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VOL. XV.

REBELLION IN SCOTLAND, 1745. VOL. I.



EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR CONSTABLE & C^o EDINBURGH:
AND HURST, CHANCE & C^o LONDON.

1827.

HISTORY

REBELLION IN SCOTLAND

HISTORY

1745-46

REBELLION IN SCOTLAND

BY ROBERT CHAMBERS

Author of 'The History of the Jacobites', &c.

THE SCOTSMAN

1846

1846

EDINBURGH

PRINTED FOR CONSTABLE AND CO.

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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HISTORY

CONTENTS OF THE

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1745-1746

BY ROBERT PALMER

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1747

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PREFACE.

My chief object in the composition of this work, has been scarcely so much to write a history, in the accepted sense of the word; as to give a picture of that extraordinary and memorable warlike pageant, which passed through our country in 1745, and the recollection of which still excites so many feelings of a powerfully agitating nature in the bosoms of my countrymen. I have been induced to forego what is called the philosophy of history, by a conviction in my own mind, that the merit of the subject, does not lie in any political questions which it involves, but purely in its externally romantic character. It has also appeared to me, that of all the numerous publications, authentic and otherwise, professing to commemorate the story, we have no one which aims at giving full effect to what is alone truly interesting in it,—

while most of them run riot in religious and political cant, and in still more loathsome adulation of the triumphant party. It has also been pressed upon my notice, that there is in reality no work upon the subject at all suitable to the spirit of modern literature, or which is sufficiently copious in its details, to satisfy the present generation, now so entirely removed by distance of time from that of the ear and eye-witnesses. To gratify the increased, and increasing curiosity of the public, regarding this transaction of their ancestors—to strain from the subject all the morbid slang with which it has been hitherto incorporated—and to compile a lively current narrative, doing as much justice as might be, to the gallant enterprise and outward wonders of the story—seemed to me objects which, with a proper degree of industry, and a spirit prepared to sympathise with the feelings of the actors, might lead to the production of an agreeable book; and I accordingly adopted them.

Real life has often been said to produce situations and incidents, even more extravagant than what can be well imagined. The Scottish campaign of 1745 is generally acknowledged to be as strange, and full of

interesting adventure, as any fiction ever penned. From this, I conceived, that if my narrative could be written in a style and spirit approaching to that of an epic poem, or rather perhaps to what the French call *un voyage imaginaire*, and yet at the same time preserve all the truth of history, something might be produced comprehending the merits of both—that is to say, uniting the solid information of an historical narrative with the amusement and extensive popularity of a historical novel. For the accomplishment of this purpose, I set myself, in the first place, to collect every characteristic trait, and, as far as possible, every interesting piece of information, which had been consigned to print, or which were accessible to me in manuscript. In the second place, I followed most of the tracks of the Highland army, and visited, in particular, all their fields of action; inquiring anxiously into the local traditions, and adopting whatever was presented to me in a credible shape, as generally countenanced by more authentic documents; sometimes having even the good fortune to converse with eye-witnesses. In the third place, I obtained much information and anecdote from those remnants of

the Jacobite party—those few and fast disappearing votaries of a perished idea, who, like the last stars of night lingering on the gray selvage of morn, still survive to dignify this world of expediency, liberality, and all uncharitableness, with their stately old manners and primitive singleness of heart. The whole result I have endeavoured to embody in one continued narrative; and the public is now to judge, whether a style of history alternately romantic and humorous, following all the inflexions, and shifting with all the changes of the subject,—be preferable to the common strain, which may be said to go through a varied subject with all the uncompromising austerity of an African simoom, swallowing solitary camels, and overwhelming whole cities, with the same inexorable indifference.

EDINBURGH; *October 1, 1827.*

GENEALOGICAL AND HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION.

JAMES, sixth of Scotland and first of England, was the common progenitor of the two families whose contentions for the throne of Great Britain form the subject of this work. He was succeeded, at his death, in 1625, by his eldest surviving son Charles.

CHARLES I, after a reign of twenty-three years, the latter portion of which had been spent in war with a party of his subjects, perished on the scaffold in 1649.

CHARLES II, eldest son of Charles I, lived in exile for eleven years after the death of his father, during which the government was vested in a Parliament, and afterwards in a Protectorate. He was at length placed upon the throne, May 1660. This event is known in British history by the title of "the Restoration." Charles died without legitimate issue in 1685, and was succeeded by his brother James, who had previously been entitled the Duke of York.

JAMES II was fifty-three years of age when he mounted the throne. In his youth he had, as Admiral of England, shown a

talent for business, and great skill in naval affairs; but his character was now marked by symptoms of premature dotage. A devoted and bigoted Catholic, he endeavoured, with all his power, to restore that religion, to which the people of England have ever been so generally averse. Thus he alienated the affections of his subjects, but more especially of the clergy, who were otherwise disposed to have been his most zealous friends. The compliance of bad Judges, and some imperfections of the British constitution, left it in his power to take the most arbitrary measures for the accomplishment of this object; and he attempted to establish as a maxim, that he could do whatever he pleased by a proclamation of his own, without the consent of Parliament. Finally, his obstinacy and infatuation rendered it necessary for all parties of the state to seek his deposition. By a coalition of Whigs and Tories, it was resolved to call in the assistance of William Prince of Orange, nephew and son-in-law to the King. William landed upon the southern coast of England, with an army of sixteen thousand men, partly his own native subjects, and partly English refugees, November 5, 1688. As he proceeded to London, James was deserted by his army, by his friends, and even by his own children; and in a confusion of mind, the result of fear and offended feelings, he retired to France. William, at

the head of an irresistible force, took possession of London. A Convention-Parliament, by an anomaly in the custom of the British government, but sanctioned by the exigency of the occasion, then declared that James had abdicated the throne, and resolved to offer the crown to William and his consort Mary. In British history, this event is termed "the Revolution."

WILLIAM III, son of Mary, eldest daughter of Charles I, and who had married his cousin Mary, eldest daughter of James II, thus assumed the crown, in company with his consort; while King James remained in exile in France. Mary died in 1695, and King William then became sole monarch. In consequence of a fall from his horse, he died in 1701.

ANNE, second daughter of King James II, was then placed upon the throne. James meanwhile died in France, leaving a son, James, born in England June 10, 1688, the heir of his unhappy fortunes. This personage, known in history by the epithet of the Pretender, and more popularly by his *incognito* title, the Chevalier St George, continued an exile in France, supported by his cousin Louis XIV, and by the subsidies of his English adherents. Anne, after a reign of thirteen years, distinguished by excessive military and literary glory, died without issue, August 1, 1714. During the life of this sovereign, the crown had been des-

tined, by act of Parliament, to the nearest Protestant heir, Sophia, Electress of Hanover, daughter of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, the daughter of King James VI. Sophia having predeceased Queen Anne, it descended of course to her son George, Elector of Hanover, who accordingly came over to England and assumed the sovereignty, to the exclusion of his cousin the Chevalier.

GEORGE I was scarcely seated on the throne, when an insurrection was raised against him by the friends of his rival. It was suppressed, however; and he continued to reign, almost without further disturbance, till his death in 1727.

GEORGE II acceded to the crown on the death of his father. Meanwhile, the Chevalier St George had married Clementina, grand-daughter of John Sobieski, the heroic King of Poland, by whom he had a son, Charles Edward Lewis Cassimir, born December 31, 1720, the hero of the civil war of 1745, and another son, Henry Benedict, born 1725, afterwards well known by the name of Cardinal de York. James was himself a man of weak character, to which the failure of his attempt in 1715 is mainly to be attributed. But the blood of Sobieski seems to have corrected that quality in his eldest son, whose daring and talent, as displayed in 1745-6, did every thing but retrieve the fortunes of his family.

HISTORY

THE REBELLION

HISTORY

OF THE
REBELLION IN SCOTLAND

IN

1745, 1746.

HISTORY

I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit,
As to o'erwalk a current, roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.

SHAKSPEARE.

HISTORY

OF

THE REBELLION

OF

1745, 1746.

CHAPTER I.

PRINCE CHARLES'S LANDING.

Guard.—Qui est là?

Puc.—Païsans, pauvres gens de France.

King Henry the Sixth.

ON the 20th of June 1745, Prince Charles embarked at the mouth of the Loire, on board the *Doutelle*, a frigate of sixteen guns; designing to raise an insurrection in the dominions from which his grandfather had been expelled, and attempt the restoration of his family to the throne. He was joined at Belleisle by the *Elizabeth*, an old war-vessel of sixty guns, having on board about two thousand muskets, and five or six hundred French broad-swords. Accompanied by no officer of experience, and carrying with him a sum of money under four thousand pounds, he rested his sole hopes of success upon the attachment of his British

friends, and upon the circumstance of the country which he designed to invade being then, by reason of the continental war, destitute of troops. He had long been amused with hopes of assistance from France, whose interest it might have been thus to cause a diversion in favour of its arms. In the preceding year, a strong armament had been fitted out by that government to accompany him to Britain; but it was prevented by a storm from reaching its destination; and there seemed now no necessity to renew it, since the French arms had achieved nearly the same object by the victory of Fontenoy. Charles was therefore induced, by his youthful ardour, to throw himself upon the affection of those whom he considered his father's natural subjects, and to peril his whole cause upon the results of a civil war. His attempt was bold in the extreme, and involved a thousand chances of destruction to himself and those who should follow him. It was a game in which the stakes were, to use his own emphatic language, "either a crown or a coffin." Yet it seemed to be, in some measure, countenanced by the circumstances of Britain. Our country was then involved beyond its depth in one of those destructive and expensive wars which have so seldom ceased ever since we adopted a foreign race of sovereigns; the army had been almost cut to pieces in a recent defeat; the navy of England, generally so terrible, was engaged in distant expeditions; and the people were grumbling violently at the motives of the war, its progress, and the expense which it cost them.

Charles had not proceeded far on his voyage, when the Elizabeth was engaged and disabled by

an English cruiser, and compelled to return to the port from whence she came. Deprived of his slender store of arms, and only retaining his money, he nevertheless proceeded on his course, and soon reached that remotest range of the Hebrides, which, comprising Lewis, Uist, Barra, and many others, is known by the epithet of the Long Island, from its appearing at a distance to form a single continent. It was his intention to land in the Highlands of Scotland, a district where many had long wished to see their *king*

“ — come o'er the water, ”

and where the peculiar constitution of society was in a singular degree favourable to his views. From the landed proprietors of this rude and sequestered region, he had received many assurances of assistance, but with the condition that he was to bring a considerable foreign force. In approaching their shores without either arms or troops, he trusted entirely to the impression of his own appearance, to the generosity of that primitive and warlike people, and to the general merits of his cause.

On reaching the southern extremity of the Long Island, the seamen of the *Doutelle* were compelled, by the appearance of three English vessels at a distance, to seek concealment in one of the landlocked bays which are so numerous interspersed throughout that rocky archipelago. Having found the shelter they desired in the strait betwixt South Uist and Eriska, the Prince determined to land and spend the night upon the latter island. He was conducted to the house of the *tacksman* (as a young Irish priest), and learned that the chief of

Clanranald and his brother Boisdale ¹ were upon the adjacent isle of South Uist, while young Clanranald, ² the son of the chief, and a person in whom he had great confidence, was at Moidart upon the Mainland. A messenger was despatched to desire an interview with Boisdale, and in the mean time Charles spent the night in the house of the tacksman.

He returned on board his vessel next morning, and Boisdale soon after came to visit him. This gentleman was supposed to have great influence over the mind of his elder brother the chief, who, on account of his advanced age and bad health, did not take an active part in the management of his affairs. ³ Charles knew that if Boisdale could be brought over to his views, the rising of the clan would be a matter of course. He was disappointed, however, in his attempt to that effect. Boisdale, convinced of the desperation of his enterprise, utterly refused to engage in it. Charles at first requested him to go to the Mainland and assist in engaging his nephew to take arms. The obstinate Highlander not only refused to do so, but asseverated that he would do his utmost to prevent his kinsman from taking so imprudent a step. The ardent adventurer then desired him to become his ambassador to Sir Alexander MacDonald of Sleat and the Laird of MacLeod, the two principal landed proprietors in the extensive island of Skye, whose services he expected to command by a simple notification of his arrival; but Boisdale assured him that these important chieftains, notwithstanding their former negotiations with him, were determined not to support him, unless he brought a regular force; and had

even desired him (Boisdale) to assure his Royal Highness of that being their resolution, in case he should touch at South Uist.

Charles could not help feeling disconcerted at Boisdale's coldness ; but he took care to show no symptom of depression. He ordered his ship to be unmoored, and set sail for the Mainland, expressing a resolution to pursue the noble enterprise he had commenced. He carried Boisdale along with him for several miles, and endeavoured, with all his eloquence, to make him relent and give a better answer. But the inexorable mountaineer continued to express the same unfavourable sentiments ; and finally, descending into his boat, which hung a-stern, left him to follow his own hopeless course. ⁴

Continuing his voyage to the Mainland, it was with a dejected, though still resolute heart, that, on the 19th of July, ⁵ Charles cast anchor in Loch-nanuagh, a small arm of the sea, partly dividing the countries of Moidart and Arisaig. The place which he thus chose for his disembarkation, was as wild and desolate a scene as he could have found throughout the dominions of his fathers. Yet it was scarcely more unpromising than the reception he at first met with from its people.

The first thing he did after casting anchor, was to send a boat ashore with a letter for young Clanranald. That gallant and gifted young chieftain was inspired with the most enthusiastic affection to his cause ; and Charles perhaps judged, that if *he* did not second his proposals, the enterprise was really desperate, and ought for the present to be abandoned. Clanranald did not permit him to remain long in suspense. Next day (the 20th), he came

to Forsy, a small village on the shore of the road in which the Prince's vessel lay, accompanied by his kinsmen, the Lairds of Glenaladale and Dalily, and by another gentleman of his clan, who has left an intelligent journal of the subsequent events. ⁶ "Calling for the ship's boat," says this writer, "we were immediately carried on board, our hearts bounding at the idea of being at length so near our long-wished for prince. We found a large tent erected with poles upon the ship's deck, the interior of which was furnished with a variety of wines and spirits. On entering this pavilion, we were warmly welcomed by the Duke of Athole, to whom most of us had been known in the year 1715. ⁷ While we were conversing with the Duke, Clanranald was called away to see the Prince, and we were given to understand that we should not probably see his Royal Highness that evening."

Clanranald, being introduced to Charles's presence, proceeded to assure him that there was no possibility, under the circumstances, of taking up arms with any chance of success. In this he was joined by his relation Kinlochmoidart, whom Mr Home has associated with him in the following romantic anecdote, though the journalist does not allude to his presence. Charles, almost reduced to despair by his interview with Boisdale, is said, by the historian just mentioned, to have addressed the two Highlanders with great emotion; to have summed up with a great deal of eloquence all the reasons for now beginning the war; and finally, to have conjured them, in the warmest terms, to assist their prince—their countryman—their friend, in this his utmost need. With eloquence scarcely less warm,

the brave young men entreated him to desist from his enterprise for the present, representing to him, that now to take up arms, without regular forces, without officers of credit, without concert, and almost without arms, would but draw down certain destruction upon the heads of all concerned. Charles persisted, argued, and implored; and they still as positively adhered to their opinion. During this conversation, the parties walked hurriedly backwards and forwards upon the deck, using all the violent gesticulations appropriate to their various arguments. A Highlander stood near them, armed at all points, as was then the fashion of his country. He was a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, and had come off to the ship to inquire for news, not knowing who was on board. When he gathered from their discourse that the stranger was the heir of Britain, when he heard his chief and brother refuse to take up arms for their prince, his colour went and came, his eyes sparkled, he shifted his place, and grasped his sword. Charles observed his demeanour, and, turning suddenly round, appealed to him, in the emphatic words—“Will *you* not assist me?” “I will! I will!” exclaimed Ranald, “though not another man in Albyn should draw his sword; my prince, I am ready to die for you!” With tears and thanks, Charles acknowledged the loyalty of this gallant young man, and only wished that he had a thousand such as he, to cut their way to the throne of England. The two obdurate chieftains were overpowered by this incident, which appealed so strongly to the feelings and prepossessions of a Highland bosom; and they no longer expressed any

reluctance to draw their swords for their injured and rightful lord.⁸

The Prince's interview with Clanranald, according to the journalist, who was on board at the same time, occupied no less than three hours. The young chief then returned to his friends, who had spent that long space in the pavilion. "About half an hour after," says the journalist, "there entered the tent a TALL YOUTH of a most agreeable aspect, dressed in a plain black coat, with a plain shirt,⁹ a cambric stock fixed with a plain silver buckle, a fair round wig out of the buckle, a plain hat, with a canvas string, one end of which was fixed to one of his coat buttons,¹⁰ black stockings, and brass buckles in his shoes."¹¹ At the first appearance of this pleasing youth, I felt my heart swell to my throat. But one O'Brian, a churchman, immediately told us that he was only an English clergyman, who had long been possessed with a desire to see and converse with the Highlanders."

"At his entry," continues the same writer, "O'Brian forbid any of those who were sitting to rise; he saluted none of us, and we only made a low bow at a distance. I chanced to be one of those who were standing when he came in, and he took his seat near me; but he immediately started up again, and desired me to sit down by him upon a chest. Taking him at this time for only a passenger and a clergyman, I presumed to speak to him with perfect familiarity, though I could not suppress a suspicion that he might turn out some greater man. One of the questions which he put to me in the course of conversation, regarded my Highland dress. He inquired if I

did not feel cold in that habit; to which I answered, that I believed I should only feel cold in any other. At this he laughed heartily; and he next desired to know how I lay with it at night. I replied, that the plaid served me for a blanket when sleeping; and I showed him how I wrapped it about my person for that purpose. At this he remarked, that I must be unprepared for defence in case of a sudden surprise; but I informed him that, during war or any time of danger, we arranged the garment in such a way as to enable us to start at once to our feet, with a drawn sword in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other. After a little more conversation of this sort, the mysterious youth rose from his seat and called for a dram, when O'Brian whispered to me to pledge the stranger, but not to drink to him; which confirmed me in my suspicions as to his real quality. Having taken a glass of wine in his hand, he drank to us all round, and soon after left the tent." ¹²

During this and the succeeding day, Clanranald remained close in council with Charles, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Sir Thomas Sheridan, devising means for raising the rest of the well-affected clans, who were at this time reckoned to number twelve thousand men. On the 22d (July), that young chieftain was despatched with Allan MacDonald, a younger brother of Kinlochmoidart, upon the embassy which Boisdale had refused to perform. They applied to both Sir Alexander MacDonald and the Laird of MacLeod; but these powerful chiefs, already sapped by the eloquence of Duncan Forbes, the Lord President of the Court of Session, and so well remembered for his zeal in

the service of Government, returned the answer which Boisdale had formerly reported,—that, although they had promised to support his Royal Highness in case he came with a foreign force, they did not conceive themselves under any obligation since he came so ill provided. The want of these great allies, who could have produced several thousand men, was severely felt during the whole of the subsequent enterprise, which would have in all probability been successful had they joined it.

Charles came on shore, on the 25th; when the *Doutelle*, having also landed her stores, again set sail for France. He was accompanied by only seven men—the Marquis of Tullibardine; Sir Thomas Sheridan, an Irish gentleman, who had been tutor to the Prince; Sir John Macdonald, an officer in the Spanish service; Francis Strickland, an English gentleman; Kelly, an English clergyman; Æneas MacDonal, a banker in Paris, brother to Kinlochmoidart; and one Buchanan, a messenger. He first set his foot upon Scottish ground, at Borodale, a farm belonging to Clanranald, close by the south shore of Lochnanuagh. Borodale is a wild piece of country, forming a kind of mountainous tongue of land betwixt two bays. It was a place suitable, above all others, for the circumstances and designs of the Prince, being remote and inaccessible, and, moreover, the very centre of that country where Charles's surest friends resided. It belongs to a tract of stern mountain land, prodigiously serrated by estuaries, which lies immediately to the north of the *debouche* of the great Glen of Albyn, now occupied by the Caledonian Canal. In the very centre of the west

coast of Scotland, it is not above an hundred and fifty miles from the capital. The MacDonalDs, the Camerons, and the Stuarts, who possessed the adjacent territories, had been, since the time of Montrose, inviolably attached to the house of Stuart; had proved themselves irresistible at Kilsyth, Killiecrankie, and Sheriffmuir; and were now, from their resistance to the Disarming-Act, perhaps the fittest of all the clans to take the field.

During the absence of young Clanranald, into whose arms Charles had thus thrown himself, several gentlemen of the family collected a guard for his person, and he remained, a welcome and honoured guest, in the house of Borodale.¹³ Considering that no other chief had yet declared for him, and that indeed the enterprize might never advance another step, it must be acknowledged, this family displayed a peculiar degree of daring, and, we may add, a great degree of generosity, in his favour; for there can be little doubt, that if Charles had retired, they must have been exposed to the jealousy, and perhaps to the vengeance, of Government. "We encountered this hazard," says the journalist, "with the greatest cheerfulness, determined to risk every thing—life itself, in behalf of our beloved prince." Charles, his company, and about an hundred men constituting his guard, were entertained with the best cheer which it was in the power of Mr MacDonald (of Borodale) to purvey. He sat in a large room, where he could see all his adherents at once, and where the multitudes of people who flocked from the country around, "without distinction of age

or sex,"¹⁴ to see him, might also have an opportunity of gratifying their curiosity. At the first meal which took place under these circumstances, Charles drank the *grace-drink* in English, a language which all the gentlemen present understood; but for a toast of more extensive application, our friend the journalist rose and gave the King's¹⁵ health in Gaelic—" *Deochs laint an Reogh.*" This of course gave universal satisfaction; and Charles desired to know what was meant. On its being explained to him, he requested to hear the words pronounced again, that he might learn them himself. He then gave the King's health in Gaelic, uttering the words as correctly and distinctly as he could. "The company," adds the journalist, "then mentioning my skill in Gaelic, his Royal Highness said, I should be his master in that language; and I was then desired to ask the healths of the Prince and Duke."¹⁶ It may be scarcely possible to conceive the effect which Charles's flattering attention to their language had upon the hearts of this brave and simple people.

CHAPTER II.

THE HIGHLANDERS.

“ ——— ’tis wonderful

That an invisible instinct should frame them
To loyalty unlearn’d, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from others, valour
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been sowed.”

SHAKESPEARE.

THE people amidst whom Charles Stuart had cast his fate, were then regarded as the rudest and least civilized portion of the nation which he conceived himself designed to govern. Occupying the most remote and mountainous section of Britain, and holding little intercourse with the rest of the community, they were distinguished by peculiar language, dress, and manners; had as yet yielded a very imperfect obedience to Government; and formed a society not only distinct from their immediate neighbours, but which had perhaps scarcely any parallel in the whole world.

The country possessed by this people—the north-west moiety of Scotland—on account of its mountainous character, was descriptively termed the Highlands, in opposition to the south-east portion, which, displaying a more generally level surface, accompanied by greater fertility, gained the

appropriate designation of the Lowlands. On account of comparative sterility, the district of the Highlands did not comprise above an eighth part of the population of Scotland; in other words, comprehending two hundred out of nearly a thousand parishes, it did not sustain at the time of this insurrection much more than a hundred thousand, out of above a million of people. The community was divided into about forty different tribes, denominated *clans*, each of which dwelt upon its own portion of the territory.

At the period of this history, the Highlanders displayed, in a state almost entire, that patriarchal system of life upon which the nations of the human race seem to have been originally established, and which, being the most obvious, may also be esteemed the most natural system of government. This extreme corner of Europe had the singular fortune of sheltering the last vestiges of the Kelts—that early race of people, who, placed upon the centre of the ancient continent, it would almost appear, at the very creation, were gradually dispelled to the extremities, by others which we are now accustomed to call ancient—the Greeks, namely, and the Romans. As they retained their primitive manners with almost unmixed purity, there was to be seen in the Highlanders of Scotland nearly a distinct picture of those early shepherd days, which are still so endearingly remembered in the traditions and poetry of the refined world, and of which we obtain so many delightful glimpses in the pages of sacred Scripture.

Owing to the circumstances of their country, the Highlanders were, however, by no means that simple and quiescent people who are described

as content to dwell, each under his own vine and fig-tree, any more than their land was one flowing with milk and honey, or through which the voice of the turtle was often heard to resound. A perpetual state of war with the neighbours who had driven them to their northern fastnesses, and their disinclination to submit to the laws of the country in which they nominally lived, caused them, on the contrary, to make arms a sort of profession, and even to despise, in some measure, all peaceful modes of acquiring a subsistence. Entertaining, moreover, a notion that the Lowlands had been originally their birth-right, many of them, even at the recent period we speak of, practised a regular system of reprisal upon the frontier of that civilized region, for which, of course, the use of arms was indispensably necessary. What still more tended to induce military habits, many of the tribes maintained a sort of hereditary enmity against each other, and therefore required to be in perpetual readiness, either to seize or repel opportunities of vengeance.

The Highlanders, in the earlier periods of history, appear to have possessed no superiority over the Lowlanders in the use of arms. At the battle of the Harlaw in 1410, (till which period they had been quite independent on the kings of Scotland), the largest army that ever left the Highlands, was checked by an inferior number of Lowlanders. Coming into the field, sixty-eight years after, at the fight of Sauchieburn, where they espoused the cause of James III against his rebellious nobles, "their tumultuous ranks," says Sir Walter Scott, in the Introduction to his *Bor-*

der Minstrelsy, "were ill able to endure the steady and rapid charge of the men of Annandale and Liddesdale, who bore spears two ells longer than were used by the rest of their countrymen." They proved equally vincible at the battles of Corrichie, Glenlivat, and others, which they fought in behalf of the unhappy Mary.

But the lapse of half a century after this last period, during which the Border spear had been converted into a shepherd's crook, and the patriot steel of Lothian and Clydesdale into penknives and weavers' shears, permitted the mountaineers at length to assert a decided superiority in arms. When they were called into action, therefore, by the illustrious Montrose, they proved invariably victorious in that desultory civil war which had almost retrieved a kingdom for their unfortunate King. Amidst the exploits of that time—by far the most brilliant in the military annals of this country—the victory of Kilsyth (1645) was attended with some circumstances displaying their superiority in a remarkable degree. The army arrayed against them, almost doubling theirs in number, consisted chiefly of the townsmen of Fife, which county has been described, in a publication of the time, ² as remarkable for the enthusiasm of its inhabitants in regard to the cause of this quarrel—to wit, the Solemn League and Covenant. The fervour of fanaticism and good-feeding of a town life, proved nothing in this case, when opposed to the more exalted enthusiasm of "loyalty unlearned," and the hardihood of an education among the hills. The Whig militia scarcely stood a moment before the impetuous charge of the Highlanders, but turned and fled

before them, like a parcel of awkward cattle, blindly running from the bark of a few dogs.³ "Ah! it was a braw day, Kilsyth!" used to be the remark of an old Highlander, who had exerted himself pretty actively amongst the rabble route; "at every stroke I gave with my broad-sword, I cut an ell o' breeks!"⁴ Such, we are informed, was the horror which the people of Fife got, on this occasion, at the military life in general, that only one man had ever been prevailed upon to enlist out of the populous town of Anstruther, during a period of twenty-one years towards the end of the last century.⁵

Though the Highlanders were nominally subjugated, soon after this period, by the iron bands of Cromwell, they rebounded at the Restoration into all their former privileges and vigour. They were kept in arms, during the reigns of the two last Stuarts, by their employment in those unhappy troubles on account of religion, which have rendered the memory of our ancient royal race so intensely detested in the south-west province of Scotland. At the Revolution, therefore, when roused by the lion voice of Dundee, they were equally ready to take the field in behalf of King James, as they had been fifty years before to stand out for his father. The patriarchal system of laws, upon which Highland society was constituted, disposed them to look upon these unhappy princes as the general fathers or *chiefs* of the nation, whose natural and unquestionable power had been rebelliously disputed by their children; and there can be little doubt that, both on these occasions and the subsequent attempts in behalf of the Stuart family, they fought with precisely the same

ardour which would induce a man of humanity to ward off the blow which an unnatural son had aimed at a parent. On the field of Killiecrankie, where they were chiefly opposed by regular and even veteran troops, they fought with a bravery which nothing could withstand, and at the details of which the blood even yet boils and shudders.⁶ Their victory was, however, unavailing, owing to the death of their favourite leader,—*Ian Dhu nan Cath*—as they descriptively termed him—Dark John of the Battles,—without whose commanding genius their energies could not be directed, nor even their bands kept together. The loss which their cause sustained, in the death of this noble soldier, could not be more emphatically described in a volume, than it is by the exclamation with which King William received the news of the battle. That monarch had known Dundee upon the bloody plains of Flanders, where, a soldier of fortune in the Dutch army, he had even, we believe, on one occasion saved the life of him whose dreadest enemy he was destined afterwards to become. “Dundee is slain!” was William’s remark to the messenger who announced the defeat of his troops; “he would otherwise have been here to tell the news himself!”⁷

The submission which was nominally paid throughout Britain to the “*parliamentary*” sovereigns, William and Anne, was in no degree participated by the children of the mountains, whose simple ideas of government did not comprehend either a second or a third estate, and who could perceive no reasons for preferring a sovereign on account of the adventitious circumstance of his religion. In the mean time, moreover, the pro-

gress of civilization, encouraged in the Low countries by the Union, affected in no degree the warlike habits of the clans. Their military ardour is said to have been, if possible, increased during this period, by the injudicious policy of King William, who, in distributing 20,000*l.* amongst them to bribe their forbearance, only inspired an idea that arms were their best means of acquiring wealth and importance. The call, therefore, which was made upon them by the exiled prince in 1715, found them as willing and ready as ever to commence a civil war.

The accession of the House of Hanover was at this period so recent, and the rival candidate shared so largely in the affections of the people, that very little was wanting in 1715 to achieve the restoration of the House of Stuart. That little *was* wanting—a general of military talent, and resolution on the part of the candidate. The expedition was commanded in Scotland by the Earl of Marr, a nobleman who had signalized himself by his slipperiness as a statesman, but who possessed no other abilities to fit him for the important station he held. In England the reigning sovereign had even less to dread, in the ill-concerted proceedings of a band of debauched young noblemen, who displayed this remarkable difference from the Scottish insurgents—that they could not fight at all. Marr permitted himself to be cooped up on the north of the Forth, with an army of eight or nine thousand men, by the Duke of Argyle, who occupied Stirling with a force not half so numerous. An action at length took place on Sheriffmuir, in which it is impossible to say whether the bravery of the Highlanders, the pusillanimity of

their leader, or the high military genius of Argyle, was most signally distinguished.

The Duke of Argyle, whom the Highlanders remember by the epithet *Ian Roy nan Cath*—Red John of the Battles, learning, on Friday, the 11th of November, 1715, that Marr had at length plucked up the resolution to fight him, and was marching for that purpose from Perth, set forward from Stirling; and next day the armies came within sight of each other upon the plain of Sheriffmuir, a mile north-east from the ancient Episcopal city of Dunblane. They both lay upon their arms all night; and a stone is still shown upon the site of the Highlanders' bivouack, indented all round with marks occasioned by the broad-swords of those warriors, who here sharpened their weapons for the next day's conflict. The battle commenced on Sunday morning, when Argyle himself, leading his dragoons over a morass which had frozen during the night, and which the insurgents expected to protect them, almost immediately routed their whole left wing, consisting of the Lowland cavaliers, and drove them to the river Allan, two or three miles from the field. His left wing, which was beyond the scope of his command, did not meet the same success against the right of the insurgents, which consisted entirely of Highlanders.

Those terrible warriors had come down from their fastnesses, with a resolution to fight as their ancestors had fought at Kilsyth and Killiecrankie. They appeared before the Lowlanders of Perthshire, who had not seen them since the days of Montrose, in the wild Irish shirt or plaid, which, only covering the body and haunches, leaves the

arms, and most of the limbs, exposed in all their hirsute strength.⁸ The meanest man among them carried upon his arm the honour and glory of countless generations; and raw youth and ripe old age were there alike resolved to maintain the ancient renown of Albyn. Their enthusiasm may be guessed from a simple anecdote. A Lowland gentleman, observing amongst their bands a man of ninety from the Highlands of Aberdeenshire, had the curiosity to ask how so aged a creature as he, and one who seemed so extremely feeble, came to join their enterprise. "I hae sons here, Sir," replied the venerable savage, and I hae grandsons, and even great-grandsons:—if they fail to do their duty, can I not shoot them?"—laying his hand at the same time upon a pistol which he carried in his bosom.⁹

The attack of these resolute soldiers upon the left wing of the Royal army, was, to use language similar to their own, like the storm which strews a lee shore with wrecks. The chief of Clanranald was unfortunately killed as they were advancing; but that circumstance, which might have otherwise damped their ardour, only served to inspire them with greater fury. "To-morrow for lamentation," cried the young chieftain of Glengary, "to-day for revenge!" and the MacDonalds rushed on the foe, with a yell as terrific as their force was irresistible. Instantly put to route, this portion of the Royal army retired to Stirling, leaving hundreds a prey to the Highland broadsword. Thus, each of the two armies was partially successful, and partially defeated. The Earl of Mar stood aloof during the whole action, it is said, behind a tree, incapable, from personal fear, of im-

proving the advantages gained by his brave Highlanders. Well might the old mountaineer exclaim, when he saw the fatal effects of this weakness, "Oh for one hour of the brave Dundee!"¹⁰

The battle was a drawn one, but not in its results. Marr, as he deserved none of the credit of his partial victory, reaped no profit from it, but found it necessary to retire to Perth. Argyle remained upon the field, in possession of the enemy's cannon and many of his standards. The conduct of this celebrated warrior and patriot was in every respect the reverse of that of Marr. He had won a victory, so far as it could be won, by his own personal exertions, and that with every advantage of numbers against him. The humanity he displayed was also such as seldom marks the details of a civil war. He offered quarter to all he met, in the very hottest moment of the fight; and he granted it to all who desired it. With his own sword, he parried three different blows which one of his dragoons aimed at a wounded cavalier, who had refused to ask his life.¹¹

In January, the succeeding year, James himself, the weak though amiable man for whom all this blood was shed, landed from abroad at Peterhead in Aberdeenshire, and immediately proceeded *incognito* to join the Earl of Marr at Perth. His presence might inspire enthusiasm, but it could not give strength or consistency to the army. Some preparations were made to crown him in the great hall of Scoon, where his ancestors had been invested with the emblems of sovereignty so many centuries ago, and where his uncle Charles II was crowned, under circumstances not dissimilar to his own, in the year 1651. But the to-

tal ruin of his English adherents conspired, with his own imbecility and that of his officers, to prevent that consummation. In February he retired before the advance of the Royal army. The Tay was frozen at the time, and thus he and all his army were fortunately enabled to cross without the difficulty which must otherwise have attended so sudden a retreat; directing their march towards the sea-ports of Aberdeenshire and Angus. We have heard that, as the good-natured prince was passing over, the misery of his circumstances made him witty, as a dark evening will sometimes produce lightning; and he remarked to his lieutenant-general, in allusion to the delusive prospects by which he had been induced to come over, "Ah, John, John, you have brought me on the ice." ¹²

The Chevalier embarked with Marr and other officers at Montrose; and the body of the army dispersed with so much rapidity, that Argyle, who traversed the country only a day's march behind, reached Aberdeen without ever getting a glimpse of it. We may safely suppose, that the humanity of this general, with his suspected Jacobitism, induced him to permit, without disturbance, the dissipation and escape of the unfortunate cavaliers. The Lowland gentlemen and noblemen who had been concerned in the campaign, suffered attainder, proscription, and in some cases even death; but the Highlanders returned to their mountains, unconquered and unchanged.

In 1719, a plan of invasion and insurrection in favour of the Stuarts was formed by Spain. A fleet of ten ships of the line, with several frigates, having on board six thousand troops and twelve

thousand stand of arms, sailed from Cadiz to England; and while this fleet was preparing, the Earl Marischal left St Sebastian with two Spanish frigates, having on board three hundred Spanish soldiers, ammunition, arms, and money, and landed in the island of Lewis. The Spanish fleet was completely dispersed by a storm off Cape Finisterre; and, as every thing remained quiet in England, very few Highlanders rose. General Wightman came up with the Spanish and Highland force in Glenshiel, a wild vale in the west of Ross. The Highlanders, favoured by the ground, withdrew to the hills without having suffered much; and the Spaniards laid down their arms and were made prisoners. ¹³

The state of the Highlands, which seemed the only portion of the British dominions that actively disputed King George's title, now attracted some serious attention from Government; and an act was passed for disarming the whole of that dangerous people. The provisions of this act were promptly obeyed by those clans which were well-affected to Government, but totally evaded by the rest. The result was, that, on the breaking out of the insurrection of 1745, the enemies of Government alone possessed the means of entering upon warlike operations, while the Duke of Argyll and other loyal chiefs, who could have best resisted them, were obliged to remain *hors de combat*.

Such had been the history, and such was the warlike condition of the Scottish mountaineers, at the time when Charles Stuart landed amongst them in July 1745. If any thing else were required to make the reader understand the motives of the

subsequent insurrection, it might be said, that Charles's father and himself had always maintained, from their residence in Italy, a correspondence with the chiefs who were friendly to them, and by dint of promises, and perhaps presents, had even procured some of them to enter into an association in their behalf. For the service of these unhappy princes, their unlimited power over their clans gave them an advantage which the richest English partisans did not possess.

The constitution of Highland society, as already remarked, was strictly and simply patriarchal. The clans were families, each of which, bearing the same name, occupied a well-defined tract of country, the property of which had been acquired long before the introduction of writs. Every clan was governed by its chief, whose native designation, *Kean-Kinnhe*, the Head of the Family, sufficiently indicated the grounds and nature of his power. In almost every clan, there were some subordinate chiefs, called Chieftains, being cadets of the principal family, who had acquired a distinct territory, and founded separate septs. In every clan, moreover, there were two ranks of people; the *Doaine-uailse*, or gentlemen, persons who could clearly trace their derivation from the chiefs of former times, and assert their kinsmanship to the present; and a race of commoners, or helots, who could not tell why they came to belong to the clan, and who always acted in inferior offices.

There is a very common notion among the Lowlanders, that their northern neighbours, with, perhaps, the exception of the chiefs, were all alike barbarians, and distinguished by no shades of com-

parative worth. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The *Doaine-uailse* were in every sense of the word gentlemen—*poor* gentlemen, perhaps, but yet fully entitled, by their exalted sense of honour, to that ennobling epithet. On the contrary, the commoners, who yet generally believed themselves related to the chiefs, were a race of despised, and consequently miserable serfs, having no certain idea of a noble ancestry to nerve their exertions or purify their conduct. The *Doaine-uailse* invariably formed the body upon which the chief depended in war, for they were inspired with notions of the most exalted heroism by the well-remembered deeds of their fore-fathers, and always acted upon the supposition that their honour was a precious gift, which it was incumbent upon them to deliver down unsullied to posterity. The helots, on the contrary, were often left behind to perform the humble duties of agriculture and cow-driving; or, if admitted into the array of the clan, were put into the rear rank, and armed in an inferior manner. The comparative *worth* of the *Doaine-uailse* and the helots, may be at once pointed out to the reader by an anecdote connected with “the Forty-Five.” At a particular period of that campaign, when all the good fighting men of a glen in Athole were absent with Prince Charles, and only the helots were left to protect the country, under the command of a raw *Duinne-uasal* of sixteen, an alarm one day arose that a party of “red-coats” (king’s soldiers) were approaching to lay waste the glen. At this news, the whole of the slaves ran off to hide themselves, leaving only their young commander behind; who stood firm in his post, awaiting the encounter

which promised him such certain destruction, and did not for a moment flinch till he learned that the alarm was false. ¹⁴

With such a sentiment of heroism, the Highland gentleman of the year seventeen hundred and forty-five, must have been a person of the very noblest order. His mind was further exalted, if possible, by a devoted attachment to his chief, for whose interests, at all times, he was ready to fight, and for whose life he was even prepared to lay down his own. His politics were of the same abstract and disinterested sort. From his heart despising the commercial and canting Presbyterians of the Low country, and regarding with absolute horror the dark system of parliamentary corruption which characterized the government of the *de facto* sovereign of England, he at once threw himself into the opposite scale, and espoused the cause of an exiled and injured prince, whom he looked upon as in some measure a general and higher sort of chief, and with whose fathers his fathers had anciently gained so much honour and renown. Charles's cause was the cause of chivalry, of feeling, of filial affection, and even in his estimation of *patriotism*; and with all his prepossessions it was scarcely possible that he should fail to espouse it. ¹⁵

CHAPTER III.

THE GATHERING.

On, high-minded Murray, the exiled, the dear !
 In the blush of the dawning the standard uprear.
 Wide, wide on the winds of the north let it fly,
 Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is nigh !

Waverley.

FROM Borodale, where he lived, in the manner described, for several days, Charles despatched messengers to all the chiefs from whom he had any expectation of assistance. The first that came to see him, was Donald Cameron, younger of Lochiel ; a man in middle age, of the utmost bravery, and whose character was altogether so amiable, that some court-poet has conceived the idea of his being now

“ ——— a Whig in Heaven.”

Young Lochiel, as he was generally called, was the son of the chief of the clan Cameron, one of the most numerous and warlike of all the Highland tribes. His father had been engaged in the insurrection of 1715, for which he was attainted and in exile ; and his grandfather, Sir Evan Cameron, the fellow-soldier of Montrose and Dundee, had died in 1719, after almost a century of military action in behalf of the house of Stuart.

Young Lochiel had been much in confidence with the Exiled Family, whose chief agent in the north of Scotland he might be considered; an office for which he was peculiarly well qualified on account of his talents, his honourable character, and the veneration in which he was held by his countrymen. In 1740, he was one of seven gentlemen, who entered into a strict association to procure the restoration of King James; and he had long wished for the concerted time, when he should bring the Highlands to aid an invading party in his favour. When he now learned that Charles had landed without troops and arms, and with only seven followers, he determined to abstain from the enterprise, but thought himself bound as a friend to visit the Prince in person, and endeavour to make him withdraw from the country.

In passing from his own house towards Borodale, Lochiel called at Fassefern, the residence of his brother John Cameron, who, in some surprise at the earliness of his visit, hastily inquired its reason. He informed his relative that the Prince of Wales had landed at Borodale, and sent for him. Fassefern asked what troops his Royal Highness had brought with him?—what money?—what arms? Lochiel answered, that he believed the Prince had brought with him neither troops, nor money, nor arms; and that, resolved not to be concerned in the affair, he designed to do his utmost to prevent it from going any further. Fassefern approved his brother's sentiments, and applauded his resolution; advising him, at the same time, not to go any farther on the way to Borodale, but to come into the house, and impart his mind to the Prince by a letter. "No," said Lo-

chiel, "although my reasons admit of no reply, I ought at least to wait upon his Royal Highness." "Brother," said Fassefern, "I know you better than you know yourself; if this Prince once sets his eyes upon you, he will make you do whatever he pleases." The result proved the justice of this prognostication.

On arriving at Borodale, Lochiel had a private interview with the Prince, in which the probabilities of the enterprise were anxiously debated. Charles used every argument to excite the loyalty of Lochiel, and the chief exerted all his eloquence to persuade the Prince to withdraw till a better opportunity. Charles represented the present as the best possible opportunity; seeing that the French general kept the British army completely engaged abroad, while at home there were no troops but one or two new-raised regiments. He expressed his confidence, that a small body of Highlanders would be quite sufficient to gain a victory over all the force that could now be brought against him; and he was equally sure that such an advantage was all that was required to produce a general declaration in his favour. This argument was certainly in a great measure correct. It was even, perhaps, favourable to his views, that he came so entirely unprovided with foreign assistance; for so much exasperated were the nation at that time against the French, that, with even the smallest body of their troops, his enterprise would have acquired the odious complexion of an invasion, and met with general and hearty resistance. Moreover, it was not only better that he should appear in the acceptable character of the leader of

a national party, but almost his only chance of success lay in the activity and hardihood of the Highlanders, who alone, of all the militia of the country, could endure long and rapid marches. These arguments, if he used them, were thrown away upon Lochiel, who expressed the greatest reluctance to rise at the present juncture, and pleaded, in moving terms, the prudence of at least a short delay. "No, no!" said the Prince with fervour, "in a few days, with the friends I have, I will raise the Royal standard, and proclaim to the people of Britain, that Charles Stuart is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors—to win it, or to perish in the attempt! Lochiel, whom my father has often spoken of as our firmest friend, may stay at home, and, from the newspapers, learn the fate of his Prince!"—"No!" cried Lochiel, stung by so poignant a reproach, and hurried away by the enthusiasm of the moment; "I'll share the fate of my Prince, come weal, come woe; and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." Such was the juncture upon which depended the civil war of 1745; for it is a point agreed, says Mr Home, who narrates this singular conversation, that if Lochiel had persisted in his refusal to take arms, no other chief would have joined the standard, and the spark of "rebellion" must have been instantly extinguished.

Lochiel immediately returned home, and proceeded to raise his clan, as did some other gentlemen, whom Charles then prevailed upon to join him. It being now settled that he was to raise his standard at Glenfinnan on the 19th of August, he despatched letters on the sixth of the month to all the friendly chiefs, informing them of his resolu-

tion, and desiring them to meet him at the time and place mentioned. In the mean time, Clanranald returned from his unsuccessful mission to Skye, and actively set about raising his own clan.

Charles removed, early in August, from the farm-house of Borodale, to the more elegant seat of his friend Kinlochmoidart, situated seven miles off, at the place of that name. While he and his company went by sea, with the baggage and artillery, the guard of Clanranald, MacDonalds, which had been already appointed about his person, marched by the more circuitous route along the shore of the intervening bays. He remained at Kinlochmoidart² till the 18th of the month, when he went by water to the seat of MacDonal of Glenaladale, upon the brink of Loch Shiel.³ From that place, he proceeded next morning with a company of about five-and-twenty persons, in three boats, to the eastern extremity of Loch Shiel, near which was the place where he designed to raise his standard.

Meanwhile, an incident had occurred, which tended not a little to foment the rising flame of insurrection. The governor of Fort Augustus, a small fort at the distance of forty or fifty miles from Charles's landing-place, (which, like Fort William on one hand, and Fort George on the other, had been planted for the subjugation of the Highlands), concluding from reports he heard, that the "Men of Moidart" were hatching some mischief, thought proper, on the 16th of August, to despatch two companies of the Scots Royals to Fort William, as a re-inforcement to awe that rebellious district. The distance between the two forts is twenty-eight miles, and the road runs chief-

ly along the edge of a mountain which forms one side of the Great Glen, having the sheer height of the hill on one side, and the long narrow lakes, out of which the Caledonian Canal is formed, on the other. The men were newly raised, and, besides being inexperienced in military affairs, were unused to the alarming circumstances of an expedition in the Highlands. When they had travelled twenty out of the eight-and-twenty miles, and were approaching High Bridge, a lofty arch over a mountain torrent, they were surprised to hear the sound of a bagpipe, and to discover the appearance of a large party of Highlanders, who were already in possession of the bridge. The object of their alarm was in reality a band of only ten or twelve MacDonalds of Keppoch's clan; but, by skipping and leaping about, displaying their swords and firelocks, and by holding out their plaids between each other, they contrived to make a very formidable appearance. Captain (afterwards General) Scott, who commanded the two companies, ordered an immediate halt, and sent forward a serjeant with his own servant to reconnoitre. These two persons no sooner approached the bridge than two nimble Highlanders darted out and seized them. Ignorant of the number of the Highlanders, and knowing he was in a disaffected part of the country, Captain Scott thought it would be better to retreat than enter into hostilities. Accordingly, he ordered his men to face about, and march back again. The Highlanders did not follow immediately, lest they should expose the smallness of their number, but permitted the soldiers to get two miles away (the ground being so far plain and open) before leaving their

post. As soon as the retreating party had passed the west end of Loch Lochie, and were entering upon the narrow road between the lake and the hill, out darted the mountaineers, and ascending the rocky precipices above the road, where there was shelter from both bush and stone, began to fire down upon the soldiers, who only retreated with the greater expedition.

The party of MacDonalds, who attempted this daring exploit, was commanded by MacDonald of Tierndrieck.⁵ That gentleman, having early observed the march of the soldiers, had sent expresses to Lochiel and Keppoch, whose houses were only a few miles distant on both sides of High Bridge, for supplies of men. They did not arrive in time; but he resolved to attack the party with the few men he had; and he had thus far succeeded, when, the noise of his pieces causing friends in all quarters to fly to arms, he now found himself at the head of a party almost sufficient to encounter the two companies in the open field.

