

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### THE SCOTS IN FRANCE.—(*Continued.*)

Cuthberts of Castlehill—Douglas Regiment in Paris—In the Netherlands—Reduced—In England—Again in France—Island of the Scots.

CHARLES II, when in exile, curiously enough prevailed upon Andrew Lord Gray of Kinfauns, when lieutenant of the Gendarmes Ecosais (under the captainship of the Duke of Albany), to resign that post in favour of the Marshal Schomberg, and, according to Douglas in his *Peerage*, no Scotsman ever possessed it again; but this is doubtful.

It is a little after this period that we find the Cuthberts—the Scoto-French family of Castlehill—coming into prominence, when Jean Baptiste Cuthbert, born at Rheims in 1619, in a house in the Rue de Ceres, was recommended to King Louis by Cardinal Mazarin in 1662-3, and made comptroller-general of France, and as such made the riches of the kingdom consist “in commerce,” says Anquetil in his *Memoirs*. He died in 1683, full of fame as a minister of finance and marine, leaving a son behind, Marquis of Signaley, who was proved to claim his descent from the Cuthberts of Castlehill.

In a certificate lately furnished, under the seal of the Lord Lyon, of the descent of John Cuthbert, Baron of

Castlehill, and of Jean Hay of Dalgetty, his spouse, the family seem to have been settled in Inverness "about the year 950," a little after the accession of Kenneth II. Their residence was the Auld Castlehill, once royal, now in ruins. Lord Lyon cites an Act of 1687, certifying the descent of Jean Baptiste Colbert, Marquis of Signaley, from this family through Edward Colbert, a son thereof, who went to France with Mary Lindsay of Edzell, his spouse, in 1280, accompanying Christian de Baliol (niece of Alexander III) when the latter went to marry Enguerrond de Guines, Lord of Coucy.

The Cuthberts held the lands of Castlehill and others for centuries; were frequently high sheriffs of Inverness; one fought at Harlaw in 1411 and captured the standard of the Lord of the Isles, and one, a hundred years later on, was styled "Alderman of Inverness." (Spot's *Miscel.*, vol iv.) The family passed away in Scotland about the close of the 18th century; but in 1789 we find one of the French branch speaking in the National Assembly, on the abolition of tithes. In the *Edinburgh Advertiser* for that year he is called "a native of Scotland—Bishop of Rhodes. His name is Cuthbert; but, for what reason we know not, the prelate calls himself Colbert." His brother Lewis was provost-marshal of Jamaica (*Stat. Account.*) But the name is still found in France. Thus, in the *Annuaire Militaire*, 1805, Pierre E. Colbert appears as lieutenant of lancers in the Imperial guard; and in 1887 the wife of Count de Chabot was a Mademoiselle Colbert, for whom Lord Lyon prepared the document above quoted.

In 1650, when the revenues of Louis XIV became im-

paired, the Douglas regiment, like the most of the French troops, found a difficulty in procuring their pay; and King Charles II, having signed the Covenant, requested the return of the Scottish troops to Scotland; but Louis declined to permit this, and sent them to garrison the barrier towns of Picardy and Flanders; but the summer of 1652 saw them in the vicinity of Paris, under Marshal Turenne, against the insurgents, under Condé, fighting at the barricades in the Faubourg St. Antoine, when Douglas's Scots, with whom the Duke of Abory was serving, stormed one of their works near the Seine, sword in hand, with irresistible valour, after which they retired to St. Denis with the king and court. (Clarke's *Hist. James II.*)

Condé now held Paris; the Spanish army entered France, and in the conflicts which ensued at Ablon, seven miles from Paris, Douglas's Scots bore a conspicuous part. "On one of these occasions a captain of his regiment was taken prisoner, but escaped, and brought information that the Prince of Condé had left the Spanish army through indisposition" The king's army, being in want of provisions, sought winter quarters in Champagne, while the regiment of Douglas pressed the siege of Bar-le-Duc, and captured an Irish regiment in the Spanish service.

Château Portieu, in the Ardennes, was their next scene of service. On the march thither the weather was so severe that many of Douglas's soldiers were frozen to death, but the survivors stormed the town on the 10th of January, 1653.

In 1654 the still powerful regiment was employed in the Netherlands; and in 1655 its colonel, Lieutenant-General

Lord James Douglas, commanded the flying camp between Douay and Arras. Many fierce skirmishes ensued, and in one of these he was killed, in October, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. A magnificent monument was erected to his memory in the church of St. Germain des Prés, where it still remains.

Near it is another monument to his grandfather, William, tenth Earl of Angus, one of the leaders of the Catholics in Scotland in 1592. He assumed a religious life, and dying at Paris in 1611, was interred in St. Germain des Prés. Copies of the long and elaborate Latin inscriptions on these two tombs are given in the *Scots Magazine* for 1767.

Lord James was succeeded in the colonelcy by his brother, Lord George, afterwards Earl of Dumbarton, referred to in the well-known song of "Dumbarton's drums beat bonnie, O!" In his youth he had been page of honour to Louis XIV, and made the profession of arms his choice.

In 1660 the French army was greatly reduced in strength, and Dumbarton's regiment of eight battalions was disbanded, all but eight companies, when in garrison at Avennes; and when—after the Restoration—Scotland and England began to form separate armies of guards, horse and foot, the Duke of Albany's troop of guards from Dunkirk and the regiment of Dumbarton from Flanders returned to Britain in 1661; but the latter returned to the French service in the following year.

At that time General Andrew Rutherford, afterwards Earl of Teviot, commander of a battalion of Scots guards in the French army, was governor of Dunkirk, and his corps was incorporated with that of Dumbarton, which in

1662 consisted of 23 companies of 100 files each, making a total of all ranks of above 2,500 men.

Three years after its return to France war broke out between Britain and Holland, and as Louis took part with the latter, the regiment of Dumbarton finally quitted the French service for that of its native country, and landed at Rye, in Sussex, on the 11th June, 1666, when reduced to 800 men. (Salmon's *Chron.*, etc.) All that follows may be stated briefly.

After being twelve months in Ireland, the regiment returned to the French service at the peace of Breda in 1668; and in an order issued by Louis XIV, 1670, respecting the rank of regiments, it appears as one of the first. (*Père Daniel.*)

In the war that broke out between France and the states-general in 1672, Dumbarton's regiment, now augmented to 16 companies, joined the division of Marshal Turenne, and under the Comte de Chomilly was at the siege and reduction of Grom in July. In 1674 the regiment, with the Scots battalion of Hamilton, served with Turenne's army on the Rhine, and in June was encamped at Philipsburg in Western Germany, with the brigade of Brigadier-General the Marquis of Douglas. After an incredible deal of fighting, marching, and manœuvring during three years on the Rhine and in Alsace under the Marshals Luxembourg and de Cregin, the corps, in the spring of 1678, quitted the French service for ever; and since then, as the *First Royal Scots*, have been the premier regiment of the British army, and possesses a very long inheritance of history unequalled in the annals of war and glory.

At the Revolution the Earl of Dumbarton adhered to King James VII, whom he followed to France, where he died in 1692.

