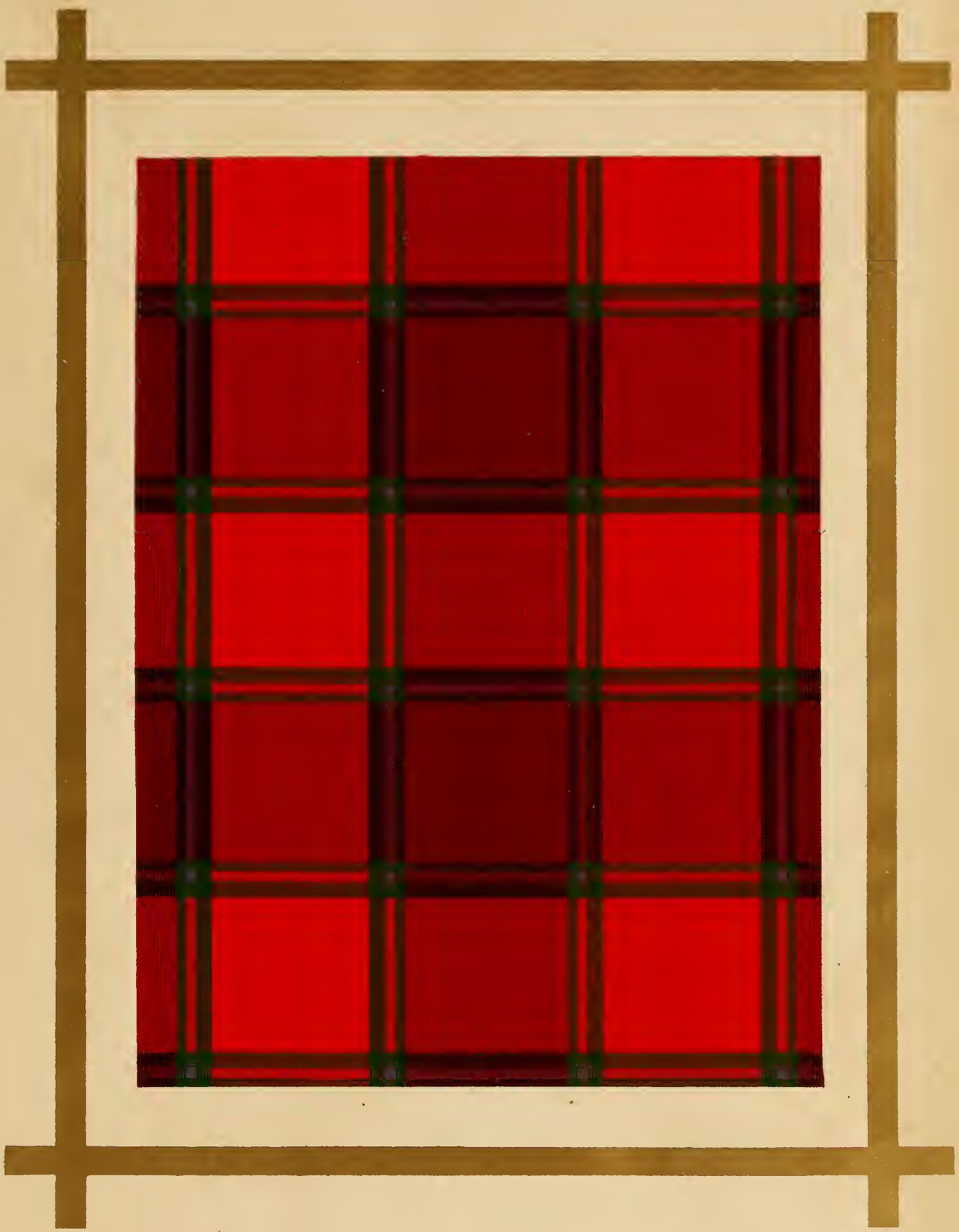
GHE

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

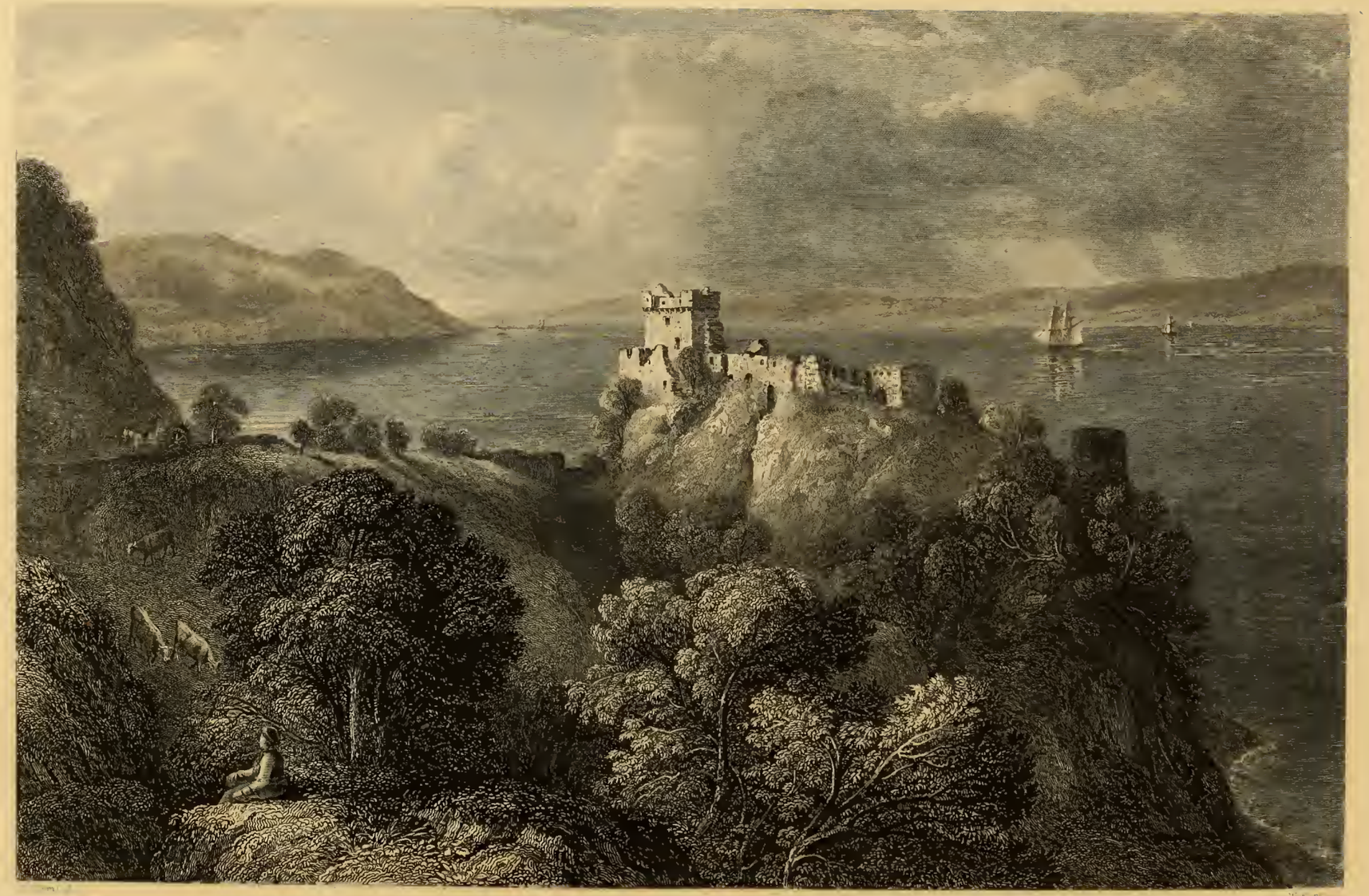
HIGHLAND CLANS AND REGIMENTS

Montrose



MACNAB

MACLACHLAN.



CASTLE URQUHART, LOCH NESS.

MUNRO.

FRASER.

MACFARLANE

has been made against him, of having wilfully sacrificed the unfortunate garrison.[4] It was not without difficulty that Charles could make up a garrison. The Duke of Perth was unwilling to allow any of his men to remain; and appearing to complain in the presence of the prince that a certain number of the Athole men had not been draughted for that service, Lord George Murray told him, also in the prince's presence, that if his royal highness would order him, he would stay with the Athole brigade, though he knew what his fate would be.[5] The number of men left in garrison amounted to about 400. Mr. Hamilton was continued in the command of the castle, and Mr. Townley was made commandant of the town.

The Highland army halted the whole of the 19th in Carlisle, and departed next day for Scotland. The Esk, which forms part of the boundary between England and Scotland on the west, was, from an incessant rain of several days, rendered impassable by the nearest road from Carlisle; but at the distance of about eight miles from Carlisle it was still fordable. The army reached the place, where they intended to cross, about two o'clock in the afternoon. Before crossing the water, the following route was fixed upon by the advice of Lord George Murray, whose opinion had been asked by Charles in presence of some of his officers, viz., that Lord George, with six battalions, should march that night to Ecclefechan, next day to Moffat, and there halt a day; and after making a feint towards the Edinburgh road, as if he intended to march upon the capital, to turn off to Douglas, then to Hamilton and Glasgow,—that the prince should go with the clans and most of the horse that night to Annan, next day to Dumfries, where they should rest a day; then to Drumlanrig, Leadhills, Douglas, and Hamilton, so as to be at Glasgow the day after the arrival in that city of Lord George's division.[6]

Though the river was usually shallow at the place fixed upon for passing, it was now swollen, by continued rains, to the depth of four feet. The passage was not without its dangers; but as the river might be rendered impassable by a continuation of the rain during the night, and as it was possible that the Duke of Cumberland might reach the Esk next morning, it was resolved to cross it immediately. After trying the water to ascertain that the ford was good, a body of cavalry formed in the river, a few paces above the ford, to break the force of the stream, and another body was likewise stationed in the river below the ford to pick up such of the infantry as might be carried away by the violence of the current. This arrangement being completed, the infantry entered the river a hundred men abreast, each holding one another by the neck of the coat, by which plan they supported one another against the rapidity of the river, leaving sufficient intervals between their ranks for the passage of the water. Lord George Murray, who was among the first to enter the water in his philibeg, says, that when nearly across, there were about 2,000 men in the water at once. The appearance of the river, in the interval between the cavalry, presented an extraordinary spectacle. As the heads of the Highlanders were generally all that was seen above the water, the space of water occupied in the passage looked like a paved street. Not one man was lost in the transit; but a few girls who had followed their lovers in their adventurous campaign, were swept away by the current. After the army had passed, the pipes began to play; and the Highlanders, happy on setting their feet again on Scottish ground, forgot for a time the disappointment they had suffered at Derby, and testified their

[4] Alluding to the retention of Carlisle, Mr. Maxwell observes, "This was perhaps the worst resolution the prince had taken hitherto. I cannot help condemning it, though there were specious pretexts for it. It was, to be sure, much for the prince's reputation upon leaving England, to keep one of the keys of it, and he was in hopes of returning before it could be taken; but he could not be absolutely sure of that, and the place was not tenable against a few pieces of artillery, of battering cannon, or a few mortars. It's true he had a good many prisoners in Scotland, and might look upon them as pledges for the lives of those he left in garrison; but that was not enough. He did not know what kind of people he had to deal with, and he ought to be prepared against the worst that could happen. The lives of so many of his friends ought not to have been exposed without an indispensable necessity, which was not the case; for blowing up the castle, and the gates of the town, would have equally given him an entry into England."

[5] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 73.

[6] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 73.

joy by daneing reels upon the northern bank of the Esk.[7]

The expedition into England, though not signalised by any great military achievement, will always hold a distinguished place in the annals of bold and adventurous enterprise. It was planned and carried through in all its details with great judgment; and if circumstances had not delayed its execution, it might have terminated in success. From the consternation into which the English people were thrown by the invasion of the Highland army,[8] it seems certain, that without the aid of a regular army their militia would scarcely have ventured to oppose the march of the Highlanders to the metropolis; but after the return of the British forces from Flanders, the arrival of the Dutch auxiliaries, and the assembling of the armies under Wade and Ligonier, the attempt appeared to be hopeless. It was not, however, until the retreat from Derby that the government was relieved from its anxiety for the safety of the monarchy.

The Duke of Cumberland halted at Penrith on the 20th of December, and marched next day to Carlisle, which he invested the same day. As he was under the necessity of sending to Whitehaven for heavy cannon, the fire from his batteries did not commence till the morning of the 28th. During the blockade the garrison fired repeatedly upon the besiegers, but with little effect. A fire was kept up by the besiegers from a battery of six eighteen-pounders, during the 28th and 29th. Another battery of three thirteen-pounders was completed on the 30th; but on the first fire from the old battery that day, the besieged hung out a white flag, and offered hostages for a capitulation. The Duke of Cumberland, on observing this signal, sent one of his aides-de-camp with a note, desiring to know its meaning; to which Governor Hamilton answered, that the object was to obtain a cessation for a capitulation, and desiring to know what terms his royal highness would grant to the garrison. The only condition the duke would grant was, that the garrison should not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the king's pleasure; and Hamilton, seeing the impossibility of holding out, surrendered the same day. The garrison, including officers, consisted of 114 men of the Manchester regiment; of 274 men, also including officers, chiefly of the Scotch low country regiments, and a few Frenchmen and Irishmen. The number of cannon in the

[7] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 74.—Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 99.

[8] "The terror of the English," says the Chevalier Johnstone, *Memoirs*, p. 101, "was truly inconceivable, and in many cases they seemed quite bereft of their senses. One evening as Mr. Cameron of Lochiel entered the lodgings assigned to him, his landlady, an old woman, threw herself at his feet, and with uplifted hands and tears in her eyes, supplicated him to take her life, but to spare her two little children. He asked her if she was in her senses, and told her to explain herself; when she answered, that every body said the Highlanders ate children, and made them their common food. Mr. Cameron having assured her that they would not injure either her or her little children, or any person whatever, she looked at him for some moments with an air of surprise, and then opened a press, calling out with a loud voice, 'Come out children; the gentleman will not eat you.' The children immediately left the press where she had concealed them, and threw themselves at his feet. They affirmed in the newspapers of London that we had dogs in our army trained to fight, and that we were indebted for our victory at Gladsmuir to these dogs, who darted with fury on the English army. They represented the Highlanders as monsters, with claws instead of hands. In a word, they never ceased to circulate, every day, the most extravagant and ridiculous stories with respect to the Highlanders. The English soldiers had indeed reason to look upon us as extraordinary men, from the manner in which we had beaten them with such inferior numbers, and they probably told these idle stories to the country people by way of palliating their own disgrace." The able editor of Johnstone's *Memoirs* relates in a note to the above, that Mr. Halkston of Rathillet, who was in the expedition, stated that the belief was general among the people of England, that the Highlanders ate children:—"While the army lay at Carlisle he was taken ill, and went with a few of his companions to a farmer's house in the neighbourhood, where he remained several days. Perceiving his landlady to be a young woman, he asked her if she had any children, and where they were. When she found that he was no cannibal, she told him the truth was, that all the children were sent out of the way for fear the Highlanders should devour them."

A Derby gentleman, who had a party of forty men quartered in his house, in a letter which appeared in all the newspapers of the period, describes most of them as looking "like so many fiends turned out of hell to ravage the kingdom and cut throats; and under their plaids nothing but various sorts of butchering weapons were to be seen." He complains that they had eaten up "near a side of beef, eight joints of mutton, four cheeses, with abundance of white and brown bread, (particularly white,) three couples of fowls, and would have drams continually, as well as strong-ale, beer, tea, &c." In the midst of this general devastation our host was convulsed with "unavoidable laughter to see these desperadoes, from officers to the common men, at their several meals, first pull off their bonnets, and then lift up their eyes in a most solemn manner, and mutter something to themselves, by way of saying grace, as if they had been so many pure primitive Christians!!!" This is merely a specimen of the many ridiculous stories with which the English journals of the period were crammed.

castle was sixteen, ten of which had been left by the Highland army on its return to Scotland. Among the prisoners were found twelve deserters from the royal forces, who were immediately hanged. The officers were kept prisoners in the castle, but the privates were confined in the cathedral and town-jail. The whole were afterwards dispersed in several jails through England. The Duke of Cumberland, after putting Bligh's regiment in garrison at Carlisle, returned to London, in consequence of an order from court.[9]

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A. D. 1745—46.

BRITISH SOVEREIGN:—George II., 1727—1760.

The Highland army returns to Scotland—Arrives at Glasgow—Proceedings of the Jacobites in the North—Arrest and escape of Lord Lovat—Skirmish at Inverury—Alarm at Edinburgh—Arrival of an English army—The Prince at Glasgow—Marches towards Stirling—Investment and surrender of the town—Skirmishing on the Forth—Highland army reinforced—Hawley's army arrives at Falkirk—Preparations for battle—Battle of Falkirk.

PURSUANT to the plan of march fixed upon at crossing the Esk, the Highland army separated, and Lord George Murray, at the head of the low country regiments, proceeded to Ecclefechan, where he arrived on the night of the 20th, and marched next day to Moffat. The prince, at the head of the clans, marched to Annan, where he passed the night of the 20th. The horse of the prince's division under Lord Elcho were, after a short halt, sent to take possession of Dumfries, which they accomplished early next morning, and the prince, with the clans, came up in the evening. In no town in Scotland had there been greater opposition displayed to the restoration of the house of Stuart than in Dumfries, from the danger to which the inhabitants supposed their religious liberties, as presbyterians, would be exposed under a catholic sovereign. This feeling, which was strongly manifested by them in the insurrection of 1715, had now assumed even a more hostile appearance from the existence of the new body of dissenters called "Seceders," which had lately left the bosom of the established church of Scotland, and which professed principles thought to be more in accordance with the gospel than those of their parent church. A body of these dissenters had volunteered for the defence of Edinburgh shortly after Charles had landed, and, on his march for England, a party of them had taken up arms, and had captured and carried to Dumfries thirty waggons belonging to the Highland army, which had been left at Lockerby by the escort appointed to protect them. To punish the inhabitants for their hostility, Charles ordered them to pay £2,000 in money, and to contribute 1,000 pairs of shoes. About £1,100 only were raised; and, in security for the remainder, Mr. Crosbie, the provost, and a Mr. Walter Riddel, were carried off as hostages. The prince also levied the excise at Dumfries, and carried off some arms, horses, &c. Some outrages were committed in the town by the Highlanders, who told the inhabitants that they ought to think themselves gently used, and be thankful that their town was not burned to ashes.

After halting a day at Dumfries, the prince proceeded with his division up Nithsdale on the evening of the 23d, and passed the night at Drumlanrig, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry. Next day he entered Clydesdale, and halted at Douglas. The prince slept that night in Douglas castle. He reached Hamilton on the 25th, and took up his residence in the palace of the Duke of Hamilton. Next day the Chevalier occupied himself in hunting, an amusement of which he was uncommonly fond, and to which he had been accustomed from his youth. The division under Lord George Murray, after halting a day at Moffat, where, being Sunday, his men heard sermon in different parts of the town from the episcopal ministers who accompanied them, proceeded by Douglas and Hamilton, and entered Glasgow on Christmas day. On the evening of the 26th the prince also marched into Glasgow on foot at the head of the clans. Here he resolved to halt and refresh his men for a few days after their arduous march, and to provide them with clothing, of which they stood greatly in need. In passing through Douglas and Lesmahago, the Highlanders pillaged and

[9] Boyse, p. 129.

burnt some houses, in revenge for the capture of Macdonald of Kinlochmoidart, who, in his way south from the Highlands, had been seized on Brokeneross moor, near Lesmahago, by the country people, headed by a student of divinity named Linning, and carried to Edinburgh castle.[1]

Before noticing Charles's proceedings at Glasgow, it is necessary to give a short summary of those of his friends in the north, up to the period of his arrival in that city.

When intelligence of the Chevalier's march into England, and his unexpected success at Carlisle was received in the north, the zeal of the Jacobites was more and more inflamed. Whilst the Frasers, headed by the Master of Lovat, blockaded Fort Augustus, Lord Lewis Gordon was busily employed in raising men, and levying money by force and threats of military execution, in the shires of Banff and Aberdeen. Of two battalions which his lordship raised, one was placed under the command of Gordon of Abbachie, and the other under Moir of Stonywood. To relieve Fort Augustus, the Earl of Loudon left Inverness on the 3d of December with 600 men of the independent companies, and passing through Strathcrrick during a very severe frost, reached Fort Augustus without opposition, and having supplied the garrison with every thing necessary for its defence, returned to Inverness on the 8th, after notifying to the inhabitants of Strathcrriek the risk they would incur should they leave their houses and join the insurgents.[2]

As the future progress of the insurrection in the Highlands depended much upon the Frasers, Lord Loudon, in conjunction with Lord President Forbes, resolved to march to Castle Downie, the seat of Lord Lovat, and to obtain the best satisfaction that could be got for the peaceable behaviour of that powerful clan. For this purpose, two companies of the Mackenzies, which had been posted near Brahan, were called into Inverness on the 9th of December, and after allowing the detachment, which had been at Fort Augustus, one day's rest, his lordship left Inverness on the 10th, taking along with him that detachment and the two companies, amounting together to 800 men, and proceeded to Castle Downie. The earl prevailed upon Lord Lovat to go with him to Inverness, and to live there under his own eye, until all the arms of which the clan were possessed, (and of which he promised to obtain the delivery,) were brought in. But instead of delivering the arms on the day fixed, being the 14th of December, he made excuses and fresh promises from day to day till the 21st, when Lord Loudon, thinking that he was deceived, placed sentries at the door of the house where Lord Lovat resided, intending to commit him to the castle of Inverness next morning; but his lordship contrived to escape during the night through a back passage, and, being very infirm, was supposed to have been carried off on men's shoulders.[3]

Next in importance to the keeping down of the Frasers, was the relief of the shires of Banff and Aberdeen from the sway of Lord Lewis Gordon. To put an end to the recruiting and exactions of this nobleman, the laird of Macleod was sent the same day that Lord Loudon proceeded to the seat of Lord Lovat with a body of 500 men, composed of 400 of his own kindred, and 100 of the Macleods of Assint, towards Elgin, and these were to be followed by as many men as could be spared from Inverness, after adjusting matters with Lord Lovat. Accordingly, on the 13th, 200 men were detached under Captain Munro of Culcairn, to follow Macleod to Elgin and Aberdeen, and these were again to be followed by other small bodies, and by Lord Loudon himself, as soon as matters were finally settled with Lovat. The escape of that wily old chief, however, put an end to this part of the plan, as it was considered dangerous to reduce the force near Inverness any farther, while Lord Lovat was at large.

In the meantime Macleod reached Elgin, where he received intelligence that a party of 200 of the insurgents had taken possession of the boats on the Spey at Fochabers, and that they intended to dispute the passage with him. Macleod advanced to the banks of the Spey on the 15th; but the insurgents, instead of waiting for him, retired on his approach, and he

[1] *Culloden Papers*, p. 263. [2] Idem, p. 461. [3] *Culloden Papers*, p. 461.

passed the river without molestation. On the 16th and 17th he marched to Cullen and Banff. Meanwhile Munro of Culcairn arrived with his detachment at Keith, where he was joined by Grant of Grant at the head of 500 of his clan, and on the 18th they proceeded, in conjunction, to Strathbogie. Next day it was agreed upon between Macleod and Culcairn, that whilst the former should march next morning from Banff to Old Meldrum, which is twelve miles from Aberdeen, the latter, with Grant and his men, should at the same time proceed to Inverury, which is about the same distance from Aberdeen; but Grant, apprehensive that his own country would be harassed in his absence, returned home.[4]

When Lord Lewis Gordon heard of the arrival of Macleod at Inverury, he resolved to attack him. With his own regiment, the men whom Lord John Drummond had sent, and a battalion of 300 Farquharsons, commanded by Farquharson of Monaltry, he left Aberdeen on the 23d, and arrived near Inverury with such expedition and secrecy, that he almost surprised Macleod in his quarters. It was late before Lord Lewis reached the place, and Macleod had barely time to put his men under arms, and to seize some advantageous posts in the town. Day-light had disappeared before the action commenced; but the light of the moon enabled the combatants to see one another. Both sides continued to fire for some time; but Lord John Drummond's soldiers and the Farquharsons having advanced close upon the Macleods, the latter fled, and never halted till they had recrossed the Spey. Very few men were killed on either side; but the victors took forty-one prisoners, among whom were Mr. Gordon, younger of Ardoch; Forbes of Echt; Maitland of Petrichie; and John Chalmers, one of the regents of the university of Aberdeen.[5]

Shortly after this skirmish, Lord Lewis Gordon marched his men to the general rendezvous at Perth, where, about the time of Prince Charles's return from England, about 4,000 men were collected. These consisted of the Mackintoshes, the Frasers, the part of the Mackenzies attached to Charles, and the Farquharsons; of recruits sent from the Highlands to the clan regiments that had gone to England; of the forces raised by Lord Lewis Gordon, Sir James Kinloch, and other gentlemen in the low country of the north; and of the troops brought over from France by Lord John Drummond.

While this mixed body lay at Perth, a disagreement occurred between the Highlanders and the other troops, which might have led to serious consequences if the arrival of an order sent by the prince from Dumfries, requiring them to hold themselves in readiness to join him, had not put an end to the dispute. This disagreement was occasioned by the conduct of Lord Strathallan and his council of officers, on receiving the order which Charles had sent from Carlisle by Maclauchlan of Maclauchlan, to march with all their forces, and to follow the army into England. This order, contrary to the opinion of Maclauchlan and all the Highland officers, they had considered it inexpedient to obey. The result was, that the Highland officers caballed together, and resolved to march; but as the Highlanders had no money, as many of those who had come last from the Highlands wanted arms, and as Lord Strathallan was in possession of the money, arms, ammunition, and stores, they could not proceed. In this dilemma they entered into a combination to seize the money and arms, and, persisting in their resolution to march, matters were proceeding to extremities when Rollo of Powhouse arrived at Perth with the order alluded to, which at once put an end to the dispute.[6]

The inhabitants of Edinburgh, relieved from the presence of the Highland army, had lived for five weeks in a state of comparative security. Public worship had been resumed in several of the city churches on the 3d of November, and in all of them on the 10th. The state officers who had retired to Berwick, did not, however, return till the 13th, when they entered the city with an air of triumph, which accorded ill with their recent conduct as fugitives. On the following day, Lieutenant-general Handasyde arrived, as before stated, at Edinburgh with Price's and Ligonier's regiments of foot, and

[4] *Culloden Papers*, p. 462.
[5] *Kirkconnel MS.* Home, 159.
[6] Home, p. 160.

Hamilton's and Ligonier's (lately Gardiner's,) dragoons; and, on the 7th of December, these troops were sent west to Stirling, where, in conjunction with the Glasgow and Paisley militia, amounting to nearly 700 men, commanded by the Earl of Home, they guarded the passes of the Forth. In the mean time, exertions were made to re-embody the Edinburgh regiment; but these do not appear to have been attended with success. With the exception of some young men who formed themselves into a volunteer company, few of the inhabitants were disposed to take up arms, as they were fully sensible, that without a sufficient force of regular troops, no effectual resistance could be opposed to the Highlanders, should they return to the city.

In this situation of matters, the news of the Highlanders having crossed the Esk in their retreat from England, reached Edinburgh, and threw the civil and military authorities into a state of consternation. Ignorant of the route the Highlanders meant to follow, they were extremely perplexed how to act. They naturally apprehended another visit, and their fears seemed to be confirmed by the return to Edinburgh of the regular troops from the west, on the 23d of December, and by the arrival of the Glasgow regiment the next day, all of whom had retreated to Edinburgh on the approach of the Highlanders. A resolution was adopted by the public authorities to put the city in a proper state of defence, and, on the 29th, a paper was read in the city churches, acquainting the inhabitants, that it had been resolved in a council of war to defend the city. Next day a considerable number of men from the parishes in the neighbourhood, who had been provided with arms from the castle, entered the city, and were drawn up in the High Street. The men of each parish marched by themselves, and were attended in most instances by their respective ministers.[7] These were joined by other small corps, one of the most remarkable of which was a body of Seceders, belonging to the associated congregations of Edinburgh and Dalkeith, carrying a standard with the inscription, "For Religion, Covenants, King, and Kingdoms."

[7] Home, p. 162.

Had the Highlanders chosen to march upon Edinburgh, the resolution to defend it would not have been carried into effect, as it was the intention of the regular troops to have retired to Berwick on their approach; but, fortunately for the reputation of the new defenders of the capital, an army under Lieutenant-general Hawley was now on its march into Scotland. This gentleman, who had just been appointed commander-in-chief in Scotland, though described by the Duke of Newcastle as "an officer of great ability and experience,"[8] was in fact a man of very ordinary military attainments, and in no way fitted for the important duty which had been assigned him. His whole genius lay, as Mr. John Forbes of Culloden observed to his father, the president, in the management of a squadron, or in prosecuting with vigour any mortal to the gallows. He had a very sorry opinion of the prowess of the Highlanders, whom he was confident of beating, if his troops were in good condition, without regard to the numbers of their opponents;[9] but he was destined soon to find out his mistake.

To expedite the march of the English army, the gentlemen and farmers of Teviotdale, the Merse, and the Lothians furnished horses, by means of which the first division of the royal army, consisting of a battalion of the Scots Royals and Battereau's foot, reached Edinburgh as early as the 2d of January, where they were shortly joined by Fleming's and Blakeney's regiments, that of Major-general Huske, by Hawley himself, by the regiments of Wolfe (not, as has been supposed, the immortal general of that name) and Cholmondeley, Howard's (the old Buffs) and Monro's, and by Barrel's and Pulteney's. At Dunbar, Aberlady, and other places, these troops were entertained by the proprietors in East Lothian, who allowed each soldier a pound of beef, a pound of bread, a glass of spirits, and a bottle of ale.[1] They were also feasted at Edinburgh at the expense of the city, where they were courteously received by the terrified inhabitants, who furnished them with blankets, and evinced great anxiety to make them comfort-

[8] *Culloden Papers*, p. 264. [9] Idem, p. 265.
[1] *Scots Magazine*, vol. viii. p. 32.

able.[3] The citizens also illuminated their houses; and such as declined had their windows broken by the mob, who also demolished with an unsparing hand all the windows of such houses as were uninhabited. On his arrival in the city, the commander-in-chief justified Mr. Forbes's opinion by causing one gallows to be erected in the Grassmarket, and another between Leith and Edinburgh, on which it is supposed he meant to hang such unfortunate victims as might fall into his hands.[4]

To return to Charles. On his arrival at Glasgow, his first care was to provide for the necessities of his men, who were in a most pitiable plight from the want of clothing. He ordered the magistrates to furnish the army with 12,000 shirts, 6,000 cloth coats, 6,000 pairs of stockings, and 6,000 waistcoats. Enraged at the conduct of the citizens for having subscribed to the fund for raising troops against him, the prince sent for Buchanan the provost, and demanded the names of the subscribers, and threatened to hang him in case of refusal; but the provost, undismayed, replied that he would name nobody except himself, that he had subscribed largely, as he thought he was discharging a duty, and that he was not afraid to die in such a cause. The provost had to pay a fine of £500 as the penalty of his refusal.[5]

The mansion which Charles occupied during his residence in Glasgow belonged to a rich merchant named Glassford. It was the best house in the city, and stood at the western extremity of the Trongate, but has long since disappeared. While in Glasgow he ate twice a-day in public. The table was spread in a small dining-room, at which he sat down without ceremony with a few of his officers in the Highland dress. He was waited upon on these occasions by a few Jacobite ladies. Charles courted popularity, and, to attract attention, dressed more elegantly in Glasgow than at any other place;[6] but the citizens of Glasgow kept up a reserve, which made Charles remark, with a feeling of mortifying disappointment, that he had never been in a place where he found fewer friends. Though dissatisfied with the people, he seemed, however, greatly to admire the regularity and beauty of the buildings.[7]

Having refitted his army, Charles, within a few days after his arrival, reviewed it on Glasgow Green, in presence of a large concourse of spectators, and had the satisfaction to find that, with the exception of those he had left at Carlisle, he had not lost more than 40 men during his expedition into England. Hitherto he had carefully concealed his weakness, but now, thinking himself sure of doubling his army in a few days, he was not unwilling to let the world see the handful of men with which he had penetrated into the very heart of England, and returned in the face of two powerful armies almost without loss.[8]

Abandoning, in the mean time, his project of returning to England, Charles resolved to lay siege to the castles of Stirling and Edinburgh. He depended much for success upon the artillery and engineers brought over by Lord John Drummond, and looked confidently forward for additional succours from France in terms of the repeated assurances he had received. Having determined on beginning with Stirling, he sent orders to Lord Strathallan, Lord John Drummond, Lord Lewis Gordon, and other commanders in the north, to join him forthwith with all their forces. To accelerate a junction with the forces at Perth, the prince marched his army from Glasgow on the 4th of January, 1766, in two divisions; one of which, commanded by the prince, took the road to Kilsyth, where it passed the night. Charles himself took up his quarters in Kilsyth house, then belonging to Mr. Campbell of Shawfield. Mr. Campbell's steward, it is said, was ordered to provide every thing necessary for the comfort of the prince, under a promise of payment, but was told next morning that the bill should be allowed to his master at accounting for the rents of Kilsyth, which was a forfeited estate. Next day Charles marched towards Stirling, and encamped his division at Denny, Bannockburn, and St. Ninians. He passed the night

[3] "The zeal (says General Wightman) which the inhabitants have shown in accommodating the troops, will help to ridd us of the suspicion of Jacobitism; but we have a pack of vermin (Qu. Jacobites?) within our walls, who take unaccountable libertys, of whom I hope we shall be for ever ridd ere long."—*Culloden Papers*, p. 470.

[4] *Culloden Papers*, p. 270.

[5] Boyse, p. 131.

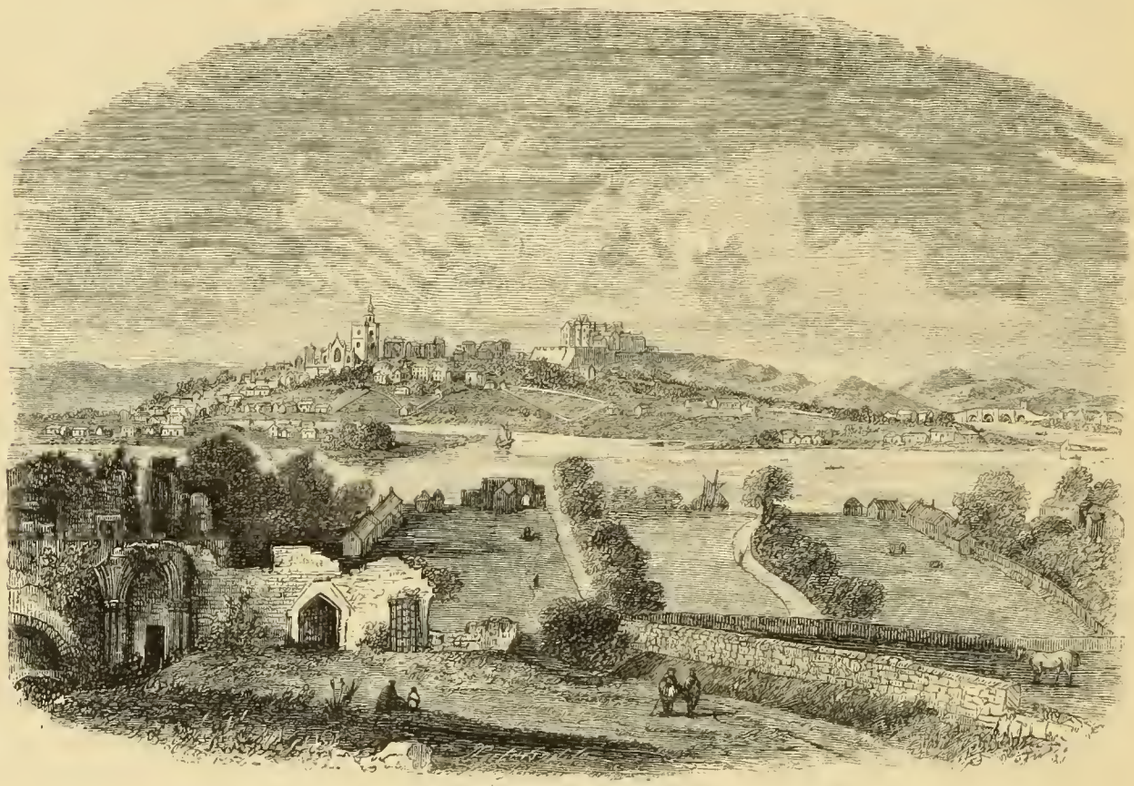
[6] Household Book in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 155.

[7] Boyse, p. 132.

[8] *Kirkconnel MS.*

at Bannockburn-house, the seat of Sir Hugh Paterson, where he was received with Jacobite hospitality. The other division, consisting of six battalions of the clans, under Lord George Murray, spent the first night at Cumbernauld, and the next at Falkirk, where they fixed their quarters.

Preparatory to the siege of the castle, Charles resolved to reduce the town of Stirling. The inhabitants, encouraged by General Blakeney, the governor of the castle, determined to defend the town; and a body of about 600 volunteers, all inhabitants of the town, was supplied by the governor with arms and ammunition from the castle, and promised every assistance he could afford them. He told them, at the same time, that if they should be overpowered they could make a good retreat, as he would keep an open door for them. Animated by the activity of the magistrates and the clergymen



Stirling, about the beginning of the 18th Century.—From Slezer's *Theatrum Scotiæ*.

of the town—among whom the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, the father of the Secession,[9] who commanded two companies of Seceders, was particularly distinguished—the inhabitants proceeded to put the town in a posture of defence.

On the afternoon of Saturday the 4th of January, the Highlanders had nearly surrounded the town; but they did not complete the investment till next day, which was partly occupied in cutting down some trees intended for fascines, on which they meant to construct a battery. About eight o'clock in the evening they sent a drummer to the east gate with a message; but, being fired upon by the sentinels, he threw away his drum and fled. The insurgents fired several shots into the town during the night, which were responded to by the volunteers, who were all under arms, and posted in different parties at the different by-ways and paths into the town, and at such parts of the wall as were deemed insufficient. During the night the utmost alarm prevailed among the inhabitants, and few of them went to bed. Some fled from the town, and others retired into the castle; but the magistrates and the other principal inhabitants remained all night in the council chamber in which they had assembled, to give such direction and assistance as might be necessary, in case an assault should be attempted during the night.[1]

[9] Now embodied in the United Presbyterian Church.

[1] *History of Stirling*, p. 146.

Next morning the insurgents were discovered erecting a battery within musket-shot of the town, almost opposite to the east gate, in a situation where the cannon of the castle could not be brought to bear upon them. The volunteers kept up a constant fire of musketry upon them; but, in spite of this annoyance, the Highlanders completed the battery before noon. Charles, thereupon, sent a verbal message to the magistrates, requiring them instantly to surrender the town; but, at their solicitation, they obtained till ten o'clock next day to make up their minds. The message was taken into consideration at a public meeting of the inhabitants, and the question of surrender was long and anxiously debated. The majority having come to the resolution that it was impossible to defend the town with the handful of men within, two deputies were sent to Bannockburn, the head-quarters of the Highland army, who offered to surrender on terms; stating that, rather than surrender at discretion, as required, they would defend the town to the last extremity. After a negotiation, which occupied the greater part of Tuesday, the following terms of capitulation were agreed upon: viz., that no demand should be made upon the town revenues,—that the inhabitants should not be molested in their persons or effects,—and that the arms in the town should be returned to the castle. Pending this negotiation, the Highlanders, to terrify the inhabitants into a speedy submission, as is supposed, discharged twenty-seven shots from the battery into the town, which, however, did no other damage than beating down a few chimney tops. After the arms were carried into the castle, the gates were thrown open on Wednesday the 8th, and the Highlanders entered the town about three o'clock in the afternoon.[2]

Being in want of battering cannon for a siege, Charles had, before his departure from Glasgow, sent orders to Lord John Drummond, to bring up the pieces which he had brought over from France. As General Blakeney had broken down part of Stirling bridge, to prevent the insurgents at Perth from crossing the Forth at Stirling, some of the battering cannon were sent to the Frews, and were transported across that ford by means of floats, while the rest were brought to Alloa as a nearer road for the purpose of being transported across the Frith of Forth. Great difficulty was experienced in getting over these pieces, and as there was but a small guard along with them, they might have fallen into the hands of a party of troops sent up the Frith by Hawley, had not Lord George Murray, on hearing of their embarkation, sent over Lochiel with his regiment, which had lately been augmented by recruits, and was now 700 strong.[3]

As there were no ships at Alloa, Lord George seized a vessel lying off Airth to transport his cannon across the Frith. This was a fortunate circumstance, as two sloops of war, the Pearl and Vulture, sailed up the Frith next tide from Leith roads to seize all the vessels and boats in the neighbourhood, and otherwise to obstruct the conveyance of the cannon. General Hawley, about the same time, viz., on the 8th of January, sent up some armed boats, and a small vessel with cannon from Leith, manned with 300 men under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Leighton, to destroy all the works the Highlanders had made to cover the passage of their cannon. The sloops of war anchored in Kincardine roads, whence, on the morning of the 8th, two long boats well manned were sent up towards Airth, in conjunction with the other boats and small armed vessel, to burn two vessels lying in the neighbourhood which could not be launched till the spring tides. This service they effected without the loss of a single man, though the boats were fired upon by the Highlanders who were posted in the village. Having been prevented from returning to the station off Kincardine, by the lowness of the tide, the Highlanders opened a battery of three pieces of cannon next morning upon the flotilla, but without doing it any damage. The Highlanders are said to have had two of their cannon dismounted on this occasion by the fire from the sloop, and to have sustained a loss of several men, including their principal engineer.[4]

[2] *History of Stirling*, p. 150.

[3] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 77.

[4] General Hawley, alluding to this affair, in a letter to the lord-president, 12th Jan. 1745-6, says, "We have had a small brush with them (the Highlanders)

Apprehensive that the flotilla would next attempt to set fire to the other vessel, Lord George Murray erected a battery of four guns at Elphinstone Pans to command the river, and to keep off the sloops of war, should they attempt to come up. In addition to the troops stationed at Airth, his lordship sent a reinforcement of between 300 and 400 men from Falkirk, which arrived at Elphinstone and Airth on the 10th. At this time the vessel which had been seized at Airth was lying at Alloa, and had taken two out of seven pieces of cannon, with some ammunition on board. To capture this vessel, a large boat, having 50 soldiers on board, along with the boats belonging to the sloops of war, well manned and armed, were sent up the river during the night of the 10th, with instructions to lie all night a mile above Alloa, in order to intercept the vessel should an attempt be made to carry her up the river during the night. Unfortunately, however, for this design, the boats grounded after passing the town, and the Highlanders who were posted in the town, having, by this accident, come to the knowledge that the enemy was at hand, immediately beat to arms, and commenced a random fire from right to left, which forced the boats to retreat down the river. Next morning, however, the two sloops of war, accompanied by some smaller vessels, went up the river with the tide, and casting anchor opposite to, and within musket-shot of the battery, opened a brisk fire. Three of the smaller vessels anchored in a convenient place to play upon the village of Elphinstone, and two more hovered along as if inclined to land some soldiers, with which they were crowded. The firing was kept up on both sides, for upwards of three hours, without much damage on either side. The cable of one of the sloops of war having been cut asunder by a cannon shot, an accident which forced her from her station, and the two pilots in the other having each lost a leg, the assailants abandoned the enterprise, and fell down the river with the ebb-tide. Being now relieved from the presence of the enemy, Lord George brought over the cannon and stores without further opposition.[5]

On the 12th of January, two days after he had taken possession of the town, Charles broke ground before Stirling castle, between the church and a large house at the head of the town, called *Marr's work*. Here he raised a battery against the castle, upon which he mounted two sixteen-pounders, two pieces of eight, and three of three. The prince thereupon summoned General Blakeney to surrender, but his answer was, that he would defend the place to the last extremity; that as honour had hitherto been his rule through life, he would rather die than stain it by abandoning his post, and that his royal highness would assuredly have a very bad opinion of him, were he to surrender the castle in such a cowardly manner.[6] To prevent any intelligence of their operations being carried to the enemy, the Highlanders shut the gates of the town, and placed guards at all the outlets. The siege went on very slowly, and Charles soon perceived that he had chosen a bad situation for his battery, which was so exposed to the fire of the castle, that its works were speedily demolished, and the cannon dismounted.

While the siege was going on, the forces in the north under Lord Strathallan and Lord John Drummond began to arrive at Stirling. By these reinforcements the prince's army was increased to 9,000 men, all in the highest spirits. The Macdonalds, the Camerons, and the Stuarts, were now twice as numerous as they were when the Highland army entered England, and Lord Ogilvy had got a second battalion, under the command of Sir James Kinloch, as lieutenant-colonel, much stronger than the first. The Frasers, the Mackintoshes, and Farquharsons, were reckoned 300 men each, and in addition to these, the Earl of Cromarty, and his son, Lord Macleod, had also brought up their men.[7]

Conceiving himself in a sufficiently strong condition to give battle to the Highlanders, General Hawley began to put the troops he

yesterday at Airth, up the Forth with 300 men in boats; killed and wounded about fifty, with their chief French engineer; crippled two of their guns, burnt all their boats, and hindered their transporting their great cannon from Alloway for some days."—*Culloden Papers*, p. 266.

[5] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 78. *Kirkconnel MS. Scots Magazine*, vol. viii.

[6] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 116.

[7] *Kirkconnel MS.*

had assembled at Edinburgh in motion towards the west. His force amounted to upwards of 9,000 men, of whom 1,300 were cavalry, and he might in a few days have increased it considerably by the addition of some regiments which were on their march to join him. He had also reason to expect the immediate arrival in the Frith of Forth of a body of 6,000 Hessians who had embarked at Williamstadt on the 1st of January, by which accession his army would have been almost doubled. Impatient, however, to acquire a renown which had been denied to Cope, his predecessor, of whose capacity he had been heard to speak very contemptuously, Hawley resolved not to wait for his expected reinforcements, but to seize the laurels which were in imagination already within his grasp.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 13th of January, the first division of the royal army, consisting of five regiments of foot, together with the Glasgow regiment of militia, and Hamilton's and Ligonier's dragoons, all under the command of Major-general Huske, left Edinburgh and marched westward to Linlithgow. Hearing that preparations had been made at Linlithgow for the reception of these troops, and that provisions and forage had been collected in that town for the use of Hawley's army, Lord George Murray left Falkirk at four o'clock the same morning for Linlithgow, with five battalions of the clans for the purpose of capturing these stores. He was joined on the road by Lord Elcho's and Lord Pitsligo's troops of life-guards, whom he had ordered to meet him. Before sunrise he had completely surrounded the town, and as Lord George had been informed that Huske's division was to enter the town at night, he called his officers together before marching into town, and having told them the object for which they had come, he desired that they would continue ready to assemble in the street on a moment's warning, in order to march wherever they might be directed. After taking possession of the town, and apprehending a few militia, Lord George sent forward some patrols on the road to Edinburgh, to reconnoitre while the Highlanders were engaged in seizing the articles prepared for the royal forces; but they had scarcely been an hour in town when these advanced parties discovered a body of dragoons advancing in their direction. Two of the patrols came back at full speed, and having given Lord George notice of their approach, he marched with his men out of the town. The dragoons retired as the Highlanders advanced. Their horse, with 200 of the best foot, followed them about two miles; but the main body returned to Linlithgow, where they dined. With the exception of a few small reconnoitring parties, the advanced body also returned to the town; but in less than an hour one of these parties came in with information that the dragoons were again returning with a large body of horse and foot. Lord George resolved to attack them when the half of them should pass the bridge, half a mile west from the town, and after waiting with his men on the streets till Huske had reached the east end of the town, he retired in the expectation that the royalist general would follow him; but Huske, who marched above the town, though he followed the Highlanders to the bridge, did not pass it. Lord George returned to Falkirk, and by orders of the prince marched next day to Bannockburn.[8]

On the 14th other three regiments marched from Edinburgh towards Borrowstownness, to support the division under Huske, and these were followed next day by three additional regiments. With these forces Huske marched on the 16th to Falkirk, and encamped to the north-west of the town with his front towards Stirling. In the evening he was joined by the remainder of the army, and the artillery, consisting of ten pieces of cannon. General Hawley himself arrived at Callander House the same evening. Next morning the army was joined by Cobham's dragoons, who had just arrived from England, and by about 1,000 Argyleshire men, chiefly Campbells, under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle. Besides this corps, this whig clan furnished another of 1,000 men, which was posted about Inverary, under Major-general Campbell, the colonel's father, to guard the passes. Along with the army was a company called the Yorkshire Blues, raised, maintained, and commanded, by

[8] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 79. *Kirkconnel MS.*

a gentleman of the name of Thornton. Several volunteers, among whom were several clergymen, also accompanied the army on this occasion.

Having received intelligence of the advance of the royalists to Falkirk, Charles, on the evening of the 16th, ordered the different detachments of his army to concentrate upon Plean moor, about seven miles from that town, and two miles to the east of Bannockburn, where his head-quarters were. He, however, left several battalions, amounting to about 1,000 men, in Stirling, under the Duke of Perth, to push on the siege of the castle. Nobody supposed that the prince, in issuing this order, had any other object in contemplation than to review his army, and of so little importance was it considered, that although the order was immediately made known on all sides, it was near twelve o'clock next day before the different parts of the army arrived from their quarters.[9] After the army had been drawn up in line of battle, Charles called a council of war, and for the first time stated his intention of giving immediate battle to Hawley. That general had, it is believed, been informed of the probability of an attack, but he treated the information lightly, and instead of attending to the affairs of his camp, spent the morning at Callander House with the Countess of Kilmarnock, with whom he breakfasted.[1] The Torwood, once a forest of great extent, celebrated as the chief retreat of the heroic Wallace, but now greatly decayed, lay between the two armies; and through what was once the middle of the forest, the high road from Stirling to Falkirk, by Bannockburn, passes.

From information which Charles had received, he supposed that Hawley would have advanced and offered him battle; but seeing no appearance of him, he put his army in motion about mid-day, towards Falkirk. While the main body of the army marched in two columns along the moor, on the west side of the Torwood, where they could not be seen from Hawley's camp, a third body of horse and foot, under Lord John Drummond, appeared upon the high road which runs through the centre of the Torwood, and moved about, displaying their colours in view of the enemy, as if they intended to attack Hawley's camp. The object of this parade was to draw off the attention of the enemy from the main body, which was advancing unperceived towards Falkirk, by a different route. After the two columns had advanced about half a mile, Lord George Murray received an order from the prince to delay passing the water of Carron till night, as he did not think it advisable to cross in the face of the enemy, but his lordship having satisfied his royal highness of the impropriety of the order, he was allowed to proceed. Ignorant of the approach of the main body of the Highlanders, Hawley's officers thought the demonstration made by the body on the high road unworthy of attention; but they were aroused from their apathy by a countryman, who arrived in the camp with intelligence that the Highlanders were close upon them. Two of the officers immediately ascended a tree, and, by means of a telescope, descried the Highland army marching towards Falkirk, by the south side of the Torwood. This was a little before one o'clock, and the officers having communicated the circumstance to Lieutenant-colonel Howard, their commanding officer, he went to Callander House and informed the general of it. Instead, however, of ordering his men to get under arms, Hawley directed that they should merely put on their accoutrements. This order was obeyed, and the troops sat down to dinner, but before they had finished their repast, they were summoned to arms.

When the Highlanders came in sight of the water of Carron, the town of Falkirk, and the enemy's camp, also opened upon their view. It was now between one and two o'clock, and some well-mounted scouts, who were on the opposite side of the water, on observing the Highlanders, immediately rode off at full gallop, and reported that the Highland army was about to cross the Carron at Dunnipace. The alarm which this intelligence produced in the royalist camp was very great. Hawley was instantly sent for, and the commanding officers, who were exceedingly perplexed, formed their regiments as quickly as possible upon the ground in front of the camp. The general, instantly mounting his horse, galloped to the camp, and in his haste left his hat behind him.

[9] *Kirkconnel MS.* [1] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 120.

In taking the circuitous route by the south side of the Torwood, Charles had a double object in view—to conceal his approach from the enemy as long as he could, and to obtain possession of Falkirk moor, about two miles south-west of Hawley's camp, and which, from the nature of the ground, was considered well fitted for the operations of a Highland army. Suspecting that it was the prince's design to secure the heights of the moor, Hawley at once determined to prevent him, if possible, and accordingly on his arrival at the camp he ordered the three regiments of dragoons to march towards the moor, and take possession of the high ground between them and the insurgents. He also directed the infantry to follow them with fixed bayonets. This was a rash and inconsiderate step, as Hawley had never examined the ground, which he found, when too late, was by no means a suitable field of battle for his troops. In ordering his army to march up the moor, the English commander is said to have been impressed with the idea that the Highlanders did not mean to attack him, but to give him the slip, and march back to England, and that his object was to intercept them and bring them to action.[2] This explanation, however, is by no means satisfactory.

After crossing the Carron at Dunnipace Steps, the main body of the Highlanders stretched along the moor in two parallel lines, about two hundred paces asunder. The column next the royal army consisted of the clan regiments which had been in England, and of the recruits which had lately arrived from the Highlands, with the Frasers, and a battalion of the Farquharsons. The other column, which was to the right of the last mentioned, consisted of the Athole brigade, the Maclauchlans, the battalions of Ogilvy and Gordon, and Lord John Drummond's regiment. After reaching the bottom of the hill, the columns faced to the left, and began to ascend the eminence. Almost simultaneously with this movement, Hawley's dragoons, proceeding along the eastern wall of Bantaskin inclosures, rapidly ascended the hill also, followed by the foot with fixed bayonets. At this instant, the sky, which till then had been unusually serene, became suddenly overcast, and before the foot had advanced far, a violent storm of wind and rain burst from the south-west, which beat directly in the faces of the soldiers, and retarded their march up the hill. A running contest seemed now to take place between the dragoons and the advanced divisions of the Highland columns, consisting of the Macdonalds and the Athole men, to gain the summit of the ridge of the moor. Both parties reached the top of the hill about the same time, and possessed themselves of two eminences, within musket-shot of each other. To prevent the dragoons gaining the advantage of the ground and the wind, the Macdonalds and Athole men had advanced with such rapidity, that they had left the rear of the columns considerably behind, and on reaching the height of the moor, they halted to give time to the rear to come up.

Meanwhile Lord George Murray, who commanded the right wing, proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for battle. In forming, the two columns merely faced to the left, by which simple movement the eastern column at once became, as originally designed, the front line. When completed, the order of battle of the Highland army was as follows. On the extreme right of the first line, stood the Macdonalds of Keppoch, next to these the Macdonalds of Clanranald, and in succession the regiment of Glengary, a battalion of Farquharsons under Farquharson of Bumarrel,[3] the Mackenzies, the Mackintoshes, the Macphersons under Cluny their chief, the Frasers under the Master of Lovat, the Stuarts of Appin, and the Camerons, who formed the extreme left of this line. The second line, which chiefly consisted of the low country regiments, was composed of the Athole brigade, which formed the right wing, of Lord Ogilvy's regiment of two battalions in the centre, and of the regiment of Lord Lewis Gordon, also of two battalions, which formed the left of the line. At the distance of about twenty yards in the rear of the centre of the second line, the prince was stationed with some horse and foot, and was joined before the commencement of

[2] Home, p. 176.

[3] There was another battalion of the Farquharsons under Farquharson of Monaltry, which, having the charge of the cannon belonging to the insurgent army, was not in the battle.

the action by Lord John Drummond, with a large body of horse, the Irish piquets and the other troops, with which he had made the feint, as a *corps de reserve*. Some of the horse guards under Lords Elcho and Balmerino, and also some of the hussars, who were on the right of the prince, were sent farther to the right to protect the flank, but they were prevented from extending farther, by a morass, which covered the right wing, and were obliged to draw up behind the Athole men. At the opposite extremity on the left of the prince, Lord Pitsligo's and Kilmarnock's horse were stationed.[4]

The infantry of the royal army was also formed in two lines, with a body of reserve in the rear; but the disposition of the cavalry, as will be seen, was altogether different from that of the insurgent army. The first line consisted of the regiments of Ligonier, Price, Royal Scots, Pulteney, Cholmondeley, and Wolfe, and the second of those of Battereau, Barrel, Fleming, Munro, and Blakeney. The names of the regiments are here given according to the order they stood, beginning with the right. Behind the right of the second line, Howard's regiment was stationed as a reserve. The Glasgow regiment, and other Lowland militia, were posted as another body of reserve, near some cottages behind the left of the dragoons; and the Argyleshire men were placed at some distance from the right of the royal army, to watch the motions of the forces under Lord John Drummond, who seemed, before they joined the two columns on the moor, to threaten an attack upon the camp. The left of the dragoons was directly opposite to Keppoch's regiment, but by keeping large intervals between their squadrons, their right extended as far down as the centre of Lord Lovat's regiment, which stood the third from the left of the insurgent army. In consequence of this extension of the front line of the royal army, Lochiel's regiment, which was upon the left extremity of the opposite line, was outflanked by three of the royal regiments. With the exception of one or two regiments in each line, which, by their proximity to the top of the moor, had reached ground somewhat level, the rest of the king's infantry stood on the declivity of the hill, and so great was the inequality of the ground, that the opposite wings alone of either army were visible to each other. Between the right of the royal army and the left of that of the insurgents, there was a ravine, which, beginning on the declivity of the hill, directly opposite the centre of the Fraser battalion, ran in a northerly direction, and gradually widened and deepened till it reached the plain. The right of the royal army was commanded by Major-general Huske, the centre by Hawley himself, and the left by Brigadier Cholmondeley, but the three regiments of dragoons on the left were under the immediate command of Lieutenant-colonel Ligonier. The colonel's own dragoon regiment, formerly Gardiner's, was stationed on the extreme left. Hamilton's dragoons were posted on the right, and Cobham's in the centre.

In the action about to commence, the combatants on both sides were deprived of the use of their artillery. The Highlanders, from the rapidity of their march, left their cannon behind them, and those belonging to Hawley's army, consisting of ten pieces, stuck fast in a swamp at the bottom of the hill. The royal forces were greatly superior to the Highlanders in numbers, but the latter had the advantage of the ground, and having the wind and the rain in their backs, were not annoyed to the same extent as their adversaries, who received the wind and rain directly in their faces.[5]

The right wing of the Highland army and Hawley's cavalry had remained upwards of a quarter of an hour within musket-shot of each other, waiting the coming up of the other forces, when General Hawley sent an order to Colonel Ligonier, to attack the Highlanders. At the time this order was despatched, some of his troops destined for the centre of his second line had not reached their posts, but Hawley, impatient of delay, and led astray by a mistaken though prevalent idea, that the Highlanders could not stand the shock of cavalry, resolved to commence the action with the dragoons only.

[4] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 501. *Kirkconnel MS.* Home, p. 168. *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 85.

[5] Some accounts make Hawley's forces of all descriptions at 15,000, being nearly double the number of the Highlanders, who amounted to 8,000; but these statements are exaggerated. Hawley's army, including the Argyleshire men, did not probably exceed 10,000 men.

Ligonier, who appears to have entertained more correct notions on this subject than the generalissimo, was surprised at the order; but he proceeded to put it in execution.[6]

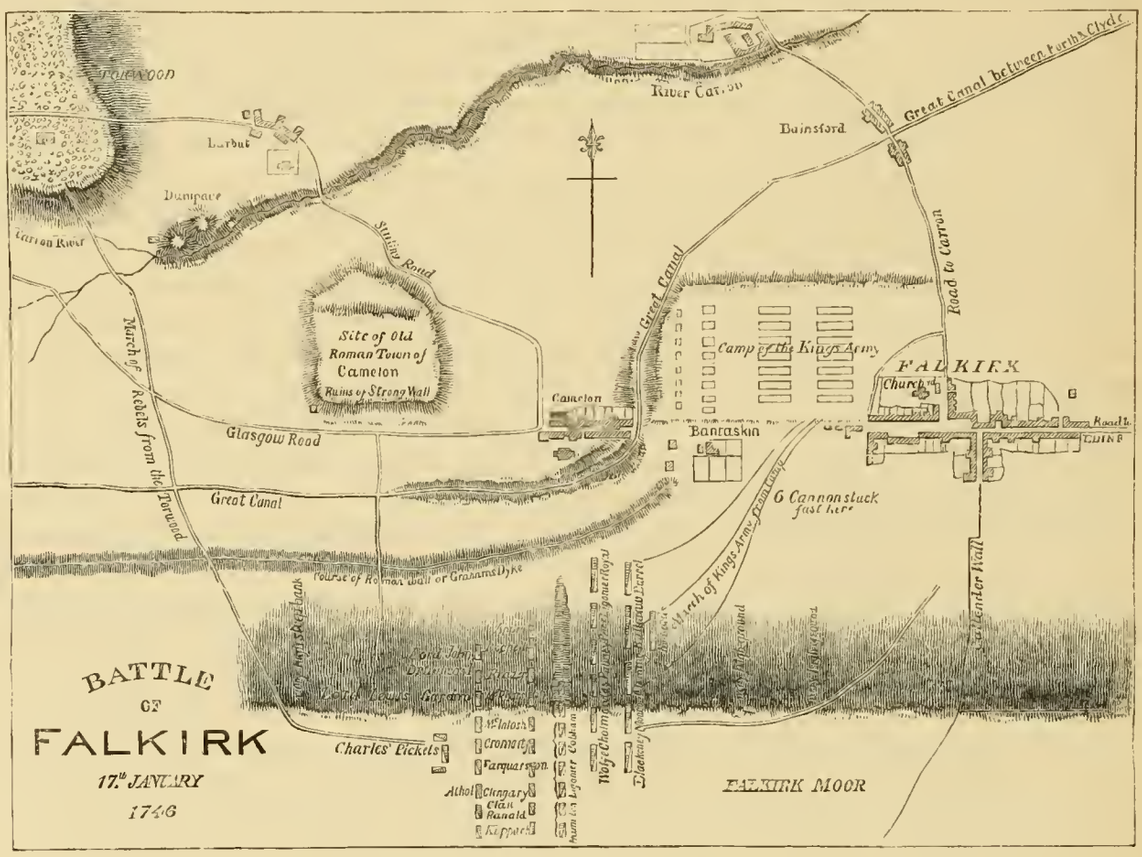
Before advancing, Colonel Ligonier made several motions, with the design of drawing off the fire of the Highlanders, and riding in among them, and breaking their ranks; but they did not fire a shot. Conjecturing that the dragoons were to be supported by a body of infantry in their rear, Lord George Murray, to whom no such description of force was discernible at the time, sent Colonel Roy Stuart and Anderson, the guide at the battle of Preston, forward on horseback to reconnoitre. On receiving their report that they had not observed any foot, Lord George resolved to anticipate his opponent Ligonier, by attacking the dragoons. Accordingly he gave orders to the right wing to advance slowly, and, passing along the line, desired the men to keep their ranks, and not to fire till he gave them orders. Lord George, with his sword in his hand, and his target on his arm, then took his station at the head of the first line, which, with the second, continued to advance in good order. The dragoons, on observing the approach of the Highlanders, also began to move forward, and were instantly at the full trot. They came up in very good order, till within pistol-shot of the first line of the Highlanders, when Lord George Murray presented his piece as the signal to fire. The Highlanders, thereupon, discharged a volley with such precision and effect, that the dragoons were entirely broken, and many of them were killed and wounded. Hamilton's and Ligonier's regiments instantly wheeled about, and galloped down the hill, riding over and trampling upon some of their party, and carrying along with them a company of the Glasgow regiment. Cobham's regiment, which had just returned from foreign service, however, stood its ground for some time, and breaking through the first line of the Highlanders, trampled many of them under foot. A singular combat then ensued. Deprived of the use of their broadswords, some of the Highlanders, who lay stretched on the ground, had recourse to their dirks, which they plunged into the bellies of the horses. Others seized the riders by their clothes, and dragging them from their horses, stabbed them with the same weapon. In this melée the chief of Clanranald made a narrow escape, having been trodden down, and before he was able to rise a horse fell dead upon him, the weight of which prevented him from extricating himself without assistance. While in this perilous situation, he saw a dismounted dragoon and a Highlander struggling near him, and for a time the issue seemed doubtful. The anxiety of the chief, whose own preservation seemed to depend on the success of his clansman, was soon relieved, when he saw the Highlander throw his antagonist, and instantly despatch him with his dirk. The Highlander thereupon came up to the prostrate chief, and drew him from under the horse. The dragoons, unable any longer to contend with the Macdonalds, galloped off to the right between the two armies, and received the fire of the remainder of the front line of the Highlanders, as they went along, as far down as Lord Lovat's regiment.

Afraid that, after the flight of the dragoons, the Highlanders would commence a disorderly pursuit, Lord George Murray ordered the Macdonalds of Keppoch to keep their ranks, and sent a similar order to the two other Macdonald regiments. But notwithstanding this command of the lieutenant-general, and the efforts of the officers, who, with drawn swords and cocked pistols, endeavoured to restrain them from an immediate pursuit, a considerable number of the men of these two regiments, along with all the regiments on their left, as far down as the head of the ravine, rushed down the hill in pursuit of the enemy. They were received with a volley from some of the regiments on the left of the first line of the royal army, and having returned the fire, the Highlanders threw away their muskets, and drawing their swords, rushed in upon the enemy. Unable to resist the impetuosity of the attack, the whole of the royal army, with the exception of Barrel's regiment, and part of the regiments of Price and Ligonier, gave way. At first the Highlanders supposed that the rout was complete, and General Hawley himself, who was huddled off the field among a confused mass of horse and foot, was of the same opinion; but the Highlanders were undeceived, when coming near the

[6] Home, p. 175.

bottom of the hill, they received a fire in flank from these regiments, which threw them into great disorder, and obliged them to retire up the hill. The Camerons and the Stuarts, who were on the opposite side of the ravine, suffered also from the fire of this body, and were likewise obliged to fall back.[7]

Meanwhile Lord George Murray, who observed the confusion in Hawley's army, was moving down the hill with the Athole men in good order, for the purpose of attacking it on its retreat. He had sent orders by Colonel Ker, to the reserve to advance on the left, and having met scattered parties of the Macdonalds returning up the hill, he endeavoured to rally them as he marched down, but without effect. Before reaching the bottom of the hill, Lord George obtained a complete view of the disorder



Plan of the Battle of Falkirk.

which prevailed in the enemy's ranks. With the exception of the three regiments of foot, and Cobham's dragoons, which were marching rapidly towards Falkirk, and covering the rear of the other fugitives, the remainder of the royal army was running off to the right and left, by forties and fifties; but as Lord George had not more than 600 or 700 men with him, and as the rest of the Highland army was scattered over the face of the hill, he resolved to halt at its foot. Here he was joined by the Irish piquets, and by Lord John Drummond, and other officers. Some of the officers advised a retreat towards Dunipace, that the men might obtain shelter during the night from the rain, which was excessive; but his lordship strongly advised that they should endeavour to obtain possession of Falkirk immediately, while the confusion lasted, declaring that he would either lie in the town or in paradise. While this discussion was going on, the prince arrived, and approved highly of the views of his lieutenant-general. Charles was advised, in the meantime, to retire to some house on the face of the hill, till the result of the attempt should be known.

It was now almost dark, and as the fires of

[7] Lord George Murray's Narrative in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 85. *Kirkconnel MS.* Home, p. 171. *Culloden Papers*, p. 272. Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 122.

Hawley's camp indicated an apparent intention on his part to retain possession of the town, the officers assembled at the bottom of the hill, considered it unsafe to advance farther, till they had ascertained the state of matters. To procure intelligence, Mr. Drummond, eldest son of Lord Strathallan, and Oliphant, younger of Gask, entered Falkirk, disguised as peasants, and having ascertained that General Hawley, after issuing orders to set fire to his tents, had abandoned the town, and was retreating on Linlithgow, they immediately returned to their friends with the information. The body collected at the foot of the hill now advanced upon Falkirk, in three detachments; one of which, under Lochiel, entered the town at the west end, another under Lord George Murray, at the centre, and the other, under Lord John Drummond, by a lane called the Cow wynd, at the east end. Some stragglers, who had remained behind, were taken prisoners, one of whom fired at Lord John Drummond, when about to seize him, and wounded him slightly in the arm. Information of the occupation of the town, by the Highlanders, was sent to the prince, who immediately repaired thither, and took up his residence in a house which fronts the steeple.

So great was the disorder that existed in the Highland army, occasioned by the rash and impetuous conduct of the Macdonalds, in leaving their ranks, and by the check received from the three regiments, that it was about four hours after the close of the battle, which lasted scarcely twenty minutes, before the greater part of the army had any information of the result. The Highlanders were dispersed in every direction over the hill, and the different clans were mingled together pell-mell. The confusion was greatly increased by the obscurity of the night, and for several hours they wandered over the moor, uncertain whether they were to meet friends or foes. Early in the evening, many of the Highlanders had retired from the field of battle, either thinking it lost, or intending to seek shelter from the weather. During this disorder, the fate of the prince himself was equally unknown. Early in the action, he had sent one of his aides-de-camp with an order; but, on returning with an answer, the prince was no more to be seen. The officer, in searching for him, fell in with the prince's own life-guards, drawn up in order of battle, near a cottage on the edge of the hill, with their commander, Lord Elcho, at their head; but his lordship could give him no information respecting the prince. Lord Lewis Gordon, and several chiefs of the clans, ignorant even of the fate of their own regiments, met together at the seat of Mr. Primrose, at Dunipace, where they were joined by other officers all equally ignorant of the result of the battle. At length, about eight o'clock in the evening, all doubt was removed from the minds of this party, by the arrival of Macdonald of Lochgarry, who announced that the Highland army had obtained a complete victory,—that the English were flying in disorder towards Edinburgh,—and that the prince was in possession of Falkirk, and in the quarters which had been occupied by General Hawley. He added, that he had been sent to Dunipace, by the prince, with orders to the rest of the army to repair to Falkirk next morning by break of day.[9]

Partly from the darkness of the evening, and partly from the impossibility of collecting a sufficiently numerous body of the Highlanders together, the prince was unable to continue the pursuit. About 1,500 of them had entered the town, but so intent were they upon securing the spoils of the English camp, that it was with difficulty that sufficient guards could be got for the town, and the prince's person, during the night. Besides, the Highlanders had been upon their legs for twelve hours, without receiving any refreshment, and were completely drenched to the skin, so that even had pursuit been otherwise practicable, they must have speedily desisted from excessive fatigue, and might probably have suffered from the dragoons which covered the rear of Hawley's foot.

In addition to seven pieces of cannon which had been abandoned by the captain of the train at the commencement of the action, Hawley left behind him all his baggage, and a large quantity of military stores. Owing to the rain, very few of his tents, to which he had set fire, were consumed. Besides the

[9] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 127.

materiel of the royal army, several standards and stands of colours fell into the hands of the victors. According to the official returns, the loss of the English, in killed, wounded, and missing, was 280, including a considerable number of officers; but these returns are supposed to be greatly underrated.[1] There were sixteen officers killed on the government side, viz., Colonel Sir Robert Munro of Fonlis; Lieutenant-colonel Whitney of Ligonier's regiment of dragoons; Lieutenant-colonel Biggar of Munro's regiment; Lieutenant-colonel Powell of Cholmondeley's regiment; five captains and one lieutenant of Wolfe's; and four captains and two lieutenants of Blakeney's regiment. Sir Robert's regiment, which consisted chiefly of his own clan, had particularly distinguished itself at the battle of Fontenoy; but on the present occasion it partook of the panic which had seized the other regiments on the left, and fled, leaving its colonel alone and unprotected. In this situation Sir Robert was attacked by six men of Lochiel's regiment, and, for some time gallantly defended himself with his half-pike. He killed two of his assailants, and would probably have despatched more, had not a seventh come up and shot him in the groin with a pistol. On falling, the Highlander struck him two blows across the face with his broadsword, which killed him on the spot. Dr. Munro of Obsdale, his brother, who, from fraternal affection, had attended Sir Robert to the field to afford him any medical assistance he might require, was standing close by his brother when he fell, and shared his fate at the hands of the same Highlander, who, after firing a pistol into his breast, cut him down with his claymore. The bodies of the two brothers having been recognised the next day, were honourably interred in one grave in the churchyard of Falkirk in presence of all the chiefs.[2]

The loss on the side of the Highlanders amounted only to about 40 men, among whom were two or three captains, and some subaltern officers. They had, however, nearly double that number wounded. Besides Lord John Drummond, young Lochiel and his brother, and Dr. Archibald Cameron, were slightly wounded. Hawley's army could boast of only one prisoner, who fell into their hands by mere accident. This was Major Macdonald of Keppoch's regiment, cousin to the chief. Having pursued the flying English farther than any other person, he was in the act of returning to his corps, when in his way he observed, in the dusk of the evening, a body of men at some distance standing in a hollow near the bottom of the hill. Imagining this body to be Lord John Drummond's regiment and the French piquets, he ran forward towards the party with his sword still drawn, and when near them, cried out with a feeling of strong emotion, "Gentlemen, what are you doing here? Why don't ye follow after the dogs, and pursue them?" Scarcely, however, had he uttered these words, when he discovered that the body he accosted was an English regiment, (Barrel's,) and the cry, "Here is a rebel! here is a rebel!" at once met his ears. Escape being impossible, the major, thinking that he would not be discovered by the colour of his white cockade, which was quite dirty with the rain and the smoke of the firing, pretended that he was one of their own Campbells; but General Huske observed that it was easy to discover what the prisoner was by his sword, the blade of which was covered over with blood and hair. Huske gave orders "to shoot the dog instantly," and a party of musketeers immediately presented their pieces at the major's breast; but Lord Robert Ker generously interposed, and, beating down the muskets, saved the major's life. The general having refused to receive the major's arms, they were accepted by Lord Robert. When pulling his pistol from his belt, previously to surrendering his arms, Huske was alarmed, and exclaimed with an oath, that "the dog" was going to shoot him; but Macdonald indignantly observed, that he was more of a gentleman than to do any such thing, and that he was only pulling off his pistol to deliver it up.[3] The major was carried to Edinburgh,

[1] Mr. Home, who was in the engagement, states, that Hawley had about 300 or 400 private men killed. Maxwell of Kirkconnel, who was also present, reckons his loss at between 400 and 500 killed, and some hundreds of prisoners. The Chevalier Johnstone makes, men 600 killed, and 700 prisoners. Such also is the estimate of the author of the Journal and Memoirs printed among the *Lockhart Papers*.

[2] *Culloden Papers*, p. 268.

[3] Note in the prince's household book in *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 158.

and committed to the castle next day, and, after a few months' confinement, tried, convicted, and executed.

The victory would have been complete by the utter annihilation of the English army, had the prince taken the usual precautions to preserve unity of action among the different sections of his undisciplined host. Early in the morning, Lord George Murray had submitted a plan of the battle to his royal highness, and requested that he would name the officers that were to command, and assign them their different stations; but with the exception of Lord George himself, who was appointed to march at the head of the army, and who consequently had the command of the right wing, no other appointment appears to have been made. It seems to have been understood by Charles himself, that Lord John Drummond was to have commanded the left wing; but if such was the case, Lord John could have obtained no distinct notification thereof, as he never appeared in his place. It is maintained by Lord George Murray, that had there been an officer in command on the left, to have brought up two or three battalions from the second line, or from the *corps de reserve* so as to have extended the first line still farther to the left, and thus to have faced the English regiments which outflanked them, the whole of Hawley's foot must have been taken or destroyed, and that few even of the horse would have escaped, as the Highlanders would not have given over the chase till they had reached Linlithgow,—and that, in short, had the three regiments which outlined the Highlanders been faced, the battle would not have lasted ten minutes, as these regiments, instead of keeping their ground, pouring in part of their fire on the left flank of the Highlanders, and compelling those who attacked the right and centre of Hawley's foot sword in hand to retire to their former ground, would have given way with the rest of the main body. In the absence of Lord John Drummond, it was the duty of O'Sullivan, who, as adjutant-general, was chiefly intrusted by the prince with the formation of the left wing, to have brought up men for the purpose of extending the line; but instead of riding along the line as he should have done before the action, none of the officers of the first line of the Highland army saw him till the battle was over.[4] While Lord John Drummond could not but be sensible of the error which had been committed on the left, he retaliated upon the lieutenant-general, by ascribing the escape of Hawley's army to the conduct of Lord George himself, who prevented part of the right wing from joining in the charge upon the foot, after the flight of the dragoons.

The English imputed their defeat chiefly to the violence of the storm, which was full in their faces during the action; but this, though certainly a formidable difficulty, was not the only one they had to encounter. To a combination of unfortunate circumstances, and not to any particular incident, is to be ascribed the result which ensued; but mainly to Hawley's ignorance of the resistance which the Highlanders could oppose to cavalry. He had been major of Evans's dragoons at the battle of Sheriffmuir, where that regiment and the Scots Greys, led by the Duke of Argyle, after getting over a morass, which the intense frost of the preceding night had rendered passable, attacked the flank of the insurgent army, which conceived itself secure from that quarter, and rode down, and drove off the field several regiments of Highlanders. Imagining from this precedent, that the Highlanders could not withstand the charge of cavalry, he observed one day in a company of officers in Flanders, who were talking of the battle of Preston, that "*he* knew the Highlanders; they were good militia; but he was certain that they could not stand against a charge of dragoons, who attacked them well."[5] Under this impression he began the battle with his dragoons, before his infantry had been fully formed into line; but he soon saw the consequences of his indiscretion.

Though the field of battle is about twenty-six miles distant from Edinburgh, the intelligence of Hawley's defeat was known there before nine o'clock at night, by the arrival of some spectators who had witnessed the action, and by some of the dragoons who, impelled by fear, did not halt till they reached the capital. The English general passed the evening of the battle at Linlithgow, and marched next morn-

[4] *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 91, 92, 94. [5] Home, p. 177.

ing with the mass of his army to Edinburgh, where he arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. A prey to disappointment and vexation, the appearance of Hawley on the morning after the battle is said by an observer to have been most wretched, and even worse than that of Cope a few hours after his "scuffle," when the same person saw him at Fala on his retreat to Berwick.[6]

Before the return of Hawley's army, the greatest consternation prevailed among the friends of the government at Edinburgh from the reports of the fugitives, who brought accounts of the total rout and dispersion of the army, exaggerated by the relation of circumstances which had no existence, save in their own terrified imaginations; but the arrival of the greater part of the army served to dissipate their fears in some measure. Since the commencement of the rebellion, however, to its final close, never were the apprehensions of the supporters of the existing government more alarmingly excited than on the present occasion, when they saw the veteran troops, who had fought the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, return from Falkirk discomfited by a body of undisciplined mountaineers whom they had been taught to despise. The Jacobites, on the other hand, exulted at the victory, and gave expression to their feelings by openly deriding the vanquished.[7]

The prince spent the 18th, the day after the battle, at Falkirk; but, as the rain fell in torrents during the greater part of that day, few of the officers quitted their lodgings. Notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, the slain were interred by order of the prince, and a considerable body of Highlanders marched to Linlithgow, of which they took possession. Charles now took the advice of his friends as to the use he should make of his victory. Some were for following up the blow which had been struck, and driving Hawley out of Scotland. Others were for marching directly to London before the enemy had time to recover from their consternation. They argued that it was not to be supposed that Hawley would again face the prince and his victorious army till he should receive new reinforcements; that even then the troops which had been beaten would communicate terror to the rest; and that the prince's army, flushed with victory, could never fight with greater advantages on their side. There were others, however, who thought differently, and maintained that the capture of Stirling castle was the chief object at present; that it had never been before heard of that an army employed in a siege, having beaten those that came to raise it, had made any other use of their victory than to take the fortress in the first place; that any other conduct would argue a great deal of levity; and that it was of the utmost importance to obtain possession of the castle, as it opened an easy and safe communication between the prince, (wherever he might happen to be,) and his friends in the north. This last view was supported by M. Mirabelle de Gordon, a French engineer of Scotch extraction, who gave the prince the strongest assurances that the castle would be forced to surrender in a few days, and added, moreover, that if the prince went immediately upon another expedition he would be obliged to sacrifice all his heavy artillery which he could not carry with him into England.[8] The opinion of an individual, decorated with an order, and who was consequently considered a person of experience and talents, had great weight with the prince, who, accordingly, resolved to reduce the castle of Stirling before commencing any other operations; but Charles discovered, when too late, that Mirabelle's knowledge as an engineer was extremely limited, and that he had neither judgment to plan nor knowledge to direct the operations of a siege. This person, whose figure was as eccentric as his mind, was called, in derision, Mr. Admirable by the Highlanders.[9]

During the prince's short stay at Falkirk, a misunderstanding took place between a party of the Camerons and Lord Kilmarnock, which had nearly proved fatal to that nobleman. As this incident affords a remarkable illustration of clanship, the particulars cannot fail to be interesting. Lord Kilmarnock, having passed the evening of the battle in his house at Callander, came next morning to Falkirk with a

[6] *Culloden Papers*, p. 267. [7] Id., p. 272. [8] *Kirkconnel MS.* [9] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 117.

party of his men, having in their custody some Edinburgh volunteers, who, having fallen behind Hawley's army in its march to Linlithgow, had been taken and carried to Callander House. Leaving the prisoners and their guard standing in the street, opposite to the house where the prince lodged, his lordship went up stairs and presented to him a list of the prisoners, among whom was Mr. Home, the author of the Tragedy of *Douglas* and the *History of the Rebellion*. Charles opened the window to survey the prisoners, and while engaged in conversation with Lord Kilmarnock about them, as is supposed, with the paper in his hand, a soldier in the uniform of the Scots Royals, carrying a musket and wearing a black cockade, appeared in the street, and approached in the direction of the prince. The volunteers who observed this man coming up the street were extremely surprised, and, thinking that his intention in coming forward was to shoot the prince, expected every moment to see him raise his piece and fire. Observing the volunteers, who were within a few yards of the prince, all looking in one direction, Charles also looked the same way, and seeing the soldier approach appeared amazed, and, calling Lord Kilmarnock, pointed towards the soldier. His lordship instantly descended into the street, and finding the soldier immediately opposite to the window where Charles stood, the earl went up to him, and striking the hat off the soldier's head, trampled the black cockade under his feet. At that instant a Highlander rushed from the opposite side of the street, and, laying hands on Lord Kilmarnock, pushed him violently back. Kilmarnock immediately pulled out a pistol, and presented it at the Highlander's head; the Highlander in his turn drew his dirk, and held it close to the earl's breast. They stood in this position about half a minute, when a crowd of Highlanders rushed in and drove Lord Kilmarnock away. The man with the dirk in his hand then took up the hat, put it on the soldier's head, and the Highlanders marched off with him in triumph.

This extraordinary scene surprised the prisoners, and they solicited an explanation from a Highland officer who stood near them. The officer told them that the soldier in the royal uniform was a Cameron: "Yesterday," continued he, "when your army was defeated he joined his clan; the Camerons received him with joy, and told him that he should wear his arms, his clothes, and every thing else, till he was provided with other clothes and other arms. The Highlander who first interposed and drew his dirk on Lord Kilmarnock is the soldier's brother; the crowd who rushed in are the Camerons, many of them his near relations; and, in my opinion," continued the officer, "no colonel nor general in the prince's army can take that cockade out of his hat, except Lochiel himself."[1]

An accident occurred about the same time, which had a most prejudicial effect in thinning the ranks of the Highland army. The Highlanders, pleased with the fire-arms they had picked up upon the field of battle, were frequently handling and discharging them. Afraid of accidents, the officers had issued orders prohibiting this abuse, but to no purpose. One of Keppoch's men had secured a musket which had been twice loaded. Not aware of this circumstance, he fired off the piece, after extracting one of the balls, in the direction of some officers who were standing together on the street of Falkirk. The other ball unfortunately entered the body of Æneas Macdonell, second son of Glengary, who commanded the Glengary regiment. He survived only a short time, and, satisfied of the innocence of the man that shot him, begged with his last breath that he might not suffer. To soothe the Glengary men under their loss, the prince evinced by external acts that he participated in their feelings, and, to show his respect for the memory of this brave and estimable youth, attended his funeral as chief mourner; but nothing the prince was able to do could prevent some of the men, who felt more acutely than others the loss of the representative of their chief, from returning to their homes.

On Sunday the 19th, the prince returned to Bannockburn, leaving Lord George Murray with the clans at Falkirk. At Bannockburn he issued, by means of a printing-press which he had carried with him from Glasgow, an account of the battle of Falkirk, a modest document when compared with that of Hawley,

[1] Home, p. 180.

who gravely asserted that had it not been for the rain his army would have continued in his camp, "being masters of the field of battle!"

After the battle of Falkirk, the Duke of Perth again summoned the castle of Stirling to surrender, but the governor returned the same answer he had sent to the first message. The prince therefore resumed the siege on his return to his former head quarters, and fixed his troops in their previous cantonments. An able mathematician, named Grant, who had been employed many years with the celebrated Cassini, in the observatory at Paris, and who had conducted the siege of Carlisle, had at the commencement of the siege communicated to the prince a plan of attack, by opening trenches and establishing batteries in the church-yard. He had assured the prince that this was the only place where they could find a parallel almost on a level with the batteries of the castle; and that if a breach were effected in the half-moon, which defended the entry to the castle, from a battery in the church-yard, the rubbish of the work would fill the ditch, and render an assault practicable through the breach. In consequence, however, of a remonstrance from the inhabitants, who stated that the fire from the castle in the direction of the church-yard would reduce the greater part of the town to ashes, the prince abandoned this plan, and consulted M. Mirabelle, with the view of ascertaining whether there was any other practicable mode of making an attack on the castle with effect. To borrow an expression of the Chevalier Johnstone, in reference to the conduct of Mirabelle on this occasion, that it is always the distinctive mark of ignorance to find nothing difficult, not even the things that are impossible, this eccentric person, without the least hesitation, immediately undertook to open the trenches on the Gowling or Gowan hill, a small eminence to the north of the castle, about forty feet below its level.[2]

As there were not above fifteen inches depth of earth above the rock, it became necessary to supply the want of earth with bags of wool and earth, an operation which occupied several days. On breaking ground a fire was opened on the trenches from the castle, which was renewed from time to time during the progress of the works, and was answered from the trenches; but the fire from the castle was not sufficiently strong to hinder the operations, which, from the commanding position of the castle guns, could have been easily prevented. The design of General Blakeney in thus allowing the besiegers to raise their works, was, it is understood, to create a belief among them, that the castle would not be tenable against their batteries, and by this impression to induce the Highland army to remain before the fortress till Hawley should be again in sufficiently strong condition to advance from Edinburgh. Having, on the evening of the 28th, completed the battery on the Gowan hill, which consisted of three pieces of cannon, the rebels quickly raised another on a small rocky eminence called the Ladies' hill, on the south-east of the town. They were both unmasked on the morning of the 29th, and immediately opened with a brisk fire, which shattered two of the embrasures of the castle. As the guns of the batteries were pointed upwards, the balls generally went over the castle, and the few that struck the walls produced little effect; but the case was totally different with the besieged, who, from their elevated situation, from which they could see even the shoe-buckles of the French artillerymen behind the batteries, poured down a destructive fire upon the besiegers from two batteries mounting together thirteen pieces, which dismounted the besiegers' guns, broke their carriages, and forced them to retire with considerable loss. Thus defeated in their attack, the rebels abandoned the siege after wasting three weeks in a fruitless attempt to obtain possession of a post, which could have been of no essential service to them, and before which they lost some of their best men, chiefly among the French piquets, whom least of all they could spare.

