Chapter XVIII.

THE SCOTS IN SWEDEN.

Scoto-Swedish Nobles—The Scots in Stralsund—Gustavus Adolphus—Caithness Men in the Swedish Service—Colonel George Sinclair—A Danish Ballad—The Polish Wars—The Siege of Stralsund—The Wreck at Rugen—Defence of Colberg—More Scotch Volunteers arrive.

At the funeral of Carl Gustaf the Scoto-Swedish nobles appeared in strength. Baron Forbess led the Princess Euphrosyne, and in the procession were Colonel Leighton, John Clerk, Jacob Spens, Adolf Stewart, who bore the banner of Ravenstein, Forbess that of Holland, Douall that of Gothland; and forty Swedish cavaliers of the second class were there, among whom were the names of Barclay, Klerk, Spens, Hamilton, etc. The families of thirteen Scottish nobles, some of whose titles yet exist, are given at length by Marryat.

Among the untitled Scottish noblemen was Thomas Gladstone of Dumfries, colonel in Sweden in 1647; and all are frequently styled mysteriously of *Tatilk—i.e.*, "of that ilk."

The first of the Swedish Spens family was James, who raised in 1611 a Scottish regiment for service in Sweden, to the indignation of the Danes, who sent 200 horse to slay him and his attendants in Zealand.

At Skug Kloster, the château of General Wrangel, and

now the residence of Count Brahe, the lineal descendant of the great astronomer, there are preserved portraits of many of Wrangel's comrades in the Thirty Years' War, inscribed with their names. Among these are Captain Kammel (Campbell), David Drummond, King (Lord Eythen), Patrick, Earl of Forth, Major Sinclair, who died serving Charles XII. "The best families in the kingdom are of Scottish descent," says Bremner (*Denmark and Sweden* 1840); "Leslies, Montgomeries, Gordons, Duffs, Hamiltons, Douglases (lately extinct), Murrays—in short, all the best names of Scotland are to be found in Sweden, having been introduced by the cadets of our noble families who served under Gustavus Adolphus in the Thirty Years' War."

In 1850 there were Count Hamilton of Christianstadt and Baron Hamilton of Boo; and John Hugh, Baron Hamilton, was Adjutant-General of Sweden in 1803, and *premier écuyer* to the Duchess of Sudermaine.

The most famous cannon-founder in Sweden was Sir Alexander Hamilton of the Redhouse, in Haddingtonshire. In the time of Gustavus his gun-forges were at Orebro. His invention, the *canon à la Suédois*, was used in the French army till 1780. He became famous in the wars of the Covenant, and in his old age perished when the castle of Dunglass was blown up by the treachery of an Englishman.

According to Sir Thomas Urquhart, there was in the time of Gustavus upwards of sixty Scottish governors of castles and towns in the conquered provinces of Germany; and he had at one time no less than four field-marshals, four generals, three brigadiers, 27 colonels, 51 lieutenant-colonels, 14

majors, and an unknown number of captains and subalterns, all Scotsmen, "besides seven regiments of Scots that lay in Sweden and Livonia, and six elsewhere. The Dutch in Gustavus's service were many times glad to beat the old Scotch march when they designed to frighten or alarm the Dutch; and it is observed that Sir John Hamilton abandoned the army though earnestly pressed by Gustavus to stay, only because the Swedes and Dutch were ordered to storm the enemy's works before him at Wurtsburg, after he and his men had boldly hewn out a way for them." (*At. Geo.*, 1711.)

Robert Munro of Foulis commanded two regiments, one of horse, the other of foot; and of his surname there were three generals, 24 field officers, 11 captains, and many subalterns in Sweden. (*Old Stat. Acct.*)

It has been written that "the reproach of a mere mercenary spirit would be unjust to the memory of these brave men, whom a peace with England compelled to draw their swords in other lands; and it must be remembered that military service, no matter under whom or where, was a necessary part of a Scottish gentleman's education. The recruiting in all parts of Scotland continued during most of the Thirty Years' War with the greatest spirit, for the love of military enterprise and hatred of the Imperial cause were strong in the hearts of the nation; and thus, until the era of the Covenant, the drums of the Scoto-Swedes rang in every glen from Caithness to the Cheviots."

We have now to describe one of the greatest calamities of the time—the massacre *to a man* of an entire Scottish regiment among the Norwegian Alps.

In the year 1612 Gustavus Adolphus procured several companies of infantry from Scotland, and formed them into two regiments. According to Puffendorf, he had also sixteen Scottish ships of war, by which he captured the town of Drontheim (or Trondeim), in Norway, and cleared the southern shores of Sweden. His Scottish troops served him faithfully in his Russian war, particularly at the storming of Pleskov and Kexholm, at the mouth of Lake Ladoga; and in 1620 he had still a stronger body of these auxiliaries, led by Colonel Seaton and Sir Patrick Ruthven, afterwards field-marshal and Earl of Forth, who won high honours at the capture of the Livonian capital and the storming of Dunamond and Mitau, in Courland.

In the March of 1612, by permission of James VI, Colonel George Sinclair raised in his native county a body of 900 men for the Swedish service. A soldier of fortune, he had been early in the army of "The Bulwark of the North," and was a natural son of David Sinclair of Stirkoke, and nephew of the Earl of Caithness.

The antecedents of the colonel were somewhat remarkable. According to Calder's *History of Caithness*, before embarking for Norway he was engaged in a somewhat desperate affair, the circumstances of which are briefly these:—John, eighth Lord Maxwell of Nithsdale, having, it is said, treacherously slain Sir James Johnston of that ilk, fled to France and then to Caithness, where he lurked for some time; but a price being set upon his head, he attempted flight again, but was captured near the southern boundaries of the county by Colonel Sinclair, and sent to Edinburgh, where he was beheaded at the Market Cross on

the 21st of May, 1613. His "Good Night," a pathetic ballad in which he takes leave of his lady, Margaret Hamilton, and his friends, is printed in the *Border Minstrelsy;* and when the hand of fate overtook Sinclair, it was deemed but a just retribution by the whole Johnston clan.

He embarked with his regiment to join Gustavus by the way of Norway, and after a four days' voyage landed on the coast near Romsdal. The object of the expedition was to assist Gustavus in the conquest of Norway, and for this purpose Colonel Monkhoven, with another body of 2,300 Scots, had not long before landed at Drontheim, and cut a passage into Sweden. (Geyers' *Histoire de Suède.*)

Sinclair's second in command was Alexander Ramsay, who had under him two other officers—Jacob Mannerspange and Henrick Brussey, supposed to mean Henry Bruce, according to the Norwegian accounts –and he was accompanied by *Fru* (or Lady Sinclair); and they note an insolent speech alleged to have been made by Sinclair on his landing—"I will recast the old Norway lion, and turn him into a mole that dare not venture out of his burrow!"

He pursued his march along the valley of Lessoo, under the shadow of the tremendous Dovrefelt, 8,000 feet high, and is said to have given the country to fire and sword, thereby infuriating the Norse, who sent abroad the *Budstick* (or message-rod)—a signal like the Scottish fiery cross—summoning all to arms; and a great body of boors, armed with matchlocks and axes, under Burdon Segelstadt of Ringebo, near Elstad, took possession of the narrow mountain gorge through which the Scots had to pass at

Kringellen. The road was only a mere footpath, exceedingly narrow, and overhanging a deep and rapid stream that flowed beneath. According to Norwegian tradition, a mermaid appeared to Colonel Sinclair by night and warned him of death if he advanced; but he replied that "when he returned in triumph from the conquest of the kingdom, he would punish her as she deserved." According to Calder's *History*, the mermaid is supposed to have been the *Fru* herself in disguise.

Be that as it may, the Sinclairs marched on, and the air which their pipes played is still remembered in Norway (*Calder*, p. 276), and it was certainly their own dead march. Night was closing, and the deep Norwegian fiords and the pine forests that overhung them were growing dark, when the regiment entered on the narrow path described. The stillness and loneliness, together with the difficult nature of the place, caused the Sinclairs to straggle in their march, and they had just attained the middle of the black defile when the roar of more than a thousand long matchlocks reverberated among the impending cliffs, filling all the chasm with fire and smoke.

Then came the crash of half-hewn trees and loosened masses of rock, urged over by levers, that swept away whole sections and hurled them into the mountain torrent that foamed below. Among the first who fell was Colonel Sinclair, when gallantly essaying to storm the rocks, claymore in hand. Among those hurled into the stream, say the Norwegians, was the *Fru*, "but, being supported by her ample robes, she was able to carry her infant son safe across in her arms."

In the pass all perished save sixty and the adjutant. These were at first distributed among the inhabitants, but the latter grew tired of supporting them, and, marching them into a meadow, murdered them in cold blood, all save two, who escaped and got home to Caithness. Accounts differ, and Laing in his *Norway* is at variance with the native narrative in some points. Colonel Sinclair was buried in the church of Quam, near the valley of Vüg, but his regiment all lie in a remote solitude near the fatal pass. Above the remains is a cross with a tablet inscribed thus :—

"Here lies Colonel Jorgen Zinclair, 900 Scots dashed to pieces like earthen pots by the boors of Lessoo, Vauge, and Foroen, under Berdon Segelstadt of Ringebo." (*Von Buch.*)

Here we are strongly tempted to give Ochlenschalager's ballad, which is not much known in this country :—

"Child Sinclair sailed from Scottish land
Far Noroway to brave ;
But he sleeps in Gulbrand's rocky strand,
Low in a bloody grave.
Child Sinclair sailed the stormy sea,
To fight for Swedish gold ;
'God speed thy warrior hearts and thee,
And quell the Norseman bold !'

"He sailed a day, and two, and three,
He and his gallant band ;
The fourth sun saw him quit the sea
And touch Old Norway's strand.
On Romsdal's shore his soul was fain
To triumph or to fall ;
He and his twice seven hundred men,
The gallant and the tall.

"O stern and haughty was their wrath,
And cruel with sword and spear;
Nor hoary age could check their wrath,
Nor widowed mother's tear.
With bitter death, young babes they slew,
Though to the breast they clung;
And woful tidings, sad, but true,
Echoed from every tongue.

"On hill and rock the beacons glared,
To tell of danger nigh;
The Norseman's sword was boldly bared—
The Scots must yield or die!
The warriors of the land are far,
They and their kingly lord;
Yet shame on him who shuns the war,
Or fears the foreign horde!