Among many others who followed the king into exile were David Viscount Dundee, K.T., who died in 1700; and James Galloway, third Lord Dunkeld, who had joined the brother of the former peer, and was with him at Killiecrankie, who fell in action a colonel in the French service, in which his son James attained the rank of a general officer, with a high reputation for valour and skill. His name appears in the French *Liste des Officiers Généraux* for May 10, 1748, as "my Lord Dunkell," and he was alive in 1764; but of him nothing more is known.

The period 1693-7 brings us to one of the most touching episodes in the story of our military exiles—the fate of the surviving officers of the army of Lord Dundee: men whose magnanimity was worthy of the most glorious ages of Athens and of Sparta. "It is delightful," wrote Robert Chambers, "to record the generous abandonment of all selfish considerations, and the utter devotion to a lofty and beautiful moral principle, which governed the actions of this noble band of gentlemen."

According to terms made, the surviving officers of Dundee's army were to have their work confined to France according to the tenor of their Scottish commissions; and so long as there was a hope of a successful landing on the British coast their pay was continued, till, on the paltry pretext of expedience, it was withdrawn, and they, only 150 in number, were reduced to penury, while Dutchmen were exalted to rank and power at home. Generously these

Scottish officers made common stock of their jewellery, rings, and watches, and so forth, till starvation came upon them, and they obtained King James's permission to form themselves into a company of private soldiers for the service of King Louis. Previous to joining the army of Marshal Noailles, they took farewell of their native monarch at St. Germain—a last farewell it proved to most of them.

Of this most remarkable company Colonel Thomas Brown was captain; Colonels Andrew Scott and Alexander Gordon were lieutenants; Major James Buchan was ensign. The sergeants were three other officers, Jenner, Lyon, and Gordon; and in the rank-and-file men were three field-officers and forty-two captains. The rest were subalterns. One of the captains, John Ogilvie, afterwards killed on the banks of the Rhine, was author of the sweet song—

“Adieu for evermore, my love,  
Adieu for evermore.”

King James VII chanced to be going forth to hunt on the morning when they paraded before the palace of his exile, in French uniform, with their fixed bayonets shining in the sun.

“What troops are these?” asked the king.

“Your Majesty's devoted Scottish subjects,” replied an equerry; “but yesterday they all bore your Majesty's commission—*to-day* they are privates in the army of France.”

Then James dismounted and approached them, nearly overcome with emotion.

“Gentlemen,” said he, “it grieves me beyond expression to see so many brave and loyal officers of my army

reduced to the station of private sentinels. The sense of all you have undergone and lost has impressed me so deeply, an it ever please God to restore me to the throne of my ancestors, your services and your sufferings will be remembered. At your own desire you are going away far from me. Fear God; love one another; write your wants particularly to me, and you will ever find me your father and your king." (Dundas's *Officers*, 1714.)

With deep emotion they heard him; he received a list of their names, and, covering his face with his handkerchief, sobbed heavily, while the whole line sank upon their knees, and bowed their heads. Then the word "march" was given, and they parted for ever.

Perpignon in Rousillon was their first destination; then, after a journey of 900 miles in heavy marching order, they joined the army of Marshal Noailles.

"Le gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme," exclaimed that officer when he saw them.

The ladies of the city presented them with a purse of 200 pistoles, and bought all their rings that remained—a *souvenir des officiers écossais*; and wherever they went the tears of the women and the acclamations of the men welcomed them.

On the 27th of May, 1693, this company, with some other Scottish companies, one entirely composed of deserters from the 1st Royal Scots, and two of Irish, mounted the trenches, at the siege of Rozas, on the coast of Catalonia. Major Rutherford led the Scottish grenadiers, and Colonel Brown commanded the whole; and so furious was the assault, that the governor beat a *chômage* and capitulated.

“*Ces sont mes enfants !*” cried Marshal Noailles, as he saw them storming the breach.

“By St. Iago, they alone have made us surrender !” cried the Spanish governor afterwards.

From thence they marched to Piscador, in the plain of the Fluvia, in that awful snow, when 16,000 men perished out of an army of 23,000, by starvation chiefly. Famine and the bullet slew many, but three-halfpence per diem sufficed to feed the Scottish officers, who were fain to eat horse-beans and garlic.

At Silistadt their sufferings increased, in that they had to part with their wigs and stockings for food. Bread they were unable to buy. In 1693 they marched to old Brissac, and 1697 saw them on the Rhine, where they performed one of the greatest military exploits of the age.



## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### THE SCOTS IN FRANCE.—(*Continued.*)

Influence of the Old Alliance—Colonel Oswald—The Laws of Lauriston—Field-Marshal Law—Governor of Venice—Colonel-General of the Imperial Guard.

M. NECKER DE SAUSSURE, in his *Voyage en Ecosse et aux Iles Hébrides*, 1806-8, refers pleasantly to the influence which he thought the ancient French alliance had on Scotland and her people.

“It is,” he wrote, “above all that, in relation to *strangers*, that the Scottish character is displayed to the greatest advantage. Hospitality in all its finest shades and under every form is the national virtue of Scotland. The inhabitants do not partake in the least of the coldness and prejudice towards foreigners, which is so justly the reproach of the best society in England. . . . In looking for the causes of this remarkable difference, we shall find them in the intimate relations which formerly existed between the kingdom of Scotland and continental governments, in particular the French nation. This country (France) has always been the bitterest enemy and rival of England, and was, on the contrary, the closest ally of Scotland. The Scots ever enjoyed in France, up to the time of the Revolution, privileges from which other nations were excluded. They were exempt from the taxes on foreigners; they had

at Paris a college consecrated to the Scottish Catholics and regulated by Scottish professors. Scotland also furnished to the kings of France a company of bodyguards. So many privileges encouraged the nobles and gentlemen to travel in France, to educate their children there, and frequently to establish themselves in that country. They learned the French language, spoke it with facility, and on their return to their own country they introduced the tone and manners of the court of Versailles."

Towards the end of the 18th century, one of the most remarkable Scots in the French army was John Oswald, a native of Edinburgh, who, in 1792, became a *chef de battalion* of that ferocious Republican army which marched against La Vendée.

His parents kept a coffee-house in the Parliament Close, celebrated in its day as John's Coffee-house, and there he is supposed to have been born about the year 1760. He served an apprenticeship to a jeweller, and in a frolic enlisted in the 18th Royal Irish, but, on succeeding to a good legacy, purchased an ensigncy in the 42nd Highlanders, to which corps he was gazetted on the 25th August, 1778. On the 22nd March, 1780, he became lieutenant in the 2nd battalion, with which, in the January of the following year, he embarked at Portsmouth, under Colonel Norman Macleod of that ilk, for the West Indies, where he served for three years, and quickly made himself master of Latin and Greek. In 1783 he appeared in London, where he speedily distinguished himself as a violent Radical and pamphleteer, whose writings were "full of crude notions, absurd principles, and dangerous speculations." He also

affected to imitate the Brahmins, and abstained from animal food. His verses won him the approbation of Robert Burns; and for the press he adopted the *nom de plume* of Sylvester Otway. His last work in London was *The Cry of Nature*, published in 1791.

The next year found him in Paris, when the fury of the Revolution was at its height, and when a new edition of his first pamphlet, *A Review of the Constitution of Great Britain*, with several addenda, soon won him admittance to the Jacobin Club, in which he gained such influence as to take a leading part in all its bloodthirsty projects. Eventually he was nominated by the Revolutionary government to the command of a regiment of infantry, "sans culottes," raised from the scum of Paris and the departments.