When Captain Scott reached the east end of Loch Lochie, he perceived some Highlanders near the west end of Loch Oich, directly in the way before him, and not liking their appearance, he crossed the isthmus between the lakes, intending to take possession of Invergary Castle, the seat of MacDonell of Glengary. This movement only increased his difficulties. He had not marched far, till he discovered the MacDonells of Glengary coming down the opposite hill in full force against him. He formed the hollow square, however, and marched on. Presently after, his pursuers were re-inforced by the MacDonalds of Keppoch, and increased their pace to such a degree as almost to

overtake him. Keppoch himself then advanced alone towards the distressed party, and offered good terms of surrender; assuring them that any attempt at resistance, in the midst of so many enemies, would only be the signal for their being cut in pieces. Of course, the soldiers, by this time fatigued with a march of thirty miles, had no alternative but to surrender. They had scarcely laid down their arms, when Lochiel came up with a body of Camerons from another quarter, and took them under his charge. Two soldiers were slain, and Captain Scott himself was wounded in this singular scuffle; which had no small effect in raising the spirits of the Highlanders, and encouraging them to commence the war.⁶

The *Gathering of the Clans* was therefore proceeding with great activity, and armed bodies were seen everywhere crossing the country to Glenfinnin, at the time when Charles landed at that place to erect his standard. Glenfinnin is a narrow vale, surrounded on both sides by lofty and craggy mountains, about twenty miles north from Fort William, and as far east from Borodale; forming, in fact, the outlet from Moidart into Lochabar. The place gets its name from the little river Finnin, which runs through it, and falls into Loch Shiel at its extremity. Charles disembarked, with his company, from the three boats which had brought them from Glenaladale, at the place where the river debouches into the lake. It was eleven in the forenoon, and he expected to find the whole vale alive with the assembled bands which he had appointed to meet him. To his great mortification, however, Glenfinnin lay as still and grim at

his landing, as it had done since the beginning of time ; and only a few natives, the inhabitants of its little hamlet, " were there to say, *God bless him !*" Some accident, it was concluded, had prevented the arrival of the clans ; and he went into one of the neighbouring hovels, to spend the anxious hours which should intervene before they appeared.

At length, about an hour after noon, the sound of a pibroch was heard over the top of an opposite hill, and immediately after, the Adventurer was cheered by the sight of a large band of Highlanders, in full march down the brae. It was the Camerons, to the amount of seven or eight hundred,

" All plaided and plumed in their tartan array,"

coming forward in two columns of three men abreast, to the spirit-stirring notes of the bagpipe, and leading between them the party of soldiers whom they had just taken prisoners. Elevated by the fine appearance of this noble clan, and by the auspicious result of the little action just described, Charles no longer hesitated to declare war upon " the great enemy of his house."

The spot selected for the rearing of the standard, was a little eminence in the centre of the vale, where it could be rendered conspicuous to all round. The Marquis of Tullibardine, whose rank entitled him to the honour, pitched himself upon the top of this knoll, supported by two men, on account of his weak state of health. He then flung upon the mountain breeze, that " meteor flag" which, shooting like a streamer from the north, was soon to spread such omens of woe and terror over the peaceful vales of Britain. It was a large banner of red silk, with a white space in

the centre, but without the motto of "TANDEM TRIUMPHANS," which has been so often assigned to it—as also the significant emblems of a crown and coffin, with which the terror of England at one time adorned it. The appearance of the standard was hailed by a perfect storm of pipe-music, by a cloud of skimming bonnets, and by a loud and long-enduring shout,⁷ which, in the language of a Highland bard, roused the young eagles from their eyries, and made the wild deer bound upon the fell. Tullibardine then read a manifesto in the name of King James the Eighth, with a Commission of Regency in favour of his son Charles, both dated at Rome, December 1743. The standard was carried back to the Prince's quarters by a guard of fifty Camerons.

About two hours after this solemnity was concluded, MacDonal of Keppoch arrived with three hundred of his hardy and warlike clan; and in the evening, some gentlemen of the name of MacLeod came to offer their services, expressing great indignation at the defection of their chief, and proposing to return to Skye and raise all the men they could. The army, amounting to about twelve hundred men, was encamped that evening in Glenfinnin, Sullivan being appointed quarter-master general.

The insurrection was thus fairly commenced; and it will now be necessary to advert to the means taken by Government for its suppression, as well as to the state of the country upon which Charles was about to descend.

CHAPTER IV.

PROCEEDINGS OF GOVERNMENT.

Rosse. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were *out*.

Macbeth.

AT the time when the insurrection broke out, George the Second was absent in Hanover, on one of those frequent visits to his paternal dominions, which, with great appearance of truth, caused his British subjects to accuse him of being more devoted to the interests of his Electorate, than he was to those of the more important empire which his family had been called to protect. The Government was intrusted, during his absence, to a regency composed of his principal ministers. So far as the northern section of the island was concerned in the affairs of Government, it was then managed by a minister called Secretary of State for Scotland; and the Marquis of Tweeddale held the office in 1745.

The negotiations which the Exiled Family had constantly carried on with their adherents in Britain, and their incessant menaces of invasion, ren-

dered the event which had now taken place by no means unexpected on the part of Government, and indeed scarcely alarming. During the whole summer, a report had been flying about the Highlands, that Prince Charles was to come over before the end of the season; but the King's servants at Edinburgh heard nothing of it till the 2d of July, when the President of the Court of Session came to Sir John Cope, Commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland, and showed him a letter which he had just received from a Highland gentleman, informing him of the rumour, though affecting to give it little credit. Cope instantly sent notice of what he heard to the Marquis of Tweeddale, expressing disbelief in the report, but yet advising that arms should be transmitted to the forts in Scotland, for the use of the well-affected clans, in case any attempt should be made. The Marquis answered General Cope upon the 9th, ordering him to keep a vigilant eye upon the North, but mentioning that the Lords of the Regency seemed to decline so strong and so alarming a measure as sending arms. Cope replied immediately, that he would take all the measures which seemed necessary for his Majesty's service, avoiding as much as possible the raising of unnecessary alarm. Some further correspondence took place before the end of the month, in which the zeal and promptitude of this much belied general appear very conspicuous, while the supineness and security of the Regency are just as remarkable.

It is perhaps the most striking thing about the history of this singular civil war, that the characters of the opposite parties are so violently con-

trasted. Charles, youthful, ardent, aspiring, possessed of many of the characteristics of a hero of romance; with his Highlanders, hardy, brave, and high-minded; are opposed to stupid old martinets, and to that ghastly spectre of powder, pomatum, blackball, and flagellation, which was then considered a regular and well appointed army. In one of the parties we see many of the features of chivalry:—a love of desperate deeds for their own sake, and a pure and devoted spirit of loyalty, such as might have graced the wars of the Roses, or glowed in the pages of Froissart. In the other we are disgusted with the alarms of a parcel of ancient civil officers—with the vile cant of a pack of affected patriots—and with the contemptible technicalities of a military frippery, the most ostentatious in pretension, and the most feeble in practice, that ever disgraced a country.

Sir John Cope, whose fortune it was to be Charles's first opponent, has been termed by President Forbes, who was perfectly qualified to judge, one of the best officers of his time. This is, however, but poor praise in the estimation of a modern Briton, when he reflects upon the condition and deeds of the army during the reign of the second George—a period which, though spent in almost perpetual war, scarcely presents a single *military fact*, besides those under review, on which the public mind now dwells with satisfaction, or indeed remembers at all. Sir John, such as he was, had at present under his command in Scotland, two regiments of dragoons,¹ three full regiments of infantry,² and fourteen odd companies,³ together with the standing garrisons of invalids in the various castles and forts. The most of these troops

were newly raised, being indeed intended for immediate transportation to Flanders; and it was impossible to place much confidence in them, especially as forming an entire army, without the support of more experienced troops. Although they had probably, therefore, learned to scour their accoutrements with the most washerwoman-like accuracy, and though possibly not one of their queues could be found guilty of either a hair too much in thickness, or a hairbreadth's excess in length, when the sergeant came round, day by day, with his calibre and compasses, to ascertain these mighty points, ⁴ there was but little chance of a vigorous stand against enemies of determined valour, trained to arms from their youth upwards, and who, with an assurance perfectly frightful, would not scruple, on occasion, to fight for, and win a victory, when, according to the true art of war, it was their duty to be defeated.

With this little army, however, Cope soon found himself obliged to undertake a campaign against the formidable bands of the North. He received a letter from the Scottish Secretary on the 3d of August, announcing that the Young Chevalier, as Charles was called, had really left France in order to invade Scotland, and was even said to have already landed there; commanding him to make such a disposition of his forces as to be ready at a moment's notice; and promising immediately to send him down the supply of arms he formerly requested. On the 8th, he received a letter from the Lord Justice-Clerk (Milton, then residing at Roseneath), enclosing another letter dated the 5th instant, which had just been transmitted to Mr

Campbell of Stonefield, Sheriff of Argyll, by Mr Campbell of Aird, (factor in Mull to the Duke of Argyll); which letter gave him almost certain intelligence of the Prince's landing. Next morning, the 9th, his Excellency was shown another letter by the Lord President, confirming the news; and he sent all the papers to London, as the best means of rousing the slumbering energies of Government.

Without waiting for this communication, the Lords Regent published on the 6th of August a proclamation, offering thirty thousand pounds for the person of the Young Chevalier, whom they announced to have sailed from France for the purpose of invading Britain. This proclamation proceeded upon an act of the first George, by which, though it would be difficult to find a reason for it in the principles of either law or justice, the blood of James Stuart, and of his children, was attainted, and themselves outlawed. Charles, immediately on learning the price offered for his life, published a sort of parody of the proclamation, holding out the same sum for the head of the Elector of Hanover.

It is amusing to observe in the newspapers of this period, the various reports which then agitated the public mind, and, above all, the uncertainty and meagreness of the intelligence which reached Edinburgh regarding Charles's transactions in Lochaber. On the 5th of August, it is mentioned in the old Scottish newspaper called the Edinburgh Evening Courant, that the Prince had left France. Next day, it is reported, as a quotation from some foreign journal, that he had actually landed in the Highlands, and was sure of thirty

thousand men and ten ships of war. No other intelligence of note is observable till the 22d, when it is stated that two Glasgow vessels, in their way home from Virginia, had touched somewhere in the North-west Highlands, and learned that the dreaded Pretender was actually there, with ten thousand men, and that he had sent word to the Governor of Fort William, "*he would give him his breakfast that morning.*" Had Lochaber been part of the Russian Empire instead of a Scottish province—had it been two thousand instead of one hundred miles from Edinburgh, greater uncertainty could scarcely have prevailed in that city regarding the proceedings of its inhabitants.

In projecting measures against the threatened insurrection, Sir John Cope had all along held counsel with those civil officers who, ever since the Union, have had such an unlimited influence over the affairs of Scotland—the Lord President of the Court of Session, the Lord Justice-Clerk, the Lord Advocate, and the Solicitor-General. The gentlemen who held the two first of these offices, Duncan Forbes and Andrew Fletcher, were men of not only the purest patriotism and loyalty, but of the most extensive understanding and highest accomplishment. Duncan Forbes, in particular, from his intimate acquaintance with the Highlanders, a full half of whom he had previously converted to Government by his eloquence, was qualified in no ordinary degree to direct the operations of a campaign against that people.

The advice of all these gentlemen, unfortunately, tended to this fatal effect—that Sir John Cope should march as fast as possible into the Highlands, in order to crush the insurrection before it

reached any height. It is very probable⁵ that this advice was dictated by a feeling of humanity towards the insurgents, many of whom were the intimate friends and associates of the advisers. Forbes seems to have wished, by this means, at once to quiet those who *had* risen, before Government should become exasperated against them, and to prevent as many as possible from joining, who he was sure would soon do so if the enterprise was not immediately checked. We cannot but regret that a piece of counsel so honourable in its motive should have been so imprudent in policy. The Royal army was not only inferior in numbers to that which Charles was believed to have drawn together, but had all the disadvantages of a campaign in an enemy's country, and on ground unsuitable for its evolutions—would first have to drag its way slowly over rugged wildernesses, with a perpetual clog of baggage and provisions behind it, and then perhaps fight in a defile where it would be gradually cut to pieces, or what was as bad, permit the enemy to slip past and descend upon the Low country, which it ought to have protected. The advice was even given in defiance of experience: the Duke of Argyll, in 1715, by guarding the pass into the Lowlands at Stirling, prevented the much superior army of Marr from disturbing the valuable part of the kingdom, and eventually was able to paralise and confound the whole of that unhappy enterprise.

Cope is conjectured by Mr Home,⁶ though the fact is not so obvious, to have been confirmed in his desire of prompt measures by a piece of address on the part of the Jacobites. These gentlemen, who were very numerous in Edinburgh, re-

membering perhaps the precedent alluded to, and knowing that Charles, for want of money, would not be able to keep the Highlanders long together in their own country, conceived it to be their best policy to precipitate a meeting between the two armies. They therefore contrived, it is said, that Sir John Cope, who seemed to have no opinions of his own, but consulted every body he met, should be urged to perform the march he proposed, as the measure most likely to quell the insurrection, which, it was hinted by these insidious advisers, wanted nothing but a little time to become formidable.

Thus advised, and thus perhaps deluded, Sir John Cope rendezvoused his raw troops at Stirling, and sent off a letter to the Scots Secretary, requesting permission to march immediately against the rebels. The reasons which he gave for his proposal seemed so strong in the eyes of the Lords Regent, that they not only agreed to it, but expressly ordered him to march to the north, and engage the enemy, whatever might be his strength, or wherever he might be found. This order reached Sir John at Edinburgh on the 19th of August, the very day when Charles reared his standard; so that war might be said to have been declared by both parties simultaneously. Cope set out that very day for Stirling, to put himself at the head of his little army.

CHAPTER V.

COPE'S MARCH TO THE NORTH.

Duke F.—Come on; since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

As You Like It.

THIS unfortunate Commander-in-chief commenced his fatal march on the 20th of August, the day after he had received the orders of the Lords Regent. His force consisted in twenty-five companies of foot, amounting in all to fourteen hundred men, for he had left the two regiments of dragoons behind, on account of their uselessness in a Highland campaign. He carried with him four pieces of cannon (one and a half pounders), as many colliers, and a thousand stand of arms, to be given to the native troops, which he expected to join him as he went along. Besides a vast quantity of baggage, he was followed by a train of black cattle, with butchers to kill them as required: and he had as much bread and biscuit as would serve for twenty-one days; for the production of which all the bakers in Edinburgh, Leith, and Stirling, had been incessantly working for a week.¹

It was Sir John's intention to march to Fort Augustus, the central fort of the three which are

pitched along the great glen. He considered this the most advantageous post that could be occupied by the King's army, because it was in the very centre of the disaffected country, and admitted of a ready communication with the adjacent places of strength. He accordingly adopted that military road through the middle of the Highlands, which, stretching athwart the great alpine region of the Grampians, is so remarkable in the memory of all travellers for its lonely desolation in summer, and its dangerous character when the ground is covered with snow. His first day's march was to Crieff, where he was obliged to halt till he should be overtaken by an hundred *horse-load* of bread that had been left at Stirling. Having previously written to the Duke of Athole, Lord Glenorchy, and other loyal chiefs, desiring them to raise their men, the first of these noblemen here visited him, in company with his younger brother Lord George Murray, afterwards so celebrated as the Generalissimo of Charles's forces; but the chief of Athole, though disposed to preserve his estate by keeping on good terms with Government, was by no means so hotly loyal as to take arms in its defence. Cope was then, for the first time, shaken in his hope of gaining accessions of strength as he went along—the hope which had mainly induced him to go north with so small an army; and he would have gladly returned to Stirling, had not the orders of government, as he afterwards acknowledged,² been so peremptory for a contrary course. Lord Glenorchy waited upon the disconcerted general on the afternoon of the same day, and gave him additional pain, by the intelligence that he could not

gather his men in proper time. He then saw fit to send back seven hundred of his spare arms, to the place which he would so gladly have retreated to himself.

Advancing on the 22d to Amulree, on the 23d to Tay Bridge, on the 24th to Trinifair, and on the 25th to Dalnacardoch, the difficulties of a Highland campaign became gradually more and more apparent to the unhappy general, whose eyes were at the same time daily opened wider and wider to the secret disaffection of the Highlanders. His baggage-horses were stolen in the night from their pastures, so that he was obliged to leave hundreds of his bread-bags behind him. Those who took charge of this important deposit, though they promised to send it after him, took care that it never reached its destination, or at least not until it was useless. He was also played upon and distracted by all sorts of false intelligence; so that he at last could not trust to the word of a single native, gentleman or commoner. In short, he soon found himself in a complete *scrape*—emancipation from which seemed impossible but at the expense of honour.

When at the lonely inn of Dalnacardoch, he was met by Captain Sweetenham, the officer already mentioned as having been taken by the insurgents; who, after witnessing the erection of the standard, had been discharged upon his parole, and now brought Cope the first certain intelligence he had received, regarding the real state of the enemy. Sweetenham had left them when their numbers were fourteen hundred; he had since met many more who were marching to the rendezvous; and as he passed Dalwhinnie, the last

stage, he had been informed by MacIntosh of Boreland, that they were now three thousand strong, and were marching to take possession of Corriarrack. Cope soon after received a letter from President Forbes, (now at his house of Culloden, near Inverness), confirming the latter part of Captain Sweetenham's intelligence.

Corriarrack, of which the insurgents were about to take possession, is an immense mountain of the most lofty and voluminous proportions, interposing betwixt Cope's present position and Fort Augustus, and over which lay the road he was designing to take. The real distance from the plain at one side to the plain at the other, of this vast eminence, is perhaps little more than four or five miles; but such is the tortuosity of the road, to suit the nature of the ground, that the distance by that mode of measurement is at least eighteen. The road ascends the steep sides by seventeen *traverses*, somewhat like the ladders of a tall and complex piece of scaffolding, and each of which leads the traveller but a small way forward compared with the distance he has had to walk. It was the most dangerous peculiarity of the hill, in the present case, that the deep ditch or water-course along the side of the road, afforded innumerable positions, in which an enemy could be entrenched to the teeth, so as to annoy the approaching army without the possibility of being annoyed in return; and that, indeed, a very small body of resolute men could thus entirely cut off and destroy an army, of whatever numbers or appointments, acting upon the offensive. It was reported to Sir John Cope, that a party of the Highlanders was to wait for him at the bridge of Snugborough, one of

the most dangerous passes in the mountain, and that, while he was there actively opposed, another body, marching round by a path to the west, and coming in behind, should completely enclose him, as between two fires, and in all probability accomplish his destruction.³

The Royal army had advanced to Dalwhinnie, and come within sight of Corriearrack, when the General received this dreadful intelligence; and so pressing had his dilemma then become, that he conceived it impossible to move farther without calling a council of war. It was on the morning of the 27th of August that this meeting took place, at which various proposals were made and considered for the further conduct of the army. All agreed, in the first place, that their original design of marching over Corriearrack was impracticable. To remain where they were was needless, as the insurgents could slip down into the Lowlands by other roads. Two objections lay against the measure which seemed most obvious, that of *marching back again*—namely, the orders of Government, so express in favour of a northward march and an immediate encounter with the enemy, and the danger of the Highlanders intercepting them in their retreat by breaking down the bridges and destroying the roads. Under these circumstances, the only other course that remained, was to turn aside towards Inverness, where they had a prospect of being joined by some loyal clans; and, in which case, they might expect that the Highlanders would scarcely dare to descend upon the Lowlands, as such a course would necessarily leave their own country exposed to the vengeance of an enemy.

This last proposal was unanimously agreed to,

ava," fairly transferred it to his Royal Highness, on whose head he proceeded to adjust it with great care and apparent reverence. The magistrate, of course, stormed like a fury at the insult offered to his dignity, and even Charles himself could not help expressing some uneasiness; but it was a good while ere the sturdy advocate for appropriate ornaments would permit the wig to be removed from its owner *de jure* and restored to its proprietor *de facto*.¹⁵

Perhaps the most important accession to his force which Charles received at Perth, was that of Lord George Murray, whom his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine brought down from Athole the day after the army entered the city. This gentleman was advanced to middle age, and had been *out* in the year 1715. Having served abroad since, in the King's service, he possessed considerable military experience; but his talents and enterprising character were such as to render knowledge of his profession comparatively a matter of secondary moment. Charles had so much confidence in his abilities, as immediately to make him Lieutenant-general of his army; a trust for which, great as it was, he soon proved himself admirably qualified.¹⁶

Charles was compelled to stay no less than eight days at Perth, by the double necessity of providing himself with money and gathering the Perthshire clans together. He did not, however, spend his time in vain. He seized this opportunity of reducing the ill-assorted elements of his army to some sort of order, and exerted himself to get the men instructed in the various evolutions

of military discipline. The sturdy mountaineers were, as may be easily imagined, somewhat intractable; displaying great inaptitude in the conventional rules by which a whole body is to be governed, though at the same time every individual evinced a readiness and dexterity in the use of his own arms far beyond what is seen in ordinary soldiers. At a grand review, which he held on the common to the north of the town (September 7th), Charles was observed to smile occasionally at the awkwardness of their general motions; at the same time, he complimented their appearance as individuals, by calling them "his *Staigs*"¹⁷—that is, his colts,—an appellation which marked his admiration of the strength and wild elegance of their persons.

It would almost appear that Charles occupied himself so closely in business, while at Perth, as to have little time for amusement. Not only did he make a point of rising early every morning, to drill his troops, but it is recorded of him that, being one night invited to a grand ball by the gentlewomen of Perth, he had no sooner danced one measure, than he made his bow and hastily withdrew, alleging the necessity of visiting his sentry-posts. This ungallant act, so opposite to his usual policy of ingratiating himself with all sorts of people, if not also to his own inclinations, can be ascribed to nothing but his sense of the importance of his military duties, to which he thought that all others should be for the present postponed. He is said to have given general offence to the ladies by the shortness of his stay at their entertainment.

We are enabled, from a newspaper of the time,¹⁸

to state, that he attended divine service on Sunday the 8th of September; when a Mr Armstrong, probably a clergyman of the Scottish Episcopalian Church, preached from the very apposite text (Isaiah, xiv. 12.)—"For the Lord will have mercy upon Jacob, and will yet loose Israel, and set them in their own land: and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them and bring them to their place; and the house of Israel shall possess them, in the land of the Lord, for servants and handmaids; and they shall take them captives whose captives they were, and they shall rule over their oppressors."

Many of the strangers whom Charles found at Perth attending the fair, procured passports from him, to protect their persons and goods in passing through the country. To all these persons he displayed great courteousness of manner. One of them, a linen-draper from London, had some conversation with his Royal Highness, and was desired to inform his fellow-citizens, that he expected to see them at St James's in the course of two months. ¹⁹

CHAPTER VII.

ALARM OF EDINBURGH.

Why, what a madcap hath heaven lent us here!

King John.

Can you think to front your enemies' revenges with the easy groans of old women, the virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied intercession of such a weak dotard as you seem to be? Can you think to blow out the intended fire of your city with such weak breath as this?

Coriolanus.

FOR upwards of a week after Cope's march into the Highlands, the people of Edinburgh had felt all the anxiety which people usually entertain regarding an impending action; but as yet they expressed very little alarm about their own particular safety. The common talk of the day was, that that Commander would soon "cock up the Pretender's beaver,"—that he would speedily "give a good account of the Highland host,"—that he would soon "read the riot act to them;" and other vauntings, indicating all the confidence of security. To speak in another strain was considered treason. Happily, prudence joined with inclination, on the part of the Jacobites, to keep this

rapid steps and eager countenances of men who give chase. ⁷

It was the first emotion of the Highland army on this occasion, that Johnny Cope, as they called him, should be pursued, and, if possible, utterly exterminated. However, when they reached Garviemore, the first stage from the bottom of the hill, it was determined by a council of war, that the unfortunate General should be left to the consequences of his own folly at Inverness, and that they should proceed, in the mean time, to take advantage of his desertion of the Lowlands. They were confirmed in this resolution by Mr Murray of Broughton, a Lowland gentleman who had joined the Prince at the head of Loch Shiel; who represented that, by the influence of the Jacobites at Edinburgh, they would gain easy possession of that capital, and thus give *eclât* to their arms fully as great as the achievement of a victory. It also appeared, that by this course, if they left the Frasers, the MacIntoshes, and other northern clans, whom they expected to join, the Marquis of Tullibardine would gain them the men of Athole, before the Duke his brother had time to interest them in the cause of Government.

It was at this juncture that Charles's enterprise assumed that bold and romantic character for which it was destined to be altogether so remarkable—it was here that he commenced that wild and unexampled tissue of intrepid adventure, which impressed Britain at the time with so much terror, and eventually with so much admiration. Having once made the resolution to descend upon the Low countries, he did it with spirit and rapidity. Two days sufficed to carry him through the alpine

region of Badenoch; another to open up to his view the pleasant vale of Athole, which might in some measure be considered the avenue into the fertile country he was invading. As he passed the lonely inn of Dalwhinnie, a party of his men, who had gone upon an unsuccessful expedition against the little government fort of Ruthven, brought into his camp M'Pherson of Cluny, chief of that powerful clan; who had undertaken the command of a company in the service of Government, but who was easily persuaded to return and raise his men for the cause of his heart.

In thus proceeding upon his expedition, Charles acted entirely like a man who has undertaken a high and hazardous affair, which he is resolved to carry through with all his spirit and address. Nature and education had alike qualified him for the campaign he was commencing. Originally gifted with a healthy and robust constitution, he had never engaged in those enervating amusements which prevail to such an extent in the country where he had spent his youth. On the contrary, with a view probably to this very expedition, he had taken care to inure himself to a hardy and temperate mode of life; had instructed himself in all sorts of manly exercises; and, in particular, had made himself a first-rate pedestrian by hunting a-foot over the plains of Italy.^s The Highlanders were astonished to find themselves over-matched at running, wrestling, leaping, and even at their favourite exercise of the broadsword, by the slender stranger of the distant lands; but their astonishment gave place to admiration and affection, when they discovered that Charles had adopted all these exercises out of compliment to them, and that he

might some day show himself, as he said, a true Highlander. By walking, moreover, every day's march along side one or other of their corps, inquiring into their family histories, songs, and legends, he succeeded in completely fascinating the hearts of this simple and poetical people, who could conceive no greater merit upon earth than accomplishment in the use of arms, accompanied by a taste for tales of ancient glory. The enthusiastic and devoted attachment with which he succeeded in inspiring them, was such as no subsequent events could ever dissipate or impair. Even half a century after they had seen him, when years might have been supposed to do away with their early feelings, it was impossible to find a surviving fellow-adventurer, and they were then many, who could speak of him without tears and sighs of affectionate regret.

As the mountain host descended upon the plain, they were joined, like one of their own rivers, by accessions of strength at the mouths of all the little glens which they passed. But, while many of the people joined and prepared to join them, a very considerable number of the landed proprietors fled at their approach—among the rest, the Duke of Athole. In the absence of this nobleman from his house at Blair, his brother the Marquis of Tullibardine took possession of it as his own; and here Charles spent the night of the 30th of August. Along with Charles, the Marquis undertook on this occasion to entertain all the Highland chiefs; and the supper which he gave was suitable in splendour to the distinguished character of the guests. During the evening, it is said, the Prince exerted himself to appear cheerful, though the anxiety arising from

his circumstances, as may be supposed, occasionally drew a shade of thoughtfulness over his otherwise sprightly features. He partook only of the dishes which are supposed to be peculiar to Scotland; and, in pursuance of the same line of policy which induced him to walk in tartan at the head of his troops, attempted to drink the healths of the chiefs in the few words of Gaelic which he had already picked up. To the Marquis of Tullibardine, who, as a gentleman of the old school, always talked in broad Scotch, he addressed himself in language as nearly resembling that dialect as possible; and in all his deportment, he showed an evident anxiety to conciliate and please those among whom his lot was cast.⁹ Observing the guard which his host had placed in the lobby to be perpetually peeping in at the door to see him, he affected a desire of enjoying the open air, and, walking out into the lobby, gratified the poor Highlanders with a complete view of his person, which they had not previously seen on account of their recent arrival at the house.¹⁰

He remained two days at Blair, during which he was joined by Lord Nairn and several other gentlemen of the country. Sending forward this nobleman, along with Lochiel and four hundred men, to proclaim him at Dunkeld, he preceeded down the Blair or Plain of Athole on the 2d of September, and spent that evening in Lord Nairn's house, between Dunkeld and Perth. He arrived next afternoon at the last mentioned town, where his proclamations had been made on the morning of the same day by the advanced party.

When Charles entered Perth, he wore a magnificent dress of tartan trimmed with gold, which at

once set off his fine person and received dignity from his princely aspect.' He was accompanied by the Duke of Perth, Oliphant of Gask, and Mercer of Aldie, who had joined him as he passed through their estates. The people, dazzled by his appearance, hailed him with loud acclamations, and conducted him in a sort of triumph towards the lodgings which had been prepared for him in the house of a Jacobite nobleman. This was the first town of consequence which Charles had yet arrived at, and he had every reason to be satisfied with his reception, although, we believe, the magistrates had thought it necessary to leave their charge, and disappear on the preceding evening. The inhabitants of this ancient and beautiful little city were strongly disposed to regard Charles with affection, from the influence of local association. He reminded them of his father, who had here held his court thirty years before—of Charles the Second, who had spent a considerable time with them during his attempts to recover the kingdom in 1650-1,—of James the Sixth, who had so strongly patronized their town as to become its provost,—and, finally, of that long and interminable line of monarchs, who had been crowned in the neighbouring palace of Scone, and even rendered this their capital. Thinking of the many courtly scenes which this prince's ancestors had occasioned in their city and its neighbourhood, they could scarcely but regard with satisfaction, one who seemed designed to restore all these glories so long passed away. There was a public fair in Perth on the day of the Prince's entry, and many persons from different parts of the country were there to

join in the astonishment and partial rapture with which this singular scene was contemplated.

The house appropriated for Charles's residence, was that of the Viscount of Stormont,¹² elder brother to Lord Mansfield—the representative of an avowedly Jacobitical family, but one of those who were content to confine the expression of their political feelings to words. He was absent on the present occasion; but such was the reception which his family thought fit to give the Prince, that one of his sisters is credibly said to have spread down a bed for his Royal Highness with her own fair hands.

The reinforcements which Charles received at Perth and its neighbourhood, were very considerable. He had already received the Duke of Perth, with a regiment formed of his Grace's tenants, together with the tenants of Lord Nairn, and the Lairds of Gask and Aldie. The Robertsons of Struan, Blairfitty, and Cushievale; the Stuarts who inhabited the uplands of Perthshire; and many of the tenants of the Duke of Athole, raised by the Marquis of Tullibardine; now poured themselves into the tide of insurrection. In raising these men, considerable difficulties were experienced by their chiefs and landlords, the spirit of Jacobitism being here apparently tinged a good deal with Whiggery. The Duke of Perth, having ordered his tenants to contribute a man for every plough, it is said, though with extremely little probability, was obliged to shoot one refractory person, in order to enforce his orders amongst the rest. Tullibardine, from the equivocal nature of his title, found still greater difficulty in raising the tenants upon those estates which he conceived his

own. But, perhaps, no one experienced so much difficulty in his levies, as the good Laird of Gask, though he was, at the same time, perhaps, the person of all others most anxious to provide men for the service of his beloved Prince. This enthusiastic Jacobite was, it seems, so extremely incensed at the resistance he received from some of his tenants, that he actually laid an arrestment or inhibition upon their corn fields, in order to see if their interest would not oblige them to comply with his request. The case was still at issue when Charles, in marching from Perth, observed the corn hanging dead ripe, and eagerly inquired the reason. He was informed that Gask had not only prohibited his tenants from cutting their grain, but would not permit their cattle to be fed upon it, so that these creatures were absolutely starving. Shocked at what he heard, he leaped from the saddle, exclaiming "This will never do," and began to gather a quantity of the corn. Giving this to his horse, he said to those that were by, that he had thus broken Gask's inhibition, and the farmers might now, upon his authority, proceed to put the produce of their fields to its proper use. ¹³

When Charles entered Perth, it is said that he had only a single guinea in his pocket. ¹⁴ During his march hitherto, he had freely given his chiefs what sums they thought necessary for the subsistence of the men; and his purse was now exhausted at the very moment when it was fortunately in his power to replenish it. By sending detachments of his men to Dundee, and various other towns at no great distance, he raised a good deal of public money; and several of his Edinburgh friends now came in with smaller but less reluctant

subsidies. From the city of Perth he exacted five hundred pounds.

A circumstance occurred during the negotiations about this last contribution, which, though perhaps too ludicrous for the pages of history, may be worth preserving as a curious illustration of the ignorance of the Highlanders at this period, regarding the affairs of civilized life. Before achieving the subsidy, Charles, finding it necessary to use his own personal influence with the civic rulers, went to the house of a particular bailie, attended by a single mountaineer. He immediately entered into a conference with the worthy magistrate, who happened, besides a stately old fashioned "*stand of claiiths*," as a full suit was then called, to wear a remarkably voluminous, dignified, and well-powdered periwig. On observing this grand ornament on the head of the bailie, and seeing the prince at the same time wearing his own pale unostentatious locks, it struck the mind of the poor Highlander, that there was something intolerably inappropriate in the respective appearances of the two heads. He could have borne to see the Prince's head covered by only the simple ornament supplied by nature, provided that there was no possibility of improving the case; but when he saw the head of an inferior person—a *mere bailie*, decorated with something so much finer, and to which it had not nearly so good a title, he could not possibly restrain his loyal indignation. Going up to the magistrate, therefore, he deliberately lifted off his wig before the poor gentleman was aware, and muttering that "it was a shame to see ta like o' her, clarty thing, wearing sic a braw hap, when ta vera Prince hersel had naething on

only one officer having attempted to advocate the opposite measure of a retreat to Stirling, and no member of the council presuming to press either of the other two. Sir John Cope, who took care to get their seals-manual to the resolution, must therefore be held excused for his conduct under these unhappy circumstances, however blameable he may have been *a priori*, for his precipitancy in marching into the Highlands. The memory of this general has been loaded with ridicule and blame, to an extent which almost makes any attempt at defending him ridiculous. And yet, when the report of the Board of General Officers, which inquired into his conduct, is attentively perused, the reader can scarcely fail to be convinced that the result, and not the merit of his measures, has been the sole cause of his evil reputation.

No sooner was this resolution taken, than the army proceeded upon its march, turning off from the Fort-Augustus road at a place called Blariggbig, and proceeding along that which leads by Ruthven to Inverness. In order to deceive the enemy, who lay upon the top of Corricarrack expecting his approach, the General caused a small portion of his army to advance, with the camp-colours flying, towards the hill, under the semblance of an advanced guard; with orders to overtake the main-body with all speed, when they had allowed time for it to get half a day's march upon its new route. He arrived, by forced marches, at Inverness upon the 27th, without having rested a single day since he left Crieff.

CHAPTER VI.

CHARLES'S DESCENT UPON THE LOWLANDS.

On by moss and mountain green,
 Let's buckle a' and on thegither,
 Down the burn and through the dean,
 And leave the muir amang the heather.

Sound the bag-pipe, blaw the horn,
 Let ilka kilted clansman gather ;
 We maun up and ride the morn,
 And leave the muir amang the heather.

Jacobite Song.

THE first motions of the insurgent army, after rearing the standard, were directed through the country where they expected the greatest accession of force, and not towards the south of Scotland, which they considered themselves as yet in no condition to invade. Leaving Glenfinnin on the 20th,¹ they marched to the head of Loch Lochie, and from thence on the 23d to Fassefern, where the Prince slept that night in the house of Young Lochiel's brother. They were soon informed of the march of Sir John Cope from Stirling, by Highland soldiers, who deserted nightly in great numbers from his army, and who now came to join their respective clans. Arriving on the 25th at Moy in Lochaber, they werè joined by two hun-

dred and sixty of the Stuarts of Appin, under the command of Stuart of Ardshiel. Next day, they proceeded, by the Castle of Invergary, where the Prince slept a night, to Obertaive, in the district of Glengary, where the clan of that chieftain, amounting to three hundred men, joined them, under the command of MacDonell of Lochgary.² Charles was now made aware, by an express from Gordon of Glenbucket, that Cope had arrived within two days march of his army, and was designing to proceed against him over Corriearrack. He therefore held a council of war at Obertaive, in order to consider whether he should meet the Government troops with his present force, or defer an engagement till he should be joined by the clans he was daily expecting. The ardour of his counsellors, and of his own wishes, happily determined him upon the former of these measures, at once the boldest and the best.

A considerable party of the Grants of Glenmorrison had now joined the army, which thus amounted to above eighteen hundred men.³ The whole of the clans were in the highest spirits, and longed ardently for an engagement with General Cope, whose attempt at invading them in their own country had already excited their highest indignation.⁴ As for Charles himself, the boldness with which he commenced the enterprise had been, if possible, screwed to a still higher pitch. He had already caught fresh enthusiasm from the brave people among whom he moved; and his soul, formerly fired with ambition, was now imbued with no small portion of that purer and still loftier spirit—that peculiar spirit of chivalry and high-souled feeling—which, in some measure, might be said

to form the mental atmosphere of his adherents. He had adopted a taste for Highland song and Highland tradition, was making rapid progress in the acquisition of Gaelic, and had determined upon assuming the dress and arms of a mountaineer. It was with something like the real spirit of a Highlander, that, on the morning of his march to Corriearrack, he called for the Highland dress which had been prepared for him, and, tying the lachets of his single-soled shoes or brogues, vowed not to unloose them till he had come up with the enemy. ⁵

The Highland army marched at four o'clock in the morning of the 27th from Aberchallader, near the foot of Corriearrack, in order to anticipate General Cope in the possession of that mountain. The ascent upon the north side being not nearly so steep as that upon the south, they ascended to the top without difficulty, and lay down to await the approach of the enemy, whom they understood to have spent the night at Dalwhinnie. Cope, however, had just this morning resolved upon the safer course which we have described. They were informed of his evasive march by a soldier of the name of Cameron, who deserted, in order to convey the intelligence, as soon as he perceived the army turn off at Blarigg-big. They hailed the news with a loud shout, testifying disappointed vengeance mingled with exultation; and the Prince, calling for a glass of brandy, and ordering every man one of usquebach, drank "To the health of good Mr Cope, and may every General in the Usurper's service prove himself as much our friend as he has done!" ⁶ They then descended the steep traverses upon the south side of Corriearrack, with the

tone of the public mind undisturbed. They knew it to be Charles's wish that the Low countries, and also the Government, should be as little alarmed as possible by his proceedings. They therefore conspired with the zealous Whigs to spread a general impression of his weakness.

The better to lull the town, and consequently the whole nation, into security, Charles, or some of his officers, thought proper to despatch a person of credit and good repute from their camp in Lochaber, with a report calculated to increase this dangerous confidence. They selected for this purpose James Drummond, or Macgregor, son to the celebrated Rob Roy, a man not of the purest character, but who seemed eligible on account of his address, and because he was a good deal in the confidence of the Whig party. By way of making himself as useful as possible, Drummond volunteered at the same time to carry with him to Edinburgh, copies of all the Prince's proclamations and manifestoes, which he thought he should easily be able to get printed there, and disseminated among the friends of the cause. He reached Edinburgh on the 26th, and being immediately admitted to the presence of all the high civil and civic officers, reported that the Highlanders, when he left them a day or two ago, were not above fifteen hundred strong at most. So far as he could judge of them, he said, they would run at the first onset of the Royal army, being chiefly old men and boys, and moreover all very ill armed. When he had performed this part of his duty, he lost no time in setting about the other. His papers were printed by one Drummond, a zealous Jacobite; and so speedily did they become prevalent throughout the

town, that the Magistrates were obliged, within three or four days after the arrival of this faithful messenger, to issue a proclamation, offering a high reward for the discovery of the printer.

Drummond's report, though partially successful in assuring the citizens, who immediately learned it through the newspapers, was not so completely effective with the public authorities as to prevent them from taking a measure next day, which they had for some time contemplated—that of applying to the King for permission to raise a regiment, to be paid by voluntary subscription of the inhabitants, with which they might at once defend their property and advance his Majesty's interests, in case of the town being attacked. Their previous security, however, got about this time a slight fillip, from a piece of intelligence brought to town by a Highland street-porter, who had been visiting his friends in the North. This man had the honesty to declare, that, when he saw the insurgents in Lochaber, their camp was as long as the space between Leith and the Calton Hill (at least a mile);¹ a local illustration, which inspired a much more respectful idea of the Chevalier's forces than any they had yet entertained.

It was not, however, till the 31st of August that the alarm of the city of Edinburgh assumed a truly serious complexion. On that day, news came of Cope's evasion of the Highland forces at Dalwhinnie, and of the consequent march of the Chevalier upon the Low country. The citizens had previously looked upon the insurrection as but a more formidable sort of riot, which would soon be quelled, and no more heard of; but when they saw that a regular army had found it necessary to

decline fighting with the insurgents, and that they were determined to disturb the open country, it began to be looked upon in a much more serious light. The finishing stroke was given to their alarm next day (Sunday the 1st of September), by the Duke of Athole coming suddenly to town on his way from Blair, which, as already mentioned, he had been compelled to leave on the approach of the Highlanders. It was reported at the time, that his Grace had been compelled to take this step with greater precipitation than would have otherwise been necessary, by receiving a letter from his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, calling upon him to deliver up the house and estate which he had so long possessed unjustly. But the venerable Ruddiman, who gave currency to this rumour, by means of his paper, the Caledonian Mercury, was obliged, during the same week, to acknowledge it false, beg the Duke's pardon, and pay a fine of two guineas, besides being imprisoned for two days.

When the alarm became thus strong, the friends of Government began to make serious preparations for the defence of the capital. A series of transactions then commenced in the city, the most ridiculous perhaps that ever took place in any town under similar circumstances. Edinburgh, as may be well known to many of our readers, was then, and for twenty years afterwards, the strange castelated old city which it had been for centuries, but of which it is now so violently the reverse.

“ Piled deep and massive, close and high,”

one of its poets has expressed its appearance, and chiefly situated upon a steep and isolated hill, it

was partly surrounded by a wall, and partly by a lake; defences of great antiquity, but which had never been put to the proof. To add to its natural weakness, part of the wall was overlooked by lines of lofty houses, forming the suburbs, while the lake was fordable in many places. Any attempt to fortify and hold out such a place seems to have been from the first imprudent. Even though its walls could have kept out the Highlanders, the inhabitants could have been immediately starved into terms, by the want of water and bread, both of which articles must be supplied from without; or the enemy could have threatened to burn the valuable suburb of the Canongate before their face, and perhaps even succeeded in setting fire to the town itself.

The honour of the city was destined to become a sacrifice on the present occasion, to the accursed demon of burgh politics, or, in other words, to the intrigues of the municipal government. The existing magistracy, with Provost Archibald Stewart at its head, was of a decidedly Jacobitical complexion. Opposed to them in the affections of the populace, were the materials of a Whig magistracy, who had been excluded from power for five years, and at whose head was Ex-Provost George Drummond, a man of ardent and commanding genius, who had fought in behalf of Government at Sheriffmuir. The time was approaching when, according to the custom of the burgh, a new election of Magistrates should take place; and the Whigs, to ingratiate themselves with the electors, resolved to display all their zeal in attempting to defend the town.

Along with this laudable object, the Whigs had another in view, by following out their particular

line of conduct. They found it possible thus to annoy in many ways the retiring magistracy, and moreover to cast discredit upon them in the eyes of the people. "Defend the town," or "not defend the town," became, indeed, a sort of test to try a man's political prepossessions. All who showed activity or zeal in behalf of the first measure, were esteemed loyal subjects and good citizens; all who started any difficulties, were maltreated as Papists and Jacobites. The Whigs thus went on for a week or two, making what seemed strenuous attempts to defend the town; till it at last fell under an accumulated load of futile pretension and unfulfilled bravado—a laughing-stock to the whole of Britain.

The issue of this affair having had no influence upon the general movements of the insurrection, there is very little necessity for entering at large into its contemptible details. Yet, as these present some curious facts and may serve to amuse our readers, we shall pay the same attention to this episodical part of our history which is paid to it in most works of the kind. It will in the first place be necessary to consider the actual means which remained, since Cope's march northward, for defending the Low country.

The whole of the regular forces in the south of Scotland, at this juncture, consisted in two regiments of dragoons, Hamilton's at Edinburgh, and Gardiner's at Stirling, both of which were, like the infantry now at Inverness, the youngest regiments of their kind in the King's army. Besides these, there were several companies of men, chiefly invalids, appointed to garrison the castles of Edinburgh, Stirling, and Dumbarton; but as it was

thought necessary, on the present occasion, to keep these fortresses in as high a state of defence as possible, none of course could be spared to augment the force upon the field. In Edinburgh, there was a body of military police, or *gens-d'armes*, called the Town-guard, generally amounting to ninety-six men, but now increased to an hundred and twenty-six: these were for the most part elderly men, and such as had never been active soldiers; but they had the merit of being pretty well disciplined. There was another, and much more numerous body of militia connected with the city, called the Trained Bands, the members of which, exceeding a thousand in number, were ordinary citizens possessed of uniforms, in which they appeared once a year to crack off their antique pieces in honour of the King's birth-day, but which none of them had adopted with the prospect of ever becoming active soldiers, or indeed with any other view than that of enjoying the civic dinner which was given to them on that joyous anniversary. The Trained Bands had, at their first institution in the reign of King James VI, worn defensive armour, and carried the long Scottish spear; but in these degenerate days they only assumed a simple uniform, and were provided with a parcel of firelocks, so old as scarcely to be fit for service. To give the reader some idea of the military prowess of these citizen-soldiers, we may mention a fact which has been recorded in a pamphlet of the day,² supposed to have been written by David Hume. The author of this tract, when a boy, used to see them drawn up on the High Street, to honour the natal day of Britain's majesty; on which occasions, he affirms, it was

common for any one who was bolder than the rest, or who wished to give himself airs before his wife or mistress, to fire off his piece in the street, without authority of his officers; and, "I always observed," says the pamphleteer, "they took care to shut their eyes before venturing on that military exploit;" though he immediately afterwards remarks in a note, their fear was perhaps better grounded than he imagined, seeing that their firelocks were in danger every time of bursting about their ears.

To increase this contemptible force, the Whig party had instigated the magistrates, as already mentioned, to raise a regiment, which was to be paid by public subscription. The royal³ permission was not procured for this purpose till the 9th of September; on which day, a subscription-paper was laid before the citizens, and a drum sent through town and country to enlist men. In ordinary cases, we believe, men seldom yield to the solicitations of recruiting-sergeants for the direct purpose of fighting a dreadful battle on the succeeding week; on the contrary, men generally enlist when they have taken a disgust at all other employments, and when they have but a remote prospect of entering into active warfare. As may be easily imagined, more fortune than life was volunteered on the present occasion. The subscription-paper filled almost immediately; but, after a week, only about two hundred men had been procured.

Besides this force, which was dignified with the name of the Edinburgh Regiment, a number of the loyal inhabitants associated themselves as volunteers into a separate band or regiment, for which four hundred were eventually collected.

The discipline of all these men was wretched, or rather they had no discipline at all. The members of the Edinburgh Regiment were in general desperate persons, to whom the promised pay was a temptation, and who cared nothing for the cause in which they were engaged. The volunteers, on the other hand, were all decent tradesmen, or youths drawn from the counter and the desk, inspired no doubt with a love of liberty and the Protestant religion, but, like all militia whatever, and especially all militia drawn from comfortable shops and drawing-rooms, utterly incapable of fighting.

One circumstance may here be mentioned, which seems to have had a great effect in determining the subsequent events—we mean, the ignorance which prevailed in the Lowlands regarding the real character of the insurgents. The people were indeed aware that there existed, amid wilder mountains and broader lakes than their own, tribes of men living each under the rule of its own chief, wearing a peculiar dress, speaking an unknown language, and going armed even in the most ordinary and peaceful avocations. They occasionally saw specimens of these following the droves of black cattle which were the sole exportable commodity of their country—plaided, bonnetted, belted, and brogued—and driving their bullocks, as Virgil is said to have spread his manure, with an air of great dignity and consequence. To their immediate neighbours, they were known by more fierce and frequent causes of acquaintance; by the forays which they made upon the inhabitants of the plains, and the tribute or protection-money which they exacted from those whose pos-

sessions they spared. Yet it might be generally said that little was known of them either in the Lowlands of Scotland or in England, and that the little which was known, was only calculated to inspire sensations of fear and dislike. The idea, therefore, that a band of wild Highlanders, as they were called, were descending to work their will upon the peaceful inhabitants of the plains, occasioned a consternation on the present occasion, such as it is difficult now to conceive, but which must have proved very fatal to the wish which the friends of Government entertained of defending the country.

CHAPTER VIII.

CHARLES'S MARCH UPON EDINBURGH.

Fr. Her. Ye men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur, Duke of Bretagne, in!

King John.

HAVING recruited both his purse and his muster-roll, and done something towards the organization and discipline of his army, Charles left Perth on Wednesday, the 11th of September. The direct road from Perth to Edinburgh, was by the well-known passage across the Frith of Forth, called the Queen's Ferry, and the cities were little more than forty miles distant from each other. But as all the boats upon that estuary had been carefully brought to the south side, and as he could not have passed at any rate, without being exposed to the fire of a war-vessel lying in the Frith, as well as to the attack of Gardiner's dragoons, which awaited his approach, he was obliged to take a more circuitous and safe route by a fordable part of the river above Stirling. Marching therefore to Dunblane, he was joined upon the way by sixty of the MacDonaldis of Glencoe, in addition to as many more who had previously come to his stand-

ard ; and by forty MacGregors, the retainers of MacGregor of Glencairnaig, who had deputed their command to James Mor MacGregor or Drummond, the same person who did the service at Edinburgh which we have just mentioned. :

The Prince remained a day at Dunblane, waiting till a portion of his army, which he had left at Perth, should come up to join the main body. The whole encamped that night about a mile to the south of Dunblane.