[2] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 118.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A. D. 1746.

BRITISH SOVEREIGN:—George II., 1727—1760.

Duke of Cumberland sent down to Scotland—Marches westward—Siege of Stirling castle raised—High-

land army retreats to the north—Council held at Crieff—Duke of Cumberland pursues and arrives at Perth—Arrival of Hessians—Rout of Moy—Capture of the town and castle of Inverness by Charles—Duke of Cumberland arrives at Aberdeen—Highlanders capture Fort Augustus—Expedition against Lord Loudon—Expedition of Lord George Murray into Athole—Duke of Cumberland's movements—Takes possession of Old Meldrum and Strathbogie—Insurgents retreat across the Spey—Re-capture of the Hazard sloop-of-war—Siege of Fort William by the insurgents—Siege abandoned.

Unwilling any longer to intrust the management of the war to a general who had given such a signal proof of incapacity as Hawley had done, the government, immediately on receipt of his despatches, sent down the Duke of Cumberland to Scotland, to take the command of the army, and to retrieve if possible the lost reputation of the heroes of Dettingen and Fontenoy. The duke was beloved by the army, and enjoyed its confidence, circumstances which rendered him peculiarly fitted to supersede Hawley, who, after his return to Edinburgh, had by his severities become unpopular with the soldiers. Another reason for putting the duke at the head of the army opposed to Prince Charles, was the favourable effect which, it was supposed, the appearance of a prince of the blood would have upon the minds of the people of Scotland, and which, it was expected, would neutralise the influence of his kinsman. But apart from his rank as the son of the king, Prince William had little to recommend him to the especial notice of a nation, rather fastidious in its respect for princes. His conduct while in Scotland showed that humanity, the brightest ornament which can adorn the soldier hero, had no place in the catalogue of his virtues. With a cruelty, partly the result, perhaps, of the military school in which he was trained,[3] and which fortunately has few parallels among civilised nations, he pursued his unfortunate victims, the misguided but chivalrous adherents of the fallen dynasty, with a relentless perseverance which disgusted even his own partisans.

Having received his instructions, the duke lost no time in preparing for his journey. He left London on the 25th of January, attended by Lord Cathcart, Lord Bury, Colonels Conway and York his aides-de-camp, and arrived at Holyrood House on the 30th. He was waited upon by the state-officers, the magistrates of the city, the professors of the university, and the clergy, all of whom were graciously received. His royal highness was presented with the freedom of the city in a gold box. In the afternoon he held a sort of drawing-room, which was attended by a considerable number of ladies very richly dressed. The most conspicuous among them was a Miss Ker, who wore a busk, at the top of which was a crown done in bugles, surrounded with this inscription, "Britain's Hero, William, Duke of Cumberland." To celebrate his arrival the city was illuminated in the evening, but although the Jacobites, from prudential motives, concurred in this demonstration, their windows were broken by the mob.[4]

In the course of the day the duke inspected the army. His appearance revived the spirits

[3] "But the Duke was no common man. He belonged to an age when high command was in a great measure a royal science, which men of inferior rank had scanty opportunities of studying. He was connected with the cluster of German princes, among whom, after the enticing example of the house of Brandenburg, a knowledge of the art of war was deemed a good speculation as a means of enlarging their dominions in the tangled contests created among the German states by every European war. After Frederick himself, perhaps none of these princes would have been so capable of successful appropriations of territory as the young man whose warlike pursuits were thrown into a different channel by his connection with the British throne. Though the subject of a constitutional government, however, he retained the spirit of the German soldier-prince. Military law was the first of all laws; and to military necessity everything must yield. He followed the course which, perhaps, most men brought up in his school would have followed, if in possession of the same power; but in a constitutional country it had the character of brutal severity, and after having, as he deemed it, done his stern duty, he left behind him an execrating country to find that his little nephews ran away and hid themselves, in terror of his notorious cruelty."*—Burton's *Scotland*, (1689–1748), vol. ii. p. 507.

* "The bravery of the Duke of Cumberland," says the first historian of our day, "was such as distinguished him even among the princes of his brave house. The indifference with which he rode about amidst musket-balls and cannon-balls, was not the highest proof of his fortitude. Hopeless maladies—horrible surgical operations—far from unmanning him, did not even discompose him. With courage, he had the virtues which are akin to courage. He spoke the truth, was open in enmity and friendship, and upright in all his dealings. But his nature was hard; and what seemed to him justice, was rarely tempered with mercy. He was therefore, during many years, one of the most unpopular men in England. The severity with which he treated the rebels after the battle of Culloden, had gained him the name of "the butcher." His attempts to introduce into the army of England, then in a most disorderly state, the rigorous discipline of Potsdam, had excited still stronger disgust. Nothing was too bad to be believed of him. Many honest people were so absurd as to fancy that if he were left regent during the minority of his nephews, there would be another smothering in the tower."—*Macaulay's Essays—Chatham.*

[4] Marchant, p. 328.

of the soldiers, who, it is said, desired nothing so much as an opportunity of wiping away the disgrace of their late defeat. Such being the favourable disposition of the troops, it was resolved in a council of war held in the evening to march next morning to the relief of Stirling castle. Accordingly, early in the morning the army, which, by recent reinforcements, had been increased to fourteen battalions of foot, and four regiments of dragoons, besides the Argyleshire men, left Edinburgh in two divisions, preceded by Hamilton's and Ligonier's dragoons. One of these divisions, comprising eight battalions, at the head of which the duke was to place himself, proceeded towards Linlithgow, and the other, consisting of six battalions under the command of Brigadier Mordaunt, marched in the direction of Borrowstownness. The duke himself left Holyrood House at nine o'clock in the morning, in presence of a large assemblage of citizens, who, from curiosity, had collected before the palace at an early hour to witness his departure. He entered a splendid coach, which, with twelve beautiful horses, had been presented to him by the Earl of Hopetoun, and was accompanied in his progress through the city by many persons of distinction, and by a crowd of citizens. On reaching Castlebarns, a place about a quarter of a mile from the West-port, by which he left the city, the duke mounted his horse, and taking off his hat thanked the people for their attentions. He told them that he was in great haste to fulfil the object of his mission, and concluded by wishing them farewell. This short address was received with a loud huzza. The duke then took leave of the nobility and gentry who surrounded him, and at parting said, "Shall we not have one song?" He then began to sing an old Scottish song:—

"Will ye play me fair?
Highland laddie, Highland laddie."

But before he had finished the first stanza he stretched forth his hand, and, putting spurs to his horse, went off at full gallop to join the army.[5]

The duke took up his quarters for the night at Linlithgow with the eight battalions, and Mordaunt stopped at Borrowstowness with the other division. The dragoons were quartered in the adjacent villages, and the Argyleshire men were posted in front towards the river Avon. Early next morning, the duke received intelligence that the main body of the Highland army, quartered at Falkirk, had retired to the Torwood, where, they gave out, they intended to make a stand. Determined that no time should be lost in following the insurgents, the duke, after reviewing his army in the morning, advanced towards Falkirk. Several parties of the Highlanders, who were seen hovering on the hills between Falkirk and Linlithgow, retired with precipitation on his approach; but some stragglers were brought in by his advanced scouts, who reported that the Highlanders, afraid to risk another battle, on account of the increase of the royal army, and the diminution of their own by desertion, were repassing the Forth in great confusion. Two great explosions, like the blowing up of magazines, which were heard from a distance, seemed to confirm this intelligence. On reaching Falkirk, the duke found that all the wounded soldiers who had been made prisoners in the late action, had been left behind by the insurgents in their retreat. His royal highness halted at Falkirk with the main body of his army, and immediately detached Brigadier Mordaunt with the Argyleshire men and all the dragoons, in pursuit of the Highlanders. The duke passed the night in the house which Charles had occupied on the evening of the late battle, and slept in the same bed on which the prince had reposed. Next morning Prince William marched to Stirling, of which Brigadier Mordaunt had taken possession the previous evening. He complimented General Blakeney on his defence of the castle, and was informed by the latter that, had the siege continued much longer, he (Blakeney) must have surrendered for want of ammunition and provisions.

In his march the duke was accompanied by several officers of the English army, who had been taken prisoners at Preston, and who, under the pretence of being forcibly released by armed parties of country people in Angus and Fife, had broken their parole, and returned to Edinburgh. The Duke of Cumberland, who appears to have thought it by no means dis-

[5] Marchant, p. 329.

honourable to break faith with rebels, not only absolved these officers from their parole, but sent circulars to all the other officers, who continued prisoners of war, releasing them from the solemn obligation they had undertaken not to serve against Prince Charles for a certain time, requiring them to join their respective regiments, and threatening with the loss of their commissions such of them as should refuse to return immediately to the service. Only a few officers had the virtuous courage to refuse compliance, declaring their sense of the insult offered to men of an honourable profession, by remarking that the duke was master of their commissions, but not of their probity and honour.[6]

It was not without considerable reluctance that Charles had been induced to consent to a retreat. So late as the 28th of January, on which day he received information at Bannockburn that the Duke of Cumberland was expected at Edinburgh in a day or two, he had sent Secretary Murray to Falkirk to acquaint Lord George Murray, that it was his intention to advance and attack the Duke of Cumberland, when he should reach Falkirk, and to request his lordship to remain there till the duke came to Linlithgow. Lord George did not express any disapprobation of Charles's design, but immediately drew up a plan of the battle in contemplation, which he carried to Bannockburn, and showed to Charles. The prince, who was in high spirits, expressed himself much pleased with the plan, which differed in some respects from that he had sketched previous to the late battle; but, to his utter astonishment, he received a packet from Lord George Murray by an aid-de-camp, containing a representation by his lordship and all the chiefs,[7] who were with him at Falkirk, advising a retreat to the north.

In this paper, after stating that they considered it their duty, "in this critical juncture," to lay their opinions in the most respectful manner before his royal highness, they proceeded to say, that they were certain that a vast number of his troops had gone home since the battle of Falkirk, and that, notwithstanding all the endeavours of the commanders of the different corps, they found that the evil was hourly increasing, and that they had it not in their power to prevent it,—that as they were afraid Stirling castle could not be taken so soon as was expected, they could, from the inequality of their numbers to that of the enemy, anticipate nothing but utter destruction to the few troops that might remain behind, should the enemy advance before the castle fell into Prince Charles's hands. For these reasons, they gave it as their opinion, that the only way to extricate his royal highness, and those who remained with him, out of the imminent danger which threatened them, was to retire immediately to the Highlands, where the army could be usefully employed the remainder of the winter in taking the forts in the north,—that they were morally certain they could keep as many men together as would answer that end, and would hinder the enemy from following them to the mountains at that season of the year,—and that, in spring, they had no doubt that an army of 10,000 effective Highlanders could be brought together, who would follow his royal highness wherever he might think proper. Such a plan, they maintained, would certainly disconcert his enemies, and could not but be approved of by his royal highness's friends both at home and abroad, and that if a landing should happen in the meantime, the Highlanders would immediately rise either to join the invaders, or to make a powerful diversion elsewhere. On considering the hard marches which the army had undergone, the season of the year, and the inclemency of the weather, his royal highness, they said, as well as his allies abroad and his adherents at home, could not fail to approve of the proposal,—that the greatest objection to the retreat was the difficulty of saving the artillery, particularly the heavy cannon; but that it would be better that some of these were thrown into the Forth, than that his royal highness and the flower of his army should be exposed to the risk they inevitably would, should the proposed retreat not be agreed to, and put in execution without

[6] *Kirkconnel MS.* Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 167. Among the honourable few were Sir Peter Halket, lieutenant-colonel of Lee's regiment; Mr. Ross, son of Lord Ross; Captain Lucy Scott; Lieutenants Farquharson and Cumming; and Mr. Home has been justly censured for suppressing in his history this fact, and others equally well known to him.

[7] These were Lochiel, Keppoch, Clanranald, Ardshiel, Lochgary, Scothouse, and the Master of Lovat.

loss of time; and that they thought that it would be the greatest imprudence to risk the whole on so unequal a chance, when there were such hopes of succour from abroad, besides the resources his royal highness would have from his adherents at home. In conclusion, they informed the prince that they had just been apprised, that numbers of their people had gone off, and that many were sick, and not in a condition to fight. They added, that nobody was privy to the address but the subscribers; and they assured him that it was with great concern and reluctance they found themselves obliged to declare their sentiments in so dangerous a situation,—a declaration which nothing could have prevailed upon them to make but the unfortunate diminution of the army by desertion.[8]

According to a statement made by John Hay, who occasionally acted as secretary to the prince, Charles was so transported with rage, after reading this paper, that he struck his head against the wall of the room till he staggered, and exclaimed most violently against Lord George Murray. To dissuade the subscribers from their resolution, Charles sent Sir Thomas Sheridan to Falkirk, who, not succeeding in his mission, returned to Bannockburn, accompanied by Keppoch and several other chiefs. These argued the matter with Charles himself, and ultimately prevailed upon him to consent to a retreat.[9] This retreat was condemned by some of the prince's flatterers; but the simple fact, stated by Patullo the muster-master of the prince's army, that, before the retreat, the army had been diminished by desertion to 5,000 men, fully justifies the advice given by Lord George Murray and the chiefs at Falkirk.[1] Even Sir Thomas Sheridan, the especial favourite of the prince, admitted the necessity of the retreat, for reasons apart from the reduction of the army.[2]

In order to make the retreat with as little loss as possible, horses and carriages were ordered in from all quarters, under the pretext of carrying the field artillery and ammunition towards Edinburgh, whither it was given out that the army was to march immediately. The army, however, began to suspect the design, and every person, not in the secret, looked dejected. During the 30th, a great deal of bustle took place in the country in collecting horses and carriages, but with little effect, as the country people, who also began to conjecture that a retreat was intended, were not disposed to attend to the order.[3] At length the design of these preparations became apparent when, in consequence of a previous arrangement, Lord George Murray left Falkirk with the clans on the evening of the 31st for Bannockburn, leaving behind him Elcho's, Pitsligo's, and Kilmarnock's horse, who were directed to patrol betwixt Falkirk and Linlithgow till ten o'clock that night. Lord George continued at the prince's quarters till after twelve o'clock at night, when it was agreed that the army should rendezvous at nine o'clock next morning near St. Ninians; and a message was directed to be sent to the Duke of Perth and Lord John Drummond, both of whom were at Stirling, to be ready to march between nine and ten o'clock, but not to evacuate the town without further orders. However, after Lord George had left the prince's quarters for his own, these orders were countermanded without his knowledge, and orders were sent to Stirling to evacuate it by break of day.[4]

The appointed rendezvous at St. Ninians never took place, for the private men, imagining when they first heard of the retreat that the danger was much greater and nearer than it really was, had begun at day-break to take the road to the Frews. Before the hour appointed for assembling, many of them had arrived at that ford, so that when Charles left his quarters for St. Ninians, scarcely a vestige of his army was to be seen. Officers were sent after some parties, who were still visible, for the purpose of stopping them, but without effect. The troops in Stirling, in terms of the orders they had received, after spiking their cannon, also marched to the Frews, so that the prince and Lord George Murray found themselves almost deserted. Charles finding it impossible to recall his troops, marched off with some of the chiefs and the few troops that remained with him.[5]

[8] No. 39 of Appendix to Home.
[9] No. 40 of Idem.
[1] No. 30 of Idem.
[2] Vide Letter from Sir Thomas in *Stuart Papers*, dated from the Castle of Blair, 8th December, 1746.
[3] *Kirkconnel MS.*
[4] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 100.
[5] Idem.

On the morning of the retreat the church of St. Ninians, in which the insurgents had fifty barrels of gunpowder, blew up with a terrible explosion, which was heard by the Duke of Cumberland's army at Linlithgow. Whether it happened from accident or design, is a point which cannot be ascertained. If from design, it must have been the act of some unknown individual, as there was no warning given to any person to keep out of the way. That it could not have been perpetrated by any person in the prince's interest, seems very evident from the fact, that Charles himself was near enough to have suffered injury, and that some of the Highlanders, as well as several of the inhabitants of the village, were killed.[6] Yet, such was the spirit of misrepresentation which prevailed at the time, that, without the least assignable motive, the odium of the act was thrown upon Charles.

When this explosion took place, Lord George Murray was still at his head quarters. He thought the castle-guns had fired a volley; and on repairing to the town about an hour after the explosion, he was utterly amazed to find that the besiegers had disappeared. He, therefore, sent an aid-de-camp to call off some horse he had posted near Falkirk, and proceeded immediately, with the few troops that remained with him, to the Frews.

The Highland army was quartered that night at Doune, Dunblane, and adjacent villages, and continued to retire next day, the 2d of February, in a very disorderly manner. The prince halted at Crieff, where he reviewed his army, and, according to the statement of one of his officers,[7] his army was found not to have lost above 1,000 men by desertion. Charles, who had consented to a retreat on the supposition that his army had lost a third of its numbers from this cause, is said to have been deeply affected on this occasion. Lord George Murray's enemies did not let slip the opportunity of reproaching him, and, indeed, all the chiefs who had signed the representation, with deception; but the author above referred to observes, that their mistake, if there really was a mistake, can be easily accounted for, if people will divest themselves of prejudice, and examine the circumstances impartially. He observes, that, from the battle of Falkirk up to the time of the Duke of Cumberland's march from Edinburgh, the country being absolutely secure, the Highlanders had indulged their restless disposition by roaming about all the villages in the neighbourhood of their quarters, and that numbers of them were absent several days from their colours — that their principal officers knowing for certain that some had gone home, imagined that such was also the case with all who were not to be found in their respective quarters, but that all the stragglers had got to Crieff and appeared at the review. Without questioning such a respectable authority as Mr. Maxwell, who may be right in the main fact, as to the number of the army at Crieff, it seems more likely that the army had recruited its ranks on the retreat to Crieff, by overtaking the deserters on their homeward route, than that 2,000 or 3,000 men should have been absent on a sojourn in the neighbourhood of their camp.

After the review, the prince held a council of war, to deliberate upon the course to be pursued. At no former meeting did heats and party animosities break out to such an extent as at this council. Lord George Murray complained greatly of the flight, and requested to know the names of the persons who had advised it; but the prince took the whole blame on himself. After a great deal of wrangling and altercation, it was determined that the army should march north to Inverness in two divisions,—that the horse and low-country regiments should proceed along the coast road, and that the prince, at the head of the clans, should take the Highland road.[8] Lord George, after other officers had refused, agreed to take the command of the coast division, which arrived at Perth late that night. The prince remained at Crieff, and passed the night at Fairnton, a seat of Lord John Drummond, in the neighbourhood. Next day, being the 4th, Charles marched from Crieff to Dunkeld, and thence to Blair Athole, where he remained several days, till he heard of the arrival of the other division at Aberdeen.

It would have been quite impossible, under

[6] *Kirkconnel MS.* [7] Maxwell of Kirkconnel. [8] *Kirkconnel MS.*

almost any circumstances, for the Duke of Cumberland's army to have overtaken the Highlanders; but slow as the movements of such an army necessarily were, it met with an obstruction which retarded its progress nearly three days. This was the impassable state of Stirling bridge, one arch of which had, as formerly mentioned, been broken down by General Blakeney to embarrass the intercourse between the Highland army when in the south, and its auxiliaries in the north. It was not till the morning of the 4th of February that the bridge was repaired, on which day the English army passed over. The advanced guard, consisting of the Argyleshire Highlanders and the dragoons, went on to Crieff, and the foot were quartered in and about Dunblane, where the duke passed the night. Next day he proceeded to Crieff, and on the 6th arrived at Perth, of which his advanced guard had taken possession the previous day.

Lord George Murray marched from Perth for Aberdeen with his division on the 4th. He left behind thirteen pieces of eannon, which were spiked and thrown into the Tay, a great quantity of cannon balls, and fourteen swivel guns, that formerly belonged to the Hazard sloop-of-war, which had been surprised and taken at Montrose by the Highlanders. These pieces were taken out of the river next day by the royal troops.

Having learned at Perth the different routes taken by the Highland army, and that it had gained two or three days' march in advanee, the Duke of Cumberland resolved to halt a few days to refresh his men. From Perth parties were sent out to perambulate the neighbouring eountry, who plundered the lands and carried off the effects of the prince's adherents. The Duchess Dowager of Perth and the Viscountess of Strathallan were apprehended, carried to Edinburgh, and committed to the castle.

Shortly after his arrival at Perth, the Duke of Cumberland received an express announcing the arrival in the Frith of Forth of a force of about 5,000 Hessians, under the command of the Prince of Hesse, son-in-law of George II. These auxiliaries had been brought over from the continent to supply the place of the Dutch troops, who had been recalled by the states-general in consequence of the interference of the French government, which considered the treaty entered into between the King of Great Britain and Holland, by which the latter agreed to furnish these troops to suppress the rebellion, as a violation of the capitulations of Tournay and Dendermonde.

The fleet which conveyed the Hessian troops anchored in Leith roads on the 8th of February, having been only four days from Williamstadt. The troops were disembarked at Leith on the 9th and the following day, and were cantoned in and about Edinburgh. On the 15th of February the Duke of Cumberland paid a visit to the Prince of Hesse, his brother-in-law, at Edinburgh. On that evening they held a council of war in Milton-house, the residenee of the lord-justice-clerk. In consequence of the sudden and disorderly retreat of the Highlanders, an opinion had begun to prevail among the friends of the government at Edinburgh, that it was the intention of the insurgents to disperse themselves, and that Charles would follow the example set by his father in 1716, by leaving the kingdom. Impressed with this idea, the generals who attended the council gave it as their unanimous opinion that the war was at an end, and that the duke had nothing now to do but to give orders to his officers to march into the Highlands, as soon as the season would permit, and ferret the insurgents out of their strongholds, as it appeared evident to them that they would never risk a battle with an army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland. After the officers had delivered their sentiments, the duke requested Lord Milton to give his opinion, as he knew the Highlands and Highlanders better than any person present. His lordship at first declined doing so, as he was not a military man, but being pressed by the duke, he began by expressing a hope that he might be mistaken in the opinion he was about to give, but he felt himself bound to declare, from all he knew of the Highlands and Highlanders, that the war was not at an end, and that as the king's troops could not follow the Highlanders among their fastnesses in the winter season, they would, though now divided and scattered, unite again, and venture another battle before giving up the war. Acquiescing in the views of Lord

Milton, whose opinion turned out correct, the duke returned to Perth next day to put his army in motion towards the north.[9]

Meanwhile, the Highland army was proceeding in its march to Inverness. After remaining a few days at Blair-Athole, Charles marched to Ruthven in Badenoch, the barrack of which was taken and blown up by a party under Gordon of Glenbucket, who made the small garrison prisoners. He reached Moy castle, a seat of the laird of Mackintosh, about ten miles from Inverness, on the 16th of February, with an advanced guard of about 50 men. As Charles's forces were widely scattered, he resolved to halt at Moy till he should concentrate a force sufficient to attack the Earl of Loudon, who was posted at Inverness with 2,000 men.

Hearing of Charles's arrival at Moy castle, and that he had not above 500 or 600 men with him, Lord Loudon formed a design to seize him during the night while off his guard, The better to conceal his project, his lordship, at three o'clock in the afternoon, completely invested Inverness on all sides, posting guards and a chain of sentinels round the town, with positive orders not to suffer any person to leave it on any pretext whatever. He ordered, at the same time, 1,500 men to hold themselves in readiness to march at a moment's warning; and, having assembled them without noise, he put himself at their head, and instantly set off, planning his march so as he might arrive at the castle of Moy about eleven o'clock at night.[1]

Notwithstanding the secrecy, however, with which Lord Loudon concocted his scheme, the plan was divulged by the imprudence or perfidy of some persons intrusted with the secret. According to one account (for there are several), the design was communicated to Lady Mackintosh, a zealous Jacobite, by Fraser of Gorthleck, in a letter which he sent to her, and in another letter which she received at the same time from her mother, who, though a whig, felt a repugnance to allow Charles to be made a prisoner in her daughter's house, in which he had taken up his residence as a guest.[2] Another account is, that while some English officers were drinking in a tavern in Inverness, waiting the hour of their departure, a girl of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who happened to wait on them, paid great attention to their conversation, and, from certain expressions dropped by them, discovered their design,—that she immediately left the house, escaped from the town, notwithstanding the

Lady Anne Mackintosh, 1745.—From original painting in possession of The Mackintosh.

vigilance of the sentinels, and immediately took the road to Moy, running as fast as she was able, without shoes or stockings, which, to accelerate her progress, she had taken off,—and that on arriving she informed Lady Mackintosh of the design against the prince.[4] The *Jacobite Memoirs*, however, have furnished a third version of this affair, which appears to be more correct in the details. It is there stated that Lady Mackintosh's mother, who lived in Inverness, having received notice of Lord Loudon's design, despatched a boy, about fifteen years of age, named Lauchlan Mackintosh, to Moy, to apprise the prince thereof,—

[9] Home, p. 194. [1] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 145.
[2] Home, p. 197.

[4] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 145.

that the boy, finding he could not pass by Lord Loudon's men without running the risk of being discovered, concealed himself behind a wall till they had passed, when, taking a different road, he reached Moy and gave the alarm. The prince, who was in bed, was instantly awakened, and, jumping out, put on his clothes, left the house with a guard of about thirty men, and disappeared in a neighbouring wood.[5]

As soon as Lady Mackintosh was informed of Lord Loudon's design, she sent five or six of her people, headed by a country blacksmith, named Fraser, to watch the advance of Loudon's troops. This man, with a boldness almost incredible, formed the extraordinary design of surprising the advancing party, in the expectation that they would fall a prey to a panic. With this view, he posted his men on both sides of the road to Inverness, about three miles from Moy, and enjoined them not to fire till he should give directions, and then not to fire together, but one after the other, in the order he pointed out. After waiting for some time, the party was apprised of the advance of Lord Loudon's troops by the noise they made in marching. When the head of the detachment, which consisted of 70 men under the laird of Macleod, was within hearing, the blacksmith called out with a loud voice, "Here come the villains who intend to carry off our prince; fire, my lads; do not spare them; give them no quarter." He thereupon discharged his piece in the direction of the detachment, and his party, after following his example, ran in different directions, calling upon the Macdonalds and Camerons to advance on the right and left, and repeating aloud the names of Lochiel and Keppoch. Impressed with the belief that the whole Highland army was at hand, the advanced guard instantly turned its back, and communicating its fears to the rear, a scene of indescribable confusion ensued. The *sauve-qui-peut* which burst forth from the discomfited legions of Napoleon on the plains of Waterloo, was not more appalling to the flying French than were the names of the Camerons and Macdonalds to the ears of Lord Loudon's troops on the present occasion. In the hurry of their flight many were thrown down and trodden upon, and so great was the panic with which the fugitives were seized, that the flight continued till they got near Inverness. The Master of Ross, who accompanied the party, and was one of those who were overwhelmed, observed to Mr. Home, that he had been in many perils, but had never found himself in such a grievous condition as that in which he was at the rout of Moy.[6] In this affair the laird of Macleod's piper, reputed the best in Scotland, was shot dead on the spot. On the dispersion of Lord Loudon's party, Charles returned to the castle.

Having assembled his men next morning, Charles advanced upon Inverness with the intention of attacking Lord Loudon, and taking revenge for the attempt of the preceding night; but his lordship, not feeling inclined to wait for the prince, retired into Ross-shire, by crossing the Moray Frith at the ferry of Kessock. Charles took immediate possession of Inverness, and laid siege to the castle then named Fort George. This structure, which was situated on a hill to the south-west of Cromwell's fort, had been raised at the Revolution; and had cost the government, since its erection, above £50,000. The castle was fortified in the modern manner, being a regular square with four bastions, and it commanded the town and the bridge over the river Ness.

This fortress had a garrison of eighty regular

[5] Stewart's Statement in *Jacobite Memoirs*. The statement given by Mr Hume,—that Lady Mackintosh concealed Lord Loudon's design from the prince, and that he knew nothing of his lordship's march till next morning, is certainly erroneous. He says that "without saying a word to Charles or any of his company, she (Lady Mackintosh) ordered five or six of her people, well armed, under the conduct of a country smith, to watch the road from Inverness, and give notice if they should perceive any number of men coming towards Moy;" and that "Charles, for whose safety the lady had provided so effectually, knew nothing of Lord Loudon's march till next morning; for he was up and dressed when the smith and his party came to Moy, and gave an account of their victory. It is clear, however, that the blacksmith and his party were sent out by Lady Mackintosh before the arrival of the boy, as Gib, the prince's master of the household, who was sleeping in his clothes in the Castle of Moy when the boy arrived, says expressly that the blacksmith's adventure "happened much about the the time when the boy (Lauchlan Mackintosh) arrived at Moy to give the alarm. It is probable, however, that the blacksmith and his party were sent out by Lady Mackintosh without the prince's knowledge."

[6] Home, p. 198.

troops; but, on his departure from Inverness, Lord Loudon threw into it two of the independent companies, one of Grants, and the other of Macleods. The castle on the present occasion mounted sixteen pieces of cannon, and was well provided with ammunition and provisions. The prince summoned the fortress to surrender, but Grant of Rothiemurchus, the governor, refused to comply. Though Charles had left his heavy artillery behind, he found no difficulty in reducing this fort, as the little hill on which it was built was so contiguous to the town that it could be easily approached on that side, without exposure to its fire. It was resolved to undermine the castle and blow it up; but, after a siege of two days, and when the mine had been completed, the garrison surrendered. This event took place on the 20th of February. The prince, however, did not spare the fortress, which he blew up immediately after the surrender; a sergeant in the French artillery, who was charged with the operation, losing his life on the occasion.[7]

On the same day that Charles arrived at Moy, the division under Lord George Murray had reached Spey side; and the day before Fort George surrendered he had arrived with his men in the neighbourhood of Inverness. In consequence of a great fall of snow, which took place on the day Lord George marched from Aberdeen, his march had been most fatiguing; and the French piquets and Lord John Drummond's regiment were obliged to halt a day at Kintore and Inverury. After giving the prince an account of his march, Lord George, contemplating the possibility of a retreat to the Highlands, mentioned a plan, devised by him and Lord Pitsligo, to assess the shires of Banff, Moray, and Nairn in 5,000 bolls of meal, for the use of the army; and he proposed that the greater part of it should be sent to the Highlands for subsistence, in case of retreat thither. The prince approved of the plan; but directed that the whole of the meal, when collected, should be brought to Inverness.[8]

With the exception of two detachments, which took possession of Blair and Castle Menzies, the army of the Duke of Cumberland lay inactive at Perth till the 20th of February, on which day he put his army in motion for the north, in four divisions. He sent notice to the Prince of Hesse to march to Perth, and in his way to leave two battalions at Stirling. At the same time he directed the remains of Ligonier's and Hamilton's dragoons to be cantoned at Bannockburn, and St. George's dragoons to be posted at Bridge of Earn. With the assistance of these cavalry regiments, which were placed under the command of the Earl of Crawford, it was thought that the Prince of Hesse would be able to check the insurgents, and prevent their progress south, should they give the duke the slip. In marching north, the duke's army took the road along the coast, as Lord George Murray had done. On the 27th of February the army arrived at Aberdeen, where the duke took up his quarters, till the advance of spring should enable him to take the field. A few days before his arrival, a vessel from France had landed at Aberdeen three troops of Fitz-James's horse, with five officers, and a piquet of Berwick's regiment. These troops, with a party of men under Moir of Stonywood, left Aberdeen on the duke's approach.

Compelled by circumstances to abandon, within the short space of three weeks, the whole tract of low country from the Avon to the Don, on which he chiefly relied for the subsistence of his army, followed by a large army with powerful resources in its rear, which it could render speedily available, and narrowly watched by the forces under Lord Loudon, the situation of Charles now became very critical. The fertile province of Moray and part of the adjacent territory had, by the expulsion of Lord Loudon from Inverness, no doubt come into his possession; but he could not expect to maintain his ground in this district for any length of time without a precarious struggle. He had it in his power, whenever he pleased, to retire into the neighbouring Highlands, where his pursuers would scarcely venture to follow him; but, without previously securing a supply of provisions from the Low country, he could not keep his army together in a district where the means of subsistence were extremely scanty. The possibility of such a retreat was contemplated by Lord George Murray; but, from aversion to such a design, or from want of foresight, Charles, as just stated, over-

[7] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 149.
[8] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 104.

ruled his lordship's proposal to send a supply of provisions to the Highlands.

Judging from the slowness of the Duke of Cumberland's motions, that a considerable time would elapse before he would venture to cross the Spey, Charles resolved to employ the interval in carrying through a series of operations which he and his friends projected. The principal of these were the reduction of Fort Augustus and Fort William, and the dispersion of Lord Loudon's army. To secure subsistence for his army, he cantoned the greater part of the division which had marched by Aberdeen between that town and Inverness; and, as after the retreat from Stirling he had directed any supplies that might be sent him from France to be landed to the north of Aberdeen, he occupied all the little towns along that coast. As this district was generally disaffected to the government, it was an easy matter to guard it with the few troops that were dispersed over it; and no danger was to be apprehended till the English army came up, when the various parties were directed to fall back from post to post as the duke advanced.[9]

The first enterprise that Charles undertook, after capturing Fort George, was the siege of Fort Augustus. To reduce this fortress, and with the ulterior view of laying siege to Fort William, Brigadier Stapleton was sent into Stratherrick with the French piquets and a detachment of Lord John Drummond's regiment, and appeared before Fort Augustus about the end of February. Without waiting for his artillery, which consisted of a few pieces found at Fort George, he attacked the old barrack and carried it immediately, the garrison retiring to the fort. Mr. Grant, who had succeeded M. Mirabelle as chief engineer, since the siege of Stirling, opened a trench upon the 3d of March. The garrison held out two days, when, in consequence of the explosion of the powder magazine by the falling of a shell, the fortress surrendered, and the garrison, which consisted of three companies of Guise's regiment, were made prisoners of war. Leaving Lord Lewis Gordon with a few troops in command of the place, the brigadier marched to Fort William, which he invested on the land side.[1]

[9] *Kirkconnel MS.*

[1] Home, p. 199. *Kirkconnel MS.*

Pursuant to his plan of operations, the prince, in the beginning of March, sent Lord Cromarty with a detachment, consisting of his own regiment, the Mackintoshes, Macgregors, and Barrisdale's men, to drive the forces under Lord Loudon out of Ross-shire. Finding that his lordship was unable to accomplish the task which had been assigned him, Charles despatched Lord George Murray to his assistance with the Macdonalds of Clanranald and a battalion of Lochiel's regiment. He reached Dingwall the first night, where he found Lord Cromarty's detachment; but his lordship had been absent two days at his own house with a strong guard of Mackenzies. Lord George marched next day for Tain, where he understood Lord Loudon was posted; but on the road he learned that his lordship had crossed the Dornoch Frith to Sutherland, and had quartered his troops in the town of Dornoch and the neighbourhood. Not having any boats to carry his men across the frith, his lordship, after consulting his officers, returned to Dingwall, where he quartered his men. The reason of retiring a day's march farther back was to throw Lord Loudon off his guard, as it was contemplated to bring boats along the coast and attempt the passage. There was nothing to prevent the detachment marching round the head of the frith; but Lord Loudon having a sufficiency of boats, might have eluded his pursuers by recrossing to Tain; and, as Lord George would, by such a course, have been several days' march from Inverness, the main body of the Highland army would have been in a critical situation, if the Duke of Cumberland's army had reached the neighbourhood of Inverness, while the corps under Lord George Murray was on the north side of the Frith of Dornoch.[2] After sending notice to Lord Cromarty of the disposition of his forces, and that the Duke of Perth would take the command, Lord George returned to Inverness the following day, to execute a design he and Macpherson of Cluny had concerted, to surprise the castle of Blair, and to beat up the quarters of the government troops in Athole, who, from information he had received, had committed great excesses in that district.

[2] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 105.

To carry the enterprise against Lord Loudon into execution, all the fishing boats that could be collected on the coast of Moray were brought to Findhorn. A few gentlemen, to whom the charge of collecting this small flotilla had been intrusted, had conducted the matter with such secrecy and expedition, that no person in the government interest was aware of it; but after the boats were all in readiness, a difficulty presented itself in getting them across the Moray frith without being perceived by the English cruisers that were continually passing along the coast. Moir of Stonywood, however, undertook to convey the boats to Tain, and he accordingly set out one night with this little fleet, and arrived at his destination next morning without being observed by the enemy.[3] On the flotilla reaching Tain, the Duke of Perth divided his force into two parts; and while, with one of them, he marched about by the head of the frith, he directed the other to cross in the boats. Under cover of a thick fog this division landed without being discovered, and the duke, having united his forces on the north side of the frith, advanced upon Dornoch. When near that town, he came up with a party of 200 men, who were on their march to join Lord Loudon. This party instantly fled; but Major Mackenzie, who commanded it, with four or five officers, and sixty privates, were made prisoners. Among the officers was a son of Mr. Macdonald of Scothouse, who was taken prisoner by his own father.[4] The main body, under Lord Loudon, abandoned Dornoch in great consternation, and fled north towards Glenmore, pursued by the Jacobite forces. Both parties marched all night; but the fugitives kept ahead of their pursuers. After a chase of about thirty miles, the Duke of Perth discontinued the pursuit, and halted at the head of Loch Shin. While following the enemy during the night, great anxiety prevailed among the Macdonalds in the Duke of Perth's detachment, lest, in the event of an engagement, they might not be able, notwithstanding their white cockades, to distinguish themselves from the Macdonalds of Skye, who, like the other Macdonalds, wore heather in their bonnets.[5] Upon reaching the head of Sutherlandshire, Lord Loudon separated his army. Accompanied by the lord-president and the laird of Macleod, he marched to the sea-coast with 800 of the Macdonalds and Macleods, and embarked for the Isle of Skye. Part of his own regiment, with several officers, took refuge in Lord Reay's country. Finding that Lord Loudon's troops had dispersed, the Duke of Perth returned to Inverness, leaving Lord Cromarty in Sutherland with a sufficient force to keep Lord Sutherland and Lord Reay's people in check. The dispersion of Lord Loudon's army was considered of such importance by Charles, that he immediately despatched an officer to France with the intelligence.[6] In this expedition, several vessels in the Frith of Dornoch, having some valuable effects on board, fell into the hands of the insurgents.

Before Lord George Murray set out on his expedition into Athole, Macpherson of Cluny had secured the passes between that country and Badenoch, to prevent all communication between these districts. About the middle of March Lord George left Inverness with 400 men of the Athole brigade; and, on entering Badenoch, he was joined by Cluny with 300 Macphersons. On the 16th of March the whole detachment set out from Dalwhinnie in the dusk of the evening, and did not halt till they reached Dalnaspidal, about the middle of Drummochter, where the body was divided into a number of small parties, in each of which the Athole men and the Macphersons were proportionally mixed.

Hitherto, with the exception of Macpherson of Cluny and Lord George, no person in the expedition knew either its destination or object. The time was now come for Lord George to explain his design, which he said was to surprise and attack before day-light, and as nearly as possible at the same time, all the posts in Athole occupied by the royal forces. As an

[3] *Kirkconnel MS.*

[4] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 164. Johnstone gives an affecting account of the paternal anxiety of Scothouse when ordered to set out as one of the detachment to attack Lord Loudon. Not anticipating the landing of the prince in Scotland, he had applied for and obtained a commission for his son in Lord Loudon's regiment, and his alarm now was lest his son should fall by his own hands.

[5] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 305.

[6] Vide Letter from Colonel Warren to the Chevalier de St. George, of 9th May, 1746, in the *Stuart Papers*.

encouragement, he offered a reward of a guinea to every man who should surprise a sentinel at his post. There were about thirty posts in all, including the different houses at which the royal troops were quartered; but the principal posts, more especially selected for attack, were Bun-Rannoch, the house of Keynnachin, the house of Blairfettie, the house of Lude, the house of Faskally, and the inn at Blair, where, as Lord George Murray was informed, several officers of the twenty-first regiment were quartered. After the different parties had discharged their duty by attacking the posts assigned them, they were ordered to meet at the bridge of Bruar, about two miles north from Blair, as the general rendezvous for the detachment.

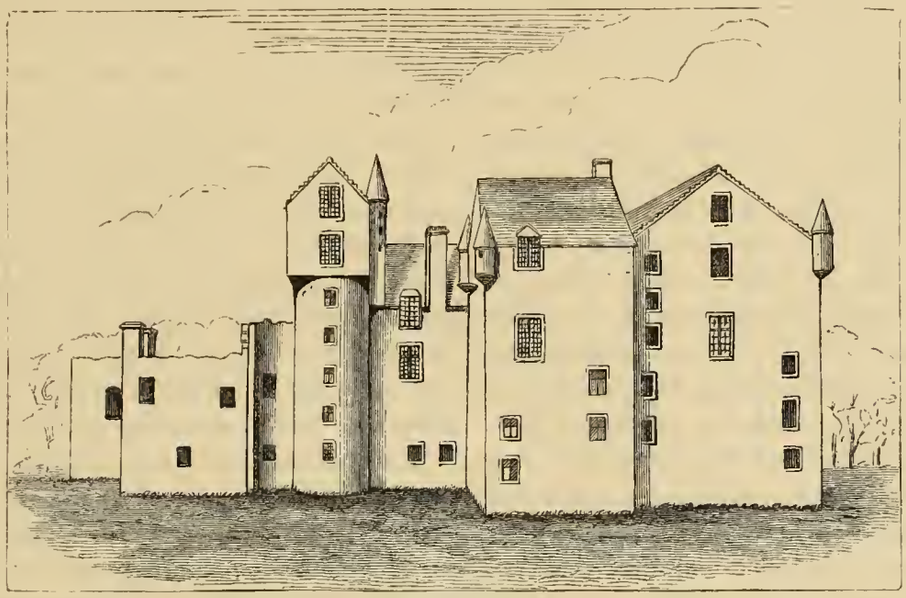
Having received their instructions, the different parties set out immediately: and so well was the scheme of attack laid, that betwixt three and five o'clock in the morning, the whole posts, though many miles distant from one another, were carried. At Bun-Rannoch, where there was a late-wake held that night, the sentinel was surprised, and the whole of the party, (Argyleshire men,) while engaged in that festivity, were taken prisoners, without a shot being fired on either side. The sentinel at Keynnachin being more upon his guard, discharged his piece and alarmed his friends, who defended themselves for a short time by firing from the windows, till the party broke into the house, and killing one man, made prisoners of the rest. At Blairfettie, where there were fifty Argyleshire men stationed, the sentinel was surprised, and the party, with the proprietor of the mansion at their head, entered the house before the soldiers within knew that they were attacked. They endeavoured to defend themselves, but were obliged to surrender. Lady Blairfettie was in bed at the time, and knew nothing of the affair, till informed by a servant that her husband was below, and wished to see her immediately. On coming down stairs she found the garrison disarmed, the prisoners in the dining-room, and about a dozen of her husband's tenants and servants standing over them with drawn swords. Blairfettie, thinking that his wife had been harshly treated, desired her to point out any of the prisoners who had used her ill; but she answered that she had no other complaint to make than this, that the prisoners had eaten all her provisions, and that she and her children were starving.[7] The parties at Faskally, at Lude, and the bridge of Tilt, were also taken; but that in the inn of Blair, after some resistance, escaped to the castle. Three hundred prisoners were taken by Lord George's parties, without the loss of a single man. While beating up the different posts, a party, by order of Lord George, secured the pass of Killiecrankie.[8]

Having been apprised, by the arrival of the party from the inn of Blair, of the presence of the enemy, Sir Andrew Agnew, who held the castle of Blair, instantly got his men under arms, and left the castle to ascertain who they were that had attacked his posts. Information of this circumstance was brought about daybreak by an inhabitant of the village to Lord George Murray, who was then at the bridge of Bruar with a party of twenty-five men only and a few elderly gentlemen, waiting for the different parties he had despatched the previous night. This intelligence was of the utmost importance to Lord George and his party, all of whom would otherwise have probably fallen into the hands of the garrison. Lord George immediately consulted the gentlemen around him as to the course they should pursue. Some advised an immediate retreat in the direction of Dalwhinnie, but others were for crossing the nearest hills, and retiring by roads along which it would be difficult for the garrison to follow them. His lordship, however, was opposed to both opinions, as by quitting his post he was afraid that his different parties, as they came to the appointed place of rendezvous, would be surprised, and made prisoners. While pondering how to extricate himself from the dilemma in which he was placed, he espied a long unfinished turf-wall which ran across a field near the bridge. An idea at once occurred to him, that by disposing the few men that were with him behind this wall at a considerable distance from one another, and by displaying the colours of both regiments in front, he might deceive Sir Andrew Agnew's detachment, by inducing them to believe that they were to be opposed by a large body of men.

[7] Note by the Editor of Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 155.
[8] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 107.

Having disposed his small party in the way described, Lord George directed the pipers, (for luckily he had with him the whole pipers of his detachment,) to keep their eyes fixed upon the road to Blair, and the moment they saw any military appear in that direction, to strike up at once with all their bagpipes. Just as the sun was rising above the horizon, Sir Andrew Agnew's men appeared, and their ears were instantly saluted by the noise of the bagpipes, when the pipers commenced playing one of their most noisy pibrochs. The party behind the wall then drew their swords, and, as they had been previously ordered by Lord George, kept brandishing them above their heads. This *ruse* succeeded completely, and Sir Andrew, alarmed by the noise and the spectacle before him, at which he took only a short glance, ordered his men to the right about, and retired into the castle.[9]

Being now relieved from all apprehension of attack, Lord George remained at his post till joined by about 300 of his men, when he marched to Blair, and invested the castle.



Blair Castle as it stood in 1745-6 before being dismantled. Copied by permission from an old drawing in possession of His Grace the Duke of Athole.

Having no battering-cannon, and only two small field-pieces, which could make no impression on walls that were seven feet thick, he resolved to blockade the castle, which he expected would be forced to surrender in two or three weeks for want of provisions. To cut off the communication between the castle and the neighbouring country, Lord George placed a guard of 300 men at the village of Blair, where he was himself stationed, and another near the Mains, at some stables which had been recently erected. Being joined by 400 or 500 men belonging to the district, who had been formerly in the Highland army, Lord George detached a party to Dunkeld, where they remained till the approach of the Hessians from Perth. This party then retreated to Pitlochrie, two miles below the pass of Killiecrankie, where they remained several days, during which time repeated skirmishes took place between them and the hussars, and some of St. George's dragoons. During the time the Athole men kept possession of Pitlochrie, Lord George Murray went there generally twice every day to ascertain the state of matters. The Hessians showed no disposition to leave Dunkeld, where they had taken up their quarters, till the 13th of March, on which day a large body of them came up as far as the Haugh of Dalskean, about two miles from Pitlochrie. The dragoons and hussars continuing to advance, the Athole men retired to the foot of the pass of Killiecrankie, where they halted to dispute the passage; but after remaining six hours waiting for the Hessians, they were informed that a great part of them had returned to Dunkeld.[1]

At this time the garrison of Blair castle was

[9] Home, p. 205.

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 109.

reduced to great distress from the want of provisions, and if the blockade had been continued a few days longer they must have surrendered; but, fortunately for the besieged, Lord George Murray was ordered to return immediately to Inverness, in consequence of the expected advance of the Duke of Cumberland. Accordingly, on the 31st of March, Lord George sent off his two pieces of cannon, that he might not be impeded in his march, and about ten o'clock at night he drew off the party from the pass to Blair, taking his departure for Inverness, at two o'clock next morning. Finding the pass clear, Lord Crawford went through it the same morning, but the Hessians, alarmed at the dreadful aspect which it presented, positively refused to enter the pass. As, from the expresses which Lord George Murray received, he was led to infer that the Duke of Cumberland was about to leave Aberdeen, his lordship made a most rapid march, having performed the journey in seventy hours, four only of which he devoted to sleep. Cluny's men were left at Ruthven, to guard Badenoch from the incursions of the royal troops in Athole.[2]

To facilitate his march to the north, and to clear as much of the low country as possible from the presence of the insurgents, the Duke of Cumberland sent several detachments from Aberdeen, to scour the country, and possess themselves of certain posts between the Don and the Spey. One of these detachments, consisting of four battalions of infantry, the Duke of Kingston's horse, and Cobham's dragoons, under the command of General Bland, left Aberdeen on the 12th of March, and took possession of Old Meldrum, Inverury, and Old Rayne. Bland was preceded on his march by the Argyleshire men, and 100 of the laird of Grant's followers under the eldest son of that chief. At this time the insurgent forces on the east of the river Spey, which had been placed under the command of Lord John Drummond, were stationed as follows. Lord Strathallan's horse, which had been lately separated from Lord Kilmarnock's, and the hussars, occupied Cullen; part of the battalions of Roy Stewart and Gordon of Avochy, consisting of about 400 men, with 50 horse, were quartered at Strathbogie, and the remainder were cantoned in Foehabers, and the villages along the Spey.[3]

Having received intelligence of the occupation of Strathbogie by the Highlanders, the Duke of Cumberland sent orders on the 16th, to General Bland to march thither with all the troops under his command, and endeavour to surprise the forces there assembled, and failing in that design, to attack them and drive them across the river. To sustain General Bland, should occasion require, Brigadier Mordaunt marched by break of day next morning to Old Meldrum, with four battalions and four pieces of cannon. About the same time General Bland left Old Meldrum for Strathbogie, and almost succeeded in surprising the insurgents, who were ignorant of his approach till he came near the place. At the time the news of General Bland's march reached Strathbogie some of the Highlanders were absent, having been sent the preceding night for the purpose of intercepting the young laird of Grant, who was returning to his own country with a commission to raise a regiment out of his clan, and who was to pass within a few miles of Strathbogie. The party, however, did not succeed, as Mr. Grant got the start of them, and took up his quarters for the night in a strong castle belonging to Lord Forbes, which they found it impossible to force without artillery. This party returned to Strathbogie about one o'clock in the afternoon, greatly fatigued from want of rest, and found that intelligence had been received of Bland's advance. This news was fully confirmed by the arrival of some scouts, who came back at full speed with information that a large body of horse and foot was at hand.[4]

Alarmed at the unexpected approach of the enemy, the officers at Strathbogie were at first at a loss how to act. There was danger in retreat as well as in attempting to remain. It was impossible that the men, who were in want of sleep and refreshment, could march far without halting; and as they had left several stragglers behind, it appeared certain that, in the event of a retreat, these would be picked up by Bland's cavalry. On the other

[2] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 110. [3] *Kirkconnel MS.* [4] Idem.

hand, from the vast numerical superiority of the English forces, it was dreaded that the small party would not be able to make an effectual resistance, and that in the event of a defeat the whole would easily fall into the enemy's hands. In this dilemma it was resolved to remain an hour at Strathbogie, to give time to the stragglers to come up, and then to retreat. At this time the van of Bland's detachment had begun to appear, and before the hour had elapsed the whole was in sight, and the van within a quarter of a mile of the village. The small party of guards then marched out towards the enemy, and while they formed between the village and the bridge of Bogie, as if intending to dispute the passage of the bridge, the foot left the village. After they had cleared the village, and the enemy's cavalry had begun to file along the bridge, the small body of horse retired after the foot, towards the river Deveron, which they crossed. They thereupon formed again on the other side of the river to stop the enemy's horse, who had pursued them at full speed from Strathbogie to the river side, but they did not at first attempt the passage, a circumstance which enabled the foot to gain the adjoining hill without molestation, where, from the narrowness of the road and the rockiness of the ground on each side of it, they were perfectly safe from the attacks of cavalry. With the exception of some volunteers among the cavalry, who followed half-way up the hill, and skirmished with a few of the guards who were left behind to observe their motions, the rest of the cavalry gave over the pursuit. The Highlanders, however, did not halt till they reached Fochabers. Next day they crossed the Spey, along with the other troops which had been cantoned on the east side, and took up their quarters in the villages on the opposite side.[5]

From Strathbogie, General Bland sent forward a detachment of 70 Campbells, and 30 of Kingston's horse, to occupy Keith, but they were not allowed to hold this post long. Major Glasgow, an Irish officer in the service of France, having offered to the prince to carry it with a detachment of 200 men, he was allowed to attempt the enterprise, and succeeded, the village having been invested on all sides before the enemy was aware of the attempt. On this occasion they became the victims of a little stratagem. After recrossing the Spey, Lord John Drummond sent a body of horse and foot across every morning. The foot remained generally all day at Fochabers, and the horse patrolled on the road between that village and Keith. On the 20th of March, a small party of Bland's light horse having appeared on the top of the hill that overlooks Fochabers, the party occupying the village, apparently alarmed, left it in a hurry, much earlier than usual, and repassed the river. The design in thus repairing across the river before the usual time, was to throw the party at Keith off their guard, who, fancying themselves secure, took no precautions against surprise. After it had grown quite dark, Glasgow crossed the Spey with his detachment, consisting of 200 foot and 40 horse, and marching direct to Keith, arrived there unperceived about one o'clock in the morning. The Campbells, who were quartered in the church, formed in the church-yard, and a smart fire was kept up for some time between them and their assailants; but upon being promised quarter, if they submitted, they laid down their arms. Of the whole party, including the horse, not above five or six escaped. Captain Campbell who commanded the detachment, a non-commissioned officer, and five privates were killed. Glasgow had twelve of his men killed or wounded.

The advantages obtained by the insurgents in their expeditions into Athole and Sutherland, and by the reduction of Fort Augustus, were in some degree balanced by the loss of the Prince Charles, formerly the Hazard sloop of war, and the capture of some treasure and warlike stores which she had brought from France for the use of Charles's army; and by the abandonment of the siege of Fort William.

Early in November the Hazard, a vessel mounting sixteen guns and some swivels, with a crew of 80 men, had anchored at Ferriden, opposite Montrose. The object of her commander, in taking this station, was to prevent the insurgents from taking possession of the town. At this time a party of Lord Ogilvy's men, under the command of Captain David Ferrier, held Brechin, of which Ferrier had

[5] *Kirkconnel MS.*

been appointed deputy-governor by the prince before his march into England; and to hinder the approach of this party towards Montrose, a fire was kept up at intervals for three days and nights from the Hazard, the only effect of which was to annoy the inhabitants exceedingly. To put an end to such a state of matters, Ferrier formed the design of capturing the vessel by raising a battery at the entrance of the river, and thereby to prevent her getting out to sea. In pursuance of this plan he entered Montrose one night, and possessed himself of the island on the south side of the town, opposite to where the Hazard lay. Next day the Hazard attempted to dislodge the party from the isle by her fire, but without success. In the afternoon of the following day a vessel carrying French colours was observed at sea, standing in towards the river; this turned out to be a transport from France, with a party of Lord John Drummond's regiment, some Irish piquets, and six pieces of artillery. On observing this vessel, the Hazard fired a gun to leeward as a decoy; but, upon a signal from the party on the island, the commander of the French vessel ran her on shore out of reach of the Hazard's guns. The crew then landed the six guns, and a fire was opened from them upon the Hazard next morning from both sides of the river, on each of which three of the pieces had been planted. With the exception, however, of having some of her rigging cut, she sustained no damage. Before the arrival of Ferrier's party, Captain Hill, the commander of the Hazard, had taken four six-pounders, and two four-pounders, belonging to the town, which he had put on board a vessel in the harbour; but, by oversight, he left this vessel at the quay, and the consequence was, that she fell into the hands of the insurgents. This circumstance was fatal to the Hazard; for, finding that the guns lately landed were not sufficient to force the Hazard to surrender, Captain Ferrier carried the four six-pounders to the Dial hill, from which he fired upon her; and her commander, seeing escape hopeless, after hoisting a flag of truce, and making an ineffectual attempt for permission to leave the river, surrendered.[7]

[7] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 112.

This vessel, being a first-rate sailer, was a great acquisition to the insurgents, and had made several trips to France. On the present occasion the Prince Charles, as the Hazard was now named by the Highlanders, was returning from France, having on board several officers and some privates, a supply of arms and ammunition, and a quantity of gold coin, amounting to between £12,000 and £13,000 sterling. She was observed, on the 24th of March, off the Banffshire coast, by the Sheerness man-of-war, which immediately gave chase. The Prince Charles taking a north-west course, endeavoured to escape by entering the Pentland frith; but the Sheerness followed her into that dangerous gulf; and after a running fight, in which the Prince Charles is said to have lost 36 men, the latter ran ashore on the sands of Melness, on the west side of Tongue bay, near the house of Lord Reay, on the 25th of March. The officers, soldiers, and crew, immediately landed with the treasure, which was contained in small boxes, and carried it to the house of William Mackay of Melness, where it remained during the night. The dispersion of Lord Loudon's forces, an event which was considered at the time highly favourable to the interests of Charles in the north, turned out, in the present instance, to be very prejudicial. Part of them, as has been stated, had, upon their dispersion, retired into that wild and barren region called Lord Reay's country; and when the Prince Charles arrived in Tongue bay, there was a party of these troops quartered in the neighbourhood. On receiving notice of the landing, Lord Reay sent some persons in a boat across the bay, to ascertain the strength of the party that had disembarked; and, on being informed that it was not numerous, it was concerted between him and some of Lord Loudon's officers, to attack the party next morning with such forces as they could collect. Early next morning the French, conducted by George Mackay, younger of Melness, who had undertaken to lead them to Inverness, left Melness; but they had not proceeded far, when they were attacked, two hours after day-break, by a body of men, consisting of fifty of Lord Reay's people headed by his lordship's steward and a similar number of Lord Loudon's troops. After a short resistance, during which four or

six of their men were killed and as many wounded, the whole party, consisting of 20 officers and 120 soldiers and sailors, surrendered.

As Charles's coffers were almost exhausted at this time, the loss of such a large sum of money pressed with peculiar severity upon the army, which he had, in consequence, great difficulty in keeping together. Though sparing in his troops, the King of France had not been remiss in sending Charles pecuniary supplies, nor had the King of Spain been unmindful of him; but the remittances sent by these sovereigns did not all reach their destination, some of them having been intercepted by British cruisers on their way. Reckoning, however, the sums drawn and received from various sources, Charles must have got no inconsiderable sum; but he appears to have paid little attention to his pecuniary concerns, and a system of peculation is said to have been practised by the persons intrusted with the management, which told heavily upon his means. His principal steward in particular, to whom the administration of the finances was committed, is alleged not to have been scrupulously honest, and he is said to have contrived matters so as to prevent open detection. His underlings did not omit the opportunity which occasion offered, of filling their pockets: a system of imposition was also practised by means of false musters.[8] Under such circumstances the early exhaustion of Charles's military chest is not to be wondered at. In this situation, seeing the impossibility of recruiting his finances at Inverness, he had resolved to return to the south country; but other circumstances induced him to forego his intention.

Judging from the unfortunate result of the siege of Stirling castle, neither Lord George Murray nor Brigadier Stapleton had any hopes of reducing Fort William, which, besides being a strong place, was regularly fortified; but, as Lochiel, Keppoch, and other chiefs, whose properties lay in its neighbourhood, were very desirous to obtain possesion of a fortress which perpetually annoyed them, and the garrison of which had, during the prince's expedition into England, made frequent sallies, and burnt the houses of the country people, and carried off their cattle, they did not object to the siege.[9]

To assist the troops under Stapleton, the Camerons and the Macdonalds of Keppoch were ordered to Fort William. Mr. Grant the engineer proposed to begin the siege by erecting a battery on a small hill, called the Sugar-loaf, which overlooked the fortress about 800 yards off; and as he observed that one of the bastions projected so far that it could not be defended by the fire of the first, he proposed to arrive at it by a trench and blow it up; but, while in the act of reconnoitring, he received a violent contusion from a cannon-ball, which completely disabled him. Brigadier Stapleton, having no other engineer, was obliged to send to Inverness for M. Mirabelle, the singular personage formerly alluded to. Meanwhile, the besieged heightened the parapets of the walls on the side where they dreaded an attack, and raised the two faces of the bastions seven feet high.[1]

For several days a skirmishing was kept up between the garrison and two sloops of war stationed in the river, on the one side, and the besiegers on the other, with varied success; but the insurgents having completed a battery on the Sugar-loaf on March 20th, opened the siege that evening. On account of its distance from the fortress, and the smallness of the cannon, which consisted of six and four-pounders only, little execution was done. Next day the besiegers erected a new battery at the foot of the Cowhill, within half the distance of the other, which was also opened, but with little better effect. On the 22d, Brigadier Stapleton sent a drummer to Captain Scott, the commanding officer, with a letter, requiring him to surrender, but his answer was, that he would defend the place to the last extremity. The bombardment was thereupon renewed on both sides for some hours, but at last the garrison silenced the besiegers by beating down their principal battery. The besiegers then erected a third battery, and the bombardment continued, with little intermission, till the 31st, when the garrison made a sally, forced one of the batteries erected upon a place called the Craigs, about a hundred yards from the walls, and captured several

[8] *Kirkconnel MS.*

[9] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 106. *Kirkconnel MS.*

[1] Idem.

pieces of cannon and two mortars. Notwithstanding this disaster, they continued to annoy the besieged from five cannon which they had still mounted, but with no other damage to the garrison than the destruction of the roofs of most of the houses. At length, on the 3d of April, Brigadier Stapleton, in consequence of instructions he had received from the prince to join him immediately, raised the siege, and, after spiking his heavy cannon, marched for Inverness with the piquets, taking his field pieces along with him. He left the Highlanders behind, on the understanding that they were to follow him with as little delay as possible. The loss sustained on either side was trifling.[2]

Abounding as the prince's enterprise did, in many brilliant points, there is, unquestionably, no part of it more deserving of admiration than that which now presents itself, near the end of his short, but very eventful career. At Gladsmuir and at Falkirk, almost the whole of the prince's energies were directed to a single point, but at Inverness he projected a number of expeditions, attacks, and sieges, and conducted them with an energy and promptitude which astonished the government. The whole force he was able to collect, after his retreat to the north, did not exceed 8,000 men; and, although there was no certainty that the Duke of Cumberland might not advance immediately from Aberdeen, which is only a hundred miles from Inverness, yet he separated his forces, and, while with one detachment he kept General Bland in check, he, almost at the same time, carried on a series of operations with the isolated parts of his army in the distant territories of Athole, Lochaber, and Sutherland.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A. D. 1746.

BRITISH SOVEREIGN:—George II., 1727—1760.

Duke of Cumberland marches north—Crosses the Spey—Proceedings of Charles—Duke of Cumberland arrives at Nairn—Prince Charles leaves Inverness and forms his army on Drummossie Moor—Night-march to Nairn—Its failure—Highland army returns to Culloden—Advance of the Duke of Cumberland—Preparations for battle—Battle of Culloden—Proceedings of Cumberland—Tumult in royal army—Barbarities committed by the troops—Skirmish at Golspie—Charles arrives at Glenboisdale—The Chiefs retire to Ruthven—Lord George Murray resigns his command—Letter from Charles—He lands in Benbecula—Proceedings of the Duke—Association of Chiefs—Devastations committed by the royal troops—Apprehension of Lord Lovat and others—Macdonald of Barisdale and Glengarry—Escape of the Duke of Perth and others—Suppression of the rebellion.

HAVING spent upwards of five weeks at Aberdeen, the Duke of Cumberland began to prepare for his march to the north. As it was his intention to proceed by the coast road, he had ordered a number of victualling ships to rendezvous at Aberdeen; and early in April, these vessels, escorted by several ships of war provided with artillery, ammunition, and other warlike stores, had arrived at their destination, for the purpose of following the army along the coast and affording the necessary supplies. About this time the weather had become favourable, and though still cold, the snow had disappeared, and a dry wind which had prevailed for some days had rendered the river Spey, the passage of which was considered the most formidable obstacle to his march, fordable.[3]

[2] *Scots Magazine.* Home, p. 212. *Kirkconnel MS.*

[3] The publication of the *Forbes Papers* has brought to light the meanness and rapacity of the Duke of Cumberland and General Hawley. The duke lived, all the time he was at Aberdeen, in the house of Mr. Alexander Thomson, advocate, and, although he made use of every kind of provisions he found in the house, and of the coals and candles, he did not pay Mr. Thomson a single farthing, nor did he even thank him. He left, however, six guineas for the servants, a boy and two women, one of whom had washed and dressed his linen. Mrs. Gordon of Hallhead was induced to yield possession of her house in the town to General Hawley, under a promise that the greatest care would be taken of every thing in the house. Having represented that she was unable to furnish linen and other necessaries for Hawley and his suite, Mrs. G. was informed, that as the general would bring every thing with him, she might lock up all she had, and that all that was wanted was the use of two of her maid-servants to do the work of the house. Mrs. G. accordingly secured her effects under lock and key; but Hawley had not been above a day in the house when he sent a messenger to Mrs. G. demanding delivery of all her keys, and threatening, in case of delay, to break open all the locks. Having received the keys, the general sent Major Wolfe, one of his aides-de-camp, to Mrs. G. in the evening, who intimated to her that she was deprived of every thing except the clothes on her back. The poor lady then desired to have her tea, but the major told her that it was very good, and that tea was scarce in the army. She next asked for her chocolate, and the same answer was returned. She expressed a wish to get other things, particularly her china, but the gallant major told her that she had a great deal of it, that it was

Accordingly, on the 8th of April the duke left Aberdeen with the last division of his army, consisting of six battalions of foot and a regiment of dragoons. The whole regular force under his command amounted to about 7,200 men, comprehending fifteen regiments of foot, two of dragoons, and Kingston's horse. Besides these, there were the Argyleshire men and other militia, whose united numbers may be stated at 2,000. At the time of the duke's departure, six battalions, with Kingston's horse and Cobham's dragoons, under Major-general Bland, were stationed at Strathbogie, and three battalions at Old Meldrum, under Brigadier Mordaunt. The duke quartered the first night at Old Meldrum and the next at Banff, where two spies were seized and hanged. One of them was caught while in the act of notching upon a stick the number of the duke's forces.[4] On the 11th the duke marched to Cullen, and at Portsoy he was joined by the remainder of his army, which had been stationed at Old Meldrum and Strathbogie. The army being too numerous to obtain quarters in the town, the foot encamped for the night on some ploughed fields in the neighbourhood, and the horse were quartered in Cullen and the adjacent villages. The Earl of Findlater, who, with his countess, had accompanied the army on its march from Aberdeen, on arriving at his seat at Cullen, made a present of two hundred guineas to the troops.

Next day, being Saturday, the 12th of April, the duke put his army again in motion, and, after a short march, halted on the moor of Arrondel, about five or six miles from the river Spey. He then formed his army into three divisions, each about half a mile distant from the other, and in this order they advanced towards the Spey. The left division, which was the largest, crossed the river by a ford near Gormach, the centre by another close by Gordon castle, and the division on the right by a ford near the church of Belly. In their passage, the men were up to their waists in the water, but, with the exception of the loss of one dragoon and four women, who were carried away by the stream, no accident occurred.

The Duke of Perth, who happened at this time to be with the Highland forces appointed to defend the passage of the Spey, not thinking it advisable to dispute the position against such an overwhelming force as that to which he was opposed, retired towards Elgin on the approach of the Duke of Cumberland. The conduct of the Duke of Perth, and of his brother, Lord John Drummond, has been censured for not disputing the passage of the Spey, but without reason. The whole of the Highland forces along the Spey did not exceed 2,500 men, being little more than a fourth of those under the Duke of Cumberland. Notwithstanding this great disparity, the Highlanders, aided by the swollen state of the river, might have effectually opposed the passage of the royal army had it been attempted during the month of March, but a recent drought had greatly reduced the quantity of water in the river, and had rendered it fordable in several places to such an extent, that at two of them a whole battalion might have marched abreast. As some of the fords run in a zig-zag direction, some damage might have been done to the royal army in crossing; but as the Duke of Cumberland had a good train of artillery, he could have easily covered his passage at these places.

very pretty, and that the general and his friends were very fond of china themselves; but perhaps she might get back some of it. Mrs. G. petitioned the Duke of Cumberland to order her property to be restored to her. The duke, it is said, promised to grant the prayer of the petition, but no prohibitory order was issued, and General Hawley proceeded to pack up every thing in the least portable, and shipped the best things off to Edinburgh a fortnight before he left Aberdeen. Mrs. Gordon gives a very minute catalogue of the effects carried off, which she values at £600. Among those abstracted were the whole of her husband's body-clothes, three wigs, "with several shirts and night-gowns of Bob's," (Mr. Gordon's son). He carried off all the china and other crockery ware, and did not leave a single teacup or plate,—all the wine glasses and decanters,—the linens and table napery, and even the kitchen towels. He stript the beds of every thing, and left the bare posts standing. In short, he cleared the house of almost every thing,—of empty bottles, larding pens, iron skewers, flutes, music books, two canes with china heads, wash-balls, &c. &c. Mrs. Gordon insinuates that the Duke of Cumberland participated in the spoil. In a letter written by Thomas Bowdler, Esq. of Ashley, near Bath, brother of Mrs. Gordon, to the Rev. Robert Lyon, who lived in Lady Cotton's family in London, he observes, that a Mrs. Jackson, who knew Mrs. Gordon's china well, recognised part of it one day in the window of a china shop in London, and having the curiosity to inquire of the shopkeeper from whom he had bought it, was informed that he had purchased it from a woman of the town, who told him that the Duke of Cumberland had given it to her.

[4] Ray, p. 313.

The departure of the Duke of Cumberland from Aberdeen was not known at Inverness till the 12th, on the morning of which day intelligence was brought to Charles that he was in full march to the north with his whole army. Shortly after his arrival at Inverness, Charles had formed the design, while the Duke of Cumberland lay at Aberdeen, of giving him the slip, by marching to Perth by the Highland road, so as to induce the duke to return south, and thus leave the northern coast clear for the landing of supplies from France. With this view, he had directed the siege of Fort William to be pushed, and, calculating upon a speedy reduction of that fortress, had sent orders to the Macdonalds, the Camerons, and the Stewarts, who were engaged in the siege, immediately on the capture of the fort to march into Argyleshire, and, after chastising the whigs in that district, and giving an opportunity to their friends there to join them, to proceed to Perth.[5] Charles, however, for the present, laid aside the intention of marching south, and knowing that the Duke of Cumberland would advance from Aberdeen early in April, he gave orders for concentrating his forces at Inverness, and, as soon as he was informed of the duke's march, he renewed these orders, by sending expresses every where to bring up his men. Those who had been at the siege of Fort William were already on their march, but Lord Cromarty was at a considerable distance with a large body of men, and could scarcely be expected to arrive in time if the duke was resolved on an immediate action.[6]

Besides the men who were absent on the expeditions in Lochaber and Sutherland, there were many others who had returned to their homes, either discontented with the situation in which they found themselves after they came to Inverness, or to see their families or friends. Up to the period of their arrival there, they had received their pay punctually, but at Inverness the face of affairs was completely changed in this respect, and instead of money the troops were reduced to a weekly allowance of oatmeal. The men murmured at first at the stoppage of their pay, but their clamours were quieted by their officers, who gave them assurances that a supply of money would soon be received from France. This expectation would have been realised, but for the misfortune which befell the *Prince Charles*, and in consequence of that event, the soldiers began to murmur afresh, and some of them seeing no pressing occasion for their attendance, and choosing rather to enjoy a frugal repast with their friends at home than serve without pay, left the army. These absentees, however, had no intention of abandoning the service, and were resolved to rejoin their colours as soon as they saw a probability of coming to action. Accordingly, many of those who had returned to their homes set out of their own accord to rejoin the army, on hearing of the Duke of Cumberland's advance, though few of them arrived in time for the battle.[7]

Reduced in numbers as the prince's army was from the causes alluded to, they still burned with impatience to meet the enemy; and when intelligence of the Duke of Cumberland's march from Aberdeen reached Inverness, it was hailed with joy by the portion there assembled. From the fatigues and labours they had experienced during the campaign, and the numerous inconveniences to which they had been subjected from the want of pay, there was nothing the Highlanders dreaded more than another march to the south; but the near prospect they now had of meeting the English army upon their own soil, and of putting an end to the war by one bold and decisive blow, absorbed for a while all recollection of their past sufferings. By drawing the Duke of Cumberland north to Inverness, it was generally supposed that the prince could meet him on more equal terms than at Aberdeen, as he would have a better and more numerous army at Inverness, than he could have carried south. This unquestionably would have been the case had Charles avoided a battle till he had assembled all his troops, but his confidence on the present occasion got the better of his prudence.

After crossing the Spey, the Duke of Cumberland halted his army on the western bank, and encamped opposite to Fochabers, but the horse afterwards repassed the river and took

[5] Home, App. No. 41. [6] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p 120. [7] *Kirkconnel MS.*

up their quarters in the town. Here, as at Cullen, every precaution was taken to prevent surprise. Early next morning he raised his camp, and passing through Elgin, encamped on the moor of Alves, nearly midway between Elgin and Forres. The Duke of Perth, who had passed the previous night at Forres, retired to Nairn upon his approach. The Duke of Cumberland renewed his march on the 14th and came to Nairn, where the Duke of Perth remained till he was within a mile of the town, and began his retreat in sight of the English army. In this retreat, Clanranald's regiment, with the French piquets and Fitz-James's horse, formed the rear. To harass the rear, and retard the march of the main body till some of his foot should come up, the Duke of Cumberland sent forward his cavalry. Several shots were exchanged between the duke's cavalry and the French horse, and in expectation of an engagement with the duke's advanced guard, consisting of 200 cavalry and the Argyleshire men, the Macdonalds of Clanranald, and the Stewarts of Appin, were ordered back to support the French. These regiments accordingly returned and took ground, and Fitz-James's horse formed on their right and left. The duke's advanced guard thereupon halted, and formed in order of battle, but as the main body of the English army was in full march the rear recommenced their retreat. The advanced guard continued to pursue the Highlanders several miles beyond Nairn, but finding the chase useless, returned to the main body which was preparing to encamp on a plain to the west of Nairn.[8]

Neither at the time when Charles received intelligence of the Duke of Cumberland's march to Aberdeen, nor till the following day (Sunday), when news was brought to him that the English army had actually crossed the Spey, does Charles appear to have had any intention of speedily risking a battle. He probably expected that with the aid of the reinforcements he had sent to support the Duke of Perth, his grace would have been able, for some time at least, to maintain a position on the western bank of the river, and that time would be thus afforded him to collect the scattered portions of his army, before being compelled, by the advance of the Duke of Cumberland, to come to a general engagement. But whatever his intentions were anterior to the receipt of the intelligence of the English army having crossed the Spey, that circumstance alone made him determine to attack the Duke of Cumberland without waiting for the return of his absent detachments.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 14th, Charles ordered the drums to beat, and the pipes to play, as the signal for summoning his men to arms. After those who were in the town had assembled in the streets, the prince mounted his horse, and putting himself at their head, led them out to Culloden, about four miles from Inverness.[9] Leaving part of his men in the parks around Culloden house, Charles went onward with his first troop of guards and the Mackintosh regiment, and advanced within six miles of Nairn to support the Duke of Perth, but finding him out of danger, he returned to Culloden, where he was joined by the whole of the duke's forces in the evening. Lochiel also arrived at the same time with his regiment. That night the Highlanders bivouacked among the furze of Culloden wood, and Charles and his principal officers lodged in Culloden house.

Having selected Drummossie moor for a field of battle, Prince Charles marched his army thither early on the morning of the 15th, and drew his men up in order of battle across the moor, which is about half a mile broad. His front looked towards Nairn, and he had the river of that name on his right, and the inclosures of Culloden on his left. This moor, which is a heathy flat of considerable extent about five miles from Inverness and about a mile and a half to the south-east of Culloden house, forms the top of a hill which, rising at Culloden, dies gradually away in the direction of Nairn. The ascent to the moor is steep on both sides, particularly from the shore. In pitching upon this ground, Charles acted on the supposition that the Duke of Cumberland would march along the moor, which was better fitted for the free passage of his army than the common road between Nairn

[8] *Kirkconnel MS. Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 507.

[9] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 518

and Inverness, which was narrow and inconvenient.

In expectation that the Duke of Cumberland would advance, Charles sent forward on the road to Nairn some parties of horse to reconnoitre, but they could observe no appearance of any movement among the royal troops. The ground on which the army was now formed had been chosen without consulting Lord George Murray, who, on arriving on the spot, objected to it, on the footing that though interspersed with moss and some hollows, the ground was generally too level, and consequently not well suited for the operation of Highlanders. He therefore proposed to look out for more eligible ground, and at his suggestion Brigadier Stapleton and Colonel Ker were sent about ten o'clock to survey some hilly ground on the south side of the water of Nairn, which appeared to him to be steep and uneven, and of course more advantageous for Highlanders. After an absence of two or three hours, these officers returned and reported that the ground they had been appointed to examine was rugged and boggy, that no cavalry could act upon it, that the ascent on the side next the river was steep, and that there were only two or three places, about three or four miles above, where cavalry could pass; the banks of the river below being inaccessible. On receiving this information, Lord George Murray proposed, in the event of Cumberland's forces not appearing that day, that the army should cross the water of Nairn, and draw up in line of battle next day, upon the ground which had been surveyed; and that, should the Duke of Cumberland not venture to cross after them and engage them upon the ground in question, they might watch a favourable opportunity of attacking him with advantage. In the event of no such opportunity offering, his lordship said he would recommend that the army should, with the view of drawing the duke after them, retire to the neighbouring mountains, where they might attack him at some pass or strong ground. This proposal met with the general approbation of the commanding officers; but Charles who, two days before (when a suggestion was made to him to retire to a strong position till all his army should assemble), had declared his resolution to attack the Duke of Cumberland even with a thousand men only, declined to accede to it. His grounds were that such a retrograde movement might discourage the men, by impressing them with a belief that there existed a desire on the part of their commanders to shun the English army; that Inverness, which was now in their rear, would be exposed, and that the Duke of Cumberland might march upon that town, and possess himself of the greater part of their baggage and ammunition.[1]

Concluding from the inactivity of the Duke of Cumberland that he had no intention of marching that day, Charles held a council of war in the afternoon, to deliberate upon the course it might be considered most advisable to pursue in consequence of the duke's stay at Nairn. According to Charles's own statement, he had formed the bold and desperate design of surprising the English army in their camp during the night; but, desirous of knowing the views of his officers before divulging his plan, he allowed all the members of the council to speak before him. After hearing the sentiments of the chiefs, and the other commanders who were present, Lord George Murray proposed to attack the Duke of Cumberland during the night, provided it was the general opinion that the attack could be made before one or two o'clock in the morning. Charles, overjoyed at the suggestion of his lieutenant-general, immediately embraced him, said that he approved of it, that in fact he had contemplated the measure himself, but that he did not intend to have disclosed it till all the members of the council had delivered their sentiments.

Had the army been in a condition to sustain the fatigue of a night-march of ten or twelve miles, the plan of a night attack was unquestionably the best that could have been devised under existing circumstances. If surprised in the dark, even supposing the duke to have been on his guard, a night attack appeared to afford the only chance of getting the better of his superiority in numbers and discipline, and of rendering his cavalry and cannon, in which his chief strength lay, utterly useless.

[1] *A Particular Account of the Battle of Culloden* In a letter from an officer (Lord George Murray) of the Highland army to his friend in London. London, 1749, p. 4. No. 42 of Appendix to Home. *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 121.

But the Highland army, from some unaccountable oversight on the part of the persons who had the charge of the commissariat department, was in a state bordering upon starvation, and consequently not able to perform such a fatiguing mareh. Although there was a quantity of meal in Inverness and the neighbourhood sufficient for a fortnight's consumption, no care had been taken to supply the men with an allowance on leaving Inverness, and the consequence was, that during this and the preceding day very few of them had tasted a particle of food. To appease their hunger a single biscuit was distributed to each man, but this pittance only increased the desire for more; and hunger getting the better of patience, some of the men began to leave the ranks in quest of provisions. In spite, however, of the deprivation under which they laboured, the army was never in higher spirits, or more desirous to meet the enemy; and it was not until all hopes of an immediate engagement were abandoned that the men thought of looking out for the means of subsistence.[2]

The expediency of a night attack was admitted by all the members of the conneil, but there were a few who thought that it should not be ventured upon until the arrival of the rest of the army, which might be expected in two or three days at farthest. Keppoch with his Highlanders had just come up and joined the army; but the Mackenzies under Lord Cromarty, a body of the Frasers whom the Master of Lovat had colleeted to complete his second battalion, the Macphersons under Cluny, their chief, the Maegregors under Glengyle, a party headed by Mackinnon, and a body of Glengarry's men under Barisdale, were still at a distance, though supposed to be all on their march to Inverness. The minority objected that, should they fail in the attempt, and be repulsed, it would be difficult to rally the Highlanders,—that even supposing no spy should give the Duke of Cumberland notiee of their approach, he might, if alarmed by any of his patrols, have time to put his army in order in his camp, place his cannon, eharged with cartouch-shot, as he pleased, and get all his horse in readiness to pursue the Highlanders if beat off. Besides these objections, they urged the difficulty of making a retreat if many of their men were wounded, from the aversion of the Highlanders to leave their wounded behind them. They, moreover, observed that they had no intelligence of the situation of the duke's camp; and that even could a safe retreat be made, the fatigue of marching forwards and backwards twenty miles would be too mueh for men to endure, who would probably have to fight next day.[3]

All these arguments were however thrown away upon Charles, who, snpported by the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, Lord John Drummond, Lochiel, and others, showed the utmost impatienee for an immediate attaek. Those who supported this view were not insensible to the danger which might ensue should the attaek miscarry; but, strange to say, they were urged to it from the very eause to whieh the failure was ehiefly owing, the want of provisions. Apprehensive that if the army was kept on the moor all night, many of the men would go away to a considerable distance in seareh of food, and that it would be very diffieult to assemble them speedily in the event of a sudden alarm, they considered an immediate attack, particularly as Charles had resolved to fight without waiting for reinforcements, as a less desperate eourse than remaining where they were.[4]

To prevent the Duke of Cumberland from obtaining any knowledge of the advanee of the Highlanders from the spies who might be within view of his army, Charles fixed upon eight o'elock for his departure, by which time his motions would be eoneealed from observation by the obscurity of the evening. Meanwhile the eommanding officers repaired to their respeetive regiments to put their men in readiness; but between six and seven o'clock an incident occnrred which almost put an end to the enterprise. This was the departure of a large number of the men, who, ignorant of the intended mareh, went off towards Inverness and adjacent places to procure provisions and quarters for the night. Officers from the different regiments were immediately despatched on horseback to bring them back, but no per-

[2] *Kirkconnel MS. Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 518.

[3] *Particular Account of the Battle of Culloden*, p. 6.

[4] Idem, p. 9.

suasion could induce the men to return, who gave as their reason for refusing that they were starving. They told the officers that they might shoot them if they pleased, but that they would not go back till they got some provisions.[5] By this defection Charles lost about 2,000 men, being about a third of his army.

This occurrence completely changed the aspect of affairs, and every member of the council who had formerly advocated a night attack now warmly opposed it. Charles, bent upon his purpose, resolutely insisted upon the measure, and said that when the march was begun the men who had gone off would return and follow the rest. The confidence which he had in the bravery of his army blinded him to every danger, and he was prompted in his determination to persist in the attempt from an idea that Cumberland's army having been that day engaged in celebrating the birth-day of their commander, would after their debauch fall an easy prey to the Highlanders.

Finding the prince fully resolved to make the attempt at all hazards, the commanding officers took their stations, waiting the order to march. The watchword was, "King James the VIII.," and special instructions were issued to the army, that in making the attack the troops should not make use of their fire-arms, but confine themselves to their swords, dirks, and bayonets; and that on entering the Duke of Cumberland's camp they should cut the tent strings and pull down the poles, and that wherever they observed a swelling or bulge in the fallen covering, they should strike and push vigorously with their swords and dirks.[6] Before marching, directions were given to several small parties to possess all the roads, in order to prevent any intelligence of their march being carried to the Duke of Cumberland.

In giving his orders to march, Charles embraced Lord George Murray, who immediately went off at the head of the line, about eight o'clock, preceded by two officers, and about thirty men of the Mackintosh regiment, who from their knowledge of the country were to act as guides. Though the whole army marched in one line, there was an interval in the middle as if it consisted of two columns. The Athole men led the van, and next to them were the Camerons, who were followed by the other clans. The low country regiments, the French piquets, and the horse, formed the rear. Lord John Drummond was in the centre, or at the head of the second column; and the Duke of Perth and Charles, who had Fitz-James's and other horse with him, were towards the rear. Besides the party of Mackintoshes, who served as guides in front, there were others of that clan stationed in the centre and rear, and generally along the line, to prevent any of the men from losing their way in the dark.[7] The plan of attack, as laid down by Lord George Murray, was as follows: — The army was to have marched in a body till they passed the house of Kilraick or Kilravock, which is about ten miles from Culloden, on the direct road to Nairn. The army was then to have been divided, and while Lord George Murray crossed the river Nairn with the van, making about one-third of the whole, and marched down by the south side of the river, the remainder was to have continued its march along the north side till both divisions came near the duke's camp. The van was then to have re-crossed the river, and attacked the royal army from the south, while the other part was to have attacked it at the same time from the west.[8] With the exception of Charles, who promised upon his honour not to divulge it to any person, and Anderson, who acted as guide at the battle of Preston, no person was made privy to the plan, as its success depended upon its secrecy.

In the outset of the march the van proceeded with considerable expedition, but it had gone scarcely half a mile when Lord George Murray received an express ordering him to halt till joined by the rear column, which was a considerable way behind. As a halt in the van always occasions a much longer one in the rear when the march is resumed, Lord George did not halt but slackened his pace to enable the rear to join. This, however, was to no purpose, as the rear still kept behind, and although, in consequence of numerous expresses enjoining him to wait, Lord George marched slower and slower, the

[5] *Particular Account*, p. 10.
[6] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 508.
[7] *Particular Account*, p. 10.
[8] Appendix to Home, No. 42.

rear fell still farther behind, and before he had marched six miles he had received at least fifty expresses ordering him either to halt or to slacken his pace. The chief cause of the stoppage was the badness of the roads.