On being joined by his two sons, in the true spirit of equality he made them drummers! His adherence to discipline—won no doubt, in the old "Black Watch"—soon made him unpopular with the lawless scoundrels he led; and on attempting, it is said, to substitute an efficient pike for the wretched muskets with which they were armed, they mutinied against him.

His corps was one of the first employed in La Vendée, in that war which, for a time, the Royalists prosecuted with success from 1793 to 1795—a resistance singularly favoured by the woods, wilds, and thickets of the country; and then he was reported to be killed in battle; but the real story of his fate was that his own men took the opportunity of shooting him, his two sons, and an Englishman who held a commission in the regiment.

A few years after, a clergyman of Edinburgh published a work proving, to his own satisfaction at least, that Oswald was *not* shot in La Vendée; but, escaping, appeared in time as Napoleon Bonaparte! (Stuart's *Sketches*, etc.)

Under the First Empire there rose to the highest rank, civil and military, two men of old Scottish families—Law, who became Marquis of Lauriston and marshal of France; and Macdonald, who became Duke of Tarentum and also a marshal of France. The family of the former have taken deep root there, though the antecedents of their name were against them; for the first of them, in the land of their adoption, was the famous financial projector, John Law, who nearly brought ruin upon it in the reign of Louis XV; and whose varied adventures seem to pertain to romance rather than to solid history.

Descended from the Laws of Lithrie in Fifeshire, John Law was the only son of William Law, a goldsmith in Edinburgh, where he was born in April, 1671, probably in the Parliament Close, though some have averred, in the Tower of Lauriston. Though bred to no profession, early in life he exhibited a singular capacity for calculation. On the death of his father, he succeeded to the estate and Tower of Lauriston, an ancient mansion of the Merchiston Napiers, beautifully situated near the Firth of Forth, an edifice greatly embellished in recent years by Andrew Rutherford, Lord Advocate of Scotland. Gambling debts soon involved Law deeply, but his estate being entailed, it was saved. Tall, handsome, and much addicted to gallantry, he went to London, where he soon became well-known as Beau Law, and where he had a mortal quarrel with another young

man known as Beau Wilson, an aspirant for fashionable fame about the end of the reign of William of Orange.

The dispute began between them on the 9th April, 1694, at the Fountain Inn, in the Strand, and a meeting was arranged for them by a Captain Wightmore, at a place then remote from streets, Bloomsbury, where the gallants of the period settled affairs of honour; and there, after one pass, Law ran Wilson through the body and killed him on the spot. "The cause of the quarrel arose from his (Wilson) taking away his own sister," says Evelyn, "from a lodging in a house where Law had a mistress, which the mistress of the house thinking a disparagement to it, and losing by it, instigated Law to this duel."

Law declared the meeting to be accidental. A Scotsman was little likely to get justice in London then, so a jury found him guilty of murder; but, pending a commutation of sentence, Law escaped from the King's Bench, reached the Continent in safety, and was afterwards pardoned in 1717. Prior to this he had revisited Scotland, where, in 1701, he published, at Glasgow, "Proposals for Constituting a Council of Trade in Scotland;" but these, and other schemes, found no favour with the Scottish Parliament. Proceeding to France, he had recourse to gaming for his subsistence, and won enormous sums at play.

On obtaining an introduction to the Duke of Orleans, he offered his monetary scheme to Chomillart, the Minister of Finance, who deemed it so perilous that he ordered him to quit Paris in four-and-twenty hours; and in a similar manner it procured his expulsion from Genoa and Venice; but such was his success in play, that, on returning to

Paris after the succession of Orleans to the Regency, he was in possession of fully £100,000 sterling ; and having been fortunate enough to secure the patronage of the Regent, by letters patent, 2nd March, 1716, his bank was established, with a capital of 1,200 shares of 5,000 livres each, which soon bore a premium.

His bank became the office for all public receipts, and in 1717 there was annexed to it the famous Mississippi scheme, in which immense fortunes were realised, and the stock of which rose from 500 livres to 10,000 by the time the mania reached its zenith, and a frenzy seemed to possess the public mind.

Law's house in the Rue Quinquipoix was hourly beset with applicants, who blocked up the street and rendered all progress impossible ; for all ranks—peers, prelates, citizens, and mechanics, learned and unlearned, and even ladies of the highest rank, flocked to that Temple of Plutus, till Law was compelled to transfer his place for business to the Place Vendôme, where the tumult and noise became so great that he was again obliged to move, and purchased, at an enormous price, from the Prince de Carigna, the Hôtel Soissons, in the beautiful gardens of which he held his levées, and allotted stock to his clamorous clients.

Amid all this whirl Law retained a strong affection for his patrimonial home, "and a story in reference to this is told of a visit paid to him by the Duke of Argyll in Paris, at the time when his splendour and magnificence were at the highest. As an old friend, the duke was admitted directly to Mr. Law, whom he found busily engaged writing. The duke entertained no doubt that the great

financier was busied with a subject of the highest importance, as crowds of the most distinguished individuals were waiting in the anterooms for an audience. Great was his Grace's astonishment when he learned that Mr. Law was merely writing to his gardener at Lauriston regarding the planting of *cabbages* at a particular spot!"

When the crash came, the amount of notes issued from Law's bank more than doubled all specie in France, and great difficulties arose from the scarcity of the latter, which was hoarded up and sent out of the country in large sums; thus tyrannical edicts were promulgated against all persons having more than 500 livres in specie, and Law's notes were declared valueless after the 1st November, 1720. The 10th of the following month saw John Law, the comptroller-general of French finance, flying from Paris to his country seat of Guermonde, with only 800 louis in his purse, and thence from France, never to return!

After residing in England, he returned to the Continent in 1725, and fixed his residence at Venice, where he died on the 21st March, 1729, in a state of poverty, yet occupied to the last in vast schemes of finance.

He married Lady Catherine Knollys, daughter of the third Earl of Banbury, by whom he had a son, William, and a daughter, who espoused her cousin, Viscount Wallingford, afterwards created Lord Althorpe.

His son, who had been born at Edinburgh in 1675, was protected by the Duchess of Bourbon. He rose to be a *maréchal de camp*, and remained in France. His cousin, James Francis Law, was created Comte de Tancarville receiving the venerable stronghold of that name in Quille-

bœuf, once the abode of the chamberlains of the Dukes of Burgundy, a grand edifice, stormed and demolished at the Revolution. Charles Grant (Vicomte de Vaux) records that among his brilliant services in India, the Comte de Tancarville, at the head of only 200 Frenchmen, persuaded Shah Zadol with 80,000 to march against the British in Bengal, when the Shah was defeated, and, with M. Law, “made prisoner on the same day that Pondicherry surrendered.”

This was on the 15th January, 1761, when the unfortunate Comte de Lally capitulated to Sir Eyre Coote. This was about the same time when a Scottish officer of Lally’s, Colonel D. MacGregor, with 600 Sepoys, 150 Frenchmen, and 1,000 coolies, so vigorously defended the ports of Gingee and Thiagur, that he was permitted to march out with all the honours of war.