"They march—they meet—the Norwayan host,
Have hearts both stern and free;
They gather on Bredalbigh's coast—
The Scots must yield or flee.
The Langé flows in Leydéland,
Where Kringen's shadows fall;
Thither they march, that fated band,
A tomb to find for all.

"In the onslaught first, Child Sinclair died,
And ceased his haughty breath,
Stern sport for Scottish hearts to bide,
God shield them from the death!
Come forth, come forth, ye Norsemen true,
Light be your hearts to-day!
Fain would the Scots the ocean blue
Between the slaughter lay!

"Their ranks yield to the leaden storm,
On high the ravens sail—
Ah me! for every mangled form
A Scottish maid shall wail!
They come a host with life and breath,
But none returned to say,
How fares the invader in the strife
He wars with Old Norway?

"There is a mound by Langé's tide,
The Norseman lingers near,
His eye is bright—but not with pride—
It glistens with a *tear!*"

Robert Chambers, who in his tour through Norway visited the scene of this slaughter, says: "In a peasant's house here were shown to me, in 1849, a few relics of the poor Caithness men—a matchlock or two, a broadsword, a couple of powder-flasks, and the wooden part of a drum."

In 1869, I was shown, by an officer of the Norwegian artillery, several others in the arsenal at Aggerhous; but the long matchlocks had been refitted with locks for the flint.

Among others who now joined the army of Gustavus Adolphus was Captain Sir James Hepburn of Athelstein-ford, who brought with him the survivors of old Sir Andrew Gray's Scottish band that went to Bohemia in 1620; and he was accompanied by his cousin, James Hepburn of Waughton, who soon attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

The Swedish artillery at this time consisted of 4, 6, and 12 pounders. The musketeers wore morions, gorgets, buff coats, and breastplates, swords and daggers; the pikemen were similarly armed and accoutred. Ammunition was for the first time made up into cartridges, regiments were formed into right and left wings, with pikes in the centre to guard the colours. Gustavus formed his ranks six deep, Wallenstein thirty. Each battalion had four surgeons and two chaplains. For a time the private chaplain of Gustavus was the then well-known Bishop Murdock Mackenzie. The hair was shorn short, but mustachios, like swords and spurs, were of great length. All officers of rank wore a

gold chain, and rich armour from Parma and Milan was quite the rage. A day's march was eighteen miles. "In a journal of each day's marching which a Scottish regiment made for six years successively, I find," says Harte, "that quantity to establish the medium." (*Life of Gustavus.*) Each Swedish and Scottish regiment consisted at this time of eight companies; in each company were 72 musketeers and 34 pikemen.

In 1625 Gustavus appointed Sir James Hepburn colonel of his old Bohemian comrades, now represented by the 1st Scots Royals, of which his name as 1st colonel, under date in France, 1633, can yet be seen in any Annual Army List. "He was a complete soldier indeed," says Defoe, "and was so well-beloved by the gallant king that he hardly knew how to go about any great action without him."

When Gustavus renewed hostilities with Sigismund of Poland, in 1625, Hepburn's Scottish regiment formed part of the allied force which invaded Polish Prussia, captured many strong places, and ended by the total rout of the Poles on the plains of Semigallia in Courland.

Gustavus, resolving to effect the relief of Memel, in Prussia, when his garrison was closely blockaded by 30,000 Poles, entrusted the duty to Hepburn and Count Thurm. The former had only three Scottish regiments of infantry, and the latter but 500 horse for this desperate task, which, after a long march, they began in the night, "at push of pike." A terrible discharge of bullets, arrows, and stones was opened on the Scots by dense hordes of Cossacks and Heyducks, clad in mail shirts, and Hepburn was compelled to take post on a rock, around which the wild horsemen

surged and shouted, "The Scottish curs cannot abide the bite of the Polish wolves!"

On that rock Hepburn defended himself for two entire days against the whole Polish army led by Prince Udislaus, till Gustavus in person achieved the relief of the town, on which the Poles gave way unpursued. It was computed that each of Hepburn's Scots killed a man, yet lost only a seventh of their own number.

In the following year the Scots fought gallantly at Dantzig under General Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie (the future Earl of Leven), a veteran of the Dutch and Bohemian wars. His pikemen broke through the dense masses of Sigismund's cavalry twice, cut to pieces 400, capturing four troop standards, and retired with little loss; but this movement brought on a battle which ended in the total rout of the Polish army, with the loss of 3,000 men. (Puffindorf's *Sweden.*)

In 1627 Hepburn's Scots accompanied Gustavus again into Prussia, and were at the storming of Kesmark on the Vistula and the defeat of the Poles at Dirschau. In the following year Sweden obtained fresh levies from Scotland. Among these was a strong regiment led by Alexander Lord Spynie. These, with a few English, made 9,000 men. Spynie's regiment was added to the garrison of Stralsund, then blockaded by the Imperialists, who aimed at nothing but the total subversion of German liberty and extirpation of the Lutheran heresy by fire and sword—a scheme including the conquest of all Scandinavia, which attracted the attention of all Europe. Thus Stralsund, which had taken no part in the war, was exposed to a vigorous siege,

and the two Northern kings resolved to forget their jealousies and relieve it. Led by the Laird of Balgonie, 5,000 Scots and Swedes cut a passage into the town and supplied the starving people with food. A gallant defence now began, though Wallenstein vowed he would possess Stralsund "even if God slung it in chains between heaven and earth!"

Nowhere did the Scots do their duty more nobly than there, and medals were struck in their honour, while Hepburn was knighted. "Here," says Munro, "was killed the valorous Captain Macdonald, who with his own hands killed with his sword five of his enemies before he was killed himself. Divers also were hurt, as was Captain Lindesay of Bainshaw, who received three dangerous wounds; Lieutenant Pringle and divers more, their powder being spent; to make good their retreat falls up Captain Mackenzie with the old Scottish blades of our regiment, keeping their faces to the enemy while their comrades were retiring; the service went on afresh, when Lieutenant Seaton and his company alone, led by Lieutenant Lumsden, lost about 30 valorous soldiers, and the lieutenant, seeing Colonel Holke retiring, desired him to stay a little and see if the Scots could stand and fight or not. The colonel, perceiving him to jeer, shook his head and went away. In the end Captain Mackenzie retired slowly with his company till he was safe within the walls; and then he made ready for his march towards Wolgast, to find his Majestie of Denmark." (Munro's *Expedition*, 1637.)

In the end Wallenstein was forced to raise the siege and begin a shameful retreat.

Chapter XIX.

THE SCOTS IN SWEDEN.—(*Continued.*)

The Wreck at Rugen—Defence of Colberg—More Scottish Volunteers arrive—The Massacre of Brandenburg—The Vengeance of Frankfort-on-the-Oder—The Elbe crossed.

At this date (1630) Gustavus had now in his army more than 1,000 officers and 12,000 men, all Scots. "Amongst these forces," says Richard Cannon—and many of them, under Leslie, were sent to drive the Imperialists out of the Isle of Rugen—"Colonel Hepburn's Scots regiment appears to have held a distinguished character for gallantry on all occasions: and no troops appear to have been found better for this important enterprise than the Scots, who proved brave, hardy, patient of fatigue and privation, frugal, obedient, and sober soldiers." (1st Royals—War Off. Records.)

Rugen was captured at a stroke, after which the regiment was quartered "in Spruce."

Sir Donald Mackay, of Strathnaver's regiment, 1,500 strong, raised for the Danish army in the country of Lord Reay in 1626, now volunteered for service in Sweden, and was ordered by Oxenstiern to embark at Pillau, under Lieutenant-Colonel Monro, and proceed towards Wolgast, in Pomerania.

Monro (a cousin of Foulis) embarked his men on board

of two Swedish vessels—the *Lilynichol* and *Hound*. On the former were the companies of Robert and Hector Monro and Bullion; on board the latter, those of Major Sennot, Captains Learmonth and John Monro; while their luggage, horses, and drums were on board a third and smaller craft. When night came on there blew a tempest, and the expedition found itself among shoal water, with the rocks and reefs of Pomerania to leeward; and Monro's ship was all but water-logged, though relays of 48 Highlanders were constantly at the pumps. This was on the 19th of August.

A little before midnight the *Lilynichol* foundered on the Isle of Rugen, parting in two; but after incredible exertions the soldiers got ashore, the colonel being the last to abandon the wreck, from which he brought off all the arms and armour. He found himself on the picturesque Isle of Rugen—the last stronghold of paganism in the North, and where to this day may be seen the sacred wood and lake mentioned by Tacitus in his treatise on Germany, and where human sacrifices were offered up to a gigantic monster-god named Swantovit. He was 80 miles from the Swedish outposts. All the forts were again in the possession of the Imperialists; he was without ammunition, and, as he tells us, "had nothing to defend us but swords, pikes, and wet muskets." In addition to this his soldiers were soaked, exhausted, and starving.

On his application, the seneschal of Rugenvalde, a castle belonging to the Duke of Pomerania, sent him fifty dry matchlocks and ammunition. With men armed with these, and his pikemen, Monro fell briskly upon a night

picket of Imperial horse, all of which he slew or captured, thus rewinning the isle for Duke Bogislaus IV. He blew up the bridge, strengthened the castle of Rugenvalde by turf batteries, and then defended himself for nine weeks, till Hepburn's "Invincible Regiment" advanced to his relief from Polish Prussia by order of the chancellor Oxenstiern.

On the 6th November 500 of Monro's Highlanders were ordered to defend to the last Colberg, a half-ruined castle and town on the coast of Pomerania. He threw up redoubts, barricaded the approaches, and ere long the place was assailed by 8,000 Imperialists led by the famous Count de Montecuculi, under whom were the splendidly accoutred regiments of Goetz and Sparre, Charles, Wallenstein, Isolani, and Coloredo. Three troops of cuirassiers in white armour led the van, with three of Croats and 1,000 arquebussiers, all of whom were hurled back in confusion by the steady Highland fire. On being summoned to treat for the surrender of the post, Monro replied:

"The word *treaty* has been omitted in my instructions; thus I have only powder and ball at the service of the Count de Montecuculi."

A dreadful strife ensued. The whole town was laid in ashes. The Reay regiment retired into the castle, and, despairing of success, the count drew off in the night, under cover of a mist, thus admitting that 500 Highlanders could repel *sixteen* times their number of Germans.