About one o'clock in the morning, when the van was opposite to the house of Kilravock, Lord John Drummond came up and stated to Lord George Murray that unless he halted or marched much slower the rear would not be able to join. The Duke of Perth having shortly thereafter also come up to the front and given a similar assurance, his lordship halted near a small farm-house called Yellow Knowe, belonging to Rose of Kilravock, nearly four miles from Nairn, and about a mile from the place where it was intended the van should cross the river. In the wood of Kilravock the march of the rear was greatly retarded by a long narrow defile occasioned partly by a stone wall; and so fatigued and faint had the men become, by the badness of the road, and want of food, that many of them, unable to proceed, lay down in the wood. This circumstance was announced to Lord George Murray by several officers who came up from the rear shortly after the van had halted. Nearly all the principal officers, including the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, Lord John Drummond, Lochiel, and General O'Sullivan, were now in the van, and having ascertained by their watches, which they looked at in a little house close by, that it was two o'clock in the morning, they at once perceived the impossibility of surprising the English army. The van was still upwards of three, and the rear about four miles from Nairn, and as they had only been able to advance hitherto at a rate little more than a mile in the hour, it was not to be expected that the army in its exhausted state would be able to accomplish the remainder of the distance, within the time prescribed, even at a more accelerated pace. By a quick march the army could not have advanced two miles before day-break; so that the Duke of Cumberland would have had sufficient time to put his army in fighting order before an attack could have been made. These were sufficient reasons of themselves for abandoning the enterprise, but when it is considered that the army had been greatly diminished during the march, and that scarcely one-half of the men that were drawn up the day before on Drummossie moor remained, the propriety of a retreat becomes undoubted.[9]

Lord George Murray,—who had never contemplated any thing but a surprise, and whose calculation of reaching Nairn by two o'clock in the morning would have been realised had the whole line marched with the same celerity as the first four or five regiments,—would have been perfectly justified in the unexpected situation in which he was placed, in at once ordering a retreat;[1] but desirous of ascertaining

[9] Home, Appendix, No. 42. *True Account*, &c. p. 11.

[1] In the letter which Lord George, under the signature of De Valignie, addressed to his friend Hamilton of Bangour, dated from Emerick, 5th August, 1749, he thus justifies himself for having ordered a retreat without the prince's orders:—"They say, why return from Kilraick without the Prince's positive orders? he was general, and without his immediate orders no person should have taken so much upon him. My answer to this is, (waiving what Mr. O'Sullivan said from the Prince, *) that all the officers were unanimous;—that as it could not be done by surprise, and before day-break, as had been proposed and undertaken with no other view, it was impossible to have success; for it was never imagined by any one that it was to be attempted but by a surprise. Whatever may be the rules in a regular army, (and it is not to be supposed I was ignorant of them,) our practice had all along been, at critical junctures, that the commanding officers did every thing to their knowledge for the best. At Gladsmuir (the plan of which attack I had formed,) I was the last that passed the defile of the first line, and the first that attacked; and gained in going on a good part of the ground we had left betwixt us and the main ditch, by the front having, on account of the darkness, marched a little too far. When I came up with the enemy's cannon, I did not stay to take them, but went on against both foot and dragoons, being very quickly followed by our right. I received no orders (nor did I wait for any, otherwise the opportunity would have been lost,) from the time I passed the defile till the battle was over. At Clifton, where I expected to have been supported by all our army, John Roy Stuart brought me orders from the Prince to retreat, for he had ordered the march for Carlisle, which was begun. The officers who were with me agreed in my opinion, that to retreat when the enemy were within less than musket-shot would be very dangerous, and we would probably be destroyed before we came up with the rest of our army. We had nothing for it but a brisk attack; and therefore, after receiving the enemy's fire, we went sword in hand and dislodged them; after which we made our retreat in good order. I own I disobeyed orders; but what I did was the only safe and honourable measure I could take, and it succeeded. At the battle of Falkirk I never received an order or message from his Royal Highness after I passed the water at Dunipace till the battle was over. I could say much more on

* "Mr. O'Sullivan said, (he had just come up to the front,) he had just then come from the Prince, who was very desirous the attack should be made: but as Lord George Murray led the van, and could judge of the time, he left it to him whether to do it or not."—*Particular Account*, p. 12.

the sentiments of the officers about him, he requested them to state their views of the course they thought it most advisable to adopt. There were several gentlemen present, who, having joined the Athole brigade as volunteers, had marched all night in the front: and as the Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, and the other officers, seemed at a loss what to resolve upon, Lord George Murray requested the volunteers to give their free opinion, as they were all equally interested in the consequences. Without hesitation all these gentlemen, eager to come to an engagement, were for marching, but most of the officers, particularly Lochiel and his brother, Dr. Cameron, were of a different opinion, in which they were backed by Lord George Murray, who observed that if they could have made the attack within the time prescribed they would certainly have succeeded, especially if they could have surprised the enemy; but to attack in daylight an army that was nearly double their number, and which would be prepared to receive them, would be considered an act of madness.[2]

Among the volunteers the most conspicuous was Mr. Hepburn of Keith. While arguing for an attack with Lord George Murray, the beating of a drum was heard in the Duke of Cumberland's camp. "Don't you hear," said Lord George; "the enemy are alarmed; we can't surprise them." "I never expected," said Hepburn, "to find the red coats asleep; but they will be drunk after solemnising the Duke of Cumberland's birth-day. It is much better to march on and attack them than to retreat, for they will most certainly follow, and oblige us to fight when we shall be in a much worse condition to fight them than we are now." While this altercation was going on, Mr. John Hay, then acting as interim-secretary to the prince instead of Secretary Murray, who was unwell, came up and informed Lord George that the line had joined. Gathering from the conversation he overheard that a retreat was resolved upon, he began to argue against it, but being unsuccessful he immediately rode back to Charles, who was in the rear of the first column, and told him that unless he came to the front and ordered Lord George to go on nothing would be done. Charles, who was on horseback, rode forward immediately towards the front, to ascertain the cause of the halt, and on his way met the van in full retreat. He was no doubt surprised at this step, and in a temporary fit of irritation, is said to have remarked that Lord George Murray had betrayed him;[3] but Lord George immediately convinced him "of the unavoidable necessity of retreating."[4]

The army marched back in two columns, by a different but more direct route than that by which it had advanced. In returning they had a view of the fires in the Duke of Cumberland's camp. The greater part of the army arrived at Culloden, whither it had been agreed upon to proceed, about five o'clock in the morning, and the remainder did not remain long behind. The quick return of the army suggests an idea that had it marched in double columns towards Nairn by the shortest route, it might have reached its destination at least an hour sooner than the time contemplated by Lord George Murray, but there was great danger, that, by adopting such a course, the Duke of Cumberland would have obtained notice of the advance of the Highlanders.

this subject; all I shall now add is, that at the time we returned from Kilravock there was no officer of any distinction with the prince, (except Sir Thomas Sheridan be reckoned one,) they being all in the van. Brigadier Stapleton was indeed in the rear, but he knew nothing of the ground there, and his people were only to have been a corps de reserve, and not in the attack."

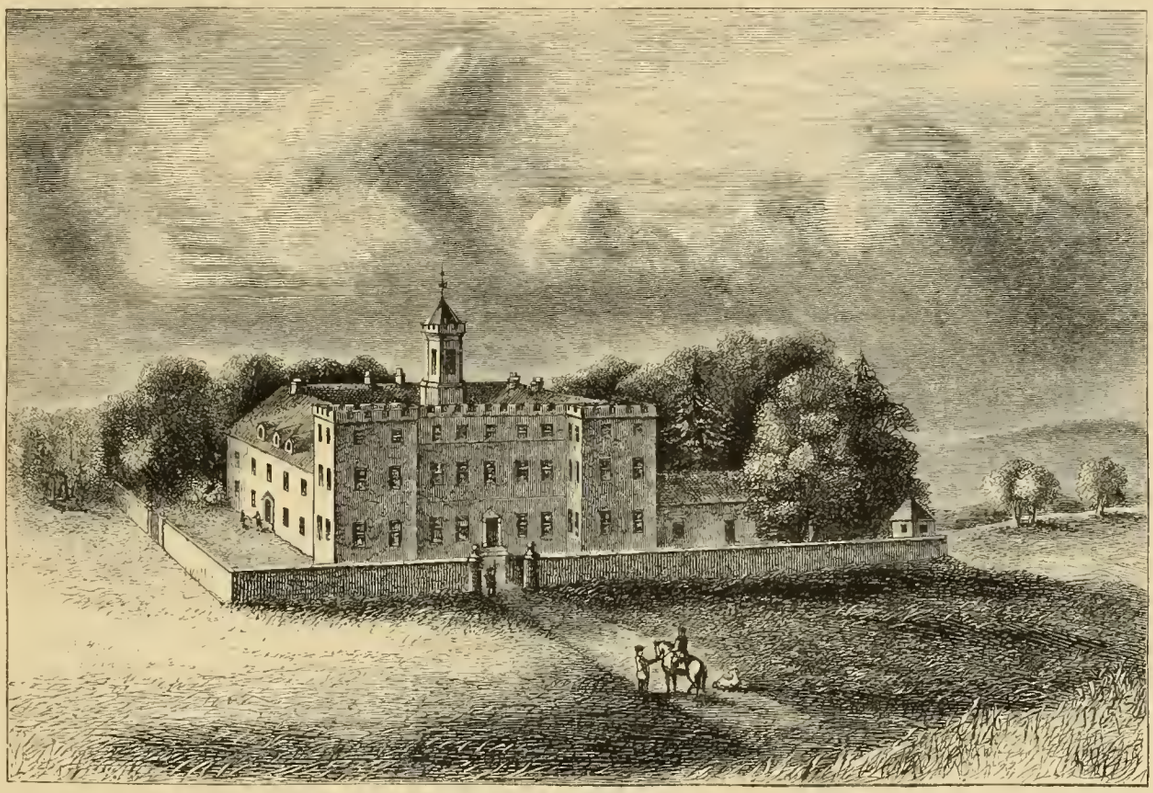
[2] *Particular Account, &c.* p. 12.

[3] Mr. John Hay's account of the Retreat, No. 43 of Appendix to Home's *Rebellion*. This statement has been hitherto supposed to rest upon the single authority of Hay; and Mr. Home has been blamed for making it, as it was not confirmed by others. The same statement, however, is also made by Mr. Maxwell of Kirkconnel, a much more respectable authority than Hay. Mr. Home had the Kirkconnel MS. in his possession when writing his history, but seldom refers to it. Mr. Maxwell's words are: "The prince was incensed beyond expression at a retreat, begun in direct contradiction to his inclination and express orders. In the first moments he was convinced he was betrayed, and expressed himself to that purpose. He was confirmed in this opinion by those who never missed an opportunity of loading Lord George Murray, but when he knew that this step had been taken in concert with Lochiel and others, whom he had never distrusted, he did not know what to think or what to do: thus perplexed he arrived with the army at Culloden." See also narrative by the Rev. George Innes in *Jacobite Memoirs*, who says, (p. 289,) that some persons positively said, that when the prince met the Duke of Perth's regiment returning, he cried out, "I am betrayed; what need I give orders, when my orders are disobeyed."

[4] Answer by the Prince to Mr. Home's query, Home's *Rebellion*, No. 44 of the Appendix.

On arriving at Culloden, the prince gave orders to bring provisions to the field; but the calls of hunger could not brook delay, and many of the common men as well as officers slipped off to Inverness and the neighbourhood in quest of refreshment. Others, from absolute exhaustion, lay down on the ground, and sought a momentary respite in the arms of sleep. Charles himself, with his principal officers, went to Culloden house, where, sullen, dejected, and silent, they for a time stared at one another with amazement, instead of deliberating upon the course they ought to pursue at this critical juncture. A search was made for food, but with the exception of a little bread and a small quantity of whisky, which was procured for the prince with great difficulty, no refreshment of any kind could be obtained.[5]

After a short repose the men were aroused from their slumbers by their officers, who informed them that the Duke of Cumberland's army was approaching. There were others



Old Culloden House. From Original Sketch in possession of Duncan Forbes, Esq., of Culloden.

whom hunger had kept awake, and who having seized and killed some cattle and sheep which they found at Culloden, were preparing a repast, but few of them had time to make anything ready before the alarm was given.[6] The intelligence of Cumberland's advance was first brought to Culloden house about eight o'clock by one Cameron, a lieutenant in Lochiel's regiment, who, having fallen asleep at the place where the halt was made, had been left behind. As Fitz-James's horse and others had gone to Inverness to refresh, and as those who remained were, from the hard duty they had performed for several days and nights, unfit for patrolling, Charles had no means of ascertaining whether the troops that were approaching were merely an advanced party, or the whole of the English army. That nothing might be left to conjecture at such an important crisis, some officers were instantly despatched to Inverness, to bring back the men whom hunger had driven thither, and the Highlanders at Culloden were got ready as quickly as possible, and marched through the parks of Culloden in battalions, as they happened to be lying, to Drummossie moor, on a part of which, about half a mile to the west of the place where they had been

[5] *Kirkconnel MS. Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 519. *Particular Account*, p. 14.

[6] *Kirkconnel MS.*

drawn up the day before, the army halted. Lord George Murray now renewed his proposal to pass the water of Nairn, and take up a position on the ground which had been surveyed the previous morning, as being much better fitted for Highlanders than the level on which they stood. An additional reason for passing the Nairn was, that Macpherson of Cluny, who was expected every moment with his clan, was to come on the south side. Charles, however, again rejected this judicious advice, for the reasons he had formerly given.[7] By retiring beyond Inverness, or among the fastnesses to the south of the water of Nairn, an action might have been easily avoided for several days; and, as the projected night attack had miscarried, it would certainly have been a wise course to have shunned an engagement till the men had recovered their strength and spirits; but Charles, over-sanguine in all his calculations, and swayed by his creatures and sycophants, was deaf to the suggestions of wisdom. It seems strange that a retreat to Inverness was not proposed. By retiring into the town, and occupying the grounds in the neighbourhood, a delay of twenty-four hours might have been obtained, as it is not likely that the Duke of Cumberland would have attempted to force the town, or a strong camp, the same day he marched from Nairn. By postponing the engagement till next day, a very different result might have happened, as the Highlanders, who were in a starving condition, would have had time to procure provisions and recruit from their fatigue; and numbers, who were not able to come up in time to Culloden, would have rejoined the ranks at Inverness.

The Duke of Cumberland had been informed of the night march towards Nairn by some Highland spies whom he had in his pay, and who had mixed with the insurgents as they marched; but the spies were ignorant of the intended surprise, which was kept a profound secret from the Highland army. Judging from the intelligence brought by the last person that arrived in his camp, that the Highlanders were coming directly in his front, the duke considered himself free from surprise, as the Argyleshire men lay on the plain to the west of his camp, while a party of dragoons patrolled all night between Nairn and the sea. He therefore ordered his men to take some rest, but to keep their arms in readiness. He appears not to have anticipated an attack during the night, but to have imagined that Charles merely meant to take ground during the night, and to attack him early next morning. In expectation of a battle, the duke had formed his army by break of day, and, having ascertained that the Highland army had retreated, he began his march towards Inverness about five o'clock.[8] The English army had, as anticipated, celebrated the birth-day of their commander; but although they were amply supplied with bread, cheese, and brandy, at the duke's expense, the men had not exceeded the bounds of moderation.[9]

Before commencing the march, written instructions, which had been communicated to the commanders of the different regiments, were read at the head of every company in the line. These instructions were, that if the persons to whom the charge of the train or baggage horses was entrusted should abscond or leave them, they should be punished with immediate death; and that if any officer or soldier misconducted himself during the engagement, he should be sentenced. The infantry marched in three parallel divisions or columns, of five regiments each, headed by General Huske on the left, Lord Sempill on the right, and General Mordaunt in the centre. The artillery and baggage followed the first column on the right, and the dragoons and horse, led by Generals Hawley and Bland, were on the left, forming a fourth column. Forty of Kingston's horse and Argyleshire men formed the van.[1]

The charge of forming the Highland army in line of battle on this important occasion was intrusted to O'Sullivan, who acted in the double capacity of adjutant and quarter-master general. This officer, in the opinion of Lord George Murray, a high authority certainly, was exceedingly unfit for such a task, and committed gross blunders on every occasion of

[7] *Particular Account*, p. 14.

[8] Home, p. 226.

[9] Boyse, p. 155.

[1] Boyse, p. 156. English official account of the battle.

moment. In the present instance, he did not even visit the ground where the army was to be drawn up, and he committed a "fatal error" by omitting to throw down some park walls upon the left of the English army, which were afterwards taken possession of by the Duke of Cumberland, it being found afterwards impossible to break the English lines, from the destructive flank-fire which was opened from these walls upon the right of the Highland army, as it advanced to the attack.[2] While the Duke of Cumberland was forming his line of battle, Lord George Murray was very desirous to advance and throw down these walls; but as such a movement would have broken the line, the officers about him considered that the attempt would be dangerous, and he therefore did not make it.[3]

The Highland army was drawn up in three lines. The first, or front line, consisted of the Athole brigade, which had the right, the Camerons, Stewarts of Appin, Frasers, Macintoshes, Maclachlans, Macleans, John Roy Stewart's regiment, and Farquharsons, united into one regiment; the Macleods, Chisholms, Macdonalds of Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. The three Macdonald regiments formed the left. Lord George Murray commanded on the right, Lord John Drummond in the centre, and the Duke of Perth on the left, of the first line. There had been, a day or two before, a violent contention among the chiefs about precedency of rank. The Macdonalds claimed the right as their due, in support of which claim they stated, that as a reward for the fidelity of Angus Macdonald, Lord of the Isles, in protecting Robert the Bruce for upwards of nine months in his dominions, that prince, at the battle of Bannockburn, conferred the post of honour, the right, upon the Macdonalds,—that this post had ever since been enjoyed by them, unless when yielded from courtesy upon particular occasions, as was done to the chief of the Macleans at the battle of Harlaw.[4] Lord George Murray, however, maintained that, under the Marquis of Montrose, the right had been assigned to the Athole men, and he insisted that that post should be now conferred upon them, in the contest with the Duke of Cumberland's army. In this unseasonable demand, Lord George is said to have been supported by Lochiel and his friends. Charles refused to decide a question with the merits of which he was imperfectly acquainted; but, as it was necessary to adjust the difference immediately, he prevailed upon the commanders of the Macdonald regiments to waive their pretensions in the present instance. The Macdonalds in general were far from being satisfied with the complaisance of their commanders, and, as they had occupied the post of honour at Gladsmuir and Falkirk, they considered their deprivation of it on the present occasion as ominous.[5] The Duke of Perth, while he stood at the head of the Glengarry regiment, hearing the murmurs of the Macdonalds, said, that if they behaved with their usual valour they would make a right of the left, and that he would change his name to Macdonald; but these proud clansmen leant a deaf ear to him.

The second line of the Highland army consisted of the Gordons under Lord Lewis Gordon, formed in column on the right, the French Royal Scots, the Irish piquets or brigade, Lord Kilmarnock's foot guards,[6] Lord John Drummond's regiment, and Glenbucket's regiment in column on the left, flanked on the right by Fitz-James's dragoons, and Lord Elcho's horse-guards, and on the left by the Perth squadron, under Lords Strathallan and Pitsligo, and the prince's body-guards under Lord Balmerino. General Stapleton had the command of this line. The third line, or reserve, consisted of the Duke of Perth's and Lord Ogilvy's regiments, under the last-mentioned nobleman. The prince himself, surrounded by a troop of Fitz-James's horse, took his station on a very small eminence behind the centre of the first line, from which he had a complete view of the whole field of battle. The extremities of the front line and the centre were each protected by four pieces of cannon.

[2] See a curious and interesting letter in the *Stuart Papers*, from Lord George Murray to the prince, written from Ruthven the day after the battle.

[3] *Particular Account*, p. 15.

[4] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 510.

[5] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 510.—*Kirkconnel MS.*

[6] These guards were originally a body of cavalry, called the horse-grenadiers, but they were dismounted, and their horses were given to the men of Fitz-James's regiment, who had landed in Scotland without horses.

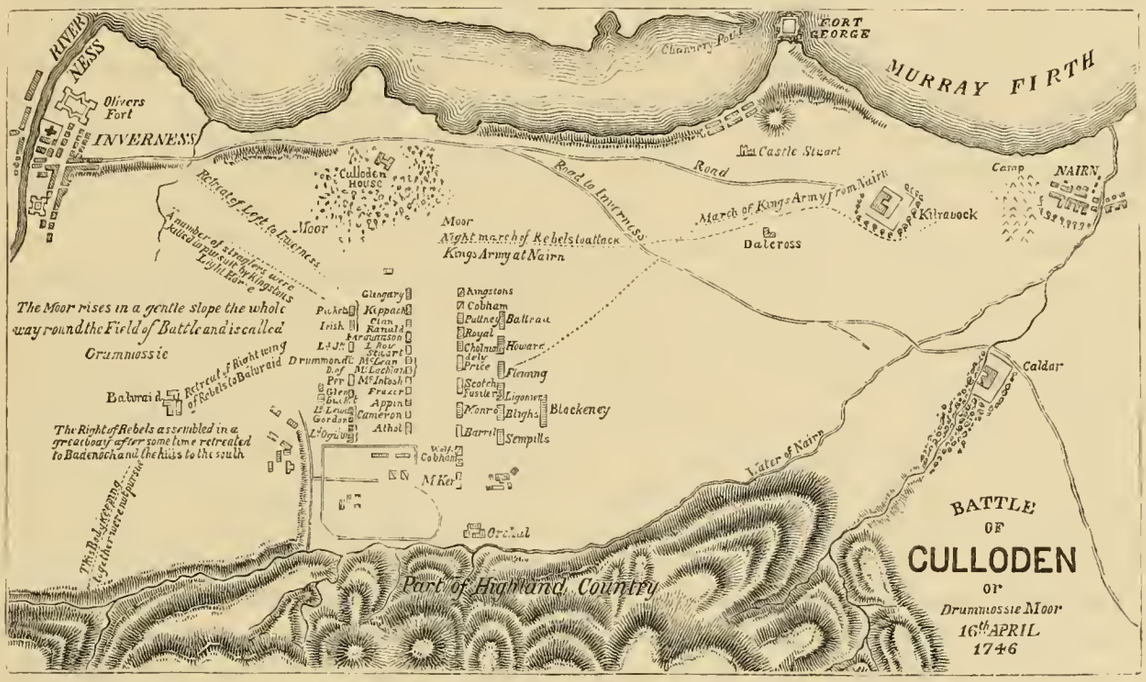
The English army continued steadily to advance in the order already described, and, after a march of eight miles, formed in order of battle, in consequence of the advanced guard reporting that they perceived the Highland army at some distance making a motion towards them on the left. Finding, however, that the Highlanders were still at a considerable distance, and that the whole body did not move forward, the Duke of Cumberland resumed his march as before, and continued to advance till within a mile of the position occupied by the Highland army, when he ordered a halt, and, after reconnoitring the position of the Highlanders, again formed his army for battle in three lines, and in the following order.

The first line consisted of six regiments, viz. the Royals, (the 1st,) Cholmondeley's, (the 34th,) Price's, (the 14th,) the Scots Fusileers, (the 21st,) Monro's, (the 37th,) and Barrel's, (the 4th). The Earl of Albemarle had the command of this line. In the intermediate spaces between each of these regiments were placed two pieces of cannon, making ten in all. The second line consisted of five regiments, viz. those of Pulteney, (the 13th,) Bligh, (the 20th,) Sempil, (the 25th,) Ligonier, (the 48th,) and Wolfe's, (the 8th,) and was under the command of General Huske. Three pieces of cannon were placed between the exterior regiments of this line and those next them. The third line or *corps de reserve*, under Brigadier Mordaunt, consisted of four regiments, viz. Battereau's, (the 62d,) Howard's, (the 3d,) Fleming's, (the 36th,) and Blakeney's, (the 27th,) flanked by Kingston's dragoons, (the 3d). The order in which the regiments of the different lines are enumerated, is that in which they stood from right to left. The flanks of the front line were protected on the left by Kerr's dragoons, (the 11th,) consisting of three squadrons, commanded by Lord Anerum, and on the right by Cobham's dragoons, (the 10th,) consisting also of three squadrons, under General Bland, with the additional security of a morass, extending towards the sea; but thinking himself quite safe on the right, the duke afterwards ordered these last to the left, to aid in an intended attack upon the right flank of the Highlanders. The Argyle men, with the exception of 140, who were upon the left of the reserve, were left in charge of the baggage.

The dispositions of both armies are considered to have been well arranged; but both were better calculated for defence than for attack. The arrangement of the English army is generally considered to have been superior to that of the Highlanders; as, from the regiments in the second and third lines being placed directly behind the vacant spaces between the regiments in the lines respectively before them, the Duke of Cumberland, in the event of one regiment in the front line being broken, could immediately bring up two to supply its place. But this opinion is questionable, as the Highlanders had a column on the flanks of the second line, which might have been used either for extension or echelon movement towards any point to the centre, to support either the first or second line.

In the dispositions described, and about the distance of a mile from each other, did the two armies stand for some time gazing at one another, each expecting that the other would advance and give battle. Whatever may have been the feelings of Prince Charles on this occasion, those of the Duke of Cumberland appear to have been far from enviable. The thoughts of Preston and Falkirk could not fail to excite in him the most direful apprehensions for the result of a combat affecting the very existence of his father's crown; and that he placed but a doubtful reliance upon his troops, is evident from a speech which he now made to his army. He said that they were about to fight in defence of their king, their religion, their liberties, and property, and that if they only stood firm he had no doubt he would lead them on to certain victory; but as he would much rather, he said, be at the head of one thousand brave and resolute men than of ten thousand if mixed with cowards, if there were any amongst them, who, through timidity, were diffident of their courage, or others, who, from conscience or inclination, felt a repugnance to perform their duty, he requested them to retire immediately, and he promised them his free pardon for doing so, as by remaining they might dispirit or disorder the other troops, and bring dishonour and disgrace on the army under his command.

As the Highlanders remained in their position, the Duke of Cumberland again put his army in marching order, and, after it had advanced, with fixed bayonets, within half a mile of the front line of the Highlanders, it again formed as before. In this last movement the English army had to pass a piece of hollow ground, which was so soft and swampy, that the horses which drew the cannon sank; and some of the soldiers, after slinging their firelocks and unyoking the horses, had to drag the cannon across the bog. As by this last movement the army advanced beyond the morass which protected the right flank, the duke immediately ordered up Kingston's horse from the reserve, and a small squadron of Cobham's dragoons, which had been patrolling, to cover it; and to extend his line, and prevent his being outflanked on the right, he also at same time ordered up Pulteney's regiment, (the 13th,) from the second line to the right of the royals and Fleming's, (the 36th,) Howard's,



Battle of Culloden.

(the 3d,) and Battereau's, (the 62d,) to the right of Bligh's, (the 20th,) in the second line, leaving Blakeney's, (the 27th,) as a reserve.

During an interval of about half an hour which elapsed before the action commenced, some manœuvring took place in attempts by both armies to outflank one another. While these manœuvres were making, a heavy shower of sleet came on, which, though discouraging to the duke's army, from the recollection of the untoward occurrence at Falkirk, was not considered very dangerous, as they had now the wind in their backs. To encourage his men, the Duke of Cumberland rode along the lines addressing himself hurriedly to every regiment as he passed. He exhorted his men to rely chiefly upon their bayonets,[7] and to allow the Highlanders to mingle with them that they

[7] "The great object of the duke, before recommencing his march, had been to prepare his men for a firm reception of the Highland charge. He knew that on this all depended, and that the two previous disasters had been caused by the men not being rightly disciplined to receive the novel mode of attack. Some writers on military tactics had, in the meantime, proposed alterations on the complex infantry movements of the day, for the purpose of evading the Highlander's target, by directing the bayonet against his right breast. The men were trained during the winter, in some measure, to such a change of motion, but it appears to have rather been for the purpose of giving them a confidence that might make them steady, than from any belief in the absolute efficacy of the change." —Burton's *Scotland from Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 519.

might make them "know the men they had to deal with." After the changes mentioned had been executed, his royal highness took his station behind the royals, between the first and second line, and almost in front of the left of Howard's regiment, waiting for the expected attack. Meanwhile, a singular occurrence took place, characteristic of the self-devotion which the Highlanders were ready on all occasions to manifest towards the prince and his cause. Conceiving that by assassinating the Duke of Cumberland he would confer an essential service on the prince, a Highlander resolved, at the certain sacrifice of his own life, to make the attempt. With this intention, he entered the English lines as a deserter, and being granted quarter, was allowed to go through the ranks. He wandered about with apparent indifference, eyeing the different officers as he passed along, and it was not long till an opportunity occurred, as he conceived, for executing his fell purpose. The duke having ordered Lord Bury, one of his aides-de-camp, to reconnoitre, his lordship crossed the path of the Highlander, who, mistaking him, from his dress, for the duke, (the regimentals of both being similar,) instantly seized a musket which lay on the ground, and discharged it at his lordship. He missed his aim, and a soldier, who was standing by, immediately shot him dead upon the spot. [8]

In expectation of a battle the previous day, Charles had animated his troops by an appeal to their feelings, and on the present occasion he rode from rank to rank encouraging his men, and exhorting them to act as they had done at Prestonpans and at Falkirk.

The advance of Lord Bury, who went forward within a hundred yards of the insurgents to reconnoitre, appears to have been considered by the Highlanders as the proper occasion for beginning the battle. Taking off their bonnets, the Highlanders set up a loud shout, which being answered by the royal troops with a huzza, the Highlanders about one o'clock commenced a cannonade on the right, which was followed by the cannon on the left; but the fire from the latter, owing to the want of cannoneers, was after the first round discontinued. The first volley from the right seemed to create some confusion on the left of the royal army, but so badly were the cannon served and pointed, that though the cannonade was continued upwards of half an hour, only one man in Bligh's regiment, who had a leg carried off by a cannon-ball, received any injury. After the Highlanders had continued firing for a short time, Colonel Belford, who directed the cannon of the duke's army, opened a fire from the cannon in the front line, which was at first chiefly aimed at the horse, probably either because they, from their conspicuous situation, were a better mark than the infantry, or because it was supposed that Charles was among them. Such was the accuracy of the aim taken by the royal artillery, that several balls entered the ground among the horses' legs, and bespattered the prince with the mud which they raised; and one of them struck the horse on which he rode two inches above the knee. The animal became so unmanageable, that Charles was obliged to change him for another. [9] One of his servants, who stood behind with a led horse in his hand, was killed on the spot. Observing that the wall on the right flank of the Highland army prevented him from attacking it on that point, the duke ordered Colonel Belford to continue the cannonade, with the view of provoking the Highlanders and inducing them to advance to the attack. These, on the other hand, endeavoured to draw the royal army forward by sending down several parties by way of defiance. Some of these approached three several times within a hundred yards of the right of the royal army, firing their pistols and brandishing their swords; but with the exception of the small squadron of horse on the right, which advanced a little, the line remained immoveable.

Meanwhile, Lord George Murray, observing that a squadron of the English dragoons and a party of foot, consisting of two companies of the Argyleshiremen, and one of Lord Loudon's Highlanders, had detached themselves from the left of the royal army, and were marching down towards the river Nairn, and conceiving that it was their intention to flank the Highlanders, or to come upon their rear when engaged in front, he directed Gordon of Avochy to advance

[8] Boyse, p. 159.

[9] Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, p. 228.

with his battalion, and prevent the foot from entering the inclosure; but before this battalion could reach them, they broke into the inclosure, and throwing down part of the east wall, and afterwards a piece of the west wall in the rear of the second line, made a free passage for the dragoons, who formed in the rear of the prince's army. Upon this, Lord George ordered the guards and Fitz-James's horse to form opposite to the dragoons to keep them in check. Each party stood upon the opposite sides of a ravine, the ascent to which was so steep, that neither could venture across in presence of the other with safety. The foot remained within the inclosure, and Avochy's battalion was ordered to watch their motions.[1] This movement took place about the time the Highlanders were moving forward to the attack.[2]

It was now high time for the Highlanders to come to a close engagement. Lord George had sent Colonel Kerr to the prince, to know if he should begin the attack; the prince ordered him to do so,[3] but his lordship, for some reason or other, delayed advancing. It is probable he expected that the duke would come forward, and that by remaining where he was, and retaining the wall and a small farm house on his right, he would not run the risk of being flanked. Perhaps he waited for the advance of the left wing, which, being not so far forward as the right, was directed to begin the attack, and orders had been sent to the Duke of Perth to that effect; but the left remained motionless. Anxious for the attack, Charles sent an order by an aid-de-camp to Lord George Murray to advance, but his lordship never received it, as the bearer was killed by a cannon-ball while on his way to the right. He sent a message about the same time to Lochiel. desiring him to urge upon Lord George the necessity of an immediate attack.

Galled beyond endurance by the fire of the English, which carried destruction among the clans, the Highlanders became quite clamorous, and called aloud to be led forward without further delay. Unable any longer to restrain their impatience, Lord George had just resolved upon an immediate advance, but before he had time to issue the order along the line, the Mackintoshes, with a heroism worthy of that brave clan, rushed forward enveloped in the smoke of the enemy's cannon. The fire of the centre field-pieces, and a discharge of musketry from the Scotch Fusileers, forced them to incline a little to the right; but all the regiments to their right, led on by Lord George Murray in person, and the united regiment of the Maclauchlans and Macleans on their left, coming down close after them, the whole moved forward together at a pretty quick pace. When within pistol-shot of the English line, they received a murderous fire, not only in front from some field-pieces, which for the first time were now loaded with grape-shot, but in flank from a side battery supported by the Campbells, and Lord Loudon's Highlanders. Whole ranks were literally swept away by the terrible fire of the English. Yet, notwithstanding the dreadful carnage in their ranks, the Highlanders continued to advance, and, after giving their fire close to the English line, which, from the density of the smoke, was scarcely perceptible even within pistol-shot, the right wing, consisting of the Athole Highlanders and the Camerons, rushed in sword in hand, and broke through Barrel's and Monroe's regiments, which stood on the left of the first line. These regiments bravely defended themselves with their spontoons and bayonets; but such was the impetuosity of the onset, that they would have been entirely cut to pieces had they not been immediately supported by two regiments from the second line, on the approach of which they retired behind the regiments on their right, after sustaining a loss in killed and wounded of upwards of 200 men. After breaking through these two regiments, the Highland-

[1] *Kirkconnel MS.*

[2] Mr. Home says that about a hundred men were stationed in the inclosure, who were put to the sword by the dragoons when they entered; but he is certainly mistaken. Mr. Maxwell of Kirkconnel, from whom Mr. Home took his description of the battle, does not mention such an occurrence. In the memoir by a Highland officer, (Colonel Ker,) printed among the *Lockhart Papers*, it is stated, (p. 520,) that to guard against any attempts that might be made to break down the walls of the inclosure, there were two battalions placed facing outward, covering the right of the two lines, to observe the motions of the English; and that "when the attack began, the Campbells threw down a great part of the wall of the inclosure for the dragoons on the duke's left, to pass to the rear of the prince's army, which they did without receiving one shot from the two battalions that were placed to observe their motions."—P. 521.

[3] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p. 521.

ers, passing by the two field-pieces which had annoyed them in front, hurried forward to attack the left of the second line. They were met by a tremendous fire of grape-shot from the three field-pieces on the left of the second line, and by a discharge of musketry from Bligh's and Sempill's regiments, which carried havoc through their ranks, and made them at first recoil; but, maddened by despair, and utterly regardless of their lives, they rushed upon an enemy whom they felt but could not see, amid the cloud of smoke in which the assailants were buried. The same kind of charge was made by the Stewarts of Appin, the Frasers, Mackintoshes, and the other centre regiments, upon the regiments in their front, driving them back upon the second line, which they also attempted to break; but finding themselves unable, they gave up the contest, not, however, until numbers had been cut down at the mouths of the cannon. While advancing towards the second line, Lord George Murray, in attempting to dismount from his horse, which had become unmanageable, was thrown; but, recovering himself, he ran to the rear and brought up two or three regiments from the second line to support the first; but, although they gave their fire, nothing could be done,—all was lost. Unable to break the second line, and being greatly cut up by the fire of Wolfe's regiment, and by Cobham's and Kerr's dragoons, who had formed *en potence* on their right flank, the right wing also gave up the contest, and turning about, cut their way back, sword in hand, through those who had advanced and formed on the ground they had passed over in charging to their front.

In consequence of the unwillingness of the left to advance first as directed, Lord George Murray had sent the order to attack from right to left; but, hurried by the impetuosity of the Mackintoshes, the right and centre did not wait till the order, which required some minutes in the delivery, had been communicated along the line. Thus the right and centre had the start considerably, and quickening their pace as they went along, had closed with the front line of the English army before the left had got half way over the ground that separated the two armies. The difference between the right and centre and the left was rendered still more considerable from the circumstance, as noted by an eye-witness,[4] that the two armies were not exactly parallel to one another, the right of the prince's army being nearer the duke's army than the left. Nothing could be more unfortunate for the prince than this isolated attack, as it was only by a general shock of the whole of the English line that he had any chance of a victory.

The clan regiments on the left of the line, apprehensive that they would be flanked by Pulteney's regiment and the horse which had been brought up from the corps de reserve, did not advance sword in hand. After receiving the fire of the regiments opposite to them, they answered it by a general discharge, and drew their swords for the attack; but observing that the right and centre had given way, they turned their backs and fled without striking a blow. Stung to the quick by the misconduct of the Macdonalds, the brave Keppoch, seeing himself abandoned by his clan, advanced with his drawn sword in one hand and his pistol in the other; but he had not proceeded far, when he was brought down to the ground by a musket-shot. He was followed by Donald Roy Macdonald, formerly a lieutenant in his own regiment, and now a captain in Clanranald's, who, on Keppoch's falling, entreated him not to throw away his life, assuring him that his wound was not mortal, and that he might easily join his regiment in the retreat; but Keppoch refused to listen to the solicitations of his clansman, and, after recommending him to take care of himself, the wounded chief received another shot, and fell to rise no more.[5]

Fortunately for the Highlanders, the English army did not follow up the advantages it had gained by an immediate pursuit. Kingston's horse at first followed the Macdonalds, some of whom were almost surrounded by them, but the horse were kept in check by the French piquets, who brought them off. The dragoons on the left of the English line were

[4] Maxwell of Kirkconnel.

[5] In retiring from the field, Captain Roy Macdonald received a musket bullet, which passed in at the sole of the left foot and came out at the buckle. With difficulty he reached Bun Chraobg, two miles beyond Inverness, where he procured a horse and set off for the Isle of Skye, but his foot had swelled so much that he could not put it in the stirrup. — *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 425.

in like manner kept at bay by Ogilvy's regiment, which faced about upon them several times. After these ineffectual attempts, the English cavalry on the right and left met in the centre, and the front line having dressed its ranks, orders were issued for the whole to advance in pursuit of the Highlanders.

Charles, who, from the small eminence on which he stood, had observed with the deepest concern the defeat and flight of the clan regiments, was about proceeding forward to rally them, contrary to the earnest entreaties of Sir Thomas Sheridan and others, who assured him that he would not succeed. All their expostulations would, it is said, have been in vain, had not General O'Sullivan laid hold of the bridle of Charles's horse, and led him off the field. It was, indeed, full time to retire, as the whole army was now in full retreat, and was followed by the whole of Cumberland's forces. To protect the prince and secure his retreat, most of his horse assembled about his person; but there was little danger, as the victors advanced very leisurely, and confined themselves to cutting down some defenceless stragglers who fell in their way. After leaving the field, Charles put himself at the head of the right wing, which retired in such order that the cavalry sent to pursue could make no impression upon it.

At a short distance from the field of battle, Charles separated his army into two parts. One of these divisions, consisting, with the exception of the Frasers, of the whole of the Highlanders and the low country regiments, crossed the water of Nairn, and proceeded towards Badenoch; and the other, comprising the Frasers, Lord John Drummond's regiment, and the French piquets, took the road to Inverness. The first division passed within pistol-shot of the body of English cavalry, which, before the action, had formed in the rear of the Highland army, without the least interruption. An English officer, who had the temerity to advance a few paces to seize a Highlander, was instantly cut down by him and killed on the spot. The Highlander, instead of running away, deliberately stooped down, and pulling out a watch from the pocket of his victim, rejoined his companions.[6] From the plainness of the ground over which it had to pass, the smaller body of the prince's army was less fortunate, as it suffered considerably from the attacks of the duke's light horse before it reached Inverness. Numerous small parties, which had detached themselves from the main body, fell under the sabres of the cavalry; and many of the inhabitants of the town and neighbourhood, who, from motives of curiosity, had come out to witness the battle, were slaughtered without mercy by the ferocious soldiery, who, from the similarity of their dress, were perhaps unable to discriminate them from Charles's troops. This indiscriminate massacre continued all the way from the field of battle to a place called Mill-burn, within a mile of Inverness. Not content with the profusion of bloodshed in the heat of action and during the pursuit, the infuriated soldiery, provoked by their disgraces at Preston and Falkirk, traversed the field of battle, and massacred in cold blood the miserable wretches who lay maimed and expiring. Even some officers, whose station in society, apart altogether from the feelings of humanity, to which they were utter strangers, should have made them superior to this vulgar triumph of base and illiberal minds, joined in the work of assassination. To extenuate the atrocities committed in the battle, and the subsequent slaughters, a forged regimental order, bearing to be signed by Lord George Murray, by which the Highlanders were enjoined to refuse quarters to the royal troops, was afterwards published, it is said, under the auspices of the Duke of Cumberland; but the deception was easily seen through. As no such order was alluded to in the official accounts of the battle, and as, at the interview which took place between the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino, on the morning of their execution, both these noblemen stated their entire ignorance of it, no doubt whatever can exist of the forgery. The conduct of Charles and his followers, who never indulged in any triumph over their vanquished foes, but always treated them with humanity and kindness, high as it is, stands still higher when contrasted with that of the royal troops and their commander.[7]

[6] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 196.

[7] One of the duke's sycophants says, that after the

From the characteristic bravery of the Highlanders, and their contempt of death, it is not improbable that some of those who perished, as well on the field after the battle as in the flight, did not yield their lives without a desperate struggle; but history has preserved one case of individual prowess in the person of Golice Macbane, which deserves to be recorded in every history relating to the Highlanders. This man, who is represented to have been of the gigantic stature of six feet four inches and a quarter, was beset by a party of dragoons. When assailed, he placed his back against a wall, and though covered with wounds, he defended himself with his target and claymore against the onset of the dragoons, who crowded upon him. Some officers, who observed the unequal conflict, were so struck with the desperate bravery of Macbane, that they gave orders to save him; but the dragoons, exasperated by his resistance, and the dreadful havoc he had made among their companions, thirteen of whom lay dead at his feet, would not desist till they had succeeded in cutting him down.[8]

According to the official accounts published by the government, the royal army had only 50 men killed, and 259 wounded, including 18 officers, of whom 4 were killed. Lord Robert Kerr, second son of the Marquis of Lothian, and a captain of grenadiers in Barrel's regiment, was the only person of distinction killed; he fell covered with wounds, at the head of his company, when the Highlanders attacked Barrel's regiment. The loss on the side of the Highlanders was never ascertained with any degree of precision. The number of the slain is stated, in some publications of the period, to have amounted to upwards of 2,000 men, but these accounts are exaggerated. The loss could not, however, be much short of 1,200 men. The Athole brigade alone lost more than the half of its officers and men, and some of the centre battalions came off with scarcely a third of their men.[9] The Mackintoshes, who were the first to attack, suffered most. With the exception of three only, all the officers of this brave regiment, including Macgillivray of Drumnaglass, its colonel, the lieutenant-colonel, and major, were killed in the attack. All the other centre regiments also lost several officers. Maclauchlan, colonel of the united regiment of Maclauchlan and Maclean, was killed by a cannon ball in the beginning of the action, and Maclean of Drimmin, who, as lieutenant-colonel, succeeded to the command, met a similar fate from a random shot. He had three sons in the regiment, one of whom fell in the attack, and, when leading off the shattered remains of his forces, he missed the other two, and, in returning to look after them, received the fatal bullet. Charles Fraser, younger of Inverallachie, the lieutenant-colonel of the Fraser regiment, and who, in the absence of the Master of Lovat, commanded it on this occasion, was also killed. When riding over the field after the battle, the Duke of Cumberland observed this brave youth lying wounded. Raising himself upon his elbow, he looked at the duke, who, offended at him, thus addressed one of his officers: "Wolfe, shoot me that Highland scoundrel who thus dares to look on us with so insolent a stare." Wolfe, horrified at the inhuman order, replied that his commission was at his royal highness's disposal, but that he would never consent to become an executioner. Other officers refusing to commit this act of butchery, a private soldier, at the command of the duke, shot the hapless youth before his eyes.[1] The Appin regiment had 17 officers and gentlemen slain, and 10 wounded; and the Athole brigade, which lost fully half its men, had 19 officers killed, and 4 wounded. The fate of the heroic Keppoch has been already mentioned. Among the wounded, the principal was Lochiel, who was shot in both ancles with some grape-shot, at the head of his regiment, after discharging his pistol, and while in the act of drawing his sword. On falling,

fatigue of the battle was over, his royal highness retired to a place near the field to refresh himself; and that, after sitting a short time, he rose and took "a serious walk to view the multitudes that lay dead on the ground. He was followed by some of his attendants, who observed him in deep meditation. He laid his hand upon his breast, and with his eyes lifted up to heaven, was heard to say, *Lord, what am I! that I should be spared!* when so many brave men lie dead upon the spot!—an expression of such deep humility towards God, and compassion towards his fellow creatures, as is truly worthy a Christian hero!!!"—*Marchant*, p. 396.

[8] Cromek's *Remains of Nithsdale and Galloway Song*, p. 200.—Henderson's *History*, p. 60.

[9] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 124.

[1] Chambers's *Rebellion*, and authorities referred to there.

his two brothers, between whom he was advancing, raised him up, and carried him off the field in their arms. To add to his misfortunes, Charles also lost a considerable number of gentlemen, his most devoted adherents, who had charged on foot in the first rank.

Lord Strathallan was the only person of distinction that fell among the low country regiments. Lord Kilmarnock and Sir John Wedderburn were taken prisoners. The former, in the confusion of the battle, mistook, amidst the smoke, a party of English dragoons for Fitz-James's horse, and was taken. Having lost his hat, he was led bare-headed to the front line of the English infantry. His son, Lord Boyd, who held a commission in the English army, unable to restrain his feelings, left the ranks, and, going up to his unfortunate parent, took off his own hat, placed it on his father's head, and returned to his place without uttering a word.

At other times, and under different circumstances, a battle like that of Culloden would have been regarded as an ordinary occurrence, of which, when all matters were duly considered, the victors could have little to boast. The Highland army did not exceed 5,000 fighting men; and when it is considered that the men had been two days without sleep, were exhausted by the march of the preceding night, and had scarcely tasted food for forty-eight hours, the wonder is that they fought so well as they did, against an army almost double in point of numbers, and which laboured under none of the disadvantages to which, in a more especial manner, the overthrow of the Highlanders is to be ascribed.[2] Nevertheless, as the spirits of the great majority of the nation had been sunk to the lowest state of despondency by the reverses of the royal arms at Preston and Falkirk, this unlooked-for event was hailed as one of the greatest military achievements of ancient or modern times; and the Duke of Cumberland, who had, in consequence, an addition of £25,000 per annum made to his income by parliament, was regarded as the greatest hero of ancient or modern times. In its consequences, as entirely and for ever destructive of the claims of the unfortunate house of Stuart, the battle was perhaps one of the most important ever fought. Though vanquished, the Highlanders retired from the field with honour, and free from that foul reproach which has fixed an indelible stain upon the memories of the victors.

After the carnage of the day had ceased, the brutal soldiery, who, from the fiendish delight which they took in sprinkling one another with the blood of the slain, "looked," as stated by one of themselves, "like so many butchers rather than an army of Christian soldiers,"[3] dined upon the field of battle. After his men had finished their repast, the Duke of Cumberland marched forward to take possession of Inverness, and on his way received a letter, which had been addressed to General Bland, signed by six of the French officers in the insurgent army, offering in behalf of themselves and their men to surrender unconditionally to his royal highness. As he was about to enter the town he was met by a drummer, who brought him a message from General Stapleton, offering to surrender and asking quarter. On receiving this communication, the duke ordered Sir Joseph Yorke, one of his officers, to alight from his horse, who with his pencil wrote a note to General Stapleton, assuring him of fair quarter and honourable treatment. The town was then taken possession of by Captain Campbell, of Sempill's regiment, with his company of grenadiers.

After securing his prisoners in the town, the Duke of Cumberland released the soldiers who had been confined in the church of Inverness by the insurgents, and who, if the government accounts be correct, had suffered great hardships. They had indeed, about a week before the battle of Culloden, been almost stripped of their clothes by an officer of the Highland army, to clothe a new corps he had raised; but

[2] The ground was totally unsuited to Highland tactics. "It is impossible to look on this waste, with the few green patches still marking the graves where the slain were covered up in heaps, without a feeling of compassion for the helplessness of a Highland army in such a place. It is a wide flat muir, with scarcely a curve, where the mountaineers had nothing to aid their peculiar warfare, in high or rugged ground. A better field for steady disciplined troops could not exist. They could see everywhere around, and it was impossible either to surprise them, or subject them, as at Killiecrankie or Falkirk, to a rush from the higher ground."—Burton after Revolution, vol. ii. p. 518.

[3] *Scots Mag.* vol. viii. p. 192.

a complaint having been brought to Lord George Murray on the subject, he obtained an order from the prince, in consequence of which the clothes were restored.[4] The duke on the present occasion presented each of these men with a guinea, and gave orders that they should be taken care of.

Besides the military prisoners, several gentlemen supposed to be disaffected to the government were apprehended by the duke's orders, shut up with the common prisoners, and were for some time denied the use of bedding. Nor did the softer sex, whose Jacobite predilections had pointed them out as objects of displeasure, escape his resentment. Several ladies, among whom were Ladies Ogilvy, Kinloch, and Gordon, were seized and kept in durance in the common guard, and were limited along with the other prisoners to the miserable pittance of half-a-pound of meal per day, with scarcely as much water as was necessary to prepare it for use. As the wounded prisoners were utterly neglected, many who would have recovered, if properly treated, died of their wounds; and so much were the rites of Christian sepulture disregarded by the royal officers, that the bodies of these unfortunate victims were carried naked through the streets by beggars, who were employed to inter them in the churchyard.[5]

Knowing that there were several deserters from the royal army among the insurgents, the duke ordered a strict inspection to be made of the prisoners in order to find them out. No less than thirty-six were recognised, and being brought to a summary trial, were convicted, and suffered the death of traitors. Among these was one Dunbar, who had been a sergeant in Sowle's regiment. He had taken a suit of laced clothes from Major Lockhart at the battle of Falkirk, which being found in his possession, he was dressed in them, and hanged, and his body exposed for forty-eight hours on the gibbet.[6] A young gentleman of the name of Forbes, a relative of Lord Forbes, is also said to have perished on this occasion. He had served as a cadet in an English regiment, but, being from principle attached to the Jacobite interest, had joined the standard of the prince.

[4] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 129. [5] Idem, p. 236.
[6] Boyse, p. 164.

An incident occurred after the execution of this unfortunate gentleman, which assumed an alarming appearance, and might have led to serious consequences had the war been continued. Before Forbes was cut down from the gibbet, an English officer, with a morbidness of feeling which seems to have seized the officers as well as the common soldiers of the army, plunged his sword into the body of Forbes, exclaiming, at the same time, that "all his countrymen were traitors and rebels like himself." This exclamation being heard by a Scottish officer who was standing hard by, the offended Scotchman immediately drew his sword, and demanded satisfaction for the insult offered to his country. The Englishman instantly accepted the challenge, and in a short time the combat became general among the officers who happened to be on the spot. The soldiers, seeing their officers engaged, beat to arms of their own accord, and drew up along the streets, the Scotch on one side and the English on the other, and commenced a warm combat with fixed bayonets. Information of this affray having been brought to the Duke of Cumberland, he hastened to the scene of action, and by his persuasions put an end to the combat. He found the Scotch greatly excited by the affront offered them; but he soothed their wounded feelings by complimenting them for their fidelity, their courage, and exemplary conduct.[7]

Notwithstanding the massacres which were committed immediately after the battle, a considerable number of wounded Highlanders still survived, some of whom had taken refuge in a few cottages adjoining the field of battle, while others lay scattered among the neighbouring inclosures. Many of these men might have recovered if ordinary attention had been paid to them; but the stern duke, considering that those who had risen in rebellion against his father were not entitled to the rights of humanity, entirely neglected them.[8] But, barbarous as such conduct was, it was only the

[7] Johnstone's *Memoirs*, p. 203.
[8] "It is not necessary to believe all the Jacobite stories tending to show a wanton and fiendish indulgence, by the duke and his most distinguished followers, in cruelty and any kind of bloody work for its own sake; nor to admit that he ridiculed President Forbes as the old woman who spoke about humanity

prelude to enormities of a still more revolting description. At first the victors conceived that they had completed the work of death by killing all the wounded they could discover; but when they were informed that some still survived, they resolved to despatch them. A Mr. Hossack, who had filled the situation of provost of Inverness, and who had, under the direction of President Forbes, performed important services to the government, having gone to pay his respects to the Duke of Cumberland, found Generals Hawley and Huske deliberating on this inhuman design. Observing them intent upon their object, and actually proceeding to make out orders for killing the wounded Highlanders, he ventured to remonstrate against such a barbarous step. "As his majesty's troops have been happily successful against the rebels, I hope (observed Hossack) your excellencies will be so good as to mingle mercy with judgment." Hawley, in a rage, cried out, "D—n the puppy! does he pretend to dictate here? Carry him away!" Another officer ordered Hossack to be kicked out, and the order was obeyed with such instantaneous precision, that the ex-provost found himself at the bottom of two flights of steps almost in a twinkling.[9]

In terms of the cruel instructions alluded to, a party was despatched from Inverness the day after the battle to put to death all the wounded they might find in the inclosure adjoining the field of Culloden. These orders were fulfilled with a punctuality and deliberation that is sickening to read of. Instead of despatching their unfortunate victims on the spot where they found them, the soldiers dragged them from the places where they lay weltering in their gore, and, having ranged them on some spots of rising ground, poured in volleys of musketry upon them. Next day parties were sent to search all the houses in the neighbourhood of the field of battle, with instructions to carry all the wounded Highlanders they could find thither and despatch them. Many were in consequence murdered; and the young laird of Macleod was heard frankly to declare, that on this occasion he himself saw seventy-two persons killed in cold blood. The feelings of humanity were not, however, altogether obliterated in the hearts of some of the officers, who spared a few of the wounded. In one instance the almost incredible cruelty of the soldiery was strikingly exemplified. At a short distance from the field of battle there stood a small hut, used for sheltering sheep and goats in cold and stormy weather, into which some of the wounded had crawled. On discovering them the soldiers immediately secured the door, to prevent egress, and thereupon set fire to the hut in several places, and all the persons within, to the number of between thirty and forty, perished in the flames.[1]

Another instance of fiendish cruelty occurred the same day. Almost immediately after the battle, nineteen wounded officers of the Highland army, unable to follow their retiring companions, secreted themselves in a small plantation near Culloden house, whence they were afterwards carried to the court-yard of that mansion, where they remained two days in great torture weltering in their blood, and without the least medical aid or attention but such as they received from the president's steward, who, at the hazard of his own life, alleviated the sufferings of his unhappy countrymen by several acts of kindness. These wretched sufferers were now tied with ropes by the brutal soldiery, thrown into carts, and carried out to a park wall at a short distance from Culloden house. Being dragged out of the carts, they were ranged in order along the wall, and were told by the officer in command of the party to prepare for death. Such of

and the laws. What he did was, we may be assured from his character, not done in a spirit of wantonness, but after a sense of duty. But that duty led him to severity. He was a soldier according to the German notions of a soldier, and a rebel province was a community to be subjected to martial law. Many of the insurgents, attempting to escape or hide themselves when detected by well-known peculiarities, were put to death by the soldiery, who, even when they made a mistake and slew the wrong man, could not easily be punished. The duke, brought up in the German military school, seems to have been unable to distinguish between a rebellion suppressed in constitutional Britain, where all men are supposed to be innocent but those proved to be guilty,—and a revolted German province, where every accorded grace to the unfortunate people proceeds from the will of the conqueror. Thus there was a propensity to subject all the northern districts to something too closely resembling military law or license."—Burton's *Scotland after Revolution*, v. ii. pp. 522, 523.

[9] Letter from a gentleman in London to his friend in Bath. Bath, 1751, reprinted in *Jacobite Memoirs*.

[1] Idem.

them as retained the use of their limbs fell down upon their knees in prayer; but they had little time allowed them to invoke merey, for in a minute the soldiers received orders to fire, and, being posted at the distance of only two or three yards from the prisoners, the unfortunate gentlemen were almost all instantly shot dead. That the butchery might be complete, the soldiers were ordered to elub their muskets and dash out the brains of such of their miserable victims as exhibited any symptoms of life, an order whieh, horrible to tell, was actually fulfilled. A gentleman named John Fraser, who had been an offieer in the Master of Lovat's regiment, alone survived. He had reeeived a ball, and being observed to be still in life, was struck on the faee by a soldier with the butt end of his musket. Though one of his cheek bones and the upper part of his nose were broken, and one of his eyes dashed out by the blow, he still lived, and the party, thinking they had killed him, left him for dead. He would probably have expired on the spot, had not the attention of Lord Boyd, son of the Earl of Kilmarnock, when riding past, been fortunately attracted by the number of dead bodies he observed lying together. Espying, at a little distanee from the heap, a body in motion, his lordship went up, and having ascertained from the mouth of the sufferer who he was, he ordered his servant to carry Mr. Fraser to a cottage, near at hand, which he named, where he lay coneealed for three months. He lived several years afterwards, but was a cripple during life.[2]

By the capture of Inverness, a eonsiderable quantity of ordnance and military stores fell into the hands of the royal army. Including those taken on the field of battle, there were 30 pieees of cannon, 2,320 fireloeks, 190 broadswords, a large quantity of musket cartridges, 1,019 cannon balls, a quantity of musket shot, 37 barrels of gunpowder, and 22 ammunition carts, besides tents, cantines, pistols, saddles, &e. To encourage the soldiers to eollect the arms which the Highlanders had left on the field, they were allowed half-a-crown for every musket, and a shilling for every broadsword which they brought into the eamp at Inverness. For every stand of colours the sum of sixteen guineas was allowed, and no less than fourteen of these were captured or picked up upon the field, all of whieh were burnt on the 4th of June at the market eross of Edinburgh, by the hands of the common hangman, after being carried in mock procession from the eastle by a party of ehimney-sweeps.

Two days after the battle the Earl of Cromarty, his son, Lord Macleod, several offieers, and 153 private men, were landed at Inverness from the Hound sloop of war, which had conveyed them from Sutherland, where they had been taken prisoners by a party of Lord Sutherland's people on the preceding day, viz., the 15th of April, under the following circumstances. Having received instructions to rejoin the main body of the Highland army at Inverness, the earl was about proeeeding to fulfil them, when a plan was formed by the Maekays and the Earl of Sutherland's people to cut him off. Uniting their forces, consisting of three independent companies, near Golspie, they resolved to attack the Earl of Cromarty, early in the morning of the 15th of April, in flank and in rear. In pursuance of this resolution, Captain Maeallister, who eommanded the Earl of Sutherland's militia, marched with his company towards the water of Golspie, and having in his march received intelligence that Cromarty's regiment had marched towards the ferry, but that the earl himself with the greater part of his officers was at Dunrobin castle, he sent Ensign John Mackay, with a party of 26 men, to intereept him. The earl left the castle with 14 officers on horseback, and a small party of well-armed foot, to join his men, and would have fallen into an ambuscade whieh Ensign Mackay had laid for him, had not some of the Mackays begun to fire too soon. Lord Cromarty immediately retraeed his steps and took refuge in the eastle, from the top of the tower of which he displayed a white flag and rang a bell, as a signal that he was attaeked. The earl's men began immediately to march back to his relief, upon whieh Mackay and his party retired to the adjacent high grounds. Meanwhile, the two independent eompanies, which were to attack Cromarty's men in flank, arrived at the hill of Culmaly, to the north west of Golspie, and observing the insurgents

[2] Letter from a gentleman in London, &c.

returning from the ferry, and drawing up in order of battle on a rising ground about a mile west from Golspie, they concealed themselves on the top of the hill: Captains Gray and Sutherland, the commanders of the two companies, then descended the hill to reconnoitre. They computed Cromarty's force to be between 400 and 500 men; and, having resolved to attack them, they returned to their men and gave orders to that effect. To deceive the insurgents as to the extent of their numbers, they marched down the hill in open column, keeping a distance of about twenty paces between each rank; and so well did this *ruse* succeed, that the insurgents, struck with a panic, fled towards the ferry, and were pursued by the two companies, who, attacking them in flank, killed a considerable number, and took 178 prisoners. The two companies thereupon marched to Dunrobin castle, which they invested. The earl held out the castle till the evening, when, despairing of relief, he requested the commanders of the companies to hold a conference with him in the castle on the subject of a surrender. While engaged in conversation, Ensign Mackay, who had entered the castle along with the two captains, went down stairs, and having informed the earl's men below that he had surrendered, induced them to deliver up their arms. Having secured their arms, he took the keys from the porter, and, opening the gates, admitted his party. He then went up stairs with them, and, entering the dining-room, seized the earl, Lord Macleod, and the whole officers.[3]

Whilst the Duke of Cumberland was deliberating upon the course he should adopt for finally suppressing the rebellion, his unfortunate kinsman, disheartened by his recent disaster, was entirely occupied with thoughts of his own personal safety. After leaving the field, Charles, escorted by a large body of horse, crossed the river Nairn at the ford of Falie, about four miles from the field of battle. Having halted a short time on the south side of the Nairn, during which he held a consultation with his friends, Charles dismissed the horse and most of his attendants, with instructions to assemble at Ruthven in Badenoch, where they were directed to wait for further orders. Taking along with him Sir Thomas Sheridan, O'Sullivan, Captain O'Neil, John Hay, and a few other persons, Charles set out for Gortuleg, the residence of Lord Lovat's steward, where he arrived about sunset. There, for the first and only time, the prince met Lord Lovat, who, on learning the cause of the Prince's unexpected visit, became, it is said, almost frantic, and, anticipating the fate which awaited him, called out to those around him to chop off his head. In a little time the aged chief regained his self-possession, and entered into conversation with Charles and his followers in relation to their future prospects. As it was not considered safe to pass the night so near the royal troops, Charles and his party, after partaking of some supper, left Gortuleg about ten o'clock for Invergarry, the seat of Macdonell of Glengarry. Before leaving Gortuleg, the prince took the precaution to change his dress.

The prince and his party arrived at the mansion of Invergarry about four o'clock in the morning, where Charles began to experience a foretaste of the hardships he was destined to endure. This ancient castle, ever since its first erection, had never been in such a cheerless condition as that in which Charles now found it. Unprovided with furniture or provisions, and inhabited by a solitary domestic, it seemed to warn the unfortunate fugitives that they were unwelcome within its walls, and that they must speedily look out for a more hospitable place of retreat. Overcome by fatigue, the whole party lay down upon the floor, in their clothes, and fell asleep. After reposing several hours, they rose, but had nothing to eat till Edward Burke, servant to Alexander Macleod, one of the party, observing a net in the water of Garry, pulled it out and caught two salmon, on which they dined.

With the exception of O'Sullivan, O'Neil, and Edward Burke, who, from his knowledge of the country, was selected as the prince's guide, all the party took leave of Charles at Invergarry. Before leaving the castle, Charles, in order the more effectually to disguise himself, put on Burke's coat; and at three o'clock in the afternoon, he set out for Loch Arkaig in Lochaber, accompanied by his three atten-

[3] *Life of George, Earl of Cromarty:* London, 1746. Boyse, p. 155.

dants, and took up his quarters for the night in the house of Donald Cameron of Glenpean. Charles slept the following night, that of Friday the 18th, at Mewboll, where he and his small party were well entertained. From Mewboll they set out next morning for Glenboisdale. At Loch Morar they waited several hours for a boat to carry them across; but, not finding one, they were obliged, from the road being impracticable for horses, to abandon them and to walk on foot to Glenboisdale, which they reached on Sunday the 20th, after great fatigue, having crossed two lofty ranges of mountains in their route.

Lord George Murray.—From the original painting by permission of His Grace the Duke of Athole.

Presuming that Charles still meant to make a stand, Lord George Murray and the other chiefs who remained with the army retired to Ruthven, where, including Cluny's men whom they met on their retreat, they assembled a force of between 2,000 and 3,000 men. From the want of provisions it was impossible to keep such a body together for any length of time; and a message from Charles, two or three days after the battle, desiring them to disperse, hastened an event which seemed to be inevitable. In thus resigning the contest which by his inconsiderate rashness he had provoked, Charles showed that he was not possessed of that magnanimity which many of his followers ascribed to him. Notwithstanding their recent reverse, there existed no unwillingness on the part of the brave men who had risked their all for him to continue the war. They might not have, it is true, succeeded in vindicating the claim of an ungrateful prince in the field; but, under his leadership, they might have made a gallant stand, and forced the government to grant them favourable terms. In extenuation of the prince's conduct, on the present occasion, it is but fair to add, that he was under the influence of a set of contemptible advisers, who prejudieed him against his best friends, and instilled into his mind a conviction that he had been betrayed at Culloden. How far the conduct of Lord George Murray, after that event, may have determined Charles to take the course he did, cannot now be ascertained; but if Charles, in the midst of his perplexity immediately after the battle, hesitated as to the course he should pursue, his reception of the following document, under the hand of Lord George Murray, was certainly not calculated to induce him to continue the contest.

"May it please your Royal Highness.

"As no person in these kingdoms ventured more frankly in the cause than myself, and as I had more at stake than almost all the others put together, so, to be sure, I cannot but be very deeply affected with our late loss and present situation; but I declare, that were your royal highness's person in safety, the loss of the cause, and the misfortunate and unhappy situation of my countrymen, is the only thing that grieves me, for I thank God I have resolution to bear my own family's ruin without a grudge. Sir, you will, I hope, upon this occasion, pardon me, if I mention a few truths, which all the gentlemen of our army seem convinced of.

"It was highly wrong to have set up the royal standard without having positive assurances from his Most Christian Majesty, that he would assist you with all his force: and as

your royal family lost the crown of these realms upon the account of France, the world did and had reason to expect that France would seize the first favourable opportunity to restore your august family.

"I must also acquaint your royal highness, that we were all fully convinced that Mr. O'Sullivan, whom your royal highness trusted with the most essential things with regard to your operations, was exceedingly unfit for it, and committed gross blunders on every occasion of moment. He whose business it was, did not so much as visit the ground where we were to be drawn up in line of battle, and it was a fatal error to allow the enemy these walls upon their left, which made it impossible for us to break them, and they, with their front fire, and flanking us when we went upon the attack, destroyed us without any possibility of our breaking them, and our Athole men have lost a full half of their officers and men. I wish Mr. O'Sullivan had never got any other charge in the army than the care of the baggage, which, I am told, he had been brought up to and understood. I never saw him in time of action, neither at Gladsmuir, Falkirk, nor in the last, and his orders were vastly confused.

"The want of provisions was another misfortune which had the most fatal consequence. Mr. Hay, whom your royal highness trusted with the principal direction of ordering provisions of late, and without whose orders a boll of meal or farthing of money was not to be delivered, has served your royal highness egregiously ill. When I spoke to him, he told me the thing is ordered, it will be got, &c.; but he neglected his duty to such a degree, that our ruin might probably have been prevented had he done his duty. In short, the three last days which were so critical, our army was starved. This was the reason our night march was rendered abortive, when we possibly might have surprised and defeated the enemy at Nairn; but for want of provisions a third of the army scattered to Inverness, &c., and the other who marched had not spirits to make it so quick as was necessary, being really faint for want of provisions.

"The next day, which was the fatal day, if we had got plenty of provisions we might have crossed the water of Nairn, and drawn up so advantageously, that we would have obliged the enemy to come to us, for they were resolved to fight at all hazards at prodigious disadvantage, and probably we would in that case have done by them as they unhappily have done by us. In short, Mr. O'Sullivan and Mr. Hay had rendered themselves odious to all our army, and had disgusted them to such a degree, that they had bred a mutiny in all ranks, that had not the battle come on, they were to have represented their grievances to your royal highness for a remedy. For my own part, I never had any particular discussion with either of them; but I ever thought them uncapable and unfit to serve in the stations they were placed in.

"Your royal highness knows I always told I had no design to continue in the army. I would of late, when I came last from Athole, have resigned my commission; but all my friends told me it might be of prejudice to the cause at such a critical time. I hope your royal highness will now accept of my demission. What commands you have for me in any other situation, please honour me with them.—I am, with great zeal, Sir, your royal highness's most dutiful and humble servant,

'GEORGE MURRAY.

"RUTHVEN, 17*th April*, 1746.

"I have taken the liberty to keep 500 pieces, which shant be disposed upon except you give leave."[1]

It would appear from the preceding document that Lord George Murray, who, of all men, was the best judge of the propriety of trying another campaign, did not in the least contemplate that Charles would abandon the enterprise. His own opinion was, that the war should be continued; and when he heard that Charles had resolved to depart for France, he sent Secretary Hay to Glenboisdale with a message to Charles, to dissuade him against such a step; but Charles informed Hay that his resolution was fixed. Lord George maintained that the Highlanders "could have made a summer's campaign without the risk of any misfortune: they could have marched through

[1] From the *Stuart Papers*.

the hills to places in Banffshire, Aberdeenshire, the Mearns, Perthshire, Lochaber, and Argyleshire, by ways that regular troops could not have followed; and if they (the regular troops) had ventured among the mountains, it must have been attended with great danger and difficulty: their convoys might have been cut off, and opportunities would have offered to attack them with almost a certainty of success. And though the Highlanders had neither money nor magazines, they would not have starved in that season of the year so long as there were sheep and cattle: they could also have separated themselves in two or three different bodies, got meal for some days' provision,—met again at a place appointed, and might have fallen upon the enemy when they least expected: they could have marched in three days what would have taken regular troops five: nay, had those taken the high roads as often as they would have been obliged upon account of their carriages, it would have taken them ten or twelve days. In short, they might have been so harassed and fatigued that they must have been in the greatest distress and difficulties, and at length probably been destroyed, at least much might have been expected by gaining of time: perhaps the Highlanders might have been enabled to have made an offensive instead of a defensive war."[5]

After receiving Charles's orders to disperse, the officers at Ruthven, to use an expression of one of themselves,[6] "took a melancholy leave of each other," and went off in different directions to secure their personal safety, and the common men proceeded straight to their respective homes.

While Secretary Hay was at Boisdale, Charles drew up a letter to the chiefs, stating the reasons of his departure, which he inclosed in one to Sir Thomas Sheridan,[7] with instructions to show it to them, but to keep it as long back as he conveniently could. He stated that it was "of the last consequence" to conceal his departure on some pretext or other, which he enjoined him to contrive, and to recommend, particularly to every person to whom he showed the paper, to follow the same course. In using this precaution Charles probably wished to keep the government in ignorance of his design to leave the kingdom. The letter to the chiefs, which, though written on or before the 23d of April, the date of the letter to Sir Thomas Sheridan, is post-dated the 28th, with the view, perhaps, of allowing Sir Thomas to withhold it for a few days, by which time Charles expected that he would be on his way to the Long island, where he expected to find a vessel to carry him to France. The letter to the chiefs runs thus:—

"For the Chiefs,

"When I came into this country, it was my only view to do all in my power for your good and safety. This I will always do as long as life is in me. But alas! I see with grief I can at present do little for you on this side the water, for the only thing that can now be done is to defend yourselves till the French assist you, if not to be able to make better terms. To effectuate this, the only way is to assemble in a body as soon as possible, and then to take measures for the best, which you that know the country are only judges of. This makes me be of little use here; whereas, by my going into France instantly, however dangerous it be, I will certainly engage the French court either to assist us effectually and powerfully, or at least to procure you such terms as you would not obtain otherways. My presence there, I flatter myself, will have more effect to bring this sooner to a determination than any body else, for several reasons; one of which I will mention here; viz. it is thought to be a politick, (policy,) though a false one, of the French court, not to restore our master, but to keep a continual civil war in this country, which renders the English government less powerful, and of consequence themselves more. This is absolutely destroyed by my leaving the country, which nothing else but this will persuade them that this play cannot last, and if not remedied, the Elector will soon be as despotick as the French king, which, I should think, will oblige them to strike the great stroke, which is always in their power, however averse they may have been to it for the time past. Before leaving off, I must recommend to you, that all things should be decided

[5] *Account of the Battle of Culloden, &c.*: Lond. 1749.
[6] Maxwell of Kirkconnel.
[7] *Stuart Papers.*

by a council of all your chiefs, or, in any of your absence, the next commander of your several corps with the assistance of the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, who, I am persuaded, will stick by you to the very last. My departure should be kept as long private and concealed as possible on one pretext or other which you will fall upon. May the Almighty bless and direct you."[8]

At Glenboisdale Charles was joined by Clanranald, Lockhart, younger of Carnwath, Æneas Macdonald, the banker, and several other adherents, who endeavoured to dissuade him from embarking for the isles, where, from the number of cruisers which hovered among the Hebrides, they considered he would run greater risk than if he remained on the mainland. Charles seemed disposed to adopt this advice; but O'Sullivan being averse to it, and having represented the great probability of speedily finding a ship among the isles to convey him to France, and the great danger of staying where he was, the prince adhered to his determination of seeking a temporary refuge in the Long island. With the intention of soliciting the protection of Sir Alexander Macdonald and the laird of Macleod, Charles sent to Kinlochmoidart for one Donald Macleod, a trustworthy person whom he wished to intrust with his despatches. Macleod had been at Inverness shipping a cargo of meal for Skye when Charles entered that town, and had been employed to accompany Æneas Macdonald to the island of Barra, for the purpose of bringing over a sum of about £380, which was lying there. They had reached Kinlochmoidart, on their way back, and were about setting out for Inverness, when Macdonald received a letter from the prince announcing his defeat, and requesting him to repair to Borodale. On receiving this message Macleod immediately set out, and in passing through a forest in the vicinity of Glenboisdale, he observed a solitary wanderer among the trees, who immediately came forward and asked him if he was Donald Macleod of Gualtergill in Skye. Macleod answered that he was, and having recognised the prince in the person of his interrogator, he stated that he was at his service. "Then," said the prince, "you see, Donald, I am in distress. I therefore throw myself into your bosom; do with me what you like. I hear you are an honest man, and fit to be trusted." The aged Highlander doubting his capacity to serve him, Charles stated to him the nature of the mission on which he intended to send him. Macleod, startled at the proposal, positively refused to undertake the task; and having remonstrated with Charles upon the impropriety of asking the protection of men who had, contrary to their promise, taken part against him, he abandoned his design.[9]

During the few days that Charles spent at Glenboisdale, he is said to have wavered in his plans. Though informed of the dispersion of his troops, he had hopes that a good many might still be collected as occasion offered. He is said even to have entertained thoughts of again assembling his scattered forces, and acting on the defensive. He sent a few men, with whom Clanranald had supplied him, on all sides to obtain intelligence, but they learned nothing favourable; and accounts which he received from the Isle of Skye, that Lord Loudon was about to come over immediately to the coast of Arisaig, joined to a report, which, however, turned out to be false, that a detachment of the Duke of Cumberland's army had already reached Fort Augustus, hastened his departure from the mainland.[1]

Accordingly, on the evening of the 26th of April, Charles, accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neil, Allan Macdonald, a catholic priest of Clanranald's family, and Edward Burke, embarked in an eight-oared boat at Borodale, in the bay of Lochnanuagh, where a few months before he had landed full of hope and enthusiasm. Besides the persons enumerated, and Donald Macleod who acted as pilot, there were seven boatmen. Charles sat down in the bottom of the boat at the feet of the pilot. Macleod, who observed indications of an approaching storm, had advised Charles to postpone his voyage till next day; but the prince was so intent upon proceeding, that he would not put off his departure. Four pecks of oatmeal

[8] From a copy among the *Stuart Papers* thus quoted on the back in Charles's own hand:—"The Prince's Letter to ye Chiefs in parting from Scotland, 1746."

[9] Macleod's Narrative in *Jacobite Memoirs*.

[1] *Kirkconnel MS.*

were all the provision the whole party carried along with them, and the only cooking utensil was a pot which Macleod had taken care to provide.

Charles soon had occasion to repent of his obstinacy in not listening to the advice of the aged mariner; for before the boat had proceeded far, a storm arose, which is described by Macleod as the most violent he had ever witnessed, though he had been all his life a seafaring man. The danger was greatly increased by the darkness of the night, and to add to the distress of the party, the rain poured down in torrents. Vivid flashes of lightning which threw a momentary gleam over the face of the troubled deep, and the crash of the thunder which rolled over the heads of the affrighted party, increased the horrors of the scene. Unprovided with a compass, they were entirely ignorant of the course they were steering; but they had, from the violence of the tempest, no alternative but to go before the wind, and in the event of escaping the fury of the waves, running the risk of being driven upon Skye, where the prince might fall into the hands of the militia who were in that island. But all their apprehensions of danger on this score were removed, by discovering at day-break that they were on the coast of the Long island. At seven o'clock in the morning they landed with great difficulty at Rossinish, a point of land on the north-east of Benbecula, one of the islands which form the group called the Long island. Having secured their boat, Charles and his party entered an uninhabited hut, in which they kindled a fire to warm themselves and dry their clothes, which were saturated with rain and salt-water. Charles purchased a cow, which was immediately slaughtered; and which, with the small quantity of meal provided by Donald Macleod, served to support the party during the time they remained on the island.[2]

Meanwhile the Duke of Cumberland was using every effort to capture the persons of the young Chevalier and his principal adherents. For this purpose, several detachments were sent out by the duke from his camp at Inverness in different directions, and as he was desirous that Charles should not fall alive into his hands, his instructions to the commanders of the detachments were to make no prisoners. One of these detachments, under Colonel Cockayne, proceeded to Moy castle, and after shooting some fugitives who had taken refuge in that mansion, and massacring some old men, women and children, returned to Inverness, carrying along with them Lady Mackintosh, who, on her arrival there, was committed to custody by the duke. Another party went to castle Downie, the seat of Lord Lovat, which they burnt to the ground, having previously secured a large quantity of booty, which they carried to Inverness. A body of 600 Grants was sent into the Frasers' country to reduce and disarm that powerful clan; and the Monroes, Mackays, and Sutherlands, were scattered over the shires of Ross, Cromarty, Sutherland, and Caithness, to keep the disaffected in these counties in check. To secure the passages to the isles, Lord Fortrose, son of the Earl of Seaforth, proceeded to raise the Mackenzies, and orders were given along the coast to prevent any suspicious persons from making their escape by sea. Cobham's and Lord Mack Ker's dragoons were posted along the east coast, and bodies of militia were stationed at the passes leading into the Highlands to intercept all persons who might attempt to escape to the lowlands. The pass of Stirling was also guarded by a detachment posted at the Fords of the Frew, and the Edinburgh regiment was spread along the south side of the Frith of Forth, to apprehend such of the insurgents as might attempt to cross that arm of the sea. Besides these different detachments, a body of 1,700 militia, under the Earl of Loudon, the laird of Macleod, and Sir Alexander Macdonald, the last of whom had raised his men before the battle of Culloden, and another body of 800 Argyleshire men under General Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, spread themselves over Lochaber, all eager to secure the person of the prince. In short, no means were neglected to attain this object; and the eager pursuers required no other stimulus to urge them on than the splendid reward of £30,000, which had been offered for the capture of the royal fugitive.

[2] Genuine and True Journal of the most miraculous Escape of the young Chevalier, by an Englishman. London, 1749. Macleod's Narrative.

The departure of Charles from Lochnanuagh was not known at Inverness till some days after he had sailed, and the place of his destination become a matter of interesting speculation. No doubt could exist that he designed to seek refuge among the western islands, and as St. Kilda is the most distant and the least frequented of the whole, it was supposed that Charles had repaired thither. Acting on this supposition, General Campbell collected some sloops of war and transports, and having embarked a considerable body of troops, set sail for St. Kilda. After touching at Barra and some other islands, and searching for the prince, he approached St. Kilda, the inhabitants of which, alarmed at the sight of the fleet, fled and concealed themselves in the cliffs of the rocks. Landing with some of his forces, the general inquired at some of the inhabitants, whom he discovered in their recesses, what had become of the "Pretender;" but these people answered, with great simplicity, that they had never heard of such a person,—that they had indeed been informed that their laird (Macleod) had lately been at war with a woman a great way abroad, and that he had overcome her. This, they added, was all they knew of the affairs of the world. General Campbell, however, not satisfied with this statement, made a search over the island, but not finding any strangers, returned to the main land after visiting South Uist.

Anticipating the utter ruin which awaited them and their followers, if no attempt was made to resist the meditated designs of the Duke of Cumberland, several chiefs and others[4] held a meeting at Mortlaig on the 8th of May, at which they entered into a bond for their mutual defence, and agreed never to lay down their arms, or make a general peace, without the consent of the whole. They may be supposed to have come to this resolution the more readily, as a sum of 35,000 louis d'ors had been received a few days before by two French frigates which had arrived on the west coast. By the bond of association, the chiefs agreed, and solemnly promised, with the utmost expedition, to raise in behalf of the prince and in defence of their country, as many able-bodied armed men as they could on their respective properties, and they further promised and agreed, that the following clans, viz., Lochiel, Glengarry, Clanranald, Stewarts of Appin, Keppoch, Barisdale, Mackinnons and Macleods, should assemble on Thursday, the 15th of May, at Auchnacarry, in the braes of Lochaber. To facilitate the junction of the different corps with all possible speed, it was agreed that the Frasers of Aird and the other Jacobite clans on the north side of the river Ness, should join the people of Glenmoriston and Glengarry, and that the Frasers of Stratherrick, the Mackintoshes and Macphersons, should assemble and meet at the most convenient place in Badenoch on the same day;—that the Macgregors, and Menzies' and Glenlyon's people should march to Rannoch and join the Rannoch and Athole men, and be kept in readiness to receive intelligence and orders to meet the main body in the braes of Mar, or at any other place that might be considered convenient,—that Gordon of Glenbucket and Colonel Roy Stewart should intimate the resolutions of the meeting to Lord Lewis Gordon, Lords Ogilvy and Pitsligo, the Farquharsons, and the other principal gentlemen in the north, who were to be directed to fix a place of rendezvous among themselves, and that Macpherson of Cluny and Colonel Roy Stewart should advertise the principal gentlemen of the Mackintoshes of the resolutions adopted by the meeting. The better to conceal their designs from the Duke of Cumberland, the assembled chiefs agreed not to discover or reveal to any of their men or inferior officers, the agreement they had entered into, nor the day and place of rendezvous, till they had assembled their respective corps. It was finally agreed, that should any one engaged in the association make separate terms for himself, he should be looked upon as a traitor to the prince, and be treated by his associates as an enemy.[5]

The associated chiefs had been too sanguine in their expectations, not one of them being able, for various reasons, to meet on the day

[3] Genuine and True Journal, p 7. Home, p. 245.

[4] There were twelve or thirteen gentlemen present; among whom were Lochiel, young Clanranald, Barisdale, Dr. Cameron, John Roy Stewart, old Glenbucket, Secretary Murray, and Cameron of Dungallon. Lord Lovat was also present, but by accident

[5] Appendix to Home, No. xlvii.

appointed. Clanranald's people refused to leave their own country, and many of Glengarry's had delivered up their arms. Lochgarry came with a small party to Invermely on the 20th of May; but, after staying one night, he crossed Loch Arkaig and did not return. Lochiel and Barisdale met at Auchnacarry, the place of rendezvous, on the 21st or 22d of May, but with very few men, and they were almost surprised by a large party of the government forces on the morning of the 23d, who took an officer and two of Lochiel's men prisoners. The Highlanders immediately dispersed, and Lochiel, seeing no chance of making an effectual stand under existing circumstances, wrote a circular to his brother chiefs, advising them to disperse their people; but, as great expectations were entertained that the French king would send assistance, he requested them to preserve their arms as long as possible.

Conceiving that the only effectual mode of suppressing the rebellion was to march into the Highlands with the whole of his army, the Duke of Cumberland began, about the middle of May, to make preparations for his journey. He had in the beginning of that month issued a proclamation, ordering the insurgent clans to deliver up their arms; but little attention was paid to this mandate, and the continuance of considerable armed parties convinced him that the Highlands could never be reduced without the presence of a considerable army stationed in a central district. Having pitched upon Fort Augustus for his new head-quarters, the duke left Inverness, on the 23d of May, with eleven battalions of foot and Kingston's horse, and reached Fort Augustus next day. Charles had intended to make this place a rallying point in case of a defeat; but his plan was rejected by the chiefs, and, that it might not be serviceable to the royal troops, the buildings had been blown up. No accommodation being therefore found for the duke's army, a camp was formed in the neighbourhood, and a turf hut with doors and windows, and covered with green sods and boughs, was erected by Lord Loudon's Highlanders for the use of his royal highness.[6]

Resolving to inflict a signal chastisement upon the rebels, the duke sent, from his camp at Fort Augustus, detachments of his troops in all directions, which devastated the country with fire and sword, and committed excesses scarcely paralleled in history, resembling, though perhaps on a minor scale, those committed by the hosts of Hyder Ali, when that merciless destroyer burst into the Carnatic. The seats of Lochiel, Glengarry, Kinlochmoidart, Keppoch, Cluny, Glengyle, and others, were plundered and burnt to the ground, and great numbers of the houses of the common people shared the same fate.[7] Major Lockhart, whose name, by his cruelties on this occasion, has obtained an infamous notoriety, marched with a detachment into the country of the Macdonalds of Barisdale, and laid waste and destroyed their dwellings. Some of these poor people had obtained protections from Lord Loudon; but the major disregarded them, and told the people who had them, that not even a warrant from heaven should prevent him from executing his orders. Another corps, under Lord George Sackville, ravaged the country about the glens of Moidart, while others carried fire and desolation through other districts. Not contented with destroying the country, these bloodhounds either shot the men upon the mountains, or murdered them in cold blood. The women, after witnessing their husbands, fathers, and brothers murdered before their eyes, were subjected to brutal violence, and then turned out naked, with their children, to starve on the barren heaths. A whole family was inclosed in a barn, and consumed to ashes. So alert were these ministers of vengeance, that in a few days, according to the testimony of a volunteer who served in the expedition, neither house, cottage, man, nor beast, was to be seen within the compass of fifty miles: all was ruin, silence, and desolation. Deprived of their cattle and their small stock of provisions by the rapacious soldiery, the hoary-headed matron and sire, the widowed mother and her helpless offspring, were to be seen dying of hunger,

[6] Boyse, p. 169.

