A COURT IN EXILE

VOLUME I

A COURT IN EXILE

CHARLES EDWARD STUART AND THE ROMANCE OF THE COUNTESS D'ALBANIE

BY
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(NÉE THE HON. AMY COCHRANE-BAILLIE)

WITH TWO PHOTOGRAVURE PLATES AND
TWENTY-FOUR FULL-PAGE ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES
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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE

THE perennial charm attached to any details bearing on the House of Stuart must be accepted as the Author's apology for adding to the numerous works on such a well-known subject. The Author's residence in Italy has enabled her to offer to the public facts less well known than those previously published regarding that unfortunate race; it is therefore hoped that this anecdotal sketch of various episodes relating to the last members of that House may contribute a few new pages to a romance of unfailing attraction.

In this work greater attention has been given to Countess d'Albanie than has hitherto been the case. Amongst the many women of note who adorned the eighteenth century, none combined more remarkable gifts than she; and yet it is only within the last few years that Alfieri's friend has emerged from the obscurity to which she was for so long inexplicably consigned. The approaching centenary of the poet's death seems a fitting moment to recall to notice the woman who so greatly influenced his life, and contributed to his attainment of fame.

The Author would have been much perplexed as to the most efficacious means of finding her way through the endless maze of documents and papers regarding such a wide subject, had it not been for invaluable assistance given to her from many sources. A conversation with M. l'Abbé de Joanina, Econome du Séminaire de St. Sulpice, and M. Grousset, Director of the Scotch College in Paris, threw fresh light on matters relating to the French Revolution, and the consequent removal of the head of James II. from the College Chapel.

Both the Piombino and Marefoschi families have courteously given details, taken from their family archives, concerning the birth of Charles Edward and his marriage; and Signor Angelini generously handed to the Author inedited notes he had collected, when contemplating the publication of a work on the same subject.

A personal visit to Frascati, where the Cardinal of York officiated as Bishop for a period of many years, resulted in a great deal of interesting material gathered from Dr. Seghetti, and from Monsignor Mercanti, the present Rector of the seminary, founded by the Cardinal. Signor Biagi, the Librarian of the Laurenziana in Florence, has been unremitting in responding to the Author's frequent appeals for information; and Sir Edward Thompson greatly facilitated her researches in the British Museum.

The advantage of being able to give reproductions from engravings and pictures belonging to private families is owing to the generous contribution of Marchesa Visconti Venosta, *née* Alfieri (the only remaining branch of the poet's family), Count Marefoschi, Mr. Boothby, Mr. Milner Gibson-Cullum, Mrs. Grainger, and the Director of the Corsini Gallery in Rome.

Signori Alinari of Florence have given their permission for the insertion of the photograph taken from the well-known portrait of Countess d'Albanie, by Fabre.

The Author wishes specially to refer to the courtesy of the Rev. Father Dowling, Superior of the Irish Dominican Order in Rome. He related to her many traditions regarding the Chevalier de St. Georges and Clementina Sobieski, who were on most friendly terms with the monks of San Clemente. The friendship of the House of Stuart for this Order dates from the days when they were in Ireland, and the Fathers never swerved in their attachment to those unfortunate Princes. The portraits of the Chevalier and his wife were presented by them to the monastery, and are here reproduced by kind permission of Father Dowling.

For the indispensable co-operation of all these kind friends the Author offers her most grateful thanks.

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"La race des Stuart; a mis 119 ans a s'éteindre apris avoir perdu le trône quelle n'a jamais retrouvé. Trois prétendants se sont transmis dans l'exil l'ombre d'une couronne: ils avaient de l'intelligence et du courage, que leur a-t-il manqué? La main de Dieu."—CHATEAUBRIAND.

WHATEVER may be our political views, or our opinions as to what might have been the consequences to England had circumstances combined to a different end, all must unhesitatingly agree that the House of Stuart was singularly unfortunate. With persistent continuity, ill-luck was handed down from father to son, father to daughter, brother to brother. Indeed, evil destiny seemed to be their only dependable legacy, and succession to misfortune the only certain inheritance that devolved on each representative of the family in turn.

But while recognising the adverse tides by which they were so perpetually submerged, we may, not without good reason, ask whether their want of success was not largely due to great mismanagement and hesitation at important moments of crisis. Dissensions and jealousies are sure to arise when undertakings such as the expeditions of 1715 and 1745 are the result of merely good impulse, without capable leaders to control and direct the best intentions.

Incapacity for any course of resistance led James II. to refuse Dundee's appeal to march through England and "drive the Dutch out of the kingdom." James III. lost his cause through the refusal of the Earl of Mar to follow up the advantage he had gained over the Duke of Argyll at Sheriffmuir; and the fatal retreat from Derby, insisted on by Lord George Murray, was indisputably the death-blow to Charles

Edward's courageous enterprise. A glance still further back shows us that the union of the two kingdoms through the accession of James I. by no means realised the sanguine expectations of his subjects. Catholics and Puritans were equally disappointed in their hopes. Both alike had to accept compromises, as by law James was head of the Church of England. Persecutions and cruelties were terrible during his reign, and personally he was most unattractive; so that the country could not feel that much had been gained through the first Stuart king in England.

The vacillations of Charles I. and his failure to enlist the devotion of his people, noble and kingly though he was, are too well known to need recapitulation.

After the dire tragedy of his execution and the collapse of the Republic, his exiled son was invited back to his kingdom, and deputies were despatched to Holland to implore his return. Never had fortune smiled so kindly on the Stuarts as when Charles II. landed at Dover. He held his future in his own hands, and though not deceived by the outburst of acclamation that greeted him, he skilfully manipulated the knotted skeins given him to disentangle, profited by his father's errors, and discreetly kept on good terms with the contending parties. His brother James was the chief hindrance to the attempts of Charles to smooth down the unsettled state of affairs, as he joined the Church of Rome. This in itself was an unpopular step owing to the fact that he was the next in succession, and he was totally wanting in the tact that Charles in vain begged him to exercise: he seemed to go out of his way to stir up the bitter feelings of Shaftesbury and other Whigs.

For ten years this party left no stone unturned to gain their purpose of excluding James from the throne; and, finally, in the House of Lords, March 26th, 1681, Shaftesbury approached the King and presented him with an anonymous letter, in which it was demanded that the Protestant succession should be assured and Monmouth declared successor. The reply of Charles was dignified and decided, and greatly disappointed those who hitherto had considered him deficient in firmness. He said that no considerations would induce him to take resolutions against law and justice; and he added, "Men ordinarily become more timid as they grow old; as for me, I shall be on the contrary more bold and firm, and I will not stain my life and reputation in the little time that perhaps remains for me

to live."[1]

This conclusive answer restored all the lost confidence of the King's party, and aided by this feeling of reassurance, the monarchy daily grew in power. Charles died in 1685. It is surmised that through the pressure put on him by his brother he was received into the Roman Catholic Church a few hours before his death. Like most converts, James was over-zealous in his wish to save a soul. The dying King, in a state of great exhaustion and on the threshold of a new life, could only murmur an acquiescence to his brother's prayer.

James II. had a difficult part to play in succeeding Charles, who, manifold as were his errors, was personally a great favourite. His brother had no prepossessing traits. He was judged as hard, severe, and bigoted, and even before he succeeded to the throne a strong faction had determined that he should not retain it. Nevertheless on his accession the Tory party was in the ascendant, and the rebellion of Monmouth occurring at this time strengthened the Royalist feeling. The total want of compassion shown by James on that occasion was severely criticised. In vain did Monmouth beg for mercy; his execution and the beheading of many others clearly proved that no pity would ever be shown by the stern monarch.

(*Vandyke*) *Galleria Reale, Turin.*

THE CHILDREN OF CHARLES I

When he first met his Council after his brother's death he made

[1] *Quarterly Review*, July, 1872, "The Stuarts."

the following declaration: "I have often been reported a man of arbitrary power, but as I have often ventured my life in defence of the nation, it will now be seen that I will go as far as any man in preserving its just rights and liberties."[1]

No umbrage could be taken at these plausible words, and the promises sounded well; but when it was seen that the King attended Mass in state, and formally received a Papal Nuncio whilst he sent an ambassador to Rome, serious apprehensions arose as to the sincerity of his professions. The popular indignation mounted higher when James exerted all his power to obtain the repeal of the Test Act, passed by Parliament in 1673 to declare all persons who refused to take the Oath of Allegiance and Supremacy, or were unwilling to receive the Sacrament of the Church of England, incapable of filling any office, military or civil.[2]

The course that James pursued could not fail to excite bitter hatred. Even the Dissenters were induced to make common cause against the King, who, when he saw that the House of Commons was strongly opposed to the repeal of the Act, dissolved Parliament, and tried his best to secure a majority in support of his views.

He could not but see and feel that his unpopularity was increasing, but this only made him the more determined to gain his point, and he postponed the meeting of Parliament until a more favourable opportunity should occur. The acquittal of the bishops, whom he had sent to the Tower for failing to comply with his orders to read proclamations of Indulgences in their dioceses, instead of curbing his fanaticism, seemed an incentive for fresh acts of despotism. In the midst of these difficulties of his own making, his daughters were quite aware that circumstances were working to their advantage. They were the children of his first wife, Anne Hyde, and staunch Protestants. Mary married William of Orange, which brought him very near the throne. He had already asserted himself by supporting the Bill of Exclusion, and never lost sight of the many false steps taken by James, each of which brought England more within his reach. Besides this very comprehensible ambition, he also calculated on the advantage the English army would be to him against France. His bitter enmity towards that country strengthened his determination to oppose any aggression of the French, and England would be a great support in this matter.

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[1] *History of England,* author of *Knights of St. John.* 1875. Burns and Oates.

[2] *History of England.*

The pleasant prospect thus mapped out by William of Orange received a sudden check in 1688. During this time Anne Hyde had died, and in that year James's second wife, Mary Beatrice, gave birth to a son who was baptised under the names of James Francis Edward. This event caused alarm among the Protestant faction, who feared that the young Prince would be brought up in his father's faith. His two daughters could not conceal their vexation at the possible failure of their hopes, and encouraged a report that the Prince was not the Queen's son, besides circulating all possible calumnies against their father. Meanwhile William of Orange, after the first impression of disgust at this news had passed, made all necessary preparations for an armed interference in the affairs of England, followed very shortly by the publication of a Declaration in which he announced his intention of landing there. He gave as reason for this move that he had been begged to do so by the Protestants of England, who looked to him to remedy the state of affairs. The despatch of a fleet of sixty ships of war and 16,000 men from Helvoetsluys left no doubt as to William's designs. Whilst the vessel bearing him nearer and nearer to England's shores unfurled a banner with the defiant words: "I will maintain the Protestant religion and liberties of England," the still reigning monarch passed many an hour anxiously watching the weather-cock on his palace at Whitehall. But the winds and the sea were favourable, and William landed without opposition at Torbay, November, 1688. On his march to London most of the populace flocked to his standard. Meetings were held to declare that steps taken to ensure the protection of British subjects and secure the rights of religion did not constitute a rebellion, but an absolutely necessary defiance.

James was now to learn that those on whom he had most depended were not to be counted on. Churchill and the Duke of Grafton deserted him. Anne and her husband, Prince George of Denmark, rode ofF to the Dutch camp.

This last blow was a cruel one to James. He seemed unable to form any plan save flight, and thus gave one of the many proofs of that lack of decision of character, which was the chief cause of the failure of all the schemes undertaken by the Stuarts.

He wrote to Faversham: "Could I but rely on the troops, I would have wished to have struck at least one blow for the kingdom "; but he contented himself with expressing this wish, and did not act. He bethought himself of calling Parliament together, which he had dissolved to further his own ends; but in this matter also he allowed himself to be overruled by those who only wished to be rid of him.

With apathetic indifference to the fate of his country, he first burnt the writs, and then left the palace of Whitehall secretly by his private river stairs, crossing the Thames in a little boat to Vauxhall. During the crossing, either through distraction or because he may have thought that by so doing he deprived the interloper of power, he threw the Great Seal into the river.

On reaching Faversham he was recognised, and kept prisoner by the mob, till the Earl of Faversham, hearing of his plight, came to his rescue, and with a body of guards brought him back to London. Confusion had reigned supreme there since his departure; even the party that supported William seemed undecided in their own minds as to how far they would trust him with power. He had established himself at Windsor, away from the commotion and strife in town, and his next step was to send a message to his father-in-law to beg him to leave the palace by ten o'clock.

James did not ask anything better than to profit by this impertinent order. Though Dundee proposed to raise his standard, James had lost what little right judgment and determination he ever possessed. As usual he obstinately persisted in doing the wrong thing, and instead of showing any courage, he decided to take a fishing-boat and join the Queen in France, who had preceded him there with the infant Prince a few days previously.

We are indebted to the valuable work of Madame Cavelli for hitherto unknown incidents relative to the Sovereign's reception in France and to Court life at St. Germain.[1] In her interesting volumes we find many details of the important events of that moment noted by the Abbé Rizzini, who for over thirty years negotiated affairs in Paris between France and the royal House of Modena. He came to England after the marriage of Mary Beatrice, and was witness of all the intrigues and turbulent scenes prior to the flight of the Queen, followed by that of the King.[2]

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[1] *Les derniers Stuarts à St. Germain-en-Laye. Documents inédits et authentiques puisés aux Archives publiques et privées par la Marquise Campana de Cavelli.* London. Paris. Edinburgh. 1871. 3 vols. 4to.

[2] *Abbé Rizzini au Due de Modène. Archives d'Este à Modène.* Calais. 13th January, 1689.

From a drawing by A. D. McCormick. R.B.A.

JAMES II. THROWING THE GREAT SEAL INTO THE RIVER.

He tells us that after the first shock attendant on the fall of James, when crown and kingdom were lost within a week, his chief preoccupation was for the safety of the Queen. Had she retarded her departure, he affirms she would have been a prey to cruelty and injustice. She had to leave hurriedly dressed as a servant. The night was very dark, the wind was howling, rain and sleet falling. With difficulty she groped her way in the darkness, having to pass bands of militia, and trembling at what would happen should she be recognised; but her fears were not for herself; in her arms she carried a bundle in which was concealed the royal child. Thus she left her kingdom never to return. It was due entirely to her courage and wise advice that both the Prince and King were saved. Many used their persuasions to induce him to remain in London once the Queen and Prince were in safety, but she was quite opposed to this proposal, and did not rest till she had obtained his consent to follow her to France.

This decision was in direct opposition to the general feeling amongst the King's followers, who murmured that he did not make a

stand; but the Queen no doubt was the best judge of his character, and having assisted on many occasions at his hesitations and lack of determination to carry things to an end, she knew that any attempt to fight his cause would most probably fail.

The Abbé had received orders to follow the Queen to Calais as soon as possible, having important matters from the King to confide to her. He had seen James at Gravesend, who passed a night there on his first attempted flight. Many affairs of importance were discussed by him and the Abbé, which he put down in cipher; he so carefully concealed the paper that for a long time it could not be found. When it came to light, among other notes there was a confession of James II. He expressed his wish that the Queen and Prince should remain in France, because they would be his excuse for never taking part in a war against that country. This was in direct opposition to the Treaty of Augsburg, formed by William of Orange to consolidate all the Protestant States against France. The King next expressed a wish that Tyrconnel should show moderation to the Protestants in Ireland. He further declared that he would never recall the Queen and Prince from France to put them in the hands of the Protestants, even were such an act to his advantage. The Abbé closes his document announcing that the King of France had entrusted him to remit a sum of 50,000 crowns to James for immediate needs. He felt it was a most delicate mission confided to his discretion, as had it been known, he considers that this act of generosity offered by one King and accepted by the other would have been much criticised.

As soon as the unfortunate Queen of England reached Calais, she wrote the following letter to Louis XIV., dated 21st December, 1688:—

[1]"*Lettre de la Reine d'Angleterre Princesse de Modène au Roi de France, Louis XIV.*

"Monsieur,—Une pauvre Reine fugitive et baignée dans les larmes, n'as pas eu de peine à s'exposer aux plus grands perils de la mer, pour chercher de la consolation et un asile auprès du plus grand et du plus genereux Monarque de la terre. Sa mauvaise fortune lui procure un bonheur, que les nations les plus éloignées ont ambitionné. La nécessité n'en diminue rien, quisqu'elle en a fait le choix, et que c'est par une estime singulière qu'elle vint lui confier tout ce qu'elle a du plus précieux, en la Personne du Prince de Galles son fils. Il est encore

[1] King's MS., 140, p. 56. British Museum.

trop jeune pour en partager avec elle la juste reconnaissance elle est toute entière dans mon cœur, et je me fais un plaisir particulier au milieu de tous mes ennuis de vivre a present sous votre protection.

"Je suis avec une forte passion, Monsieur,
"votre très affectionnée Servante et Sœur,

"LA REINE D'ANGLETERRE."

Louis XIV. was not appealed to in vain. On December 26th, the Bishop of Beauvais wrote to l'Abbé Gondi, Secrétaire d'Etat du Grand Duc de Toscane,[1] that the King had sent officers and two coaches to Calais for the Queen, who was to be accompanied to Vincennes by his equerry the Marquis de Beringham. The Bishop had received orders to furnish a chateau near Beauvais, where Her Britannic Majesty was to rest for a night.

We may ask ourselves what were the motives of the French monarch in proffering all the hospitality, of which we shall read, to the exiles. His generosity was on so magnificent a scale that, as Hume says, "in this instance more than in all his victories might he well claim the title of Louis le Grand." The hatred of France to Holland, and the bitter feeling against William of Orange in consequence of the Treaty of Augsburg, may to some extent have contributed to the King's almost inexplicable proofs of affection for the fallen House, and two despatches from Louvois throw a light on the situation.

One of the orders is to the equerry Beringham. He is charged to announce the precise day that the Queen would reach Beaumont, where she would be met by their Royal Highnesses the Princes of France. Should the Queen manifest any desire to return to England, either with the Prince of Wales or alone, it was left to Beringham's responsibility to escort the Queen and Prince in safety to Vincennes, by order of the King.[2] The other communication is to Lauzan, couched in much the same strain.[3] Monsieur de Lauzan is informed that "though the King does not consider it probable that the King of England would write to his wife to return to England with the Prince of Wales, still, should such a thing happen, the King's desires are that she and the Prince should be safely conducted to Vincennes, the most honest pretexts being given to accomplish that purpose."

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[1] Archives de Médicis à Florence.

[2] Archives du Ministère de la guerre de France, vol. 414, fol. 9.

[3] *Idem.,* vol. 839, fol. 2.

These two important orders lead to the conviction that the safety of the fugitives was not the sole preoccupation of the French King, but that political motives stepped in. It is suggested that as long as the Queen and Prince were in France, Louis held them as hostages and a guarantee of an alliance with James, who could be of service to him if the moment came to go to war with the Prince of Orange, in which case Louis would be the Champion of the Stuarts, and would help the cause of the legitimate monarch. He spared no efforts to identify himself as the protector of James, and by the magnificence of the reception proclaimed to all the other Courts that though the King and Queen of England had been driven to leave their country, he recognised them as the lawful Sovereigns.

But all the precautions against the return of the Queen to England, or doubts as to whether James would join her or not, were superfluous; she on her part was more than content with the refuge offered her, and the day she heard that her husband had landed safely in France exclaimed, "1 am the happiest woman in the world." Her relief at his safety had apparently obliterated from her mind the sad events that had led to her exile in a foreign Court.

After a few days passed at Vincennes, Louis XIV. decided that St. Germain-en-Laye should be put at the disposal of his guests; and on the day that the Queen was to arrive there, on being informed that she had left Beaumont, the King started from Versailles to meet her, accompanied by the Dauphin and other Princes, with a hundred stage coaches. When the King and Queen met they each got down from their carriages, presentations took place, and the King and Princes got into the Queen's coach with her.

On reaching St. Germain, he himself conducted her to her apartments, and on leaving her said he was going to see the Prince of Wales to assure himself that the journey had not fatigued him.

The Queen was overcome by all the attentions showered on her, and she was warm in her expressions of admiration at his affability combined with his royal demeanour. He on his side was at once prepossessed in her favour. She had shown courage and head in the undertaking she had carried through so successfully, which alone would be a great attraction to a man of the King's temperament. Apart from these qualities she had most engaging manners, and though the position in which she found herself suddenly placed was a strange experience, she did not appear at all embarrassed.

The safe arrival of James was proclaimed with enthusiasm by

crowds that had flocked from Paris to St. Germain to accord him an ovation. Louis XIV. received him in the guard-room of the palace, and embraced him repeatedly. He then led him to the Queen's rooms, and bowing low to her said, "Madame, I bring you a gentleman of your acquaintance who you will be glad to see," after which he accompanied James to the royal nursery, and pointing to the cradle where the Prince of Wales lay almost invisible amidst masses of silk and lace, Louis again turned to the King and said, "I have taken good care of your son; you will, I trust, find him in good health." After renewed embraces he then returned to Versailles.

Madame Cavelli gives us Madame de Sévigné's sketch of the King and Mary Beatrice on their arrival at St. Germain: "The King of England looks old and tired. The Queen is very thin; she has fine eyes, though they bear traces of many tears; though too pale, she has a good complexion; her mouth is large, but she has beautiful teeth. She has a fine figure. All these good points combined with intelligence form a person who cannot fail to please."

When the poor exiles found themselves alone, and with broken hearts talked over the terrible experiences that had been thrust on them in such a short space of time, they could not but find some solace by the reception the French monarch had accorded them. It is true that he was chiefly responsible for their marriage. When James was given the choice of many princesses as his second wife, every care was taken that the bride should be acceptable to the Court of France. Louis XIV. considered the marriage of great political importance, and Madame Cavelli gives us various letters written by the King on this subject to Colbert de Croissy, his ambassador in London.[1] One letter, dated 25th July, 1673, expresses his wishes very definitely as follows:—

"Amongst the many princesses brought to the notice of the Duke of York, none would have suited my inclination and interest better than the Princess of Neuburg,[2] and from what I am told of this Princess none would have suited the Prince better. There remain for his choice the two daughters of the Duc d'Elbœuf, or the Princesses

[1] Archives du Ministère des Affaires Étrangères de France.

[2] Eleonore Madeleine, daughter of the Elector of Neuburg, refused by the Duke of York as not being sufficiently good-looking. She married later Leopold, Emperor of Austria, and it is said that out of spite at the Duke of York's remark on her looks, she encouraged her husband in hostility to James, even after his downfall.

of Modena and Wurtemberg. I wish to confide to you that I think it would be to my advantage that you should distract the attention of both the Prince and his brother the King from either of the first-mentioned ladies. I should much prefer one of the Princesses of Modena to the one of Wurtemberg. I would also wish you to combat the excuse given by the Prince as to the time it will take to arrive at a conclusion. It could not be a long affair to send a confidential friend to Modena who would give a report to the Duke of York on the Princesses. Whichever he decides on, either the aunt or the niece (and though she is younger, perhaps the aunt would be more suitable for him, and I hear one is as beautifully made as the other), all arrangements could be quickly carried through, and the marriage might take place in October. If a question of means should be a reason for postponing affairs, to avoid this delay you can give my assurance that the Princess will have 400,000 crowns from me on her marriage. Should your efforts fail for either a Princess of Modena as well as for the one of Neuburg, do not reveal any repugnance on my part for a Princess of Wurtemberg. You may even communicate to the Duke that I will give her 20,000 crowns a year."

This document is only one of the many convincing proofs that the protection given by Louis XIV. to the House of Stuart was not exempt from personal interests. Nevertheless, the amount of tact he showed on welcoming the King and Queen could not fail to touch them. They found a real haven of rest after the perils and mortifications that had almost overpowered them in their own country. Louis had exerted himself to make the Palace of St. Germain as much a home to them as possible. With infinite care and thought no detail was omitted to convey this impression. As they looked round the magnificent rooms they found the personal consideration of the King on every side. The Queen's table in her dressing-room was laid out with a beautiful set of silver, the key was presented to her of one of the silver caskets, in which she found 6,000 livres d'or offered her with the greatest delicacy for small needs. The wardrobes were hung with costly toilettes, and the jewels were more than sufficient to replace all that had been left behind in the flight, when only the child's safety was uppermost in her thoughts. Thus did things remain till the French Revolution, when the last souvenirs of the Stuart King and Queen were swept away, and the rooms they had inhabited were sacked and devastated. That fatal period also destroyed the picturesque and charming traditions of the Jacobite colony, who could no longer gather in the shady avenues of the park, as was their custom on any anniversary relating to the House of

Stuart, and while relating anecdotes, and reminiscences of perils and narrow escapes of their King, they never forgot to drink to the memory of Louis's hospitality and the home of St. Germain.

