congratulation to Charles from Louis the Fifteenth. This was the principal business of his mission; but the Prince, with excellent policy, insisted on calling him "Monseigneur de Boyer,"‡ and receiving him with studied ceremony, as the accredited ambassador from the King of France to the Prince Regent of Scotland. This belief, together with the promise of a French landing in Charles's favour, tended in no small degree to raise or to

proof of public virtue. "Among the observables of this time, one is that there is not in the city jail one single prisoner for crime, debt, or otherwise. The like, perhaps, never could have been said before!"—*Caledonian Mercury*, October 2. 1745.

* Proclamation, October 15. 1745.

† Circular letter to the Factors, September 30. 1745.

‡ *Caledonian Mercury*, October 16. 1745.

sustain the spirits of his partisans.

To carry on these and his other measures with an air of royalty, Charles had named a council, consisting of the two Lieutenant-Generals, the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray; the Quartermaster-General, O'Sullivan; the Colonel of the Horse Guards, Lord Elcho; Secretary Murray, Lords Ogilvie, Nairn, Pitsligo, and Lewis Gordon, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and all the Highland chiefs. This council he appointed to meet him at ten o'clock every morning, in his drawing-room. It was then his custom, first to declare his own opinion, and afterwards to ask that of every other member in their turn. The deliberations were often protracted and discordant, and embittered by rivalry between the Scotch and Irish officers. According to Lord Elcho, "there was one third of the council whose principles were, that Kings and Princes can never think wrong, so in consequence they always confirmed whatever the Prince said;" and he moreover alleges, that "His Royal Highness could not bear to hear any body differ in sentiment from him, and took a dislike to every body that did."* We should not forget that Lord Elcho wrote thus in exile, after a violent quarrel and total estrangement between him and the Prince; yet, on the whole, from his and other testimony, we may clearly conclude, that Charles was too fiery in his temper and too fixed in his opinions.

Before the council, Charles always held a levee; when the council rose, he dined in public with his principal officers, and then rode out with his Life Guards, usually to his camp at Duddingstone. On returning in the evening, he held a drawing-room for the ladies of his party; and not unfrequently closed the day by giving them a ball in the old picture-gallery of Holyrood. His affability and constant wish to please were neither relaxed by his good fortune nor yet clouded by his cares: at table he often combined a compliment to his followers with a sarcasm on his rival, by

* Lord Elcho's MS. Memoirs: a large extract, inserted in the Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 54—58.

saying, that, after his restoration, Scotland should be his Hanover, and Holyrood House his Herrenhausen.* At his camp he talked familiarly even to the meanest Highlanders.† At his balls he was careful to call alternately for Highland and Lowland tunes, so as to avoid showing an invidious preference to either,—to such minute particulars did his anxiety to please descend! The fair sex in general, throughout Scotland, became devoted to his cause;—those who conversed with him, won by his gaiety and gallantry; those in a remoter sphere, dazzled by his romantic enterprise and situation, and moved by the generous compassion of a woman's heart. The heir of Robert the Bruce come to claim his birthright, and animated, as they fondly believed, by a kindred spirit!—the master of a kingdom, yet reigning beneath the cannon of a hostile fortress!—an exile two months before! —a conqueror to-day!—perhaps a monarch, or perhaps again an outcast and fugitive to-morrow!

Charles, having now collected as large an army as his present means allowed, was eager to employ it in an expedition to England. His Scottish counsellors, on the contrary, argued, that he ought to content himself with the possession of their ancient kingdom; to think only of defending it against the English armies when they marched against him, but to run no hazard in attempts at further conquest‡: a strange and thoughtless advice, evidently founded on traditional feelings, rather than on sober reason! With better judgment the young Prince perceived, that in his circumstances to await attack was to ensure defeat, and that his only hope of retaining Scotland lay in conquering England. It might indeed, with more ground, be objected to his enterprise, that his present force was wholly insufficient for it, and would expose both his cause and his person to imminent peril. Yet still, considering that the English could

* Chambers's Hist. vol. i. p. 211.

† Report of the spy sent from England, October, 1745.

‡ See these views vehemently maintained by Chevalier Johnstone; Memoirs, p. 45. 8vo ed.; a work that may be consulted for opinions, though not trusted for facts. He adds, "By fomenting the natural hatred which the Scots have at all times manifested against the English, the war would have become national; and this would have been a most fortunate circumstance for the Prince."

hardly be incited to an insurrection, nor the French to a descent, without Charles's personal appearance, and that further delay would probably strengthen the established government in a far greater proportion than himself, the course of present danger was undoubtedly the best for final safety and success. At three several councils did Charles accordingly propose to march into England and fight Marshal Wade, whose army, consisting partly of the Dutch auxiliaries and partly of English regiments, was gathered at Newcastle; but as often was his proposal overruled. At length he declared, in a very peremptory manner, "I see, Gentlemen, you are determined to stay in Scotland and defend your country, but I am not less resolved to try my fate in England, though I should go alone."

Thus pressed in honour, the chiefs reluctantly yielded; limiting their consent, however, to a march a little way across the Border. It was then urged by Lord George Murray, that since they needs must enter England, it should be on the Cumberland rather than on the Northumberland side: for, if Marshal Wade advanced towards Carlisle to give them battle, he must harass his troops by a fatiguing march through a difficult country, and the Highlanders would fight to advantage among hills not unlike their own. If, on the contrary, the Marshal remained inactive, the Prince would be at liberty to move where he pleased, and more time would be afforded for the French to land, or the English to rise. This scheme, which seems a great improvement on Charles's first idea, was finally resolved upon; the secret, however, was well kept, it being generally given out and believed that they were to march straight against Wade. To mislead the English as long as possible, the Chevalier adopted another suggestion of Lord George, that the army should proceed in two columns, both to join on a day appointed near Carlisle; the first, with the baggage and incumbrances, to go by the direct road of Moffat, but the second and lighter one, under the Prince in person, to pass by Kelso, as if with the design of pushing on into Northumberland.

At this period, however, the English Government was no longer, as after Preston, unprepared or defenceless: their regiments had arrived from Flanders, their auxiliaries from Holland. Besides Wade's army at Newcastle, which

amounted already to near ten thousand men, another under the Duke of Cumberland was forming in the midland counties. The militia had been raised in many districts, and the Duke of Bedford, with thirteen other noblemen, had undertaken to raise each a new regiment of his own. The House of Commons, moreover, had voted not merely loyal addresses but liberal supplies; and consented to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act. On their part, all the ruling statesmen had begun to open their eyes to the magnitude of the impending danger; and the Chancellor, starting as from a lethargy, remarked, that he had thought lightly of the Highlands, but now saw they made a third of the island in the map.* Every exertion was used to rouse and stimulate the people, not only by a just representation that their religion and liberties were in peril, but also by lower, and probably more effectual arts. Thus, for example, the butchers were reminded that the Papists eat no meat in Lent†; and the Highlanders were held forth as brutal savages, from whom the worst excesses might be feared. I have now lying before me a pamphlet, “by a British Lady.” “Let every mother,” says the fair authoress, consider, “if this inundation is not stopped, her prattling boys, the pledges of her love and the darlings of her heart, may be torn from her sight, and slavery, the French galleys, and the Spanish Inquisition be their portion. What may be the fate of her girls, whom she watches over with so much tender care, I have already hinted, and think the subject too horrible, to resume—indeed too horrible even but to mention: what then must be the reality?”‡

It may be doubted, however, whether, with all these exertions and exaggerations, much effect was produced upon the great body of the people. The county of York seems to have been the only one where the gentry and yeomen,

* Earl of Marchmont’s Diary, October 7. 1745.

† The placard was as follows:—” To ALL JOLLY BUTCHERS: My bold hearts, the Papists eat no meat on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, nor during Lent. Your friend, JOHN STEEL.”—H. Walpole to Sir H. Mann, October 4. 1745.

‡ Epistle from a British Lady to her Countrywomen, 1745, p. 11. At p. 13. she bids them emulate “the courage of the women in the reign of Romulus!”

headed by their Archbishop, made a public and zealous appearance. The fourteen promised regiments all vanished in air or dwindled to jobs:—"These most disinterested Colonels," writes Horace Walpole, "will name none but their own relations and dependents for the officers who are to have rank."* Great lukewarmness, to say the least of it, appeared in the ranks of opposition. Lord Bolingbroke told Marchmont, that he thought this was the time when people should endeavour to keep themselves cool; and that unless there was a third party for the Constitution, there was none worth fighting for!† And at a still later period he says, "I wait with much resignation to know to what lion's paw we are to fall."‡ In like manner, the great Scottish peers of King George's side, from whom much had been expected, promised little and did nothing. Thus, the Duke of Montrose thought it a right opportunity to complain that Argyle had always been preferred before him:—"My grandfather," added he, "lost his estate at the head of a party—and I will not lose mine at the tail of one!"§ But, on the other hand, the faction of the Jacobites in England seemed still more inactive and benumbed, taking no apparent measures to rise in arms, and to counteract the immense superiority of regular troops which their Prince must have to overcome.

Charles, having now matured and fixed his plans, set out from Holyrood on the last day of October, and at six in the evening. That night he slept at Pinkie-house, as after Preston; next day his army, dividing into two Columns, began its march. The whole force fell short of six thousand men, of whom about five hundred were cavalry: they were well clothed and equipped, and had horses to carry their baggage, and four days' provisions,** But a march into England was nearly as distasteful to the common Highlanders as to their chiefs, and they began to desert in

* To Sir H. Mann, November 4. 1745.

† Lord Marchmont's Diary, September 24. 1745.

‡ Lord Bolingbroke to Marchmont, December, 1745. Marchmont Papers. vol. ii. p. 348.

§ Lord Marchmont's Diary, October 7. 1745.

** Chambers's Hist. vol. i. p. 249.

great numbers on the way. One morning Charles is said to have passed an hour and a half before he could prevail upon any of the men to go forward*: the weather, too, was so unfavourable, that it would have prevented any troops less hardy than the Highlanders from marching.

Charles's column halted for two days at Kelso, and sent forward orders to Wooller to prepare their quarters; thus alarming Wade for himself, and diverting his attention from Carlisle, the real object of attack. By a sudden march to the westward and down Liddisdale, they entered Cumberland on the evening of the 8th of November. As the clans crossed the Border they drew their swords, and raised a shout in pledge of their future resolution; but Lochiel, in unsheathing his weapon, happened to cut his hand, and the Highlanders,—the same men whom a drawn sword in battle never terrified,—turned pale at the evil omen.† Next day both columns of the army joining, proceeded together to the investment of Carlisle.

Carlisle, the ancient bulwark of England on this frontier, was overtopped by an old and massy castle, and begirt by a mouldering wall. In the castle there was only one company of invalids as garrison, commanded by Colonel Durand; but the city was held by a considerable body of Cumberland militia; and, however unfit to stand a regular siege, might, perhaps, resist an enemy who had no other cannon than a few four-pounders to bring against it. Accordingly, both Colonel Durand and the Mayor took measures for defence, and returned no answer to Prince Charles's summons; the Mayor merely issued a proclamation to the inhabitants, informing them of the important fact as to his own name and birthplace, that he was not Paterson from Scotland, but Pattieson, a true-born Englishman, determined to hold out the town to the last.‡

The Prince had already given orders to break ground, when he received intelligence that Marshal Wade was marching from Newcastle to relieve the city. Upon this, relinquishing his operations, he judged it best to advance

* Ibid. p. 255.

† Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 455.

‡ Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 79

with the greater part of his forces to Brampton, so as to engage the enemy with the advantage of hilly ground. But at Brampton he ascertained that the news respecting Wade was false; and he then sent back the Duke of Perth with several regiments to resume the siege.

On the 13th, Perth began to raise a battery on the east side of the town, his Grace himself and Tullibardine working in the trenches without their coats, in order to encourage the men. At the sight of these works, the valiant Mayor, Englishman though he was, felt his courage ooze away: he hung out a white flag, and requested a capitulation for the town. An express was sent, referring the question to the Prince, who refused to grant any terms unless the castle were included; and the result was that both town and castle surrendered. The conditions imported, that the garrison and militia might retire where they pleased, delivering up their arms and horses, and engaging not to serve against Charles for the space of one twelvemonth. The whole siege cost the Highland army only one man killed, and another wounded; yet it added no small lustre to their arms, and terror to their name. On the 17th, the Chevalier himself made a triumphal entry into the place. Few, if any, of the inhabitants showed any affection to his cause; but they all acknowledged with gratitude the generous treatment of the Duke of Perth.

As for Marshal Wade, the march to Kelso had succeeded in completely blinding him: he did not move from Newcastle until the day after Carlisle had yielded; but hearing of that event at Hexham, and finding the mountain roads very difficult from a fall of snow, he thought it proper to return whence he came, leaving the insurgents at full liberty to push forward if they pleased.

The advantage which Charles derived from the reduction of Carlisle was balanced by a feud which it produced among his generals. Lord George Murray, envious of the reputation which Perth had won, and of the favour he enjoyed, wrote to the Prince, in no very conciliatory terms, resigning his own commission.* At the same time he secretly set on foot a petition from several other officers, praying the Prince that

* See this letter in the Jacobite Memoirs, p. 50. It draws an invidious distinction between Charles and his father.

he would be pleased to dismiss all Roman Catholics from his councils (this was aimed against the Duke of Perth and Sir Thomas Sheridan), and to reinstate Lord George Murray in his command. Charles was disposed to support his own friends, and his own faith: but Perth, seeing the evil of discord, generously insisted on waiving his pretensions to command; and the insurgents thus continued to enjoy the benefit of Murray's far superior military skill.

The news, moreover, received from Scotland was not favourable. On leaving that country, Charles had appointed Lord Strathallan commander-in-chief, and directed him to collect as many reinforcements as he could at Perth. Strathallan had so far succeeded, that by the arrival of the Master of Lovat, of the Earl of Cromarty of Mac Gregor of Glengyle, and of detachments from various other clans, he could muster between two and three thousand men. Lord Lewis Gordon, too, had raised three battalions in Aberdeenshire. But, on the other hand, the friends of Government, under the Earl of Loudon and the Lord President, were gathering in considerable force at Inverness: to the south, the towns of Glasgow, Paisley, and Dumfries had resumed their allegiance, and levied their militia for the House of Hanover; and even at Perth and Dundee the populace had insisted on celebrating King George's birthday, and a few shots or blows had been exchanged between them and their Jacobite garrisons. The city of Edinburgh had been re-entered by the Crown officers, in solemn procession, on the departure of the Highland army; and two regiments of cavalry had been sent forward by Marshal Wade to their support. On the whole, the tidings proved how frail and brief was the tenure of the young Pretender's sway.

Under these circumstances, Charles sent the Chief of Mac Lauchlan back to Scotland, with orders to Lord Strathallan to march, and join him in England with his whole force, and with the utmost speed: but Strathallan, seizing some of those pretexts that are never wanting for inaction, delayed his movements until a period when they became far less useful and important to his cause.

The course for Charles himself to take was the next question to decide. A council being called, some proposed to remain at Carlisle, and watch events in England; some others

expressed a strong inclination to return at once to their native country; but, when it came to Lord George Murray's turn to speak, he said, that though he could not advise his Royal Highness to march far into England, without more encouragement from that country than had yet appeared, yet he was persuaded that, if His Royal Highness resolved to make a trial, his army, though but small, would follow him. Charles immediately said he would venture it, and was sure his friends in Lancashire would join when he came amongst them.* The Marquis d'Eguilles no less confidently declared his immediate expectation of a French landing; and, on these assurances, the whole Council acquiesced.

The army began its adventurous expedition on the 20th of November, separating, for the convenience of quarters, in two divisions, which kept generally about half a day's march from each other. The first was commanded by Lord George Murray, and the second by the Prince in person. They left a garrison of two hundred men at Carlisle; thus reducing (as was seen at a review) their force to nearly four thousand five hundred, and showing that above a thousand had deserted and gone home since they set out from Edinburgh. The whole army reunited at Penrith, and halted there one day, in the expectation that Wade was advancing to attack them; but on learning the retreat of that doughty veteran from Hexham, they pursued their progress. Their route lay by Shap, Kendal, and Lancaster, to Preston, where the army again met, and rested on the 27th. There prevailed a superstition among the Highlanders, founded on the defeat of the Duke of Hamilton in the Civil Wars, and on the surrender of Brigadier Mac Intosh in 1715, that Preston was a fatal barrier, beyond which no Scottish army could ever advance. From regard to these feelings, Lord George, on the same evening they arrived, marched forward with their vanguard across the Ribble-bridge; thus breaking, as they believed, the formidably spell that bound them.

During these and the following laborious marches, Charles insisted that the aged and infirm Lord Pitsligo should occupy

* Mr. Home's account (p. 143.) is remarkably confirmed, even to the very words, by Lord George's own narrative.—Jacobite Memoirs, p. 49.

his carriage. Resolving to share the fatigues of his meanest followers, he would not even mount a horse, but walked on foot, at the head of one or other of the clans, clad in the Highland garb, and with his target slung across his shoulder. He did not carry with him even a change of shoes; and it is recorded of him in Lancashire that, having worn a hole in one of those he wore, he was obliged at the next village to have a thin plate of iron fastened over the sole; and he observed, with a smile, to the blacksmith as he paid him, "You are the first, I believe, that ever shod the son of a king!" He seldom stopped for dinner; but, making one hearty meal at night, would throw himself on his couch without undressing, and rise again at four the next morning. Nothing but an iron constitution and a lofty spirit would have borne him day after day through all these toils of a soldier, added to all the cares of a commander. He enforced the strictest discipline among his soldiers; and his household book, which is still preserved, shows the punctual payment of all his personal expenses.* Yet, in spite of his forbearance, the uncouth mountaineers were in many places viewed with terror and aversion; it is even said, though on no good authority, that some old ladies imagined that they would devour young children. Here is the story as Chevalier Johnstone tells it: "One evening, as Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and with uplifted hands and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself; when she answered, that every body said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food. Mr. Cameron having assured her that they would not injure either her, or her little children, or any person whatever, she looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice, 'Come out, children, the gentleman will not eat you!' The children immediately left the press where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet."† In other places, again, the impression was more favourable. At

* It is printed at length in the Jacobite Memoirs, pp. 145—187.

† Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 101. 8vo. ed.

Preston, Charles was received with three hearty cheers, the first he had heard in England; and a few men consented to join him as recruits.