Charles proceeded on Friday, the 15th, towards the Fords of the Frew. He passed by Doune, where an incident occurred, which showed that he was at least the elected sovereign of the ladies of Scotland. At the house of Mr Edmondstone of Cambus, in the neighbourhood of Doune, all the gentlewomen of Monteith had assembled to see him pass ; and he was invited to stop and partake of some refreshment. He stopped before the house, and, without alighting from his horse, drank a glass of wine to the healths of all the fair ladies present. The Misses Edmondstone, daughters to the host, acted on this occasion as servitresses, glad to find an opportunity of approaching a person of whom they had heard so much ; and, when Charles had drunk his wine, and restored his glass to the plate which they held for him, they begged, in respectful terms, the honour of kissing his Royal Highness's hand. This favour he granted with his usual grace, and also a still higher one which was asked by another lady present. This was Miss Clementina Edmondstone, cousin of the other young ladies, who was on a visit at Doune, and who, "with heart and good will," as she expressed it, joined them in performing service to

the Chevalier. Miss Clementina, when she saw the rest all kissing the Prince's hand, thought it would be a much more satisfactory taste of royalty to kiss his lips, and she accordingly made bold to ask permission "to pree his Royal Highness's mou." Charles did not at first understand her homely language, but it was no sooner explained to him than he took her kindly in his arms, and kissed her fair and blushing face from ear to ear; to the no small vexation, it is added, of the other ladies, who had contented themselves with a less liberal share of princely grace.*

At this period of his career, Charles lost an expected adherent in a mysterious manner. Stewart of Glenbuckie, the head of a small sept of that family in Balquhiddel, and MacGregor of Glencairnaig, chief of his ancient and famous clan, were both passing Leny House, (above Callander), with their respective followings, to join the Prince, when Mr Buchanan of Arnprior, proprietor of the house, came out and invited the two gentlemen in to spend the night. Glencairnaig positively refused to stop, and marched on with his retainers; but Glenbuckie consented to accept of Arnprior's hospitality. He supped with his host, apparently in good spirits, and was in due time conducted to his bed-room. During the night, a pistol shot was heard; and it was given out next morning that Glenbuckie had put an end to his own life. Whether he really did so, or whether Arnprior pistolled him in a quarrel, immediately became a matter of public discussion; but was destined never to be clearly ascertained; for, Arnprior afterwards joining the Prince himself, and being executed at Carlisle, the affair was never made the

subject of judicial inquiry. It remains to this day, and will ever remain one of those *questiones vexatæ*, which are less indebted for interest to their importance, than to their mysteriousness and the impossibility of concluding upon them. Glenbuckie's men took up the corpse of their master, carried it home to their own glen, and did not afterwards join the Prince. 3

The Ford of the Frew, by which Charles had to cross the Forth, was a shallow part of the river, formed by the debouche of the Boquhan Water, about eight miles above Stirling. It was expected that Gardiner's Dragoons would attempt to dispute the passage with the Highlanders; but those doughty heroes, who had hitherto talked of cutting the whole host in pieces as soon as it approached the Lowlands, now thought proper to retire upon Stirling. Charles, therefore, found no opposition to prevent him from taking this decisive and intrepid step, which was, every thing considered, much the same to him as the passage of the Rubicon had been to Cæsar. Hitherto, he had only been in *the Highlands*—in a lawless land of romance, where deeds of wonderful enterprise were things of daily occurrence and little consideration; but he was now about to enter the Lowlands, a country where deeds of that sort had been unknown for a century past, and where he must necessarily excite more deadly and general hostility. Hitherto, he had been in a land where the Highlanders had a natural advantage over any troops which might be sent to oppose them; but he was now come to the frontier of a country where, if they fought at all, they must fight on equal, or perhaps inferior terms. This was truly the point

where his enterprise assumed its most dangerous aspect: it was a crisis of great and agitating moment. The adventurer's heart was, however, screwed up to every contingency of danger. Some of his officers had just questioned the propriety of venturing into a country so open and so hostile, and various less decisive measures were proposed and warmly advocated. But Charles was resolved to peril his whole cause upon one stake—in other words, to make promptitude and audacity his sole tactics and counsellors. On coming, therefore, to the brink of the river, he drew his sword, flourished it in the air, and pointing to the other side, rushed into the stream with an air of the highest resolution. The river having been somewhat reduced by a course of dry weather, he found no difficulty in wading across. When he reached the opposite side, he stood upon the bank,⁴ and congratulated every successive detachment as it reached the land.

Charles dined in the afternoon of this memorable day at Leckie House, the seat of a Jacobite gentleman named Moir, who had been seized on the preceding night in his bed, and hurried to Stirling Castle by the dragoons, on suspicion that he was preparing to entertain the Chevalier.⁵ The remainder of this day's march was in a direction due south, to the Moor of Touch; and it was for a time uncertain whether Charles designed to attack Edinburgh or Glasgow. The latter presented great temptations on account of its being unprotected, and quite as wealthy as Edinburgh; and Charles had sufficient reason to owe it a grudge, on account of its zeal against his family on all occasions when zeal could be displayed. But

the *eclat* of seizing the seat of Government, and the assurance of his Edinburgh friends that he would easily be able to do so, proved decisive in confirming his own original wishes to that effect. He, however, sent off a detachment to demand a subsidy of fifteen thousand pounds from the commercial capital.⁶

The Highland army moved eastwards next day, fetching a compass to the south of Stirling, in order to avoid the castle guns. Meanwhile, Colonel Gardiner, who had retreated from Stirling the preceding night, continued to retire before them, designing to fall back upon the other regiment, which was now lying at Edinburgh. In this day's march, the Prince passed over the field of Bannockburn, where his illustrious ancestor Bruce gained the greatest victory that adorns the Scottish annals. The emotions of pride with which he beheld this scene, were disturbed by a few shots from the castle, which broke ground near him, but without doing any mischief. A Highlander in attendance upon his person, displayed his sense of what he considered so grievous an insult upon his prince, by turning about, and firing a horse-pistol at the doughty fortress.

Charles spent the night succeeding this brief day's march in Bannockburn House, the seat of Sir Hugh Paterson, a gentleman attached in the most enthusiastic manner to his cause. His army lay upon the neighbouring field of Sauchie, where King James III, in 1488, was defeated and slain by his rebellious subjects.⁷ From this place he sent a message to the magistrates of Stirling, who submitted to him, and sent out the provisions he demanded.

On the 15th, Charles proceeded to Falkirk, where his army lay all night among some broom to the east of Callander House. He himself lodged in that mansion, where he was kindly entertained, and assured of faithful service by the Earl of Kilmarnock. His Lordship informing Charles that Gardiner's dragoons intended next day to dispute the passage of Linlithgow Bridge, Charles despatched a band of nine hundred well armed Highlanders to attack him, who, without delay, marched during the night on this expedition; but the dragoons did not wait to come to blows. They retired precipitately to Kirkliston, eight miles nearer Edinburgh; and the Highlanders entered Linlithgow without disturbance before break of day.⁸

Charles brought up the remainder of the army to Linlithgow, about ten o'clock that forenoon, when he was only sixteen miles from Edinburgh. It was Sunday, and the people were about to attend the common ordinances of religion in their ancient church. But the arrival of so distinguished a visitor suspended their pious duties for at least one day. Linlithgow, perhaps on account of its having been so long a seat of Scottish royalty, was a decidedly Jacobite town; and on the present occasion, it is said that even some of the magistrates could not restrain their loyal enthusiasm. Charles was conducted in triumph to the palace of his ancestors, where a splendid entertainment was prepared for him by Mrs Gordon, the *keeper*, who, in honour of Charles's visit, set the palace-well aflowing with wine, of which she invited all the respectable inhabitants of the burgh to partake. The Prince mingled in their festivities with his

usual grace ; and such another Sunday was perhaps never spent by the good burghers of Linlithgow. ⁹

The Highland army, at four o'clock in the afternoon, marched to a rising ground between three and four miles to the eastward, (near the twelfth mile-stone from Edinburgh), where they bivouacked, while the Prince slept in a neighbouring house. ¹⁰ They proceeded, next morning, (Monday the 17th), towards Edinburgh, from which they were now distant only four hours' march.

On reaching Corstorphine, Charles thought proper, in order to avoid the guns of Edinburgh castle, to strike off into a by-road leading in a southerly direction towards the little village of Slateford. His men there bivouacked for the night in a field called Gray's Park, which at that time bore a crop of peas nearly ripe. The tradition of Slateford records, that the proprietor of the ground applied to Charles at his lodgings for some indemnification for the loss of his crop. He was asked, if he would take the Prince Regent's bill for the sum, to be paid whenever the troubles of the country should be concluded. The man hesitated at the name of the Prince Regent, and said he would prefer a bill from some *here-awa* person,—(that is to say, some native of Scotland), whom he knew. Charles laughed heartily at his caution, and asked if he would take the name of the Duke of Perth, who was his countryman, and at the same time a more creditable man than he could pretend to be. The rustic accepted a promissory note from the Duke.

CHAPTER IX.

CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH.

K. Phi. Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates;
Let in that amity which you have made.

King John.

THE delay of the Highland army at Perth, and the daily expectation of being relieved by Sir John Cope, for a time subdued the alarm which had been excited at Edinburgh by the first intelligence of Charles's descent upon the Lowlands. But when he set out from that city, and was understood to be marching upon Edinburgh, all the terrors of the citizens were renewed, at least of that part of them who looked upon the Highland army as a public enemy, or who conceived their entrance into the city as inconsistent with the safety of private property. On the other hand, the Jacobite part of the population openly exulted at the news of every successive day's march which Charles made towards the city.

The conflicting ferment into which the passions of all ranks of people were thrown by the course of public events, was now increased in a great degree by another agitating matter—the election of heads of incorporations, which began to take place

on the 10th of September, preparatory to the nomination of the magistrates. All the reptiles who are in the habit of interesting themselves in these transactions, then became involved in the contemptible details of burgal polity; and, while the great question agitating the British empire was, "Who should be King?" that which chiefly occupied the attention of the tradesmen of Edinburgh was, "Who shall be Deacon?" To such a height was this madness carried, that the magistrates at length were obliged to discontinue the repairs which they were making upon the city walls, because it was impossible to get workmen to attend to their respective occupations. In the all-pervading, all-engrossing subject of burgh-politics, every nobler and more urgent purpose was forgotten. Their Convener, or Chief Master, had for some days fixed upon the steeple of St Giles's the ancient banner which his predecessor in office is said to have planted upon the walls of Jerusalem,¹ thus emblematically calling upon all his subjects, or rather, it is said, upon the whole of the tradesmen in Scotland, to rally round him, and repel the common danger; but the "unwashed artificers" of this generation had no inclination to go upon a crusade against Prince Charlie, and the blue folds of their standard flaunted as vainly from the spire of the cathedral, as if it had been a real instead of a metaphorical blanket, swinging upon a dyer's pole.

Sir John Cope had sent one of his captains from Inverness early in the month, to order a number of transports to sail from Leith to Aberdeen, in which he might bring back his men to the shores of Lothian. These vessels sailed on the 10th, es-

corted by a ship of war; and, as the weather was excellent, they were expected to return very soon with an army of relief. From that day, the people of Edinburgh, according to Mr Home, were continually looking up with anxiety to the vanes and weather-cocks, watching the direction of the wind.

As no certain dependence could be placed upon Cope's arrival, the Whigs did not, in the mean time, neglect in aught the training of the militia we have described. Drills took place twice a day, of a nature which seemed designed to make up in intensity what was wanted in time. MacLaurin, moreover, the celebrated mathematician, exerted all his faculties in completing the works of defence which he had designed; and the walls began to bristle with old pieces of cannon, which had been hastily collected from the country around. The various gates or ports of the town were all strongly barricaded, and a guard appointed to each.

No incident of importance occurred at Edinburgh till Sunday the 15th, when, a false alarm reaching the city, that the insurgents were advanced within eight miles, it was proposed that Hamilton's and Gardiner's regiments of dragoons should make a stand at Corstorphine, supported by a body of infantry composed of the Volunteers and Town Guard. The utter imbecility of these wretched citizen-soldiers was now shown in all its ridiculous reality.

Public worship had commenced on this day at the usual hour of ten, and the ministers were all preaching with swords by their sides, when the fire-bell was rung as a signal of approaching danger, and the churches were instantly deserted by

their congregations. The people found the Volunteers ranked up in the Lawnmarket, preparatory to marching out of town; and immediately after, Hamilton's dragoons rode up the street, on their way from Leith to Corstorphine. These heroes clashed their swords against each other as they rode along, and displayed, by their language, the highest symptoms of courage. The Volunteers, put into heart by their formidable appearance, uttered a hearty huzza, and the people threw up their hats in the air. But an end was soon put to this temporary affectation of bravery. The mothers and sisters of the volunteers began to take the alarm at seeing them about to march out to battle, and, with tears, cries, and tender embraces, implored them not to hazard their precious lives. Even their male relations saw fit to advise them against so dangerous a measure, which they said staked their valuable persons against the worthless carcasses of a parcel of brutes. That these remonstrances were by no means unsuccessful, was speedily shown by the result. An order being given to march after the dragoons, Captain Ex-Provost Drummond, who stood at the head of the regiment, led off his company down the West Bow, towards the West Port, expecting all the rest to follow in their order. What was this gentleman's astonishment, on reaching the gate, to find that, instead of being followed as he expected, only a few of his more immediate friends and most enthusiastic comrades had chosen to do him that honour! All the rest had either remained irresolute where they were in the Lawnmarket, or slipped down the various lanes which they passed in their

brief march to the West Port. A city wag afterwards compared their march to the course of the Rhine, which at one place is a majestic river flowing through fertile fields, but, being continually drawn off by little canals, at last becomes a small rivulet, and is almost lost in the sand before reaching the ocean.²

When Drummond found himself so poorly attended, he sent back a lieutenant to know what had detained the regiment. Out of all who were still standing in the Lawnmarket, this gentleman found an hundred and forty-one who still retained some sense of either shame or courage, and expressed themselves willing to march. The lieutenant brought these down to the West Port, where, being added to the Town Guard and the half-fledged subscription-regiment, they made up a body of three hundred and sixty-three men, besides officers.

Even this insignificant band was destined to be still farther reduced before making a movement against the approaching danger. As they were standing within the West Port, before setting out, Dr Wishart, a clergyman of the city, and Principal of the College, came down with several other clergymen, and conjured the Volunteers to remain within the walls, and reserve themselves for the defence of the city. The words of the reverend man appealed directly to the sentiments of the persons addressed; and, though some affected a courage which could listen to no proposals of peace, by far the greater part would have gladly obeyed the Doctor's behest. Happily, their manhood was saved the shame of a direct and point-blank retreat, by a circumstance which took place

just at this time. Drummond having sent a message to the Provost, bearing, that unless he gave his final permission for their march, they should not proceed, they were gratified with an answer, in which the Provost congratulated them upon their resolution not to march; on which Drummond, who had made all this show of zeal for the meanest of purposes, withdrew with the air of a man who is balked by malice in a design for the public service; and all the rest of the Volunteers dispersed except a few, chiefly hot-headed college youths, who resolved to continue in arms till the end of the war.³ Meanwhile the Town Guard and Edinburgh Regiment, in number an hundred and eighty men, marched out, by order of the Provost, to support the dragoons at Corstorphine; being the whole force which the capital of Scotland found it possible on this occasion to present against its formidable enemy.

The night succeeding this disgraceful day was spent without disturbance. The walls of the city were guarded by six or seven hundred men, consisting of Trained Bands, Volunteers, and tenants of the Duke of Buccleuch, who had been sent by that nobleman to assist in defending the town. Some of these watchmen were not relieved for twenty-four hours; and as we learn from a newspaper of the period, that the magistrates had restricted them during the night to a "single chopin of ale," the nature of the service may be conjectured as having been by no means very agreeable. The grandfather of a citizen of Edinburgh now living, is said by his descendant to have been so much exhausted by a long course of vigils at the door of the Council Chamber, that he was obliged

at last to lay down his musket, and go home to his house in the Grassmarket for a refreshment.

During the course of this night the two regiments of dragoons retired to a field betwixt Leith and Edinburgh, and the infantry entered the city. Brigadier-General Fowkes arrived on the same night from London, in order to take the command of this little army of protection. He did so next morning; and, by an order from General Guest, governor of the castle, marched out to Colt Bridge, a place two miles west of the city, where he was joined in the course of the forenoon by the civic troops.

A person who saw these unfortunate soldiers at their post, ⁴ describes them as having been drawn up in the open field to the east of Colt Bridge, in the form of a crescent, with Colonel Gardiner at their head, who, on account of his age and health, was muffled in a wide blue surcoat, with a handkerchief drawn round his hat and tied under his chin. The Edinburgh Regiment and Town Guard he describes as looking extremely dismal; but certainly their hearts could not be fainter than those of the "bluff dragoons." The event was such as to show that nobody had escaped the panic of this momentous day.

On retreating the preceding night to their quarters between Edinburgh and Leith, the dragoons had left a small reconnoitring party at Corstorphine, which is about two miles in advance of Colt Bridge. It was with this party that the panic commenced. The insurgents observing them on their approach to Corstorphine, sent forward one or two of their number on horseback to take a view of them, and bring a report of their number. These wicked fellows riding up pretty near,

thought proper to fire their pistols rather *towards* than *at* the party ; and the poor dragoons immediately, in the greatest alarm, wheeled about, without returning a shot, and retired upon the main body at Colt Bridge, to whom they communicated all their fears. It was immediately resolved by General Fowkes to make no further opposition to the rebels, whom he saw to be too strong to be resisted without some risk ; and he accordingly issued the welcome order for a retreat. This motion was performed with the greatest good will by the various troops ; and the Jacobite inhabitants of Edinburgh were immediately gratified with the sight of these cowards, all galloping as hard as they could, over the ground now occupied by the New Town, on their way to the eastward.

A clamour immediately rose in the streets of Edinburgh, which, till this period, had been crowded with anxious faces ; and hundreds ran about, crying that it was madness to think of defending the town, after the dragoons had fled, and that if this measure was persisted in, “ they should all be murdered ! ” A message from the Young Chevalier⁵ had previously been delivered to them, importing, that if they admitted him peaceably into the town, they should be civilly dealt with, but that resistance would subject them to all the pains of military usage ; and the general cry now was, that the town should be surrendered. The Provost, in returning from the West Port, where he had been giving orders, in consequence of the retreat of his militia, was assailed upon the street by multitudes of the alarmed inhabitants, and implored to call a meeting of the citizens, to determine what should be done. He consented with some reluctance to

do so, or rather the people pressed so close around him and his council, in their chamber, that a meeting was constituted without his consent. He then sent for the officers of the Crown, whose advice he wished to ask ; but it was found, to the still greater consternation of the people, that all these gentlemen had deserted the city. The meeting was then adjourned to a larger place—the New Church Aisle, where the question of “ Defend, or not defend, the town,” being put, by far the greater part of those present exclaimed in favour of the latter alternative, and all who attempted to urge the contrary measure were borne down by clamour. While the ferment was at its height, a letter was handed in from the door, addressed to the Lord Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Edinburgh. Deacon Orrock, a shoemaker, got this document into his hands, and announced that it was subscribed “ Charles, P. R. ” On this, the Provost rose, and, saying he would not be present at the reading of such a letter, left the assembly. He was, however, prevailed upon, after some time, to return, and permit the letter to be read, when it was found to run as follows.

“ From our Camp, 16th September 1745.

“ Being now in a condition to make our way into the capital of his Majesty’s ancient kingdom of Scotland, we hereby summon you to receive us, as you are in duty bound to do ; and in order to it, we hereby require you, on receipt of this, to summon the Town-council, and to take proper measures for securing the peace of the city, which we are very desirous to protect. But if you suffer any of the Usurper’s troops to enter the town, or any of

the cannon, arms, or ammunition, now in it (whether belonging to the public or to private persons), to be carried off, we shall take it as a breach of your duty, and a heinous offence against the King and us, and shall resent it accordingly. We promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the particular property of every one of his Majesty's subjects. But if any opposition be made to us, we cannot answer for the consequences, being firmly resolved, at any rate, to enter the city; and in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found in arms against us, they must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.

“ CHARLES, P. R. ”

The tenor of this letter decided the meeting in their proposal for a capitulation; and deputies were immediately despatched to Slateford, where they understood Charles to have taken up his quarters for the night, with power to entreat time for deliberation.

In the course of the afternoon, while the inhabitants were violently debating in the New Kirk Aisle, a gentleman, whose person was not recognised by any one, rode up the West Bow upon a grey horse, and, rushing rapidly along the lines of the volunteers, where they were standing in the Lawnmarket, cried with a loud voice that he had seen the Highlanders, and they were sixteen thousand strong! Without stopping to be questioned, he was out of sight in a moment; but the impression he made upon the faint-hearted volunteers, was decisive. Four companies immediately marched up to the Castle Hill, and surrendered their arms to General Guest, from whom they had received them;

and their example was speedily followed by all the different bodies of militia that had been supplied with arms from the castle magazine. When this transaction was completed, Edinburgh might be said to have virtually resigned all hope of defence, though the Trained Bands still continued upon the walls, with their rusty firelocks in their hands, and the gates were still barricadoed.

Throughout all these scenes of civic pusillanimity, natural enough perhaps, but still ridiculous, if not disgraceful, there were not wanting instances of noble resolution and consistent loyalty. Mr Joseph Williamson, an advocate (son to the celebrated *Mass David Williamson*, minister of the West Church of Edinburgh, during the tempestuous times of the last Charles and James), who had been intrusted with the keys of the gates, on account of his office of town-clerk, on being asked by the Provost to deliver up his charge, absolutely refused to do so; and when commanded peremptorily by his Lordship, implored that he might be permitted at least to escape over the walls, so as not to share in what he considered the general disgrace of the city.⁶ A similar enthusiast, by name Dr Stevenson, though he had long been bed-ridden through age and disease, sat for some days, as one of the guards at the Netherbow-Port, *in his arm-chair!*⁷

The deputies, who had gone out in a carriage to Slateford at eight o'clock, returned at ten, with a letter from Charles, reiterating his demand to be peaceably admitted into the town, and pointing out, that his manifesto and his father's declaration were a sufficient guarantee for the protection of the city. By this time, the magistrates had been informed of the approach of General Cope's trans-

ports to Dunbar, (twenty-seven miles east from the city), and felt disposed to hold out in the hope of speedy relief from a Government army. With this view the deputies were sent back to Slateford about two o'clock in the morning, with an insidious petition for a little longer time; but the Prince refused to admit them to his presence; and they were obliged to return without accomplishing their object.

Charles, during this anxious night, slept only two hours, and that without taking off his clothes.⁸ Finding that the inhabitants of Edinburgh were only amusing themselves at his expense, and afraid that the city would be soon relieved,⁹ he gave orders, at an early hour in the morning, for an attempt to take the city by surprise. The gentlemen whom he selected for this purpose were Lochiel, Keppoch, Ardshiel, and O'Sullivan; they were commanded to take the best armed of their respective parties, to the amount of about nine hundred, together with a barrel of powder, to blow up one of the gates if necessary. This band mustered upon the Borough Muir, by moon light, and reached the lower gate of the city, called the Netherbow, about five o'clock in the morning.

A fortuitous circumstance occurred at this moment, which spared the disagreeable necessity of using violence in entering the town. Just as the Highlanders reached the gate, it was opened by the guard within, in order to let out the hackney-coach which had brought back the deputies from Slateford; all the hackney-coaches of Edinburgh being at that time kept in the Canongate, to which place this was now returning. No sooner did the

portal open, than the Highlanders rushed in and took possession of the gate.¹⁰ Not knowing what resistance they might meet in the town, they had prepared themselves with sword and target to commence an immediate conflict, and they uttered one of those wild and terror-striking yells with which they were in the habit of accompanying the onset on a day of pitched battle.¹¹ But they were agreeably surprised to find the spacious street into which they had rushed exhibit, instead of a serried host of foes, all the ordinary appearances which betoken a city buried in profound and universal repose. Only a few night-capped heads were here and there thrust hastily out of the lofty windows, evidently raised from their pillows by the appalling noise they had just heard. The daughter of one of these persons has described to us, from the recollection of her mother, the appearance of the Highlanders as they rushed up the city. They preserved their ranks in marching; but every individual expressed, by different gestures and cries, the sensations of his own mind on so momentous an occasion. The ferocious aspect which they had put on in expectation of fighting, was just changing to an expression of joy at the easy prize they had made; and many were laughing at the symptoms of surprise and alarm which they observed in the faces of the spectators. On so auspicious an occasion, the bag-pipes could not remain silent; the ancient echoes of the High Street therefore sounded, as they marched, to the spirit-stirring strains of the favourite Jacobite air, "We'll awa to Sherramuir, to haud the Whigs in order."

The first thing that the Highlanders did in Edinburgh, was to seize the Guard-house, an an-

cient building in the centre of the High Street, where they disarmed all the men whom they found upon duty. They then went to the different parts of the city, and also to all the posts upon the walls, and relieved the guards, as quietly, says Mr Home, as one guard relieves another in the routine of duty on ordinary occasions.¹² They fixed a strong guard at the head of the West Bow, to cut off all communication between the city and the Castle, using the Weigh-house as their court of guard; and the remainder of the body drew themselves up in two lines upon the street, to await the arrival of the army. When the inhabitants began to stir at their usual hour of rising, they found the government of the city completely transferred from the Magistrates in the name of King George, to the Highlanders in the name of King James.¹³

' CHAPTER X. '

PRINCE CHARLES'S ENTRY INTO EDINBURGH.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
 Emetrius, king of Inde, a mighty name,
 On a bay courser, goodly to behold—

* * * * *

His amber-coloured locks in ringlets run,
 With graceful negligence, and shone against the sun ;
 His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
 Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue :
 Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
 Whose dusk set off the whiteness of his skin :
 His awful presence did the crowd surprise,
 Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes—
 Eyes that confessed him born for kingly sway,
 So fierce, they flashed intolerable day.

Palamon and Arcite.

INTELLIGENCE of the capture of Edinburgh having been conveyed to the Prince, he prepared, at an early hour, to leave his lodgings in Slateford, and lead forward the remainder of his army. This march, though short, was not altogether free of danger ; for he could see from his present position the flag of defiance flaunting on the battlements of the castle, and apparently daring him to venture within the scope of its guns. The eminent position of that fortress was such as to command near-

ly the whole country for miles around, and it was a matter of difficulty to discover a path which should conduct him to the city, without being exposed to its fire. Some of his train, however, by their acquaintance with the localities, enabled him to obviate this petty danger.

When the army was ready to march, Charles mounted his horse, and, attended by several of his principal officers also on horseback, rode slowly through the street of the village. As soon as it was known that he had left his lodgings, the street became crowded with men, women, and children, all alike anxious to behold so singular a visitant. Tradition records, that, on this occasion, a poor old woman, who had not seen him the night before, rushed out of her house just as the cavalcade was passing, and exclaimed with eager curiosity, "Which is the Prince? Which is the Prince"—anxious, it might be, to behold a person of whom she had heard so much. Charles, hearing the inquiry, and willing to gratify the curiosity of even so humble a person, opened his coat, and displayed before her eyes the star which marked his rank. The aged creature, impressed at once with admiration of his splendid figure, and awe for his supposed quality, shrunk back with an air of homage which strongly marked her feelings. ¹

By the direction of his guides, Charles made a wide circuit to the south of Edinburgh, so as not only to maintain a respectful distance from the castle, but to keep some swelling grounds between, which completely screened him from its view. Debouching upon the open or turnpike road, near Morningside, and turning towards the

city, he reached the *Buck Stone*, a solitary mass of granite by the way-side, on which his ancestor James the Fourth is said to have planted the lion standard of Scotland, for the muster of his army, immediately before its fatal march to Flodden. At that point, a sequestered and almost obsolete cross-road, marking the limits of the city liberties in that direction, turns off to the east, behind the eminence of Bruntsfield Links, which completely precludes the view of the city or castle; an ancient, beech-shaded path, so little frequented as to be almost overgrown by grass and wild flowers, and whose secluded character was sufficiently attested by its being then a favourite evening walk of lovers from the city. Charles conducted his army along this road, and, soon after passing through the Causeway-side and Newington, entered the King's Park, near Priestfield, by a breach which had been made in the wall. ²

With what feelings Charles traversed this venerable domain, whose wild recesses had often sounded to the bugle-horn of his royal ancestors, it is impossible to conjecture. It must, however, have been a proud moment, when he thus found himself approaching the palace where those from whom he derived his pretensions had so long held regal and unquestioned sway. He proceeded, accordingly, with all expedition, to possess himself of that ancient seat, which almost appeared symbolical of the object he came in quest of. Leaving his troops about noon, in the Hunter's Bog, a deep and sheltered valley betwixt Arthur's Seat and Salisbury Crags, he rode forward, with the Duke of Perth on one hand, and Lord Elcho on the other; ³ some other gentlemen coming up be-

hind. When he reached the eminence under St Anthony's Well, where he for the first time came within sight of the palace, he alighted from his horse,⁴ and paused a few moments to survey the scene.

The park and gardens below, intervening betwixt the Prince and the palace, were by this time filled with the inhabitants of Edinburgh, who, on learning that he approached the city in this quarter, had flocked in great numbers to see him. The crowd consisted of all ranks and persuasions of people; for the curiosity to behold so remarkable a person was a common feeling which did not regard any accidental distinctions. The Jacobites, of course abounded; and many of them now approached Charles where he was standing beside his horse, and knelt down to kiss his hand. He received the homage and the congratulations of these persons with smiles; and he bowed gracefully to the buzz which immediately after rose from the crowded plain below.⁵

Descending to the Duke's Walk, a footpath through the park, so called from having been the favourite promenade of his grandfather, he stood for a few minutes to show himself to the people. As it was here that he might be said to have first presented himself to the people of Scotland, it may be necessary to describe his appearance.

The figure and presence of Charles are said by one of his historians, who saw him on this occasion,⁶ to have been not ill-suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion; he wore a light-coloured peruke, the ringlets of which descended his back in graceful masses, and over the front of

which his own pale hair was neatly combed. His complexion was ruddy, and from its extreme delicacy, slightly marked with freckles; a peculiarity in which he differed widely from his ancestors, whose chief personal characteristic was a dark grey complexion; a saturnine paleness corresponding to the austere pride of their moral features, and suited but too well to the infelicity of their fortunes. Charles's brow had all the intellectual but melancholy loftiness so remarkable in those of his ancestors. His visage was the most perfect oval that could be conceived, and came out in strong relief from his neck, which, according to the fashion of the times, had no other covering or incumbrance than a slender stock buckled behind. His eyes were large and rolling, and of that light blue which is so generally found in people who are what is called in Scotland *blind-fair*. The light and scarcely discernible eyebrows which surmounted these features were beautifully arched. His nose was round and high; his mouth small in proportion to the rest of his features; and his chin was pointed.

Charles was both what would be called an extremely handsome and an extremely good-looking young man. In height, he approached to six feet; and his body was of that straight and round description which is said to indicate not only perfect symmetry, but also the valuable requisites of agility and health. In the language of one of his adherents, he was "as straight as a lance, and as round as an egg." By all ladies who ever saw him, his person was excessively admired; and many of his male friends have been heard to declare, in sober earnest, that there was a *charm* about him which seemed to be more than human.

Much of what seemed so irresistible in his appearance, may no doubt be ascribed to a polished and winning manner, operating upon the faculties of a simple people, and to the influence of his supposed rank, which must, to a certain extent, have imposed upon their imaginations. Yet something should also be reserved as the effect of birth, which, notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary, so often and so unequivocally sends an air of nobility through the successive representatives of a family.

On the present occasion, Charles wore a blue velvet bonnet, bound with gold lace, and adorned at top with a white satin cockade, the well-known badge of his party. He had a short tartan coat, on the breast of which hung the star of the order of St Andrew. A blue sash, wrought with gold, came gracefully over his shoulder. He wore small-clothes of red velvet, a pair of military boots and a silver-hilted broadsword.⁸

After he had stood for a few minutes in the midst of the people, he mounted a fine bay gelding, which had been presented to him by the Duke of Perth, and slowly rode towards the palace. Being an excellent horseman, and his conspicuous situation giving him additional *eclât*, a murmur of admiration ran at this moment through the crowd, which soon amounted to, and terminated in, a long and loud huzza. Around him, as he rode, there was a small guard of aged Highlanders,⁹ whose outlandish and sun-burnt faces, as they were occasionally turned up with reverence towards the Prince, and occasionally cast with an air of stupid wonder over the crowd, formed not the least striking feature in this singular scene.

The Jacobites, delighted beyond measure by the gallant aspect of their idol, were now indulging themselves in the most extravagant terms of admiration. With that propensity to revert to the more brilliant periods of the Scottish monarchy, for which they were so remarkable, they fondly compared Charles to King Robert Bruce, whom they said he resembled in his figure,¹⁰ as they fondly anticipated he would also do in his fortunes. The Whigs, however, though compelled to be more cautious in the expression of their sentiments, talked of him in a different style. They acknowledged he was a goodly person; but observed that, even in that triumphant hour, when about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy—that he looked like a gentleman and man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror.¹¹

Charles approached Holyroodhouse by the same path over which his present Majesty, seventy-seven years after, was drawn thither, in his daily progresses from Dalkeith. As he was parading along, the Duke of Perth stopped him a little, while he described the limits and peculiar local characteristics of the King's Park. It was observed on this occasion by an eye-witness, that during the whole five minutes his Grace was expatiating, Charles kept his eye bent sideways upon Lord Elcho (who stood aside at a little distance), and seemed lost in a mental speculation about that youthful adherent.

As the procession—for such it might be termed—moved along the Duke's Walk, the crowd greeted the principal personage with two distinct huzzas, which he acknowledged by as many bows

and smiles. Charles did not seem to court these acclamations, or even to appreciate them in the way that might have been expected from a person under his peculiar circumstances, but, maintaining all the dignified bearing and lofty indifference of a real prince, took the whole as a mere matter of course. The general feeling of the crowd seemed to be a very joyful one, arising in some cases from the influence of political prepossessions, in many others from gratified curiosity, and perhaps in still more from the satisfaction with which they had observed the fate of the city so easily decided that morning. Many had previously conceived Charles to be only the leader of a band of predatory barbarians, at open warfare with property, and prepared to commit any species of cruelty for the accomplishment of his purposes. They now regarded him in the interesting light of an injured prince, seeking, at the risk of life, one single noble object, which did not very obviously concern their personal interests. All, more or less, resigned themselves to the charm with which the presence of royalty is invariably attended. The present generation of the people of Edinburgh saw a king, *de facto*, pass over the ground which Charles was now passing over; a king who had no rival to his title, and whom the whole undivided country had agreed to honour and applaud. Yet, we doubt if the circumstances of that memorable scene, with all their splendour and exciting interest, composed nearly so fine an affair as the advent of the unfortunate Charles, equivocal as was his title, and miserable his retinue. In the case of George the Fourth, it is true, the whole population of Scotland was there to say, "God bless him!" and

every body beheld, with wonder and affection, a monarch acknowledgedly the greatest and the best on the face of the earth. He was the sovereign of the understanding and the reason; but Charles was emperor over the imagination and the heart. Youthful and handsome; gallant and daring; the leader of a brave and hardy band; the commander and object of an enterprise singular beyond all former singularity, and hazardous beyond all former hazard; the idol of a sentiment equivalent to all that was generous; unfortunate in his birth and prospects, but making one grand effort to retrieve the sorrows of his fate; the descendant of those time-honoured persons by whose sides the ancestors of all who saw him had fought at Bannockburn and Flodden; the representative of a family peculiarly Scottish, but which seemed to have been deprived of its birthright by the machinations of the hated English; Charles was a being calculated to excite the most fervent and extravagant emotions amongst the people who surrounded him. If the modern sovereign was beheld with veneration and awe, as the chief magistrate of the nation, and with love and admiration as an acknowledged pattern of all manly excellence, the last of the Stuarts was worshipped by the devoted loyalists of that time, as a cherished idol—as a representative of the deity upon earth. George might be greeted, in his splendid chariot, with cheers and smiles; but the boot of Charles is said to have been dimmed, as he passed along, with kisses and with tears.

On coming to the front of the palace, Charles alighted from his horse, and, with his attendants, prepared to enter the court. At that moment an

incident occurred, which served to show the bent that popular feeling had taken in his favour. The garrison of the castle had resolved, not only to hold out their fortress against the Highland army, but also to act as much upon the offensive as their means would allow. They had been informed—for they could not see—that Charles was approaching the palace; and, thinking to disturb his hour of triumph, if they could not do him any more serious injury, they fired off a large bullet, with such a direction and force as to make it descend upon that building. It struck a part of the front wall of James the Fifth's Tower, near the window which lights a small turret-chamber connected with Queen Mary's state apartments; immediately after falling into the court-yard, accompanied by a quantity of rubbish which it had knocked out of the wall. So wanton a piece of mischief, so mean an act of annoyance, excited the indignation of the crowd; and there ensued a groan, partly of contempt for the garrison and of sympathy for the Prince, who was thus insulted in common with themselves, and with one of their favourite public buildings. He therefore entered the porch of the palace, with an acclamation the loudest and heartiest which he had yet received. ¹ ²

It was a proud day for Holyroodhouse, when it received into its ample halls the grandson of the last prince who had inhabited it, and when for a time it seemed designed to be restored to all its pristine animation and grandeur. People were still alive who had seen these desolate and melancholy walls possessed by a court; and it was easy for the younger generation to catch the idea of a

scene of which they had heard so much more than enough to make them long for its restoration. Whatever might be the misrule of this Prince's ancestors, Edinburgh at least had never derived any thing but good from them, while it was only from their successors that it conceived itself to have derived any thing like evil. They were aware that the dissolution of the Union was one of the objects of the Prince's politics, and they willingly hoped he might be successful, in order to procure them what they thought so great a blessing. Dazzled by the extrinsic glories of the scene, and unmindful that the expedition was not yet successful, they likened Charles's entry into Holyroodhouse to the Restoration of Charles the Second, and indulged in the most extravagant anticipations regarding the splendid change of fortune which they saw about to befall their depressed and desolate court.

A remarkable instance of the effect of these feelings, occurred as Charles was entering the Palace. When he had proceeded along the piazza within the quadrangle, and was just about to enter the porch of what are called the Hamilton Apartments, the door of which stood open to receive him, a gentleman stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and, raising it aloft, marshalled the way before his Royal Highness up stairs. The person who adopted this ostentatious mode of enlisting himself, did not act altogether under the influence of a devoted attachment to the Stuart family, but was stimulated by a sense of the injustice of the Union, which he said had ruined his country, and reduced a Scottish gentleman from being a person of some estimation to being the

same as nobody. He was a gentleman of East Lothian—his name and title James Hepburn of Keith. He had been engaged in the insurrection of 1715, and for thirty years had kept himself in constant readiness to strike another blow for what he considered the independence of his country. Learned and intelligent, advanced in life and honoured by all parties of his countrymen, this man is said, by Mr Home, who knew him, to have been a perfect model of ancient simplicity, manliness, and honour. That he was inspired with as pure and noble a sense of patriotism as any Whig that ever breathed, it is impossible to doubt. The Jacobites beheld with pride so accomplished a person set the first example at Edinburgh of joining the Prince; auguring, like Brutus's conspirators regarding Cicero, that his "silver hairs" would "purchase them a good opinion from men." The Whigs, on the other hand, by whom he was equally admired, looked with pity upon a brave and worthy gentleman thus offering himself up a sacrifice to the visionary idea of national independence. ¹³

The apartment of the Palace selected for Charles's residence, was that which was appropriated to the use of the Duke of Hamilton, the hereditary keeper of this deserted abode of Scottish royalty. It is the suite of rooms which stretches along the front of the quadrangle, embracing those faded halls in James the Fifth's Tower, which are yet so strongly impressed with the melancholy history of Mary. Soon after he entered, Charles was called to a window by the continued acclamations of the crowd below, whom it was thought necessary he should gratify by the exhibition of his person. We

are enabled, by the information of a person whose grandmother saw him on this occasion, to point out the particular window at which he displayed himself to the populace. It was in the south-west and most modern tower, the *floor* above that chamber which, on account of his present Majesty having there held levees, is now termed the King's State-room. In more particular phraseology, it was *the uppermost long casement in the circular turret which forms the north-west corner of the tower described*; and it seems to have been selected on account of its commanding a more extensive view of the court-yard than any other window in that quarter of the Palace. So minute a local circumstance may appear unimportant and frivolous; but those who derive pleasure from the associations of history, may urge, in language resembling that of Johnson on a similar occasion, that the Scotsman is little to be envied who can view without emotion the spot where the last Stuart was hailed at Holyrood by the people of his fathers.

Charles being thus established in his paternal palace, it was the next business of his adherents to proclaim his father at the Cross. The party which entered the city in the morning had taken care to secure the heralds and pursuivants, whose business it was to perform such ceremonies. About one o'clock, therefore, an armed body was drawn up around the Cross; and that venerable pile, which, notwithstanding its association with so many romantic events, was soon after removed by the magistrates, had the honour of being covered with carpet for the occasion.¹⁴ The officers were clothed in their fantastic but rich old dresses, in

order to give all the usual éclat to this disloyal ceremony. David Beatt, a Jacobite teacher of Edinburgh,¹⁶ then proclaimed King James, and read the Commission of Regency, with the declaration dated at Rome in 1743, and a manifesto in the name of Charles Prince Regent, dated at Paris, May 16th 1745. An immense multitude witnessed the solemnity, which they greeted with hearty but partial huzzas. The ladies, who viewed the scene from their lofty lattices in the High Street, strained their soft voices with acclamation, and their lovely arms with waving white handkerchiefs, in honour of the day.¹⁶ The Highland guard looked round the crowd with faces expressing wild joy and triumph; and, with the license and extravagance appropriate to the occasion, fired off their pieces in the air. The bagpipe was not wanting to greet the name of James with a loyal pibroch; and during the whole ceremony, Mrs Murray of Broughton, whose enthusiasm was only surpassed by her beauty, sat on horseback beside the Cross, a drawn sword in her hand, and her person profusely decorated with the white ribbons, which signified devotion to the house of Stuart.¹⁷

CHAPTER XI.

COPE'S PREPARATIONS.

Cope sent a letter from Dunbar,
 Saying " Charlie, meet me an ye daur,
 And I'll show you the art o' war,
 Right early in the morning. "

Jacobite Song.

WHILST the Highlanders were proclaiming King James at the Cross of Edinburgh, Sir John Cope was landing his troops at Dunbar, a small port twenty-seven miles east from the capital. That doughty general, after making a wide circuit, and performing a rapid sea-voyage in order to get once more in front of the Chevalier, probably finding his nerves braced by the keen air of Aberdeen, now resolved to give the Highland army that opportunity of battle which he had formerly declined.

This gentleman's character has been the theme of so much ridicule among the Jacobites, and such severe censure among the Whigs, that the present popular impression regarding it is perhaps extremely inaccurate. " He was, in fact, " says the writer of an article in the *Quarterly Review*,¹ " by no means either a coward or a bad soldier, or even

a contemptible general upon ordinary occasions. He was a pudding-headed, thick-brained sort of person, who could act well enough in circumstances with which he was conversant, especially as he was perfectly acquainted with the routine of his profession, and had been often engaged in action, without ever, until the fatal field of Preston, having shown sense enough to run away. On the present occasion, he was, as sportsmen say, at fault." Even this is a more severe view of his character than his conduct throughout this whole campaign will well justify. From a letter which he wrote to Lord Milton when at Inverness,² it appears that, instead of being inclined to adhere in the present distressing case to the ordinary rules of business, he was an advocate for measures equally irregular and energetic with those of the Highlanders. It also appears from the same document, that he lacked no zeal in the cause intrusted to him, but that he had all along conducted himself with as much activity, as the circumstances in which he was placed, and the means in his power, rendered possible or necessary.

Sir John's infantry was reinforced at Dunbar by the craven dragoons, who had fled thither as the safest place within their reach. "The behaviour of these gentlemen, 'whose business it was to die,' " remarks the reviewer just quoted, "was even less edifying than that of the citizen-volunteers, whose business, as Fluellin says to Pistol, was 'to live and eat their victuals.'" The following lively description of it," he continues, "from the pen, it is believed, of David Hume,³ will not be altogether impertinent to the subject, and may probably amuse the reader. After remarking that

cavalry ought to have the same advantage over irregular infantry, which veteran infantry possess over cavalry, and that particularly in the case of Highlanders, whom they encounter with their own weapon, the broadsword, and who neither formed platoons, nor had bayonets or any other long weapon to withstand a charge,—after noticing, moreover, that if it were too sanguine to expect a victory, Brigadier Fowke, who had two regiments of cavalry, might at least have made a leisurely and regular retreat, though he had advanced within musket-shot of his enemy, before a column that could not turn out five mounted horsemen, he proceeds thus:—

‘ Before the rebels came within sight of the King’s forces, before they came within three miles distance of them, orders were issued to the dragoons to wheel, which they immediately did with the greatest order and regularity imaginable. As it is known that nothing is more beautiful than the evolutions and movements of cavalry, the spectators stood in expectation of what fine manœuvre they might terminate in; when new orders were immediately issued to retreat, they immediately obeyed, and began to march in the usual pace of cavalry. Orders were repeated every furlong to quicken their pace, and both precept and example concurring, they quickened it so well that, before they reached Edinburgh, they quickened it to a very smart gallop. They passed in inexpressible hurry and confusion through the narrow lanes at Barefoot’s Parks, in the sight of all the north part of Edinburgh, to the infinite joy of the disaffected, and equal grief and consternation of all the other inhabitants. They rushed like a torrent down to Leith, where they endeavoured to draw breath; but some unlucky

boy (I suppose a Jacobite in his heart), calling to them that the Highlanders were approaching, they immediately took to their heels again, and galloped to Prestonpans, about five miles farther. There, in a literal sense, *timor addidit alas*—there fear added wings, I mean to the rebels. For, otherwise, they could not possibly have imagined these formidable enemies to be within several miles of them. But at Prestonpans, the same alarm was repeated. The Philistines be upon thee, Sampson! They galloped to North Berwick, and being now about twenty miles to the other side of Edinburgh, they thought they might safely dismount from their horses, and look out for victuals. Accordingly, like the ancient Grecian heroes, each began to kill and dress his provisions: *egit amor dapis atque pugnae*; they were actuated by the desire of supper and of battle. The sheep and turkies of North Berwick paid for this warlike disposition. But behold the uncertainty of human happiness! When the mutton was just ready to be put upon the table, they heard, or thought they heard, the same cry of Highlanders. Their fear proved stronger than their hunger; they again got on horseback; but were informed of the falseness of the alarm, time enough to prevent the spoiling of their meal. By such rudiments as these, the dragoons were so thoroughly initiated in the art of running, that at the battle of Preston, they could practise it of themselves, though even there the same good example was not wanting. I have seen an Italian opera called *Cesare in Egitto*, Cæsar in Egypt, where, in the first scene, Cæsar is introduced in a great hurry, giving orders to his soldiers, *fugge, fugge, a' llo scampo*—fly, fly, to your heels!

This is a proof that the commander at the Colt-bridge is not the first hero that gave such orders to his troops."

The "Canter of Coltbrigg," as this disgraceful retreat was popularly termed, is related by Mr Home with circumstances somewhat different, but not less ridiculous. After passing through Leith and Musselburgh, they encamped for the evening in a field near Colonel Gardiner's house, at Preston, that venerable officer taking up his quarters in his own dwelling. Between ten and eleven at night, one of their number going in search of forage, fell into a disused coal pit, which was full of water, and making a dreadful outcry for assistance, impressed his companions with a belief that their dreaded enemy was upon them. Not stopping to ascertain the real cause of the noise, or to relieve their unfortunate fellow-soldier, the whole mounted their horses, and with all imaginable speed, galloped off to Dunbar. Colonel Gardiner, awaking in the morning, found a silent and deserted camp, and was obliged, with a heavy heart, to follow in the direction which he learned they had taken. There was little danger that he should have missed their track, for, as he passed along, he found the road strewed with swords, pistols, and firelocks, which they had thrown away in their panick. He caused these to be gathered, and conveyed in covered carts to Dunbar, where he arrived in time to greet General Cope as he landed. The mind of this gallant old officer and excellent man, seems to have been depressed to the very point where life ceases to be prized, by the shameful conduct of his men; and circumstances seem to warrant a supposition, that he now resolved to

sacrifice himself, as he did, at once in atonement for their misbehaviour, and in order to escape the infamy in which they had involved his name.