CHAPTER II
ST. GERMAIN

Hunting parties and fêtes in honour of James II.—His abdication declared in England—William and Mary succeed to the throne—Discontent in Ireland—Louis XIV. arranges an expedition to Ireland—James confident of success—His arrival at Cork—The battle of the Boyne—Final defeat —James returns to St. Germain—His Court of Scotch friends—His failing health—The solace of La Trappe—James preoccupied as to his documents —The Scotch College in Paris—Fate of many of the papers—Death of James II.—Recognition of his son by Louis XIV.—Burial of James II. —Preservation of his head at the Scotch College—James Francis recognised at St. Germain as James III.—Devotion of the Queen to her son and daughter—The Act of Union passed—Renewed expedition organised by Louis XIV.—The young Prince in sight of Scotland—Failure of expedition—The Prince returns to St. Germain—Death of Princess Louise —Bad state of the Queen's affairs—The Treaty of Utrecht—James Francis obliged to leave France—Assumes the title of Chevalier de St. Georges—He retires to Bar.

LOUIS XIV. did not consider that his rôle of host ceased when he put a palace at the disposal of the Sovereigns and replaced the losses consequent on their flight. After they had in some measure recovered from the shock of events and fatigue owing to the hardships of their escape, he endeavoured to distract them from sad thoughts. One fête after another followed in rapid succession. The entertainments at Versailles and Marly would be varied by theatrical performances organised by Madame de Maintenon, and played by her protégés of St. Cyr. In the vast grounds of St. Germain carnivals and open-air plays were often given. If James expressed the wish for a day's hunting, the *grand veneur* the Duc de la Rochefoucauld put himself at his disposal; a meet was organised, and the woods resounded with the huntsman's horn calling together gaily equipped cavaliers and ladies on hot-blooded steeds, who galloped at full speed through the beautiful glades of the park. La Rochefoucauld was personally much attached to James. St. Simon relates that being asked

one day by the English ambassador to lend him the hounds, La Rochefoucauld answered him very drily that he was entirely at the orders of James, King of England. The Queen justified the first favourable impression formed of her. Sad though she might be at heart, she was too unselfish to let it appear, and she accepted with gratitude the solicitude of all the Court to interest and amuse her. Louis openly expressed his admiration for her, and considered she was "as a Queen should be, both in appearance and intelligence, and held her Court with dignity."

But it was not only in frivolities and pastimes that the unclouded days of St. Germain glided by. Louis XIV. found in James a kindred spirit in his love for art and appreciation of the beautiful collections at Versailles. Among the many visitors to St. Germain we find the names of Mignard, Rigaud, and Largilière constantly mentioned. Most of the numerous portraits painted of James and his wife shared the fate of those they represented, and with the exception of some found in Italy, cannot easily be traced. Besides artists and literary celebrities, many of James's adherents who had willingly followed him to exile were cultivated and clever men and women, thereby contributing to the brilliancy of his little Court, though it was only after his return from Ireland that it was regularly organised.

Meanwhile events had not stood still in England. No sooner had James left the country than he was declared to have abdicated, and the vacant throne was offered to William and Mary: they were to reign jointly, the young Prince was completely ignored, and Princess Anne was declared next in succession should the King and Queen have no issue. On the 13th February, 1689, the Marquis of Halifax tendered them the crowns of England, France, and Ireland, which William replied "they thankfully accepted." But though the revolution had been so easily and peacefully accomplished, there were many symptoms to show that it was by no means popular. In Ireland there was no recognition of the House of Orange. The general feeling of discontent, combined with these inimical sentiments of Ireland, worked for a proposed invasion by James, in which project he was not only furthered by Louis, but the expedition was almost insisted on by the French King.

Very soon after James had arrived at St. Germain, we find a letter from l'Abbé Melani to l'Abbé Gondi, Secretary to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, full of information on the subject.[1] He said there was to be

[1] Archives de Medicis. Florence. Liasse 4802.

a meeting (incognito) between the two Kings at Marly who would not be accompanied by their suites, as they had private affairs to discuss regarding operations to be carried out both in England and other countries. Lord Henry Fitzjames, a natural son of James, had received orders to raise a regiment of Irish soldiers. The King also gave a regiment of English, Scotch, and Irish infantry to the Duke of Berwick.[1] Lord Tyrconnel, the Viceroy of Ireland, reviewed all the men in Ireland from the ages of eighteen to forty; he found they numbered over 150,000. He then ordered all the Protestants to disarm and hand their arms to the Roman Catholics.

James himself wrote to the Cardinal d'Este, 28th March, 1689, four days before his departure from Brest.[2] He informs "his cousin" of the resolution he has taken to go to Ireland and in person do his best to resist the invasion of the Prince of Orange. The "Most Christian King" provides him with a fleet, ammunition, money, and some experienced officers, which he says is all the help he can expect, as Louis had many enemies of his own to fight against. Tyrconnel was waiting for him with 20,000 men, and James added he was confident that the Catholics of Scotland, being such a little way apart, would join in the undertaking.

The confidence expressed by James was singularly misplaced; probably the continual discussions with Louis XIV. had minimised to his mind the difficulties attending the expedition.

Louis had appointed d'Avaux French Ambassador to the Court of James in Ireland.[3] According to his opinion, the whole motive of the interest evinced by Louis in this expedition was neither the emancipation of Ireland nor the restoration of James, but his persuasion that it would contribute to the greatness of France. Till the Prince of Wales was born, France had nursed the project of keeping Ireland in her power, being a Catholic country; and by placing it under the protection of the Bourbons they intended that it should become a possession of France.

No man could have been better qualified for the purposes of Louis than d'Avaux. He had made himself most accurately acquainted with

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[1] Duke of Berwick, son of James II. by Arabella Churchill.

[2] Archives d'Este à Modène.

[3] Count d'Avaux played an important part in this expedition. He was formerly ambassador in Venice, then plenipotentiary at Nimegen till after peace was declared, when he was named French ambassador to the Hague.

the situation in Ireland, and was able to inform Louvois that neither the gentry nor people disapproved of the suggestion that they should be under French influence. To this statement Louvois replied, "The best thing King James can do is to forget that he ever reigned in Great Britain, and turn his thoughts to improve the condition of Ireland, and attach himself to that country."[1]

Louis did not consider his own personal influence sufficient to decide James on his departure. He had seen proofs in previous circumstances of his want of decision at critical moments, therefore to make assurance still surer, a memorandum was presented to James by the French ministers, who summed up the reasons they considered rendered it obligatory that the King should go to Ireland.[2] He was told that his presence would encourage the enthusiasm of his party, and without doubt many Protestants would go over to his side, and that 25,000 men were waiting his orders in Scotland. It was pointed out to him that it was to the interest of France to weaken the resources of the Prince of Orange as much as possible, which would be the case if he had to keep an army both in Scotland and England, and if only a great battle could be won by James, William would find himself forced to return to Holland. All would give way to a determined resistance provided James was at the head.

The necessary preparations were made, and l'Abbé Melani wrote to the Court of Tuscany that on February 25th James went to Notre Dame to assist at Mass before starting. He was met at the door of the cathedral by the Archbishop in pontifical robes, who accompanied him to the high altar. It must have been with mingled feelings of hope and apprehension that the King undertook this fresh adventure. The support and tenacity of Louis in the matter may have helped him to form exaggerated expectations, but the events of only three months since were still deeply impressed on his mind; and as he attended the ceremony in the beautiful cathedral, and saw all round him the clergy in their gorgeous vestments assembled to do him honour, we may sympathise with him if a shadow of doubt cast a momentary dimness over the striking scene, and caused the clear voices of the choir to sound less angelic to his ears, as the renunciation of all this regal splendour and hospitality for a hazardous scheme in which he now felt he had but a factitious confidence, stood nakedly before him, in one of those brief moments when our minds are lit up with rays

[1] Marchesa Cavelli.

[2] Archives du Ministère de la Marine de France.

producing acute mental lucidity.

When James said farewell to his generous benefactor, Louis expressed the hope that he would not see him again in the kingdom of France, and begged him to accept this sentiment as the greatest proof of his friendship, to which James replied "that his obligations towards His Majesty were so endless that he earnestly hoped to enter into possession of his kingdom if only to enable him to show his gratitude."[1]

Numerous secret despatches passed between d'Avaux and Louvois with full instructions as to how the expedition was to be carried out. In, fact it was the enterprise of Louis XIV., and James only acted under orders. It is very easy to surmise that had success crowned the attempt France would not have contented herself with assisting at the triumph over William of Orange, but would have claimed what she considered her due, consequent on her important aid to the Stuarts; but the venture was doomed to fail, and this futile attempt was only one of many to follow. James landed at Kinsale 22nd March, and was met at Cork by Tyrconnel. At first all appeared to be going in their favour; great enthusiasm prevailed among the Catholics, no fleet from England was to be seen, and no opposing forces were met inland. But this happy state of things was not of long duration. James thought that an appeal to the Pope might carry weight, and begged Cardinal d'Este to interest the Pontiff in his cause and use his influence to obtain the effective financial aid of which he stood much in need. It has been affirmed by many historians that Innocent XI. had joined the League of Augsburg, so completely had he been cajoled by William of Orange, who convinced him of the necessity of limiting the increasing power of France, which could not be achieved without the help of the Holy See. For these reasons, though the Pope was in sympathy with the Stuarts, he did not come to their aid, and only when it was too late did he perceive he had been used as a tool to serve the interests of the House of Orange.

No action of decisive importance took place till the memorable battle of the Boyne, July 1st, 1690. The opposing forces were each side of the river; the 20,000 Irish succeeded in crossing, valiantly charged William's troops, and with persistence drove them back. Schomberg fell in the water mortally wounded, but William in the meantime had effected a passage lower down, and proceeded to attack the Irish in the flank. All resistance was now useless, the Irish retired

[1] Campana Cavelli.

in order, having lost 2,000 men, and William entered Dublin in triumph. There was only one alternative open to James, the one he had chosen before, a retreat to France. Even now Tyrconnel did his utmost to save Ireland for his King, and eventually he came to France to ask for ammunition and means to prolong the struggle between the two Houses. A last success at Beachy Head encouraged a desperate effort on the part of the Jacobites. Secretly favoured by Marlborough, 20,000 men were encamped at La Hogue; the fleet to convey them to England was provided by the King of France under the command of Tourville. This commander expected an easy victory, but found himself quite outnumbered, and James, who watched the fight from a height, could only again bow to the inevitable and accept the catastrophe as final.

On his return to France he was accompanied to St. Germain by many friends, who formed on a small scale the Court that was denied him among his own people, and they accepted with pleasure the different charges designated by James. The Lord Chamberlain was the Marquis, afterwards Duke of Powis; to his wife was given the charge of the Prince of Wales. Lord, later the Duke of Perth, had been Chancellor of Scotland during the reign of James, and though not accepting any appointment at St. Germain, he had great political influence. There was Lord Middleton, who had been Minister under both Charles II. and his brother. He surpassed all by his intelligence and capacity for organisation; William would willingly have retained him in his service, but he preferred exile with the King he loved. He found Melfort at the head of affairs at St. Germain, but though united in arms, they were natures that could not agree. Middleton finally asserted himself, and Melfort had to leave in consequence. We must not omit to mention the Queen's ladies, to whom the Court owed much of its brilliancy and elegance. Foremost in grace and charm was the Duchesse de Grammont, brightening all the fêtes by her wit and light-heartedness. The Duchess of Tyrconnel, formerly maid of honour to Anne Hyde, was well known as the "beautiful Jennings"; all the men, not omitting the King, were at her feet, but she resisted the infatuations of Court and married first, Hamilton, who died young, and soon after, Tyrconnel. Lady Melfort had been in the height of beauty when she graced the Queen's Court in London; she still retained much of her good looks when she resumed her place in the Court life of St. Germain. We must also mention Countess Drummond, the Duchess of Albemarle, and Vittoria Montecuccoli, an Italian lady on whom James had bestowed the title of Contesse d'Almond. She was Mary of Modena's most intimate

friend, and proved herself worthy of the name by her devotion to the Queen up to her death. These are but few of those who with touching loyalty made their home in a foreign country and did not hesitate to share the fortunes of their King and Queen.

James has been criticised for losing with advancing years his former courage in accepting his destiny. A morbid apathy and melancholy gradually stole over a nature that had always shown a tendency to gloom and despair. By degrees he absented himself from all entertainments and preferred being alone with the Queen. Their wish for seclusion and repose was as much respected as were all their requests by the French Court. Over the vast stretching swards, beyond which winds the Seine, they could wander undisturbed. As they strolled down the shady avenues arched over with the forest trees, peace was on all sides. But with the restlessness due to weakness, even this absolute tranquillity did not satisfy James, who felt that his strength was failing him, and for many months before his death he was a constant inmate of the monastery of La Trappe. Here he found l'Abbé de Rancé, with whom he formed a close friendship. The Abbé predeceased James by only a few weeks, and wrote to him up to his last moment.

The monastic life gave James the comfort of which he was so much in need. He often remained away four days at a time, and liked to share the austerities of the monks' existence. He had only one preoccupation to which he attached great importance, and that was regarding his papers and letters. On his first flight from England he had given them into the care of Terriesi, Minister of the Court of Tuscany, with imperative directions as to the special value of the chest confided to him. Terriesi managed to save this important charge, though everything else in his house was pillaged, and under escort the chest was safely returned to James at St. Germain. Apparently it contained autograph letters written by him when sixteen years old, as well as numerous letters from his brother, and a voluminous correspondence likely to serve as documents in justification of their actions. Shortly before his death, James wrote to Mr. Innes, the Principal of the Scotch College in Paris, confiding to him these memoirs with injunctions that they were to remain in the College, and forbidding their removal without an order from the King himself.

The Scotch College in the Rue des Fosses-Saint-Victor, now Rue Cardinal-Lemoine, is one of the most interesting landmarks in Paris. It stands on the site of the old city walls built by Philippe-Auguste, part of which still remain. The banks of what was in olden days the

moat (*fosse*) are on a level with the first floor of the back of the College; they are now a garden into which one steps from the first-floor windows. The College was founded in 1325 by David, Bishop of Moray, for the education of Scotch students, who came to Paris to follow their studies with the professors of the French University, celebrated all over Europe for their learning. A second College was founded by Beaton, Archbishop of Glasgow, and Ambassador at the Court of France during the reigns of Mary Stuart and James VI. Owing to the Reformation a great number of Catholic families sought refuge in France, and to enable the children of those who had remained staunch to their faith to profit by the instruction held at the College, Beaton made this second endowment. Over the entrance door is the inscription, in old letters and spelling, "College des Escossois"; above this is the cross of St. Andrew, the patron saint of Scotland. The frontage of the house stamps its antiquity, and when we cross the threshold which lands us on Scotch ground, and climb the old oak stair, we forget we are in the bright French capital, we seem to be in one of our old homes of the moorlands. Over the chapel door a large thistle proudly asserts its claim to attention. The chapel has been partitioned, and in the part which is now a scientific museum stands the monument erected over the spot where the head of James II. was placed; there it remained till the Revolution. In the chapel itself, where Mass is still celebrated, we read inscriptions to the memory of the Barclays, Caryls, Perths; and as we read these tablets, commemorative of so many voluntary exiles, we cannot fail to pause in this little old-world chapel before the simple words that yet record so much.

Many years later the Chevalier de St. Georges was equally solicitous as to the safety of the papers confided to Mr. Innes by his father, and he authorised him to deliver some of them to be looked over by certain persons at St. Germain, after which they were returned to the archives of the College. They were still there in 1771.

At the commencement of the Revolution, Lord Gower, at that time English Ambassador in Paris, offered to secure the safe concealment of these papers in England. By some misunderstanding this suggestion was not carried out, for they fell into the hands of a priest named Stapleton, who had been consulted by the principal as to the best means of securing their safety. He undertook to despatch them to St. Omer in the charge of a French gentleman who would guarantee their safe conveyance to England. It appears that they were duly entrusted to the Frenchman's care; but he was arrested during

the days of the Terror, and his wife becoming alarmed as to what might be the consequences should such richly bound books, on which were the royal arms of both France and England, be discovered, burnt the bindings; and then, still full of misgivings, she buried the manuscripts in her garden. But evidently the Terror had unstrung her easily agitated nerves, for no sooner had she concealed the documents than she dug them up again and settled the question of where she would hide them by consigning them to the flames. Fortunately this disastrous loss was partly compensated for by an abridgment made by l'Abbé Innes, probably by the order of James II., and concluded under the Chevalier's directions: they now form part of the "Stuart Papers" at Windsor Castle. Yet these are but a small portion of the numerous documents relating to the family, as the stirring political events covering the space of so many years led to endless correspondence with the various Courts in Europe. The Malatesta papers were sold to the British Museum as recently as five years since. They came into the possession of the family through Monsignor Cesarini, a relation of the Malatesta; they had been left to him by the Cardinal of York. The Count accidentally came across this pile of documents in his palace in Rome whilst overhauling papers of his own, and being of no value to him, he offered them to the British Museum, concluding that they would be of greater interest in England than to himself. They include letters between Charles Edward and the Cardinal of York, and also several from Comtesse d'Albanie to her brother-in-law, of which extracts will be given in the latter part of this work. The papers that have come to light from hidden nooks and corners are innumerable. Some were found after the flight of James from Ireland, and show the plans formed for the campaign; they were handed over to William of Orange, and part of them are now in the Royal Academy in Dublin. Perhaps Modena has the largest collection of documents, though France also is rich in this respect. The papers that have never been unearthed are those regarding which the Chevalier wrote minute instructions from Urbino, as they comprised many belonging to his mother. The State papers he ordered to be catalogued; the Queen's correspondence was to be placed in a separate chest. An inventory was to be made of all that belonged to her, and they were entrusted to the responsibility of Mr. Dicconson, the Queen's treasurer. These papers have been sought for in vain; the only known article in the collection is to be seen in the British Museum, in the shape of a pocket-book belonging to the Duke of Monmouth; it was taken from him after the battle of Sedgemoor. In it is some writing of James II.; it also contains

nondescript addresses, such as one is in the habit of jotting down in a notebook, receipts, prayers, French and English songs, and charms against sorcery (an important feature in French life of that period)[1] Dicconson mentions this notebook in referring to the Queen's collection. When traced further it was found to have been bought by an Irish student at a bookstall in Paris, which proves how the papers were scattered, notwithstanding all the precautions taken to ensure their safety.

The visits of James II. to La Trappe became more frequent as he felt his death approaching. The calm atmosphere of the monastery, the perfect silence, produces a state of hypnotic passivity from which the recluse is only partially roused by the monotonous clang of the bell that mournfully reminds him of the passing hour, a warning still further emphasised by the solemn greeting of the monks to one another as they meet during the toil of the day—" Mourir, freres, mourir il faut." To James this reiterated insistence on the end of all things, prepared him for the death that represented to him the rest for which he craved, and with an expression of absolute peace on his face, he died September 16th, 1701. Just before his death he opened his eyes and saw Louis XIV. by his bedside, who with tears embraced him for the last time, and said, "Farewell, my brother, the best Christian, and the most outraged of monarchs."[2] Louis had previously assured the dying King that his son should be recognised as his successor, and he undertook as far as possible to protect his interests. Mary Beatrice, having recognised her son as her King, proceeded the day after her husband's death to the convent of Chaillot, where the abbess and all the community received her at the church gate. The Queen left her coach in silence, and was led into the church entirely draped in black; the tolling bell fell on her ears as the knell to all her hopes. No one dared to speak to her; the abbess and sisters showed their sympathy by respectfully kissing her hand and the hem of her dress. She seemed stunned by her sorrow; neither word nor cry escaped her lips. At length the abbess, wishing to rouse her, told her she was happy to have been the wife of such a holy Prince, and the Queen softly replied, "Yes, we have now a great saint in heaven."[3]

James had expressed the desire that he should be buried in the

[1] *Vide* Appendix.

[2] A.C. Cavelli.

[3] Miss Strickland.

church of the English Benedictines, Faubourg St. Jacques; and Mary Beatrice and the Jacobites decided that it should be the temporary resting-place of the late King, till he could be transported to Westminster Abbey, and laid in the Chapel of Henry VII., near his ancestors. His heart was deposited at Chaillot.

In was in 1674 that the English Benedictines had received the permission of Louis XIV. to possess benefices of their order in France; he also contributed 7,000 crowns towards building the monastery and chapel of St. Edmund in the Rue St. Jacques. M. l'Abbé Joannina, the present administrator of the Scotch, Irish, and English Colleges in Paris, has most courteously given all the known details as to the interment of James II. There is every reason to suppose that his body was interred in this church, though owing to the pillage and desecration in all places of worship during the French Revolution, coffins were brutally forced open and thrown aside, or else carried away to other destinations. The following inscription was put on the coffin: "Ici est le corps du très-haut, très-puissant, et très-excellent Prince, Jacques II. par la grâce de Dieu Roi de la Grande Bretagne, né le 24 Oct[re] 1633, décédé en France au Château de St. Germain-en-Laye le 16 Sept[re] 1701." The coffin was placed in Lord Cardigan's chapel, separated from the rest of the church by an iron rail. An old Irish gentleman, who was prisoner in the monastery belonging to this church in 1793, made a statement that it was desecrated by the *sans-culottes,* who broke up all the coffins they could find, and as unfortunately the expectations of the Stuarts had not been realised, and the coffin that was to have been removed to Westminster Abbey was still where it had been deposited, it shared the same fate as all the others. The inner one of lead was smashed in to be made use of for bullets, and the body, in a perfect state of preservation, having been embalmed, remained exposed for a whole day; after which it disappeared, and though George IV. caused most careful researches to be made, it could not be found. I have already mentioned, and it is corroborated by information from M. l'Abbé Joannina, that James II. had desired his head should be given to the Scotch College. About twenty-nine years ago some workmen digging under the pavement of the chapel came across two leaden boxes, one of which was in the form of a heart, the other was a shapeless mass of lead, rather similar to a large bottle. That it contained a human head was verified by Monsignor Rogerson, who in 1882 occupied the post of administrator of the colleges, and he expressed no doubt as to its being the head of the Stuart King. The other case bears no trace of having been opened, and according to Monsignor Rogerson's

opinion, after many researches, he arrived at the conclusion that it contains the heart of the Duchess of Perth. Monsignor Rogerson, in his capacity of administrator, took both the caskets in order to add

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CHÂTEAU DE ST. GERMAIN WITH THE CHURCH, IN WHICH IS THE STUART MONUMENT, IN THE DISTANCE.

them to the archives of the College under his direction, where up to this present time of writing they are carefully treasured. Previously, in 1824, some workmen were occupied in reparations in the church of St. Germain-en-Laye, and found three small leaden chests. On one of these chests was an inscription to say that it contained part of the

body of James II., King of England, Scotland, and Ireland; the other two were supposed to be the receptacles of the ashes of Princess Louise, his daughter, who died 17th April, 1712, and by the registry it was authenticated that part of her body was placed in a chest near her father. In those days it was very much the custom to disperse different parts of the body in various churches, which explains why different parishes often claim the honour of affording burial to personages of note.

As soon as George IV. was informed of this discovery he gave orders that these precious relics should be temporarily inhumed with great pomp, till the new church of St. Germain, in course of construction, should be ready for the erection of a monument to the memory of the Royal Family. The first part of these directions was carried out, but the church was finished, the years passed, and still no commemorative monument was put up. This crowning act of solicitude to show respect to those who had experienced bitter trials was left for our lately mourned Queen Victoria to accomplish. On her first visit to Paris she went to St. Germain, and her attention was directed to the mutilated inscription recording that father and daughter were laid under the altar. With the ever-ready sympathy so characteristic a feature of Queen Victoria's nature, she ordered that a fitting tribute should be raised to the memory of the Stuarts. They were at last honoured as befitted their rank. This monument, on which are the royal arms of England, is standing now in the church of St. Germain.

The disasters and failures of the family may have passed from our memory save for the principal historical facts that we have all learnt in childhood; but those who, not content with a superficial knowledge of the subject, interest themselves in the deeper intricacies of the Stuart romance, cannot fail to be astonished at the vast political importance exercised by the Stuarts. In most countries of Europe there are ineffaced traces of their influence for weal or woe. The strongest proof of their power was shown by the anxiety perpetually manifested by the Houses of Orange and Hanover at the slightest vibration of public feeling in their favour; this disquietude was further accentuated by the strict injunctions given to all the Courts that there should be no recognition of royalty in their regard.

At St. Germain James was recognised as having succeeded to the throne under the title of James III. After a period of retirement consequent on her mourning, Mary Beatrice thought it right to accompany her daughter Louise and her son to the fêtes at Versailles,

which took place as heretofore. Louis XIV. was unvarying in his courtesies, and the honours he had shown to the father he now extended to his son. At one of the Court balls opened by the graceful Princess, who danced a minuet with her brother, we are told that "as long as the King of England was dancing, Louis XIV. remained standing." "A homage," remarks Dangeau, "that he would hardly have accorded to a King in happier circumstances."