[7] The booty taken must have been considerable, as in one instance, that of Glengarry House, the party who plundered it, consisting of 200 men, had the following allowances made as their shares, viz., every captain, £11 5s.; each subaltern, £5 18s.; a sergeant, £1 10s.; a corporal, £1; and every common soldier, 15s., clear of all deductions.—Boyse, p. 169.

stretched upon the bare ground, and within view of the smoking ruins of their dwellings.

It may seem surprising that the Highlanders did not avenge themselves upon their oppressors, by assassinating such stragglers as fell in their way. It cannot be supposed that men in whose bosoms the spirit of revenge must have taken deep root, would have spared their relentless adversaries from any scruple as to the mode of despatching them; nor can it be imagined that the Highlanders could not have selected fit occasions when they might have inflicted vengeance upon individuals. The reason of their forbearance probably was, that such a system of warfare, if adopted, would lead to acts of retaliation on the part of the military, and thus increase their calamities. Only one instance is known where an injured person attempted to avenge himself. This was the case of a Highlander who had his house burned, his cattle plundered, and his son killed, while defending his family, who were turned out in the snow. Vowing revenge, he watched the officer who was the author of this inhuman outrage, and who, he was informed, was to be distinguished by a cloak of a particular kind. This officer riding one day with Captain George Munro of Culcairn in a shower of rain, lent him his cloak; and while marching in it with a party of men along the side of Loch Arkaig, the captain was shot by the enraged Highlander, who perceived the cloak, but could not distinguish the difference of person. The man escaped, and although he was well known, and might have been afterwards apprehended, he was allowed to pass unpunished.[8]

Of the immense quantity of cattle carried off by Cumberland's troops, some idea may be formed from the fact mentioned in a journal of the period,[9] that there were sometimes 2,000 in one drove. Intelligence of such a vast accumulation of live stock reaching the ears of the graziers of the south, numbers of them went to Fort Augustus well provided with money, which they laid out to great advantage. Some of the people, impelled by starvation, repaired to the camp to solicit from the spoilers some of their flocks, to preserve an existence; but their supplications were unheeded, and they were doomed to behold their cattle sold and driven away, while famine stared them in the face.

The atrocities committed by the English

Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President.
From Original Painting at Culloden House.

must have been revolting to the humane mind of Lord President Forbes. On paying his respects to the duke at Inverness, he hinted to his highness that the laws of the country should be observed even by his army; but the duke, who entertained very different ideas, not relishing such an intrusion upon his authority, cut the worthy president short with this exclamation, "The laws of the country, my Lord! I'll make a brigade give laws, by God!" Judging farther remonstrance to be

[8] "Colonel Grant of Moy, who died in April, 1822, in his 90th year, was walking along the road with a gun on his shoulder when Culcairn was shot. A turn of the road concealed him from the soldiers at the moment, but when he came in sight with his gun, they immediately seized him upon suspicion, and carried him to Fort William. After a short confinement he was released. Colonel Grant entered the 42d as a volunteer or soldier of fortune, and afterwards got a cadetship in India, from which he returned with a handsome fortune nearly fifty years ago."—*Stewart's Sketches*, vol. i. note p. 280.

[9] *Scots Magazine*, vol. viii. p. 237.

vain, Forbes dropped the subject, and was compelled to deplore in silence the cruelties which he could not prevent. He might have represented the matter to the government; but he was perhaps unwilling to run the risk of incurring its displeasure, and thereby deprive himself of the chance of being afterwards useful in saving many families from ruin.[1]

The enormities of the lawless soldiery were not confined to the Highlands, but extended to all the adjoining lowland districts where the spirit of disaffection was known to exist. The houses of the low country Jacobite gentry were plundered and destroyed, and the chapels of the nonjurant episcopal clergy, as well as the more humble and secluded places of worship belonging to the Catholics, were either razed or burnt to the ground. "Rebel-hunting" was the term adopted by the ruffians of the British army to designate their bloody occupation.

To complete the work of extermination, the duke issued a proclamation, denouncing the punishment of death, by hanging, against every person who should harbour the insurgents, and a similar fate was declared to await such as should conceal arms, ammunition, or any other thing belonging to them, or should not immediately deliver up to persons authorized by the duke to receive the same, any property or effects in their possession belonging to the rebels. In compliance with a requisition made by the duke, the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, about the end of May, enjoined the ministers of the different parishes to read a proclamation from the pulpits, in which they themselves, and every well affected person, were ordered by his royal highness to use every exertion to discover and seize the unfortunate fugitives; and to facilitate their discovery and apprehension, the clergy were required to furnish lists of the names of all persons in their respective parishes who had had any share in the insurrection. Many clergymen, including those of Edinburgh, with feelings of humanity and independence which did them honour, refused to read this proclamation, or to comply with the order requiring them to give in the names of such of their parishioners as had been engaged in the rebellion. The government, equally intent with its sanguinary general upon the destruction of the unfortunate adherents of the house of Stuart, offered rewards for apprehending such of the fugitives as might land in Ireland, and instructions were sent to the British ministers at foreign courts in alliance with George II., to seize all who might seek refuge in the territories of such powers.

The guilt of all these acts of bloodshed and rapine has been laid to the charge of the Duke of Cumberland, and the single fact that he issued no orders to put an end to the enormities which were daily committed, almost under his own eyes, and with his perfect knowledge, seems of itself sufficient to justify the charge. But when taken in connexion with his sanguinary order not to make prisoners, the proofs of his criminality, or rather unconstitutional severity, are evident. Though the foul stain of wanton cruelty must ever attach to the British army on the present occasion, from the commander down to the private, there were some redeeming exceptions among the officers, who alleviated the sufferings, and, in some instances, saved the lives of the devoted Highlanders. "I think myself," says Mr. Maxwell, "bound in justice to let the reader know that there were in the duke of Cumberland's army officers of all ranks, whom neither the prospect of ingratiating themselves and making their fortunes, nor the contagion of bad example were able to corrupt. Some of those that had done the government the most essential services were as conspicuous now for their humanity as formerly for their courage and conduct. It might be indiscreet to be particular at present; but their names, which are written with indelible characters in the hearts

[1] How far any remonstrance on the part of the president would have been attended to may be judged from the following statement:—"When he visited London in the end of the year, (1746,) for the purpose of settling the accounts he had run with the loyal Highland militia, he, as usual, went to court. The king, whose ear had been offended with repeated accounts of the conduct of the military, thus addressed him:—'My lord-president, you are the person I most wished to see. Shocking reports have been circulated of the barbarities committed by my army in the north; your lordship is, of all men, the best able to satisfy me.' 'I wish to God,' replied the president, 'that I could, consistently with truth, assure your majesty that such reports are destitute of foundation.' The king, as was his custom, turned abruptly away from the president; whose accounts, next day, were passed with difficulty; and, as report says, the balance, which was immense, never fully paid up."—*Antijacobin Review*, vol. xiii. *Review of Home's History of the Rebellion.*

of those poor people that owe to them the preservation of their being, will be carefully handed down to posterity. They are already known, and even, in the worst of times, meet with the applause they deserve from all those that have a fellow-feeling for their species."

With the honourable exceptions here alluded to, neither the duke nor the submissive slaves of his tyrannical will ever appear to have felt the least compunction for the miseries they inflicted upon the unfortunate Highlanders. On the contrary, they seem to have revelled amidst the ruin and desolation which they spread around; and when their occupation of "rebel-hunting" was gone, by the destruction of their victims, they endeavoured to relieve the *ennui* of repose by ludicrous and indecent diversions. Horse and foot races were instituted by the royal duke, who did not think it beneath his dignity to induce the women of the camp to enter the lists, and to expose themselves in a way at which decency revolts.[2] This species of amusement produced great insubordination in the army, for the soldiers got very fond of it, and, according to a volunteer, most of them had horses, which they bought and sold with one another at a low price, and on which they rode about, neglecting their duty, and consequently it became necessary to publish an order to part with them, otherwise they were all to be shot. "I saw," continues the same writer, "a soldier riding on one of these horses, when, being met by a comrade, he asked him, 'Tom, what hast thou given for the Galloway?' Tom answered, 'Half-a-crown.' To which the other replied, with an oath, 'He is too dear; I saw a better bought for eighteen-pence.' Notwithstanding the low price, the vast quantities of cattle, such as oxen, horses, sheep, and goats, taken from the rebels, and bought up by the lump by the jockies and farmers from Yorkshire and the south of Scotland, came to a great deal of money, all which was divided amongst the men that brought them in, who were sent out in parties in search of the Pretender; and they frequently came to rebels' houses, which they had left, as their owners would not be reduced to obedience. These our soldiers commonly plundered and burnt, so that many of them grew rich by their share of spoil."

When the zeal and activity of the military in pursuing the leading fugitives on the one hand, and the great care of the government to prevent their escape to the continent on the other, are considered, it is surprising that so many succeeded in their attempts to leave the kingdom. Besides the Earls of Cromarty and Kilmarnock, and Lord Macleod, the only other Jacobite chiefs who fell into the hands of the government were the Marquis of Tullibardine, Lords Balmerino and Lovat, and Secretary Murray. The Marquis being unable, from the bad state of his health, to bear the fatigue of running from covert to covert, surrendered himself, on the 27th of April, to a Dumbartonshire gentleman, who committed him to the castle of Dumbarton; and Lord Balmerino, by the advice of Mr. Grant, younger of Rothiemurchus, most unwisely delivered himself up at Inverness, two days after the battle of Culloden. After having the mortification of witnessing, from the summit of a mountain, the conflagration of his seat of Castle Downie by the king's troops, Lord Lovat took refuge in the western parts of Inverness-shire, and finally concealed himself in the hollow of a tree which grew on a small island in Loch Morar, where he was apprehended early in June by a party from the Furnace sloop of war. When discovered, he was wrapt up in a blanket; and, though he had between five and six hundred guineas in his pocket, had been obliged to live twelve days in his miserable retreat on oatmeal and water. Being unable, from his great age and infirmity, to ride, he was carried in a litter to the royal camp at Fort Augustus. Secretary Murray contrived to escape from the Highlands, and sought for safety in the house of his brother-in-law,

[2] A letter from Fort Augustus, dated June 27, 1746, which made the round of the public journals at the time, thus describes these pastimes:—"Last Wednesday the duke gave two prizes to the soldiers to run heats for on bare-backed Galloways taken from the rebels, when eight started for the first, and ten for the second prize. These Galloways are little larger than a good tup, and there was exeellent sport. Yesterday his royal highness gave a fine Holland smock to the soldiers' wives, to be run for on these Galloways, also bare-backed, and riding with their limbs on each side of the horse like men. Eight started, and there were three of the finest heats ever seen. The prize was won, with great diffieulty, by one of the Old Buff's ladies. In the evening, General Hawley and Colonel Howard run a mateh for twenty guineas on two of the above shelties: which General Hawley won by about four inches."

Mr. Hunter of Polmood, in Peebles-shire; but information having been given of his retreat, he was apprehended on the morning of Saturday, the 28th of June, by a party of St. George's dragoons, carried to Edinburgh, and committed the same evening a prisoner to the castle.

Macdonald of Barisdale and his son were also taken prisoners, but were almost immediately set at liberty. That a man who had taken such an active part in the insurrection as Barisdale did should have been liberated unconditionally is very improbable; and it was generally understood that he had entered into an engagement to apprehend the prince, and deliver him up to the Duke of Cumberland. So strong were the suspicions of Charles and his friends of Barisdale's treachery, that when Colonel Warren arrived in the West Highlands for the purpose of transporting Charles to France, he actually seized Barisdale and his son, and carried them along with him to that country as prisoners. A list of charges, in the shape of interrogatories, was afterwards drawn up by Charles at Paris, to each of which Barisdale was required to make a direct and particular answer in writing; but the nature of his answers, if he made any, is not known. There may have been no foundation for these grave charges; but well or ill founded, an opinion long prevailed in the Highlands that Barisdale had been unfaithful.

If Glengarry's apprehension proceeded upon the information of the gentlemen of his own clan, they must have had better grounds for taking the extraordinary step they are alleged to have done than the mere assertion of Barisdale; but the charge against Glengarry seems highly improbable, as it is scarcely credible, if, as stated, they had letters from him in their possession, advising them to take up arms in support of Charles, while he himself kept back, that he would, by such a perfidious act, have put himself in their power. Glengarry, after his apprehension, was sent to London, and, along with the other chief prisoners, was committed to the Tower, where he suffered a long and tedious confinement. Young Glengarry had been taken up some months previously and sent to the Tower, in which he was kept a close prisoner for twenty months.

Notwithstanding the sanguinary ferocity with which Cumberland's soldiers hunted down the unfortunate fugitives, the lives of a considerable number of those who were taken or surrendered themselves were saved from immediate destruction by the interference of a few humane persons, who did everything in their power to put a stop to the exterminating system of these bloodhounds. Though they thus escaped the merciless sword of the destroyer, they were nevertheless doomed to suffer the most extraordinary privations. After having been cooped up in the loathsome prisons of the north, without any attention to their wants, many of them were afterwards huddled together in the holds of ships, where they were condemned unheeded to pine away, and, amidst a mass of filth and corruption, to inhale the seeds of pestilence and death. Of 157 persons who were immured for eight months in the hold of one transport, only 49 survived the cruel treatment they received.[3]

Meanwhile several of the chiefs of the insurrection succeeded in effecting their escape to the Continent. The Duke of Perth, Lord John Drummond, Lords Elcho and Nairne, Maxwell of Kirkconnel, and others, embarked at Lochnanuagh, on board one of the French ships which arrived on the western coast about the end of April. The Duke of Perth, who had been long in bad health, died on the voyage. Another party of twelve or thirteen persons, including Lords Pitsligo and Ogilvy, and Hun-

[3] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 300. William Jack, one of the prisoners, in a letter to his friends in Elgin (*Memoirs*, p. 299), says that the sailors used to amuse themselves by hoisting the prisoners up to the yard-arm and dropping them into the sea, and that they would tie them to the mast and flog them; that for several months they had no bed-clothes, and that they used to dig holes among the ship's ballast, consisting of black earth and small stones, to keep themselves warm. John Farquharson of Aldlerg, himself a prisoner, in a letter to the Rev. Mr. Forbes, published among the Forbes papers, gives an appalling description of the miseries of his fellow prisoners on their voyage from Inverness to London. He says that from hunger, bad usage, and exposure "to all weathers, they were seized with a kind of plague which carried them off by dozens;" and that "a good many of those who would have outlived their sickness, were wantonly murdered by the sailors, by dipping them in the sea in the crisis of their fevers." After arriving in the Thames, the common prisoners were put into Tilbury Fort, and would have perished for want had not some humane people supported them. The officers were marched rank and file to Southwark jail, amid the hootings of a tumultuous mob, who loaded them with scornful epithets, and assailed them with brickbats, stones, and other missiles.

ter of Burnside, after skulking some time in Buchan, got a vessel which conveyed them to Bergen in Norway. The British consul applied to the governor to have them secured, but he disregarded the application, and the party proceeded to Sweden. Stewart of Ardshiel, and General O'Sullivan also succeeded in reaching France. Old Glenbucket, after being hunted from place to place, eluded his pursuers by assuming the garb of a beggar, and allowing his beard to grow. In the month of November he escaped to Norway in a Swedish vessel. Lord George Murray remained in concealment in Scotland till the month of December, when, after paying a private visit to his friends at Edinburgh, he took shipping at Anstruther in the Frith of Forth, and reached Holland in safety.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A. D. 1746.

BRITISH SOVEREIGN:—George II., 1727—1760.

Charles leaves Benbecula and lands in the island of Glass—Proceeds to Harris—Iffurt—Glass—Benbecula—Removes to South Uist—Meets Miss Flora Macdonald—Charles proceeds to Skye—Goes to Kingsburgh House—Portree—Proceeds to Raasay—Returns to Skye—Goes to Ellagol—Interview with the Laird of Mackinnon, with whom he proceeds to the Mainland—Arrives in Loch Nevis in Moidart—Arrest of Malcolm Macleod, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, and Flora Macdonald—Pursuit of Charles—Proceeds to Morar—Borodale—Glen Morar—Narrow Escapes—Reaches Glenshiel—Entertained by robbers in a cave—Death of Roderick Mackenzie, who is mistaken for the Prince — Charles arrives in Strathglass—Braes of Glengarry—Cameron of Clunes—Auchnacarry—Narrow Escape of Charles — Benalder — Cage fitted for Charles's reception — The Prince embarks at Borodale, and arrives safely in France.

The storm which drove Charles with such rapidity upon the distant shores of Benbecula continued for fourteen hours after he had landed. Accommodating himself to the new situation in which he was placed, he manifested no symptoms of dejection at his reverse of fortune, partook cheerfully along with his companions of the homely fare before him, and with an old sail for a bed, reposed upon the floor of his lowly dwelling. In Benbecula the prince was visited by old Clanranald, to whom the island belonged; and having afterwards had an interview in South Uist with Boisdale, Clanranald's brother, Charles was advised by him to proceed to Stornoway, the principal seaport in the island of Lewis, and there give out that he and his company were the crew of a merchant ship belonging to the Orkneys, which had been wrecked on the isle of Tiree, and under the pretence of returning home, hire a vessel for that purpose, and escape to France.[4] Accordingly, after passing two days in Benbecula, Charles and his party set sail for Stornoway on the 29th of April; but in consequence of a strong gale of wind from the south-west, they were obliged to put in next morning at the small isle of Scalpa or Glass, near Harris, about half way between Benbecula and Stornoway. They landed about two hours before daybreak, and were conducted by Donald Macleod to the house of Donald Campbell, a farmer, known to Macleod, to whom they were introduced as merchants shipwrecked on their voyage to the Orkneys. The prince and O'Sullivan took the name of Sinclair, and the latter passed off as Charles' father. The whole party was hospitably entertained by Campbell, who lent Macleod a boat with which he proceeded next day, the 1st of May, to Stornoway to hire a vessel, leaving Charles and his friends behind.

Having succeeded in hiring a small vessel of forty tons, Macleod sent an express to Charles announcing his success, and requesting him to proceed to Stornoway. This message was received on the 3d of May, and the prince left the isle of Glass next day; but the wind proving contrary, he was obliged to land in Loch Seaforth, in the island of Lewis, a considerable distance from Stornoway. Here Allan Macdonald took his leave. Accompanied by O'Sullivan, O'Neil, and his guide, Charles set out on foot for Stornoway, over a wild and trackless waste, in a very dark and rainy night. The guide lost his way, and the party did not reach the neighbourhood of Stornoway till next day at noon. This mistake, on the part of the conductor, was a fortunate circumstance, as the advanced hour of the day prevented Charles from entering the town, where he might have been seized by the inhabitants, who having received information from the Presbyterian minister of South Uist, that the prince had landed

[4] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii. p 541.

in Lewis with 500 men, with a design of burning their town, carrying off their cattle, and forcing a vessel to carry him to France, afterwards rose in arms to oppose him. Charles stopped at the Point of Arynish, about half a mile from Stornoway, and sent in the guide to acquaint Macleod of his arrival, and to bring out some refreshment, as he and his fellow-travellers had been eighteen hours without food. Donald immediately repaired to the spot with some brandy, bread, and cheese, and found Charles and his two companions standing on a moor extremely fatigued and all wet to the skin. Donald then took them to the house of Mrs. Mackenzie of Kildun, at Arynish, where the prince went to bed. Returning to Stornoway, Macleod was quite amazed to find the town in commotion, and above 200 men under arms. Unable to comprehend the meaning of this sudden rising, Donald went directly into the room where the gentlemen who had taken upon them the rank of officers had assembled, and inquired the cause of such a strange proceeding. He was instantly assailed with abuse by every person present: they informed him of the intelligence they had received from Uist of Charles's landing, and of his alleged intentions, and they accused Macleod as the cause of the calamity with which they were threatened. Unable to deny the fact of Charles's arrival in Lewis, Macleod at once admitted it, and to allay their fears he informed them, that so far from having a body of 500 men along with him, as represented, he was attended by two companions only; "and yet," said Donald, with an air of defiance, "let me tell you farther, gentlemen, if Seaforth himself were here, by G— he durst not put a hand to the prince's breast!"[5] The gentlemen present then declared that they had no intention to do the prince the least harm, and the only thing they required of him was to leave the island. Donald offered instantly to comply, and requested them to give him a pilot, but they refused; and although he offered the most liberal payment he could not obtain one. Alarmed for the consequences of being privy to the prince's escape, the master of the vessel which had been hired, either suspecting the object, or let, as is supposed, into the secret by Macleod, refused to implement his bargain.[6]

Returning to the prince, Macleod informed him of these disagreeable occurrences. A proposal was made to fly to the moors; but Charles, thinking that such a step would encourage his enemies to pursue, he resolved to pass the night at Kildun. Here the party killed a cow, for which the lady refused payment, but being pressed by Macleod she at last took the money. Edward Burke performed the duties of cook; but the prince, on the present occasion, superintended the culinary department, and with his own hands prepared a cake of oatmeal, mixed with the brains of the cow, and baked it upon a stone before the fire. At daybreak next morning the party left the island, carrying along with them a small stock of beef, two pecks of meal, and abundance of brandy and sugar. At this time the prince, O'Sullivan, and O'Neil had only six shirts amongst them, and being often drenched with rain, they were frequently obliged to take off the wet ones before the others were half dry. Conceiving that he would be more secure on the mainland than among the islands, Charles resolved to return thither, and ordered the boatmen to carry him to Bollein in Kintail; but they refused on account of the length of the voyage, which they considered dangerous in an open boat. They, therefore, proceeded southwards along the coast; but they had not proceeded far when they observed two large vessels at a distance sailing northwards, and making towards them. To avoid these ships they put into the small isle called Euirn or Iffurt, near Harris, a little to the northward of the island of Glass. On landing, the prince and his attendants went to the summit of a little hill to observe the ships. Charles thought they were French, but his companions considered them English. He was desirous to ascertain the fact, but the boatmen could not be prevailed upon to go out and reconnoitre them. It is probable that these were the two frigates from Nantz, which arrived in Lochnanuagh the day after Charles's departure from that place, and having landed the money, arms, and ammunition they had

[5] Macleod's Narrative in *Jacobite Memoirs*.

[6] *Lockhart Papers*, vol. ii p. 541. *Kirkconnel MS*

brought over for his service, were returning to France.[7]

The little island on which Charles now was, was inhabited by a few fishermen, who, imagining the prince's boat to be a press-boat belonging to one of the ships of war, ran away to conceal themselves, leaving their fish behind. Charles and his party fared upon some of the fish which they found drying upon the beach. Unwilling to deprive the poor fishermen of any part of their hard-earned spoils without an equivalent, the prince was about laying down some money on the place from which the fish were taken; but on one of his followers representing to him that by doing so the fishermen might suppose that some person of note had visited the island, and that such an idea might lead to bad consequences, he desisted. Charles remained in this desolate island four days, during all which time he and his party lay in a wretched hut, resembling a hog-sty, and so wretchedly roofed that they were obliged to spread the boat's sail over the top of it. They lay upon the bare floor, without any covering, and to prevent surprise, kept watch by turns.

Resolving to return to Glass to pay Donald Campbell a visit, Charles left the little island of Iffurt on the 10th of May, and coursed along the shores of the Long Island till he arrived at the isle of Glass. Understanding that Campbell had absconded, from an apprehension that he would be seized for having entertained the prince,—a rumour to that effect having got abroad,—the prince left Glass the same day. There being no wind, the boatmen were obliged to row all night; but about daybreak, the wind began to rise, and hoisting sail, they scudded along the coast of Harris. Having no fresh water on board, they were forced, from lack of other provisions, to use oatmeal made up with salt water, of which Charles partook heartily. This salt water *drammach*, as this extraordinary preparation was called, was qualified with a dram of brandy, which the prince distributed from a bottle he held in his hand.

In coursing along Harris, Charles, while crossing the mouth of Finsbay, espied a ship of war, commanded by Captain Ferguson, lying in the bay, at the distance of about two musket shots, which immediately gave them chase. The ship followed them three leagues; but they escaped among the rocks at the point of Roudil in the Harris. They then kept close to the shore, and in passing along the coast of North Uist were observed by another war vessel lying in Lochmaddy, which also gave them chase. Charles reached Benbecula after a very close pursuit, and had scarcely landed when a storm arose, which drove the vessels that pursued him off the coast. After this escape, Charles could not help remarking, that Providence would not permit him to be taken at this time.

It being low water when Charles landed in Benbecula, one of the boatmen went among the rocks in quest of shell-fish, and found a crab, which he held up to the prince with an expression of joy. Taking up a pail which lay in the boat, Charles immediately proceeded to the spot where the boatman stood, and, in conjunction with him, soon filled the pail with crabs. The party then proceeded to a small hut which lay at the distance of two miles. Charles carried the pail, which Macleod insisted on relieving him of; but Charles refused to part with it, observing that he and the rest of the company might carry the baggage. The door of the hovel was so low, that the party could only enter by creeping in on their hands and knees; but to make the entry easier for the prince, Burke dug away part of the ground, and put heather below the prince's knees. From this homely residence, Charles sent a message to old Clanranald, acquainting him of his return to Benbecula, and of the difficulties with which he was beset. Clanranald repaired without delay to the hut, and promised Charles all the assistance in his power to enable him to leave the kingdom. Lady Clanranald, at the same time, sent Charles half-a-dozen of shirts, some shoes and stockings, a supply of wine and brandy, and other articles, to make his situation as comfortable as circumstances would admit of. After passing several days in this miserable habitation, Charles, by the advice of Clanranald, removed to South Uist, and took up his abode near the hill of Coradale, in the centre of the island,

[7] *Kirkconnel MS.*

which was considered a more secure place of retreat.

When on the eve of leaving Benbecula, Charles despatched Donald Macleod in Campbell's boat, which he still retained, to the mainland, with letters to Lochiel and Secretary Murray, desiring to know how affairs stood, and requesting that a supply of cash and brandy might be sent to him. Donald met Lochiel and Murray at the head of Loch Arkaig; but Murray, from whom he was desired to obtain the money, informed him that he had none to spare, having only sixty louis-d'ors, which he meant to keep for his own necessities. Donald received letters from Lochiel and Murray to the prince, and, having found the means, he purchased two ankers of brandy, at a guinea each, for the use of the prince, with which he returned after an absence of eighteen days.[8]

On his return he found the prince in a more comfortable dwelling than that in which he had left him. He had removed to South Uist on the 16th of May, and lived in the house of one of Clanranald's tenants, situated upon Coradale. The house not being water-tight, two cow-hides were placed upon four sticks to prevent the rain from falling upon him when asleep. The house in which the prince lodged was called the Forest house of Glencoradale, and though the situation was remote, it was the best that could be devised for securing a retreat either to the hills or to the sea, according to circumstances. There being abundance of game in the island, the prince occupied himself almost daily in his favourite amusements of hunting and shooting. His dexterity in shooting birds upon the wing was particularly remarked. To vary his recreation, he frequently went down to the sea-shore, and going on board a small boat, caught, with hand-lines, some small fishes, called lyths by the inhabitants. Clanranald and his lady did every thing in their power to render his situation agreeable; and Clanranald placed twelve able men at his disposal to serve as guides through the island, and to execute any orders Charles might give them.

While Charles was thus passing his time in South Uist, his situation every day was becoming more and more critical. The Long island, as the principal group of the Hebrides is called, was surrounded on every side by cutters, sloops of war, and frigates. Upwards of fifteen hundred militia and some regular troops were landed in different parts of the island, and a guard was posted at every ferry in the archipelago to prevent any person from getting out of it without a passport. Charles was made aware of his danger; but he declined to leave the Long island till he should receive some farther intelligence, which Clanranald endeavoured to obtain by crossing over to the mainland. At length the peril of Charles became so imminent, that there appeared no possibility of an escape. He had already spent three weeks in South Uist; and though his residence was known to upwards of a hundred persons, all of whom were probably aware of the splendid reward which had been offered for his apprehension, yet such was the fidelity of these poor people, that not one of them betrayed their trust, by giving notice to the emissaries of the government of the place of his concealment He lived in comparative security in South Uist till about the middle of June, when, in consequence of the presence of a body of militia in the island of Eriska, which lies between Barra and South Uist, he found it absolutely necessary to shift his quarters. He accordingly left South Uist in Campbell's boat with his four companions, on the 14th of June, and landed in the small isle of Wia or Fovaya, between South Uist and Benbecula, in which he remained four nights; and on the 18th, the prince, O'Neil, and Burke, went to Rossinish, leaving O'Sullivan and Macleod in Wia. Charles passed two nights at Rossinish; but receiving information that some militia were approaching Benbecula, he resolved to return to Coradale. O'Sullivan and Macleod anticipated Charles's design by bringing the boat to Rossinish during the night, and having set sail, they encountered a violent storm, accompanied with a heavy rain, which forced them to land upon the rock called Achkirside-allich at Uishinish Point, in a cleft of which they took up their quarters. At night, finding their enemies within two miles of them, they sailed again, and arrived safely at a place called Celiestiella.

[8] Macleod's Narrative.

whence they steered towards Loch Boisdale; but, observing a boat in their way, they returned to their former place, where they passed the night. They proceeded to Loch Boisdale next day, where they were informed that Boisdale had been made a prisoner, a circumstance which perplexed Charles exceedingly, as Boisdale, from his perfect knowledge of the different places of concealment in the Long island, was the chief person on whom he relied for directions in his various movements. Charles skulked some days about Loch Boisdale, where he and his attendants received occasional supplies of food from Lady Boisdale. [9]

During the time the prince remained in Loch Boisdale, he was kept in a perpetual state of alarm by the vessels of war which hovered off the coast of South Uist. At one time no less than fifteen sail were in sight; and two of them having entered the Loch, Charles and his companions abandoned the boat, and fled to the mountains. The vessels having gone out to sea, Charles and his party returned to the boat, in which they had left a small stock of provisions; and having taken out the sails for the purpose of covering them, they lay in the fields two nights on the south side of the Loch. Removing the third night farther up the inlet, they passed two other nights in the same way, suffering all the time the greatest privations. Hitherto the military had not visited South Uist; but information was brought on the last of these days to Charles, that a party, under Captain Caroline Scott, an officer celebrated, along with General Hawley, Major Lockhart, and others, for his cruelties, had just landed at the head of a body of 500 regulars and militia, within a mile and a half of the place where Charles then was. On receiving this alarming intelligence, Charles instantly resolved to separate his party; and leaving O'Sullivan, Macleod, and Burke, with the boatmen, to shift for themselves, he and O'Neil went off to the mountains, carrying only two shirts along with them. The faithful Macleod was so affected at parting that he shed tears. [1]

[9] *Genuine and True Journal*, p. 16.

[1] O'Neil's, Burke's, and Macleod's Narratives, in *Jacobite Memoirs*. Macleod was taken prisoner a few days afterwards in Benbecula, by Lieutenant Allan Macdonald, of Knock, in Sleat, in the island of Skye. He was put on board the Furnace, and brought down to the cabin before General Campbell, who examined him most minutely. The general asked him if he had been along with the Pretender? "Yes," said Donald, "I was along with that young gentleman, and I winna deny it." "Do you know," said the general, "what money was upon that gentleman's head?—No less a sum than thirty thousand pounds sterling, which would have made you and your family happy for ever." "What then?" replied Donald, "what though I had gotten it? I could not have enjoyed it for two days. Conscience would have gotten the better of me; and although I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains, I would not have allowed a hair of his body to be touched if I could hinder it, since he threw himself upon my care." Campbell observed that he could not much blame him. Donald was sent to London, but released on the 10th of June, 1747. When he arrived in Leith from London, on his return to Skye, he had no money to carry him thither; but his wants were supplied by the Rev. Robert (afterwards bishop) Forbes, an episcopal clergyman in Leith, who set a subscription on foot in that town, and in Edinburgh, "to make out," as the bishop says, "for honest Palinurus, if possible, a pound sterling, for every week he had served the prince in distress; and," continues the worthy bishop, "I thank God I was so happy as to accomplish my design directly." In acknowledgment of his fidelity, Donald was presented by Mr. John Walkinshaw of London, with a large silver snuff-box, handsomely chased, and doubly gilt in the inside. Upon the lid of this box there was the representation of an eight-oared boat, with Donald at the helm, and the eight rowers making their way through a very rough and tempestuous sea. The Long island is seen in the distance upon one of the extremities of the lid, and the boat appears to be just steering into Rossinish, the point of Benbecula where Charles landed after leaving Lochnanuagh. On the other end of the lid there was a landscape of the end of the isle of Skye, as it appears opposite to the Long island, on which the sites of Dunvegan and Gualtergill are marked. The clouds were represented as heavy and lowering, and the rain descending; and above the clouds, *i. e.*, near the hinge, the following motto was engraved:—"Olim hæc meminisse juvabit. Aprilis 26to, 1746." Upon the bottom, and near the edge of the lid, was this inscription,—"Quid Neptune, paras? Fatis agitamur iniquis." The following words were engraved on the bottom of the box:—"Donald Macleod of Gualtergill, in the isle of Skye, the faithful Palinurus, æt. 68, 1746." Below which there was a representation of a dove with an olive branch in its bill. Donald never put any snuff into this box, and when asked the cause by Mr. Forbes, he exclaimed, "Sneeshin in that box! Na, the diel a pickle sneeshin shall ever go into it till the King be restored; and then, I trust in God, I'll go to London, and then I will put sneeshin in the box, and go to the Prince, and say, 'Sir, will you take a sneeshin out o' my box?'" —*Jacobite Memoirs.*

Burke, the other trust-worthy individual, who was a native of North Uist, skulked about the hill of Eval, in his native island, for seven weeks, living part of the time on sea-weed and limpets. He afterwards took refuge in a cave, and, when the troubles had subsided, went to Edinburgh, where, unheeded, he spent the remainder of his days as a sedan-carrier or chairman.

Beset with dangers on every hand, Charles and his companion directed their steps towards Benbecula, and, about midnight, came to a

hut into which O'Neil entered. Providentially for Charles, O'Neil here found Miss Flora Macdonald, with whom he had got lately acquainted at Ormaclade, the seat of Clanranald, in Benbecula, when on a visit to the chief, whose kinswoman she was. This lady, whose memory will ever be held in esteem by posterity, for her generous and noble disinterestedness in rescuing the prince from the imminent perils which surrounded him, was the daughter of Macdonald of Milton, in the island of South Uist. Her father left her an orphan when only a year old, and her mother had married Macdonald of Armadale, in the isle of Skye, who commanded one of the militia companies raised in that island by Sir Alexander Macdonald, and was now in South Uist at the head of his corps. Miss Macdonald was about twenty-four years of age, of the middle size, and to the attractions of a handsome figure and great vivacity, she added the more estimable mental qualities of good sense, blandness of temper, and humanity. The hut in which O'Neil now met Miss Macdonald belonged to her only brother, Angus Macdonald of Milton, in whose family she then resided.

As O'Neil recollected that Miss Macdonald had expressed, in his presence, an earnest desire to see the prince, and had offered to do any thing in her power to protect him, it occurred to O'Neil that, on the present occasion, she might render an essential service to the prince if, after dressing him in female attire, she would pass him off as her maid-servant, and carry him to Skye. O'Neil at once proposed his plan to the young lady; but she thought it fantastical and dangerous, and at first positively refused to engage in it. As parties of the Macdonald, Macleod, and Campbell militia were roaming over the island of South Uist in quest of Charles, as no person could leave the island without a passport, and as there was a guard posted at every ferry, and the channel between Uist and Skye covered with ships of war, the utter hopelessness of such an attempt appeared evident. Bent, however, upon his plan, O'Neil was resolved to try what effect Charles's own presence would have upon the young lady in inducing her to yield, and he accordingly introduced her to the prince. Miss Macdonald was so strongly impressed with his critical and forlorn state, that, on seeing Charles, she almost instantly consented to conduct him to Skye. She describes the prince at this time as in a bad state of health; and though of a thin and weak habit of body, and greatly worn out by fatigue, yet exhibiting a cheerfulness, magnanimity, and fortitude, which those only who saw him could have credited.[2]

Having thus given her consent to O'Neil's proposal, Miss Macdonald instantly proceeded to Clanranald's house to procure the necessary requisites for the intended voyage to Skye. In crossing one of the fords on her way to Ormaclade, she and her man-servant, Neil Mac Eachan,[3] not having passports, were taken prisoners by a party of militia, and, being detained till next morning, were brought before the commanding officer, who luckily turned out to be her own step-father, Captain Hugh Macdonald. Having stated to him her intention of proceeding to Skye to her mother, she, without difficulty or suspicion, procured a passport from her stepfather, for herself, a man-servant, and her maid, who, in the passport, was called Betty Burke, (the name the prince was to assume,) and who was recommended by Captain Macdonald to his wife as an excellent spinner of flax, and a faithful servant.[4] Next day at four o'clock in the afternoon, Charles received a message from Miss Macdonald, who had reached Ormaclade, informing him that "all was well;" on receiving which, he and O'Neil resolved to join her immediately; but, to their great consternation, the messenger informed them that they could not pass either of the fords that separated South Uist from Benbecula as they were both

[2] Flora Macdonald's Narrative. Home's Works, vol. iii. App. No. 45.

[3] Father of the well-known Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum.

[4] The letter by Armadale to his wife, was as follows:—"I have sent your daughter from this country lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning pleases you, you may keep her till she spin all your lint; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Neil Mackechan along with your daughter, and Betty Burke to take care of them.—I am your dutiful husband,

"HUGH MACDONALD."

"*June* 22, 1746."

It has been suspected that Armadale was privy to his step-daughter's design.

guarded by the military. In their perplexity, an inhabitant offered to convey them in his boat to Benbecula; and they were accordingly landed on a promontory of that island. They dismissed the boat, after having given orders to the boatmen to meet them on the opposite side of the island, and proceeded on their journey; but they had not gone far when they observed that the land on which they stood was surrounded by water. Thinking that the pilot had made a mistake, they hallooed after the boat, but in vain, as it was already far from the shore. As it was high water, Charles and his companion imagined that they could obtain a dry passage on the subsiding of the tide; but they were disappointed. The situation of the prince now appeared dismal. After escaping so many dangers, he had at present no prospect but to starve upon a desert island. Nevertheless, he kept up his spirit; and, after a laborious search, he succeeded in finding a ford, by which he and his companion crossed.[5] Charles and his companion arrived at Rossinish, the place of rendezvous, about midnight, wet to the skin, and exhausted with hunger and fatigue. Finding that a party of military was stationed at a short distance, they retired to another place, about four miles from Rossinish, whence O'Neil went to Ormaclade to ascertain the reason why Miss Macdonald had not kept her appointment. In explanation, she informed him, that conceiving the prince would be safer in North Uist than in Skye, she had engaged a cousin of her own in North Uist to receive him into his house. This gentleman, however, having afterwards declined to run the risk of harbouring the prince, Miss Macdonald made the necessary preparations for her voyage. Having hired a six-oared boat to carry her to Skye, which she ordered to be in readiness at an appointed place the following day, Miss Macdonald left Ormaclade on the 27th of June, along with Lady Clanranald, a Mrs. Macdonald and Mac Eachan, all of whom were conducted by O'Neil to the place where Charles lay concealed, about eight miles from Ormaclade. On entering the hovel, they found Charles employed in roasting, for dinner, the heart, liver, and kidneys of a sheep upon a wooden spit. The ladies began to compassionate the prince upon his unfortunate situation; but he diverted their attention from this melancholy subject by some facetious observations. He remarked that the wretched to-day may be happy to-morrow, and that all great men would be better by suffering as he was doing. The party dined in the hut, Miss Macdonald sitting on the right, and Lady Clanranald on the left hand of the prince.

After dinner, Charles put on the female attire, which had been provided for him by the ladies. It was coarse and homely, and consisted of a flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, a white apron, and a mantle of dun camlet made after the Irish fashion, with a hood. Whilst Charles was putting on this extraordinary dress, several jokes were passed on the singularity of the prince's appearance. The ladies and Neil Mac Eachan returned to Ormaclade, and in the evening again met Charles and his companion on the sea-shore, at a mile's distance from that house. They sat down to supper on the sea-side; but before they had finished, a messenger arrived with information that General Campbell and Captain Ferguson had arrived at Ormaclade with a large party of soldiers and marines, in quest of Charles. Lady Clanranald went immediately home, and, on reaching her house, was interrogated very strictly by these officers as to the cause of her absence; but she excused herself by saying that she had been visiting a sick child.[6]

After the departure of Lady Clanranald, Charles and his protectress went down to the beach, where their boat lay afloat, so as to be in readiness to embark in case the military should appear. They kindled a fire upon a rock; but they had scarcely warmed themselves, when they were thrown into a state of alarm by the appearance of four boats full of armed men, apparently making towards the shore. They instantly extinguished their fire, and concealed themselves behind some rocks. Fortunately they were not observed by the boats, which, instead of coming to land, sailed

[5] *Kirkconnel MS.*

[6] Soon after this occurrence, Lady Clanranald was taken prisoner, and sent to London. On 1st November, Clanranald, and Boisdale his brother were also apprehended, and shipped for London. They were discharged in the month of June following.

along the shore, within a gun-shot of the spot where Charles lay concealed. Judging it unwise to put to sea during the day, Charles deferred his voyage till the evening, and accordingly embarked, at eight o'clock on the 28th of June, for Skye, accompanied by Miss Macdonald and Neil Mac Eachan. The prince was extremely sorry to part with O'Neil, his only remaining companion, and entreated Miss Macdonald to allow him to accompany them; but, as she had only three passports, she absolutely refused to accede to the request.[7]

When Charles left the shores of Benbecula the evening was clear and serene, and a gentle and favourable breeze rippled over the bosom of the deep; but as they proceeded to sea the sky began to lower, and they had not rowed above a league when the wind rose, the sea became rough, and a tempest ensued which seemed to threaten them with destruction. Miss Macdonald and the boatmen grew alarmed, but Charles showed the greatest composure, and, to revive their drooping spirits, alternately related some amusing stories and sang several songs, among which was an old spirited air composed on the occasion of the restoration of Charles II. In the passage Miss Macdonald fell asleep, and Charles took every precaution to prevent her being disturbed.

The wind having shifted several times during the night, the boatmen had not been able to keep a regular course, and when day-light appeared next morning, they found themselves out of sight of land without knowing where they were. Having no compass, they proceeded at random; but they had not sailed far when they perceived some of the headlands of Skye. Favoured by the wind, they soon gained the point of Waternish, on the west of the island. In passing along this point they were fired upon by a party of Macleod militia, who called upon them to land; but they continued their course, and, to prevent suspicion, plied their oars very slowly. Charles told the boatmen "not

Flora mcdonald

From Original Painting by I. Macklnin, 1747.

to fear the villains;" but they assured him that they did not care for themselves: their only fear was for him. "No fear of me!" was Charles's reply. Encouraged by the undaunted bravery of the prince, the boat's crew applied themselves with energy to their oars; on observing which the Macleods continued to fire at the boat till it got out of reach of their shot, but did no harm. Whilst the bullets were falling about the boat, Charles, it is said, requested Miss Macdonald to lie down in the bottom of the boat in order to avoid them; but she heroically declined the proposal, and declared that, as she was endeavouring to preserve

[7] A few days after parting with Charles, this trusty officer being betrayed by a person in whom he had confided, was taken prisoner. Being brought before Captain Ferguson, and refusing to give any information about the prince, he was stripped, ordered to be put into a rack, and to be whipt. When the last part of this order was about to be executed, he was saved from the intended ignominy by a lieutenant of the Scotch Fusileers, who, drawing his sword, threatened Ferguson with his vengeance if he used an officer in such an infamous manner. O'Neil says that, four days after he was taken, General Campbell sent him word, upon his parole of honour, that if he had any money or effects in the country, and would send them to him, they should be safe; and that as he had always imagined that the word of honour was as sacredly kept in the English army as in others, he went with a detachment for his money and gold watch, which he had hid among the rocks; that he sent to General Campbell by Captain Campbell of Skipness, 450 guineas, his gold watch, broadsword and pistols; but that although he repeatedly applied to him to return him his property, he never obtained it!—O'Neil's Narrative in *Jacobite Memoirs*.

the life of her prince, she would never degrade herself by attending to the safety of her own person while that of her master was in jeopardy. She even solicited Charles to occupy the place he had assigned for her. The prince, as the danger increased, became more urgent; but no entreaties could prevail upon Miss Macdonald to abandon her intrepid resolution, till Charles offered to lie down also. Both accordingly lay down in the bottom of the boat, till out of reach of the bullets of the militia.

After escaping this danger they entered a small creek, and the party, after taking a short rest, proceeded to Kilbride, and landed near Mugstot or Moydhstat, the seat of Sir Alexander Macdonald, near the northern extremity of Skye. Sir Alexander was at this time with the Duke of Cumberland at Fort Augustus; and, as his lady was known to be a warm friend of the prince, Flora resolved to proceed to Moydhstat and acquaint her of Charles's arrival. Lady Margaret Macdonald had inherited the spirit of Jacobitism from her father Alexander, Earl of Eglintoun; and, as she knew that her husband was a Jacobite at heart, she was less scrupulous to assist the prince in his necessities. Knowing her good intentions, Charles had, about a week before his arrival in Skye, written her a letter, which was sent inclosed in one from Hugh Macdonald of Balishair, in North Uist, to his brother Donald Roy Macdonald, who was requested to deliver the letter into her ladyship's own hand. Balishair announced in the letter to his brother, that, as a very strict search was making in the Long island for Charles, he intended to seek refuge upon a small grass island, called Fladdachuan, belonging to Sir Alexander Macdonald, lying to the north of Trotternish, with only one tenant upon it, and requesting him to keep a sharp look-out for the prince, to meet him upon Fladdachuan and provide him with necessaries. He was desired to show the letter to Lady Margaret, and after she had perused it to throw it into the fire; and he also requested that her ladyship should do the same with the letter sent her. The letter was accordingly delivered to Lady Margaret by Donald Roy, who burnt his own, as directed; but, on begging Lady Margaret to put hers into the fire, she rose up, and, kissing the letter, exclaimed, "No! I will not burn it. I will preserve it for the sake of him who wrote it to me. Although King George's forces should come to the house, I hope I shall find a way to secure the letter."[6]

Leaving Charles in the boat, Miss Flora, accompanied by Neil Mac Eachan, set out for Mugstot, to apprise Lady Margaret of her arrival. It was a fortunate circumstance that Charles was left behind, as there was a militia officer of the name of Macleod in the house, who, on Miss Macdonald's entering the room where he was sitting, questioned her very closely as to her journey; but she answered his interrogatories so readily, and with such apparent candour and simplicity, that he had not the least suspicion that she was any way concerned about the prince. Charles's arrival was not altogether unexpected, as she had been informed the day before by Mrs. Macdonald, wife of John Macdonald of Kirkebost, in North Uist, who had come from the Long island, of the probability of his appearing speedily in Skye. Lady Margaret, on being informed of the prince's arrival in her neighbourhood, was greatly alarmed for his safety. Her active benevolence was ever seconded by superior talents; and, on the present occasion, she displayed a presence of mind and readiness of invention, which corresponded with these high qualifications. Mr. Macdonald of Kingsburgh, Sir Alexander's factor, being then in the house, she resolved to consult him in this emergency. Desirous also to avail herself of the services of Captain Roy Macdonald, who had visited Fladdachuan in quest of the prince, she sent an express to Trotternish, where he then resided, requesting his immediate attendance at Mugstot. Mounting his horse, he repaired to the spot, and found Lady Margaret and Kingsburgh walking together, in serious conversation. On dismounting, Lady Margaret came up to him and exclaimed, "O Donald Roy, we are ruined for ever!" After a long consultation, Lady Margaret proposed that, as the prince could not remain long in Skye without being discovered, he should be conducted to old Raasay, who was himself concealed with some select friends, and that, in the mean time,

[6] Roy Macdonald's Narrative among the *Forbes Papers.*

he should take up his residence in Kingsburgh house.

During the time this consultation lasted, Charles remained upon the shore, at a short distance from the foot of the garden. Kingsburgh proposed to go and acquaint him with their determination; but, lest he might be observed by some of the military about the house, Neil Mac Eachan was sent to inform him that Kingsburgh meant to visit him, and to request that he would retire behind a neighbouring hill to escape observation. Taking with him some wine and provisions, Kingsburgh repaired to the spot where Mac Eachan had left Charles. To his great surprise, however, Charles was not to be seen, and he in vain searched for him in the neighbourhood of the place where he expected to meet him. Despairing of finding the prince, Kingsburgh would have returned to Mugstot; but the bounding of a flock of sheep at a distance, indicating that some person was at hand, Kingsburgh went forward to the place whence the sheep had fled, where he found the prince sitting on the ground. Charles started up when he saw Kingsburgh approaching. He advanced cautiously towards him, holding a large knotted stick in his hand, as if intending to knock down the stranger. "I am Macdonald of Kingsburgh, come to serve your highness," said the good Highlander, as he approached. "It is well," answered Charles, who went forward to receive his friend. They then saluted each other, and the prince took some refreshment. Kingsburgh then mentioned Lady Macdonald's plan, with which Charles having expressed himself satisfied, they both proceeded to Kingsburgh house.

Till the departure of Kingsburgh to meet Charles, the uneasiness of Lady Macdonald was extreme. Flora too, who had remarked her anxiety, had her misgivings lest the prince should be discovered; but with her wonted firmness she kept up the conversation with the commander of the detachment, till dinner was announced, by which time Charles was on his way to Kingsburgh. After dinner, Miss Macdonald rose to depart; but Lady Macdonald, in order to deceive the officer, pressed her to remain, and put her in mind that she had promised on a former occasion to make some stay the first time she should visit Moydhstat. Flora, however, excused herself, on the ground that she was anxious to be with her mother, who, in the absence of her husband, could not but feel uneasy in such troublesome times. With apparent reluctance Lady Margaret at length accepted her apology, under the condition that she should make amends for her sudden departure by making a longer stay at Moydhstat on her next visit.

Miss Macdonald accordingly proceeded on her journey, accompanied by Neil Mac Eachan, and by Mrs. Macdonald, the lady formerly mentioned, who was attended by a male and female servant. The whole party, who were on horseback, soon overtook the prince and Kingsburgh, who had gone so far by the common road. Mrs. Macdonald, who had never seen the prince before, was desirous of obtaining a view of his countenance, and made several attempts to look him in the face, but Charles always turned his head aside to avoid her gaze. Mrs. Macdonald's maid observing this, and being struck with the uncouth appearance of the prince, remarked to Miss Flora, that she had never before seen such an impudent looking woman as the one with whom Kingsburgh was walking, and stated her impression, that the singular looking stranger was either an Irishwoman, or a man in woman's clothes. Miss Macdonald informed the girl that she was quite right in her conjecture that the extraordinary looking female was an Irishwoman, for she knew her, having seen her before. The maid then exclaimed, "Bless me, what long strides the jade takes, and how awkwardly she manages her petticoats!" To put an end to the prying curiosity of Mrs. Macdonald's maid, and to prevent the servants of that lady from observing the route which the prince and Kingsburgh were about to take across the hills, Miss Macdonald called upon the party to ride faster, as they had a long way to travel. They accordingly set off at the trot, and, when the party were out of sight, the two pedestrians, to avoid the militia, who were on all the public roads, went off by an unfrequented path, and arrived at Kingsburgh house about eleven o'clock at night, where they were almost immediately joined by Miss Macdonald and Neil Mac Eachan.

Not expecting her husband home at such a late hour, Mrs. Macdonald had undressed, and was just going into bed, when one of her maid servants entered her bed-room, and informed her that Kingsburgh had arrived, and had brought company with him, and that Miss Flora Macdonald was among the guests. Mrs. Macdonald sent down word to Flora, that being sleepy and undressed she hoped she would excuse her for not coming down stairs, but begged that she would use her freedom, and help herself to anything she might require. Immediately upon the departure of the servant down stairs, a young girl, a daughter of Kingsburgh, entered her mother's apartment in a great hurry, and, with looks of surprise, informed her, that her father had brought to the house the most "odd muckle ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen, and taken her into the hall too!" Before Mrs. Macdonald had time to form any conjecture on the subject, Kingsburgh himself entered his wife's bed-chamber, and desired her to dress herself as fast as she could, and get some supper ready for his guests. Mrs. Macdonald asked the names of her visitors, but Kingsburgh said he had no time for explanation; and after telling her that she would know the whole matter in time, and urging her to make haste, he returned to his friends in the hall.

In compliance with her husband's desire, Mrs. Macdonald proceeded to dress herself, and sent her daughter down for her keys, which she had left in the hall. The girl went, but she returned almost instantly in a state of alarm, and told her mother that she was afraid to venture into the hall, as the tall woman was walking up and down in it. Mrs. Macdonald then went down herself; but on observing the prince striding through the hall she hesitated to enter, and calling to her husband requested him to go in and bring her the keys. Kingsburgh, however, refused to humour the pusillanimity of his wife, and she was at length obliged to enter.

When Mrs. Macdonald entered the hall, Charles, who, during the altercation between her and her husband, had taken a seat, rose up, and advancing, immediately saluted her agreeably to the Highland practice. Mrs. Macdonald, little expecting the roughness of a male chin under a female attire, began to tremble, and, without saying a word to the silent and mysterious being who stood before her, she hastened out of the hall, and going to her husband importuned him to inform her who the stranger was. She had not the least idea that the person who saluted her was the prince; and, imagining that the stranger was some nobleman or gentleman in disguise, she inquired if he knew what had become of the prince. Smiling at her simplicity, Kingsburgh said to her, "My dear, the person in the hall is the prince himself." Alarmed at this unexpected announcement, she exclaimed, "The prince! then we are all ruined: we will all be hanged now!" "Hout," replied Kingsburgh, "we can die but once; and if we are hanged for this we shall die in a good cause, doing only an act of humanity and charity. But go," continued he, "make haste with supper; bring us eggs, butter, cheese, and whatever else can be got quickly ready." "Eggs, butter, and cheese!" rejoined Mrs. Macdonald, "what a supper is that for a prince!" "Oh! wife," replied Kingsburgh, "you know little how this good prince has lived of late; this will be a feast to him. Besides, to make a formal supper would make the servants suspect something; the less ceremony, therefore, the better; make haste, and come to supper yourself." Mrs. Macdonald, doubtful of her own capabilities to conduct herself properly before royalty, exclaimed, "*I* come to supper! I know not how to behave before Majesty!" "You must come," replied Kingsburgh, "the prince will not eat one bit without you; and you will find it no difficult matter to behave before him, so obliging and easy is he in his conversation."[7]

At supper Charles placed Miss Flora on his right hand, and Mrs. Macdonald on his left. He always conferred the above mark of distinction on his young protectress, and whenever she came into any room where he was sitting, he always rose up on her entry. Charles made a hearty supper, and drank a bumper of brandy to the health and prosperity of Kingsburgh and his wife. After supper he smoked a pipe, a practice which he was obliged to adopt in his wanderings, to mitigate a toothache with which

[7] *Genuine and True Journal*, p. 29.

he was troubled.[8] Having drunk a few glasses of wine, and finished his pipe, Charles went to bed.

After Charles went to bed, Miss Flora, at the desire of Mrs. Macdonald, gave her a relation of the prince's adventures, in as far as she had been personally concerned. When she finished her recital, Mrs. Macdonald asked her what had become of the boatmen who brought the prince and her to Skye. Miss Macdonald answered, that they had been sent directly back to South Uist. Mrs. Macdonald observed that it was wrong to have sent the boat back immediately, as in case of capture on their return, the boatmen might disclose the business which brought them to Skye, and the prince's pursuers might in consequence overtake him before he could leave that island. Mrs. Macdonald was right in her conjecture; for the boatmen were seized on their return to South Uist, and being threatened with torture, and ultimately with death, revealed all they knew, giving even a minute description of the prince's dress. To lessen the dangers of a discovery of the prince's route, Flora advised the prince to change his clothes next day, a proposal which met with his cordial approbation, as he found the female attire very cumbrous.

The luxury of a good bed had not been enjoyed by Charles for many weeks. Three, or at most four, hours' sleep was all he had generally been accustomed to during his wanderings; but, on the present occasion he slept ten hours without interruption, and might have added a few more to the number, had he not been wakened by Kingsburgh, who was prevailed upon by Miss Macdonald, contrary to his own inclination, to rouse the prince. In talking of Charles's intended departure, Kingsburgh, acting upon Flora's suggestion, urged upon the prince the propriety of changing his dress, lest the circumstance of his being in female attire might transpire, and Kingsburgh offered him a Highland dress of his own. Charles at once assented to the proposal; but, to prevent suspicion among the servants, and to keep them in ignorance of the nature and description of the new dress in which Charles was to travel, it was arranged that he should leave the house in the same dress he entered it, and, when out of reach of observation, assume that offered to him by his kind entertainer.

Having dressed himself, the ladies went into his chamber to pin his cap, put on his apron, and adjust the other parts of his dress. Before Miss Macdonald put on the cap, Mrs. Macdonald requested her, in Gaelic, to ask Charles for a lock of his hair. Flora declined, desiring her, at the same time, to make the application herself to his Royal Highness. The prince, though unable to comprehend what they were saying, clearly perceived that they were disputing about something, and, desiring to know the subject of altercation, was informed thereof by Mrs. Macdonald. Charles then told her that her request was granted, and laying down his head upon Flora's lap, he desired her to cut off a lock. She complied, and divided the destined relic between them. Before leaving the house Kingsburgh thought there was an article of dress that Charles might instantly change without much risk. This was his shoes, which were so much worn that his toes protruded through them. He, therefore, presented a new pair of his own to his Royal Highness, and, taking up the out-worn brogues, said to Charles, "I will faithfully keep them till you are safely in St. James's; I will introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof." The prince, amused with the quaintness of the idea, could not refrain from smiling, and, to humour the joke, enjoined his host to keep his promise. Kingsburgh kept the shoes as long as he lived, and after his death they were purchased by a zealous Jacobite gentleman, who gave twenty guineas for them.[9]

On being dressed, the prince partook of breakfast, and having taken a kind leave of

[8] "Donald Macleod said the prince used to smoke a great deal of tobacco; and as in his wanderings from place to place the pipes behoved to break and turn into short *cuttics*, he used to take quills, and putting one into another, 'and all,' said Donald, 'into the end of the *cutty*, this served to make it long enough, and the tobacco to smoke cool.' Donald added, that he never knew, in all his life, any one better at finding out a shift than the prince was, when he happened to be at a pinch, and that the prince would sometimes sing them a song to keep up their hearts."—*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 401.

[9] Boswell's *Tour*.

Mrs. Macdonald, left Kingsburgh house for Portree, where it had been concerted he should embark for the island of Raasay. He was accompanied by Miss Flora and Kingsburgh, who carried under his arm the suit of clothes designed for the prince. When Charles left the house, Mrs. Macdonald went up stairs to the room in which he had slept, and, folding the sheets in which he had lain, put them carefully aside, declaring that henceforth they should never again be washed or used till her death, when they should serve her as a winding sheet; to which use they were accordingly applied, in fulfilment of injunctions she delivered before her death.[1] After walking a short distance from the house, Charles and Kingsburgh entered a wood, where the prince threw off his female attire, and put on the clothes which his good friend had provided. These consisted of a tartan short coat and waistcoat, with philibeg and short hose, a plaid, and a wig and bonnet. When Charles had shifted, he embraced Kingsburgh, and thanked him for his valuable services, which he assured him he would never forget. Charles, conducted by a guide, then set out on foot across the hills, and Miss Macdonald took another and a shorter way on horseback, to obtain intelligence, and prevent a discovery.

In consequence of the resolution to proceed to Raasay, Donald Roy had been despatched from Mugstot by Kingsburgh the preceding day, in quest of John Macleod, the young laird of Raasay, to ascertain from him the place of his father's concealment, in order to communicate to the latter Charles's design of placing himself under his protection. When it is considered, that Macleod, the laird of Raasay, was himself a fugitive for the part he had taken in the insurrection, such a design may appear singular; but the prince had only a choice of difficulties before him, and the little island of Raasay, which was then clear of troops, appeared to offer the securest retreat. Donald Roy met young Raasay at Portree, who informed him that his father was skulking in Knoydart; but offered to send an express for him, being certain his father would run any risk to serve the prince in his distress. Donald Roy then proposed that he should conduct Charles to the mainland, to the place where old Raasay was; but young Raasay said that such a step would be too dangerous at that time, and that it would be better to conceal the prince in the isle of Raasay till his father should be informed of Charles's intention to put himself under his protection. As they could not trust a Portree crew, the difficulty of transporting the prince to Raasay, without observation, occurred. Dr. Murdoch Macleod, a brother of young Raasay, who had been wounded at the battle of Culloden, being informed of this dilemma, said he would risk his life once more for the prince, and it having occurred to him that there was a little boat upon a fresh water lake in the neighbourhood, the two brothers, with the aid of some women, by extraordinary exertions, brought the boat to sea, over a Highland mile of land, one half of which was bog, and the other a steep precipice. The two brothers, with the assistance of a little boy, rowed the boat, which was very old and leaky, to Raasay.

Malcolm Macleod, young Raasay's cousin, who will be frequently mentioned in the sequel, was then in the island. He had been a captain in the prince's service, and was considered by his cousin a proper person to accompany them on their expedition. They accordingly waited on Malcolm, who offered to provide a boat; but he proposed, that as his cousin, young Raasay, had not been engaged in the insurrection, he should not run any risk by holding communication with the prince, more particularly as Charles could be brought over without his assistance. Young Raasay declared his resolution to see the prince, if the result should be the loss both of his estate and his head; and Malcolm, seeing that any farther attempt to dissuade him would be fruitless, exclaimed, "In God's name then let us proceed." Malcolm Macleod pitched upon two strong men, named John Mackenzie and Donald Macfriar, to row the boat; but, when they came to the beach, they declined to leave the shore till informed

[1] When Dr. Johnson visited Kingsburgh, in company with Mr. Boswell, in 1774, he slept in the same bed that Charles had occupied twenty-eight years before. "To see (says Boswell) Dr. Samuel Johnson in that bed, in the isle of Skye, in the house of Miss Flora Macdonald, struck me with such a group of ideas, as it is not easy for words to describe, as they passed through the mind. He smiled and said, 'I have had no ambitious thoughts in it.'"—*Tour to the Hebrides.*

of their destination. They were then sworn to secrecy, and being told the object of their voyage, professed the utmost alacrity to go to sea. The whole party accordingly set off from Raasay on Monday evening, the 30th of June, and landed about half a mile from Portree. By this time Miss Macdonald had arrived at the inn, where Donald Roy was in waiting to receive her and the prince. Leaving young Raasay and his brother in the boat, Malcolm Macleod, accompanied by Macfriar, went towards the inn, and in walking from the shore he observed three persons proceeding in the direction of the inn, who happened to be the prince, Neil Mac Eachan, and a little boy who had served as Charles's guide from Kingsburgh.

Donald Roy Macdonald had left the inn shortly after Miss Macdonald's arrival, for the purpose of meeting Charles; but, after remaining out about twenty minutes without seeing him, he returned to the house, afraid lest the rain, which fell in torrents, might fester a wound in his foot which he had received at the battle of Culloden, and which was still open. He had scarcely entered the inn, when Macnab, the landlord, informed him that a boy wanted to see him. The boy, whose name was Macqueen, having informed Donald Roy that a gentleman who was waiting a little above the house wished to speak with him, he went out and met the prince, who caught him in his arms. Donald then conducted him into the inn. Charles was wet to the skin, and the water poured down from his clothes. The first thing he asked for was a dram, on taking which he proceeded to shift himself. He put on a dry shirt; but before he had replaced the other habiliments which he had thrown off, a supply of roasted fish, bread, cheese, and butter was brought into the room, which the prince attacked with such avidity that Donald Roy could not help smiling; and being observed by the prince, he remarked that he believed the prince was following the English fashion. "What fashion do you mean?" said the prince. "Why," replied Donald Roy, "they say the English, when they are to eat heartily, throw off their clothes." The prince smiling, said, "They are in the right, lest anything should incommode their hands when they are at work." Asking for some drink, Charles was told that there were no liquids of any sort in the house but whisky and water, not even milk, of which he had desired a little. The only substitute in the room for a tumbler or jug was a dirty-looking bucket, which the landlord used for throwing the water out of his boat, and the mouth of which was broken and rough from the frequent use to which it had been thus applied. Donald Roy, who had previously quaffed out of the bucket, handed it to Charles, who took it out of his hand, and after looking at it, stared Donald in the face. As the landlord was in the room, Donald was afraid that, from the shyness of Charles to drink out of a dish to which no objection perhaps had ever before been stated, he might think he had a visitor of distinction in his house, and he therefore went up to Charles, and in a gentle whisper desired him to drink out of the obnoxious vessel without ceremony. Charles taking the hint, put the pail to his head, and took a hearty draught of water.[2]

Malcolm Macleod, on being informed of the prince's arrival at the inn, had returned to the boat, and with his cousins waited anxiously for the prince. On the landlord of the inn leaving the room, Donald Roy, who had grown impatient to get away, urged the prince to depart; but Charles showed no inclination to leave the inn, and even proposed to remain there all night, as the rain was still heavy. Donald told him that as the house he was in was frequented by all kinds of people, he would incur danger by remaining; for the very appearance of a stranger would excite speculation among the country people, who were always desirous to know who the persons were that came among them. Charles assented to the correctness of Donald's observations, but called for some tobacco that he might smoke a pipe before his departure. There being no tobacco in the house but roll or pigtail, Charles said it would answer very well; and the landlord, at the request of Donald Roy, brought in a quarter of a pound in the scales in which it had been weighed. The price was fourpence halfpenny, and Charles gave the landlord a sixpence. Donald Roy desired him to bring in the difference. The prince smiled, and on the change

[2] Donald Roy's Narrative among the *Forbes Papers*.

being brought he refused to receive it. Donald, however, insisted that he should take the three halfpence, because he considered that in his present situation he might find "bawbees" very useful.[3]

When about to leave the inn, Charles solicited Donald Roy to accompany him to Raasay, observing that he had always found himself safe in the hands of the Macdonalds, and that as long as he had a Macdonald with him he would still think himself safe. This faithful attendant, whilst he stated his inclination to serve the prince in his distress, represented to him the impossibility of following him from place to place, in consequence of the wound in his left foot, which rendered him incapable of enduring fatigue; and that as he would be obliged from his lameness to travel occasionally on horseback, his presence would only endanger the safety of the prince. He agreed, however, to meet Charles in Raasay in a few days, and stated that, in the mean time, he would remain in Skye, and collect for the future guidance of the prince such information as he could, in relation to the movements and plans of his pursuers.

Before leaving Portree Charles had a most painful task to perform, that of parting with the amiable and high-minded young woman, who, during three eventful days, had with generous sympathy, and at the imminent hazard of her own life, watched over him with the tenderest solicitude and affection, and rescued him from the many perils with which he had been environed. He repaid Miss Flora a small sum of money he had borrowed from her, and, presenting her with his own portrait in miniature, saluted her. He then returned her his sincere thanks for the great assistance she had afforded him, and taking leave, expressed a hope that, notwithstanding the present unfavourable aspect of his affairs, he should yet meet her in St. James's. He also took farewell of Neil Mac Eachan, who certainly at that time had no expectation that he was to be one of those who were afterwards to accompany the prince to France.

Charles had brought along with him from Kingsburgh, four shirts, a cold fowl, some sugar, and a bottle of brandy. To this small stock he added at Portree a bottle of usquebaugh. He tied this bottle to his belt at one side, and at the other the bottle of brandy, and the shirts and cold fowl which were put up in a handkerchief. Thus provided, Charles left the inn, accompanied by Donald Roy, on the morning of the 1st of July, while it was yet dark. The landlord, surprised perhaps at the early departure of his guests, cast a look after them as they went out at the door, which being observed by Charles's conductor, he led the prince off in a direction opposite to that they had to go, till out of view of the landlord, and then making a circle they went down towards the shore, and in their way met Malcolm Macleod, who conducted the prince to the boat. He then took leave of Donald Roy, whom he enjoined not to mention the place of his destination to any person, not even to his fair protectress. Donald returned to the inn, and was immediately accosted by his host, who expressed a strong desire to know the name of the gentleman who had left his house. Donald told him, with apparent unconcern, that the stranger who had gone away was Sir John Macdonald, an Irish gentleman, and a brother rebel, who, having got free of his enemies, had been skulking among his friends, the Macdonalds of Skye; and that, tired of remaining in one place, and afraid of being discovered in the island, he had set out for the mainland to seek an asylum among the other Macdonalds. The landlord, whom he enjoined to secrecy, apparently satisfied with this explanation, said that he was strongly impressed with an idea that the gentleman was the prince in disguise, as he observed something about him that looked very noble.[4]

Portree, a small bay opposite the island of Raasay, from which Charles was about to depart, had derived its name, which signifies the King's Port, from the circumstance of King James the Fifth having landed there during his excursion amongst the western islands. Charles left this creek after midnight, under the protection of the enthusiastic young laird of Raasay, to whom Malcolm Macleod introduced him when he entered the boat. As the two boat-

[3] Donald Roy's Narrative.

[4] Macleod's *Narrative*.

men had served in the prince's army, the whole party, with the exception of young Raasay himself, were under the ban of the government, and the young laird, whose only motive in not joining the insurrection was probably a desire to save the estate, now fearlessly put his life and fortune in jeopardy, when the risk was even greater.

Charles slept a little upon the passage, and reached Raasay about day-break, a few hours after his departure from Portree. The party landed at a place called Glam, about the distance of ten miles from that haven. Charles, Malcolm, and Murdoch Macleod took up their abode in a wretched hut which some shepherds had lately erected. They had no bedding of any sort, and were obliged to repose upon some heath. On entering the hut they kindled a fire and partook of some provisions. On this, as on other occasions, Charles, to please the Highlanders, never tasted wheat-bread or brandy while oat-bread and whisky lasted, for, he observed, that these last were his "own country bread and drink." Young Raasay had nothing to dread from his own people; and, lest the military might revisit the island, he placed the two boatmen upon different eminences to watch their approach. He visited Charles and his friends occasionally, and always carried provisions along with him. Though comparatively secure, Charles was very uneasy in his new retreat; and frequent starts and exclamations in his slumbers indicated the agitated workings of his mind. Malcolm Macleod often overheard him in his sleep muttering imperfect sentences, in Italian, French, and English. One of his expressions in English was, "O God! poor Scotland!"[5]

During Charles's stay in Raasay, no person visited the island, but he and his friends were kept in a state of uneasiness by a person who prowled about without any apparent business, and who had come into the island to sell a roll of tobacco. He had arrived about twelve or fourteen days before Charles. Having disposed of his merchandise very speedily, it was expected that he would have departed, but continuing to stroll up and down the island in an idle way, he was suspected to be a spy. Malcolm Macleod happening to see him approaching the hut one day, a council of war was held by Charles and his friends. The three Macleods were for putting the poor tobacco vender to death, and Malcolm Macleod offered to go out immediately and shoot him through the head; but Charles indignantly reprobated the inhuman proposal. "God forbid (said he) that we should take away a man's life who may be innocent, while we can preserve our own." John Mackenzie, who sat as sentinel at the door, overhearing the debate, said to himself in Gaelic, "Well, well: he must be shot: you are the king, but we are the parliament, and will do what we choose." Observing his friends smile, Charles asked what John had said; and being told the man's observation in English, the prince observed that he was a clever fellow; and, notwithstanding his perilous situation, laughed loud and heartily.[6] Notwithstanding Charles's remonstrances, the stranger would have been despatched had he entered the hut, but luckily he walked past without looking into it. It was afterwards ascertained that the stranger himself was a fugitive from the Highland army.[7] While Charles resided in this hut, he and his companions indulged in a great deal of conversation. Alluding to passing events and his present situation, the prince observed that his life was to be sure a very hard one; but that he would rather live in the way he then did for ten years, than fall into the hands of his enemies, not because he believed they would dare to take away his life publicly, but because he dreaded being poisoned or assassinated. He was very particular in his inquiries at Dr. Macleod about the wound he had received at

[5] Boswell's *Tour*.

[6] "John Mackenzie is alive (in 1774); I saw him at Raasay's house. About eighteen years ago he hurt one of his legs when dancing, and being obliged to have it cut off, he now was going about with a wooden leg. The story of his being a *Member of Parliament* is not yet forgotten. I took him out a little way from the house, gave him a shilling to drink Raasay's health, and led him into a detail of the particulars which I have just related. With less foundation, some writers have traced the idea of a Parliament, and of the British Constitution in rude and early times. I was curious to know if he had really heard or understood any thing of that subject, which, had he been a greater man, would probably have been eagerly maintained. 'Why, John,' said I, 'did you think he should be controlled by a Parliament?' He answered, 'I thought, Sir, there were many voices against one.'"—*Boswell.*

[7] Idem, p. 227. *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 270.

Culloden, from a ball which entered at one shoulder and went across to the other. He threw out some reflections upon the conduct of some of his officers at Culloden, but confessed that perhaps it was rash in him to do so. Talking of the different Highland corps, the Macleods asked Charles which, in his opinion, were the best soldiers; but he evaded a direct answer, said he did not like comparisons among such corps; and that they were all best.[8]

Charles resided two days in Raasay, when becoming uneasy, and thinking the island too narrow and confined for the purpose of concealment, he resolved to depart. Understanding that he expected a French ship at Lochbroom, Malcolm Macleod offered to carry him thither, but Charles declined the proposal on account of the danger of the voyage in a small boat. He expressed a wish to go to Trotternish in Skye, but his friends attempted to dissuade him, as they considered him safer in Raasay. Persisting however in going, the whole party, including the two boatmen, left Raasay on the evening of the 2d of July, in the same boat which they had used to carry them into the island. After they had gone a little off the shore the wind began to blow hard, and soon increased to a gale. The sea became so very rough, that the waves broke over the boat and almost filled it with water. All on board begged the prince to return, but he declined, observing, that as Providence had carried him through so many dangers, he did not doubt of the same care now as before. About eleven o'clock at night they landed at a place in Skye, called Nicolson's rock, near Scorobreck in Trotternish, after a very boisterous voyage of about fifteen miles. There was a large surf on the shore, and there being no convenient landing place, they had to jump out among the water. Charles was the third man who leapt into the sea. Standing in the surf, the whole party, including Charles, laid hold of the boat and drew it up on dry ground.

On this desolate coast, the royal wanderer could find no other resting-place than a cow-house, belonging to Mr. Nicolson of Scorobreck, about two miles from that gentleman's seat. The party entered this wretched hovel and took a little refreshment of oat cakes, which had mouldered down into very small crumbs, and some cheese. Charles being wet to the skin, Malcolm Macleod advised him to put on a dry shirt. This he declined, and continued to sit in his wet clothes. Overcome with fatigue he fell asleep; but he enjoyed little sound repose. He would frequently start in his sleep, look briskly up, and stare boldly around him, as if about to fight the persons around him. "Oh poor England! poor England!" were the exclamations he would sometimes utter, with a deep sigh, during these disturbed moments.

In all his wanderings it was the constant practice of Charles to conceal his future movements from every person with whose services he was about to dispense, so as to prevent any clue to his discovery. Wishing to get quit of young Raasay and his brother, he despatched the former to look out for Donald Roy, and he desired the latter to go to a place called Cammistinawag, where he would meet him. Murdoch Macleod and the two boatmen then took leave. At parting he presented Murdoch with a case, containing a silver spoon, knife, and fork, which he requested him to keep till they met.

The prince and Malcolm Macleod remained in the hut till seven o'clock in the morning, when Charles, taking the little baggage in his hand, walked out, and desired Malcolm to follow him. Macleod took the bundle out of Charles's hand, and followed him in silence till out of sight of the cow-house, when Charles taking a direction Malcolm did not like, this faithful adherent went up to him and asked him where he was going, as he was afraid that he might fall into the hands of one of the numerous military parties, who were dispersed over the island. "Why, Macleod, (replied Charles,) I now throw myself entirely into your hands, and leave you to do with me what you please; only I want to go to Strath, Mackinnon's country. I hope you will accompany me, if you think you can lead me safe enough into Strath." Malcolm declared that he would go with his royal highness wherever he pleased, and offered to bring him safe into that part of Skye which belonged to the chief of Mackinnon, provided he would consent to

Boswell's *Tour.*

go by sea; but Macleod objected to a journey over land which he considered would be attended with dangers from the soldiers. Charles, however, insisted on going by land, and observed that they could now do nothing without danger. The better to prevent a discovery, Charles proposed that he should act the part of Macleod's servant, and that he should assume the name of Lewis Caw, there being at the time a young surgeon of that name, who had been in the prince's service, skulking in Skye, where he had some relations. Observing that his scarlet tartan waistcoat with gold twist buttons, was finer than that worn by Macleod, which was of plain ordinary tartan, Charles exchanged it for Macleod's. Then taking the bag which contained his linen out of Malcolm's hands, Charles threw it over his shoulder, and set out on his perilous journey, preceded by the faithful Malcolm, who, to complete the deception, had proposed that Charles should keep up his new character of a gilly, or footman, by walking in the rear.

Strath, the country of the Mackinnons, was at a considerable distance, and the route to it which these two travellers took lay through one of the wildest and most mountainous districts of the island. Though a good pedestrian, Malcolm could scarcely keep his distance ahead of Charles, whose locomotive powers were surprising, there being few persons who could match him at walking. Alluding to his celerity of foot, he told Malcolm that provided he got out of musket-shot, he had no dread of a pursuit by English soldiers, but he had not the same confidence if chased by a party of Highland militia. He asked Malcolm what they would do in the event of meeting any person among the mountains, who might attempt to kill or take them. "That depends upon their numbers," replied Malcolm; "if there should be no more than four of them, I'll engage to manage two." "And I," rejoined Charles, "will engage to manage the other two." Malcolm, in his turn, asked Charles what they should do if attacked by a party of English soldiers, "Fight, to be sure," was the reply.

As Malcolm expected that they would fall in with some of the country people before they came to the end of their journey, by whom, from his being well known in the island, he might be recognised, he desired Charles not to evince any anxiety when he (Malcolm) should speak to them, but remove to a short distance and sit down till the conversation ended. They met a few of these people from time to time, on which occasion Charles not only observed the injunction of Malcolm, but superadded the customary menial duty, of touching his bonnet when addressed by his supposed master. With the exception of a bottle of brandy, the two travellers appear to have had no other sustenance during their long and fatiguing journey. When reduced to a single glass, Charles urged Malcolm to take it, lest he should faint with the excessive fatigue. Malcolm refused, and insisted that the prince himself should drink it, but Charles resolutely refused, and compelled Malcolm to drain the bottle. Malcolm then hid the bottle in a thick bush of heath, where he found it about three years thereafter. Honest Macleod long preserved it "as a curious piece," which he expected would one day make a figure in Westminster.[9]

When opportunity offered, the prince and Malcolm relieved the tediousness of the journey, by conversing on a variety of topics. The conversation happening to turn upon Lord George Murray, Charles observed that his lordship, whether from ignorance or with a view to betray him, he would not say, misconducted himself in not obeying orders, and that in particular, for two or three days before the battle of Culloden, Lord George scarcely did anything he desired him to do. When Malcolm told him of the many atrocities committed after that battle, he appeared amazed, and said, "Surely that man who calls himself the duke, and pretends to be so great a general, cannot be guilty of such cruelties. I cannot believe it." Talking of the fatigues he was obliged to undergo, the prince said, "Do you not think, Macleod, that God Almighty has made this person of mine for doing some good yet? When I was in Italy, and dining at the king's (his father's) table, very often the sweat would have been coming through my coat with the heat of the climate, and now that I

[9] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 178.

am in a cold country, where the climate is more trying, and exposed to different kinds of fatigues, I really find I agree equally with both. I have had (pointing to his kilt) this philibeg on now for some days, and I find I do as well with it as any of the best breeches I ever put on. I hope in God, Macleod, to walk the streets of London with it yet."[1] A man holding such sentiments as these was not likely to be easily discouraged.

When approaching Mackinnon's bounds, Malcolm stated to the prince his apprehensions, that, disguised as he was, he was afraid he would still be recognised by some of Mackinnon's people, who had been out in his service. He, therefore, suggested that Charles should disguise himself still further. The prince then proposed to blacken his face with powder; but Macleod objected to this plan, which, he said, would tend rather to discover than to conceal him. "Then," observed Charles, "I must be put into the greatest dishabille possible;" and pulling off his wig, and putting it into his pocket, took out a dirty white napkin, which Malcolm, at his desire, tied about his head close to his eyebrows. He then put off his bonnet, tore the ruffles from his shirt, and took the buckles out of his shoes, and made Macleod fasten them with strings. Charles now asked his friend if he thought he would still be recognised, and on Malcolm answering that he thought he would, Charles said, "I have so odd a face, that no man that ever saw me once but would know me again." In Malcolm's opinion, Charles, though almost a Proteus, could never disguise his majestic mien and carriage; and he declared that there was not a person who knew what the air of a noble or great man was, that would not, upon seeing the prince, however disguised he might be, at once perceive something about him that was not ordinary,—something of the stately and grand.[2]

They had not gone far after this conversation, when Malcolm Macleod's opinion was verified, for no sooner had the travellers entered Strath, than Charles was recognised by two men of Mackinnon's clan, who had been out in the insurrection. They stared at the prince for a little, and on discovering him, lifted up their hands and wept bitterly. Malcolm begged that they would compose themselves, lest by showing so much concern they might discover the prince. After cautioning them not to mention the meeting to any one, he swore them to secrecy upon his naked dirk, and then dismissed them. They kept their word.

Being within two miles of the laird of Mackinnon's house, Malcolm asked him if he wished to see the old chief; "No," said Charles, "by no means. I know Mackinnon to be as good and as honest a man as any in the world; but he is not fit for my purpose at present. You must conduct me to some other house, but let it be a gentleman's house." They then proceeded, at Malcolm's suggestion, to a place called Ellagol, or rather Ellighiul, near Kilvory or Kilmaree, where they arrived in the morning after a journey of twenty-four Highland miles, being upwards of thirty English miles. At Ellagol there lived one John Mackinnon, who had served as captain under the laird of Mackinnon, and had married a sister of Malcolm. Being desirous to ascertain the state of matters in the neighbourhood before conducting Charles into the house of his brother-in-law, Malcolm left the prince at a little distance from the house, and went forward to make the necessary inquiries. He found that Mackinnon was from home; and on informing his sister that he had come to stay a short time at Ellagol, if he could do so with safety, she assured him that he would be perfectly safe, as there were no military people about the place, and that he was very welcome. Malcolm then told her that he had nobody along with him but one Lewis Caw, son of Mr. Caw, a surgeon in Crieff, whom, being a fugitive like himself, he had engaged as his servant, but that he had fallen sick. Mrs. Mackinnon felt interested in the stranger, and requested her brother to bring him in.

Charles accordingly entered with the baggage on his back, and, taking off his bonnet, made a low bow, and sat down at a distance from Malcolm. Mrs. Mackinnon looked at the prince, and instantly her sympathy was excited. "Poor man!" she exclaimed, "I pity him. At the same time, my heart warms to a man of his appearance." Malcolm having told his

[1] *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 477–8.
[2] Idem. p. 480.

sister that he was almost famishing with hunger, she set before him a plentiful Highland breakfast. Charles still sitting at a respectful distance, Malcolm invited him, as there were no strangers in the house, to draw near and share with him, there being abundance for both. Charles appeared very backward to obey the summons to eat, and said that though in an humble station, he knew better how to conduct himself than by sitting at the same table with his master; but Malcolm pretended to insist upon compliance, Charles rose from his seat, made a profound bow, and advancing towards the table, sat down, and attacked the viands without farther ceremony.

In the course of their journey, Charles and his companion had fallen into a bog during the night, and as their feet and legs were still dirty, Malcolm desired the servant-maid in Gaelic, as she could not speak English, to bring some water into the room, and as he was much fatigued, to wash them. Whilst in the act of washing Macleod's feet, he said to the girl, "You see that poor sick man there. I hope you'll wash his feet too: it will be a great charity; for he has as much need as I have." "No such thing," said she, "although I wash the master's feet, I am not obliged to wash the servant's. What! he's but a low country woman's son. I will not wash his feet indeed." Malcolm, however, with much entreaty, prevailed upon the girl to wash Charles's feet and legs; but being rather rough in her treatment, he implored Malcolm to desire her not to rub so hard.[3]

After this operation the wearied travellers went to bed; and at the desire of Malcolm, Mrs. Mackinnon went out of the house, and sat down upon a neighbouring knoll, where she kept watch, whilst her guests remained in bed. Charles, who had thrown himself upon the bed in his clothes, slept two hours only; but Malcolm slept much longer. When Malcolm awoke, he was surprised to find Charles out of bed dandling Mrs. Mackinnon's child, singing to it, and appearing as alert as if he had been in bed all night. He expressed a hope that the little boy—Neil Mackinnon—whom he carried in his arms, would be one day a captain in his service.

Informed that his brother-in-law was seen approaching the house, Malcolm went out to meet him. After the usual salutations, Malcolm, pointing to some ships of war that were hovering about the coast, said to Mackinnon, "What if the prince be on board one of them?" "God forbid," replied Mackinnon, "I would not wish that for anything." "What," said Malcolm, "if he were here, John? Do you think he would be safe enough?" "I wish we had him here," rejoined Mackinnon, "for he would be safe enough." Macleod, now fully assured that his brother-in-law might be confided in, said, "Well, then, he is now in your house." Mackinnon, transported with joy, was for running directly in and paying his obeisance to the prince; but Malcolm stopped him for a little, till he should recover from his surprise. "When you go in," continued Malcolm, "you must not take any notice of him, lest the servants or others observe you. He passes for one Lewis Caw, my servant." Mackinnon promised to observe faithfully the injunction given him, which he thought he would be able to fulfil; but, as soon as he entered the house, he could not avoid fixing his eyes upon Charles; and unable to repress his feelings at the spectacle he beheld, this generous and faithful Highlander, turning his face aside, burst into tears. To prevent suspicion, Mackinnon, at Malcolm's desire, left the room to compose himself.