On the 13th November another deadly struggle took place, amid mist and darkness, between the Imperialists—7,000 strong—and the Swedish infantry, under the young

Graf of Thurn. They fled almost without firing a shot, but the Scottish musketeers of Lord Reay and Hepburn held their ground, and poured in their volleys steadily till the unaccountable flight of the Swedish cavalry left their flanks uncovered, and they too fell back, with the loss of 500 men, many shooting their comrades in the confusion, says Harte.

In 1631, Gustavus, on representing his desire to free Germany from the oppression of the Emperor Ferdinand, received from England and other countries £108,000, with a promise of 6,000 infantry, raised by the Marquis of Hamilton, who, previous to his departure, received the Order of the Garter from Charles I.

Colonel John Monro of Obsdale now offered another regiment of Highlanders for the Swedish service, and Colonel Sir James Lumsden (brother of Invergellie) brought over a battalion of Lowland infantry. His eldest brother, the laird, was senior captain of a company, in which the ensign was the famous Sir James Turner, the cavalier memorialist. Robert Lumsden was murdered in cold blood by the English at the sack of Dundee twenty years after, but Monro of Obsdale was slain in battle at Wettereau, on the banks of the Rhine. (*Scots Nation Vindicated*, 1714.)

Robert Scott was quartermaster-general of the Swedish army, and afterwards general in Denmark. His bust in Lambeth Church has been engraved. David Barclay of Mathers and Anthony Haig of Beimerside, the latter with 50 horse, with three sons of Boswell of Auchinleck, John and Robert Durham of Pitkerow, and Francis and Alexander Leslie of Wardis, all joined the Swedish army at this

time. "Mackay, our countryman, is in great honour," wrote James Baird, the commissary, to his brother Auchmedden, in 1631, "and is general over three regiments, and captain of the King of Sweden's Guards, quhilk consist of 100 horse and 100 foot, *and sall be all Scotsmen.*" (*Surname of Baird.*) There, too, came George Buchanan of Auchmar, a captain. He vanquished an Italian swordsman in single combat, for which he was made major, but was killed in action soon after. (*History of the Buchanans.*) Thus in the second campaign against the empire the Swedish army, according to Burnett, was almost entirely led by Scottish officers.

The love and spirit of adventure must have been keen in those days which lured so many brave Scots abroad at a time when locomotion was tedious and difficult, and even all ideas of locality beyond their native hills and glens were vague and dim indeed.

In the March of 1631 Sir James Hepburn, in his 30th year, was at the head of the Green brigade, as it was named, comprising the four finest battalions of the army, viz., his own old regiment, the Reay Highlanders, Lumsden's musketeers, and Stargate's corps. The brigade was so termed from the colour of its scarfs and plumes, as the other brigades were—white, blue, and yellow. With the green, Hepburn led the van of the Swedish army, which, with armour burnished, colours flying, and matches lit, began its march for Frankfort-on-the-Oder, as Monro says (in the words of Dalgetty), under "the Lyon of the North, the invincible King of Sweden of never-dying memory." (*Exped.*, p. 17.)

After distinguishing themselves at the capture of the castle of Trepto, where Major Sinclair was left with two companies, the Scots captured Dameine, and then followed their defence of New Brandenburg, when 600 of Lord Reay's men were placed in garrison under his lieutenant-colonel, Lindsay, who had been thrice dangerously wounded at the defence of Stralsund.

After nine days' resistance against the most overwhelming odds, all mercy and quarter being refused them, the entire wing of the Reay Highlanders was savagely cut to pieces—a circumstance that inspired all the Scots in the army with fury against the Imperialists and their ruthless leader, Count Tilly.

Colonel Lindsay fell pike in hand in the breach, and there every officer and man perished by his side, save two—Captain Innes and Lieutenant Lumsden—who swam the wet ditch in their tartans and armour, and reached Hepburn's brigade, then pushing on to Frankfort, where Count Schomberg barred the way with 10,000 veterans. As the Highland marching song has it—

"In the ranks of great Gustavus,
With the bravest they were reckoned,
Agus O, Mhorag!
Ho-ro! march together!
Agus O, Mhorag!"

Longing for vengeance, Hepburn's brigade was, as stated, in the van of a column consisting of 18,000 men, which, with 200 guns and a pontoon bridge, followed the course of the Oder to Frankfort, where Count Schomberg, who had laid waste all the adjacent district, commanded,

while Marshal Horne held the Pass of Schwedt to prevent Tilly from harassing the Swedish rear. Directed by the advice of Hepburn (according to Monro), Gustavus made his dispositions for the investment, and every column marched to its place—the horse with trumpets sounding, the foot with drums beating, matches lit, and pikes advanced.

All the artillery and stores not required were in rear of Hepburn's brigade. In Frankfort, we have stated, were 10,000 men under Schomberg, Montecuculi, and others, while the weakest point was assigned to a regiment of Irish musketeers, led by that Walter Butler to whom we have referred in Austria. When reconnoitring with Hepburn, the king narrowly escaped capture by a party which made a dash at him, but was repulsed by Hepburn's musketeers, led by Major John Sinclair, who drove in the Imperialists under cover of their batteries and made some prisoners. After the Guchen Gate had been reconnoitered by twelve Scottish soldiers, and the batteries on every side, on the 3rd of April the king ordered a general assault under cover of the smoke.

"Now my brave Scots," cried he, as he called to Hepburn and Sir James Lumsden by name, "remember your countrymen who were slain at New Brandenburg!" (*Swedish Intelligencer*, 1632.) On swept the stormers under a storm of lead, iron, and brass bullets, led by Hepburn and Lumsden, having each a petard holding 20 pounds of powder. These blew the gate to fragments, and in that quarter the Scots fought their way in.

Elsewhere Monro's Highlanders crossed the wet ditch,

where the water rose to their necks, planted their ladders against the scarp, and stormed the palisades with pike and sword; while the Blue and Yellow brigades, all led by Scotsmen, swept away Butler's Irish and all who opposed them.

Hepburn was wounded, says Monro, "above the knee that he was lame of *before*."

"Bully Monro," cried he, "I am shot!"

A major took his place, but was shot dead. Then Lumsden and Monro, having joined, pushed on, turned their own cannon on the Austrians, and blew their heads and limbs into the air. To their cries of "quarter" on every hand the grim response was—

"New Brandenburg! Remember New Brandenburg!"

One Scottish pikeman (says the *Swedish Intelligencer*) slew eighteen Austrians with his own hand, and Lumsden's regiment captured *nine* pairs of colours. Fifty of Hepburn's men were charged by a regiment of cuirassiers in a burying-ground; but Major Sinclair formed them back to back, and repulsed the assailants. Twice the Imperialists beat a parley, but it was unheeded. "Still the combat continued, the carnage went on, and still the Scots brigade advanced in close columns of regiments, shoulder to shoulder, like moving castles, their long pikes levelled in front, while the rear ranks of musketeers volleyed in security from behind."

Schomberg and Monteculculi, escorted by a few cuirassiers, fled by a bridge towards Glogau, leaving 40 officers and 3,000 men dead behind them, while hundreds threw themselves into the Oder and were drowned. But Gustavus lost only 300 men, and had only two officers of rank

wounded—Sir John Hepburn and Baron Teuffel. The former took possession of the ramparts and posted guards round the city, of which Major-General Leslie was made governor, and his first task was to bury the dead—100 in every grave.

The capture of Landsberg, on the Warta, was the next task - the key of Silesia. Hepburn invested it on one side, Marshal Horne on the other, while Monro ran the parallels, and got his men entrenched, with the loss of six only, before dawn on the 5th, their long lines of matches shining like glowworms in the dusk. The town was attacked in the dark, and the Austrians under old Count Gratz were hemmed in on every side, as Hepburn stormed the chief redoubt in three minutes, and Monro cut off a sortie with the loss of only 30 Highlanders. Gratz marched out next morning with the honours of war, accompanied by no less than 2,000 female camp followers.

Hepburn's brigade was next at the investment of Berlin, and was afterwards encamped among the swamps of Old Brandenburg, 34 miles from the capital. There, amid the miasma of the Havel, 34 of Monro's men died in one week —among them Robert Monro, a quartermaster-sergeant, and Sergeant Robert Munro, son of Culcraig. But July saw the brigade leave that district of frowsy fogs, where only sour black beer could be had, to cross the Elbe, beyond which the Swedish cavalry captured Wolmerstadt; while the Laird of Foulis stormed the castle of Blae at the head of his Highlanders, and Banier took Havelberg from the garrison of Pappenheim, on whose person there were said to be the marks of a hundred wounds. (*Scots Mag.*, 1804.)

Chapter XX.

THE SCOTS IN SWEDEN.—(*Continued.*)

The Marquis of Hamilton's Contingent—Capture of Guben—Battle of Leipzig—Capture of Mersberg, etc.—Passage of the Rhine—Capture of Oppenheim.

"In these warrs" (says the *Swedish Intelligencer*, part ii), "if a fort be to be stormed, or any desperate piece of service to be set upon, the Scottish have always had the honour and the danger to be the first men that are put upon such a business."

Colonel Robert Monro of Foulis, to whom we refer so often, was a well-trained soldier, and began his career as a private gentleman in the French Guards, and he tells us:—"I was once made to stand, in my younger years, at the Louvre Gate in Paris, for sleeping in the morning when I ought to have been at my exercise, from eleven before noon to eight of the clock at night, sentry, armed with corslet, headpiece, bracelets, being iron to the teeth, in a hot summer day, till I was weary of my life, which always made me more strict in punishing those under my command."

The coming contingent of 6,200 men under the Marquis of Hamilton, then a very young man, was delayed in its departure by an accusation of treason brought from Holland against Hamilton by Lord Ochiltree, son of the notorious

Captain Stuart, who, during the minority of James VI, had usurped the estates of the Hamilton family. The malicious fabrication averred that Colonel Ramsay. the agent of Gustavus, had told Lord Reay that the troops, instead of being destined for Germany, were to be employed in raising Hamilton to the throne of Scotland. A challenge was the result; but the duel—a public one—was forbidden. The expedition sailed on the 4th August, after the Scots from Leith had joined the English in Yarmouth Roads, and safely reached the banks of the Oder. The rumour that it consisted of 20,000 men had a material effect on the campaign.