Mary Beatrice seemed to have recovered some of her former gaiety; the joy of seeing her children happy and loved by all made her young again, and once more she could smile and be thankful for such happiness as was granted her. But, alas! this brief respite from anxiety was not of long duration, and new trials awaited her on the accession of Anne to the throne in 1702.

The Whigs came into power shortly after the commencement of the new reign, and the Act of Security was passed by the Scotch Parliament. This Act decided that on the death of Anne the next Protestant heir to the House of Stuart should succeed to the throne of Scotland, provided that the same person was not Sovereign over England, unless there were sufficient guarantees to secure the Scottish independence. The English ministers, recognising that there was a strong current running in favour of the exiled Prince, determined to press the Union of the two kingdoms. On the 6th March, 1707, the Act of Union was passed by royal assent. The wisdom of this Act cannot now be disputed; time has mellowed and effaced all resentment and animosity between the two nationalities; but at the moment of its accomplishment a violent outburst of indignation spread through Scotland, the uncontrolled passions of chiefs and their clans were menacing, and betokened trouble. On all sides cries were raised for James Francis, and had an invasion been properly organised, then was the fitting moment. Louis XIV., notwithstanding the Peace of Ryswick made with William, was still staunch to the memory of James II. and to the Cause. He at once provided troops and ships and entrusted an expedition to Admiral Forbin-Janson, a man of exceptional capacities. But all official papers reveal that the whole scheme was badly thought out, everything conspired for failure from the very start; even the winds were unfavourable and contributed their share to the *contretemps.* When at last land was in sight, the young Prince could not control his emotion as he saw for the first time the wild Scotch coast stretching out before him. Though an exile and a stranger to his own kingdom, his heart went out to his father's country; he only longed to put his foot on shore

and share the enthusiasm of his people gathered on the beach, eagerly watching the approaching fleet.[1] But though he had willingly responded to his country's call and to his own impulse, all hope was shattered on the appearance of Admiral Byng, who having carefully concealed himself in various ports, was close on the French fleet before he was discovered. The appeals of James to come to a decisive action were of no avail. Forbin was responsible for his safety, and saw the insanity of persisting in the enterprise. Orders were given to tack and set sail for France with all possible speed, and not without difficulty was the danger avoided of falling into Byng's hands. Thus were the youthful enthusiasms of James blighted, and the joys of his life already robbed of their bloom. His return produced conflicting emotions in his mother's heart; the sad school of adversity had trained her to disappointment, and sorrow for the defeat of her son's aspirations was secondary to her gratitude for his safety. Her great sorrow came shortly after, when at nineteen the lovely Princess Louise, beloved of all, took small-pox and died after a few days' illness.

Her last words to her mother personified the charm and innocence of her nature: "I am ready to die," she said; "I put myself in the hands of God, and only ask that He should accomplish His will. If I desired to live it would only be for any consolation I could give you, and it is you only that I regret to leave."

A wave of despair swept over the widowed mother's heart. After all the mortifications she had undergone—chased from her throne, bereft of her husband —her children only had made her wish to live. She had concentrated her affection on Louise, proud of the love and devotion she inspired, interested in her enjoyments and occupations; she had also furthered the hope of her daughter's alliance with the Duc de Berry, the youngest of the grandsons of Louis XIV.: that scheme was, however, thwarted chiefly through Madame de Maintenon's opposition to it.[2]

Had the Queen followed her own inclination, she would now have retired to the Convent of Chaillot for the rest of her life; but when it

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[1] The interesting picture of the Prince painted by Beyle, in the Scotch College, depicts him to us standing on the seashore pointing to a frigate in full sail bound for the land beyond the seas. The enthusiasm of youth is on his face, and his open, fearless expression captivates us. In the background is Berwick, watching his young master.

[2] *Revue de deux Mondes,* 1875.

was represented to her that by so doing she weakened her son's cause, without a murmur she consented to live on at St. Germain, which was now haunted by the saddest souvenirs—the past happy days had fled for ever.

Distress of circumstances began also to make itself felt. Her pension by marriage contract from England was withheld, and what she received from the French Court was very irregularly paid towards the end of the reign of Louis XIV. Besides these important diminutions of rent, she was overburdened with appeals for help from the numerous Jacobite families who had established themselves at the Court of St. Germain. They had gladly given up home, land, and all that belonged to them for the sake of their King, and most of them were reduced to poverty through the confiscation of their properties and by prolonged absence. It was not likely that the Queen would turn a deaf ear to their wants, though it was no easy matter to render assistance to the greater part of 20,000 Jacobites in and round St. Germain. She stinted herself in every possible way, sold her jewellery and objects of value, and even incurred a debt with the sisters of Chaillot for rooms they kept at her disposal in the convent. The Treaty of Utrecht, signed 31st March, 1713, was the consummation of all the ills that could befall her. Louis XIV. had been considerably weakened in the War of Succession; he now had to consider the interests of his people, and could not accept the responsibility of prolonging a disastrous war for the sake of the futile attempts of a prince to gain what the King judged was absolutely lost. All these reasons were indisputable, but to Mary Beatrice it was the snapping of a last link in a broken chain. Her son had to leave France, and after looking round for an available shelter, he went to Bar in Lorraine. From this time he dropped the title of James III. and assumed that of Chevalier de St. Georges, under the impression that with this incognito he could work out his plans with greater facility and secrecy.

The English Government was not satisfied even with his expulsion from France, and urged the Duc de Lorraine to beg him to leave his territory; it was apparently Bolingbroke who advised the Duke to temporise with regard to this exaggerated request from England. Bolingbroke had been working secretly for some time in favour of the Chevalier, and he employed all his influence to persuade him to change his religion, but to this suggestion the Chevalier turned a deaf ear, and replied with the same indignation shown by his father at a similar proposal, that he would sooner give up everything rather than

renounce his faith.

CHAPTER III
1715

Death of Queen Anne—Description of Lord Mar—His duplicity—He promotes a rising in Scotland—Prevails on the Chevalier to make an attempt for his throne—Disappointment felt on his appearance—His entry into Dundee—Executions in London—Gloomy forebodings in Scotland— Derwentwater's defence—His appeal unheeded—James disheartened—He takes flight from Montrose for France—He loses a friend by the death of Louis XIV.—The Due d'Orléans Regent—Sad days at St. Germain—James befriended by Clement XI.

THE Chevalier was at Luneville when the news of Queen Anne's illness was brought to him. He immediately repaired to Bar, and attended by his faithful suite, lost no time in holding a council. Closely following the announcement of the Queen's illness came the tidings of her death, on hearing which the Chevalier threw up his hands and said, "I am lost." It was well known that some time before her death Anne had qualms of conscience and was most favourably disposed towards her brother's return to the throne, but, with the vacillation characteristic of the Stuarts, she procrastinated, and death intervened before she took a decisive step.

Bolingbroke had foregathered with Lord Mar in his endeavours to restore the rightful King. Both men were alike deceitful and untrustworthy. Lord Mar had succeeded to his heavily encumbered estates in 1696. In person he was said to be deformed, and he was short in stature. His chief moral feature showed itself in the ease with which he shifted his political opinions, and succeeded in his skilful designs to be well with all parties. Though he was supporting the Chevalier's cause—at the very time indeed when he was conspiring for his return—he did not hesitate to address a cringing letter to George I., in which he signed himself "His Majesty's most faithful, most dutiful, and most obedient subject and servant." But the King he had to deal with was a very different man from the one who claimed his throne, and was in the habit of acting with decision and promptitude. Having satisfied himself that intrigues were rife, an immediate change of ministry was announced, and amongst the changes, Lord Townshend was appointed in the place of Bolingbroke. His sudden dismissal drew from Bolingbroke the remark, "I see

plainly that the Tory party is gone."[1]

Bolingbroke and Ormonde were impeached for high treason; but they escaped to France and put themselves at the Chevalier's disposal.

The general elections, happening to combine with St. George's day, were the prelude to a general rising. On that day, out of compliment to the Chevalier, crowds thronged the streets; King William was burnt in effigy; cries of "Ormonde!" "Bolingbroke!"

THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGES WHEN PRINCE OF WALES.

Corsini Gallery, Rome

[1] Lord Mahon, vol. i. p. 152.

"Down with the Roundheads!" "No Hanover!" resounded on all sides;[1] and the stillness that had ushered in the new reign was thereby proved to be most superficial: at the first decision taken by the King, the country had shown that though he had been accepted he had not been chosen.

On the eve of the insurrection planned by Lord Mar he had the courage to attend the levee of George I. in August, 1715, and not deterred by the disdainful reception accorded him by that monarch, he pushed his deceit a step further, and prevailed on several Highland chieftains to sign an address in which they declared that they were "ready to concur with his lordship in faithfully serving King George." This address, though not presented to the King, was carefully kept by Lord Mar in case of adverse circumstances, and a week after attending the King's levee he arrived at his Castle of Kildrummie, in the braes of Mar, from where he despatched letters to the leading Jacobite chiefs to attend a hunting match at Braemar, on 27th August. All were aware that "hunting" was the watchword. First to respond to the call were the Marquis of Huntly and the Marquis of Tullibardine, who were able to guarantee 3,000 men at their bidding; they were followed by the Earl of Nithsdale, whose escape, due to his wife's courage, has become historical. The Earl of Traquair, a descendant of Sir James Stewart, generally known as the Black Knight of Lorn, hastened to the tryst. He appears to have escaped all the penalties following on the rising, possibly owing to the fact that he brought no tenantry into the field. The Earl of Seaforth and the Earl of Linlithgow were less fortunate; both had their estates forfeited, and were served with Bills of Attainder. One of the most stalwart followers of the Stuarts was the Earl of Panmure; he had been Privy Councillor to James II., and had refused to take the oath in the Scottish Parliament on the accession of William and Mary. He now proudly responded to the summons of his absent King. He was taken prisoner at Sheriffmuir; but he was rescued by his brother, who was also engaged in the battle, and escaped to France, where he died in 1723. Twice the Government tempted him to swear allegiance to the House of Hanover, holding out as a bait the assurance that his lands would be restored to him; but, loyal in defeat as in victory to the cause he had espoused, he declined.[2] James, Earl of Perth, and William Drummond, Viscount Strathallan, hurried to this assembly

[1] Thomson, *Memoirs of the Jacobites,* vol. i. p. 58.

[2] Buchan's *History of the Keith Family.*

of "little kings," as they were styled by the Chevalier.

When they were all assembled Lord Mar made a long, premeditated speech. He commenced by expressing his regret at having joined the Union, an action he considered all the more regrettable after witnessing the proceedings of the Elector of Hanover ever since he had mounted the throne. He then dwelt on the cruel wrongs done to the Chevalier, and appealed to his followers to show their loyalty by taking up arms in his cause. Large sums of money, he said, were already collected from Switzerland, Italy, Germany, and France, to the amount of 12,000,000 crowns; and he professed to have a commission, appointing him Commander-in-Chief of the forces raised for the Chevalier in Scotland, and signed by his secretary, 7th September, 1715. He finally read letters from the Chevalier, promising to come over in person, and meanwhile ensuring the prompt despatch of ships, arms, and ammunition.[1] This reference to the commission that Lord Mar stated he held from the Chevalier was violently disputed by the Master of Sinclair, who declared that it was forged; but though the facts were not strictly accurate as quoted by Lord Mar, there was a foundation for this statement. The Commission was actually written, but it had not been sent to Scotland at the time he announced to the chiefs that he had it in his keeping, and he was correct in saying that it was dated 7th September, 1715, and was superscribed "James R."

Lord Mar, in justification of his conduct, admitted that he had set up the standard nearly a month before he could produce the commission in hopes of rallying the people without loss of time, and though it was no small proof of their zeal that so many obeyed his orders, he had to own that his authority, being precarious, some were not so punctual in joining, and others did not perform their duties so effectually, "which had they done, not only Scotland, but part of England had been reduced to the Chevalier's obedience before the Government had been in a condition to make head against us."[2]

The ardour with which so many of the clans had gathered to Lord Mar's first council began to cool considerably when the Chevalier's arrival was delayed, and when the Duke of Berwick, from whom so much was expected, did not put in an appearance. Lord Mar, therefore, proclaimed a second summons from Braemar, urging a speedy response to the call, and promising to pay from the moment

[1] Mar Papers.

[2] Patten's *History of the Rebellion,* p. 257.

of setting out. Whilst Lord Mar was thus occupied in the north Lord Drummond had made a brave but ineffectual attempt to take the Castle of Edinburgh. It had been agreed that after it was accomplished, fires would be lighted on all the hills as a signal for Lord Mar to march and enter the city. The tactics for the taking of the Castle had been well planned, but with the usual ill-fortune attendant on any undertaking of the Stuarts, it failed through the disclosure of the scheme to the Lord Chief Justice Clark by the wife of Dr. Arthur, a physician in Edinburgh.

Lord Mar was too much occupied in increasing his forces to be disheartened by this adverse news; round Dunkeld and by beautiful Tayside the sound of the pibroch was heard inspiring the gallant followers and deciding waverers to join in the fray. Lord Mar had decided to make Perth his headquarters; he therefore fortified the town for this purpose, and with firm yet buoyant step the northern clans marched to his rally. He had no wish to risk a general engagement before the Chevalier arrived in Scotland, but on all sides disappointment was felt that the man for whom so many were willing to lay down their lives seemed content to remain a distant spectator of events. Surely this was not the James of a few years back, who, when success was an impossibility, had been forcibly taken back to France against his will? Now, when the moment was propitious, he merely sent messages to announce his departure, a departure which he always postponed; and what was equally serious, he did not bestir himself to see that the necessary ammunition and arms were supplied. In Lord Mar's journal we find his remarks on the precarious situation: "However incredible the thing may appear, is to our cost but too true; and that is, that from the time the Chevalier's Standard was set up, to this day, he never received from abroad the least supply of arms and ammunition of any kind; tho' it was notorious in itself, and well known, that this was what from the first we mainly wanted, and was insisted on by the Earl of Mar in all the letters he writ, and by all the messengers he sent to the other side."[1]

No definite expectation of the Chevalier's landing being to hand, it was finally decided to march to Dumblane. Whilst forming and massing the Highlanders the enemy was discovered on the height of Sheriffmuir. A council of war was held, and it was resolved to fight.

[1] It seems to have been customary at that period to write memoirs and statements in the third person. The spelling is given such as it is in the original.

The Earl of Mar placed himself at the head of the clans; they rushed to the encounter with all the enthusiasm for the cause that had rallied them to the standard, and carried the day. All the same, the Duke of Argyll and the opposing army lay in their arms all night, with the expectation of resuming the battle the next day; but what was the Duke's amazement when he went out the following morning to view the enemy to find them gone, having left behind them fourteen of their colours and standards; amongst the latter was the royal standard called the "Restoration." The Duke collected these trophies, also several pieces of artillery, and with these spoils, as well as with a good many prisoners, returned to Stirling.

The Jacobites ordered thanksgiving sermons to be preached at Perth, and a *Te Deum* was sung. It was a harmless piece of self-flattery on their part that could hurt no one; nevertheless, it was impossible to ignore the fact that the Duke of Argyll, with only three thousand troops, had effectively broken the spirit of the Jacobite army.

Sir Walter Scott remarks, "If they had but thrown stones, they might have disconcerted Argyll's troops."[1]

Lord Mar was severely censured for retreating to Perth. On the order being given one of the Gordons exclaimed, "Oh, for one hour of Dundee!" for in this first engagement the utter incapacity of their leader at once showed itself. Sir Walter Scott, in his notes on the Master of Sinclair's MSS., makes the pithy observation that "when the Stuarts had the means they wanted a leader, when they had a leader they wanted the means." The subsequent failures all turned on Lord Mar's inexplicable conduct. He tried his best to justify this move as unavoidable, saying that the Highlanders, brave as they were, had a custom of returning home after a battle; no supplies had been sent; they had been long absent from their homes, and were impatient for leave; but, doubtless, the most valid of his excuses was, that the presence of the Chevalier was required, for then the Highlanders would have rallied to his standard. This sentiment none can fail to endorse. The apparent indifference of James to the efforts being made to give him back his throne threw an ominous chill on the enthusiastic hopes of his little army.

At last, in December, he felt he would lose all prestige did he any longer defer putting in an appearance, so he made a move to leave the Duc de Lorraine's territory. This was not accomplished without

[1] *History of England.*

difficulty; his intentions were barely known before Lord Stair reminded the King of France of the Treaty of Utrecht, and begged him to intercept the Chevalier's passage through France. Lord Stair did more than this; he went so far as actually to give orders to a gang to murder him if they had the chance. The plot was discovered through Colonel Hay being arrested by an error, instead of the Chevalier. This infamous order was found in the pocket of one of the miscreants; the man was imprisoned by the French Government and reclaimed by Lord Stair, then Ambassador in Paris. There is a curious story on this subject told by W. Erskine, brother of the Earl of Buchan, who relates that as the King and he were travelling through France at this period, they saw the Chevalier's portrait set up in some of the post-houses; and they were told that this was done by the desire of the English Ambassador, who had promised a reward to those who would stop and apprehend the person whom the picture resembled. It was due to the intervention of the landlady at the post-house of Nonancourt that the Chevalier's life was saved; she directed him by all the side tracks, and warned him against various dangerous roads where men were lying in ambush to seize him.[1]

Even after making the first start, the Chevalier still tarried near St. Malo, and actually sent off the Duke of Ormonde without him whilst he wandered aimlessly about the coast of France, apparently the least interested in all that was being done for him. Finally the day dawned when it suited him to set sail, and he reached Peterhead 2nd January, 1716, five months after the raising of his standard; during which time many families had lost relations in battle, had been impoverished, and had suffered in varying degrees for the leader who seemed to be a calm spectator of matters in which he had no concern.

When it was known that the Chevalier had really arrived at Peterhead, some of the waning enthusiasm revived, and natural curiosity was felt by the chiefs and their clans to see their King, who, though he came to them as a stranger, they were prepared to welcome as representing the fulfilment of their hopes. It is interesting to compare the different impressions he produced both in France and in Scotland; they vary considerably, but curious to say, he is more favourably commented on by his antagonists than by those who were imbued with the sentiment that the arrival of the King would be the consummation of their highest expectations, whereas he fell far short of the traditions to which they clung.

[1] Thomson, vol. i. p. 140.

The most unbiassed of these opinions is that of H. Walpole, whose antipathy to the House of Stuart is well known. "The Chevalier de St. Georges," he says in his Memoirs, "is tall, thin, and of a melancholy cast of countenance. One's imagination might evoke him as the phantom of Charles I., with his misfortunes but minus his faults. He has pronounced features, and the expression of fatality innate in the Stuarts. It would be impossible to doubt the legitimacy of his birth." Fenelon's remarks on the Chevalier are pregnant with the charity we should expect from a nature that thought no guile. He wrote to the Duc de Bourgogne that he had often seen the King of England, and wished to express the good opinion he had formed of him. He was sensible, amiable, and had pronounced principles of religion by which he wished to regulate his actions. He was full of dignity, without pride. He had great self-possession, and by his calm decisions showed himself to be a man without temper or caprice, only wishing to act reasonably. He was always desirous of accommodating himself to others, and it was impossible not to be favourably impressed by his firmness, evenness, and art of prepossessing everyone in his favour.[1] This pleasing description formed of James at St. Germain does not correspond to the Master of Sinclair's report on him when he landed at Peterhead. Quoting from Mrs. Thomson's most interesting work,[2] we read:—

"The Chevalier's countenance had none of the meditative character of that of Charles I., whom he was popularly said to resemble; neither had it the sweetness which is expressed in every feature of that unhappy monarch; nor had his countenance the pensiveness that captivates the beholder who gazes upon the portraits of Charles. The eyes of the Chevalier were light hazel, his face was pale and long, and in the fulness of the lips resembled his mother, Mary of Modena. To this physiognomy, on which it is said a smile was rarely seen to play, must be added a speech grave and not very clearly expressive of his thoughts, nor over-much to the purpose; his words were few, and his behaviour and temper seemed always composed. What he was in his diversions, I know not; here was no room for such things. It was no time for mirth. Neither can I say I ever saw him smile. Those who speak so positively of his being so like King James VII. must excuse me for saying that it seems to say they either never saw this person or never saw James VII., and yet I must not conceal that when we saw the man whom they call our King we found ourselves not at all animated by his presence, and if he was disappointed in us, we were tenfold more in him. We saw nothing in him that looked like spirit. He never appeared with cheerfulness and vigour

[1] C. Cavelli, vol. i. p. 19.

[2] Thomson, vol. i. p. 145.

to animate us; our men began to despise him; some asked if he could speak. He cared not to come abroad among us soldiers, or to see us handle our arms to do our exercise. Some said the circumstances he found us in dejected him. I am sure the figure he made dejected us, and had he sent us but 5,000 men of good troops, and never himself come, we had done other things than we had done. At the approach of that crisis when he was to defend his pretensions, and either lose his life or gain a crown, I think, as he was situated, no man can say that his appearing grave and composed was a token of his want of thought, but rather of significant anxiety, grounded on the prospect of his inevitable ruin which he could not be so devoid of sense as not to see plainly before him, at least when he came to see how inconsistent his measures were, how unsteady the resolution of his guides, and how impossible it was to make them agree with one another."[1]

This portrait of the Chevalier was indisputably not that of a man who meant to take decisive steps to assert himself, and if he lacked the art of attaching the officers and men to him personally, it is easy to comprehend that disaster was the inevitable result. We may argue that there was some exaggeration in the above indictment, for Lord Mar had grave suspicions as to the loyalty of the Master of Sinclair, and had referred to him more than once as "the devil"; but we have seen by the Chevalier's procrastinations, how half-hearted he was in the rising; and either he did not care, or did not know the way of stimulating the men, who, ignorant of the tactics of war, could only be victorious as long as their soul was in their work.

In striking contrast is the account Lord Mar drew up of the Prince; it errs as much on the side of fulsome flattery as the Master of Sinclair's report needlessly caricatured his failings:—[2]

"Without any compliment to him, and to do him nothing but justice, set aside his being a Prince, he is realie the finest gentelman I ever knew. He has a very good presence and resembles King Charles a great dele. His presence, tho', is not the best of him; he has fine partes, and dispatches all his buissiness himself with the greatest exactness. I never saw anybody write so finely. He is afable to a great degree w'-out loseing that Majestie that he ought to have, and has the sweetest temper in the world. In a word he is even fitted to make us a happie people, were his subjects worthier of him. To have him peaceblie settled on his throne is what these kingdoms do not deserve;

[1] *A True Account of the Proceedings at Perth,* by a Rebel, supposed to be the Master of Sinclair.

[2] Brown's *History of the Highlands,* vol. iv. p. 332.

but he deserves it so much, that I hope ther's a good fate attending him. I am sure there's nothing wanting to make the rest of his subjects as fond of him as we are, but thus knowing as we now have the happiness to do. And it will be odd if his presence amongst us, after his runing so many hazards to compass it, do not turn the hearts of even the most obstinate. It is not fit to tel all the particulars, but I assure you, since he arived, he has left nothing undone that well could be to gain everybody, and I hope God will touch their hearts."

We must take this overcharged cajolery for what it is worth, penned by such an unscrupulous courtier as Lord Mar, who never lost sight of his own objects, and deftly contrived to "*ménager la chèvre et le chou"* These remarks in reference to the Chevalier were printed and freely circulated. He was now in his twenty-seventh year; whatever attraction he may have felt for his hitherto unknown country was chiefly due to his mother's influence. It was she who always kept before him his right to the throne vacated by his father, and never failed to point out, that to claim it was his duty. But the Court life in France in which he had been brought up was not the atmosphere likely to kindle the ardour of youth; dancing minuets with grace at St. Germain and living in all possible luxury till his twentieth year was not a preparation for risks and hardships inseparable from an adventurous enterprise. It can therefore be realised that he had no idea of the influence he might exert in his own favour, and he merely passively obeyed the suggestions of Lord Mar, who had undertaken the campaign.