In 1763, at the peace, Pondicherry was restored to France, and Law, the Comte de Tancarville, was appointed governor and commander-in-chief of all the French settlements in the East Indies, where he amassed enormous wealth, most of which was swept away amid the future troubles of the French Indian campaign. His departure for India is thus announced in the London papers of April, 1764 :—“Col. Law de Lauriston, appointed governor and commander-in-chief of the French establishments in the East Indies, is to go on board the *Duc de Praslin*, 50 guns, which, in company with the *Chameau* frigate, sails for Pondicherry at the latter end of this month.” By his wife, Jeanne Carvalhoo, a lady of the Mauritius, he had six sons and four daughters.

Two of his sons he destined for the French army the

eldest, who became marshal of France, was one of these ; two others he resolved should be sailors, and the fates of both were miserable. One sailed with the gallant D'Entrecosteou in his voyage round the world, and was heard of no more ; the other became an officer in the regiment of Hector, one of the seven battalions of loyal emigrants taken into British pay, and which, in 1795, embarked at Southampton on board of Admiral Warren's fleet for the ill-fated expedition to Cape Quiberon, under the Comtes D'Hervilly and De Pusaye. This little army, consisting chiefly of the regiments of Hector, Hervilly, Dudendrenne, 44th, or Royale-Marine, Royal-Louis, emigrant and artillery, were cut to pieces on the coast, the regiments of Hervilly and Dudendrenne massacring their own officers, according to the last dispatch of the Comte de Sombreuil ; and all the prisoners, including young Law, were shot to death, by order of General Hoche.

The fourth son entered the British service in the West Indies, and rose to wealth afterwards as a merchant in the city of London ; while the eldest, James Alexander Bernard Law, adhered to the fortunes of the monarchy. He was born at Pondicherry, on the 1st February, 1768, during the governorship of his father, the Comte de Tancarville, and in 1784 was at the Royal Military School of Paris, where, fortunately for himself, he was the fellow-student and friend of another student, Napoleon Bonaparte ; and together they quitted the seminary as second lieutenants of artillery. Soon afterwards, Law married the daughter of M. le Duc, Maréchal de Camp and Inspector-General of Artillery, of which there was always a school at La Fère, and there their eldest son was born.

When the political storm of 1792 broke out, James Law with his family fled to Austria, where he accepted a commission under the emperor, and, as A.D.C. to General Beauvoir, served in the futile and severe campaigns against the armies of the Republic. In 1794 he greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Maestricht, when it fell into the hands of the French; and at the investment of Valenciennes, till the conquest of Holland by Pichegru.

Afterwards, in Italy, by a turn of fortune, he was among a party of captured emigrants and Austrians, who were brought before his old brother-student of La Fère, Bonaparte, whose protection he claimed, and who assured him that there was but one way of escaping the penalty of death, to enter the French service as a private soldier. He did so, and the 5th April, 1796, saw him commanding as chef de brigade of horse artillery, and leading that force at Cortiglionidelle-Stevione, where Bonaparte was defeated in June, and at Arcola, where, in November, the latter was victorious, and compelled the Austrians to raise the siege of Mantua.

Marengo was fought on the 4th June, 1800, and after the victory there, in which the Austrians, though supported by 100 guns loaded with grape, failed signally, Law—or Lauriston, as he was named—was ordered by Bonaparte to organise the 1st Regiment of Artillery on the system of their old 35th Regiment of La Fère; he also appointed him his premier A.D.C., in which capacity he served the campaign of Egypt; and, according to General Bourrienne, he was the most intelligent officer on the staff of the First Consul.

In 1801 he was sent to Denmark to urge that country in

its resistance to Britain, and was engaged in many diplomatic missions which, by the treaty of Amiens in October, 1801, gave to the powers of Europe a brief respite from the bloody occupations of recent years. On the 10th October, "Colonel Lauriston," as he was named in the English papers, arrived in London with the notification of the treaty, and, accompanied by the French plenipotentiary, had the horses taken from his carriage, which was dragged by the joyous populace, with incessant cheers, to their hotel in St. James's Street; when the A.D.C. of the First Consul came frequently to a window and bowed to the masses below, among whom he scattered gold.

He was seen to be tall, handsome, and young, wearing a blue uniform laced with gold, a white vest, and large black stock.

On the 15th he embarked at Dover, and was at Ratisbon, with the rank of brigadier-general, when, so early as September, 1802, the political horizon began to darken again, and he had to threaten the Diet, that unless the war losses were settled in two months, the Republic would send 100,000 bayonets into Germany; and when war was declared, to James Law was assigned the command of the troops ordered against Bavaria, in conjunction with Villeneuve—an expedition never carried out.

In February, 1805, he was appointed general of division, with the diploma of Count Lauriston, taking the title from his old hereditary tower in Linlithgowshire—one in which all his descendants still seem to take a pride.

On the 30th March following he sailed in the fleet of Admiral Villeneuve, with 9,000 men under his orders, to

retake Surinam and St. Helena, after ravaging all our settlements on the coast of Guinea. The Count de Dumas, in writing of these things, says, "Singular that Bonaparte, on the eve of his coronation, should have been so intent on the capture of *St. Helena*!"

The 13th May saw this expedition running along the beautiful coast of Martinique, where they bombarded the Diamond Rock, "which," says Brenton, "is in form very much resembling a round haystack, one side overhanging its base, but having deep moats all round it." Yet on its crumbling sides, never before trodden by man, our fearless sailors had skilfully formed a battery, after first carrying a cable over it by the string of a kite. Lauriston won the Rock by assault, with the loss of 800 men, and, but for the appearance of Nelson's fleet, might have retaken Martinique. On the 19th his expedition sailed for Europe, when final defeat awaited Villeneuve at Trafalgar, before which Lauriston rejoined the staff of the Emperor at Versailles.

The year 1805 saw him serving in the Austrian campaign, the victory of Austerlitz, and the capture of Vienna; after which he presided, in Presburg, at the execution of that treaty of peace which ended in the removal of all the Imperial arsenals from Venice, of which he was appointed governor in 1807; "and one of his first public acts, after entering the city, was to erect a splendid tomb above the hitherto obscure resting-place of his grand-uncle, John Law, the great financier."

The city and territory of Venice were then annexed to the French kingdom of Italy, and remained so till 1814.

The autumn of 1808 saw Count Lauriston, after attending the emperor at the great conference of Erfurt in Saxony, take his departure for Madrid, then possessed by the French army, with which he shared in some of the fierce encounters with guerillas and other patriots in the suburbs of that city; and when war was again declared against Austria, in 1809, Lauriston was on the staff of Eugène Beauharnais, who was then viceroy of Italy for the emperor, now, in fact supreme in Europe.

With Beauharnais he marched for the banks of the Danube. Deep then was the hatred cherished by Austria for France; thus she suffered herself to be hurried prematurely into a renewal of strife, which ended in swift and terrible disasters, for her finances were confused and her warlike preparations defective.