Before being introduced to the prince, Mackinnon sent away all his servants from the house on different messages, and, during their absence, a consultation was held as to Charles's future destination. It was then resolved that he should proceed to the mainland immediately; and John Mackinnon was directed to go and hire a boat, as if for the sole use of his brother-in-law. As the laird of Mackinnon was old and infirm, and could be of little service to Charles in his present situation, Mac-

[3] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 482. Boswell, in his *Tour*, gives a different version of this story. "After this (breakfast) there came in an old woman, who, after the mode of ancient hospitality, brought warm water, and washed Malcolm's feet. He desired her to wash the feet of the poor man who attended him. She at first seemed averse to this from pride, as thinking him beneath her, and in the periphrastic language of the Highlanders and the Irish, said warmly, 'Though I wash your father's son's feet, why should I wash his father's son's feet?' She was, however, persuaded to do it."

kinnon was enjoined not to say anything about Charles to his chief, should he fall in with him. Meeting the old chieftain, however, on his way, Mackinnon, unable or unwilling to conceal the fact of the prince's arrival at Ellagol, disclosed the secret, and mentioned that he was going to hire a boat to carry Charles to the mainland. Gratified with the intelligence, the chief desired his clansman not to give himself any further trouble about a boat, as he would provide a good one himself, and would wait upon the prince immediately. John returned to Ellagol, and having informed Charles of the interview with the laird, the latter said that he was sorry that Mackinnon had divulged the secret; but as there was now no help for it, he would comport himself according to circumstances. In a short time the aged chief appeared, and after doing homage to the royal wanderer, conducted the prince to a neighbouring cave, where he found Lady Mackinnon, who had laid out a refreshment of cold meat and wine, of which the whole party partook.

Before the arrival of the chief, Malcolm Macleod had represented to the prince, that, being within the laird's bounds, it would be necessary to allow him to direct everything in relation to the voyage, and, to prevent a difference of opinion arising between him and the chief, he suggested the propriety of remaining behind. Charles, extremely unwilling to part with one who had rendered him such important services, insisted upon his going along with him to the mainland; but Malcolm insisting on the other hand that the measure was proper, Charles, with much reluctance, consented to part with the faithful Macleod.

About eight o'clock at night the party left the cave, and proceeded towards the place where the boat lay. In their way they observed two English men-of-war standing in for the island, before the wind, under a press of sail. Malcolm thereupon entreated the prince to defer his voyage till such time, at least, as these vessels should take another course, more particularly as the wind was against him; but Charles disregarded the admonition, and observed, that after so many escapes, he had no apprehensions of being caught at that time; that Providence would still take care of him; and that he had no doubt of obtaining a favourable wind immediately. Recollecting his sham appointment with Murdoch Macleod, for not keeping which Malcolm promised to make his apology, Charles thought the least thing he could do was to notify his departure, which he accordingly did, by writing him a short note, delivering it to Malcolm.[4] He then desired Malcolm to light his pipe, as he wished to enjoy a smoke with him before parting. Snapping his gun, Malcolm, by means of the flash in the pan, lighted some tow which he held at the mouth of the pipe whilst Charles blew it. As the pipe was extremely short, Charles's cheek was scorched with the blaze of the tow. At parting, Charles presented him with a silver stock-buckle, and then embracing Malcolm in his arms, saluted him twice, and begging God to bless him, put ten guineas into his hand. Malcolm at first positively refused to accept the money, as he perceived that the prince's purse was much exhausted; but Charles insisted upon his taking it, and assuring him that he would get enough for all his wants upon the mainland, Malcolm yielded. Having procured a better pipe, Charles presented the one with which he had been smoking to Malcolm, who preserved it with great care.[5]

Between eight and nine o'clock in the evening of Friday, the 4th of July, the prince de-

[4] The following is a copy of the note:—

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

"James Thomson."

"Elligiiul, *July 4th*, 1746."

[5] This 'cutty,' as a small tobacco-pipe, almost worn to the stump, is called in Scotland, was presented by Malcolm, when at London, to Dr. Burton of York, a fellow-prisoner, who got a fine shagreen case made for it.—*Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 487. Mr. Boswell gives the following sketch of this worthy Highlander in his Tour to the Hebrides: "He was now (1774) sixty-two years of age, hale and well proportioned, with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his rough beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look was not fierce; but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured. He wore a pair of brogues, tartan hose which came up nearly to his knees, a purple camblet kilt, a black waistcoat, a short green cloth coat bound with gold cord, a yellow bushy wig, a large blue bonnet with a gold thread button. I never saw a figure which gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman. I wished much to have a picture of him just as he was. I found him frank and polite in the true sense of the word."

parted for the mainland, accompanied by the chief and John Mackinnon. The observation of Charles, that he would obtain a fair wind after putting to sea, had made a deep impression upon the superstitious mind of the generous Malcolm, who accordingly sat down upon the side of a hill to watch the expected change, which, according to him, took place very soon, for the crew had not rowed the boat half a mile from the shore in the direction of the ships, before the wind chopped about, and whilst it favoured the prince, drove the men-of-war out of sight.[1]

After a rough voyage, the party reached a place called Little Mallag or Malleck, on the south side of Loch Nevis between Morar and Knoydart, distant about thirty miles from the place where they had embarked. At sea they met a boat, containing some armed militia. No attempt was made to board, and a few words were exchanged in passing. Charles's visit to Skye soon became public, and the fact of his having been harboured and protected by certain persons in that island could not be disguised. Malcolm Macleod's connexion with the prince being reported, he was apprehended a few days after Charles's departure for the mainland, put on board a ship, and conveyed to London, where he remained a prisoner till the 1st of July, 1747, when he was discharged without being asked a single question. Kingsburgh also was taken up and conveyed to Fort Augustus, where, after being plundered of his shoe-buckles, garters, watch, and money, he was thrown into a dungeon, and loaded with irons. He was discharged by mistake for another person of the same name, but was brought back, and afterwards conveyed to Edinburgh, and committed to the castle, in which he remained till the 4th of July, in the same year.

Flora Macdonald was also apprehended about the same time by a party of militia, while on her way to the house of Donald Macdonald of Castleton in Skye, who had sent her notice that Macleod of Talisker, an officer of an independent company, had requested him to send for her. She was put on board the Furnace Bomb, and afterwards removed to Commodore Smith's sloop, and treated with great kindness and attention by him and General Campbell. She was confined a short time in Dunstaffnage castle. After being conveyed from place to place, she was put on board the Royal Sovereign, lying at the Nore, on the 28th of November, and carried up to London on the 6th of December following, where she remained in confinement till July in the following year, when she was discharged, at the especial request—according to the tradition of her family—of Frederick, Prince of Wales, father of George III., without a single question having been put to her. After her liberation, Miss Macdonald was invited to the house of Lady Primrose, a zealous Jacobite lady, where she was visited by a number of distinguished persons, who loaded her with presents. She and Malcolm Macleod returned to Scotland together in a post-chaise provided by Lady Primrose, and, on their way, paid a visit to Dr. Burton at York, who had been previously liberated from jail. This gentleman having asked Malcolm his opinion of the prince, the trusty Highlander replied, that "he was the most cautious man he ever saw, not to be a coward, and the bravest, not to be rash." Few persons, now-a-days, will be disposed to concur in this eulogium, for though personally brave, Charles was extremely rash and inconsiderate.[2]

[1] True Journal. p. 47.

[2] The subsequent history of the estimable Flora Macdonald may be stated in a few words. After her return to Skye, she married, in 1750, young Macdonald of Kingsburgh, whom she accompanied to North Carolina, America, probably in 1774. Young Kingsburgh joined the Royal Highland Emigrant Regiment, embodied in 1775, but was taken prisoner in 1776 and committed to Halifax gaol. He afterwards served with the regiment in Canada, holding the rank of captain, and, at the close of the war, returned to Scotland on half-pay. The vessel in which Flora and her husband sailed was attacked by a French privateer, and while Flora, with charaeteristic spirit, stood on deek, animating the seamen, she was thrown down and had her arm broken. The wanderers, however, arrived in Skye, and never afterwards left it. Flora died on the 4th of March 1790, aged 68, and was interred in the churchyard of Kilmuir, in a spot set apart for the graves of the Kingsburgh family. Kingsburgh died on the 20th September 1795. Flora had seven children—five sons and two daughters; the sons all beeame officers in the army, and the daughters officers' wives. Dr Johnson and Boswell visited Skyc in the autumn of 1773, and were entertained at Kingsburgh house by Flora and her husband. Flora, then aged about 51, is described by Johnson as a woman of middle stature, soft features, gentle manners, and elegant presence; and by Boswell as "a little woman, of a genteel appearanee, and uncommonly mild and well-bred."—See Carruthers' Edition of Boswell's *Tour to the Hebrides*, *p.* 143.

As parties of the military were known to be stationed at a short distance from the place where Charles and his party landed, they were afraid to leave it, and slept three nights in the open air on the banks of Loch Nevis. On the fourth day the old laird and one of the boatmen ventured a little way into the country in quest of a place of concealment; and the prince, along with John Mackinnon and the other three boatmen, proceeded up the loch close to the shore. In turning a point, they unexpectedly came upon a boat tied to a rock, and so near as to touch her with their oars. This boat belonged to a militia party who were seen standing on the shore, and were at once recognised by their badge, which was a red cross on their bonnets. This party immediately hailed the boat, and demanded to know whence they came. The boatmen answered that they were from Sleat. The militiamen then ordered the boat to come ashore; but the boatmen continuing to row, the military jumped into their boat and gave chase. Charles, who lay in the bottom of the boat with John Mackinnon's plaid spread over him, wished to get up and attempt to escape by jumping ashore, but Mackinnon would not allow him, as he considered the experiment very dangerous. During the pursuit, Charles, who was anxious to know the relative progress of the two boats, kept up a conversation with the trusty Highlander, who assured him from time to time that the pursuers did not gain upon them. Both parties were equal in point of numbers; and as Mackinnon contemplated the possibility of the militiamen overtaking them, he directed the boatmen to keep their muskets close by them, but not to fire till he should give the word of command by firing first. "Be sure, (said John,) to take an aim. Mark well, and there is no fear. We will be able to manage these rogues, if we come to engage them." Charles, begging that no lives might be sacrificed without an absolute necessity, Mackinnon said he would not fire if it could be avoided; but if compelled to do so in self-defence, their own preservation required that none of the assailants should escape to tell the news of their disaster. Observing a wood at some distance which reached down to the water, Mackinnon directed the boatmen to pull in that direction; and on reaching the shore, the prince, followed by Mackinnon and one of the boatmen, sprang out of the boat, and plunging into the wood, nimbly ascended the hill. The alarm into which they had been thrown gave place to feelings of a very different description, when, on reaching the summit of the hill, they perceived their pursuers returning from their fruitless chase.[3]

Finding himself much fatigued, Charles slept three hours on this eminence, and returning down the hill, crossed the loch to a small island near the seat of Macdonald of Scothouse. Understanding that old Clanranald was there on a visit, Charles sent Mackinnon to solicit his protection, but the old chief positively refused to receive him. Upon Mackinnon's return the party repassed the loch, and returned to Mallag, where they rejoined the old laird. After refreshing themselves, they set out for the seat of Macdonald of Morar, about eight miles distant. In crossing the promontory between Loch Nevis and Loch Morar they passed a shieling, or cottage, where they observed some people coming down towards the road. Afraid that he would be known, the prince made John Mackinnon fold his plaid for him, and threw it over his shoulder with his knapsack upon it. To disguise himself still further, he tied a handkerchief about his head. In this attire Charles passed for Mackinnon's servant. A grandson of Macdonald of Scothouse, who was at the shieling, gave the party a draught of milk. At another shieling they procured another draught; and, as the night was dark and the road bad, they took a guide along with them to conduct them across the ford to Morar's house. When they came to this ford, an amusing occurrence took place. Mackinnon, desirous to keep Charles dry in crossing, desired the guide to be so good as carry "this poor sick fellow," (pointing to the prince,) upon his back across the ford, as it was then pretty deep; but the guide indignantly answered, "The deil be on the back he comes, or any fellow of a servant like him; but I'll take *you* on my back, Sir, if you please, and carry you safely through the ford." "No, by no means," said Mackinnon, "if the lad

[3] *Jacobite Memoirs*, pp. 488–90, 492.

must wade, I'll wade along with him, and help him, lest any harm should happen to him;" on saying which, he laid hold of Charles's arm, and they crossed the ford together. Both Charles and Mackinnon were pleased to find that the guide had no suspicion that the pretended sick person was the prince.

A little before day-break the party arrived at the end of their journey, but were disappointed to find that the mansion, where they expected to meet with a hospitable reception, had been burnt to the ground, and that its proprietor had been obliged to take up his abode in a bothy or hut in the neighbourhood. Morar, who had acted as lieutenant-colonel of Clanranald's regiment, gave the prince a hearty welcome. Having entertained Charles and his party, he conducted them to a cave for security, and went off in quest of young Clanranald, whom the prince was most anxious to see. After some hours' absence Morar returned, and, reporting that he could not find Clanranald, Charles told him that as he had failed in meeting with that young chief, he would put himself under Morar's charge. According to Mackinnon's statement, Morar declined to take such a responsibility upon him, and even declared that he did not know any person to whose care he could commit Charles's person. The prince, stung by the altered demeanour of Morar, thus accosted him: "This is very hard. You were very kind yesternight, Morar! and said you could find out a hiding-place, proof against all the search of the enemy's forces; and now you say you can do nothing at all for me! You can travel to no place but what I will travel to; no eatables or drinkables can you take but what I can take a share along with you, and be well content with them, and even pay handsomely for them. When fortune smiled upon me and I had pay to give, I then found some people ready enough to serve me; but now that fortune frowns on me, and I have no pay to give, they forsake me in my necessity." The chief of Mackinnon and his clansman were highly indignant at Morar, and insisted that he must have seen young Clanranald, and that he had been advised to his present course, but Morar resolutely denied the charge. Charles in great distress exclaimed, "O God Almighty! look down upon my circumstances, and pity me; for I am in a most melancholy situation. Some of those who joined me at first, and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs upon me in my greatest need: and some of those again who refused to join me, and stood at a distance, are now among my best friends; for it is remarkable that those of Sir Alexander Macdonald's following have been most faithful to me in my distress, and contributed greatly to my preservation." Then turning round to Mackinnon, he said, "I hope, Mr. Mackinnon, you will not desert me too, and leave me in the lurch; but that you will do all for my preservation you can." The old laird, thinking that these words were meant for him, said, with tears in his eyes, "I never will leave your royal highness in the day of danger; but will, under God, do all I can for you, and go with you wherever you order me."—"Oh no!" rejoined Charles, "that is too much for one of your advanced years, Sir; I heartily thank you for your readiness to take care of me, as I am well satisfied of your zeal for me and my cause; but one of your age cannot well hold out with the fatigues and dangers I must undergo. It was to your friend John here, a stout young man, I was addressing myself."—"Well then," said John, "with the help of God, I will go through the wide world with your royal highness, if you desire me."[4]

Disappointed in his inquiries after Clanranald, and unsuccessful, if John Mackinnon's statement be correct, in his application to Morar, Charles resolved to go to Borodale, and solicit the assistance of "honest old Æneas Macdonald." Accordingly, after taking leave of the laird of Mackinnon, Charles set off for Borodale, accompanied by John Mackinnon, under the direction of a boy, a son of Morar, as guide. The party reached Borodale, on the morning of the 10th of July, before day-break. As was the case at Morar, the house of the proprietor had been burnt by a body of troops, under Captain Ferguson, and Borodale was residing in a hut hard by the ruins of his mansion. Borodale was in bed when Charles arrived, and the door was shut. Mackinnon called upon Borodale to rise, who, knowing his voice, got up, and

[4] *Jacobite Memoirs*, p. 494.

throwing some blankets about him, went to the door. Mackinnon asked him if he had heard any thing of the prince. "No," replied the old gentleman. "What would you give," rejoined John, "for a sight of him?" "Time was," said the warm-hearted Highlander, "that I would have given a hearty bottle to see him safe; but since I see you I expect to hear some news of him." "Well, then," replied Mackinnon, "I have brought him here, and will commit him to your charge. I have done my duty, do you yours." "I am glad of it," said Borodale, "and shall not fail to take care of him: I shall lodge him so secure that all the forces in Britain shall not find him out." John Mackinnon then took his leave, and returned to Ellagol; but he had scarcely reached his house when he was apprehended by a party of militia, and along with his chief, who was also captured by another party at Morar, the morning after Charles's departure, conveyed to London, and kept in confinement till July, 1747.

Borodale conducted his guest to a hut in a neighbouring wood, where he entertained him in the best manner he could for three days, and in the meantime, Charles despatched John Macdonald, junior, one of Borodale's sons, with a letter to Alexander Macdonald of Glenaladale, who had been in his service as Major of the Clanranald regiment.[5] Receiving, shortly after this express had been sent, information of the laird of Mackinnon's capture, and judging that his residence in the wood was not safe, Borodale, accompanied by his son Ronald, who had been a lieutenant in Clanranald's own company, conducted Charles to an almost inaccessible cave four miles eastward, in which he directed him to remain till Glenaladale should arrive.

Charles's letter was punctually delivered to Glenaladale, who, two days after it was written, viz. on the 15th of July, met Borodale at an appointed place, and paid a visit to Charles. Next day Borodale received a letter from his son-in-law, Angus Mac Eachan, residing in the glen of Morar, who had served as surgeon to Glengarry's regiment, informing him that a rumour was beginning to prevail in the country, that the prince was in concealment about Borodale; and representing the danger Charles would be in, by remaining on Borodale's lands any longer, he offered him a more secure asylum, in a place he had prepared for him. Before accepting this offer, Ronald Macdonald was sent to reconnoitre the place. Next day, John Macdonald was despatched to view the coast, and ascertain the motions of the military; and having brought intelligence that he saw a boat approaching that part of the coast where the grotto was situated, Charles, without waiting for the return of Ronald Macdonald, immediately left the cave, and set off for the glen of Morar, to the place prepared for him. He was accompanied by Glenaladale, Borodale, and John Macdonald junior, son of the latter. They were met, at a place called Corrybeine Cabir, by Borodale's son-in-law, who informed Charles that Clanranald was waiting a few miles off, to conduct him to a safe place of concealment he had prepared for him. Charles would have proceeded to meet Clanranald, but as the evening was far advanced, and as he was much nearer his intended quarters in Glen Morar than the place where Clanranald was, he proceeded onward, intending to communicate with him next day.

Borodale, who had proceeded to Glen Morar in advance of the party to procure some necessaries, received information, on his arrival there, that some men-of-war with troops on board, under General Campbell, had anchored in Loch Nevis. He thereupon despatched two men to Loch Nevis, by way of Loch Morar, to observe General Campbell's motions, and having received farther intelligence, that Captain Scott had arrived with a party in the lower part of Arisaig, he returned to Charles, and communicated to him the information he had received. Being assured that Charles was upon one of the promontories betwixt Loch Hourn and Loch Shiel, the English commanders had formed a chain of posts across the heads of these and the intermediate arms of the sea, so as to intercept him should he attempt to escape by land into the interior; and to catch him, should he venture to return to the islands, cruisers and boats were stationed at the mouths of the lochs. The sentinels along this line, which extended to the length of thirty miles, were placed so near one another in the day

[5] Author of the Journal and Memoirs, printed among the Lockhart papers, beginning at p. 579.

time, that no person could pass without being seen by them, and at night fires were lighted at every post, and the opposite sentinels passed, and repassed one another, from fire to fire. To cross such a chain during the day was quite impossible, nor did a passage by night appear more practicable.

Finding thus, that Clanranald's country was wholly surrounded by the government troops, and that he would not be able to join that chief, Charles resolved to leave it immediately. To lessen the risk of discovery, by reducing the number of his companions, he took leave of Borodale and his son-in-law, and attended by Glenaladale, his brother Lieutenant John Macdonald, who had been an officer in the French service, and John Macdonald junior, Borodale's son, set out in the morning of the 18th of July, and by mid-day reached the summit of a hill called Scoorvuy, at the eastern extremity of Arisaig. Here they rested and took some refreshment, and Glenaladale's brother was then despatched to Glenfinnan, to obtain intelligence, and to direct two men whom Glenaladale had stationed there, to join the prince about ten o'clock at night, on the top of a hill called Swernink Corrichan, above Loch Arkaig in Lochiel's country. After Lieutenant John Macdonald's departure, Charles set out with his two remaining companions, and at two o'clock came to the top of a neighbouring hill, called Fruigh-vein. Observing some cattle in motion, Glenaladale went forward to ascertain the cause, and found that these cattle belonged to some of his own tenants, who were driving them away out of the reach of a body of 600 or 700 troops, who had come to the head of Loch Arkaig, to hem in the prince. As Charles and his friends meant to pass in that direction, they were greatly disconcerted at this intelligence, and resolved to alter their course. Glenaladale sent one of his tenants to Glenfinnan, which was only about a mile off, to recall his brother and the two men; and at the same time he sent another messenger for Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who had removed with his effects to a neighbouring hill, on the approach of the troops, that he might ascertain from him the situation of the troops about Fort Augustus, and to obtain his assistance in conducting the prince through the chain of posts. As they waited the return of the messengers, one of the tenants' wives, regretting the condition of Glenaladale her lordlord, and desirous of giving him some refreshment, milked some of her cows, and brought the milk to him. Observing the woman approaching, Charles covered his head with a handkerchief, and passed for one of Glenaladale's servants, who had got a headach. Though this refreshment, from the excessive heat of the day, was very seasonable, yet they would have gladly dispensed with the obtrusive kindness of the warm-hearted female. That Charles might participate in the present, without observation from the donor, Glenaladale prevailed upon her, though with some difficulty, to retire, and leave her dish behind.

After a short absence the messenger who had been despatched to Glenfinnan returned without finding Glenaladale's brother, or the two men who had, before his arrival there, departed for the appointed place of rendezvous. He brought the alarming intelligence, that a hundred of the Argyleshire militia had arrived at the foot of the hill on which the prince now stood. Without waiting for the return of the other messenger, the party set out about sunset on their hazardous attempt. They travelled at a pretty quick pace till about eleven o'clock at night; when passing through a hollow way between two hills, they observed a man coming down one of them in their direction. Charles and young Macdonald kept behind, and Glenaladale went forward to ascertain whether this person was friend or foe. Strange to tell, the suspected individual was Donald Cameron of Glenpean, the very person whom, of all others, Glenaladale wished to see. He was immediately conducted to Charles, to whom he communicated such information as he had obtained about the government troops.

Undertaking to guide the prince and his companions past the guards, Cameron conducted them over roads almost impassable in day-light; and after travelling all night, they arrived about four o'clock in the morning of the 19th of July, on the top of a hill in the braes of Loch Arkaig, called Mamnyn-Callum, from which they could perceive the enemy's camp about a mile distant. Being informed

by their guide, that the hill on which they now stood had been searched the previous day, they supposed there would not be a second search for some time, and they therefore resolved to remain on the hill all the day. They lay down to rest, and after sleeping two hours, the whole party, with the exception of Charles, rose to keep watch. About ten o'clock they observed a man at a little distance coming up the hill. As there was a probability that Cameron, being generally acquainted with the inhabitants of that part of the country, might know this person, he was sent forward to speak with him, and was agreeably surprised to find that he was no other than Glenaladale's brother, who not meeting the prince at the place appointed, had become alarmed for his safety, and was in search of him.

The whole party remained on the top of the hill all the day, and about nine o'clock at night set out in a southern direction. About one o'clock in the morning they came to a place called Corrinangaull, on the confines of Knoydart and Loch Arkaig, where Cameron expected to have met some of the Loch Arkaig people, who had fled with their cattle on the approach

Loch Arkaig.—Achnacarry, seat of Cameron of Lochiel, in middle distance.

of the soldiery. Cameron had calculated on getting a supply of provisions from these people, as the prince and his party had only a small quantity of butter and oatmeal, which they could not prepare for want of fire. Perceiving some huts down the face of the hill, Glenaladale's brother and the guide, at the risk of being observed by some of the sentinels who were going their rounds, ventured down to them, in expectation of meeting some of the country people, and obtaining a supply of provisions; but they found these shielings uninhabited. Judging themselves no longer safe on the top of the hill, the whole party shifted their quarters, and went to a fastness in the brow of a hill at the head of Lochnaigh, about a mile distant from the troops. They lay down in this retreat to take some rest. With the exception of Charles, they all awoke after a short repose; and it was resolved that, dangerous as the experiment might be, Glenaladale's brother and the guide should again go in quest of provisions, of which they now stood in very great need. Leaving, therefore, Glenaladale, and Borodale's son to stand sentry over Charles, they set off, while it was yet dark, on

their errand. The place which the weary wanderers had chosen for their nocturnal abode commanded a view of the lake, and when the sun rose, Charles and his friends observed the enemy's camp at the head of Lochnaigh. They would have gladly removed to a greater distance, but they resolved to wait for the return of the foraging party, who arrived about three o'clock in the afternoon, with two small cheeses, which were all the provisions they could procure. They also brought the alarming intelligence, that about a hundred soldiers were marching up the opposite side of the hill to search for some of the country people, who were supposed to have fled thither for shelter.

As it was not improbable that this party would in the course of their examination find out the place where Charles and his friends lay concealed, the most direful apprehensions must have seized the minds of the unhappy fugitives. Seeing no possibility of leaving their retreat without observation, whilst the soldiers were on the hill, they resolved to remain and abide the result. The soldiers made a general and narrow search all around, but fortunately did not come to the place where the wanderers lay. After the search was over the soldiers returned to their camp; and about eight o'clock in the evening Charles and his friends left their place of concealment, and, travelling at a very quick pace till it became dark, ascended a steep hill called Drimachosi, on arriving at the top of which, they observed the fires of a camp directly in their front, which in passing onward they imagined they could scarcely avoid. Determined, however, to make the attempt, whatever might be the consequences, they proceeded forward, and came so near the posts as to hear the soldiers talking together.

In passing over the top of this mountain Charles made a very narrow escape. Down a steep and pathless descent a small stream glided, the waters of which spreading among a mixture of grass and heath, with which the descent was covered, rendered it slippery, and of course very dangerous. When about to descend, Charles's foot slipped, and he would have undoubtedly fallen headlong down the precipice, and been dashed to pieces, had not Cameron, who preceded him, seized him by one of his arms, and held him fast with one hand, whilst, with the other, he laid hold of the heath to prevent both from tumbling down together. In this situation, Cameron held Charles till Glenaladale came down, who, laying hold of the prince's other arm, rescued him from his danger. Arriving at the bottom, they crept up the next hill, and, on reaching its summit, perceived the fires of another camp at the foot of the hill, directly in the way they intended to go down.

To pass this post seemed to be an undertaking utterly hopeless, and certain destruction appeared inevitable in the attempt; yet extremely dangerous as it was, the party resolved to make it. Unwilling, however, to expose the prince to such great risk, before putting the practicability of the measure to the test, Cameron, entirely regardless of his own safety, proposed to make the experiment himself before Charles ventured to pass. "If I succeed," said the generous Highlander, "and return safe, then your royal highness may venture, and I shall conduct you." At this time Cameron's nose began to itch,—a circumstance which was regarded by Donald as a dangerous omen. Whilst rubbing his nose, he could not avoid stating his apprehensions to Charles; but these superstitious fears did not divert him from his purpose. Cameron accordingly went forward, and, in a short time, returned to his companions with the agreeable information that he had entirely succeeded. No doubt now existing of the practicability and even the safety of the attempt, the whole party set off about two o'clock in the morning. Turning a little westward, Cameron conducted them to the channel of a small brook, through which they crept on their hands and feet to escape observation; and watching their opportunity when the backs of the sentinels were turned towards one another, quietly passed between them. After they were out of danger from the guards, Charles came up to Glenpean, and jocularly said to him, "Well, Donald, how does your nose do now?" "It is better now," answered Cameron, "but it still yucks (itches) a little." "Aye, Donald," rejoined the prince, as if taking the hint, "have we still more guards to go through?"

Having thus fortunately cleared the line of

posts, the party proceeded in their course, and, at about the distance of two miles, came to a place called Corriscorridill, on the Glenelg side of the head of Loch Hourn, where they stopped, and, having chosen a secure place, sat down and took some refreshment. They had no bread; but Charles supplied the deficiency by covering a slice of the dry cheese with oatmeal. He partook of this coarse fare cheerfully, and washed it down with some water from a neighbouring spring. They remained in this retreat till eight o'clock in the evening.

It being now evident that Charles could not remain with any chance of safety in the West Highlands, Glenaladale proposed, that instead of going eastward, as Charles intended, he should proceed north into Ross-shire, and seek an asylum among that part of the Mackenzies who had not joined in the insurrection, and whose territory had not, on that account, been visited by the military. Charles resolved to adopt the advice of his kind friend; and as Cameron was unacquainted with the route, he and Glenaladale left the covert to look out for a guide. Before they had gone far, however, they were astonished to find that they had passed all the day within cannon-shot of two little camps, and they perceived, at the same time, a company of soldiers driving some sheep into a hut, for the purpose, as they supposed, of being slaughtered. Returning to their place of concealment, they apprised Charles of their discovery; and as no time was to be lost in providing for their safety, the whole party immediately set off, and about three o'clock next morning, July the 27th, reached Glenshiel, in the Earl of Seaforth's country. As their small stock of provisions was exhausted, Glenaladale and Borodale's son went forward in quest of a supply, and to find out a guide to conduct them to Pollew, where it was reported some French vessels had been. Whilst Glenaladale was conversing with some country people about a guide, a Glengarry man, who had been chased that morning by a party of soldiers from Glengarry, after they had killed his father, came running up. This man, who had served in the prince's army, was recognised at once by Glenaladale, and as he knew him to be trustworthy, he resolved to keep him in reserve as a guide, in case they should be obliged to change their plan, and to remain about Glengarry. Having procured some provisions, Glenaladale and his companion returned to Charles, and after the whole party had partaken of the food, they retired to the face of an adjacent hill, and lay down to rest in a cave. They slept till between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, when Cameron, who had acted so faithfully, took his leave, as he was unacquainted with that part of the country. After Cameron's departure, Glenaladale, observing the Glengarry man returning to his own country, stepped out of the cave and prevailed upon him to remain in a by-place for a short time, as he said he had something to communicate to him. Glenaladale, on his return, stated his plan to Charles, which was to keep the Glengarry man without explaining to him any thing, till such time as he could ascertain whether he could depend upon getting a guide to Pollew, failing which he would retain the Glengarry man. Charles approved of what Glenaladale had done. About seven o'clock, Glenaladale repaired to a place where he had appointed a man, who had promised to procure a guide, to meet him, and having found this person, was informed by him that he could not get one, and that the only French vessel that had touched at Pollew had gone away. Glenaladale, therefore, dismissed this person, and returning to Charles, informed him of what had passed. They then gave up the idea of proceeding farther into Ross-shire, and the Glengarry man, having been introduced to the prince, cheerfully undertook to conduct him to Strathglass or Glenmoriston, to either of which districts he intended, according to circumstances, to shape his course.[6]

[6] Mr. Home mentions an interview with one Macraw in the Braes of Kintail, which is not even alluded to in the narrative of the prince's escape, drawn up by Glenaladale and others, and printed among the *Lockhart Papers*. If such an interview took place, its omission can only be fairly accounted for by supposing that the writer of that part of the narrative (Captain Alexander Macdonald, a younger brother of the Laird of Dallely,) was not aware of it. The following is Mr. Home's account of this affair:—

"After having crossed the line of posts, Glenaladale, thinking the West Highlands a very unsafe place for Charles, resolved to conduct him to the Ross-shire Highlands, amongst those Mackenzies who remained loyal, and therefore were not visited with troops. These Mackenzies, Glenaladale thought, would not betray Charles; and the person whom he had pitched upon to confide in was Sir Alexander Mackenzie of

Accordingly the whole party, accompanied by their new guide, set out through Glenshiel at a late hour; but they had not proceeded more than half-a-mile, when Glenaladale stopped short, and, clapping his hand upon his side, declared that his purse, containing 40 guineas, which the prince had given him for defraying expenses, was gone. Thinking that he had left it at their last resting place, Glenaladale proposed to go back in quest of it, and desired the prince to remain behind an adjacent hill till he returned; but Charles was averse to the proposal, though the purse contained his whole stock of money. Glenaladale, however, went back along with Borodale's son, and, on arriving at their last resting place, found the purse, but its contents were gone. Recollecting that a little boy had been at the place with a present of milk from a person whom Glenaladale had visited, he supposed that the boy might have taken away the purse, and he and his companion proceeded to the house of Gilchrist M'Rath, the person alluded to, and found the boy, who, as he had conjectured, had stolen the purse of gold. By means of Gilchrist, the money was restored to Glenaladale, with the exception of a trifle.

The temporary loss of the purse was a very fortunate occurrence for Charles and his friends, as, during Glenaladale's absence, an officer and two privates passed close by the place where Charles stood, having come by the very road he and his party had intended to proceed. As they went in the direction taken by Glenaladale and his companion, Charles grew very uneasy about his friends, lest they should, on their return, meet with this party; but returning by a different way, they rejoined the prince without interruption. Charles was overjoyed at the return of his friend; and, with reference to his late providential escape, observed, "Glenaladale, my hour, I see, is not come; for I believe I should not be taken though I had a mind to it." The party now continued their journey. In passing over the field of Glenshiel, the Glengarry man entertained Charles with an account of the action which happened there in 1719. Charles, it is said, could not help admiring the sagacity of his guide, who, though he had not been in the battle, gave as circumstantial and accurate an account of it as if he had been present.[7]

Travelling all night, Charles and his friends arrived on the side of a hill above Strathchluaine, where, fixing upon a secure place of retreat, they reposed till near three o'clock in the afternoon of the following day, viz., 28th of July. They then continued their journey along the hill-side; but they had not travelled above a mile when they heard the firing of small arms on the hill above them, which they judged to proceed from some of the troops who were engaged in their usual occupation of shooting the people who had fled to the mountains with their cattle and effects. To avoid these bloodhounds the party took a northern route, and ascended a high hill between the Braes of Glenmoriston and Strathglass. They reached the summit of this mountain at a late hour, and sought repose for the night in an open cave, in which they could neither lie nor sleep. They had no fuel, and as they were wet to the skin with a heavy rain which fell during the whole of the day, they passed a most uncomfortable night. Charles felt himself very cold, and he endeavoured to warm himself by smoking a pipe.

Coul. Charles and his attendants, setting out for Ross-shire on foot, suffered greatly in their journey from want of provisions; and when they came to the Braes of Kintail, inhabited by the Macraws, a barbarous people, among whom there are but few gentlemen, necessity obliged them to call at the house of one Christopher Macraw. Glenaladale, leaving Charles and the French officer at some distance, went to Macraw's house, and told him that he and two of his friends were like to perish for want of food, and desired him to furnish them with some victuals, for which they would pay. Macraw insisted upon knowing who his two friends were, which Glenaladale seemed unwilling to tell. Macraw still insisted, and Glenaladale told him at last that it was young Clan Ronald and a relation of his. Notwithstanding the consequence of the persons, Macraw, though rich for an ordinary Highlander, made Glenaladale pay very dear for some provisions he gave him. Having received the money, he grew better humoured, and desired Glenaladale and the other two to pass the night in his house, which they did. In the course of the conversation they talked of the times, and Macraw exclaimed against the Highlanders who had taken arms with Charles, and said that they and those who still proteeted him were fools and madmen; that they ought to deliver themselves and their country from distress by giving him up, and taking the reward which government had offered. That night a Macdonald who had been in the rebel army came to Macraw's house. At first sight he knew Charles, and took an opportunity of warning Glenaladale to take care that Christopher should not discover the quality of his guest."

[7] *Kirkconnel MS.*

Resolving again to go to Pollew, Glenaladale's brother and the Glengarry man were despatched, about three o'clock in the morning of the 29th, in quest of some trusty persons to conduct the prince thither, and were appointed to meet Charles and the rest of the party on the top of a neighbouring hill. Charles and his friends set off about five o'clock, and, after a walk of two hours, reached the top of the appointed hill, where they met the guide, who stated that he was directed by some proper persons he had found out, to desire Glenaladale to repair to a hill in the Braes of Glenmoriston, called Corambian, where they promised to come at an appointed hour with some victuals. The persons alluded to were a party of seven men, who, having been engaged in the insurrection, had formed themselves into a sort of predatory fraternity; intending, perhaps, to resume their former habits of industry when the persecutions of the government ceased. These had taken up their abode in a romantic cave on the side of Corambian, and seldom removed to any considerable distance from their rocky den, unless compelled by the necessity of providing for their immediate wants.

As directed, Charles and his friends proceeded to Corambian, and when they came near the cave, Glenaladale and the guide went forward, leaving Charles and the other two Macdonalds at a little distance. All the inmates of the den were present except one, and having killed a sheep that day, had just sat down to dinner. Glenaladale said he was glad to see them so well provided, and they invited him to sit down and share with them. He then said he had a friend with him, outside, for whom he must beg the same favour. Being asked by them who the friend was, he answered that it was young Clanranald, his chief. Nobody could be more welcome, they said, than the young chief; and they added, that they were willing to purchase food for him at the point of their swords. Glenaladale then left the cave and brought in Charles, who, being immediately recognised by its residents, had every respect shown him by these men, who fell on their knees before him. It is almost unnecessary to add, that Charles, who had scarcely tasted food for forty-eight hours, made ample amends for his long fast. After dinner, Charles's entertainers made up a bed for him of ferns and tops of heath, on which he was soon lulled asleep by the gentle murmurs of a purling stream that ran through the grotto close to his bedside.

The dress which Charles wore at this time is thus described by Mr. Home, who obtained his information from Hugh Chisholm, one of the seven persons who were in the cave at the time Charles resided in it.[8] Upon his head he had a wretched yellow wig and a bonnet, and about his neck a clouted handkerchief. He wore a coat of coarse, dark-coloured cloth, a Stirling tartan vest, much worn, a pretty good belted plaid, tartan hose, and Highland brogues tied with thongs, so much worn that they would scarcely stick upon his feet. His shirt, the only one he had, was of the colour of saffron. The inhabitants of the cave had no change of dress to offer their guest; but an incident occurred which enabled them to supply his wants. Hearing that a detachment of government troops, under Lord George Sackville, was marching from Fort-Augustus to Strathglass, and knowing that they must pass at no great distance from their abode, the robbers resolved to make an attempt upon their baggage. For this purpose they placed themselves between two hills, near the road to Strathglass, where, free from observation, they awaited the detachment. It soon appeared, and after it had passed, the Highlanders fired at some officers' servants, who were a considerable distance behind, and, rushing down upon them, seized and carried off some portmanteaus, in which they found every thing that Charles stood in need of.

The search for Charles, which had hitherto been pursued with the most persevering assiduity, now began to slacken, in consequence of an occurrence, which, it was supposed, rendered farther search unnecessary. Among other persons who had joined Charles at Edinburgh, there was a young man of respectable family, named Roderick Mackenzie. He had

[8] Chisholm was at Edinburgh many years after the rebellion, and was visited by several persons out of curiosity, some of whom gave him money. In shaking hands with his benefactors he always gave the left hand, and excused himself for offering that hand by stating that as he had shaken hands at parting with the prince, he was resolved never to give his right hand to any man till he saw the prince again.

served as one of the prince's life-guards. Being about the same age as Charles, tall and somewhat slender, like the prince, and with features resembling, in some degree, those of Charles, he might, with ordinary observers, who had not been accustomed to see them together, have passed for the prince. As he could not venture with safety to Edinburgh, where he had two maiden sisters living, he fled to the Highlands after the battle of Culloden, and, while skulking among the hills of Glenmoriston, was surprised by a party of soldiers, about the middle of July. Mackenzie endeavoured to escape; but being overtaken, he turned round upon his pursuers, and, drawing his sword, bravely defended himself. He was shot by one of the soldiers, and as he fell, he exclaimed, "You have killed your prince! you have killed your prince!" and immediately expired. Overjoyed at their supposed good fortune, the soldiers cut off the young man's head, and hurried to Fort-Augustus with their prize. The Duke of Cumberland, convinced that he had got the head of his relative, had it, it is said, packed up, and ordering a post-chaise, went off to London, carrying the head along with him. Shortly after his arrival, however, the deception, which had been of essential service to Charles, was discovered.[9]

Being pretty secure in Coiraghoth, as the cave was called, Charles remained three days in this retreat, during which he recruited so well that he considered himself able to encounter any hardships. The whole party then shifted their quarters to another hill, about two miles off, and took up their abode in another cave, on the 2d of August. After staying four days in their new dwelling they were again obliged to shift, in consequence of information they received, that one Campbell, a steward of Lord Seaforth and captain of militia, had pitched his camp at a little distance, to graze a large herd of cattle. Leaving one of their party behind to watch Campbell's motions, they set off in a northerly direction, and travelled to the heights of Strathglass. Charles was conducted to a sheep-cot, in which a bed was made up for him, consisting of turf, with the grass-side uppermost, and a pillow of the same. He remained in this hovel three days, during which an express was sent to Pollew, to ascertain whether a report which had reached him of some French vessels having been seen off the coast, was correct. On the supposition that the report would turn out to be well founded, the party followed the express, and crossing along the moor, put up at another shieling for the night, and about twelve o'clock, next day, August the 10th, arrived at a place called Glencanna, and passing the day in a neighbouring wood, repaired at night to a village hard by. About two o'clock next morning they scrambled up a hill on the north side of Glencanna, and sending off two of their number to forage for provisions, they waited two days in a neighbouring shieling for the return of their messenger from Pollew. The express arrived, and brought notice that a French ship had been upon the coast, and had landed two gentlemen, who had gone to Lochiel's country in quest of the prince. In expectation of meeting these gentlemen, Charles resolved to retrace his steps.

Upon the 13th of August they crossed the water of Casina, and passing near the house of young Chisholm, arrived at a place called Fassanacoil in Strathglass, about two o'clock in the morning. They concealed themselves in a thick wood, and some of the party were despatched as scouts to the Braes of Glengarry and Lochaber, to ascertain whether the search for the prince was over, and if the troops had returned to their camp at Fort-Augustus. Having ascertained on the return of their spies that the government troops had returned to their head-quarters, the whole party left the wood, where they had remained three days, and, on the morning of the 17th of August, set out through an unfrequented road, and again reached the Braes of Glenmoriston. Passing the day on the top of a hill, they continued their journey at night; but they had gone scarcely a mile, when they received information that a strong party of military were among the heights of Glengarry in quest of the prince. They, therefore, stopped short in their journey till they should ascertain the motions of the enemy, and passed the remainder of the night in a shieling.

Charles being now extremely desirous of

[9] Chambers's *Rebellion*. Stewart's *Sketches*, i. 59.

opening a communication with his friends in Lochaber, which was by this time almost free from troops, despatched two messengers on the morning of the 18th of August to Loch Arkaig in quest of Cameron of Clunes, to inform him that Glenaladale wished to meet him at a convenient place. Another of the party was, at the same time, sent to the Braes of Glengarry to ascertain if the troops were still in that quarter. Having ascertained, by the return of this messenger, who came back next day, that the roads were clear, Charles and his party, consisting altogether of ten persons, set out in the afternoon of the 19th, and passing under the favour of a fog through Glenmoriston and Glenlyne, arrived late at night in the Braes of Glengarry. The river Garry was swollen to a great height by the heavy rains which had fallen for some days; but some of the party having ascertained that it was fordable, Charles and his friends waded across with the water up to their middle. After passing the river, they proceeded onward about a mile in a very dark night, and finding no covert, remained on the side of the hill during the night, without shelter, amid a torrent of rain. Next morning they continued their course over hills and moors till they reached a height near a place called Achnasalt, or Achnasual, where the messengers sent to Loch Arkaig had been appointed to meet them. The rain having poured down without intermission all night and during the day, the situation of these forlorn wanderers had become very uncomfortable; and, to add to their distress, their whole stock of provision was exhausted. As none of the messengers had arrived, they were exceedingly perplexed what to do; but they were soon relieved from their anxiety by the appearance of Peter Grant, one of the most active of the seven men, who brought notice from Cameron of Clunes that he could not meet Glenaladale that night, but that he would visit him at the appointed place of rendezvous next morning, and in the meantime directed him to pass the night in a wood about two miles distant. Before setting out for their new quarters, of which they received a favourable report from two of the party, who were sent to examine the place, Glenaladale, with the consent of the prince, sent a messenger to Lochgarry, who lay concealed a few miles off, acquainting him with their arrival at Achnasual, and requesting him to meet them in the wood. After entering the wood, fortune threw a buck in their way, which one of the party immediately shot. Having kindled a fire, they roasted the flesh, and made a hearty meal, but without bread or salt. Lochgarry joined them the same night.

At ten o'clock next morning, August the 15th, Cameron of Clunes came to the wood, and conducted Charles to another forest at the foot of Loch Arkaig, in which he lay all night. With the exception of Hugh Chisholm and Peter Grant, all the Glenmoriston men took their leave. Charles expressed a wish to go to Rannoch, or Badenoch, where Lochiel and Cluny were; but upon Clunes informing him that he could not pass without great danger, as all the ferries were strictly guarded, he gave up his design, and, early next morning, sent a messenger to Lochiel, desiring his attendance. Concluding that Charles was to the north of the lakes, these chiefs had, about this period, sent Dr. Cameron and the Rev. John Cameron by different routes, to obtain information respecting the prince. On arriving within a few miles of the place where Lochiel was, Charles's messenger met the Doctor and the two French officers who had lately landed. As the messenger was desired to communicate no information about Charles to any person but Lochiel himself, he declined to answer any questions respecting the prince; but having stated that he had business of the utmost importance with Lochiel, the Doctor conducted him to his brother. Lochiel being unable, from the state of his wounds, to travel to a distance, then sent his brother to wait upon the prince, and to make his apology.

Dr Cameron, accompanied by two servants, arrived at the foot of Loch Arkaig on the 19th of August, and when near the place of Charles's concealment, he met Cameron of Clunes. At this time Charles and one of Clunes's sons were sleeping on the mountain, and Peter Grant was keeping watch; but, nodding upon his post, Grant did not observe the approach of the party till they were pretty near. He instantly awaked Charles and his companion. Cameron and Grant proposed that they should flee to the top of the mountain, but Charles thought dif-

ferently. He said he considered there was more danger in attempting to escape than in remaining where they were; and he proposed that they should take up a position behind some stones, take aim, and fire upon the party when they came nearer. He said that, as Grant and he were good marksmen, they would certainly do some execution, and that he had in reserve a brace of pocket pistols, which, for the first time, he produced. Fortunately, however, before a single shot was fired, the person of Clunes was recognised among the party. The joy of Charles and of young Cameron, at the narrow escape which the friends of the one and the father of the other had made, may be easily conceived. When informed by Dr. Cameron that Lochiel was well, and almost recovered of his wounds, the prince expressed the unbounded satisfaction he felt by fervently returning thanks to God three times. The appearance of Charles at this time was singular, and even terrific. He was bare-footed, and his beard had grown to a great length. He wore a dirty shirt, an old black tartan coat, a plaid, and a philibeg, carried a musket in his hand, and wore a pistol and dirk by his side. Had he not had one of the best and soundest constitutions ever enjoyed by a prince, he must ere this have fallen a victim to the numerous privations he had suffered; but his health remained unimpaired, and his flow of spirits continued. His companions had killed a cow on the present occasion, and when Dr. Cameron arrived a part of it was preparing for dinner. Charles partook heartily of the beef, which was seasoned by a supply of bread from Fort-Augustus, a commodity to which he had been for some time unaccustomed.

Next day the party went to a wood called Torvuilt, opposite to Achnacarry, where they held a council. Charles now proposed to go south, and join Lochiel; but one of the party mentioning that he had seen a paragraph in some newspapers, that had been brought from Fort-Augustus, which stated that he and Lochiel had passed Corryarrick with 30 men, he judged it advisable to defer his journey for a few days, as a search might be made for him about that mountain. In the meantime it was agreed that Dr. Cameron should visit Lochaber to procure intelligence, and that Lochgarry should go to the east end of Loch Lochy, and remain upon the isthmus between the lakes, to watch the motions of the troops. They accordingly left Charles the same day, and Cameron and Clunes, after conducting the prince and his party to another hut in the neighbourhood, also took leave.

Charles remained eight days in the neighbourhood of Achnacarry. Having expressed a strong desire to see the French officers who had landed at Pollew, they were brought to him. These gentlemen had come from Dunkirk in a small vessel, with 60 others, who had formed themselves into a company of volunteers under these two officers. Two of the volunteers landed along with the officers, and were taken prisoners. One of them, named Fitzgerald, a Spanish officer, was hanged at Fort William, on the ground of having been a spy in Flanders, and the other, a M. de Berard, a French officer, was afterwards exchanged upon the cartel. The officers fell in with Mr. Alexander Macleod, one of Charles's aides-de-camp, to whom they delivered some despatches they had brought over to the French ambassador, and they continued to wander in Seaforth's country till Lochgarry, hearing that they had letters to the prince, sent a Captain Macraw and his own servant to find them out and bring them to Lochiel, as the prince could not be found. When brought to Lochiel, he suspected them to be government spies. On Charles expressing his wish to see these officers, the Rev. John Cameron, who had lately joined, told him what his brother Lochiel thought of them, and advised him to act with great caution. The prince confessed that it appeared a very suspicious circumstance, that two men, without knowing a word of Gaelic, and being perfect strangers in the country, should have escaped so long if they were not really spies; but as they had told Lochiel that they had never seen the prince, he thought that he might see them safely by a stratagem, without being known to them. He therefore wrote them a letter to this effect:—that, in order to avoid falling into his enemies' hands, he had been under the necessity of retiring to a distant part of the country, where he had no person with him except one Captain Drummond and a servant, and, as he could not remove from the place of his concealment with-

out danger, he had sent Captain Drummond with the letter; and as he could repose entire confidence in him, he desired them to deliver any message they had to Drummond. This letter the prince proposed to deliver himself, as Captain Drummond, and the officers being sent for, were introduced to him under his assumed name. He delivered them the letter, which they perused, and he then obtained from them all the information they had to communicate, which, as his affairs then stood, was of little importance. They remained with him two days, and put many questions about the prince's health, his manner of living, &c. Thinking the packet they had delivered to Mr. Macleod might be of use, Charles sent for it; but as the letters were in cipher he could make nothing of them, not having the key.

About this time Charles made a very narrow escape, under the following circumstances. Information having been sent to the camp at Fort-Augustus that Charles or some of his principal adherents were in the neighbourhood of Loch Arkaig, a party was despatched in quest of them. One of Clunes's sons and Cameron the minister had gone to the strath of Clunes to obtain intelligence, and had entered a hut which Clunes had built for his family after his house had been burnt. They had not, however, been half-an-hour within, when a little girl came running into the house, in great haste, and said that she saw some soldiers approaching. At first they thought that the child was mistaken, as Lochgarry had promised to place a guard between Fort-Augustus and Clunes, to give intelligence of the approach of troops; but going out of the house, they found that the girl was correct in her information. It was then about eight o'clock in the morning, and the prince, with one of Clunes's sons and Peter Grant, was sleeping in a hut on the face of the hill on the other side of the water of Kaig, about a mile from Clunes's hut. Whilst old Cameron, therefore, remained to watch the motions of this party, one of his sons and the minister went off to arouse Charles. Crossing the water under cover of the wood, they came within pistol-shot of the soldiers, who proceeded down into the strath. When awaked and informed of his danger, Charles, with great composure, called for his gun, and, looking down the vale, saw a number of soldiers demolishing Clunes's hut and searching the adjacent woods.[1] Charles and his attendants immediately resolved to remove to a distance, and to conceal their flight, ascended the hill along the channel of a torrent which the winter rains had worn in the face of the mountain. Clearing this hill without being seen, they proceeded to another mountain, called Mullentagart, of a prodigious height, and very steep and craggy. They remained all day on this hill without a morsel of food. One of Clunes's sons came to them about twelve o'clock at night with some whisky, bread, and cheese, and told them that his father would meet them at a certain place in the hills, at a considerable distance, with provisions, and the young man returned to let his father know that he might expect them. Charles and his attendants set out for the appointed place at night, and travelled through most dreadful ways, amongst rocks and stumps of trees, which tore their clothes and limbs. Such were the difficulties they encountered, that the guides proposed to halt and rest till the morning, but Charles, though exceedingly exhausted, insisted on going on, that they might not break their appointment with Clunes. Worn out at last with fatigue and want of food, the prince was not able to proceed farther without assistance. Though almost in the same situation themselves, the Highlanders offered him their aid, and two of them laying hold each of an arm, supported him till he arrived at the end of this very laborious journey. They met Clunes and his son, who had already killed a cow and dressed a part of it for their use.

Charles remained in this remote place with his companions till the arrival of Lochgarry and Dr. Cameron. They informed him that they had been with Lochiel and Cluny, and that it had been concerted among them that the prince should come to their asylum for some time; and they added, that Cluny would meet his Royal Highness at Auchnacarry, on a certain day, in order to conduct him to Badenoch. Being also informed by them that the passes

[1] The party in question consisted of about two hundred of Lord Loudon's Highlanders, under Captain Grant of Knockando, Strathspey.

were not so strictly guarded as formerly, Charles crossed Loch Arkaig, and took up his abode in a fir wood belonging to Lochiel, on the west side of the lake, to wait the arrival of Cluny. Impatient to see two such tried friends as Lochiel and Cluny, Charles would not wait for Cluny's coming to Auchnacarry, but set out for Badenoch with such guides as he had. Next day Charles arrived at a place called Corinauir, in Badenoch, where he passed the night. Cluny had passed on to Auchnacarry the same day by another way. Lochiel,

Dr Archibald Cameron, from rare print in the Burney Collection in British Museum.

who had skulked in his own country about two months, had sought an asylum among the Braes of Rannoch, where he was attended by Sir Stewart Thriepland, an Edinburgh physician, for the cure of the wounds he had received in his ancles. On the 20th of June they fell in with Macpherson of Cluny, who conducted them to a more secure retreat on Benalder, a hill of immense circumference, on his own property, on the borders of Rannoch. Lochiel, who had since that time lived on this mountain with his friend Cluny, was now residing in a small miserable hovel on the side of the hill, at a place called Mellenauir, or Millanuir, attended by Macpherson of Breakachie, Allan Cameron, his principal servant, and two servants of Cluny.

On the morning of the 30th of August, Charles, accompanied by Lochgarry, Dr. Cameron and two servants, set out for Mellenauir. They were all armed, and on approaching the hut they were mistaken by Lochiel for a party of militia, who, he supposed, had been sent out in search of him from a camp a few miles of. From the lameness in his feet, Lochiel was not in a condition to attempt an escape, but there seemed to be little danger, as both parties were equal in point of numbers, and the party in the hut had this advantage, that they could fire their first volley without being observed, and as they had a considerable quantity of fire arms, they could discharge another volley or two before the advancing party could reload their pieces. The danger to which Charles and his friends were now exposed was greater than that which Dr Cameron and Clunes had run, as, on the present occasion, the party in the hut, resolving to receive their supposed enemies with a general discharge of all the firearms, had actually planted and levelled their pieces; but happily for Charles and his friends, they were recognised just as Lochiel and his attendants were about giving their fire. Upon making this fortunate discovery Lochiel left the hut, and, though very lame, went forward to meet the prince. On coming up to Charles, Lochiel was about to kneel, but Charles prevented him, and clapping him on the shoulder, said, "Oh no, my dear Lochiel, we do not know who may be looking from the top of yonder hills, and if they see any such motions they will immediately conclude that I am here." Charles always considered Lochiel as one of his best friends, and placed the greatest confidence in him; and the generous chief showed, by his unbounded attachment to the prince, that this confidence was not misplaced. The meet-

ing, therefore, of two such friends, after so many perils and escapes, was extremely joyous.

After they had recovered from the first transports of their joy, Lochiel conducted Charles into the hut, where the latter beheld a sight to which his eyes had not been accustomed for many months. Besides abundance of mutton, the hut contained an anchor of whisky, of twenty Scotch pints, some good dried beef sausages, a large well-cured bacon ham, and plenty of butter and cheese. On entering the prince took a hearty dram, and drank to the health of his friends. Some minced collops were then prepared for him with butter in a large saucepan, which Lochiel and Cluny always carried about with them, being the only fire-vessel they had. The pan was set before Charles with a silver spoon. He took this repast with great gusto, and was so delighted with this little change in his circumstances, that he could not help exclaiming, with a cheerful countenance, "Now, gentlemen, I live like a prince." After dinner he asked Lochiel if he had always fared so well during his retreat. "Yes, Sir," answered Lochiel; "for near three months past I have been hereabout with my cousin Cluny; he has provided for me so well that I have had plenty of such as you see, and I thank Heaven your Royal Highness has got through so many dangers to take a part." Finding, on his arrival at Auchnacarry, that Charles had departed with his friends for Badenoch, Cluny had retraced his steps, and he reached Mellenauir two days after Charles's arrival there. On entering the hut Cluny would have kneeled before Charles, but the prince prevented him, and giving him a kiss, said, "I am sorry, Cluny, you and your regiment were not at Culloden: I did not hear till very lately that you were so near us that day."

The day after his return to Mellenauir, Cluny, thinking it time to remove to another retreat, conducted the prince and his attendants to a little shieling called Uiskchibra, about two miles farther into Benalder. This hut was very bad and extremely smoky; but Charles accommodated himself, as he had always done, to circumstances. After passing two nights in this miserable abode, he was conducted to a very extraordinary and romantic habitation, called the Cage, which Cluny had fitted up for Charles's reception. From the description given by Cluny of this remarkable retreat, it will be seen how well adapted it was for the purpose of concealment.

"It was," says Donald Macpherson, "situated in the face of a very rough, high, and rocky mountain, called Letternilichk, still a part of Benalder, full of great stones and crevices, and some scattered wood interspersed. The habitation called the Cage, in the face of that mountain, was within a small thick bush of wood. There were first some rows of trees laid down, in order to level a floor for the habitation; and as the place was steep, this raised the lower side to an equal height with the other; and these trees, in the way of joists or planks, were levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots, some stakes fixed in the earth, which, with the trees, were interwoven with ropes, made of heath and birch twigs, up to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape; and the whole thatched and covered over with fog. This whole fabric hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happened to be two stones at a small distance from one another, in the side next the precipice, resembling the pillars of a chimney, where the fire was placed. The smoke had its vent out here, all along the face of the rock, which was so much of the same colour, that one could discover no difference in the clearest day. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons; four of whom were frequently employed playing at cards, one idle looking out, one baking, and another firing bread and cooking."[2]

[2] Appendix to Home's Works, vol. iii. No. 46. Cluny himself had several places of concealment on his estate. "He lived for nine years chiefly in a cave, at a short distance from his house, which was burnt to the ground by the king's troops. This cave was in the front of a woody precipice, the trees and shelving rocks completely concealing the entrance. It was dug out by his own people, who worked by night, and conveyed the stones and rubbish into a lake in the neighbourhood, in order that no vestige of their labour might betray the retreat of their master. In this sanctuary he lived secure, occasionally visiting his friends by night, or when time had slackened the rigour of the search. Upwards of one hundred persons knew where he was concealed, and a reward of £1,000 was offered to any one who should give

Charles's deliverance was now nearer at hand than he or his friends probably expected. Several small vessels had arrived on the west coast, from time to time, to carry him off to France; but the persons in charge of these not being able to find him had returned home. Charles knew this, and now that he was able to keep up a communication with his friends, he took care to provide against a similar recurrence. He was at a considerable distance from the coast, but matters were so concerted that, if a French vessel appeared, he could easily get the intelligence. There were some of his partizans skulking near the west coast, who, though they did not know where he himself was, had instructions to convey the news to others who were concealed in the interior, who would again communicate it to persons in the knowledge of the prince's place of retreat. For some time Colonel Warren, of Dillon's regiment, had been exerting himself to induce the French government to fit out an expedition to rescue Charles from his toils. He at last succeeded in procuring two vessels of war, L'Heureux and La Princesse de Conti, with which he departed from St. Malo about the end of August. In the event of his bringing the prince safe away, the Chevalier de St. George had promised to make him a Knight Baronet, a dignity which he afterwards conferred upon him.[3]

These vessels arrived in Lochnanuagh early in September, and Captain Sheridan, a son of Sir Thomas Sheridan, and a Mr. O'Beirne, a lieutenant in the French service, immediately landed and waited upon Glenaladale, who, they were informed, knew where Charles was. This faithful friend, happy at the prospect of escape which now offered, set off the same night for the place where he expected to find Charles, to communicate to him the agreeable intelligence; but to his great sorrow he found the prince gone, and he could fall in with no person who could give him the least information of his route. Clunes, from whom Glenaladale expected to get tidings of Charles, had, in consequence of the destruction of his hut, gone to another quarter, and was not to be found. Whilst ruminating over his disappointment, a poor woman accidentally came to the place where he was, and he had the good fortune to ascertain from her the place of Clunes's retreat. Having found him out, he and Clunes instantly despatched a messenger to Charles with the joyful intelligence; and Glenaladale then returned to Lochnanuagh, to notify to Colonel Warren that Charles might be speedily expected in that quarter.

The messenger arrived at Benalder on the 13th of September, on which day Charles left his romantic abode, and, after taking leave of Cluny, set off on his journey for the coast, accompanied by Lochiel and others. He at the same time sent off confidential messengers in different directions, to acquaint such of his

information against him; and as it was known that he was concealed on his estate, eighty men were constantly stationed there, besides the parties occasionally marching into the country to intimidate his tenantry, and induce them to disclose the place of his concealment. But though the soldiers were animated with the hope of the reward, and though a step of promotion to the officer who should apprehend him was superadded, yet so true were his people, so strict to their promise of secrecy, and so dexterous in conveying to him the necessaries he required, in his long confinement, that not a trace of him could be discovered, nor an individual found base enough to give a hint to his detriment. At length, wearied out with this dreary and hopeless state of existence, and taught to despair of pardon, he escaped to France in 1755, and died there the following year."—*Stewart's Sketches*, 3d Edition, vol. i. p. 62.

"The late Sir Hector Munro, then a lieutenant in the 34th regiment, and from his zeal and knowledge of the country and the people, intrusted with the command of a large party, continued two whole years in Badenoch, for the purpose of discovering the chief's retreat. The unwearied vigilance of the clan could alone have saved him from the diligence of this party. At night Cluny came from his retreat to vary the monotony of his existence, by spending a few of the dark hours convivially with his friends. On one occasion he had been suspected, and got out by a back window just as the military were breaking open the door. At another time, seeing the windows of a house kept close, and several persons going to visit the family after dark, the commander broke in at the window of the suspected chamber, with two loaded pistols, and thus endangered the life of a lady newly delivered of a child, on account of whose confinement these suspicious circumstances had taken place. This shows that there was no want of diligence on the part of the pursuers. Cluny himself became so cautious, while living the life of an outlaw, that on parting with his wife, or his most attached friends, he never told them to which of his concealments he was going, or suffered any one to accompany him,—thus enabling them, when questioned, to answer, that they knew not where he was."—*Idem.*

It may be here stated *en passant* that Cluny did not leave Scotland from his "dreary and hopeless state of existence," but in compliance with a special request made to him by Prince Charles. See a letter from the prince to Cluny, of 4th Sept., 1754, among the *Stuart Papers.*

[3] Vide several letters from Colonel Warren to the Chevalier de St. George and others, among *Stuart Papers.*

friends as he could reach, announcing the arrival of the ships, that they might have an opportunity of joining him if inclined. As Charles and his friends travelled only by night, they did not reach Borodale, the place of embarkation, till the 19th. On the road Charles was joined by Lochgarry, John Roy Stewart, Dr. Cameron, and other gentlemen who intended to accompany him to France. Besides these, many others had left their different hiding places on hearing of the arrival of the French vessels, and had repaired to the coast of Moidart, also waiting for the arrival of him for whose sake they had forfeited their lives, intending to adopt the bitter alternative of bidding an eternal adieu to their native land. The number of persons assembled was about a hundred.

The career of Charles in the hereditary dominions of his ancestors was now ended. Attended by seven persons only, he had, with daring hardihood, landed about fourteen months before on the spot where he was destined to depart as a fugitive, and, with a handful of men, had raised the standard of insurrection and set the whole power of the government at open defiance. The early part of his progress had been brilliant. With a few thousand undisciplined mountaineers, he had overrun land, in the face of three hostile armies, had carried dismay to the capital. The retreat from Derby, the merit of which belongs to Lord George Murray exclusively, quieted for a time the apprehensions of the government; but the defeat at Falkirk again convinced it that the succession settlement was still in danger; and that, perhaps, at no distant day, the young and daring adventurer might place the son of James II. upon the throne from which his father had been expelled. Even after his retreat to Inverness, the supporters of the house of Hanover could have no assurance that the Duke of Cumberland's army might not share the fate of its predecessors, in which event the new dynasty would probably have ceased to reign; but the triumphs of Charles were at an end, and the fatal field of Culloden, after witnessing the bravery of his troops, became the grave of his hopes. Then commenced that series of extraordinary adventures and wonderful escapes, of which some account has been given, and which could scarcely have been credited had they not been authenticated beyond the possibility of dispute. During the brilliant part of his career Charles had displayed great moderation and forbearance; and though his spirits sank when compelled to retreat, yet in the hour of adversity, when beset with perils and exposed to privations which few princes could have endured, he exhibited uncommon fortitude, strength of mind, and cheerfulness.

In his wanderings Charles laid down a rule to himself, to which he scrupulously adhered, never to intrust any person from whom he was about to depart with the secret of his route, so that, with the exception of the few friends who were about him for the time being, none of those to whom he had been formerly indebted for his preservation knew the place of his retreat. This was a wise precaution, but was attended with this disadvantage, that it prevented him from acquiring early information of the arrival of the French vessels upon the coast. But no means he was able to take for his own security could have saved him, had he not had a guarantee in the incorruptible fidelity of the persons into whose hands he committed himself. At the risk of their own destruction they extended to him the aid of their protection, and relieved his necessities. Many of these persons were of desperate fortunes, and there were others in the lowest ranks of life; yet, among nearly 200 persons to whom Charles must have been known during the five months he wandered as a fugitive, not one ever offered to betray him, though they knew that a price of £30,000 was set upon his head. History nowhere presents such a splendid instance of disinterested attachment to an unfortunate family.

Accompanied by Lochiel, Lochgarry, John Roy Stewart, Dr. Cameron, and a considerable number of other adherents, Charles departed from Lochnanuagh on the 20th of September, and had a favourable passage to the coast of France, where he landed on Monday the 29th of September. He immediately proceeded to Morlaix, whence he despatched Colonel Warren the same day to Paris, to announce his arrival to the French court. He also sent at the same time a letter to his brother Henry, to the same effect, and enclosed a similar one to his father.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BRITISH SOVEREIGN:—George II., 1727—1760.

A. D. 1746—1747.

Commission of *Oyer and Terminer*—Trial of prisoners—Francis Townley—Jemmy Dawson—Lords Kilmarnock, Cromarty, and Balmerino—Execution of these noblemen—Other executions—Trials at Carlisle and York—Trial and execution of Mr. Ratcliffe—Trial and execution of Lord Lovat—Act of Indemnity passed.

WHILST the issue of the contest remained doubtful, the government took no steps to punish the prisoners who had fallen into their hands at Carlisle; but after the decisive affair of Culloden, when there appeared no chance of the Jacobite party ever having it in their power to retaliate, the government resolved to vindicate the authority of the law by making examples of some of the prisoners.

As it was intended to try the prisoners at different places for the sake of convenience, an act was passed empowering his majesty to try them in any county he might select.

On the 24th and 25th of June bills of indictment were found against 36 of the prisoners taken at Carlisle, and against one David Morgan, a barrister, who had been apprehended in Staffordshire. The court then adjourned till the 3d of July, on which day the prisoners were arraigned. Three only pleaded guilty. The rest applied for a postponement of their trials on the ground that material witnesses for their defence were at a considerable distance. The court in consequence ruled that in cases where witnesses were in England the trial should be put off to the 15th of July, and where they were in Scotland, to the 25th of the same month.

The court accordingly met on the 15th of July, and proceeded with the trial of Francis Townley, Esquire, before a grand jury, at the court-house, Southwark. This unfortunate gentleman had been colonel of the Manchester regiment. He was of a respectable family in Lancashire. Obliged to retire to France in 1728, he had obtained a commission from the King of France, and had served at the siege of Philipsburgh under the Duke of Berwick, who lost his life before the walls of that place. He continued sixteen years in the French service; and after his return to England had received a commission to raise a regiment. A plea was set up by his council, that holding a commission in the French service he was entitled to the benefit of the cartel as well as any other French officer, but this was overruled, and he was found guilty. On the next and two following days eighteen other persons, chiefly officers in the said regiment, were brought to trial. Five were attainted by their own confession of high treason, twelve on a verdict of high treason of levying war against the king, and one was acquitted. These seventeen persons, along with Townley, were all condemned to death, and nine of them, including Townley, were selected for execution on the 30th. The rest were reprieved for three weeks.

Kensington common was the place destined for the execution of these unfortunate men, most of whom met their fate with fortitude and resignation. The execution was accompanied with the disgusting and barbarous details usual at that time in cases of treason.

Two singular and interesting circumstances occurred at this execution. The one was the attendance of a younger brother of Lieutenant Thomas Deacon's, of the Manchester Regiment, and one of those who had obtained a reprieve. At his own request he was allowed to witness the execution of his brother in a coach under the charge of a guard. The other was one of a very affecting description. Hurried away by the impetuosity of youth, James Dawson, one of the sufferers, the son of a Lancashire gentleman, had abandoned his studies at St. John's college, Cambridge, and had joined the Jacobite standard. He and a young lady of good family and handsome fortune were warmly attached to each other, and had Dawson been acquitted, or, after condemnation, found mercy, the day of his enlargement was to have been that of their marriage. When all hopes of mercy were extinguished, the young lady resolved to witness the execution of her lover, and so firm was her resolution, that no persuasions of her friends could induce her to abandon her determination. On the morning of the execution she accordingly followed the sledges to the place of execution in a hackney coach, accompanied by a gentleman nearly related to her, and one female friend. She got near enough to see the fire kindled which was

to consume that heart she knew was so much devoted to her, and to observe the other appalling preparations without committing any of those extravagances her friends had apprehended. She had even the fortitude to restrain her feelings while the executioner was pulling the cap over the eyes of her lover; but when he was thrown off she in an agony of grief drew back her head into the coach, and, crying out, "My dear, I follow thee, I follow thee;—sweet Jesus, receive both our souls together!" fell upon the neck of her female companion, and instantly expired.[4]

The principal witness against Townley, Deacon, Dawson, and others, was Samuel Maddock, an ensign in the same regiment, who, to save his own life, turned king's evidence against his former comrades.[5]

The individuals next proceeded against were persons of a higher grade. The Marquis of Tullibardine escaped the fate which awaited him, having died of a lingering indisposition in the Tower on the 9th of July; but on the 23d of that month the grand jury of the county of Surrey found bills for high treason against the Earls of Kilmarnock, and Cromarty, and Lord Balmerino. Lord-chancellor Hardwicke was appointed Lord High Steward for the trial of these peers. The indictments being certified, the house of lords fixed the 28th of July for the day of trial. Accordingly, on the day appointed the three lords proceeded from the Tower towards Westminster-hall, where the trial was conducted with great pomp and ceremony.

After the indictments had been read, the Earls of Kilmarnock and Cromarty pleaded "guilty," and threw themselves entirely upon the king's mercy. Before pleading to his indictment, Lord Balmerino stated that he was not at Carlisle at the time specified in the indictment, being eleven miles off when that city was taken, and he requested to know from his grace if it would avail him any thing to prove that fact. Lord Hardwicke said that such a circumstance might, or might not, be of use to him; but he informed him that it was contrary to form to permit him to put any questions before pleading to the indictment, by saying whether he was guilty or not guilty. His grace desiring his lordship to plead, the intrepid[6] Balmerino apparently not understanding the meaning of that legal term, exclaimed, with great animation, "Plead! Why, I am pleading as fast as I can." The lord-high-steward having explained the import of the phrase, the noble baron answered, "Not guilty."

The trial then proceeded. Four witnesses were examined. One of them proved that he saw Lord Balmerino ride into Carlisle on a bay horse the day after it was taken by the Highlanders;—that he saw him afterwards ride up to the market-place with his sword drawn at the head of his troop of horse, which was the second troop of Charles's body guards, and was called Elphinstone's horse. Another witness deponed that he saw his lordship ride into Manchester at the head of his troop, and that he was there when the young Chevalier was proclaimed regent. Two other witnesses proved that his lordship was called colonel of his troop, that he always acted in that station, gave orders on all occasions to his officers, and that he was in great favour with Prince Charles. The evidence on the part of the crown having been finished, the lord-high-steward asked the prisoner if he had any thing to offer in his defence, or meant to call any witnesses. His lordship replied that he had nothing to say, but to make an exception to the indictment which was incorrect in charging him with being at Carlisle at the time it was taken by the Highlanders. The peers then resolved to take the opinion of the judges upon the point, and these were unanimously of opinion, that, as an overt act of treason and other acts of treason had been proved beyond contradiction, there was no occasion to prove explicitly every thing that was laid in the in-

[4] Shenstone has commemorated this melancholy event in his plaintive ballad of 'Jemmy Dawson.'

[5] *Carlisle in* '45, p. 244.

[6] "He is," says Walpole, "the most natural, brave old fellow I ever saw: the highest intrepidity, even to indifference. At the bar he behaved like a soldier and a man; in the intervals of form, with carelessness and humour. . . . At the bar he plays with his fingers upon the axe, while he talks to the gentleman gaoler; and one day, somebody coming up to listen, he took the blade and held it like a fan between their faces. During the trial a little boy was near him, but not tall enough to see; he made room for the child, and placed him near himself."

dictment; and that, of course, the prisoner's objection was not material. The peers then unanimously found Lord Balmerino guilty of high treason, after which, the other two lords were brought to the bar, and were informed by the lord-high-steward, that if either of them had any thing to move in arrest of judgment, they must come prepared on the Wednesday following at eleven o'clock, and state their objections, otherwise sentence of death would be awarded against them. The three lords were then carried back to the Tower in coaches, and the axe, which was in the coach with Lord Balmerino, had its edge pointed towards him.

The court accordingly met again on Wednesday the 30th of July, when the lord-high-steward addressed the prisoners; and beginning with Lord Kilmarnock, asked him if he had any thing to offer why judgment of death should not be passed against him. His lordship stated, that having, from a due sense of his folly, and the heinousness of his crimes, acknowledged his guilt, he meant to offer nothing in extenuation, but to throw himself entirely on the compassion of the court, that it might intercede with his majesty for his royal clemency. He then, in a somewhat humble speech, urged several reasons why he should be treated with clemency, expressing great contrition for having, somewhat against his own inclination, joined in the "unnatural scheme." He concluded by stating, that if after what he had stated their lordships did not feel themselves called upon to employ their interest with his majesty for his royal clemency, that he would lay down his life with the utmost resignation, and that his last moments should "be employed in fervent prayer for the preservation of the illustrious house of Hanover, and the peace and prosperity of Great Britain."

The Earl of Cromarty began a most humiliating but pathetic appeal, by declaring that he had been guilty of an offence which merited the highest indignation of his majesty, their lordships, and the public; and that it was from a conviction of his guilt that he had not presumed to trouble their lordships with any defence. "Nothing remains, my lords," he continued, "but to throw myself, my life, and fortune, upon your lordships' compassion; but of these, my lords, as to myself is the least part of my sufferings. I have involved an affectionate wife, with an unborn infant, as parties of my guilt, to share its penalties; I have involved my eldest son, whose infancy and regard for his parents hurried him down the stream of rebellion. I have involved also eight innocent children, who must feel their parent's punishment before they know his guilt. Let them, my lords, be pledges to his majesty; let them be pledges to your lordships; let them be pledges to my country for mercy; let the silent eloquence of their grief and tears; let the powerful language of innocent nature supply my want of eloquence and persuasion; let me enjoy mercy, but no longer than I deserve it; and let me no longer enjoy life than I shall use it to deface the crime I have been guilty of. Whilst I thus intercede to his majesty through the mediation of your lordships for mercy, let my remorse for my guilt as a subject; let the sorrow of my heart as a husband; let the anguish of my mind as a father, speak the rest of my misery. As your lordships are men, feel as men; but may none of you ever suffer the smallest part of my anguish. But if after all, my lords, my safety shall be found inconsistent with that of the public, and nothing but my blood can atone for my unhappy crime; if the sacrifice of my life, my fortune and family, is judged indispensably necessary for stopping the loud demands for public justice; and if the bitter cup is not to pass from me, not mine, but thy will, O God, be done."

When the lord-high-steward addressed Lord Balmerino, he produced a paper, and desired it might be read. His grace told his lordship that he was at liberty to read it if he pleased; but his lordship replied that his voice was too low, and that he could not read it so distinctly as he could wish. One of the clerks of parliament, by order of the lord-high-steward, then read the paper, which was to this effect:—That although his majesty had been empowered by an act of parliament, made the last session, to appoint the trials for high treason to take place in any county he should appoint; yet, as the alleged act of treason was stated to have been committed at Carlisle, and prior to the

passing of the said act, he ought to have been indicted at Carlisle, and not in the county of Surrey, as the act could not have a retrospective effect. His lordship prayed the court to assign him counsel to argue the point. The peers, after consideration, agreed to his petition for counsel, and at his request assigned him Messrs. Wilbraham and Forrester, and adjourned the court to the 1st of August.

The three prisoners were again brought back from the Tower. On that day the lord-high-steward asked Lord Balmerino if he was then ready by his counsel to argue the point, which he proposed to the court on the previous day. His lordship answered, that as his counsel had advised him that there was nothing in the objection sufficient to found an arrest of judgment upon, he begged to withdraw the objection, and craved their lordships' pardon for giving them so much trouble. The prisoners then all declaring that they submitted themselves to the court, Lord Hardwicke addressed them in a suitable speech, and concluded by pronouncing the following sentence :[5]—"The judgment of the law is, and this high court doth award, that you, William, Earl of Kilmarnock; George, Earl of Cromarty; and Arthur Lord Balmerino, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower from whence you came: from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution: when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck, but not till you are dead; for you must be cut down alive; then your bowels must be taken out and burnt before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies; and your bodies must be divided each into four quarters; and these must be at the king's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls." Then the prisoners were removed from the bar, and after taking a cold collation which had been prepared for them, were carried back to the Tower in the same order and form as before.

The Earl of Kilmarnock immediately presented a petition to the king for mercy, and also another, a copy of the first, to the Prince of Wales, praying his royal highness's intercession with his majesty in his behalf; and a third to the Duke of Cumberland for a similar purpose. In this last mentioned petition he asserted his innocence of charges which had been made against him, of having advised the putting to death of the prisoners taken by the Highland army before the battle of Culloden, and of advising or approving of an alleged order for giving no quarter to his majesty's troops in that battle. In the petitions to the king and the Prince of Wales, the earl declared that he had surrendered himself at the battle of Culloden, at a time when he could have easily escaped; but he afterwards admitted that the statement was untrue, and that he was induced to make it from a strong desire for life; that he had no intention of surrendering; and that, with the view of facilitating his escape, he had gone towards the body of horse which made him prisoner, thinking that it was Fitz-James's horse, with the design of mounting behind a dragoon. These petitions were entirely disregarded.

The Earl of Cromarty, with better claims to mercy, also petitioned the king. In support of this application the countess waited upon the lords of the cabinet council, and presented a petition to each of them; and, on the Sunday following the sentence, she went to Kensington-palace in deep mourning, accompanied by Lady Stair, to intercede with his majesty in behalf of her husband. She was a woman of great strength of mind, and though far advanced in pregnancy, had hitherto displayed surprising fortitude; but on the present trying occasion she gave way to grief. She took her station in the entrance through which the king was to pass to chapel, and when he approached she fell upon her knees, seized him by the coat, and presented her supplication, fainted away at his feet. The king immediately raised her up, and taking the petition, gave it in charge of the Duke of Grafton, one of his attendants. He then desired Lady Stair to conduct her to one of the apartments. The Dukes of Hamilton and Montrose, the Earl of Stair and other courtiers, backed these petitions for the royal mercy by a personal application to the king, who granted a pardon to the earl on the 9th of August.

The high-minded Balmerino disdained to

[5] As will be seen, the more barbarous and ignominious part of the sentence was not carried into effect; Kilmarnock and Balmerino were put to death by simple decapitation.

compromise his principles by suing for pardon, and when he heard that his fellow-prisoners had applied for mercy, he sarcastically remarked, that as they must have great interest at court, they might have squeezed his name in with their own. From the time of his sentence down to his execution, he showed no symptoms of fear. He never entertained any hopes of pardon, for he said he considered his case desperate, as he had been once pardoned before. When Lady Balmerino expressed her great concern for the approaching fate of her Lord, he said, "Grieve not, my dear Peggy, we must all die once, and this is but a few years very likely before my death must have happened some other way: therefore, wipe away your tears; you may marry again, and get a better husband." About a week after his sentence a gentleman went to see him, and apologising for intruding upon him when he had such a short time to live, his lordship replied, "Oh! Sir, no intrusion at all: I have done nothing to make my conscience uneasy. I shall die with a true heart, and undaunted; for I think no man fit to live who is not fit to die; nor am I any ways concerned at what I have done." Being asked a few days before his execution in what manner he would go to the scaffold, he answered, "I will go in the regimentals which I wore when I was first taken, with a woollen shirt next my skin, which will serve me instead of a shroud to be buried in." Being again asked why he would not have a new suit of black, he replied, "It would be thought very imprudent in a man to repair an old house when the lease of it was near expiring; and the lease of my life expires next Monday." The king could not but admire the high bearing and manly demeanour of this unfortunate nobleman; and when the friends of the other prisoners were making unceasing applications to him for mercy, he said, "Does nobody intercede for poor Balmerino? He, though a rebel, is at least an honest man." According to Walpole, Balmerino was "jolly with his pretty Peggy" almost to the very last.

On the 11th of August an order was signed in council for the execution of the Earl of Kilmarnock and Lord Balmerino, and on the 12th two writs passed the great seal, empowering the constable of the Tower to deliver their bodies to the sheriffs of London, for execution on Monday the 18th. The order for their execution on the 18th of August having been announced to the unfortunate noblemen by Mr. Foster, a dissenting clergyman, Lord Kilmarnock received the intelligence with all the composure of a man resigned to his fate, but at the same time with a deep feeling of concern for his future state. Balmerino, who perhaps had as strong a sense of religion as Kilmarnock, received the news with the utmost unconcern. He and his lady were sitting at dinner when the warrant arrived, and, being informed of it, her ladyship started up from the table and fainted away. His lordship raised her up, and, after she had recovered, he requested her to resume her seat at table and finish her dinner.

On the Saturday preceding the execution, General Williamson, at Kilmarnock's desire, as is supposed, gave him a minute detail of all the circumstances of solemnity and outward terror which would accompany it.

Balmerino was not actuated with the same feeling of curiosity as Kilmarnock was to know the circumstances which would attend his execution, but awaited his fate with the indifference of a martyr desirous of sealing his faith with his blood. The following letter, written by him on the eve of his execution, to the Chevalier de St. George, strikingly exemplifies the cool intrepidity of the man, and the sterling honesty with which he adhered to his principles:—

"Sir,—You may remember that, in the year 1716, when your Majesty was in Scotland, I left a company of foot, purely with a design to serve your Majesty, and, had I not made my escape then, I should certainly have been shot for a deserter.

"When I was abroad I lived many years at my own charges before I ask'd any thing from you, being unwilling to trouble your Majesty while I had any thing of my own to live upon, and when my father wrote me that he had a remission for me, which was got without my asking or knowledge, I did not accept of it till I first had your Majesty's permission. Sir, when His Royal Highness the Prince, your son, came to Edinburgh, as it was my bounden and indispensable duty, I joyn'd him, for which

I am to-morrow to lose my head on a scaffold, whereat I am so far from being dismayed, that it gives me great satisfaction and peace of mind that I die in so righteous a cause. I hope, Sir, on these considerations, your Majesty will provide for my wife so as she may not want bread, which otherwise she must do, my brother having left more debt on the estate than it was worth, and having nothing in the world to give her. I am, with the most profound respect, Sir, your Majesty's most faithful and devoted subject and servant,

"BALMERINO."[6]

"TOWER OF LONDON,
17*th August*, 1746."

On Monday, the 18th of August, great preparations were made on Tower-hill for the execution. At ten o'clock the block was fixed on the stage, covered with black cloth, and several sacks of sawdust were provided to be strewed upon the scaffold. Soon after the two coffins were brought and placed upon the scaffold. Upon Kilmarnock's coffin was a plate with this inscription, "Gulielmus Comes de Kilmarnock, decollatus 18° Augusti, 1746, ætat. suæ 42," with an earl's coronet over it, and six coronets over the six handles. The plate on Balmerino's coffin bore this inscription, "Arthurus Dominus de Balmerino, decollatus 18° Augusti, 1746, ætat. suæ 58," surmounted by a baron's coronet, and with six others over the handles.

These preparations were completed about half-past ten, when the sheriffs, accompanied by their officers, went to the Tower, and, knocking at the door, demanded "The bodies of William, Earl of Kilmarnock, and Arthur, Lord Balmerino." General Williamson thereupon went to inform the prisoners that the sheriffs were in attendance. When told that he was wanted, Lord Kilmarnock, who had just been engaged in prayer with Mr. Foster, betrayed no fear, but said, with great composure, "General, I am ready; I'll follow you." On leaving the Tower, Kilmarnock and Balmerino met at the foot of the stair. They embraced each other, and Balmerino said, "I am heartily sorry to have your company in this expedition." The ill-fated noblemen were then brought to the Tower-gate, and delivered over to the sheriffs. When the prisoners were leaving the Tower, the deputy-lieutenant, according to an ancient usage, cried, "God bless King George!" to which Kilmarnock assented by a bow, but Balmerino emphatically exclaimed, "God bless King James!" The prisoners were then conducted to the house fitted up for their reception, and, being put into separate apartments, their friends were admitted to see them. When the prisoners arrived at the door of the house, some persons among the crowd were heard asking others, "Which is Lord Balmerino?" His lordship, overhearing the question, turned a little about, and, with a smile, said, "I am Balmerino, gentlemen, at your service."