From Preston the army marched to Wigan, and from Wigan to Manchester. On this road throngs of people appeared, eager to see the Prince pass by, and expressing their good wishes for his success; but when arms were offered them, and they were asked to enlist, they all declined, saying in excuse that they did not understand fighting! The signs of popular favour increased and became more substantial when the Prince arrived at Manchester: there the ringing of bells, and the acclamations of multitudes, marked his entry: an illumination shone forth in the evening; white cockades were cheerfully assumed; and a great number of persons came to kiss his hand, and to offer their services. Such favourable demonstrations, though they undoubtedly occurred, are suppressed or glossed over in the Secret Letters of intelligence, which were written from Manchester to the Duke of Cumberland, and by him transmitted to the Secretary of State. Yet as a curious and authentic portrait of the Highland march, these letters appear to me deserving of insertion. The first is dated the 28th of November. "Just now are come in two of the Pretender's men, a serjeant, a drummer, and a woman with them. I have seen them. The serjeant is a Scotchman, the drummer is a Halifax man, and they are now going to beat up. These two men and the woman, without any others, came into the town amidst thousands of spectators. I doubt not but we shall have more to-night. They say we are to have the Pretender to-morrow. They are dressed in plaids and bonnets. The serjeant has a target!" The letter of next day (November 29) is as follows:—"The two Highlanders who came in yesterday and beat up for volunteers for him they called His Royal Highness Charles, Prince of Wales, offered five guineas advance; many took on; each received one shilling, to have the rest when the Prince came. They do not appear to be such terrible fellows as has been represented. Many of the foot are diminutive creatures, but many clever men among them. The guards and officers are all in a Highland dress, a long sword, and stuck with pistols; their horses all sizes and colours. The bellman went to order all persons charged with excise, and innkeepers,

forthwith to appear, and bring their last acquittance, and as much ready cash as that contains, on pain of military execution. It is my opinion they will make all haste possible through Derbyshire, to evade fighting Ligonier. I do not see that we have any person in town to give intelligence to the King's forces, as all our men of fashion are fled, and all officers under the government. A party came in at ten this morning, and have been examining the best houses, and fixed upon Mr. Dicconson's for the Prince's quarters. Several thousands came in at two o'clock: they ordered the bells to ring; and the bellman has been ordering us to illuminate our houses to-night, which must be done. The Chevalier marched by my door in a Highland dress, on foot, at three o'clock, "surrounded by a Highland guard; no music but a pair of bagpipes. Those that came in last night demanded quarters for 10,000 to-day."*

Next day, during which the troops halted, above 200 men were enrolled and embodied with the others who had joined in England; the whole taking the name of the Manchester regiment, and commanded by Mr. Francis Townley, a Roman Catholic of a very old family in Lancashire, one of the few volunteers upon the march. Such accessions, however, were far, very far inferior to what the insurgents had expected, or their predecessors had experienced in 1715. At that period Lancashire was nearly all devoted to the Stuart cause; but it is evident that the lapse of thirty years had quenched the flame of Jacobitism among the common people, and that even in the minds of the gentry it burned only with a dim and wavering light.

The disappointment of the Highland chiefs was aggravated by the news they now received of the formidable numbers and movements of their enemy. From behind, Marshal Wade had begun to advance against them through Yorkshire. In front lay the Duke of Cumberland, with his headquarters at Lichfield, and with a force of scarcely less than 8000 soldiers. A third army, for the immediate protection of London, was forming at Finchley, composed of the Royal Guards, and of other but newly raised troops,

* These letters are now in the State Paper Office, SCOTLAND, 1745, Vol. lvii.

which the King declared that, in case of need, he would command in person. To prevent a French invasion, or even French supplies, Admiral Vernon had been appointed to cruise in the Channel; and Admiral Byng with a smaller squadron blockaded the east coast of Scotland. Large bodies of militia had been raised in several districts; and close to the rebels, the city of Chester had been secured by the Earl of Cholmondeley, and the town of Liverpool by the zeal of its own inhabitants.* As if these discouragements were not sufficient of themselves, it was also learnt that the bridges over the Mersey, and some others in front, had been broken down by order of the Duke of Cumberland. Charles, with an undaunted spirit, was still for moving onwards, saying he was certain of more support as he advanced. His principal officers, however, remonstrated with Lord George Murray on their alarming situation, when Lord George advised them to offer no further opposition to the will of his Royal Highness until they came to Derby, hoping that by that time they might be joined by the English Jacobites in considerable numbers; but promising that, if not, he would undertake, as General, to propose and enforce a retreat.

Before leaving Manchester, the Prince gave orders for repairing a small bridge near the town, and issued a proclamation on the subject, with a sneer at Marshal Wade.† Resuming his march on the 1st of December, Charles, at the head of one division, forded the Mersey near Stockport, with the water up to his middle; the other division, with the baggage and artillery, passed lower down at Cheadle on a kind of rough bridge, made by choking up the channel with the trunks of poplar trees. Both divisions joined that evening at Macclesfield. It is said (the tale is traditional, and I heard it in conversation from the late Lord Keith) that, on the opposite bank of the Mersey, Charles found a few of the Cheshire gentry drawn up ready to welcome him, and amongst them Mrs. Skyring, a lady in extreme old age. As a child, she had been lifted up in her mother's arms to view the happy landing at Dover of Charles the Second. Her father, an old cavalier, had afterwards to undergo, not merely neglect,

* Tindal's History, vol. ix. p. 204.

† Proclamation, November 30, 1745. See Appendix.

but oppression, from that thankless monarch; still, however, he and his wife continued devoted to the Royal cause, and their daughter grew up as devoted as they. After the expulsion of the Stuarts, all her thoughts, her hopes, her prayers, were directed to another Restoration. Ever afterwards she had with rigid punctuality laid aside one half of her yearly income to remit for the exiled family abroad; concealing only the name of the giver, which, she said, was of no importance to them, and might give them pain if they remembered the unkind treatment she had formerly received: she had now parted with her jewels, her plate, and every little article of value she possessed; the price of which, in a purse, she laid at the feet of Prince Charles, while, straining her dim eyes to gaze on his features, and pressing his hand to her shrivelled lips, she exclaimed with affectionate rapture, in the words of Simeon, "Lord! now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace!" It is added that she did not survive the shock when, a few days afterwards, she was told of the retreat. Such, even when misdirected in its object, or exaggerated in its force, was the old spirit of loyalty in England! Such were the characters which history is proud to record, and fiction loves to imitate—that Major Coleby, who, devoting family and fortune to the Royal cause, joined Charles the Second on his march to Worcester with his four sons and one hundred and fifty men;—that Lady Alice, who, when the same monarch, after his defeat, was tracked by his pursuers to her house, sent forth her son and her servants to make good, at the cost of their lives, one hour's respite for his Majesty's escape; and who, when she saw her child brought home a prisoner, and mortally wounded, could yet read in his expiring glance the safety of their rescued King! How greatly have we now improved upon those unphilosophical times! How far more judicious to value Kings and governments, like other articles, only according to their cheapness or convenience! How much safer always to acknowledge the reigning sovereign as the rightful one! With what scorn must a modern Doctrinaire look down upon an ancient Cavalier—one of those sage deputies, for example, who, in July, 1830, lurked in garrets and cellars while the brave populace was fighting, and who emerged when all was over, equally ready to depose the tyrant, or to hang the

rebels, according as victory might have declared!—Noble-minded men, who fling their allegiance to the winds, to be wafted to and fro by any gust of fortune, and who never know to-day what principles they shall maintain to-morrow!

Notwithstanding, however, the respect which fidelity to misfortune claims, we must acknowledge that, in 1745, our countrymen would have done well and wisely to prefer a Protestant, a tolerant, an enlightened and enlightening Government, to the dreams, however bright, of the olden time. But in that year the most common feeling throughout England was indifference. As Charles advanced from Manchester, he found the people very little inclined to favour or assist him, and displaying no sympathy or fellow-feeling with the “wild petticoat men,” as they called the kilted Highlanders. On the other hand, they showed an equal unconcern to the interests of the Reigning Family; and looked coolly on the struggle, as they might upon a game, forgetting that they themselves formed the stake of the players. The poet Gray writes from Cambridge, “Here we had no more sense of danger than if it were the battle of Cannae. I heard three sensible middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford, and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place on the high-road) to see the Pretender and Highlanders as they passed.”*

From Macclesfield, Lord George Murray, by a dexterous manoeuvre, succeeded in completely misleading his enemy. He advanced with his column of the army to Congleton, where he dislodged and drove before him the Duke of Kingston and a small party of English horse, pursuing them with his vanguard some way on the road to Newcastle. Thus he impressed the Duke of Cumberland with a full belief that the insurgent troops were on their march in that direction, either to give him battle, or to join their partisans in Wales. Accordingly, the Duke hastily pushed forward with his main body to Stone, ready either to intercept, or to fight them, as circumstances might require. But Lord George, having meanwhile obtained accurate intelligence of the Duke’s

* Gray to H. Walpole, February 3. 1746. (Lord Orford’s Works, vol. v. p. 383.)

numbers and position from Mr. Weir, one of Cumberland's principal spies, whom he captured at Congleton, and whom the Prince saved from hanging*, suddenly turned off to the left, and, by a forced march, gained Ashbourne. There the Prince's column likewise arrived along the direct road. Pursuing their progress next day, they both entered Derby, Lord George in the afternoon, and Prince Charles in the evening of the 4th of December; having thus skilfully gained two or three marches upon the Duke of Cumberland, and interposed between his army and London.

Charles took up his quarters at the Earl of Exeter's, now Mr. Mousley's, one of the best houses in the town. He arrived in high spirits, reflecting that he was now within a hundred and thirty miles of the capital†, and that neither Wade's nor Cumberland's forces any longer lay before that object of his hopes. Accordingly, that evening, at supper, he studiously directed his conversation to his intended progress and expected triumph—whether it would be best for him to enter London on foot or on horseback, in Highland or in English dress. Far different were the thoughts of his followers. Early next morning, he was waited upon by Lord George Murray, with all the commanders of battalions and squadrons; and, a council being formed, they laid before him their earnest and unanimous opinion for an immediate retreat to Scotland. They had marched thus far, they said, on the promise either of an English rising or a French descent; neither had yet occurred, neither could any longer be safely awaited. They asked if the Prince could produce even a single letter from any Englishman of distinction or of influence, received upon their march, and advising them to persevere in it. What was their own force? barely 5000 fighting men, a number insufficient to give battle to any one of the three armies by

* Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 458.

† There seems to be a sort of tradition or rooted belief among the Scots, that the Prince, at Derby, was within 100 miles of London. Sir Walter Scott repeatedly calls the distance 90 miles (as in *Tales of a Grandfather*, vol. iii. p. 101.), and Mr. Chambers makes it exactly 100. (*Hist.* vol. i. p. 274.) Yet it is, I believe, as certain, as any fact in geography can be, that the actual distance is 127. So much easier is it to repeat than to inquire!

which they were surrounded; nay, scarcely adequate even to take quiet possession of London, were there no camp at Finchley to protect it. What was their enemy's force? perhaps not much less than 30,000 men, were it all combined. If even they should elude the Duke of Cumberland's division, and gain a battle against George the Second, under the walls of London, it would not be gained without loss; and how, with still further diminished numbers, could they gather any fruits of victory?

But supposing a defeat, would a single man of their army be able under such circumstances to escape? Would not the Prince's own person, even if he were not killed in the action, fall into the hands of his blood-thirsty enemies? Or how, if Wade's and Cumberland's armies should combine and close in upon them from the rear? How much wiser, then, to retreat while it was yet time, to support and be supported by their friends in Scotland! Already, continued Lord George (and he pointed to despatches which had reached the Prince that very morning), we learn that Lord John Drummond has landed at Montrose, with the regiment of Royal Scots and some piquets of the Irish Brigade, so that the whole force under Lord Strathallan ready to join us from Perth is not less than three or four thousand men.*

Charles listened to these arguments with impatience, and replied to them with warmth. He expressed his firm reliance on the justice of his cause, and on the Providence which had hitherto so signally protected him. He owned that there was some danger in advancing, but to retire was equally dangerous, and, besides, disgraceful. As to his personal risk, he would never allow that to weigh with him. "Rather than go back," he cried, "I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!"† He proceeded at some length to argue on the

* See Lord George Murray's own summary of his advice in this council (Jacobite Memoirs, p. 54.)

† Memoirs of Captain Daniel, a volunteer who joined in Lancashire, and attached himself to the Duke of Perth. His MS. has been very obligingly communicated to me by Lady Willoughby d'Eresby.

probability that the French would yet land in Kent or Essex,—that his friends could not fail to join him as he advanced,—that defections must be expected, even from the English ranks,—that boldness and enterprise would supply the want of numbers, and distract the councils of the enemy. Finding that his arguments made no impression, he resorted to entreaties, imploring his friends not to forsake their Prince at his utmost need; and at last, as a middle course, he proposed that they should march into Wales, to give their partisans in that country an opportunity of joining. But the council still continued firm in pressing a retreat to Scotland. Only the Duke of Perth, though retaining his own opinion, was moved by his master's vehemence, and wished to yield to it. Some of the Irish officers were also willing to go on; but then, as the Scots invidiously observed, they 'did not run equal risk, since, being in the French service, they were sure, at the worst, of being honourably treated as prisoners of war, instead of being tried and hanged as traitors. After several hours of stormy debate, Charles broke up the council without having formed any decision, the army halting that day for rest at Derby. Meanwhile the lower officers and soldiers, animated with very different wishes from their chiefs, and eager for the expected conflict, were employed, some in taking the sacrament at the different churches*, others thronging the cutlers' shops to renew the edge of their broadswords.†

During the whole day, the Prince continued to expostulate with some of his officers singly, in hopes of changing their opinions. Finding them inflexible, he was at length strongly advised by those he most confided in—Sir Thomas Sheridan and Secretary Murray—to yield to the prevailing sentiment, since they were sure the army would never fight well when all the chiefs were against it. Accordingly, at another council, summoned the same evening, Charles sullenly declared his consent to a retreat; but added that, in future, he would call no more councils, since he was accountable to nobody for his actions, excepting to God and his father, and would therefore no longer either ask or accept their advice.

* Lord George Murray's Narrative. (Jacobite Memoirs, p. 76.)

† Chambers's Hist. vol. i. p. 272.

Next day, the 6th of December, the insurgents began their retreat. As they marched in the grey of the morning, the inferior officers and common men believed that they were going forward to fight the Duke of Cumberland, at which they displayed the utmost joy. But when the daybreak allowed them to discern the surrounding objects, and to discover that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the army but expressions of rage and indignation. "If we had been beaten," says one of their officers, "the grief could not have been greater."*

Thus ended the renowned advance to Derby—ended against the wishes both of the Prince and of the soldiers. It certainly appears to me, on the best judgment I can form, that they were right in their reluctance, and that, had they pursued their progress, they would, in all probability, have succeeded in their object. A loyal writer, who was in London at the time, declares that "when the Highlanders, by a most incredible march, got between the Duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited."† An immediate rush was made upon the Bank of England, which it is said only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences, to gain time. The shops in general were shut, public business for the most part was suspended, and the restoration of the Stuarts, desired by some, but disliked by many more, was yet expected by all as no improbable or distant occurrence. The Duke of Newcastle, at his scanty wits' soon-reached end, stood trembling and amazed, and knew not what course to advise or to pursue; it has even been alleged, (a rumour well agreeing with his usual character, but recorded on no good authority‡,) that he shut himself up for one whole day in his apartments, considering whether he had not better declare betimes for the Pretender. Nay, I find it asserted that King George himself ordered some of his most precious effects to be embarked on board his yachts, and these to remain at the Tower quay, ready to sail at a moment's warning. Certain it is, that this day of universal consternation—the day on which the rebels' approach to

* Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 73, 8vo. ed.

† Fielding, in the True Patriot.

‡ Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs, p. 77. 8vo. ed.

Derby was made known— was long remembered under the name of BLACK FRIDAY.* Had, then, the Highlanders continued to push forward, must not the increasing terror have palsied all power of resistance? Would not the little army at Finchley, inferior in numbers, and with so convenient a place for dispersing as the capital behind it, have melted away at their approach? Or, had they engaged the Duke's army, who can doubt the issue, if the victory of Falkirk had been gained on English ground? It is probable also, from the prevalence of Jacobite principles amongst the gentry at this period, that many officers in the Royal army were deeply tainted with them, and might have avowed them at the decisive moment. It is certain, at least, that many would have been suspected, and that the mere suspicion would have produced nearly the same effects as the reality—bewilderment, distrust, and vacillation in the chiefs. Even the high personal valour of the King and of the Duke could hardly have borne them safe amidst these growing doubts and dangers, I may add, that, in the opinion even of the Duke of Cumberland's principal officers, there were but scanty hopes of arresting the Highlanders (when once at Derby) in their progress to London. The Duke of Richmond, who commanded the cavalry, writes as follows to Sir Everard Fawkener, from Lichfield, at eight in the morning of the 5th of December:—"I am just going to march for Coventry to-day, and Northampton to-morrow, according to His Royal

* See a note to H. Walpole's letters to Mann, vol. ii. p. 98. The day was the 6th of December. I may observe that the Jacobite party was very strong in London, and had at its head one of the City members, Alderman Heathcote, as appears from the Stuart Papers. Thus, a secret letter, transmitted to Rome by Lord Sempill, and dated London, October 21. 1745, says, "Alderman Heathcote and several more have been with Sir Watkin Wynn to assure him that they will rise in the City of London immediately upon a landing; and to beg that arms and ammunition be brought with the troops." And Lord Sempill adds (November 13. 1745), "Mr. Heathcote has been reckoned, especially since the base defection of Pulteney, one chief leader of the patriot Whigs, not in the City of London only, but in the nation. He opened himself, above two months ago, to Sir John Hinde Cotton."

Highness's orders, but I have had no other orders of any kind. I know very well what I am to do if the enemy comes up to me, but what am I to do if advised of their approach? For as to sending out guards or outposts it will be impossible after two such days' march, as from here to Northampton: the men might do it, but the horses absolutely cannot; and now they have got over the Trent, there is no pass to defend; and if they please to cut us off from the main army they may, and also if they please to give us the slip, and march to London, I fear they may before even this avant-garde can come up with them; and if we should, His Royal Highness knows best what can be expected from such an inconsiderable corps as ours: however, we will do our best, and are ready to obey what orders he will please to send us."*

It appears, moreover, that the camp at Finchley was as yet not formed, but confined to paper plans, that the coasts of Kent and Essex were but feebly guarded by the British cruisers, and that the French ministers were now in the very crisis of decision as to their projected expedition. The preparations for it were completed at Dunkirk; and had Charles, by any forward movement, seemed to show that he scarcely needed it, it would undoubtedly (such policy is but too common with allies!) have been ordered to sail. Nor were the Jacobites in England altogether as supine as was supposed; they had already, it seems, taken measures for a rising. A letter of the young Pretender, many months afterwards, mentions incidentally, in referring to Mr. Barry, that he "arrived at Derby two days after I parted. He had been sent by Sir Watkin Wynn and Lord Barrymore to assure me, in the name of my friends, that they were ready to join me in what manner I pleased, either in the capital, or every one to rise in his own country."†

I believe, then, that had Charles marched onward from Derby he would have gained the British throne; but I am far from thinking that he would long have held it* Bred up in arbitrary principles, and professing the Romanist religion, he might soon have been tempted to assail—at the very least he

* State Paper Office, vol. lvii. SCOTLAND, 1745.