The disembarkation of the troops, artillery, and stores, was not completed till Thursday the 18th; when Mr Home, author of the history already quoted, presented himself at the camp, and gave the general all the information he could desire, regarding the numbers and condition of the Highland army. The author of Douglas had gone to the different posts about the city, and counted the men there stationed; he had then ascended the hill which overlooked the bivouack of the main body, and reckoned them as they sat at food in lines upon the ground. The whole number, in his estimation, did not exceed two thousand; but he had been told that several bodies from the North were on their march to join them. The general asked his informant what sort of appearance they made, and, in particular, how were they armed; to which the young poet replied, that most of them seemed to be strong, active, hardy men, though many were of an ordinary size, and, if clothed like Lowlanders, would appear inferior to the King's troops. The Highland garb, he said, favoured them, as it showed their naked limbs, which were strong and muscular; while their stern countenances, and bushy uncombed hair, gave them a fierce, barbarous, and imposing aspect. As to their arms, he continued, they had no artillery of any sort, but one small unmounted cannon, which he had seen lying upon a cart, drawn by a little Highland poney. Fourteen or fifteen hundred of them were armed with firelocks and broadswords, and many others had only either the one or the other

of these weapons. Their firelocks were of all sorts and sizes, muskets, fusees, and fowlingpieces; but they must soon provide themselves more generally with that weapon, as the arsenal of the Trained Bands had fallen into their hands. In the mean time, he had seen one or two companies, amounting altogether perhaps to an hundred men, each of whom had no other weapon than the blade of a scythe fastened end-long upon a pole.⁴ General Cope dismissed Mr Home, with many compliments, for bringing him so accurate and intelligent an account of the enemy.

The King's army was joined at Dunbar by several judges and other civil officers, who, having fled from Edinburgh on the evening before the Prince had entered it, now resolved to remain with the Royal troops, not as fighting men, but as anxious and interested spectators of the approaching action. Cope received at the same time a few more effective reinforcements in the shape of noblemen and gentlemen of the country, who came to him attended with their tenants in arms. Among the latter was the Earl of Home, who, being then an officer in the Guards, thought it his duty to offer his services when the King's troops were in the field. The retinue which this nobleman brought along with him, was such as to surprise many persons. At the time when the Lowlands of Scotland were equally warlike, and equally under the influence of the feudal system, with the Highlands, his Lordship's ancestors could have raised as many men upon their dominions in Berwickshire, as would have themselves repelled the Chevalier's little army. Even so late as 1633, the Earl of Home had greeted Charles the First, as he

crossed the Border to visit Scotland, at the head of six hundred well-mounted gentlemen, his relations and retainers. All that the present Earl could bring, besides himself, to assist his Sovereign in opposing a public enemy, was *two body servants!*⁵

It was not till the day succeeding the disembarkation, Thursday the 19th of September, that the Royal army left Dunbar to meet the insurgents. It is said to have made a great show upon its march; the infantry, cavalry, cannon, and baggage, occupying at once several miles of road. The people of the country, long unaccustomed to war and arms, flocked from all quarters to see an army going to fight a battle in Lothian; and, with infinite concern and anxiety, beheld this uncommon spectacle.⁶

The army halted for the night in a field to the west of Haddington, sixteen miles east of Edinburgh. In the evening, it was proposed to employ some young people who followed the camp, to ride betwixt Haddington and Edinburgh, during the dark hours, lest the Highlanders, whose movements were rapid, should march in the night-time and surprise the army. A proposal so obviously beneficial, was seconded by the general; and accordingly, sixteen young men, most of whom had been volunteers at Edinburgh, and among whom the author of Douglas was one, offered their services. About nine at night, eight of them set out, in four parties, by four different roads, for Duddingstone, where they understood the Highlanders to be encamped. They returned safe at midnight, reporting that all was quiet; and the other eight then

set out in the same manner. But all the individuals of the second party were not alike fortunate, or dexterous, in performing their portion of duty.

It was the duty of two of this little corps to observe the coast road towards Musselburgh. Their names were Francis Garden and Robert Cunningham—the one afterwards better known by his senatorial title of Lord Gardenstone, and the other by his official designation of General. On approaching Musselburgh, says the lively reviewer just quoted, “they avoided the bridge to escape observation, and crossed the Eske, it being then low water, at a place nigh its junction with the sea. Unluckily there was, at the opposite side, a snug, thatched tavern, kept by a cleanly old woman called Luckie F——, who was eminent for the excellence of her oysters and sherry. The patrol were both *bon-vivants*,—one of them, whom we remember in the situation of a senator, was unusually so, and a gay, witty, agreeable companion besides. Luckie’s sign, and the heap of oyster-shells deposited near her door, proved as great a temptation to this vigilant forlorn-hope, as the wine-house to the Abbess of Andouillet’s muleteer. They had scarcely got settled at some right *pandores*, with a bottle of sherry as an accompaniment, when, as some Jacobite devil would have it, an unlucky North-country lad, a writer’s (that is, attorney’s) apprentice, who had given his indentures the slip, and taken the white cockade, chanced to pass by on his errand to join Prince Charlie.⁷ He saw the two volunteers through the window, knew them, and guessed their business;—he saw the tide would make it impossible for them to return along the sands as they had come. He therefore placed himself in

ambush upon the steep, narrow, impracticable bridge, which was then, and for many years afterwards, the only place of crossing the Eske: and how he contrived it I could never learn; but the courage and assurance of his province are proverbial, and the Norland whipper-snapper surrounded and made prisoners of the two unfortunate volunteers, before they could draw a trigger." ⁸

They were immediately conducted to the camp at Duddingstone, and put into the hands of John Roy Stuart, commander of the Prince's Body-Guard, who at once pronounced them spies, and proposed to hang them accordingly. Thrown into a dreadful consternation by this sentence, they luckily recollected that a youthful acquaintance, by name Colquhoun Grant, bore a commission in the very body which John Roy commanded; and they entreated him to lead them before that person, who was able to attest their innocence. Colquhoun Grant, who lived many years afterwards as a respectable writer to the signet at Edinburgh, used to relate that he never was so much surprised in his life, and at the same time amused, as when his two young friends were brought up to him for his verdict. Roy Stuart introduced them with the following words:—"Here are two fellows, who have been caught prowling near the camp. I am certain they are spies, at least this oldest one (Mr Garden), and I propose that, to make sure, we should hang them baith." Mr Grant, of course, interfered in behalf of his friends, and afterwards, getting them into his own custody, took it upon him to permit their escape. ⁹

On the morning of the succeeding day, Friday the 20th of September, Cope continued his march

towards Edinburgh, by the ordinary post-road from Haddington. After marching a very few miles, it occurred to him, that the defiles and inclosures near the road would, in case of an attack, prove unfavourable to the action of cavalry: and he resolved to adopt a less frequented and more open path. On coming to Huntington, therefore, he turned off to the right, and took what is called the *Low Road*, that is, the road which traverses the Low country near the sea, passing by St Germans and Seton. At the same time, he sent forward his adjutant-general, the Earl of Loudoun, accompanied by the Earl of Home, to mark out a camp for the army near Musselburgh, intending to go no farther that day. During the march, his soldiers were in the highest spirits; the infantry feeling confident in the assistance of the cavalry, and the cavalry, who had betrayed still greater pusillanimity when unsupported, acquiring the same courage by a junction with the infantry.

The first files of the troops were entering the plain betwixt Seton and Preston, when Lord Loudoun came back at a round pace, with information that the Highlanders were in full march towards the Royal army. The general surprised, but not disconcerted by this intelligence, and thinking the plain which lay before him a very proper place to receive the enemy, called a halt there, and drew up his troops with a front to the west. His right was thus extended to the sea, and his left towards the village of Tranent. Soon after he had taken up his ground, the Chevalier's army came in sight.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PRINCE'S MARCH TO PRESTON.

When Charlie looked this letter upon,
 He drew his sword the scabbard from,
 Crying, "Follow me, my merry, merry men,
 And we'll gi'e Johnnie Cope *his morning!*"
Jacobite Song.

THREE days of rest at Edinburgh, where they were supplied with plenty of food, and did not want opportunities of improving their appointments, had meanwhile increased in no inconsiderable degree the efficacy and confidence of "Charlie and his men." Learning that Cope had landed at Dunbar, and was marching to give him battle, the Prince came to Duddingston on Thursday night, where, calling a council of war, he proposed to march next morning, and meet the enemy half way. The council agreed, that this was the only thing they could do; and Charles then asked the Highland chiefs, how they thought their men would behave in meeting a general who had already avoided them. The chiefs desired MacDonal of Keppoch to speak for them, as he had served in the French army, and was thought to

know best what the Highlanders could do against regular troops. Keppoch's speech was brief, but emphatic. He said, that the country having been long at peace, and few or none of the private men having ever seen a battle, it was difficult to foretell how they would behave; but he would venture to assure his Royal Highness, that the gentlemen would be in the midst of the enemy, and that the clansmen, devoted to their chiefs, and loving the cause, would certainly not be far behind them. Charles, catching the spirit of the moment, exclaimed he would be the first man to charge the foe, and so set, if possible, a still more striking example of attack! But the chiefs discountenanced this imprudent proposal; declaring that in his life lay the strength of their cause, and that, should he be slain, they would be undone beyond redemption, whether victorious or defeated. They even went so far as to declare, that they would go home, and endeavour to make the best terms they could for themselves, if he persisted in so rash a resolution. This remonstrance with difficulty repressed the ardour of their young commander, whose great passion at this moment seems to have been to strike a decisive blow, and share personally in its glory.¹

On the morning of Friday the 20th of September, when the King's army was commencing its march from Haddington, the Highlanders roused themselves from their shelterless lairs, near Duddingstone, and prepared to set forward. They had been reinforced since day-break by a party of Grants from Glenmorrison, as they had been the day before by some MacLauchlans and Atholmen. The Prince, putting himself at the head of his army, thus increased two hundred and fifty,

presented his sword, and said aloud, " My friends, I have thrown away the scabbard! " ² He was answered by a cheerful huzza ; and the band then set forward in three files, Charles marching on horseback by their side, along with some of his principal officers.

The situation of the Highland camp, or rather bivouack, was not so near the *Village*, as it was to the *Mill* of Duddingstone. It was pitched in a snug and sheltered place upon the banks of the Figgat Burn, within the present park around Duddingstone House, and immediately adjacent to the *cauld* or *dam-head* belonging to the mill. ³ The nearest road from that point towards the Bridge of Musselburgh, where the army had to cross the Eske, was of course that old and pleasant path, which, leading down betwixt two luxuriant hedges, passes the little village of Easter Duddingstone, and joins the post-road, near Magdalene Bridge. Along this retired and rural way Charles passed " with all his chivalry," his whole soul bent upon the approaching combat. We have had the good fortune to converse with a lady who saw him leading his men through Easter Duddingstone, and who yet lives (1827), at the age of eighty-nine, to describe the memorable pageant. The Highlanders strode on with their squalid clothes and various arms, their rough limbs and uncombed hair, looking around them with faces, in which were strangely blended, pride with ferocity, savage ignorance with high-souled resolution. The Prince rode amidst his officers, at a little distance from the flank of the column, preferring to amble over the dry *stubble-fields* beside the road. Our aged friend remembers, as yesterday, his graceful carriage and

comely looks—his long light hair straggling below his neck—and the flap of his tartan coat thrown back by the wind, so as to make the star dangle for a moment clear in the air by its silken ribbon. He was viewed with admiration by the simple villagers; and even those who were ignorant of his claims, or who rejected them, could not help wishing good fortune and no calamity to so fair and so princely a young man.

Soon after falling into the post-road, the insurgents continued their march till they entered the Market-gate of Fisher-row, an old narrow street leading to the bridge. One of their number there went up to a new house upon which the tilers were engaged, and took up a long slip of wood technically called a *tile-lath*; from another house he abstracted an ordinary broom, which he tied upon the end of the pole. This he bore aloft over his head, emblematising what seemed to be the general sentiment of the army, that they would sweep their enemies off the face of the earth. De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, it will be recollected, in the reign of Charles the Second, affixed the same ensign to his top-mast, to signify that he had swept the British fleet out of the Channel; and it is probable that the Highlander merely copied the idea from that famous incident. The shouts with which the symbol was hailed on the present occasion, testified the high courage and resolution of the troops, and but too truly presaged the issue of the approaching conflict. Charles, in passing along the Market-gate, bowed to the ladies who surveyed him from their windows, bending to those who were young or beautiful even till his hair mingled with the mane of his charger. To all

the crowd he maintained an aspect of the most winning sweetness. There was there also many a fair young chieftain, and many a gay Angus cavalier, who imitated his polite behaviour, and rivalled his gallant carriage, though without coming in for a due share of that enviable observation which, in Milton's phrase, was "rained" upon their leader.⁴ Never again shall that old street behold a scene so animating or so grand—may it never witness one so pregnant with sorrow and with blood!

The army now passed along the ancient bridge which there crosses the Eske; a structure supposed to be of Roman origin, and over which the Scottish army had passed, two centuries before, to the field of Pinkie; a structure over which all of noble or of kingly, that had approached Edinburgh for at least a thousand years, must certainly have passed; which has borne processions of monks, and marches of armies, and trains of kings; which has rattled under the feet of Mary's frolic steed, and thundered beneath the war-horse of Cromwell. Proceeding directly onward, the column traversed, not the town of Musselburgh, but the old *kirk-road*, as it is called, to Inveresk, and entered the street of Newbigging about the centre.⁵ It then marched along the precincts of Pinkie Cleuch, and sought the high grounds near Carberry; two localities memorable in Scottish history, for the disaster and the shame with which they are connected.

The reason of Charles having taken this unusual path was, that he wished to get the advantage of Cope, by occupying the high ground to the south. He went up Edge-buckling Brae, where Somerset's steel-clad bands once hovered over the Scottish army; passed by the west side of Walleyford;

and ascended Fawside Hill. Here, learning that Cope was much nearer the sea than he expected, he turned a little to the left, and drew his men down the gently declining hill towards the post-road, where he knew that he would still be sufficiently above the lines of his enemy. Entering the road at Douphiston, he marched up Birsley Brae, till, about half a mile from the west side of Trant, coming within sight of General Cope, he halted and formed his army.⁶

At this early stage of the campaign, the mode of *forming* the Highland army was extremely simple, on account of the want of horse and artillery. The column in which it always moved, was merely halted at the proper place, and then, facing about, became at once a line. Such was the evolution by which, on the present occasion, Charles brought his men to their first *tête-à-tête* with the devoted troops of his antagonist.

When the Royal troops first perceived the Highlanders, they uttered a vehement and spirited shout, to which the others replied with a yell, that rolled down the hollow ground towards them like the echoes of thunder. The two armies were about a mile distant from each other, with a gentle descent and a long stripe of marshy ground between. It was a little after noon, and the weather was favourable for immediate combat. Both armies had marched the equal distance of eight miles, and were alike fresh and ardent. It was Charles's wish, as it had been his expectation, to engage his foes before night-fall; and the ground appeared perfectly favourable for the purpose. The descent towards Cope's position, though gentle, was sufficient to increase the natural speed and impetuosity.

of the Highlanders, who have a maxim, (used by Evan dhu Maccombich in "Waverley,") that even "the haggis, God bless her, can charge down hill," and whose ancestors had been always successful in conflicts fought in that manner. But Cope had not the same eager desire of battle: and various considerations, arising from the nature of the ground, interposed to prevent an immediate attack on the part of the Highlanders.

The English general had at first arranged his troops with their front to the west, expecting the enemy to come directly from Musselburgh; but when he saw them appear on the southern heights, he altered his position accordingly, and now lay upon a plain swelling gently up from the coast, with Cockenzie and the sea behind him, the intricate little village of Preston, with its numerous parks and garden-walls on his right, Seton House at a distance on his left, and a deep ditch or drain traversing the morass before him. On all sides but the east, he was inaccessible, except perhaps by a column, which no enemy could ever have thought of directing against him. His position was very strong, but of that sort of strength which is rather calculated for a *seige* than a *battle*; and the only merit which can be allowed to him for his choice, is, that he does not seem to have calculated it for a *flight*.

By examining the country people, who, as usual, flocked about him in great numbers, the Prince soon learned that to attack General Cope across the morass, was impracticable except at a frightful risk. In order to ascertain the fact still more satisfactorily, Lord George Murray despatched an officer of military experience, to survey and re-

port upon the ground. The person selected for this service, or who volunteered to perform it, was Mr Ker of Gradon; and the perilous duty was executed in a manner which commanded admiration from both armies. Mounted upon a little white poney, Mr Ker descended alone from Tranent, and with the greatest deliberation approached the post of the enemy. When very near it, he rode slowly along the edge of the morass, carefully inspecting the ground on all sides, and scanning the breadth and depth of the ditch with peculiar accuracy. A few shots were fired at him by the king's troops, who were not above two hundred yards off; but he did not pay the slightest attention to them. So great, indeed, was his coolness, that, on approaching a stone fence which he required to cross, he dismounted, pulled down a piece of the dyke, and then led his horse through the breach. When he had completely satisfied himself, he returned to the army in the same soldier-like manner, and reported his observations to the Lieutenant-general. The morass, he said, could not be passed, without the troops being exposed to several unreturned fires, and was therefore not to be thought of.⁷ When Charles learned this, he moved a considerable part of his army back to Douphistone, and affected to meditate an attack upon Cope's west or right flank. The English general, observing this, resumed his first position, in order to meet the insurgents with the front of his army.

Charles, probably deterred from making an attack in this quarter by the park-dykes which so effectually screened the enemy's front, now once more shifted his ground, and returned to his first

station near Tranent. The King's army faced round at the same time, so as to occasion a bystander to exclaim, in derision of these ineffectual movements, what has since become a proverbial expression, "Why, they're just where they were, wi' their face to Tranent." The whole afternoon was occupied by these evolutions, which resembled nothing so much as the last moves of a well-contested game of draughts, where a bold player is perpetually attempting to *set* a wily one. When evening approached, General Cope found himself still in possession of the advantageous ground he had originally chosen; but it was feared by some unconcerned spectators that he had been perhaps over-cautious in his evolutions—that he had cooped himself up in a narrow place, while the Highlanders were at liberty to move about as they pleased,—and that he had disheartened his men by keeping them so carefully on the defensive, while the Highlanders were proportionably animated by the certainty of making the attack. ⁸

Cope had not acted altogether on the defensive. He had sent off a few cannon-shots, one of which wounded a Cameron in the arm, as he stood at his post below Tranent church. ⁹ This made the Highlanders remove farther back, and take up their station on some ground, then wild and covered with furze, south-west of Tranent, where there was a swell or gentle eminence intervening betwixt them and the enemy's cannon. Charles, however, posted five hundred men under Lord Nairn at Preston, to the west of Cope's position, to prevent him from stealing a march in that direction; and, by posting parties at all the roads

round about, he seemed to express a determined resolution to hem in and make sure work of his cautious enemy.

A little incident, personal to the Prince, occurred in the course of the afternoon, which, preserved by tradition, serves to show that he never neglected an opportunity of making himself popular. As he was passing the house of Windygowl, about a quarter of a mile south-east of Tranent, a number of ladies came out to greet him. One of the party, more enthusiastic than the rest, approached him, and desired to kiss his royal hand. He not only granted this favour, but took the girl in his arms, and gave her a kiss of his lips also; calling her, in conclusion, "*a bonnie lassie.*" It would appear from this that, in accordance with the policy which induced him to wear the Highland habit, he had studied to learn the phrases of compliment peculiar to Scotland, wisely judging that they would be much more effective with a Scottish ear than any others. It would indeed appear that he used the endearing epithet above mentioned *upon system*; for we remember an ancient dame who used to tell, with an innocent air of vanity strangely in contrast with her aged face, that as she passed the Prince on Glasgow Green, at a later period of his campaign, he clapped her on the head, and "called her a bonnie lassie."

At a late period of the afternoon, when all thoughts of the battle had been given up for the night, Charles went with two of his officers, one of whom was the Duke of Perth, to an inn at Tranent, and desired to have dinner. Tranent, though a large, is also a poor village; and its

principal inn was then a house of no great splendour. It consisted of only two rooms, *a butt and a ben*, Anglice, a kitchen and parlour. Humble as it was, however, Prince Charles condescended to enter it, and accept of its meagre hospitalities. The name of the good publican, who was also the chief butcher of the village, was James Allan; his wife had previously concealed her service of pewter, and every small article of value belonging to her house, for fear of the wild Highlanders; so that she was now much less able than usual to entertain such distinguished guests. She could not present her coarse soup, or *kail*, in any better dish than a huge shallow one turned out of wood; and she could purvey no more than *two* wooden spoons for her *three* guests. Down they sat, however, around her plain deal board; and, the Prince appropriating one whole spoon, while his two officers enjoyed the other by rotation, they soon made an end of their broth. Mrs Allan then put the meat with which her soup had been made, into the same wooden dish, and, presenting them with the knife used by her husband in his professional immolations, told them to make the best they could of what they saw before them, as she could really offer them nothing else. One of them having cut the meat into small pieces, they ate it with their fingers, using bannocks of barley-meal for bread. It would appear that Charles had afterwards provided himself with a portable knife and fork for the exigencies of his campaign; as a lady presented a set of eating utensils, attested to have been his, to the King when he visited Edinburgh. On the present occasion, he purchased five bullocks from James

Allan, for the use of his army, and amply paid for both his own dinner and that of his adherents. ¹⁰

Since the insurgents had first risen in Lochaber, the weather had been extremely fine. "Indeed," says the Caledonian Mercury, in allusion to this fact, "it has been more mild and comforting in September than it has ever been in June for the last half-century." The nights, however, though calm, were chill, as generally happens in the finest autumn weather under this northern climate. The night of Friday the 20th of September, 1745, set in with a cold mist, which, without doing any particular injury to the hardy children of the North, was infinitely annoying to their opponents, less accustomed to night bivouacking, and obliged to be more upon the alert in case of a night attack. Under these disagreeable circumstances, General Cope lighted great fires all round his position, to warm and inspirit his men. ¹¹ He also threw off a few cothorns during the night, to let the enemy know he was, in the words of the song, "waukin yet." At an early period of the evening, he had planted pickets with great care in every direction around him, especially towards the east. He had also sent his military chest and baggage down to Cockenzie, under a strong guard.

The Royal army was arranged along the front of the morass in a manner displaying considerable military skill. The centre consisted of eight companies of Lascelles's regiment, and two of Guise's. On the right were five companies of Lees's; on the left the whole of Sir John Murray's. Besides these, there were a number of recruits for different regiments at present abroad, and a few small parties of volunteers, comprising the gentlemen with their te-

nants already mentioned, and some persons who had been induced to join by the enthusiasm of religion. The infantry was protected, on the right flank by Gardiner's, on the left by Hamilton's dragoons; who stood each with two troops to the front, and one in the rear for a reserve. The cannon, six pieces in all, guarded by a company of Lees's regiment, commanded by Captain Cochran, and under the orders of Lieutenant-Colonel Whiteford, were placed on the right of the army, near the waggon-road or railway from Tranent to Cockenzie.

The army of Cope altogether consisted of 2100 men; but a number of these did not fight in the subsequent engagement, being engaged elsewhere as videttes and guards. The artillery was by far the most hopeless of all the component parts of the army. At the time when General Cope marched to the north, there were no gunners or matrosses to be had in broad Scotland, but one old man, who had belonged to the Scots train of artillery before the Union. Him, and three old invalid soldiers, the General carried on with him to Inverness; and the hopeful band was afterwards re-inforced by a few sailors from the ship of war which escorted the troops to Dunbar. A more miserable troop was perhaps never before, or since, intrusted with so important a charge.

As soon as it became dark, the Highland army moved from the west to the east side of Tranent, where the morass seemed to be more practicable; and a council of war being called, it was resolved to attack the enemy in that quarter at break of day. The Highlanders, wrapping themselves up in their

plaid, then laid themselves down to sleep upon the stubble-fields. Charles, whose pleasure it had all along been to share in the fatigues and privations of his men, rejecting the opportunity of an easier couch in the village, also made his lodging "upon the cold ground." During the night, not a light was to be seen, and not a word to be heard in his bivouack, in obedience to an order which had been issued, for the purpose of concealing their position from Sir John Cope.^{1 2}

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.

Bru. — Slaying is the word ;
It is a deed in fashion.

Julius Cæsar.

A CIRCUMSTANCE now occurred, in itself trivial, but upon which the fate of the subsequent day seems to have almost entirely depended. Mr Robert Anderson (the son of Anderson of Whitbrough in East Lothian), a gentleman who joined the insurgents at Edinburgh, had been present at the council which determined the place and mode of attack, but did not take the liberty to speak or give his opinion. After the dismissal of the council, Anderson told his friend Mr Hepburn of Keith, that he knew the ground well, and thought there was a better way to come at the King's army than that which the council had resolved to follow. "I could undertake," he added, "to show them a place where they might easily pass the morass without being seen by the enemy, and form without being exposed to their fire." Hepburn listened attentively to this information, and expressed his opinion of it in such terms, that Anderson

desired he would carry him to Lord George Murray. Mr Hepburn advised him to go alone to the Lieutenant-General, with whom he was already perfectly well acquainted, and who would like best to receive any information of this sort without the presence of a third party. Anderson immediately sought Lord George, whom he found asleep in a field of cut peas, with the Prince and several of the chiefs lying near him. The young gentleman immediately awoke his Lordship, and proceeded to inform him of his project. To Lord George it appeared so eligible, that he hesitated not a moment to use the same freedom with the Prince which Mr Anderson had used with him. Charles sat up on his bed of peas-straw, and listened to the scheme with great attention. He then caused Lochiel and the other leaders to be called and taken into counsel. They all approved of the plan; and a resolution was instantly passed to take advantage of Mr Anderson's offers of service. It was justly considered strange that a youthful country gentleman, who had never seen an army, should have thus given advice to a band of military officers, some of whom had considerable experience, and that that advice eventually proved not more excellent than successful. ¹

Lord Nairn's party being recalled from Preston, the Highland army began to move about three o'clock in the morning (Saturday, 21st September), when the sun was as yet three hours below the horizon. It was thought necessary, on this occasion, to reverse the order of march, by shifting the rear of the column to the van. Mr Ker, already mentioned with applause for the deliberation with which he surveyed Cope's position on the

preceding evening, managed this evolution with his characteristic skill and prudence. Passing slowly from the head to the other end of the column, desiring the men as he went along to observe the strictest silence, he turned the rear forwards, making the men wheel round his own person till they were all on the march.² Mr Anderson led the way. Next to him was MacDonald of Glenaladale, Major of the Clanranald Regiment, with a chosen body of sixty men, appointed to secure Cope's baggage whenever they saw the armies engaged.³ Close behind came the army, marching as usual in a column of three men abreast. They came down by a sort of valley, or hollow, that winds through the farm of Ringan-head. Not a whisper was heard amongst them. At first their march was concealed by darkness, and, when daylight began to appear, by the mist already mentioned. When they were near the morass, some dragoons who stood upon the other side as an advanced guard, called out, "Who's there?" The Highlanders made no answer, but marched on. The dragoons, soon perceiving who they were, fired their pieces, and rode off to give the alarm.⁴

The ditch so often mentioned as traversing the morass, became a mill-dam at this easterly point, for the service of Seton Mill with water. The Highlanders had therefore not only the difficulty of wading through the bog knee-deep in mud, but also that of crossing a broad deep *run* of water by a narrow wooden bridge. Charles himself jumped across the dam, but fell on the other side, and got his legs and hands beslimed. The column, as it gradually cleared this impediment, moved directly onwards to the sea, till it was thought by

those at the head, that all would be over the morass; and a line was then formed, in the usual manner, upon the firm and level ground.

The arrangement of the Highland army preparatory to the battle of Preston, was rather accordant with the old Scottish rules of precedence in such matters, than dictated by considerations of efficiency—was rather a matter of heraldry than of generalship. The great Clan Colla, or MacDonalds, formed the right wing, because Robert Bruce had assigned it that station at the battle of Bannockburn, in gratitude for the treatment he had received from its chief when in hiding in the Hebrides, and because it had assumed that station in every battle since, except that of Harlaw, on which occasion the post of honour was voluntarily resigned in favour of the Macleods.⁵ The Camerons and Appin Stuarts composed the left wing, perhaps for some similar reason; while the Duke of Perth's regiment and the MacGregors stood in the centre. The Duke of Perth commanded the right wing, Lord George Murray the left.

Behind the first line which was thus disposed and thus commanded, a second was arranged at the distance of fifty yards, consisting of the Athole men, the Robertsons, the MacDonalds of Glenco, and the MacLauchlans, under the command of Lord Nairn. Charles took his place between the two lines. The whole army was rather superior in numbers to that of General Cope, being probably about 2400; but as the second line never came into action, the real number of combatants, as stated by the Prince's authority after the battle, was only 1456.

Surprise being no part of the Prince's plan, no

regret was expressed at the alarm which the videttes had carried to the King's army; but it was thought necessary to form the lines as quickly as possible. When this was effected, Charles addressed his men in these words, "Follow me, gentlemen; and by the blessing of God, I will this day make you a free and happy people!"⁶ The Duke of Perth then sent Mr Anderson to inform Lord George Murray that he was ready to march. Anderson met an aid-de-camp, sent by Lord George to inform the Duke that the left wing was moving. Some time of course elapsing before the right wing was aware of this motion, it was a little behind the left; and the charge was thus made in an oblique manner.⁷

It was just dawn, and the mist was fast retiring before the advance of the sun, when the Highlanders set out upon their attack. A long uninterrupted series of fields, from which the grain had recently been reaped, lay between them and General Cope's position. Morn was already on the waters of the Forth to their right, and the mist was rolling in large masses over the marsh and up the crofts to their left; but it was not yet clear enough to admit of either army seeing the other. An impervious darkness lay between, which was soon however to disclose to both the exciting spectacle of an armed and determined enemy. Early as was the hour, and notwithstanding the darkness, the walls of almost all the neighbouring fields around were covered by rustics and others, anxious to obtain, from a safe distance, a view of the impending conflict.⁸ On the part of the Highlanders there was perfect silence, except the rushing sound occasioned by their feet

going through the stubble: on that of General Cope, only an occasional drum was to be heard, as it hoarsely pronounced some military signal.

At setting out upon the charge, the Highlanders all pulled off their bonnets, and, looking upwards, uttered a short prayer.⁹ The front-rank men, most of whom were gentlemen, and all of whom had targets, stooped as much as they could in going forward, keeping their shields in front of their heads, so as to protect almost every part of their bodies, except the limbs, from the fire which they expected.¹⁰ The inferior and worse-armed men behind, endeavoured to supply the want of defensive weapons by going close in rear of their companions. Every chief charged in the centre of his regiment, supported immediately on both sides by his nearest relations and principal officers; ¹¹ any one of whom, as of the whole clan, would have willingly substituted his person to the blow aimed at that honoured individual.

A little in advance of the second line, Charles himself went on, in the midst of a small guard. His situation was not so dangerous as it would have been if he had carried through his wish of going *foremost* into the enemy's lines; but, as he was only a few yards behind the front line, his position was not without peril. To prove that he had all the resolution and coolness necessary for a soldier, we may quote a circumstance incidentally mentioned in the journal of a Highland officer, (*Lockhart Papers*, II, 491.) This gentleman saw his Royal Highness, just before the meeting of the armies, leave his guard and go forward to the Duke of Perth and Clanranald, in order to give his last orders. In returning to his guard,

he passed the journalist, and said, with a smile, "Gres-ort, gres-ort,"—that is, "*Make haste, make haste!*"

Not only was the front line, as already mentioned, oblique, but it was soon further weakened from another cause. Soon after commencing the charge, it was found that the marsh retired southwards a little, and left some firm ground unoccupied by that extremity of the army, so that it would have been possible for Cope to turn their flank with a troop of dragoons. In order to obviate this disadvantage, the Camerons were desired by Lord George Murray to incline that way, and fill the open ground. When they had done so, there was an interval in the centre of the line, which was ordered to be filled up from the second line; but it could not be done in time.¹⁵ Some of the Prince's officers afterwards acknowledged, that when they first saw the regular lines of the Royal army, and the level rays of the new-risen sun reflected at a thousand points from the long-extended series of muskets, they could not help expecting that the wavering unsteady clusters into which their own line was broken, would be defeated in a moment, and utterly swept from the field.¹⁴ The issue was destined to be far otherwise.

Sir John Cope, who had spent the night at the little village of Cockenzie, where his baggage was disposed under a guard, hastened to join his troops on first receiving intelligence that the Highlanders were moving towards the east. His first impression regarding their movement seems to have been, that, after finding it impossible to attack him ei-

ther across the morass or through the defiles of Preston, they were now about to take up a position on the open fields to the east, in order to fight a fair battle when daylight should appear. It does not seem to have occurred to him that they would make the attack immediately; and, accordingly, although he thought proper to form his lines and turn them in the direction of the enemy, he was at last somewhat disconcerted, and his men were not a little surprised, when it was given out by the sentries that the Highlanders were upon them.

The circumstances which lead us to this conclusion will scarcely fail to impress the reader with the same idea. According to the journal-writer already quoted, the advancing mountaineers, on first coming within sight of Cope's army, heard them call out, "Who is there? Who is there? Cannons! Cannons! get ready the cannons, cannoneers!" On the other hand, Andrew Henderson, a Whig historian, has mentioned, in his account of the engagement, that the sentries, on first perceiving the Highland line through the mist, thought it a hedge which was gradually becoming apparent as the light increased. The event, however, was perhaps the best proof, that the Royal army was somewhat taken by surprise.

The mode of fighting practised at this period by the Highlanders, though as simple as can well be conceived, was calculated with peculiar felicity to set at nought and defeat the tactics of a regular soldiery. It has been thus described by the Chevalier Johnstone, who was engaged in all the actions fought during this campaign. They advanced with the utmost rapidity towards the enemy, gave fire when within a musket-length of the

object, and then, throwing down their pieces, drew their swords, and holding a dirk in their left hand along with the target, darted with fury on the enemy through the smoke of their fire. When within reach of the enemy's bayonets, bending their left knee, they contrived to receive the thrust of that weapon on their targets; then raising their arm, and with it the enemy's point, they rushed in upon the soldier, now defenceless, killed him at one blow, and were in a moment within the lines, pushing right and left with sword and dagger, often bringing down two men at once. The battle was thus decided in a moment, and all that followed was mere carnage.

Cope, informed by his retreating sentries, that the enemy was advancing, had only time to ride once along the front of his lines to encourage the men, and was just returned to his place on the right of the infantry, when he perceived, through the thin sunny mist, the dark clumps of the clans rushing swiftly and silently on towards his troops; those which were directly opposite to him being most visible, while on the left they faded away in an interminable line amongst the darkness from which they seemed gradually evolving. The indefinite and apparently innumerable clusters in which they successively burst upon his sight—the rapidity with which they advanced—the deceptive and indefinite extent given to their appearance by the mist—all conspired to appal the unhappy General, and had no doubt an effect still less equivocal upon his troops. Little time was given for the action of fear; for, opening up one of those frightful yells, with which we have described them as accustomed to commence their battles, the Highlanders almost

immediately appeared before them in all the terror-striking and overwhelming reality of savage warfare. Five of the six cannon were discharged against their left, with such effect as to make that part of the army hover for a moment upon the advance; and one volley of musketry went along the Royal lines from right to left, as the clans successively came up. But all was unavailing against the ferocious resolution of the Highlanders. One discharge of muskets—one burst of flame and smoke—one long re-echoing peal of thunder-like sound—when the lightning sword flashed out from the tartan cloud, and smote with irresistible vehemence the palsied and defenceless soldiery.

The victory began, with the battle, among the Camerons. That spirited clan, notwithstanding their exposure to the cannon, and although received with a discharge of musketry by the artillery guard, ran on with undaunted speed, and were first up to the front of the enemy. Having swept over the cannon, they found themselves opposed to a squadron of dragoons under Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, which was advancing to attack them. They had only to fire a few shots, when these dastards, not yet recovered from their former fright, wheeled about, and fled over the artillery-guard, which was accordingly dispersed. The posterior squadron of dragoons, under Colonel Gardiner himself, was then ordered to advance to the attack. Their gallant old commander led them forward, encouraging them as well as he could by the way; but they had not proceeded many steps, when, receiving a few shots from the Highlanders, they reeled, turned, and followed their companions. Lochiel had ordered his men to strike at the noses

of the horses, as the best means of getting the better of their masters; but they never found a single opportunity of practising this *ruse*, the men having chosen to retreat while they were yet some yards distant.

If Gardiner's dragoons behaved thus ill, Hamilton's, at the other extremity of the army, may be said to have behaved still worse. No sooner had they seen their fellows flying before the Camerons, than they also turned about and fled, without having fired a carabine, and while the MacDonalDs were still at a little distance.

The infantry, when deserted by those from whom they were taught to expect support, gave way on all hands, without having reloaded their pieces, or stained a single bayonet with blood. The whole at once threw down their arms, either to lighten them in their flight, or to signify that they surrendered; and many fell upon their knees before the impetuous Highlanders, to beg the quarter which, in the hurry of the moment, could scarcely be given them. One small party alone, out of the army, had the resolution to make any resistance. They fought for a brief space, under the command of Colonel Gardiner, who, deserted by his own troop, and observing their gallant behaviour, thought proper to put himself at their head. They only fled when they had suffered considerably, and when their noble leader was cut down by numerous wounds. Such was the rapidity with which the Highlanders, in general, bore the Royal soldiers off the field, that their second line, though only fifty yards behind, and though it ran fully as fast as the first, on coming up to the

place, found nothing upon the ground but the killed and wounded.¹⁵ The whole battle, indeed, is said to have lasted only five or six minutes.

In the panic flight which immediately ensued, the Highlanders used their dreadful weapons with unsparing vigour, and performed many feats of individual prowess, such as might rather adorn the pages of some ancient romance, than the authentic narrative of a modern battle. A small party of MacGregors, in particular, bearing for their only arms the blades of scythes fastened end-long upon poles, clove heads to the chin, cut off the legs of horses, and even, it is said, laid the bodies of men in two distinct pieces upon the field. Even with the broadsword alone, strength and skill enabled them to do prodigious execution. Men's feet and hands, and also the feet of horses, were severed from the limbs by that powerful weapon; and it is a well-authenticated fact, that "a Highland gentleman, after breaking through Murray's Regiment, gave a grenadier a blow, which not only severed the arm raised to ward it off, but cut the skull an inch deep, so that the man immediately died."¹⁶

The various degrees of good conduct displayed by the different clans in this singular conflict, is necessarily a very delicate subject, though one which should not be altogether neglected. The Camerons, of course, deserve the highest praise, because they were the first in action, and that although raked by artillery, which none of the rest had to endure. Yet this need not be construed as in the least degree reflecting upon, or impairing the well-won military renown of the MacDonalds, who were only prevented by a fortuitous circumstance from getting so soon up to the enemy.

There never yet flowed a drop of coward blood in the veins of a MacDonald: and had the good fortune of the Camerons been theirs, it is impossible to doubt that they would have as well deserved it. Regarding the conduct of the centre of the insurgent army, we can speak less equivocally. According to MacPharig's manuscript, already quoted, the Duke of Perth's regiment, who occupied that part of the line, and most of whom had been pressed into action by their landlord, "stood stock-still like oxen," on approaching the Royal troops. It was to this regiment that the scythe-armed company of MacGregors belonged. *They*, at least, evinced all the ardour and bravery which were so generally displayed that day by their countrymen. Disregarding the example of their immediate fellow-soldiers, they continued to rush forwards, under the command of their captain, Malcolm MacGregor, or Murray, son of Duncan Macgregor, or Murray, Craigree. A space being left betwixt them and their clan-regiment, (which went on beside the Camerons, under the command of Glencairnaig their chief,) they edged obliquely athwart the field in that direction, in order to rank themselves beside their proper banner—an evolution which exposed them in a peculiar manner to the fire coming at that moment from the British regiments. Their captain fell before this fire, pierced with no fewer than five bullets, two of which went quite through his body. Like Marmion, however, under similar circumstances, this heroic young man, though unable to engage personally in the conflict, thought he might at least encourage his men to do so. He accordingly raised himself upon his elbow, and cried out, as loud as he could,

“Look ye, my lads, I’m not dead—by G—, I shall see if any of you does not do his duty!” This speech, half whimsical as it was, is said to have actually communicated an impulse to his men, and perhaps contributed, with other acts of individual heroism, to decide the fate of the day.¹⁷

The general result of the battle of Preston, may be stated as having been the total overthrow and almost entire destruction of the Royal army. We have already mentioned, that Cope did not seem to have calculated his position for a flight. His troops now found the fatal consequences of that oversight. Most of the infantry, falling back upon the park-walls of Preston, were there huddled together without the power of resistance into a confused drove, and had either to surrender or be cut in pieces. Many, in vainly attempting to climb over the walls, fell an easy prey to the ruthless claymore. Nearly four hundred, it is said, were thus slain, seven hundred taken, while only about an hundred and seventy in all succeeded in effecting their escape.

The dragoons, with worse conduct, were much more fortunate. In falling back, they had the good luck to find outlets from their respective positions, by the roads which run along the various extremities of the park-wall; and they thus got clear through the village with very little slaughter; after which, as the Highlanders had no horse to pursue them, they were quite safe. Several officers, among whom were Fowkes and Lascelles, escaped down to Cockenzie, and along Seton Sands, in a direction strangely contrary to the general flight.

The unfortunate Cope,—who, though personal-

ly unscathed, may be considered the chief sufferer by this disaster,—had attempted, at the first break of Gardiner's dragoons, to stop and rally them, but was borne headlong, with the confused bands, through the narrow road to the south of the enclosures, notwithstanding all his efforts to the contrary. On getting quite beyond the village, where he was joined by the retreating bands of the other regiment, he made one desperate effort to retrieve the fortune of the day. But their lesson of retreat had taken too certain effect upon their minds to be unlearned at this juncture. They fled on in spite of him, ducking their heads along their horses' necks to escape the bullets which the pursuers occasionally sent after them; ¹⁸ and Sir John was at last obliged, however reluctantly, to take care of his own life, by also galloping off. He retired with his panic-struck troops, up a narrow path leading from Preston towards Birslie Brae, (which the country people, in honour of him, now call *Johnnie Cope's Road*); and striking into another narrow cross-road to the south, he made with all his speed for the hills above Dalkeith. He did not draw bridle till he had reached Channelkirk, a small village at the head of Lauderdale, twenty miles from the fatal field. He there stopped to breakfast, and wrote a note to one of the Officers of State, expressing, in one emphatic sentence, the fate of the day. He has been described by a person who saw him there as exhibiting in his countenance a strange and almost ludicrous mixture of dejection and perplexity. That he was still under the influence of panic, seems to be proved by his not considering himself safe with twenty miles of hilly road between him-

self and the Highlanders, but continuing his flight immediately to Coldstream upon Tweed, a place fully double that distance from the field of battle. Even here he did not consider himself altogether safe, but, rising early next morning, rode off towards Berwick, where the fortifications seemed to give assurance of at least temporary protection. He every where brought the first intelligence of his own defeat.

The number of dragoons who accompanied the general, was about four hundred; besides which, there were perhaps half as many who dispersed themselves in different directions. The people of Musselburgh have a picturesque tradition of a considerable party riding furiously through that town, on the way to Edinburgh, with countenances and demeanour which betrayed the utmost terror; while a long train of riderless steeds followed close after, their nostrils distended with fright, their saddles turned under their bellies, and the skins of many spotted with the blood of their masters. It is also remembered by tradition at Peebles, as a circumstance illustrative of the terror into which these wretched soldiers had been thrown, that a party of about half a dozen, who reached that remote town early in the forenoon, were in the act of surrendering to a single Jacobite, the chaplain of the Earl of Traquair, who called upon them to yield in the name of King James, when they were rescued by a zealous Whig magistrate, who, sallying out of his cow-house with a dung-fork in his hand, threatened to run the daring Catholic through the body, if he persisted in detaining the King's men. Of all the detached parties, that which made for the Castle of Edinburgh testified perhaps

the most remarkable degree of pusillanimity ; for they actually permitted themselves to be pursued and galled the whole way by a single cavalier, without ever once having the courage to turn about and face him. It was Colquhoun Grant, a gentleman already mentioned, who had the hardihood to perform this feat ; and assuredly the courage he displayed was fully as wonderful in its way as the cowardice of the dragoons. Grant was a man of prodigious bodily strength, which he had testified, the day before Charles entered Edinburgh, by simultaneously knocking down two of Hamilton's dragoons, as they were standing upon the High Street. His athletic frame was animated by a mind, which, for high chivalric resolution, might have graced a Paladin of romance, or a Clarendon cavalier. After performing some deeds of desperate valour on the field of Preston, he mounted the horse of a British officer, whom he had brought down with his broadsword, and rode after the fugitive dragoons with all possible speed, resolved to destroy all he could overtake. The victory just gained by his prince had elevated his political zeal to the highest pitch ; and his heart, fleshed by the bloody work of the morning, was prepared to encounter every sort of danger. The party which he pursued, sunk in proportion to the lowest degree of imbecility, entered the long ancient street of Edinburgh, little more than an hour after the battle, crying out to all they met to make way for them, and in their fright firing off their carabines at every one who seemed disposed to accost them. In the rear of their long straggling troop came the heroic Grant, so close in pursuit that he entered the Netherbow Port, ere the war-

ders could close the gate which had been opened to admit them. Notwithstanding all his efforts, they got safe into the Castle, and he was obliged to turn away disappointed. He who had so lately been the triumphant pursuer might now be considered in some measure a prisoner, for the least degree of resolution on the part of the citizens would have been sufficient to capture him, enclosed as he was within their walls, at the distance of many miles from those who could have supported or succoured him. The same dauntless courage, however, which had involved him in this dilemma, served to extricate him from it. He, in the first place, turned into the shop of a draper in the Lawnmarket, and ordered a full suit of tartan to be prepared for him against the day after next, when the Prince Regent, he said, along with the whole army, would return in triumph to the city. Then remounting his horse, and still brandishing his sword, he rode fearlessly down the street towards the Netherbow Port, an object of infinite wonder and consternation to the crowds which surveyed him. Before he reached the barrier, a sort of resolution had been made by the guard, to detain him as an enemy to Government; but when they heard his terrific voice commanding them to open their gate and allow him a free passage,—when they looked upon his bold countenance, his bloody sword, and battle-stained habiliments, their half-collected courage melted away in a moment; the gate slowly devolved upon its hinges, apparently of itself; the guard shrunk aside, beneath the wave of his lofty brand; and Colquhoun Grant, who might have been so easily taken or slain, passed scatheless forth of the city. It is said that,

after he was fairly gone, the courage of the warders revived wonderfully, and each questioned another, with angry looks and hard words, how he came to shrink from his duty at so interesting a crisis. But some time after, on being interrogated by a fellow-townsmen, as to their silliness in permitting so bloody a rebel to pass unpunished, when they might have so easily served their country, and at the same time avenged the many murders he had committed that morning, by detaining him, they had the candour to confess, that they considered their duty in this case more honoured in the breach than the observance, and that, indeed, every thing considered, it was perhaps quite as good that "they had got rid of the fellow in the way they did." ¹⁹

"The cowardice of the English," says the Chevalier Johnstone, in allusion to their conduct at Preston, "surpassed all imagination. They threw down their arms that they might run with more speed, thus depriving themselves of the only means they had of arresting the vengeance of the Highlanders. Of so many men in a condition, from their numbers, to preserve order in their retreat, not one thought of defending himself. Terror had taken complete possession of their minds. I saw," he continues, "a young Highlander scarcely formed, who was presented to the Prince as a prodigy, having killed, it was said, fourteen of the enemy. The Prince asked him if this was true? 'I do not know,' replied he, 'if I killed them, but I brought fourteen soldiers to the ground with my broadsword!' Another Highlander brought ten soldiers to the Prince, whom he had made prison-

ers of war, driving them before him like a flock of sheep. This Highlander, from a rashness without example, having pursued a party to some distance from the field of battle, along the road between the two enclosures, struck down the hindermost with a blow of his sword, calling, at the same time, 'down with your arms!' The soldiers, terror-struck, threw down their arms without looking behind them; and the Highlander, with a pistol in one hand, and his sword in the other, made them do just as he pleased."