Soon there were none but Scots left of the contingent, as the English all perished, says Harte, on the march between Wolgast and Werben, by overeating themselves with "German bread, which is heavier, darker, and sourer than their own; they suffered too by an inordinate fondness for new honey; nor did the German beer agree with their constitutions." There were now four regiments, consisting each of ten companies, in each of which were 150 pikes and muskets. They had several pieces of cannon, including some of Sir Alexander Hamilton's, known by the Scots as "Sandy's Stoups." (*Memoirs of the House of Hamilton, etc.*)

The marquis was hard-visaged, wore his hair cut short, and adopted often a calotte cap; was sombre in expression, and fond of quoting Gustavus. (Warwick's *Memoirs.*)

After a conference with the latter, the young marquis marched his contingent towards Silesia, and after storming the frontier town of Guben, in Brandenburg, he advanced

to Glogau, a strongly fortified city (60 miles from Breslau), which his Scots would have taken easily, as it was insufficiently garrisoned; but he was recalled by Gustavus to Custrin, and despatched to assist in the reduction of Magdeburg. His force, reduced now by casualities to 3,500 men, took possession of the town, which the aged Pappenheim abandoned; but Hamilton's force continued to dwindle, till, by pestilence, privation, and the sword, there remained of it only two battalions commanded by Colonel Sir Alexander Hamilton and Sir William Bellenden of Auchnoule (afterwards Lord Bellenden of Broughton, near Edinburgh). These were incorporated with the column of the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, while the marquis rode as a mere volunteer on the staff of the Swedish king. (*Harte*, *Burnett*, etc.)

The latter was now marching toward the Pass of Wittenberg, *en route* recalling from Havelburg the regiment of the Laird of Foulis, who had been joined by a fresh body of Scottish recruits, chiefly under Robert Munro of Kiiternie, who died at the former place of marsh fever, and was buried by his clansmen with military honours.

On the plains of Leipzig—*God's Acre*—the same ground on which Charles V overthrew the Emperor of Saxony on the memorable 7th of September, 1631, the army of Gustavus, 30,000 strong, encountered that of Count Tilly, numbering 44,000. On that eventful day the Scottish brigades covered the advance and rear of the attacking force.

In the van were the Scottish regiments of Sir James Ramsay the Black, the Laird of Foulis, and Sir John Hamilton, which on crossing the Loben found themselves

face to face with the splendid Imperialists—chiefly cuirassiers, whom Ramsay at once engaged.

Hepburn commanded the reserve, which included his own brigade, which marched with colours flying—the Green brigade displaying four. "Col Mitus!" was the war-cry of the Swedes; "Sancta Maria!" that of the Imperialists, before whom rose a flight of birds, taken as an omen of victory.

The Saxons, who formed the Swedish left, gave way, on which Tilly prepared to charge the Swedes and Livonians at the head of his main body; "but now Gustavus selected 2,000 musketeers of the brave Scottish nation," says the old Leipzig account, and covered each flank with 1,000 horse, while the Scottish officers formed their men into columns of about 600 each—three front ranks kneeling, three standing erect, and all pouring in their fire together—a platoon method adopted for the first time, which struck terror, amazement, and destruction in the Austrian ranks. (Harte's *Gustavus.*)

Thus they closed up, till Hepburn gave the order "Forward, pikemen!" Then muskets were clubbed, pikes levelled, and the regiments of Hepburn, Lumsden, Ramsay, and Monro, each led by its colonel, burst like a whirlwind through the Austrian ranks, when all order became lost and their retreat began amid disorder, dust, and smoke. "We were as in a dark cloud," wrote Monro, "whereupon, having a drummer by me, I caused him beat *the Scots' March* till it cleared up, which re-collected our friends to us."

This old national cadence on the drum was the terror of the Spaniards in Flanders, so much so, that it was often

beaten "by the lubberly Dutches," we are told, "when they wished their quarters to be unmolested in the night."

All Tilly's baggage, cannon, and standards were taken, and 7,000 at least of his men were slain. "The Scots made great bonfires of the broken waggons and tumbrils, the shattered stockades and pikes that strewed the field; and the red glow of these as they blazed on the plains of Leipzig, glaring on the glistening mail and upturned faces of the dead, was visible to the Imperialists as they retreated towards the Weser."

By this decisive victory the whole German empire was laid open to the invaders, from the Baltic to the Rhine, and from the mouth of the Oder to the sources of the Danube, and terror was struck to the heart of the Catholic league; 100 captured standards were hung in the Ridderholm Kirche at Stockholm; and Colonels Lumsden and Monro, Majors Monipenny and Sinclair, and others, were rewarded for their merit in that day's victory, which Gustavus won, says old Monro, enthusiastically, "with the help of a nation *that never was conquered by a forraine enemy*—the invincible Scots!

Three days after, at the capture of Mersberg, when 1,500 were killed or taken, Colonel Hay's regiment stormed the outworks; but Major-General Thomas Kerr was slain, and Captain Mackenzie of Suddie wounded through his helmet, after which he killed his assailant by a pike-thrust. On the 11th September, at the capture of Moritzberg, Captain William Stuart, of Monro's regiment, led the musketeers, and prayers were offered up in the cathedral church of St. Ulric; while at an entertainment that followed, Gustavus

presented his Scottish officers to the Elector of Saxony and other Protestant princes.

"Monro," said he, taking the Laird of Foulis by the hand, "I wish you to be master of the bottles and glasses to-night, and bear as much wine as old Major-General Sir Patrick Ruthven, that you may assist me to make my guests merry." (Naylor's *Mil. Hist. of Germany*, *Harte*, etc.)

As the war went on, when Hepburn's brigade approached the capital of Franconia, he marched in peacefully, according to terms he had granted to Father Ogilvie, a venerable priest of the Scottish cloister, who had visited him on behalf of the bishop and citizens.

At Marienburg on the Maine the passage of Gustavus was disputed by the castellan, Captain Keller, "a brave, good fellow, who hated all Protestants, and believed that none could reach him unless they had wings as well as weapons"; but Sir James Ramsay had orders to capture the place at all hazards. He sent Lieutenant Robert Ramsay, who spoke German well, to procure some boats; but his rich costume exciting suspicion, the latter was made prisoner.

The guns of Marienburg enfiladed the bridge of the Maine, the broken central arch of which was crossed by a plank admitting but one man at a time, where sixty might have marched abreast before, and fifty feet below rolled the dark river. On the 5th October, Ramsay's undaunted soldiers advanced to the assault, led by Major Bothwell, of the family of Holyrood House, who with his brother was shot dead at the gorge of the *tête-du-pont*, where most of their soldiers perished with them; but Hamilton and Ramsay, with the main body of the regiment, passed the

stream in boats under a cannonade, and bivouacked in their armour on the bank under the fortress, which they escaladed at daybreak. The stormers were chiefly officers, armed with a partisan and a brace of pistols in their sword-belts. Ramsay had an arm broken, but Hamilton led them on, and, after a two hours' conflict, the half-moon battery was won, when it was heaped with corpses and slippery with blood and brains.

"Give them Magdeburg quarter!" was the cry of the Swedish supports as they came up; and then Gustavus ordered the Scots to retire and the Blue brigade to advance. Perhaps he thought they had done enough; but this was an affront which the Scottish troops never forgave, for Sir John Hamilton resigned his commission on the spot. Sir James Ramsay received a large grant of land in the Duchy of Mecklenburg, with the government of Hainau (Lord Hailes, from *Locen. Hist.*); and the two Bothwells were interred with all honours, side by side, in the church of St. Kilian the Scot, in the city; and so ended the storming of Marienburg.

The next service of the Scots was the defence of Oxenford on the Maine, to prevent the vast force of the Imperialists, said to be 50,000 strong, from crossing the river. Hepburn, who commanded, undermined the bridge, threw up works, cut down trees that might impede his fire, and made every preparation for a vigorous defence in the early days of a stormy October, till the enemy came on, with their shouts, drums, and trumpets—"making such a noise as though heaven and earth were coming together," says Monro.

Thirty-six Scots musketeers of Lumsden's corps, who had

been advanced with videttes under Sergeant-Major Monipenny, were driven in, and the armour of the latter was sorely battered by pistol-balls; and when day broke, Hepburn discovered that the whole Imperial army had taken the route for Nuremberg by the way of Weinsheim.

The king now reinforced him with 500 men, and sent orders to abandon the town in the dark, pass the Imperialists, and occupy the place they were approaching—to wit, Weinsheim: orders which were obeyed with alacrity. Hepburn blew up the bridge, and with pikes and muskets at the trail retreated at the double just as day dawned on the mountains of Bavaria.

His Scots formed the van of the army, which, after a five days' march through a fertile country, reached in the middle of November Aschaffenberg, a stately city of the Bishop of Mentz, on which 300 of Ramsay's regiment, led by Major Hanna (of the family of Sorbie, we believe), had already hoisted the three crowns of Sweden; while 200 Scots of Sir Ludovick Leslie's regiment took possession of Russelsheim on the Maine, and held it under Captain Macdougal.

Two more Scottish regiments, under Sir Frederick Hamilton and Alexander, Master of Forbess, had now joined Gustavus, who had thus thirteen entire Scottish battalions of infantry.

He had five others, composed of English and Irishmen, officered chiefly by Scotsmen; and he resolved now to turn his arms against the Palatinate, then held by a body of Spanish troops under Don Philippo de Sylvia. He entered the Bergstrasse and reached the Rhine, when Count Brahe,

with 300 Swedes and 300 Scots of the regiments of Reay, Ramsay, and the Laird of Wormiston, crossed the stream and entrenched themselves, after repulsing no less than fourteen squadrons of Imperial cuirassiers, who fled to Oppenheim. Seventy years afterwards, a marble lion was erected on a column 60 feet in height, to mark the spot where Gustavus, with his Swedes and Scots, passed the great river of Germany. (*Schiller*, *Harte*, etc., etc.)

On the Imperial side of the Rhine rose the town and castle of Oppenheim. On the other was a strong redoubt girt by double ditches full of muddy water; these were crossed by a narrow bridge. A thousand resolute Italian and Burgundian veterans held it, and Hepburn's brigade was ordered to capture the place, thus to facilitate the passage of the army.