† Prince Charles to his father; Avignon, February 12. 1747. (Stuart Papers.)

would have alarmed—a people jealous of their freedom, and a Church tenacious of her rights. His own violent though generous temper, and his deficiency in liberal knowledge, would have Widened the breach; some rivalries between his Court and his father's might probably have rent his own party asunder; and the honours and rewards well earned by his faithful followers might have nevertheless disgusted the rest of the nation. In short, the English would have been led to expect a much better government than King George's, and they would have had a much worse. Their new yoke could neither have been borne without suffering nor yet cast off without convulsion; and it therefore deserves to be esteemed among the most signal mercies of Providence, that this long train of dissensions and disasters, this necessity for a new revolution, should have been happily averted by the determination to retreat at Derby.

The Highland army pursued their retreat by the same track as they had come, but by no means with the same order. Disappointed and humbled in their own estimation, and with their bonds of discipline relaxed, they committed numerous acts of outrage, some in vengeance, others for plunder. Thus at a place near Stockport, the inhabitants having shot at a Highland patrol, his comrades in retaliation set fire to the village. The consequence was, that their stragglers or the sick whom they left behind, were either killed or taken prisoners by the country people. At Manchester, so friendly a few days before, a violent mob opposed their vanguard, and, though dispersed, again hung upon their rear when they marched away. The Prince much offended at this unexpected reception, imposed and exacted a fine of 5000*l.* upon the town. His own behaviour on the retreat tended still further to dishearten his men; he took no pains to conceal his grief and resentment, but, on the contrary, affected to show that he was no longer commander of the army. Instead of being, as formerly, earliest in the morning, and foremost in the march, he now lingered at his quarters till eight or nine o'clock, so as to delay the rear-guard, and then, mounting his horse, dejectedly rode on to his column.

Charles had designed to halt his army a day at Manchester, but was dissuaded by Lord George Murray, who

argued that the men had no occasion for it, and that it was only giving so much time for the enemy to overtake them. Next morning, accordingly, they pursued their rapid retreat. As they were going out of the town of Wigan, some zealot formed a plan for the Prince's assassination; but, mistaking his person, shot at Mr. O'Sullivan. "Search was made for him," says one of their officers, "but in vain: and no great matter for any thing he would have suffered from us; for many exercised their malice merely on account of the known clemency of the Prince, which, however, they would not have dared to do if he had permitted a little more severity in punishing them. The army, irritated by such frequent instances of the enemy's malice, began to behave with less forbearance, and now few there were who would go on foot if they could ride; and mighty taking, stealing, and pressing of horses there was amongst us! Diverting it was to see the Highlanders mounted, without either breeches, saddle, or any thing else but the bare back of the horses to ride on—and for their bridle only a straw-rope! In this manner did we march out of England."*

On learning that the rebels were at Derby, the Duke of Cumberland had fallen back from Stone in all haste for the protection of the capital; and he was already at Meriden Moor, close to Coventry, when he was assured of their retreat. He immediately commenced a pursuit at the head of his cavalry, and of a thousand foot, whom he mounted upon horses supplied by the neighbouring gentry. But with all his despatch he found, on coming to Macclesfield, that the enemy were full two days' march ahead of him. Continuing, however, to press forward, he was joined at Preston by another body of horse, detached and sent across the country from the army of Marshal Wade; but it was not until the county of Westmoreland that he came up with the insurgents. On the evening of the 17th their main body, headed by Charles, had entered Penrith, but the rear-guard,

* MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel. He also bitterly complains of the Prince's clemency on another previous occasion—the barbarous murder of a young English volunteer, by a woman and her son, near Manchester: they were seized and brought to Charles, and they confessed their crime; but he would not allow them to be put to death.

under the command of Lord George Murray, having been delayed by the breaking down of some baggage waggons, could proceed no further than Shap. Early next morning Lord George resumed his march; but on coming to the village of Clifton, about three miles from Penrith, he found several parties of cavalry, volunteers of that neighbourhood, drawn up to intercept him. These, however, he dispersed with one charge of Glengarry's men, and made several prisoners; among the rest, a footman of the Duke of Cumberland, who said that his Royal Highness was already close in the rear with 4000 horse. Lord George sent the man to be examined by the Prince, at Penrith; at the same time requesting orders for his own direction. Charles, with great courtesy, dismissed the servant to his master; and, for the support of Lord George, despatched two regiments—the Stuarts of Appian, and the Macphersons of Cluny.

The sun was just setting when the Duke's advancing forces first appeared in sight of Lord George; and they slowly formed upon Clifton Moor and the high road; on one side the stone fences of the village, on the other the enclosures of Lord Lonsdale's princely domain. It was now nearly dark; but the moon shone out at intervals from among the clouds, and by this light Lord George saw a body of men—dismounted dragoons, or rather infantry, who had resumed their proper mode of warfare gliding forward to surprise him along the stone fences. He immediately cried *Claymore!* and rushed on, sword in hand, followed by the Macphersons and Stuarts; and, losing his bonnet in the fray, continued to fight bareheaded among the foremost. In a few minutes the English were completely repulsed, their commander, Colonel Honeywood, being left severely wounded on the field, and their total number of killed or disabled exceeding a hundred men, while the insurgents lost but twelve. It was with great difficulty that the Highlanders could be recalled from the pursuit, they exclaiming that it was a shame to see so many of the King's enemies standing fast upon the moor without attacking them. Lord George also was desirous of maintaining his position with further reinforcements; but receiving the Prince's repeated orders to the contrary, drew off his men to Penrith. So effectual, however, was the check he had given, that the Duke of Cumberland forebore any

further attempts to harass the Highlanders in their retreat.

Pursuing this retreat, Charles and his troops arrived early next day, the 19th, at Carlisle. Here they thought it requisite to leave a garrison, so as to secure this key of England for them in a second, and, as they hoped, a speedy invasion of that country; yet the same object might have been attained by blowing up the works. Besides a few French and Irish, and some men from a Lowland regiment, who consented to remain, we learn from an officer present, that "Mr. Townley, Colonel of the English, petitioned the Prince, not only in his own name, but in the name of all the officers of the Manchester regiment, to be left, though the latter never "assented to or desired it, many of them wishing to undergo the same fate as their Royal master. However, on Colonel Townley's coming back, and telling them "that it was the Prince's pleasure that they should remain at Carlisle, they all, taking it as coming from the Prince, most willingly acquiesced."* Yet the result was most fatal to them, and the determination to leave them most unwise. No sooner had Charles departed than they were invested by the Duke of Cumberland. They supposed (and this seems to have been Charles's own opinion, when he left them) that the Duke had no battering artillery at his disposal: some, however, was unexpectedly brought from Whitehaven; and on the 29th it began to play upon the mouldering walls. The besieged then desired to capitulate, but could obtain no other terms from his Royal Highness, than that "they should not be put to the sword, but reserved for his Majesty's pleasure"—a stipulation which to many of them was only death deferred.

On the 20th of December, the Prince's birthday, the Scottish army left Carlisle, and re-entered their own country by fording the Esk. That river was swollen with winter floods and rains to the depth of four feet; yet nearly all the men crossed safely, wading arm in arm, and supporting each other against the violence of the current. Charles, with his

* MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel. It is scarcely worth while to notice a calumnious and absurd insinuation of the Chevalier Johnstone, that Charles left this unfortunate garrison behind, "in a spirit of vengeance against the English nation," for not more effectually supporting him!

horsemen, rode through a little below the place where the rest of his army passed; and, while in the midst of the water, saw one or two of the men, who had drifted from the hold of their comrades, and were carried down the stream. With great intrepidity and presence of mind, Charles sprung forward, and caught one poor soldier by the hair, at the same time calling out, in Gaelic, COBHEAR! COBHEAR! that is, Help! help! and supporting him until he could receive assistance. This proof of his compassion and care for his followers greatly tended, it is said, to enhance his popularity amongst them.

The main body of the insurgents stopped that night at Annan, and the next at Dumfries. This town had always been remarkable for its attachment to the Protestant succession; and a report having lately reached it of some defeat or disaster to the Highland army, a general rejoicing had ensued. When the Highlanders marched in, they found the candles of the illumination still in the windows, and the bonfires unextinguished.* They imposed a fine of 2000*l.* upon the place; and, receiving only 1100*l.*, carried off the Provost and another magistrate as security for the remainder. From hence they proceeded by different routes to Glasgow, marking their track by numerous acts of plunder and depredation. Charles himself went by way of Hamilton Palace, where he allowed his troops a day of rest, and himself a day of shooting in the Park. His forces were now reduced to about 3600 foot and 500 horse. On the 26th he entered Glasgow, thus completing one of the most extraordinary marches recorded in history. From Edinburgh to Derby, and from Derby back again to Glasgow, they had gone not less than 580 miles in fifty-six days†, many of these days of halt; yet one of Charles's personal attendants complains, that, during this whole time, he was able but once, at Manchester, to throw off his clothes at night.‡

* MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel.

† Reckoning the distance from Carlisle to Derby through Wigan, 181 miles (twice over); from Edinburgh to Carlisle and Brampton, through Kelso, perhaps 110; from Carlisle to Glasgow about the same,—the total will be 582. But this is only an approximation.

‡ See some notes of conversation with Mr. Gib, the Prince's *Major Domo*, in the *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 194.

Glasgow had already given strong proofs of its hostility to Charles, having raised many hundred men against him in his absence. His appearance made no impression in his favour; nay, one fanatic even snapped a pistol at him, as he rode along the Salt-Market.* A most heavy requisition to refit the Highland army was now laid upon the citizens; for which they afterwards claimed and received a compensation from the established Government. How strange the contrast between Manchester and Glasgow! The most commercial town in England the most friendly—the most commercial town in Scotland the most adverse—to the Stuarts!

* Chambers's History, vol. i. p. 295. It appears that, as usual, no punishment followed.

CHAP. III.

(CHAPTER XXIX OF THE HISTORY.)

HAVING refreshed and new clothed his army, by eight days' residence at Glasgow, Charles again set forth, on the 3rd of January, 1746, and marched to Stirling, where, according to orders he had sent, he was joined by the forces under Lords John Drummond and Strathallan. There came also the detachment of Lord Lewis Gordon, which only a few days before had worsted the Earl of Loudon's levies in a skirmish at Inverury, and driven them back towards Inverness. By these accessions, the total force under Charles's banner was augmented to nearly nine thousand men, being the largest that he ever mustered in the course of these campaigns. With this he now undertook the siege of the Castle of Stirling; the more readily, since Lord John Drummond had brought both battering guns and engineers from France, and since he was eager to secure a constant and easy communication between the Highlands and the Lowlands.

Stirling Castle, however, stood secure in its craggy height, a good garrison, and an experienced governor, General Blakeney. By this time, also, the army of Marshal Wade had advanced into Scotland, and was reinforced by the Duke of Cumberland's cavalry. The Duke himself had been recalled from Carlisle, and his infantry from Lichfield, to guard the southern coast, and provide against the still apprehended French invasion. But though absent himself, he was requested to name the commander of the army in Scotland in the room of Marshal Wade, whose talents, never of the brightest, had sunk beneath the torpor of age, and whose inactivity had justly been complained of during the last campaign. In his place, the Royal Duke recommended General Henry Hawley, an officer of some experience, who had served in the battle of Sheriffmuir as a Major of dragoons: but destitute of capacity, and hated, not merely by his enemies, but by his own soldiers, for a most violent and vindictive temper. Both he and his Royal patron were signal exceptions to the rule, that brave men are never cruel.—Once, in Flanders, a deserter being hanged before Hawley's windows, the surgeons begged to have the body for dissection. But Hawley was reluctant to part with the pleasing spectacle; "at least," said he "you shall give me the

skeleton to hang up in the guard room!”*—One of his first measures, on arriving at Edinburgh to take the chief command, was to order two gibbets to be erected, ready for, the rebels who he hoped might fall into his hands; and with a similar view he bid several executioners attend his army on its march. Such ferocity sinks Hawley very far below a man he often scoffed at,—his predecessor at Preston,—and appears altogether alien from the true military character: in one word, Cope was no general; but Hawley was not even a soldier!

The disposable force of Hawley being augmented by a few Yorkshire volunteers, by a similar body from Glasgow, and by some Argyleshire recruits under Colonel Campbell, was nearly the same as that of Charles,—between eight and nine thousand men. At the head of these he marched from Edinburgh to raise the siege of Stirling, and, as he confidently boasted, drive the rebels before him. On the other hand, Charles, hearing of his approach, left a few hundred men to continue the blockade of the Castle, and with the remainder advanced to meet the enemy. On the 16th of January he drew up his men on Bannockburn, a field, as he remarked, of happy augury to his arms, and awaited an attack; but found the English remain wholly inactive at Falkirk. His cavalry, whom he sent out to reconnoitre close to Hawley’s camp, brought word that they could see no appearance of movement. Next morning he again drew up his army, and again awaited an attack; but still in vain; upon which, with characteristic ardour, he determined that his own troops should move forwards that same day, and become the aggressors in the battle.

Hawley, meanwhile, filled with an ignorant contempt of the “Highland rabble,” as he termed them, believed that they would disperse of themselves at the mere news of his approach, and neglected the most common precautions for

* H. Walpole to Sir H. Mann, January 17. 1746. He adds that the soldiers’ nickname for Hawley was, “the Lord Chief Justice.” His own will, dated March 29. 1749, is most discreditable to him in another respect: it contains this phrase, about his burial * “My carcase may be put any where. The priest, I conclude, will have his fee; let the puppy have it!”

security, such as sending out patrols. On the forenoon of that very day, the 17th, he allowed himself to be detained at Callender House, some distance from his men, by the courtesy and good cheer of the Countess of Kilmarnock, whose husband was in the insurgent army, and who had therefore strong motives for retarding and misleading the hostile chief. Only the second in command, General Huske, remained at the camp in front of Falkirk; he was a good officer, but had no authority to direct any decisive movement. His attention also was diverted by a well concerted stratagem of the Highland army: for while Charles, with his main body, marched round considerably to the south of the English camp (a route he had calculated so as to give his troops the advantage of the wind in the battle), he detached Lord John Drummond with all the cavalry towards the other extremity of Hawley's line, and along the straight road from Stirling to Falkirk. This detachment, having in its rear the ancient forest of the Torwood, was directed to display the Royal Standard and other colours, so as to produce an impression that the whole army was behind, and advancing from that quarter. So successful was this feint, that General Huske's attention became wholly engrossed by the evolutions of these distant squadrons; during which time Charles, with his main army, had already passed the river Carron, beyond Dunnipace, and was only separated from the enemy by the Falkirk Muir, a rugged and ridgy upland, now well cultivated, but then covered with heath.

It was now between one and two o'clock, and the English soldiers were preparing to take their dinner, when some country people, hastily running in, brought an account that the Highlanders were near at hand; and their report was confirmed by two of the officers mounting a tree, and through a telescope discovering the enemy in motion. The drums instantly beat to arms, and a pressing message was despatched to Hawley, at Callender House, while the troops were formed in line in front of their camp. Frequent, and surely not unfounded murmurs might now be heard amongst the men:—"Where is the general?—what shall be done?—we have no orders!"*

* Home's History, p. 167.

Startled at these tidings, Hawley soon galloped up, in breathless haste, and without his hat; he immediately ordered his three regiments of dragoons to advance with him, full speed, to the top of Falkirk Muir, so as if possible to anticipate the Highlanders; and the foot he commanded to follow with their bayonets fixed. They pushed forward, with a storm of wind, to which heavy rain was now added, beating full in the faces of the soldiers. For some time it appeared like a race between the dragoons and the Highlanders, which should first attain the summit of the hill. The mountaineers, however, prevailed in that object; and the English, then halting, drew up on somewhat lower ground. There was a rugged ravine, that began at the centre, between the two armies, and deepened towards the plain on the right of the King's forces; and the whole position, thus hastily chosen by Hawley, was far from favourable to the evolutions of regular troops. The English artillery, also, stuck fast in a morass, which formed part of the plain, and it could not be extricated; but, as the Highlanders had also left theirs behind, neither force had in that respect any advantage above the other.

Each of the armies now formed; the Prince's in two lines; his right commanded by Lord George Murray, and his left by Lord John Drummond, who as soon as he saw the enemy take the alarm, had desisted from his feint, and rejoined the main body of his countrymen. Charles himself took his station, as at Preston, in the second line, or rather close behind it, on a conspicuous mound, still known by the name of CHARLIE'S HILL, and now overgrown with wood. For the English, their cavalry remained as they had come, in front, and their infantry drew up, like the insurgents, in two lines; while in the rear of all stood a reserve, consisting of the Argyle militia and the Glasgow regiment. General Hawley commanded in the centre, and Huske on the right; and the cavalry were under Colonel Ligonier, who on the death of Gardiner had succeeded to his regiment.

These arrangements being completed, Hawley sent orders to Ligonier to charge with all the horse on the enemy's right. The insurgents in that station, chiefly the Macdonald clans, seeing the dragoons come on, reserved their own fire, with

the utmost steadiness and composure, until the English were within ten yards' distance; they then, at Lord George's signal, gave a general discharge, so close and well aimed, that a very large number of the hostile horsemen were seen to reel and fall from their saddles, and the survivors were completely broken. Two of the dragoon regiments, the same that had fled at the Coltbridge and at Preston, being now well skilled and experienced in that military operation, repeated it on this occasion. The third regiment, Cobham's, stood firmer, but was likewise compelled to yield, after heavy loss. It was now Lord George Murray, endeavour to bring back the Macdonalds into regular line; but their victorious ardour was not to be controlled; running forward, and loading their pieces as they ran, they fell upon the flank of Hawley's two columns of foot, which at the same moment were furiously assailed in front; the Highlanders, after their fire, dropping their muskets, and charging sword in hand. The English, on their part, nearly blinded by the wind and rain, and dispirited by their previous inaction, could not stand firm against this combined assault; in vain did their General attempt to animate them by his personal courage; his white head uncovered, and conspicuous in the front ranks of the combatants: the whole centre gave way in confusion, and betook themselves to flight. But on the extreme right of the Royal army the result had meanwhile been very different. The three regiments there, protected by the rugged bank of the ravine, maintained this natural fortification, and kept aloof the Highlanders from their favourite close onset, sword in hand. Nay more, being reinforced by Cobham's dragoons, who rallied in their rear, they not only checked the pursuit on their flank, but spread confusion into the ranks before them, of the Prince's left, many Highlanders scampering away from the field, under the belief that the day was lost, and spreading these disastrous tidings in their rear. Thus it might be said, that, of the Royal army, three fourths had been defeated, and one fourth victorious.