Lauriston marched through Hungary with Beauharnais, and, before Wagram had been won, on the 14th of June, 1809, Lauriston led more than one brilliant charge in the other battle which took place on the plain near the Raab, between the army of the Archduke John, who had retreated from Italy, supported by the Archduke Palatine with 25,000 Hungarian insurgents, and the French under Beauharnais and Marshal Marmont, each mustering about 50,000 men. On the 12th and 13th the attacks of the French were repulsed with heavy loss; but, on being reinforced by a strong column under Marshal Davoust, the conflict was resumed on the morning of the 14th, when, after a noble resistance, the gallant but raw Hungarian lines were unable to withstand the well-trained troops of France, and by sunset the two archdukes were compelled

to retreat, with the loss of 2,000 men. Beauharnais claimed a great victory; but the Austrians were in such strength at Comorn for some weeks afterwards as to show that the losses of the French rendered them unable to pursue; though the indefatigable Lauriston, pushing on with a column, on the 24th seized Raab, (or Nagy-Gyor), the capital of Buda, a place fortified by nature and art, capturing therein 1,500 men, who surrendered prisoners of war.

The great victory of Wagram followed on the 6th of July. Then Lauriston commanded the artillery of the Imperial guard; and when, in the second day's carnage, Napoleon's left wing fell into disorder, the count, with one hundred guns drawn at full speed, took an able position, opened fire, and swept away the Austrian left and centre by grape and canister, thus deciding the fate of the day! Ever memorable, perhaps, will this three days' battle be, in which some 400,000 men, with 1,500 guns, contended for mighty interests. "Ten pairs of colours, forty pieces of cannon, and 20,000 prisoners, including about 400 officers and a considerable number of generals, colonels, and majors, are the trophies of this victory," says the French bulletin. "The fields of battle are covered with the slain, among whom are the bodies of several generals."

In gratitude to Lauriston for his share in winning this crowning victory, the emperor with his own hands decorated him with the Grand Cordon of the Iron Crown of Lombardy, which the former had instituted on his coronation at Milan as King of Italy.

The peace, signed at Schönbrunn in October, followed—the peace to win which the Archduchess Maria Louisa was sacrificed to the ambition of the conqueror; and among those who escorted her from Vienna to Paris was Count Lauriston, now colonel-general of the Imperial guard.

Two important missions now devolved in succession upon this trusted officer. The first was one to Holland, to convey to Paris the children of Louis Napoleon, king of that country, who, beginning to doubt his brother's power, placed himself under the protection of Great Britain. The second was as ambassador to Russia, to demand the return of French garrisons into Riga and Revel, with the total exclusion of the British from the Baltic Sea.

Lauriston failed; the stupendous invasion of Russia followed, by an army such as had never been seen before—so perfect in equipment, so vast in numbers, and so gloriously led; but ruin came, and, amid the horrors of the retreat from Moscow, as a staff and artillery officer, multifarious and brilliant were the services he performed in the cause of his leader. He held conferences with Count Kutusof to save Moscow and secure a peaceful retreat for the united armies of France, but in vain; and when that awful retrograde movement began—a retreat marked by miles upon miles of dead men and horses, abandoned guns, and other *débris*—to him it was that the emperor gave the onerous task of commanding the rearguard upon that darkened, desperate route, in which discipline passed away, and scarcely even courage remained, as Ségur records in his terrible narration.

After reaching Saxony, Lauriston picked out of the ruins

of the famished, tattered, and blood-stained mobs of soldiery—the 5th corps of the Grand Army, and led it valiantly to battle at Lutzen, at Boutzen, and elsewhere, and at Leipzig, the result of which decided the retreat of the shattered French army across the Rhine, whither the allies followed them. But there was one mystery in the details of Leipzig. There, the bridge of the Elster was unexpectedly blown up—by an error, some allege; by the treachery of Napoleon, say others, to secure his safe flight, abandoning to the enemy the relics of a column, with which were Count Lauriston, Prince Poniatowski, and Marshal Macdonald.

The latter, a fiery and impetuous Celt, leaped his horse into the river and escaped; but the prince was drowned, with thousands more; and Lauriston, after a long and futile, but most gallant resistance, amid the blazing suburbs of Leipzig, was taken prisoner and sent to Berlin by the Prussians.

The sun of Napoleon was setting now!

On the south-east, Wellington, with 100,000 veterans of the Peninsular war—men who had never failed in battle—menaced France. On the north-east, the allied monarchs, with a million more, soon found their way to Paris, and Napoleon abdicated to Elba, with 400 chosen old soldiers as a bodyguard.

Meantime, Louis XVIII was on the throne of France, and, with enthusiastic loyalty, the fickle Parisians hailed the restoration of the Bourbons, and seemed eager to have the blood of him who had so long been their idol.

Lauriston came to Paris at this crisis. Louis XVIII

reconstituted the old Mousquetaires Gris (that famous company of guards, of which Dumas' hero, Claude de Botz d'Artagnan, was commander from 1667 to 1673), and he gave the captaincy to Lauriston, who, true to the old spirit which led him first to serve the monarchy, when Bonaparte landed from Elba, accompanied Louis in his flight, and retired to his château near La Fère.

While the avaricious monarchs of Northern Europe were wrangling over the distribution of their spoils, the vast territories won by Napoleon, the latter suddenly left Elba, appeared in France, and the new rule of the Bourbons melted away before the figure of the returning emperor; but Waterloo was soon won, boastful Paris fell again, and, on the second restoration of Louis, Count Lauriston appeared at his court, then held at Cambrai, in the citadel which is deemed one of the strongest in Europe; and on the 17th of August, 1815, the king created him a peer of France, with the command of the infantry of the Garde Royale, when one of the first cares of the Bourbons was to remodel their army and place it on a footing adapted to the new order of things; but when 1830 came, the Royal guard was fated to be dissolved, and the Swiss guard was discharged the service.

In the year 1817 the count was created Marquis of Lauriston, and in the June of 1821 received his bâton as Marshal of France, in succession to his veteran comrade, Louis Davoust, Prince of Eckmühl—"the terrible Davoust," a title some of his actions procured him, for he was an excellent soldier but most unprincipled man. With his bâton Lauriston received command of the 2nd corps of the army of

the Pyrenees, at a time when the whole Peninsula was in commotion, consequent on the embroilment of Ferdinand VII with his people and their new constitution. A French invasion followed; Madrid was occupied; Spain crushed; and Lauriston with his corps laid siege to Pompeluna, which was vigorously defended by Don Raymond de Salvador. It was a case of "war to the knife." The inhabitants barricaded their houses and fought to the death against the troops of Marshal Lauriston, whose dispatch in the *Moniteur* of 16th September gives a graphic account of his successful attack on the suburbs of that great stronghold of Northern Spain, which Salvador soon after surrendered to him.

This was the last scene of his military glory. After being a short time in the ministry, broken down by past campaigns and sufferings undergone in war, he died at Paris, somewhat suddenly, on the 10th June, 1828, with many of his old comrades around his bed, among them the Marshal Dukes of Ragusa and Reggio.

His eldest son, who bore for a time the title of Baron Clapperknowes, from a portion of the Lauriston estate in Lothian, was Gentleman du Roi to Charles X; his second son, Napoleon Law de Lauriston, was author of several historical works and essays; and the family name is still one of importance.

In the time of the Crimean war, Major-General G. H. Law de Lauriston commanded a brigade of cavalry at Lyon; George Charles Law de Lauriston was sous-lieutenant of the 20th Foot Chasseurs; and Arthur Louis Law, his brother, was lieutenant of the 6th Chasseurs, *Cavalerie Légère*, in China. (*Annuaire Militaire*.)