On Sunday, the 4th December, 1631, he broke ground before it, and, just as the king was about to order an assault, the promise of some boats led to a countermand. The White brigade crossed thus in the night, and, with drums beating, marched towards Oppenheim as day broke. Meanwhile, the Scots near the redoubt had lit fires behind their earthworks, when Hepburn and Monro supped together, enjoying, we are told, "a jar of Low Country wine," when the light shining on their armour attracted the Imperials, who fired in their direction a 32-pound shot, which knocked to pieces Colonel Hepburn's coach, while a second killed a sergeant of Monro's, "by the fire drinking a pipe of tobacco," as the colonel curiously phrases it; and now many men of the brigade were cut in two or torn to pieces by round-shot, which dyed with blood all the

snow through which the parallels were cut. At midnight 200 Burgundians made a desperate sally, but the Scots were on the alert, and, after some gallant fighting, sharply repulsed them.

On seeing the White brigade approaching Oppenheim, the cavalier who commanded in the redoubt, fearing that his retreat would be cut off, sent a little Italian drummer with articles of capitulation to Sir John Hepburn, who permitted him to march out by the way of Bingen, but to leave all cannon behind him. The redoubt was now occupied by 200 of Lumsden's musketeers and 100 of Reay's, while 200 of Ramsay's captured the gates of Oppenheim just as Gustavus assailed the castle. Ramsay's wound caused his absence, but his regiment was led by Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas; and so sharp was the service it saw, that, though originally 2,000 strong, only 200 survived at the close of the war, and of these few ever saw Scotland again. (Fowler's *Southland*, 1656.)

Hepburn, having procured 107 boats, brought over his own brigade and the Blue, and as these approached the castle they were surprised to hear discharges of musketry *within* it, and to see the garrison leaping over the outworks and seeking to escape in every direction.

It would seem that the two hundred Scots who had captured the gates of Oppenheim had discovered a secret passage to the castle. Led by Lieutenant-Colonel Douglas, they drove in the station guards, and, reaching the heart of the place, engaged in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict with the garrison. Nine companies of Italians, each 100 strong, were taken prisoners in the redoubt, and

"the king," says Harte, "made a present of them to Hepburn (whose kindness and humanity were equal to his bravery) to refit his broken brigade." But they all deserted *en masse* from Beyerland a few months subsequently. Gustavus, on entering the castle, which had been taken ere he could reach it, was received with a salute by Ramsay's musketeers.

"My brave Scots!" he exclaimed, "why were you too quick for me?"

A "Handbook" of 1843 states that a ruined chapel within the churchyard of Oppenheim is half-filled with the skulls and bones of those who fell on this occasion; and it was to Scottish valour that Gustavus owed nine pair of colours, the first he had ever taken from the Spaniards. *The Swedish Intelligencer* exultingly records how they fell on here, with "such tempest and resolution."

The following Sunday saw Hepburn's Scots before the walls of Mentz, deemed then by the Germans their best bulwark against France, and held by 2,000 chosen Castillian troops under Don Philippo de Sylvia. "Colonel Hepburn's brigade (according to use) was directed to the most dangerous posts next the enemy," whose fire from the citadel slew many of his men ere they got under cover of their parallels. Then Colonel Axel Lily, a Swedish officer, came next night to visit Hepburn and Monro, and being invited to sup with them, "in a place from which the snow had been cleared away, the three cavaliers sat down by a large fire that the soldiers had lighted, and regaled themselves on such viands as the foragers had procured, spitted upon old ramrods or sword-blades. Every moment the flashes

broke brightly from the citadel, and the cannon-shot boomed away over their heads into the obscurity of the night, or plashed into the deep waters of the Rhine behind them. They were all discoursing merrily, when Axel Lily said to Hepburn, laughing as he listened to the Spanish cannon, and ducking his head as a ball passed, "If any misfortune should happen to me now, what would be thought of it? I have no business here, exposed to the enemy's shot.'"

Soon after a ball carried off one of his legs; but the king heaped so many sinecures upon him that his Scottish comrades could not help envying him, though he had ever after to march "with a tree or wooden legge." (Monro's *Expedition, etc.*)

Mentz surrendered; the bells of the glorious cathedral saluted Gustavus, and Hepburn's brigade exchanged the snowy trenches for quarters in the city, where they spent the Christmas; and the king's court was attended by twelve ambassadors and the flower of the German nobles.

In Mentz the Green brigade remained till the 5th March, 1632, getting more recruits from Scotland, and the regiment, vacant by the resignation of Sir John Hamilton, was now commanded by old Sir Lodovick Leslie.

Previously (in February) Gustavus had marched against Creutzenach, on the Nahe, a well-built town, defended by a castle; and on this expedition he took with him 300 of Ramsay's musketeers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Douglas, of whom his secretary, Fowler, has left us an ample account in his folio work, dated 1656, in his "Life

of Sir George Douglas, Knight, lord ambassador extraordinary for the peace between Sutherland and Poland."

This officer was the son of Sir George Douglas of Mordington (a cadet of the house of Torthorwald) and Margaret Dundas of Fingask. Passing a party of English volunteers under Lord Craven, who held the trenches, where they certainly suffered severely, he stormed the "Devil's Works," as they were named, at Creutzenach, of which he was made governor till the recovery of Ramsay from his wound. Douglas incurred the displeasure of Gustavus before the battle of Lutzen, and, after being the ambassador of Charles I, died in 1635. At the capture of Creutzenach 47 of Ramsay's men were killed, including Captain Douglas, shot through the heart.

Chapter XXI.

THE SCOTS IN SWEDEN.—(*Continued.*)

Bingen on the Rhine—The Invasion of Bavaria—Passage of the Lech—Occupation of Munich—Altenburg.

Sir Patrick Ruthven having been made governor of Ulm, Monro with some of his regiment was dispatched to Bingen on the Rhine, which, with the "Massive Tower" (of Bishop Hatto's old legend), was then held by a wing of Ramsay's regiment. Drawing off a captain with 100 Scots, he marched to the succour of the Rhingrow at Coblentz, where with twenty troops of horse he was about to be attacked by 10,000 Spaniards from Spain. Four of their regiments of horse fell suddenly on his cantonments, which were in several open villages, but these were so resolutely charged by only *four troops* of Swedes, led by Rittmaster Hume of Carrelside, that 300 of them were slain, and the Count of Napau was taken prisoner. (*Intelligencer.*)

Soon after this, two small towns on the Rhine, named Bacharach, which was encircled by antique walls, with twelve towers, and Stahleck, the ancient seat of the Electors Palatine, were stormed by Ramsay's musketeers, led by Major Hanna, who, in consequence of the resistance he met, put all within them to the sword, the officers excepted. According to Hope, the beautiful church of

St. Werner at Stahleck, was demolished on this occasion, but the pointed windows still show the most delicate tracery.

In the Swedish force of 14,000 horse and foot, now elsewhere moving up the Elbe, were five battalions of Scots, viz., one of Lumsden's, under Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Stuart; the Master of Forbess's regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Arthur Forbess; Sir Frederick Hamilton's regiment; Colonel Monro of Obisdale's regiment; and Colonel Robert Leslie's Old Scots regiment, with one of Englishmen, led by Colonel Vavasour. This force cleared the whole Duchy of Mecklenburg, storming castles and capturing towns; and so great was the terror now generally excited by their achievements, that, on the advance of Gustavus towards the Moselle, the presence of so many Presbyterian soldiers alarmed Cardinal Richelieu, and furnished him with a powerful argument for seeking to turn Louis XIII from the Swedish alliance. The spring of the year saw old Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie—the future champion of the Covenant—with his Dutch and Swedish veterans hovering like a crowd over the fertile plains of Lower Saxony. He was then field-marshal, and governor of *all* the cities on the Baltic coast.

Major-General Sir David Drummond was then governor of Stettin. The Earl of Crawford, Colonels Baily, King, Douglas, Hume, Gunn, and Hugh Hamilton, had all Dutch regiments; also two Colonels Forbess, John and Alexander, called *the Bald*, with many more too numerous to mention.

The early days of March saw Hepburn's brigade and the other Scots with Gustavus on the march to Bavaria,

while the chancellor, Oxtenstiern, who had remained with a strong force to guard the conquests on the Rhine, repelled the enemy near Frankenthal, in which affair the Dutch, who formed the first column, when they saw the Spaniards, resorted to their old ruse of beating the *Scots' March* to intimidate the enemy, and yet basely fell back! But immediately upon this the Scottish regiment of Sir Lodovick Leslie and the battalion of Sir John Ruthven, "whose officers were all valiant Scots, Lieutenant-Colonel John Lesly, Major Lyell, Captain David King, and divers other resolute cavaliers," fell on with sword and pike, driving back the Spaniards in confusion. So furious was their charge and so complete their victory that the chancellor of Sweden in front of the whole line "did sweare that had it not beene for the valour of thet Scots Briggad they had all beene lost and defeated by the Spaniard." (*Monro*, part ii, p. 114.)

The 26th of March saw Gustavus before Donauwörth, the key of Swabia, where he was joined by the Laird of Foulis with his two regiments. The place guarded a fortified mountain, and was rendered strong by its embattled walls and deep ditches, commanding the bridge across the Danube.

The Duke of Saxe-Lauenberg occupied the city with 2,500 men. A toll was levied then, and he vowed the toll paid by Gustavus in passing the river would be the lives of his bravest soldiers—though the works were without cannon. A handsome street led to the town-gate, and in the former Gustavus placed 500 musketeers to prevent a sortie, and completed a twenty-gun battery, guarded by a body of

infantry under the Scottish Captain Semple. In the gloom of a dark night, a troop of Cronenberg's Reiters issued from the town-gate, hewed a passage through the musketeers, and fell upon Semple's artillery guard, cutting it to pieces. Semple was put under arrest, but pardoned on the intercession of other Scottish officers.

Hepburn now urged a flank movement, and, drawing off his own brigade with its field-pieces in silence, took up such an excellent position on the Swabian side that the captain of the place became assured. While his guns opened on the town, Gustavus assailed the *Lederthor*, and the former, leading his brigade across the corpse-strewn bridge—ably seconded by Major Sidsorf, of Ramsay's regiment—cut a passage in about daybreak; thus the Scots won the key of Swabia, while the Swedes were still fighting in the Leothergate. "Sir John Hepburn being thus gotten in," says the *Intelligencer*, "and having first cut to pieces all resistance, his souldiers fall immediately to plundering, when many a gold chain, with much other plate and treasure, were made prize of."

By sunrise the carnage and uproar were over, and the king sent for the leader of the Scots. "Through streets encumbered by rifled waggons, dismounted cannon, broken drums and arms, and terrified citizens wandering wildly among dead and dying soldiers, he made his way to a handsome house which had escaped the cannon-shot, and where he found Gustavus with Frederick of Bohemia, the long-bearded Augustus of Psalzbach, and other men of rank, resting after the fatigue of the past night, with armour unbuckled and flagons of Rhenish before them."