From the eagerness of the Highlanders to secure as much plunder as possible, they did not improve their victory by a very eager or long continued pursuit. A great proportion remained upon the field, investing themselves with the spoils of the slain and wounded, while others busied themselves in ransacking the house of Colonel Gardiner, which happened to be immediately adjacent to the field. A small party, among whom were the brave MacGregors, continued the chase for a mile and a half, when, in the words of MacPharig, "the Prince came up and successively took Glencairnaig and Major Evan in his arms, congratulating them upon the result of the fight. He then commanded the whole of the clan Gregor to be collected in the middle of the field, and, a table being covered, he sat down with Glencairnaig and Major Evan to refresh himself, all the rest standing round as a guard, and each receiving a glass of wine and a little bread." In regard to Charles's conduct after a victory so auspicious to his arms, we may quote the report of another eye-witness, Andrew Henderson, author of an historical account of the campaign. "I saw the

Chevalier," says Andrew, "after the battle, standing by his horse, dressed like an ordinary captain, in a coarse plaid and large blue bonnet, with a narrow plain gold lace about it, his boots and knees much dirtied, the effects of his having fallen in a ditch. He was exceedingly merry, and twice cried out with a hearty laugh, 'My Highlanders have lost their plaids.' But his jollity seemed somewhat damped when he looked upon the seven standards which had been taken from the dragoons; at this sight he could not help observing, with a sigh, 'We have missed some of them.' After this he refreshed himself upon the field, and with the greatest composure eat a slice of cold beef and drank a glass of wine." Mr Henderson ought to have mentioned that Charles had, before thus attending to his own personal wants, spent several hours in providing for the relief of the wounded of both armies; preserving (to use the language of Mr Home), from temper or from judgment, every appearance of moderation and humanity. It remains to be stated, that, after giving orders for the disposal of the prisoners, and for securing the spoils, which comprised the baggage, tents, cannon, and a military chest containing four thousand pounds, he left the field, and rode towards Pinkie House, the seat of the Marquis of Tweeddale, where he lodged for the night.²⁰

Though the general behaviour of the King's army on this memorable battle was the reverse of soldierly, there were not wanting instances of valour on its part, less daring perhaps, but equally honourable with any displayed by the victors. The venerable Gardiner—that *beau-ideal* of an

old officer of the Marlborough school, and a man who perhaps combined in his single person all the attributes which Sir Richard Steele has given to "the Christian Soldier,"—afforded a noble instance of devoted bravery. On the previous afternoon, though so weak that he had to be carried forward from Haddington in a post-chaise, he urged the propriety of instantly attacking the Highlanders, and even, it is said, offered Cope his neighbouring mansion of Bankton in a present, provided he would consent to that measure, which he felt convinced was the only one that could ensure victory. When he found this counsel decidedly rejected, he gave all up for lost, and proceeded to prepare his mind by pious exercises for the fate which he expected to meet in the morning. In the battle, notwithstanding his gloomy anticipations, he behaved with the greatest fortitude, making more than one of the insurgents fall around him. Deserted by his dragoons, and severely wounded, he put himself at the head of a small body of foot which still refused to yield; and he only ceased to fight, when brought to the ground by severe and repeated wounds. He expired in the manse of Tranent, after having rather breathed than lived a few hours.²¹

Another redeeming instance of self-devotion, was presented by Captain Brymer of Lees's regiment, the only officer in the army who had ever before seen the Highlanders attack regular troops. He had witnessed the wild onset of the MacDonalds at Sheriffmuir, which impressed him with a respect for the instinctive valour of the race. At Haddington, two nights before, when all the rest of the officers were talking lightly of the ene-

my, and anticipating an easy victory, Brymer retired to solitary meditation, assured that the danger which approached was by no means inconsiderable. When the dread moment of fight arrived, he disdained to fly like the rest, but fell at his station, "with his face to the foe."

The field of Preston, after the heat of the battle was past, presented, it is said, a spectacle more horrible than may be generally displayed upon fields where many times the number have been slain. As most of the wounds had been inflicted by the broadsword, or by still deadlier weapons, and comparatively few by gunshot, the bodies of the dead and wounded were almost all dreadfully gashed, and there was a much greater effusion of blood upon the field than could have otherwise taken place. The proper horror of the spectacle was greatly increased by dissevered members—"legs, arms, hands and noses," says an eyewitness,²²—which were strewed about the field, in promiscuous and most *bizarre* confusion, so as at once to astonish and terrify the beholder. A number of women, followers of the camp, and mostly natives of England, added to the horrors of the scene, by their wild wailing cries; while seven hundred disarmed soldiers, including seventy officers, stood dejected in a herd at a corner of the field, under the charge of a few well-armed mountaineers.

The Highlanders having been generally considered a barbarous people, it will scarcely be believed of them, that they took considerable pains, after their blood had cooled from the heat of action, to administer such relief as was in their power, to the wounded of the enemy. This is attested by the tradition of the country people, as well as by the

Journal of the Clanranald officer, so often quoted. "Whatever notion," says this gentleman, "our Low country people may entertain of the Highlanders, I can attest they gave many proofs this day of their humanity and mercy. Not only did I often hear our common clansmen ask the soldiers if they wanted quarter, and not only did we, the officers, exert our utmost pains to save those who were stubborn, or who could not make themselves understood, but I saw some of our private men, after the battle, run to Port Seton for ale and other liquors, to support the wounded. As one proof for all, of my own particular observation, I saw a Highlander, carefully, and with patient kindness, support a poor wounded soldier by the arms * * * * and afterwards carry him on his back into a house, where he left him, with a sixpence to pay his charges. In all this," adds the Journalist, "we followed not only the dictates of humanity, but also the orders of our Prince, who acted in every thing as the true father of his country."

Of the Highlanders themselves, only thirty were killed, including three officers, and about seventy or eighty wounded. The greater part of the wounded of both armies were taken into Colonel Gardiner's house, where it is yet possible to see upon the oaken floors, the dark outlines or prints of the tartaned warriors, formed by their bloody garments, where they lay.

Whatever humanity may have been displayed by the Highlanders towards the wounded, it would be in vain to deny that they exhibited quite as much, if not more, general activity in dispoiling the slain. Every article they conceived to be of the least value, they eagerly appropriated; often,

in their ignorance of civilized life, making ludicrous mistakes in their preference of particular articles, and as often appropriating articles which were of no value at all. One who had got a watch, sold it soon afterwards to some person for a trifle, and remarked, when the bargain was concluded, with an air of great gratulation, "he was glad to be quit of ta chratur, for she leaved nae time after he caught her;" the machine having in reality stopped for want of winding up. Another exchanged a horse for a horse-pistol. Rough old Highlanders were seen going with the fine shirts of the English officers over the rest of their clothes, while little boys went strutting about with vast gold-laced cocked hats on their heads, bandaliers dangling down to their heels, and breeches which it required at least one of their hands to keep from tripping them. Out of the great numbers which deserted, in order to carry home their spoils, more than one were seen hurrying over hill and dale, with nothing but a great military saddle upon their backs, and apparently impressed with the idea that they had secured a competency for life. ²⁵

The greater part of the slain were interred at the north-east corner of the park-wall, so often alluded to, where the ground is still perceptibly elevated in consequence. A considerable number were also buried round a thorn-tree, which is said to have marked the centre of Cope's first line, and which still stands. The country people, of whom it might truly be said, in the words of Shakspeare, that,

"———With more dismay

They saw the fight, than those that made the fray,"—
were drawn forth and employed in this disagreeable duty; which they performed, with horror and dis-

gust, by carting quantities of earth and emptying it upon the bloody heaps. A circumstance worthy of note occurred at the inhumation of a small party of dragoons, which had been cut off at a short distance below Tranent churchyard. A hole was dug for these men, into which they were thrown as they had fallen, undivested of their clothes. A Highlander, happening to approach, and seeing a pair of excellent boots upon one of the party, desired a rustic who had been employed in digging the grave, to descend into the pit and hand them up to him. The rustic refused, and said the Highlander might go down himself, if he pleased. With some hesitation he did so, and was stooping to pull off the boots, when the indignant grave-digger gave him a blow on the back of the head, with his spade, which stretched him beside his prey; and he was immediately inhumed in the same pit. ²⁴

When the search for spoil had ceased, the Highlanders began to collect provisions. They fixed their mess-room in one of the houses of Tranent, and, sending abroad through the neighbouring parks, seized such sheep as they could conveniently catch. The people of the village have a picturesque tradition of their coming straggling in, every now and then, during the day, each with a sheep upon his back, which he threw down at the general depôt, with the exclamation, "Tare's mhair o' Cope's paagage!" When men's minds are agitated by any mirthful or triumphant emotion, they are pleased with wonderfully small jokes; and to represent the spoil which they procured among private individuals as only a further accession of plunder from the vanquished army, seems to have been the prevailing witticism of the Highlanders on this auspicious day.

CHAPTER XV.

PRINCE CHARLES AT HOLYROOD.

What says King Bolingbroke?

Richard the Second.

THE Camerons had entered Edinburgh scarcely three hours after the battle, playing their pipes with might and main, and exhibiting with many marks of triumph the colours they had taken from Cope's dragoons.¹ But the return of the main body of the army was reserved for the succeeding day (Sunday), when an attempt was made to impress the citizens with as high an idea as possible of the victory they had achieved. The clans marched in one long extended line into the lower gate of the city, an hundred bagpipes playing at once the exulting cavalier air—"The King shall enjoy his own again."² They bore, besides their own appropriate standards, those which had been taken from the Royal army; and they displayed with equally ostentatious pride the vast accession of dress and personal ornament which they had derived from the vanquished. In the rear of their own body came the prisoners,³ at least half as numerous as themselves, and then followed the wounded in carts.⁴ At the end of all, came the baggage and

cannon under a strong guard. They paraded through all the principal streets of the city, as if anxious to leave no one unimpressed with the sight of their good fortune. Charles himself did not accompany the procession, but came in the evening to Holyroodhouse, where, according to the Caledonian Mercury, he was "welcomed with the loudest acclamations of the people."

The news of the battle, which told the complete overthrow of all the force Government had been able to send against the insurgents, occasioned a violent revulsion of public feeling in favour of the victor, and spread proportionate consternation among all who had any interest in the state. The whole of the Scottish state-officers, as well as many inferior persons enjoying public trust, betook themselves in disguise to England, or to remote parts of their own country; and in all Scotland there soon did not remain a single declared friend of Government, except those who kept the fortresses. Charles might be said to have completely recovered his paternal kingdom from the hands of the usurper; and as the British army still remained in Flanders, there seemed nothing wanting, but a descent upon England, in order to secure that portion of his dominions also. It has been the opinion of many, that, had he adopted this vigorous measure, considering the terror of his name, the rapidity with which he could have marched, and the general idea which at this moment prevailed, that there was nothing impossible to his arms, he might have dislodged his Majesty from London, and changed, for a time at least, and probably for ever, the titles of King and Pretender.

His own sentiments in the hour of victory were in favour of an immediate march into England. Those of his chief adherents and counsellors suggested a more cautious measure, and one perhaps less likely to ensure the success of his enterprise. It was represented that his army was considerably diminished by the slaughter at Preston, and by the desertion of those who had gone home to secure their booty; that to penetrate into England with less than two thousand men would discourage his English adherents; and that, by waiting a little longer, he would be sure to increase his force to a respectable amount, by the accession of those clans and other Scotsmen who had not yet declared themselves in his favour. By these objections, Charles permitted himself to be overruled, and was, in the mean time, amused with the state and circumstances of royalty which he enjoyed at Holyroodhouse.

It is difficult to describe the extravagant rejoicings with which the Jacobites hailed the news of Preston. They received the messengers and homeward-bound Highlanders, who every where dispersed the intelligence, with the most unbounded hospitality; and they no longer made any scruple to disclose those sentiments in public, which they had hitherto been obliged to conceal as treasonable. The gentlemen drank fathom-deep healths to the prince who, in their own language, "could eat a dry crust, sleep on peas-straw, take his dinner in four minutes, and win a battle in five;"⁵ whilst the ladies busied themselves in procuring locks of his hair, miniature portraits of his person, and ribbons on which he was represented as "the Highland Laddie." But perhaps the most extra-

ordinary instance of individual zeal in his behalf, was one afforded by an old Episcopalian or non-jurant clergyman, who had attended his camp before Preston, as some of the violent Presbyterians, on the other hand, followed that of Cope. This zealous partisan, immediately after the battle, set out on foot for his place of residence beyond Doune in Perthshire; and, having travelled a good deal more than fifty miles, next morning gave out the news of the victory from his own pulpit, at the ordinary hour of worship, invoking a thousand blessings on the arms and person of the Chevalier.⁶

The cessation of public worship in Edinburgh was not the least remarkable circumstance attending this defeat. On the evening of his victory, Charles sent messengers to the houses of the various clergymen, desiring them to preach next day as usual; but when the bells were rung at the usual hour, no clergymen appeared; and, for the first time on record, a Sunday passed in that city undistinguished by the ordinances of religion. The ministers, with a pusillanimity which was afterwards censured by even their own party,⁷ had all left their charges, and taken refuge in the country. Charles, on learning this, issued a proclamation on Monday, assuring them that he designed in no respect to disturb them in the exercise of their duties; but they persisted, notwithstanding, in their absurd terrors, and absented themselves from the city during all the time the Highlanders remained in it. A century before, their predecessors had displayed a precisely similar degree of timidity and distrust, when, having taken refuge in Edinburgh Castle from the victorious arms of Cromwell, they repeatedly refused the toleration and protection

offered to them by that general, and entered into a correspondence with him, which, being printed, testifies no less to the childish imbecility and petulance of one party, than to the vigorous mind and public-spirited generosity of the other. One Presbyterian clergyman alone, out of all their number, on the present occasion, ventured to appear in his pulpit. His name was Hog, and his charge the inferior one of morning lecturer in the Tron Church. He was himself a Jacobite, and had a near relation in the Prince's army. Charles, on learning that he had performed public worship, and that in his prayers he had mentioned no names, said he would bestow a parish on the good man, should he come to his kingdom. It may also be mentioned, that the clergymen of the neighbouring parish of St Cuthbert's, having their church protected by the guns of the castle, continued to exercise their functions as usual, and also to pray for King George. One of them, a Mr MacVicar, even went the length of saying, that, "in regard to the young man who had recently come among them in search of an earthly crown, he earnestly wished he might soon obtain, what was much better, *a heavenly one.*"^s When this was reported to Charles, he is said to have laughed heartily, and to have expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the tenor of the old man's petition.

By proclaiming toleration at Edinburgh, and by expressing in his manifesto an intention of preserving the present religious establishments of Britain, Charles evidently meant to shadow forth the mild nature of his reign, in case he should succeed in his enterprise. It would be too much to say

that he was altogether sincere in this profession ; yet there is some probability in that conclusion, from the known indifference of his mind to forms of religion, and from his only eight years after gratuitously abjuring the Catholic faith. An adherent who knew him intimately, being asked, in the expedition through England, ⁹ “ what religion his Royal Highness was of ? ” answered, that he believed “ his religion was yet to seek ; ” and the Earl of Kilmarnock, when it was represented to him by a clergyman before his execution, that the tendency of the insurrection had been to restore the evils and monstrosities of Popery, distinctly avowed, that he never had believed that, and that “ from all the conversation he had ever had with Prince Charles, and from all he could learn of his sentiments, he was not a person who had any real concern for any outward profession of religion. ” ¹⁰ This happy indifference, though perhaps disreputable in a subject, seems to be the very constitution of mind required in the British King ; and it seems altogether highly probable, that had Charles obtained his object, he would have disappointed the alarmists who raised the cry of Popery against him and his cause. We can relate, for a certain fact, that being solicited by the Laird of Glencairnaig to attend public worship, he expressed the utmost willingness to do so, but was dissuaded by the Duke of Perth, who was a zealous Catholic. ¹¹

While the news of the victory was elating the hearts of his father and other friends abroad, and striking alarm into the Court of St James's, the people among whom it happened, unaccustomed to domestic war for so many years, thought and

talked of nothing else. The zealous Whigs and Presbyterians in general regarded his success with consternation; but the general tone of the public mind was favourable in a high degree to Charles. Many looked upon him as a hero destined to restore his paternal country to the consequence and prosperity which it had lost at the Union; and with that national spirit which often leads men to prefer in sentiment an old tale to a present substantial good, they talked with rapture of the renewed independence of their country, and of "the *Blue Bonnets*" once more, as formerly, going "over the Border, and spreading terror in the rich vales of England. One of the schemes of the day made Charles king of his paternal kingdom, and the enemy of England; and they welcomed the idea of their country soon starting from its degraded condition of a province, into that of a separate monarchy, and becoming, instead of a servile appanage of England, a respectable adversary even to that powerful country. Such "devout imaginations" were inexpressibly pleasing to the public mind—pleasing though dangerous, and acceptable with all their alarming accompaniments. It is true, they were not such as could be acted upon—they could not stand the slightest inquiry on the part of reason; yet for a moment they seem to have dazzled with a ray of romance the imagination of a commercial and peaceful people.

The Highland army was not more flattered with this emotion of the public mind, than the vanquished party was ridiculed and condemned. General Cope, now cooped up in disgrace within the walls of Berwick, was the theme of a thousand scurril rhymes, which were chanted and appreciated every

where, and some of which, superior to the rest in bitterness of sarcasm, are yet popular in Scotland. Of those still in repute, one of the most remarkable is a ballad to the air of "Killiecrankie," which was written by an East Lothian farmer named Skirving.¹²

From the time that he returned victorious from Preston, Charles continued, under the style of Prince Regent, to exercise every act of sovereignty at Holyroodhouse, the same as if he had been a crowned monarch in undisturbed possession of his kingdom. He ordered regiments to be levied for his service, and troops of horse-guards for the defence of his person. He appointed a council to meet him every morning at ten o'clock, the members of which were, the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, Secretary Murray, Quarter-Master-General Sullivan, Lord Pitsligo, Lord Elcho, and all the Highland chiefs. He also proposed to assemble a Scottish parliament, in order at once to gratify the vanity of the people, and to interest them in his proceedings, by appearing to act with their sanction.

His deportment during this brief interval of triumph was generally considered pensive. He seemed, least of all men, elated by his victory, and he had the air of one who is oppressed by business and care. This may be accounted for by the magnitude and hazard of his enterprise, or by the difficulty which he is said to have experienced in conducting himself with impartiality amongst his adherents. He nevertheless gave occasional balls to the numerous ladies who favoured his cause, and generally dined in public with his officers. On these occasions, if not uniformly cheerful, he at

least exerted himself to appear pleased with the local and moral character of his paternal kingdom. He frequently said, when at dinner, that if his enterprise was successful, Scotland should be his *Hanover*, and Holyroodhouse his *Herenhausen*; ¹³ a saying at once complimentary in the highest degree to Scotland, and exquisitely satirical upon King George. The ladies who attended his entertainments in Holyrood, took pleasure in contributing their plate, china, and linen, for his service; and many an old posset-dish and snuff-box, many a treasured necklace and repeater, many a jewel which had adorned its successive generations of family beauties, was at this time laid in pledge, in order to raise him pecuniary subsidies.

By giving these entertainments, Charles at once rewarded and secured the affections of his female partisans. It is well known that the ladies exercised prodigious influence over his fortunes. President Forbes complains somewhere, that he could scarcely get a man of sense to act with him, or even to consult in his emergencies, by reason of the necessity under which all laboured of pleasing their mistresses by favouring the Chevalier. Another writer—an officer in the army, who came to Edinburgh in the subsequent January along with the Duke of Cumberland, and who published a volume of letters regarding his journey—expresses a still more painful sort of querulousness, when he gravely assures us, that it was actually impossible for a loyal soldier to win the smiles of any lady worthy of his attention; all of them being in love with the Chevalier, and not even scrupling to avow their Jacobitism, by wearing white breastknots and

ribands in their private assemblies. Charles, though said to have been at this period of his life indifferent to women, saw and seized the opportunity of advancing his interests by their means; and, accordingly, at all his balls, which he gave in the Picture-gallery of Holyrood-house, he exerted himself to render them those attentions, which go so far with the female heart under any circumstances, but which must of course have been peculiarly successful coming from one of his rank. He talked—he danced—and he flattered. In his conversation, he had all the advantage of high breeding, besides that of a certain degree of talent which he possessed for witty and poignant remark. In his dancing, he had the equal advantage of a graceful person and exquisite skill, not to speak of the effect produced by the very circumstance of his dancing, at least upon the favoured individual. His flattery was of course effective precisely in proportion to the estimation in which his rank was held. In all his proceedings, he was ruled by a due regard to impartiality. As there were both Highland and Lowland ladies in the company, he called for music alternately appropriate to these various regions. Sometimes, also, he took care to appear in “a habit of fine silk tartan, (with crimson velvet breeches), and at other times in an English court dress, with the blue ribbon, star, and other ensigns of the Order of the Garter.”¹⁴ We cannot easily, at this distance of time, and with the commonplace feelings of the modern world, conceive the effect which these scenes must have had upon all who witnessed or participated in them; but it is easy to suppose that when a prince, and one who had every external mark of princely descent,

—a Stuart, moreover, and one in all respects worthy of his noble race,—moved to the sound of Scottish airs through the hall of his forefathers, an hundred of whom looked down upon him from the walls,—that effect must have been something altogether bewilderingly delightful and ecstatic.¹⁵

While Charles held court in Holyrood, he revived, in one instance at least, a courtly practice which had been for some time renounced by the sovereigns of England. This was—touching for the King's evil. It is well known that not only was the superstitious belief in the efficacy of the Royal touch for this disease, prevalent among the people so late as the reign of Queen Anne, but the Book of Common Prayer actually contained an office to be performed on such occasions, which has only been omitted in recent editions of that venerable manual of devotion. Queen Anne was the last monarch who condescended to perform the ceremony; on which account, it used always to be said by the Jacobites, that the usurping family *dared* not do it, lest they should betray their want of the real Royal character. We have been informed, by an ancient non-jurant still alive, that a gentleman of England having applied to King George the First, soon after his accession, to have his son touched, and being peevishly desired to go over to the Pretender, actually obeyed the command, and was so well pleased with the result of the experiment, that he became and continued ever after a firm believer in the *jus divinum*, and a staunch friend of the exiled family. Whether Charles believed in the supposed power of the Royal touch, we cannot determine; but it is certain that he condescended

to perform the ceremony at Holyrood-house, under the following circumstances:—

When at Perth, he had been petitioned by a poor woman, to touch her daughter, a child of seven years, who had been dreadfully afflicted with the disease ever since her infancy. He excused himself by pleading want of time; but directed that the girl should be brought to him at Edinburgh; to which she was accordingly despatched, under the care of a stout sick-nurse; and a day was appointed when she should be introduced to his presence in the Palace. When the child was brought in, he was found in the Picture-gallery, which served as his ordinary audience-chamber; surrounded by all his principal officers and by many ladies. He caused a circle to be cleared, within which the child was admitted, together with her attendant, and a priest in his canonicals. The patient was then stripped naked, and placed upon her knees in the centre of the circle. The clergyman having pronounced an appropriate prayer—perhaps the office above-mentioned—Charles approached the kneeling girl, and, with great apparent solemnity, touched the sores occasioned by the disease, pronouncing, at every different application, the words, “I touch, but God heal!” The ceremony was concluded by another prayer from the priest; and the patient, being again dressed, was carried round the circle, and presented with little sums of money by all present. Precisely twenty-one days from the date of her being submitted to Charles’s touch, the ulcers fortunately closed and healed; and nothing remained to show that she had ever been afflicted, except the scars or marks left upon the skin! We have de-

rived this strange tale from a non-jurant gentleman, who heard the woman herself relate it, and who had touched with his own fingers the spots upon her body which had been previously honoured by contact with those of Prince Charles. The poor woman told her story with many expressions of pride, and of veneration for him whom she considered her deliverer. She also added, that she had received many valuable presents from the Jacobites, to whom, after her recovery, she had been exhibited by her parent, and who, of course, did not entertain the slightest doubt regarding the efficacy of Charles's fingers, any more than they questioned his pretensions to the throne of Britain.

While Charles endeavoured in this manner to amuse his friends with the gaieties of a court, and by exercising the functions of royalty, he did not neglect that attention to more urgent matters which his situation and new character so essentially required. On the contrary, in issuing proclamations, and in his endeavours to increase the army, he was perhaps as thoroughly occupied as any prince who had before resided within the walls of Holyrood. His proclamations were calculated to three different purposes,—the conciliation of his enemies, the encouragement of his hitherto undeclared friends, and the strengthening of his pecuniary and other resources. He demanded an unlimited surrender of all the arms and ammunition in Edinburgh and the surrounding country. He granted protection to all persons travelling upon their lawful business. He forbade all public rejoicings for the victory of Preston. He also granted an indemnity to all his father's people for

their treasons during the exile of his family, requiring only that they should promise to his secretary to live hereafter as obedient subjects. His proclamations were headed with the words,—“ Charles, Prince of Wales, &c. Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the dominions thereunto belonging; To all his Majesty's subjects, greeting;” and subscribed, “ By his Highness's command, J. Murray.”¹⁶

He also found it necessary to publish edicts, for the prevention of robberies said to be committed by his soldiers. It seems that, in searching for arms, the Highlanders occasionally used a little license in regard to other matters of property; though it is also allowed that many persons, unconnected with his army, assumed the appearance of his soldiers, and were the chief perpetrators of the felonies complained of. Whole bands, indeed, of these wretches, went about the country, showing forged commissions, and affecting to sell protections in Charles's name, for which they exacted large sums of money.¹⁷ The Highland army were partly blameable for these misdemeanours, because they had opened the public jails wherever they came, and let loose the culprits, and because, since their arrival at Edinburgh, the sword of justice had been completely suspended.¹⁸ Charles, however, who was perfectly unblameable, made every possible exertion to suppress a system which tended so much to bring his cause into bad repute; and his exertions seem to have been not altogether ineffectual.¹⁹

It unfortunately happened, that while he did all he could to prevent small or individual robberies, the necessities of his own exchequer compelled

him to authorize others of greater magnitude upon the public bodies of the kingdom. From the city of Edinburgh, he exacted a thousand tents, six thousand pairs of shoes, and a vast quantity of smaller articles, for the use of his troops. He seized all the goods in the customhouses of Leith and Borrowstounness, and immediately converted them into money, by selling them back to the smugglers from whom they had been taken. He mulcted the city of Glasgow in five thousand and five hundred pounds. He sent letters, moreover, to all the chief magistrates of burghs throughout the kingdom, requiring them to contribute certain sums for his service; as also to all collectors of the land-tax, to all collectors and comptrollers of the customs and excise, and to all factors upon the estates forfeited in 1715, demanding the money which happened to be in their hands. The penalty which he assigned to those who should neglect his summons, was military execution with fire and sword.

CHAPTER XVIII.

GATHERING AT EDINBURGH.

But to wanton me, to wanton me,
 Ken ye what maist wad wanton me ?
 To see King James at Edinburgh Cross,
 Wi' fifty thousand foot and horse,
 And the Usurper forced to flee ;
 Oh this is what maist wad wanton me.

Jacobite Song.

THE Court of St James's, thoroughly alarmed at Charles's progress and success, were now taking measures to present a force against him, which might be capable of at once putting a stop to his career. About the end of September, the King ordered a strong body of troops, consisting of several battalions of foot and some squadrons of horse, to march directly to Scotland, under the command of Marshal Wade. They were appointed to assemble at Doncaster, and Wade set out from London on the 6th of October, in order to assume the command. It was the 29th of October, however, before this army reached Newcastle, on their way to meet the Highland army ; by which time, Charles was on the point of marching into England.

This force being still considered too small, the

King, besides using every endeavour to enlist new men, ordered home a considerable portion of his veteran army from Flanders, along with its youthful commander, William Duke of Cumberland, his second son, who had already distinguished himself at the well-fought, though unsuccessful battle of Fontenoy. Innumerable bodies of militia were also raised throughout the country, to oppose the progress of the insurgents; and his Majesty, the better to carry on the war, was favoured with a loan of 700,000*l.*, by the proprietors of two privateer vessels, which had recently taken upwards of that sum in specie from the French.

To oppose forces thus leisurely collected, and in such quantities, Charles exerted himself at Edinburgh, for six weeks after his victory, to raise the clans which had not at first declared themselves, and to organize his little army as well as time and circumstances would allow. He despatched (September 24th) a messenger to the Isle of Skye, to assure Sir Alexander Macdonald and the Laird of MacLeod, that, not imputing their inactivity to disaffection, he was ready to receive them and their powerful clans as the most favoured of his father's loyal subjects. From Skye, this messenger (Mr Alexander MacLeod, advocate) was commissioned to go to Castle Downie, the residence of Lord Lovat, and to deliver the same message to that ancient, but incalculable adherent. The message met with no success at Skye, where Duncan Forbes had been exerting himself to confirm the two recusant chiefs in their loyalty. But with Lovat, the charm of a reported victory had a different effect. On hearing of the affair of Preston, he is said to

have exclaimed in a transport, that neither ancient nor modern times could furnish a parallel to so brilliant a victory. At once throwing off the mask which he had so long worn, he descended to the court-yard in front of his castle, and, casting his hat upon the ground, drank in a bumper of wine, "Success to the White Rose,¹ and confusion to the White Horse² and all its adherents!" He had previously been exerting himself to raise his clan, which he designed to put under the charge of his son, a youth of eighteen, then at the college of St Andrews. He now resolved seriously and energetically to side with the Prince, and, calling his son, commanded him to lead out the men. The young man was very unwilling to do so, but could not resist the orders of so arbitrary a father. Lovat contrived that he himself should still appear loyal to Government, and, in a letter to the Lord President, threw all the blame of the insurrection of the clan upon his son, whom he did not scruple to represent as the most headstrong and disobedient of children. Forbes knew his Lordship too well to believe his assertions, and immediately proceeded to apprehend him. He was enabled to do so, by means of a body of independent loyal militia, which he had been employed for some time in raising, and with whom he eventually contrived to overcrowd the Clan Fraser so entirely, that they durst not make an attempt to join the Chevalier.

No two characters could present a greater contrast than those of Lord Lovat and the Lord President. The former, ferocious, cunning, and turbulent, was all that an ancient Feudal Baron could have been in wickedness; the latter, gentle, candid, and unambitious, was the very *beau ideal* of

a Good Citizen. Lovat had spent a long life in dark political intrigues, alternately siding with each party of the state; Forbes had devoted himself, for thirty years, to the single and consistent object of advancing the pure principles of the Revolution. The one was the worst of Jacobites, the other the best of Whigs.

Although the President was generally successful in his negotiations, he could not prevent a certain number of the clans from marching to join the Prince's standard. As he himself declares in one of his letters, rebels stalked out from families for whose loyalty he could have previously staked his life; and even his own nephew, to his great astonishment and mortification, one day assumed the white cockade and joined the insurgents. It would indeed appear, that he was in some cases egregiously deceived, and that, by a policy not less fine-spun than his own, many whom he considered his friends, had only assured him of their loyalty, in order to lull him into security, and that they might be able to circumvent him in their turn.

Edinburgh was in the mean time experiencing some of the miseries appropriate to a civil war. For a few days after the battle of Gladsmuir, the communication between the city and castle continued open. The Highlanders kept guard at the Weigh-house, an old building situated in the centre of the street leading to the castle, about three hundred yards from the fortress itself; and they at first allowed all kinds of provisions to pass, particularly for the use of the officers. But the garrison soon beginning to annoy them with cohorns and cannon, orders were issued on the 29th of September, that no person should be permitted to pass.

General Guest then sent a letter to the city, threatening to use his cannon against the stations of the Highland guards, unless they permitted a free communication. As that involved the safety of the town to a great extent, the inhabitants—for there were no magistrates—implored a respite for a single night, which was granted. They then waited upon Prince Charles, and showed him General Guest's letter. He immediately gave them an answer in writing, that they might show it to the governor, expressing his surprise at the barbarity of the officer who threatened to bring distress upon the citizens, for not doing what was out of their power, and at the extravagance which demanded his renunciation of all the advantages he possessed by the fortune of war. He concluded, by threatening to retaliate upon the garrison, in reprisals upon their estates, and also upon those of "all known abettors of the German government." Upon presenting this letter to General Guest, and making earnest entreaty for a further respite, the citizens obtained a promise that no shots should be fired till his Majesty's pleasure should be known upon the subject, providing that the besiegers should, during that time, offer no annoyance to the garrison.

This condition was broken next day by the levity of the Highlanders, who fired off their pieces, to frighten some people who were carrying provisions up the Castlehill. The governor then considered himself justified in firing upon the guard. Charles, on learning what had taken place, published a proclamation, prohibiting all intercourse with the Castle upon pain of death, and gave orders to strengthen the blockade, by posting addi-

tional guards at several places. The garrison retaliated for this measure, by firing at all the Highlanders they could see. On the 4th of October, they commenced a regular bombardment of the city. When it grew dark, the cannonading ceased, and a party, sallying out, threw up a trench across the Castlehill, where they planted cannon, and fired balls and cartouch shot down the street. They also set fire to one or two deserted houses at the head of the street, and, on the people running to extinguish it, destroyed some innocent lives. The people, then dreadfully alarmed, began to busy themselves in transporting their aged and infirm friends to the country, along with their most valuable effects; and the streets, on which the bullets were perpetually descending with terrific effect, were soon as completely deserted by day, as they usually were by night. In running down to Leith for shelter, a great party met the inhabitants of that town hurrying for the same purpose towards Edinburgh, because a British ship of war, lying off in the roads, and whose intercourse with the shore had been cut off by the Highlanders, was firing into their streets with the same fatal effect. All was perplexity and dismay; and the unhappy citizens stood still, wringing their hands, and execrating the cruel necessities of war.

General Guest, who commanded in the Castle at this momentous crisis, has been much lauded for the spirit with which he held out against the insurgents; and as his monumental inscription in Westminster Abbey contains an eulogium upon him in reference to that passage of his life, it may be said, that the thanks of his country have been

rendered to him for his good service. It is now to be for the first time disclosed, that the public gratitude has been misdirected in regard to General Guest. The person to whom in reality Government was indebted for the preservation of the fortress, was General George Preston of Valleyfield, an ancient soldier of the King William school, who had been recently superseded in the command of the garrison by Guest, but who had not retired from his post when the insurrection broke out. After the defeat of Preston, on the Highlanders returning in triumph and investing the Castle, General Guest, who was not free of some suspicions of Jacobitism, called a council of war, and urged that, as the fortress could not be held out, a capitulation should immediately be entered into. All the officers present assented to his proposal, except old General Preston, who, with the spirit of all the *twenty campaigns* he had served glowing in his bosom, solemnly protested against the measure; adding that, if it should be determined on, he would that night send off an express to London, to lay his commission at his Majesty's feet, as he would consider himself disgraced by holding it an hour longer. Guest remonstrated against the old General's resolution, which was calculated to reflect so much dishonour upon the garrison; but the veteran remained inflexible. When the Governor at length found it impossible to move him, he asked if he would take the responsibility upon himself, and command the garrison in his name; to which the general consented. The government of the Castle then devolved upon Preston, who immediately set about these active measures, the result of which we have just described.

The venerable soldier, now eighty-six years of age, seventy of which he had spent in the army, was so feeble that he could hardly walk. Nevertheless, his vigilance was incessant. Once every two hours, he caused himself to be carried round the walls in his arm-chair, in order to visit the sentries. He also took care, whenever a party of Highlanders appeared within sight, to have a cannon loaded with grape-shot discharged at them. It is said that when Charles was informed of the annoyance thus given to his men, he sent a message to the new governor, to the effect that, if it was not discontinued, he would immediately give orders to burn Valleyfield House, the seat of his elder brother. To this General Preston is said to have returned for answer, that "he (the Chevalier) was at liberty to do exactly as he pleased with Valleyfield; for *his* part, he was resolved to do his duty, so long as he had the honour of holding the commission of his Sovereign. He only begged to add, that as soon as he received intelligence of the destruction of his brother's house, he would give orders that Wemyss Castle should share the same fate." Wemyss Castle was the paternal seat of Lord Elcho, one of Charles's principal adherents; and as it overhung the coast of Fife, and was exposed to the fire of the Government vessels lying in the Frith of Forth, there could be no doubt that General Preston was able to retaliate in the manner threatened. Charles, therefore, saw fit to press his remonstrance no farther. ³

The distress, indeed, which the blockade of the Castle had brought upon the city, was now found to be so unfavourable to Charles's cause, that he was obliged, for the sake of his reputation, to take

it off. He did so by proclamation, on the evening of the day succeeding its commencement. The cannonade then ceased on the part of the Castle, into which provisions were ever afterwards conveyed without molestation.

The prisoners taken at Gladsmuir had meanwhile been sent to distant parts of the country—the officers to Perth, and the private men to Logierait in Athole. Some sergeants, corporals, and private men, were prevailed upon to enlist in the victorious army; but most of them afterwards deserted. The officers, who, besides their parole, had also taken an oath not to serve against the House of Stuart for a twelvemonth, held as little faith with their captors, many of them resuming their places in the King's army as soon as opportunity permitted. The wounded, being allowed to carry away their mutilated bodies as soon as they could, travelled into England, as beggars, showing their dreadful gashes wherever they went; by which means the curiosity of John Bull was at once gratified, and a salutary terror of the Highlanders spread throughout the country which they designed to invade.

The real accessions of force which Prince Charles received at Edinburgh, were, notwithstanding the counteraction of Forbes, fully as considerable as his circumstances could have given to expect. The first that joined him was Lord Ogilvie, eldest son of the Earl of Airley, who arrived in town on the 3d of October with a regiment of 600 men, most of whom were of his own name, and from the county of Forfar.⁴ Next day came Gordon of Glenbucket, with 400 men from the head of Aberdeenshire, forming a regiment, of which he and

his kinsmen were the officers. Lord Pitsligo arrived on the 9th, with a great body of gentlemen from the counties of Aberdeen and Banff, attended by their servants, all well armed and mounted; as also a small body of infantry. These valuable recruits were from the northern part of the Lowlands of Scotland, where nonjurancy might be said to have its principal citadel, and where the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic forms of worship are still vigorously florescent. Various other gentlemen from the North, along with some inferior septes of Highland families, joined the army before the end of October, when the whole amount was somewhat less than six thousand.

The Chevalier, notwithstanding the success of Preston, found few adherents at Edinburgh, or in any part of the country south of the Forth. Even when he was in complete possession of the city, only about three hundred of the inhabitants, and those not the most respectable, did him the honour of assuming the white cockade.⁵ In fact, his enterprise was looked upon by the citizens as a thing quite foreign to their feelings and ordinary pursuits; it had the charm of romance, and the merit, perhaps, of abstract justice; but was it for them to leave their profitable counters and snug firesides, in order to swagger away into England with arms in their hands, for the purpose of acquiring military glory, and asserting the visionary claims of a hot-headed foreigner? It was easy to wish the young man well, and to form the resolution of submitting tranquilly to his authority, should he succeed; but, for thousands who had indifference enough to take that neutral ground, there was not perhaps one that had sufficient courage or enthusiasm

to take a personal and active part in the cause. The great mass of the people, happy in their own individual concerns and prospects, contented themselves with repeating the common adage, "Whoever's king, I'll be subject."

Besides this description of supineness, the Chevalier had to contend with another feeling of a different sort, but not less inimical to his purposes. This was the stern Presbyterian principle of dislike to his family, originating in the religious persecutions to which his ancestors had subjected a portion of the people of Scotland. It is true, that the most rigid sect of Presbyterians had, since the Revolution, expressed a strong desire to coalesce with the Jacobites, with the hope, in case the House of Stuart were restored, to obtain what they called a Covenanted King;⁶ and that a thousand of this sect had assembled in Dumfries-shire, at the first intelligence of the insurrection, bearing arms and colours, and supposed to contemplate a junction with the Chevalier. But these extravagant religionists were now almost as violently distinct from the Established Church of Scotland, as ever they had been from those of England and Rome, and had long ceased to play the most prominent part in the national disputes about forms of worship. The established clergy, and the greater part of their congregations, were adverse to Charles upon considerations perfectly moderate, but at the same time well-grounded, and not easily to be shaken.

In order to show the efficacy of these sentiments against Charles's cause, and at the same time prove the disinclination to war which an age of domestic peace and increasing commerce had

produced in the Lowlands, one or two anecdotes may here be related. When the Earl of Kilmarnock exerted himself, in 1715, for the defence of Government, he found not the slightest difficulty in raising a large regiment among his tenants and dependents, all of whom were at once willing to attend their baronial master, and hearty in the cause for which he desired their services. But on the son of that Earl coming to Kilmarnock in 1745, and requesting the inhabitants to arm themselves in behalf of the House of Stuart, there was a very different result. By this time, the people were making fortunes by the manufacture of night-caps, and had got different lights regarding feudal servitude; which, added to their prejudices against the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, caused them fairly to rebel against their ancient baronial master. His Lordship assembled them in the Town-hall, and tried them first with entreaties, and then with threats; but not one man would consent to join his standard. He then confined his demands to their arms; for, weavers as they were, they still retained the old muskets and rusty shabbles of their Covenanting ancestors, and occasionally displayed them at bloodless wappinshaws. But this requisition they were equally prepared to resist; and one of them even had the hardihood to tell his Lordship, that "if they presented him with their guns, it would be *with the muzzle till him!*"⁷ The Earl of Kilmarnock, therefore, brought none but himself and his body-servants to the Prince's army.

The Earl of Kellie was equally unsuccessful in his attempt to raise his dependents. This eccentric nobleman is described in the Mercury, as go-

ing over to Fife, in order to raise a regiment for the Prince's service upon his estates in that well-affected district. He never got above three men,—himself as Colonel,—an old Fife laird for Lieutenant-Colonel, and a serving-man who had to represent all the rest of the troop by his own single person !⁸

This, indeed, was but too common a case in the Low countries ; and the saying of a cautious rustic, who was asked what side he was going to take in these troubles, may be mentioned as sufficiently indicating the sentiments of almost the whole community regarding the measure of taking up arms. "For my part," said the cool Scot, "I'm clear for being on the same side wi' the hangman. I'll stay till I see what side *he's* to tak, and then I'll decide."⁹

It is common to hear the Jacobites blamed, as the Cavaliers had been in the preceding century, for *pot-valour* ; but the least reflection will show that that is a very unreasonable charge. The Chevalier, in common with other persons in distress, had many friends who would have done any thing for him but injure their fortune. They would speak in his favour, drink in his favour, write in his favour, and even perhaps lend him a little money ; but they could not risk or sacrifice *all* ; nor could they be expected. Many of them had ties much stronger and dearer than those of party ; the minds of many others were not of a warlike complexion ; and thousands who had formerly regarded the restoration of the Stuarts as a desirable object, were now alarmed when they saw the horrors of a civil war before their eyes. The Highlanders, owing to the peculiar constitution of

their society, found it easy, in the words of the song, to

“ — leave their bonnie Hieland hills,
 Their wives and bairns sae dear,
 To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
 The young Chevalier.”

Compelled by their chiefs, who had high expectations from the enterprise, they could not remain at home with honour; and they were at the same time attracted by the prospects of a campaign in the wealthy territory of the Sassenach. But these circumstances and considerations did not attend the free and enlightened Lowlanders; none of whom found it possible so far to overcome their natural prudence, except those who laboured under the influence of strong political and religious predilections, or who were in that condition when any change must bring profit and advantage.

Even in cases where the adherent possessed a considerable fortune, a prudential plan was generally adopted, by which it was at least secured to the family. Thus, when the proprietor himself went out, he made over the estate to his eldest son, who remained at home in possession; and, *vice versa*, when the father was averse to active partisanship, a son went out, along with all the forces, both in the way of men and money, which the house could contribute, assured that, although the youth should fall or be attainted, he had still brothers to inherit the patrimonial property for the behoof of the family.¹⁰ Some of the Highland chiefs themselves saw fit to adopt this policy. The MacDonalds of Clanranald, and also those of Glen-gary, were led out by the sons of their respective

chiefs. At a subsequent period of the campaign, the *wife* of the chief of the MacIntoshes raised the clan in behalf of Charles, while MacIntosh himself served as an officer in a militia raised for the defence of Government.

It is, altogether, rather to be wondered at, that, fifty-seven years after the expulsion of the House of Stuart, when the popular feeling of loyalty might be expected to have fairly settled down in a new channel, so many honourable and prudent men should have been found to peril their lives in advocating its rights with the sword. The generation which had transacted and witnessed the Revolution was completely gone; and Prince Charles was but a remote descendent of the party who suffered on that memorable occasion. If time alone could not proscribe his claims, as it does all others, the changes which had taken place upon the face of society, and upon the polity of the state, might at least be allowed to have done so. An attempt had already been made without success, and to the effusion of much blood, in the same unhappy cause; and heaven and man had long seemed to have united in affixing to it the fatality of disaster and sorrow.

One powerful cause has been assigned in recent times for the support which Charles met with in 1745,—selfishness in his adherents. Memoirs and papers lately brought to light, display the interested diplomacy of both parties, and are accepted by a portion of the public as completely subversive of the theory of romance which has gradually been reared above the simple history of this insurrection. But this is really a very illiberal way of looking upon the case. From the nature of the human heart, selfish motives *will* mix with the

purest and most generous of our emotions ; and to suppose the Jacobites superior to such considerations, would be to believe them something more than mortal. After all, the chief insurgents only stipulated for prospective advantages,—for rewards which they were to win by their swords, and at the risk of their lives and fortunes. Such they would assuredly have merited, in case the enterprise had succeeded. To deny that they would not, were just as unreasonable as to say that the soldiers of the King's army were unworthy of their ordinary pay. They were well enough as they were, without Charles ; and they only proposed to better their condition, and at the same time gratify the wishes of their hearts, by endeavouring to redress *his* injuries.

Take it as it may, this is by no means to be considered the chief or even the secondary motive for insurrection. Jacobitism was a generous sentiment, arising from a natural love of abstract justice, and nourished by the disposition, equally natural, to befriend the oppressed and unfortunate. The London mob, at the Revolution, however convinced of the impropriety of James's measures in the days of his power, could not behold him brought back from Rochester, a fallen and captive monarch, without tears and acclamations. No more could that part of the Scottish nation, which remained unattached to Government and in possession of their ancient prejudices,—whose minds were susceptible of the more generous impressions, and who could still stand up for a friend “ though his back were at the wa' ”—see the youthful and gallant Charles soliciting their friendship in the way he did, without at once bestowing it.

Instead of allowing the Jacobites to have been influenced by considerations of interest, it may rather be said that they were perhaps the only part of the nation over whom such things had no power. They sacrificed fortune, and favour, and all that men hold dear on earth, for the sake of a mere emotion of their feelings, or at least for a principle which they believed to be right; whilst the Whigs alone were the men with whom the suggestions of prudence and expediency had any weight, and who could reasonably hope for advantage, national or individual, from the issue of the contest. It is true that many persons must have been deluded by the hope of place and wealth, and also that there were many men of broken fortunes, who entered into it from mere recklessness, or because they had no considerations of interest to prevent them. Yet, when we think on the many honourable gentlemen who joined the Chevalier's banner on no other account but because they considered him the rightful heir of the throne—when we think upon the many high-spirited youths who rushed to it with the hope of military glory and lady's love—when we consider that the great mass acted upon principles of ancient honour, and from a feeling of the most noble and generous sympathy—and, more than all, when we recall the innumerable legends, displaying in such splendid style the disinterested and devoted loyalty of the actors, we cannot help characterizing the whole affair, as public sentiment seems to have already characterised it, as a transaction unprecedentedly chivalrous, and which did honour to human nature.¹¹

CHAPTER XIX.

INVASION OF ENGLAND.

When first my brave Johnnie lad cam to the town,
 He had a blue bonnet that wanted the crown ;
 But now he has gotten a hat and a feather—
 Hey, Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver !
 Cock up your beaver, and cock it fu' sprush,
 We'll over the Border and gi'e them a brush :
 There's somebody there we'll teach better behaviour,
 Hey, brave Johnnie lad, cock up your beaver.

Jacobite Song.

WHEN Charles had spent six weeks at Edinburgh, without obtaining a third of the accessions which he expected, and when all hope of more seemed at rest for the present, he resolved, with the consent of his council, to prosecute the march to London, though his force was still miserably inadequate to the object, and the whole English nation was by this time serried in arms to oppose him. He had procured several shiploads of arms and ammunition, along with some money and a few officers of experience, from France ;¹ and he still entertained hopes of a descent being made from the same quarter, upon some part of the

English coast. He had great reliance upon the cavalier gentry of England, who had recently sent him assurances of their support in case he marched to London; and he placed the greatest confidence in the energies and hardihood of his present force. The greater part of his council concurred with him in advocating an immediate march upon these grounds, and some even went the length of trusting entirely to the troops which had already achieved so great a victory. But there was a strong minority who pleaded that he should remain and fortify himself where he was, holding out Scotland against England, and who only consented to an invasion of the latter country with the greatest reluctance.