After passing through Brechin and then on to Glamis Castle, the Chevalier made his public entry into Dundee on horseback. He was attended by three hundred followers; Lord Mar rode on his right hand, the Earl Marischal on his left. For nearly an hour and a half he remained in the market-place for the people to do him homage and to kiss his hand. After this halt he rode on to Stewart of Grantully, where he stayed the night. The next day he went to Fingask, the home of Sir David Threipland. This family have never wavered in their loyalty towards the Stuarts: from one generation to another the House of Stuart has been their watchword. The late Sir Peter Threipland and his sisters were always ready to receive with courtesy any visitors who were in sympathy with their devotion to the Stuarts, and with pride they would produce the numerous relics relating to them, that they carefully preserved. Each night before retiring to bed, the bell was rung for the butler, who was entrusted to carry these precious souvenirs to the tower-room, where they were placed in

security for the night. One of the most curious of these was a small table with a glass top; at first sight it appeared to be merely an ordinary looking-glass, but if seen from a particular angle, a portrait of Prince Charlie was distinctly visible. They possessed all the Jacobite songs inspired by the romantic enthusiasm of the country for the Prince, and when they went to the piano and sang "Flora Macdonald's Lament" and the many touching songs to Prince Charlie, their hearers were carried away by the sentiment and pathos with which they sang to the memory of their never-forgotten Prince.

Whilst this progress of James was taking place in Scotland bad news came from England, which cast a lowering cloud over the intended rejoicings at the crowning of the King. His landing had rendered the English Government, inexorable as to the fate of many of his unfortunate followers who had been taken prisoners at Preston. Derwentwater and Kenmare were executed on Tower Hill; and out of the 1,500 prisoners taken at Preston alone, many were tried by court-martial and shot, a thousand were transported to the American settlements, and great numbers were left to die through ill-treatment and neglect.

The execution of Lord Derwentwater was particularly uncalled for, and excited great sympathy and disgust. When he made his defence, he prepossessed in his favour the majority of those judging him. In simple words and without affectation, he referred to his peaceable disposition, and pleaded his youth and inexperience and the absence of all malice or concerted enterprise. He also pleaded that he could not be justly reproached with any cruelty or harsh conduct, and showed a letter he had written conjuring his party to capitulate at Preston, and thereby save King George's subjects from further bloodshed. He pled guilty to the Articles of the impeachment, and finally submitted himself to the King's mercy. The House of Lords voted a petition to the King to reprieve such of the rebel lords as deserved his pardon; but unfortunately there was no Queen consort, or surely she would have obtained a reprieve for the young, gallant, and beloved Derwentwater. His wife threw herself at the feet of the King, and Mary the Dowager Countess wrote a petition, but both prayers were unheeded. On ascending the scaffold he made a most touching and beautiful address. He asked pardon of those he might have scandalised by pleading guilty at his trial, having been told that, as he had been undeniably in arms, pleading guilty was but the consequence of having submitted to mercy. "But," he went on to say, "I am sensible that in this I have made bold of my loyalty, I have

never owned any other but King James III. for my lawful King; him I had an inclination to serve from my infancy, and was moved thereto by a natural love I have to his person, knowing him to be capable of making his people happy; and though he had been born of a different religion to me, I should have done for him all that lay in my power. I die a Roman Catholic. I am in perfect charity with all the world, even with those of the present Government who are most instrumental in my death. If that Prince who now governs had given me my life, I should have thought myself obliged never more to have taken up arms against him." Lord Derwentwater is generally believed to have been buried in the church of St. Giles-in-the Fields near the altar, but the following Jacobite ditty, called "Derwentwater's Good-night," has given credence to the report that he was buried at Dilstone, in the Vale of Hexham, the former home of the Radcliffes, who through marriage brought the property into the Derwentwater family. The song runs thus—

"Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die,
O carry me to Northumberland,
In my father's grave to lie;
There chaunt my solemn requiem,
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers."

In the north the Aurora Borealis is said to be called by the people round his old home "Lord Derwentwater's lights," as a pretty tradition relates that on the night of his execution it appeared remarkably vivid and the sky was aglow with an unusual light.[1]

The evil tidings concerning the probable result of the trials of the faithful adherents could not fail to throw a chill over the anticipated pageant at Scone; this depression increased in proportion as details came to hand of the accomplishment of the death sentences. Undemonstrative and composed as James has been represented to us, it was not possible he could avoid feeling the terrible responsibility he had incurred with regard to such noble men, who had abandoned their life of peace and comfort in the old home, left wife and children, and finally had given up the last gift in their power—life itself. In the still night hours, troubled thoughts may have chased away the soothing hand of sleep, and waves of doubt may have tormented him

[1] Thomson, vol. i. p. 266.

as to whether he on his side was acting with the same whole-hearted sincerity that was being shown to him.

In many ways James was as impolitic as his father in the display of his faith; he showed great objection to taking the coronation oath, upon which Bishop Mosse refused to crown him, unless that oath were taken. Whilst this rift was widening between the Church and the Chevalier, Lord Mar was busily occupied in finding a ribbon for the decoration of the Garter, which it might have been expected James would have brought with him. Lord Mar wrote to a friend: "I have but one Starr and no riban, but 'tis no gt. matter for that, a better man than I is in the same case; he has only one scrub, one which he got made since he came, and no right riban. I believe ther's neither of that kind of blew nor green riban to be got at Edinboro'; but if you could get some tolerable like it, you send some of both." Then he adds: "Mine is like to be a more sensible want. We got a little Burgundy for the King, but it is out; and tho' we know of a little more, I'm afraid we shall scarce get it brought here; and he does not like clarit, but what you'l think odd, he likes ale tolerablie well." These requests show us that the cellars at Scone were not over-well stocked preparatory to coronation feasts; but that important ceremony was destined never to be realised save in Lord Mar's imagination. Serious defections were taking place amongst the Jacobite leaders: Lords Huntly and Seaforth went over to the English side, and the Duke of Argyll steadily marched northwards.

On hearing that he was approaching Perth, James now gave the order (which brought on him such condemnation) to burn and destroy the village of Auchterader and other towns to impede the enemy's march. It was a fatal act: deep snow lay on the ground, the cold was intense, the wretched inhabitants fled homeless and helpless, and those who thus avoided perishing in the flames succumbed in the snow. Lord Mar in vain tried to condone this cruel order; it sealed the Chevalier's unpopularity, and in no way prevented the Duke of Argyll taking possession of Tullibardine within eight miles of Perth.

Even before the Duke had arrived as near as this, dismay and uncertainties as to what steps to take had perplexed the Chevalier's advisers. But the news that produced such agitation amongst the leaders worked with very different effect on the army. At the thoughts of a probable battle their spirits rose; the welcome announcement spread from officers to men, and bumpers were drunk to pledge a day of victory. The Council sat all night to discuss these questions of urgent necessity, but when the following morning inquiries were

made as to the eagerly expected orders to advance, there was an outburst of indignation as the rumour got about that a retreat was seriously considered. The brave men could not contain their anger, and began asking each other "what the King had come for, if he did not intend to strike a blow?"

The following evening there was another Council, presided over by the Chevalier, who himself proposed a retreat, and left it to Lord Mar to give the reasons for this decision. These were, first, the failure of the Duke of Ormonde's invasion of England; secondly, the accession of foreign troops to the Duke of Argyll's forces; and, lastly, the reduced numbers of the Chevalier's troops, which at first were 4,000 and now numbered only 2,300.

Lord Mar, in a subsequent statement, affirmed that the Chevalier was quite averse from this decision, to which he had unwillingly agreed, and even then would have hazarded a battle, but seeing that the enemy had a force of 8,000 it would have been quite impracticable to defend Perth; besides this, owing to the intense frost, the mills had been stopped, so there were no provisions, and no coals could be procured.

Everything was done to conceal these ignominious subterfuges from the valiant little army, but the truth soon spread, and many hundreds indignantly left Perth and returned to their homes. Those that remained were given the order to retreat, which they did precipitately, leaving their cannons behind them, and crossed the frozen Tay to Dundee. James followed some hours later. While believing that his mortification must have been acute at the miserable end to his expedition, one cannot but deplore his weakness of character and the want of sincerity in all his actions. Following in his father's footsteps, he left his newly-found kingdom devoid of all dignity; he is even said to have shed tears at his failure, which drew from Prince Eugene of Savoy the remark that "weeping was not the way to conquer kingdoms."

He pursued his way through Dundee to Montrose; the sight of some French vessels lying near gave rise to the report that he would embark for France. The agitation and discontent consequent on this rumour ran so high among the people, that Lord Mar, never a defaulter in plans of deception, ordered such as were left of the clans to march at once to Aberdeen, where, they were told, troops and large supplies of arms would meet them from France. No sooner had the disconcerted men been sent off, than the Chevalier got on board a

small vessel, and, as the size was limited, he had to choose who should accompany him. Besides Lord Mar, he decided on the Marquis of Ormonde, Earl Marischal, General Sheldon,[1] and Colonel Clepham, and after a passage of seven days they arrived at Waldam, near Gravelines.

It is difficult to believe that this King who slipped away like a thief in the night from the country that had suffered grievous harm for him was the same man who had attracted the praise of Villars, when he took part in the campaign against Flanders to show his gratitude to France.[2] Fénelon affirms that he saw him leave his bed with high fever on him to join the army. At Malplaquet we read that the Maréchal de Boufflers was enthusiastic at his brilliant charges of cavalry. How, then, had all traces of heroism disappeared from his nature? It may partly be accounted for through his first failure as a lad, a rebuff that to a character different from his might have been an incentive to success in the future; but James was constitutionally morbid and melancholy, and the perpetual misfortunes of his father were always present to his mind. Had it not been for the continual pressure put on him by his mother, James would most probably have lived and died abroad unnoticed and unknown.

The death of Louis XIV. had removed a solid support to his claims. This best friend of both father and son died 1st September, 1715, in the 73rd year of his reign. History tells us that no sooner had "Le roi soleil," "Le grand Monarque," breathed his last breath, than at once his prestige, his influence ceased with him. The courtiers who had gathered round his bed, silently went away one by one as he gave a last sigh, without a sign of regret or a glance of farewell to the master they professed to adulate. His funeral was reduced to the most meagre proportions to avoid expense. The people one and all heaved a sigh of relief at the death of a King who, they considered, had reduced his country to an inferior position—had indeed brought it to the verge of ruin. The long spell of prosperity he had brought to them formerly, and all his great conquests, were forgotten, the actual state of affairs was alone considered.[3]

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[1] St. Simon speaks of Sheldon as one of "the most capable, intelligent, and excellent officers that England has." He had accompanied James II. in his campaign in Ireland, who named him tutor to his son.

[2] C. Cavelli.

[3] *Fin de Louis XIV.* Gaillardin. Lecoffre Fils, 1879.

The regency of the Duc d'Orleans prognosticated no good to Mary Beatrice or James. Louis XIV. was reported to have said to her that though he had expressed his wishes fully on paper, he had but slight hopes they would be carried out, judging from what had been done by his predecessors in similar circumstances. But though an unadvisable choice had been made in selecting the Duc d'Orleans as Regent, as far as Mary Beatrice was concerned he showed her great consideration, and held to the promise he made her in 1718. At her special request he gave his word that those who had followed the Royal Family in their misfortunes should be allowed to retain possession of their apartments in St. Germain till, as she still hoped, her son should be restored to his royal inheritance. It was due to his regard for her that after her death her own room with the beautiful plate and nicknacks was left precisely as when she inhabited it, and four wax tapers in gilt candlesticks were set out on her toilette table, as if for daily use.

But St. Germain, which thirty years previously had represented to Mary Beatrice the ideal home, was now but a sad reminiscence of the futility of human efforts and vanished hopes. Her health was rapidly declining, which made any journey impracticable; consequently she was accorded permission to remain at St. Germain. The huge stately chateau looked dreary and deserted; it was hard to recognise it as ever having been a centre of joy and animation. It was peopled only by the ghosts of those who had made her life worth living. Husband, daughter, and the generous King had all preceded her to what she believed must be a happier land, and now her last support, her son, who had returned crestfallen and dejected, could not be granted permission to comfort the close of her life. It was only conceded him to pass but few days at St. Germain, and from thence he proceeded to Avignon, which had been decided on for his retreat.

Before leaving Paris James made the fatal mistake of dismissing Bolingbroke from his services; he was requested to give up the papers and seals to the Duke of Ormonde. This ill-advised step on the part of James not only strengthened his adversary—as Bolingbroke, deeply mortified at his dismissal, put himself at the disposal of George I.—but it also greatly weakened his own party, for, though the Duke of Ormonde proved himself to be a faithful servant to James, he had neither the talents nor ability of Bolingbroke.

James soon found that Avignon, papal city as it was, did not afford him the refuge and repose he had hoped to find. The English Government seemed determined to harass him as much as lay in their

power; and political events led him to feel that though nominally free, he was virtually a prisoner. The exile had to look round for a fresh retreat, and this time it was Clement XI. who held out his hand and offered James a home in a town in the Italian dominions of the Church. James went to Rome towards the end of June, 1717, to confer with the Pope on the subject. He was received as King of Great Britain and Ireland, and the ceremony and reception accorded him must have reminded him of the Court days of St. Germain. The Pope was seriously concerned at the sad position of such an illustrious family. He considered that all their misfortunes were mostly due to their unflinching fidelity to their religion; added to this sentiment of sympathy was a pleasing vista, that through the restoration of the Stuarts, England might be likewise restored to the only true Church; so with these far-seeing reflections in prospect he established himself the King's protector, and offered him the use of the palace at Urbino, besides settling on him a pension of 12,000 scudi.[1]

James waited to pass St. Peter's day in Rome, when important functions took place, and after paying obeisance to the Pontiff and expressing his thanks and gratitude, he started for his new residence early in the July of 1717.

[1] A scudo was worth about 4*s.* 6*d.*

CHAPTER IV
URBINO

The Ducal Palace—Arrival of the Chevalier—Death of Mary Beatrice—Universal sorrow—Her burial at Chaillot—Betrothal of the Chevalier—The Sobieski family—Political difficulties on the marriage—Spain assists the Chevalier with ships for England—Cardinal Alberoni—James proceeds to Spain—Warmly welcomed by Philip V.—The fleet sails for England—Disastrous storm—Spain renounces further aid—James leaves Spain to meet his bride at Bologna.

THE Ducal Palace at Urbino has always inspired admiration from the date of its construction in 1468 to the present day. It represents to most minds the ideal of a princely abode. A great deal of its attraction is due to its position, standing as it does on the edge of a rugged, inaccessible rock, hurling defiance at all intruders. For many miles round it is a well-known landmark. The road from Pesaro winds through the valley of the Metaurus, which it crosses and recrosses, till the rough ascent to Urbino commences. Looking upwards from below one asks oneself how to attain access to the palace, that with its picturesque round towers dominates the almost perpendicular mountain. A great circuit has to be made, and many are the imprecations from the *vetturino* to persuade his badly fed horses to get to the end of the rough road to the Piazza del Mercato; the arrival of any stranger is the signal for beggars of all ages to appear from every side with appeals for *soldi* from the exceptionally rare traveller.

Though Urbino is now reduced to the state of neglect and poverty normal to abandoned towns, it was very much the reverse in the days of Frederigo Montefeltro, by whose orders the palace was built. He was given the title of Duca d'Urbino by Sixtus IV. on the occasion of his daughter's marriage with the Pope's nephew. The Montefeltro vied with the Malatesta of Rimini, and Sforza of Pesaro, in grandeur and magnificence. The Court of Duca Frederigo was open to men of learning and to artists, who made long sojourns with a host who surpassed them all in culture and knowledge. The palace, both inside and out, is a record of his love for art.

Owing to the unevenness of the ground on which it is built, which, being of solid rock, it was impossible to equalise, it cannot lay

claim to any definite style of architecture; but the irregularity of the building constitutes its charm. The courtyard is elegant rather than grand: in it we remark some tombs of the middle ages and a bas-relief of the fourteenth century. As we go up the fine staircase a statue of Frederigo, by G. Campagna, 1606, gives the visitor some idea of the distinguished man into whose home he is intruding. In the rooms that serve as a museum one cannot fail to admire the decorations of the doors, windows, and chimneys, and in the small collection of sculpture and painting we see the good taste of the connoisseur pervading the choice of subjects. F. Montefeltro died in 1482, a year before the birth of Raphael, whose house is still noticed because of the inscription on it. Once a year the sleepy town of Urbino wakes up, and there is a faint reminiscence of the more interesting past when, to commemorate his birth, four hundred and twenty years ago, Urbino is gaily decorated and decked with flags. The "Accademia Raffaele" never fails to celebrate that anniversary. The band plays in the Piazza Duca Frederigo, and in his palace professors, scholars, and authorities assemble in the Sala degli Angeli to hear panegyrics on the *divino pittore*; from thence they proceed to his house, which is thrown open for the whole of that day and becomes the scene of a real pilgrimage, an unceasing crowd with wreaths in their hands go up and down stairs till nightfall and offer this tribute to his memory.

Amongst other painters to whom Urbino can lay claim, Baroccio (le Baroche) is to be mentioned at a later date, and owing to the Duke's protection numerous artists of note passed many years of their life here.

Such was the interesting town ready to accord a shelter to the Chevalier. Accustomed though he had become to change of residence, still the out-of-the-world Italian home must have presented itself as a contrast to the château of St. Germain with all its ceremonious Court life and luxuries. The Pope had omitted no details conducive to his comfort. Monsignor Salviati had been appointed his major-domo, and the Pope's nephew, with a guard of honour, was sent on to await his arrival. His own personal suite numbered fifty or more, and we find amongst them many familiar names, such as Ormonde, Mar, Perth, and there was also Nithsdale, who had joined him after his narrow escape from the hands of the executioner.

On a fine evening in July, 1717, the heavy carriage, drawn by four horses, in which was the Chevalier, toiled laboriously up the steep hill. The road winds backwards and forwards, and new views of the palace are seen at each turn. The fertile valley of the province of the

"Marche" was already losing its bright green, the scorching sun soon robbed it of its vividness, and the deep cracks in the red-brown soil announced the hot Italian summer. Peasants at work paused, and looked inquiringly at the procession of carriages; for some days previously the uneventful lives of the people had been perturbed at the unusual movement in the place. The palace had been overhauled, numerous workmen had been in and out, a guard of honour had arrived, and finally James himself stepped from his coach midst murmurs of "Il Re," whispered from one to another of the crowd. The guard presented arms, the Pope's nephew advanced and knelt to do him homage, the notabilities of the place were presented to him, and then with a grave, despondent mien, surrounded with his Court, he turned into the palace.

The next morning he gave audiences to the residents, who were headed by the *gonfaloniere,* or chief magistrate; after which he attended High Mass in the cathedral. The principal entrance of the palace is exactly opposite the cathedral door, therefore when we read that on fête days he went to the cathedral in a coach-and-six, we wonder how there was materially space to turn such a cumbersome equipage in a small piazza.[1]

There were only three roads practicable for driving, and they were each a mile long, all three terminating with a convent. James sometimes went coursing expeditions, and Fano-on-the-Sea was an object for a drive, as his grandmother's family, the Materozzi, originally came from Fano; also there he could enjoy the distraction of the theatre, Urbino in those days not possessing one. The small society of Urbino rubbed their eyes, and felt only now were they commencing life; they woke from a long sleep, and in a flutter of excitement showed such resources as they could muster for the Chevalier's entertainment. He, on his side, laid himself out to be sociable and amiable. He went to the musical parties in Casa Bonaventura and at the Staccoli. After remaining a certain time he rose, bowed thrice to the ladies, and retired; but he never allowed any of the gentlemen to attend him to the door save his suite, who, after they had accompanied him to the palace, returned to take part in the dancing. During the carnival of 1718 amateur theatricals were got up by the Academicians of the Pascoli. James good-naturedly interested himself in all the amusements of this provincial town, and often gave card-parties at the palace, when he played at "ombre" with the ladies.

[1] "The Stuarts in Italy," *Quarterly Review,* 1846.

Though it was uneventful, he accepted with dignity this life of comparative simplicity, and his popularity increased through his engaging manners and courteous recognition of the trouble taken to make his life pleasant.

The heated summer air at last began to cool; an autumn haze enveloped the valley below; the woods turned to russet-brown; winter slowly approached; yule logs flamed in the vast hall of the palace, lighting up the mysterious dark corners and bringing into relief all the carving and sculpture; Christmas had come, and still James was inhabiting Montefeltro's stately home. The short days of crisp frost, closing with marvellous sunsets and deep red afterglow, had likewise given place to another dawning of spring; and still the untrammelled existence of James sped on day by day. The mere fact of unvaried routine brought its compensating rest. This was unbroken till the 18th May, 1718, when a courier galloped up the hill and hurriedly sprang off the breathless horse at the palace door—a bearer of ill tidings to the Chevalier, announcing to him that his mother had died at St. Germain in her sixty-first year, thirty of which had been passed in exile. We have constantly alluded to her great courage and strength of character in all her adversities, from the day she fled from England with her son in her arms to the time when she knelt before him as her King. In all the distressing circumstances of her hard destiny, she stands before us as the exemplary wife, mother, and friend. The last months of her life were the most cruel of all, as terrible physical pain from cancer, to which she finally succumbed, was added to her mental distress. To an elevated mind such as hers pain was secondary compared to the depression of her lonely life—separated from the son to whom she had proudly looked to succeed where his father had failed. Alone in that huge chateau, almost unprovided for, she felt she was no longer needed, and welcomed her approaching end. Were it necessary still further to dwell on the universal love she inspired, the following letter of Sir Thomas Higgons to Lord Mar describes the despair of St. Germain caused by her death: "Nothing short of the judgment day can give you an idea of the horror and confusion in which St. Germain is plunged by the death of the Queen and by the preoccupation of the grief and fate of the King, her son, who in her has lost his best and truest friend."[1] The Regent, alienated as were his sympathies for the Stuarts, had never failed in tact and regard towards the Queen, and he ordered that her funeral should be paid for by the State and conducted with the honours due to her rank; but owing to

[1] C. Cavelli.

the wish expressed in her will, that she should be laid in the convent church of Chaillot near her husband and daughter, this desire was carried out. In her will Mary Beatrice had omitted no one, and she left many legacies to religious institutions. It was dated 1712 under authority of James II., who counted on his accession to the throne as the means whereby the Queen would be enabled to indemnify herself. The Chevalier did his best to carry out his mother's wishes, but situated as he was, living on the generosity of others, he could do but little. The numerous miniatures and ornaments were carefully packed in several boxes and sent to James with the inventory. The list is a long one; they were chiefly family souvenirs, and were valuable as Stuart relics. It is useless to inquire where they are. They have disappeared into the unknown, and shared the fate of those to whom they belonged.

The Queen was buried at Chaillot according to her wish. The coffin was received by the superior and all the sisterhood; with the greatest respect it was transported to the sarcophagus erected in the centre aisle of the church, and a solemn requiem was sung. On the coffin was a facsimile of her face in wax, the impression having been taken immediately after her death. A chest covered in silver damask was also laid on the coffin containing a gilt heart surmounted by a crown, which enclosed the heart of James II. The gold case was the gift of Louis XIV. In another casket Mary of Modena's heart was likewise enclosed in a heart of silver; it lay on a small cushion of silver gauze. Yet a third chest in black velvet bound in silver contained the hearts of Henrietta Maria, widow of Charles I., and that of Prince Louise of England. The archives of Chaillot also mentioned that they possessed letters of the Queen and Princess Louise, a miniature of James II., and a silver medal with the likeness of Charles Edward and the Cardinal of York. Madame C. Cavelli appears to have made all possible researches to trace the whereabouts of these precious souvenirs, but to no avail. Even the surviving members of the family of the last sister in the convent were unable to afford any information. Chaillot itself disappeared, and was transformed into part of the Paris Exhibition in 1867; and even had there been a loving hand to remove what relics remained of the Stuarts, probably all means of identification were lost many years before, when the panic-stricken sisters fled for their lives, and the convent and church were left in the hands of the despoilers.

This sad news plunged the little Court at Urbino into deep mourning—a mourning not only limited to the Chevalier's intimate

circle, but shared by the public, and the whole town went into black. This spontaneous act of sympathy testified to his popularity. During the months he had passed at Urbino he had known how to endear himself to those who had offered such a warm welcome to the fugitive, and who followed with kindly sympathy all his vicissitudes.

Official notice of the Queen's death was conveyed to the Pope, and duly announced by the *Cracas* of May 11th, 1718.[1] "On this day the Pope received news of the death of Mary Beatrice of Modena, mother of James III., at the age of sixty, and celebrated a Mass in his private chapel." Clement XI. lost no time in despatching a courier conveying all his sympathy to James on the sad event, but being a practical man he did not content himself with mourning the Queen's loss or celebrating a Mass for her soul: he felt he would best serve the interests of the King he had befriended by securing him an heir, and with this object he looked round him for a suitable marriage that might be of advantage to James, who was now thirty years of age.