In their presence he thanked Hepburn for taking the town in flank with his Scots by the Hasfort bridge, after which the brigadier recrossed the Danube to throw up a battery at a point that was deemed of the first importance.

After resting four days at Donauwörth Gustavus advanced at the head of 32,000 horse and foot to complete the passage of the Lech.

In these Swedish wars were no less than 155 generals and field-officers, all Scotsmen, whose names are given at length in the *Memoirs of Sir John Hepburn;* while the number of Scottish captains and subalterns will never be known.

Among some of the most notable of the former were Generals Sir Andrew Rutherford, afterwards killed at Tangiers when Earl of Teviot; Sir James Spence of Wormiston, afterwards Count of Orcholm, Lord of Moreholm, and chancellor of Sweden; George, Earl of Crawford-Lindsay, who was slain by a lieutenant of his regiment, whom he had struck with a bâton; yet "General Lesly, being then governor of Stettin, when the earl was buried, caused him (the lieutenant) to be shot at a post." (*Scots Nation Vindicated.*) Another general was Sir James King of Barrocht, in Aberdeenshire, governor of Vlotho, on the Weser, who had to leave Scotland in 1619 for slaying Seaton of Meldrum, with whom his family was at feud. He was created Lord Eythen in 1642, but died childless and in obscurity. His title is extinct.

Prior to the passage of the Lech, Hepburn's Scots, penetrating into a rocky gorge three miles from Donauwörth, captured the castle of Oberndorff—a grim edifice of the

middle ages, situated amidst the gloomiest scenery—killing or capturing 400 men; but the count, "a mailed Hercules," hewed his way out and escaped. Hepburn then rejoined to assist in the passage of the Lech, which formed the last barrier of falling Bavaria—a swift mountain torrent that rises in the Tyrol, and is in full flood, sweeping down rocks and timber, in May.

On the 5th of April the two armies came in sight of each other, and the eyes of all Europe might be said to be fixed upon their movements. On the Imperial side 70 pieces of cannon protected the passage of that terrible stream, and thick, like fields of corn, the dense battalions of Tilly and the Elector—pikes and musketeers—held the point upon which Gustavus was marching, and the guns opened upon him.

With 72 he replied, and for six-and-thirty hours the cross-fire was maintained, till rocks and trees were dashed to pieces. The Bavarians were thrown into disorder, 1,000 of them were killed, with Count Merodi, and a bullet carried away a leg of old Count Tilly; and then, amid the smoke of the batteries and that created by heaps of damp wood and ignited straw, Gustavus ordered his infantry to pass the stream, Hepburn and his Scots—as usual on every piece of desperate work—forming the van. Captain Forbes with thirty musketeers led the immediate way, and found the enemy had retired beyond gunshot, the Bavarian Elector retreating towards Ingolstadt, where the veteran Tilly expired, after resigning his bâton to Wallenstein, the great Duke of Friedland. The invasion of Bavaria struck the Catholics of Europe with alarm; but in its progress,

says Monro, old Sir Patrick Ruthven, "with the young cavaliers of the Scots nation that followed him, such as Colonel Hugh Hamilton, Colonel John Fortune, Lieutenant-Colonel Gunne, Lieutenant-Colonel Montgomerie, Majors Ruthven, Bruntisfield, and divers other Scots captains, such as Dumbarve, who was killed by the boores," overran all Swabia, and laid every town under contribution from Ulm on the Danube to Lindon on the Lake of Constance.

The Green brigade—in these details we adhere chiefly to the Scots—occupied eight days in besieging Ingolstadt, beyond which lay the Elector of Bavaria. On the 19th April a sally was expected, and all night the brigade lay under arms, from sunset till sunrise—a night the longest in the year, it seemed, says Monro, "for by one shot I lost twelve men of my own companie, not knowing what became of them. He who was not that night afraid of cannon-shot might next day without harm have been brayed into gunpowder!"

Gustavus had his horse shot under him, 300 men were killed, yet the Scots never flinched; a work defended by 1,500 Bavarian arquebuses was stormed; but the Margrave of Baden-Dourloch lost his head by a cannon-ball, and was buried beside Captain Ramsey of the Green brigade, who died of fever on the advance to Gesegnfeld.

Hepburn and Count Home, with 8,000 troops, now invested Landshut, a fine city in Lower Bavaria, and on the march there the Scots suffered from the fanaticism and ferocity of the Bavarian boores, who murdered about fifty soldiers on the way by Augsburg, tearing out their eyes, cutting off their noses and hands, in revenge for which the

Swedes and Scots shot all who fell into their hands. Hepburn was made governor of Landshut, honour being all he won; but Home levied 20,000 dollars on his own account from the citizens.

On the 7th May, 1632, the army of Gustavus entered Munich. Hepburn's brigade were the first troops in, and he was made governor of that beautiful capital, which no troops were allowed to occupy but his own brigade, and the Lord Spynie's Scots regiment, which entered with the king. To prevent plundering, five shillings per day was given to every man above his usual pay.

Leaving Hepburn with his Scots to hold the Bavarian capital, Gustavus advanced to Augsburg to give battle to the Imperialists; but they fell back towards the Lake of Constance, followed by the troops of Sir Patrick Ruthven.

Colonels Forbes and Hamilton now raised two Swiss regiments; but the latter were routed and scattered, and the two former were made prisoners.

On the 4th June Hepburn's Scots relieved Weissenburg, a place of great importance; after which he encamped at Furth, and was engaged in many defensive operations. Gustavus, having to confront an army of 60,000 men with only 20,000, formed an entrenched camp round Nuremberg, which had then six gates and walls armed with 300 pieces of cannon. Under Wallenstein the Imperialists endeavoured to cut off the supplies till the 21st August, when Gustavus attacked the heights of Altenberg, and the Scots were severely engaged in their attempt to storm the castle—an affair in which 1,000 Scots and Irish musketeers, who served the Emperor under Gordon and Major Leslie, proved

their most active antagonists. Monro was wounded; Captain Patrick Innes was shot through the helmet and brow; Colonel Mackean was killed; Captain Trail, of Spynie's regiment, shot through the throat; Hector Monro of Cadboll through the head; and Captain Vaus, of Foulis' regiment, in the shoulder. Both Gordon and Leslie were taken and brought into the Swedish camp, where they were hospitably entertained by Hepburn, Munro, and other countrymen for five weeks, after which they were released. We have already referred to these officers in detailing the murder of Wallenstein, in the now ruined castle of Egar, in Bohemia.

The two armies confronted each other till the 8th of September, when Gustavus retired, and 500 of Hepburn's Scots, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Sinclair, covered the retreat at Neustadt.

A few days afterwards the Marquis of Hamilton, being about to return to London, Sir John obtained leave to accompany him, having had a quarrel with the King of Sweden, of the real details of which no exact account has been preserved. In a fit of anger Gustavus is said to have upbraided Hepburn with his religion and the richness of his arms and apparel (Anderson's *France*, vol. v). Schiller adds that the brigadier was offended with Gustavus for having not long before preferred (to Sir John Hamilton ?) a younger officer to some post of danger, and rashly vowed never again to draw his sword in the Swedish quarrel.

But Hepburn would seem not to have been the only Scottish officer with whom the great Gustavus seriously quarrelled. One day he so far forgot himself as to give a

blow to Colonel Seaton, of the Green brigade, who, quitting his service, at once set out for the frontiers of Denmark. "The king," says Lord de Ros, condensing this anecdote, "ashamed of the insults he had put upon a brave and excellent officer, soon followed on a swift horse and overtook him. 'Seaton,' said he, 'I see you are justly offended; I am sorry for it, as I have a great regard for you. I have followed to give you satisfaction. I am now, as you know, out of my own kingdom – we are equals; here are pistols and swords; avenge yourself if you choose.' But Seaton declared he had already received ample satisfaction; nor had the king ever a more devoted servant, or one more ready to lay down his life for this prince who had so generously redeemed his hasty and inconsiderate passion."

On the bank of the Bavarian Rednitz Gustavus erected three powerful batteries on the 22nd of August, and for the whole of that day cannonaded the Austrians under Wallenstein, who remained motionless, hoping, by famine, to conquer him; but, after a time, Gustavus crossed the river with his whole force in order of battle, and took up a new position near Furth, a small open town in Middle Franconia, which enabled him to menace the left flank of the Imperialists.

Hepburn had resigned, but when a battle was imminent he could not, with honour, remain idle in the rear, but, arming himself completely "in his magnificent inlaid armour, with casque, gorget, breast and back pieces, pouldrons, vambraces, and gauntlets, as if going on service," he mounted, and rode near the king, but by the side of Major-

"'Seaton,' said he, 'I see you are justly offended.'"—p. 216

General Rusteine, who was shot dead when the advance began.

On the rocky summits of the Alta Feste, at the base of which flowed the Rednitz and the Biber, the Imperialists were entrenched behind breastworks and palisades, over which their long lines of polished morions, tall pikes, and arquebuses glittered in the sunshine, while 80 brass cannon peeped grimly forth from every bush and tree, over which circles of ravens were wheeling, marking where already a dead soldier or a charger lay. When the Swedes advanced in dense battalions, and the deadly strife began, shrouding the heights and the dominating ruins on the Altenberg in fire and smoke, Hepburn, serving as a simple volunteer, faced it all, while his old brigade advanced as stormers.

"I will not believe there is a God in heaven if they take that castle from me!" exclaimed the impious Wallenstein, while, shading his eyes with a gauntleted hand, he watched the approach of four columns, each 500 strong, to assail the ancient fortress, which was the key of his position.

"Selecting 2,000 chosen musketeers, chiefly Scotsmen," says Colonel Mitchell in his life of Wallenstein, these stormers, leaving their colours at the foot of the mountains, and supported by a column of pikes, advanced under a fire of 80 guns, that crashed through them, often sweeping entire sections away, for "the Scots knew well that if *they* failed no other troops would attempt it."

"Exposed to the whole enemy's fire, and infuriated by the prospect of immediate death," says Schiller in his *Thirty Years' War*, "those intrepid warriors rushed for-

ward to storm the heights, which were in an instant converted into a flaming volcano."