Charles seeing, from his commanding station, this state of things, immediately put himself at the head of his second line, and, advancing against the enemy's right, arrested their momentary triumph. They were now compelled, like their comrades, to withdraw from the field; but theirs was a

retreat, and not like their comrades', a flight: they marched in steady order, their drums beating, and colours displayed; and protected the mingled mass of other fugitives. Had the Highlanders, nevertheless, pursued at this critical moment, there seems little doubt that the King's army must have been utterly destroyed. But the night was now setting in, early at this winter season, and the earlier from the violent storm which blew; and they deemed it imprudent to push forward in the darkness, suspecting, as they did, some stratagem or ambuscade. Lord John Drummond especially, who was a general officer in the French service, entertained and expressed that apprehension, when he saw the Scots Royal fly: "These men," said he, "behaved admirably at Fontenoy—surely this must be a feint!" Thus the insurgents remained for a considerable time upon the field, irresolute, disordered, and ignorant of their own success, until some detachments sent forward by Charles brought him the news that the English had already retreated from Falkirk. The Prince then (it was late in the evening, and the rain continued to fall in torrents,) made his entry into the town, and was conducted by torch-light to a lodging which had been prepared for him. Hawley, meanwhile, did not stop that night until Linlithgow, nor the next day until Edinburgh, where his troops arrived in much disorder and dejection. His only consolation was to make use of the gibbets erected for the rebels to punish his own soldiers; that is such of them as had grossly misbehaved in the action. No less than four were executed in one day. On the field of battle he left about four hundred, dead or dying, with, a large proportion of officers, amongst whom were Sir Robert Munro of Foulis, three Lieutenant Colonels, and nine Captains. The insurgents' loss was estimated by themselves at only forty men*; but was, probably, triple that number. There were also about one hundred prisoners taken from the Royal army; one of them John Home, afterwards the historian of this conflict. Three standards, and all the artillery, ammunition, and baggage, fell into the hands of the insurgents, who might exult that an attempt made by Hawley to set fire to his tents before he left them, was baffled by the rain. At Linlithgow, further on in the retreat, the English

* Collection of Declarations, &c. p. 72.

army succeeded better in their attempts at conflagration: some troops which had been quartered in the Royal Palace, next morning, before their departure, deliberately set it on fire, by raking the live embers from the hearths into the straw pallets, thus reducing the venerable pile to a blackened and desolate ruin, as it still remains.*

All that night, stormy though it was, the unwearied Highlanders employed themselves in plundering the camp, and stripping the dead bodies. This last work they performed so effectually, that a citizen of Falkirk, who next morning surveyed the slain from a distance, used to say that he could only compare them to a large flock of white sheep at rest on the face of the hill.† The prisoners of the Glasgow regiments were roughly handled, as volunteers and eager partisans, but the others had better treatment; and the greater number, for safe custody, were sent to the Castle of Doune, all seeming much amazed at their disaster, when a triumph over the “Highland rabble” had been so confidently promised them. One prisoner (an Irishman perhaps) was even overheard to mutter to his comrades, “By my soul, if Charlie goes on in this way, Prince Frederick will never be King George!”‡

But this victory brought the Pretender no fruit, but barren laurels; nay, it may be said without a paradox, that it proved hurtful instead of advantageous to his cause. Among the officers, it raised an angry dissension each lamenting that the destruction of the enemy had not been completed; Lord George Murray inveighing against Lord John Drummond, and Lord John retaliating upon Lord George. The common Highlanders, loaded with plunder, went off as usual to their mountains to secure it; and thus was the army deprived for a time of several hundreds, nay thousands, of its men. An unfortunate accident also, which occurred the day after the battle, tended in no small degree to increase this desertion.

* Chambers’s Hist vol. ii. p. 53., and Scott’s Provincial Antiquities, art. LINLITHGOW. But Grose ascribes the fire to accident (Antiquities of Scotland, p. 232.)

† Chambers’s History, vol. ii. p. 17.

‡ MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel.

One of Clanranald's clansmen was examining a musket, a part of his booty, as he stood at an open window, when the piece went off, and by mischance killed a son of Glengarry who was passing in the street. Charles, foreseeing the ill effects that might ensue, exerted himself to show every respect to the memory of the deceased, attending the funeral himself as chief mourner. The tribe of Glengarry, nevertheless, far from appeased, loudly demanded life for life; and Clanranald having reluctantly agreed to surrender his follower, the poor man was immediately led out and shot dead with a volley of bullets,—his own father joining in the fire, that his sufferings might end the sooner. But even this savage act of vengeance was not sufficient to satisfy the offended clan; and the greater number, yielding to their grief or rage, forsook the Prince's standard, and withdrew to their mountain homes.

On the evening after his victory Charles again encamped on Bannockburn, where he employed a press, which he had brought from Glasgow, to print a quarto sheet, containing an account of the battle.* This proved to be the last of his Scottish Proclamations or Gazettes. He now resumed the siege of Stirling Castle, deeming it derogatory to his arms to relinquish any enterprise of danger once begun, and thus leaving his enemies full leisure to recover from their recent defeat.

When the tidings of the battle of Falkirk reached the Court of St. James's (it was on the day of a Drawing-Room) every countenance, it is said, appeared clouded with doubts and apprehension, except only the King's, whose heart was inaccessible to fear, and Sir John Cope's, who rejoiced to have at last a partner in his misfortune or misconduct.† The Duke of Cumberland, in conversation with the Earl of Marchmont, "laid the blame of the affair of Hawley on want of discipline, and said, were he there he would attack the rebels with the men that Hawley had left."‡ This

* Collections of Declarations, &c. p. 69—72.

† See Quarterly Review, No. lxxi. p. 180. An abstracted Scottish Peer, at this Drawing Room, addressed Sir John by the title of General Hawley, to the no small amusement of the company.

‡ Lord Marchmont's Diary, January 23. 1746.

determination was speedily put to the proof; for the fear of a French invasion having now subsided, and the want of another general in Scotland being manifest, his Royal Highness was appointed to the chief command in that country, and was earnestly requested to set out immediately. Travelling night and day, he arrived most unexpectedly at Holyrood House on the morning of the 30th of January,—a day, as usual, of ill augury to the house of Stuart,—and he chose for himself the same apartments, nay even the same bed, in the palace, which had lately been occupied by Charles.

The Royal Duke destined to wield so decisive an influence over the fortunes of his cousin and competitor, was of very nearly the same age, being only four months younger. He had not, however, the same graces of person, being corpulent and unwieldy to a remarkable degree, and in his manner rough and displeasing. His character was adorned by considerable virtues; honesty of purpose, adherence to his promises, attachment to his friends. He was a dutiful son, and a liberal patron; as a soldier, he was enthusiastically fond of his profession; he had closely studied its details, and might even be lauded for capacity in an age which, to England at least, was singularly barren of military merit. His unwearied activity and his high personal courage would, however, at any period have justly claimed applause. But, as one of his own friends complains, “his judgment is too much guided by his passions, which are often violent and ungovernable.”* Against his foreign adversaries he displayed no undue asperity, and towards his soldiers he could sometimes show compassion; thus, for instance, on arriving at Edinburgh he immediately arrested the course of Hawley’s savage executions: yet even his own army often murmured at his harshness and rigour; and as to any rebel, he treated him with as little mercy as he might a wolf. Never perhaps did any insurgents meet a more ungenerous enemy. From the deeds of blood in Scotland,—committed by his own order in some cases, and connived at in many more,—his contemporaries branded him with a disgraceful by-word—the butcher; and the historian who cannot deny the guilt,

* Lord Waldegrave’s Memoirs, p. 23.

must repeat and ratify the name.

The Duke of Cumberland remained but thirty hours at Edinburgh: on the 31st he set forward with his army to give the insurgents battle; his favourite Hawley still acting under him as one Lieutenant-General; and the other was the Earl of Albemarle. Officers and soldiers were in high spirits, and confident of victory under their new commander. But on approaching Falkirk his Royal Highness was informed that the rebels had already commenced their retreat; the causes of which I shall now proceed to detail.

In the siege of Stirling, Charles had employed as his engineer one M. Mirabelle, a vain volatile Frenchman, who had come over with Lord John Drummond. So ignorant was this man of his profession, that the batteries he constructed with great labour were entirely commanded and soon silenced by the fire of the Castle. Still, however, the prince persevered, taking only the advice of his favourite counsellors, Secretary Murray, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and the Quarter-Master General. But the other chief officers, mortified both at their loss of confidence since the Derby retreat, and at the slow and doubtful progress of the present siege, determined to assert their authority by holding a consultation of their own. The result was a memorial signed by many influential names, and sent to the Prince by Lord George Murray, who was no doubt the secret mover of the whole design. This memorial is still preserved*: after lamenting the numbers of Highlanders gone home, and the unequal chances of another battle, it proceeds: "We are therefore humbly of opinion that there is no way to extricate the army out of the most imminent danger but by retiring immediately to the Highlands, where we can be usefully employed the remainder of the winter by taking and mastering the forts of the North, and we are morally sure we can keep as many men together as will answer that end, and hinder the enemy from following us into the mountains at this season of the year; and in spring we doubt not but an army of 10,000 effective Highlanders can be brought

* Home's Hist Append. No. 39. Those who signed it were Lord George Murray, Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, Ardshiel, Lochgarry, Scothouse, and Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat.

together, and follow your Royal Highness wherever you think proper.”

This remonstrance, coming from such persons, and armed with all the force of a command, struck the Prince with astonishment and grief. Lord George had been with him but the day before, and shown him a plan he had drawn for the intended battle, which Charles had approved and corrected with his own hand. In the same view, likewise, had the sick and wounded of the army already been sent to the rear at Dumblane. When, therefore, he read the paper disclosing such different designs, he could scarcely believe his eyes: he passionately exclaimed, “Good God! have I lived to see this?” and dashed his head against the wall with so much violence that he staggered. He sent sir Thomas Sheridan to argue with the chiefs against their project; but finding them firm, had no alternative but a sullen acquiescence.*

The insurgents accordingly began their retreat on the 1st of February, first spiking their heavy cannon, and blowing up their powder magazine at St. Ninian’s. So ill was this last operation contrived, that the explosion destroyed, together with the magazine, the neighbouring church, and lost the lives of several country people; nor did party spirit fail to impute this accident to deliberate and malignant design. The best proof to the contrary will be found in the fact, that some of the insurgent soldiers themselves, and particularly the man who fired the train, were amongst the killed. Very little, however, of discipline or regularity was observed in the retreat. Charles, with a forwardness and recklessness that seem to have been part of his character, whenever he was thwarted, had either neglected to give the needful orders, or suddenly changed them after they were given, and much confusion and loss of baggage ensued.† The direction of the retreat was to Crieff, where the army separated in two divisions; nor did they reunite for some weeks; both,

* John Hay’s Account of the Retreat from Falkirk (Home’s Appendix, p. 355.).

† At a council of war, called near Crieff, there was great complaint and recrimination amongst the officers, as to the disorder of the retreat. Charles ended their quarrel by saying very handsomely, that he would take all the blame on himself. Lord George Murray’s Narrative, Jacobite Memoirs, p. 100.

however, making their way by different roads towards Inverness. They were pursued, but not overtaken, by the Duke of Cumberland, who, fixing his headquarters at Perth, sent out detachments to reduce the neighbouring districts.

While such were the events in the North, the Court of St. James's was agitated by a short but singular ministerial revolution. The Royal favour had been for some time engrossed by Lord Granville: the Pelham brothers found themselves treated with coldness and reserve, and apprehended that in carrying the supplies this winter they would only be paving the way for their own dismissal at the end of the session. To them, the unquelled rebellion appeared, not as a motive of forbearance, but only as a favourable opportunity for pushing their pretensions. They determined, therefore, to bring the question to an issue, and to concentrate their demands on one point—an office for Pitt—to whom they were bound by their promises, and still more by their fears. The king, however, guided by Lord Granville, and under Granville by Lord Bath, and mindful of Pitt's old philippics against Hanover, steadily refused his assent to this arrangement. On the 6th of February, Lord Bath, coming from the Royal closet, said frankly to Lord Harrington, that he had advised the king to negative Mr. Pitt's appointment and to pursue proper (he meant Hanoverian) measures on the Continent Lord Harrington coldly replied, "They who dictate in private should be employed in public."* A resignation was now resolved upon by nearly all the ministers. In this affair the Pelhams prudently shrunk from the front ranks; the van therefore was led by Harrington, he being the first on the 10th to give up the seals, and thus drawing on himself the King's especial and lasting resentment. He was followed on the same day by the Duke of Newcastle, on the next by Mr. Pelham. Other self-denying placemen now poured in, with their white staves and gold keys. His Majesty immediately sent the two seals of Secretaries of State to Lord Granville (who was indisposed), that he and Lord Bath might form an administration as they pleased. "Thus far," says Horace Walpole, "all went swimmingly; they had only forgotten one little point, which

* Coxe's Memoirs of Horace Lord Walpole, p. 295.

was to secure a majority in both Houses."* Scarce any man of weight or reputation was found willing to join them. Chief Justice Willes declined to be their Lord Chancellor, and Sir John Barnard to be their Chancellor of the Exchequer. After various offers and repeated refusals, this ministry of forty hours was dissolved, and Lord Bath announced his failure to the King, who bitterly complained of his painful situation, and cried shame that a man like Newcastle, who was not fit, said he, for a chamberlain to a petty Court in Germany, should be forced on him and the nation as Prime Minister. His Majesty had, however, no other choice than to reinstate his former servants, and admit whatever terms they now required. It was agreed to dismiss from place the remaining adherents of Bath and Granville, amongst others the Marquis of Tweeddale, whose office as Secretary for Scotland was again abolished. Pitt became—not indeed Secretary at War, as was asked at first—but Vice-Treasurer of Ireland, and soon afterwards, on the death of Winnington, Paymaster of the Forces. The Opposition grew still weaker from their weakness being so signally tested and disclosed, and dwindled for some time to a scarcely perceivable minority. Yet Lord Granville's high spirits never forsook him; he continued to laugh and drink as before, owning that the attempt was mad, but that he was quite ready to do it again. †

In Scotland the war languished for several weeks. Charles, on approaching Inverness, found it rudely fortified with a ditch and palisade, and held by Lord Loudon's army of about 2000 men. In the first instance, therefore, the Prince halted ten miles from the town, at Moy Castle, the seat of the chief of Mac Intosh. The Chief himself was serving with Lord Loudon, but Lady Mac Intosh remained to raise the clan for the opposite party, and rode in their front as commander, with a man's bonnet on her head, and pistols at her saddle-bow. The neighbourhood of Moy Castle, however, and the security in which Charles was living, incited Lord Loudon to a sudden night-march, in hopes to seize his person. But this

* To Sir H. Mann, February 14. 1746.

† H. Walpole to Sir H. Mann, February 14. 1746. Duke of Newcastle to the Earl of Chesterfield, Feb. 18. 1746. Coxe's Pelham.

well-concerted scheme was baffled by no more than six or seven of the Mac Intoshes, who, meeting the King's troops, dispersed themselves in different parts of the wood, and fired upon the advancing columns, at the same time imitating the war-cries of Lochiel, Keppoch, and other well-known clans, and thus producing an impression that the whole Highland army was at hand. The King's troops, astonished and doubtful from the darkness, hastily turned back to Inverness, where they arrived in so much confusion that their retreat was afterwards known by the name of the Rout of Moy.

Next morning, the 17th of February, the Chevalier assembled his men, and on the 18th advanced to Inverness to repay Lord Loudon his unfriendly visit. The Earl, however, did not wait his coming; he embarked with the Lord President and with his soldiers in boats, and rowed across the Moray Frith to Cromarty. He was afterwards pursued by the Earl of Cromarty and some Highland regiments marching round the head of the inlet, and was compelled to cross the Great Ferry into Sutherland. Here, still followed by Cromarty, his army disbanded. But Lord Cromarty, too confident in his first success, was surprised in his turn, and taken prisoner with his officers at Dunrobin Castle, by a body of the Sutherland militia. This last event, however, did not occur till the day before the battle of Culloden, and had therefore no influence upon the main events of the campaign.

Having occupied the town of Inverness, Charles applied himself to the siege of the citadel, which surrendered in a few days. Another of his parties reduced and destroyed Fort Augustus, but was less successful before Fort William, as they could not prevent its communications by the sea. Lord George Murray likewise failed in taking the Castle of Blair, which a doughty veteran, Sir Andrew Agnew, maintained with some regular troops; and this failure greatly tended to heighten the suspicions, though most unjust ones, which Charles already entertained of Lord George's fidelity. A rough draught in Charles's writing, and amongst the Stuart Papers, declares that "when Lord George Murray undertook the attack of the post of Blair Castle, he took an officer, whom he sent back without so much as consulting the Prince—a thing so contrary to all military practice, that no

one that has the least sense can be guilty of it, without some private reason of his own." Such doubts and jealousies amongst the chiefs hastened and embittered the decline of their cause, and still more severely did they suffer from the failure of money and provisions. They were now cooped up in barren mountains, and debarred from their Lowland resources: and though the supplies of France were frequently despatched, they could seldom at this period reach their destination. Several ships were captured by the British cruisers, others steered back to the French ports: one, the *Hazard*, having on board 150 soldiers and 10,000*l.* in gold, ran ashore on the north coast of Sutherland, and both crew and cargo were taken by the tribe of the Mac Kays. Thus Charles's little treasury was soon reduced to 500 louis-d'ors, and he was compelled to pay his troops in meal,—to the desertion of many, to the discontent and indiscipline of those that remained.* Nor were even these supplies of meal certain and invariable; the men were often pinched with hunger, and unavoidably dispersed over the country for subsistence, while, according to the report of an English prisoner, even the best officers were glad when they could procure a few leaves of raw cabbage from the farmers' gardens.†

During this time the Duke of Cumberland's army was, on the contrary, well supplied and powerfully reinforced. In February, there landed at Leith Prince Frederick of Hesse Cassel, with 5000 auxiliaries from his country, who had been hired, with consent of Parliament, in the place of the Dutch troops. For these last being the same that had capitulated at Tournay and Dendermond, and been set free under parole not to serve against any soldiers of France, Lord John Drummond had, immediately upon his landing, despatched a message to their commander, stating his own commission in the French service, and his arrival at the head of a French

* "Our army had got no pay in money for some time past, but meal only, which the men being obliged to sell out and convert into money, it went but a short way for their other needs, at which the poor creatures grumbled exceedingly, and were suspicious that we officers had detained it from them." Macdonald's Journal (Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 508.)

† Chambers's Hist. vol. ii. p. 82.

regiment, and requiring therefore that the Dutch troops should withdraw from the contest,—a summons which they had accordingly obeyed. The Hessians now served to garrison and secure the south of Scotland for the Duke of Cumberland, thus enabling him to draw together his whole native force against the rebels. After a visit to Edinburgh for a consultation with the Prince of Hesse, he had fixed his head-quarters at Aberdeen, where it was commonly believed that he intended to remain till summer. But they who thought thus, knew not the daring and active energy of that Royal Chief.*

On the 8th April, the Duke set forth from Aberdeen, at the head of about 8000 foot and 900 cavalry. His march was directed to Inverness, with the intention to offer his enemy a battle; and proceeding along the coast, he was attended and supplied by the fleet. At Banff he seized and hanged two Highland spies, employed, according to their primitive manner, in notching the numbers of his army upon a stick.† There now lay before him the Spey, a deep and rapid mountain stream, where he apprehended some resistance to his passage. Several weeks before, Charles had despatched Lord John Drummond with a strong party to defend the fords; and some batteries had accordingly been raised upon the left bank. But as the Duke brought up cannon sufficient to command these imperfect works, Lord John justly considered his position as untenable, and fell back to Inverness, while the Royal army forded the Spey in three divisions on the 12th, and on the 14th entered Nairn. Beyond this town some skirmishing ensued between the Highland rear and the English van; but Charles coming up suddenly to support the former with his guards from Inverness, the latter in their turn retired.