He was not long in finding a Princess whom he considered a most desirable wife for the Stuart King in the person of Clementina Sobieski, granddaughter of the King of Poland. At many periods of history the Sobieski family had lived in Rome, and had been in intimate relations with the Papal Court. Clementina's grandmother, Maria Casimir, had established herself in Rome on the death of John, the great King: monuments in the churches of Santa Maria on the Pincio, and in San Luigi dei Francesi are to be seen to the memory of her son, Alexander, and to her father, Lagrange d'Arqignan. The father of the young Princess, Prince John, was not a man of any great note, her mother was Elizabeth, Princess Palatine of Neuburg; one of her sisters had married the Emperor Leopold, the other was Queen of Spain.[2] Elizabeth's daughter was christened Clementina by desire of the Pope, who had consented to be her godfather. She was born at Macerata in 1702, and was baptised by Cardinal Marefoschi, in

[1] The author will often have occasion to quote from the *Cracas*, a weekly diary of political news, first published in Rome in 1614. In condensed form it gives all the incidents taking place in the various capitals, and describes in quaint language the life of the Papal Court. The publication of the *Cracas* continued to the year 1798, when it was suppressed by order of the French army of occupation in Rome, and was replaced by the *Monitore delta Republica Romana.*

[2] Elizabeth was one of the Princesses of Neuburg who were proposed to James II. in marriage by Louis XIV.

whose palace her mother resided. At the time when negotiations for her marriage were entered into the family were living in Silesia. These prospective arrangements for the welfare of James had his hearty concurrence; he not only welcomed the thought of a companion to brighten his exile, but he also saw in this alliance some hope of a restoration, a hope which though lying dormant had not been quenched, owing to the influence of his friends, who always kept that object uppermost in their minds; and though far from the scenes of projects and plots, they continued to be well informed on the state of affairs by Lord Mar and the Duke of Ormonde, who made constant journeys between France and Italy for that purpose.

All preparations for the betrothal of James and Clementina were made, and amidst the sincere grief of the entire population of Urbino, only partly mitigated by the reiterated promises of James to return to the mountain home with his bride, he set out for Ferrara, incognito, October 6th, 1718, where he expected to meet her. But untoward circumstances pursued James even in this matter. His marriage became of political importance, and no sooner was it known in England that all preliminaries had already been arranged, than George I. exerted his utmost to urge the Emperor to use his influence with the Pope to dissolve the marriage, under menace of the invasion of the Imperial troops into the states of the Church and the bombardment of Civita Vecchia by the English fleet. The Elector of Hanover foresaw that the alliance of the richest Princess in Europe, supported by the Pope, the Elector of Bavaria, the Elector Palatine, and the Empress would incline the balance considerably in favour of the Stuarts. The Emperor Charles VI., forgetful of the services of John Sobieski, who had liberated Vienna, listened to the urgent appeal from England, and gave orders to arrest the Princess, who had already reached Innspruck; so before she had time to continue her journey she found herself imprisoned in a convent. This autocratic interference on the part of England was violently disputed by the Pope, who requested that the Princess might be liberated without delay. An agitated correspondence on the subject passed between the ministers of the Courts of Europe. Clementina's father, though dependent on the Emperor, asserted himself, and wrote the following lines to James at Bologna to reassure him as to his loyalty; for James on arriving there had learnt what had befallen the Princess.

"I hope," said Prince Sobieski to his son-in-law, "that through the piety and justice of the Empress our troubles will soon end. Other proposals of marriage for my daughter have been made to me, but I

have refused them by inclination, by a feeling of honour, and by impossibility to accept them. In short, Sire, I have given to your charge all the rights I had over my daughter, and I have neither the power nor the desire to alter things. A thousand deaths would be preferable to me than the loss of your alliance."[1]

James being thus reassured on the point, felt it was useless to remain on at Bologna, as the question of the Princess's release was an affair not to be decided at once. He therefore proceeded to Rome to consult with Clement XI. on his marriage, which seemed preoccupying all the Courts of Europe. The Pope received him with the same affectionate interest that he had hitherto bestowed on him, but he was sufficiently a man of the world not to lose even the faintest hope of the restoration of James to his throne. We know that this intention was the chief reason of the marriage he had in view for him, and now was an opportune moment. Bitter though the disappointment had been in Scotland when James turned his back on his country and sailed for France, yet the enthusiasm of the loyal Highlanders required but little fuel to rekindle the still smouldering fire. Even a few weeks after the failure of the expedition we are told:—[2]

"Private news says that General Carpenter had informed the Scotch Court that the Duke of Athol had offered the Marquis of Huntly 500 of his men for the service of the Elector of Hanover, who would not accept them, giving as reason that he had sufficient regular troops in case of need. At Inverness the works, fortifications, and magazines continues, and 600 men have been raised. The Scotch there appeal to the King of Sweden as their 'Moses,' who will liberate them from the English bondage, and openly drink to his health in the toll-bars without the Regency making any opposition. Generals Gordon and McIntosh are with the Highlanders, and only waiting a favourable movement to come down to the plains with 1,000 men. The friendship of the Earl of Nottingham with the Duke of Argyll is regarded with suspicion."

The assistance of Charles XII. in the Jacobite cause was a formidable element of danger for England. He offered to invade the country with an army of 12,000 veteran Swedes; the negotiations on the subject were chiefly due to Lord Mar's instigations, who to

[1] C. Cavelli.

[2] *Cracas,* May 15th, 1717.

conciliate the Swedish monarch's goodwill had suggested to Captain Straiton, the Chevalier's agent in Edinburgh, "to purchase 5 or 6,000 bolls of meal and send it to Sweden where there was a great scarcity."[1] Though such a scheme could only be conceived by an adventurous nature such as Lord Mar's, and the meal could not be provided on such a huge scale, all the same, Charles XII., out of sheer antagonism to George I., maintained his proposal of supporting James. The Pope was equally determined to do what lay in his power to further this propitious moment. Perhaps the menaces from the English Court may have influenced him to press matters forward, so through Cardinal Acquaviva it was represented to Philip V. that it would be to his interest to beg James to go to Spain, as he might prove a diversion for the British troops. This suggestion did not displease Cardinal Alberoni, who begged that Cardinal Acquaviva should undertake to send a confidential friend of the King's suite to negotiate the affair. James decided that the Duke of Ormonde should undertake this mission, and he started for Madrid. His journey was carried out with great precaution; nevertheless it was impossible to keep it secret from the English Court, which lost no time in remonstrating with the King of Spain, and menaced him with serious consequences should he befriend the Chevalier. But it was not probable that the astute Italian Cardinal should allow any decision of his to be so easily overridden. A contemporary writer of his time gives us an admirable analysis of the character of this remarkable diplomatist in a few telling words:—

"He rarely says what he thinks; he is persuaded that the success of any enterprise depends as much on the secrecy concerning it as on the measures taken to bring it to a good end; a merit all the more necessary in his case through his natural tendency to extraordinary schemes, especially those likely to produce a commotion, as he considers it beneath his dignity to follow in the beaten tracks of ministers who have preceded him. Without being a panegyrist, I can boldly affirm that the glory of the King his master, the grandeur of Spain, and the welfare of the people are the determinating factors in all that he undertakes, and as soon as he is convinced what is best to the interest of one of these three objects he always bears in view, he spares no pains, he dares everything, to attain success. Being Italian, and therefore alive to the cruel pleasure of revenge, he never pardons if he has been offended, and if it is diplomatic to defer the moment of vengeance, it is only to be more sure of striking the blow."[2]

In hands such as these James could not be otherwise than a puppet

[1] Thomson, vol. i. p. 194.

[2] *Histoire du Cardinal Alberoni,* par M. J. Rousset à la Haye. 1720

to be led by the strings the Cardinal intended to pull according to events. At the present moment it suited his designs to assist James, and therefore to the reproaches of the English Government he decided to reply as follows:—

"The Duke of Ormonde has lived in the neighbourhood of Paris from June to October, and being warned by the Regent that Lord Stair was most pressing in his instances to beg him to leave France, the Duke came to Spain. H.R.H. hearing of this intention on the Duke's part, gave orders that he should be stopped at the frontier, where he could easily be recognised. It is certain that though many officers and well-known persons were arrested, the Duke of Ormonde was openly allowed to pass without any resistance; still more this is evident, as he could not fail to be identified travelling as he did with two berlines, two carriages, and an escort. His Majesty hearing these facts, begged the Duke to suspend his journey to Madrid, and arranged that he should remain forty miles' distance from the capital. The King considers that he was justified in offering hospitality, in which he has followed the example set him by the Regent, who did likewise for a long period, notwithstanding that he is a friend and an ally of England. I cannot fail to perceive that the exit of the Duke from France, permitted as it was by the Regent and the inspector at the frontier, is utilised as a crime against Spain by the Monasteries of Paris and London in hopes of irritating public feeling. I have thought it right to inform your Excellency of the facts concerning this affair, so that your Excellency may act as he thinks best."[1]

Whilst the Cardinal thus tried to throw dust in the eyes of the antagonistic powers, he was also, busily occupied in giving orders to the fleet to be in readiness, under the subterfuge that he was preparing to assist the Marquis of Leeds in Sicily. He was well aware that 20,000 to 30,000 French troops were concentrating their forces in the direction of the Pyrenees, under the command of Berwick, who had returned to the King the order of the Golden Fleece given him in recognition of his services to Spain during the last war. The Cardinal, however, who flattered himself that all the French nobility would declare themselves partisans of the Catholic King, advised Philip not to accept the General's dismissal, hoping by such acts of generosity to disarm the French; so the King returned the order to the Maréchal, requesting him to keep this mark of his esteem and gratitude, and begging him to be faithful to the Prince he had served.

[1] Rousset, *ibid.*

The Cardinal's manifesto relating to the Duke of Ormonde was replied to by France, which occasioned another from the Cardinal full of such violent accusations and invectives against the Regent that it was proscribed by Parliament: This act was followed by a lengthy proclamation from the Court of Madrid giving the King's reasons for taking up arms. In a long recapitulation of events outside our subject, reference is made to the imprisonment of Princess Clementina, and the scandal caused by this action on the part of the Emperor, all the more unpardonable as the freedom of Vienna was due to the heroic King of Poland: it was he who saved the Empire from ruin, overrun as it was by 200,000 infidels. But these great benefactions were ignored, as were the reiterated appeals of His Holiness, and the intercession of the widowed Empress, the Princess's aunt: none seemed to move the Emperor's will in this blameable action.[1]

During this interchange of manifestoes between France and Spain, the *Cracas* of April 12th, 1719, chronicled: "From London news reaches us that the Spaniards seem meditating a descent on Ireland or Great Britain under the command of the Duke of Ormonde. All the troops are ready to march on the first signal, and many ships of war are ready to guard the coasts."

The Pope having been informed by the Cardinal that the presence of James was necessary in Spain for the proposed descent on England, balanced in his mind whether it would not be desirable that James should marry before he allowed him to leave, so that in the event of any accident befalling him there would still be a Stuart claimant who might serve the interests of the Church. He argued to himself that it was a matter of considerable importance, as was proved by the action of George I., which could only be explained by his fear of an heir to the Stuart succession; following out this line of thought, he was the more eager to frustrate the designs of the Elector of Hanover. The Pope finding that there were apparently no means of liberating Clementina for the present, proposed another marriage to the consideration of James; but he resisted all persuasions and said he could not offer so grievous an affront to a Princess of the Sobieskis: he felt convinced that in time the marriage would take place, and for his part he preferred it should be after (as he hoped) a successful attainment of his claims. The Pope finally yielded to these persuasions of James, and the next point to be considered was, how he could accomplish the journey to Spain without falling into the hands of the

[1] Rousset.

French, Germans, or English. It was left to the charge of the skilful Cardinal to suggest the ways and means out of this difficulty. All details having been attended to, so as to avoid any *contretemps,* James embarked at Nettuno on a small Genoese vessel, and on the 15th of March, 1719, landed at the Porto di Rosas, near Barcelona. No sooner was the Cardinal informed of his safe arrival than he sent a bodyguard to meet him and a royal carriage. The reception and hospitality shown him by Philip V. was on the same footing as the welcome accorded him by Louis XIV. The Spanish monarch received him as King of Great Britain, and was lavish in providing him with all that was necessary to assert his position as King. All this was objected to even by the Powers, who were quite impartial on the question of the rights or wrongs of the Stuarts: they were only well aware how much it would influence the English Court against Spain.

Philip, however, remained firm in his resolve to assist James. At the Cardinal's instigation he had published, previous to the Chevalier's arrival, a declaration in which he said he had strong reasons for supporting the claims of King James, which support was also shared by other countries; but as many had not the means to incur the outlay it necessitated, he had taken it on himself to do all in his power to place the King in the possessions that were his by right. He had every reason to hope for a successful result, but should the fear of a disaster deter any from declaring themselves for the King, he offered all those who joined his forces a safe retreat in Spain, no matter what might occur. All the officers would retain the same rank as they enjoyed in England and Scotland, and the men would be treated as his own subjects.

The Duke of Ormonde was ordered to publish this declaration given at Madrid, February 24th, 1719.

The Court of St. James thought it time now that the Chevalier had actually arrived in Spain to prepare in earnest; up to this moment George I. had taken the matter lightly, but now without delay considerable preparations were made. In every arsenal ships were provisioned, troops were sent to the north, and others to Ireland under the Duke of Bolton, the Viceroy: help was asked for on all sides. A Declaration of War against Spain was published; this was followed by one from France in the same terms.

The Cardinal remained apparently indifferent to the arming of Europe against him, and continued to assist the Duke of Ormonde in every possible way. The feverish preparations on the part of England

resulted in 10,000 French being encamped near Boulogne ready to cross at any moment; 8,000 Germans were equally in readiness at Ostend, and 3,000 Dutch under Keppel were landed, some near the Thames and others were sent on to Scotland. The decisive moment approached, and Spain, fully prepared, sent out ships of transport and four vessels of war along the coast of Andalusia, with 15,000 to 20,000 men and every kind of ammunition. As the ships proudly sailed away, followed by the anxious looks and prayers of the populace of Cadiz, Heaven seemed smiling on the undertaking; the winds were favourable to Spain, whereas they were contrary to the English fleet, which was small in comparison to that of Spain. France appeared to be holding back, and it was openly reported that Admiral Byng would have to leave the Mediterranean to assist his country. The Pope celebrated endless Masses and accorded numerous Indulgences to propitiate Heaven's assistance; both Jacobites and their opponents were eagerly awaiting the first encounter; all seemed in favour of Spain, till at a fatal moment the wind changed, thereby preventing the fleet from doubling Cape Finisterre; this was followed by a terrible storm, and all the hopes of the Cardinal, Philip V., and the Jacobites were dashed to pieces like the vessels, only two of which, ignorant of what had happened to the remainder of the fleet, reached Scotland in a sad plight. The whole scene changed like magic. The Cardinal, who had made this desperate effort which had failed, could no longer accord the Jacobite cause any part in his programme: he was too much occupied watching the turn of events in his own country, and the movements of France and England against her, to make another attempt in aid of James, who instead of being *the* prominent personage in Spain, was made to feel that his presence could be easily dispensed with. This new disaster came all the harder as the scheme had been thought out deliberately and skilfully by the Cardinal. No blame could be attached to anyone, but the fatality that attended all the steps taken by the Stuarts seemed to extend to those who endeavoured to assist them. The deep depression felt by James at the impossibility of ever satisfactorily accomplishing any attempt to regain his crown, was partly effaced by the news reaching him that his bride had finally been liberated, and had already reached Bologna *en route* for Rome. His mission in Spain being abruptly ended, he lost no time in making his arrangements to join her.

CHAPTER V
THE PROTECTION OF THE POPE

Clementina Sobieski in Rome—Her life in the convent whilst waiting for James—Religious ceremonies—Her first meeting with James at Viterbo—They proceed to Montefiascone—The marriage takes place in the cathedral—They return to Rome—Entertainments and ceremonies—Birth of Charles Edward—Congratulations of the Pope.

THE bad news of the recent defeat incurred by James had reached Clementina's ears even in her prison, but she was too young to pay much heed to his repeated disappointments, or to those of his father of whom she had vaguely heard tell, as all the details regarding his life had faded from her memory, with other evanescent impressions of her childhood. In the exuberance of youth it never occurred to her that her prospect of a crown was not the tangible certainty it had been represented to be. She, like her husband's mother, was destined to share her King's exile, and though she was spared the necessity of flying to a foreign country for safety, she experienced the excitement of a flight, less perilous but more romantic than Mary of Modena's.

Who can say in later years, when she was far from happy, she did not regret the spirit and energy that had freed her from her prison to fly to the husband to whom she looked for love and attention, even though his destiny debarred him from ever being able to offer her a home? Fortunately for her, she was imbued with a deep sentiment of piety, and she shared the taste of Mary Beatrice in her preference for seclusion. Finding that force of circumstances destined her to be an exiled Queen, she put from her thoughts any ambition she might have had on that point, and cheerfully accepted her unlooked-for position.

After some months had passed in parleyings, and voluminous correspondence from every quarter on the subject of Clementina's release, without apparently the smallest chance of a conclusion being arrived at, she took the matter into her own hands, and with spirit and courage worthy of her name she decided to effect an escape. She enlisted the services of Wogan, an escaped prisoner from Preston, to further her plans; he willingly lent himself to any attempt that could be of advantage to his master. James also had a secret agent at the

Court of Vienna named Walkinshaw. He had fought at Sheriffmuir, where he was taken prisoner and conveyed to Stirling, but he managed to escape and joined James at Bar-le-Duc. Walkinshaw proved himself of use on this occasion of Clementina's flight, but his name would have died with him had he not been the father of a girl named after Clementina Sobieski, who out of gratitude for the father's help had offered to be godmother to his child. A few years later this girl was to play a very influential part in the life of Clementina's son Charles Edward, and whilst seriously damaging his cause, gained many advantages to herself. Having returned to Scotland after she was grown up, she first met Charles Edward at Bannockburn during the siege of Stirling Castle. The services rendered by her father to his family, combined with the fact of her being a godchild of his mother, prepared the ground for Charles Edward's infatuation for this pretty girl; and though his intimacy with her was not unbroken, yet, no doubt, she obtained a great influence over him in a later period of his life: even when he notoriously resorted to bad company and caused many broken hearts, he always treated her with deference, and gave her all the privileges of a legitimate wife.

With the assistance of Walkinshaw at Vienna and Wogan at Innspruck, Clementina felt that once outside the convent and beyond the gates of the town, she had every chance of accomplishing her escape. She disguised herself in servant's clothes, and on as wild and stormy a night as when Mary Beatrice left England she noiselessly crept out of the convent. Though the position was reversed, and whereas years before one queen had fled from her palace for the shelter that exile alone could give her, and Clementina was flying from the protection of the convent to attain a problematic crown, exile was the ultimate result in both cases.

She never drew rein a moment, till with her attendants she entered Venetian territory; she then proceeded to Bologna. Here she was met by Lord Dunbar, an envoy from James, and in his presence all the arrangements concerning the marriage were officially agreed to and signed. On the conclusion of these preliminaries to her marriage she decided to continue her journey to Rome, where, under the protection of the Pope, it had been decided she was to wait for tidings of James and his wishes as to where they should meet.

Prince Charles Edward as a Youth.

by kind permission of G. Milner-Gibson-Cullum, Esq.

On a fine evening in May, 1719, the young Princess, escorted by a cavalcade, saw her long journey nearing its termination. On either side of the Via Flaminia over which she travelled, she eagerly looked out for the landmarks that announced the approach to the wondrous city of which she had learnt so much in her childhood. The road winds through the plain, one side is protected by rocks, that are almost covered by brushwood formed of hawthorn and laurestinus then in bloom. On the other side there is a greater expanse of grassland with Castel Giubileo situated on a rock away amongst the low-lying hills. Near here the first fugitive glimpse of the dome of St. Peter's is to be had, but not till within a very short distance from Ponte Molle does Michael Angelo's prodigious conception stand out in all its greatness. The setting sun was throwing a parting ray across the dome and lighting up the cross which stood out against a sapphire sky just beginning to fuse into an iridescent pink. Clementina looked out of her coach, and admiration and wonder at the view before her was read in her pretty blue eyes. She was recalled from her musing enchantment by finding a large concourse of people at Ponte Molle assembled to escort her from there into the town. The first to advance to meet her was Lord Mar, followed by other partisans of James. Mingling with the cavaliers on horseback were many cardinals in their coaches drawn by richly caparisoned horses; nor did the nobility fail to take part in the gay cavalcade, and all the leading Roman families were to be found in the dense throng.

The following extract gives a description of her arrival:—

"Pope Clement XI., having been informed of the approaching arrival in Rome of the Princess Clementina Sobieski, the acknowledged bride of James III., King of Great Britain, proposed to arrange for her reception in one of the oldest convents, where, besides other advantages, the observance of rules as practised by the Regular Orders presented a guarantee for her safety and peace.

"The King had expressed the wish that if the Ursuline sisters had rooms in their convent suitable for the sovereign lady it was there he would like her to be received. In order, therefore, to carry out the King's desires, His Eminence Cardinal Acquaviva, by order of the Pontiff, went to the convent, accompanied by many cavaliers and a bodyguard, and, though not giving the name of whom the sisters were to expect, he told them that in all probability a great lady would come to inhabit their convent. A few days later a great many carriages, mules, and large trunks were brought to the convent, and several rooms were furnished. The sisters were then informed that they were to expect Princess Sobieski, the King's bride. It is easy to picture the satisfaction of the community at this news; all the time before

her arrival was occupied in embellishing the apartments in which Madame was to reside.

"On the 15th of May her approach by the Porta del Popolo was announced, and the Princess was accompanied to the convent by their Eminences Acquaviva and Gualtieri, also by a large crowd and many of the nobility. On reaching the door of the sisterhood one of the cardinals said, 'Mother Superior, we confide to your charge Madame de St. Georges, as for the present she is to be called.' Her beauty and amiability attracted everyone. On her way upstairs she passed the Chapel of the Madonna di Loreto, and went in and threw herself on her knees to worship the Holy Mary. By this act she impressed all the sisters with her virtue and reverence. She had no sooner arrived than all the cardinals, princes, ambassadors, and ladies of Rome sent to congratulate her, and till midnight the convent remained open, as was the case each night while the Princess resided there. The next day the Pope sent Monsignor Bianchini to convey his compliments to Madame; he also brought with him a hundred baskets full of sweets, some of which she divided among the community."[1]

The convent put at the disposal of the young Princess still stands in the Via Vittoria, but lately the sisters have been transferred to another convent, and the Academy of Santa Cecilia has taken the place of cloisters. The former refectory is the musical library. At one end of the long room is the pulpit from which one of the sisters read to the community during meal times. On the opposite wall are two frescoes forming medallion portraits of the Duchess of Modena, James's grandmother, who had largely endowed the convent, and Mary Beatrice; both are in a good state of preservation. The convent was founded by Donna Camilla Orsini Borghese. It is a large, rambling building, the rooms are high and vast, there are bare spaces on many of the walls, against which were tablets recording the visit of Princess Clementina, and being too highly prized by the sisters to be left where they had been placed as a souvenir of affection, when they were given notice to quit, they were carried away with them. Her goodness and gentleness had won all their hearts, and the tradition of her merits has been handed down to the few remaining sisters of the formerly numerous order.

The *Cracas* of May 16th describes Clementina's first visit to the Pope the day after her arrival.

"The Princess Royal, attended by her ladies and suite, went to the Apostolic Palace of the Quirinal, and was received at the garden entrance by Monsignor Rasponi, private secretary to His Holiness,

[1] G. Angelini, *Rassegna Italiana.* Agosto, 1883.

and by the Master of Ceremonies. They conducted her by the private stairs to the audience chamber. On entering, the Princess made three genuflections, and then kissed the Pope's feet and hand. Though she was Princess Royal, she preferred being called Madama di San Giorgio; all the same, His Holiness, on account of her being already married by proxy to James III., King of England, ordered the chair kept exclusively for royal personages to be brought her, in which he begged her to be seated, and treated her in all respects as a Queen. The Pope, at her request, granted an audience to her suite, and after giving them his benediction, he remained talking with the Queen, who surprised him with her intelligence, which he considered superior to that of her sex in general, and remarkable owing to her extreme youth. The audience having ended, the Queen again kissed the Pontiffs hand and feet, and having made her three curtseys, she was accompanied to another apartment, where Monsignor Rasponi offered her dainty refreshments, and waited on her himself. Meanwhile, her ladies and gentlemen were being served in another room, after which they joined her and returned to the Ursuline. Later in the day the Princess went to visit the Basilica of St. Peter, the Prince of the Apostles, and from there she went to San Pietro in Montorio, to worship the image of the Blessed Virgin."