They were compelled to waver, even to retire down the steep precipices, where their killed and wounded were falling and rolling in scores; but five other Scoto-Swedish columns came up yard in fierce and furious succession; and here Gustavus had a jack-boot torn off by a cannon-ball.

Sheathed in light armour, Wallenstein's cuirassiers came filing forth under cover of the smoke, took the assailants in flank, captured General Tortensohn, and rode fairly through the Swedish infantry, through Cronenberg's "Invincibles," 1,500 heavily-mailed horse, and were routed by only 200 Finland troops, who drove them under the guns of the Altenberg, on which those of Gustavus are said to have fired 200,000 rounds that day.

The most practicable assault was one suggested by Duke Bernard of Saxe-Weimar; but an officer was required to reconnoitre the ground, and for this duty Sir John Hepburn offered himself. (*Harte.*)

"Go, Colonel Hepburn; I am grateful to you," said Gustavus.

"Sir, it is practicable," reported Hepburn after he had ridden over the ground, exposed to the fire of the enemy, by which a faithful old sergeant was slain by his side.

On this the Scottish regiments of Hamilton and Bellenden carried the heights by storm, driving in the Austrians with terrible loss; and 500 musketeers of the old Scots brigade, under Monro, kept the position till 500 more of their comrades, under Colonel John Sinclair, came up to reinforce them, "and these 1,000 Scots maintained their

dangerous post all night." "Our brigades of foot had seven bodies of pikemen left to guard their colours," says Monro. The mutual losses were about 5,000 on both sides; "neare sixe thousand," according to Sir James Turner's military memoirs.

Night fell, and the Swedish troops at the base of the hills were in peril of being cut off; on this Gustavus asked Hepburn to carry orders to them to withdraw.

"Sir, I cannot decline this duty, *as it is a hazardous one*," he replied, and rode forward (*Schiller*). But for Hepburn's skill or decision these troops would have been utterly cut off; but he marched them to the king's post in the dark, and then, sheathing his sword, said, according to *Modern Hist.*, vol. iii, "And now, sire, never more shall this sword be drawn for you; this is the last time I will ever serve so ungrateful a prince."

Yet, when day drew near, and it was reported that the Scottish musketeers of Sinclair and Monro lay too far in advance among the ruins of the Altenberg, he went by the king's request to see after them.

"Sir," he reported, "I found the Scottish musketeers almost buried among mud and water; but have discovered ground from whence four pieces of cannon might be brought to bear against the Altenberg at 40 paces' distance."

But, after taking council, Gustavus ordered a general retreat; he went in person to draw off the advanced Scots, and carried the half-pike of Colonel Monro, who was so severely wounded as to be scarcely able to walk.

Chapter XXII.

THE SCOTS IN SWEDEN.—(*Continued.*)

Retreat to Neustadt—Field-Marshals Leslie, Ruthven, Douglas, etc.—Tragic Story of Major Sinclair—Count Cromartie, etc.

On the 14th September, after his troops had suffered terribly from scarcity of food, Gustavus, leaving 500 men (including the Laird of Foulis' regiment) in Nuremberg, began his retrograde movement, with drums beating and colours flying, towards Neustadt, leaving no less than 10,000 citizens and 20,000 soldiers dead behind him in and around the great Bavarian city—the casualties of war. "Dead bodies," we are told, "infected the air; and bad food, the exhalations from a population so dense, and from so many putrefying carcases (when summer came), together with the heat of the dog-days, produced a desolating pestilence, which raged among men and beasts, and, long after the retreat of both armies, continued to load the country with misery and distress."

We have thus shown how the valiant Sir John Hepburn left the Swedish army.

But there would seem to have been at this time some discontent among the Scottish officers concerning the Marquis of Hamilton, who, they deemed, had been treated ungenerously; but still more concerning Colonel Douglas

of Modrington (the hero of Creutzenach), whom Gustavus had sent to a common prison for presenting himself unceremoniously in a tennis-court when he and the Elector of Bavaria were at play—a punishment which the British ambassador, Sir Henry Vane, and all the Scots, resented as an insult. (Fowler's *Southland.*)

When the gallant Hepburn and several other Scottish officers, including colonels Sir James Hamilton of Priestfield, now Edinburgh; Sir James Ramsay, called "The Fair," took leave of their comrades, Monro informs us that the separation was like that "which death makes betwixt friends and the soul of man, being sorry that those who had lived so long together in amity and friendship, also in mutual dangers, in weal and in woe; the splendour of our former mirth was overwhelmed with a cloud of grief and sorrow, which dissolved in mutual tears."

The command of the brigade now devolved, on the death, at Ulm, of Colonel Monro of Foulis, on Robert Monro (brother of Obisdale), whose regiment was now so weak as to consist of seven companies instead of twelve as originally. Major John Sinclair, afterwards killed at Neumosk, was made lieutenant-colonel, and Captain William Stewart, major. This was "in Schwabland," on the 18th August, 1632, and at the end of September the Green brigade marched to the relief of Rayn, on the Acha, then besieged by the enemy, who abandoned it at the approach of Gustavus. The fact of there being in the army of the latter 27 field-officers and 11 captains of the clan of Monro causes some confusion with their names.

The Scots brigade was now so much exhausted and

thinned in numbers by hard service that he left it in quarters of refreshment in Bavaria, while he marched into Saxony. Before his departure he expressed "his approbation of the conduct of these valiant Scots or Moccosions, and exhorted the commanding officers to use every possible expedition in replacing the casualties in their respective regiments; but this proved the final separation between the great Gustavus and these distinguished Scots regiments. His majesty marched to Saxony and was killed at the battle of Lutzen, when the chief Scots in the field were only Sir John Henderson, in the reserve, with the Palatian cavalry, on the 6th November, 1632.

The king fell with eight wounds, one in the head, after having three horses shot under him, and being several times in the power of the enemy, but was always rescued by his own men. "Long have I sought thee," cried an Imperial cavalier, as he put a final shot through the body of the dying hero, and was shot down in turn by the Smoland cavalry. The last words of Gustavus were, "My God! My God!" One of those mysterious boulders which have been transported from the mountains of Scandinavia, sheltered by a few poplars, and still called the *Schnadenstein*, or Stone of Sweden, marks the site of this catastrophe. With him died the hopes of the Elector Frederick. One of his swords is shown at Dresden, a second at Vienna, and a third was long in use by St. Machar's Masonic Lodge at Aberdeen. (*Edinburgh Advertiser*, 1768.) It was probably brought home by his aide-de-camp, Colonel Hugh Somerville, with his large rowelled spurs, taken off him on the field, and now preserved in the Museum of Scottish

Antiquities at Edinburgh, to which they were presented by Sir George Colquhoun, Bart., in 1768. Monro's work contains fully four folio pages of lamentation on his death.

After that event this Green or old Scots brigade served for a short time under the weak Elector Palatine, and distinguished itself at the siege and capture of Londsberg on the Lech, in Upper Bavaria, before which a foolish dispute about precedence arose between it and another, the brigade of Sir Patrick Ruthven. "But," says Monro, "those of Ruthven's brigade were forced, notwithstanding their diligence, to yield the precedence unto us, being older blades than themselves, for in effect we were their schoolmasters in discipline, as they could not but acknowledge."

Colonel Sinclair, of Monro's, commanded the breaching battery at Londsberg, when two gaps were effected. The town was abandoned and entered by Major-General Ruthven. The sufferings of the troops were great about this time. After taking Londsberg they bivouacked for two months in the open fields, without tents or cover, in the extremity of cold and rough weather.

In February, 163[illegible], the brigade crossed the Danube at Memmengen, and was quartered on the estates of Sir Patrick Ruthven. But their houses took fire in the night; they saved their cannon and ammunition, but lost their baggage; and then drove back the enemy, in sight of the snow-covered Alps. At the capture of a castle near Raufbeuren Captain Bruntisfield and Quarter-master Sandilands were taken prisoners and sent to London. Then the brigade formed part of the army which, under Marshal Home and the Duke of Saxe-Weimar, marched to the

relief of Nordlingen, where the fortitude of the Swedes remained unconquered on the 26th August, 1634, but where they suffered so severely that, among others, Monro's once glorious regiment of Mackay, Lord Reay, was literally cut to pieces, *one* company alone surviving.

After the battle this handful of men retired to Worms, on the left bank of the Rhine, and, Marshal Home having been taken prisoner, the remnants of the veteran Scots remained under the orders of Bernard, Duke of Saxe-Weimar.

The event of the battle of Nordlingen almost ruined the Protestant interests in Germany, and all the fighting of Gustavus and his veterans seemed to have been in vain.

Monro, a lieutenant-general in after years, was concerned in Glencairn's expedition to the Highlands against the Cromwellian troops in 1653-4, and fought a reckless duel with the earl. From Balcairn's *Memoirs, touching the Revolution of Scotland*, he would appear to have been alive in 1688, as he was then at the head of the militia, "but knew little more of the trade than these newly raised men, having lost by age, and being long out of service, anything he had learned in Gustavus's days, except the rudeness and austerity of that service." (*Memoirs*, edited by Lord Lindsay, 1841.) Several of his political and military pamphlets are preserved in the British Museum.

Sir Alexander Leslie of Balgonie, as field-marshal, Sir Patrick Ruthven of Bondean, Sir Robert Douglas, and others still wielded their high rank in the Swedish army

under Queen Christina, the young daughter of the great Gustavus, but their names only occur incidentally.

Thus, when the talented Chancellor Oxenstiern held the reins of government during her minority, and was animated by an eager desire to obtain for Sweden possession of Pomerania and the bishopric of Bremen, in the war which was waged the Saxons marched to the Elbe to give the Swedes battle, but Banier defeated them, and Sir Patrick Ruthven was detached with nearly all the Swedish horse and 1,000 musketeers to secure Domitz, a town at the influx of the Elde with the Elbe, and having ditches by which the adjacent country can be laid under water.

Ruthven fell with his horse upon the Saxons, cut them off, captured 2,500, and forced them to serve in the Swedish army. It was now resolved that Wrangel should command a column on the Oder, Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Leslie another in Westphalia, and Banier on the Elbe, where he routed twelve Saxon battalions. Baron Kniphauser lost his life and a battle elsewhere; but Leslie mustered his defeated regiments, and with these and his own made himself master of Minden. He then formed a junction with other Swedish troops who had been in the service of the Duke of Lunenberg, cleared Westphalia, relieved Hanau, and marched towards the Weser.