Charles and his principal officers lodged that night at Culloden House, the seat of his ablest enemy in Scotland, President Forbes. His troops lay upon the moor, where the

* According to H. Walpole, “the Duke complains extremely of the *loyal* Scotch; he says he can get no intelligence, and reckons himself more in an enemy’s country than when he was warring with the French in Flanders.” To Sir H. Mann, March 21. 1746.

† Chambers’s Hist. vol. ii. p. 82.

heath, as one of the subalterns remarks, “served us both for bedding and fuel, the cold being very severe.”* Early on the 15th they were drawn out in battle order, and expected an attack; but no enemy appearing, Lord Elcho was sent forward with his cavalry to reconnoitre, and brought word that the Duke of Cumberland had halted at Nairn, and that this being his birthday, his troops were passing it in festivity and mirth. The provision from their ships was abundant; the insurgents, on the other hand, were so ill supplied, that only a single biscuit could be served out to each man during the whole of the 15th. In numbers they were scarcely less deficient: notwithstanding every exertion, some of their best regiments had not been able to rejoin them; thus Cluny, Lord Cromarty, and the Master of Lovat were absent, so that barely 5000 men could be mustered on the field.

Charles’s spirit, however, was still undaunted. He had declared, two days before, that he was willing to attack, had he but a thousand men.† He now on Lord Elcho’s report, assembled a council of war, with a secret design to compensate for his inferiority of numbers by a night march, so as to surprise the Duke in his camp at Nairn, the distance being about twelve miles. In the council, he found Lord George Murray suggest this very scheme, Charles then rose and embraced him, and acknowledged the project as his own; upon which, by common consent, orders were immediately given for its execution.‡ By the Prince’s

* MS. Memoirs of Captain Daniel.

† Letter of Lord George Murray, August 5. 1749, printed in Home’s Appendix.

‡ The account of this transaction is derived from a very rough draught or fragment in Charles’s writing, preserved amongst the Stuart Papers. It states: “When the enemy was so much approaching, and seeming to be determined to attack us lastly at Inverness, if we did not them, the Prince called a council of war, when all the chiefs were assembled and Lord George Murray. The Prince let every one speak before him. Lord George Murray was the last, and he proposed to attack that night as the best expedient; this was just what the Prince intended, but he kept it in his breast. The Prince then embraced Lord George Murray, approved it, and owned it was his project. It was agreed upon; but then it was question of the manner. It is to be observed, that the

directions, the heath was set on fire, that the light might convey an idea of his troops being still in the same position: the watchword he assigned, was "King James the Eighth." But meanwhile numerous stragglers had left the ranks, repairing to Inverness and other places in quest of food; and they told the officers sent after them to shoot them if they pleased, rather than compel them to starve any longer. From this cause some precious hours were lost and many good soldiers missed, and it was not till eight at night that every preparation was completed. Charles then appointed Lord George Murray to command the first column, put himself at the head of that which followed, and gave the signal to march.

The night was dark, and so far favourable to the project of surprise; but for the same reason it misled the guides and retarded the progress of the troops. Exhausted with privations, they could not display their wonted energy; slowly and painfully did they toil through waste or marshy ground, many men dropping altogether from the ranks, and the rear falling considerably behind the van. Under these disadvantages it was two in the morning before the head of the first column passed Kilravock House, within four miles of the English camp. This was the very hour for which the attack had been designed; and Lord George pointed out to his officers that it was no longer possible for them to reach the enemy before the dawn should expose them to his observation. Several gentlemen—Hepburn of Keith above all—still vehemently adhered to the first project, saying that the Highland broad-sword would not be the worse for a little daylight to direct its operations. But notwithstanding this flourish, it was plain that all hopes of a surprise had ended, and that the object of the night-march had failed. During the discussion, Mr. O'Sullivan came up with a message from the Prince, that his Royal Highness would be glad to have the attack made; but that, as Lord George was in the van, he could best judge whether it could be done in time or not. Thus empowered Lord George gave orders for retreat;

Prince proposed to keep Fort Augustus, and to make it serve as a place of rallying in case of a defeat. But that was unanimously rejected by the chiefs: so it was blown up."

Charles afterwards riding up, was convinced by his reasoning of the unavoidable necessity; and the troops, sadly retracing their steps, took up their original position on Drum Mossie, or Culloden Moor.*

Thus, on the morning of April the 16th, the Highlanders were harassed and hungry, and without any neighbouring stores of provision; even for the Prince himself no refreshment beyond a little bread and whiskey could be found. It was now the wish of Lord George Murray and other skilful officers that the army thus unfitted for exertion should retire, and take up a position beyond the river Nairn, where the ground was high and inaccessible to cavalry, so that the Duke of Cumberland could not have engaged them but at great disadvantage to himself. Charles on the other hand, like his forefather at Flodden, was imbued with the chivalrous idea, that he ought never to decline a battle on fair ground, nor enable his enemies afterwards to say, that his victory had not been owing to his valour. Besides, as Lord George Murray complains, "His Royal Highness had so much confidence in the bravery of his army, that he was rather too hazardous, and was for fighting the enemy on all occasions."† It appears moreover that the counsellors on whom he most relied, instead of checking his romantic rashness, rather urged him forward. According to another officer who was present, "when proposals were made to retire over the river Nairn, which might have been done with great facility, Sir Thomas Sheridan and others from France having lost all patience, and hoping no doubt for a miracle, in which light most of them had considered both the victory

* Lord George was afterwards accused (most unjustly) of treachery, and of commanding the retreat without orders. There is some discrepancy, which in my narrative I have attempted to reconcile, between his own account (Letter, August 5. 1749), and an answer to a query sent to Charles in Italy, nearly thirty years later. (Home's Appendix, No. 44.) Lord George's recollection is likely to be the more correct so shortly after the transaction. But it is singular, and very honourable to both the parties concerned, that Charles's account acquits Lord George still more completely than Lord George docs himself, of the alleged crime of acting without orders

† See Jacobite Memoirs, p. 122.

at Preston and that at Falkirk, insisted upon a battle, and prevailed, without reflecting that many were then absent, and those on the spot spent and discouraged by a forced march during a long dark night, whereas upon the other two occasions the men were in full vigour and spirits.”*

The insurgents were now drawn up for battle in two lines: on the right the Athol brigade, the Camerons, the Stuarts, and some other clans under Lord George Murray; on the left, the Macdonald regiments, under Lord John Drummond. “But we of the clan Macdonald,” says one of their officers, “thought it ominous that we had not this day the right hand in battle, as formerly at Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, and which our clan maintains we had enjoyed in all our battles and struggles since the battle of Bannockburn.”† The right flank on this occasion was covered by some straggling park walls; to the left began a gentle slope leading down towards Culloden House. Thus placed, it was about eleven o’clock when the Highland out-posts first observed the horizon darken with the advancing masses of the Duke of Cumberland’s army‡ The Duke on approaching formed his army with great skill in three lines, with cavalry on each wing, and two pieces of cannon between every two regiments of the first line. To obviate the effect of the Highland target he had instructed his soldiers, that each of them in action should direct his thrust, not at the man directly opposite, but against the one who fronted his right-hand comrade. He now again addressed his troops, saying that he could not suppose that there was any man in the British army reluctant to fight, but if there were any, who either from disinclination to the cause, or from having relations in the rebel army would prefer to retire, he begged them in the name of God to do so, as he would rather face the Highlanders with 1000 determined men at his back, than have 10,000 with a tithe who were lukewarm.”§ He was answered by loud huzzas and repeated shouts of “Flanders! Flanders!” It being nearly one

* Answers of Mr. Pattullo, Muster-master-General of the Insurgent army. (Home’s Appendix, p. 332.)

† Macdonald’s Journal (Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 510.)

‡ Chambers’s Hist. vol. ii. p. 103.; from the note-book of an English officer who was present.

o'clock before his arrangements were completed, it was proposed to His Royal Highness that he should allow the men to dine before the battle. "No," he replied, "they will fight more actively with empty bellies, and besides, it would be a bad omen. You remember what a dessert they got to their dinner at Falkirk!"

The battle began with a cannonade on both sides, by which (so different was the skill of their artillerymen!) the royal army suffered little, but the insurgent greatly. Of the rival princes, William at once took up his position between the first and second lines; Charles, before repairing to his, rode along the ranks to animate the men. His little party soon became a conspicuous mark for the enemy's cannon; several of his guardsmen fell, and a servant, who held a led horse, was killed by his side, the Prince himself being covered by the earth thrown up by the ball. Not discomposed, however, he coolly continued his inspection, and then, as at Falkirk, stationed himself on a little height just behind the second line. Meanwhile a storm of snow and hail had begun to fall, but unlike that at Falkirk, blowing full in the faces of the Highlanders. At length Lord George Murray, finding his division of the right lose so much more than they inflicted from the cannonade, sent Colonel Ker of Gradon to the Prince requesting permission to attack. This being granted, the right wing and centre, with one loud shout, rushed furiously forward, sword in hand; they were received with a rolling fire, both of cannon and grapeshot, but yet so resistless was their onset that they broke through Monro's and Burrel's regiments in the first line, and captured two pieces of cannon. But the Duke foreseeing the chance of this event, and with a view to provide against it, had carefully strengthened and stationed his second line; it was drawn up three deep, the front rank kneeling, the second bending forward, the third standing upright. These, reserving their fire till the Highlanders were close upon them, poured in a volley so well sustained and destructive as completely to disorder them. Before they could recover, the Royal troops improved the advantage, and driving the clans together till they became one mingled mass, turned them from assailants into fugitives. Some of their best DUNNIE WASSAILS and the Chief of Mac Lauchlan were killed and

trampled down; the brave Lochiel fell wounded, but was carried from the field by his two henchmen; and the call of the other chiefs arose unheeded and overborne. In short the whole right and centre of the insurgents were now in irretrievable rout, pursued by superior numbers, and drooping from previous exhaustion.

Yet let it not be deemed that even thus their courage failed. Not by their forefathers at Bannockburn—not by themselves at Preston or at Falkirk—not in after years when discipline had raised and refined the valour of their sons—not on the shores of the Nile—not on that other field of victory where their gallant chief, with a prophetic shroud (it is their own superstition) high upon his breast*, addressed to them only these three words, HIGHLANDERS, REMEMBER EGYPT†—not in those hours of triumph and of glory was displayed a more firm and resolute bravery than now in the defeat at Culloden. The right and centre had done all that human strength or human spirit could do—they had yielded only to necessity and numbers—and like the captive monarch at Pavia might boast that every thing was lost but their honour.

On the left, however, the Macdonalds aggrieved, and as they thought, disgraced by their exclusion from the post of honour, stood moody, motionless, and irresolute to fight. In vain did the Duke of Perth, who was stationed there, tell them that, if they behaved with their usual valour, they would make a right of the left, and he would call himself in

* “When a shroud is perceived about one, it is a sure prognostic of death, and the time is judged according to the height of it about the person; for if it is seen above the middle, death is not to be expected for the space of a year, but as it ascends higher towards the head, death is concluded to be at hand, within a few days if not hours, as daily experience confirms.” (Martin’s *Western Islands*, 1716, p. 300 and Scott’s *Poetical Works*, vol. viii. p. 306. ed. 1834.) I know not whether it has ever been noticed, that the Highland word for a seer, *Taisheer*, is nearly the same as the Turkish:—

“Warned by the voice of stern *Taheer*.”

† The words of Sir John Moore to the 42d regiment at the battle of Corunna. (Southey’s *Peninsular War*, vol. ii. p. 524. 8vo ed.) Home’s *Hist.* p. 234.

future a Macdonald.* In vain did Keppoch rush forward to the charge with a few of his kinsmen; the clan (an event almost unexampled in Highland warfare) would not follow: calmly they beheld their chief brought to the ground by several shots from the enemy; calmly they heard the dying words which he faltered forth, "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me!" Thus they stood while the right and centre of their army was put to the rout, and then falling back in good order they joined the remnant of the second line. But at the same time their rear became exposed to another body of English horse and Argyleshire Highlanders, who breaking gaps through the inclosures on the rebel right, formed again upon the open moor beyond, and must, if reinforced in time, have cut off all retreat from the defeated army.

Charles, from the height where he stood with one squadron of horse, gazed on the rout of his army and the ruin of his cause with wonder, nay almost with incredulity, with unavailing orders and passionate tears. It was then that Lord Elcho spurring up to him proposed that His Royal Highness should put himself at the head of the yet unbroken left, and charge forward with them to retrieve the fortune of the day. The other officers, however, concurred in thinking that the battle was irretrievably lost, and that a single wing of an army could never prevail against the whole of another army far superior at the first. If, as it appeared to them the only hope lay in rallying, it follows, that to continue the battle without any prospect of gaining it, could only serve to increase the slaughter, and diminish the chance of collecting the survivors. To Lord Elcho's proposal, therefore, the Prince returned a doubtful or negative answer, upon which Lord Elcho, according to his own account, turned away with a bitter execration, swearing that he would never look upon his face again. It is added that he kept his word, and in his exile used always to leave Paris whenever Charles entered it.†—Some suspicion, however, should attach to the whole of this story, because the latter part is certainly unfounded. The official account now lies before me, of Charles's first public audience at the Court of France after his return, and amongst

* In the *Tales of a Grandfather*, this saying is erroneously ascribed to Lord George Murray, who commanded on the other wing. (Vol. iii. p. 250.)

† See *Quarterly Review*, No. lxxi. p. 213., with a reference to Lord Elcho's MS. *Memoirs*.

the foremost of his train on that occasion appears Lord Elcho.* I must further observe that Lord Elcho was a man of most violent temper, and no very constant fidelity. Within two months from the date of this battle, he made overtures for pardon to the British Court, “but,” says Horace Walpole, “as he has distinguished himself beyond all the Jacobite commanders by brutality, and insults and cruelty to our prisoners, I think he is likely to remain where he is;† and so he did! There is also some contrary evidence as to Charles’s behaviour. A Cornet in his squadron of horse who was close by his side, left an attestation when at the point of death, that the Prince had resolved to go down and charge with the remaining Highlanders, but that the Cornet saw O’Sullivan seize his horse by the bridle, and, assisted by Sheridan, force him from the fatal field.

It is true that Charles had repeatedly declared at the outset of his enterprise that he was resolved either to prevail or perish—and that he did neither. Yet we must remember, that not only at Culloden but for some days afterwards there were still hopes of rallying the army and renewing the war. And even waiving those hopes, Charles’s conduct in this respect may be favourably compared with that of a far greater man, at a far more matured period of life. Only four days before the battle of Waterloo, it was announced by Napoleon—not like Charles in private letters, but in a public and recorded proclamation —“The moment is come for every Frenchman of courage, either to conquer or to die!”‡

The little remnant of the rebel army with which Charles might have charged, did not long remain compact and united; being pressed by the Royal forces it broke into two

* Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 567.

† To Sir. H. Mann, June 20. 1747. See also a note to Waverley, vol. ii. p. 272. I consider Chevalier Johnstone as no authority in any question of fact; but I observe that, though concurring in Lord Elcho’s accusation, he gives an entirely different colour to it, by placing the conversation between Lord Elcho and the Prince, “some “hours *after* the battle, beside the river Nairn.” (Mem. p. 198. 8vo ed.)

‡ “Pour tout Français qui a du cœur, le moment est arrivé de vaincre ou de périr!” *Ordre du Jour*, signed Napoleon, June 14. 1815. “Ancient heroes,” says the author of Anastasius, “have been praised for dying without the least necessity, and modern worthies for living without the smallest hopes!

divisions. Of these the smaller, comprising all the French auxiliaries, fled towards Inverness, where they lay down their arms to the Duke of Cumberland. The other, preserving some degree of order, but thinned every moment by men hastening singly to their homes, made its way to Ruthven in Badenoch. Fourteen of their stands of colours 2300 firelocks, and all their cannon and baggage fell into the hands of the English. The victors reckoned their own loss in killed and wounded at 310 men; that of the insurgents was about 1000, or a fifth of their army. Quarter was seldom given to the stragglers and fugitives, except to a few considerably reserved for public execution. No care or compassion was shown to their wounded; nay more, on the following day, most of these were put to death in cold blood, with a cruelty such as never perhaps before or since has disgraced a British army. Some were dragged from the thickets or cabins where they had sought refuge, drawn out in line and shot, while others were dispatched by the soldiers with the stocks of their muskets. One farm-building, into which some twenty disabled Highlanders had crawled, was deliberately set on fire the next day, and burnt with them to the ground. The native prisoners were scarcely better treated; and even sufficient water was not vouchsafed to their thirst. "I myself," says a gentleman of Inverness, "have often gone by the prison at that melancholy time, when I heard the prisoners calling out for water in the most pitiful manner."*—To palliate these severities it was afterwards said in the Royal army, that an order had been found in Lord George Murray's writing, that the Highlanders if victorious should give no quarter. But this pretended order was never shown or seen; it is utterly at variance with the insurgents' conduct in their previous battles; and was often and most solemnly denied by their prisoners.

From the field of Culloden Charles had rode away with Sheridan, O'Sullivan, and other horsemen, to Gortuleg, where Lord Lovat was residing. It was the first and last meeting between them; but small was the sympathy or consolation which the young prince received from the hoary,

* Minutes of conversation between Bishop Forbes and Mr. Francis Stuart, son of Baillie Stuart of Inverness, October 4. 1748.

and now despairing, intriguer. While Charles exclaimed on the ruin of the cause, Lovat thought only of his own; he forgot even the common courtesy of a host, and they parted in mutual displeasure. Resuming his flight, at ten o'clock the same evening, Charles and his little party rode rapidly on to Glengarry's castle of Invergarry, where they arrived two hours before daybreak of the 17th, so utterly exhausted that they could only throw themselves upon the floor in their clothes. The success of a fisherman, who went out and caught two salmon from the neighbouring brook afforded their only chance of food; nor was there any other beverage than the same brook supplied. Yet how slight were these hardships compared to those which followed!—There was still some prospect of rallying an army at Ruthven, to which about 1200 fugitives from Culloden had repaired directed by the talent and animated by the spirit, of Lord George Murray. But the want of supplies of all kinds—the terror of the recent battle—the growing dispersion—and the far superior forces of the enemy at hand—ere long dispelled these lingering hopes. Lord George, indeed, was still persevering at all hazards, but a message was received from Charles, thanking the gentlemen present for their zeal, but urging them to do only what each might think best for his own safety, and they accordingly dispersed. And thus was the Rebellion finally extinguished.*

The Duke of Cumberland now fixed his head-quarters near Fort Augustus, in the very centre of the insurgent districts. It would have been a task welcome to most generals, and not unbecoming in any, to have tempered justice with mercy,—to reserve the chiefs or principal delinquents for trial and punishment, but to spare, protect, and conciliate the people at large. Not such, however, was the Duke of Cumberland's opinion of his duty. Every kind of havoc and outrage was not only permitted, but, I fear we must add, encouraged. Military licence usurped the place of law, and a fierce and exasperated soldiery were at once

* There was some idea of rallying the clans in the May following, but it proved wholly abortive. The correspondence of Lochiel and Cluny on this subject is printed in Home's Appendix, No. 47—51.

judge—jury—executioner. In such transactions it is natural and reasonable to suppose that the Jacobites would exaggerate their own sufferings and the wrongs of their opponents, nor, therefore, should we attach much weight to mere loose and vague complaints. But where we find specific cases alleged, with names and dates, attested on most respectable authority—by gentlemen of high honour and character—by bishops and clergymen of the episcopal church—in some cases, even by members of the victorious party—then are we bound not to shrink from the truth, however the truth may be displeasing. From such evidence it appears that the rebels* country was laid waste, the houses plundered, the cabins burnt, the cattle driven away. The men had fled to the mountains, but such as could be found were frequently shot; nor was mercy always granted even to their helpless families. In many cases the women and children, expelled from their homes and seeking shelter in the clefts of the rocks, miserably perished of cold and hunger; others were reduced to follow the track of the marauders, humbly imploring for the blood and offal of their own cattle which had been slaughtered for the soldiers' food!—Such is the avowal which historical justice demands. But let me turn from further details of these painful and irritating scenes, or of the ribald frolics and revelry with which they were intermingled—races of naked women on horseback for the amusement of the camp at Fort Augustus!* General Hawley, it is said, was foremost in every cruelty, and much more deeply conscious of, and responsible for, them than his Royal master. Yet the latter must be condemned in no small degree, even judging only from his own correspondence. He writes to the Duke of Newcastle before Culloden:—"All in this country are almost to a man Jacobites, and mild measures will not do. You will find that the whole of the laws of this ancient kingdom must be new modelled. Were I to enumerate the villains and villanies this country abounds in, I should never have done."† And again, from Fort Augustus:—"I am sorry to leave this country in the condition

* Rev. James Hay of Inverness; attestation to Bishop Forbes, received, June 30. 1750.