“In the list of promotions,” says a correspondent in the *Scotsman*, for September, 1875, “I see Law de Lauriston gets his squadron. He is descended from Mississippi Law, whose renown was once so great in the Rue de Quinquipoix. The captain’s grandfather rose to be marshal, having served under Napoleon in Spain, Germany, and Russia. . . . His marshal’s bâton is, strange to say, in the collection of a gentleman who is also in possession of the bâton of Marshal Saxe.”



## CHAPTER XXIX.

### THE SCOTS IN FRANCE.—(*Concluded.*)

Marshal Macdonald, Duke of Tarentum, Captain Ogilvie, etc.—  
Conclusion.

IN 1784 there was gazetted to the regiment of Dillon, in France, Stephen James Joseph Macdonald, then in his nineteenth year, having been born on the 17th November, 1765.

The regiment of Lord Dillon was the 94th of the old French line, and 3rd of the Irish brigade, placed on the strength of the former in 1690, and, like all the rest of that brigade, wore scarlet uniform, and carried the British crown upon its colours. (*Liste Hist. des Troupes de France.*)

The young sous-lieutenant—who had previously been a cadet in the legion of Maillebois—was the son of Neil MacHector Macdonald, a gentleman of the Clan Ronald in Uist, who had been educated at the Scots College in Paris, and had received a lieutenancy in the regiment of Ogilvie, through the recommendation of Prince Charles, as he was one of the hundred and thirty fugitives who, after the horrors of Culloden, had embarked with him on the shore of Loch nan Namh in Moidart, near the wild hills amid which he had landed, so full of hope and high enterprise, but the year before!

Macdonald was a subaltern in the regiment of Colonel

Dillon till 1792, when the latter was barbarously murdered by the Revolutionists at Lisle, and his soldiers, with all other foreign troops, were turned out of the French army.

A love affair—his engagement to his future wife, the beautiful Mademoiselle Jacob, whose father had joined the Revolutionists—kept Macdonald in France, where he made the first campaign of the new war as a staff-major, and on the 1st March, 1793, was appointed colonel of the ancient regiment of Picardy, and then general of brigade; and as such he served under Pichegru against the allied troops of Britain and Austria, winning high honour by his signal bravery at Comines, in West Flanders, and elsewhere; and on the retreat of the former, after the Austrian Netherlands were overrun, he pressed them hard and followed them into Holland. In that moment, says the *Edinburgh Herald* for 10th January, 1799, discovering a clansman in command of a harassed British brigade, he supplied him with every comfort that circumstances enabled him to afford; till the passage of the Waal on the ice, one of his most remarkable achievements.

The Directory had a dislike of Macdonald and his Scottish surname. For a time they deprived him of his command; the coarse deputy, St. Just, saying to Pichegru, "We like neither his face nor his name—they are not Republican." Yet Pichegru stood his friend; and for his services in Flanders and Holland, he was appointed a general of division, and as such appeared in Italy, but too late to have any part in that aggressive campaign of 1797, when the armies of republican France sought to spread their new and

startling principles throughout the Italian states; but in 1798 he was in the army which, under Massena and Berthier, proclaimed the Republic in Rome, and grotesquely sent a tri-coloured cockade to the Pope, who retired to Florence.

Macdonald with his column was left to overawe the states of the Church, and suppress those risings which occurred among the peasantry—risings suppressed with great severity; and towards the end of 1798, as commander-in-chief of the Roman states, he ordered the levy of two regiments of cavalry and one of infantry in each department for the service of the Consulate.

After an incredible deal of toil, manœuvring, fighting, and remarkable perils almost unequalled in war—through Naples, Calabria, and Sicily, when Cardinal Ruffo, Fra Diavolo, Pronio, and other patriots, made savage by the course of events, led thousands from their fastnesses—all loyal and hardy mountaineers, seeking to free their native land from armies of Jacobin invaders, till 40,000 soldiers led by Mack dwindled down to 12,000; when Frenchmen were roasted alive, disembowelled, bound to trees, and left to be devoured by dogs and wolves—after facing horrors such as these, we say, Macdonald fought his way to Florence on the 5th of June, 1799, by forced marches.

Having collected the troops scattered throughout Tuscany, he found himself at the head of 38,000 men, all of whom—with the exception of the Polish legion—were French, and ready for the offensive. He detached Montrichard with his right wing to attack Klenau and raise the

siege of Fort Urbino; while Olivier, after two encounters, overcame Hohenzollern, and not only obtained possession of Modena, but drove the Venetians beyond the Po. General Kray, alarmed by the successes of Macdonald's subalterns, drew off his artillery from before Mantua, and took ground in such a manner as, he hoped, to prevent the relief of the city.

But the exploits of Macdonald seemed only beginning. Although severely wounded in a recent action, he continued his march, and, on reaching Piacenza, formed a junction with General Victor, after which he attacked General Ott, on the same day, and compelled him to fall back upon the castle of San Giovanni.

Suwarrow, impatient of delay, and fired by the successes of Macdonald, threatened to storm the citadel of Turin and renew those scenes of carnage so dear to his savage nature; but Furella, who commanded then, defied him, and leaving General Klenau to push the siege, he collected at Alexandria seventeen battalions of Russians, twelve regiments of Austrian horse, three of Cossacks, and hurried on to support General Ott, after which ensued the three days' battle on the Trebur, an impetuous river of the Appenines which falls into the Po above Piacenza.

On the first day, 17th June, Suwarrow, having re-enforced the Imperial right wing, made a sudden attack, with the bayonet chiefly, on the French left, while their right was assailed with equal fury by the Russian Prince Gortchakoff. On this, Macdonald advanced with his centre against the already moving Austrians, but was compelled

to fall back beyond the Tidone, covered by the fire of his artillery till nightfall.

Early on the dawn of the 18th the allied Russians and Austrians crossed the slender Tidone, and in four great columns hurled their strength against him, as he drew up in order of battle again along the line of the Trebia. As the country was thickly intersected by hedges and ditches, the approach was tedious, the attack difficult; but the vanguard, under Prince Pangrazion, consisting of Cossacks, turned the flank with their bayonets. So dreadful was their charge that 500 Republicans perished there, while the adjutant-general, two colonels, and 600 of the Polish regiment of Dombroceski were taken prisoners; but Macdonald, undismayed and unvanquished, with 10,000 men crossed the river, and, sword in hand, led them up the opposite bank, till repelled by a dreadful cannon and musketry fire, which continued to flash out till eleven at night.