About eleven o'clock Lord Balmerino sent a message to Lord Kilmarnock requesting an interview, which being consented to, Balmerino was brought into Kilmarnock's apartment. The following dialogue, as reported by Mr. Foster, then ensued. BALMERINO—"My lord, I beg leave to ask your lordship one question." KILMARNOCK—"To any question, my lord, that you shall think proper to ask, I believe I shall see no reason to decline giving an answer." B. "Why then, my lord, did you ever see or know of any order signed by the prince, to give no quarter at Culloden?" K. "No, my

[6] The original of the above letter, from which this copy was taken, is among the *Stuart Papers*, and is written in a remarkably bold and steady hand. The Chevalier sent a copy of this letter to Charles on 20th January, 1747. "I send you," says he, "a copy of poor Lord Balmerino's letter. I shall inquire about his widow, and send her some relief if she stands in need of it."—*Stuart Papers*. James was as good as his word. See Mr. Theodore Hay's letter to Secretary Edgar, of 10th June, 1747, and Lady Balmerino's receipt, 18th May following, for £60, in the *Stuart Papers*. The letter of Lord Balmerino, and the circumstances of his death, are feelingly alluded to in a letter written by Lady Balmerino to the Chevalier, from Edinburgh, on 15th June, 1751:—"Before my dear lord's execution, he leaving this world, and having no other concern in time but me, wrote a letter to your Majesty, dated 17th August, 1746, recommending me and my destitute condition to your Majesty's commiseration and bounty. You are well informed of his undaunted courage and behaviour at his death, so that even your Majesty's enemies and his do unanimously confess that he died like a hero, and asserted and added a lustre which never will be forgot to the undoubted right your Majesty has to your three realms. He had the honour to have been in your Majesty's domestick service in Italy, and ever preserved, before his last appearance, an inviolable, constant attachment to your royal house and interest, which at last he not only confirmed by his dying words, but sealed it with his blood, than which a greater token and proof it is not of a subject to give of his love and fidelity to his sovereign.

lord." B. "Nor I neither; and therefore it seems to be an invention to justify their own murders." K. "No, my lord, I do not think that inference can be drawn from it; because, while I was at Inverness, I was informed by several officers that there was such an order, signed 'George Murray;' and that it was in the duke's custody. B. "Lord George Murray! Why, then, they should not charge it upon the prince." After this conversation the prisoners tenderly saluted each other, and Balmerino, after bidding his friend in affliction an eternal and happy adieu, added, with a countenance beaming with benignity, "My dear lord, I wish I could alone pay the reckoning and suffer for us both."

Lord Kilmarnock appeared to be most anxious to impress upon the minds of those who were with him the sincerity of his repentance for the crime for which he was about to suffer. He declared himself fully satisfied with the legality of King George's title to the crown, and stated that his attachment to the reigning family, which had suffered a slight interruption, was then as strong as ever. He spent a considerable time in devotion with Mr. Foster, till he got a hint from the sheriffs that the time was far advanced, his rank as an earl giving him a melancholy priority on the scaffold. After Mr. Foster had said a short prayer, his lordship took a tender farewell of the persons who attended him, and, preceded by the sheriffs, left the room followed by his friends. Notwithstanding the great trouble he had taken, in accordance with the wish of Mr. Foster, to familiarise his mind with the outward apparatus of death, he was appalled when he stepped upon the scaffold at beholding the dreadful scene around him, and, turning round about to one of the clergymen, said, "Home, this is terrible!" He was attired in a suit of black clothes, and, though his countenance was composed, he had a melancholy air about him, which indicated great mental suffering. Many of the spectators near the scaffold were so much affected by his appearance that they could not refrain from tears, and even the executioner was so overcome that he was obliged to drink several glasses of spirits to enable him to perform his dreadful duty.

Mr. Foster, who had accompanied his lordship to the scaffold, remained on it a short time in earnest conversation, and having quitted it, the executioner came forward and asked his lordship's forgiveness in executing the very painful task he had to perform. The unhappy nobleman informed the executioner that he readily forgave him, and presenting him a purse containing five guineas, desired him to have courage. His lordship then took off his upper clothes, turned down the neck of his shirt under his vest, and undoing his long dressed hair from the bag which contained it, tied it round his head in a damask cloth in the form of a cap. He then informed the executioner that he would drop a handkerchief as a signal for the stroke about two minutes after he had laid his head down upon the block. Either to support himself, or as a more convenient posture for devotion, he laid his hands upon the block. On observing this the executioner begged his lordship to let his hands fall down, lest they should be mangled or break the blow. Being told that the neck of his waistcoat was in the way, he rose up, and with the help of Colonel Craufurd, one of his friends, had it taken off. The neck being now made completely bare to the shoulders, the earl again knelt down as before. This occurrence did not in the least discompose him, and Mr. Home's servant, who held the cloth to receive his head, heard him, after laying down his head the second time, put the executioner in mind that in two minutes he would give the signal. He spent this short time in fervent devotion. Then, fixing his neck upon the block, he gave the fatal signal; his body remained without the least motion till the stroke of the axe, which at the first blow almost severed the head from the body. A small piece of skin which still united them was cut through by another stroke. The head, which was received into a scarlet cloth, was not exposed, in consequence, it is said, of the earl's own request, but along with the body, was deposited in the coffin, which was delivered to his friends, and placed by them in the hearse. The scaffold was then strewed over with fresh sawdust, and the executioner, who was dressed in white, changed such of his clothes as were stained with blood.

The first act of this bloody tragedy being

now over, the under-sheriff went to Balmerino's apartments to give him notice that his time was come. "I suppose," said his lordship on seeing this functionary enter, "my Lord Kilmarnock is no more." Being answered in the affirmative, he asked the under-sheriff how the executioner had performed his duty, and upon receiving the account, he said, "then it was well done, and now, gentlemen, (continued the inflexible Balmerino, turning to his friends,) I will detain you no longer, for I desire not to protract my life." During the time spent in Kilmarnock's execution Balmerino had conversed cheerfully with his friends, and twice refreshed himself with a bit of bread and a glass of wine, desiring the company to drink him "a degree to heaven." Saluting each of his friends in the most affectionate manner, he bade them all adieu, and leaving them bathed in tears, he hastened to the scaffold, which he mounted with a firm step.

The strong feeling of pity with which the spectators had beheld the handsome though emaciated figure of the gentle Kilmarnock gave place to sensations of another kind, when they beheld the bold and strongly-built personage who now stood on the stage before them. Attired in the same regimentals of blue turned up with red which he had worn at the battle of Culloden, and treading the scaffold with a firm step and an undaunted air, he gloried in the cause for which he suffered, and forced the assembled multitude to pay an unwilling tribute of admiration to his greatness of soul. His friends, on beholding the apparatus of death, expressed great concern; but his lordship reproved their anxiety. His lordship walked round the scaffold, and bowed to the people. He then went to the coffin, and reading the inscription, said it was correct. With great composure he examined the block, which he called his "pillow of rest." He then put on his spectacles, and, pulling a paper from his pocket, read it to the few persons about him, in which he declared his firm attachment to the house of Stuart, and stated that the only fault he had ever committed deserving his present fate, and for which he expressed his sincere regret, was in having served in the armies of the enemies of that house, Queen Anne and George I. He complained that he had not been well used by the lieutenant of the Tower, but that having received the sacrament the day before, and read several of the Psalms of David, he had forgiven him, and said that he now died in charity with all men.

Calling at last for the executioner, that functionary stepped forward to ask his forgiveness, but Balmerino interrupted him, and said, "Friend, you need not ask my forgiveness; the execution of your duty is commendable." Then, presenting him with three guineas, his lordship added, "Friend, I never had much money; this is all I have, I wish it was more for your sake, and I am sorry I can add nothing else to it but my coat and waistcoat." These he instantly took off, and laid them down on the coffin. He then put on the flannel waistcoat which he had provided, and a tartan cap on his head, to signify, as he said, that he died a Scotchman; and going to the block, placed his head upon it in order to show the executioner the signal for the blow, which was by dropping his arms. Returning then to his friends, he took an affectionate farewell of them, and, surveying the vast number of spectators, said, "I am afraid there are some who may think my behaviour bold; but," addressing a gentleman near him, he added, "remember, Sir, what I tell you; it arises from a confidence in God, and a clear conscience."

Observing at this moment the executioner with the axe in his hand, he went up, and, taking it from him, felt the edge. On returning the fatal instrument, Balmerino showed him where to strike the blow, and encouraged him to do it with resolution, "for in that, friend," said he, "will consist your mercy." His lordship, then, with a countenance beaming with joy, knelt down at the block, and extending his arms, said the following prayer:—"O Lord, reward my friends, forgive my enemies, bless the prince and the duke, and receive my soul." He then instantly dropt his arms. The executioner, taken unawares by the suddenness of the signal, hurriedly raised the axe, and missing his aim, struck the ill-fated lord between the shoulders, a blow which, it has been said, deprived the unfortunate nobleman of sensation; but it has been averred by some of the spectators, that Balmerino turned his head a little round upon the block, gnashed

his teeth, and gave the executioner a ghastly stare. Taking immediately a better aim, the executioner gave a second blow, which almost severed the head from the body, and deprived the noble victim of life. The body having fallen from the block, it was instantly replaced, and the executioner, once more raising the fatal weapon, finished his task. The head was received in a piece of red cloth, and deposited along with the body in the coffin, and being put into a hearse, was carried to the chapel of the Tower, and buried with that of Lord Kilmarnock, near the remains of Lord Tullibardine. Mr. Humphreys, curate of the chapel, read the funeral service, and when he came to the words, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," two gentlemen, friends of the deceased, took up the spades and performed the office of the grave-diggers.

For a time the unhappy fate of the two lords almost exclusively engaged the attention of the public; and in private circles, as well as in the periodicals of the day, the conduct and bearing of the unfortunate noblemen were viewed and commented upon according to the partialities and feelings of the parties. By the whigs, and generally by all persons of a real or affected seriousness of mind, Kilmarnock was regarded as a perfect model of the dying Christian, who, though he had been guilty of base ingratitude to the government, and had told a falsehood at his trial, had fully atoned for his offences by his contrition; whilst his companion in suffering was looked upon as an incorrigible rebel, who had braved death with an unbecoming levity. The Jacobites, however, and even some of the friends of the revolution settlement, whilst they could not but admire the calm resignation of Kilmarnock, heartily despised the cringing pusillanimity which he displayed to soften the resentment of the government. Balmerino was viewed by them in a very different light. Whilst the Jacobites looked upon him as an illustrious martyr, who had added a lustre to their cause by his inflexible intrepidity and the open avowal of his sentiments, the other section of his admirers applauded his courage, and paid a just tribute to his honesty. The more dispassionate judgment of posterity has done ample justice to the rectitude and magnanimity of this unfortunate nobleman.

The next victims to the offended laws were Donald Macdonald, of the Keppoch family, who had served as a captain in the regiment of that chief, Walter Ogilvy, a young man of good family in Banffshire, a lieutenant in Lord Lewis Gordon's regiment, and James Nicolson, who had kept a coffee-house in Leith. These three, with one Alexander Macgrowther, who also held a commission in the Highland army, were taken at Carlisle. When brought to the bar of the court at St. Margaret's-hill, the three first pleaded guilty, and begged for mercy; but Macgrowther attempted to defend himself on the ground that he was forced into the insurrection by the Duke of Perth against his will, having as a vassal no power to withstand the commands of his superior.[6] This defence, corresponding in very many cases with reality, and which was also made by many of the Scotch prisoners, was overruled. On the 2d of August these four persons were condemned, and Macgrowther having been afterwards reprieved, the remainder suffered on Kennington-common, on the 22d of the same month. Macdonald and Nicolson were executed in their Highland dress. The same revolting process of disembowelling, &c., practised upon the bodies of Townley and his companions, was gone through; but the spectators were spared the revolting spectacle, which was witnessed on that occasion, of cutting down the prisoners whilst alive.

At Perth, on the 19th of September, Captain Crosby, who had deserted from the British army in Flanders, and come to Scotland with the French troops, was hanged, and two deserters were shot. A singular incident happened on this occasion. To carry the sentence against Crosby into execution on the day appointed, the hangman of Perth was secured in the town prison; but having apparently no certainty that he would perform his painful duty, the hangman of Stirling was sent for by the magistrates, who, upon his appearance, liberated the timorous functionary. The hangman immediately fled the place. Captain Crosby was brought to the place of execution on the appointed day, but before the time for

[6] "The general plea and defence of the prisoners at Carlisle was that they were *forced* into the rebellion—*i.e.*, they were put under influences by clanship and such like, morally equivalent to force."—*Carlisle in '45*, p. 257.

throwing him off arrived, the executioner dropt down dead. After remaining a considerable time at the place of execution the guard was returning with Crosby to the prison, when an infamous criminal, who was a prisoner in the jail, offered to hang the captain for a reward of ten guineas and a free pardon. The authorities having acceded to the demand of this ruffian, Crosby was immediately carried back to the place of execution, and suffered with great fortitude.[7]

The sittings at St. Margaret's-hill were resumed on the 23d of August, and were continued from time to time for about two months. Bills were found against thirty-two persons, besides Lord Macleod and Secretary Murray; but these last were not brought to trial. Of the thirty-two tried no less than twenty-two were convicted at different times, all of whom received sentence of death on the 15th of November. Of these, eight of the principal were ordered for execution on the 28th of that month. Among these were Sir John Wedderburn, John Hamilton, Andrew Wood, Alexander Leith, and James Bradshaw. Sir John Wedderburn had acted as receiver in the counties of Perth and Angus of the ale and malt arrears raised by the Highland army; Hamilton had been governor of Carlisle; Wood, a youth of two-and-twenty, had distinguished himself as a volunteer in Roy Stewart's regiment; Leith had served as a captain in the Duke of Perth's regiment, and though old and infirm, had been remarkable for zeal and activity; and Bradshaw had shown his devotion to the cause of the Stuarts by giving up a lucrative business as a merchant in Manchester, and expending all his wealth to promote it. He entered the Manchester regiment; but thinking that he could be of more use by marching with the Highland army into Scotland than by remaining at Carlisle, he joined Lord Elcho's corps, and was taken prisoner after the battle of Culloden.

On the morning of the execution two of the prisoners of the name of Farquharson and Watson obtained a reprieve, as also did one Lindsay, just as he was about to step into the sledge. The effect upon this man's feelings, when his pardon was announced, was such, that his life appeared for a time in danger. The five prisoners were then drawn to the place of execution in two sledges, where their doom was sealed. Bradshaw read a paper, in which he declared that he had joined "the king's forces" from a principle of duty only, and that he never had reason since to be convinced that he had been mistaken; but that, on the contrary, every day's experience had strengthened his opinion that what he had done was right and necessary. He stated that he had had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the most ungenerous enemy he believed ever assumed the name of a soldier,—"the pretended duke of Cumberland, and those under his command," whose inhumanity, he observed, had exceeded every thing he could have imagined, "in a country where the name of a God is allowed of." He expressed his firm conviction, that the order attributed to Charles to give no quarter was "a malicious, wicked report, raised by the friends of the usurper" to excuse the cruelties committed by his troops in Scotland. After a high eulogium upon the qualifications of the prince, the paper concluded with a prayer for the preservation of "King James the Third, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of York."

Besides the trials at Southwark, other trials took place at Carlisle and York, chiefly of prisoners taken at Culloden. No less than 382 of these unfortunate beings had been brought to Carlisle; but as the trial of such a great number of persons, with a view to capital punishment, might appear extremely harsh, and would be inconvenient, a proposal was made to the common prisoners, who formed the great mass, that, with certain exceptions, only one in every twenty, chosen by lot, should be tried, and that the remainder should be transported. This proposal was acceded to by a considerable number. By this means the number for trial was reduced to 127, who were immediately separated from the others, and with the exception of two—Sir Archibald Primrose and Captain Hay—thrust into one room in the keep of the castle, where their miseries induced many to hatch futile plots for escape.[8]

The judges adjourned to the 9th of September; and, in the mean time, they repaired to

[7] True Copies of the Papers wrote by Arthur Lord Balmerino and others, published in the year 1746.

[8] *Carlisle in* '45, p. 247–50.

York, where the grand jury found bills against 75 persons confined there. The judges resumed their sittings at Carlisle for the trial of the prisoners there, on the 9th of September, on which, and the two following days, the prisoners, against whom bills had been found, were arraigned. Bills were found against 15 more on the 12th, making a total of 134. Of these, 11 pled guilty when arraigned; 32 entered the same plea when brought to trial; 48 were found guilty, of whom 11 were recommended to mercy, 36 acquitted, 5 remanded to prison till further evidence should be procured, and 1 obtained delay on an allegation of his being a peer. The judges resumed their sittings at York on the 2d of October, and sat till the 7th. Of the 75 persons indicted, 2 pled guilty when arraigned, 52 when brought to trial, and 16 were found guilty, 4 of whom were recommended to mercy. All these received sentence of death. Five only were acquitted.

Of the 91 prisoners under sentence at Carlisle, 30 were ordered for execution; 9 of whom were accordingly executed at Carlisle on the 18th of October.[9] Six were executed at Brampton on the 21st of the same month, and 7 suffered at Penrith. Seven out of the 30 were reprieved, and 1 died in prison. All those who were executed underwent the usual process of unbowelling.

Among those who suffered at Carlisle on October 18th, were Major Donald Macdonald of Tynedrish—he who, short-sighted, unwittingly allowed himself to be made prisoner after the battle of Falkirk. He was one of the first to join Prince Charles after his landing, and it is supposed that Sir Walter Scott had him in his mind, when he drew the character of Fergus M'Ivor, in *Waverley*. Another was the brave and chivalrous laird of Kinloch-Moidart, described as a plain honest man, exceedingly cool-headed, and fitted for either the cabinet or the field, but unable to resist the persuasions of his brother Æneas Macdonald, the Paris banker, who accompanied Charles to Scotland—and the fascination which the prince seems to have exercised on those whom he personally addressed. An acquaintance of Macdonald's visited him when he was confined a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle, and asked him how he came to engage in so desperate an undertaking, which never had a probability of success? "I myself was against it," he replied; "but, Lord man, what could I do when the young lad came to my house?"[1]

On the 1st of November 10 of the prisoners condemned at York suffered in that city, and on the 8th of the same month, 11 others suffered the same fate. Another prisoner suffered on the 15th November. The work of death closed at Carlisle on the 15th of December by the immolation of 11 more victims.

Out of the 77 persons who thus suffered, it is remarkable that, with the solitary exception of Lord Kilmarnock, they all maintained, to the very last, the justice of the cause for which they suffered. The more enthusiastic among them even openly declared that they would continue to support the claim of the exiled family to the crown if set at liberty.

Notwithstanding this useless waste of human blood, the government did not consider the work of destruction complete till the lives of two individuals, who lay more especially under its ban, were sacrificed, as the last atonement to public justice. These were Charles Ratcliffe and Lord Lovat. The former was a younger brother of the Earl of Derwentwater, who suffered in 1716, and whose title Mr. Ratcliffe had assumed. He had been engaged in the former insurrection, taken at Preston, and condemned, but made his escape out of Newgate; and after passing some years in France and Italy, married the Countess of Newburgh at Paris. He had visited England privately in 1733, and returned again two years thereafter, when he appeared openly in public. Soliciting his pardon without success, he returned to France, where he remained till November, 1745, when he was made prisoner on board a French vessel, on her way to Scotland

[9] One of them, Cappoek, (created Bishop of Carlisle by Charles,) made a long speech in support of the claims of the house of Stuart. He prayed for "King James," Prince Charles, and the rest of the Stuart family, called King George an usurper, and when found guilty, he thus addressed his fellow-prisoners at the bar:—"Never mind it, my boys; for if our Saviour was here, these fellows would condemn him." Observing Brand extremely dejected, he said to him, "What the devil are you afraid of? We shan't be tried by a Cumberland jury in the other world."—*Scots Mag.* vol. viii. p. 498.

[1] *Carlisle in '45*, pp. 254 and 266.

with suppnes for Prince Charles. He was arraigned at the bar of the court of king's bench on the 21st of November, 1746, upon his former sentence; but he refused either to plead or to acknowledge the authority of the court, on the ground that he was a subject of France, where he had resided thirty years, and honoured with a commission in the service of his most christian majesty. Being brought to the bar next day, his former sentence being read over to him, he pleaded that he was not the person therein mentioned; but his identity being clearly established, he was ordered to be executed on the 8th of December. His aunt, Lady Petre, did every thing in her power to save him, or at least to procure a respite till his lady should arrive from Paris, but without success. Some demur seems, however, to have existed, as the preparations for his execution were so long delayed, that the carpenters were obliged to work on the scaffold on Sunday the day before the execution, and all the following night.

The preparations for his execution were somewhat the same as those in the cases of Kilmarnock and Balmerino. He was dressed in a suit of scarlet, faced with black velvet trimmed with gold, a gold-laced waistcoat, and wore a white feather in his hat. When he came upon the scaffold he took a tender farewell of his friends, and after spending about seven minutes in prayer on his knees, he rose, and pulling off his clothes, went forward to the block, on which he placed his head to try how it fitted. He then spoke to the executioner as if giving him directions, and kneeling down again, and fixing his head upon the block, in about two minutes he gave the signal to the executioner, who, as in the case of Balmerino, did not complete his work till he had given the third blow. The head was received in a scarlet cloth. Without the levity of Balmerino, Mr. Ratcliffe displayed the same manly fortitude and contempt of death exhibited by that unfortunate nobleman. He died, as he had lived, a Catholic; and so warmly was he attached to the faith of his ancestors, that when some zealous Protestant objected to him that some of the tenets of his religion were contrary to reason, he is said to have wished, that for every such tenet, the belief of which was required by the church, there were twenty, that he might have a larger field for exercising his faith.[1] His body was delivered over to his friends, and interred by them, on the 11th of November, at St. Giles's-in-the-fields, near the remains of his brother.

The last scene of this bloody tragedy ended with the trial and execution of the aged Lord Lovat, who had been confined in the Tower since the 15th of August. He was impeached by the House of Commons on the 11th of December, and was brought to the bar of the House of Peers on the 18th, when the articles of impeachment were read to him.[2] At his own desire, four gentlemen were assigned him for counsel, and he was appointed to put in answers to the articles of impeachment on or before the 13th of January. The trial, which was appointed to take place on the 23d of February, was postponed to the 5th, and afterwards to the 9th of March, on which day it commenced. The articles of impeachment were in substance, that he had compassed and imagined the death of the king,—that he had corresponded with the Pretender, accepted a commission from him to be a lieutenant-general of his forces, and another to be general of the Highlanders, and that he had accepted a patent from the Pretender creating him Duke of

[1] Boyse, p. 176.

[2] The Laird of Macleod, in a letter to Lord-president Forbes, dated 18th December, 1746, says, "I saw unhappy Lovat to-day. Except for the feebleness of his limbs, his looks are good. He asked me several general questions, and particularly about you;—said he was resigned, and ready to meet his fate, since it was God's will;—asked after his children, &c." In another letter to the president, written two days thereafter, he again alludes to his lordship:—"Lovat behaved well at the bar of the house of peers, and they say with spirit. Granville and Bath spoke very strongly with regard to the seizure of his estate and effects; and that matter is ordered to be rectified, except in so far as private creditors come in the way." Sir Andrew Mitchell, however, who was more of a courtier than Macleod, viewed matters in a different light. In a letter to the president, 26th December, 1746, he remarks, "Your lordship will have heard an account of Lord Lovat's behaviour; and, therefore, I shall not trouble you with the particulars; only, I must observe, there was neither dignity nor gravity in it: he appeared quite unconcerned; and what he said was ludicrous and buffoonish; but his petition for the restoration of his effects, &c., was bold and well worded; which, however, would have been passed over without notice, had not Lord Granville bounced, and Lord Bath vapoured, and procured an order to be entered in the Journals, and have by that acquired to themselves a sort of popularity, which you know they very much wanted. No Scots nobleman spoke on this occasion; they are prudent and cautious. God bless them!"—*Culloden Papers.*

Fraser,—that he had met with armed traitors, and had raised great numbers of armed men for the service of the Pretender and his son, and had traitorously levied a cruel and unnatural war against his majesty,—that he had

Simon, Lord Lovat.—(From Hogarth's Picture.)

sent a treasonable letter to the son of the Pretender when in arms within the kingdom,—that he had also sent treasonable letters to other persons, then openly in arms against the king,—that he had assisted the rebels in their traitorous designs, and had sent his eldest son, and many of his name, family, and dependents, to the assistance of the Pretender's eldest son, and had given them instructions in the prosecution of the rebellion,—and finally, that he had traitorously, both in person and by letters, held correspondence with the eldest son of the Pretender, and with divers persons employed by him, and particularly with Murray of Broughton, the two Lochiels, John Roy Stewart, Dr. Cameron, and others. To all these charges Lord Lovat gave a pointed denial.

They were, however, fully established by the strongest proofs. The written evidence consisted of papers found in his lordship's strong box, besides some letters which he had written to Prince Charles, the last of which having come into the hands of Murray of Broughton, in his capacity of secretary to the prince, were basely delivered up by him to save his own worthless life. Lord Lovat exerted all his ingenuity to evade the force of the evidence; but the proofs of his criminality were too clear to admit of any doubt. His lordship objected to the admissibility of Murray as a witness, on the ground that he was attainted by act of parliament made in the previous session, and that he had not surrendered himself in terms of the act. Having stated that he had several objections against the witness, one or two of which he considered essential, a discussion ensued as to whether all these objections should not at once be stated. As giving a fair sample of the manner in which the trial was conducted, the argument on both sides, on the point alluded to, is here given:—

"Mr. Attorney-General.—My lords, I observe that the noble lord at the bar said that he had several objections to the examining this witness, and that one or two of them were essential; but the noble lord has not mentioned more than one. I presume, my lords, it would be proper that he should name all his objections at once, that the managers may have an opportunity of answering them all, and receiving your lordships' judgment upon the whole; therefore, if he has any other objections to offer, it would be proper he should mention them now to your lordships. Lord Lovat.—My lords, I submit it to your lordships that that is a very odd proposition. I give your lordships an essential one now, and when that is answered I have another. I am not to be directed by those who are my *persecutors*. Lord-High-Steward.—My Lord Lovat, you are not to be directed by your accusers, but by the lords who are your judges; and the course of proceeding in this and all other courts is, that a person, who objects to any witness, should name all his objections at the same time; and it is the more material in this court, as it tends to prevent the trouble of making several unnecessary adjournments. Lord L.—My lords, as this objection is very essential, I pray that it may be answered before I make another. Lord Talbot.—If this is a material objection to the witness, then there will be no

occasion for any other; but if it is an immaterial one, then your lordships may go into any other; but the way proposed by the managers may be very detrimental to the unhappy person at the bar. Lord H. S.—Your lordships hear what is proposed; and the question is, whether the noble lord at the bar shall name all his objections now, or take them up one by one. Sir William Yonge, (one of the managers from the commons.)—My lords, I should hope that, in any course of proceeding, where objections of this kind are made, they should be made all together; for if they are made separate, we must consequently make distinct answers to them all, which may oblige your lordships to adjourn often to the chamber of parliament, which will create a great and unnecessary delay of time: and my lords, there can be no objection to his naming the whole at once, since they will all be distinctly considered by your lordships, and undoubtedly receive distinct answers. I therefore humbly insist, that he may be obliged to name all his objections at once. Mr. Noel, (another manager.)—My lords, what we are now upon is no point of law at all: it is simply, whether the noble lord at the bar as is usual should not name all his objections at once? When he does name them, then to such as are clear points of law he must be heard by his counsel; but at present, my lords, we are upon a question concerning the course of proceeding, whether he shall name them all at once, that they may be taken into consideration at the same time? My lords, one thing struck me in a very extraordinary manner:—It was said by the noble lord at the bar, that he was not to be directed by his *persecutors*. My lords, we are no persecutors; we persecute no man; we are intrusted by the commons, who carry on this prosecution against the noble lord at the bar for treason, and we prosecute for the preservation of the king's government and the laws of the land. Lord L.—My lords, I said I was not to be directed by those who accused me. Your lordships cannot expect I can say what I have to offer in an eloquent manner. My lords, should the saving of a little time be a reason for taking away a person's life? I hope these will not act like the parricides who took off the head of both kingdoms in a day by their prosecution. I am a peer of this land, and I think no excuse of saving time should be allowed as a reason to destroy me. Lord H. S.—My Lord Lovat, the lords will use all the deliberation, and give you all the time that is requisite for your defence; but I must beg your lordship will have so much consideration as to keep your temper, and not suffer yourself to be hurried into passion, for that may greatly prejudice you in making your defence. Your lordship will find the advantage in your defence by keeping your temper. Lord L.—I give your lordship my humble thanks: and since your lordships will not allow me counsel, I have spoke the little nonsense I had to say; but now your lordships shall hear me say nothing out of temper. Lord H. S.—My Lord Lovat, the question now is, whether you shall name all your objections at once? I must acquaint your lordship that that is the rule in the courts below, that if several objections are made to a witness, they are all named at once, in order to prevent unnecessary delays. Lord L.—My lords, to show how much I desire to save time, though, according to the course of nature, my time can be but short, I am so far from desiring to give your lordships trouble, or to prolong time, that I do insist upon this objection to the witness, and rely upon it as the only material objection." [3]

The managers having offered to prove, by the record of the court of King's bench, that Mr. Murray had surrendered himself within the time prescribed, the question whether the record should be received in evidence, was argued at great length by the counsel for Lord Lovat, and the managers on the part of the prosecution. Having decided that the record might be read and given in evidence, Lord Lovat offered to falsify the record, by proving, in opposition to the averment therein contained, that Mr. Murray had not surrendered himself as required by the act of parliament. The court, however, decided that the record of the court of King's bench, which was, nevertheless, literally untrue, could not be falsified by oral evidence.

Being called upon to make his defence on the sixth day of the trial, Lovat gave in a long

[3] Trial published by order of the House of Peers. London, 1747.

paper, in which he commented with great severity upon the witnesses, whose testimony he maintained was not to be credited. He designated Secretary Murray as "the most abandoned of mankind, who, forgetting his allegiance to his king and country, had, according to his own confession, endeavoured to destroy both, like another Catiline, to patch up a broken fortune upon the ruin and distress of his native country. To-day stealing into France to enter into engagements upon the most sacred oath of fidelity; soon after, like a sanguinary monster, putting his hand and seal to a bloody proclamation, full of rewards for the apprehending of the sacred person of his majesty, and lest the cup of his iniquity had not been filled, to sum up all in one, impudently appearing at their lordships' bar to betray those very secrets which he confessed he had drawn from the person he called his lord, his prince and master, under the strongest confidence." "Thus far," he concluded, "I thought it my duty, in vindication of myself, to trouble your lordships, and without further trespassing upon your patience, freely submit my life, my fortune, my honour, and what is dearest of all, my posterity, to your lordships."[4]

After the managers for the prosecution had addressed the court, Lord Lovat was withdrawn from the bar. The whole peers present—117 in number—unanimously found his lordship guilty. Lord Lovat was then called back to the bar, and informed by the lord-high-steward of the judgment of the court. Being brought up next day to receive his sentence, he addressed the court in a long speech, in which he gave a rambling recital of his services to the house of Hanover; and after receiving sentence, he implored their lordships and the managers of the commons to recommend him to the mercy of his majesty. Before leaving the bar, he said, "God bless you all, and I bid you an everlasting farewell. We shall not meet all in the same place again. I am sure of that."

"The public were ravenous with curiosity about the great Leviathan that had been at last so effectually hooked, and it was necessary to fill the ear of London with details of his previous history, as well as anecdotes of his conduct since his capture. Many of them are fabulous, and many not worth preserving, but a few are too characteristic to be passed over. They may be announced by an incident not mentioned in the contemporary accounts, but preserved by tradition. On his return from the House of Lords to the Tower, an old woman not very well favoured, had pressed through the crowd and screamed in at the window of the coach, "You'll get that nasty head of yours chopped off, you ugly old Scotch dog," to which he answered, "I believe I shall, you ugly old English b——," paying her back with the feminine of the masculine epithet she had applied to him. The major of the Tower coming to visit him and ask how he did, he answered, "Why, I am about doing pretty well, for I am preparing myself, sir, for a place where hardly any majors, and very few lieutenant-generals go;" this was a more distinct hint than that given to the House of Lords."[5]

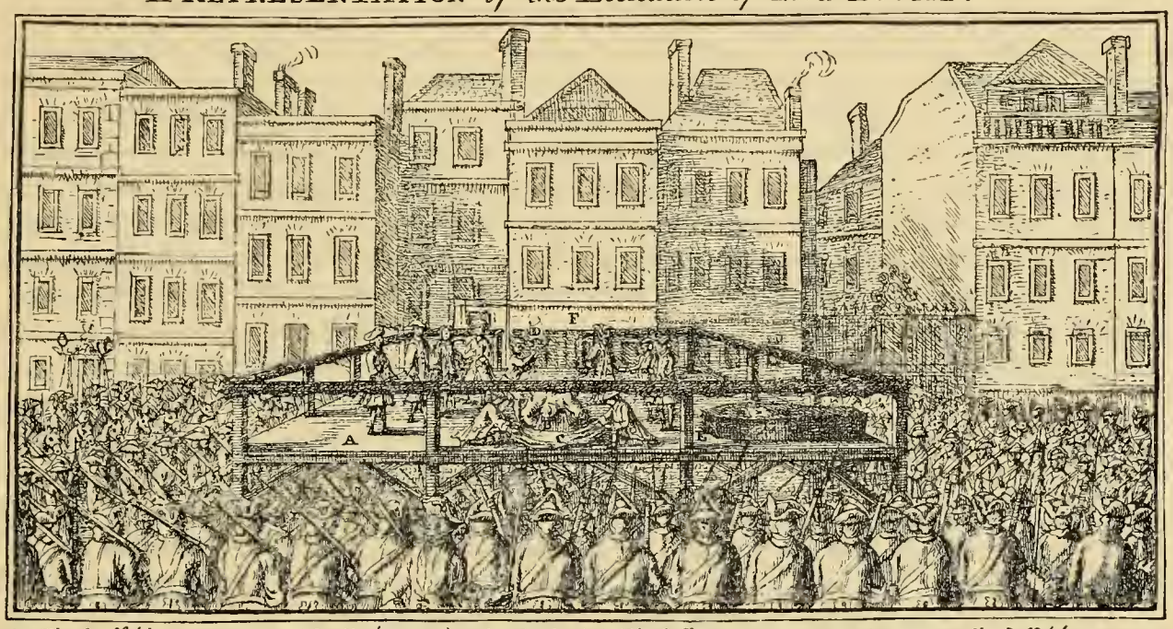
On the 2d of April the sheriffs of London and Middlesex received a warrant for his execution, which was appointed to take place on the 9th. His lordship, it is said, petitioned the king that he might be despatched by the maiden, the Scottish instrument of decapitation; but his application was not attended to. His approaching fate did not in the least discompose him, and though in the eightieth year of his age, his spirits never flagged, nor was his natural vivacity in any degree diminished. He said, the day before his execution, that he was never at any time in better spirits; and he told Dr

[4] He made several appeals calculated to move commiseration for his grey hairs. "My lords," he said, at the commencement, "I have not had the use of my limbs these three years; I cannot see, I cannot hear; and I beg, if your lordships have a mind I should have any chance of my life, that you will allow either my counsel or solicitors to examine my witnesses, and to cross-examine those produced on behalf of the crown, and to take notes." If he had been tried, on the charges brought against him, in Scotland forty-six years earlier, he would have been allowed this privilege; but the rules of English law confined the assistance of counsel, in cases of treason, to purely legal questions. At the conclusion of the second day he complained of the hardships of the early daily attendance to one of his infirm constitution, and said, "I must therefore beg that your lordships will indulge me with a later hour and some respite; otherwise I shall die at your bar," but the request seems to have been unheeded. Another appeal of the same description, in which he said, "I fainted away thrice this morning before I came up to your lordships' bar; but yet was determined to show my respect to your lordships, or die upon the spot," produced a respite of a day.—Burton's *Life of Lovat*, p. 257.

[5] Burton's *Lovat*, pp. 262, 263.

Clark, his physician, that the Tower was a better recipe for upholding them than the emetics he used to give him.[6] Though regardless of death, and even occasionally facetious on the circumstances of his coming exit, he was not indifferent to the consolations of religion, and cheerfully availed himself of the spiritual assistance of a Catholic priest. Early on the morning of the execution, 1,200 troops drew up on Tower-hill, and all the preparations were gone through as in the former instances. About an hour before the execution, a serious accident occurred, in consequence of the fall of a large scaffolding with 400 persons, by which eighteen were killed on the spot, and many bruised and crippled. When Lovat heard of it his cool remark was,[7] "The more mischief the better sport." When he arrived at the scaffold, Lovat was obliged, from infirmity, to obtain the assistance of two persons in mounting. He displayed, to the very last, his characteristic fortitude, or rather bravado, and, with great coolness, felt the edge of the axe, with the sharpness of which he declared himself satisfied. On looking round and observing the great crowd, he said, "God save us,—why

A REPRESENTATION *of the Execution of Lord* LOVAT.



A. *The Scaffold.* C. *Cloth to receive the Head.* E. *The Coffin.*
B *Lord Lovat's head on the Block.* D *The Executioner with the Axe.* F *The House from which he came on the Scaffold.*

Phototype *fac-simile* from a rare contemporary print in the possession of James Drummond, Esq., R.S.A.

should there be such a bustle about taking off an old gray head that cannot get up three steps without two men to support it."[8] He gave the executioner ten guineas, advised him to perform his duty firmly, and take a good aim, and told him that if he mangled his shoulders, he would be displeased with him. In conversation he used frequently to cite passages from the classics; and, on the present occasion, he repeated the celebrated saying of Horace,—"*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*," as peculiarly applicable to the cause for which he was about to suffer. After spending some time in devotion, this remarkable man laid his head down upon the block with the utmost composure, and the executioner struck it off at a single blow. His lordship had given directions that his body should be carried to Scotland, and his friends had removed it to an undertaker's in the Strand preparatory to its being sent down; but, by order of government, it was interred at St. Peter's in the Tower, in the same grave with Lords Kilmarnock and Balmerino.

Whilst these executions could not fail to impress the disaffected with a strong idea of the power and inclination of government to uphold and maintain the authority of the law, they were calculated by their number and

[6] *Culloden Papers*, p. 302. [7] Burton's *Lovat*, p. 265. [8] Burton's *Lovat*, p. 265.

severity rather to excite a thirst for vengeance, than to inspire that salutary fear which it is the object of punishment to promote. During these executions, a scheme was concocted to arrest the arm of the law by seizing and carrying off the person of the Duke of Cumberland, and retaining him as a hostage for the lives of the prisoners. The originators of this bold design went from London to Paris, and laid their plan before Charles shortly after his arrival from Scotland, and offered to make the attempt; but Charles refused to sanction it, and the scheme was dropped.[1]

By way of conciliating the offended feelings of the nation, the government got an act of indemnity passed in June, 1747, granting a pardon, with certain exceptions, to all persons who had been engaged in the rebellion; but these exceptions were so numerous as to divest the act of all pretensions to the character of grace or favour. Besides all persons attainted of high treason by act of parliament or judgment, or conviction of high treason by verdict, confession, or otherwise, upwards of eighty persons were specially excepted by name.[2]

[1] Vide Letter in the *Stuart Papers* from the Rev. Myles Macdonell to the Chevalier de St. George, dated St. Amiens, 4th May, 1747.

[2] Among these were the Earls of Traquair and Kellie, Robert Maccarty, styling himself Lord Clancarty, Sir James Stewart of Good Trees; Sirs John Douglas, James Harrington, James Campbell, William Dunbar, and Alexander Bannerman; Archibald Stewart, late provost of Edinburgh, Chisholm of Comar, Cameron of Dungallon, Drummond of Bochaldy, Fraser of Foyers, Farquharson of Bulmarrell, Fraser of Avochnacloy, Dow Fraser of Little Garth, Fraser of Browich, Fraser of Gortuleg, Gordon of Abochie, Grant of Glenmoriston, Hunter of Burnside, Hay younger of Rannus, Irvine of Drum, Macdonald of Barisdale, M'Gregor of Glengyle, Macleod of Raasay, Gilbert Menzies, younger of Pitfodels, Moir of Stonywood, Æneas Macdonald, James Macdonald, brother to Kinlochmoidart, Macdonell of Glengarry, Macdonald of Glenco, Robertson of Strowan, Robertson of Faskally, Robertson of Blairfetty, Stuart of Kynnachin, Turner, younger of Turner-hall, &c., &c.

Among those formerly attainted and excepted in the above-mentioned act, were the following, viz., Lords Pitsligo, Elcho, Nairne, and Ogilvy, Lord George Murray, Lord Lewis Gordon, Lord John Drummond, ——— Drummond, eldest son of Lord Strathallan, the Master of Lovat, Graham of Duntroon, Sir William Gordon of Park, Gordon of Glenbucket, young Lochiel, Dr. Cameron, Cameron of Tor Castle, young Clanranald, Lochgarry, young Barisdale, Macdonald of Glencoe, Macpherson of Cluny, Maclachlan of Castle Lachlan, Mackinnon of Mackinnon, Stewart of Ardshiel, Lockhart, younger of Carnwath, Oliphant of Gask and his eldest son, Graham of Airth, Roy Stewart, Farquharson of Mounterye, Hay of Restalrig, &c.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A. D. 1747—1748.

BRITISH SOVEREIGN:—George II., 1727—1760.

Arrival of Prince Charles at Paris—Meeting with his brother—Reception at Fontainebleau—He returns to Paris—Memorialises Louis—Admonished by his father as to his conduct in France—Charles retires to Avignon—Treatment of Lord G. Murray—His journey to Spain—Return to Paris—Prince Henry made Cardinal—Charles's pecuniary and other difficulties—His advisers—Congress and peace of Aix-la-Chapelle—Charles and his father protest against the treaty—Charles refuses to quit the French territories—His arrest—Conducted out of the French dominions—Arrival at Avignon.

As soon as the French court received intelligence of the return of Charles to France, they gave orders to prepare the castle of St. Antoine for his reception. He was met near Paris on the 15th of October, (N. S.,[3]) by his brother and a considerable number of the nobility, who conducted him to his appointed residence. The meeting between the two brothers, who had not seen each other for nearly three years, was of a most affecting description, and the persons who were present declared that they had never before witnessed such a moving scene. Charles at first sight did not know Henry, but the latter at once knew the prince, who is described by his brother as not in the least altered in his appearance since he last saw him, only that he had "grown somewhat broader and fatter."[4]

Louis with his court was at this time residing at Fontainebleau, and as Charles was impatient to see him, he sent Colonel Warren thither with instructions to Colonel O'Brien, the accredited minister of the Chevalier de St. George at the court of France, to request an audience. Some difficulties were started at first by the French ministers on the subject of this demand, but the king at last consented to see Charles and his brother, but stipulated that they should preserve a sort of incognito.[5] Louis in fact had become tired of the war, and that he might not widen the breach between him and the court of London by appearing to

[3] It is to be attended to, that in alluding to Charles's proceedings on the continent the New Style is followed.

[4] Letter among the *Stuart Papers*.

[5] Letter from O'Bryen to the Chevalier, 17th October, 1746, in the *Stuart Papers*.

recognise the pretensions of the exiled family, he had resolved not to receive the sons of the Chevalier at his court as princes of England. James, who was fully aware of this policy of the French court, thus argues the matter with Charles, who naturally felt indignant at the mode of his reception; "I am far from saying but that the king of France might have done a great deal more for you; but after all, we must consider the vast expenses he is at during the war, and the system he has certainly laid down to himself of not treating you and your brother as princes of England, which system I own shocked me at first, and seems preposterous in the present situation of affairs; but when one considers the uncertainty of the events of war, and that if we are not restored before a peace, the king of France cannot but continue to acknowledge the elector of Hanover as king of England, and by consequence treat us no more as princes of England; we cannot but own that it is wise in him, and in a certain sense even kind to us, not to expose himself and us to a possibility and necessity of ceasing to treat us according to our birth, after having once done it." [6]

If Louis had been actuated by the motive thus charitably imputed to him, the reasoning of James would have been plausible enough; but Charles, who had both before and during his expedition experienced the hollowness of the French policy, could not fail to perceive that his father had formed an erroneous idea of Louis's intentions. As by the treaty of Fontainebleau he had been recognised by that monarch as prince regent of Scotland, Charles had good reason to complain of the mode in which he was to be received by his most Christian majesty; but he repressed his feelings of disappointment on the occasion, and yielded to a necessity which it was not in his power to control. He resolved, however, to neutralize the effect which his appearance at court as a private person might have upon the people by getting up a splendid equipage, and proceeding to Fontainebleau in great state.

Accordingly, on the day fixed for his reception at court, Charles left the castle of St. Antoine, accompanied by a number of his friends in coaches and on horseback. The *cortege* was on the whole very grand; but Charles himself attracted particular attention by the superbness of his dress. His coat was of rose-coloured velvet, embroidered with silver, and lined with silver tissue. His waistcoat was of rich gold brocade, with a spangled fringe set out in scollops. The cockade in his hat and the buckles of his shoes were studded with diamonds. The George at his bosom, and the order of St. Andrew, which he wore at one of the button-holes of his waistcoat, were illustrated with large diamonds. "In fine," observes an enthusiastic eye-witness, "he glittered all over like the star which they tell you appeared at his nativity." Louis received Charles with great kindness, and, embracing him, said, "My dearest Prince, I thank Heaven for the very great pleasure it gives me to see you returned in good health after so many fatigues and dangers. You have proved that all the great qualities of the heroes and philosophers are united in you, and I hope that you will one day receive the reward of such extraordinary merit." The queen, likewise, welcomed him with every demonstration of good-will and affection. He had never been at the court of France before, and every person was extremely desirous of seeing a prince of whom they had heard so much. As Charles retired from the palace, the whole court crowded about him, and complimented him so highly upon the fame of his exploits, that they could scarcely have testified greater joy, or expressed themselves in warmer terms, had the dauphin himself been engaged in the same dangerous expedition, and returned from it in safety.[8] Charles, it is said, afterwards returned to the palace, and supped with the king, queen, and royal family; and all his

[6] Letter from the Chevalier to Charles, 6th January, 1747.—*Stuart Papers.*

[8] *Authentic Account.* The writer of this account, who states that he obtained his information from an eye-witness, says that when Charles arrived at Paris he could not be prevailed upon to take any refreshment, but instantly proceeded to Versailles, to see the king, and that though Louis was at that time engaged in council on some affairs of importance, he immediately quitted it to receive him. He then relates the interview as above stated, and says that Charles was afterwards publicly received at Fontainebleau in the character of the Prince Regent of England, Scotland, and Ireland. It is certain, however, that the first time that Charles met Louis after his return to France was at Fontainebleau, and it is equally certain that he was never recognised at court as a British prince.

attendants were magnificently entertained at several tables, which had been appointed for them according to their rank.

Though the conduct of the French court towards Charles had been deceptive, yet it is understood that Louis was not so bad as his ministers in this respect; and besides, he appears to have entertained a warm regard for Charles personally. It is believed that Louis would have given proofs of his esteem by embarking with spirit in the cause of the exiled family; but he was controlled by his ministers, who certainly never were serious in their professions. Of the sincerity of the queen, however, there cannot be the least doubt. She and Charles's mother had passed many of their juvenile years together, and had contracted a warm attachment to each other, which had remained unaltered during the life of the latter. In Charles she now beheld the favourite son of her late friend, whom he strongly resembled, and she looked upon him with a maternal tenderness, which was enhanced by the reputation of his exploits, and the knowledge of the sufferings he had endured. Whenever he came to court, she is said to have conversed with him for whole hours together, during which she would make him relate his adventures to herself and her ladies, all of whom were frequently bathed in tears with the affecting recital.

Within a day or two after his arrival at Fontainebleau, Charles wrote to Louis requesting the honour of a private audience on the subject of his affairs, which appears to have been granted, as three days thereafter, namely, on the 25th of October, the prince requested another interview, for the purpose of delivering into the king's own hands a short memoir in relation to his affairs.[9] Unable to obtain a satisfactory answer, Charles left Fontainebleau, and took up his residence with his brother at Clichy, in the neighbourhood of Paris. His company was much sought after by the fashionable circles of that gay metropolis, but he kept himself comparatively retired. He appeared at the opera for the first time on the 30th of October, and was received by the audience with clapping of hands, which continued till the commencement of the opera, and was renewed at the conclusion.[1]

Though surrounded by men of integrity, who had suffered proscription for his sake, Charles does not appear to have consulted any of them in his difficulties, nor to have honoured them with the least share of his confidence. Shortly after his return to France he wrote to his tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, who, after escaping to France, had repaired to Rome, requesting him to join him at Paris; and in the meantime he availed himself of the equivocal services of George Kelly. Sir Thomas, however, saw Charles no more, having died soon after the receipt of his pupil's letter. Charles then adopted Kelly as his confidant, but he appears to have been in every way unworthy of such a mark of distinction.[2]

[9] Both these letters will be found among the *Stuart Papers*.

[1] Letter from O'Brien to the Chevalier de St. George, 31st October, 1746, among the *Stuart Papers*.

[2] Of the unlimited confidence which these two favourites enjoyed with Charles the *Stuart Papers* afford abundant proofs. Sheridan in fact directed every thing when Charles was in Scotland, and it was solely owing to his aversion to a hill campaign,—the fatigue of which he said he could not endure,—that Lord George Murray could not prevail upon Charles to desist from engaging the Duke of Cumberland at Culloden; yet so great was the ascendency which Sir Thomas had acquired over the mind of Charles, that the ruinous result which ensued did not in the least weaken it. Edgar announced Sheridan's death to Charles in a letter dated 2d December, 1746, and sent along with it all the papers found in Sir Thomas's repositories having relation to the Prince or his affairs, among which was a sketch of a dying speech which Sir Thomas had prepared in case he had been taken and executed. Dr. King insinuates, from the ignorance of Charles, that Sheridan was in the pay of the English government; but it would be doing injustice to the memory of the favourite to believe him guilty of such baseness without direct proofs of his criminality. The Doctor's words are: "His (Charles's) governor was a protestant, and I am apt to believe purposely neglected his education, of which, it is surmised, he made a merit to the English ministry; for he was always supposed to be their pensioner. The Chevalier Ramsay, the author of Cyrus, was Prince Charles's preceptor for about a year; but a court faction removed him." The illiterateness of Charles is very perceptible in his ignorance of the orthography of French and English. Both in style and orthography they contrast most unfavourably with those of his father, whose epistolary correspondence cannot fail to give the reader a favourable idea of his literary acquirements. Though James appears to have had a good opinion of Sir Thomas, yet after his death he complained bitterly to Charles, in a long and very interesting letter, (that of 3d February, 1747, in the *Stuart Papers*,) of the conduct of the favourite, and in general of the other persons who obtained the Prince's confidence. It was James's deliberate conviction that their object was to corrupt Charles, by withdrawing him from his "duty to God in the first place, and to him in the second!" The sequel of Charles's unfortunate his-

Some time after Charles's return to Paris, Louis removed his court from Fontainebleau to Versailles, where the prince and his brother met with a cordial reception from the royal family and the persons about the court, but Charles could not obtain any distinct pledge of support. This result was anticipated by his father, who had a just perception of the policy of France in his regard. "I am afraid," says James to the prince, "that you will have little reason to be satisfied with the court of France, and that you will not have less need of courage and fortitude in bearing and suffering in that country than you had in acting in Britain." Apprehensive of the impetuosity of Charles's temper, he most earnestly recommended him to conduct himself with patience and prudence, and warned him of the consequences which might ensue by adopting a different course. This admonition, however, was thrown away upon Charles.

Resolved to put the sincerity of the French court to the test, Charles presented a memorial to Louis on the state of his affairs. In this paper he drew the attention of the French king to Scotland, which he represented as on the eve of destruction; and he stated, that as the government appeared resolved to confound the innocent with the guilty, it was reasonable to conclude that the discontent of the nation would be general, and that if he was enabled to enter upon another enterprise the number of his adherents would be tripled. He also stated that he would be deceiving his most Christian majesty were he to say that he could again subdue Scotland after his friends had been destroyed, and that if the opportunity was then lost the king of France might for ever renounce any expected aid to his arms by a revolution in that country,—that he had always had numerous partisans in Scotland, though he had never had a sufficient supply either of money, provisions, or regular troops, and that if he had been well provided with only one of these three helps, he would still have been master of Scotland, and probably also of England,—that if he had had three thousand regular troops he would have penetrated into England immediately after the battle of Preston, and as George II. was then absent from the kingdom, and the English troops in Flanders, he could have marched to London without opposition,—that had he been supplied with provisions he could have pursued General Hawley after the battle of Falkirk, and destroyed all his army, which was the flower of the British troops. Finally, that if he had received two months earlier only the half of the money which his majesty had sent him, he would have fought the Duke of Cumberland on equal terms, and he would certainly have beaten him, since with four thousand men only he had kept victory in suspense, though opposed by an army of twelve thousand. Having thus stated the causes to which the failure of his expedition was owing, Charles proposed that Louis should furnish an army of eighteen or twenty thousand men, which he stated he would employ usefully for their mutual interests, which he considered inseparable.[3]

Charles appears to have conducted himself, hitherto, with great moderation; but as no notice was taken of his demand for troops, he grew violent and imperious. The French ministry had, by order of Louis, granted a sum of sixty-two thousand nine hundred livres for the relief of such of Charles's adherents as had arrived in France,[4] and Louis himself now offered him a pension suitable to his rank; but he refused to accept it. James, who was fully informed of the circumstances of Charles's behaviour, thus expostulates with him:—"The truth is, I dread your feeling severely one day the consequence of your present conduct towards the court of France; for although, on account of the obligations they owe you, they may, out of a certain prudence and policy dissemble for a time, yet by gaining the ill-will of those ministers, and by carrying things

tory seems to confirm this opinion. A most unfavourable sketch of the character of Kelly, the new favourite, is given by Father Myles Macdonell, his own relative, for which see the Father's letter to the Chevalier de St. George, 4th May, 1747, in the *Stuart Papers*.

[3] There are two copies of this memoir among the *Stuart Papers*. One of them written in the first person, and holograph of the prince, is titled, "Memoir to ye F. K. from me of 10th Nov. 1746.' The other is titled, 'Ancien Project de Memoire,' and is written in the third person.

[4] Statements showing the division of this money, will be found in the *Stuart Papers*.

too high, you will sooner or later eertainly feel the bad effects of it; whereas, had you received what the king of France lately offered you, it was still putting yourself in the possession of feeling the effeets of his generosity, and you would have probably got mueh more in time in some shape or another."[5] Count D'Argenson also was very eomplaisant to Charles; but James eautioned him not to infer therefrom, that his eonduet was approved of by that minister.

Waiting upwards of two months, and reeeiving no answer to his memorial, Charles addressed a letter to Louis on the 12th of January, in which, after alluding to the favours his majesty had granted to his eompanions in misfortune, whieh he regarded as a new proof of his majesty's generosity towards his family, he stated that his objeet in eoming to the eourt of Franee was to propose a plan of an expedition, whieh would be much more advantageous for both parties than the former;—that this objeet alone oeeupied all his thoughts, and that every other step which had been proposed to the king of France to promote his personal interests, had been done without his sanction. He eoneluded a longish letter, written in his usual loud style, by telling Louis that as he eould not appear in the way in which he was persuaded his majesty wished in his own heart to see him, he would retire to some plaee where his present eondition would be of less consequenee, and where he would be always ready to coneur with the king of Franee in sueh steps as might contribute to his glory, and the restoration of his family to their just rights, and he trusted his majesty would approve of his resolution. He added, that if, during his absenee, the king of France should find it convenient to think seriously of another expedition, he would immediately return to the eourt on being informed of his majesty's wish, and that, in the meantime, he would appoint a person at Paris who had his entire eonfidenee to negotiate in his behalf with the king of France and his ministers.[6]

As neither Louis nor his ministers had any intention of entering into Charles's views, they must have been well pleased with his determination to retire from Paris, where his presence had beeome exceedingly annoying; but some of his adherents regarded sueh a step with different feelings, as they thought it would be highly injurious to his interests. Among those who took an aetive part in opposing this resolution, was young Loehiel. No man was more firmly bent upon another attempt than this high-minded ehief, and instead of thinking with Charles, that no expedition should be undertaken without a large foree, he was for aeeepting any sueeours that eould be obtained. Some time after his arrival at Paris, he had opened a eorrespondenee with the Chevalier de St. George, in which he represented to him that the misfortunes whieh had befallen his eause, though great, were not irretrievable, provided timely measures were adopted for eheeking the depopulating system whieh the English government seemed to have adopted. He stated that the ruin of the Seottish adherents of the exiled family would dispirit their friends in England so mueh, that a restoration would beeome extremely diffieult, if not impracticable, and that, at best, it could only be effeeted by an army superior to all the forees of the government; whereas, if ten regiments only were landed in Seotland before the Highlands were depopulated, not the Highlanders merely, but all other Seotehmen of spirit would unite in their support, and give so much employment to the troops of the government, that the English Jaeobites might, with little assistanee, be in a eondition to shake off the yoke. He, therefore, advised the Chevalier to aecept of whatever sueeours might be offered. Acting upon prineiples of the purest disinterestedness, Lochiel was opposed to every proposal which might seem to imply an abandonment of the eause whieh he had espoused, and when informed by Charles that an application had been made to the Freneh court for a regiment to Lord Ogilvy, he told him that he disapproved of it, as such an application might make the eourt of Franee regard the affairs of

[5] Letter from the Chevalier to Charles, 6th January, 1747.—*Stuart Papers.*

[6] Letter from Charles to Louis, 12th January, 1747, in the *Stuart Papers.* Sir James Stewart appears to have been the person Charles intended to appoint, as there is a draught of a commission in his hand-writing among these papers, bearing the date of 29th December, 1746.

the exiled family to be more desperate than they really were, and might prevent them from granting a body of troops for a new expedition. Charles seemed to concur in this view; but Lord Ogilvy having obtained a regiment, Charles proposed to ask one for Lochiel also. He objected, however, to the application being made, and told his royal highness that Lord Ogilvy, or others, might incline to make a figure in France, but that his ambition was to serve his country, or perish with it. Charles remarked that he was doing every thing in his power to forward his cause, and persisting in his resolution to procure a regiment for his faithful friend, Lochiel consented to accept of it if obtained, from respect to the prince, though he declared his determination to share the fate of the people he had undone, and if they were to be sacrificed to the vengeance of the government, to fall along with them.[7] Lochiel now endeavoured to persuade Charles to remain at Paris, and represented to him the bad consequences that might ensue to his affairs by retiring; but his resolution was fixed.

Charles had in fact resolved to pay a visit to the king of Spain, and his retirement to Avignon, whither he announced his intention to proceed, was a mere blind to conceal his design from the court of France. The Chevalier, desirous in the present posture of his affairs of paying his court to his Catholic majesty, had been, for some time, applying for permission to send his youngest son to Spain. He announced his intention to Charles, and stated that he considered it would be for his interest, that while one of his sons was in France, the other should be in Spain.[8]

When James felt so uneasy in reference to Charles's deportment towards the French ministry, as to write him repeated remonstrances on the subject, it may be supposed that he would have been gratified at his resolution to retire to Avignon, more particularly as the Chevalier's agents at Paris, who had been discarded by Charles, would have probably regained the little influence they had with the French court; but James was equally disappointed with the prince's friends at Paris at Charles's determination. In a letter which he wrote to the prince in answer to one from the latter, dated the 21st of January, stating his intention to retire to Avignon, James stated the great concern which he felt, at a step of which he could not comprehend the meaning, and that nothing, in his opinion, could justify it but a resolution on the part of the king of France not to allow him to remain in that kingdom.

Charles left Paris for Avignon about the end of January, 1747. During his stay at Paris, he had evinced a laudable anxiety to mitigate the sufferings of his companions in misfortune by acts of kindness; but there was one among them who met with neither sympathy nor gratitude at his hands. This was Lord George Murray, who had sacrificed more for him than any other individual then living. Aware of this feeling of Charles towards him, Lord George did not visit Paris on his arrival in Holland in December; but, after some stay, proceeded to Rome to pay his respects to the Chevalier de St. George. Charles, however, appears to have expected him at Paris; and in the event of his arrival there during his absence, he left written instructions with his brother Henry, to do every thing in his power to get him arrested and committed to prison.[1]

[7] Letter from Lochiel to the Chevalier de St. George, of 16th January, 1747, among the *Stuart Papers*.

[8] Letter from the Chevalier to Prince Charles, 13th January, 1747.

[1] This circumstance, so disgraceful to the memory of Charles, is mentioned in a letter from Prince Henry to his father, dated Paris, 30th January, 1747, under the signature of John Paterson, a name sometimes assumed by Henry, when corresponding in cipher. The original letter is among the *Stuart Papers*.

Lord George's arrival at Rome was announced to Charles by the Chevalier, in a letter dated 21st March, 1747. The following extract places James's character in a very favourable point of view: "I must tell you that I was much surprised t'other day at the arrival of Lord George Murray in this place. After having absconded many months in Scotland, he found means to come to Holland, and from thence by Venice here. By what Bramston, (the corresponding name of O'Sullivan,) says, I am sorry to find that you have not been pleased with him, but tho' I questioned Bramston much about him, yet I own I don't see any motive to suspect his fidelity and loyalty. People may have an odd, and even a wrong way of thinking, and may even fail in something towards ourselves, but may be men of honour and honesty with all that; so that considering his birth, and the figure he made in your service, and that you had never writ to me about him yourself, I thought it would be very wrong in me not to receive him with all kindness, and even distinction. I don't know how long he will stay here, or how he proposes to dispose of himself, but I understand he has a mind to bring over his lady, and to

Shortly after Charles's departure his brother, Henry, received a notification from his father, of his intention to send him to Spain. He immediately sent a copy of the Chevalier's letter to Charles, and stated his regret at the prospect of being removed to such a distance from his brother; but instead of thanking him for this kind expression of his feelings, Charles returned him a very petulant answer. He informed him that, while in Scotland, he had formed a design of going to the court of Spain himself, and that he had left Paris with that intention,—that having resolved to make the journey, he had not asked leave from his father for fear of being refused,—and that he intended to go and return with all imaginable privacy. He entreated Henry, by all the ties of brotherly affection, and by the regard which he had for his success of the cause, not to start from Paris though he should get leave, until the result of Charles's journey was known. He requested him to confide the secret of his journey to the king of France upon receipt of his next letter, and to represent to Louis that he had suddenly taken the resolution of making a journey to Spain after his arrival at Avignon. Henry, whose character was extremely mild and conciliating, stated, in reply, that he had communicated "the king's letter" to him as soon as he had received it, and that his province in that, as in every thing else, was blind obedience; but he observed, that his father could not foresee Charles's resolution, and that if his going to Spain would change the system Charles seemed to have proposed to himself, he would not make use of any leave he might obtain without receiving farther orders, which, he was convinced, would be to remain at Paris, whenever his father knew of Charles's determination to proceed to Spain.

Accompanied by Kelly, Dr. Cameron, and two or three domestics, Charles left Avignon early in 1747, and repaired to Madrid; but his reception appears to have been cold and formal, and he did not even see the queen-dowager, whom he was particularly anxious to meet. Alluding to this visit, the Chevalier observes to Charles, "I am much more concerned than surprised you had not a better reception in Spain; but I am in hopes your going thither will be of no ill consequence, provided you manage your matters in a proper manner on your return to Paris."[2]

In a memoir which Charles presented to Caravajal on the 6th of March, to sound the intentions of the Spanish court, he requested to be informed, in the event of the king of France agreeing to fit out an expedition in his favour, what aid his Catholic majesty would contribute in its support. He required that 30,000 fusils and 10,000 sabres should be set apart for his use in a convenient place, in order that when occasion required he might obtain them at once in a quiet manner. That two or three small ships should be got ready as soon as possible, and loaded with grain, to be sent to Scotland under the charge of a gentleman he would send along with them. That the king of Spain should give him commissions for three Scotch regiments, which, when completed, should be formed into a brigade.[3] In answer to these demands, Caravajal stated, that his master could spare no ships of war to assist in the expedition, as he had only seventeen in Europe, that some of these were disabled, and that the rest were employed in the Italian war; that as to arms, orders would be given to manufacture the required number; and that arrangements would be made for carrying his demand for a supply of grain into effect. Finally, that as to the proposal about the regiments, he believed his majesty would give his consent to it.

After remaining four or five days at Madrid, Charles retired to Guadalaxara till he should obtain a definitive answer on the subject of raising the regiments. His Catholic majesty at last consented, but stipulated that none but Scotchmen should be admitted into these regiments, a condition which, under existing circumstances, rendered their formation imprac-

live privately with her in some retired place. He is publicly here, for he has no measures to keep; and I must do him the justice to say that he never speaks of you but with great respect, and even eloge. See also the letters among the *Stuart Papers* from the Chevalier to Charles of 25th April, and 2d and 9th May, 1747, copied also from the original copies in the same collection. All of them, as far as they relate to Lord George, will be read with pleasure, but particularly the first.

[2] Letters among *Stuart Papers*.
[3] Vide Memoir, among the *Stuart Papers*.

ticable.[4] Finding his journey thus in a manner unavailing, Charles returned to Paris, where he arrived on the 24th of March.

It is probable that Charles's return to Paris was hastened by a remonstrance sent to him by Lochiel on the subject of his retirement to Avignon. This zealous chief represented to the prince that peace was the topic of general conversation, and as there existed a universal desire for it in France, there was reason to believe that George II. and his allies would obtain any terms they might ask in relation to

Henry, Cardinal Duke of York.
(From Original Painting in possession of James Drummond, Esq., R.S.A.)

Charles. He proposed,[5] that if Charles could not obtain from France such an embarkation of troops as would enable him to land in England and overturn the government at one blow, he should endeavour to get an embarkation for Scotland, where the disposition of the people was still so favourable, that if he could return to the Highlands with artillery, arms, and ammunition, and only four or five battalions of foot, he believed he would not only relieve his distressed friends, and save the remainder of the country from ruin, but deliver all Scotland from the slavery to which he supposed it would soon be reduced.

Charles accordingly renewed his application to Louis and his ministers, but did not succeed in bringing "these people to reason," as he himself expresses it, or in other words, prevailing on them to accede to his demand. Baffled again in his attempt to induce the French government to engage actively in his cause, Charles contemplated a matrimonial alliance with the czarina, with the view of engaging her in his interest; but his father, to whom he communicated his design, considered it impracticable, and Charles appears to have immediately dropt it.

Notwithstanding the untoward appearance of his affairs, Charles was by no means discouraged; but the promotion of his brother to the cardinalate, which took place about three months after his return from Spain, damped his spirits. Henry had every reason to be dissatisfied with Charles's conduct towards himself personally; but he made no complaints, and it was only owing to the peevish way in which Charles alluded to him in his letters to his father that James became apprised of his dislike to his brother.[6] Being of a pious disposition, Henry became desirous of embracing the ecclesiastical state, and resolved to repair to Italy to consult his father upon the subject. As he knew that Charles would object to his departure from Paris, and might possibly take measures to prevent it, he went off without informing him. Charles complained to his father of Henry's leaving Paris without acquainting him; but whilst James admitted that it was certainly not according to rule that Henry should have gone

[4] *Stuart Papers.*

[5] Letter from Lochiel to Charles, 23d February, 1747, among the *Stuart Papers.*

[6] See the Chevalier's repeated remonstrances on this subject in his letters to Charles

away without taking leave of Charles in person, he said he could not blame him for it under existing circumstances.

The first notice which Charles received of the intended promotion of his brother was by a letter from his father, dated from Albano on the 13th of June, 1747.[8] Charles was both grieved and enraged when he received this intelligence, and shut himself up for several hours to give vent to his sorrow or vexation. Hitherto Charles had drunk the health of his father and brother every day at dinner, but he now discontinued that of Henry, and forbade every person about him ever to mention his name in his presence.[9] The friends of the family regretted exceedingly this step on the part of Henry, which they considered a very imprudent one, so far as the expected restoration of the Stuarts was concerned, as it narrowed their prospects of success; but neither Henry nor James had any ambition for a crown, and the latter intended, if the succession opened, never to assume the diadem.[1] Both the pope and James notified to the king of France the design of presenting Henry with a cardinal's hat, and Louis in return signified his approbation of the step.

Among other subjects of uneasiness which pressed heavily upon Charles at this time, was the state of his pecuniary concerns. He still resolutely refused to receive any pension from the French court, and it was perhaps owing to this refusal that the French ministry showed no disposition to pay the allowances which had been granted to his adherents. To relieve the prince's immediate necessities, his father had sent him an order on Waters, his banker at Paris, for fifteen thousand livres, significantly observing, however, that as Charles had refused the pension which Louis had offered, the Chevalier presumed that he had some other resource to supply his wants. James, however, had taken care that the obstinacy of his son should not stand in the way of Louis's bounty, and he accordingly directed O'Brien his agent to draw the pension which Charles had refused, to apply the third part thereof for the use of his son, Henry, whilst in France, and to lay out the other two-thirds in the way he should be afterwards directed.[2] Mr. John Grahame,[3] in a letter to the Chevalier de St. George, represents the prince as having no visible means of subsistence, and that he could compare his "situation to nothing better than an immense labyrinth, out of which he had not a bit of thread to conduct him." Charles was too proud to ask his father for aid; but the latter, on hearing of his difficulties, ordered O'Brien to pay forty thousand livres into O'Sullivan's hands on his account, out of the sum he had drawn on account of Charles's pension. The prince, however, consistently declined the money, knowing the source whence it came.

In the circumstances in which he was thus placed by his own obstinacy, Charles, who never displayed much generosity towards those who had offended him, was not in the best possible mood to exercise the virtue of forgiveness. His father had repeatedly written him in relation to his threatened seizure of Lord George Murray, and had strongly inculcated the propriety of forgiving a man who had suffered so much in his cause; but Charles disregarded these paternal admonitions. Lord George was very desirous to effect a reconciliation, by making every reasonable submission that could be required of him, and for this purpose left Rome for Paris, where he arrived on the 10th of July. Charles was then living at St. Ouen, in the neighbourhood of Paris, and Lord George having, the day after his arrival, ascertained the place of his residence, intended to proceed thither early on the 12th, to pay his respects to the prince. His lordship was, however, prevented from carrying his

[8] *Stuart Papers.*

[9] Father Macdonell's letter to the Chevalier of 15th July, 1747, among the *Stuart Papers.*

[1] Letter from James to Charles, 13th January, 1747. See also two extremely interesting letters of 3d April, 1747, and 28th January, 1748, which also throw considerable light on the domestic differences which existed between Charles and his father.—*Stuart Papers.*

[2] Letter from James to Charles, 17th February, 1747, among *Stuart Papers.*

[3] This gentleman had been long in the service of the Chevalier de St. George. His father acted as solicitor in Scotland to James II. He was knighted by the Chevalier, and acted for a considerable time as his secretary of state. He was with Prince Henry at Paris, and on his departure for Rome entered Charles's household. He afterwards became a Roman Catholic. He went to Rome in 1759, at the desire of the Chevalier to act as his Secretary.

intention into effect, by a message from Charles, who, hearing of his arrival in Paris, sent Mr. Stafford, one of his household, to Lord George, to inform him that it was the prince's wish that he should not appear at St. Ouen, but that he would do well to leave Paris as soon as he could. Lord George requested Stafford to acquaint the prince that he had come to France with no other design but to pay his respects to him, and that he would punctually obey his orders by leaving France.

Notwithstanding frequent disputes with the French ministers, Charles always endeavoured to keep on good terms with their master; and when he defeated the confederates at Laffeldt, he wrote a letter expressive of the great joy he felt on the occasion. As every victory gained over the allies appeared favourable to his cause, he cannot be well blamed for entertaining such a feeling; but the existence of this document subverts the idea generally entertained, that Charles never expressed any satisfaction at the conquests of the French in Flanders. He was no doubt solicitous that Great Britain should maintain her honour in the field and on the ocean; but his patriotism was not so disinterested as to make him prefer that honour to the crown for which he was contending. It was not until he saw that he could no longer depend upon France for aid that his patriotism was roused.

Much as Charles trusted to his personal powers for negotiation, he soon found that it was no easy matter to bring the ministers of Louis "to reason;" and that, to be successful, it was necessary to obtain the aid of some experienced politician. He accordingly looked about him for one in whom he could repose his confidence, and fixed upon Lord Marischal as the person most likely to answer his wishes. To this nobleman, who was then living at Treviso, Charles despatched a letter in the month of August, in which he stated that his father had left him entire master, to employ such persons as were most agreeable to him, and that he might easily believe his first choice would light upon him. He informed him that his desire was that his lordship should join him with all convenient speed, and that he had too good an opinion of his loyalty and regard for his bleeding country to make him have the least doubt of his compliance, especially since all the causes of discontent which his lordship might heretofore have had, were now quite removed. Highly complimentary as this letter was, Lord Marischal declined the honour intended him. He stated that he had not retired from public life till he saw how useless his services were, and must have been had they been continued; and that the broken state of his health required that he should pass the rest of his days in quiet.[4]

Disappointed in his advances to Lord Marischal, Charles gave himself up entirely to the direction of George Kelly, his secretary, who, it is alleged, was personally obnoxious to the French court. To counteract the rising power of this new favourite, the pernicious influence of whose counsels some of the adherents of the exiled family were already beginning to feel, Sempil, one of the Chevalier's agents at Paris, by desire of Lochiel and Drummond of Bochaldy, drew up and forwarded a representation to James in the month of June 1747. The Chevalier, who was not a bad judge of mankind, foreseeing the bad consequences that would follow if Kelly was allowed to guide the councils of the prince, had cautioned Charles against his interference shortly after his return from Scotland; but the prince attributed his father's dislike to Kelly to the misrepresentations of his enemies. In a letter, alluding to some complaints made by Charles against his brother, James observes, "What you now write to me is manifestly the product of Kelly's malice . . . as long as you are directed or influenced by him, depend upon it nothing will go well with you, and you will never have a moment's quiet yourself."[5]

These admonitions, which were repeated after Drummond's communication, were, however, thrown away upon Charles, who clung to his secretary with as great pertinacity as ever. This predilection for Kelly, if the statement of Sempil is to be credited, ruined the prince's negotiations with the French ministry, who, according to him, would have entertained a proposal made by the Marquis de Puyzieux, of embarking a force for Scotland on the dissolu-

[4] Vide Charles's letter, and the answer, among the *Stuart Papers*.

[5] Letter of 10th February, 1747.

tion of the British parliament; but the design was given up, because the persons in whom Charles seemed to repose his confidence were obnoxious to the French court, and were considered unworthy of trust.[6]

Whilst the French government evaded Charles's demand for a supply of troops, it acceded in other respects to his wishes. A regiment was given to Lochiel,[7] the arrears of the gratuities granted to the Scotch exiles were paid up, and a fixed allowance of thirty-six thousand livres per annum was granted to them, the appropriation of which was left entirely to the prince. Having thus provided for his friends, the French ministry thought that Charles's repugnance to a pension might be overcome; and accordingly M. de Lally, who was directed to communicate to him the largess granted to his adherents, was also appointed to sound him on the subject of an allowance to himself. Charles, writing to M. de Puyzieux, observed, that he would accept with pleasure even the smallest favour his majesty was disposed to grant; but he begged that nothing should be given him in name of a pension, and that he should be permitted to deny to his English friends, even face to face, that he was in the receipt of it.[8] It thus appears that Charles's objection to a pension did not proceed from any disinclination to receive the money, but from an apprehension that the circumstance of his becoming a pensioner of France would injure him with his English friends. It is not known whether the French government acted upon Charles's suggestion.

It was the policy of the French court, whilst the war lasted, to keep up appearances with the exiled family, so as to encourage the belief that it really intended to aid in its restoration. This notion was strengthened by the appointment of Lord Ogilvy and Lochiel to the command of regiments; and the fears of an invasion after Charles's return to France are said to have delayed for a time the embarkation of the British troops for Flanders. This system of intimidation would in all probability have been persevered in had not France become tired of a war which had exhausted her treasury, destroyed her commerce, and almost annihilated her navy. The confederates were equally weary of a war in which they had reaped neither honour nor advantage, and they therefore gladly availed themselves of an offer of pacification made by France. The belligerent powers accordingly agreed to hold a congress, which was opened at Aix-la-Chapelle in March 1748.

Charles now saw that all hope of an immediate restoration was at an end, and must have perceived, from the strong desire which existed in France for peace, and the low state to which that kingdom was reduced by the war, that his interests would form no bar in the way of a general pacification.

The first public step which Charles took to mark his displeasure with the conduct of the French government, in suing for a peace, was of a very decided character. When the congress of Aix-la-Chapelle was about to assemble, he gave instructions to the Sieur Roettier to strike a medal with his head, and the inscription, "Carolus Walliæ Princeps" (Charles Prince of Wales); and on the reverse the figure Britannia and a fleet of war-vessels, with the significant motto, "Amor et Spes Britanniæ" (The Love and Hope of Britain).

When the medal appeared it created a great sensation in France, and many of the French nobility were deeply offended at the device and motto, which they regarded as an insult offered to the nation. The prince of Conti, in particular, who was accounted one of the proudest men in all France, showed his chagrin on the occasion. Meeting Charles one day in the Luxembourg Gardens, Conti observed to Charles, with an air of pleasantry, under which a sneer was observed to lurk, that the device of his medal was not just so applicable as some persons might at first suppose, as the

[6] Vide the two papers presented by Sempil to the Chevalier de St. George in February 1748, among the *Stuart Papers*.

[7] Charles wished his father, on Lochiel's appointment, to present the chief with a patent of peerage, which, with other patents, had been made out but kept latent. This James declined, as he thought that, by declaring Lochiel's patent, he would disgust many deserving people, and particularly the other Highland chiefs. He very properly observed that Lochiel's interest and reputation in his own country, and his being at the head of a regiment in France, would give him more consideration there than any empty title he could bestow.—*Letter from James to Charles, 7th November, 1747, among Stuart Papers.*

[8] Letter to M. de Puyzieux, among the *Stuart Papers.*

British navy had not shown any particular friendship for him. Charles, who at once perceived the censure, immediately replied, "That is true, Prince! but I am, nevertheless, the friend of the navy against all its enemies; as I shall always look upon the glory of England as my own, and her glory is in her navy." About the time the medal was struck Charles sat for his portrait to Tocqué, the eminent painter, which was immediately engraved by Wille, the celebrated engraver, with the title "Carolus Walliæ Princeps."

On the 30th of April, the preliminaries of a general peace were signed by the ministers of Great Britain, France, and the United Provinces, the basis of which was a general restitution of the conquests which had been made during the war. A suspension of arms almost immediately followed the signing of the preliminaries. Charles was not aware that the preliminaries had been signed till some time after the suspension of arms, and he consoled himself with the vain hope that peace was not so near at hand as was generally supposed.[9]

During the negotiations Charles still went to court, though not so frequently as before, and always endeavoured to avoid any personal interviews with the king; but when informed of the signing of the preliminaries, he gave up his visits entirely. His father, and the adherents of his family, expected that he would no longer remain in a kingdom which was now again to sacrifice the interests of his house; but instead of evincing any disposition to depart, he gave a decided indication of fixing himself in Paris, by hiring a splendid hotel upon the *Quai de Theatin* for himself and his principal friends, in order, as he said, to be near the opera, play-house, and the other places of public diversion in Paris. To show how little he regarded the proceedings at Aix-la-Chapelle, he appeared much gayer than usual, and when any person alluded, in his presence, to the congress, he seemed not to regard the matter, and waived the subject by singing or introducing some different topic of conversation.

To show, however, that he was not indifferent to his rights, Charles drew up a protest against any stipulation which might be entered into by the contracting parties, contrary to these rights, of which he sent a copy to the king of France, enclosed in a letter from himself. The Chevalier de St George, in ignorance of Charles's protest, also published one in his own name, agreeably to a practice which he and his father, king James II., had followed, whenever any treaty with Great Britain was entered into.

After the preliminaries were signed, Louis took an early opportunity of intimating to Charles that he had renewed the engagements which he and his grandfather had formerly come under to the British government, in relation to the House of Stuart; but Charles, in his protest, entirely overlooked the stipulation which regarded his intended expulsion from the French territories. Louis probably expected that this hint would have been sufficient to induce Charles to quit France, but, as he indicated no intention to remove, the Marquis de Puyzieux, by desire of the king, sent a requisition in writing, to which he demanded an answer. Charles returned an evasive answer to M. de Puyzieux's note the same day.

After this answer, matters appear to have remained *in statu quo* till October, on the 7th of which month the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was finally concluded and signed. By this treaty the contracting parties agreed, without any limitation, to a literal insertion of the fifth article of the quadruple alliance, by which it was stipulated that neither the "Pretender," nor any of his descendants, should be allowed to reside within the territories belonging to any of the parties to the treaty. Meanwhile Louis was looking out for a suitable asylum for Charles Edward. Knowing that the prince had declared that he would never return to Italy, he directed M. de Courteille, his envoy to the Cantons of Switzerland, to ask a residence for Charles in the city of Fribourg. The regency complied with the request, but Mr Barnaby, the British minister to the Helvetic body, violently opposed the plan, and presented a remonstrance to the magistracy of Fribourg, couched in such terms as to draw upon him the censure of the regency.

The next person selected by Louis to act as

[9] Letter, Charles to his father, 13th May, 1748, *Stuart Papers.*

negotiator with Charles was the Cardinal de Tencin, who was supposed to have some influence with him. The cardinal delivered the message with which he had been intrusted in the most delicate manner, and endeavoured to convince Charles, by a variety of arguments, of the regret the king felt at having been obliged to accede to the objectionable articles of the treaty. To reconcile Charles to the measure, the cardinal, it is said, hinted that the treaty might possibly be of short endurance, and that the prince might afterwards return to France with brighter prospects, but the cardinal left Charles without obtaining any satisfaction. Desirous of avoiding extremities, the king waited about two weeks in expectation that Charles would depart; but being informed that he made no preparations for his departure, he sent the Duke de Gesvres, the governor of Paris, with a message similar to that delivered by the cardinal. The duke, however, got as little satisfaction as the cardinal, and on a second interview, the prince absolutely refused to quit the country, and told the duke that there was a treaty prior to that of Aix-la-Chapelle between him and the king, from which he could not depart with honour.

The British ministry had for some time been urging the French court to fulfil that part of the treaty which related to the expulsion of the prince from the French territories; and the hostages[1] complained that his being permitted to appear at all public places of amusement was as an insult to their sovereign, and an infringement of the treaty. Louis, therefore, sent the Duke de Gesvres a third time to expostulate with Charles on the 6th of November; but Charles again evaded a direct answer to the duke's demand to quit France. Charles afterwards sent him an explicit answer in writing, in which he stated that it was with much regret he found himself compelled in defence of his own interests to oppose the intentions of the king on this occasion, and that he had already apprised his majesty of his design by a letter which he had written to M. de Puyzieux as far back as the 20th of August. He requested the duke to assure his majesty in the strongest terms that he would retain towards him during his life all the sentiments of respect and attachment which he had formerly expressed.[2]

Louis was much annoyed at Charles's obstinacy, as he felt great repugnance to push matters to extremities with a prince who could plead in his own justification a violation of a solemn contract which the king of France had entered into with him three years before. As he had, however, contracted with Charles merely in his character of prince regent, it appears to have occurred to Louis that he would save his honour if he obtained an order from the Chevalier de St George, requiring Charles to leave his dominions before having recourse to physical force. He therefore despatched a courier to Rome with a letter to the Chevalier, giving an account of the prince's conduct, and requesting James to interpose his parental authority to induce Charles to leave his dominions. That James might be fully assured of the prince's determination to remain in France contrary to his wishes, Louis also sent him Charles's letter to the Duke de Gesvres.

The messenger returned to Paris early in December with a letter from James to the king of France, inclosing another to Charles, which, after perusing, he was requested to despatch to the prince. After complaining of Charles's conduct towards himself, James told him that he saw him on the brink of a precipice, and that he would act the part of an unnatural parent if he did not do everything that depended upon him to save him from falling, and that he therefore found himself obliged to order him as his father and king to conform himself without delay to the wishes of the French king, by leaving his dominions with a good grace.

This letter Louis sent by the Duke de Gesvres to Charles, the duke at the same time carrying a letter from Louis, which is said to have contained a blank order to be filled up by the prince himself for a yearly allowance. Charles told the duke that he wanted no pecuniary favours from his majesty, and that it was not

[1] The Earl of Essex and Lord Cathcart, hostages sent to France until the restitution by Great Britain of Cape Breton.

[2] Letter,—Charles to the Duke de Gesvres, among the *Stuart Papers*.

consistent with honour to comply with his demand to leave the French territories. The duke urging Charles to reconsider his resolution, the latter grew impatient, and told him that he would in future decline receiving any communications from any person but the king himself. The duke told him the thing was impossible, unless indeed he expected, what he could scarcely suppose he did, that his majesty was to come to the *Quai de Theatin* in person. "In short, then, sir," said Charles, "I have nothing farther to say than what I have said already,—pardon me, I have some business." With these words Charles left the room, leaving the duke in amazement.

Long before the French public were aware of the intentions of their government in relation to the prince, the fame of his exploits, in connection with the fact of his being a descendant of *Henri Quatre*, had endeared him to the French nation; but when they found that he was to be sacrificed by their sovereign to state necessity, their admiration for his person was heightened into enthusiasm, and they looked upon the approaching struggle between Louis and his kinsman with feelings of the deepest interest. Every person was desirous to see a prince who had the courage to brave the grand monarch in his own capital, and whenever Charles appeared upon the public walks, he was followed by the assembled multitudes. When he entered the theatre, all eyes were directed towards him, and the performance was allowed to pass off unheeded by the audience. Charles alone seemed to make light of his misfortunes, and evinced the gaiety of his spirits by talking in an easy, cheerful, and affable manner to the young noblemen, by whom, on these occasions, he was always surrounded.[3]

After trying every possible means to induce Charles to quit the French territory without effect, the ministry pressed the king to arrest him, and send him by force out of the kingdom. Louis was naturally averse to such a strong proceeding; but as he saw he could not fulfil the stipulation of the treaty regarding the exiled family in any other way, he reluctantly signed an order for his arrest. When putting his name to the warrant, he felt the extreme delicacy of the act, and pathetically exclaimed, "Poor prince! how difficult it is for a king to be a true friend!" This order, which was signed at three o'clock in the afternoon, was blazed all over Paris before evening. One of the prince's retinue, who heard the intelligence, brought it to him; but Charles would not believe it. "Pish! pish!" he exclaimed, "an idle romance; they know I will obey my father." Though no official notice was sent to Charles of the order, yet it is understood that means were taken to apprise him of his situation; and on the morning of the 10th of December, while walking in the Tuilleries, he was informed by a person of distinction that he would certainly be seized that very day if he did not prevent it by an immediate departure; but, instead of taking the hint thus kindly given him, he seemed to treat the intelligence as chimerical, and turning to one of his followers, gave directions that a box should be hired for him that night at the opera-house.