† Letter, April 4. 1746. Coxe's Pelham.

it is in; for all the good that we have done has been a little blood-letting, which has only weakened the madness but not at all cured it; and I tremble for fear that this vile spot may still be the ruin of this “island and of our family.”* The licence of the soldiery was not curbed in Scotland till July, when His Royal Highness set out for Edinburgh, and from thence to London. Everywhere he was hailed, and not undeservedly, as the public deliverer; while the thanks of Parliament, the vote of 25,000*l.* a year as a pension to himself and his heirs, and the freedom of numerous companies greeted his return.

Some grants and honours might also well have rewarded President Forbes, who, more than any other Scotsman of that period, had upheld and saved the King’s cause. But his loyal zeal in the hour of danger was forgotten in the equal but less welcome zeal with which, after Culloden, the venerable judge ventured to plead for compassion. It is alleged that, on urging to the Duke the authority of the laws, he was answered, “What laws? I will make a brigade give laws!” and he died soon afterwards, broken in spirit, and impoverished in estate, unable to obtain repayment of those very sums which, when other resources failed in 1745, he had freely advanced for his country’s service.† Notwithstanding the eagerness with which, after Culloden, the rebels were tracked and pursued, and the guard both of land and sea, several of their chiefs succeeded, after various concealments, privations, and dangers, in effecting their escape. Lord George Murray made his way to Holland, where under the name of De Yalignié, he resided for the most part until his death in 1760. In another ship from France embarked the Duke of Perth, Sir Thomas Sheridan, and Mr. O’Sullivan; but the Duke, a young man of delicate frame, expired on his passage, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, going on to Rome, and

* Letter, July 17. 1746. *Ib.*

† Culloden Papers, Introduction, p. xxxvii., and Quarterly Review, No. xxviii. p. 329.

being severely arraigned by the Pretender for engaging in an expedition with such slight resources, was, it is said, so far affected by the reproof that he fell ill and died.* On the other hand the Government officers succeeded in seizing the Earl of Kilmarnock, Lord Balmerino, and Secretary Murray. Lovat was discovered in one of the wildest tracts of Inverness-shire, wrapt in a blanket, and hid in the hollow of an old tree, which grew upon an islet in the centre of a lake.† Lord Strathallan died of a wound at Culloden, and Tullibardine of disease and sorrow, when already immured in the Tower and awaiting his trial.

But where was he, the young and princely chief of this ill-fated enterprise—the new Charles of this second Worcester? His followers dismissed to seek safety as they could for themselves—he sometimes alone—sometimes with a single Highlander as his guide and companion—sometimes begirt with strange faces, of whose fidelity he had no assurance—a price set upon his head—hunted from mountain to island, and from island to mountain—pinched with famine, tossed by storms, and unsheltered from the rains—his strength wasted, but his spirit still unbroken—such was now the object of so many long cherished and lately towering hopes! In the five months of his weary wanderings—from April to September—almost every day might afford its own tale of hardship, danger, and alarm, and a mere outline must suffice for the general historian. It is much to Charles's honour, that, as one of his chance attendants declares, “he used to say, that the fatigues and distresses he underwent signified nothing at all, because he was only a single person, but when he reflected upon the many brave fellows who suffered in his cause, that, he behoved to own, did strike him to the heart, and did sink very deep within him.”‡ But most of all entitled to praise appear the common Highlanders around him. Though in the course of these five months the secrets of his concealment became entrusted to several hundred persons, most of them poor and lowly, not one of them was ever

* Jacobite Memoirs, p. 4. note.

† Chambers's History, vol. ii. p. 170.

‡ Narrative of Captain Malcolm Mac Leod, put in writing, August 17. 1747. (Jacobite Memoirs, p. 476.)

tempted by the prize of 30,000*l.* to break faith, and betray the suppliant fugitive; and when destitute of other help, and nearly, as it seemed, run to bay, he was saved by the generous self-devotion of a woman.

In the hope of finding a French ship to convey him, Charles had embarked, only eight days after Culloden, for that remote cluster of isles to which the common name of Long Island is applied. Driven from place to place by contrary winds and storms, and having sometimes no other food than oatmeal and water, he at length gained South Uist, where his wants were in some degree relieved by the elder Clanranald. But his course being tracked or suspected, a large body of militia and regular troops, to the number of 2000 men, landed on the island, and commenced an eager search, while the shores were surrounded by small vessels of war. Concealment or escape seemed alike impossible, and so they must have proved but for Miss Flora Macdonald; a name, says Dr. Johnson, which will for ever live in history. This young lady was then on a visit to Clanranald's family, and was stepdaughter of a Captain in the hostile militia which occupied the island. Being appealed to in Charles's behalf, she nobly undertook to save him at all hazards to herself. She obtained from her step-father a passport to proceed to Skye, for herself, a man-servant and a maid, who was termed Betty Burke, the part of Betty to be played by the Chevalier. When Lady Clanranald and Flora sought him out, bringing with them a female dress, they found him alone in a little hut upon the shore, employed in roasting the heart of a sheep upon a wooden spit. They could not forbear from shedding tears at his desolate situation, but Charles observed, with a smile, that it would be well perhaps for all Kings if they had to pass through such an ordeal as he was now enduring. On the same evening he took advantage of the passport, embarking in his new attire with Flora and a faithful Highlander, Neil Mac Eachan, who acted as their servant. The dawn of the next day found them far at sea in their open boat, without any land in view; soon, however, the dark mountains of Skye rose on the horizon. Approaching that coast at Waternish, they were received with a volley of musketry from the soldiers stationed there, but none of the balls took effect, and the rowers, vigorously plying their oars,

bore them away from that scene of danger, and enabled them to disembark on another point.

Charles was now in the country of Sir Alexander Macdonald, at first a waverer in the contest, but of late a decided foe. When the prudent chief saw the Jacobite cause decline, he had been induced to levy his clan against it, and was now on the mainland in attendance on the Duke of Cumberland. Yet it was of his wife, Lady Margaret, a daughter of the Earl of Eglinton, that Flora determined to implore assistance, having no other resource, and knowing from herself the courageous pity of a female heart. Lady Margaret received the news with pain and surprise, but did not disappoint Flora's firm reliance; her own house was filled with militia officers, but she entrusted Charles, with earnest injunctions for his safety, to the charge of Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the kinsman and factor of her husband. As they walked to Kingsburgh's house, Charles still in woman's disguise, they had several streams to pass, and the Prince held up his petticoats so high as to excite the surprise and laughter of some country people on the road. Being admonished by his attendants he promised to take better care for the future, and accordingly in passing the next stream allowed the skirts to hang down and float upon the water. "Your enemies," said Kingsburgh, "call you a Pretender, but if you be, I can tell you, you are the worst of your trade I ever saw!"

Next day, at Portree, Charles took leave of the noble-minded Flora with warm expressions of his gratitude, and passed over to the Isle of Rasay, under the less inconvenient disguise of a male servant and the name of Lewis Caw. His preservers soon afterwards paid the penalty of their compassion, both Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald being arrested and conveyed in custody, the former to Edinburgh, the latter to London. The conduct of Lady Margaret likewise was much inveighed against at Court; but once, when it provoked some such censure from the Princess of Wales: "And would not you, madam," asked Frederick, with a generous spirit, "would not you in like circumstances have done the same? I hope—" "I am sure you would!"* It was at the

* Quarterly Review, No. xxviii. p. 330. In the Culloden Papers,

intercession, as it is said, of His Royal Highness, that Flora was released from prison after a twelvemonth's confinement. A collection was made for her among the Jacobite ladies in London, to the amount of nearly 1500*l*. She then married Kingsburgh's son, and many years afterwards went with him to North America, but both returned during the civil war, and died in their native Isle of Skye.*

From Rasay Charles again made his way to the mainland, where he lay for two days cooped up within a line of sentinels, who crossed each other upon their posts, so that he could only crouch among the heather, without daring to light a fire, or to dress his food. From this new danger he at length escaped by creeping at night down a narrow glen, the bed of a winter stream, between two of the stations. Another vicissitude in his wanderings brought him to a mountain cave, where seven robbers had taken their abode; and with these men he remained for nearly three weeks. Fierce and lawless as they were, they never thought for an instant of earning "the price of blood on the contrary, they most earnestly applied themselves to secure his safety, and supply his wants. Sometimes they used singly and in various disguises to repair to the neighbouring Fort Augustus, and obtain for Charles a newspaper or the current reports of the day. On one occasion they brought back to the Prince, with much exultation, the choicest dainty they had ever heard of—a pennyworth of gingerbread!

On leaving these generous outlaws, and after other perils

p. 291., is an apologetic letter from Sir Alexander. He tells us that "the Pretender accosted Kingsburgh with telling him, that his life was now in his hands, which he might dispose of; that he was in the utmost distress, having had no meat or sleep for two days and two nights, sitting on a rock, beat upon by the rains, and, when they ceased, ate up by flies, conjured him to show compassion but for one night, and he should be gone. This moving speech prevailed, and the visible distress, for he was meagre, ill-coloured, and overrun with the scab; so they went to Kingsburgh's house," &c.

* Tales of a Grandfather, vol. iii. p. 329., and Chambers' Hist, vol. ii. p. 221. She is described as "a little woman, of a genteel appearance, and uncommonly mild and well-bred." (Boswell's Hebrides, p. 214. ed. 1785.)

and adventures, Charles effected a junction with his faithful adherents, Cluny and Lochiel, who was lame from his wound. There he found a rude plenty to which he had long been unused. "Now, gentlemen, I live like a Prince!" cried he on his first arrival, as he eagerly devoured some collops out of a saucepan with a silver spoon.*

For some time they resided in a singular retreat, called the Cage, on the side of Mount Ben alder; it was concealed by a close thicket, and half-suspended in the air. At this place Charles received intelligence that two French vessels, sent out expressly for his deliverance, under the direction of Colonel Warren of Dillon's regiment and with that officer on board, had anchored in Lochnanuagh. Immediately setting off for that place, but travelling only by night, he embarked on the 20th of September, attended by Lochiel, Colonel Roy Stuart, and about one hundred other persons, who had gathered at the news. It was the very same spot where Charles had landed fourteen months before, but how changed since that time, both his fate and his feelings! With what different emotions must he have gazed upon those desolate mountains, when stepping from his ship in the ardour of hope and coming victory; and now, when he saw them fade away in the blue distance, and bade them an everlasting farewell! Rapidly did his vessel bear him from the Scottish shores; concealed by a fog, he sailed through the midst of the English fleet; and he safely landed at the little port of Roscoff, near Morlaix, on the 29th of September.

He went—but not with him departed his remembrance from the Highlanders. For years and years did his name continue enshrined in their hearts and familiar to their

* Cluny's Narrative (Home's Appendix, p. 380.). There is a vague and romantic story about this time of one Mac Kenzie, lately an officer in the insurgent army, who, being beset and killed by some soldiers, cried, in his dying moments, "I am your Prince,"—his object being to afford a diversion for Charles's escape. It is added, that his head was cut off and passed for that of Charles, and was taken to London by the Duke of Cumberland in his own carriage, &c. This story is adopted both by Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Chambers; but on examination, I cannot find that it rests on any better authority than that of Chevalier Johnstone (Memoirs, p. 207.), and therefore I have no hesitation in rejecting it.

tongues; their plaintive ditties, resounding with his exploits, and inviting his return. Again in these strains, do they declare themselves ready to risk life and fortune for his cause; and even maternal fondness,—the strongest perhaps of all human feelings, —yields to the passionate devotion to “Prince Charlie.”*

On the rebellion being finally quelled, the punishment of its principal chiefs and instigators became the earnest desire of the people, and undoubtedly also the bounden duty of the government. With every sympathy for individual suffering—with every allowance for the fervour of mistaken loyalty, or for the blindness of feudal obedience—still it must be owned, that a rebellion so daring, so long designed, and so nearly successful, called aloud for some avenging and repressive acts of justice. It may however well be questioned whether these acts were not carried further, both in number and in rigour, than necessity would warrant. A very judicious modern writer, while commenting on the executions in 1716, observes that there seems to have been “greater” and less necessary severity after the rebellion of 1745.”† Yet, in general, time effects a happy change in the opposite direction; and the aggravation in this case must certainly be ascribed to the Duke of Cumberland who, even after his return to London, continued, as we are told, to press “for the utmost severity.”‡ The Scottish prisoners were removed for trial to England, lest their own countrymen should show them partiality or pity. At one time there were no less than 385 crowded together at Carlisle; of these, however, the common men were permitted to cast lots, one in twenty to be tried and hanged, the rest to be transported. There was no difficulty in obtaining proofs against individuals who had so

* “I ance had sons, but now hae nane,
I bred them toiling sairly;
And I wad bear them a’ again
And lose them a’ for Charlie!”

(*O’er the Water to Charlie*,

No. 37. of Mr. Hogg’s Second Series.)

† Hallam’s *Constit. Hist.* vol. iii. p. 312.

‡ H. Walpole to Sir H. Mann, August 1. 1746.

openly appeared in arms. Amongst the earliest sufferers were Colonel Townley and eight other officers or privates of the Manchester regiment, who were hanged on Kennington Common near London. Other executions took place at York, at Brampton, and at Penrith; in all there were nearly eighty. The barbarous ceremony of unbowelling, mangling, and casting the hearts into a fire was not omitted, nor did it fail—such is the vulgar appetite for the horrible!—to draw forth exulting shouts from the spectators. Differing as the sufferers did in age, in rank, and temper, they yet, with scarcely an exception, agreed in their behaviour on the scaffold; all dying with firmness and courage, asserting the justice of their cause, and praying for the exiled family.

Amongst these numerous condemnations, the one perhaps of all others most open to exception, was that of Charles Radcliffe, brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, beheaded in 1716. Charles Radcliffe had then avoided a like fate by breaking from prison; he had lately been captured on board a French vessel bound for Scotland, with supplies for the insurgents; and he was now, after a long confinement, put to death upon his former sentence, which had slumbered for thirty years.

The noblemen who appeared for trial before their Peers in July, 1746, were the Earls of Cromarty and Kilmarnock, and Lord Balmerino. The two Earls pleaded guilty, expressing the deepest remorse for their conduct, while Balmerino endeavoured to avail himself of a flaw in the indictment, as not having been at Carlisle on the day it set forth; but this being overruled, he declared, that he would give their Lordships no further trouble. On being brought up to receive sentence, both Cromarty and Kilmarnock earnestly sued for mercy. "My own fate," said Cromarty, "is the least part of my sufferings. But, my Lords, I have involved an affectionate wife with an unborn infant as parties of my guilt to share its penalties. I have involved my eldest son, whose youth and regard for his parents hurried him down the stream of rebellion. I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears supply my want of persuasion!"—Kilmarnock urged, in extenuation of his own offence, the excellent principles he had instilled

into his heir, "having my eldest son in the Duke's army fighting for the liberties of his country at Culloden, where his unhappy father was in arms to destroy them!"—But no acknowledgment of error, no application for mercy could be wrung from the haughty soul of Balmerino. In compassion chiefly to Lady Cromarty, who was far advanced in pregnancy*, a pardon was granted to her husband, but the two others were ordered for execution on Tower Hill on the 18th of August. Kilmarnock met his fate with sufficient steadiness combined with penitence, owing to the last the heinousness of his rebellion. His companion in misfortune, on the contrary, as a frank resolute soldier, persevered and gloried in his principles. When at the gate of the Tower and on their way to the scaffold, the officers had ended the words of form with the usual prayer "God save King George!" Kilmarnock devoutly sighed "Amen;" but Balmerino stood up and replied in a loud voice, "God save King James!" And as he laid his head on the block he said: "If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause!"†

The last of the "Martyrs," as their own party chose to call them, was Lord Lovat. Not having appeared in arms, nor committed any overt act of treason, this grey-haired hypocrite could not be so readily convicted as the bolder and better men who had walked before him to the scaffold. But a King's evidence was obtained in John Murray of Broughton, lately Prince Charles's Secretary, who now consented to purchase safety for himself by betraying the secrets and hazarding the lives of his former friends.‡ It was he who revealed to the Government the whole train and tissue of the Jacobite conspiracy since 1740, although, as the law requires two witnesses in charges of treason, it was not possible to proceed further against the Duke of Beaufort, Sir Watkin

* When her child was born after this dreadful suspense, it bore upon its neck the distinct impression of an axe. (*Tales of a Grandfather* vol. iii. p. 310.)

† H. Walpole to Sir H. Mann, August 21. 1746.

‡ Mr. Murray survived many years afterwards, residing chiefly in Scotland. In Lockhart's *Life of Scott* (vol. i. p. 179.) is related a very curious scene between him and Sir Walter's father, showing the extreme abhorrence with which the unfortunate gentleman was still regarded.