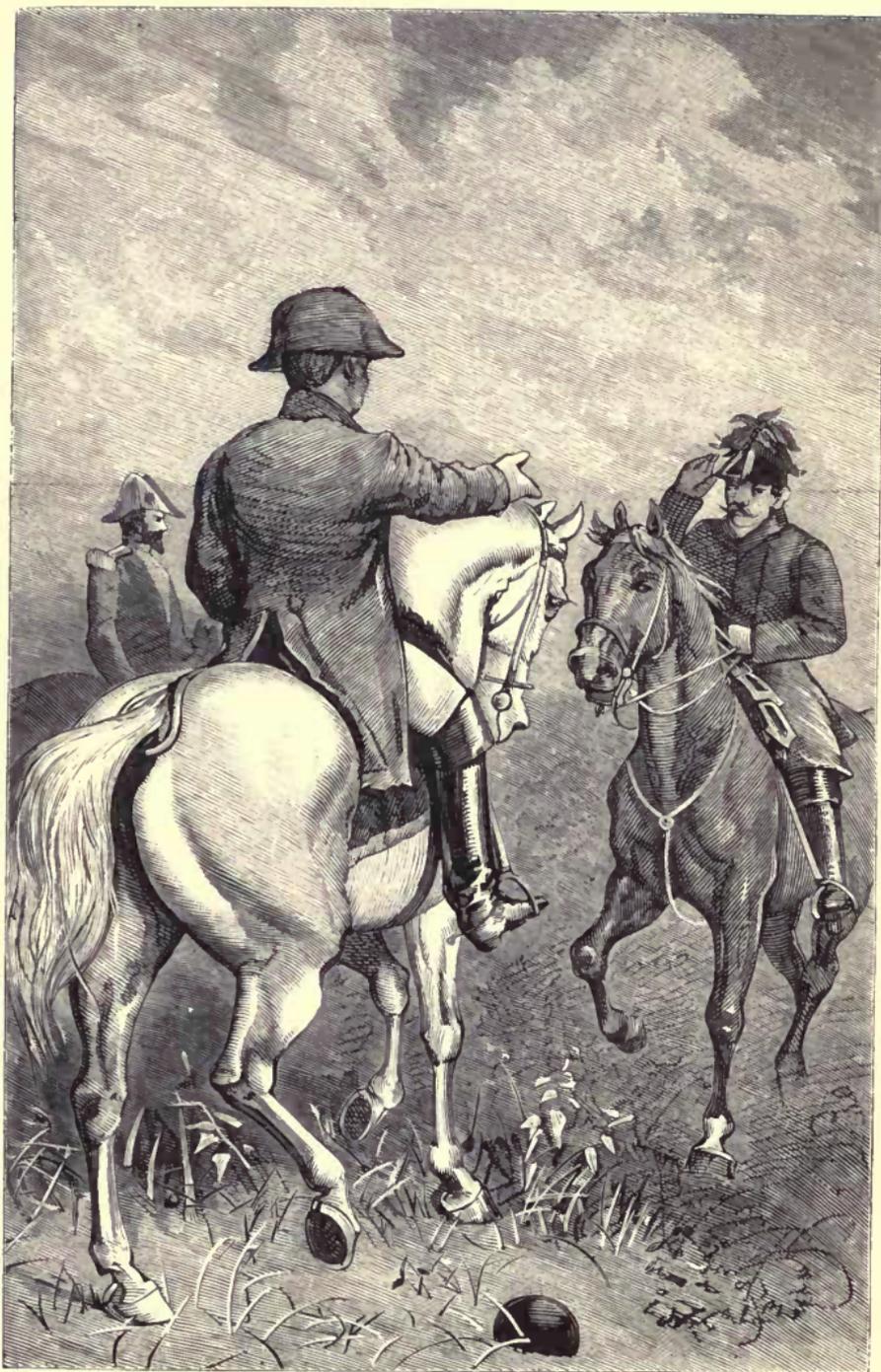
The battle of the third day, 19th June, did not begin till noon, as Macdonald waited for the Ligurians to come up under Lapoype; then, over ground strewn by the dead, the wounded, and the awful *débris* of the two days' previous fighting, the conflict began with freshened fury, when the column of Sweyskowski rushed into action, and, under cover of their batteries, the French forded the Trebia. Long and doubtful was the contest, horrible the carnage, till Melas, the Austrian, brought up his cannon at the critical moment, and Macdonald, with stern reluctance, began his retreat along the right bank of the river, leaving in possession of the enemy the field, where 12,000 of them lay dead,

with 700 prisoners, three pairs of colours, and some artillery.

While the defeat of the Count Bellegarde and the surrender of Turin took place elsewhere, Macdonald, to whom we confine ourselves, pursued his march towards Tuscany, and, though still suffering from his wounds, personally directed all the movements of his troops; but finding it impossible to resist the joint attacks of the three great Austrian generals, Ott, Klenau, and Hohenzollern, he marched towards Lucca, to form a junction with Moreau, thus ending an expedition in which the French lost 12,000 men. "Yet Macdonald," says Stephens, "derived no little glory from the retreat, effected without the surrender of a single battalion, though undertaken after the loss of a pitched battle and in the face of superior forces." (*Hist. of the Wars*, 1803.)

His health was now so impaired, though only in his 34th year, that he was fain to obtain the permission of Suwarrow to visit the baths of Pisa, and by that time the French had lost all their conquests in Naples and on the Adriatic coast.

When they seized on Tuscany, in October, 1800, Macdonald's column was stationed in the country of the Grisons, prepared to scale the Rhetian Alps and advance to succour their comrades in Italy. Crossing the Splügen—the usual way from the Grisons to Como—setting his soldiers the example, shovel in hand, to cut a passage through the snow, he was ready to turn the enemy's lines on the Mincio and Adige. Ere long he was in possession of the mountains of the Tyrol, hovering between Italy and Germany. He made himself master of Trent, and when



Meeting of Napoleon and Macdonald after Wagram.—p. 325

the treaty of Treviso put an end to the war, he returned to Paris, in January, 1801.

There his opposition to certain measures of Napoleon caused him to be sent as minister to Denmark, and, notwithstanding all his bravery, loyalty, and endurance, *his Scottish name*, his sympathies for the banished Moreau, caused his omission from the list of the marshals of France created by Napoleon; and till 1809 he remained in retirement and forgotten.

In that year he received command of a division in the corps of Eugène Beauharnais, in the army of Italy, crossed the Isolo on the 15th of April, and defeated the Austrians at Goritz, in the Littorale, or coast-land, and without delay he joined the Grand Army of the emperor before the gates of Vienna. After fighting at Wagram, where 36,773 men of both armies bled on the field, and where corpses in every variety of uniform floated in hideous masses down the Danube, and when never was the headstrong valour of Macdonald more conspicuous, he was embraced by Napoleon, who exclaimed, "Now, Macdonald, for life and death we are together!" He received his bâton of marshal. "Among all the marshals of France," says Bourrienne's editor, "there is not one character so pure from every stain on a soldier's character, so daringly honest to Napoleon in his prosperity, so lastingly true to him in adversity, as this, his only Scottish officer."

After Wagram, he commanded in the Duchy of Grätz, in Lower Styria, when Napoleon became the husband of Maria Louisa, and was in the zenith of his power.

After serving with distinction in the Peninsular war,

when he co-operated with Sachet at the siege of Tortosa, and possessed himself of Figueras, he marched at the head of the 10th Corps, of which the Prussian army formed only a part, on the terrible invasion of Russia, and, with orders to occupy the line of Riga and threaten St. Petersburg, he occupied the capital of Livonia in conjunction with a British naval force. The invasion part became a failure. On the 13th of December, 1812, he was abandoned by the Prussians in the face of the enemy, but by that time all was lost elsewhere, and the retreat from flaming Moscow began.

In 1813 Macdonald commanded an army in Saxony, when, at Mercebourg, he defeated the same Prussians who had abandoned him in the previous year; and the dreadful battle of Leipzig soon followed—that three days' battle, when 340,000 men closed in the strife. France was defeated, a retreat to the Rhine became unavoidable, and the orders were issued for it at nightfall; but the execution was slow, and—whether by treachery or design will never now be known—the bridge of the Elster was blown up while Macdonald and his corps were still defending Leipzig.