To carry the warrant into effect, no less than 1200 of the guards were in the course of the day drawn out, and posted in the court of the Palais Royal; a great number of sergeants and grenadiers, in cuirasses and helmets, filled the passages of the opera-house; and the police were placed in all the streets leading to it, to stop any carriages that might attempt to pass. Six intrepid sergeants of the grenadiers were ordered to seize the prince. Two companies of grenadiers took post in the court-yard of the kitchens, where the Duc de Biron, colonel of the French guards, disguised, waited in a coach to see the issue of the enterprise. The Mousquetaires, a body of French horse-guards, had orders to be ready to mount on horseback; troops were posted upon the road from the Palais Royal to Vincennes; hatchets and scaling ladders were prepared, and locksmiths directed to attend, in order to take the prince by escalade, in case he should throw himself into some house, and there attempt to stand out a siege. A physician named Vernage, and three surgeons, were also ordered to be in readiness to dress such of the troops as might be wounded. These extensive preparations can only be accounted for on the supposition that the government was apprehensive that an

[3] Authentic Account, p. 51.

attempt would be made by the Parisians to rescue the prince.

Charles received several notes during the day, giving him notice of the measures taken for securing him; but he resolved to brave the danger. He accordingly left his hotel in his carriage, accompanied by three gentlemen of his household, at a quarter after five o'clock, for the opera-house, and, in passing through the street St Honoré, was warned by a friendly voice not to proceed, as the opera-house was beset. He proceeded onwards, however, and on entering the *cul-de-sac*, leading to the opera-house, the barriers were drawn, and the doors of the opera-house shut. On alighting from his coach, he was instantly surrounded by the six sergeants, disguised as tradesmen, who seized his person, and, lifting him off the ground, carried him through the *porte cochere*, at the end of the passage which led into the court-yard of the Palais Royal. M. de Vaudreuil, major of the blue guards, who, with some officers, had remained behind the gate, then approached his Royal Highness, and said, "Monseigneur, I arrest you in the name of the king, my master." Charles, without betraying any emotion, answered that the manner was a little too violent. The sergeants, thereupon, carried him into a room on the ground floor of the palace, possessed by a surgeon of the Duke of Orlean's household. The major demanding his arms, Charles presented his sword, but suspecting that he had other weapons about him, the sergeants, by De Vaudreuil's order, searched his person, and found a pair of pocket pistols and a penknife, of which they took possession. Charles remarked that he had carried a pair of pistols about with him ever since he returned from Scotland. The major had provided himself with thirty-six ells of black silk ribbon[4] with which to tie the prince, and on hearing him give directions to that effect, Charles offered his parole that he would hurt neither himself nor any other person, and added that he thought so many persons were quite sufficient to guard one unarmed man without resorting to such a step. The major consulted the Duke de Biron, who ordered that the prince should be bound. Charles was accordingly tied in five different places. In this situation he was put into a hired coach, attended by the major and two captains of the blue guards, and was driven, under a strong guard, to the castle of Vincennes, into which he was received by his friend M. de Chatelet, the governor, who placed him in a small upper apartment in the Tower, and treated him as well as his duty permitted him. The only person who remained with him in his confinement was Neil Mac Eachan, who had attended him in his perilous journey from Uist to Skye. Charles had borne the indignity offered him with great composure, the disgrace attending which, he told M. de Vaudreuil, could only affect his master; but after he found himself shut up in the castle, his feelings were overcome, and he is said to have clasped his hands together and to have burst into tears. "Ah! my faithful mountaineers," he pathetically exclaimed, "from *you* I never would have received such treatment. Would to God I were still among you!" Meanwhile the three gentlemen who had attended Charles to the opera were also seized, and five others, who were by chance at his house, and all his servants were sent to the Bastile; his hotel was taken possession of by the lieutenant of police.[5] Next day all the prince's French servants were released.

The arrest of the prince created an extraordinary sensation in Paris; and next morning all the public places of the city were covered with pasquinades, which had been put up during the night, reflecting, in very severe terms, upon the conduct of the king and his ministers for their treatment of the prince. One of these was in the form of an order from King George, directed to Louis of Bourbon, as his viceroy, commanding and requiring him to seize, and, if necessary, to tie the person of Charles Edward Stuart, and to conduct him out of the kingdom of France; and that, if Louis should continue to please his master as

[4] Another account (G. Charles's *Transactions in Scotland*) says that the material for binding was ten ells of crimson silk cord. This looks far more probable; if the major wished to make the binding of the prince effectual, "silk ribbon" would have been ridiculous. Still the anonymous letter referred to below is so circumstantial as to call it "a black ribbon, three fingers broad, and thirty-six ells long."

[5] Authentic Account, p. 63. Anonymous letter to Dr Meighan, among *Stuart Papers*.

he had hitherto done, he should be continued, by the king of England, in the viceroyalty of his kingdom of France. These placards were exceedingly annoying to the French court, and were torn down by the police with as great expedition as possible.

Charles was kept in confinement till the 14th December, on which day, in consequence of a correspondence which had passed between him and the king on that and the previous day, he was allowed to walk a few hours in the gardens. Having tendered his parole to leave the French territories without guards, Charles was released at seven o'clock, in the morning of Sunday the 15th, and departed for Fontainebleau, in a coach, under the charge of a commandant of musketeers. Messrs. Stafford and Sheridan, two gentlemen of his household, who had been set at liberty, followed him in two post-chaises. The remainder of Charles's

Bronze Medal, Prince Charles; *reverse*, Louisa, his Wife.
(From Original in Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh.

domestics were released a few days afterwards. On reaching Fontainebleau, Charles despatched a facetious note to a M. de Boile at Paris, requesting him to inform his friends that he carried himself well, that his head had never been off his shoulders, and that it was still upon them. From Fontainebleau Charles proceeded, by easy stages, to Avignon, where he arrived on the morning of the 27th of December, disguised in the uniform of a French officer of musketeers. He had received a letter from his father on the road, and four days after his arrival he despatched an answer acquainting him that he was "in perfect good health, notwithstanding the unheard-of barbarous and inhuman treatment" he had met with.[6]

[6] *Stuart Papers.*

CHAPTER XL.

BRITISH SOVEREIGNS:—

George II., 1727—1760. George III., 1760—1820
George IV., 1820—1830. William IV., 1830—1837.
Victoria, 1837—

A. D. 1748 TO PRESENT TIME.

Departure of Prince Charles from Avignon incognito —Visits London—Proposed marriage with a Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt—Charles's reported change of religion—Arrest and execution of Doctor Cameron —Negotiations between Charles and his Jacobite friends in England—Result—Negotiations resumed, and finally broken off—Death of the Chevalier—Marriage of Charles—His death—Character—Death of Cardinal York—Descendants of the Stuarts—"Charles Edward and John Sobieski Stuart."

THE city of Avignon, in Provence, which Charles selected for his place of abode, did not at this time form a part of the French dominions, but belonged to the pope. On the death of George I. the Chevalier de St. George had taken up his residence in this city, that he might the better be enabled to correspond with his friends in England; but he was soon obliged to retire across the Alps, in consequence, it is understood, of an application from the British government to the court of Rome. To expel the Stuarts from the French territories, whilst, by a sort of geographical subtlety, they were allowed to reside almost in the heart of France, was certainly an absurdity; and had Charles remained for any length of time at Avignon, it is probable that, as in the case of his father, he would soon have been forced to look out for another asylum; but, to the astonishment of all Europe, he left Avignon incognito, after a residence of about two months, and went whither nobody could tell.

Attended only by Colonel Goring, and one or two unliveried servants, Charles left Avignon in a travelling chaise, and proceeded on the road to Lyons. The prince and Goring passed for French officers, who, on the conclusion of the peace, had obtained leave to visit their friends—Charles taking the name of the Count D'Espoir.[7] What his motives

[7] "Letter from H—— G——, Esquire, one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber to the young Chevalier,

were for taking this step have not been ascertained; but it is probable that one of his objects was an interview with the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, with whose daughter, the Princess Charlotte Louisa, he contemplated a matrimonial alliance.

After passing through Lyons, Charles hired another chaise, and proceeded to Strasbourg. From Strasbourg it is supposed that Charles went to Paris, as it is quite certain that, in the month of May, he visited that capital.

Of Charles's wanderings, during the several years that he continued to roam on the continent, no satisfactory account has yet appeared; but recent researches have thrown some light on this obscure part of his history. It has been long known that during this period he visited Germany, spent some time privately in Paris, but resided chiefly in the dominions of his friend the Duc de Bouillon, where, surrounded by the wide and solitary forest of Ardennes, his active spirit sought, in the dangerous chase of wolves and bears, some compensation for the military enterprise from which he was excluded.[8] Secretary Edgar, who corresponded frequently with "the dear wild man," as he jocularly styled Charles, considered the prince's incognito as one of the most extraordinary circumstances that had ever occurred, so great was the secrecy with which it was for several years preserved.

After his departure from Paris, the first trace that can be discovered of him is in September 1750, when he visited London.[9] His object in coming over appears to have been to establish a regular correspondence with his friends in England, to ascertain the probability of a rising in his favour, and to fix with them upon a proper place for landing arms, &c. Before his departure he applied to his father for a renewal of his powers as regent, which James reluctantly granted.[1] If he found matters in a favourable train, he intended to issue a declaration in which he was to offer to refer the funds to a free parliament; and to encourage the army to join him, he was to show the nullity of the oaths they had taken to the "Elector."[2] Charles arrived in London in the month of September, and went immediately to the house of Lady Primrose. Her ladyship sent a note to Dr King, a zealous Jacobite, desiring to see him immediately. On the doctor's entering the house, Lady Primrose led him into her dressing-room, and presented him to the prince. Dr. King was surprised at seeing him, and still more astonished when informed of the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at such a juncture. According to Dr. King, whose statement is fully supported by documents among the *Stuart Papers*, the impatience of the prince's friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable; but although it had been as feasible as they had represented it to him, yet no preparation had been made to carry it into execution. Charles was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and after a stay in London of only five days, returned to the continent.[3]

As Charles studiously concealed from his father all his designs and movements, the latter

and the only person of his own retinue that attended him from Avignon, in his late journey through Germany and elsewhere, &c., to a particular friend. London, 1750."

[8] Klose's *Memoirs of Prince Charles*, vol. ii. p. 199.

[9] Charles alludes to this visit in a note dated 1st July, 1754, in his own hand-writing, among the *Stuart Papers*.

[1] *Stuart Papers.*

[2] See a curious memorandum, dated 3d May, 1750, among the *Stuart Papers*. From this document it is evident that Charles thought that the French ministry were bribed by the British government to withhold assistance from him.

[3] King's *Political and Literary Anecdotes*, p. 197:—"He came," says Dr. King, "one evening to my lodgings and drank tea with me. My servant, after he was gone, said to me, 'that he thought my new visitor very like Prince Charles.' 'Why,' said I, 'have you ever seen Prince Charles?' 'No, sir,' replied the fellow, 'but this gentleman, whoever he may be, exactly resembles the busts which are sold in Red Lion Street, and are said to be the busts of Prince Charles.' The truth is, these busts were taken in plaster of Paris from his face. I never heard him," adds the doctor—who, however, cannot be received as an altogether unbiassed reporter—"express any noble or benevolent sentiment, the certain indications of a great soul and a good heart; or discover any sorrow or compassion for the misfortunes of so many worthy men who had suffered in his cause. But the most odious part of his character was his love of money. . . I have known this gentleman with 2000 Louis d'ors in his strong-box pretend he was in great distress, and borrow money from a lady in Paris who was not in affluent circumstances. His most faithful servants, who had closely attended him in all his difficulties, were ill rewarded. To this spirit of avariee may be added his insolent manner of treating his immediate dependants, very unbecoming a great prince, *and a sure prognostic of what might be expected from him if ever he acquired the sovereign power.*"

was entirely ignorant of his contemplated marriage with the daughter of the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt. The Chevalier had suggested, in 1747, a marriage with one of the Duke of Modena's daughters, from which family his mother had sprung; but Charles appears not to have relished the proposed match. He now urged upon him the necessity of marrying, so as to secure the succession of the family; for he could not think the prince so selfish as to consider himself only in all he did and suffered.

Though he could not but feel disappointed at the result of his journey to England, Charles did not despond, and he now resolved to sound the dispositions of the courts of Berlin and Stockholm. As Lord Marischal had resided about three years in Berlin, and was, through the interest of Field-marshal Keith, his brother, on the best footing with his Prussian majesty, it occurred to Charles that, by availing himself of the services of that nobleman, whom he looked upon as "an honest man," Frederick might be induced to espouse his cause. Accordingly he despatched Colonel Goring to Berlin, in June 1751, with a letter to Lord Marischal. After consulting with his lordship, Goring was directed to proceed to Sweden.[4] Of this mission nothing farther is known. An interview which took place between Lord Marischal and Goring, and another probably with the prince himself at Paris, in September following, are involved in the same obscurity. About this time Charles received notice that one Grosert, collector of the customs at Alloa, had left Scotland with an intention to assassinate him. This information was brought to France by Robertson of Blairfetty, who had been in Scotland. Grosert is said to have been married to a German woman, the daughter of the milliner of George I.[5]

No trace can be discovered of Charles's wanderings, after his return from London, till the 5th of April 1752, when he was seen by a gentleman of the name of Mackintosh at Campvere, in the island of Middleburg, where he remained four days.[6] He is said to have revisited London in the course of the following year, and to have formally renounced the Catholic religion in a chapel in Gray's Inn Lane under his own name of Charles Edward Stuart; but for this statement there appears to be no sufficient authority.[7] Dr. King, who corresponded with Charles for several years, makes no allusion to this visit, nor is there the least trace of it to be found among the *Stuart Papers*. The story of a third visit, on occasion of the coronation of George III., at which Charles is said to have attended, rests on the authority of a letter of David Hume, written in 1773. As to his reported change of religion, a rumour was generally prevalent in 1752—a year before the date of his alleged apostacy at London—that Charles had become a Protestant; but its accuracy was doubted of by some of his friends.[8] It is certain, however, that Charles was not disposed to imitate the self-denial of his father and grandfather, who preferred their faith to a crown.[9]

[4] See the letter to Earl Marischal and the instructions to Goring, both dated 21st June, 1751, among the *Stuart Papers*.

[5] Letter from Sir James Harrington, dated 6th August, 1751, among the *Stuart Papers*.

[6] Letter, Mr. Donald Mackintosh to Secretary Edgar, dated from Civita Vecchia, 6th February, 1754.—*Stuart Papers*.

[7] He is said on this occasion to have called without previous notice on Lady Primrose, and to have walked into the room, where she and others were playing cards, being announced by the servant under another name. After he left it was remarked how like he was to the prince's portrait which hung in the very room into which he entered. He is said on this occasion to have used so little precaution that he went abroad undisguised in daylight, walking once through St. James's, and taking a turn in Pall Mall. This story looks very like another version of his visit in 1750. See George Charles's *Transactions in Scotland*, vol. ii. p. 470.

[8] See among the *Stuart Papers* a letter from Secretary Edgar to Mr. William Hay, 26th September, 1752, and that from Mr. Hay's letter to Edgar, October 1752. Charles seems to have been desirous after this to have none but Protestants about him. He sent an order to Avignon, in November 1753, to dismiss all his "Papist servants." He kept at this time a French mistress, and having quarrelled with her, he discarded her because she was "a Papist too." The following note, also, in the prince's hand, appears on the back of a letter of Waters the banker, of 26th June, 1754:—"My being a Protestant I can prove to be an advantage to the Papist, and my terrible situation not to be incapable to attempt any plan either against my honour or interest, seeing them that are so far from my country." At this time (June 1754) Charles was living in Paris incognito.

[9] See his answer to the deputation that waited on him in the year 1755:—

"As to his religion," says Dr. King, "he is certainly free from all bigotry and superstition, and would readily conform to the religion of the country. With the Catholics he is a Catholic, with the Protestants he is a Protestant; and to convince the latter

In consequence of the state of comparative security which the British government enjoyed after the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, it became less vigilant than before in watching the motions of the exiled adherents of the house of Stuart. Some of them accordingly ventured, from time to time, to revisit their native country and friends. Amongst others, Dr. Cameron came over in 1749 to recover part of a large sum of money which had been left by Charles in charge of Macpherson of Cluny when he quitted Scotland. He made a second journey to Britain in 1753, for what particular purpose is not certainly known, although it is supposed his visit had some connection with a scheme for another rising, then under the consideration of the Jacobites, but which luckily was nipped in the bud. Having been apprehended in Scotland, he was carried to London, confined to the Tower, and his identity being proved in the court of king's bench by several witnesses, he received sentence of death, and was barbarously executed at Tyburn. He conducted himself with manly fortitude and decorum, and his fate was generally pitied.[1] Some of the best wishers to the Government thought the sacrifice of this unfortunate gentleman a most unnecessary and wanton act at such a juncture, and at such a distance of time from the period of his attainder.[2] It is said that King George himself, as he reluctantly signed the warrant for Cameron's execution, exclaimed, "Surely there has been too much blood spilt upon this account already!"

Down to 1754 Charles kept up a regular communication with his friends in England, several of whom visited him personally, and though they saw many reprehensible things in his conduct, yet they were willing to make every allowance for the peculiarities of his situation. There was one circumstance, however, which they could not overlook. When in Scotland, Charles had a mistress named Clementina Walkinshaw, who, by all accounts, possessed no great attractions, bodily or mental. Some years after he was sent out of France he sent for this woman, who managed to become acquainted with all his plans, and was trusted with his most secret correspondence. As Miss Walkinshaw had a sister who acted as housekeeper to Frederick, Prince of Wales, at Leicester house, all the persons of distinction in England attached to Charles grew alarmed, being apprehensive that this paramour had been placed in his family by the English ministers. They, therefore, despatched a gentleman, named M'Namara, to Paris, where Charles then was, with instructions to insist upon Miss Walkinshaw's removal for a certain time from his presence. Mr M'Namara, who was a man of excellent understanding, urged the most powerful reasons, and used all the arts of persuasion to induce him to comply, but to no purpose. M'Namara then informed him that an immediate interruption of all correspondence with his most powerful friends in England, and the ruin of his interest, would be the certain consequence of his refusal; but Charles was inflexible. M'Namara staid some days in Paris beyond the time prescribed, in hopes of ultimately prevailing; but all his entreaties and remonstrances were ineffectual. At parting, M'Namara could not help exclaiming, with great indignation, "What has your family done, Sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it, through so many ages?" During his conferences with M'Namara, the prince declared that he had no violent passion, or, indeed, any particular regard for Miss Walkinshaw, and that he could see her removed from him without any concern; but that he would not receive directions for the regulation of his private conduct from any man alive. When M'Namara returned to London and reported Charles's answer to the gentlemen who had sent him to Paris, many of whom were persons of the first rank, and all of them men of fortune and distinction, they were amazed and confounded, and resolved at once to break with him.[3]

Lord Marischal was then residing at Paris

of his sincerity, he often carried an English Common Prayer-book in his pocket, and sent to Gordon (whom I have mentioned before), a non-juring clergyman, to christen the first child he had by his mistress, Mrs. Walkinshaw.

[1] Klose's *Memoirs of Prince Charles*, vol. ii. p. 208.

[2] The French government settled a pension of 1200 livres per annum upon his widow, and granted an annual allowance of 400 livres to each of his two sons who were in its service, in addition to their pay.

[3] King's Political and Literary Anecdotes, p. 264. *et. seq.*

as ambassador from the king of Prussia to the court of Versailles, and was apprised by M'Namara of everything that passed between him and the prince. Had M'Namara's mission been successful, his lordship, whose services Charles was anxious to obtain, meant, on the expiration of his embassy, to have entered Charles's household; but disgusted with the conduct of the prince, who even had the ingratitude to threaten to publish the names of his English friends, he declined to take any farther interest in his affairs, and embracing the mediation of the king of Prussia, reconciled himself to the British government.[4]

When, in the following year, a war with France seemed inevitable, some of his French friends petitioned the French court to take advantage of this favourable opportunity to make one more attempt to restore the Stuarts. Charles himself came to France, and appears to have made exertions in his own behalf, but the time was consumed in fruitless negotiations, and Charles returned to Italy and the retirement of private life. It seems to be with this attempt that a document contained among the *Stuart Papers* is connected. This document purports to be notes of a statement made by a deputation, sent over to Prince Charles, at a conference with him, drawn up at his own desire; it is dated August 15, 1755. If this document is authentic, and there seems to be no reason to believe otherwise, the deputies must have lectured the prince on his conduct most fearlessly and outspokenly, and in a manner to which princes are mostly strangers.

It is not known what reception the deputation met with, or how this message was received by him; but, at his desire, the address was committed to writing, and sent to him. Charles returned an indignant answer, informing his "friends" that reason might, and he hoped should, always prevail with him, but his own heart deceived him if threats or promises ever would. He despised, he said, the malice of those who aspersed his character, and considered it below his dignity to treat them in the terms they deserved. He told them he had long desired a churchman from his friends to attend him, but that his expectations had been hitherto disappointed.[5]

Though Charles at first affected not to feel the indignity offered to him by the French government, yet it is certain that it left upon him an indelible impression, soured his disposition, and tended to confirm into a habit the propensity to tippling which he contracted during his long and exhausting wanderings in the Highlands. Indeed, his mind, which never was of the strongest or noblest type, appears to have been quite unhinged. During his long incognito he scarcely ever corresponded with his afflicted father,—a silence which he said was not owing either to neglect or want of duty, but because his situation was such that he could do nothing but vent "imprecations against the fatality of being born in such a detestable age."[6] Led away by his passions, and reckless of the feelings or wishes of others, he would suffer no control; and so infatuated did he become, that in resisting the admonitions of his friends, he thought he was pursuing a course honourable to himself, and dutiful towards the "honest man,"—his father;[7] but James was not to be misled by such false notions, and hinted, that though he was happy to find Charles in such sentiments, yet it was possible that what he might think for the best might be otherwise. "Do you," he asks the prince, "rightly understand the extensive sense of honour and duty from which you say you will never go astray? If you can," he continues, "keep up to that rule, you will then be really an honest man, which is the new name you give me, and with which I am much pleased, since it is a title I value more than all those which vanity can desire, or flattery invent. It is a title we are all obliged to pretend to, and which we may all, without vanity, think we deserve, and unless we deserve it, we, in reality, can neither be happy in the next world, nor even in this, because peace and tranquillity of mind is only the share of honest men. The best wish I can therefore make you, is that you may yourself long deserve and enjoy that title

[4] Several letters between Charles and Lord Marischal will be found among the *Stuart Papers*. The most interesting are one from his lordship, without signature, 15th April 1754, another also without signature, 18th May 1754, and Charles's answer of the latter date.

[5] *Stuart Papers.*

[6] Letter to Edgar, 24th March 1754.

[7] Letter,—Charles to Edgar, 12th March. 1755

it would be the most effectual means of drawing down God's blessing upon you." [8]

After the estrangement of his friends, Charles appears to have given up all thoughts of restoration, and resided chiefly at Avignon till shortly before the death of his father, on December 31, 1766, when he returned to Italy, fixing his abode at Florence. The Chevalier had, for several years, been in a declining state of health, and, for two years before his death, had been confined to his bed-chamber. His remains were carried to the church of the parish where

Prince Charles Edward Stuart.
From an Original Drawing by Ozias Humphrey, R.A. Taken at Florence 1776.

he had resided, and were decorated with all the insignia of royalty. Over the bed was this inscription:—"Jacobus Magnæ Britanniæ Rex, Anno MDCCLXVI." The body lay in state three days, during which none but the Italian princes and British subjects were admitted into the church. The corpse was then removed in procession to St Peter's church to be interred. By his will, the Chevalier left his real estate, which yielded about forty thousand crowns per annum, exclusive of pensions, to Prince Charles. He also left him a box of jewels belonging to the crown of Poland, formerly pledged to the Sobieski family, if not redeemed. The jewels belonging to his own family he directed to be divided between Charles and Henry.

From the state of comparative seclusion in which the Chevalier passed the most part of his life, his personal history is less known than either that of his father, or his son, Charles Edward. His character, to judge from his correspondence and the many acts of individual kindness he showed towards his exiled adherents, was benevolent and estimable. He seems to have been better acquainted with the principles of the English constitution than any of his race, and would, had he been called to empire, have very possibly eschewed the dangerous rock of the prerogative on which his grandfather and father split. His boast was not merely that he was an Englishman, but that, to use an Italian phrase, there was not "a greater Englishman than himself." [9]

After his father's death, Prince Charles retired to Albano, near Rome, where he appears to have lived in great seclusion till the year 1772, when the court of Versailles, desirous for its own selfish purposes to prevent the male line of the house of Stuart from becoming extinct, negotiated a marriage between him and the young princess Louisa Maximiliana Carolina of Stolberg-Gedern; and the three Bourbon courts all concurring in the match, a suitable allowance was settled by them on the prince and his wife. Charles, who, in consequence of the refusal of the court of Rome to recognise the titles which his father had assumed, had taken that of the Count of Albany, which when a youth he had used on his travels through Italy, took up his residence upon his marriage in the neighbourhood of Florence, whither he was invited by the grand duke of Tuscany. The marriage was unfortunate. Charles had lived too long single to enjoy

[8] Letter to Charles, 14th April, 1755, among *Stuart Papers*.

[9] Letter to Charles of 3d February, 1747.

connubial happiness; and his mind, soured by misfortune and degraded by dissipation, unfitted him for the discharge of the domestic virtues.[1] An English lady who saw Prince Charles at Rome in 1770, describes him thus:—"The Pretender is naturally above the middle size, but stoops excessively; he appears bloated and red in the face, his countenance heavy and sleepy, which is attributed to his having given in to excess of drinking, but when a young man he must have been esteemed handsome. His complexion is of the fair tint, his eyes blue, his hair light brown, and the contour of his face a long oval; he is by no means thin, has a noble person and a graceful manner. His dress was scarlet, laced with broad gold lace; he wears the blue riband outside of his coat, from which depends a cameo, antique, as large as the palm of my hand, and he wears the same garter and motto as those of the noble St George in England. Upon the whole, he has a melancholy, mortified appearance."[2]

Charles and the princess lived together uncomfortably till 1780, Charles, it is said, often treating his youthful, beautiful, accomplished, and gentle wife with the greatest brutality. In 1777 she became acquainted with the great Italian dramatist Alfieri, and the two immediately conceived for each other a passionate, lasting, and comparatively pure love; for while her husband lived there is every reason to believe that she remained faithful to him. The princess left Charles in 1780, and took up her residence with his brother the cardinal at Rome, but shortly after removed from that to Baden and ultimately to Paris, where Alfieri joined her, and they separated no more. On her husband's death, it is understood that she was privately married to Alfieri, who died in 1803, she surviving him upwards of twenty-one years. When Tuscany fell under the dominion of Bonaparte, he ordered the princess, then living in Florence, (she having incurred his displeasure), to repair to Paris. She was afterwards allowed to return to Florence, where it is said she made a left-handed marriage with a French historical painter, named Francis Xavier Fabre, the friend of Alfieri, whom upon her death she appointed her universal executor.

About 1785, Charles, who must have felt himself at this time a lonely, homeless, disappointed old man, took to live with him his daughter, Charlotte, by Miss Walkinshaw, who was born about 1760. Little is known of this lady; she, however, appears to have been of a gentle disposition, and we would fain hope that her presence and companionship helped much to soften the misanthropy and soothe the bitter spirit of the disappointed aspirant to the British throne. Shortly after his daughter came to live with him, Charles removed to Rome, where in January 1788 he was prostrated by paralysis, and after an illness of three weeks died on the 31st. He was buried royally in the church of his brother at Frascati, the body, however, being afterwards removed to St Peter's at Rome. Some time before his death, he legitimatized his daughter, and as the last act of his shadowy sovereignty, created her Duchess of Albany, leaving her the greater part of his private property.[3] Even down to the time of his death, it would seem he had not entirely relinquished the hope of one day sitting on the throne of his ancestors, for, according to Lord Mahon, he used to keep under his bed a strong box with 12,000 sequins, ready for the expenses of his journey to England whenever he might suddenly be called thither.[4] His daughter, so far as is known his sole descendant, survived him only one year.

Whilst Charles's partisans have painted him in the most glowing colours of admiration, as the paragon of all that is noble and high-minded, others have represented him as a man devoid of any good and generous feeling,—as despotic, revengeful, ungrateful, and

[1] Lord Mahon thinks that Charles had contracted a disparaging opinion of the tender sex in general. Among the *Stuart Papers* is the following written by Charles about the time of his marriage:—"As for men, I have studied them myself, and were I to live till fourscore, I could scarcely know them better than now, but as for women, I have thought it useless, they being so much more wicked and impenetrable." "Ungenerous and ungrateful words," justly exclaims Lord Mahon; "surely as he wrote them, the image of Flora Macdonald should have risen in his heart and restrained his hand."—Mahon's *England*, v. iii., p. 527.

[2] Letters from Italy by an Englishwoman, London, 1776. Quoted by Lord Mahon.

[3] Klose's *Memoirs*, v. ii., p. 241.

[4] Mahon's *England*, v. ii., p. 528.

avaricious,—having, in short, all the vices without one of the redeeming virtues of his race. Paradoxical as the assertion may be, there is some truth in both delineations; but considerable abatements must be made from the exaggerated eulogies of the one party, as well as from the sweeping condemnation of the other. There were, in fact, as has been well observed, two Charles Edwards. The hero of 1745 was a generous and high-minded youth, who, notwithstanding some constitutional defects, merited a better destiny; but the Charles Edward of a subsequent period was a degraded man, who, dispirited by misfortune and soured by disappointment, lost all command over himself, and became the sport of his passions. He retained, however, to the close of his existence, a vivid recollection of his early exploits, and frequently betrayed genuine emotion on hearing any allusion to Scotland and the Highlanders.

When Charles was ill in 1784, his brother the cardinal, supposing him to be on his death-bed, drew up a paper maintaining his pretensions to the British crown, which, he declared, were in no way prejudiced or renounced by his retention of the incognito title, Cardinal Duke of York. A copy of this document he sent to the pope, cardinals, and various foreign ministers. When his brother the prince did die, and Henry was left the last and sole representative of the royal Stuart race, he caused a medal to be struck bearing the inscription, "Henry IX., King of England,

Medal of Henry, Cardinal Duke of York.
From Original in Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh.

by the grace of God, but not by the will of men." This, however, was all the cardinal ever did to maintain his right divine to the throne from which his grandfather fled. He appears to have been perfectly contented with his life as a Roman cardinal, to have been generous and gentle in disposition, and to have performed his duties faithfully as a minister of the Catholic Church, although in his own house he is said to have insisted upon a strict observance of all the etiquette usual in the residence of a reigning sovereign. He had many rich livings both in Italy and France, but of most of these and of all his wealth and treasures, literary, antiquarian, and curious, he was despoiled by the emissaries of the French revolution in 1798, when he took refuge in Venice infirm and destitute. His case was represented to his successful relative George III., who immediately, and in as delicate a manner as possible, generously settled on the cardinal a pension for life of L.4000 a year. The cardinal returned to Rome in 1801, and resided there till his death in 1807, aged 82 years. He was buried in St Peter's, beside his father and brother, "and a stately monument, from the chisel of Canova, but at charge, as I believe, of the House of Hanover, has since arisen to the memory of JAMES THE THIRD, CHARLES THE THIRD, and HENRY THE NINTH, KINGS OF ENGLAND—names which an Englishman can scarcely read without a smile or a sigh! Often at the present day does the British traveller turn from the sunny height of

the Pincian or the carnival throngs of the Corso, to gaze in thoughtful silence on that sad mockery of human greatness, and that last record of ruined hopes!"[5]

Henry of York, as we have said, was the last scion of the direct line of the royal house of Stuart, although he was by no means the last of the Stuarts, as the genealogy of nearly every royal and princely house of Europe can testify. Much valuable information on this point is contained in Mr Townsend's *Descendants of the Stuarts*, where the reader will meet with many interesting and a few strange and startling facts. The Stuart blood, it would seem, enriches the veins of every Christian sovereign of Europe, and among the European noble families will be found many princes who, by the now ignored and we hope never to be revived, principle of divine hereditary right, are nearer heirs to the British throne than the Prince of Wales. The heir-of-line of the Stuarts is, we believe, Francis, ex-Duke of Modena, the heiress presumptive being his niece, Maria Theresa, wife of Prince Louis of Bavaria. Great Britain, however, is as likely to assert her right to the allegiance of the United States as is any of the many descendants of the Stuarts to endeavour to establish a claim to the throne of England, to the prejudice of the reigning family. The Lady who at present occupies the throne of Britain, and in whose veins runs a large share of the ancient Stuart blood, has won her way to the hearts of all classes of her subjects, Highland and Lowland, by her true nobility of character, genuine womanliness, and anxious interest in the welfare of her people, as effectually as did the young Chevalier by his youthful thoughtless daring, fascinating manners, and feigned enthusiasm for all that was Highland. Still the ancient spirit is not dead, and probably never will die, so long as Gaelic and Lowland Scotch is understood in the land, and so long as there exists such a superabundance of Jacobite songs unmatched for pathos and humour, and set to music which cannot fail to touch the heart of the "canniest Scot" that ever tried to overreach his neighbour. This sentimental Jacobitism, initiated by Scott, appears to be getting stronger and stronger every year, and pervades all classes of society from the "queen on the throne to the meanest of her subjects;" it has, indeed, become now to a certain extent fashionable, no doubt owing largely to the example set by the greatest lady in the land, in her love and admiration of the Highlands and Highlanders. Tartans, not very many years ago proscribed and forbidden to be worn under severe penalties, and regarded as barbarous and vulgar, have now become the rage, and are as indispensable to every Scottish family, Highland or Lowland, as its crest or its family ghost.

Before dismissing entirely the Stuart family, which latterly was so intimately associated with the Highlands, it may not be out of place to mention that only a few years ago, two young men made their appearance in Scotland, holding themselves forth as legitimate grandsons of Prince Charles. Their story, set forth in an inflated, misty style, after the manner of romantic novelists, will be found in a work published by them in 1847, entitled, *Tales of the Century, or Sketches of the Romance of History between the years* 1746 *and* 1846. There can be no doubt that John Sobieski and Charles Edward Stuart, the names by which these gentlemen made themselves known to the public, have no connection whatever with the royal Stuarts: it is certain that Prince Charles Edward Stuart left behind him no legitimate offspring. The story told by them in the above publication, however, was to the effect that their father, instead of being a son of Admiral Allen, as was commonly supposed, was a son of Prince Charles and the Princess Louisa, whose birth was kept secret through fear of the Hanoverian family, and who was intrusted to Admiral Allen, and passed off by him as his own son.[6] It is not at all improbable that they themselves believed their own story, and were, strictly speaking, no impostors; at all events, they appear to have met with considerable sympathy in the form of hospitality and subscriptions to their publications, for besides the book above mentioned and a volume of poems, they published a large and expensive work, splendidly illustrated, entitled, *The Costume of the Clans*,

[5] Mahon's *England*, v. iii. p. 529.

[6] See the whole story set forth and conclusively refuted in the *Quarterly Review* for June 1847.

a copy of which was ordered at the time for her Majesty's library. To judge from the introduction to this last book, occupying about the half of the work, written in a most painfully lofty style, and having an amusing look of learning by being crammed full of small type notes and enigmatical references, one would be almost inclined to think that they were weak-minded enough to believe that it was possible, even in the middle of the 19th century, in the reign of Queen Victoria, to incite the loyal Highlanders to enact a second '45.[7]

John Sobieski Stuart generally resides in London, where he is to be met with in good society under the title of "Count D'Albanie."

CHAPTER XLI.

Proceedings which followed Culloden, their cause and consequences—Influence of clan-feeling—Lord Lovat and the Frasers—Parliamentary measures—Disarming Act—Act against the Highland dress—Abolition of Hereditary Jurisdictions—The Scottish Episcopalians—Effect of these measures—The Old Jacobites—The Jacobite Songs—Whig Songs—Sir Walter Scott—Jacobitism at the present day—Queen Victoria—Innovations, and their probable consequences.

The harsh military proceedings which followed the battle of Culloden, of which we have already endeavoured to give the reader an idea, seem to have completely crushed the spirit out of the poor, and, in many cases, innocent Highlanders. The Duke of Cumberland and his subordinates exercised, as we have seen, no discrimination in the selection of their victims, laying their bloody clutches on chiefs and people, him who had been "out" and him who had not; it was sufficient to bring slaughter, slavery, or ruin on a man and his family, if he bore upon or about him any mark of Highland origin or connection,—wore a kilt, or could not justify himself in English. The end which it was intended to accomplish by these cruel and saddening measures, was no doubt in the main highly desirable; it was well to let it be distinctly known once for all, that the divine hereditary right of ruling could be conferred only by the people, and that these would bestow the post of king on him who could fill it best, and who would by no caprices of his own obstruct the progress of the nation. It was assuredly right and absolutely necessary that the Highlanders should be made clearly to understand that they lived in the middle of the 18th century, and were only a very small part of a great nation which was leading the march of the world's progress, and that, instead of doing their best to pull their country back a century, they should lend the aid of the many valuable and noble qualities with which they were endowed, but which were running comparatively waste, to enable Britain to keep her proud position in the van of the nations, and help the world on in its glorious course of progress, to try to stop which would certainly lead to their own destruction. It was, we say, high time that such a splendid race of men should be roused out of self-satisfied slumber and brought to their senses, but surely there was some gentler method of effecting this than by thrusting a sword into their hearts or blowing out their bewildered brains; their tendency to rebellion was no disease which required to be "stamped out," but merely the result of much unoccupied energy, which only required proper direction in order to become a blessing instead of a curse to their fellow-countrymen. No one, possessing ordinary human feeling, can regard the proceedings which followed Culloden, and

[7] A gentleman of Jacobite sympathies, to whom this part of the work has been submitted, appends the following note:—

"It is but justice, however, to these gentlemen to say, that they have never made any loud or noisy assertion of their claims, leaving, what they believe to be, the fact of their descent to be indicated, rather than asserted in the work above mentioned. It is understood, also, that they do not encourage much reference being made to those claims, which they consider to amount only to the fact of their being descended from Prince Charles, not to any 'Divine Right' to the throne in virtue of that descent; that right having been forfeited, they believe, by the fact of themselves and their ancestors having been Roman Catholics—the nation having declared for a Protestant succession. It looks also as if they depended on the strength of truth, or what they believe to be truth, that they have never answered the criticisms of the *Quarterly* reviewer, whilst at the same time it is understood that they maintain that they could answer him, if they were so minded. They bore a high character during their residence in the Highlands of Scotland, which character they still retain. It is some time since the writer of this note has seen them, but the resemblance which their features bore to the features of the ancient Stuart race used to be remarked by all who knew them. This, however, would not prove much. Even the *Quarterly* reviewer does not allege that they were *conscious* or knowingly impostors."

which were continued for many months, with any feelings but those of pity, sadness, and horror, combined with loathing at those who were so inhuman as to carry out the bloody work of wholesale butchery and ruin. We of the present day regard the Highlanders of '45 as a chivalrous, impulsive, simple-minded race, who really wished to do no one any harm, and perhaps we are to a certain extent right. But, as at the time of the massacre of Glencoe, their southern fellow-countrymen looked upon them as a pestiferous race of semi-barbarians, enemies to progress, "thieves and lawless limmers," who, like vermin, should be annihilated, or at least for ever incapacitated from doing harm to any but themselves. This seems especially to have been the case with the Duke of Cumberland, who was utterly incapable of regarding the Highlanders in any other light than as a set of barbarous villains, to whom no mercy ought to be shown. Writing, April 4, 1746, to the Duke of Newcastle, he says, "All in this country are almost to a man Jacobites, and mild measures will not do. You will find that the whole laws of this ancient kingdom must be new modelled. Were I to enumerate the villains and villanies this country abounds in, I should never have done." And again, July 17, "I am sorry to leave this country in the condition it is in; for all the good that we have done is a little blood-letting, which has only weakened the madness, but not at all cured it; and *I tremble for fear that this vile spot may still be the ruin of this island and of our family.*" From a man of Cumberland's character, cherishing such feelings as the above towards an enemy in his power, what other course of conduct was to be expected than that which he followed, more especially when it is remembered that these feelings must have been considerably aggravated by the defeats which the royal army had already sustained. On this last account the royal soldiers themselves must have cherished more than usually bitter feelings towards their opponents; for what can be more chagrining to regularly disciplined troops than to be routed by a wretchedly armed rabble of half naked, untrained men, in which light the royal army must have regarded the Highlanders. These special causes, added to the insatiable thirst for blood which seems to take possession of a victorious army, sufficiently account for the inhuman, heartless, and uncalled for treatment of the Highlanders after the battle of Culloden. Good as the end was, the means was utterly unjustifiable and abhorrent.

The end, however, was accomplished. The spirit of the Highlanders was totally broken; they were left completely prostrate, broken hearted, and bleeding, with no power left of further disturbing the peace of the kingdom, and with little inclination, at least among the great majority of the clansmen, to lend their aid towards another rising. Indeed, it is well known that, so far as the mass of the clansmen, as distinguished from the chiefs and tacksmen, were concerned, they were entirely the tools of their superiors, and were ready, according as their chiefs ordered, either to espouse the cause of Prince Charles, or to be loyal to the existing government. There is not a better instance of the indifference of the common Highlanders as to whom they fought for, than the conduct of the clan Fraser in the rebellion of 1715. At the time this rebellion broke out, Lovat was in France, the headship of the clan being assumed by Mackenzie of Fraserdale, who favoured the cause of the Stuarts, and who had joined the Earl of Mar at Perth with 400 of the Frasers, many other members of the clan remaining neutral till the pleasure of Simon, their real chief, should be known. Lovat returned from France, espoused the side of King George, in which he was immediately followed by the neutral Frasers, while those who were in the camp of Marr left it to a man, and joined themselves to him whom they regarded as their rightful chief. Such was the strength of the clannish principle, and such the indifference of the majority of the Highlanders as to which side they espoused, so long as they pleased their chief, to please whom, they had been taught from their infancy, was the first and great commandment, to offend him being little better than banishment or death. To say the least, then, how utterly indiscriminating and shameful was the cruel conduct of "Butcher" Cumberland and his assistants.

The cruel and unconstitutional method of punishing the Highland rebels, and crushing the sting out of them, adopted by Cumberland, was at length put a stop to about the month of August, the Civil Courts successfully asserting their supremacy over military licence and coercion. Parliament set itself to devise and adopt such measures as it thought would be calculated to assimilate the Highlands with the rest of the kingdom, and deprive the Highlanders of the power to combine successfully in future against the established government. To effect these ends, Parliament, in 1746 and 1747, passed various Acts, by which it was ordained that the Highlanders should be disarmed, their peculiar dress laid aside, and the heritable jurisdictions and wardholding abolished.

Marshal Wade, in 1725, seems really to have succeeded in confiscating a very considerable number of good, useful arms, although the pawky Highlanders managed to throw a glamour over even his watchful eyes, and secrete many weapons for use when occasion should offer. Still, that arms were scarce in the Highlands after this, is shown by the rude and unmilitary character of the weapons possessed by the majority of the rebel army previous to the battle of Prestonpans; there, many of the Highlanders were able to exchange their irregular and ugly, but somewhat formidable weapons for government firelocks and bayonets. Still Culloden, and the merciless oppression which followed, more than annulled all that the Highlanders had gained in this and other respects by their previous success; so that those who had the enforcing of the disarming Act would have comparatively little work to do, and were not likely to meet with much opposition in performing it. Severe penalties were threatened upon any who dared to keep possession of weapons after the Act came in force; for the first offence the delinquent was liable to a heavy fine, to be sent to serve as a soldier in America, or, if unfit for service, to be imprisoned for six months. Seven years' transportation followed the second offence.

There can, we think, be no doubt as to the wisdom and prudence of this Act if judiciously and thoroughly carried out, although the penalties certainly do seem too severe. It seems to have accomplished its purpose: "the last law," says Dr. Johnson,[8] "by which the Highlanders are deprived of their arms, has operated with efficacy beyond expectation . . . . the arms were collected with such rigour, that every house was despoiled of its defence." Not only was this disarming of the Highlanders effectual in preventing future rebellion, but also helped considerably to soften and render less dangerous their daily intercourse with each other. Formerly it was quite a common occurrence for the least difference of opinion between two Highlanders—whose bristling pride is always on the rise—to be followed by high words and an ultimate appeal to weapons, in which the original combatants were often joined by their respective friends, the result being a small battle ending in one or more deaths and many wounds. The Disarming Act tended to make such occurrences extremely rare.

There is certainly great room for doubting the wisdom which prompted the enactment that followed the above, enforcing the discontinuance of the peculiar dress of the Highlanders. By this Act, "Any person within Scotland, whether man or boy (excepting officers and soldiers in his majesty's service), who should wear the plaid, philibeg, trews, shoulder belts, or any part of the Highland garb, or should use for great coats, tartans, or parti-coloured plaid, or stuffs, should, without the alternative of a fine, be imprisoned for the first conviction for six months, without bail, and on the second conviction be transported for seven years."[9] Of all the medicines administered by the government physicians to the Highlanders at this time, this was certainly the most difficult for them to swallow, and the one least calculated to serve the purpose for which it was intended. As to the other enactments made by government to keep down rebellion, the Highlanders could not but feel that those in power were only doing what common prudence dictated. But this interference in a matter so personal and apparently so harmless as that of dress, this prohibition of a costume so national, ancient (at least in

[8] Johnson's *Journey*, ed. 1792, p. 126.
[9] *Stewart's Sketches*, b. 1. p. 116.

fashion), and characteristic as that of the Highlanders, seemed to them an act of mere wanton and insulting oppression, intended to degrade them, and without purpose, to outrage their most cherished and harmless prejudices. They seem to have felt it as keenly as any officer would feel the breaking of his sword or the tearing off of his epaulets, or as the native troops, previous to the Indian mutiny, felt the imposition of greased cartridges. It humbled and irritated them far more than did any of the other acts, or even than the outrages and barbarities which followed Culloden; instead of eradicating their national spirit, and assimilating them in all respects with the Lowland population, it rather intensified that spirit, and their determination to preserve themselves a separate and peculiar people, besides throwing in their way an additional and unnecessary temptation to break the laws. A multitude of prohibitory statutes is always irritating to a people, and serves only to multiply offences and demoralize a nation; it is generally a sign of weakness and great lack of wisdom in a government. This enactment as to the Highland dress was as unwise as religious intolerance, which is invariably a nurse of discord, a promoter of sectarianism. This Act surrounded the Highland dress with a sort of sacred halo, raised it into a badge of nationality, and was probably the means of perpetuating and rendering popular the use of a habit, which, had it been left alone, might long ere now have died a natural death, and been found only in our museums, side by side with the Lochaber axe, the two-handed sword, and the nail-studded shield.

The sagacious President Forbes—to whom, had the government perceived clearly the country's true interest, they would have entirely intrusted the legislation for the Highlands—had but a poor opinion of the dress bill, as will appear from the following letter of his to the Lord Lyon, dated July 8, 1746:—"The garb is certainly very loose, and fits men inured to it to go through great fatigues, to make very quick marches, to bear out against the inclemency of the weather, to wade through rivers, and shelter in huts, woods, and rocks upon occasion; which men dressed in the low country garb could not possibly endure. But then it is to be considered, that, as the Highlands are circumstanced at present, it is, at least it seems to me to be, an utter impossibility, without the advantage of this dress, for the inhabitants to tend their cattle, and to go through the other parts of their business, without which they could not subsist; not to speak of paying rents to their landlords. Now, because too many of the Highlanders have offended, to punish all the rest who have not, and who, I will venture to say, are the greatest number, in so severe a manner, seems to be unreasonable; especially as, in my poor apprehension, it is unnecessary, on the supposal the disarming project be properly secured; and I must confess, that the salvo which you speak of, of not suffering the regulation to extend to the well-affected Clans, is not to my taste; because, though it would save them from hardships, yet the making so remarkable a distinction would be, as I take it, to list all those on whom the bill should operate for the Pretender, which ought to be avoided if possible."[1] General Stewart perhaps speaks too strongly when he remarks, that had the whole Highland race been decimated, more violent grief, indignation, and shame, could not have been excited among them, than by being deprived of this long inherited costume. However, it should be remembered that all this was the legislation of upwards of 120 years ago, that the difficulties which the government had to face were serious and trying, that those who had the making of these laws were totally ignorant of the real character of the Highlanders, and of the real motives which urged them to rebellion, and that even at the present day legislative blunders do occasionally occur.

The means by which the Highlanders endeavoured to elude this law without incurring a penalty, were ingenious and amusing. Stewart tells us that, "instead of the prohibited tartan kilt, some wore pieces of a blue, green, or red thin cloth, or coarse camblet, wrapped round the waist, and hanging down to the knees like the fealdag.[2] The tight breeches were particularly obnox-

[1] *Culloden Papers*, p. 289.

[2] The difference between the fealdag and the philibeg is, that the former is not plaited.

ious. Some, who were fearful of offending, or wished to render obedience to the law, which had not specified on what part of the body the breeches were to be worn, satisfied themselves with having in their possession this article of legal and loyal dress, which, either as the signal of their submission, or more probably to suit their own convenience when on journeys, they often suspended over their shoulders upon their sticks; others, who were either more wary, or less submissive, sewed up the centre of the kilt with a few stitches between the thighs, which gave it something of the form of the trousers worn by Dutch skippers." The Act at first appears to have been carried out with rigid strictness, these ingenious attempts at evading it being punished somewhat severely; but, if we may judge from a trial which took place in 1757, the administrators of the law had by that time come to regard such breaches with a lenient eye. Although no doubt the law in course of time became practically obsolete, it was not till 1782 that it was erased from the statute book. Since then "tartans and kilts an' a', an' a'," have gradually increased in popularity, until now they have become "the rage" with all classes of society, from John o'Groats to Land's End; tartan plaids, of patterns which do great credit to the ingenuity of the manufacturers, are seen everywhere adorning the graceful forms of ladies, and the not so long since proscribed kilt being found not unfrequently displaying itself in the most fashionable London Assemblies. *Tempora mutantur.*

By far the most important measure adopted by government for the improvement of the Highlands was the abolition of the Hereditary Jurisdictions, which lay at the root of many of the evils that afflicted that country, and to which, in a great degree, the rebellion owed the measure of success that attended it. Before these jurisdictions were abolished, a Highland chief was as absolute a potentate over the members of his clan as any eastern pasha or African chief is over his abject subjects. The power of "pit and gallows," as it was called, which belonged to each of these petty sovereignties—for such they were practically—gave the chief absolute command of the lives and liberty of his followers. The only thing he lawfully could not do was to banish; but even this prohibition he managed to evade by giving his victims the alternative of "emigration"—as it was mildly called—or death. This is not the place to enter into a minute account of the origin and working of this curious system, so utterly inconsistent with the spirit of a constitutional government like that of Britain; but any one can perceive that such a power as this in the hands of a discontented chief, especially when complemented by the high notions which a Highlander had of the obedience due to the head of the clan, must have been dangerous in the highest degree to the peace and progress of the country. There is no doubt that this coercive power was frequently brought into play in the late rebellion; indeed, the only plea urged by a great majority of the common Highlanders, when tried at Carlisle and elsewhere, was that they were forced into rebellion against their wills. Of course a prudent chief would be careful not to carry his power beyond due bounds, at least so far as the members of his own clan were concerned, for there was a point in the scale of oppression which even the strong spirit of clanship could not stand. No doubt the power thus entrusted to the chiefs may at one time have served a good purpose. When the country was in a turbulent and unsettled state, when communication between the different parts of the country was tedious, expensive, and hazardous, when it was difficult for the strong arm of the law to reach to a remote, rugged, and inaccessible district like the Highlands, where life and the rights of property were as little regarded as they are at the present day in Ireland,—perhaps this putting of the power of a judge in the hands of the chief men of the various districts, was the only practicable substitute for the direct administration of justice by those to whom this duty properly belonged. In reality, the justice meted out was of the roughest kind, and continually liable to be modified by the interests of the administrator, or any of his many friends. "That such a system should have been tolerated into the middle of the 18th century, after Somers, Hardwicke, and Forbes had occupied the bench, may seem in-

credible, but it is true."[3] It was assuredly high time that such an anomalous state of matters should be done away with.[4]

An Act for the abolition of the Hereditary Jurisdictions was passed in March 1747, and came in force a year after. Of course some other plan for the administration of the laws had to be devised. "At the head of the arrangements for carrying justice throughout the land, the system begun in England in the reign of Henry II., for sending the royal courts at fixed intervals through the provinces, was adopted. Nominally there had been circuits or justice-ayres, but they were not systematically held, either at stated intervals of time, or so as to bring up before them the revisal of the administration of justice in all the districts. This, indeed, was impossible while the hereditary jurisdictions remained, but now regular circuits were to take place biennially, and the country was so partitioned into districts, that the higher offences were systematically brought up from the most remote provinces for adjudication. The exceptional hereditary jurisdictions, such as the regalities, were abolished, and the smaller authority exercised in baronial courts was restricted to trifling matters. The sheriff courts, locally commensurate in their authority with the boundaries of the counties, were taken as the foundation of a system of local tribunals, presided over by responsible judges. These, which were hereditary, were to be yielded to the crown; and ever since the passing of the act, the sheriff of each county has been appointed like the other judges, for life, removeable only for misconduct."[5]

Of course, as these jurisdictions, besides conferring influence and power, were sources of emolument[6] to the holders of them, and as they had been sanctioned in the treaty of Union, it was considered only fair that some compensation should be allowed by the country to those who profited by them; in fact, they had to be bought up. The holders of the jurisdictions appear to have been asked to send in the amount of their claims to the Court of Session, which was authorised to fix the price to be paid. Of course, those who were convicted or attainted for having taken part in the late rebellion, had no claim, as their estates were forfeited to the Crown, and they themselves deprived of all

[3] Burton's *Scotland after Revolution*, v. ii. p. 405.

[4] To give the reader a notion of the evils which flowed from these irregular jurisdictions, we quote the following from the old Statistical Account of the Parish of Abernethy, in Inverness-shire:—"A few instances will be enough to mention, in case the reader should imagine that these things were lately done in Tippoo Sultan's dominions. One of them lived in this parish, named Robert Grant, commonly called Bailie More. It is said he used to hang people for disobliging him. He seldom called juries. He hanged two brothers on a tree within a thousand yards of this town, and buried both in one grave, on the road side. The grave and stones above it are still visible. Another, named James Grant, commonly called Bailie Roy, who lived long in this parish, hanged a man of the name of Stuart, and after hanging him, set a jury on him, and found him guilty. The particulars are too long to be inserted here. The bailie had many reasons for being in such a hurry. The man was, unluckily for him, wealthy, and abounded in cattle, horses, sheep, and goats, all of which were instantly driven to the bailie's home; Stuart's children set a-begging, and his wife became deranged in her mind, and was afterward drowned in a river. It is not very long since. This same Bailie Roy, on another occasion, hanged two notorious thieves, parboiled their heads, and set them up on spikes afterward. At another time he drowned two men in sacks, at the bridge of Billimon, within a few hundred yards of this manse, and endeavoured to compel a man from Glenmore, in the barony of Kincardine, to assist him and the executioners he had with him in the business, which the man refusing to do, the bailie said to him, 'If you was within my regality, I would teach you better manners than to disobey my commands.' This bailie bought a good estate. There was another of them, called Bailie Bain, in this country, who became so odious that the country people drowned him in Spey, near the church of Inverallan, about two miles from hence. They took off his boots and gloves, left them on the bank, and drove his horse through a rugged place full of large stones. The tract in the sand, boots, &c., discovered what had become of him; and when a search was made for him down the river, a man met the party near the church of Cromdale, who asked them what they were searching for, they answered, for the bailie's body, upon which he said, 'Turn back, turn back, perhaps he is gone up against the river, for he was always acting against nature.'"

[5] Burton's *Scotland after Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 535.

[6] "As their power was great, and generally abused, so many of them enriched themselves. They had many ways of making money for themselves, such as 1. The Bailie's Darak, as it was called, or a day's labour in the year from every tenant on the estate. 2. Confiscations, as they generally seized on all the goods and effects of such as suffered capitally. 3. All fines for killing game, black-fish, or cutting green wood, were laid on by themselves, and went into their own pockets. These fines amounted to what they pleased almost. 4. Another very lucrative perquisite they had was what was called the Herial Horse, which was, the best horse, cow, ox, or other article, which any tenant on the estate possessed at the time of his death. This was taken from the widow and children for the bailie at the time they had most need of assistance. This amounted to a great deal on a large estate."—*Old Statistical Account of Scotland*, vol. xiii. pp. 151-152.

their privileges. Those who were about to part with their ancient powers were determined to make the most of them now that they were no longer to be a perpetual source of emolument and influence. The aggregate sum asked by the proprietors from government as the price of their jurisdictions was more than three times greater than that which the Court of Session deemed a fair price. There may be some truth in what Mr Fraser-Mackintosh says in his *Antiquarian Notes*[7]:—"Of course, the amounts ultimately paid bore not the slightest proportion to the claims, but they did bear some proportion to the politics of the holders, just as these happened to be friendly to government or the reverse." Argyll, for the Justice-Generalship of Argyll, asked £15,000, for the Sheriffdom £5000, and for various small regalities other £5000, making £25,000 in all; from this the Court of Session deducted only £4000, allowing him for his various offices and jurisdictions what would then be considered the munificent sum of £21,000. Besides receiving this sum, the duke was appointed, in exchange for his office of Hereditary Justiciar of Scotland, Lord Justice-General, head of the Justiciary Court. The Duke of Montrose, for his various regalities, and the Sheriffdom of Dumbarton, demanded £15,000, but did not get above one third of that sum; nor did the Dukes of Buccleuch and Athole, who each modestly valued his various offices at £17,000. The Duke of Gordon's claim amounted to £22,300, the Earl of Sutherland's to £10,800, Breadalbane's to £7000, Moray's to £14,000, Findlater's to £5,500. The smallest sum claimed for a Highland jurisdiction was by Evan Baillie, of Abriachan, for the Bailliary of Lovat, which he modestly valued at £166; Munro, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness, claiming the same sum for that office combined with the Clerkship of the regality of Lovat. The total amount claimed for the whole of the jurisdictions was upwards of £490,000, which the Court of Session cut down to a little over £150,000.[8] The sum was well spent in doing away with so many sources of petty tyranny and injustice, in the abolition of a system inconsistent with the spirit of the British constitution in the middle of the 18th century, calculated materially to hinder progress and to aid rebellion.

The abolition of these jurisdictions in the Highlands, and along with them the power and paternal authority of the Highland chiefs, effected a complete change in the social life of that part of the country, led at first to considerable discontent and confusion, and was the indirect means of bringing much suffering and hardship on the subordinate dignitaries and commonalty of the clans. Some such consequences were to be expected from the breaking up of a system which had held sway for many generations, and the substitution of a state of matters to which the people were altogether unused, and which ran counter to all their prejudices and traditions; still, as in the case of every reformation, individual suffering was to be looked for, and in the course of time, as will be seen, matters gradually righted themselves, and the Highlands became as progressive and prosperous as any other part of the country.

Another much needed measure adopted by government was the abolition of a remnant of feudality, the kind of tenure known as "wardholding." "By this relic of ancient feudality, military service had remained down to that juncture the condition under which lands were held by one subject from another. Efforts were of course made to bring land into commerce, by substituting pecuniary arrangements for such services, but the 'wardholding' was so essentially the proper feudal usage, that the lawyers held it to be always understood, if some other arrangements were not very specifically settled. It had become the means of very oppressive exactions or 'casualties,' arising out of those conditions—such as minority—where the military service could not be performed. But by the act of 1746, arrangements were devised for converting all the superior's privileges into reasonable pecuniary claims."[9]

Another means taken by government to extinguish the seeds of rebellion and prevent its future occurrence, was the enactment of more stringent laws in reference to the Scottish Episcopalians, among whom Jacobite sympa-

[7] P. 243.

[8] See Fraser-Mackintosh's *Antiquarian Notes*, p. 242.

[9] Burton's *Scotland after Revolution*, vol. ii. p. 537.

thies were almost as strong and as universal as among their Roman Catholic brethren. Their partiality to the house of Stuart was no doubt in a great measure owing to their strong belief as a class in divine right of government, both in Church and State, and to a conviction that seems to have prevailed among them that the restoration of the Stuarts meant the restoration of the supremacy, or at least establishment of episcopacy in Scotland. The Stuarts had not more devoted adherents than the Episcopalians in the kingdom, nor any who, amidst many petty, irritating, and even severe enactments, continued longer to adhere to their first love. Indeed, there is good reason for believing that at the present day, among many Scottish Episcopalians, especially in the Highlands, there are still many Jacobites in sentiment and sympathy, although, as a principle of action, Jacobitism is undoubtedly dead and gone, never to be resuscitated.

As this party, though not numerous, was not less formidable from its rank and wealth than from the *esprit de corps* with which it was animated, the attention of the legislature was directed towards it, and a strong measure was resorted to, which nothing could justify but necessity. This was an act by which it was ordained that any episcopal clergyman officiating after the 1st of September 1746, without having previously taken the oaths of allegiance, abjuration, and assurance, or without praying once during the performance of worship for the king, his heirs, and successors, and for all the royal family, should for the first offence suffer six months imprisonment, for the second be transported to the American plantations for life, and, in case of returning from banishment, be subjected to perpetual imprisonment. By another enactment it was declared that no peer of Scotland should be capable of being elected one of the representative peers, or of voting at such election, and that no person should be capable of being elected a member of parliament for any shire or burgh, who should within the compass of any future year be twice present at divine service in an illegal episcopal meeting-house in Scotland. Several other severe Acts were passed against Episcopalians, and these were not allowed to remain a dead letter, but were acted upon in several instances.[1] The devoted Episcopalians bore their privations with becoming fortitude, by yielding to a necessity which they could not control, but they submitted only because they were unable to resist.

Still there is no doubt that even at the present day there are not a few hereditary adherents of the Scottish episcopal church, whose sympathies are all Jacobite, and who have never taken kindly even to the present dynasty.

After the death, in January 1788, of Prince Charles Edward, whose brother the cardinal could leave no lawful descendant, the Scottish bishops felt they could conscientiously recognise the Hanoverian government, and therefore issued an intimation to the clergy and laity of their church, announcing that they had "unanimously agreed to comply with and submit to the present government of this kingdom, as vested in the person of his Majesty King George the Third." They also resolved "to testify this compliance by uniformly praying for him by name in their public worship, in hopes of removing all suspicion of disaffection, and of obtaining relief from those penal laws under which this church has so long suffered."[2]

The forfeited estates were annexed to the Crown, and placed in the hands of the court of exchequer, who appointed commissioners to apply their produce to the improvement of the Highlands. In course of time, as will be seen in the history of the clans, government wisely restored to most of the unfortunate families the estates foolishly thrown away by their representatives in 1745.

The effect of all the measures above referred to was, of course, immediately to annul all possibility of further active resistance, although, no doubt, they tended to intensify and perpetuate Jacobitism as a sentiment, and change into a sort of living reverence or worship the feeling of loyalty towards Prince Charles which had animated most of the Highland chiefs and incited them to rebellion. The idea of endeavouring to repeat the experiment of '45 seems not to have been entirely abandoned

[1] Among others, the Rev. John Skinner, well known as the author of the song of "Tullochgorum," was a sufferer: he was imprisoned for six months.

[2] Dunbar's *Social Life in Former Days*, 1st series, p. 390.

by some of the more obstinate Jacobites even up to the time of Charles's death, although after the accession of George III.,—in whose reign the stringent measures adopted after 1745 were gradually relaxed, and efforts made for the improvement of the Highlanders,—the embodiment of many Highland regiments, the gradual dissolution practically of the old relation between the chief and his clan consequent on the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions, and the general progress of the country, Jacobitism became, as we have said above, a matter of mere sentiment, a feeling of tenderness almost akin to love, often finding expression in song in the melting language of the tender passion. Prince Charles was known to most of the Jacobites both in the Highlands and elsewhere only from the brief episode of 1745–6, in which he played the chief part, and in which he appeared to them as the handsome, brave, chivalrous, youthful, fair-haired, warm-hearted heir, come to recover that inheritance from which he was most unjustly excluded by a cruel usurper. His latter degraded life most of them knew nothing of, and even if they had been told of it, they most probably would have regarded the tale as a vile calumny; their love for "Bonnie Prince Charlie" was blind as the love of an impetuous youth for his first mistress, and they would allow no flaw to mar the beauty of that image which they tenderly cherished in their heart of hearts. This sentimental Jacobitism, as we have said already, prevailed extensively among all classes of society for very many years after all idea of actively asserting it had died out of the land.[3] These Jacobites, who were generally of a somewhat social turn, in their private meetings, gave expression to their feelings in various ways, known only to themselves; indeed, there appears to have been a sort of freemasonry tacitly established among them, having signs, and words, and customs unknown to the great outside Whig world. One of their favourite methods, for example, of toasting Prince Charles at their feasts, was to drink to the health of "the king," at the same time passing the glass in their hands over the water-bottle, to signify that they meant not King George, but him "over the water."

What more than anything else, perhaps, tended to nourish and keep this feeling alive was the great body of song which was born of Jacobitism, and which dates from the time of Charles I. down almost to the present day. These songs are of all kinds, tender, humorous, pathetic, sarcastic, indignant, heroic, and many of them cannot be matched as expressions of the particular feelings to which they are meant to give utterance. The strength and character of the Jacobitic feeling can be well ascertained by a study of these songs, of which we believe there are some hundreds, many of them of high merit, and some, as we have said, not to be matched by the songs of any country. Indeed, altogether, this outburst of song is one of the most remarkable phenomena connected with Scottish Jacobitism, for most of them are Scotch both in language and authorship, and most of the tunes borrowed or adapted from the Gaelic, which has furnished to Scotland some of its richest song music. These songs not only show the intensity of the loyalty of the Jacobites towards the Stuart family, and their hatred of the reigning dynasty and of all Whigs, but also show that all along they had felt themselves to be the weaker party, unable to show their loyalty by their deeds, and compelled to let their energy escape in taunt and sarcasm. The Whigs have, indeed, a few, very few songs, which are artificial and cold, altogether devoid of the fire, the point, the perfect *abandon*, the touching tenderness, the thorough naturalness, which characterise those of their opponents. No one ever thinks of singing those Whig songs now-a-days; few

[3] "When the Princess of Wales, mother of George III., mentioned, with some appearance of censure, the conduct of Lady Margaret M'Donald, who harboured and concealed Prince Charles, when in the extremity of peril, he threw himself on her protection; "And would not you, madam," answered Prince Frederick, "have done the same, in the same circumstances? I am sure—I hope in God you would." Captain Stuart of Invernahoyle's singular remark was not, it seems, quite without foundation. A gentleman, in a large company, gibed him for holding the king's commission, while, at the same time, he was a professed Jacobite. "So I well may," answered he, "in imitation of my master: the king himself is a Jacobite." The gentleman shook his head, and remarked, that the thing was impossible. "By G—," said Stuart, "but I tell you he is, and every son that he has. There is not one of them who (if he had lived in my brave father's days) would not to a certainty have been hanged."—Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*.

know aught of them save industrious collectors.[4] The Jacobite songs, on the other hand, both those which were written when Jacobitism was at its height, and those which are merely the outcome of modern sentiment, are, wherever Scotch songs are sought after and appreciated, scarcely less popular than the matchless love-songs in which the language must ever live. Who, when he hears some of these Jacobite gems sung, Protestant and Whig though he be to the core, is not for the nonce a Jacobite, ready to draw his sword if he had one, to "Wha wadna fight for Charlie;" feel delighted at the defeat of the Whig gudeman in "Hame cam' our gudeman at e'en;" or shed a tear to the mournful verse of "Wae's me for Prince Charlie?" With such a powerful instrument in their hands as this body of song, not only evidencing the intensity of the sentiment, but so well calculated to touch the feelings, excite the tenderness, and rouse the indignation of all who were capable of being influenced by music, it seems surprising that Jacobitism, as a principle of action, was not more prevalent even than it was, and did not, inspired by these songs, accomplish greater things. But the very fact that there were so many songs, may account for this lack of important deeds. The muses, Burns has said, are all Jacobites, and it would seem at any rate that all the best song writers of the country had enlisted on the unfortunate side; and it will be found, on the other hand, in scanning the account of the last rebellion, that those who joined in it were little given to forethought or to weighing the consequences of their actions, little able to regulate or lead any great enterprise, but influenced chiefly by imagination and impulse. There were, indeed, one or two superior to all the others in calibre, foresight, and aptitude to command, but these had little chance of being attended to when their power was not absolute among so many harebrained, thoughtless adventurers. In 1745, had there been at the head of the rebels one thoroughly able, experienced, iron-willed, thoughtful general, who had absolute command of the whole expedition, matters might have turned out very differently, especially when in these songs he had instruments far more powerful to incite than any threats or promises of reward. It is far from us to say that the bravery of the Jacobites evaporated in a song: their whole history would give such a statement the lie; but we think had there been less singing and song-making and more attention to stratagem and dry military business and diplomacy generally, they would have been more likely ultimately to have placed their idol on the throne. However, as General Stewart well remarks, "when it is considered how many feel and how few reason," the power of this popular poetry to stir up sympathy in behalf of the cause for which it was written will be easily understood.[5]

The great majority of these songs are in the Scottish language, a few of them being translations from the Gaelic, but most of them original; the authors of very few of them are known, a feature which they have in common with many of the oldest and richest of our Scotch songs. Any one who may wish to form an idea of their merit and multitude will find the best of them collected in Hogg's two volumes of *Jacobite Relics*.

Some of the finest of these songs are perhaps better known than any others in the language; many of them, however, are known

[4] "We find that the whole of national song during that period inclined towards the ancient dynasty, and the whole force of the ludicrous, the popular, and the pathetic, volunteered in the Jacobite service. It is beyond question that the merit of these Jacobite songs eclipsed, and still eclipses, every attempt at poetry on the other side, which has produced little beyond a few scraps of verses in ridicule of the bare knees, the kilts, and bad English of the Highlanders." — Stewart's *Sketches*, vol. i. p. 100.

[5] "These songs are a species of composition entirely by themselves. They have no affinity with our ancient ballads of heroism and romance, and one part of them far less with the mellow strains of our pastoral and lyric muses. Their general character is that of a rude energetic humour, that bids defiance to all opposition in arms, sentiments, or rules of song-writing. They are the unmasked effusions of a bold and primitive race, who hated and despised the over-turning innovations that prevailed in church and state, and held the abettors of these as dogs, or something worse—drudges in the lowest and foulest paths of perdition—beings too base to be spoken of with any degree of patience or forbearance. Such is their prevailing feature; but there are amongst them specimens of sly and beautiful allegory. These last seem to have been sung openly and avowedly in mixed parties, as some of them are more generally known, while the others had been confined to the select social meetings of confirmed Jacobites, or hoarded up in the cabinets of old Catholic families, where to this day they have been preserved as their most precious lore." —Hogg's *Jacobite Relics*.

only by name, and many of them known at all but to a very few. Among those generally known and now commonly adapted to non-Jacobite sentiments, we may mention "My ain country," the song of the home-sick exile, "Here's a health to them that's awa'," "Over the seas and far awa'," "Will he no come back again," "Charlie is my darling,"—of which there are an ancient and a modern set, the latter by James Hogg,—"Farewell to Glen Shalloch" (from the Gaelic), "Hey Johnnie Cope," perhaps one of the most popular humorous songs in the language, "The wee wee German lairdie," full of genuine Scotch humour and irritating sarcasm, "This is no my ain house," "O'er the water to Charlie," "Welcome royal Charlie," and "The bonnie house o' Airly," as old as the days of Montrose and Argyll. One of the most touchingly pathetic and most popular of these old songs is the well-known "Will he no come back again," and equally popular is that, perhaps, most heroic and stirring of them all, "Wha wadna fecht for Charlie."

Not a few of the Jacobite songs, as we have said, are from the Gaelic, and, as might be expected, they display little of the humour, pawkiness, and rollicking sarcasm which characterise many of the Scotch songs; they mostly evince a spirit of sadness and pensiveness, some show a heroic determination to do or die in the cause of Charlie, while others are couched in the language of adoration and love. One of the most characteristic and most poetical of these Gaelic songs is *Maclean's Welcome*, which we take the liberty of quoting here:—

"Come o'er the stream, Charlie, dear Charlie, brave Charlie,
Come o'er the stream, Charlie, and dine with Maclean;
And though you be weary, we'll make your heart cheery,
And welcome our Charlie and his loyal train.
We'll bring down the track deer, we'll bring down the black steer,
The lamb from the breckan, and doe from the glen;
The salt sea we'll harry, and bring to our Charlie,
The cream from the bothy, and curd from the pen.

Come e'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
And you shall drink freely the dews of Glen-Sheerly,
That stream in the star-light when kings do not ken;
And deep be your meed of the wine that is red,
To drink to your sire, and his friend the Maclean.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
Our heath-bells shall trace you the maids to embrace you,
And deck your blue bonnet with flowers of the brae;
And the loveliest Mari in all Glen-M'Quarry
Shall lie in your bosom till break of the day.

Come o'er the stream, Charlie, &c.
If aught will invite you, or more will delight you,
'Tis ready, a troop of our bold Highlandmen
Shall range on the heather with bonnet and feather,
Strong arms and broad claymores three hundred and ten."

One of the best known and most admired of this class of Jacobite songs is "The Lament of Flora Macdonald," beginning, "Far over yon hills of the heather so green," of which we here quote the last verse:—

"The target is torn from the arms of the just,
The helmet is cleft on the brow of the brave,
The claymore for ever in darkness must rust,
But red is the sword of the stranger and slave;
The hoof of the horse, and the foot of the proud
Have trod o'er the plumes on the bonnet of blue.
Why slept the red bolt in the breast of the cloud,
When tyranny revell'd in blood of the true?
Fareweel, my young hero, the gallant and good!
The crown of thy fathers is torn from thy brow."

Some of those whose titles are well enough known are "The White Cockade," of which we give a verse or two:—

"My love was born in Aberdeen,
The bonniest lad that e'er was seen;
But now he makes our hearts fu' sad,
He's ta'en the field wi' his white cockade.
O he's a ranting roving blade!
O he's a brisk and a bonny lad!
Betide what may, my heart is glad
To see my lad wi' his white cockade.

I 'll sell my rock, I 'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame, and spinning-wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braid sword, durk, and white cockade.
O he 's a ranting roving blade," &c.[6]

Another great favourite with the old Jacobites over their cups was, "The King shall enjoy his own again."

[6] The gentleman referred to in a former note appends the following:—

"There is also an Irish version of the 'White Cockade.' It has been translated from the Irish by J. J. Callanan. The following is the last verse:—

'No more the cuckoo hails the spring,
The woods no more with the stanch-hounds ring;
The song from the glen, so sweet before,
Is hushed since Charlie left our shore.
The prince is gone, but he soon will come,
With trumpet sound, and with beat of drum:
Then up with shout, and out with blade—
We'll stand or fall with the white cockade.'

Lover, commenting on this song in his *Lyrics of Ireland*, tells the following anecdote in connection with Ireland, and its devotion to the White Rose:—'The

Did space permit we could quote many more, remarkable for pathos, humour, wit, sarcasm, and heroic sentiment, but we must content ourselves with the following. What can be more touching than "Carlisle Yetts:—

"White was the rose in his gay bonnet,
As he faulded me in his broached plaidie;
His hand, whilk clasped the truth o' luve,
O it was aye in battle readie!
His lang lang hair, in yellow hanks,
Wav'd o'er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddie;
But now they wave o'er Carlisle yetts,
In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.

My father's blood's in that flower tap,
My brother's in that harebell's blossom;
This white rose was steeped in my luve's blood,
And I'll aye wear it in my bosom.
* * * * *

When I came first by merric Carlisle,
Was ne'er a town sae sweetly seeming;
The white rose flaunted owre the wall,
The thristled banners far were streaming.
When I came next by merrie Carlisle,
O sad sad seem'd the town, and cerie!
The auld auld men came out and wept:
'O maiden, come ye to seek your dearie?'
* * * * *

There's ae drop o' blood atween my breasts,
And twa in my links o' hair sae yellow;
The tane I'll ne'er wash, and the tither ne'er kame,
But I'll sit and pray aneath the willow.
Wae, wae, upon that cruel heart,
Wae, wae, upon that hand sae bloodie,
Which feasts on our richest Scottish blood,
And makes sae mony a dolefu' widow!"

Hogg, however, is of opinion that this may be indebted for much of its beauty to the genius of Allan Cunningham.

Of "Cumberland and Murray's descent into Hell," which appears to be but little known, Hogg justly says, that "of all the songs that ever were written since the world began this is the first; it is both so horrible and so irresistibly ludicrous." It is a pity that the author of a poem so full of fire, and hate, and lurid wit is totally unknown; the heartiness of the hate displayed in it, as well as the wealth of unearthly fancy, ought to have recommended it to the approval of Dr. Johnson, had he known of it. Of course Cumberland is the hero of Culloden; Murray is Secretary Murray, who turned king's evidence against his comrades in the trials after the rebellion, and thus earned for himself the bitterest hate of all Jacobites.

"Ken ye whare Cleekie Murray's gane?
He's gane to dwall in his lang hame.
The beddle clapt him on the doup,
'O hard I've earned my gray groat.
Lie thou there, and sleep thou soun';
God winna wauken sic a loon.'
* * * * *

He's in a' Satan's frything-pans,
Scouth'ring the blude frae aff his han's:
He's washing them in brunstane lowe;
His kintra's blude it winna thow:
The hettest soap-suds o' perdition
Canna out thae stains be washing.

Ae devil roar'd, till hearse and roopit,
'He's pyking the gowd frae Satan's pu'pit!'
Anither roar'd, wi' eldritch yell,
'He's howking the keystane out o' hell,
To damn us mair wi' God's day-light!'
And he doukit i' the caudrons out o' sight.

He stole auld Satan's brunstane leister,
Till his waukit loofs were in a blister;
He stole his Whig spunks, tipt wi' brunstane,
And stole his scalping-whittle's whunstane;
And out o' its red-hot kist he stole
The very charter-rights o' hell.

Satan, tent weel the pilfering villain;
He'll scrimp your revenue by stealing.
Th' infernal boots in which you stand in,
With which your worship tramps the damn'd in,
He'll wile them aff your cloven cloots,
And wade through hell fire in your boots.

Auld Satan cleekit him by the spaul,
And stappit him i' the dub o' hell.
The foulest fiend there doughtna bide him,
The damn'd they wadna fry beside him,
Till the bluidy duke came trysting hither,
And the ae fat butcher tried the tither.

Ae deevil sat splitting brumstane matches;
Ane roasting the Whigs like bakers' batches;
Ane wi' fat a Whig was basting,
Spent wi' frequent prayer and fasting.
A' ceas'd when thae twin butchers roar'd,
And hell's grim hangman stopt and glowr'd.

'Fy, gar bake a pie in haste,
Knead it of infernal paste,'
Quo' Satan; and in his mitten'd hand
He hynt up bluidy Cumberland,
And whittled him down like bow-kail castock,
And in his hettest furnace roasted.

Now hell's black tableclaith was spread,
Th' infernal grace was reverend said;
Yap stood the hungry fiends a' owre it,
Their grim jaws gaping to devour it,
When Satan cried out, fit to scunner,
'Owre rank a judgment's sic a dinner!'"

Not a few of these old Jacobite songs, with

celebrated Lord Chesterfield, who governed Ireland with rare ability and liberality in 1744, when told by an alarmist that "the Papists were dangerous," replied that he had never seen but one dangerous Papist, and that was Miss ——, a particularly lovely woman. This lady, sharing in the gratitude and admiration of the Roman Catholics, wished to show the Earl how thoroughly she could overcome political prejudices, and on a public occasion at Dublin Castle wore a breast knot of Orange ribbon. The earl, pleased at the incident, requested Lord Doneraile, celebrated for his wit, to say something handsome to her on the occasion. The request occasioned the following *impromptu*:—

'Say, little Tory, why this jest
Of wearing Orange on thy breast,
Since the same breast, uncover'd, shows
The whiteness of the rebel rose.'"

little or no alteration in the words, are sung at the present day as pure love-songs, few ever dreaming that they were meant for anything else when first composed: nothing more than this shows the intensity and tenderness of the feeling entertained by the Scotch Jacobites to their hero and idol, Bonnie Prince Charlie. The well-known and apparently perfectly harmless song, "Weel may the keel row," belongs to this class; and who would ever smell treason in the touching strain "For the sake o' somebody."

One of the sweetest and tenderest of all the Jacobite songs is undoubtedly "Wae's me for Prince Charlie," beginning "A wee' bird cam' to our ha' door," and well known to all who have the least knowledge of Scottish song. Yet this song was written only about thirty or forty years ago by Mr William Glen, a Glasgow merchant; and it is well known that many of the finest of Aytoun's *Lays* are animated by this spirit of Jacobitism, showing how much calculated to touch the feelings and rouse the imagination of any one of an impulsive, poetic temperament, is the story of "Bonnie Prince Charlie," as it is popularly told in song and story.

Perhaps it may be only fair, as a set off to the above, to give one or two of the best Whig songs:—

HAUD AWA FRAE ME, DONALD.

"Haud awa, bide awa,
Haud awa frae me, Donald,
Your principles I do abhor;
No Jacobites for me, Donald.
Passive obedience I do hate,
And tyranny I flee, Donald;
Nor can I think to be a slave,
When now I can be free, Donald.

Even Highland Maggie, though she 's bred
Up under tyranny, Donald,
No sooner you her rights invade,
Than she 'll a rebel be, Donald.
For all that you can say or do,
I 'll never change my mind, Donald;
Your king takes so much of your heart,
To me you 'll ne'er be kind, Donald."

A LITANY.

"From the lawless dominion of mitre and crown,
Whose tyrannies now are absolute grown,
So that men become slaves to the altar and throne,
And can call neither bodies nor souls their own,
Libera nos, Domine.

From a reverend bawling theological professor,
From a Protestant zealous for a Popish successor,
Who for a great benefice still leaves a lesser,
And ne'er will die martyr, nor make good confessor,
Libera nos, Domine.

From deans and from chapters who live at their ease,
Whose lechery lies in renewing church-leases,
Who live in cathedrals like maggots in cheeses,
And lie like abbey-lubbers stew'd in their own greases,
Libera nos, Domine.

From an altar-piece-monger who rails at Dissenters
And damns Nonconformists in the pulpit he enters,
Yet all the week long his own soul he ventures,
By being so drunk that he cutteth indentures,
Libera nos, Domine.

From fools, knaves, and villains, prerogative Tories,
From church, that for the Babylon whore is,
From a pretended prince, like pear rotten at core is,
From a court that has millions, yet as old Job poor is,
Libera nos, Domine."

That the Jacobite songs tended largely to nourish and perpetuate Jacobite sympathies long after all idea of endeavouring to restore the Stuart dynasty had been abandoned, all must admit who know anything of Scotch social life during the latter part of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries. In the early part of the latter century, an additional and most powerful instrument in the cause of sentimental Jacobitism came into play, in the shape of the poems, and especially the novels of Sir Walter Scott, on whose bold imagination and strong sympathy with chivalry and the days of old, the story of the young prince and the misfortunes of the Stuarts and their adherents generally, appear to have taken a strong hold. The very first of the Waverley Novels presented the history of the '45 in its most fascinating aspect, and painted its hero in the most attractive colours, as the handsome, chivalrous, high-minded, but unfortunate prince. In one or two of Scott's other novels the same episode is made use of, and with such bewitching power as only the Wizard of the North could exercise. The influence of these matchless fictions continues unabated, and as it is from them that most people derive their knowledge of the last rebellion, and of the Stuarts and their cause, it is no wonder that even at the present day there exists a wide-spread, tender sympathy for the unfortunate race, a sort of sentimental Charlie-worship, adoring as its object the ideal presented by Scott, filled in with some of the most attractive and touching features from the sweetest and most popular of the songs. With perhaps no exception, this admiration of Prince Charlie and

the other heroes of '45 is of the same nature as the unthinking admiration of the "good old days" generally, of King Arthur and his knights, of the days of chivalry, of Robin Hood and his merry men, and of the bold Rob Roy; he would be looked upon as a harmless imbecile, who should ever talk of doing aught to restore any of the institutions of these old times, which are as likely to find active partizans as is the restoration of the Stuart dynasty.

However, that Jacobitism still runs in a few old families as something more than a sentiment, as something like an ideal politico-religious creed, cherished as the remnant of the Cameronians cherish the ancient covenant, we have good reason to believe. These families are, practically, perfectly loyal to the present government and the present sovereign, and would as soon dream of taking to cattle-lifting as to rebellion; but still they seem to regard the Stuart dynasty as their first love, the love of their impulsive youth, with whom a closer relation was impossible. The creed of these modern Jacobites we may be permitted to state, in the words of one who has ample opportunities of mixing with them and knowing their sentiments. "As a principle of action," he writes, quoting the words of a noble lord, "it is dead and gone, but in sentiment and sympathy there are still lots of us." He himself proceeds:—"I quite agree with him. We claim, with the late Professor Aytoun, to be *White-Rose Scots*, Tories in some things but not in others—some of us Tories—some I daresay Radicals—none of us *Whigs;* all of us animated by an abhorrence of Macaulay's History as an audacious libel on our forefathers and their principles." In another letter he says:—"The question you ask, as to whether we would now stand up for any of the descendants of Prince Charles, is one I have no difficulty in answering. We should not. I cannot say we have any great love for the present royal family; they cross our feelings and prejudices in many ways, by marriages in Lent, and alliances with Campbells!! But were the time of trial to come (and a contest between monarchy and republicanism may come in this country sooner than many expect), Queen Victoria would find none more loyal—I could almost venture to say, none *so loyal*—as those whose sympathies go with the former enemies of her race. To us she represents 'the powers that be, as ordained of God,' and we must bear a good deal at their hands. Queen Victoria herself certainly does appreciate the Highlands and Highlanders. Our loyalty is a matter of principle, not of preference, and might be found to wax the warmer, as that of others—when subjected to a strain by the royal family running counter to their ideas and prejudices—waxed cold." Indeed Jacobitism, as an active principle, is as much a thing of the past as clan-feuds, cattle-lifting, and active religious intolerance.