All accounts describing Clementina Sobieski dwell on her great piety and devotion. During this time of seclusion as the expectant bride of James, her daily life was passed in assisting at the ceremonies of the Church, which were so numerous and varied in complicated details, that anyone absorbed as was the Princess in spiritual matters, found infinite interest in following them assiduously. The Pope considered her specially under his charge, and besides repeated audiences, he accorded her all the privileges that lay in his power; she was also the object of great attentions from the cardinals, who made all the necessary arrangements when she assisted at the various festivals. She often visited the churches on days when there were no special ceremonies: we read that on May 27th—

"being the vigil of Pentecost, the Queen and her ladies went to Santa Maria Maggoire; they were shown in the sacristy the Sacred Cradle of Christ and all the Holy Relics preserved in that Basilica. They then went to the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament, and subsequently to the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin, where with reverence the Queen worshipped. The Queen, after praying in different sanctuaries, made the round of the Seven Churches; as decreed by the rules of the Church, when she arrived at St. Peter's,

she took off her shoes and stockings, and prepared to walk round the church barefoot, but she was forbidden this by her Father Confessor. It is impossible to realise with what devotion she drove through the streets, and returned home with all her suite at one in the morning without having touched any food. On the morning of June 7th, Her Majesty the Queen of England went to the English College, where she found His Eminence Cardinal Gualtieri, Protector of the Institute. All the students and many of the English nobility were admitted to kiss her hand."[1]

The first important festival in which the Princess took part was that of the Corpus Domini, celebrated with all the pomp connected with the important ceremonies of the Roman Church. The following graphic description brings the picture clearly before us:—

"His Holiness celebrated Low Mass in the Sistine Chapel, after which, the Master of the Ceremonies organised a procession through the streets usually taken on that occasion. It commenced with the children of San Michele, who marched singing concerted motetts; they were followed by various religious orders; these were succeeded by bearers of torches of white wax to the number of some thousands, who came by, two and two, and in perfect order lined the interior of the Basilica several rows deep, as far as the large centre door, through which passed the whole procession, making wonderful effect. The strangers assisting were struck with awe at the devotion of the clergy, the great order, and the variety of the prelates' vestments. The beauty and richness of the Pope's triple crown and mitre, combined with the costliness of the habiliments of the patriarchs, bishops, and cardinals, were magnificent beyond words. His Holiness was preceded by three cardinals, Monsignor Falconieri, Governor of Rome, Contestabile Colonna, and the Prior of the Roman people with toga of cloth of gold. Her Majesty the Queen was at one of the windows of the Apostolic Hospice of Prelates, and Her Serene Highness the Duchess of Baden at another; for both ladies the Pope, with his usual liberality, had provided refreshments. They showed a devotion difficult to narrate when they saw the Pope lifted on high and kneeling before the Holy Sacrament. On seeing this, both the Queen and H.S.H. went on their knees with their faces to the ground and shed tears of emotion. H.S.H. of Baden followed the procession on foot to St. Peter's to receive the benediction, and to each of the four Swiss guards sent to protect her from the crowd she gave a scudo."[2]

But engrossed as Clementina was in this absorbing life of the Church, her long-wished-for husband was not forgotten, and his

[1] *Cracas*.

[2] *Cracas*.

birthday, the 11th of June, was celebrated with due honour in the convent. According to the calendar (Old Style) he was born in England 1688, and his birth is registered in the documents of that year, where note also is made of his age; but if we follow the Gregorian calendar, which had not been adopted in the King's country, the 21st is given as the date of his birth. On her own birthday in July, when she attained seventeen years, she gave a dinner to the sisters, dining with them herself under a canopy of state. The dinner was served by her suite, and a cantata for three voices was sung, expressly composed for the occasion. A great affection had sprung up between her and the sisters, and she liked them to call her their Mother Superior.[1]

A few days after this anniversary a courier arrived with news from James which was communicated to the Pope, to whom he expressed the desire that his bride should meet him at Viterbo. To the sisters this was sad news, and they heard with grief that they were to lose the Princess who had brought such brightness and happiness to the convent. Busy preparations for departure took place, the coaches were brought out, the mules and horses were well groomed, everyone was hurrying to and fro to get ready for another journey. When the day came to speed the Princess on her way, the sisters crowded to the door, each putting in a last word, unwilling to let her go. With the same formalities as when she entered Rome she was accompanied by a cavalcade as far as the gates of the town, and amid repeatedly expressed hopes that she would soon return as Queen and wife, she bowed her farewells and proceeded on her drive through the pretty, undulating country. The first place of interest to be passed was the old Etruscan town of Veï, built on rising ground between two streams; it is now a picturesque mass of ruins, the traces of which are nearly hid by the thick entanglement of shrubs and flowers clothing the deep declivities to the water's edge. Beyond this the imposing cortege still proceeded up hill and down dale, skirting the Lake of Bracciano, where the striking mediaeval castle built by the Orsini is said to have made a greater impression on Sir Walter Scott than all the antiquities of Rome. The diversity of scenery and historical subjects whiled away the time, and without great fatigue the Princess arrived at Viterbo, designated by old Italian writers as "the town of pretty fountains and beautiful women." On reaching the episcopal palace the Princess saw, not without a flutter at her heart, her hitherto

[1] G. Angelini.

unknown lord and master, who advanced with due ceremony, and gravely, with a courteous deference, assisted her to alight and led her into the palace. We can picture to ourselves how attracted James must

Corsini Gallery, Rome,

JACOBUS TERTIUS MAGNÆ BRITANNÆ REX.
(Plate inscription.)

have been by the sweet, smiling Princess, who with the charm of diffidence combined with vivacity brought a refreshing change of thoughts to his overstrained mind, and seemed by the magic of her presence to be an omen of a brighter future.

"The Queen," says Pollnitz in his Memoirs, "without being beautiful unites in her person great attractions. It would be hard to find greater sweetness, more gracious manners. She is always ready to

do a service; she is compassionate, benevolent, and is imbued with such a deep piety that her life is truly that of a saint. But with all this devotion, there is nothing narrow in her religion, which she testifies chiefly by her generosity, for her religion comes from the heart, without bitterness towards those who do not share her belief. She tries only by sweetness and her own example to lead them on the right path. If she possessed a kingdom, without doubt she would carry out conscientiously all the duties inherent to her state. She was born with many talents that she has turned to profit. The facility with which she seizes an idea is surprising, and she has a wonderful memory. She speaks Polish, German, French, Italian, and English with such ease, that it is impossible to know with which language she is the most familiar."

All authors in speaking of Clementina bring her before us as charming and amiable, and without being strictly speaking a beauty, her blue eyes, fair hair, and delicate complexion combined with her attractive personality were more fascinating than mere good looks. Her quick perceptions and piquant conversation made her a great favourite with all the French nobility; she felt all the more in touch with them as most of the great families of France showed sympathy and attachment towards the Stuarts, notwithstanding the antipathy evinced to them by the Regent and Dubois. After a short rest at Viterbo the King and Queen proceeded to the small town of Montefiascone, which, situated on a height, dominates the vast plain of ancient Etruria. Montefiascone is chiefly noted for the excellence of its wine, the "Est, Est"; tradition draws attention to the origin of its being so called by a monument in the old church restored by Urban IV. in 1260, on which is written:—"Est, Est, Est, Propter nimium est. Joannes de Fuc, D. meus, mortuus est." It is said that this epigram was devised by the servant of a canon of Augsburg, who greatly appreciated the wines of the country during his travels in Italy. In order to be sure of stopping at the inns provided with the best local cellars, he was in the habit of sending on his servant a post ahead of himself with instructions to taste the wines, and write up "Est" at the places where the best could be found. On reaching Montefiascone what was his delight to see "Est! Est! Est!" written three times in large letters. The canon lost no time in tasting the wine so strongly recommended to his notice, but unfortunately so much was it to his liking that the effects of it proved fatal, and sad to say, Montefiascone was his last halting-place, as is recorded on his tombstone by his faithful retainer.

After all the various impediments the marriage of James and Clementina at last took place in the cathedral, September 1st, 1719. They were married by the bishop of the town in gorgeous vestments. The Sovereigns presented to the church in commemoration of this day a magnificent altar-cloth worked in gold, and a chasuble studded with oriental pearls.[1] They received the homage of all the leading families from some distance round; they also had a visit of congratulation from Cardinal Gualtieri. The *Cracas* of October 7th mentions: "The Cardinal has left Rome for his *villegiatura* in Orvieto; from there he will go to Montefiascone to felicitate His Majesty the King of England and the Queen his wife." After the receptions and audiences in relation to their marriage were ended at Montefiascone, James and his wife returned to Rome, and one of their first visits was "to the dear sisters." Both the King and Queen showed them great attentions out of gratitude for their care of the Queen whilst she lived in their midst. The Queen continued to favour them with her presence: she used to visit the convent three or four times a week, and never missed coming to the chapel on the exposition of the sacrament. After her death the King invariably assisted twice a year at the feast days of the convent.[2]

Church functions continued to play an important part in the daily life of James and his bride, and as a matter of routine all the ceremonies were duly observed. The enveloping influence of the Church can hardly be realised now, nor the undisputed sway of the sovereign pontiffs. The mingling of undiscussed fervour and gross immorality made a startling contrast. Absolute submission to the dogmas and formulae of the Church was observed, but scandal was easily admitted and condoned. James did not prove to be an exception to the generally accepted rule, but he was equally most conscientious in carrying out his religious duties; and so we find him with the Princess on the 25th November, "assisting at the feast day in the church of Santa Cecilia. Cardinal Acquaviva, Titular and Protector of the Monachal Church of Santa Cecilia, drove there with a suite of nine carriages. The King and Queen of England assisted from a balcony, and to both were offered splendid flowers. The same morning their Majesties had been to an audience of His Holiness, who, after they had made the three genuflections and kissed his hand, begged them to sit, one on each side of him. After a short time he

[1] G. Angelini.

[2] G. Angelini.

gave them his benediction, and they left with the usual formalities."[1]

The Princess, while preferring a quiet life, showed her broad views in all respects by gladly joining in the many entertainments given in her honour. She also enjoyed excursions in the Roman campagna, so grand and full of repose in its great expanse. The broad stretch of prairie, with the background of deep blue hills, convey a sentiment of rest from the weariness of life, whilst the numerous ruins of former grandeur seem to counsel less attachment to the trifles of the few years allotted to us, as all must inevitably pass away. Cardinal Acquaviva had a villa at Albano where the Princess was always a welcome guest, and when the hot days of June commenced she would often be seen in her sedan-chair going in the direction of the Via Appia to enjoy the shady garden and quiet of the Cardinal's villa.[2]

A special water fête was given for the Princess's amusement September 7th, for though the preceding Sunday was officially the last for any water fêtes in Piazza Navona, "still, as the weather is so hot, Cardinal Acquaviva decided to give another last Sunday, when he received the King and Queen, regaling them with splendid refreshments."[3] These water carnivals were a characteristic form of entertainment in the Rome of those days. They were first introduced in the seventeenth century during the hottest weeks of the Roman summer, when only open-air fêtes were possible. On these occasions the ancient circus of Domitian was flooded by opening numerous water-pipes and stopping the overflow from Bernini's fine fountain in the centre of the piazza, which, being concave, it soon filled. Then commenced the procession of carriages all in gala. The elegant coaches of the nobility and the more stately equipages of the cardinals filed one behind the other round the outer circle of the piazza. The houses were all gaily decorated with bright damasks and tapestries hanging from every window and balcony. These decorations harmonised with the toilettes of the elegantly dressed ladies, gossiping and laughing with their suitors, whilst the crowd below were noisier in their mirth, apparently enjoying frequent shower-baths from the numerous jets of water falling in all directions.

The King and Queen on their first appearance at this popular diversion were the principal objects of interest to all those near

[1] *Cracas.*

[2] *Cracas,* June 21st.

[3] *Cracas.*

enough to see them. They were received by the Cardinal and Prince Corsini, and conducted by them to the balcony of San Giacomo degli Spagnuoli to a throne under an awning of crimson damask. The stately, thoughtful presence of James captivated as many hearts as the lively, childlike, smiling Princess, who conveyed to everyone her recognition of all that was done to give her pleasure.

In this way the summer and the autumn glided by, and if the young bride occasionally sighed as she could discern no prospect of the promised throne, she was still too happy in her love for James to allow cravings for the unattainable to distress her. She also had expectations of becoming a mother shortly, and as it had been continually represented to her of what vast political importance a son would be, she fervidly prayed that desire might be granted her. The moment approached, and the expected birth was the general topic of conversation at the Pope's Court and in society. The event took place on the evening of December 31st, 1720, and was thus announced in the quaint wording of the *Cracas* of January 4th, 1721, and merits quoting in full.

"During the evening of S. Stefano, towards sunset the Queen began to feel unwell whilst she was surrounded with many of the Princesses and nobility of over a hundred persons, all doing their best to amuse her with the rehearsal of an opera that was to be given in the theatre of Signor Conte d'Alibert. The next day, the cardinals, prelates, the magistrate of Rome and all other chosen personages were requested by the King to assist at Her Majesty's the Queen's confinement, who did not feel much worse till the evening of the 30th, when those who expected to assist, were again called at a late hour to come to her residence. During the hours between the 30th and 31st, after nine o'clock by the Italian time, and all the morning of the 31st her confinement was expected. It finally took place the evening of the 31st, the last of the year 1720, forty-two minutes after the sun had set, which is five minutes to ten. The happy event took place in the Queen's apartment, where was H.M. the King her Consort, besides the Princesses already invited, namely Donna Teresa Borromei Albani with His Excellency Don Carlos her husband, nephew of our noble lady the widow, Madame Orsini Duchessa di Bracciano; the widowed Principessa di Piombino was present, and her three daughters with their husbands the Princes Barberini, Ottoboni, and Giustiniani, besides the Duchessa Salviati and the Duca her husband. Amongst the English ladies there were Madame Nithsdale, daughter of the Duke of Powis, and wife of Milord Nithsdale,

Catholic; Madame Misset, Irish Catholic, destined for lady of the bedchamber of the Serene infant Prince; of cardinals there were their Eminences Fabrizio Paulucci, Bishop of Albano, Prime Minister, Secretary of State, and Great Penitentiary to His Holiness; the Cardinal of St. Peter's, Howard, brother of the Duke of this title, who is premier Duke of England. There were also many cardinals of the three kingdoms, that is to say, England, Scotland, and Ireland, and also of other nations to the number of a hundred. The happy event was the occasion for offering warm thanksgivings, and for congratulating the King, who with his usual piety desired that the Sacrament of Baptism should take place an hour after the child's birth. He received the names of Charles Edward, Louis, John, Casimir, Silvester, Severino, Maria. His Holiness did not fail to send the King many relics, amongst others, a beautiful 'Agnus' with the portrait of the reigning Pope on one side and on the other an image of Our Lady of Loreto, it being well known the King's great devotion to, and sincere faith in, the Holy Virgin. H.M. the Queen is in perfect health, which news was of infinite gratification to His Holiness, who immediately sent Cardinal Albani to H.M. the King with 10,000 scudi to serve in this happy occurrence. The following morning in the year 1721, he celebrated a Mass of thanksgiving for the gift granted to two such exemplary Sovereigns, through whom the royal descent over three kingdoms is thus maintained. His Holiness ordered that the cannons of Castello St. Angelo should be fired at the precise moment that in the church of the Gesu His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar was bestowing the Pope's blessing on the people in thankfulness that the year had so happily terminated. Such a feeling of pleasure was felt by everyone that in all the streets loud 'viva' were heard. Cardinal Ottoboni sent to H.M. as an offering of respect a superb 'zamberlugo'[1] of crimson velvet bordered with gold and lined with sheepskin that had been sent by the Czar of Moscow; a present of such great value has rarely been seen." [2]

[1] The "zamberlugo" is part of a costume worn by Russians, resembling a long pelisse.

[2] The following authentic extract from the private papers of the Boncompagni Ludovisi family, in which Donna Ippolita Boncompagni relates that she was present at Charles Edward's birth, was courteously given to the writer by the present Principessa di Piombino. The paragraph runs as follows:—"On December 31st, 1720, I was called at the twenty-fourth hour to assist the Queen of England, who was confined of a son. He received the names of Charles Edward, Casimir, Saverio, Silvestro, Maria."

Even Montefiascone was not behind in wishing to take part in the general feeling of joy at the happy event, and on the news being received of the Queen's safe confinement a *Te Deum* was at once sung, and all over the city there was a display of fireworks. The people could not contain their joy, as they all knew Her Majesty, who was married there. The magistrate at once arranged for fountains of wine in the Piazza, and on this happy occasion gave a large reception in his own house, offering liberal refreshments, and made great preparations for a special fête.[1]

On the 11th of January there was a grand fête in the Piazza di Spagna, at which all the Roman society assisted; it was held on news being received from Philip V. of the liberation of Ceuta after twenty-seven years' siege by the Moors. Cardinal Acquaviva, the Chargé d'Affaires to the King of Spain, had an audience with the Pope in order to hand him a letter from his master on the subject. On the Cardinal's return to his residence he was greeted by cries of joy and applause from the populace. The whole of that day the Piazza di Spagna was a dense crowd of people of all kinds; it was impossible for carriages to circulate. Four fountains of red and white wine flowed continually. This was distributed by four persons from Sunday morning to Monday night. A hundred *barile* were thus consumed. As twilight approached, the Vatican, Quirinal, Campidoglio, and all the palaces were illuminated, the whole city was lit up with torches, lanterns, and fires, so that the town was as light as day. But the finest illumination of all was in the Piazza itself: every window of the Royal Palace had torches and lights as well as those of the Palace of the Propaganda, where in the evening under a canopy of state was to be seen the King of England.

In the centre of the large Piazza were preparations for fireworks that shot up higher than any palace. From the midst was erected a statue representing Fame, holding in one hand the Royal Standard, and in the other a trumpet; underneath the statue was Jupiter in the act of destroying the Moors, who in various attitudes were trying to escape over rocks and crags from lions ready to devour them. On the first stroke of two a.m. this huge pyramid was set alight, and for the space of an hour there was a display of fantastic designs, fountains, and other inventions; these were accompanied the whole time with reports of *petards* and other explosives, and the crowd was packed so tight, it could not move or run away. The fireworks were like a

[1] *Cracas*, January 11th, 1721.

continuous rain of fire, and one might have imagined a siege was taking place; the whole thing was terminated with a beautiful *girandola,* or magnified Catherine's wheel.[1]

Such was the kind of daily life led by Charles Edward's parents when his birth lifted a great weight from their hearts, and when his advent fostered hopes which, though premature, were all the more tenaciously held from an irresistible desire to break the adverse spell which could not be submissively accepted as irrevocable.

With so many friends to lend a helping hand, proper management seemed the one thing needful to constitute a formidable opposition to the enemy. The Papal protection was a great force, and no one hailed the Prince's birth with greater satisfaction than the Holy Father, who after that event followed each move of the Courts of Europe with still greater intensity and zeal.

[1] *Cracas.*

CHAPTER VI
OLD HAUNTS IN ROME

Villa Ludovisi—The luxury of the cardinals in the eighteenth century—The popularity of James and Clementina—Their hospitality—Birth of Prince Henry—Discord between the Chevalier and his wife—Clementina retires to Santa Cecilia—Unheeded appeals of James that she should return to him—The convent of Santa Cecilia—A reconciliation arranged—The death of George I. raises fresh hopes of a restoration—The young Princes—Clementina's early death—Grief of James—His daily life.

VILLA LUDOVISI is situated in a part of Rome that has undergone various phases of change, and in many ways of destruction. In the direction of Porta Pia we are near that part of the grounds where in the time of the Republic the Romans erected a temple to Venus Erycina, commemorative of the loss of the battle of Lake Trasimenus. Close by was the ancient Porta Collina and the site of the Campus Scelleratus, where vestals who broke their vows were entombed alive. On this spot, at the commencement of the Empire, Sallust, the Roman historian, built his Villa Suburbana, which towards the twentieth year of the Christian era became the property of the Emperors, and for a long time was one of the Imperial palaces. All this part of the town was outside the walls till Aurelian extended the boundaries. Probably the palace and grounds remained unchanged till the taking of Rome in 410 A.D., when Alaric entered by Porta Salaria, which, being situated on the outskirts of the property, was therefore the first to suffer destruction at the hands of the invading forces. Since that epoch there is no mention of what became of this large extent of land, till we find that at the time when Gregory XV. was Pope, Cardinal Ludovisi at the commencement of the seventeenth century built the villa designed by Le Notre, called by his name. We learn that it remained more or less the same a century later; it is only during recent years that villas have sprung up, and all the characteristic features of Villa Ludovisi have been swept away. The days are over when sumptuous fêtes took place in the gardens of the Ludovisi, only to be eclipsed by the extravagant entertainments of the wealthy and powerful Albani and Borghese families, who have left traces of their former greatness on all sides.

Let us turn to a fine Eastertide in Rome in 1721. Villa Ludovisi was looking its best. Though the air was already warm and the grass had the peculiar smell that announces the near approach of summer, which so hurriedly supplants the ephemeral Italian spring, yet the shady walks and avenues had lost none of the freshness of early green. It was mid-April; the lilac bushes were in flower, and a mass of westeria with its seductive perfume hung over the walls and round the busts of stern-featured Romans, who seemed to be meditating as in days of yore over fresh conquests, or pondering on the vast mystery of past, present, and future existence. Seats near the fountains, around which luxuriated maidenhair fern, and clusters of forget-me-nots, tempted visitors of those gardens to rest, to enjoy the perfect haven of repose, and dismiss from their minds for a brief spell the trammels of life. Such was the opinion of two English travellers, Mr. Spence and Dr. Cooper, who on the evening in question were taking the air in Villa Ludovisi. They were engaged in animated conversation, and became so absorbed in a matter of interest to both that they were unaware of other visitors till they heard voices close to them. Mr. Spence in his own words says:—

"We found ourselves suddenly face to face with the Pretender, his Princess, and Court. We could not retreat with decency; common civility obliged us to stand sideways in the alley to let them pass by. The Pretender was easily distinguished by his Star and Garter as well as by his air of greatness. I felt at that instant of his approach a strange convulsion in body and mind such as I never was sensible of before: whether aversion, awe, or respect occasioned it I can't tell; I remarked his eyes fixed on me, which I confess I could not bear. I was perfectly stunned, and not master of myself, when, pursuant to what the standers-by did, I made him a salute. He returned it with a smile, which changed the sedateness of his first aspect into a very graceful countenance. I had but one glimpse of the Princess, which left me a great desire of seeing her again; however, my friend and I went off into another alley, and after making some turns, the same company came again in our way. I was grown somewhat bolder, and resolved to let them pass as before, in order to take a full view of the Princess. She is of middling stature, well shaped, and has lovely features; wit, vivacity, and mildness of temper are painted in her look. When they came to pass us, the Pretender stood and spoke to Dr. Cooper, who performed service in his palace according to the rules of the Church of England, for the benefit of the Protestant members of his suite, the Pope having granted this licence. He then asked me how long I had been in town, and told me he had a house where English gentlemen

were very welcome. The Princess who stood by, addressing herself to the Doctor in the prettiest English I ever heard, said, 'Pray, Doctor, if this gentleman be a lover of music, invite him to my concert to-night; I charge you with it,' which she accompanied with a salute in the most gracious manner. We went and saw a bright assembly of the prime Roman nobility. We had a general invitation given us while we stayed in town, and were desired to use the palace as our house. We were admitted without ceremony; the Pretender entertained us on the subject of our families as if he had been all his life in England; he told me some passages of myself and father, and of his being against the followers of Kings Charles I. and II., and added, 'If you, sir, had been of age before my grandfather's death, to learn his principles, there had been little danger of your taking party against the rights of a Stuart.' There is every day a table of ten or twelve covers well served, supplied by English and French cooks, and French and Italian wines; but I took notice that the Pretender ate only of the English dishes, and made his dinner of roast beef and what we call Devonshire pie; he also prefers our March beer, which he has from Leghorn, to the best wines; at dessert he drinks his glass of champagne very heartily, and to do him justice, he is as free and cheerful at his table as any man I know; he spoke himself in favour of our English ladies, and said he was persuaded he had not many enemies among them: then he carried a health to them. The Princess, with a smiling countenance, took up the matter and said, 'I think then, sir, it would be but just that I drink to the cavaliers.' The Princess after said we must go and see her son; he is really a fine, promising child, and is attended by women, mostly Protestants, which the Princess observed to us, that as she believed he was to live and die among Protestants, she thought fit to have him brought up by their hands. On the next post day we went, as common to the English gentlemen here, to the Pretender's house for news. He told us there was no great prospect of amendment of affairs in England. He bemoaned the misfortune of England groaning under a load of debt; he lamented the ill-treatment and disregard of the ancient nobility, and said it gave him great trouble to see the interest of the nation abandoned to the direction of a new set of people. 'Some may imagine,' he continued, 'that these calamities are not displeasing to me, because they may in some measure turn to my advantage; I renounce all such unworthy thoughts.'"[1]

The palace offered to James and his wife by the Pope when he received them as King and Queen of England is situated in the

[1] Thomson, Appendix, vol. iii. p. 514.

narrow end of the Piazza degli Apostoli; it was formerly the property of the Muti, and now belongs to the Balestra family; it is but a stone's-throw from the Church of the Apostoli, where Clementina was often to be found in meditation and prayer. The church had lately been restored by Clement XI.; the portico, built about 1500, is the only old part remaining. Under this portico are various fragments of sculpture, and a graceful monument by Canova to the memory of his friend Volpato.