Towards the end of October, orders were given to call in all the various parties which had been posted at different parts of the country, and the Chevalier had a grand review of his whole united force upon the beach betwixt Leith and Musselburgh,² now known by the name of Portobello Sands where, by a somewhat remarkable coincidence, his present Majesty attended a similar ceremony in 1822.³

During the last half of October, the army had not lain at Duddingston,⁴ but in more comfortable lodgings within and around the city. On the 26th, the main body left Edinburgh, and pitched a camp a little to the west of Inveresk Church, where they had a battery pointing to the south-west. At a still later period of the month, they removed to a strong situation above Dalkeith, having that town on their left, the South Eske in front, the North Eske in rear, and an opening on the right towards Polton.⁵

At six o'clock in the evening of Thursday, the 31st of October, Prince Charles finally left the palace and capital of his paternal kingdom, and, accompanied by his Life Guards, rode to Pinkie House. Having slept there that night, he rode next day at noon to Dalkeith, where he gave orders for the march of his army. In order to deceive Marshall Wade as to the point in which he designed to invade England, he had previously sent orders for quarters to all the towns upon the road to Berwick, and despatched little detachments of his men in various other directions. But he now determined his march towards the western border, at once with the view of eluding the army at Newcastle, and that he might gather the troops which he expected to come to his standard in that well-affected part of the Kingdom. He now also appointed his principal officers—the Duke of Perth to be General, Lord George Murray Lieutenant-General, Lord Elcho Colonel of the Life Guards, the Earl of Kilmarnock Colonel of the Hussars, and Lord Pitsligo Colonel of the Angus horse,

Though the invasion of England was a desperate measure, the army was now in the best possible condition, and provided with all the conveniences which could attend a deliberate campaign. The men were fresh by their long rest at Edinburgh, well clothed and well appointed; they carried with them provisions for four days; and their baggage was promptly transported, by about an hundred and fifty wains, and as many sumpter horses,⁶ carrying large baskets across their backs.⁷

At the commencement of this singular march,

the insurgents amounted in gross numbers to six thousand, five hundred of whom were cavalry, and three thousand Highlanders. Thirteen regiments, many of them very small, were composed of the Highland clans; five regiments, generally more numerous, of Lowlanders; and besides the two troops of horse-guards, who wore an uniform already described, commanded by Lords Elcho and Balmerino, there were bodies of horse commanded by Lords Kilmarnock and Pitsligo, the first coarsely dressed and indifferently armed, and the last clothed in the ordinary fashion of country gentlemen, and armed each with such weapons as he pleased to carry, or could most readily command. A small body of the lighter horse was selected to scour the country for intelligence, and to act as the *antennæ* or feelers of the marching army.⁸

The various regiments were commanded by their chiefs, and generally officered by the kinsmen of that dignitary, according to their propinquity. Each regiment had two captains, two lieutenants, and two ensigns. To adjust the claims of various persons to these ranks, the Chevalier is said to have generally found as difficult a task, as if the object contended for had been a real commission from a real government, and not a temporary place in an insurgent band, which ran the risk of utter demolition every day. The front rank of the regiments was filled by men of good birth, who in the Highlands, however poor in fortune, are constantly styled gentlemen, and who had, for pay, one shilling a day; while that of the ordinary men was only sixpence. The pay of the captains was half-a-crown, of the lieutenants two shillings, of the ensigns one shilling and sixpence. The gen-

tllemen of the front rank were each completely armed, in the fashion of the Highlanders, with a musket, a broadsword, a pair of pistols silver-handled or otherwise, a dirk at the belt, to which were also attached a knife and fork; the left arm sustained a round target made of wood and leather and studded with nails; and some who chose to be armed with extraordinary care, besides the dagger at the belt, carried a smaller one stuck into the garter of the right leg, which they could use in certain situations, when the other was beyond their reach. The undistinguished warriors of the rear ranks, were in general armed in a much inferior manner, many of them wanting targets.

On the evening of Friday, the 1st of November, a considerable portion of the army, under the command of the Marquis of Tullibardine, took the road for Peebles, intending to proceed to Carlisle by Moffat. The remainder left Dalkeith on the 3d, headed by the Prince, on foot, with his target over his shoulder. He had previously lodged two nights in the palace of the Duke of Buccleuch. This party took a route more directly south, affecting a design of meeting and fighting Marshal Wade at Newcastle. Charles arrived, with the head of his division, on the evening of the first day's march, at Lauder, where he took up his quarters in Thirlstane Castle, the seat of the Earl of Lauderdale. Next day, on account of a false report that there was a strong body of dragoons advancing in this direction to meet him, he fell back upon Channelkirk, in order to bring up the rear of his troops, who had lingered there during the night. He marched that day (the 4th) to Kelso, walking all the way on foot, in order to encourage the men. A

third party assumed a middle course, by Galashiels, Selkirk, Hawick, and Mossbaul.

The western division, which marched by Peebles, and which had charge of the cannon and most of the baggage, arrived at that sequestered little town on the evening of Saturday the 2d of November. The sun was setting, as the first lines devolved from the hills which environ the town on every side, and, throwing back a thousand threatening glances from the arms of the moving band, caused inexpressible alarm among the peaceful townsmen, who had only heard enough about the insurrection and its agents to make them fear the worst from such a visit. "There's the Hielantmen! there's the Hielantmen!" burst from every mouth, and was communicated like wildfire through the town; while the careful merchant took another look of the cellar in which he had concealed his goods, and the anxious mother clasped her infant more closely to her beating bosom. The consternation which prevailed was not soothed by one of the dreaded band shooting a dog which happened to cross a field near him, as he was entering the town.

Contrary to expectation, the mountaineers neither attempted to cut the throats nor to ravish the property of the inhabitants. They let it be known, wherever they went, that they required certain acts of obedience on the part of the people; and that if these were not willingly rendered, they had the will, as they possessed the power, of using force. The leader demanded payment of the cess, on pain of military execution; and little parties of individuals, calling upon various householders within and without the town, requested such sup-

plies of provisions as could be properly spared, with the simple alternative of having their houses ransacked and indiscriminately plundered. But scarcely any incivility was ever shown *à priori*.⁹ A farmer in the neighbourhood of the town, the great-grandfather of the author of this narrative, having displayed a discreet desire to accommodate them, by killing two pet-lambs, and causing his wife and servants to bake oat-meal cakes for them all the ensuing Sunday, was treated with great politeness, and had his poultry and cattle scrupulously spared.

The people in general, hospitable from habit, were not perhaps so much grieved by the exactions thus made upon their winter stores of provisions, as they were scandalized by the necessity to which many of them were subjected, of working on the Sabbath day. They grudged the contents of their *kirns* less than the labour of *kirning*, and would far rather have given away the *girdle*, along with the bannocks, than seen it heated at such an unseasonable time. A joiner, who was compelled on that blessed day to fashion ramrods for a few muskets, which, strange to say, wanted these conveniences, would almost have as soon had the said muskets turned upon his own person, and a ball from each sent through his body; and the miller, whom they rigorously obliged to work all day long, would have willingly abjured, from that time forth, all right to break the eighth commandment, could such a dire measure have spared him, for one day, the direr necessity of smashing the fourth.

This party of the insurgents, after spending a day or two at Peebles, went up Tweedsmuir to

Moffat, carrying with them a horse belonging to a neighbouring farmer, who, after following them all the way to Carlisle, in the vain hope of having the animal restored, was there imprisoned for several weeks, on account of his annoying petitions for redress. Throughout the whole campaign, the insurgents were necessarily very solicitous about horses and cattle; and the people whose lands they were approaching invariably made a point of conveying away their bestial to some remote and sequestered place, so as to be either out of the probable line of march, or altogether concealed from view and inquiry. But this unfortunate farmer had neglected the precautions of his neighbours, and his horse was of course appropriated as fair prey. The Peebles party directed their route down Annandale, and entered England near Langtown.

Charles remained at Kelso from the Monday when he arrived, till Wednesday, preserving the further direction of his march a profound secret. In order the better to perplex the army which awaited him at Newcastle, he sent orders to Wooler, a town upon the road to that city, commanding the preparation of quarters for his whole army. On Wednesday morning, however, he suddenly gave out orders for a march towards the opposite extremity of the Border.

During his brief residence at Kelso, he sent a party of about thirty men down the Tweed, to the place, not far distant, where that river becomes the boundary of the two kingdoms, with orders there to cross the water, and proclaim his father upon English ground. The party, after doing so, immediately returned to Kelso. ¹⁰

The column which Charles thus led in person, consisted chiefly of the Camerons and MacDonalds, who were considered the flower of his army, but who were not at this time the most willing or enthusiastic in his service. On account, probably, of their leaders having been of that party in the council which opposed the march into England, Charles is said to have sat an hour and a half on horseback that day, before he could prevail upon the men to go forward.¹¹ They at last left the town, crossed the Tweed, and took the road towards Jedburgh.

The Prince lodged this night in a house near the centre of the town of Jedburgh, which is, or was lately, occupied as the *Nag's Head Inn*. The march of that day had been only ten miles; but, as he had now to traverse a considerable tract of waste country, affording no prospect of quarters for his troops, it was necessary to resolve upon a much longer stretch for that which ensued. Setting out early in the morning,¹² and crossing the high grounds to the south-west of Jedburgh, he led his men up Rule water, famed of old for its hardy warriors, and over the *Knot o' the Gate* into Liddisdale, equally noted in former times for its predatory bands, as in more recent times for its primitive yeomen and romantic minstrelsy. After a march of at least twenty-five miles, through a land abounding more in poetical associations than in substantial *provant*, Charles slept that night at Haggiehaugh, upon Liddel water, his men lodging upon the cold ground, or in the houses, barns, and byres of the neighbouring peasantry. Before going to rest, he purchased a small flock of sheep

for provisions to his men, and had a person sent for to kill and dress them. Charles Scott, a neighbouring farmer, more commonly called in the fashion of that country *Charlie o' Kirnton*, was the man employed for this purpose. He was up all night killing sheep; and the Prince next morning gave him half a guinea for his trouble. Two Highlanders, who had observed Charlie receive this guerdon, followed him as he was going home, and, clapping their pistols to his breast, demanded an instant surrender of "ta hauf keenie;" a command which the yeoman was obliged to obey for fear of the pistols, though his strength and resolution, celebrated to this day as far surpassing those of modern men, would have enabled him to defy double the number of assailants unprovided with those incalculable weapons. ¹³

Next day, Friday the 8th of November, Charles proceeded down Liddel water; and the middle column, which had marched by Selkirk, Hawick, and down Ewesdale, came up to him at Grit-mill Green, upon the banks of the Esk, four miles below Langholm. He entered England that evening, and took up his quarters at a place called Reddings in Cumberland. ¹⁴ On the succeeding day, he was joined by the western column, who brought with them the unpleasant news that they had lost thirty carts of the baggage, in consequence of a surprise by the country people at Lockerby.

During this march, the Highland army lost a great portion of its numbers by desertion. The eastern column, led by Charles himself, suffered most from this cause; the disinclination to a southward march prevailing chiefly among the Camerons and MacDonalds. The Lanarkshire and Stirling-

shire roads are described as having for some days absolutely swarmed with the men who thus abandoned the standard ; ¹⁵ and great quantities of arms were found lying in the fields adjacent to the line of march, which the deserters had flung away, to facilitate their progress towards the North. ¹⁶

On the 9th of November, Charles, having concentrated his forces, approached Carlisle, the capital of Cumberland, a city which could once boast of being the bulwark of England against the Scots in this direction, but whose fortifications were now at once antiquated and imperfect. Less pains had been taken on the present occasion to fortify the cities in the west of England, than those upon the east ; and, while Newcastle and Hull had been for many weeks prepared to resist the insurgents, Carlisle was invested only four or five days after having first apprehended the possibility of an attack. It was protected by an ancient castle, in which there was a company of invalids ; and the city itself was surrounded by an old and somewhat dilapidated wall, manned on the present occasion by the citizens, assisted by a considerable body of militia which had been recently raised in the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

On the 9th, a party of the Prince's hussars appeared on Stanwix Bank, and leisurely began to survey the city through glasses ; but a few shots being fired at them from the walls, they were obliged to retire. Next day, the insurgent army, having passed the river Eden by several fords, invested the city on all sides ; and the Prince sent a letter to the Mayor, requiring him to surrender peaceably, in order to spare the effusion of blood, which must be the inevitable consequence of a re-

fusal. The Mayor only answered by a discharge of cannon at the besiegers. Intelligence soon after reaching the Prince, that Marshal Wade was marching from Newcastle to relieve Carlisle, he judged it proper to advance against that general, in order to engage the Royal army in the mountainous country which intervenes betwixt the two cities. Leaving a small portion of his army to annoy Carlisle, he reached Warwick Castle at ten o'clock in the forenoon of the 11th, and quartered next night at Brampton and the adjacent villages. He then learned that the information regarding Wade was false, and sent back the Duke of Perth, with several regiments of foot, and some troops of horse, to prosecute the siege of Carlisle with all possible vigour.

Having prepared a quantity of ladders, fascines, and carriages, out of the wood in Corby and Warwick Parks, the besieging party reappeared in full force before the city, on the afternoon of the 13th, and broke ground for a battery within forty fathoms of the walls—the Duke of Perth and Marquis of Tullibardine working in the trenches, without their coats, in order to encourage the troops. The garrison of the city kept up a continual firing during these operations, but without doing much harm. Next day, intimidated by the formidable appearance of the enemy's works, and fatigued almost beyond their natural strength by several nights of ceaseless watching, they felt disposed to resign the city; and accordingly, on the first motion of the besiegers towards an assault, a white flag was displayed from the walls, and terms requested for the surrender of the town. A cessation of hostilities being then agreed upon, an ex-

press was sent to the Prince at Brampton; but his Royal Highness, remembering the example of Edinburgh, would assign no terms for the city, unless the castle were included. This being reported to the garrison, Colonel Durand, the commander of that fortress, consented to surrender his charge along with the city. The gates of Carlisle were then thrown open, and many a brave man passed with a rejoicing heart beneath the arches over which his head was hereafter to be stationed in dismal sentinelship. The Duke of Perth, on receiving the submission of the garrison, shook them by the hands, told them they were brave fellows, and asked them to enlist in his service. He secured all the arms of the militia and garrison, besides about a thousand stand in the castle, with two hundred good horses; and, over and above all these acquisitions, a vast quantity of valuables, which had been deposited there for safety by the neighbouring gentry.

The capture of Carlisle gave additional reputation to the Prince's arms, and knelled a still more dreadful note of alarm into the astounded ear of Government. Hitherto, the insurgents had not met with a single instance of bad success, but had overpowered every opposition presented to them, not so much apparently through numerical force, as by individual courage, and a fatality which seemed to work in their favour. At every successive triumph, they themselves were inspired with a higher and higher confidence in their own vigour; and the nation at large became more and more persuaded that there was nothing impossible to them. They seemed to have now nothing to

do but to get to London, in order to accomplish their object.

But at this period of their career, fortune seemed at length inclined to desert the side which she had espoused. Dissensions began to distract the councils of Charles, and the insane jealousies of his adherents, to dissipate and weaken the force which had till now been powerfully concentrated upon one particular point. Lord George Murray, envious of the prominent part which the Duke of Perth had taken in the siege and capitulation of Carlisle, waited upon the Prince, and resigned his commission, acquainting Charles that he would serve henceforth as a volunteer. Perth, informed of this, waited upon Charles in his turn, and resigned his commission, saying that he would serve at the head of his own regiment. Charles accepted the last resignation, and soon after appointed Lord George Murray sole Lieutenant-General, an office which Lord George saw fit to accept, and which he was certainly calculated by military experience and talents to fill with better effect than his youthful rival.

On the day after the reduction of Carlisle, Marshal Wade commenced a march from Newcastle; but, hearing of the success of the insurgents, and being unable to cross the country on account of a great fall of snow, his excellency found it necessary to return to that city on the 22d, leaving the Chevalier at liberty to prosecute his march towards London.

But more effectual means were now taken by the King to suppress what he was pleased to style "the unnatural rebellion." Before the Scottish army set foot on English ground, the mass of the British troops had landed at London from Flan-

ders; and, while the Prince was residing in Carlisle, an army of 10,000 troops, chiefly veteran and experienced, was rendezvoused in Staffordshire, to oppose him. It seemed to the nation scarcely possible that he should either elude or vanquish so vigilant and so strong a force; and even the Highlanders themselves, with all their valour, real and adventitious, had little hope of doing so. In order, moreover, that the fate of the empire should not be perilled on such a chance, another army was raised for the protection of London, which the King was resolved to command in person. Charles himself was not intimidated by these magnificent preparations, which he trusted to overcome by the vigour of his measures, and by the assistance which he expected in England. But the greater part of his council viewed the King's proceedings with dismay, and, not trusting to the supplies which their leader expected, advocated an immediate retreat into Scotland.

At a council of war held a few days after the surrender of Carlisle, various movements were proposed and taken under consideration. It was proposed to march to Newcastle, and bring Wade's army to an action. It was proposed to march directly to London, by the Lancashire road, at the hazard of encountering the superior force under General Ligonier. A third proposal urged an immediate retreat to Scotland, as there seemed no appearance of either a French invasion or an English insurrection. Charles declared his adherence to the resolution taken at Edinburgh, of marching to London at all hazards, and desired Lord George Murray to give his opinion of the various proposals. Lord George spoke at some length, compared the advantages and disadvantages

of each of the proposals, and concluded that, if his Royal Highness chose to make a trial of what could be done by a march to the southward, he was persuaded that his army, small as it was, would follow him. Charles instantly decided for the march.

Lord George Murray, who advocated this strong measure, was a man of almost chivalrous courage. Robust and brave, with as much of military knowledge and talent as fitted him to command this extraordinary host, he possessed the complete confidence of the Highlanders, so as to have been able to make them do whatever he pleased. Ever the foremost man in all their headlong charges, his usual speech to them was, that he did not ask them to go forward, but only to follow him. He slept little, and was perpetually engaged in calculations for the service and direction of the army. Even before the resignation of the Duke of Perth as Lieutenant-General, he had enjoyed almost the sole power of managing the army; and, throughout the rest of the campaign, his power was as arbitrary as it was well employed. There were few other persons in the army sufficiently versed in military affairs to be capable of even advising him; for Charles and the Duke of Perth, though both full of ardent courage, neither possessed, nor affected to possess, abilities or experience for such a purpose, and the rest of the leaders were acknowledgedly deficient in every quality as soldiers, except those of dauntless intrepidity, and the utmost affection to the cause.

Before marching from Carlisle, Charles sent MacLauchlan of MacLauchlan back to Scotland, with a letter to Lord Strathallan, whom he had left at Perth Commander-in-chief of his forces in Scot-

land, ordering him to march with all his troops after the army into England. The forces lying at Perth now amounted to a considerable number, and were afterwards increased by a numerous body of recruits which Lord Lewis Gordon raised in Aberdeenshire. But Lord Strathallan did not find it convenient to obey his Prince's order with the necessary promptitude, and only joined his standard at a period when his assistance was of less moment than it might now have been.

The army, on being mustered at Carlisle, was found to amount to about 4500, having decreased a thousand upon the march from Edinburgh. Yet Charles still hoped to augment it by the help of the English Jacobites; or what he might eventually want in force, when matters came to the push, he blindly trusted to make up in fortune. Leaving a small garrison in Carlisle, he sent forward his cavalry to Penrith upon the 20th of November, and next day followed in person at the head of the infantry—a march of eighteen miles.

On the 22d, the cavalry proceeded to Kendal, and the infantry, resting a day at Penrith, moved forward to join them next day. On the 24th, the cavalry passed the night at Lancaster, whilst the infantry rested at Kendal; and, on the 25th, the cavalry advanced to Preston, and the infantry passed the night at Lancaster. The whole army spent the 27th at Preston, where the Prince again exerted himself to cheer the Higbland chiefs with hopes of assistance from his English friends. To encourage them to proceed, he continued his former practice of walking beside his men, though he was now in “a country of post-chaises,” and might easily have commanded all the luxuries of

travelling. He was naturally athletic and active ; but it is certain that he strained his bodily powers beyond their proper pitch, in performing this strange point of generalship. In marching over the desolate tract betwixt Penrith and Shap, he was so overcome by fatigue and want of sleep, that he was obliged to take hold of one of the clan Ogilvie by the shoulder-belt, to keep himself from falling ; and he walked thus for several miles *half-asleep*.¹⁷

Though the West of England was generally supposed to be well affected to the Exiled Family, Charles neither procured a single recruit upon his march, nor found the proclamation of his father at the market-towns received with any symptom of joy. The Jacobite English expected their political Messiah to come in all the pomp of a real King, and not as the pedestrian and way-worn leader of a half-savage and innumerable band. They had sufficient affection for his cause, but they required to be pretty sure of his ultimate success before risking the pains of treason. Accordingly, when Charles now called upon them to fulfil the promises they had made so often to his father, they to a man feigned excuses for non-appearance, and calmly left him to work out his own fate. The common people, previously alarmed by the reported ferocity of the Highlanders, looked upon them as they passed as a banditti, with whose object they were but imperfectly acquainted ; and no more thought of joining their " tartaned array," than they would have thought of going upon the highway, or entering a pirate-ship, with the danger of being seized and hanged every hour. It is an attested fact, that many of them went the length of

believing the Highlanders to be cannibals, and that the women generally prepared for the approach of the army, by secreting their children.¹⁸

While most regarded the Highlanders with painful alarm, and others merely gazed upon them with stupid wonder, the whole body of the people, both citizens and rustics, were exasperated against them on account of the burden which they brought upon them for food and lodging. In Scotland, where hospitality was a virtue in daily exercise, the free quarters required by the troops formed a trifling grievance, lightened in no inconsiderable degree by greater affinity of manners between landlord and guest, and perhaps by the affection of the former to the cause of his lodgers. But the selfish Southron could see nothing but disgust, and express nothing but indignation, at having his domestic comfort invaded by a troop of persons whose manners were repugnant to him, and who so seriously injured his fortune. Except at Liverpool, however, and at Chester, no attempts were seriously made to resist the "wild petticoat men," as the English people were pleased to term the insurgents, though they might have easily raised a militia of twenty times their number, and in much smaller parties could have easily impeded, if not altogether interrupted, their precipitate and irregular march.

The English people were equally astonished at the temperance and the endurance of fatigue displayed on this occasion by the hardy Scots. Accustomed in their sedentary modes of life to the best of cheer, and to a thousand comforts, they could not sufficiently wonder at a body of human beings, who every day began their painful journey

before day-break, with no provisions but what they carried in the shape of oat-meal, in a long bag by their sides, and which they never cooked, but merely mixed before eating with a canteen full of cold water; trusting for any variety in this wretched cheer to the accident of a bullock killed for their use, or to the hard-dealt hospitality of their landlords at night. They were amazed to find that men could, upon this fare, walk from twenty to thirty miles in a winter day, exposed to the bitterest cold and the most tempestuous weather, with what appeared to them imperfect clothing, or rather rags; and that, though generally housed some hours after sunset, they invariably rose very early to prosecute their march, taking advantage of the moonlight, which then shone in the mornings¹⁹ before day-break. The English churls, wrapped up in their own selfish notions, could form no idea of the enthusiasm which animated the common mind of this hardy little band, making them endure the greatest personal sufferings, and brave the greatest dangers in a cause promising themselves no obvious advantage, but which they supported, because they thought it just, and loved because it was national and romantic.

After one day's rest at Preston,²⁰ the Highland army marched on the 28th to Wigan, and on the 29th to Manchester; thus inclining towards the centre of England, and for the first time decidedly quitting the west coast. The Prince had procured a few recruits at Preston, and been farther gratified by the acclamations and ringing of bells, which there, for the first time in England, attended his proclamations. But at Manchester, he was greeted with a still more vivid gleam of

transient encouragement. One Dickson, a sergeant enlisted from the prisoners taken at Preston, with a boldness which almost surpasses belief, having got a day's march a-head of the army, entered Manchester on the morning of the 29th, with his mistress and a drummer, and immediately began to beat up for recruits. The populace at first did not interrupt him, conceiving the whole army to be near the town; but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner, dead or alive. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him, and, by turning round continually, facing in all directions, and behaving like a lion, he soon enlarged the circle which a crowd of people had formed around him. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the House of Stuart, took arms, and flew to the assistance of Dickson, to rescue him from the fury of the mob; so that he had soon five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn, and, putting himself at the head of his followers, proudly paraded undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting all who offered themselves. That evening, on presenting an hundred and eighty recruits to the Highland army, it was found that his whole expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure gave rise to many a joke, at the

expense of the town of Manchester, from the circumstance of its having been taken, with all its thirty thousand inhabitants, by a sergeant, a drummer, and a girl. The circumstance may serve to show the individual enterprise and courage of the Scottish army, and the general terror with which the English were seized. ²¹

Prince Charles entered Manchester at two o'clock in the afternoon, walking in the midst of a select body of the clans; his dress a light tartan plaid, belted with a blue sash, a grey wig, and the blue velvet bonnet which seems to have been his covering throughout the whole campaign, now adorned in the centre of the top with a white rose, to distinguish him from his officers, all of whom wore their cockades on one side. ²² By order of the Highland army, an illumination was made this evening, and a proclamation issued, that all persons in possession of public money should render it for their use. It was now expected that they would march into Wales, and all the bridges over the Mersey in that direction had been broken down to retard their motions. ²³ But they next day directed their march towards a fordable part of the river on the road to London, marching in two columns, one towards Stockport, the other towards Knottesford. Near Stockport, the Prince passed the river, with the water up to his middle. The horse and artillery passed with the other detachment at Knottesford, where a sort of bridge was made by filling up the channel of the stream with the trunks of poplar-trees. On the evening of the 1st of December, the two bodies joined at Macclesfield; from whence they resumed their march next day in two columns, one of which

went to Congleton, the other to Gawsworth. By this manœuvre, and by sending an advanced party of thirty men on the road to Newcastle-under-Line, where the advanced party of the Royal army was stationed, they distracted the councils of the Duke of Cumberland, now in supreme command, ²⁴ and, causing him to remain where he was, under the idea that they were about to meet him, got past him on the road to London, so far as Derby, which they entered on the 4th.

The approach of the Highland army to this city, was announced by the arrival at eleven in the forenoon of the thirty horse whose motion had deceived the Duke of Cumberland. About three, Lord Elcho came in with the Life Guards and some of the principal officers on horseback; "making a very respectable appearance." ²⁵ The main body of the army continued during the whole afternoon to pour into the town; their bagpipes playing and colours unfurled. ²⁶ The Prince himself arrived in the dusk of the evening, on foot, and took up his lodging in the house of the Earl of Exeter. ²⁷ The ordinary proclamations had been previously made in the market-place, by order of his officers.

The Highland army was now somewhat nearer the capital than that of the Duke of Cumberland, divisions of which lay at Litchfield, Coventry, Stafford, and Newcastle-under-Line, to the eastward of Derby. Only a few miles intervened betwixt the two hosts, both of which had hopes of an immediate engagement. It was in Charles's power, either to push on to London, or to fight the superior army of his rival. The latter measure was that which his troops expected he would a-

dopt; and the Highlanders were seen during the whole of the 5th, which they spent in Derby, besieging the shops of the cutlers, to get an edge put upon their broadswords, and quarrelling about precedency in that operation. But their adventure had now reached its crisis; and, after having penetrated England farther than any Scottish host had ever done before,²⁸ or than any foreign enemy since the Norman Conquest, they were at length obliged to yield to a fate which they could no longer brave.

When intelligence reached London that the Highlanders were getting past the Royal army, and had reached Derby, within four days march of the capital, a degree of consternation pervaded the public mind, of which it is impossible to convey any idea. The Chevalier Johnstone, speaking from information which he procured a few months afterwards on the spot, says that all the shops were shut, and many of the inhabitants fled to the country; that the bank only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences to gain time; and that the King committed his most valuable effects to yachts at the Tower-stairs, which he ordered to be ready for sailing at a moment's notice. Fielding, in a number of the *True Patriot*, avers, from personal observation, that, "when the Highlanders, by a most incredible march, got between the Duke's army and the metropolis, they struck a terror into it scarce to be credited." It was not only this army they had to fear; but a descent was hourly expected upon the coast from France, and the well-affected part of the community had to apprehend an immediate declaration in favour of the enemy from thousands of their own body,

who even already were taking little pains to conceal their sentiments, but openly exulted in the prospect of a Restoration. The proceedings of the Highland army had already been so wonderful, and so entirely beyond calculation, that nothing seemed impossible for them to accomplish. The very elements of heaven were favourable to their cause. The Majesty of England himself, alarmed in the highest degree, had ordered his own flag to be erected upon Blackheath; ²⁸ thereby personally imploring assistance from his subjects, and signifying his intention of disputing the crown with his formidable rival; but it was generally supposed that, had the Highland army defeated that of the Duke of Cumberland, which it might have done, and then continued its march to London, the last reserve of the King would have melted from his side, and he would have been obliged to quit the kingdom, as King James had done before him.

CHAPTER XX.

RETREAT TO SCOTLAND.

The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Julius Cæsar.

PROVIDENCE ordered differently a case so pregnant with the fate of Britain. The councils of Charles at Derby have never been very distinctly divulged; but it is scarcely necessary that they should. It is sufficient to know that the five thousand warriors who had hitherto displayed so much audacious courage, now began, like the magician, to tremble at the storm they had raised, and to see that the venture which lay before them was too much for mortal man to dare; that retreat gave them a chance of prolonging the war to advantage; but that to advance, was staking ten chances of utter annihilation against one of doubtful success. The Chevalier here received despatches from Scotland, informing him that a regiment of Royal Scots, and some picquets of the Irish Brigade, had landed at Montrose, under the command of Lord John Drummond, and that, these being united to the troops of Lord Strathallan, he had now on the way to join him, a supplementary army of three thousand men. To fall back a little, and thus rein-

force his host, seemed a most desirable object; and the whole council, led by Lord George Murray, after ample deliberation and much keen debate, voted unanimously for this course. Charles alone, ever the advocate of strong measures, and to whose ardour, indeed, the whole war seems to have been indebted for its chivalrous character, continued to urge the expediency of an onward march. He represented this measure in the strongest language he was master of, and, when he saw his council obstinate, is said to have condescended to use entreaties, and even tears. But nothing could move the minds of his councillors; and, before the evening of that last day of their glory, a retreat was finally and firmly determined upon.

The resolution of the council not being made known that night to the army at large, the common men, and many of the officers, on commencing their march next morning before day-break, thought they were going to fight the Duke of Cumberland, and displayed the utmost cheerfulness and alacrity. But, as soon as day-light allowed them to see the surrounding objects, and they found, from marks they had taken of the road, that they were retracing their steps, nothing was to be heard throughout the whole army but expressions of rage and lamentation. "If we had been beaten," says the Chevalier Johnstone, "our grief could not have been greater."

The vexation of the army on this account was nothing to the bitter disappointment of its unhappy leader. *Vestigia nulla retrorsum* had been his motto from the beginning, and so long as he was going forward, no danger, and far less any privation or fatigue, had given him the least concern.

But now, when at length compelled to turn back from the glittering prize which had almost been within his grasp, he lost all his former spirit, and, from being the leader of his hardy bands, became in appearance, as he was in reality, their reluctant follower. In the march forward, he had always been first up in the morning, had the men in motion before break of day, and generally walked, in dress and arms similar to their own, at the head of their body; but now, all his alacrity gone, and evidently considering his case desperate, he permitted the whole army to march before him (except a rear-guard, whom he often compelled to wait for him a long time); and, on coming out of his lodgings, dejectedly mounted a horse and then rode on, without intercourse with his men, to the quarters assigned for him in the van.

The retreat of the army was concerted with so much secrecy, and conducted with so much skill, that it was two days march a-head of the Royal forces, ere the Duke of Cumberland could make himself certain of the fact, or take measures for a pursuit. When he at length ascertained that they were retiring, he changed the defensive system which he had hitherto pursued, for one of active annoyance. Putting himself at the head of his dragoons, and having mounted a thousand foot on horses provided by the gentlemen of Staffordshire, he started from Meriden Common, a place near Coventry, to which he had retired; and, passing by very bad roads through Uttoxeter and Cheadle, came to Macclesfield on the evening of the 10th, full two days after the insurgents had reached the same point. He here received intelligence that, after retreating with wonderful expedition through

Ashbourne, Leek, and Macclesfield, the enemy had just that morning left Manchester and set forward to Wigan.

One of the schemes of the Highland army in the advance had been, to march into Wales, where the people were well-affected to the House of Stuart, and the nature of the ground promised to be favourable to their desultory mode of warfare. It is a fact well known in Wales, that many of the gentry, in expectation of a visit from the Chevalier, had actually left their homes, and were on the way to join him, but that, when they heard of his retreat from Derby, they returned peaceably each to his own home, convinced that it was now too late to contribute their assistance. The Welsh gentry at that time had the peasantry almost as completely under their power as those of the Scottish Highlands, and their country has ever been noted for the facility with which the common people enlist; so that, it is probable, the Chevalier might here have received a prodigious accession of force. But his retreat kept the country completely quiet; and the Jacobite squires, instead of having their estates confiscated and their blood spilt or attainted, had all their lives afterwards the cheap satisfaction of only boasting in their cups, how far each of them had gone in testification of his valour and loyalty. ²

The Highlanders managed their retreat in such a manner as to unite expedition with perfect coolness, and never to allow the enemy to obtain a single advantage. Though on foot, and pursued by cavalry, they kept distinctly a-head of all danger or annoyance for twelve days, two of which they had spent in undisturbed rest at Preston and

Lancaster. The troops of the Duke were reinforced, on the 12th, by a body of horse which Marshal Wade, now with the army in the centre of Yorkshire, sent with his imaginable haste over Blackstone Edge to intercept the retiring host, but who only reached Preston after it had been several hours evacuated, and in time to join the pursuing force of the Duke of Cumberland. After a halt of one day, occasioned by the false alarm of an invasion on the southern coast, the pursuing army, amounting to three or four thousand horse, continued their course from Preston, through roads which had been rendered almost impassable, partly by the weather, and partly by the exertions of men. Orders had been communicated by the Duke to the country-people to break down bridges, destroy the roads, and attempt by all means in their power to retard the insurgent army. But, while the hardy mountaineers found little inconvenience from either storm in the air or ruts in the ground, these very circumstances served materially to impede the English dragoons, and to place the two armies upon what might be considered a more equal footing than they could otherwise have been.

The Prince, with the main body of his troops, was at Penrith on the evening of the 17th; but his rear-guard, which throughout the retreat was commanded by Lord George Murray, owing to the breaking down of some ammunition waggons, was this night with great difficulty brought only the length of Shap. The delay thus occasioned, allowed the lightest of the Duke's horse to overtake the rear of the retiring army. Early in the morning of the 18th, soon after it had commenced

its march from Shap, some of the English chasseurs were seen hovering on the adjoining heights; and about mid-day, as the Highlanders were approaching the enclosures around Clifton Hall, a body of light horse seemed to be forming for attack upon an eminence a little way in front. Lord George Murray ordered the Glengary clan to go forward against these; but, without waiting for an engagement, they immediately retreated.

The rear-guard consisted of Colonel Roy Stuart's regiment of two hundred men, of the Glengary clan, and a few companies which attended the ammunition waggons; but it was reinforced on the present occasion by the Camerons, Stewarts of Appin, and Cluny Macpherson's regiment. Lord George, proud of the post of honour which he held, was the last man in the line. Determined to check the pursuit, he despatched Roy Stuart forward to Penrith, requesting that a thousand men might be sent to him from the main body there stationed. With this force he intended to have gained the flank of the Duke's army, now approaching obliquely from the left, and to have attacked them under favour of the approaching night. But Charles returned Stuart with an order, requiring him to march with all speed forward to Penrith, without taking any offensive measures against the Duke. Lord George desired the messenger not to mention this order to any other person; and, resolving to engage the enemy with such force as he had, drew up his troops upon a moor to the right of the road. Just as the sun was setting, the whole body of the Duke's army came up and formed within the opposite enclosures;

when there was only the road with its two hedges intervening between the two hosts.

Before ordering the attack, Lord George went backwards and forwards along the ranks, speaking to every individual officer, and endeavouring to animate his little host. He then placed himself at the head of the Macpherson regiment (which was on the left of the line), with Cluny by his side. Daylight was gone, and the moon only now and then broke out from the dark clouds. By this light, Lord George saw a body of men—dismounted dragoons, or infantry who had resumed their proper mode of warfare—coming forward upon the enclosures beyond the road. He ordered the two regiments near him to advance; in doing which, they received a fire from the enemy. At this Lord George exclaimed, “Claymore!” an ordinary war-cry among the Highlanders, and rushed on sword in hand. The whole left wing then making a direct and spirited attack, forced the dismounted dragoons back to their main body with considerable slaughter, and shouted to let the right wing know of their success. They then retired in order to their original position; while the Macdonalds, with equal intrepidity, repulsed the dragoons opposite to their body. A severe check having thus been given to the pursuing army, Lord George drew off his men towards Penrith, where they rested and refreshed themselves. He had lost only twelve men in this action, and left an hundred and fifty of the enemy slain behind him. The only prisoner he took was the Duke of Cumberland’s footman, who declared that his master would have been killed, if the pistol with which a Highlander took aim at his head, had not

missed fire. The Prince had the politeness to send the man instantly back to his master.²

The whole of the Highland army spent the night of the 19th of December at Carlisle, where it was thought necessary, on evacuating the town next morning, to leave a garrison consisting of the Manchester regiment, some men from the Lowland regiments, and a few French and Irish, in all 300,³ as a sort of forlorn hope, to keep the English army in play till the insurgents should get clear into Scotland. This small garrison, animated with a greater share of courage and fidelity to the cause they had embraced, than of prudence or foresight, resolved obstinately to defend the city, and took every measure for that purpose which the time and season would allow.

Charles left Carlisle on the morning of the 20th, after having publicly thanked the garrison for their devoted loyalty, and promised to relieve them as soon as he could. The men, drawn up in order to hear his address, saw him depart with acclamations, and, gazing from the walls, soon beheld their comrades draw near the beloved land to which *they* were never to return. The army reached the Esk, which forms the boundary of the two kingdoms, about two o'clock in the afternoon. The river, usually shallow, was swollen by an incessant rain of several days to the depth of four feet. Yet it was resolved to cross immediately, lest a continuation of the rain, during the night, should render the passage totally impracticable. A skilful arrangement was made, which almost obviated the dangers of the flood. The cavalry was stationed in the river, a few paces above the ford, to break

the force of the current ; and, the infantry having formed themselves in ranks of ten or twelve abreast, with their arms locked in such a manner as to support one another against the rapidity of the river, leaving sufficient intervals between the successive lines for the water to flow through, the whole passed over in perfect safety. Cavalry were placed farther down the river, to pick up all who might be carried away by the violence of the stream. None were lost, except a few girls, who, for love of the white cockade, had followed the army throughout the whole of its singular march, with an heroic devotion which deserved a better fate. The transit of the river occupied an hour, during which, from the close numbers of the men, it appeared to be crossed by a paved street of heads and shoulders. When they got to the other side, and began to dry themselves at the fires lighted upon the bank for that purpose, they were overjoyed at once more finding their feet upon their native heath ; and, for a moment, they forgot the chagrin which had attended their retreat, and lost in present transport the gloomy anticipations of the future.⁴

An expedition was thus completed, which, for boldness and address, is entitled to rank with the most celebrated in either ancient or modern times. It lasted six weeks, and was directed through a country decidedly hostile to the adventurers ; it was done in the face of two armies, each capable of utterly annihilating it ; and the weather was such as to add a thousand personal miseries to the general evils of the campaign. Yet such was the success which will sometimes attend the most desperate case, if conducted with resolution, that,

from the moment the inimical country was entered, to that in which it was abandoned, only forty men were lost out of five thousand, by sickness, marauding, or the sword of the enemy. A magnanimity was preserved even in retreat, beyond that of ordinary soldiers; and, instead of flying in wild disorder, a prey to their pursuers, these desultory bands had turned against and smitten the superior army of their enemy, with a vigour which effectually checked it. They had carried the standard of Glenfinnin a hundred and fifty miles into a country full of foes; and now they brought it back unscathed, through the accumulated dangers of storm and war.

In their descent upon England, when, in the height of their expectations, private rapine had few charms, the Highlanders conducted themselves with tolerable propriety; and, as the public money was every where raised, they had been able to pay for food with some degree of regularity. But, in their retreat, when their pay was more precarious, and they knew they were going home to their own poor country, it must be acknowledged, that they did not abstain from making reprisals upon the proud Southron. At first they were like the torrent which carries all before it; but latterly they resembled the receding wave, which draws back a thousand little things in its voluminous bosom.

The unhappy garrison of Carlisle saw their fortifications invested by the whole force of the Duke of Cumberland, on the very day following the departure of their fellow-soldiers. They fired upon all who came within reach of their guns, and showed an intention of holding out to the last ex-

tremity. But the Duke, having procured cannon from Whitehaven, erected a battery upon the 28th, and began to fire with superior effect at the crazy walls of the town and castle. On the morning of the 30th, a white flag appeared upon the walls, and the governor signified a wish to enter into a capitulation. The cannon then ceased, and a message was sent by Governor Hamilton to the Duke, desiring to know what terms he would be pleased to give them. His Royal Highness replied, that the only terms he would or could grant, were, "that they should not be put to the sword, but reserved for his Majesty's pleasure." These terms were accepted, and the Royal army immediately took possession of the city and castle, placing all the garrison under a strong guard in the cathedral. The fate subsequently meted out to them was such as might have been expected from an enemy smarting under the effects of recent terror, and who was incapable of appreciating generosity in others, as he was of displaying it in himself.

The Duke of Cumberland now thought it unnecessary or dangerous to pursue the insurgents any farther; and, accordingly, on the 5th of January returned to London, leaving his troops under the command of General Wade and Lieutenant-General Hawley, the last of whom was ordered to conduct a portion of the army into Scotland, while Wade remained at Newcastle.

The Chevalier meanwhile pursued his march towards the North. On crossing the Esk, he divided his army into two parties, one of which went by Ecclefechan and Moffat, with Lord George Murray, the Marquis of Tullibardine, and Lords Ogilvie and Nairn. He himself led the other, with

the Duke of Perth, Lords Elcho and Pitsligo, Lochiel, Clanranald, Glengary, and Keppoch. He lodged the first night at Annan. Next day, Lord Elcho advanced with four or five hundred men to take possession of Dumfries. The rest went forward with himself, on the day following. Dumfries had reason, on this occasion, for the most alarming apprehensions. The thirty waggons which the insurgents left at Lockerby on their march southward, had been brought into the town by a party of fanatical dissenters, whose zeal for the Protestant succession had caused them to take up arms; and it was to be supposed that the Highlanders would, now that they had it in their power, exact most ample retribution. Besides, the whole country laboured under the reputation of disaffection to the Prince—a cause at any time sufficient to excite the cupidity of the adventurers. They accordingly marched into Dumfries, as into a town where they expected resistance, or at least no kindly reception; and, on an idiot being observed with a gun in his hand behind a grave-stone in the church-yard, which they apprehended he was about to fire upon them, it was with the greatest difficulty that the poor creature's life was spared.⁵ The Prince lodged in a house, now the Commercial Inn, near the centre of the market-place. He had ordered the citizens to contribute the sum of 2000*l.* for his use; some of his men adding, that they might consider it well that their town was not laid in ashes. Nearly eleven hundred pounds of the levy were paid; and two hostages, Provost Crosbie and Mr Walter Riddel, were carried off for the remainder.⁶ On the morning of

the 23d, the Highland army directed its march up Nithsdale; and the Chevalier spent the night at Drumlanrig, the seat of the Duke of Queensberry. His reason for lodging in that mansion, was one which governed him in such matters throughout the whole of his expedition. The proprietor of Drumlanrig was strongly opposed to the views of the House of Stuart; and Charles thought proper to put him to the expense of his lodging and that of his men, as an excuseable mode of vengeance. A vast number of Highlanders lay upon straw in the great gallery, and he himself occupied the state-bed. Before departing next day, it must be regretted that the Highlanders took that opportunity of expressing their love of King James, by slashing with their swords a series of portraits representing King William, Queen Mary, and Queen Anne, which hung in the grand staircase, a present from the last of these sovereigns to James Duke of Queensberry, in consideration of his services at the Union.

From Drumlanrig, Charles proceeded through the wild pass of Dalveen into Clydesdale, designing to march upon Glasgow, though still endeavouring to conceal his intentions from the members of Government at Edinburgh. He spent the night in Douglas Castle. He next day proceeded along the uplands of Clydesdale towards the western capital, and halted at Hamilton, where he lodged in the palace of the Duke of Hamilton. He spent the next day in hunting through the princely parks attached to that house, shooting two pheasants, two partridges, and a deer. It has been recorded by tradition, that, at neither of these du-

cal mansions, did he follow the absurd fashion of the time, by leaving vails to the servants.

It was with great difficulty that, in this last day's march, his men were prevented from sacking and burning the sweet little village of Lesmahago. During the absence of the army in England, the people of this place, whose ancestors had distinguished themselves in resisting the house of Stuart when in power, committed an act of hostility to Charles's cause, which was calculated to excite their indignation to no common degree. The circumstances, as gathered from tradition, were as follows. The youthful and gallant Kinlochmoidart, in a journey from the Highlands, with despatches for Charles, passed through Lesmahago on his way to England, and was recognised by a young student of divinity, whose religious prepossessions led him to regard the Prince's adherents with no friendly eye. As the insurgent gentleman was attended by only a single servant, this zealot conceived a design of waylaying and capturing him, which he immediately proceeded to put in execution. Taking to himself arms, and having roused the country-people, he set out after the two travellers, by a path which he knew would enable him to intercept them as they proceeded along the road. He came up with them upon a waste called Broken-cross Moor, within two miles of the village, and, showing his arms, commanded them to surrender in the name of King George. Kinlochmoidart's servant, on first seeing the rabble at a distance, with their old guns and pitchforks, unslung his piece, and proposed to arrest their progress by a well-directed brace of bullets. But the generous youth resolved rather to surrender at discretion,

than thus occasion an unnecessary effusion of blood. He accordingly gave himself up to the daring probationer, who immediately conducted him, under a strong guard, to Edinburgh Castle, from which he was only removed some months afterwards to the shambles of Carlisle. So malicious an act of hostility, in the estimation of most readers, would have almost excused the vengeance which the Highlanders were with such difficulty prevented from executing upon the village. ⁷

The city of Glasgow, upon which Charles was now in full march, had much greater reason than Dumfries, or even Lesmahago, to expect severe treatment from the insurgents, while its wealth gave additional cause for alarm, without in the least degree supplying the possibility of defence. This city, newly sprung into importance, had never required nor received the means of defence, but was now lying with its wide-spread modern streets and well-stored warehouses, fully exposed to the license of the invaders. It had distinguished itself, ever since the expulsion of the house of Stuart, by its sincere and invariable attachment to the new government; and, since the Highlanders entered England, had, with gratuitous loyalty, raised no fewer than twelve hundred men for the suppression of the insurrection. Obnoxious by its principles, and affording such prospects of easy and ample plunder, it was eagerly approached by the predatory bands of the Chevalier, who viewed it with feelings somewhat akin to those of the wolf in the fable. By one of their most rapid marches, the first body entered Glasgow on Christmas day, and on the following the Prince came up with the rest of the army. ⁸

The simple peasantry of Dumfries-shire and Clydesdale viewed the tartaned warriors, as they passed along, with sensations different from those with which the men of Teviotdale and Tweeddale had regarded them in their descent upon England. To the latter they seemed brave men going on to a splendid fate, and were gazed at, in their deliberate transit, with a wonder allied to pity. But now, as they tramped wildly on through the quiet vales, and over the bleak uplands of the west—degraded by retreat, and desperate in their circumstances—they had acquired that formidable respectability which invests a strong animal when goaded, and were contemplated with a feeling strangely compounded of fear and awe. In the former case, people had permitted them to enter familiarly into their houses, and mingle in the domestic circle; but now, anxious to have as little intercourse as possible, and almost afraid even to behold them, they were fain to place all the food they could be supposed to possess out of doors upon the way-side, glad to propitiate them at any expense, and trusting, by this means, to induce them to go past without entering their dwellings. ?

The necessities of the army are described as having been at this time greater than at any other period of the campaign. It was now two months since they had left the land of tartan; their clothes were of course in a most dilapidated condition. The length and precipitation of their late march had destroyed their brogues; and many of them were not only bare-footed, but bare-legged. Their hair hung wildly over their eyes; their beards were grown to a fearful length; and the exposed parts of their limbs were, in the language of Dougal

Graham, tanned quite red with the weather. Altogether, they had a way-worn savage appearance, and looked rather like a band of outlandish vagrants, than a body of efficient soldiery. The pressure of want compelled them to take every practicable measure for supplying themselves; and, in passing towards Glasgow, they had regularly stripped such natives as they met of their shoes and other articles of dress. After their arrival at Glasgow, a joiner, in going home from work, was required by a Highlander to throw off and deliver up his shoes. The young man, having a pair of silver buckles at his insteps, showed great reluctance to comply, when the Highlander stooped down and attempted to take them by force. As he was thus employed, the joiner, in a transport of rage, struck him a blow on the back of the head with a hammer which he held in his hand, and killed him on the spot.¹⁰

Immediately upon his arrival at Glasgow, Charles took measures for the complete refitting of his army, by ordering the magistrates to provide 12,000 shirts, 6000 cloth coats, 6000 pairs of stockings, and 6000 waistcoats. He is also said to have sent for the Provost (Buchanan), and sternly demanded the names of such as had subscribed for raising troops against him, threatening to hang the worthy magistrate in case of refusal. The provost is said to have answered, that he would name no person but himself, and that he was not afraid to die in such a cause. He was forced to pay a fine of 500*l*.¹¹

Charles took up his residence at what was then considered the best house in the city—one belonging to a wealthy merchant of the name of

Glassford, which stood at the western extremity of the Trongate, and was afterwards taken down for the extension of that noble street. At his arrival, he is said to have caused his men to enter this house by the front gate, go out by the back door, and then, making a circuit through some by-lanes, reappear in front of the mansion, as if they had been newly arrived. But this *ruse*, practised in order to magnify the appearance of his army, was detected by the citizens of Glasgow, whose acute eyes recognised the botanical badges of the various clans, as they successively reappeared. The real numbers of the army, when it reached Glasgow, were only about 3600 foot and 500 horse. Of the latter, which were all much jaded, sixty were employed in carrying the sick; whilst about six hundred of the infantry neither had arms, nor seemed to be able to use them. ¹²

During his residence in Mr Glassford's house, Charles ate twice a day, in public, though without ceremony, accompanied by a few of his officers, and waited upon by a small number of devoted Jacobite ladies. "But nothing could a charm impart," to make the Whigs of Glasgow regard him with either respect or affection. Previously hostile to his cause, they were now incensed in the highest degree against him, by his severe exactions upon the public purse, and by the private depredations of his men. To such a height did this feeling arise, that an insane zealot snapped a pistol at him as he was riding along the Saltmarket. ¹³ He is said to have admired the regularity and beauty of the streets of Glasgow, but to have remarked with bitterness, that nowhere had he found so few friends. ¹⁴ During the whole week he spent

in the city, he procured no more than sixty recruits—a poor compensation for the numerous desertions which now began to take place, in consequence of the near approach of his men to their own country.