Wynn, or other English Jacobites; nor indeed did the Government show any wish for their impeachment. In the case of Lovat, however, his own letters to the Chevalier were produced by Murray, other conclusive documents and some corroborating evidence from his clansmen were also brought forward, and his guilt was thus established in the clearest and most legal manner. His trial, which did not commence until March, 1747, continued during several days. Lovat's own behaviour was a strange compound of meanness, levity, and courage,—sometimes writing to the Duke of Cumberland for mercy, and pleading how he had carried his Royal Highness in his arms, when a child, about the parks of Kensington and Hampton Court—sometimes striving by chicanery to perplex or rebut the proofs against him—sometimes indulging in ridiculous jests. “I did not think it possible,” says Horace Walpole, “to feel so little as I did at so melancholy a spectacle, but tyranny and villany wound up by buffoonery took off all edge of compassion.”* When after his sentence he was taken from the Bar, he cried, “Farewell, my Lords, we shall never all again meet in the same place!”† Like Balmerino and Kilmarnock he was beheaded on Tower Hill; and he died with great composure and intrepidity, attended by a Roman Catholic priest, and repeating on the scaffold the noble line of Horace, *DULCE ET DECORUM EST PRO PATRIA MORI*.—But in truth no man was ever less strongly imbued with that sentiment—except perhaps its writer!

A few weeks afterwards, there happily passed an Act of Indemnity, granting a pardon to all persons who had committed treason, but clogged with about eighty exceptions. By other legislative measures, passed with little opposition—the Disarming Act—the abolition of Heritable Jurisdictions—and the prohibition of the Highland garb—it was sought to precipitate the fall of feudal power, and to subdue the spirit of the vanquished mountaineers.

* To Sir H. Mann, March 20. 1747.

† This answer is transferred by Lord Byron, without acknowledgment, to his Israel Bertuccio. (Doge of Venice, Act 5. scene 1.)

FURTHER FORTUNES OF PRINCE CHARLES

(FROM CHAPTER XXX. OF THE HISTORY.)

ON his return from Scotland, Charles had been favourably received by Louis; a burst of applause had signalled his first appearance at the opera; and he found that both by King and people his exploits were admired, and his sufferings deplored. For some of his most faithful followers, as Lochiel and Lord Ogilvie, he had obtained commissions in the French service; and a pension of 40,000 livres yearly had been granted him for the relief of the rest; but when he applied for military succours—urging that a new expedition should be fitted out and placed at his disposal— he found the Court of Versailles turn a deaf ear to his demands. Once, indeed, it was hinted to him by Cardinal Tencin, that the ministers might not be disinclined to meet his views, provided, in case of his success, the kingdom of Ireland should be yielded as a province to the Crown of France. But the high spirit of Charles could ill brook this degrading offer. Scarcely had Tencin concluded, when the Prince, starting from his seat and passionately pacing the room, cried out, NON MONSIEUR LE CARDINAL! TOUT OU RIEN! POINT DE PARTAGE! The Cardinal, alarmed at his demeanour, hastened to assure him that the idea was entirely his own, conceived from his great affection to the Exiled Family, and not at all proceeding from, or known to, King Louis.*

The applications of Charles were not confined to France; early in 1747, he undertook an adventurous journey to Madrid, and obtained an audience of the King and Queen, but found them so much in awe of the British Court, as to allow him only a few hours' stay. He next turned his hopes towards Frederic of Prussia. In April, 1748 he despatched Sir John Graham to Berlin with instructions, "To propose, in a modest manner, a marriage with one of them. To declare that I never intend to marry but a Protestant; and, if the King refuses an alliance with him, to ask advice whom to take, as

* Lockhart Papers, vol. ii. p. 568

he is known to be the wisest Prince in Europe.”* This scheme, however, though promising success for a short time, ended like the rest in failure.

Ere long, moreover, domestic discord arose to embitter the coldness or hostility of strangers. Charles’s brother having secretly quitted Paris without any previous notice to him, had returned to Rome and resolved to enter holy orders. With the concurrence of the old Pretender, and by a negotiation with the Pope, he was suddenly named a Cardinal, on the 3d of July, 1747, the design being concealed from Charles until a few days before, so as to guard against his expected opposition.† It is difficult to describe with how much consternation the tidings struck the exiled Jacobites; several did not hesitate to declare it of much worse consequence to them than even the battle of Culloden.‡ Charles himself, as he was the most injured, appeared the most angry; he broke off all correspondence whatever with his brother, and his letters to his father from this time forward became brief, cold, and constrained.

At the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, the French Court, though willing to relinquish Charles’s cause, and to stipulate his exclusion from their territories, were not wholly unmindful of his interests, nor of their promises. They proposed to establish him at Friburg in Switzerland, with the title of Prince of Wales, a company of guards, and a sufficient pension. In Charles’s circumstances there was certainly no better course to take than to accept these terms. But the lower he sank in fortunes the higher he thought himself bound to rise in spirit. He placed a romantic point of honour in braving the “orders from Hanover,” as he called them, and positively refused to depart from Paris. Threats, entreaties, arguments, were tried on him in vain. He withstood even a letter, obtained from his father at Rome, and commanding

* Instructions for Sir John Graham in Charles’s writing, and dated April 4. 1748. Stuart Papers. It is remarkable that the Duke of Newcastle writes to the Lord Chancellor, September 21. 1753: “The King of Prussia is now avowedly the principal, if not the sole, support of the Pretender and of the Jacobite cause.” Coxe’s Pelham.

† James to Prince Charles, June 13. 1747.

‡ Mr. Hay to Mr. Edgar, July 26. 1747.

his departure. He still, perhaps, nourished some secret expectation that King Louis would not venture to use force against a kinsman; but he found himself deceived. As he went to the opera on the evening of the 11th of December, his coach was stopped by a party of French guards, himself seized, bound hand and foot, and conveyed, with a single attendant, to the state prison of Vincennes, where he was thrust into a dungeon, seven feet wide and eight long. After this public insult, and a few days' confinement, he was carried to Pont de Beauvoisin on the frontier of Savoy, and there restored to his wandering and desolate freedom.*

The first place to which Charles repaired upon his liberation was the Papal city of Avignon. But in a very few weeks he again set forth, attended only by Colonel Goring, and bearing a fictitious name. From this time forward his proceedings during many years are wrapped in mystery; all his correspondence passed through the hands of Mr. Waters, his banker at Paris: even his warmest partisans were seldom made acquainted with his place of abode; and though he still continued to write to his father at intervals, his letters were never dated. Neither friends nor enemies at that time could obtain any certain information of his movements or designs. Now, however, it is known that he visited Holland and Germany, that he resided secretly for some time at Paris, that he undertook a mysterious journey to England in 1750, and perhaps another in 1752, or 1753; but his principal residence was in the territory of his friend the Duke de Bouillon, where, surrounded by the wide and lonely forest of Ardennes, his active spirit sought in the dangerous chase of boars and wolves an image of the warlike enterprise which was denied him. It was not till the death of his father in 1766 that he returned to Rome, and became reconciled to his brother. But his character had darkened with his fortunes. A long train of disappointments and humiliations working on a fiery mind, spurred it almost into frenzy, and degraded it. The habit of drinking, which for some years he indulged

* Charles wrote a most minute account of this transaction, in the third person; it was published as "Lettre d'un officier Français a son ami a Londres;" and the MS. is still amongst the Stuart Papers.

without restraint, seems to have been first formed during his Highland adventures and escapes; when a dram of whiskey might sometimes supply the want of food and of rest. Thus was the habit acquired, and, once acquired, it continued after the cause of it had ceased, and even grew amidst the encouragement of his exiled friends. The earliest hint I have found of this vice in Charles, is in a letter of April, 1747, addressed to Lord Dunbar, but only signed by the initial of the writer. It alleges that an Irish Cordelier, named Kelly, has of late been much in the Prince's society and confidence; that Kelly loves good wine with all the fervour of a monk; and that, by this means, "His Royal Highness's character in point of "sobriety has been a little blemished." A century before, Lord Clarendon reproaches the banished loyalists with intemperance*, at all times the fatal resource of poverty and sorrow; but the Prince, who could not relieve them by his bounty, should at least have forborne from degrading them by his example.

Still more imprudent, perhaps, was his conduct with regard to Miss Walkinshaw. This lady, it is said, first became known to him in Scotland; he sent for her some years after his return from that country, and soon allowed her such dominion over him that she became acquainted with all his schemes, and trusted with his most secret correspondence. As soon as this was known in England, his principal adherents took alarm, believing that she was in the pay of the English ministers, and observing that her sister was housekeeper of the Dowager Princess of Wales. So much did they think their own safety endangered, that they despatched Mr. MacNamara, one of their most trusty agents, with instructions to lay their apprehensions before the Prince, and to insist that the lady should, for some time at least, be confined to a convent. In answer Charles declared that he had no violent passion for Miss Walkinshaw, and could see her removed from him without concern, but that he would not receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive. In vain did Mr. MacNamara try every method of persuasion, and frequent renewals of his argument.

* Life of the Earl of Clarendon by himself, vol. i. p. 353. ed. 1827.

Charles thought it a point of honour, that none should presume on his adversity to treat him with disrespect, and determined to brave even the ruin of his interest (for such was the alternative held out to him) rather than bate one iota of his dignity. MacNamara at length took leave of him with much resentment, saying, as he passed out, "What can your family have done, Sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?"*— Upon his report, most of the remaining Jacobite leaders, irritated at their Prince's pride, and, soon afterwards won over by the splendid successes of Lord Chatham, seized the opportunity to break off all connection with the exiles, and to rally in good earnest round the reigning family.

In a former chapter I have described the person and manner of Charles as he appeared in youth; let me now add a portrait of him in his later years. An English lady, who was at Rome in 1770, observes, "The Pretender is naturally above the middle size but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face; his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given into excess of drinking; but when a young man he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person, and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet laced with broad gold lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo, antique, as large as the palm of my hand; and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble order of St. George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance. Two gentlemen constantly attend him; they are of Irish extraction, and Roman Catholics you may be sure At Princess Palestrina's he asked me if I understood the game of TARROCHI, which they were about to play at. I answered in the negative; upon which, taking the pack in his hands, he desired to know if I had ever seen such odd cards. I replied that they were very odd indeed. He then displaying them said, here is every thing in the world to be found in these cards—the sun, moon, the stars; and here, says he (throwing me a card), is the Pope; here is the Devil; and,

* Dr. King's Anecdotes, p. 207.

added he, there is but one of the trio wanting, and you know who that should be! I was so amazed, so astonished, though he spoke this last in a laughing, good-humoured manner, that I did not know which way to look; and as to a reply, I made none.”*

In his youth, Charles, as we have seen, had formed the resolution of marrying only a Protestant princess; however, he remained single during the greater part of his career, and when in 1754 he was urged by his father to take a wife, he replied, “The unworthy behaviour of certain ministers, the 10th of December, 1748, has put it out of my power to settle any where without honour or interest being at stake; and were it even possible for me to find a place of abode, I think our family have had sufferings enough, which will always hinder me to marry, so long as in misfortune, for that would only conduce to increase misery, or subject any of the family that should have the spirit of their father to be tied neck and heel, rather than yield to a vile ministry.”† Nevertheless in 1772, at the age of fifty-two, Charles espoused a Roman Catholic, and a girl of twenty, Princess Louisa of Stolberg.‡ This union proved as unhappy as it was ill assorted. Charles treated his young wife with very little kindness. He appears, in fact, to have contracted a disparaging opinion of her sex in general; and I have found, in a paper of his writing about that period, “As for men, I have studied them closely; and were I to live till fourscore, I could scarcely know them better than now: but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable.”§ Ungenerous and ungrateful words! Surely, as he wrote them, the image of Flora Macdonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his hand!

* Letters from Italy by an Englishwoman (Mrs. Miller), London, 1776, vol. ii. p. 198. This description of Charles’s countenance well agrees with the portrait taken in 1776 by Ozias Humphry, of which an engraving is given in the Culloden Papers, p. 227.

† Prince Charles to Mr. Edgar, March 24. 1754. Stuart Papers.

‡ Her mother, Princess Stolberg, survived till 1826. I was once introduced to her at Frankfort, and found her in extreme old age, still lively and agreeable. In is singular that a man born eighty-five years after the Chevalier should have seen his mother-in-law.

§ Stuart Papers, Orig. in French.

The Count and Countess of Albany (such was the title they bore) lived together during several years at Florence, a harsh husband and a faithless wife; until at length, in 1780, weary of constraint, she eloped with her lover Alfieri. Thus left alone in his old age, Charles called to his house his daughter by Miss Walkinshaw, and created her Duchess of Albany, through the last exercise of an expiring prerogative. She was born about 1760, and survived her father only one year. Another consolation of his dotage was a silly regard, and a frequent reference to the prophecies of Nostradamus, several of which I have found among his papers. Still clinging to a visionary hope of his restoration, he used to keep under his bed a strong box with 12,000 sequins, ready for the expences of his journey to England, whenever he might suddenly be called thither.* In 1785, Charles returned to Rome with his daughter. His health had long been declining, and his life more than once despaired of; but in January, 1788, he was seized with a paralytic stroke, which deprived him of the use of one half of the body, and he expired on the 30th of the same month.† His funeral rites were performed by his brother the Cardinal, at Frascati‡, but his coffin was afterwards removed to St. Peter's at Rome. Beneath that unrivalled dome lie mouldering the remains of what was once a brave and gallant heart; and a stately monument, from the chisel of Canova, but at the charge, as I believe, of the House of Hanover, has since arisen to the Memory of JAMES THE THIRD, CHARLES THE THIRD, AND HENRY THE NINTH, KINGS OF ENGLAND—names which an Englishman can scarcely read without a smile or a sigh! Often at the present day does the British traveller turn from the sunny height of the Pincian, or the carnival throngs of the Corso, to gaze in

* Despatch of Sir Horace Mann, November 30. 1779. MS.

† The date publicly assigned was the 31st of January; but I have been informed that he really died on the 30th; and that his attendants, disliking the omen, as the anniversary of King Charles's execution, notwithstanding the difference of the Old and New Style, concealed his death during the night, and asserted that he had died at nine o'clock the next morning. This was told me by Cardinal Caccia Piatti, at Rome, who had heard it from some of the Prince's household.

‡ Letter from Rome (Annual Register, vol. xxx. p. 255.).

thoughtful silence on that sad mockery of human greatness, and that last record of ruined hopes! The tomb before him is of a race justly expelled; the magnificent temple that enshrines it is of a faith wisely reformed; yet who at such a moment would harshly remember the errors of either, and might not join in the prayer even of that erring Church for the departed exiles: REQUIESCANT IN PACE!

APPENDIX.

EXTRACTS FROM THE STUART PAPERS, NOW AT
WINDSOR, AS COPIED BY PERMISSION OF HIS LATE
MAJESTY WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

Navarre, June 12. 1745.

SIR,

I BELIEVE your Majesty little expected a courier at this time, and much less from me; to tell you a thing that will be a great surprise to you. I have been, above six months ago, invited by our friends to go to Scotland, and to carry what money and arms I could conveniently get; this being, they are fully persuaded, the only way of restoring you to the Crown, and them to their liberties.

After such scandalous usage as I have received from the French Court, had I not given my word to do so, or got so many encouragements from time to time as I have had, I should have been obliged, in honour and for my own reputation, to have flung myself into the arms of my friends, and die with them, rather than live longer in such a miserable way here, or be obliged to return to Rome, which would be just giving up all hopes. I cannot but mention a parable here, which is; a horse that is to be sold, if spurred does not skip, or show some sign of life, nobody would care to have him even for nothing; just so my friends would care very little to have me, if, after such usage, which all the world is sensible of, I should not show that I have life in me. Your Majesty cannot disapprove a son's following the example of his father. You yourself did the like in the year '15; but the circumstances now are indeed very different, by being much more encouraging, there being a certainty of succeeding with

the least help; the particulars of which would be too long to explain, and even impossible to convince you of by writing, which has been the reason that I have presumed to take upon me the managing all this, without even letting you suspect there was any such thing a brewing, for fear of my not being able to explain, and show you demonstratively how matters stood—which is not possible to be done by writing, or even without being upon the place and seeing things with your own eyes: and had I failed to convince you, I was then afraid you might have thought what I had a mind to do, to be rash; and so have absolutely forbid my proceedings.

I have tried all possible means and stratagems to get access to the King of France, or his Minister, without the least effect, nor could I even get Littleton (Sir Thomas Sheridan) an audience, who I was sure would say neither more nor less than what I desired, and would faithfully report their answer. As for Wright (the Cardinal), he is not much trusted or well looked upon by Adam (the King of France), who is timorous, and has not resolution enough to displace him. Now I have been obliged to steal off, without letting the King of France so much as suspect it, for which I make a proper excuse in my letter to him; by saying it was a great mortification to me never to have been able to speak and open my heart to him; that this thing was of such a nature that it could not be communicated by any of the ministers or by writing, but to himself alone—in whom, after God Almighty, my resting lies, and that the least help would make my affair infallible. If I had let the French Court know this beforehand, it might have had all these bad effects:—1st, It is possible they might have stopped me, having a mind to keep measures with the Elector, and then, to cover it over, they would have made a merit of it to you, by saying they had hindered me from doing a wild and desperate thing: 2dly, My being invited by my friends would not be believed; or at least would have made little or no impression on the French Court. ...

I have sent Stafford to Spain, and appointed Sir Thomas Geraldine to demand succours in my name, to complete the work, to whom I sent letters for the King and Queen, written in the most engaging terms, to the same purpose. Let what will happen, the stroke is struck, and I have taken a firm

resolution to conquer or to die, and stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me. I think it of the greatest importance your Majesty should come as soon as possible to Avignon, but take the liberty to advise that you would not ask leave of the French Court; for if I be not immediately succoured, they will certainly refuse you.

Whatever happens unfortunate to me cannot but be the strongest engagements to the French Court to pursue your cause. Now if I were sure they were capable of any sensation of this kind, if I did not succeed, I would perish, as Curtius did, to save my country, and make it happy; it being an indispensable duty on me, as far as lies in my power. Your Majesty may now see my reason for pressing so much to pawn my jewels, which I should be glad to have done immediately; for I never intend to come back; and money, next to troops, will be of the greatest help to me. I owe to old Waters about 60,000 livres, and to the young one above 120,000 livres. I and Sir Thomas will write more fully to Edgar about these matters, both as to the sum I carry with me and arms, as also how I go. I write this from Navarre, but it won't be sent off till I am on shipboard. If I can possibly, I will write a note and send it from thence at the same time. I have wrote to Lord Marischal, telling him to come immediately, and giving him a credential to treat with the Minister for succours. To the Duke of Ormond I have writ a civil letter, showing a desire of his coming here immediately, but at the same time leaving it to his discretion so to do. I should think it proper (if your Majesty pleases), to be put at his Holiness's feet, asking his blessing on this occasion; but what I chiefly ask is, your own, which I hope will procure me that of God Almighty upon my endeavours to serve you, my family, and my country; which will ever be the only view of

Your Majesty's dutiful son,

CHARLES P.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

[Second Letter.]

Navarre, June 12. 1745.