Vernon Lee gives us rather a lugubrious impression of the state of the streets and buildings of Rome in those days. She describes it as a sombre and squalid town, its streets straggling, black, and filthy; the population composed chiefly of monks and priests, or of half-savage peasants and workmen, unkempt, long-bearded creatures dressed in wonderfully embroidered vests and scarfs, looking exceedingly like brigands. It was also a time when no woman could be out alone after dusk, where to meet a stabbed man being conveyed to the nearest apothecary was an ordinary occurrence, where the pillory was still in general use: mud, egg-shells, and fruit-peel being flung at the helpless offender.[1]

Those were the days when the cardinals were the first to set the example of the profuse luxury that pervaded life in Rome. To keep a hundred horses and more than double that number of servants was considered only a moderate expense in all the great families. The horses then were groomed with great care, their undipped coats shone like metal, their tails swept the ground; the bits were of silver, and all the harness was loaded with silver ornaments; the large saddle was covered with velvet on a saddle-cloth of lace and embroideries in gold and silver. The carriages corresponded to the money spent on the horses; they were decorated with painted panels and heavy gilt mouldings, and were often inlaid with precious stones.

Then was the time that all Romans who had no special uniforms dressed like the abbés; it represented the height of fashion, and gave *kudos* to those aspiring to the best society. No doubt the coat, breeches, and black silk stockings, the silk cape hanging from the shoulders, not to omit the powdered hair or wig and the three-cornered hat, was a pretty costume, and added to the presence and dignity of the wearer. The civil dress was considered less advantageous, unless it could be carried out in every detail, for without embroideries, priceless lace, diamond buttons, and a sword it

[1] *The Countess of Albany,* Vernon Lee, p. 27. Allen and Co. 1884.

was incomplete, and not every fashionable beau had a purse equal to such an expense. But it was chiefly due to the cardinals' extravagance that luxury had attained such a pitch. Pope Innocent XI . conjured them with tears in his eyes to refrain from such an outrageous display, so detrimental to the religion they professed; but the Pontiff's appeal for greater simplicity of life was unheeded, and the cardinals continued the existence it had pleased them to adopt.[1]

James, however, amidst this strange mixture of barbarism and prodigality had no occasion to feel the disadvantages of the city that sheltered him. The Pope's welcome was by no means a matter of form, and though a Sovereign in exile, he was treated in every respect as the reigning King of England. The Pontifical troops mounted guard at the palace, and served as escort when he went out, which, however, was a rare occurrence; he preferred his life indoors, and was always deeply immersed in political matters. Besides a pension of 12,000 crowns, Clement XI. offered him 100,000 crowns on his arrival in Rome. This gift from the Pope, combined with Clementina's rich allowance, permitted them to keep up this small Court in Rome. She had inherited 300,000 piastres[2] of Spain, and on the death of her father she was legatee to most interesting objects of value, many of which have enriched the treasures of St. Peter's. There can be seen the splendid rubies that the Crown of Poland had given to the Sobieski, as well as the golden shield bestowed on the liberator of Vienna by the Emperor Leopold. She also possessed the gold-brocaded standard of the prophet, on which were verses of the Koran inscribed in turquoises that had been concealed in a chest for safety during the siege of Vienna.

In this year (1721) Clement XI., the staunch friend and protector of James, died, and almost his last thoughts were for the Sovereigns he had taken under his charge. He exhorted the cardinals never to lose sight of the interests of the House of Stuart, and earnestly reiterated the appeal that his successor should never deprive the Royal Family of the palace he had offered them, and he also begged that the annual pension should be continued till they were restored to the throne. The Stuarts were left almost as a legacy to the Church, and the good Pope's desire was carried out. Innocent XIII., who succeeded him, in no ways curtailed the privileges established by Clement, and treated

[1] *La Corte e la Societa Romana Nei XVIII. e XIX. secoli.* Silvagni. Firenze. 1881.

[2] A piastre was about 4*s.* 6*d.*

James and his wife with the deference due to sovereigns. They assisted at the solemnities attendant on the Pope taking possession of his different charges. One of the ceremonies consisted of a cavalcade in gala from the Quirinal to the Campidoglio, where he was received as Sovereign of Rome by the senators and nobility. Even the young Prince took a part in the day's jubilee, as chronicles affirm that the Pope, passing by Palazzo Muti that same morning along the street strewn with golden sand so that His Holiness might not be shaken in his coach, saw the royal child in the arms of his nurse; she went down on her knees whilst the Pope bestowed on him a paternal benediction.

We now approach an unfortunate crisis in the domestic affairs of James and Clementina, which damaged not only their own happiness, but was seriously detrimental to their hopes of restoration. As might be expected, the birth of the Prince was all the more important to the Jacobite cause, as it occurred at a moment when public feeling was very dissatisfied at the existing state of affairs in England. The fatal bank failures had reduced many thousands to ruin, and the national prosperity was at a very low ebb. The unpopularity of the King and his Government was taken advantage of by the Jacobites, who seized this favourable turn of the tide to renew their activity. Secret communications between Rome, France, and Great Britain became more frequent; but though animation and enthusiasm waxed high, the one thing needful, a good organiser, was, as hitherto, absolutely wanting.

Deceived by these revived hopes, James and his friends, one and all, seemed totally unable to form a clear conception of the real state of affairs. They turned from one country to another for alliance, fondly imagining that France and Spain might be counted on as allies, though both those powers had clearly shown themselves weary of assisting forlorn hopes, which had led them into wars and bloodshed. James was not happier in his choice of counsellors than in thinking out plans for his success. He had made the irreparable mistake of abandoning Bolingbroke, and the man for whom he had sacrificed him was of far less capacity. He also did not turn to his advantage the services of the Bishop of Rochester, a man more capable of moving the scales in his favour than any other of the day; and though he had many proofs of Mar's double-dealings, it was only very slowly that he came to admit it. Perhaps this trait of unfailing trust and confidence in his friends was one of the best in James's character, for he could not be ignorant of the current rumours on Mar's propositions to the English Government. Lord Stair readily

perceived the advantage it would be to cajole him from the Chevalier's cause; and when Mar announced that he had quitted the service of James, and wished to make peace with King George on condition of a full pardon and restitution of his estates, Lord Stair did not hesitate to write to the Secretary of State that it was worth while to accept this proposal, as in his opinion it would be the greatest blow that could be given to the Pretender's interest, for it might be made use of to show to the world that no one but a Papist could hope to continue in favour with the Pretender.[1]

The negotiations ended by the Government offering the family estates to Lord Mar's son, provided he kept himself free from plots against the Government; besides this they put at his disposal a pension of £2,ooo over and above £1,500 to be paid as jointure to his wife and daughter. Lord Mar eagerly accepted this proffered pension, though he was considerably riled that his offer of service had not been accepted with alacrity. There is no evidence to show that the proposed pension was ever received by him. He was too well known of old to be worth conciliating by the English Government, who merely followed his lead and acted with the duplicity of which he had given so many proofs; so he had the indelible shame of having accepted a bribe for the treacherous proposals he had made to Lord Stair, which bribe the Government never intended to pay him.

The love of intrigue was too deeply stamped in Lord Mar's nature to allow him to refrain from mixing in political matters, even after experiencing such a mortifying rebuff, a rebuff which would more than have sufficed as a quietus for any man of honour.

It was during this time that the little Court of Palazzo Muti was in a very agitated state. The Chevalier had begun to be seriously distrustful of Lord Mar, and had turned his friendship to Colonel Hay (Lord Inverness). The Princess meanwhile headed an opposing faction, nominally commanded by Mrs. Sheldon, but secretly instigated by Lord Mar. Whilst home affairs were assuming this quarrelsome aspect a great stir was caused by accusations against Lord Mar by Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who had been banished to France in 1722. He affirmed that it was through Mar that he had been ordered out of England, and he charged him with betraying secrets of the Chevalier to the English Government, besides "many other base and treacherous practices." The Earl of Mar was now the avowed enemy of Lord Inverness, who thought himself justified in

[1] Thomson, vol. i. p. 208.

concealing nothing from the King. The crisis to these complications came in 1725, after the birth of the Chevalier's second son, Henry of York, on March 25th of that year. James, wishing to put an end to all the bickerings and strife, dismissed Mr. Sheldon, the supposed spy of Lord Mar, and placed James Murray instead as preceptor to Prince Charles Edward.

The Lockhart Papers, [1] speaking fully of these intricate disagreements which, beginning with only family disputes, ended by drawing outsiders into the discussions, relate that

"Mar's partisans did affirm that the Queen was jealous of ane amour twixt the King and Lady Inverness, who treated the Queen so insolently that she could not bear it, and was obliged to retire; and Mar pretended that, having foreseen long before that the Queen would be uneasie and to prevent a rupture endeavoured to have Inverness and his lady removed, it gave first rise to their malice, and was the occasion of the fall of Mar's interest with the King. On the other side it was represented that Mrs. Sheldon, governess to the Prince, and said by Colonel Hay to be the mistress of Dillon, had gained an absolute ascendancy over the Queen, and, being entirely devoted to Mar's interest, was his spy in the family, and by his instigation 'blew the coall and incensed Her Majestie against Lord Inverness, and keept the whole family in hot water': that for these reasons the King, being resolved to have her removed, began by taking the Prince out of her hands, and delivered him to the care of Mr. Murray, then created Earl of Dunbar: that the Queen violently opposed this chieflie out of regard to Mrs. Sheldon, but appearingly because Dunbar was a Protestant, proposing thereby to gain the Popish interest to give ear to her articles of accusation against Inverness and Dunbar, who was brother to the Lady Inverness."

These household dissensions were now serious, so serious as to induce Clementina to threaten a retreat in a convent. These rumours spread to Scotland, and divided the feeling in favour of James that he had never allowed to lie dormant. Great disapproval was expressed that the King should hesitate for a moment to remove any favourite displeasing to the Queen. So important did the quarrel become that official letters explanatory of the situation were written by Lord Inverness at the bidding of James. He wished his faithful subjects to know that nothing had been wanting on his part to divert the Queen from so extraordinary a step as her contemplated retirement in a convent. He ordered his Court to assemble, and informed them fully of the steps he had taken to prevent such a proceeding on her part. For some time he had suspected that his enemies and pretended

[1] Vol. ii. p. 220.

friends had endeavoured by malicious insinuations to alienate the Queen from him, and her behaviour to him was quite altered, though he did not make any change in his conduct towards her, who ever since her marriage had been, as he quaintly words it, "entirely mistress of his purse, such as it is in his bad circumstances." The Chevalier asserted also that she had been absolute mistress of her actions, and enjoyed the most perfect liberty, going where she chose, unhindered in her correspondence, and seeing all the company she preferred, which made the indignity she was bringing on him all the harder.

It having come to the ears of Lord Inverness that one of the grievances dwelt on by Clementina was her uneasiness for the Prince's religion if he was under the care of Lord Dunbar, and her belief that both he and Lord Inverness were obstacles to the restoration owing to their unpopularity with their English friends, he used all his influence with James to persuade him to agree that both he and Lord Dunbar should retire from Court.[1] The Chevalier, however, remained imperative in his orders that they should both continue in his service, and though Clementina was still under his roof, he thought he would carry greater weight by writing than by discussions, and addressed the subjoined letter of appeal to his wife in hopes of preventing her from taking the step on which she had decided:—

"DE ROME, *le* 9 *novembre,* 1725.

"Votre conduite envers moy, les menaces qui m'ont été faites, et 1'outrage publique de votre retraite dans un couvent, ne me touchent pas tant que le malheur et la honte auxquelles vous allez vous exposer par une si étrange demarche. Je sens le tout, il est vray, comme je dois; mais jusqu'à présent, je n'ai aucun resentiment contre vous, car je suis à chaque moment plus convaincu que la malice et la finesse de nos ennemis en ont imposée à votre jeunesse et à la faiblesse de votre sexe. Vous avez dû être persuadée il y a longtemps que je veux être le maître dans nos affaires et dans ma famille mais il n'est encore trop tard de se reconnâitre. Rendez vous donc à la raison, au devoir, à vous-même et à moy, qui n'attend que vos soumissions à bras ouverts, pour vous rendre la paix et le bonheur autant que depend de moy. Que si, malgré mes derniers efforts de ma tendresse vous persistez dans la resolution dont vous m'avez menacée, il me seroit toujours une

[1] This was a contradiction to the decision taken by Pope Clement XI., who authorised that the Prince should be brought up in the midst of Protestant attendants, as being of great importance towards his restoration; this opinion was fully shared by Clementina at the time of the Prince's birth.

consolation de songer que je n'ai rien negligé pour vous en empêcher. Je vous conjure encore une fois, ma chère Clementine, d'y penser serieusement.

"Signé: JACQUES R."

This letter was followed by another appeal two days later, in which, besides pointing out the injustice of her action, he again conjures her to think well over all he had said and to remember that to admit one's error is always a noble act, and she herself would not be happy till she had done so.

But the Princess had taken the bit between her teeth, and with the energy of her race, through which ran a strong vein of obstinate tenacity, she remained unmoved.

On the 15th November, her coach having come round for her usual morning drive, she ordered it to go to the convent of Santa Cecilia, into which she entered without having even deigned to notice or answer James's letters. These letters were copied and publicly sold in London, and also found their way to other towns of Europe.

The approach to Santa Cecilia does not convey to a stranger the impression that anyone in search of peace and tranquillity will find it in that part of Rome. The Trastevere was, and still remains, one of the poorest and dirtiest quarters. The inhabitants of the miserable houses entirely discard their wretched tenements, and establish themselves on rickety stools or on unwashed doorsteps in the narrow streets. The ragged, dishevelled children play on the rough pavement, and by their screams and howls add to the din and cries of vendors of salad and fruit, who with high-pitched voices try to get a hearing amidst the confusion. We gladly get away from this clatter and garlic-smelling street, and turn out of the Piazza through an archway into the large courtyard, at the furthest end of which stands the church of Santa Cecilia. Originally built in the ninth century, it was restored by Cardinal Acquaviva under the Pontificate of Clement XI., and quite latterly at considerable expense the crypt and chapel undergound have been beautified by Cardinal Rampolla. The house of the talented and persecuted Roman patrician, to whose memory the church was erected, has likewise been opened out by the Cardinal, and with much labour and care the disposition of the various rooms and halls when inhabited by Cecilia has been traced.

The convent of Clementina's choice is adjoining the church. A small door opens into the outer passage, where the only means of announcing one's presence is by knocking on the pivot table. A soft

voice asks your pleasure. If the reply is satisfactory you are requested to proceed to the *parloir,* where a sister of the Benedictine order awaits you behind a double row of thick iron gratings. It is only by most special favour that visitors are admitted in these secluded precincts. To those who have the privilege of this concession another door is opened by the Abbess herself. With smiles she bids the visitor welcome, and leads the way down a long passage, where are gathered a group of sisters, who one and all with their kindly and cheerful greeting convince the satiated pleasure-seeker that maybe the nuns know more of the joys of living than he does. This passage brings us to the delightful cloisters, in the centre of which is an old octagonal well; round it are placed by the nuns bright flowering azaleas and delicately tinted fresias, who thereby show by natural instinct the value of colour in bringing out the effects of stonework, a requisite with regard to sculpture which is often overlooked even by those who have made deeper studies in art than these sisters. The scrupulously clean staircase leads past a quaint fountain surrounded by a fresco of the fourteenth century; a few steps higher is the entrance to the little chapel where Clementina found solace and peace from her trials. In a small alcove projecting out of the chapel wall is just sufficient space for her *prie-Dieu,* which still remains in the corner where she knelt: an inscription draws attention to this souvenir of her.[1] A small opening in the wall filled in with an iron grating immediately to the right of her little oratory looks on the church below, therefore from the chapel above she could unobserved take part in the functions proceeding in the church. Two other inscriptions are to be seen in the apartments put at her disposal; one of them is in the long refectory, the whole length of which is a series of altars and religious pictures on both sides; under the window that looks out on the convent orange and lemon groves is another commemoration of her visit.[2] The third inscription is in a small dormitory leading out of this long room, and in a few words conveys to us how greatly the sisters were attached to Clementina.[3] It may be presumed that the moments passed with the sisters might have been numbered as quite the happiest of her life had her peace of mind been complete, but this was not possible with the continual entreaties and threats employed to turn her thoughts to the home she had abandoned. For a time this strange state of affairs distracted the general attention from the intrigues in progress between

[1] Appendix B.
[2] Appendix C.
[3] Appendix D.

the Stuarts' Court in Rome and their accomplices in England. A letter from Lord Inverness again refers to Mar's dealings in this breach between the Sovereigns. He for his part considers that the Prince, being in the hands of a Protestant, would prove of advantage rather than the reverse.

CLEMENTINA SOBIESCHI IN THE CONVENT OF SANTA CECILIA.

Now that the private affairs of the King and Queen had become a subject of public discussion, it was not likely that the Pope would withhold his opinion on the matter. He urged the removal of Lord and Lady Inverness and Lord Dunbar, and further suggested Mrs.

Sheldon being taken back into favour, which was not a very well thought out suggestion, as it would have been a return to the arrangement from which the dispute had originated.

James replied that he had no need of the Pope's advice, neither would threats of withdrawing the pension he gave influence his decision. Later on the Chevalier again complained the Pope was causing him so much trouble that he only wished himself out of the country. He continued to speak of Clementina with deep affection, and said, "I wish she may soon give me ane opportunity of shewing her how much preferable my love and tenderness for her ought to be to the advice of her pernicious councillours."

Lord Inverness was written to from Scotland that the King's friends were much preoccupied at the unlucky breach between him and the Queen. A thousand stories for and against both were being circulated freely, scurrilous reports were cried through the streets of Edinburgh by orders of the Government to the magistrate of the town. It was a matter of highest importance to James, and his friends were greatly discouraged. It was all the more an unfortunate occurrence, as the Jacobite party were still busy trying to stir up enthusiasm for a fresh attempt to rehabilitate their King. Boys went about the High Street of Edinburgh with white roses in their hats, and a general feeling of an undercurrent preparatory to revolt was in the air.

James turned his thoughts temporarily from trying to win back the recalcitrant Princess, and communicated to his friends that he had hopes of assistance from the Court of Vienna. He asked which was the most feasible landing-place in Scotland on the supposition that 2,000 or more men were sent. Apparently he had been in communication with the Duke of Wharton, and his great confidence in him was subject to criticism, as Lord Inverness was told that the Duke was considered "very rash and over-zealous, and in his cups far too apt to blab out matters that require the greatest secresie." In a letter to James from Scotland he is informed that "our newspapers relate a piece of news which are very contradictory, viz. that the Prince of Wales is become a Protestant and the Duke of Wharton a Papist; the first everybody laughs at, as to the other your enemys say it is, and your friends fear it may be true, and if so I'll venture to say he has done you more disservice than ever it was or will be in his power to repair." Further opinions are given on other adherents of the Chevalier: "Cameron is in no ways to be suspected in any dealings with Mar, and his honestie is entirely to be depended on. The

character that the King has of the Earl of Dundonald makes him hear with pleasure everything that may be for his advantage."

The Duke of Hamilton's dependability seemed problematic. He had been made Knight of St. Andrew by the English Government, and was promised a troop of horse and a commission in the Guards. All the same, James was informed that the Duke would be ready to serve him when the blow was to be struck, though it was equally confirmed that "he was of no use for spiriting up the people, which is no small loss, as one of his rank is essentially necessary on such occasions."

James at last became convinced that it was useless to expect any termination of his rupture with Clementina as long as Lord Inverness retained his appointment, so most reluctantly he consented that Lord Dundonald should replace him. This gave universal satisfaction, though it was feared the Chevalier would still be influenced by Lord Inverness, and in time would recall him.

James having agreed to this important concession, Clementina finally agreed to fall in with her husband's wishes after nearly two years of convent life. The day she decided to return to her worldly routine at the call of duty was a sad moment for herself and the nuns; with tears in their eyes they pressed round her, kissing her hands and kneeling before her. Prayers were said for all possible blessings on the good and charming Princess.

The reconciliation between James and his wife took place at Bologna, where he had gone to pass the hot weeks of summer. Whilst here he received the news of the sudden death of George I. by apoplexy at Osnabrück. No time was lost in profiting by the probable turn of fortune. James felt he ought to draw nearer to England, and despatched expresses to Madrid, Paris, and Vienna, for, though he did not expect that any foreign assistance could be expected, he conjectured, that were he in person in Britain at the head of even a small number of his own subjects, it might alter very much the disposition of some or other of them during the time of the Congress of Soissons; but should it once meet and affairs be adjusted on the foundation of the Quadruple Alliance, the actual Elector of Hanover and his son would have time to ingratiate themselves with the English nation. He asks, therefore, whether it were not advisable he should start, if not for England, for the Highlands. This unusual energy on the part of James was not encouraged by his adviser from Scotland:—

"I believe the people of Scotland are well disposed, but so overrun and

oppressed that it is impracticable for them to do anything but jointly and in concurrence with their neighbors of England; and for you to venture over to either Scotland or England without ane absolute assurance of some support may prove pernicious to yourself and fatall to all that wish you well. No man living would be more glad to see the dawning of a fair day; but when every airth of the compass is black and cloudie, 1 cannot but dread very bad weather, such as can give no encouragement to a traveller."

James, finding no assistance abroad and no encouragement at home, gave up his plan of going to Scotland, and went to Avignon, where he proposed to reside under the Pope's protection; some say he made this move for the sake of avoiding Clementina's friends and to find himself free to recall Inverness.

This decision of James to reside at Avignon was very displeasing to the French Court, and the Pope was solicited to withdraw his permission to the Chevalier's request; but James did not consider it probable he would agree to this indiscreet demand on the part of France, as, unless plots against the Government of the country could be proved, no Court had the right to insist on the removal of any sovereign. James seemed quite resolved to prolong his stay at Avignon, and decided to beg Clementina to join him, but the rebellious lady refused this request with as much tenacity as she had shown on the preceding occasion when two unbending wills were in opposition. She declined undertaking the journey, partly because she could not leave the children in responsible hands, and also because Cardinal Polignac had notified to the Pope that the King of France had given orders to stop her should she enter his dominions with a view of repairing to James whilst he remained at Avignon; she also surmised that Lord Inverness was as much as ever in his favour, and would shortly be recalled: for these reasons she refused to follow out his wishes. James found more than a match in Clementina's unalterable decisions, and knowing how damaging were these perpetual feuds to his cause, he wrote to a friend: "I am returning to Italy in a few days, for very good reason as you may believe. I wish you could find a way of letting the people of Scotland know of my leaving this country."

In the beginning of the year 1728 James was back again in Rome. The Court at Palazzo Muti resumed its former appearance of domestic peace, combined with a perpetual agitation of couriers coming and going, bearing ciphered messages, besides numerous visitors who all thought their individual opinion of value. Whilst at Parma, James had received the extravagant Duke of Wharton, whose

restless life not very long after ebbed out in a monastery in Spain. The Duchess of Buckingham, James's illegitimate sister, was one of those who found her way to Rome, and busied herself with his affairs.

Though not considered of vital importance, the English Government was not indifferent to the simmering interest in what concerned the Stuarts. Spies were enlisted to interrupt the correspondence, and the Government went as far as to open the coffin containing the body of the exiled Bishop of Rochester, who had died in France, and was transported to Westminster Abbey for burial.[1] They were all the more uneasy at what might be brewing, as from all accounts young Charles Edward was growing up a fine lad. In appearance he was very striking; he resembled much more than did his father the early members of his family. His gentleness of disposition combined with vivacity attracted everyone. In colouring he was very like his mother, having inherited her fair hair, and a skin of unusual delicacy. It was quite evident that from his babyhood Charles was conscious of the important position to which he intended to aspire, and with remarkable will for so young a boy he showed his determination to be prepared for any fate. He despised the lazy, effeminate habits of the young aristocracy in Rome, and whenever he had leisure from his studies he devoted himself to manly pursuits, impervious to the heat of the sun of Italy or to the heavy, tropical rains: he would often be out from early dawn till late evening, returning home blistered with the heat, or wet through after a long day's shooting or hunting in the Campagna, thoroughly happy after his day's sport.