After having nearly succeeded in refitting his army, he held a grand review upon *the Green*. “We marched out,” says one of his adherents, (John Daniel, a native of Lancashire, who has left a manuscript journal of the campaign),¹⁵ “with drums beating, colours flying, bagpipes playing, and all the marks of a triumphant army, to the appointed ground, attended by multitudes of people, who had come from all parts to see us, and especially the ladies, who, though formerly much against us, were now charmed by the sight of the Prince into the most enthusiastic loyalty. I am somewhat at a loss,” continues this devout cavalier, “to give a description of the Prince, as he appeared at the review. No object could be more charming, no personage more captivating, no deportment more agreeable, than his at that time was; for, being well mounted and princely attired, having all the best endowments of both body and mind, he appeared to bear a sway, above any comparison, with the heroes of the last age; and the majesty and grandeur he displayed were truly noble and divine.” It may be worth while to contrast, with this flattering portraiture, the description which has been given of Charles by a sober citizen of Glasgow. “I managed,” says this person, quoting his memory after an interval of seventy years, “to get so near him, as he passed homewards to his lodgings, that I could have touched him with my hand; and the impression which he

made upon my mind shall never fade as long as I live. He had a princely aspect, and its interest was much heightened by the dejection which appeared in his pale fair countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disaster which soon after ruined the hopes of his family for ever." 16

GREAT HALL

PRELIMINARY OF THE BATTLE OF BANNINBURGH

The Highlanders came to the hills, and
 And gave the towers weight upon their hills
 How Charles's men were there, and
 For now but they were there, and
 They had their horses of the best,
 With hands and heads and the rest,
 Chiefs that were used to stand the test,
 And could as they were, and
 Jacobite Song.

HAVING recruited the spirits of his men, and improved their appointments by ten days residence in Glasgow, the Prince departed on the 24 of January, and sent forward his troops in two detachments, one to Kilsyth, and the other to Edinburgh. The inhabitants of Edinburgh, who on the retreat of the Highland army from England, had apprehended a second year, and were not solved in such a case, to defend the city, now set seriously about preparations for a siege. After Charles had left Edinburgh in the beginning of November, the Whigish part of the community had gradually resumed the courage which, for six weeks, they were compelled to wear in their pockets; and on the 13th of the month, when the

CHAPTER XXI.

PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK,

The Hielandmen cam owre the hill,
 And owre the knowe, wi richt gude will,
 Now Geordie's men may brag their fill,
 For wow but they were braw, man!
 They had three generals o' the best,
 Wi' lairds and lords, and a' the rest,
 Chiels that were bred to stand the test,
 And could na rin awa, man!

Jacobite Song,

HAVING recruited the spirits of his men, and improved their appointments by ten days residence in Glasgow, the Prince departed on the 3d of January, and sent forward his troops in two detachments, one to Kilsyth, and the other to Cumbernauld. The inhabitants of Edinburgh, who, on the return of the Highland army from England, had apprehended a second visit, and who had resolved, in such a case, to defend the city, now set seriously about preparations for a siege. After Charles had left Edinburgh in the beginning of November, the Whiggish part of the community had gradually reassumed the courage which, for six weeks, they were compelled to wear in their pockets; and on the 13th of the month, when the

insurgents were at the safe distance of Carlisle, the State Officers had returned in a triumphant procession to their courts and chambers, saluted by a complete round of cannon from the castle, and a most valiant performance of "Up and Waur them a' Willie," upon the music-bells of St Giles. Next day, Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, with Price's and Ligonier's regiment of foot, boldly took possession of the city, probably assured of the safety of the measure, by their avant-couriers the Judges. These men, with the Glasgow regiment, after having guarded the passes of the Forth for more than a month, to prevent the southward march of the host stationed at Perth, retreated to Edinburgh on the 26th of December; when it was determined, with the assistance of a number of rustic volunteers,¹ and the wreck of the Edinburgh regiment, to hold out the city at all hazards against the approaching insurgents. Their courage fortunately did not require to be put to so severe a proof; for, ere the Highlanders had left Glasgow, the English army, beginning to arrive, strengthened the city beyond all danger.

The command of the army, in the absence of the Duke of Cumberland, who was engaged at court, had been bestowed upon Lieutenant-general Henry Hawley, an officer of some standing, but ordinary abilities; who, having charged in the right wing of the King's army at Sheriffmuir, where the insurgents were repulsed with ease by the cavalry, entertained a confident notion that he would beat the whole of Prince Charles's army with a trifling force, and did not scruple to stigmatize the conduct of those who had hitherto been beat by the Highlanders as rank pusillanimity. It happened,

in his approach to Edinburgh, that Hamilton's and Gardiner's dragoons, coming out to meet and congratulate him on his accession to the command, encountered him near Preston, the scene of their recent disgrace; which being pointed out to him, he sharply commanded the men to sheathe their swords, and see to use them better in the campaign about to ensue than they had hitherto done.¹ He did not anticipate that the next week was to see himself a beaten and disgraced fugitive, even more contemptible than the objects of his insolence.

The march of the English army was facilitated by the people of the Merse, Teviotdale, and Lothian, who brought horses to transport the baggage, and provisions to entertain the men. At Dunbar, at Aberlady, and other places, they were regularly feasted by the gentlemen of East Lothian, each soldier getting a pound of beef, a pound of bread, a glass of usquebaugh, and bottle of ale.² The first division, consisting of the Scots Royals and Battereau's foot, reached Edinburgh on the 2d of January. Fleming's and Blakeney's regiments arrived on the 3d; Major-general Huske on the 4th; and Hawley himself came to town on the 6th, when the music-bells were played in his honour, and he was permitted to lodge in the Palace so recently vacated by Prince Charles. The regiments commanded by Colonels Cholmondely and Wolfe—the last afterwards so renowned as the hero of Quebec—arrived next day; Howard's and Monro's foot on the 8th; and Barrel's and Pulteney's on the 10th. The loyal part of the inhabitants of Edinburgh beheld the assembling of this army with the highest satisfac-

tion, and entered into an association to provide them with blankets. The city was also illuminated in honour of the occasion; when a great number of windows belonging to recusant Jacobites and to houses which happened to be unoccupied, were indiscriminately broken by the mob.

In his march from Glasgow, Prince Charles slept the first night at the mansion of Kilsyth, which belonged to a forfeited estate, and was now in the possession of Mr Campbell of Shawfield. The steward had been previously ordered to provide for the Prince's reception, and told that all his expenses would be accounted for. He had accordingly provided every thing suitable for the entertainment of his Royal Highness and suite, confidently believing that he would not be permitted to act the part of an inn-keeper without some solid remuneration. Next morning, however, on presenting his bill, he was told that it should be allowed to him on his accounting (after the Restoration) for the rents of the estate, and that in the meantime he must be contented that the balance was not immediately struck and exacted.

On the succeeding day, Charles proceeded to Bannockburn-house, where he was a more welcome guest without the promise of pecuniary remuneration, than he had been at Kilsyth with the prospect of a good reckoning; this house being, as already mentioned, the residence of Sir Hugh Paterson, one of the most zealous of his friends. His troops lay this evening in the villages of Bannockburn, Denny, and St Ninian's, while Lord George Murray occupied the town of Falkirk with the advanced guard of the army. In order to employ

the time till he should be joined by his northern allies, Charles now resolved to reduce Stirling, which, commanding the principal avenue to the Highlands, had long been felt as an annoying barrier to his proceedings, and to subjugate which would have given an additional lustre to his arms.

Stirling, then a town of four or five thousand inhabitants, was imperfectly surrounded by a wall, and quite incapable of holding out against the insurgents; yet, by the instigation of the governor of the castle, who had resolved to die before surrendering his charge, a sort of attempt was made to defend it. A small body of militia, consisting chiefly of the townsmen, was provided with arms from the castle; and the Reverend Ebenezer Erskine, founder of the sect of dissenters already mentioned, and who was a clergyman in Stirling, did all he could to inspire them with courage, and even it is said assumed an active command in their ranks. By means of these men, the wretched defences of the town, which consisted on one entire side of only garden walls, were provided with a sort of guard, which Governor Blackney endeavoured to animate by an assurance that, even in case of the worst, he would keep an open door for them in the castle.

On Sunday, the 5th of January, the town was completely invested by the insurgents, and about nine o'clock that evening a drummer approached the east gate, beating the point of war which indicates a message. The sentinels, ignorant of the forms of war, fired several shots at this messenger; upon which he found himself obliged to throw down his drum, and take to his heels. The gar-

rison then towed the deserted instrument in over the walls, as a trophy; and it was not without considerable difficulty they could be afterwards assured that they had not gained a great victory over the besiegers.

On Monday, the insurgents having raised a battery within musket-shot of the town, and sent a more unequivocal message to surrender, the magistrates implored a respite till next day at ten o'clock, which was granted. The whole of Tuesday was occupied in deliberations and in adjusting the terms of surrender. The town, however, being stimulated that evening by the discharge of twenty-seven shots from the battery, a capitulation was concluded next morning, by which it was agreed to deliver up the town, under assurance of protection for the lives and property of the townsmen, whose arms, moreover, were permitted to be restored to the castle. The insurgents entered the town about three in the afternoon.

Charles was now joined by the troops under Lord Strathallan and Lord John Drummond, which increased his numbers to nine thousand. He also received a considerable quantity of stores, which had been landed from France upon the north-east coast of Scotland, including some battery cannon; besides some Spanish coin, which had been brought to the island of Barra, and safely transported through the Highlands by a party of recruits.

The Highland army broke ground before Stirling Castle on the 10th, and summoned Governor Blackney to surrender. That officer gave for answer that he would defend his post to the last extremity, being determined to die, as he had lived,

a man of honour. They first attempted to convert a large old building at the head of the town, called *Marr's Work*, into a battery; but, finding themselves to be there peculiarly exposed to the fire of the garrison, they were soon obliged to cast about for new ground. Meanwhile, they shut the gates of the town upon themselves,⁴ as if resolved to battle with their enemy to the last extremity, and not again come forth upon the world till the conflict was decided.

On the day that Charles thus commenced the siege of Stirling, Hawley had been joined at Edinburgh by all the divisions of the army which he could immediately expect. As his force consisted of nearly eight thousand men, of whom thirteen hundred were cavalry, he considered himself fully a match for the insurgents, and now determined to offer them battle, though he knew that there were several other regiments on the march to Scotland, which would soon join him.⁵ He was perhaps induced to take this rash step, partly by observing that the Highland force was every day increasing, and partly by a wish to relieve the garrison of Stirling; but a blind confidence in the powers of the army, especially the dragoons, and an ardent desire of distinguishing himself, must certainly be allowed to have chiefly instigated him to the measure. He had often been heard to reflect upon the misconduct of Cope; (who, in his turn, had taken bets, it is said, to the amount of ten thousand pounds, that this new commander would have no better success than himself.) He therefore went on to battle under the influence of a sort of hallucination, and altogether without that considerate

coolness which properly forms so conspicuous a part of modern generalship.

On the morning of the 13th, five regiments, together with the Glasgow militia, and Hamilton's and Ligonier's (late Gardiner's) dragoons, left Edinburgh, under the command of Major-General Huske, and reached Linlithgow, where, meeting with a party of Highlanders under Lord George Murray, who had advanced to lay waste the country, they induced that desultory band to retire to Falkirk, though without coming to active collision. Next day other three regiments marched westwards to Borrowstounness, to be ready to support General Huske in case of an engagement; on the following morning the remainder of the army, with the artillery, pursued the same route. Hawley himself marched on 16th, with Cobham's dragoons, which had just come up. The army was accompanied by a North-of-England Squire, named Thornton, whose zealous loyalty had induced him to raise a band called the Yorkshire Blues, who were maintained and commanded by himself.

The whole of this well-disciplined and well-appointed force encamped to the north-west of Falkirk, upon the same field where, four centuries before, Sir John de Graham, and Sir John Stewart of Bonkill, the friends of Wallace, had testified their patriotism in the arms of death.

On the morning of the 17th, Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, afterwards Duke of Argyle, who had been hitherto exerting himself to keep the West Highlands quiet, joined the English camp with upwards of a thousand Highlanders, forming the only force which the great Whig Clan Campbell, then supposed able to bring six thousand men

into the field, thought fit on this occasion to contribute for the service of Government.

On this morning, General Hawley was spared the necessity of marching forward to raise the siege of Stirling, by intelligence that the Highlanders were in motion; for Prince Charles, learning the near approach of the English General, had resolved, with his usual ardour, to meet him half way; and was now drawing out his men, as for a review, upon the Plean Moor, two miles to the east of Bannockburn, and about seven from Falkirk. The English army did not, therefore, strike their camp, but judged it necessary to remain where they were till the intentions of the enemy should be revealed.

When the English lay upon the field of Falkirk, and the Highlanders were drawn up upon the Plean Moor, their respective camp-lights were visible to each other over the level tract of country which intervened. The whole scenery was worthy of the events about to take place, and was calculated to give additional poignancy to that tumult of anxious and agitating feeling which must ever pervade the breasts of men before engaging in deadly strife. Upon the site of the English camp, an army of Edward I. had, in 1298, gained a bloody though not decisive victory, over the desultory troops of the Scottish chiefs; slaying two of the most noble and disinterested warriors that ever attempted to defend their country, and compelling the indomitable Wallace to retreat. The Highlanders were, on the other hand, drawn up upon a field where the arms of England received the most decisive overthrow they ever before or since experienced, and which might be considered as omening peculiar favour to Charles, who was the representative,

and not an unworthy one, of the hero of that memorable day.⁶ Betwixt the two armies lay the straggling remains of the once extensive Torwood, in whose gloomy recesses Wallace used to find a refuge suited to his dismal fortunes, and where a tree was yet shown, which had afforded immediate shelter to his person, when deserted by his associates, and closely pursued by the English. Other associations conspired to heighten the interest of the scene. Here was supposed to be the extreme limit of the Roman power in Britain; and the neighbouring country might be considered as one great battle-field—a landscape on which nature had lavished all its grandeur and beauty, but which man, from the earliest times, had made the theatre of his blackest and bloodiest work.

On this occasion, as on almost all others throughout the campaign, Charles found himself able to out-general the old and experienced officers, whom the British Government had sent against him. Though he had drawn out his men, and seemed ready for an immediate encounter with Hawley's army, he kept his real intentions a profound secret from even his own officers, making the main body believe that the evolutions in which they were engaged, were only those of an ordinary review;⁷ and it was not till mid-day, that, having suddenly called a council of war, he announced his determination to march in the direction of the enemy.

The conduct of Hawley displayed as much of negligence on this occasion, as that of Charles displayed calculation and alacrity. He was inspired, we have already said, with an infinite contempt for the Highlanders, or "Highland militia," as he

himself was pleased to term Charles's troops. Having come to drive the wretched rabble from Stirling, he could not conceive the possibility of their coming to attack him at Falkirk. Being apprised, on the 16th, by a Mr Roger, who had passed through the Highland army, and conversed with some of the officers, that there was a proposal amongst them to march next day against him, he treated the informant with great rudeness, and contented himself with giving vent to a vain expression of defiance.⁸ On the morning of the day of battle, such was his continued security, that he obeyed an insidious invitation from the Countess of Kilmarnock, by retiring from the camp to breakfast with her at Callander House, although quite aware of that lady's relationship to an insurgent chief, and even perhaps of her own notorious attachment to the cause of Prince Charles. The *ruse* of the Countess was attended with complete success. She was a woman of splendid person and manners; and Hawley, completely fascinated by her well-acted blandishments, spent the whole of this important forenoon in her company, without casting a thought upon his army.

Charles, observing the wind to come from the south-west, directed the march of his men towards a piece of ground considerably to the right of Hawley's camp, in order that, in the ensuing encounter, his troops might have that powerful ally to support them in rear. He took care, at the same time, to despatch Lord John Drummond, with nearly all the horse, towards the other extremity of Hawley's lines, so as to distract and engage the attention of the enemy. In order to produce still further uncertainty among the English

regarding his intentions, he caused a body to retire to Stirling, with colours displayed, in their sight; and upon the Plean Moor, which was thus entirely deserted, he left his great standard flying, as if that had still been his head-quarters.

Completely perplexed by the various objects which they saw dispersed over the country, the English army remained in their camp, not altogether unapprehensive of an attack, but yet strongly disposed, like their commander, to scout the idea that the Highlanders would venture upon so daring a measure. While they were still ignorant of the insidious advance which Charles was making, a countryman, who had perceived it, came running into the camp, and exclaimed, "Gentlemen, what are you about? The Highlanders will be immediately upon you!" Some of the officers cried out, "Seize that rascal—he is spreading a false alarm!" But they were speedily assured of the truth of the report, by two of their number, who had mounted a tree, and, through a telescope, discovered the Highlanders in motion. The alarm was immediately communicated to a commanding officer, who, in his turn, lost no time in conveying it to Callander House. Hawley received the intelligence with the utmost coolness, and contented himself with ordering that the men might put on their accoutrements, without getting under arms. The troops obeyed the order, and proceeded to take their dinner.

It was between one and two o'clock, that several gentlemen, volunteer attendants on the camp, coming in upon the spur, gave final and decisive intelligence of the intention of the enemy. They

reported that they had seen the lines of the Highland infantry evolve from behind the Tor Wood; and cross the Carron by the *Steps* of Dunnipace. The drums instantly beat to arms; an urgent message was despatched for the recreant Hawley; and the lines were formed, in front of the camp, by officers on duty. The negligence of their general was now bitterly reflected on by the men, many of whom seemed impressed with the idea that he had sold them to the enemy.

The people dwelling between the present positions of the two armies, in the dreadful expectation of being speedily involved in the horrors of a battle, were at this moment, as may easily be conceived, in a state of great alarm; and though such circumstances are generally overlooked in the narrative, as they are disregarded in the reality of warfare, this is not perhaps the least interesting matter connected with the conflict of armies. The people might be seen, as we are informed by tradition, hurrying to and fro across the country, equally uncertain where danger was to be avoided, or safety to be sought, and betraying, by their looks, how dreadful a thing the presence of war is to the generality of a peaceful people. Some were attempting to transport articles of property upon which they placed a value, and others seemed only anxious to save their children and aged relations. A number of the citizens of Falkirk stationed themselves upon the fortified bartizan of the steeple which then surmounted their town-house, uniting the gratification of curiosity with a desire of safety, and giving a peculiar liveliness to the general scene of flight and fear.

The family of a farmer named Muirhead, who

lived about a mile to the west of Falkirk, was sent to take refuge in the house of a friend at that town; and one of the children, who survived till recent years, used to tell, that in this short but dismal journey, she well remembered crossing the lines of the Royal army, near the entry to Bantaskine House, where it stretched across the road, apparently extending from the low grounds on the north a good way up the park towards the south. As the men were giving way, to allow a passage for the children, a hare started up near the place, and ran through the lines; upon which, the soldiers raised a loud *view-hollo*, and one, more ready-witted than the rest, exclaimed, "Halloo, the Duke of Perth's mother!"—it being a general belief that that zealous old Catholic lady was a witch, and therefore able to assume the disguise of a hare, which, in the present case, she could not be supposed to do, but for the purpose of spying the English army. The soldier's exclamation was received with shouts of laughter, as a capital joke upon the distinguished insurgent leader, against whom it was directed.

The last message which had been despatched to Callander, succeeded in bringing Hawley to a sense of the exigency of his affairs, and he now came galloping up to his troops, his head uncovered, and other marks about his person betraying the haste with which he had left the hospitable table of Lady Kilmarnock. The day, which had hitherto been calm and cloudless, became at this moment overcast with heavy clouds, and a high wind beginning to blow from the south-west, seemed about to bring on a severe winter storm. The seventeenth of January, old style, being in reality

the 28th, it may be necessary to remind the reader, that the weather must have been now beginning to exhibit rather the austere character of a Scottish February, than the comparatively serene temperament of the preceding month; and, extrinsic as the circumstance may appear, it is certainly supposable, that the dismal appearance of the western sky, and the terrors with which it seemed to be charged, must have proved no small addition to the obstacles which the English army, unused to such a climate, was about to encounter.

While they stood in the position already mentioned, Charles was eagerly leading forward his desultory bands to a wild upland, of irregular surface, called Falkirk Moor, two miles south-west of the English camp. In crossing the Carron at Dunnipace Steps, and thus making for a rising ground where he could overlook Hawley's position, he precisely acted over again the very course he had pursued four months before, in crossing the Esk at Musselburgh, and ascending the heights above Cope's station at Preston; and it may be added, that there is a remarkable resemblance in the corresponding localities. Hawley, on learning the direction Charles was taking, seems to have immediately suspected that he was in danger of becoming the victim of a similar course of measures to that which occasioned the defeat of Cope; and, having the bad effect of that general's caution before his eyes, he appears to have immediately adopted the resolution of disputing the high ground. He therefore gave a hasty command to the dragoons to march towards the top of the hill, in order, if possible, to anticipate the Highlanders; and the foot he commanded to follow at quick

pace, with their bayonets inserted in the musket. To this precipitate measure, by which he placed his army on ground he had never seen, and which was the unfittest possible for the movements of regular troops, while it was proportionally advantageous for the Highlanders, the disasters of the day are altogether to be attributed.

The dragoons galloped up a narrow way called Maggie Wood's Loan, by the eastern extremity of Bantaskine Park, where a man, who only died lately, heard them swearing, as they went along, with all their proverbial fury, and venting the most ferocious threats against the men they were about to encounter. The foot followed, with a similar show of promptitude and courage; and the artillery, consisting of ten pieces, came last of all, driven by a band of Falkirk carters, who, with their horses, had been hastily pressed into King George's service that forenoon. Whether from accident, or from the design of these fellows, who were all rank Jacobites, the artillery stuck in a swampy place at the end of the Loan, beyond all power of extrication; and the drivers then cut the traces of their horses, and galloped back to Falkirk. The sullen south-west, against which the army was marching, now let forth its fury full in their faces, blinding them with rain, and rendering the ascent of the hill doubly painful. Still they struggled on, encouraged by the voice and gesture of their general, whose white uncovered head was everywhere conspicuous as he galloped about, and who, to do him justice, seemed ardently desirous to recover the effects of his negligence.

Before Hawley commenced this ill-starred march,

Charles had entered Falkirk Moor at another side, and was already ascending the hill. His troops marched in two parallel columns, about two hundred paces asunder; that which was nearest the King's army consisting of the clans that had been in England, and the other comprising all the late accessions, with some Low-country regiments. The former was judiciously designed to become the front line in ranking up against the enemy.

A sort of race now commenced between the dragoons and clans, towards the top of the moor; each apparently esteeming the preoccupation of that ground as of the most essential importance to the event. The clans attained the eminence first; and the dragoons were obliged to take up somewhat lower ground, where they were prevented from coming into direct opposition with the Highlanders by a morass on their left.

The three MacDonalld regiments, according to the right of the great Clan Colla to that distinguished position, marched at the head of the first column, in order to form eventually the right wing of the army in battle-array; but, on the present occasion, Glencairnaig's minor regiment of MacGregors, exerting greater speed in the race with Hawley's dragoons, and being therefore the first to reach the top of the hill, took that post of honour, which they retained throughout the ensuing conflict. The first line of the insurgent army was therefore formed by the following regiments, reckoning from right to left: MacGregor, Keppoch, Clanranald, Glengary, Appin, Cameron, the Frasers under the Master of Lovat, and the MacPhersons under Cluny their chief. At the right extremity, Lord George Murray had the chief

command, fighting as usual on foot. On the left there was no general commander, unless it was Lord John Drummond, whose attention, however, was chiefly directed to his French regiment in the rear. The second line was chiefly composed of Low country regiments, which stood in the following order:—Athole, Ogilvie, Gordon, Farquharson, Cromarty, and the French. The Prince stood on an eminence³ behind the second line, with the horse; having been implored by the army not to hazard his person by that active collision with the enemy, for which, as at Preston, he expressed his ardent desire.

Opposite to the Highland army thus disposed, but rather inclining to the north on account of the morass and of the declivity, the English foot were drawn up also in two lines, with the horse in front, and a reserve in the rear. The first line comprised the following regiments from right to left:—Wolfe, Cholmondley, the Scots Royal, Price, and Ligonier; the second, Blakeney, Monro, Fleming, Barrel, and Battereau. The reserve was composed of the Glasgow Regiment, Howard's, and the Argyle Militia.

Falkirk Muir, an upland now covered with thriving farms, and intersected by the Union Canal, was then a tract of the most rude and savage character, irregular in its surface without rising into peaks, and bearing no vegetation but a shaggy species of heath. It was upon its broad ridge at the top, that the two armies were disposed. Charles's army, from its precedence in the race, occupied the most elevated ground, facing the east. The English stood upon ground a little lower, with their backs towards the town of Fal-

kirk. The country was not encumbered by enclosures of any kind; but a sort of hollow, or *dean*, as it is called in Scotland, commenced nearly opposite to the centre of the Highland lines, and ran down between the two armies, gradually widening towards the plain below, and opening up at one place into a spacious basin. By this ravine, which was too deep to be easily passed over from either side, two-thirds of the English were separated from about one half of the Highland army. Owing to the convexity of the ground, the wings of both armies were invisible to each other.

To conclude this account of the disposition of the English, the Argyle Highlanders and Ligonier's regiment were stationed in the hollow just mentioned; the Glasgow regiment was posted at a farm-house behind the other extremity; and the horse stood a little in advance of the foot, opposite to the right wing of the Highlanders, without any portion of the ravine intervening. General Hawley commanded in the centre, Brigadier Cholmondley on the left, and Major-general Huske on the right. The horse were immediately under the command of Lieutenant-colonel Ligonier, who, stationed on the left, with his own regiment (lately Gardiner's), had Cobham's and Hamilton's on his right, and personally stood almost opposite to Lord George Murray.

In numbers, the two armies were nearly equal, both amounting to about eight thousand; and as they were alike unsupplied by artillery (for the Highlanders had also left theirs behind), there could scarcely have been a better match, so far as strength was concerned. But the English had disadvantages of another sort, such as the unfit-

ness of the ground for their evolutions, the interruption given to so much of their lines by the ravine, the comparative lowness of their ground, and the circumstance that they had the wind and rain full in their faces, while the Highlanders were rather impelled than retarded by that powerful auxiliary.

ness of the ground for their evolutions, the interest given to so much of their lines by the raising the comparative lowness of their ground, and the circumstances that they had the wind and rain fall in their faces, while the Englishmen were rather impeded than retarded by their position.

They were now joined by the French, and the British were obliged to retreat to the High Ground. The French did not follow up the victory, but were content to hold the position as an army of observation, and to observe the movements of the British.

The British, on the other hand, were not content to hold the position, but were determined to follow up the victory, and to drive the French from the High Ground. They were now joined by the French, and the British were obliged to retreat to the High Ground. The French did not follow up the victory, but were content to hold the position as an army of observation, and to observe the movements of the British.

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NOTES

TO

VOLUME FIRST.

CHAP. I.—PRINCE CHARLES'S LANDING.

- 1 Throughout this narrative, the custom of the country has been adopted, in designating the Scottish chiefs and landed proprietors by their family and territorial titles.
- 2 The eldest son of a Highland chief always receives his father's title, with the additional epithet of *Young*;—thus, for instance, Young Glengary, Young Lochiel, &c. In the Lowlands, something like the same custom did lately, and perhaps still does exist, though it is more common to call him the *Young Laird*. Ludicrous instances sometimes occur of a man being called the young laird, when he is in reality far advanced in life.
- 3 Historical and Genealogical Account of the Clan or Family of MacDonald, p. 159.
- 4 Home's Works, ii. 427.
- 5 Lockhart Papers, ii. 479.
- 6 Printed in the Lockhart Papers.
- 7 The person here meant was more commonly called the Marquis of Tullibardine. He was eldest surviving son of the late Duke of Athole; but, having been attainted for his share in the insurrection of 1715, his succession was put aside, in favour of his second brother. By the Jacobites, of course, he continued to be always called by the title used in the text.
- 8 Home's Works, ii. 427.
- 9 "Not very clean," he adds.

- 10 Probably to keep the wind from blowing it away.
- 11 "He was dressed incognito in the habit of a student of the Scots College in Paris, and was known only to his own friends." Hist. Reb. 8vo. London, sold by R. Thomson, &c. p. 10.
- 12 Lockhart Papers, ii. 480.
- 13 Ibid. ii. 482.
- 14 Ibid. ii. 482.
- 15 Charles's Father.
- 16 Charles's younger brother, styled the Duke of York, afterwards better known by the title of Cardinal York.

CHAP. II.—THE HIGHLANDERS.

- 1 The contempt in which they held at least the *humbler trades*, was strikingly indicated by the circumlocutory phrases they invariably used when speaking of their professors; as, for instance, "by your leave, a tailor,"—"a weaver, an save your presence," &c. &c. *Information by a gentleman of Inverness-shire.*
- 2 Montrose Redivivus, 1650.
- 3 "Many of the honest burgesses," says a contemporary historian, "burst in the flight, and so died without stroke of sword."—*Baillie*, ii. 92.
- 4 Reported to me by a bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Communion, who learned the anecdote from Sir John Sinclair of Longformacus, who had heard the old Highlander use the expression, when a very aged man, upwards of a century ago.
- 5 "There are few old inhabitants of the parish, who do not talk of some relations that went to the battle of Kilsyth in 1645, and who were never afterwards heard of. Ever since then, the people have had a strong aversion to a military life. In the course of twenty-one years, there is only a single instance of a person enlisting, and it was into the train of artillery." *Statistical Account of Scotland*, (art. *Anstruther*), xii. 86, 87.
- 6 The battle of Killiecrankie was fought upon a field immediately beyond a narrow and difficult pass into the Highlands. The Royal troops, under General Mackay, on emerging from this pass, found Dundee's army, which was not half so numerous, posted in columns or clusters upon the face of an opposite hill. Both lay

upon their arms, looking at each other, till sunset; when the Highland troops came down with their customary impetuosity, and, charging through Mackay's lines, soon put them to the route. Mackay retreated in the utmost disorder, and reached Stirling next day with only two hundred men. His whole army must have been cut to pieces in retreating through the pass, but for the death of Dundee, and the greater eagerness of the Highlanders to secure the baggage, than to pursue their enemies.

The following anecdote, connected with the battle, we heard related by a Perthshire gentleman. When General Wade, in the course of his operations in the Highlands, was engaged in the construction of Tay Bridge, he used to converse with an old Highlander of the neighbourhood, who had been at the battle of Killiecrankie; and, among other subjects of conversation, the merits of General Mackay happened to be one day discussed. "In my opinion," said the Highlander, "General Mackay was a great fool."—"How, Sir," said Wade, "he was esteemed the very best man in the army of his time."—"That may weel be," answered the Celt; "but I'll show you how he was a fool for a' that. At the battle of Killiecrankie, did he not put his men before his baggage?"—"Yes," answered General Wade, "and I would have done the same thing."—"Then you would have been a fool too. The baggage should have been put foremost; it would have fought the battle itself that day, and far better than the men. It's weel kenned, the Hielandmen will gang through fire and water to win at the baggage. They gaed through Mackay's army, and put them to route, in order to get at it. Had the General put *it* first, our folk would have fa'en til't, tooth and nail, and then he might have come in and cut us to pieces wi' his men. Ah! the baggage should have been put foremost."

7 Information by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Communion.

8 Preface to Pinkerton's Select Old Scottish Poems.

9 Information by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Communion.

10 Jacobite Relics; where it is told that Marr, perceiving

the Earl of Strathmore retiring wounded from the lines, exclaimed, *Fy, fy, my Lord; turning your back already.*—"Go you as far, and fare as well," replied this gallant young nobleman, and immediately fell down at the feet of Marr's horse, and expired.

11 Printed *Broadside* of the Battle.

12 Information by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Communion.

13 Introduction to the Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs.

14 Information by the grandson of this person.

15 In this chapter, notice should also have been taken of the effect which their popular native poetry had upon the minds of the Highlanders. Throughout nearly the whole country, but especially in Athole and the adjacent territories, *there were innumerable songs and ballads, tending to advance the cause of the Stuarts, while there was not one to depreciate them.* A Lowlander and a modern cannot easily comprehend, nor can he set forth, the power of this simple but energetic engine. It has been described to us, however, as something perfectly overwhelming. Most of the ballads were founded upon the wars of Montrose and Dundee, and aimed at rousing the audience to imitate the actions of their ancestors in these glorious campaigns.

One of the most distinguished of the political poets of the Highlands was Ian Lom, of the Keppoch family, a person altogether of wonderful qualities, and of a high order of genius. He lived in the time of the great Civil War, and wrote most of the satirical poems upon the Roundheads, which are still so common in the Highlands. He directed no small share of his satire at the celebrated Marquis of Argyll, who, however esteemed by his party, or revered by the present generation, as a martyr to civil and religious freedom, was never much admired or beloved in the Highlands. There is a tradition in Athole, that Ian, having met the Marquis one day by chance, was asked by his Lordship, in a plaintive voice, if he would *never* cease to gnaw him. "*Never,*" was the minstrel's uncompromising reply, "*till I shall have swallowed thee!*"

CHAP. III.—THE GATHERING.

- 1 Home's Works, iii. 7.
- 2 "As the Prince was setting out for Glenfinnin, I was detached to Ardnamurchan to recruit, and soon returned with fifty clever fellows, who pleased the Prince; and, upon review, his Royal Highness was pleased to honour me with the command of them, telling me I was *the first officer he had made in Scotland*. This compliment delighted me exceedingly, and we all vowed to the Almighty, that we should live and die with our noble Prince, though all Britain should forsake him but our little regiment alone."—Journal—Lockhart Papers, ii. 483.
- 3 Here Captain Sweetenham, an officer in Guise's regiment, was brought in prisoner by Keppoch's MacDonalds, who had captured him as he was travelling between Ruthven and Fort William.
- 4 Tour in the Highlands. 8vo.—London, 1819.
- 5 Afterwards executed at Carlisle.
- 6 Home's Works, iii. 12.
- 7 Culloden Papers.

CHAP. IV.—PROCEEDINGS OF GOVERNMENT.

- 1 Gardiner's lying at Stirling, Linlithgow, Musselburgh, Kelso, and Dunse; and Hamilton's, quartered at Haddington, Dunse, and adjacent places. Their horses, according to a custom since abrogated, were placed at grass in the parks near the quarters of the men.
- 2 Guise's Regiment of foot at Aberdeen, Murray's in the Highland forts, and Lascelles's at Edinburgh and Leith.
- 3 Five of Lees's at Dumfries, Stranraer, Glasgow, and Stirling; two of the Scots Royal (taken by Keppoch's men); two of the Scots Fusileers, at Glasgow; two of Lord Semple's at Cupar, in Fife; and three of Lord John Murray's at Crieff.
- 4 Such was really the custom, and in times not long by-gone. A friend informs us, that little more than twenty years ago, he has seen regiments paraded on

the Castle-hill of Edinburgh, and sergeants stepping along behind, with a large pair of compasses, attentively measuring the length of the queues.

- 5 Probable from the tenor of their letters.—See Culloden Papers.
- 6 Works, iii, 28.—Mr Home adds, that he was assured of the fact by the Jacobites themselves.

CHAP. V.—COPE'S MARCH TO THE NORTH.

- 1 Report of Cope's Trial.
- 2 Ibid. 17.
- 3 Ibid. 24.

CHAP. VI.—CHARLES'S DESCENT UPON THE LOWLANDS.

- 1 Lockhart Papers, ii. 442.
- 2 Ibid. ii. 484.
- 3 Culloden Papers.
- 4 Lockhart Papers, ii. 485.
- 5 Culloden Papers.
- 6 Henderson's Hist. Reb. 34.
- 7 Home's Works, iii. 26.
- 8 Boswell's Tour to the Heb. (2nd ed.) 231.
- 9 Henderson's Hist. Reb. 36.
- 10 Tradition in Athole.
- 11 Letters from a Nobleman to his son.
- 12 It was an antique house with a wooden front, standing upon the site of the present Perth Union Bank, near the bottom of the High Street.
- 13 Tradition at the place.
- 14 Home's Works, iii. 43.
- 15 Tradition at Perth.
- 16 Lord George Murray was paternal grandfather to the present Duke of Athole.
- 17 Henderson's History of the Rebellion, 37.
- 18 The Caledonian Mercury.
- 19 Edinburgh Evening Courant.

CHAP. VII.—ALARM OF EDINBURGH.

- 1 Cal. Merc.—Hend. Hist. Reb. 37.
- 2 Account of the behaviour of Archibald Stewart.—London, 1748.

- 3 The King arrived in great haste from Hanover on the 31st of August.

CHAP. VIII.—CHARLES'S MARCH UPON EDINBURGH.

- 1 Gartmore MS. quoted in Birt's Letters (2d ed.), ii. 351.
 2 Nimmo's History of Stirlingshire, edited by the Rev. Mr Macgregor Stirling, p. 564.
 3 Information, at second-hand, from a daughter of Glenbuckie, now alive [1827].
 4 Dougal Graham's Metrical History, 15.
 5 Lockhart Papers, ii. 487.
 6 The conduct of the insurgent army, on first entering the Lowlands, is minutely and strikingly pourtrayed by Dougal Graham, the metrical historian of the Forty-five, who seems to have been present and observed their proceedings. The reader will learn with astonishment, that young Lochiel, with all his amiable qualities, could be guilty of shooting one of his clan; a fact highly illustrative of the power of these petty sovereigns over their people,

“ Here for a space they took a rest,
 And had refreshment of the best
 The country round them could afford,
 Though many found but empty board.
 As sheep and cattle were drove away,
 Yet hungry men sought for their prey;
 Took milk and butter, kirn and cheese,
 On all kinds of eatables they seize;
 And he who could not get a share,
 Sprang to the hills like dogs for hare;
 There shot the sheep and made them fall,
 Whirled off the skin, and that was all;
 Struck up fires and boiled the flesh,
 With salt and pepper did not fash.
 This did enrage the Camerons' chief,
 To see his men so play the thief;
 And finding one into the act,
 He fired and shot him through the back;
 Then to the rest himself addressed,
 ‘ This is your lot, I do protest,

Who e'er amongst you wrongs a man,
 Pay what you get, I tell you plain ;
 For yet we know not friend or foe,
 Nor how all things may chance to go." p. 16.

7 Lockhart Papers, ii. 444.

8 Dougal Graham, after relating that the Highlanders found a considerable quantity of arms at Callander House, says,

" Then to Linlithgow they did proceed ;
 Open'd the pris'n, in search of more,
 Thinking to seize on Gardiner's store ;
 But th' information was but mocks,
 For all they found was sacking frocks,
 Which troopers use in dressing horse ;
 This made *hersel'* to rage and curse,
 Saying, ' Het ! that soger has been chased,
 And left his auld sark in ta haste. ' " p. 18.

9 The Provost of Linlithgow, in 1745, was a great Jacobite—his name Bucknay. On the 10th of June preceding the commencement of the insurrection, he had attended a sort of *fête* given in the palace by Mrs Gordon in honour of the Chevalier's birth-day, when a large bonfire was kindled in the inner-court, the fountain in the centre adorned with flowers and green boughs, and King James's health drunk. When the Highland army drew near, the Provost fled towards Edinburgh ; but his wife and daughters remained, and waited upon the Prince, with tartan gowns and white cockades, and had the honour of kissing his hand at the cross.—See *Jacobitism Triumphant* ; a pamphlet, dated 1753, which appears to have been occasioned by the following ridiculous circumstance. Some of the Jacobite gentry around Linlithgow, suspecting that the post-master of the town (a notorious loyalist) was in the habit of opening their letters and exposing them to Government, Mr James Dundas of Philipstoun wrote a letter to Provost Bucknay, of which the following are the *ipsissima verba* :

" Sir,—Is it not very hard that you and I cannot keep up a correspondence, for that damned villain of a postmaster ?

(Signed) " JA. DUNDAS. "

They expected that the object of their suspicions would open this epistle, and be overwhelmed with

shame and rage. To their astonishment he did not do so. He only learned that such a pasquil had been issued against him, some years afterwards; and the pamphlet is a sort of memorial, arising out of the process which he then instituted against Mr Dundas before the Court of Session.

10 Lockhart Papers, ii. 445.

CHAP. IX.—CAPTURE OF EDINBURGH.

- 1 Popularly termed the Blue Blanket.
- 2 True Account of the Conduct and Behaviour of Provost Archibald Stewart, p. 18.
- 3 A story is told of one John MacLure, a writing-master, who, knowing the irresolution of his fellow-volunteers, and that they would never fight, assumed what the reviewer of Mr Home's Works (Quar. Rev. No. 71) calls "a professional cuirass," namely, a quire of writing-paper, upon which he wrote, "This is the body of John MacLure—pray give it a Christian burial." The same man excited the laughter of the bystanders, at the West Port, by calling out, in remonstrance against some encroachment upon his place,—“Stand about, stand about! *we're a' alike burgresses here.*”
- 4 Hend. Hist. Reb. 43.
- 5 Delivered between ten and eleven in the forenoon by Mr Alves, a gentleman of Edinburgh, who had passed the Highland army on the road, and been intrusted with it by the Duke of Perth. Mr Alves was put in prison that afternoon by the Provost for having been so imprudent as to communicate the message to the people on the streets; instead of confining it to his Lordship's own ear.
- 6 Williamson *did* go over the walls through the night, and was the first man to reach London with intelligence of the surrender of Edinburgh.
- 7 MS. Note to a copy of Lord Hailes' pamphlet against the Extension of the city of Edinburgh, 1753.
- 8 Cal. Merc.
- 9 Hist. Reb. London, 8vo, p. 30.
- 11 The first man who entered the city was Captain Evan MacGregor, a younger son of MacGregor of Glencairnaig, and grandfather to the present Sir Evan

- 307 Murray MacGregor, Bart., chief of this ancient clan
 308 In consideration of his gallantry, he was that night
 309 raised to a Majority by the Prince at Holyroodhouse.
 310 *MS. account of the campaign by Duncan MacPharig,*
 311 *an actor, in the possession of Sir J. M. MacGregor.*
- 12 Lockhart Papers, ii. 488.
- 13 Mr Home seems to have adopted this idea from a say-
 ing to the same effect, which we have heard put into
 the mouth of a Highlander. A citizen of Edinburgh,
 taking a stroll round the walls on the morning of
 this momentous day, observed a mountaineer sitting
 astride upon a cannon, with an air of great vigilance
 and solemnity, as if deeply impressed with a sense
 of his duty as a sentinel. The citizen accosted him
 with a remark, that surely these were not the same
 troops which mounted guard yesterday. "Och, no!"
 said the Highlander, "she pe relieved."
- 14 At the period of these memorable transactions, there
 312 were two newspapers regularly published at Edin-
 313 burgh—the Evening Courant and the Caledonian
 314 Mercury. The former continued throughout all the
 315 subsequent campaign to express such violent hostility
 316 to the insurgents, that the Editor was burnt in effigy,
 317 at Rome, on the 10th of June 1746, amongst the other
 festivities with which the birth-day of the old Cheva-
 318 lier was there celebrated. The Mercury, on the con-
 319 trary, was so enthusiastic a Jacobite, that it was af-
 320 terwards very much discountenanced and even perse-
 321 cuted by Government. There is something quite
 322 amusing in the conduct of the Courant on the occa-
 323 sion of Charles' entry into Edinburgh. So long as
 324 the Highlanders were at a distance, the Editor talks
 325 of them with the most dignified contempt. Even
 326 when they had pushed the length of Perth, he de-
 327 scribes them as "a pitiful ignorant crew, good for
 328 nothing, and incapable of giving any reason for their
 329 proceedings, but talking only of *Snishing, King*
 330 *Jamesh, ta Rashant* (the Regent), *plunter, and new*
 331 *progues.*" At every successive advance, however,
 which they made towards Edinburgh, and at every
 additional symptom of imbecility displayed by the
 332 protectors of the city, this tone is perceptibly decreas-
 333 ed, till at last, in the number for Tuesday, Septem-
 334 ber 17, it is altogether extinguished, and we only find

a notice to the following effect: "By order of Mr Murray of Broughton, Secretary. Since our last, the Prince, with his Highland army, has taken possession of this place; but we must refer you for particulars to our next." *Our next*, however, did not come out for a week, instead of appearing, as it ought to have done, at the distance of two days; and, during the whole stay of the Prince at Edinburgh, the editor seems fain to say as little on either side as possible. The *Mercury*, which, as we have already mentioned, was then under the charge of Ruddiman, the distinguished grammarian, both talks with more respect of the Highland army when at a distance, and afterwards becomes more readily its organ of intelligence, than the *Courant*. In the first publication after the capture of Edinburgh, "affairs" are stated to have "taken a surprising turn in this city since yesterday, Highlanders and bagpipes being now as common in our street as formerly were dragoons and drums." Then follows an account of the taking of the city, concluding with a statement that "the Highlanders behave most civilly to the inhabitants, paying cheerfully for every thing they get," &c. Both papers are printed without the affix of a printer's or publisher's name; a circumstance which at once indicated their terror of Government, and the compulsion under which the Highland army had laid them. They are also unstamped; because the Stamp Office, as well as the Banks, and other public offices, had been removed into the Castle before the army approached.

It remains to be stated, that Provost Archibald Stewart was afterwards apprehended, and, being confined for fourteen months, and only liberated on finding bail to the enormous amount of 15,000*l.*, tried by the High Court of Justiciary, upon an obsolete statute of the Scottish James II, "for neglect of duty and misbehaviour in the execution of his office." The trial, which took place in March 1747, lasted for two or three days, and was considered the most solemn ever witnessed in this country. He was acquitted by a unanimous jury. The vexations and disgrace to which this man was subjected, prove strongly the nature of the Government of that time. Jacobite as he was, he had done every thing for the de-

fence of the city which his duty required, and he at last only yielded to a force which had dismayed a stronger body of regular soldiers than any he could pretend to muster. But, at any rate, even although he had resigned a city which *could* have held out a siege, what law of the land had he infringed? for what was he to be tried? The sense of the nation eventually compensated to him the persecution which he had suffered at the hands of Government; for, afterwards setting up as a wine-merchant in London, he received so much encouragement from all ranks of people, that he soon acquired a fortune.

CHAP. X.—CHARLES'S ENTRY INTO EDINBURGH.

- 1 Tradition at Slateford.
- 2 Lockhart Papers, ii. 446.
- 3 This young nobleman, the son of the Earl of Wemyss, had joined him the night before.
- 4 Hist. Reb. with an account of the genius and temper of the clans.
- 5 "He came to the Royal Palace at the Abbey of Holyroodhouse, amidst a vast crowd of spectators, who, from town and country, flocked together to see this uncommon sight, expressing their joy and surprise together, by long and loud huzzas. Indeed, the whole scene, as I have been told by many, was rather like a dream, so quick and amazing seemed the change, though no doubt wise people saw well enough we had much to do still."—Journalist in Lockhart Papers, ii. 489.
- 6 Mr Home.
- 7 The Wanderer, or Surprising Escape, &c. Glasgow, 1752. p. 17. It is added by that writer, that he "would fight, run, or leap with any man in the Highlands."
- 8 Hist. Reb. with an account of the genius and temper of the clans.
- 9 Most of them stooping with age, and imperfectly armed.—See Hist. of the Rise, Progress, and Extinction of the Reb. in Scot. 8vo, London, sold by R. Thomson, &c. p. 30. (A violent party production, attributed to Daniel Defoe.)
- 10 Home's Works, iii. 71.

- 11 Mr Home.
- 12 Tradition in Edinburgh.
- 13 Home's Works, iii, 72.
- 14 Caledonian Mercury,
- 15 Boyse.
- 16 Mr Home.
- 17 Boyse, 77.

CHAP. XI.—COPE'S PREPARATIONS.

- 1 Critique on Mr Home's Works, vol. xxxvi, apparently by Sir Walter Scott.
- 2 Mr Home's Appendix, No. xxiii.
- 3 "A True Account of the Behaviour and Conduct of Archibald Stewart, Esq. late Lord Provost of Edinburgh, in a Letter to a Friend. London, 1748."
- 4 Home's Works, iii, 76.
- 5 Ibid. iii, 77.
- 6 Ibid. iii, 78.
- 7 The reason why Charles's name is so generally diminished in this manner by popular parlance, seems to be, that the Erse or Gaelic translation of Charles is Charlich or Charli. The Lowlanders must have adopted the name generally given to him by his adherents.
- 8 Quarterly Review, vol. xxxvi, 177.
- 9 Information by Mr Mackenzie, author of the Man of Feeling.