Her present Majesty has done more to win the hearts and command the loyalty of the Highlanders than ever did any of her predecessors, by taking up her residence yearly in their midst, and in many other ways showing her trust in and love for them, and her unbounded admiration for all that is Highland. As is well known, before her widowhood, her favourite plaid was one of Stuart tartan of a special pattern. If any section of her Majesty's subjects is at all inclined to use occasionally expressions savouring of disloyalty, it is that of which one or two Cockney newspapers are the mouthpieces, the grievance being that the Queen spends so much of her time in the Highlands. The loyalty and love of the Highlanders, and of all Scotchmen, have been for ever intensified by the recent marriage of one of the Queen's daughters to the son and heir of one of the oldest and greatest Highland chiefs.[8]

[8] In connection with the above subject, our Jacobite correspondent has communicated to us the following anecdote. He does not vouch for its truth, but he states that he had it on very good authority. On one occasion, when her Majesty's guests had been enjoying themselves, in scattered groups, in the pleasure-grounds around Balmoral, the conversation chanced to turn, amongst one of those groups, on Jacobite songs and Jacobite music. One of the ladies, known for her knowledge of Jacobite melodies, and for her skill in the execution of them, was asked to favour her companions with a specimen. The party having retired to a distance from the rest of the company, the lady sung her song. The echoes of the music reached, it is said, the quick ears of the Queen, who went at once to the spot whence it proceeded. And no one, it is added, enjoyed the melody more. One of the company having ventured to express surprise that the Queen could so enter into the spirit of a song which seemed to reflect so much on the present dynasty, her Majesty is said to have stated, as the representative of the family of Bonnie Prince Charlie, no one could be a greater Jacobite than herself; and

So far as the record of external strife or inward feud constitutes history, that of the Highlands may be said to end with the battle of Culloden in 1746. By many, however, the period from that date onwards will be considered as of far more interest and importance than all the previous centuries put together; for in the years succeeding the last rebellion are witnessed the struggle of lawlessness with law, of semi-barbarism with civilization, the gradual but rapid breaking-up of the old patriarcho-feudal way of ruling men and regulating property, on which the whole social life of the Highlands was based, and the assimilation of that district in all respects to the rest of the kingdom of which it forms a part.

That innovations such as were of necessity forced upon the Highlands should be adopted without a struggle, without resistance, without hardship to many, was not to be expected. No thoughtful person could expect that there could be accomplished without many difficulties and mistakes the abolition of a system which had maintained its sway for many centuries, and the introduction of a new one so little adapted to the character stamped on the Highlander under the former, and in every respect so contrary to the ideas and prejudices which had been transmitted from father to son for many generations. Any sudden change of an old-established system, by which the every-day life of thousands of people is regulated, would in any case almost inevitably lead at first to disorder and a certain amount of hardship. It was to be looked for that, in the case of the Highlands, which in many respects were centuries behind the rest of the country, there would be much trouble and confusion before they could be brought up to the stand-point of their Lowland fellow-countrymen. Such was the case. It took very many years—indeed, the process is still going on—before the various elements got settled into their places according to the new adjustment of matters. There were, of course, many interests to be attended to, and necessarily many collisions and misunderstandings between the various classes; often no doubt unnecessary hardness, selfishness, and want of consideration for inferiors on one side, as frequently met on the other by unreasonable demands, and a stubborn and uninformed determination to resist the current of change, and not to accommodate themselves to inevitable innovations. The old clan-system, with the idea which it nourished of the close relation between the various grades of the clan, of the duty of the chief to support his people, and of the people to do the will of the chief, must be abolished, and the Highlander must be taught, each man to depend entirely upon himself and his own exertions, and to expect nothing from any man but what he could pay for in labour or money. Of course it would be hard for a Celt to put himself on the same footing in this respect with the low-minded, greedy, over-reaching Saxon; but it had to be done, and, like many other things which seemed hard to face, has been done, and the process is still going on, and probably will go on, till there be not only an assimilation in habits and ways of living and thinking, but till the two races be so fused or blended together by intermarriage and otherwise, that there shall be neither Celt nor Saxon, but a mixed race superior to either, combining the best qualities of each, the fire, the imagination, the dash, the reverence, the heart of the Celt, with the perseverance, clear-headedness, patience, fairness, capacity for business, head of the Saxon. Ere long, no doubt, the two will become one flesh, and their separation and strife a tale of bygone days.

that she considered all the songs in praise of "the Auld Stuarts" as songs in praise of her own ancestors.

END OF VOL. I.

REMARKS

ON THE

SCENERY OF THE HIGHLANDS.

BY

PROFESSOR WILSON.

In no other country does Nature exhibit herself in more various forms of beauty and sublimity than in the north of England and the Highlands of Scotland. This is acknowledged by all who, having studied their character, and become familiar with the feelings it inspires, have compared the effects produced on their minds by our own mountainous regions, with what they have experienced among the scenery of the Alps. There, indeed, all objects are on so vast a scale, that we are for a while astonished as we gaze on the gigantic; and all other emotions are sunk in an overwhelming sense of awe that prostrates the imagination. But on recovering from its subjection to the prodigious, that faculty everywhere recognises in those mighty mountains of dark forests, glittering glaciers, and regions of eternal snow —infinite all—the power and dominion of the sublime. True that all these are but materials for the mind to work on, and that to its creative energy Nature owes much of that grandeur which seems to be inherent in her own forms; yet surely she in herself is great, and there is a regality belonging of divine right to such a monarch as Mont Blanc.

Those are the very regions of sublimity, and if brought into immediate comparison with them in their immense magnitude, the most magnificent scenery of our own country would no doubt seem to lose its character of greatness. But such is not the process of the imagination in her intercourse with Nature. To her, sufficient for the day is the good thereof; and on each new glorious sight being shown to her eyes, she employs her God-given power to magnify or irradiate what she beholds, without diminishing or obscuring what she remembers. Thus, to her all things in nature hold their own due place, and retain for ever their own due impressions, aggrandized and beautified by mutual reaction in those visionary worlds, which by a thought she can create, and which, as they arise, are all shadowy representations of realities—new compositions in which the image of the earth we tread is reflected fairer or greater than any realities, but not therefore less, but more true to the spirit of nature. It is thus that poets and painters at once obey and control their own inspirations. They visit all the regions of the earth, but to love, admire, and adore; and the greatest of them all, native to our soil, from their travel or sojourn in foreign lands, have always brought home a clearer insight into the character of the scenery of their own, a profounder affection for it all, and a higher power of imaging its attributes in colours or in words. In our poetry, more than in any other, Nature sees herself reflected in a magic mirror; and though many a various show passes processionally along its lustre, displaying the scenery of "lands and seas, whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms," among them all there are none more delightful or elevating to behold than those which genius, inspired by love, has framed of the imagery, which, in all her pomp and prodigality, Heaven has been pleased to shower, through all seasons, on our own beautiful island. It is not for us to say whether our native painters, or the "old masters," have shown the greatest genius in landscape; but if the palm must be yielded to them whose works have been consecrated

by a reverenee, as often, perhaps, superstitious as religious, we do not fear to say, that their superiority is not to be attributed in any degree to the scenery on whieh they exercised the art its beauty had inspired. Whatever may be the associations connected with the subjeets of their landseapes—and we know not why they should be higher or holier than those belonging to innumerable plaees in our own land—assuredly in themselves they are not more interesting or impressive; nay, though none who have shared with us the spirit of the few imperfect sentences we have now written, will for a moment suppose us capable of instituting an invidious comparison between our own scenery and that of any other eountry, why should we hesitate to assert that our own storm-loving Northern Isle is equally rich in all kinds of beauty as the Sunny South, and richer far in all kinds of grandeur, whether we regard the forms or colouring of nature—earth, sea, or air—

"Or all the dread magnificence of heaven."

What other region in all the world like that of the Lakes in the north of England! And yet how the true lover of nature, while he carries along with him its delightful charaeter in his heart, and ean so revive any spot of especial beauty in his imagination, as that it shall seem in an instant to be again before his very eyes, can deliver himself up, after the lapse of a day, to the genius of some savage scene in the Highlands of Seotland, rent and riven by the fury of some wild sea-loch! Not that the regions do not resemble one another, but surely the prevailing spirit of the one—not so of the other—is a spirit of joy and of peaee. Her mountains, invested, though they often be, in gloom—and we have been more than onee benighted during day, as a thundercloud thickened the shadows that for ever sleep in the deepest dungeons of Helvellyn—are yet—so it seems to us—sueh mountains as in nature ought to belong to "merry England." They boldly meet the storms, and seen in storms you might think they loved the trouble; but pitch your tent among them, and you will feel that theirs is a grandeur that is eongenial with the sunshine, and that their spirit fully rejoices in the brightness of light. In elear weather, verdant from base to summit, how majestie their repose! And as mists slowly withdraw themselves in thiekening folds up along their sides, the revelation made is still of more and more of the beautiful—arable fields below, then coppiee woods studded with standard trees—enclosed pastures above and among the woods—broad breasts of elose-nibbled herbage here and there adorned by rieh dyed roeks, that do not break the expanse—till the whole veil has disappeared; and, lo! the long lofty range, with its wavy line, rising and sinking so softly in the blue serenity, perhaps, of an almost cloudless sky. Yet though we have thus eharacterised the mountains by what we have always felt to be the pervading spirit of the region, ehasms and ravines, and cliffs and precipices, are there; in some plaees you see such assemblages as inspire the fear that quakes at the heart, when suddenly struck in the solitude with a sense of the sublime; and though we have called the mountains green—and during Spring and Summer, in spite of frost or drought, they are green as emerald—yet in Autumn they are many-coloured, and are girdled with a glow of variegated light, that at sunset sometimes seems like fire kindled in the woods.

The larger Vales are all serene and cheerful; and among the sylvan knolls with whieh their wide levels, highly cultivated, are interspersed, cottages, single or in groups, are frequent, of an architeeture always admirably suited to the seenery, beeause in a style suggested not by taste or faney, which so often disfigure nature to produce the pieturesque, but resorted to for sake of the uses and conveniences of in-door life, to weather-fend it in storms, and in calm to give it the enjoyment of sunshine. Many of these dwellings are not what are properly called eottages, but statesmen's houses, of ample front, with their many roofs, overshadowed by a stately grove, and inhabited by the same race for many generations. All alike have their suitable gardens, and the porches of the poorest are often clustered with roses; for everywhere among these hills, even in minds the most rude and uncultivated, there is a natural love of flowers. The villages, though somewhat too mueh modernised in those days of improvement—and indeed not a

few of them with hardly any remains now of their original architecture—nothing old about them but the church tower, perhaps the parsonage—are nevertheless generally of a pleasing character, and accordant, if not with the great features of nature, which are unchanged and unchangeable, with the increased cultivation of the country, and the many villas and ornamented cottages that have risen and are rising by every lake and river side. Rivers indeed, properly so called, there are none among these mountains; but every vale, great and small, has at all times its pure and undefiled stream or rivulet; every hill has its hundreds of evanescent rills, almost every one its own perennial torrent flowing from spring, marsh, or tarn; and the whole region is often alive with waterfalls, of many of which, in its exquisite loveliness, the scenery is fit for fairy festivals—and of many, in its horrid gloom, for gatherings of gnomes revisiting "the glimpses of the moon" from their subterraneous prisons. One lake there is, which has been called "wooded Winandermere, the river lake;" and there is another—Ulswater—which you might imagine to be a river too, and to have come flowing from afar; the one excelling in isles, and bays, and promontories, serene and gentle all, and perfectly beautiful; the other, matchless in its majesty of cliff and mountain, and in its old forests, among whose hoary gloom is for ever breaking out the green light of young generations, and perpetual renovation triumphing over perpetual decay. Of the other lakes —not river-like—the character may be imagined even from that we have faintly described of the mountains; almost every vale has its lake, or a series of lakes; and though some of them have at times a stern aspect, and have scenes to show almost of desolation, descending sheer to the water's edge, or overhanging the depth that looks profounder in the gloom, yet even these, to eyes and hearts familiar with their spirit, wear a sweet smile which seldom passes away. Witness Wastwater, with its huge single mountains, and hugest of all the mountains of England, Scawfell, with its terrific precipices—which, in the accidents of storm, gloom, or mist, has seemed, to the lonely passer-by, savage in the extreme—a howling or dreary wilderness—but in its enduring character, is surrounded with all quiet pastoral imagery, the deep glen in which it is embedded being, in good truth, the abode of Sabbath peace. That hugest mountain is indeed the centre from which all the vales irregularly diverge; the whole circumjacent region may be traversed in a week; and though no other district of equal extent contains such variety of the sublime and beautiful, yet the beautiful is so prevalent that we feel its presence, even in places where it is overpowered; and on leaving "The Lakes," our imagination is haunted and possessed with images, not of dread, but of delight.

We have sometimes been asked, whether the north of England or the Highlands of Scotland should be visited first; but, simple as the question seems, it is really one which it is impossible to answer, though we suspect it would equally puzzle Scotchman or Englishman to give a sufficient reason for his wishing to see any part of any other country, before he had seen what was best worth seeing in his own. His own country ought to be, and generally is, dearest to every man. There, if nothing forbid, he should not only begin his study of nature, but continue his education in her school, wherever it may happen to be situated, till he has taken his first degree. We believe that the love of nature is strong in the hearts of the inhabitants of our island. And how wide and profound may that knowledge of nature be, which the loving heart has acquired, without having studied her anywhere but within the Four Seas! The impulses that make us desire to widen the circle of our observation, are all impulses of delight and love; and it would be strange indeed, did they not move us, first of all, towards whatever is most beautiful belonging to our own land. Were it otherwise, it would seem as if the heart were faithless to the home affections, out of which, in their strength, spring all others that are good; and it is essential, we do not doubt, to the full growth of the love of country, that we should all have our earliest imaginative delights associated with our native soil. Such associations will for ever keep it loveliest to our eyes; nor is it possible that we can ever as perfectly understand the character of any other; but we can afterwards transfer and

transfuse our feelings in imagination kindled by our own will; and the beauty, born before our eyes, among the banks and braes of our childhood, and then believed to be but there, and nothing like it anywhere else in all the world, becomes a golden light, "whose home is everywhere," which if we do not darken it, will shine unshadowed in the dreariest places, till "the desert blossom like the rose."

For our own parts, before we beheld one of "the beautiful fields of England," we had walked all Scotland thorough, and had seen many a secret place, which now, in the confusion of our crowded memory, seem often to shift their uncertain ground; but still, wherever they glimmeringly re-appear, invested with the same heavenly light in which long ago they took possession of our soul. And now that we are almost as familiar with the fair sister-land, and love her almost as well as Scotland's self, not all the charms in which she is arrayed—and they are at once graceful and glorious—have ever for a day withdrawn our deeper dreams from the regions where,

"In life's morning march when our spirit was young,"

unaccompanied but by our own shadow in the wilderness, we first heard the belling of the red deer and the eagle's cry.

In those days there was some difficulty, if not a little danger, in getting in among some of the noblest regions of our Alps. They could not be traversed without strong personal exertion; and a solitary pedestrian excursion through the Grampians was seldom achieved without a few incidents that might almost have been called adventures. It is very different now; yet the *Genius Loci*, though tamed, is not subdued; and they who would become acquainted with the heart of the Highlands, will have need of some endurance still, and must care nothing about the condition of earth or sky. Formerly, it was not possible to survey more than a district or division in a single season, except to those unenviable persons who had no other pursuit but that of amusement, and waged a weary war with time. The industrious dwellers in cities, who sought these solitudes for a while to relieve their hearts from worldly anxieties, and gratify that love of nature which is inextinguishable in every bosom that in youth has beat with its noble inspirations, were contented with a week or two of such intercommunion with the spirit of the mountains, and thus continued to extend their acquaintance with the glorious wildernesses, visit after visit, for years. Now the whole Highlands, western and northern, may be commanded in a month. Not that any one who knows what they are will imagine that they can be exhausted in a lifetime. The man does not live who knows all worth knowing there; and were they who made the trigonometrical survey to be questioned on their experiences, they would be found ignorant of thousands of sights, any one of which would be worth a journey for its own sake. But now steam has bridged the Great Glen, and connected the two seas. Salt water lochs the most remote and inaccessible, it has brought within reach of a summer day's voyage. In a week a joyous company can gather all the mainland shores, leaving not one magnificent bay uncircled; and, having rounded St Kilda and

"the Hebride Isles,
Placed far amid the melancholy main,"

and heard the pealing anthem of waves in the cave-cathedral of Staffa, may bless the bells of St Mungo's tolling on the first Sabbath. Thousands and tens of thousands, who but for those smoking sea-horses, had never been beyond view of the city spires, have seen sights which, though passing by almost like dreams, are not like dreams forgotten, but revive of themselves in memory and imagination; and, when the heart is weary with the work of the hand, quicken its pulses with a sudden pleasure that is felt like a renovation of youth.

All through the interior, too, how many hundreds of miles of roads now intersect regions not long ago deemed impracticable!—firm on the fen, in safety flung across the chasm—and winding smoothly amidst shatterings of rocks, round the huge mountain bases, and down the glens once felt as if interminable, now travelled almost with the speed of the raven's wing!

In the Highlands now, there is no *terra incognita*. But there are many places yet well worth seeing, which it is not easy for all men

to find, and to which every man must be his own guide. It is somewhat of a selfish feeling, indeed, but the pride is not a mean one, with which the solitary pedestrian sits down to contemplate some strange, or wild, or savage scene, or some view of surpassing sweetness and serenity, so far removed from the track of men, that he can well believe for a time that his eyes have been the first to behold it, and that for them alone it has now become a visible revelation. The memory of such places is sometimes kept as a secret which we would not communicate but to a congenial friend. They are hallowed by those mysterious "thoughts that, like phantoms, trackless come and go;" no words can tell another how to find his way thither; and were we ourselves to seek to return, we should have to trust to some consciousness mysterious as the instinct of a bird that carries it through the blind night to the place of its desire.

It is well to have in our mind the conception of a route; but without being utterly departed from—nay, without ceasing to control us within certain bounds—it admits of almost any degrees of deviation. We have known persons apparently travelling for pleasure who were afraid to turn a few miles to the right or the left, for fear of subjecting themselves to the reproach of their own conscience for infirmity of purpose. They had "chalked out a route," and acted as if they had sworn a solemn oath to follow it. This is to be a slave among the boundless dominions of nature, where all are free. As the wind bloweth wherever it listeth, so move the moods of men's minds, when there is nought to shackle them, and when the burden of their cares has been dropt, that for a while they may walk on air, and feel that they too have wings.

> "A voice calls on me from the mountain depths,
> And it must be obeyed."

The voice was our own—and yet though but a whisper from the heart, it seemed to come from the front of yon distant precipice—sweet and wild as an echo.

On rising at dawn in the shieling, why think, much less determine, where at night we are to lay down our head? Let this be our thought:

> "Among the hills a hundred homes have I:
> My table in the wilderness is spread:
> In these lone spots one honest smile can buy
> Plain fare, warm welcome, and a rushy bed."

If we obey any powers external to our own minds, let them be the powers of Nature—the rains, the winds, the atmosphere, sun, moon and stars. We must keep a look out—

> "To see the deep, fermenting tempest brewed,
> In the grim evening sky;"

that next day we may cross the red rivers by bridges, not by fords; and if they roll along unbridged, that we may set our face to the mountain, and wind our way round his shoulder by sheep-tracks, unwet with the heather, till we behold some great strath, which we had not visited but for that storm, with its dark blue river streaked with golden light,—for its source is in a loch among the Eastern Range; and there, during the silent hours, heather, bracken, and greensward rejoiced in the trembling dews.

There is no such climate for all kinds of beauty and grandeur as the climate of the Highlands. Here and there you meet with an old shepherd or herdsman, who has beguiled himself into a belief, in spite of many a night's unforeseen imprisonment in the mists, that he can presage its changes from fair to foul, and can tell the hour when the long-threatening thunder will begin to mutter. The weather-wise have often perished in their plaids. Yet among a thousand uncertain symptoms, there are a few certain, which the ranger will do well to study, and he will often exult on the mountain to feel that "knowledge is power." Many a glorious hour has been won from the tempest by him before whose instructed eye—beyond the gloom that wide around blackened all the purple heather—"far off its coming shone." Leagues of continuous magnificence have gradually unveiled themselves on either side to him, as he has slowly paced, midway between, along the banks of the River of Waterfalls; having been assured by the light struggling through the mist, that it would not be long till there was a break-up of all that ghastly dreariment, and that the sun would call on him to come forth from his cave of shelter, and behold in all its pride the Glen affronting the Sea.

Some Tourists—as they call themselves—are provided with map and compass; and we hope they find them of avail in extremities, though we fear few such understand their use. No map can tell—except very vaguely—how the aspect of the localities, looked at on its lines, is likely to be affected by sunrise, meridian, or sunset. Yet, true it is, that every region has its own happy hours, which the fortunate often find unawares, and know them at once to be so the moment they lift up their eyes. At such times, while "our hearts rejoice in Nature's joy," we feel the presence of a spirit that brings out the essential character of the place, be it of beauty or of grandeur. Harmonious as music is then the composition of colours and of forms. It becomes a perfect picture in memory, more and more idealised by imagination, every moment the veil is withdrawn before it; its aërial lineaments never fade; yet they too, though their being be but in the soul, are mellowed by the touch of time—and every glimpse of such a vision, the longer we live, and the more we suffer, seems suffused with a mournful light, as if seen through tears.

It would serve no good purpose, supposing we had the power, to analyse the composition of that scenery, which in the aggregate so moves even the most sluggish faculties, as to make "the dullest wight a poet." It rises before the mind in imagination, as it does before the eyes in nature; and we can no more speak of it than look at it, but as a whole. We can indeed fix our mental or our visual gaze on scene after scene to the exclusion of all beside, and picture it even in words that shall be more than shadows. But how shall any succession of such pictures, however clear and complete, give an idea of that picture which comprehends them all, and infinite as are its manifestations, nevertheless is imbued with one spirit?

Try to forget that in the Highlands there are any Lochs. Then the sole power is that of the Mountains. We speak of a sea of mountains; but that image has never more than momentary possession of us, because, but for a moment, in nature it has no truth. Tumultuary movements envelope them; but they themselves are for ever steadfast and for ever still. Their power is that of an enduring calm no storms can disturb—and is often felt to be more majestical, the more furious are the storms. As the tempest-driven clouds are frantically hurrying to and fro, how serene the summits in the sky! Or if they be hidden, how peaceful the glimpses of some great mountain's breast! They disregard the hurricane that goes crashing through their old woods; the cloud-thunder disturbs not them any more than that of their own cataracts, and the lightnings play for their pastime. All minds under any excitation more or less personify mountains. When much moved, that natural process affects all our feelings, as the language of passion awakened by such objects vividly declares; and then we do assuredly conceive of mountains as indued with life—however dim and vague the conception may be—and feel their character in their very names. Utterly strip our ideas of them of all that is attached to them as impersonations, and their power is gone. But while we are creatures of imagination as well as of reason, will those monarchs remain invested with the purple and seated on thrones.

In such imaginative moods as these must every one be, far more frequently than he is conscious of, and in far higher degrees, who, with a cultivated mind and a heart open to the influences of nature, finds himself, it matters not whether for the first or the hundredth time, in the Highlands. We fancy the Neophyte wandering, all by himself, on the "longest day;" rejoicing to think that the light will not fail him, when at last the sun must go down, for that a starry gloaming will continue its gentle reign till morn. He thinks but of what he sees, and that is—the mountains. All memories of any other world but that which encloses him with its still sublimities, are not excluded merely, but obliterated: his whole being is there! And now he stands on table-land, and with his eyes sweeps the horizon, bewildered for a while, for it seems chaos all. But soon the mighty masses begin arranging themselves into order; the confusion insensibly subsides as he comprehends more and more of their magnificent combinations; he discovers centres round which are associated altitudes towering afar off; and finally, he

feels, and blesses himself on his felicity, that his good genius has placed him on the very centre of those wondrous assemblages altogether, from which alone he could command an empire of realities, more glorious far than was ever empire of dreams.

It is a cloudy, but not a stormy day; the clouds occupy but portions of the sky,—and are they all in slow motion together, or are they all at rest? Huge shadows stalking along the earth, tell that there are changes going on in heaven; but to the upward gaze, all seems hanging there in the same repose; and with the same soft illumination the sun to continue shining, a concentration rather than an orb of light. All above is beautiful, and the clouds themselves are like celestial mountains; but the eye forsakes them, though it sees them still, and more quietly now it moves along the pageantry below that endures for ever—till chained on a sudden by that range of cliffs. 'Tis along them that the giant shadows are stalking—but now they have passed by—and the long line of precipice seems to come forward in the light. To look down from the brink might be terrible—to look up from the base would be sublime—but fronting the eye thus, horrid though it be, the sight is most beautiful;—for weather-stains, and mosses, and lichens, and flowering-plants —conspicuous most the broom and the heather —and shrubs that, among their leaves of light, have no need of flowers—and hollies, and birks, and hazels, and many a slender tree besides with pensile tresses, besprinkle all the cliffs, that in no gloom could ever lose their lustre; but now the day though not bright is fair, and brings out the whole beauty of the precipice—call it the hanging garden of the wilderness.

The Highlands have been said to be a gloomy region, and worse gloom than theirs might well be borne, if not unfrequently illumined with such sights as these; but that is not the character of the mountains, though the purple light in which, for usual, they are so richly steeped, is often for a season tamed, or for a short while extinguished, while a strange night-like day lets fall over them all a something like a shroud. Such days we have seen —but now in fancy we are with the pilgrim, and see preparation making for a sunset. It is drawing towards evening, and the clouds that have all this time been moving, though we knew it not, have assuredly settled now, and taken up their rest. The sun has gone down, and all that unspeakable glory has left the sky. Evening has come and gone without our knowing that she had been here; but there is no gloom on any place in the whole of this vast wilderness, and the mountains, as they wax dimmer and dimmer, look as if they were surrendering themselves to a repose like sleep. Day had no voice here audible to human ear — but night is murmuring — and gentle though the murmur be, it filleth the great void, and we imagine that ever and anon it awakens echoes. And now it is darker than we thought, for lo! one soft-burning star! And we see that there are many stars; but not theirs the light that begins again to reveal object after object as gradually as they had disappeared; the moon is about to rise—is rising—has arisen—has taken her place high in heaven; and as the glorious world again expands around us, faintly tinged, clearly illumined, softly shadowed, and deeply begloomed, we say within our hearts,

"How beautiful is night!"

There are many such table-lands as the one we have now been imagining, and it requires but a slight acquaintance with the country to conjecture rightly where they lie. Independently of the panoramas they display, they are in themselves always impressive; perhaps a bare level that shows but bleached bent, and scatterings of stones, with here and there an unaccountable rock; or hundreds of fairy greensward knolls, fringed with tiny forests of fern that have almost displaced the heather; or a wild withered moor or moss intersected with pits dug not by men's hands; and, strange to see! a huge log lying half exposed, and as if blackened by fire. High as such places are, on one of them a young gorcock was stricken down by a hawk close to our feet. Indeed, hawks seems to haunt such places, and we have rarely crossed one of them, without either seeing the creature's stealthy flight, or hearing, whether he be alarmed or preying, his ever-angry cry.

From a few such stations, you get an insight

into the configuration of the whole Western Highlands. By the dip of the mountains, you discover at a glance all the openings in the panorama around you into other regions. Follow your fancies fearlessly wherever they may lead; and if the blue aërial haze that hangs over a pass winding eastward, tempt you from your line of march due north, forthwith descend in that direction, and haply an omen will confirm you—an eagle rising on the left, and sailing away before you into that very spot of sky.

No man, however well read, should travel by book. In books you find descriptions, and often good ones, of the most celebrated scenes, but seldom a word about the vast tracts between; and it would seem as if many Tourists had used their eyes only in those places where they had been told by common fame there was something greatly to admire. Travel in the faith, that go where you will, the cravings of your heart will be satisfied, and you will find it so, if you be a true lover of nature. You hope to be inspired by her spirit, that you may read aright her works. But such inspiration comes not from one object or another, however great or fair, but from the whole "mighty world of eye and ear," and it must be supported continuously, or it perishes. You may see a thousand sights never before seen by human eye, at every step you take, wherever be your path; for no steps but yours have ever walked along that same level; and moreover, never on the same spot twice rested the same lights or shadows. Then there may be something in the air, and more in your own heart, that invests every ordinary object with extraordinary beauty; old images affect you with a new delight; a grandeur grows upon your eyes in the undulations of the simplest hills; and you feel there is sublimity in the common skies. It is thus that all the stores of imagery are insensibly gathered, with which the minds of men are filled, who from youth have communed with Nature. And it is thus that all those feelings have flowed into their hearts by which that imagery is sanctified; and these are the poets.

It is in this way that we all become familiar with the Mountains. Far more than we were aware of have we trusted to the strong spirit of delight within us, to prompt and to guide. And in such a country as the Highlands, thus led, we cannot err. Therefore, if your desire be for the summits, set your face thitherwards, and wind a way of your own, still ascending and ascending, along some vast brow, that seems almost a whole day's journey, and where it is lost from your sight, not to end, but to go sweeping round, with undiminished grandeur, into another region. You are not yet half-way up the mountain, but you care not for the summit now; for you find yourself among a number of green knolls —all of them sprinkled, and some of them crowned, with trees—as large almost as our lowland hills—surrounded close to the brink with the purple heather—and without impairing the majesty of the immense expanse, embuing it with pastoral and sylvan beauty; —and there, lying in a small forest glade of the lady-fern, ambitious no longer of a throne on Benlomond or Bennevis, you dream away the still hours till sunset, yet then have no reason to weep that you have lost a day.

But the best way to view the mountains is to trace the Glens. To find out the glens you must often scale the shoulders of mountains; and in such journeys of discovery, you have for ever going on before your eyes glorious transfigurations. Sometimes for a whole day one mighty mass lowers before you unchanged; look at it after the interval of hours, and still the giant is one and the same. It rules the region, subjecting all other altitudes to its sway, though many of them range away to a great distance; and at sunset retains its supremacy, blazing almost like a volcano with fiery clouds. Your line of journey lies, perhaps, some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and seldom dips down to one thousand; and these are the heights from which all above and all below you look most magnificent, for both regions have their full power over you—the unscaleable cliffs, the unfathomable abysses —and you know not which is the more sublime. The sublimity indeed is one. It is then that you may do well to ascend to the very mountain top. For it may happen to be one of those heavenly days indeed, when the whole Highlands seem to be reposing in the cloudless sky.

But we were about to speak of the Glens. And some of them are best entered by such descents as these—perhaps at their very head —where all at once you are in another world, how still, how gloomy, how profound! An hour ago and the eye of the eagle had not wider command of earth, sea, and sky than yours — almost blinded now by the superincumbent precipices that imprison you, and seem to shut you out from life.

> "Such the grim desolation, where Ben-Hun
> And Craig-na-Torr, by earthquake shatterings
> Disjoined with horrid chasms prerupt, enclose
> What superstition calls the Glen of Ghosts.'

Or you may enter some great glen from the foot, where it widens into vale, or strath—and there are many such—and some into which you can sail up an arm of the sea. For a while it partakes of the cultivated beauty of the lowlands, and glen and vale seem almost one and the same; but gradually it undergoes a strange wild change of character, and in a few miles that similitude is lost. There is little or no arable ground here; but the pasture is rich on the unenclosed plain—and here and there are enclosures near the few houses or huts standing, some of them in the middle of the glen, quite exposed, on eminences above reach of the floods—some more happily placed on the edge of the coppices, that sprinkle the steep sides of the hills, yet barely mountains. But mountains they soon become; and leaving behind you those few barren habitations, you see before you a wide black moor. Beautiful hitherto had been the river, for a river you had inclined to think it, long after it had narrowed into a stream, with many a waterfall, and in one chasm a cataract. But the torrent now has a wild mountain-cry, and though there is still beauty on its banks, they are bare of all trees, now swelling into multitudes of low green knolls among the heather, now composed but of heather and rocks. Through the very middle of the black moor it flows, yet are its waters clear, for all is not moss, and it seems to wind its way where there is nothing to pollute its purity, or tame its lustre. 'Tis a solitary scene, but still sweet; the mountains are of great magnitude, but they are not precipitous; vast herds of cattle are browsing there, on heights from which fire has cleared the heather, and wide ranges of greensward upon the lofty gloom seem to lie in perpetual light.

The moor is crossed, and you prepare to scale the mountain in front, for you imagine the torrent by your side flows from a tarn in yonder cove, and forms that series of waterfalls. You have been all along well pleased with the glen, and here at the head, though there is a want of cliffs of the highest class, you feel nevertheless that it has a character of grandeur. Looking westward, you are astounded to see them ranging away on either side of another reach of the glen, terrific in their height, but in their formation beautiful, for like the walls of some vast temple they stand, roofed with sky. Yet are they but as a portal or gateway of the glen. For entering in with awe, that deepens as you advance almost into dread, you behold beyond mountains that carry their cliffs up into the clouds, seamed with chasms, and hollowed out into coves, where night dwells visibly by the side of day; and still the glen seems winding on beneath a purple light, that almost looks like gloom; such vast forms and such prodigious colours, and such utter stillness, become oppressive to your very life, and you wish that some human being were by, to relieve by his mere presence the insupportable weight of such a solitude.

But we should never have done were we to attempt to sketch, however slightly, the character of all the different kinds of glens. Some are sublime in their prodigious depth and vast extent, and would be felt to be so, even were the mountains that enclose them of no great majesty; but these are all of the highest order, and sometimes are seen from below to the very cairns on their summits. Now we walk along a reach, between astonishing ranges of cliffs, among large heaps of rocks —not a tree—scarcely a shrub—no herbage—the very heather blasted—all lifelessness and desolation. The glen gradually grows less and less horrid, and though its sides are seamed with clefts and chasms, in the gloom there are places for the sunshine, and there is felt to be even beauty in the repose. Descends suddenly on either side a steep slope of hanging wood, and we find ourselves among verdant mounds,

and knolls, and waterfalls. We come then into what seems of old to have been a forest. Here and there a stately pine survives, but the rest are all skeletons; and now the glen widens, and widens, yet ceases not to be profound, for several high mountains enclose a plain on which armies might encamp, and castellated clouds hang round the heights of the glorious amphitheatre, while the sky-roof is clear, and, as if in its centre, the refulgent sun. 'Tis the plain called "The Meeting of the Glens." From the east and the west, the north and the south, they come like rivers into the sea.

Other glens there are as long, but not so profound, nor so grandly composed; yet they too conduct us nobly in among the mountains, and up their sides, and on even to their very summits. Such are the glens of Athole, in the neighbourhood of Ben-y-gloe. From them the heather is not wholly banished, and the fire has left a green light without quenching the purple colour native to the hills. We think that we almost remember the time when those glens were in many places sprinkled with huts, and all animated with human life. Now they are solitary; and you may walk from sunrise till sunset without seeing a single soul. For a hundred thousand acres have there been changed into a forest, for sake of the pastime, indeed, which was dear of old to chieftains and kings. Vast herds of red deer are there, for they herd in thousands; yet may you wander for days over the boundless waste, nor once be startled by one stag bounding by. Yet may a herd, a thousand strong, be drawn up, as in battle array, on the cliffs above your head. For they will long stand motionless, at gaze, when danger is in the wind; and then their antlers to unpractised eyes seem but boughs grotesque, or are invisible; and when all at once, with one accord, at signal from the stag, whom they obey, they wheel off towards the corries, you think it but thunder, and look up to the clouds. Fortunate if you see such a sight once in your life. Once only have we seen it; and it was, of a sudden, all by ourselves,

> "Ere yet the hunter's startling horn was heard
> Upon the golden hills."

Almost within rifle-shot, the herd occupied a position, high up indeed, but below several ridges of rocks, running parallel for a long distance, with slopes between of sward and heather. Standing still, they seemed to extend about a quarter of a mile; and, as with a loud clattering of hoofs and antlers they took more open order, the line at least doubled its length, and the whole mountain side seemed alive. They might not be going at full speed, but the pace was equal to that of any charge of cavalry; and once and again the flight passed before us, till it overcame the ridges, and then deploying round the shoulder of the mountain, disappeared, without dust or noise, into the blue light of another glen.

We question if there be in the Highlands any one glen comparable with Borrowdale in Cumberland. But there are several that approach it, in that combination of beauty and grandeur, which perhaps no other scene equals in all the world. The "Gorge" of that Dale exhibits the finest imaginable assemblage of rocks and rocky hills, all wildly wooded; beyond them, yet before we have entered into the Dale, the Pass widens, with noble cliffs on one side, and on the other a sylvan stream, not without its abysses; and we see before us some lovely hills, on which—

> "The smiling power of cultivation lies,"

yet leaves, with lines defined by the steeps that defy the ploughshare, copses and groves; and thus we are brought into the Dale itself, and soon have a vision of the whole—green and golden fields—for though most are in pasture, almost all seem arable—sprinkled with fine single trees, and lying in flats and levels, or swelling into mounds and knolls, and all diversified with every kind of woods; single cottages, with their out-buildings, standing everywhere they should stand, and coloured like the rocks from which in some lights they are hardly to be distinguished—strong-roofed and undilapidated, though many of them very old; villages, apart from one another a mile—and there are three—yet on their sites, distant and different in much though they be, all associated together by the same spirit of beauty that pervades all the Dale. Half way up, and in some places more, the enclosing hills and even mountains are sylvan indeed, and though

there be a few inoffensive aliens, they are all adorned with their native trees. The mountains are not so high as in our Highlands, but they are very majestie; and the passes over into Langdale, and Wastdalehead, and Buttermere, are magnifieent, and show precipices in whieh the Golden Eagle himself might rejoiee.

No—there is no glen in all the Highlands eomparable with Borrowdale. Yet we know of some that are felt to be kindred places, and their beauty, though less, almost as much affects us, beeause though contending, as it were, with the darker spirit of the mountain, it is not overeome, but prevails; and their beauty will inerease with years. For while the roeks eontinue to frown aloft for ever, and the cliffs to range along the eorries, unbroken by trees, whieh there the tempests will not suffer to rise, the woods and groves below, preserved from the axe, for sake of their needful shelter, shall beeome statelier till the bireh equal the pine; reclaimed from the waste, shall many a fresh field recline among the heather, tempering the gloom; and houses arise where now there are but huts, and every house have its garden:—such ehanges are now going on, and we have been glad to observe their progress, even though sometimes they had removed, or were removing, objects dear from old associations, and whieh, had it been possible, but it was not, we should have loved to see preserved.

And one word on those sweet pastoral seclusions into which one often drops unexpeetedly, it may be at the elose of day, and finds a night's lodging in the lonely hut. Yet they lie, sometimes, embosomed, in their own green hills, among the most rugged mountains, and even among the wildest moors. They have no features by whieh you ean describe them: it is their serenity that eharms you, and their eheerful peace; perhaps it is wrong to eall them glens, and they are but dells. Yet one thinks of a dell as deep, however small it may be; but these are not deep, for the hills slope down gently upon them, and leave room perhaps between for a little shallow loeh. Often they have not any visible water at all, only a few springs and rivulets, and you wonder to see them so very green; there is no herbage like theirs; and to such spots of old, and sometimes yet, the kine are led in summer, and there the lonely family live in their shieling till the harvest moon.

We have all along used the same word, and called the places we have spoken of—glens. A fine observer—the editor of *Gilpin's Forest Scenery*—has said: "The gradation from extreme width downwards should be thus arranged — strath, vale, dale, valley, glen, dell, ravine, ehasm. In the strath, vale, and dale, we may expect to find the large, majestie, gently flowing river, or even the deeper or smaller lake. In the glen, if the river be large, it flows more rapidly, and with greater variety. In the dell, the stream is smaller. In the ravine, we find the mountain torrent and the waterfall. In the ehasm, we find the roaring eataraet, or the rill, bursting from its haunted fountain. The ehasm discharges its small tribute into the ravine, while the ravine is tributary to the dell, and thenee to the glen; and the glen to the dale."

These distinetions are admirably expressed, and perfeetly true to nature; yet we doubt if it would be possible to preserve them in deseribing a country, and assuredly they are very often indeed eonfused by eommon use in the naming of places. We have said nothing about straths—nor shall we try to deseribe one—but suggest to your own imagination as speeimens, Strath-Spey, Strath-Tay, Strath-Earn. The dominion elaimed by eaeh of those rivers, within the mountain ranges that environ their eourses, is a strath; and three noble straths they are, from souree to sea.

And now we are brought to speak of the Highland rivers, streams, and torrents; but we shall let them rush or flow, murmur or thunder, in your own ears, for you cannot fail to imagine what the waters must be in a land of sueh glens, and sueh mountains. The ehief rivers possess all the attributes essential to greatness—width—depth—elearness—rapidity—in one word, power. And some of them have long eourses—rising in the central heights, and winding round many a huge projection, against whieh in flood we have seen them dashing like the sea. Highland droughts are not of long duration; the supplies are seldom withheld at onee by all the tributaries; and one wild night among the mountains eonverts

a calm into a commotion—the many-murmuring voice into one roar. In flood they are terrible to look at; and every whirlpool seems a place of torment. Winds can make a mighty noise in swinging woods, but there is something to our ears more appalling in that of the fall of waters. Let them be united — and add thunder from the clouds—and we have heard in the Highlands all three in one— and the auditor need not care that he has never stood by Niagara. But when "though not o'erflowing full," a Highland river is in perfection; far better do we love to see and hear him rejoicing than raging; his attributes appear more his own in calm and majestic manifestations, and as he glides or rolls on, without any disturbance, we behold in him an image at once of power and peace.

Of rivers—comparatively speaking, of the second and third order—the Highlands are full —and on some of them the sylvan scenery is beyond compare. No need there to go hunting the waterfalls. Hundreds of them—some tiny indeed, but others tall — are for ever dinning in the woods; yet, at a distance from the cataract, how sweet and quiet is the sound! It hinders you not from listening to the cushat's voice; clear amidst the mellow murmur comes the bleating from the mountain; and all other sound ceases, as you hearken in the sky to the bark of the eagle—rare indeed anywhere, but sometimes to be heard as you thread the "glimmer or the gloom" of the umbrage overhanging the Garry or the Tummel—for he used to build in the cliffs of Ben-Brackie, and if he has shifted his eyrie, a few minutes' waftage will bear him to Cairn-Gower.

In speaking of the glens, we but alluded to the rivers or streams, and some of them, indeed, even the great ones, have but rivulets; while in the greatest, the waters often flow on without a single tree, shadowed but by rocks and clouds. Wade them, and you find they are larger than they seem to be; for looked at along the bottom of those profound hollows, they are but mere slips of sinuous light in the sunshine, and in the gloom you see them not at all. We do not remember any very impressive glen, without a stream, that would not suffer some diminution of its power by our fancying it to have one; we may not be aware, at the time, that the conformation of the glen prevents its having any waterflow, if but we feel its character aright, that want is among the causes of our feeling; just as there are some scenes of which the beauty would not be so touching were there a single tree.

Thousands and tens of thousands there are of nameless perennial torrents, and "in number without number numberless" those that seldom live a week—perhaps not a day. Up among the loftiest regions you hear nothing, even when they are all aflow; yet, there is music in the sight, and the thought of the "general dance and minstrelsy" enlivens the air, where no insect hums. As on your descent you come within hearing of the "liquid lapses," your heart leaps within you, so merrily do they sing; the first torrent-rill you meet with you take for your guide, and it leads you perhaps into some fairy dell, where it wantons awhile in waterfalls, and then, gliding along a little dale of its own with "banks of green bracken," finishes its short course in a stream—one of many that meet and mingle before the current takes the name of river, which in a mile or less becomes a small woodland lake. There are many such of rememberable beauty; living lakes indeed, for they are but pausings of expanded rivers, which again soon pursue their way, and the water-lilies have ever a gentle motion there as if touched by a tide.

It used, not very long ago, to be pretty generally believed by our southern brethren, that there were few trees in the Lowlands of Scotland, and none at all in the Highlands. They had an obscure notion that trees either could not or would not grow in such a soil and climate—cold and bleak enough at times and places, heaven knows—yet not altogether unproductive of diverse stately plants. They know better now; nor were we ever angry with their ignorance, which was nothing more than what was to be expected in persons living perpetually at home so far remote. They rejoice now to visit, and sojourn, and travel here among us, foreigners and a foreign land no more; and we rejoice to see and receive them not as strangers, but friends, and are proud to know they are well pleased to behold our habitation. They do us and our country

justice now, and we have sometimes thought even more than justice; for they are lost in admiration of our cities—above all, of Edinburgh—and speak with such raptures of our scenery, that they would appear to prefer it even to their own. They are charmed with our bare green hills, with our shaggy brown mountains they are astonished, our lochs are their delight, our woods their wonder, and they hold up their hands and clap them at our cliffs. This is generous, for we are not blind to the fact of England being the most beautiful land on all the earth. What are our woods to hers! To hers, what are our single trees! We have no such glorious standards to show as her indomitable and everlasting oaks. She is all over sylvan — Scotland but here and there; look on England from any point in any place, and you see she is rich, from almost any point in any place in Scotland, and you feel that comparatively she is poor. Yet our Lowlands have long been beautifying themselves into a resemblance of hers; as for our Highlands, though many changes have been going on there too, and most we believe for good, they are in their great features, and in their spirit unalterable by art, stamped and inspired by enduring Nature.

We have spoken, slightly, of the sylvan scenery of the Highlands. In Perthshire, especially, it is of rare and extraordinary beauty, and we are always glad to hear of Englishmen travelling up the Tay and the Earn. We desire that eyes familiar with all that is umbrageous should receive their first impressions of our Scottish trees at Duneira and Dunkeld. Nor will those impressions be weakened as they proceed towards Blair Atholc. In that famous Pass they will feel the power possessed by the sweet wild monotony of the universal birch woods—broken but by grey crags in every shape—grotesque, fantastical, majestic, magnificent, and sublime — on the many-ridged mountains, that are loth to lose the green light of their beloved forests, retain it as long as they can, and on the masses of living lustre seem to look down with pride from their skies.

An English forest, meaning thereby any one wide continuous scene of all kinds of old English trees, with glades of pasture, and it may be of heath between, with dells dipping down into the gloom, and hillocks undulating in the light—ravines and chasms too, rills, and rivulets, and a haunted stream, and not without some melancholy old ruins, and here and there a cheerful cottage that feels not the touch of time—such a forest there is not, and hardly can be imagined to be in Scotland. But in the Highlands, there once were, and are still, other forests of quite a different character, and of equal grandeur. In his *Forest Scenery*, Gilpin shows that he understood it well; all the knowledge, which as a stranger, almost of necessity he wanted, Lauder has supplied in his annotations; and the book should now be in the hands of every one who cares about the woods. "The English forest," says Gilpin, "is commonly composed of woodland views, interspersed with extensive heaths and lawns. Its trees are oak and beech, whose lively green corresponds better than the gloomy pine with the nature of the scene, which seldom assumes the dignity of a mountain one, but generally exhibits a cheerful landscape. It aspires, indeed, to grandeur; but its grandeur does not depend, like that of the Scottish forest, on the sublimity of the objects, but on the vastness of the whole—the extent of its woods and the wildness of its plains. In its inhabitants also the English forest differs from the Scottish; instead of the stag and the roebuck, it is frequented by cattle and fallow-deer, and exchanges the scream of the eagle and the falcon for the crowing of pheasants and the melody of the nightingale. The Scottish forest, no doubt, is the sublimer scene, and speaks to the imagination in a loftier language than the English forest can reach. The latter, indeed, often rouses the imagination, but seldom in so great a degree, being generally content with captivating the eye. The scenery, too, of the Scottish forest is better calculated to last through ages than that of the English. The woods of both are almost destroyed. But while the English forest hath lost all its beauty with its oaks, and becomes only a desolate waste, the rocks and the mountains, the lakes and the torrents, of the Scottish forest make it still an interesting scene."

The tree of the Highlands is the pine

There are Scotch firs, indeed, well worth looking at, in the Lowlands, and in England; but to learn their true character you must see them in the glen, among rocks, by the river side, and on the mountain. "We, for our parts," says Lauder, very finely, "confess that when we have seen it towering in full majesty in the midst of some appropriate Highland scene, and sending its limbs abroad with all unrestrained freedom of a hardy mountaineer, as if it claimed dominion over the savage region round it, we have looked upon it as a very sublime object. People who have not seen it in native climate and soil, and who judge of it from the wretched abortions which are swaddled and suffocated in English plantations, among dark, heavy, and eternally wet clays, may well be called a wretched tree; but when its foot is among its own Highland heather, and when it stands freely in its native knoll of dry gravel, or thinly-covered rock, over which its roots wander afar in the wildest reticulation, whilst its tall, furrowed, and often graefully-sweeping red and grey trunk, of enormous circumference, rears aloft its high umbrageous canopy, then would the greatest sceptic on this point be compelled to prostrate his mind before it with a veneration which perhaps was never before excited in him by any other tree." The colour of the pine has been objected to as murky, and murky it often is, or seems to be; and so then is the colour of the heather, and of the river, and of the loch, and of the sky itself thunder-laden, and murkiest of all are the clouds. But a stream of sunshine is let loose, and the gloom is confounded with glory; over all that night-like reign the jocund day goes dancing, and the forest revels in green or in golden light. Thousands and tens of thousands of trees are there; and as you gaze upon the whole mighty array, you fear lest it might break the spell, to fix your gaze on any one single tree. But there are trees there that will force you to look on themselves alone, and they grow before your eyes into the kings of the forest. Straight stand their stems in the sunshine, and you feel that as straight have they stood in the storm. As yet you look not up, for your heart is awed, and you see but the stately columns reddening away into the gloom. But all the while you feel the power of the umbrage aloft, and when thitherwards you lift your eyes, what a roof to such a cathedral! A cone drops at your feet—nor other sound nor other stir—but afar off you think you hear a cataract. Inaudible your footsteps on the soft yellow floor, composed of the autumnal sheddings of countless years. Then it is true that you can indeed hear the beating of your own heart; you fear, but know not what you fear; and being the only living creature there, you are impressed with a thought of death. But soon to that severe silence you are more than reconciled; the solitude, without ceasing to be sublime, is felt to be solemn and not awful, and ere long, utter as it is, serene. Seen from afar, the forest was one black mass; but as you advance, it opens up into spacious glades, beautiful as gardens, with appropriate trees of gentler tribes, and ground-flowering in the sun. But there is no murmur of bee—no song of bird. In the air a thin whisper of insects—intermittent—and wafted quite away by a breath. For we are now in the very centre of the forest, and even the cushat haunts not here. Hither the red deer may come—but not now—for at this season they love the hill. To such places the stricken stag might steal to lie down and die.

And thus for hours may you be lost in the forest, nor all the while have wasted one thought on the outer world, till with no other warning but an uncertain glimmer and a strange noise, you all at once issue forth into the open day, and are standing on the brink of a precipice above a flood. It comes tumbling down with a succession of falls, in a mile-long course, right opposite your stance—rocks, cliffs, and trees, all the way up on either side, majestically retiring back to afford ample channel, and showing an unobstructed vista, closed up by the purple mountain, that seems to send forth the river from a cavern in its breast. 'Tis the Glen of Pines. Nor ash nor oak is suffered to intrude on their dominion. Since the earthquake first shattered it out, this great chasm, with all its chasms, has been held by one race of trees. No other seed could there spring to life; for from the rocks has all soil, ages ago, been washed and swept by the tempests. But there they stand

with glossy boles, spreading arms, and glittering crest; and those two by themselves on the summit, known all over Badenoch as "the Giants"—"their statures reach the sky."

We have been indulging in a dream of old. Before our day the immemorial gloom of Glenmore had perished, and it ceased to be a forest. But there bordered on it another region of night or twilight, and in its vast depths we first felt the sublimity of lonesome fear. Rothiemurchus! The very word blackens before our eyes with necromantic characters—again we plunge into its gulphs desirous of what we dread—again "in pleasure high and turbulent," we climb the cliffs of Cairngorm.

Would you wish to know what is now the look of Glenmore? One now dead and gone—a man of wayward temper, but of genius—shall tell you—and think not the picture exaggerated—for you would not, if you were *there*. "It is the wreck of the ancient forest which arrests all the attention, and which renders Glenmore a melancholy—more than a melancholy—a terrific spectacle. Trees of enormous height, which have escaped alike the axe and the tempest, are still standing, stripped by the winds even of the bark, and like gigantic skeletons, throwing far and wide their white and bleached bones to the storms and rains of heaven; while others, broken by the violence of the gales, lift up their split and fractured trunks in a thousand shapes of resistance and of destruction, or still display some knotted and tortuous branches, stretched out, in sturdy and fantastic forms of defiance, to the whirlwind and the winter. Noble trunks also, which had long resisted, but resisted in vain, strew the ground; some lying on the declivity where they have fallen, others still adhering to the precipice where they were rooted, many upturned, with their twisted and entangled roots high in air; while not a few astonish us by the space which they cover, and by dimensions which we could not otherwise have estimated. It is one wide image of death, as if the angel of destruction had passed over the valley. The sight, even of a felled tree, is painful: still more is that of the fallen forest, with all its green branches on the ground, withering, silent, and at rest, where once they glittered in the dew and the sun, and trembled in the breeze. Yet this is but an image of vegetable death. It is familiar, and the impression passes away. It is the naked skeleton bleaching in the winds, the gigantic bones of the forest still erect, the speaking records of former life and of strength still unsubdued, vigorous even in death, which renders Glenmore one enormous charnel house."

What happened of old to the aboriginal forests of Scotland, that long before these later destructions they had almost all perished, leaving to bear witness what they were, such survivors? They were chiefly destroyed by fire. What power could extinguish chance-kindled conflagrations when sailing before the wind? And no doubt fire was set to clear the country at once of Scotch firs, wolves, wild boars, and outlaws. Tradition yet tells of such burnings; and, if we mistake not, the pines found in the Scottish mosses, the logs and the stocks, all show that they were destroyed by Vulcan, though Neptune buried them in the quagmires. Storms no doubt often levelled them by thousands; but had millions so fallen they had never been missed, and one element only—which has been often fearfully commissioned—could achieve the work. In our own day the axe has indeed done wonders—and sixteen square miles of the forest of Rothiemurchus "went to the ground." John of Ghent, Gilpin tells us, to avenge an inroad, set twenty-four thousand axes at work in the Caledonian Forest.

Yet Scotland has perhaps sufficient forest at this day. For more has been planted than cut down; Glenmore will soon be populous as ever with self-sown pines, and Rothiemurchus may revive; the shades are yet deeper of Loch Arkaig, Glengarry, Glenmoriston, Strathglass, Glen Strathfarrar, and Loch-Shiel; deeper still on the Findhorn—and deepest of all on the Dee rejoicing in the magnificent pine woods of Invercauld and Braemar.

We feel that we have spoken feebly of our Highland forests. Some perhaps, who have never been off the high roads, may accuse us of exaggeration too; but they contain wondrous beauties of which we have said not a word; and no imagination can conceive what they may be in another hundred

years. But, apparently far apart from the forests, though still belonging to them—for they hold in fancy by the tenure of the olden time—how many woods, and groves, and sprinklings of fair trees, rise up during a day's journey, in almost every region of the North! And among them all, it may be, scarcely a pine. For the oak, and the ash, and the elm, are also all native trees; nowhere else does the rowan flush with more dazzling lustre; in spring, the alder with its vivid green stands well beside the birk—the yew was not neglected of yore, though the bow of the Celt was weak to that of the Saxon; and the holly, in winter emulating the brightness of the pine, flourished, and still flourishes on many a mountain side. There is sufficient sylvan scenery for beauty in a land of mountains. More may be needed for shelter—but let the young plants and seedlings have time to grow—and as for the old trees, may they live for ever. Too many millions of larches are perhaps growing now behind the Tay and the Tilt; yet why should the hills of Perthshire be thought to be disfigured by what ennobles the Alps and the Apennines?

Hitherto we have hardly said a word about Lochs, and have been doing our best to forget them, while imagining scenes that were chiefly characterised by other great features of Highland Landscape. A country thus constituted, and with such an aspect, even if we could suppose it without lochs, would still be a glorious region; but its lochs are indeed its greatest glory; by them its glens, its mountains and its woods are all illumined, and its rivers made to sing aloud for joy. In the pure element, overflowing so many spacious vales and glens profound, the great and stern objects of nature look even more sublime or more beautiful, in their reflected shadows, which appear in that stillness to belong rather to heaven than earth. Or the evanescence of all that imagery at a breath may touch us with the thought that all it represents, steadfast as seems its endurance, will as utterly pass away. Such visions, when gazed on in that wondrous depth and purity they are sometimes seen to assume, on a still summer day, always inspire some such faint feeling as this; and we sigh to think how transitory must be all things, when the setting sun is seen to sink beneath the mountain, and all its golden pomp at the same instant to evanish from the lake.

The first that takes possession of the imagination, dreaming of the Highlands as the region of lochs, is the Queen of them all, Loch Lomond. Wordsworth has said, that "in Scotland, the proportion of diffused water is often too great, as at the Lake of Geneva, for instance, and in most of the Scottish lakes. No doubt it sounds magnificent, and flatters the imagination, to hear at a distance of masses of water so many leagues in length and miles in width; and such ample room may be delightful to the fresh-water sailor, scudding with a lively breeze amid the rapidly shifting scenery. But who ever travelled along the banks of Loch Lomond, variegated as the lower part is by islands, without feeling that a speedier termination of the long vista of blank water would be acceptable, and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees, and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run by his side. In fact, a notion of grandeur as connected with magnitude has seduced persons of taste into a general mistake upon this subject. It is much more desirable for the purposes of pleasure, that lakes should be numerous and small or middle-sized than large, not only for communication by walks and rides, but for variety and for recurrence of similar appearances. To illustrate this by one instance: how pleasing is it to have a ready and frequent opportunity of watching, at the outlet of a lake, the stream, pushing its way among the rocks, in lively contrast with the stillness from which it has escaped; and how amusing to compare its noisy and turbulent motions with the gentle playfulness of the breezes that may be starting up, or wandering here and there over the faintly-rippled surface of the broad water! I may add, as a general remark, that in lakes of great width, the shores cannot be distinctly seen at the same time; and therefore contribute little to mutual illustration and ornament; and if the opposite shores are out of sight of each other, like those of the American and Asiatic lakes, then unfortunately the traveller is reminded of a nobler object; he has the blankness of a sea prospect

without the grandeur and accompanying sense of power."

We shall not be suspected of an inclination to dissent, on light grounds, from any sentiments of Wordsworth. But finely felt and expressed as all this is, we do not hesitate to say that it is not applicable to Loch Lomond. Far be it from us to criticise this passage sentence by sentence; for we have quoted it not in a captious, but in a reverent spirit, as we have ever done with the works of this illustrious man. He has studied nature more widely and profoundly than we have; but it is out of our power to look on Loch Lomond without a feeling of perfection. The "diffusion of water" is indeed great; but in what a world it floats! At first sight of it, how our soul expands! The sudden revelation of such majestic beauty, wide as it is and extending afar, inspires us with a power of comprehending it all. Sea-like, indeed, it is—a Mediterranean Sea—enclosed with lofty hills and as lofty mountains—and these, indeed, are the Fortunate Isles! We shall not dwell on the feeling which all must have experienced on the first sight of such a vision—the feeling of a lovely and a mighty calm; it is manifest that the spacious "diffusion of water" more than conspires with the other components of such a scene to produce the feeling; that to it belongs the spell that makes our spirit serene, still, and bright as its own. Nor when such feeling ceases so entirely to possess, and so deeply to affect us, does the softened and subdued charm of the scene before us depend less on the expanse of the "diffusion of water." The islands, that before had lain we knew not how—or we had only felt that they were all most lovely—begin to show themselves in the order of their relation to one another and to the shores. The eye rests on the largest, and with them the lesser combine; or we look at one or two of the least, away by themselves, or remote from all a tufted rock; and many as they are, they break not the breadth of the liquid plain, for it is ample as the sky. They show its amplitude; as masses and sprinklings of clouds, and single clouds, show the amplitude of the cerulean vault. And then the long promontories—stretching out from opposite mainlands, and enclosing bays that in themselves are lakes—they too magnify the empire of water; for long as they are, they seem so only as our eye attends them with their cliffs and woods from the retiring shores, and far distant are their shadows from the central light. Then what shores! On one side, where the lake is widest, low-lying they seem and therefore lovelier—undulating with fields and groves, where many a pleasant dwelling is embowered, into lines of hills that gradually soften away into another land. On the other side, sloping back, or overhanging, mounts beautiful in their barrenness, for they are green as emerald; others, scarcely more beautiful, studded with fair trees—some altogether woods. They soon form into mountains—and the mountains become more and more majestical, yet beauty never deserts them, and her spirit continues to tame that of the frowning cliffs. Far off as they are, Benlomond and Benvoirlich are seen to be giants; magnificent is their retinue, but the two are supreme, each in his own dominion; and clear as the day is here, they are diademed with clouds.

It cannot be that the "proportion of diffused water is here too great;" and is it then true that no one "ever travelled along the banks of Loch Lomond, variegated as the lower part is by islands, without feeling that a speedier termination to the long vista of blank water would be acceptable, and without wishing for an interposition of green meadows, trees and cottages, and a sparkling stream to run by his side?" We have travelled along them in all weathers, and never felt such a wish. For there they all are—all but the "sparkling stream to run by our side," and we see not how that well could be in nature. "Streams that sparkle as they run," cross our path on their own; and brighter never issued from the woods. Along the margin of the water, as far as Luss—ay, and much farther—the variations of the foreground are incessant; "had it no other beauties," it has been truly said, "but those of its shores, it would still be an object of prime attraction; whether from the bright green meadows sprinkled with luxuriant ash-trees, that sometimes skirt its margin, or its white pebbled shores on which its gentle billows murmur, like a miniature

ocean, or its bold rocky promontories rising from the dark water rich in wild-flowers and ferns, and tangled with wild roses and honeysuckles, or its retired bays where the waves dash, reflecting, like a mirror, the trees which hang over them, an inverted lanscape." The islands are for ever arranging themselves into new forms, every one more and more beautiful; at least so they seem to be, perpetually occurring, yet always unexpected, and there is a pleasure even in such a series of slight surprises that enhances the delight of admiration. And alongside, or behind us, all the while, are the sylvan mountains, "laden with beauty;" and ever and anon open glens widen down upon us from chasms; or forest glades lead our hearts away into the inner gloom—perhaps our feet; and there, in a field that looks not as if it had been cleared by his own hands, but left clear by nature, a woodsman's hut.

Half-way between Luss and Tarbet the water narrows, but it is still wide; the new road, we believe, winds round the point of Firkin, the old road boldly scaled the height, as all old roads loved to do; ascend it, and bid the many-isled vision, in all its greatest glory, farewell. Thence upwards prevails the spirit of the mountains. The lake is felt to belong to them—to be subjected to their will—and that is capricious; for sometimes they suddenly blacken it when at its brightest, and sometimes when its gloom is like that of the grave, as if at their bidding, all is light. We cannot help attributing the "skiey influences" which occasion such wonderful effects on the water, to prodigious mountains; for we cannot look on them without feeling that they reign over the solitude they compose; the lights and shadows flung by the sun and the clouds imagination assuredly regards as put forth by the vast objects which they colour; and we are inclined to think some such belief is essential in the profound awe, often amounting to dread, with which we are inspired by the presences of mere material forms. But be this as it may, the upper portion of Loch Lomond is felt by all to be most sublime. Near the head, all the manifold impressions of the beautiful which for hours our mind had been receiving, begin to fade; if some gloomy change has taken place in the air, there is a total obliteration, and the mighty scene before us is felt to possess not the hour merely, but the day. Yet should sunshine come, and abide a while, beauty will glimpse upon us even here, for green pastures will smile vividly, high up among the rocks; the sylvan spirit is serene the moment it is touched with light, and here there is not only many a fair tree by the water-side, but yon old oak wood will look joyful on the mountain, and the gloom become glimmer in the profound abyss.

Wordsworth says, that "it must be more desirable, for the purposes of pleasure, that lakes should be numerous, and small or middle-sized, than large, not only for communication by walks and rides, but for variety, and for recurrence of similar appearances." The Highlands have them of all sizes—and that surely is best. But here is one which, it has been truly said, is not only "incomparable in its beauty as in its dimensions, exceeding all others in variety as it does in extent and splendour, but unites in itself every style of scenery which is found in the other lakes of the Highlands." He who has studied, and understood, and felt all Loch Lomond, will be prepared at once to enjoy any other fine lake he looks on; nor will he admire nor love it the less, though its chief character should consist in what forms but one part of that of the Wonder in which all kinds of beauty and sublimity are combined.

We feel that it would be idle, and worse than idle, to describe any number of the Highland lochs, for so many of the finest have been seen by so many eyes, that few persons probably will ever read these pages to whom such descriptions would be, at the best, more than shadowings of scenery that their own imaginations can more vividly recreate.

We may be allowed, however, to say, that there cannot be a greater mistake than to think, as many we believe do who have only heard of the Highland lochs, that, with the exception of those famous for their beauty as well as their grandeur, beauty is not only not the quality by which they are distinguished, but that it is rarely found in them at all. There are few, possessing any very marked character, in which beauty is not either an ingredient or

an accompaniment; and there are many "beautiful exceedingly" which, lying out of the way even of somewhat adventurous travellers, or very remote, are known, if even by that, only by name. It does not, indeed, require much, in some situations, to give a very touching beauty to water. A few trees, a few knolls, a few tufted rocks, will do it, where all around and above is stern or sterile; and how strong may be the gentle charm, if the torrent that feeds the little loch chance to flow into it from a lucid pool formed by a waterfall, and to flow out of it in a rivulet that enlivens the dark heather with a vale of verdure over which a stag might bound—and more especially if there be two or three huts in which it is perceived there is human life! We believe we slightly touched before on such scenes; but any little repetition will be excused for the sake of a very picturesque passage, which we have much pleasure in quoting from the very valuable *Guide to the Highlands and Islands of Scotland*, by the brothers Anderson. We well remember walking into the scene here so well painted, many long years ago, and have indeed, somewhere or other, described it. The Fall of Foyers is the most magnificent cataract, out of all sight and hearing, in Britain. The din is quite loud enough in ordinary weather—and it is only in ordinary weather that you can approach the place, from which you have a full view of all its grandeur. When the Fall is in flood—to say nothing of being drenched to the skin—you are so blinded by the sharp spray smoke, and so deafened by the dashing and clashing, and tumbling and rumbling thunder, that your condition is far from enviable, as you cling, "lonely lover of nature," to a shelf by no means eminent for safety, above the horrid gulf. Nor in former times was there any likelihood of your being comforted by the accommodations of the General's Hut. In ordinary Highland weather—meaning thereby weather neither very wet nor very dry—it is worth walking a thousand miles for one hour to behold the Fall of Foyers. The spacious cavity is enclosed by "complicated cliffs and perpendicular precipices" of immense height; and though for a while it wears to the eye a savage aspect, yet beauty fears not to dwell even there, and the horror is softened by what appears to be masses of tall shrubs, or single shrubs almost like trees. And they are trees, which on the level plain would look even stately; but as they ascend ledge above ledge the walls of that awful chasm, it takes the eye time to see them as they really are, while on our first discernment of their character, serenely standing among the tumult, they are felt on such sites to be sublime.

"Between the Falls and the Strath of Stratherrik," says the book we were about to quote, "a space of three or four miles, the river Foyers flows through a series of low rocky hills clothed with birch. They present various quiet glades and open spaces, where little patches of cultivated ground are encircled by wooded hillocks, whose surface is pleasingly diversified by nodding trees, bare rocks, empurpled heath, and bracken bearing herbage." It was the excessive loveliness of some of the scenery there that suggested to us the thought of going to look what kind of a stream the Foyers was above the Fall. We went, and in the quiet of a summer evening, found it

"Was even the gentlest of all gentle things."

But here is the promised description of it:—"Before pursuing our way westward, we would wish to direct the traveller's attention to a sequestered spot of peculiar beauty on the river Foyers. This is a secluded vale, called Killean, which, besides its natural attractions, and these are many, is distinguished as one of the few places where the old practice of resorting to the 'shieling' for summer grazing of cattle is still observed. It is encompassed on all sides by steep mountains; but at the north end there is a small lake, about a mile and a half in length, and from one-third to half a mile in breadth. The remainder of the bottom of the glen is a perfectly level tract, of the same width with the lake, and about two miles and a half in length, covered with the richest herbage, and traversed by a small meandering river flowing through it into the lake. The surface of this flat is bedecked with the little huts or bothies, which afford temporary accommodation to the herdsmen and others in charge of the cattle. This portion of the glen is bordered on the west by

continuous hills rising abruptly in a uniformly steep acclivity, and passing above into a perpendicular range of precipices, the whole covered with a scanty verdure sprouted with heath. At the bend of the lake near its middle, where it inclines from a northernly course towards the west, a magnificent rounded precipice, which, like the continuous ranges, may be about 1200 feet in height, rises immediately out of the water; and a few narrow and inclined verdant stripes alone preserve it from exhibiting a perfectly mural character. To this noble rock succeeds, along the rest of the lake, a beautiful, lofty, and nearly vertical hill-side, clothed with birch, intermingled with hanging mossy banks, shaded over with the deeper tinted bracken. The eastern side of the plain, and the adjoining portion of the lake, are lined by mountains corresponding in height with those opposed to them; but their lower extremities are, to a considerable extent, strewed with broken fragments of rock, to which succeeds an uninterrupted zone of birch and alder, which is again overtopped in its turn by naked cliffs. An elevated terrace occupies the remainder of this side of the lake; above the wooded face of which is seen a sloping expanse of mingled heath and herbage. About half a mile from the south end, Mr Fraser of Lovat, the proprietor, has erected a shooting lodge; viewed from which, or from either end, or from the top of the platform on the north-east side of the lake, fancy could scarcely picture a more attractive and fairy landscape than is unfolded by this sequestered vale, to which Dr Johnson's description of the 'Happy Valley' not inaptly applies. The milch cows, to the number of several hundreds, are generally kept here from the beginning of June to the middle of August, when they are replaced by the yeld cattle. The river sweeps to the northward from Loch Killean through richly birch-clad hills, which rise in swelling slopes from its banks. A large tarn which immediately joins it from the east is crossed at its mouth by a rustic bridge, from which a single footpath conducts across the brow of the hill to Whitebridge, a small public-house or inn, four miles distant."

There is a loch of a very different character from Killean, almost as little known (a view of it is given at page 708), equal to anything in the Highlands, only two miles distant from Loch Lochy, in the great glen—Loch Arkaig. We first visited it many years since, having been induced to do so by a passage in John Stoddard's *Remarks on the Local Scenery and Manners of Scotland;* and it was then a very noble oak and pine forest loch. The axe went to work and kept steadily at it; and a great change was wrought; but it is still a grand scene, with a larger infusion of beauty than it possessed of old. The scenery of the valley separating it from Loch Lochy is very similar to that of the Trossachs; through it there are two approaches to the loch, and the *Mile-Dubh*, or the dark mile, according to our feeling, is more impressive than any part of the approach to Loch Katrine. The woods and rocks are very solemn, and yet very sweet; for though many old pines, and oaks and ashes are there, and the wall of rocks is immense, young trees prevail now on many places, as well along the heights as among the knolls and hillocks below, where alders and hawthorns are thick; almost everywhere the young are intermingled with the old, and look cheerful under their protection, without danger of being chilled by their shade. The loch, more or less sylvan from end to end, shows on its nearer shores some magnificent remains of the ancient forest, and makes a noble sweep like some great river. There may be more, but we remember but one island—not large, but wooded as it should be—the burying-place of the family of Lochiel. What rest! It is a long journey from Loch Lochy to Kinloch Arkaig—and by the silent waters we walked or sat all a summer's day. There was nothing like a road that we observed, but the shores are easily travelled, and there it is you may be almost sure of seeing some red deer. They are no better worth looking at from a window than Fallow—no offence to Fallow, who are fine creatures; indeed, we had rather not see them so at all; but on the shores or steeps of Loch Arkaig, with hardly a human habitation within many, many miles, and these few rather known than seen to be there, the huts of Highlanders contented to cultivate here and there some spot that seems cultivatable, but probably is found not to be so after

some laborious years—there they are at home; and you, if young, looking on them feel at home too, and go bounding, like one of themselves, over what, did you choose, were an evitable steep. Roe, too, frequent the copses, but to be seen they must be started; grouse spring up before you oftener than you might expect in a deer forest; but, to be sure, it is a rough and shaggy one, though lovelier lines of verdure never lay in the sunshine than we think we see now lying for miles along the margin of that loch. The numerous mountains towards the head of the loch are very lofty, and glens diverge in grand style into opposite and distant regions. Glen Dessary, with its beautiful pastures, opens on the Loch, and leads to Loch Nevish on the coast of Knoidart — Glen Pæan to Oban-a-Cave on Loch Morer, Glen Canagorie into Glenfinnan and Loch Shiel; and Glen Kingie to Glengarry and Loch Quoich. There is a choice! We chose Glen Kingie, and after a long climb found a torrent that took us down to Glengarry before sunset. It is a loch little known, and in grandeur not equal to Loch Arkaig; but at the close of such a day's journey, the mind, elevated by the long contemplation of the great objects of nature, cannot fail to feel aright, whatever it may be, the spirit of the scene, that seems to usher in the grateful hour of rest. It is surpassing fair—and having lain all night long on its gentle banks, sleeping or waking we know not, we have never remembered it since but as the Land of Dreams.

Which is the dreariest, most desolate and dismal of the Highland lochs? We should say Loch Ericht. It lies in a prodigious wilderness with which perhaps no man alive is conversant, and in which you may travel for days without seeing even any symptoms of human life. We speak of the regions comprehended between the Forest of Athole, and Bennevis, the Moor of Rannoch, and Glen Spean. There are many Lochs—and Loch Ericht is their grisly Queen. Herdsmen, shepherds, hunters, fowlers, anglers, traverse its borders, but few have been far in the interior, and we never knew anybody who had crossed it from south to north, from east to west. We have ourselves seen more of it, perhaps than any other Lowlander; and had traversed many of its vast glens and moors before we found our way to the southern solitude of Loch Ericht. We came into the western gloom of Ben Alder from Loch Ouchan, and up and down for hours dismal but not dangerous precipices that opened out into what might almost be called passes—but we have frequently to go back for they were blind—contrived to clamber to the edge of one of the mountains that rose from the water a few miles down the Loch. All was vast, shapeless, savage, black, and wrathfully grim; for it was one of those days that keep frowning and lowering, yet will not thunder; such as one conceives of on the eve of an earthquake. At first the sight was dreadful, but there was no reason for dread; imagination remains not longer than she chooses the slave of her own eyes, and we soon began to enjoy the gloom, and to feel how congenial it was in nature with the character of all those lifeless cliffs. Silence and darkness suit well together in solitude at noonday; and settled on huge objects make them sublime. And they were huge; all ranged together, and stretching away to a great distance, with the pitchy water, still as if frozen, covering their feet.

Loch Ericht is many miles long—nearly twenty; but there is a loch among the Grampians not more than two miles round—if so much, which is sublimer far—Loch Aven. You come upon the sight of it at once, a short way down from the summit of Cairngorm, and then it is some two thousand feet below you, itself being as many above the level of the sea. But to come upon it so as to feel best its transcendent grandeur, you should approach it up Glenaven—and from as far down as Inch-Rouran, which is about half-way between Loch Aven and Tomantoul. Between Inch-Rouran and Tomantoul the glen is wild, but it is inhabited; above that house there is but one other—and for about a dozen miles—we have heard it called far more—there is utter solitude. But never was there a solitude at once so wild—so solemn—so serene—so sweet! The glen is narrow; but on one side there are openings into several wider glens, that show you mighty coves as you pass on; on the other side the mountains are without a break, and the only variation with them is from

smooth to shaggy, from dark to bright; but their prevailing character is that of pastoral or of forest peace. The mountains that show the coves belong to the bases of Ben-Aven and Ben-y-buird. The heads of those giants are not seen—but it sublimes the long glen to know that it belongs to their dominion, and that it is leading us on to an elevation that erelong will be on a level with the roots of their topmost cliffs. The Aven is so clear—on account of the nature of its channel—that you see the fishes hanging in every pool; and 'tis not possible to imagine how beautiful in such transpareneies are the reflections of its green ferny banks. For miles they are composed of knolls, seldom interspersed with rocks, and there cease to be any trees. But ever and anon, we walk for a while on a level floor, and the voice of the stream is mute. Hitherto sheep have been noticed on the hill, but not many, and red and black cattle grazing on the lower pastures; but they disappear, and we find ourselves all at once in a desert. So it is felt to be, coming so suddenly with its black heather on that greenest grass; but 'tis such a desert as the red-deer love. We are now high up on the breast of the mountain, which appears to be Cairngorm; but such heights are deceptive, and it is not till we again see the bed of the Aven that we are assured we are still in the glen. Prodigious precipices, belonging to several different mountains, for between mass and mass there is blue sky, suddenly arise, forming themselves more and more regularly into circular order, as we near; and now we have sight of the whole magnificence; yet vast as it is, we know not yet how vast; it grows as we gaze, till in a while we feel that sublimer it may not be; and then so quiet in all its terrific grandeur we feel too that it is beautiful, and think of the Maker.

This is Loch Aven. How different the whole regions round from that enclosing Loch Erieht! There, vast wildernesses of more than melancholy moors—huge hollows hating their own gloom that keep them herbless—disconsolate glens left far away by themselves, without any sign of life—cliffs that frown back the sunshine—and mountains, as if they were all dead, insensible to the heavens. Is this all mere imagination—or the truth? We deceive ourselves in what we call a desert. For we have so associated our own being with the appearances of outward things, that we attribute to them, with an uninquiring faith, the very feelings and the very thoughts, of which we have chosen to make them emblems. But here the sources of the Dee seem to lie in a region as happy as it is high; for the bases of the mountains are all such as the soul has chosen to make sublime—the colouring of the mountains all such as the soul has chosen to make beautiful; and the whole region, thus imbued with a power to inspire elevation and delight, is felt to be indeed one of the very noblest in nature.

We have now nearly reached the limits assigned to our *Remarks on the Character of the Scenery of the Highlands;* and we feel that the sketches we have drawn of its component qualities—occasionally filled up with some details—must be very imperfect indeed, without comprehending some parts of the coast, and some of the sea-arms that stretch into the interior. But even had our limits allowed, we do not think we could have ventured on such an attempt; for though we have sailed along most of the western shores, and through some of its sounds, and into many of its bays, and up not a few of its reaches, yet they contain such an endless variety of all the fairest and greatest objects of nature, that we feel it would be far beyond our powers to give anything like an adequate idea of the beauty and the grandeur that for ever kept unfolding themselves around our summer voyagings in calm or storm. Who can say that he knows a thousandth part of the wonders of "the marine" between the Mull of Cantire and Cape Wrath? He may have gathered many an extensive shore—threaded many a mazy multitude of isles—sailed up many a spacious bay—and cast anchor at the head of many a haven land-locked so as no more to seem to belong to the sea—yet other voyagers shall speak to him of innumerable sights which he has never witnessed; and they who are most conversant with those coasts, best know how much they have left and must leave for ever unexplored.

Look now only at the Linnhe Loch—how it gladdens Argyle! Without it and the

sound of Mull how sad would be the shadows of Morven! Eclipsed the splendours of Lorn! Ascend one of the heights of Appin, and as the waves roll in light, you will feel how the mountains are beautified by the sea. There is a majestic rolling onwards there that belongs to no land-loch—only to the world of waves. There is no nobler image of ordered power than the tide, whether in flow or in ebb; and on all now it is felt to be beneficent, coming and going daily, to enrich and adorn. Or in fancy will you embark, and let the "Amethyst" bound away "at her own sweet will," accordant with yours, till she reach the distant and long-desired loch.

"Loch-Sunart! who, when tides and tempests roar,
Comes in among these mountains from the main,
'Twixt wooded Ardnamurchan's rocky cape
And Ardmore's shingly beach of hissing spray;
And, while his thunders bid the sound of Mull
Be dumb, sweeps onwards past a hundred bays
Hill-sheltered from the wrath that foams along
The mad mid-channel,—All as quiet they
As little separate worlds of summer dreams,—
And by storm-loving birds attended up
The mountain-hollow, white in their career
As are the breaking billows, spurns the Isles
Of craggy Carnich, and Green Oronsay
Drench'd in that sea-born shower o'er tree-tops driven
And ivied stones of what was once a tower
Now hardly known from rocks—and gathering might
In the long reach between Dungallan caves
And point of Arderinis ever fair
With her Elysian groves, bursts through that strait
Into another ampler inland sea;
Till lo! subdued by some sweet influence,—
And potent is she though so meek the Eve,—
Down sinketh wearied the old Ocean
Insensibly into a solemn calm,—
And all along that ancient burial-ground,
(Its kirk is gone,) that seemeth now to lend
Its own eternal quiet to the waves,
Restless no more, into a perfect peace
Lulling and lull'd at last, while drop the airs
Away as they were dead, the first risen star
Beholds that lovely Archipelago,
All shadow'd there as in a spiritual world,
Where time's mutations shall come never more!"

These lines describe but one of innumerable lochs that owe their greatest charm to the sea. It is indeed one of those on which nature has lavished all her infinite varieties of loveliness; but Loch Leven is scarcely less fair, and perhaps grander; and there is matchless magnificence about Loch Etive. All round about Ballachulish and Invercoe the scenery of Loch Leven is the sweetest ever seen overshadowed by such mountains; the deeper their gloom, the brighter its lustre; in all weathers it wears a cheerful smile; and often while up among the rocks the tall trees are tossing in the storm, the heart of the woods beneath is calm, and the vivid fields they shelter look as if they still enjoyed the sun. Nor closes the beauty there, but even animates the entrance into that dreadful glen—Glencoe. All the way up its river, Loch Leven would be fair, were it only for her hanging woods. But though the glen narrows, it still continues broad, and there are green plains between her waters and the mountains, on which stately trees stand single, and there is ample room for groves. The returning tide tells us, should we forget it, that this is no inland loch, for it hurries away back to the sea, not turbulent, but fast as a river in flood. The river Leven is one of the finest in the Highlands, and there is no other such series of waterfalls, all seen at once, one above the other, along an immense vista; and all the way up to the farthest there are noble assemblages of rocks—nowhere any want of wood—and in places, trees that seem to have belonged to some old forest. Beyond, the opening in the sky seems to lead into another region, and it does so; for we have gone that way, past some small lochs, across a wide wilderness, with mountains on all sides, and descended on Loch Treag,

"A loch whom there are none to praise
And very few to love,

but overflowing in our memory with all pleasantest images of pastoral contentment and peace.

Loch Etive, between the ferries of Connel and Bunawe, has been seen by almost all who have visited the Highlands but very imperfectly; to know what it is you must row or sail up it, for the banks on both sides are often richly wooded, assume many fine forms, and are frequently well embayed, while the expanse of water is sufficiently wide to allow you from its centre to command a view of many of the distant heights. But above Bunawe it is not like the same loch. For a couple of miles it is not wide, and it is so darkened by enormous shadows that it looks even less like a strait than a gulf—huge overhanging rocks on both sides ascending high, and yet felt to belong but to the bases of mountains that

sloping far back have their summits among clouds of their own in another region of the sky. Yet are they not all horrid; for nowhere else is there such lofty heather—it seems a wild sort of brushwood; tall trees flourish, single or in groves, chiefly birches, with now and then an oak—and they are in their youth or their prime—and even the prodigious trunks, some of which have been dead for centuries, ar not all dead, but shoot from their knotted rhind symptoms of life inextinguishable by time and tempest. Out of this gulf we emerge into the Upper Loch, and its amplitude sustains the majesty of the mountains, all of the highest order, and seen from their feet to their crests. Cruachan wears the crown, and reigns over them all—king at once of Loch Etive and of Loch Awe. But Buachaille Etive, though afar off, is still a giant, and in some lights comes forwards, bringing with him the Black Mount and its dependents, so that they all seem to belong to this most magnificent of all Highland lochs. "I know not," says Macculloch, "that Loch Etive could bear an ornament without an infringement on that aspect of solitary vastness which it presents throughout. Nor is there one. The rocks and bays on the shore, which might elsewhere attract attention, are here swallowed up in the enormous dimensions of the surrounding mountains, and the wide and ample expanse of the lake. A solitary house, here fearfully solitary, situated far up in Glen Etive, is only visible when at the upper extremity; and if there be a tree, as there are in a few places on the shore, it is unseen; extinguished as if it were a humble mountain flower, by the universal magnitude around." This is finely felt and expressed; but even on the shores of Loch Etive there is much of the beautiful; Ardmatty smiles with its meadows, and woods, and bay, and sylvan stream; other sunny nooks repose among the grey granite masses; the colouring of the banks and braes is often bright; several houses or huts become visible no long way up the glen; and though that long hollow—half a day's journey—till you reach the wild road between Inveruran and King's House—lies in gloom, yet the hillsides are cheerful, and you delight in the greensward, wide and rock-broken, should you ascend the passes that lead into Glencreran or Glencoe. But to feel the full power of Glen Etive you must walk up it till it ceases to be a glen. When in the middle of the moor, you see far off a solitary dwelling indeed—perhaps the loneliest house in all the Highlands—and the solitude is made profounder, as you pass by, by the voice of a cataract, hidden in an awful chasm, bridged by two or three stems of trees, along which the red-deer might fear to venture—but we have seen them and the deer-hounds glide over it, followed by other fearless feet, when far and wide the Forest of Dalness was echoing to the hunter's horn.

We have now brought our Remarks on the *Scenery of the Highlands* to a close, and would fain have said a few words on the character and life of the people; but are precluded from even touching on that most interesting subject. It is impossible that the minds of travellers through those wonderful regions can be so occupied with the contemplation of mere inanimate nature, as not to give many a thought to their inhabitants, now and in the olden time. Indeed, without such thoughts, they would often seem to be but blank and barren wildernesses in which the heart would languish, and imagination itself recoil; but they cannot long be so looked at, for houseless as are many extensive tracts, and at times felt to be too dreary even for moods that for a while enjoyed the absence of all that might tell of human life, yet symptoms and traces of human life are noticeable to the instructed eye almost every where, and in them often lies the spell that charms us, even while we think that we are wholly delivered up to the influence of "dead insensate things." None will visit the Highlands without having some knowledge of their history; and the changes that have long been taking place in the condition of the people will be affectingly recognised wherever they go, in spite even of what might have appeared the insuperable barriers of nature.

THE

SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS

HIGHLAND CLANS AND REGIMENTS