SIR,

I MADE my devotions on Pentecost day, recommending myself particularly to the Almighty on this occasion to guide and direct me, and to continue to me always the same sentiments, which are, rather to suffer any thing than fail in any of my duties. I write to you this apart, for to entreat your Majesty, in the most earnest manner, to desire Grevill (the King) for God's sake not to give to Howell (himself) what he designed, that is a secret*; for it would be of the greatest hurt to his farm. Let not his engagement with a certain person be any hindrance, for circumstances are changed, by which, if there was any question of that, one can find ways to come off on't. I must repeat this, that Grevill and his family is ruined if he does that thing. Grevill thinks this an absolute secret; but. he is mistaken, for I have heard it from several people, to whom I flatly denied it, and said I was very sure it was not true, to which every one of these said, God be praised; for if it were so, both father and son would be undone. Sovereigns upon the throne can do such things: and even then it is not advisable; but a private man ruins himself and his family in doing on't, especially one that has great many enemies. I lay myself again most humbly at your Majesty's feet; and remain your most dutiful son,

CHARLES P.

 PRINCE CHARLES TO MR. EDGAR.
Navarre, June 12. 1745.

I HERE enclose you the King's and Duke's letters; one for Lord Dunbar, and another for B. Tencin. If the bearer be one Pleve, I know him to be very honest, and a good servant. Macdonald is his master, whom I carry with me; so the servant deserves to be taken care of. Having writ a long letter

* This mysterious passage refers to an offer on the part of James to abdicate his pretended crown in favour of his eldest son.

to the King, I chose to refer some particulars to be added to yours, which are these:—I owe old Waters about 60,000 livres, part of which went to the payment of my debts last winter, which the French Court did not think fit to complete. Young Waters has advanced me 120,000 livres, and promised to pay several other things which I have referred to him. It will be absolutely necessary to remit these two sums immediately; and young Waters desires that his money may be sent by Belloni directly to himself, without letting the old man know he made any such advance; and whatever other money may be remitted for my use, the best way will be to send it to the young one—for the other, I believe, will be glad to be eased of that trouble. All this money I have employed in my present undertaking, having bought fifteen hundred fusees, eighteen hundred broad-swords mounted, a good quantity of powder, ball, flints, dirks, brandy, &c., and some hundred more of fusees and broad-swords, of which I cannot at present tell the exact number. I have also got twenty small field-pieces, two of which a mule may carry; and my *cassette* will be near four thousand louis-d'ors: all these things will go in the frigate which carries myself. She has twenty odd guns, and is an excellent sailer; and will be escorted by one, and perhaps two men-of-war, of about seventy guns each. It will appear strange to you how I should get these things without the knowledge of the French Court. I employed one Rutledge and one Walsh, who are subjects. The first got a grant of a man-of-war to cruise on the coast of Scotland, and is, luckily, obliged to go as far north as I do, so that she will escort me without appearing to do it. Walsh understands his business perfectly well, and is an excellent seaman. He has offered to go with me himself, the vessel being his own that I go on board of. He has also a man-of-war that will likewise go with me, if she can be got ready in time, and a frigate of forty-four guns which he took lately from the English, and is manning, to be sent out with all expedition. He lives at Nantes; and I expect a courier every moment from him with an account that all is ready; and then I must lose no time to get there, and go directly on board. If there be no danger of being stopped or discovered, I shall write from thence. Adieu, friend. I hope it will not be long before you hear comfortable news. In the meantime, be assured of my constant

friendship.

CHARLES P.

P. S.—I send you here also, enclosed, an authentic copy of what is to be printed and dispersed at my landing. I have forgot also to mention, that I intend to land at or about the Isle of Mull. I enclose you here also five letters, and one open, to yourself; all from Sir Thomas.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

Navarre, June 20. 1745.

SIR,

I HAVE just received yours of the 24th May. I do not at all doubt but that Canilliac's tongue would go post at the news of the battle in Flanders, as he will also do for this new victory gained by the King of Prussia. I am, thank God, in perfect good health; but the time seems very long to me for to make use of it for the purpose. I have nothing in the world new. I suppose Morgan (Mr. O'Brien) and Morrice (Lord Sempill) write distinctly what they have to say. As for the latter, it is long since I have quite given up believing in the least any thing he says, which makes me never mention him. I lay myself at your Majesty's feet, most humbly asking blessing.

Your most dutiful son,

CHARLES P.

P. S.—As I finished this, I received yours of the 1st, and am heartily sorry for poor General Macdonald's death.

I shall not fail to be attentive to what you mention in your little note.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

*St. Nazaire, at the Mouth of the Loire,
July 2. 1745.*

SIR,

THE contrary winds that have been blowing hitherto, have deferred my embarking, which will be this afternoon, at seven, for to go to the rendezvous of the man-of-war of 67 guns, and 700 men aboard, as also a company of sixty volunteers, all gentlemen, whom I shall probably get to land with me, I mean to stay; which, though few, will make a show, they having a pretty uniform. The number of arms are just as I mentioned in my last of the 12th, that goes with this, except the augmentation I was in hopes of is of a hundred or two less than I expected, which is no odds. I keep this open, and do not send it until I am fairly set off from Belle Isle—*id est* the rendezvous—so that I may add a note to it, if being sea-sick does not hinder; if it does, Sir Thomas will supply in mentioning what more may occur. It is a mortification to me to want so many of your packets which are lying at Paris, because of the daily expectation of parting. We have nothing to do now but to hope in the Almighty favouring us and recompensing our troubles; which, as you may see by the nature of the thing, were not small. I hope in God my next will bring comfortable news. In the mean time I remain, laying myself at your Majesty's feet, most humbly asking your blessing,

Your most dutiful son,
CHARLES P.

PRINCE CHARLES TO MR EDGAR.

St. Nazaire, July 2. 1745.

This being the last note I shall write this side of the seas, I would not fail to give you adieu in it, making my compliments to Lord Dunbar, and to as many of my friends as you shall think convenient and proper. I enclose herewith letters for the King and Duke. I hope in God we shall soon meet, which I am resolved shall not be but at home.

In the meantime I remain, &c.

CHARLES P.

P. S.—*Belle Isle à la Rade, the 12th July.* After having

waited a week here, not without a little anxiety, we have at last got the escort I expected, which is just now arrived, *id est*, a ship of 68 guns, and 700 men aboard. I am, thank God, in perfect good health, but have been a little sea-sick, and expect to be more so; but it does not keep me much a-bed, for I find the more I struggle against it the better.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

Abord da Vaisseau le Du Bellier, a L'Ancre dans la Baie de Longhaylort, le 2 Août, V.S. 1745.

SIRE,

J'AI reçu des services si importans de M. Antoine Walsh, qu'il n'y a rien que je ne me croie obligé de faire pour lui en témoigner mon agrément. Ainsi je lui ai promis d'employer tout mon crédit auprès de Votre Majesté pour lui obtenir le titre de Comte d'Irlande. Il est issu d'une fort bonne famille, très en état de soutenir la dignité de ce nouveau titre, et n'a pas besoin d'autre chose. C'est la première grace que je vous demande depuis mon arrivée dans ce pays. J'espère bien que ce ne sera pas la dernière, mais en tout cas, je vous supplie de me l'accorder. Je la regarderai comme une obligation particulière, accordée & votre très-obeissant fils,

CHARLES P.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

Longhaylort, August 4. O. S. 1745.

SIR,

I AM, thank God, arrived here in perfect good health, but not with little trouble and danger, as you will hear by the bearer, who has been along with me all along, that it makes it useless for me to give any accounts and particulars on that head I am joined here by brave people, as I expected. As I

have not yet set up the Standard, I cannot tell the number, but that will be in a few days, as soon as the arms are distributed; at which we are working with all speed. I have not as yet got the return of the message sent to the Lowlands, but expect it very soon. If they all join, or at least all those to whom I have sent commissions, at request, every thing will go on to a wish. Sir Hector's * being taken up, is of no other consequence but of perhaps frightening some few; for they can make nothing of him, nor of some papers that were found in his room, which he denies having any knowledge of. The commissions, along with the declaration, are arrived safe, and in a proper hand. The worst that can happen to me, if France does not succour me, is to die at the head of such brave people as I find here, if I should not be able to make my way; and that I have promised to them, as you know to have been my resolution, before parting. The French Court must now necessarily take off the mask, or have an eternal shame on them; for at present there is no medium, and we, whatever happens, shall gain an immortal honour by doing what we can to deliver our country, in restoring our master, or perish with sword in hand. Your Majesty may easily conceive the anxiety I am in to hear from you. Having nothing more particular at present to add (not being able to keep the ship longer, for fear of men-of-war stopping her passage entirely), I shall end, laying myself with all respect and duty at your Majesty's feet, most humbly asking a blessing.

Your most dutiful son,
CHARLES P.

PRINCE CHARLES TO MORAY OF ABERCAIRNEY.

Kinlochiel, August 22. 1745.

THIS is to let you know that I have set up the Royal Standard, and expect the assistance of all my friends. I want money in particular; and as I depend upon what I know you have promised me, I desire you would pay it immediately into the hands of Arnprior, or send it by a sure hand to

* Sir Hector Maclean.

whatever place I shall be in.

You must not doubt me but that I shall be always ready to acknowledge this and all other services, and to give you proportionable marks of my favour and friendship.*

CHARLES P. R.

PRINCE CHARLES'S INSTRUCTIONS TO MR. HICKSON.

Sept 22. 1745.

YOU are hereby authorised and directed to repair forthwith to England, and there notify to my friends, and particularly those in the north and north-west, the wonderful success with which it has hitherto pleased God to favour my endeavours for their deliverance. You are to let them know, that it is my full intention, in a few days, to move towards them, and that they will be inexcusable before God and man, if they do not all in their power to assist and support me in such an undertaking. What I demand and expect is, that as many of them as can shall be ready to join me, and that they should take care to provide provisions and money, that the country may suffer as little as possible by the march of my troops. Let them know that there is no time for deliberation,—now or never is the word: I am resolved to conquer or perish. If this last should happen, let them judge what they and their posterity have to expect.†

C.P.R.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

Edinburgh, Oct 7. O. S, 1745.

It is impossible for me to give you a distinct journal of my proceedings, because of my being so much hurried with

* This letter is printed in the Jacobite Memoirs, p. 24. Several others, to the same purport, were written on that day.

† Mr. Hickson proceeded as far as Newcastle, but was there arrested, and put into prison, and these instructions found upon him. (See Culloden Papers, p. 226.)

business, which allows me no time; but notwithstanding, I cannot let slip this occasion of giving a short account of the battle of Gladsmuir, fought on the 21st of September, which was one of the most surprising actions that ever was. We gained a complete victory over General Cope, who commanded 3000 foot, and two regiments of the best dragoons in the island, he being advantageously posted, with also batteries of cannon and mortars, we having neither horse nor artillery with us, and being to attack them in their post, and obliged to pass before their noses in a defile and bog. Only our first line had occasion to engage; for actually in five minutes the field was cleared of the enemies; all the foot killed, wounded, or taken prisoners; and of the horse only 200 escaped, like rabbits, one by one. On our side we only lost a hundred men, between killed and wounded; and the army afterwards had a fine plunder.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

Edinburgh, Oct, 15. O. S. 1745.

SIR,

I HAVE at last had the comfort of receiving letters from you, the latest of which is of the 7th Sept. N. S. I am confounded and penetrated with so much goodness and tenderness your Majesty expresses to me in all your letters. It is a grief to me that my keeping Strickland has given you one moment's concern, but I shall send him away in all haste. I hope your Majesty is persuaded that this fault, or any others I may have committed, is no want of the respect and submission which you will always find in me. I remark your letter to the King of France, in which you do me more honour than I deserve. I wish to God I may find my brother landed in England by the time I enter it, which will be in about ten days; having then with me near 8000 men, and 300 horse at least, with which, as matters stand, I shall have one decisive stroke for it, but if the French land, perhaps none. I cannot enlarge on this subject as on many others, for want of time,

because of such a multiplicity of things which hourly occur for the service of the affair. Adam (King Louis) has sent me a gentleman (who brought me your letters) to stay with me, for to give notice of any thing that I may want, which, as he says, will be done immediately; accordingly I am sending off immediately three or four expresses, all to the same purpose, so that some one may arrive. What is said is very short, pressing to have succour in all haste, by a landing in England; for that, as matters stand, I must either conquer or perish in a little while. Thank God, I am in perfect good health, but longing much for the happy day of meeting.

In the mean time, I remain, &c.,

CHARLES P.

The ship being just ready to go off, I have only time to inclose here a scrawl of the account of the battle, which I in a hurry writ some days ago.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

Edinburgh, Oct 22. O. S. 1745.

SIR,

I HAVE charged Sir James Stewart to carry this as far as Paris, and to forward it immediately by a courier to your Majesty; as also to write you a distinct account of the situation of affairs. He is an understanding capable man, and can be depended on, which has made me choose him to send to the French Court with proper compliments to the French King, and to hasten them for succours. I hope your Majesty will be satisfied with his proceedings. As I have nothing particular to add, but what he can say, makes it needless for me to say any more at present. I am, thank God, in perfect good health, but still in the usual anxiety for want of letters, to which there is no help but patience. I lay myself at your Majesty's feet, most humbly asking blessing; and remaining, with the profoundest respect,

Your most dutiful son,

CHARLES P.

P. S.—As I writ to you in my last, I shall not fail to get rid of Strickland as soon as possible. Your Majesty, I hope, will forgive this scrawl, not having time to write it over, being so much hurried with business.

PRINCE CHARLES TO ONE OF HIS OFFICERS.

Je vous ordonne d'exécuter mes ordres ou de ne plus retourner.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS BROTHER

Morlaix, October 10. N. S. 1746.

DEAR BROTHER,

As I am certain of your great concern for me, I cannot express the joy I have, on your account, of my safe arrival in this country. I send here inclosed two lines to my master*, just to show him I am alive and safe, being fatigued not a little, as you may imagine. It is my opinion you should write immediately to the French King, giving him notice of my safe arrival, and at the same time excusing my not writing to him myself immediately, being so much fatigued, and hoping soon to have the pleasure of seeing him. I leave to your prudence the wording of this letter, and would be glad no time should be lost in writing and despatching it, as also that you should consult nobody without exception upon it, but Sir John Graham and Sir Thomas (Sheridan), the reasons of which I will tell you on meeting. It is an absolute necessity I must see the French King as soon as possible, for to bring things to a right head. Warren, the bearer, will instruct you of the way I would wish you should meet me at Paris. I embrace you with all my heart, and remain

* His father.

Your most loving brother,

CHARLES P.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

Paris, December 19. 1746.

SIR,

I HAVE received yours of the 28th, and have read it with tears in my eyes, not so much for the loss of my old acquaintance*, as for the so many expressions of your Majesty's goodness to me, which I shall always be at pains to deserve, by doing what I can to serve and obey you. It is my duty to say and represent to your Majesty what I in my conscience think, as to some people; after which it is for you to judge, and I to obey what commands you think fit to give me. I cannot, without anew cipher (as I took the liberty already to say), put your Majesty into the light of several things, which, when I shall be able to do, I flatter myself you will approve of my proceedings; which I am very sensible at present must appear odd to you. It is my humble opinion it would be very wrong in me to disgrace G. K.†, unless your Majesty positively ordered me to do it. I must do him the justice to assure you I was surprised to find your Majesty have a bad opinion of him; and hitherto I have had no reason to be dissatisfied with him, for this was the first I heard of his honesty and probity to be in question. I shall take the liberty to represent, that if what he has been accused of to you be wrote from hence, there is all reason to believe, *id est*, in my weak way of thinking, that such that have writ so to you mistake, because of my never having heard any body accuse him to me here of such things, and my having declared that my ears were open to every body, so as to be the better able to judge the characters of people. As Sir Thomas is dead and gone, it is useless to be troubling your Majesty for to justify

* Sir Thomas Sheridan, who died shortly after his arrival at Rome.

† George Kelly.

him, but shall let it alone at present, until you to do it order me. I must own I am now entirely convinced F. S.* was an ill man, by a circumstance your Majesty mentions to me of him. I have never shown to any body your Majesty's letters, but to the Duke, as I ought to have mentioned before; and for this last I have not shown it to him, as also not this answer. I do nothing without consulting my dear brother; and when I happen to do contrary to his opinion, it is entirely of my own head, and not by any body's else advice, for I can assure your Majesty I myself trust nobody more than I do him, as, with reason, I tell him every thing I can: but I am afraid some people have given him a bad opinion of me, for I suppose I must own he does not open his heart to me. I shall always love him, and be united with him. Whatever he does to me, I will always tell him face to face what I think for his good, let him take it well or ill. I know him to be a little lively, not much loving to be contradicted; but I also know and am sensible of his love and tenderness for me in particular beyond expression, and of his good heart in general. Your Majesty cannot imagine what trouble I am at about trifles, which I cannot avoid without neglecting my duty—which I hope will never be the case. I am in hopes I shall be able soon to send to your Majesty a person of trust—and it would be of consequence nobody should know of it; so that he should carry my dispatches, and I receive your orders without its being known he carried them. In the meantime I can say no more; and so remain, with all respect, asking blessing, your most dutiful son,

CHARLES P.

P. S.—I hope your Majesty will excuse the freedom with which I write this letter, as also the liberty I take to assure you that whatever I say to you will never proceed from partiality or pique, but plainly what I think. I suppose O'Brien has already given an account to you of what pains I am at, and what has been done concerning the poor Scotch. I told Marquis d'Argenson t'other day how sensible I was at the King's goodness for what he has done for them, and that I would go, if necessary, upon my knees for them; but that I would never ask any thing for myself; for I came only in this

* Francis Strickland.

country to do what I could for my poor country, and not for myself.

The said Marquis answered, that it was his Christian Majesty's intention to give to as many as came over, and that I should only give a list, and it would be continued; and I upon that most earnestly thanked his Most Christian Majesty, when I had the pleasure of seeing him t'other day, and must do him the justice in saying, he was extremely civil to us, as also all his family.

O'Sullivan showed me the letter your Majesty did him the honour to write to him. I cannot let slip this occasion to do him justice by saying I really think he deserves your Majesty's favour. Townly is not the discreetest man upon earth. He was making a rout, that he, being the only Englishman, was neglected, when all the rest got something or another. I was plagued with him several times on that strain. At last I stopped his mouth, having the good luck to get for him the Croix de St. Louis. I suppose you have been already informed of it. I do not mention so many trifles of that kind, supposing others supply for me in that. I am in hopes poor Cardinal Acquaviva will escape this bout, for I believe him to be a good friend of ours.

PRINCE CHARLES TO HIS FATHER.

(Extract.)

Paris, January 16. 1747.

IN reality I do not doubt of the honesty of those about me, though they may not have all the capacity in the world. I find it now-a-days so rare to find an honest man, that any that has given me proofs of being so, (unless your Majesty orders me, or I find I am deceived by any of them on any the least trifle), I would part with them with a sore heart. Notwithstanding I offered to my dear brother, that any one, or all about me, that he had a disgust for, I would dismiss, to make him easy; to which he assured me he had no dislike for any body, and did not want any such thing. He does not open his heart to me, and yet I perceive he is grieved, which must proceed from malicious people putting things in his head, and preventing him against me. Notwithstanding I am

persuaded he loves me tenderly, which is the occasion of my grief. God Almighty grant us better days. I lay myself at your Majesty's feet, most humbly asking blessing.

Your most dutiful son,

CHARLES P.

THE END.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.,
NEW-STREET-SQUARE AND PARLIAMENT STREET.

50, Albemarle Street, London.
May, 1872.