CHAP. XII.—THE PRINCE'S MARCH TO PRESTON.

- 1 Home's Works, iii, 81.
- 2 Caledonian Mercury.
- 3 Recollection of Mrs Handasyde of Fisherrow, whose memory is quoted also for the latter part of this paragraph.
- 4 Tradition in Fisherrow.
- 5 Recollection of Mr Chalmers, slater, Fisherrow, who was taken there in his nurse's arms "to see Prince Charlie."
- 6 Home's Works, iii, 81.
- 7 Home's Works, iii, 84.—"Without risking the loss of the whole army," is the expression put into Mr Kerr's mouth, by the author of an account of the Young Pretender's operations, printed in the Lockhart Papers.
- 8 Home's Works, iii, 85.

- 9 Lockhart Papers, ii. 448.
- 10 Tradition preserved at Tranent, as reported to us in writing by Mr Arthur Heriot of that village.
- 11 Lockhart Papers, ii. 489, 490.
- 12 Home's Works, iii. 92.
- 13 Lockhart Papers, ii. 449.

CHAP. XIII.—THE BATTLE OF PRESTON.

- 1 Home's Works, iii. 88.
- 2 Lockhart Papers, ii. 449.
- 3 Ibid. ii. 491.
- 4 Home, iii. 89.
- 5 Lockhart Papers, ii. 510.
- 6 Caledonian Mercury.
- 7 Home's Works, iii. 91.
- 8 Tradition in East-Lothian.
- 9 Caledonian Mercury.
- 10 Ibid.
- 11 Highland Tradition.
- 12 [*Inserted, by mistake, in the text.*]
- 13 Lockhart Papers, ii. 449.
- 14 Home's Works, iii. 92.
- 15 Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs, 37.
- 16 Caledonian Mercury, Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1745.
- 17 Chevalier Johnstone's Memoirs.
- 18 Report of Cope's Examination.
- 19 Information by a surviving friend of Mr Grant, who derived his intelligence not only from the chief actor himself, but from the draper in the Lawnmarket, and the persons who stood at the gate.
- 20 From Pinkie, that evening, the Prince wrote a letter to his father, which, as a curiosity, and because it illustrates in some measure the spirit of the times, we think proper to give entire.

*"Pinkie House, near Edinburgh,
Sept. 21, O. S. 1745.*

"SIR,—Since my last from Perth, it has pleased God to prosper your Majesty's arms under my command, with a success that has surprised my wishes. On the 17th we entered Edinburgh sword in hand, and got possession of the town without being obliged to shed one drop of blood, or use any violence. And this morning I have gained a most signal victory with

little or no loss. If I had had a squadron or two of horse to pursue the flying enemy, there would not one man of them have escaped. As it is, they have hardly saved any but a few Dragoons, who by a most precipitate flight will I believe get into Berwick.

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

“ I have sent two or three Gazettes filled with addresses and mandates from the Bishops to the clergy. The addresses are such as I expected, and can impose on none but the weak and credulous. The mandates are of the same sort, but artfully drawn. They order their clergy to make the people sensible of the great blessings they enjoy under the present family that governs them, particularly of the strict administration of justice, of the sacred regard that is paid to the laws, and the great security of their religion and liberty and property. This sounds all very well, and may impose on the unthinking, but one who reads with a little care will easily see the fallacy. What occasions has a Prince who has learnt the secret of corrupting the fountain of all laws, to disturb the ordinary course of justice ? Would not this be to give the alarm, or amount to telling them, that he was not come to protect as he pretended, but really to betray them ? When they talk of the security of their religion, they take care not to mention one word of the dreadful growth

of Atheism and infidelity, which I am extremely sorry to hear from very sensible, sober men, have within these few years got to a flaming height, even so far, that I am assured many of their most fashionable men are ashamed to own themselves Christians, and many of the lower sort act as if they were not. Conversing on this melancholy subject, I was led into a thing which I never understood rightly before, which is, that those men who are loudest in the cry of the growth of Popery, and the danger of the Protestant religion, are not really Protestants, but a set of profligate men, of good parts with some learning, and void of all principles, but pretending to be republicans.

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

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

“The Bishops are as unfair and partial in representing the security of their property as that of their religion; for when they mention it, they do not say a word of the vast load of debt that increases yearly, under which the nation is groaning, and which must be paid (if ever they intend to pay it) out of their property. 'Tis true all this debt has not been contracted under the princes of this family, but a great part of it has, and the whole of it might have been cleared by a frugal administration during these thirty years of a profound peace which the nation has enjoyed, had it not been for the immense sums that have been squandered away in corrupting parliaments, and

supporting foreign interests, which can never be of any service to these kingdoms.

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

“ There is another sort of men, among whom I am inclined to believe the lowest are the honestest, as well as among the clergy, I mean the army, for never was a finer body of men lookt at, than those I fought with this morning; yet they did not behave so well as I expected. I thought I could plainly see that the common men did not like the cause they were engaged in. Had they been fighting against Frenchmen, come to invade their country, I am convinced they would have made a better defence. The poor men’s pay, and their low prospects, are not sufficient to corrupt their natural principles of justice and honesty; which is not the case with their officers, who, incited by their own ambition, and false notions of honour, fought most desperately. I asked one of them, who is my prisoner, (a gallant man), why he would fight against his lawful Prince, and one who was come to rescue his country from a foreign yoke? He said he was a man of honour, and would be true to the prince whose bread he ate, and whose commission he bore. I told him it was a noble principle, but ill applied, and asked him if he was not a Whig? He replied, that he was.—Well, then, said I, how come you to look upon the commission you bear, and the bread you eat, to be the Prince’s and not your country’s, which raised you up, and pays you to serve and defend it against foreigners, for that I have always understood to be the true principle of a Whig? Have you not heard how your countrymen have been

carried abroad, to be insulted and maltreated by the defenders of their Protestant religion, and butchered fighting in a quarrel in which your country has little or no concern, only to aggrandize Hanover?—To this he made no answer, but looked sullen, and hung down his head.

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

“I hear there are 6000 Dutch troops arrived, and ten battalions of the English sent for. I wish they were all Dutch, that I might not have the pain of shedding English blood. I hope I shall soon oblige them to bring over the rest, which in all events will be one piece of service done to my country, in helping it out of a ruinous foreign war. 'Tis hard my victory should put me under new difficulties which I did not feel before, and yet this is the case. I am charged both with the care of my friends and enemies. Those who should bury the dead are run away, as if it were no business of theirs. My Highlanders think it beneath them to do it, and the country people are fled away. However, I am determined to try if I can get people for money to undertake it, for I cannot bear the thought of suffering Englishmen to rot above the ground. I am in great difficulties how I shall dispose of my wounded prisoners. If I make a hospital of the church, it will be lookt upon as a great

profanation, and of having violated my manifesto, in which I promised to violate no man's property. If the magistrates would act, they would help me out of this difficulty. Come what will, I am resolved not to let the poor wounded men to lye in the streets, and if I can do no better, I will make a hospital of the Palace, and leave it to them.

" I am so distracted with these cares, joined to those of my people, that I have only time to add, that

" I am your Majesty's most dutiful Son,
" CHARLES."

21 Doddridge's Life of Colonel Gardiner.—A large thorn-tree, in the centre of the battle ground, marks the spot where Gardiner fell. He was buried in the north-west corner of the church of Tranent, where eight of his children had previously been interred.—Some years ago, on the venerable mould being incidentally disturbed, his head was found marked with the stroke of the scythe which despatched him, and still adhered to by his military *club*, which, bound firmly with silk, and dressed with powder and pomatum, seemed as fresh as it could have been on the day he died.

22 Andrew Henderson's History, p. 87.

23 Information by a Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church.—We have heard that a quantity of chocolate, found in General Cope's carriage, was afterwards sold publicly in the streets of Perth, under the denomination of *Johnnie Cope's saw*, that is, salve. The carriage itself was employed to carry home old Robertson of Struan, who was unable from age to accompany the expedition any farther. At that time there was no coach-road to Struan's residence; but when he had driven as far as he could, the vehicle was carried forward, over the remaining tract, by the clansmen. After lying in the court-yard at Mount Alexander till almost rotten, it was (only a few years ago) broken up for firewood, and completely destroyed.

In the blind eagerness of the Highlanders for spoil, it is said that they plundered many of the inhabitants of Edinburgh and other neighbouring towns, who

came, during the course of the day, to see the battle ground. Thus old Skinner says—

That afternoon, whan a' was done,
I gaed to see the fray, man;
But had I wist what after past,
I'd better staid away, man.

On Seton sands, wi' nimble hands,
They picked my pockets bare, man;
But I wish ne'er to dree sic fear,
For a' the sum and mair, man.

24 Tradition at Tranent, communicated by Mr Heriot.

We shall here introduce a traditionary anecdote connected with the battle of Preston, which we have derived at second hand from a descendant of the person concerned. The Highlanders, in their descent upon the Low countries, had taken away all the horses belonging to a Mr Lucas, a farmer upon the estate of Tillibody, in the west of Fife. The unlucky proprietor followed the army, in the hope of recovering his cattle; for the better accomplishment of which, he was charged by his landlord, ——— Abercrombie, Esq. ancestor of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, with an expostulatory message to Lord George Murray, with whom that gentleman happened to be intimately acquainted. Lucas made up to the Lieutenant-general on the very evening before the battle of Preston. When he had mentioned his business, and delivered his landlord's message, Lord George expressed great regret that he was unable to pay the respect he could have wished to Tilliebody's request. Such was the necessity, he said, of the army, and such the unruliness of the men, that he could not upon any account interfere in the case. "However," added his Lordship, "I'll make free to tell you a way by which you may take justice at your own hands. The horses are all up yonder in Tranent church-yard. Do you watch your opportunity, and, when you think you may do so with safety, just pick out your horses from the rest; and make the best of your way home with them."

The farmer thanked Lord George for the hint, which he said he would follow, at whatever risk. He was about to take his leave, when the insurgent leader, pleased with the bold resolution he avowed, and ob-

serving him to be a very well-made active-looking man, stopped him, to ask if he could be prevailed upon to enter the Highland army, in which case he would make him sure of a commission. Mr Lucas was a man of English extraction, and by no means disposed to enroll himself in a corps which had displayed such gallows-like conduct; he therefore respectfully declined Lord George's offer, observing, that he was very well content with the laws as administered by the present King, which he was afraid would not be much improved by men of such disorderly character as the Highlanders. He even took the liberty to say to Lord George, that he thought the sooner his Lordship could get quit of the enterprise the better, as he could foresee no good as likely to come of it. Lord George owned, with an air of confidential candour, that his advice was perhaps a prudent one; but he laughed it off with the proverb, "In for a penny, in for a pound." Lucas then took his leave, and next morning found an opportunity, while the Highlanders were engaged in battle, to abstract his horses from the church-yard.

CHAP. XV.—PRINCE CHARLES AT HOLYROOD.

- 1 The Wanderer, or Surprising Escape (Glasgow, 1752), p. 45.
- 2 Boyce's History, 82.
- 3 The prisoners were confined, the officers in Queensberry House, and the privates in the Jail and Church of Canongate. The wounded were committed to the Royal Infirmary, where the utmost possible pains was taken to heal them. In the course of a few days after the battle, the officers were liberated on parole, and permitted to lodge in the town. Afterwards, on one person breaking his word by going into the castle, the whole were sent to Cupar Angus; and the private men were put into custody at Logierate in Athole.
- 4 Boyce's History.
- 5 Caledonian Mercury.
- 6 Information by a Bishop of the Scot. Ep. Church.
- 7 Hist. Reb. 8vo. London, 37. (Believed to have been written by Defoe.)
- 8 The *ipsissima verba* of this singular prayer, as given in

Ray's History of the Rebellion, were these: " Bless the King; Thou knows what king I mean: may the crown sit long easy upon his head, &c. And for the man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech thee, in mercy, to take him to thyself, and give him a crown of glory!"

9 Wilkinson's Complete History of the Trials, p. 157.

10 Mr Foster's Account.

11 Information by Glencairnaig's nephew and representative, the late Sir John Murray MacGregor.

12 In this rude but clever composition, the honest farmer embodies almost the whole of the talk of the times, regarding the actors on both sides. He speaks of the bravadoes of General Cope before battle, and his pusillanimity after. He describes the brave Lochiel leading his Camerons on in clouds, and unloosing all his tremendous energies upon the enemy. He adverts to the dragoons flying, with all the circumstances of excessive terror, at first sight of the enemy they had threatened to cut in pieces, and without firing a gun. He then alludes to the childish terror of the poor volunteers, and in particular to the ineffectual pulpit-valour of the sectarian preachers. Besides reproaching the Highlanders for their rapacity, he further animadverts in severe terms upon the conduct of the British officers, one of whom betrayed an especial degree of cowardice, and that under circumstances which also disgraced his humanity. This was Lieutenant Smith, of Hamilton's regiment, by birth an Irishman. We shall quote the verses in which this hero is mentioned, that the reader may the better appreciate the note which follows:

When Major Bowle, that worthy soul,

Was brought down to the ground, man,

His horse being shot, it was his lot

For to get mony a wound, man.

Lieutenant Smith, of Irish birth,

Frae whom he called for aid, man,

Being full of dread, lap ower his head,

And wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurred his beast,

'Twas little there he saw, man;

To Berwick rade, and falsely said,

The Scots were rebels a', man:

But let that end, for weel it's kend
 His use and wont's to lie, man ;
 The Teague is naught—he never faught,
 When he had room to flie, man.

So famous did this scandal become in a little time, that an advertisement was inserted in the Edinburgh Courant, on the 6th of January 1746, to the following effect: "Whereas there has been a scandalous report spread, to the prejudice of Lieutenant Peter Smith of General Hamilton's dragoons, that he refused to assist Major Bowles, when dismounted at Preston; I the said Major Bowles do affirm it to be an infamous falsehood, Lieutenant Smith not being in the same squadron with me; nor did any officer of the corps refuse me his assistance on that occasion. Witness my hand, at Prestonpans, this 1st of January 1746. (Signed) RICHARD BOWLES." It is needless to say, that the lame and limited circulation of this exculpatory evidence, went but little way to recover the unfortunate Lieutenant's fame, committed as it was by the song to the mouths of the meanest plebeians. Smith seems, therefore, to have at last aimed at a more effectual way of washing out the "damned spot" which stained his 'scutcheon. He is said to have come to Haddington, with the intention of challenging Mr Skirving, and to have sent a friend to the house of that gentleman, in order to settle the preliminaries of a personal combat. Here, however, poor Smith was quite as much at fault as ever. The farmer was busy forking his dunghill when the *friend* approached, whose hostile intentions he no sooner learned, than he proceeded to put that safe barrier between his own person and that of the challenger; after which, he patiently waited till the gentleman disclosed his errand. When he had heard all, and paused a little to consider it, he at last replied with great coolness, "Gang awa back to Mr Smith; tell him that I hae nae time to come to Haddington to gi'e him satisfaction; but say, if he likes to come here, I'll tak' a look o' him; and, if I think I'm fit to fecht him, I'll fecht him; and if no, I'll just do as he did—I'll rin awa!"

- 13 Henderson's Hist. Reb. 92.
- 14 Boyse's Hist. 89.
- 15 One of his officers has given the following brief but distinct account of the Prince's daily life at Holyroodhouse. "In the morning, before the Council met, the Prince-Regent had a levee of his officers and other people who favoured his cause. Upon the rising of the Council, which often sat very long—for his counsellors frequently differed in opinion with one another, and sometimes with him—he dined in public with his principal officers. After dinner, he rode out to Duddingston (where the army lay encamped after their return to Edinburgh). In the evening he returned to Holyroodhouse, and received the ladies who came to his drawing-room. He then supped in public, and generally there was music at supper, and a ball afterwards."—*Home's History*.

The following description of Charles was drawn during his stay at Holyroodhouse, by an Englishman, who was sent from York in the middle of October, as a sort of spy, to report upon the appearance of himself and his forces. "I was introduced to him on the 17th; when he asked me several questions as to the number of the troops, and the affections of the people of England. The audience lasted for a quarter of an hour, and took place in presence of other two persons. The young Chevalier is about five feet eleven inches high, very proportionably made; wears his own hair, has a full forehead, a small but lively eye, a round brown-complexioned face; nose and mouth pretty small; full under the chin; not a long neck; under his jaw a pretty many pimples. He is always in a Highland habit, as are all about him. When I saw him, he had a short Highland plaid (*tartan*) waistcoat; breeches of the same; a blue garter on, and a St Andrew's cross, hanging by a green ribbon, at his button-hole, but no star. He had his boots on, *as he always has*. He dines every day in publick. All sorts of people are admitted to see him then. He constantly practises all the arts of condescension and popularity—talks familiarly to the meanest Highlanders, and makes them very fair promises."—Excerpt from a MS. in the possession of the late George Chalmers, Esq. given in his Caledonia,

vol. II. p. 717. That learned antiquary adds, that the description corresponds with a bust of Charles by Le Moine, after his return to Paris.

The description which the spy gives of the Highlanders, is also worthy of quotation, though not flattering. "They consist," he says, "of an odd medley of grey-beards and no-beards—old men fit to drop into the grave, and young boys whose swords are near equal to their weight—and I really believe more than their length. Four or five thousand may be very good determined men; but the rest are mean, dirty, villainous-looking rascals, who seem more anxious about plunder than their Prince, and would be better pleased with four shillings than a crown."

16 Mr Murray of Broughton, who had become his secretary.

17 Among the rest, a certain malefactor who has been made well known to the public by means of a popular novel, *Daddie Ratchiff* by name, seems to have been by no means the least active. It is mentioned in the *Caledonian Mercury* for October 11, that "the very villain, James Ratchiff, who has spent his whole life in pilfering and robbing, and who has escaped twenty several times from jail, particularly twice when under sentence of death in this city, was yesterday apprehended in the Grassmarket, and committed to the Thief's Hold. He had gone about the country since he last got out of jail, at the head of a gang of villains in Highland and Lowland dress, imposing upon, and robbing honest people."

18 During this temporary paralysis of the arm of the law, the following ludicrous circumstance is said to have taken place. The landlady of a Highland serjeant, resident in the Grassmarket, one day came into his room, exclaiming loudly against a neighbour who she said owed her eight shillings, and who had taken advantage of the decrease of the laws to refuse payment. "Confound the hale pack o' ye!" she concluded; "ever since ye cam here, there's been neither law nor justice in the country. Charlie may be what he likes; but he can ne'er be a gude king that prevents pair folk frae getting their ain!"—"Say ye sae?" replied the serjeant, in some little indignation, "I can tell ye, though, Prince Charlie has

petter law and shustice paith, than ever your Chordie had a' his tays. Come along wi' me, and I'll let ye see ta cood law and chustice too!" The landlady conducted her lodger to the house of the debtor, which he entered with his drawn sword in his hand. "Mistress!" he said to the recusant dame, "do you pe awin this honest woman my landlaty ta aught shilling?"—"And what although I should?" was the answer; "what thé muckle deevil hae ye to do wi't"—"I'll show you what I have to do with it," said the Highlander; and mounting a cutty stool, he proceeded with great *non-chalance* to depopulate the good woman's shelves of her shining pewter-plates, which he handed down one by one into his landlady's apron, saying at every successive descent of his arm, "tere's ta cood law and chustice too!" Pewter-plates were at that time the very *penates* of a Scottish housewife of the lower order; and when the woman saw her treasured *bink* thus laid waste, she relented incontinent, and, forthwith proceeding into another room to get the money, paid the landlady her debt; in return for which she demanded back her plates. The Highland J. P. replaced all the goods in their shelves, except a few, which he desired the landlady to carry home. "What!" exclaimed the proprietrix, "am I no to get a' my plates back when I've paid my debt?"—"Tat you are not," quoth the sergeant, "unless you give me tá other twa shilling for laying ta law upon you." This additional sum, the poor woman was actually obliged to pay; and the Highlander then went home, with his landlady; exclaiming all the way, "Tare now's ta cood law and chustice paith—petter than ever your Chordie had a' his tays!"

19 It seems to be the confident assertion of all who witnessed and have described the transactions of this time, that many persons really belonging to the Highland army *did commit acts of depredation*. It was common, for instance, for well-dressed persons to be stopped upon the street, by men who presented their pieces, with a threatening aspect, and who, on being asked what they wanted, usually answered, "a *paapee*," that is, a halfpenny. Sometimes, we have heard, these persons were contented with a still hum-

bler contribution—a pinch of snuff. When we consider the extreme moderation of these demands, we can scarcely visit the practice, disgraceful as it was, with any severe reprehension. But the truth is, it was only practised by the *canaille* of the clans, or rather perhaps by those loose persons who hang upon the skirts of all armies, and whose only motive for carrying arms is, that they may take advantage, for their own proper profit, of the license which more or less accompanies the presence of all military bodies whatever. The general tradition of the Lowlands is, that the Highlanders behaved with great discretion as they were advancing in their expedition, and that it was only when retreating, and when their pride of spirit had been in a great measure destroyed, that their conduct in this respect was to be complained of.

We shall here vindicate Charles's memory from a story, which has always hitherto been related with a colour unfavourable to him. A worthy Quaker in Edinburgh, by name Erskine, and by trade a brewer, called upon Charles at Holyroodhouse, to complain of a robbery which had been committed upon him by a troop wearing the Highland dress and cognizance, and concluded his remonstrance with these remarkable words: "Verily, friend Charles, thou art harder to deal with than our present ruler: George only takes a part of our substance, but thou takest it all." It is said that the Prince told this strange expostulator, that what he had lost was little enough to compensate for the long arrears of tax and duty which he was owing to the King *de jure*. But he appears, on the contrary, to have taken measures for bringing the perpetrators of the robbery to deserved punishment. There is an advertisement in the Courant of the time, proceeding from him, in which he offers a reward for their apprehension, and requires all to whom the stolen goods might be offered for sale, to restore them to the owner.

We cannot forbear to add Dougal Graham's truly *naïve* account of this delicate matter.

"And here they lifted tax and cess,
Which did the lieges sore oppress.
But what is worse, I understand,
Without his knowledge or command,

Some thievish bands, in many parts,
 To cloak their knavery, used these arts.
 In tartan dressed from top to toe,
 With arms and livery also,
 They plundered all where'er they went,
 Professed they by the Prince were sent,
 To levy horses, men and money,
 Extorting cash and horse from many ;
 Excise and cess made people pay,
 And gave receipts—so just were they !
 A famous way of making rich,
 But Charlie got the blame of such,
 Which did his merit sore defame,
 And gave his men a thievish name.
 Many of his crew, indeed, were greedy,
 To fill their bellies when they were needy ;
 They cocks and hens, and churns and cheese,
 Did kill and eat, when they could seize,
 And when the owners did exclaim,
 ' Hup pup, hersel pe far frae hame ;
 You need not fash to say no thing—
Hersel brings you a pra new king !

History, p. 11.

CHAP. XVIII.—GATHERING AT EDINBURGH.

- 1 1. The House of Stuart, in imitation of that of Lancaster, had assumed the white rose as a cognizance ; and all its declared adherents, on the present occasion, wore white cockades in their hats.
- 2 2. The White Horse, for the House of Brunswick, in whose armorial-bearings it makes a conspicuous figure.
- 3 Information supplied, in writing, by a member of General Preston's family. This venerable soldier survived the siege of Edinburgh Castle three years, when he died suddenly in the act of mounting his horse. His death was supposed to have been occasioned by the dislodgment of a bullet which he had carried about with him ever since the battle of Lindenheim in the reign of King William. We have seen an original portrait of him, to which an inscription is attached in the handwriting of his contempo-

rary, the late Earl of Dundonald, stating the circumstances embodied in the text.

* During the whole stay of the Chevalier at Edinburgh, the newspapers served as organs of intelligence in his favour, and were the chief vehicles of his proclamations. While the Courant submitted to this necessity with all the reluctance which might have been expected from its principles, the Mercury not only complied with promptitude, but rejoiced in the opportunity thus afforded of indulging its natural propensities without constraint. Ruddiman himself had retired to the country, after having only once, as he himself informs us, * seen his Prince *for two minutes*. At the advanced age of seventy-one, he could not promote by any active measures the cause of his heart, and, with a sort of *nunc-dimittis* sensation, he conceived that one short glimpse of his idol was sufficient for his own contentment. During his absence, however, the paper was conducted with sufficient vigour by his partner, James Grant, a young man of more violent political prejudices than even himself, and who eventually took arms in behalf of the Chevalier. Grant did all, that the command of such a tool put in his power, to further the views of the Highland army; and his paper is thus, perhaps, one of the most valuable documents now extant, regarding this interesting period of our domestic history.

Making allowance for the partiality displayed in his paragraphs, many of them contain curious memorabilia of the time, and may be read with both amusement and instruction. As they moreover serve to mark the spirit of the time, at least on one side, we shall make no apology for introducing a few into these pages.

Friday, September 27.—“Several sergeants and corporals, with a vast many private men, have entered into the Prince’s service; so that, with the volunteers who came in, the clerks of the office have not leisure to eat, drink, or sleep, by enlisting. These sergeants and volunteers are now beating for volunteers to serve Prince Charles.

* In the Preface to his Dissertation concerning the Competition between Bruce and Baliol.

"The poor soldiers who were wounded at the late battle daily die of their wounds, both in town and country; and such of them as have been able to crawl to town, are cheerfully succoured by the inhabitants.

"His Royal Highness, whose robust and hardy constitution supports his natural inclination to fatigue and hardships, lay last night in a soldier's tent at the camp, preferring that tent to the Royal Palace of Holyroodhouse."

Monday, September 30.—"There is now forming, and pretty well advanced, a body of Horse Lifeguards for his Royal Highness the Prince, commanded by the Right Honourable the Lord Elcho. Their uniform is blue trimmed with red, and laced waistcoats; they are to consist of four squadrons of gentlemen of character.

"The Prince's tent has been erected in the camp near Duddingston, where his Royal Highness lies every night, wrapped up in his Highland plaid. He takes the utmost pleasure in reviewing his people, and is highly beloved by them. There was yesterday a general review.

"Several persons of distinction, and a vast number of private gentlemen, have joined the Prince's army since our last.

"A gentleman, a citizen of London, arrived yesterday in the Prince's camp, and offered himself a volunteer.

"Ever since the castle has been blocked up somewhat strictly on the *side of this city*, the friends of the garrison have the night long conveyed up by ropes to them whatever necessaries they want, by the corner of the West-port side.

Wednesday, Oct. 2.—"Among the Observables of this time, one is, that there is not in the City Jail one single prisoner for crime, debt, or otherwise. The like, perhaps, never could have been said before."

Some of the subsequent publications overflow with flattering accounts of the rising in the North, and intimate the highest hopes regarding the issue of the expedition. The clans are described as descending in thousands from their fastnesses, and every party which really came to the camp is greatly exaggerated. Cheerful accounts are also given of the readiness with

which the contributions of the towns and rents of the forfeited estates are paid to the Prince. Altogether, from the magnificence of the reports which the Mercury either puts into circulation or only commemorates, it is scarcely to be wondered at that so many sober and even selfish men saw fit to embark in the expedition.

Wednesday, Oct. 16.—“ On Monday last, Monseigneur de Boyer, a French person of quality, arrived at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, with dispatches from the Court of Versailles. He has brought with him a great quantity of arms, ammunition, money, &c.

“ Yesternight, the Right Honourable Lord Lewis Gordon, third son of the deceased Alexander Duke of Gordon, came and kissed the Prince's hand, and joined his Royal Highness's standard. His Lordship was some time an officer in the navy. The court, which was very numerous and splendid, seemed in great joy on this occasion, as several gentlemen not only of the name of Gordon, but many others in the shires of Aberdeen, Banff, and Murray, who had declined joining the Prince's standard, unless some one or other of the sons of the illustrious house of Gordon was to head them, will now readily come up and join the army.”

Monday, Oct. 21.—“ Friday last, at one afternoon, a woman was observed by the sentinels on duty at the Park of Artillery near Holyroodhouse, carrying, as they believed, dinner to some of the guard; under which colour, she actually got past the outer sentinels, and even made an attempt to get by the inner sentinels; but, being pushed back, she stept to the south-east wall of the Park, and actually got upon it, though the sentinels called out and fired upon her. She was immediately apprehended, and there was found upon her several combustible affairs. The people, asking what business she had within the artillery ground, where so much powder was, with her straw, faggots, &c., she only answered, that she believed it was a church-yard, and pretended to be delirious. It is assured, that two suspicious-looking fellows were at the same time seen stepping over the

caster wall of the Park, but that they unhappily escaped by the surprise every body was in."

Monday, Oct. 28.—"Saturday last, his Royal Highness the Prince reviewed the MacDonalDs of Glengarry, at Musselburgh; they made a most noble appearance."

Besides innumerable paragraphs of local news, calculated more or less to favour the Chevalier's enterprise, Grant inserted in his paper a detailed account, compiled from the records of Parliament, of the Massacre of Glencoe; also a Life of Viscount Dundee, and some letters by the Duke of Berwick, lauding the conduct of Prince Charles at the siege of Gaeta—the whole tending to throw infamy upon the Whigs, and lustre on the Cavaliers. It is worthy of remark, that, after the accession of several Lowland gentlemen, the position of the insurgent army is always termed the *Scots Camp*, probably to give it a more national and respectable appearance in print.

- 4 The Whigs of that time might have accounted for the affection which the Clan Ogilvie manifested for the house of Stuart, by an old superstitious legend which makes them out to have been gradually degenerating in worldly sense ever since the time of Cardinal Beaton. They labour, it seems, under a sort of anathema which was uttered against them by this celebrated personage, the cause and nature of which was as follows:—When Beaton was Abbot of Arbroath, the two chief families then resident in Angus (Forfarshire), to wit, the Lindsays and the Ogilvies, contended with blood and slaughter which should hold the lucrative office of the Abbot's Bailie. To such a length were their contentions carried, that the families nearly exterminated each other, besides slaying a great number of their respective allies, before the dispute could be adjusted. It is said that the Abbot was so perplexed and troubled about this affair, as to pray that every succeeding member of the first family might be poorer than his father, and every future Ogilvie *dafter* than his mother; which prayer, it is added, has been attended with such certain effect, that there is now scarcely one landed proprietor of the name of Lindsay in Angus, where formerly there were many; and "*as for the Ogilvies,*"

remarks our informant, in conclusion, " *it's weel kenned they're skeer eneuch.*"

5 Edinburgh Packet Opened, 1745, 8vo, p. 12.

6 The old Chevalier was so strongly assured of the favourable disposition of this sect to his cause, as to communicate to them, in 1718, when the project of invasion was a-foot in Spain, a manifesto, promising to gratify them in their wish for a dissolution of the Union, and also to protect them from "all sorts of hardship and oppression," provided they should assist him in the ensuing expedition. We happen to possess this document; and as it is a curiosity in its way, and moreover illustrates, in some measure, the principles of what modern politicians term *conciliation*, we make no scruple in giving it entire:

" JAMES R.

" James, by the Grace of God, King of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, &c. To all and sundry whom these presents may in any way concern, greeting. Whereas we are certainly informed that it hath pleased Almighty God so to touch the hearts of many of the people in Scotland commonly called Cameronians with a sense of their duty to us and their native country, that they are ready to joine in any undertaking which shall tend by force of arms to restore us to the throne of our ancestors, and our Kingdom of Scotland to its ancient, free, and independent state. Therefore, that nothing reasonable may be wanting on our part to encourage them in the performance of a designe so laudable and so worthy of Scotsmen, we hereby renew the promises we have already made in our former declarations in relation to the unhappy Union of our two kingdoms, which we thereby declared null and void from the beginning; and we further promise that it shall always be our care to protect such of our people commonly called Cameronians, as shall prove dutyfull and loyal subjects to us, from all sorts of hardships and oppressions. Given att Our Court at Bologna, this thirty-first day of October, in the eighteenth year of Our Reign, 1718.

" By His Majesty's Command,

(Signed) " MAR, "

- 7 Tradition at Kilmarnock.
- 8 Information by a Bishop of the S. E. C.
- 9 Idem.
- 10 On Mr Beatoun of Kilconquhar expostulating with the Earl of Kellie about the absurdity of his joining the Chevalier, seeing that he had *no following*, his Lordship lightly said, "Hout man, although I get a bullet through my wame, is there no Pittenweem aye to the fore?" meaning his eldest son, so entitled.—
Information by a Bishop of the S. E. C.
- 11 The principle is so well laid down in one of the verses of a popular ballad, that but to remind the reader of it, is to convince him of the fact:
 "What though we befriended young Charlie,
 (To tell it I dinna think shame),
 Puir lad, he cam to us but barely,
 And reckoned our mountains his hame.
 It's true that our reason forbade us,
 But tenderness carried the day—
 Had Geordie came friendless among us,
 Wi' him we had a' gane away."
- 12 We must allow that Jacobitism, in its earlier stages, had all the gross and ordinary features of mere political partisanship; but we cannot help asserting, as the result of elaborate research and due consideration, that it has been purified and refined away before the occurrence of the last insurrection, to the spirit which we have above attempted to describe. Hence the comparative merit of the *Forty-five* over the *Fifteen*, as a subject of history, or as a matter of poetical reflection.

CHAP. XIX.—INVASION OF ENGLAND.

- 1 By four different vessels which arrived in the well-affected district of the Mearns—two at Stonehaven, and two at Montrose—and whose stores, transported in an hundred and eighty-five waggons, and escorted by a considerable body of the insurgents, arrived safe at Dalkeith, just as the army was about to commence its southward march.
- 2 Boyse's Hist. 95.
- 3 It was originally intended to review the Highlanders upon Leith Links; but, as they were beginning to

- muster upon that ground, a few shots from Edinburgh Castle admonished them to seek a safer arena.
- 4 The kinswoman of an inhabitant of Duddingston who afforded lodgings to three or four of the insurgent officers, has informed the author of this work, that, while they continued in the house, the family was frequently disturbed by one of them rising up in his sleep, and bewailing, in incoherent but affecting language, his having left his wife and children, and embarked in an undertaking which might prevent him from ever again enjoying the comforts of his beloved home. The Prince himself oftener than once slept in a house which still exists in the village—one of two stories, thatched, and situated at the sudden contortion of the road, near a small rural square, about the east end of the village.
 - 5 Merchant's Hist. Reb. p. 127. While resident at this place, they killed a considerable number of deer in the park around the Marquis of Lothian's seat of Newbattle.
 - 6 They had pressed 800 horses into their service out of the county of Mid-Lothian alone.
 - 7 Merchant, 160.
 - 8 The following list will convey a more distinct view of the Highland army, as constituted at this interesting period. It is from the Life of the Duke of Cumberland, 8vo, London, 1767.

CLAN REGIMENTS.

Lochiel—Cameron of Lochiel	700
Appin—Stuart of Ardsziel	200
Clanranald—MacDonald of Clanranald	300
Keppoch—MacDonald of Keppoch	200
Kinloch Moidart—Macdonald of K. Moidart	100
Glenco—MacDonald of Glenco	120
MacInnon—MacInnon of MacInnon	120
MacPherson—MacPherson of Cluny	120
Glangary—MacDonell of Glangary	300
Glenbucket—Gordon of Glenbucket	300
MacLauchlan—MacLaughlan of that Ilk	200
Struan—Robertson of Struan	200
Glenmorrison—Grant of Glenmorrison	100

LOWLAND REGIMENTS.

Athol—Lord George Murray	600
Ogilvie—Lord Ogilvie, Angus Men	900
Perth—Duke of Perth	700
Nairn—Lord Nairn	200
Edinburgh—Roy Stuart	450

HORSE.

Lord Elcho and Lord Balmerino	120
Lord Pitsligo	80
Earl of Kilmarnock	60

9 Tradition at Peebles.

10 Merchant's Hist. 161.

11 Ibid. 162.

12 An old man who died lately at Jedburgh, remembered having witnessed the departure of the insurgents from his native town. After the Prince had crossed the bridge and was clear of the town, he rode back to see that none of his men had remained behind; and, on ascertaining that fact, galloped after the column, which he overtook at a little distance from the town.

When the author was at Jedburgh, in November 1826, he saw an ancient lady, who had been seven years of age when the Highlanders passed her native town, and who distinctly remembered all the circumstances of the memorable pageant. According to her report, they had a great number of horses, which it was said they had taken from the dragoons at Preston. She saw some of them dressing these animals in a stable, and could mimic the strange uncouth jabber, which they used in performing the duties of hostlers. In particular, she remembers hearing them call to the beasts, "Stand about, Cope!" &c. &c.—the name of that unfortunate General having apparently been applied to all the horses taken from his army, by way of testifying the contempt in which they held him. As at many other places, Charles was here saluted with marks of the most devout homage by the people as he passed; all the women running out to get a kiss of his hand, &c.

13 Tradition in Liddisdale.

14 As the clans crossed the Border, they drew their swords, and uttered a vehement shout, expressive of their resolution to conquer the country. Lochiel, in un-

sheathing his deadly brand, cut his hand, which the Highlanders, with their usual superstition, considered a bad omen.—*Lockhart Papers*, ii. 455.

- 15 Edinburgh Courant, for the time.
- 16 Tradition at Peebles.
- 17 Information by a Bishop of the Scotch Episcopal Communion—who has conversed with the proud Ogilvie, whose shoulder was thus honoured.
- 18 “ The terror of the English was truly inconceivable, and in many cases they seemed 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.”—Johnstone’s *Memoirs*, p. 101.
- In a letter from Derby, which made the round of the Journals, the writer describes the ferocity and filthiness of the troop which was quartered upon him, with the most extravagant expressions of disgust. He allows, however, that he was amused a good deal to see them, before meat, take off their bonnets, assume a reverent air, and say a grace, “ as if they had been Christians. ”
- 19 A Tweeddale farmer of the last age, was in the habit of entertaining about a dozen of beggars and tinkers every night, and often had upwards of a score of such persons living with him on Sunday.
- 20 Boyce, quoting an eyewitness, who says, that the common Highlanders often *encamped*, and the officers alone could find shelter in villages!
- 21 In a long march through Lancashire, over very bad roads, the Prince wore a hole in one of his shoes,

and, at the next village he came to, ordered a blacksmith to make a thin plate of iron, and fasten it to the bottom of the sole. When the work was done, he said, while paying him, "My lad, thou art the first blacksmith that ever shod the son of a king."—

True Patriot.

22 Chev. Johns. p. 65. The Manchester recruits, altogether amounting to between two and three hundred, including several gentlemen, were formed into a body called the Manchester Regiment, and put under the command of Colonel Francis Townley, a gentleman of good family in Lancashire, and a Roman Catholic.—*Home.*

23 Boyce, 103.

24 While at Manchester, Charles published the following curious proclamation, for a copy of which we have been indebted to the kindness of an inhabitant of that town. The sneer at good old *Grandmother Wade*, who, according to the Jacobite punster, could not *wade* through the snow, will scarcely fail to be relished by the reader.

"To the Inhabitants of Manchester.

"His Royal Highness being informed, that several bridges had been pulled down in this country, he has given orders to repair them forthwith, particularly that at Crossford, which is to be done this night by his own troops, though his Royal Highness does not propose to make use of it for his own army, but believes it will be of service to the country; and, if any forces that were with General Wade be coming this road, *they may have the benefit of it.*

"Manchester, Nov. 30, 1745."

25 The Duke of Cumberland left London on the 25th, and superseded Sir John Ligonier in the command of the army.

26 Boyce, 104.

27 Their colours were mostly white, with red crosses.

28 "The principal officers were accommodated at the best houses in the town—the Marquis of Tullibardine at Mr Gisborne's, the Duke of Perth at Mrs Rivett's, Lord Elcho at Mr Storer's, Lord George Murray at Mr Heathcoat's, Lord Pittligo at Mr Maynell's, Glenbucket at Alderman Smith's, Lord Nairn at Mr

Bingham's, Lady Ogilvy and Mrs Murray at Mr France's. Some gentlemen had near 100 common men, and few houses public or private had less than from 30 to 50." *Boyce*, 105. It is added that the number altogether accommodated with lodgings at Derby, was, according to the parochial register, 7148, exclusive of women and boys; but some mistake, or prejudice, increased this amount at least two thousand.

- 29 Swarkstone Bridge, six miles beyond Derby, on the road to London, and ninety-four miles from that city, was, in reality, the extreme point of this singular invasion: because the insurgents posted an advanced guard there, which kept possession of the pass till the retreat was determined on. No former host from Scotland penetrated beyond the Tees, or overrun more than the frontier counties; but this last, and it may be added *least* of all the armies Scotland ever sent against the Southron, had thus reached the Trent, traversed five counties in succession, and insulted the very centre of England.

CHAP. XXI.—RETREAT TO SCOTLAND.

- 1 London Gazette of the time.
- 2 Tradition in Wales; which adds that, at the occasional meetings of these squires, for many years after the Forty-five, it used to be a common thing for them to compare and dispute about the various distances which intervened between them and the Highland army at the moment they returned home; making *that* circumstance as much a matter of merit as if it had been a real piece of military service.
- 3 "An inhabitant of the village of Clifton, named Thomas Savage, was very serviceable in giving the English army timely notice of the disposition of the insurgents, who had hired all the lodges and out-houses. After the action, he joyfully entertained the Dukes of Cumberland, Richmond and Kingston, besides 100 horse, in his own house." *Boyce*, 127.
- 4 Chevalier Johnstone, 93.—Boyse says, very improbably, that above seventy of the insurgents were taken prisoners in this action, among whom was one Ha-

milton, a Captain of Hussars, who was cut down and taken, in the act of seizing the Duke's horse, p. 127. It was allowed by the Highlanders, that the twelve men whom they lost, were perhaps only taken, having gone too far out upon the moor in pursuit of the retreating dragoons.—*Journal published at Glasgow.*

3 He also left ten out of his thirteen pieces of cannon.

4 Chevalier Johnstone, 99.

5 Tradition at Dumfries.

6 Kinlochmoidart's captor was afterwards rewarded by Government with an appointment to the pulpit of his native parish. A strange story is told by the people of Lesmahago, as connected with this unhappy event; which, notwithstanding its inconsistency with certain modern opinions, we think not unworthy of relation in these pages. When Mr — was far advanced in life, he was one night sitting up with his eldest daughter, in attendance upon a junior member of the family, who was sick; when a step was heard, in the silence of the night, to ascend the stair which led from the outer-door to their apartment, and ere they could account to their own minds for so unexpected a circumstance, the door was opened, and a person with the appearance of a full-dressed Highlander stood plain before their eyes. The minister, who was a man of uncommon intrepidity, as he testified in the transaction which so unhappily distinguished his early years, flew to the fire-place, seized one of the fire-irons, and in a moment confronted the intruder, with an air and attitude which showed his resolution to defend himself. The apparition advanced no further, nor showed any intention of entering into conflict with Mr —, but, only darting at him one steadfast look of utter contempt, turned and left the apartment. Mr — was so much confounded, that for a minute or two he could only listen to the departing steps of the stranger, as they ascended, or seemed to ascend, towards the top of the stair. But no sooner had these dreadful sounds altogether died away, than he rushed out of the room and eagerly searched the house, to discover by what means this mysterious stranger had gained admittance, or how he could have departed. To his astonishment, the outer-door at the bottom of the stair, and all the

other apertures whatever, by which either admission could have been gained below or exit above were fast closed and locked, entirely as they were accustomed to be during the night. The thing remains, and will ever remain, one of those circumstances which are only to be accounted for in two ways—either that it was a *deceptio visus* on the part of the witnesses, or the real visitation of a spiritual being. We have derived our information from a gentleman, who received it from the daughter of the minister—a woman, by the bye, said to have possessed a mind of such strength as seemed incapable of being imposed upon by her imagination.

It may here be mentioned that Government was fully as grateful to those who adhered to its interests, or who suffered for its sake, in this civil war, as it was vindictive upon those who had opposed it. Many instances could be produced. The proprietor of a house which the Highlanders *did* burn at Lesmahago, was afterward gratified with a commission in the army. [*Tradition of his Family.*] We have heard, moreover, that a professorship was procured in the University of Aberdeen on account of the following circumstance. The father of the candidate, a minister in the disaffected district of Angus, for some time after the battle of Culloden, preached very hotly in favour of the victorious party. One day, he uttered so much invective against the unfortunate insurgents, that one of the congregation started up, and, drawing his sword, attempted to reach and kill him. The congregation interposed in time, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the man could make his escape. This singular circumstance came to the ears of Government, and actuated them in the way we speak of many years afterwards. [*Tradition at Aberdeen.*]

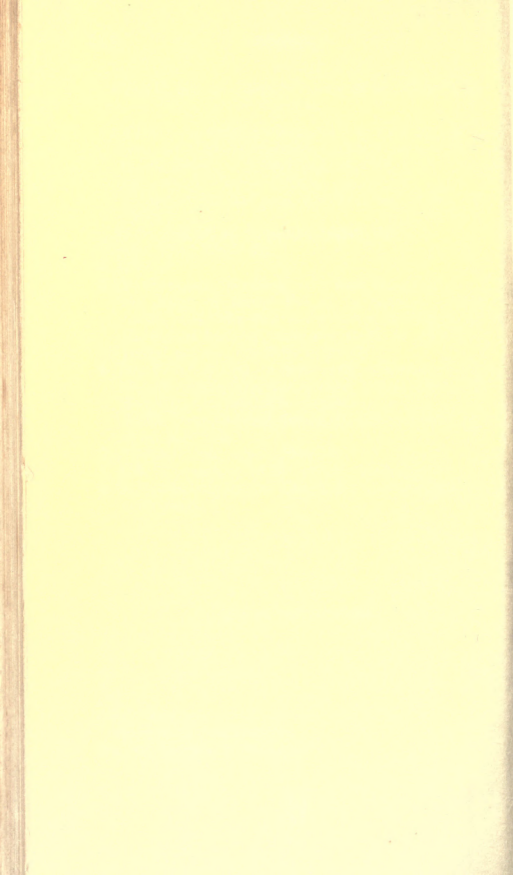
- 7 Traditions in Clydesdale.
- 8 Attic Stories—(Glasgow, 1818) p. 290.
- 9 Boyce, 132.
- 10 Scots Mag. VIII.. 29.
- 11 Tradition.
- 12 Boyse, 132.
- 13 Preserved in the archives of Drummond Castle.
- 14 Attic Stories, 290.

CHAP. XXI.—PRELIMINARIES OF THE BATTLE OF
FALKIRK.

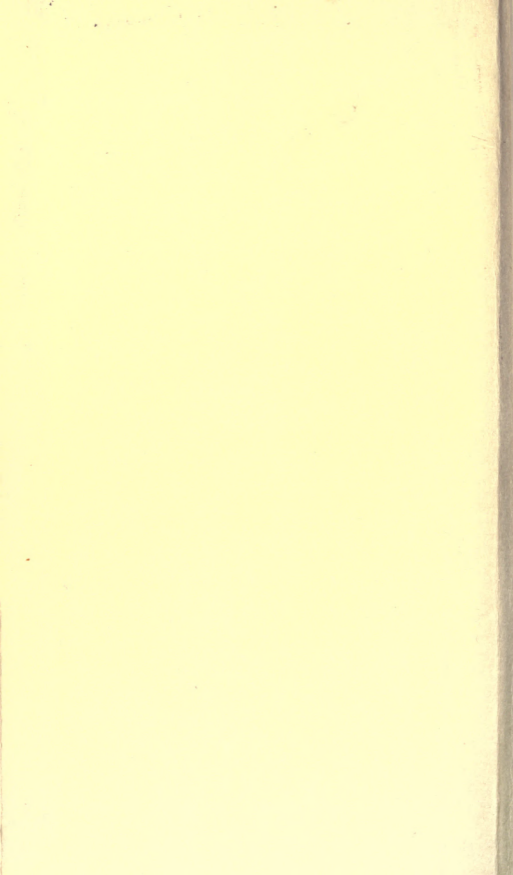
- 1 Of these the congregations which had recently seceded from the Kirk of Scotland, and who are now known by the name of the Associate Synod, formed a conspicuous portion—carrying colours on which was painted, “For Religion, the Covenants, King, Kingdoms.”
- 2 *Hist. Reb.* by an Impartial Hand, 134.
- 3 *Scots Mag.* VIII. 32.
- 4 *Ibid.* 34.
- 5 Six thousand Hessians, who were compelled to serve the King of Great Britain in terms of a recent treaty, and who had embarked at Williamstadt on the first of January, were also at this time hourly expected to enter the Firth of Forth.
- 6 The Prince is said to have really entertained an idea that his position on the field of Bannockburn was a happy omen; and it is certain that Lord Lovat, in a letter, complimented him on the circumstance. *Hend. Hist. Reb.* 134.
- 7 Chevalier Johnstone’s Memoirs.
- 8 MS. in possession of Mr David Constable.
- 9 Still popularly termed *Charlie’s Hill*, and now covered with wood.

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