He threw himself into the river and escaped, to reach Napoleon, who continued his retreat to Mayence with the wretched relics of a shattered host, whose spirit was now dead, though a few under Macdonald, at the battle of Hanau, made that last stand which was born of despair. Hope fled! The allies were closing on Paris, but Macdonald, true to the instincts of his loyal father, adhered to the fallen emperor, and the energy with which he espoused

his cause at Fontainebleau embarrassed even the Emperor of Russia.

“I shall *never* forget the faithful services you have rendered me,” said the Emperor Napoleon, who presented to him the magnificent robes he had received from Murad Bey at the battle of Mont Tabor in Egypt. (*Bourrienne, etc.*)

“Sire!” exclaimed Macdonald, “if ever I have a son this sabre shall be his noblest heritage.”

He was now named Councillor of War and Chevalier of St. Louis; and, on the 6th June, peer of France by Louis XVIII; yet, when Napoleon landed from Elba, the first to join him was Macdonald, after seeing to the safe flight of the luckless king, whom he accompanied as far as Menin. The Imperial army crumbled into dust at Waterloo, and in 1818 Macdonald was one of the four marshals who had command of the Royal guard.

In 1825 he visited Scotland, and expressed to Scott, Jeffery, and Cockburn, in Edinburgh, “his pride that he had Scottish blood in his veins.”

He visited the fields of Prestonpans, Bannockburn, and Culloden, and everywhere was welcomed with Highland ardour and hospitality, particularly at Armidale, where he was welcomed by the Macdonald clan in full tartan array, and saluted by fifteen pieces of cannon. At Castle Tiorin there was presented to him an aged elansman, Alaster Macdonald, who had fought by his father’s side in the memorable ’45.

After his return to France he lived a life of peace and seclusion, and died in his 75th year, on the 24th September, 1840, at his château near Courcelles.

The Duke of Tarentum was thrice married ; first, as we have stated, to Mademoiselle Jacob, one of the most beautiful girls in France, by whom he had two daughters, one married to the Duke of Massa, in Italy, and one to the Comte de Perregoux. “ He married, secondly, Madame Joubert, formerly Mademoiselle Montholon, widow of his comrade, the brave General Joubert, who was slain in battle against Suwarrow at Novi, 16th August, 1799. By her he had one daughter, afterwards the Marchioness de Rochedragon. He married, thirdly, Madame de Bourgaing, widow of the ambassador, Baron de Bourgaing. They had two children ; to the joy of the old marshal, one of them was a son, whom he named Alexander, who in October, 1824, was held at the baptismal font by H.M. Charles X and Madame the Dauphinesse, and who now inherits the dukedom of Tarentum and the sabre of Mont Tabor. Such was the career of Stephen Macdonald, the son of an obscure fugitive from the fatal field of Culloden.” (*Biog. Universelle*, etc.)

We might think that the time had gone past when Scotsmen would enter the French service, but it is not quite so. Thus we find two at least in it—one during the Franco-Prussian war, Captain Ogilvie ; and another in 1886, Baron Brown de Colstoun of Haddingtonshire, giving evidence as Rear-Admiral before the Budget Committee at Paris, on torpedoes.

The latter title is singular, as the only child and heiress of the last laird of the ancient line of Colstoun was married in 1805 to George, ninth Earl of Dalhousie, whose family represent it.

David Stuart Ogilvie, latterly staff captain of the French army, was the eldest son of Thomas Ogilvie of Corrimory, Inverness-shire. He had formerly been a lieutenant in the 20th Madras Native Infantry (or old 2nd Regiment), and in 1855 was captain of division in our Land Transport Corps in the Crimea. Subsequently he engaged in mercantile pursuits. These proving unfortunate, he joined the French army during the memorable war with Germany, but, though having only the nominal rank of captain, received, in the confusion consequent on military reverses, the important command of a battalion. He served with it at the defence of Paris, and led several brilliant sorties, in one of which he fell, mortally wounded.

Previous to this, "he had been attached to the army of the Loire, giving, it is said, M. Gambetta a plan of the campaign; but, as has been seen," adds the *Elgin Courant*, "he has died of his wounds, a brave and gallant soldier, which he had also showed himself to be in the Crimean war."

He was then in his 39th year, and capitaine d'état major of the 18th Corps d'Armée.

During the same strife Captain A. Duncan, a retired officer of French cavalry, was elected commandant of the National Guard at Marseilles, in March, 1871.

Several Scottish names, some curiously misspelled, appear in the French *Annuaire Militaire*, during the Crimean war and about that period; such as Captain Pierre MacIntosh, 63rd Regiment; Lieutenant Charles V. MacQueen, 66th Regiment; and L. V. MacQuienie, *chef de bataillon*, 12th Chasseurs à Pied; but these were, no doubt, only of

Scottish descent, like Louis Nathaniel Russell, who in 1865 was lieutenant in the *Corps du Génie*, and in 1871 became Minister of War. A native of St. Brienne, in Brittany, his mother was a Scottish lady named Campbell, and he is described as possessing "the cold phlegm of an Englishman with the clever prudence of a Scotsman."

In many ways the French still remember kindly the old alliance, which placed the double tressure of fleur-de-lys round the Royal arms of Scotland.

"Fier comme un Ecosais !" (proud as a Scotsman) is still proverbial, with reference to the dashing men-at-arms of the Archer Guard, the fiery Highlanders and the stubborn ranks of Lowland pikemen and musketeers, who as Soldiers of Fortune upheld the glory of France—memories more particularly retained in the southern provinces, where Republicanism is less than elsewhere.

"The appearance of the Highland regiments revived these recollections," says General Stewart of Garth, "and when travelling through Gascony, Languedoc, and Provence, in 1814, I generally found that the mention of my name met with a desire to know if I was from Scotland, accompanied by many observations on the friendly connection which subsisted between France and Scotland, concluding with an expression of sincere regret at the interruption of that ancient intimacy."

Curiously enough, the French have never forgotten the predilection of their Scottish allies for the national haggis, which they still name *Pain bénit d'Ecosse*, or "the blessed bread of Scotland."

In Paris some relics of the ancient alliance still linger in

the names of the thoroughfares ; viz., the Rue d'Edimbourg, the Rue d'Ecosse, a street opening off the Rue St. Hillier ; and the Rue Marie Stuart, now in New Paris, lying between the Rue Montorgueil and the Rue St. Denis.

In conclusion, we cannot do better than quote a French tribute to Scotland, taken from the *Temps* for 1887, when noticing a recent historical work by the well-known French scholar, M. Weisner.

When visiting Scotland, says the *Temps*, "he was much struck by the friendly feeling for France still kept up in that noble country. Old ties between France and Scotland have never been forgotten in Edinburgh. The recollection of us is upheld there, through that of Mary Queen of Scots. Every spot which speaks of her speaks also of us. She was *our* Queen before she was Queen of the Scots. The fidelity of this sympathy is shown not only by the cordial welcome which all our compatriots receive, but by *the tone* of nearly all the Scottish press towards us. At times, when the London papers attack us most strenuously, when questions of foreign policy excite the national susceptibilities against us, the Scottish papers are absolutely free from a single word injurious to France ! This reserve is so rare throughout *the rest of the world*, that it deserves our special gratitude and kindest recognition."