He then joined Wrangel and Banier, attacked the Saxons in their fortified camp at Perleberg, and slew 5,000 in defeating them. He routed also eight Saxon regiments near Edenburg, and cut off 2,000 men at Pegau; but his services on the Continent were drawing to a close.

The unwarrantable interference of Charles I and the

English with the religion of the Scots had now brought about the army of the Covenant, and Marshal Leslie, with hundreds of other trained officers who had been serving on the Elbe, the Oder, the Weser, and the Rhine, came flocking home to offer their swords and experience for the defence of Scotland. Noble indeed was the patriotism of those Scottish officers who came home to lead the armies of the Covenant. "In the armies of Gustavus there were found more commanders of Scots gentlemen than all other nations besides," says Gordon of Ruthven. "This did well appear in the beginning of the Covenant, when there came home so many commanders, all gentlemen, out of foreign countrayes as would have seemed to command one armie of *fyftie thousand* and furnish them with all sorts of officers, from a generall doune to a sergeant or corporall." (*Britones Distemper*, 1639-1649.)

Sir John Seaton of Gargunnock, colonel of Scots in Sweden, on being invited by Charles to join his army made that noble reply, which ought to have stung the king to the soul:

"No, sire—not against the country that gave me birth!" (*Newes from England*, 1638.)

The Swedish war still raged, and in 1644 Torstenson had secret orders to march into Holstein, whence the Danes had wrought the Swedes much mischief. He afterwards made a truce with the Elector of Saxony, and, marching into Bohemia, engaged the Imperialists at Jonkowitz on the 24th February, 1645, and defeated them with the loss of 8,000 men. Then his cavalry were led by Sir Robert Douglas (of the Whittingham family), who com-

manded the left wing, and his cavalry charge is celebrated in military history "as being the first charge *en muraille* (that is, firm, steady as a wall) ever executed against a formed body of infantry, and on this occasion i decided the fate of the day. (*Life of Wallenstein.*) Ferdinand, says Schiller, depended upon his cavalry, which outnumbered that of Douglas by 3,000 men, "and upon the promise of the Virgin Mary, who had appeared to him in a dream, and given him, he asserted, the strongest assurances of complete victory." (*Thirty Years' War.*) In 1648 came the Peace of Munster, when such was the state of Sweden that she could maintain 100 garrisons in Germany, ruling it from the Baltic to the Lake of Constance, besides supporting a veteran army of 70,000. How much Scottish valour contributed to this end these pages, perhaps, may show.

Lord Reay died about 1650, governor of Bergen; but his body was brought home and interred among his kindred in Strathnaver.

When Charles X, in 1655, entered upon a war with John Casimir, King of Poland, he forced the latter to retire into Silesia and abdicate the Polish crown. In this war he gave orders to Sir Robert Douglas to make himself master of Mitau, an ancient fortified town in Courland, and to secure the person of the duke so named, as he had broken the neutrality. Douglas obeyed his orders with brilliant success, and brought the duke prisoner to Riga, from whence he was sent to Ivangorod, where he continued till the end of the war.

Sir Robert Douglas was the son of Patrick Douglas of

Standing-Staines, in East Lothian, and nephew of the Baron of Whittingham, a lord of session, whose representative in the male line he became. His brothers, William, Archibald, and Richard, all died in the service of Sweden. Sir Robert was governor of East Gothland, and married a daughter of Count Steinbeck, according to Wood. He died a field-marshal in June, 1662, and his funeral was celebrated at Stockholm with great solemnity. It was attended by four squadrons of horse in armour, five companies of infantry, "their muskets under their left arms and trailing their pikes"; hundreds of officials in mourning cloaks; his arms and armour borne on cushions; a marshal went before the hearse, which was borne by 24 colonels and followed by the queen-consort and all the court. A herald proclaimed his titles, as privy-councillor of Sweden, field-marshal, counsellor to the College of War, Lord of Thalby, Hochstaten, Sangarden, and Earl of Shonegem; and at the lowering of the coffin 120 pieces of cannon were fired, and all the horse and foot "gave two pales of shot." (*Spottiswoode Miscell.*) His eldest son, Count William, succeeded him in all his titles, and was A.D.C. to Charles XII, with whom he was taken prisoner at the battle of Pultowa in 1709. He had two other sons, one of whom became a general in the Russian service, and the other a captain in the Royal Swedish Guards.

In that war, when Charles XII, at the age of sixteen, left Stockholm with only 8,000 Swedes to defeat eventually 100,000 Muscovites, he was first under fire at Copenhagen at the head of his guards, and his closest attendant was Major Stuart.

The young king, who had never before heard the discharge of loaded musketry, asked that officer "what that whistling noise meant?" "It is musket-balls," replied the latter. "That is right!" said Charles; "henceforward it shall be my music."

At that moment Major Stuart received a ball in the shoulder, and a lieutenant who stood on the other side was shot dead. (*Life of Charles XII*, 1733.)

Subsequently, at the passage of the Duna and defeat of the Saxons, there was, says Voltaire, a young Scottish volunteer who was master of German, and offered himself as a means to discover the intentions of the Emperor of Russia and the King of Poland. "He applied to the colonel of the regiment of Saxon horse, which served as guards to the Czar during their interview, and passed for a cavalier of Brandenburg, his address and well-placed sums having easily procured him a lieutenancy in the regiment. When he came to Birsen (*sic*) he artfully insinuated himself into the friendship of the secretaries of the ministers, and was made a party in all their amusements; and whether it was that he took advantage of their indiscretion over a bottle, or that he gained them by presents, he secretly drew from them all the secrets of their masters, and he hastened to give an account of them to Charles XII."

His information eventually led to the successful passage of the river by the latter, and the subsequent conquest of Courland and Lithuania.

At Pultowa, in 1709, among the prisoners taken by the Muscovites were several Scottish officers; among them the

unfortunate Major Malcolm Sinclair, whom they basely sent to Siberia for thirteen years, and General Count Hamilton, who had commanded a column at the battle of Narva in 1700.

In 1723, Salmon, in his *Chronology*, notes the death at Stockholm of "Hugo Hamilton Esq., of Scotland, general of artillery to the King of Sweden." He was in his 70th year, and had entered the service as a lieutenant.

Few events created a greater sensation in Sweden than the tragic fate of Major Malcolm Sinclair in 1739. One of the most favourite officers of King Frederick, he was basely assassinated by Russia on his way to Constantinople with important despatches with reference to a treaty between Sweden and the Porte. In his memoirs Baron Manstein relates the matter thus :—

"Bestucheff, who resided at Stockholm in quality of the minister of Russia, gave advice to his court that Major Sinclair had been sent to Constantinople, whence he was to bring back the ratification of this treaty. Upon this news Count Munich, by order of the cabinet, sent certain officers, accompanied by some subalterns, into Poland with orders to disperse themselves in different places and try to carry off Sinclair, take away all his letters and despatches, and kill him in case of resistance. These officers, as they could not be everywhere, employed some Jews and some of the poor Polish gentlemen to get information of the arrival of Sinclair; thus he had warning from the governor of Chockzine (in Bessarabia) to take care of himself, as there were lying in wait for him several Russian officers, particularly at Lemberg, by way of which he pro-

posed to pass. Upon this Sinclair changed his route, and the Bashaw of Chockzine gave him an escort to Broda, where the crown-general of Poland gave him another, with which he entered Silesia. There he thought himself safe, but, being obliged to stop a few days at Breslau, the Russian officers, who learned by spies the road he had taken, pursued and overtook him within a mile of Nieustadt. There they stopped and disarmed him, and, having carried him some miles further, assassinated him in a wood. After this ignoble stroke they took away his clothes and papers, in which, however, nothing of consequence was found."

The infamous Russian court, having examined the despatches, coolly sent them, *viâ* Hamburg, to that of Sweden. Then the excitement became great. At Stockholm the population rose and wrecked the houses of Catherine's ambassador, crying out "that they were inspired by the soul of Sinclair." The remains of the latter were placed in a magnificent tomb, inscribed thus, by order of King Frederick :—

"Here lies Major Malcolm Sinclair, a good and faithful subject of the kingdom of Sweden, born in 1691, son of the worthy Major-General Sinclair and Madame Hamilton. Prisoner of war in Siberia from 1709 to 1722. Charged with affairs of State, he was assassinated at Naumberg, in Silesia, 17th June, 1739.

"Reader! drop some tears upon this tomb, and consider with thyself how incomprehensible are the destinies of poor mortals." (*Scots Mag.*, 1740.)

In 1759 Colonel Ramsay commanded the Swedish garrison of Abo.

In the Seven Years' War great progress was made in 1758 by the Swedish army in Pomerania, under the command of Count Hamilton, who recovered, by force of arms, all Swedish Pomerania, and even made hot incursions into the Prussian territories; thus Frederick the Great advanced against him in person at the head of 10,000 men from Berlin, while the Prince of Bevern menaced him with 5,000 men from another quarter. In a conflict at Forhellia the Swedes were compelled to retreat and quit Prussian ground. Retiring by the way of Stralsund, Count Hamilton, "either disgusted by the restrictions he had been laid under," says Smollett, "or finding himself unable to act in such a manner as might redound to the advantage of his reputation, threw up his command, retired from the army, and resigned all his other employments." (*Hist. of England*, vol. vi.) General Lantinghausen succeeded him.

We presume this is the same officer, Count Gustavus David Hamilton, field-marshal of Sweden, who died in his 90th year at Stockholm, in 1789, and who is recorded in the *Edinburgh Advertiser* for that year as having entered the Swedish army in 1716, and having fought in several battles under different powers.

In 1776 General Ramsay (the same officer who commanded at Abo), by his simple presence of mind, compelled the regiment of Upland, then in a mutinous state of revolt, to take the oath of fidelity to the king, Gustavus III. (Tooke's *Catherine II.*)

Few names have a more honourable place in Sweden

during the middle of the last century than that of Count Cromartie, knight commander of the Tower and Sword. He was Lord Macleod, who had been "out in the '45," and, after being in the Tower of London, entered the Swedish service, where he rose to the rank of lieutenant-general. Returning in 1777, he raised the old 73rd Highlanders, latterly known as the equally gallant 71st Highland Light Infantry. He died at Edinburgh in 1789, a major-general in the British service.

So lately as 1857 we find Count Hamilton, marshal of the kingdom of Sweden, and president *ex-officio* of the Assemblies of the Four Orders.