At the age of eleven, and when his brother was only six, we read of the two Princes assisting at the water fêtes in Piazza Navona with their parents; it amused them to throw money into the water for the street-boys to fish out, which those who objected to swimming tried to get by means of fine nets fastened to the end of long poles. The Princes also went to the brilliant parties given by Principessa Corsini and her daughter-in-law the Duchessa Casigliano, where cardinals, princes, and all strangers of note contributed to the festive scene.

[1] "The English Government not only opened the leaden coffin in which the poor Bishop's remains were laid, but searched into his very body and head in quest of papers."—Stuart Papers, vol. i. p. xviii.

By permission of Father Dowling,

THE CHEVALIER DE ST. GEORGES.

From a portrait presented by him to the Irish Dominicans of San Clemente.

But this preliminary glimpse into society life came to an abrupt end when Charles Edward had attained his fourteenth year; he had to lay aside his dancing shoes and prepare for his first campaign. The brief war that established the young Duke of Parma on the throne of Southern Italy afforded Charles this opportunity of distinguishing himself. The Duke of Parma was son of Elizabeth Farnese and Philip V. of Spain, so it was only right that, owing to the close relations of the Stuarts with the Spanish Bourbons, the young Chevalier should unsheath his sword for Charles III. At the siege of Gaeta he was under the orders of the Duke of Liria, and attracted much attention by his courage and spirit. A year later he took part in the war of Lombardy, which resulted in the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. The Prince on this occasion, with his father's permission, took the title of Count d'Albanie; returning through Florence after the campaign, both he and his brother were universally courted. The Corsini and many of the Florentine princesses were eager to welcome to their palaces these youths, the elder of whom especially attracted by his kind nature and evident wish to assert the rights of his family.

Whilst the Princes were receiving the flatteries and adulations of all Florence, bad news reached them of their mother's health, and they had barely time to return to Rome before her death at the early age of thirty-three, 1735. Though reunited to James, the poor Princess had realised that recriminations had been too bitter during their separation to render home life peaceful as it had been in the early years of marriage, when the incessant intrigues and jealousies had been less offensive; her health became seriously impaired with the anxiety and sorrow she had gone through consequent on her estrangement from James; it preyed on her mind, and hastened the lung disease of which she died. A contemporary diary announced the sad news in the following words: " The Pope being told that the Queen of Great Britain is in extremis, ordered the Exposition of the Sacrament in the churches ; her death was an example of patience and resignation, and she died on the evening of Tuesday, in her thirty-third year. Her loss was universally felt, owing to her rare virtues, piety, and devotion. Her body was embalmed, and in accordance to her express desire, she was buried in the garb of a Dominican nun. A solemn funeral took place at the Pope's expense, he wishing thereby to testify his regard for her. Great crowds assembled in the streets, and all the nobility assisted at the transport of the body to the Vatican. The next day the King and his sons went to the Quirinal to offer their thanks to the Pope."

When news was brought to the "dear sisters " of her premature death, it must have represented to their spiritual conception on the mystery of living and dying, an answer to their prayers. In the little sanctuary at Santa Cecilia, sanctified by her orations, they entered one by one, and as they knelt before the simply decked altar they felt that her presence was still very near to them, even though her *prie-Dieu* remained unoccupied, and an affectionate remembrance of her would abide with them till each in turn would be taken away.

Clementina's heart is in. the Church of the Apostoli, where she loved to pass much of her time in prayer; we all know her monument in St. Peter's opposite Canova's fine work to the memory of her husband and sons. Under the medallion in mosaics of her own portrait, the inscription, "Maria Clementina, Magnæ Britaniense et Hiberniæ Regina," sadly reminds those who read it of unfulfilled hopes.

The death of the Princess made a greater impression on James than one might be led to expect after the ruffled state of affairs between them. Perhaps he felt he was not wholly free from blame regarding their long estrangement; perhaps he thought of the few years back when the first meeting with his bride, who had remained true in her determination to be his wife, was a presage of a happy future; or again, perhaps as his eye fell on the vacant chair near the hearthside, he sadly recalled how often by the chimney corner he and Clementina would fondly discuss the promising careers of their sons: now he no longer had her good counsel to help him, but was alone in the responsibilities of the guardianship.

By permission of Father Dowling,

CLEMENTINA SOBIESCHI.

From a portrait presented by him to the Irish Dominicans of San Clemente.

Though he was still in the best years of manhood, being only forty-six, he preferred a retired life, and if through courtesy he accompanied his sons to the parties given to amuse them, he retired after an hour. His religious devotion became proverbial; not a morning passed without his spending an hour in prayer in the chapel where his wife used to pray in the Church of the Apostoli. A detractor of his remarked in reference to this phase of religious fervour, "He had all the superstition of a Capuchin, but none of the religion of a Prince." Those who had the honour of being received by him found him always courteous, and without being witty, he gave the impression of being fairly intelligent. At dinner he spoke but little, and retired immediately after; if in the morning he gave an audience to strangers or Romans, he generally, through one of his suite, begged them to stay to dinner, and in that case his household would dine apart, so that the numbers at his own table, which was invariably laid for eleven, should not be altered. Conversation did not flow easily, but if anyone started an interesting subject, it appeared to please him. The decanter of wine for the Chevalier's use was held the whole of dinner in a servant's hand, and as it was contrary to etiquette to drink before he had done so, his guests often found themselves considerably inconvenienced with thirst. As soon as he had taken his place at table, the two Princes advanced, and kneeling down begged for his blessing; with them he generally spoke in English, to others he apparently talked in French or Italian. Both the Princes were musical; the eldest played well on the 'cello, and the youngest sang Italian songs with taste. They were in the habit of giving musical parties once a week.

It was hard to say which of the sons was the greatest favourite; some never wearied of speaking of Charles Edward's courage and good heart, and prophesied that if the House of Stuart was ever to reign again, it could be but through his daring and bravery; whilst others, less attracted by deeds leading to war, preferred the gentle disposition of Henry, and fell under the spell of his engaging manners.

The summers and autumns were passed at Albano, where Clement XI. had placed at the disposal of James the old Palazzo Savelli; it had been further decorated and made more commodious for him by Benedict XIV., who honoured him with a visit in 1742. The Pope went to inquire after the Chevalier, who was kept indoors through illness; the two Princes waited at the entrance to receive the Pontiff, who, placing his hand on their heads as they knelt before him, with cordial familiarity dispensed with all ceremony.

We may still see the *cavalcavia,* or corridor, which connected the palace with a house in the Via del Plebiscito, where the household was lodged, there not being sufficient accommodation in the palace for the numerous suite. The large square each side of it was cleaned up and improved, and called Piazza del Re, to commemorate the residence of James in Albano, a name that it holds to this day.

CHAPTER VII

1745

Charles Edward's ardour to retrieve the throne for his father—Communication with France on the subject—Charles leaves Rome for Paris—Chooses his friends—He and his seven followers land in Scotland—The standard raised at Glenfinnan—Jenny Cameron—The march south—Entry into Edinburgh—His costume—Enthusiasm of the people—Receptions at Holyrood—Lord George Murray organises the advance into England—The English Government make futile attempts to interrupt the march—Arrival of the Highlanders in Derby—Panic in London—Charles Edward's Council advise a retreat—Indignation of the Prince.

WHICH of us does not experience a feeling of irritation and horror whenever this ill-omened date comes to our eyes or ears? Those four figures convey an immensity of distress and sorrow, and are branded into our minds with the culminating tragedy that befell the House of Stuart.

The previous desperate efforts of divers members of the family to retain what was theirs, or to claim what had been taken from them, are equally sad, but a pathos of its own surrounds the fruitless attempt of Charles Edward. There is something infinitely appealing to our sympathy in the determined attitude of this youth who had systematically adopted pursuits, and hardened his physique, with the one aim always in view. The chivalry inherent in his race, though occasionally lying in abeyance in his forefathers (a consequence of the fatality under which they were bowed down), came out as a salient feature in the early years of Charles Edward's manhood. His soul quivered with resentment at the injuries that had overwhelmed his grandparents and father; and fired with enthusiasm, inspired by profound respect and filial devotion, he had for some time been impatiently waiting for the moment, when by his actions he would show that the spirit of the Stuarts was not crushed: in the certainty of accomplishing his task, he already pictured to himself his father at Holyrood receiving the homage of his liege subjects.

Most accounts agree that since the day Charles II. landed at Dover, never had Fortune shown herself so disposed to aid any attempt of the

Jacobites as she did now. Everything seemed working out to the advantage of the brave youth; the long and hardly fought for prize seemed really in his grasp. Breathless with emotion, he stretched out his hand to seize it, when, with the cruel persistency of Destiny, who showed a fixed determination to thwart and bring to naught any scheme of the Stuarts, the mirage faded in far quicker time than it had taken to conjure it up: the castles in the air disappeared in the mists of the Highlands, a feeling of nausea and disgust took the place of ardour and enthusiasm, and the heavy pall of utter dejection and discouragement, that fell over Prince Charles as a shroud, was but the first stage leading to the total deterioration of a fine character.

The death of Cardinal Fleury in 1743 ameliorated prospects for the Jacobites, as his successor Cardinal Tencin strongly favoured their claims. The Chevalier did not fail to see that, in order to profit by this chance, no time must be lost. John Murray, of Broughton, was commissioned to go to Paris as his agent, and was also appointed Secretary to Prince Charles. This man was the evil counsellor of all the Prince's actions, and we can affirm without hesitation that he was the principal cause of his failure, by his perfidy and intrigues. It can easily be understood that the Chevalier's Court in Rome was not difficult of access to adventurers and insincere friends. The constant arrivals and departures of those, purporting to be bearers of secret and important news, required most clear-sighted, responsible counsellors, to warn the Chevalier of insidious foes. Unfortunately, as we have seen, jealousies and dissensions were rife, and Murray with his self-assertive manner gained the complete confidence of James and his son, unworthy though he was of it.

He was the son of Sir David Murray, and connected with the Scotts of Ancrum, both good names worthy of a more honourable representative. Chance threw him in Charles's path, when he came to Rome whilst doing the grand tour, a custom considered of such importance for the education of young men in those days. He requested an audience of James, and at once a friendship sprang up between both the Chevalier and his son, and himself, James treated him with the greatest confidence, he acquainted him with all the intrigues and hopes of the party, and finally he made him Secretary for Scottish affairs.

Lord Elcho, another young Scotchman of good birth, was also presented to Charles in the winter of 1742, and was equally eager to testify his loyalty to the Prince and his father. He was specially struck by the Chevalier's kind reception, who bade him sit down, and talked

with him for a long time; he then sent for his sons and made Prince Charles and Lord Elcho stand back to back to see which was the taller of the two. But Lord Elcho, from the first moment, felt an antipathy towards Charles which afterwards turned to hatred, whereas he seemed to show some liking for Prince Henry. In his journal he says—

"Prince Charles did not speak much to those who called on him, but passed a good deal of time shooting blackbirds and playing golf in Villa Borghese, whereas Prince Henry knows how to converse and takes much interest in English affairs."[1]

It appears that Lord Elcho's journal was written after the events of 1745, when he became very aggressive towards Charles, whom he accuses of having sacrificed his Scotch friends, and of not paying his debts. In the matter of debts he had a personal grievance against him, as some money he had lent to the Prince was never repaid: he constantly refers to this fact in his journal, and this omission on the part of Charles is responsible for many disparaging remarks from Lord Elcho.

Murray soon after his arrival in Paris sent a report on the situation, which he considered favourable. He represented that the King of France had given assurances of interest in the Stuart family, and was willing to send 15,000 men under Maréchal de Saxe, besides transports, to the coast of Kent, whilst a smaller force would be landed in Scotland under Lord Marischal; it was notified at the same time as this intimation that the King wished the enterprise to be kept a profound secret till ready to put into execution. Cardinal Tencin seemed moved to assist the Stuarts as much from gratitude at having received the cardinal's hat through influence of the Chevalier as for any special desire for their restoration.

Murray suggested that it would be as well that Charles Edward should go to Paris. The Prince therefore, acting on this advice, took an affectionate farewell of his father at Albano; and accompanied by his brother, left at daybreak for Rome. On arriving at the gates of the town the brothers parted. In order to distract attention a shooting-party had been announced in the Pontine Marshes, near Cisterna, which is one of the numerous towns in the extensive property belonging to the Gaetani family. Henry arrived at the tryst and made excuses for his brother, whilst Charles Edward, disguised as

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* Ewald, vol. i. p. 77. Chapman and Hall. 1875.

a Spanish courier and provided with passports from Cardinal Acquaviva, was well on his way to Paris.

James announced his departure in a letter to Sempil, January 9th, 1744:—

"My children parted both this morning from hence before day—the Duke for Cisterna, and the Prince for his long journey. We have been at so much pains and contrivance to cover it, that I hope the secret will be kept for some days—perhaps for several."[1]

On February 15th, 1744, the arrival of Prince Charles in France, the preparations along the French coast, and the appearance of the French fleet in the English Channel were announced to the English Parliament in a message from the King. An indignant address was the response from both Houses at the design formed in aid of "a popish pretender," and deliberations were taken for necessary measures to frustrate such an attempt. Had the threatened invasion taken place, probably a revolution would have followed, as the military force in England did not exceed 6,000 men at this time.

No doubt the political aspect in England was such as to raise the hopes of the Jacobite party.

"The violentest Whigs," wrote J. Stuart to Edgar, James's secretary in Paris, "are become the most zealous Jacobites. The Prince's birthnight was celebrated publickly in Scotland. In a numerous company of people of fashion, amongst whom were several officers of the army, the health of the day was drunk publickly. About the third hour a bumper was filled to the restoration; the whole stood to their feet and put their hands to their swords. The officers pulled the cockades out of their hats, trampled them under their feet, and then tossed them into the fire."[2]

But this outburst of enthusiasm was too premature, and had time to cool down considerably during the repeated delays. When the French fleet finally started from Dunkirk one of the gales always at hand to wage war with any of the Stuarts' enterprises rendered all idea of invading England impossible. This was the greater pity, as the expedition had been planned with so much judgment and secrecy that, had it not been for the antagonism of the elements, it seems probable that the French would have had but little difficulty in effecting a landing. This bad start, however, put the French Court off giving assistance; and it is believed that Louis XV. decided against all

[1] Stuart Papers.

[2] Brown's *History of the Highlands,* vol. ii. p. 413.

thoughts of future aid, though to the repeated appeals of James on the subject temporising answers were invariably given.

Prince Charles retired to Gravelines, where he lived for some months under the name of Chevalier Douglas, having been obliged by the French Court ever since his arrival in France to preserve an incognito. This was criticised by his father as follows: "I shall not be easy till I know the Prince is out of this strange and long incognito, which, I think, does little honour to the King of France, while it must carry something very odd with it in the eye of the public."[1]

The campaign in Flanders being in preparation, Charles applied for permission to fight with the French army, but Louis XV. refused to accede to this wish; and the Prince, to while away his time, passed the following spring at the country seat of the Duke of Fitzjames and other friends of his family. It was whilst he was at Navarre, near Evreux, as guest of the Duc de Bouillon, that Charles wrote to his father, apprising him of his intention to embark for Scotland. This letter is dated June 12th, 1745, though it was not sent to the Chevalier till the Prince was well across the sea.

Murray now returned from Scotland, where he had been reconnoitring. He presented such a glowing description of the reception that awaited Charles, pointing out to him that there was every probability of success, that it was small wonder the Prince should eagerly accept the news brought to him by a man in whom he placed all his trust; and yet this same man, at Lord Lovat's trial, asserted that he had used all the means in his power to dissuade the Prince from the "desperate undertaking."[2]

Charles—always by the advice of J. Murray—went to Nantes in disguise, embarked on the *Doutelle* at St. Nazaire, and from thence proceeded to Belleisle, where he was joined July 4th, 1745, by the *Elizabeth,* having on board a hundred marines raised by Lord Clare, and five or six hundred French broadswords. The Prince was accompanied by the Marquis of Tullibardine, Sir Thomas Sheridan (who had been his tutor), Sir J. Macdonald (an officer in the Spanish service), J. Strickland (an English gentleman), G. Kelly (a clergyman who had been prisoner in the Tower as concerned in the Bishop of Rochester's plot), Aeneas Macdonald (a banker in Paris), and O'Sullivan (an officer in the service of France).

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[1] March 10th, 1744 (Stuart Papers).

[2] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 24.

These seven men, who voluntarily put themselves at the disposal of Charles to assist in his restoration, seem to have remained staunch and loyal through all the trying experiences of the expedition, with the exception of Aeneas Macdonald, who, with the instinct of self-preservation, wished to be in favour with both parties.

The voyage was not accomplished without some emotion, as an English man-of-war bore down on the *Elizabeth,* and after a severe fight, she was so disabled that she had to return to France; it was therefore with only the few mentioned friends that Charles landed at Eriska, in the Western Hebrides, and was conducted to the home of Angus Macdonald, the principal tenant in these islands. The arrival of any stranger to such rarely visited parts naturally aroused curiosity, and Charles, to allay suspicion, was represented as a young Irish priest, as they alone occasionally crossed from Ireland to preach the faith in these abandoned islands.

The accommodation given to Charles and his friends was most primitive; there was no chimney save a hole in the roof, and the Prince was almost choked with smoke that filled the room: he constantly went to the door for fresh air, which greatly annoyed the landlord, who at last losing patience, called out, "What a plague is the matter with that fellow, that he can neither sit, nor stand still, and neither keep within nor without doors?" The next morning they left this bleak and bare island, and cast anchor in the Bay of Lochnanuagh: young Clanranald and Kinlochmoidart came on board at once and declared themselves ready to unsheathe their swords for the House of Stuart. These were the first recruits to the Prince's small band of followers, and after swearing fealty, they left immediately to assist in the gathering of the clans. Charles remained on board the *Doutelle* till the 25th of July; during that time he was busy sending despatches in all directions to the friends on whose support he was depending, whilst the arms, ammunition, and stores were landed during this interval. When all was ready for his reception, the Prince landed at Borodale and went to another house belonging to the same Angus Macdonald, who this time gave him a hearty welcome. No sooner did the news spread that the Prince was really amongst them, than all the people flocked from the mountains and glens to see the one for whom they had so long waited; they crowded into the hall where Charles was being served with a repast. He received them with winning affability, and had a smile for each, as in silence produced by admiration, they looked on the handsome youth. At the end of the meal the Prince drank the grace-drink in English, which was

understood only by a few. One of the guests then gave a toast in Gaelic, and on being informed that his father's health had been drunk, the Prince requested that the words should again be repeated to him, after which he tried to say them himself, and won many hearts by saying that he intended to learn Gaelic without loss of time to enable him to converse with his people.

The first appeal of Charles for recognition from his subjects was a moment of stirring emotions. The originality of the conception that brought him in their midst without other support than the seven friends who accompanied him, combined with the confiding trust he placed in these uncouth mountaineers and their chiefs, led to the romantic sentiment with which they associated all the weal and woe that befell Charles Edward. The simplicity of his demeanour as he stood in the vast hall of this poorly furnished whitewashed Scotch habitation in the far North, surrounded with the rough-and-ready, broad-shouldered Highlanders in kilts, formed a picture not devoid of pathos. His expression of wistful craving for their aid and sympathy riveted the attention of these impulsive, warm-hearted men, and bound them with far securer chains than the most eloquent words.

The necessity of prevailing on Lochiel to join the cause, who had great influence over the clans, was the urgent concern of the moment, as his refusal or acceptance would determine many other chiefs either for or against the Prince. For a long time he held back. He considered that the support on which Charles Edward relied was not sufficient, and in his opinion the attempt was hopeless as things then stood; he strongly urged Charles to return to France and wait a more favourable opportunity. But all reasonable arguments were thrown away on the Prince, who, having accomplished the voyage to Scotland, considered a great part of the battle already gained, and made up his mind to have things his own way, which way unfortunately generally proved to be injudicious. Lochiel undertook to guarantee his safe return to France, and with the sincerity of a nature that considered truth was the greatest proof of devotion he could offer, proceeded to put all the impossibilities of a successful result before Charles. But each suggestion against his cherished project only increased the Prince's impatience, and he closed the discussion by saying that no matter who responded to the call, however small the number, he was determined to take the field, and he added, "Charles Edward is come over to claim the crown of his ancestors, to win it, or perish in the attempt; Lochiel, whom my father has often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home, and from the newspapers may learn the fate

of his Prince." "No," exclaimed the gallant chief in despair.[1] "I'll share the fate of my Prince, and so shall every man over whom nature or fortune has given me any power." Thus from the outset of this ill-advised expedition, Charles, partly by his strong will, and also through a rare instinct of adapting his persuasions to those he wished to coerce, at once asserted himself as one who demanded implicit obedience, and could ill brook, any advice contrary to his decisions, even though he admitted to himself how often he was in error; but the mere fact of recognising his inferiority in experience and judgment made him all the more obstinate in refusing to give up his opinion.

Having accomplished the important result of winning Lochiel to his side, and all preparations being made, Charles decided to raise his standard at Glenfinnan; it is a narrow valley, bounded on both sides by high and rocky mountains, through which runs the river Finnan. Here the Prince was received by the Laird of Morar and 150 men, and before long in the far distance was heard the sound of the pibroch drawing nearer and nearer, till at the head of the Glen a dark mass was seen winding down the rocky pass; with beating heart Charles could soon distinguish Lochiel, who, true to his word, was marching at the head of the Clan Cameron, numbering 700 to 800 men. One of the most conspicuous figures at that gathering was the famous Jenny Cameron, a kinswoman of Lochiel. She was a widow over forty years of age. Her father, whose estate did not bring in more than £150 a year, had died, leaving it to his grandson, to whom Mrs. Cameron was named guardian. She therefore came to the raising of the standard as her nephew's representative. She presented a singular appearance as she rode into the camp at Glenfinnan at the head of her 250 men. "She was dressed in a sea-green riding habit with a scarlet lappet laced with gold, her hair was tied in loose curls surmounted with a velvet cap and a scarlet feather. She rode a bay gelding with green furniture richly trimmed with gold; in one hand she carried a naked sword instead of a riding-whip. She is described as handsome, her eyes fine, and hair as black as jet. She was full of intelligence and vivacity." The Prince rode out of the lines to receive the homage of the first Highland lady who thus testified her goodwill to his cause, and conducted her to his tent. Some say that Mrs. Cameron remained in the camp as commander of her troop, and followed Charles to Edinburgh, but this is a disputed point, though in many accounts she

[1] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 15.

is mentioned as one of the four ladies who rode into Derby with his army. The song, "Jenny Cameron's Lament," has handed her name down to posterity.[1]

The white, blue, and red silk flag was unfurled by Tullibardine, and a proclamation from the Chevalier appointing Prince Charles Regent of the United Kingdoms was read aloud by him.

It was only now that the Chevalier received the letter of Charles informing him of his departure for Scotland. Prince Charles was well aware that his father would disapprove of the step he had been persuaded to take without first obtaining his sanction; but as he was strongly determined to carry out his project, to avoid showing any open disregard of his father's wishes, he waited until he had left France to announce his intentions to his father.

The Chevalier on reading the contents of the letter was much concerned at the imprudence of the whole affair, and his chief anxiety was to apologise to the French Court for such an uncourteous proceeding. The following extracts are from the letter he wrote to Louis XV. on the subject:—,

"À ROME, 11 *Août,* 1745.

"Ce n'est que depuis peu de jours que j'ai appris à mon grand étonnement que mon fils est actuellement parti des côtes de France pour se rendre en Écosse. Il a pris et executé cette résolution sans me consulter, sachant bien, que je n'aurois jamais approuvé qu'il fit une telle démarche, surtout à l'insçu de Votre Majesté."

He then passes from blame to admiration of his conduct, and points out to the King that the presence of the Prince will animate all his compatriots with courage. He acquaints the King with his desire to renounce publicly his own claims to the throne in favour of the Prince.

His continued anxiety as to the turn that affairs will take is still more clearly seen in several letters to Sempil, his agent in Paris, written between July and September. He expresses great doubts as to the success of the expedition and says:—

"There is little room to hope the Prince will succeed except he be vigorously supported by the Court of France; the usage he met with there, and the dread of a peace were no doubt strong motives to push him on a rash undertaking. … If there be really no more than 6,000 men in Britain,

[1] Thomson, vol. i. p. 360.

it ought to be a great encouragement to the French to send troops to the Prince's assistance, and I am very sensible that, without that, his enterprise cannot succeed. . . ."

The month of October arrived, and still France contents herself only with promises; James much preoccupied continues:—

"My anxiety cannot cease till I know that troops are actually landed in ye island; without arms and money are sent him soon, I own I fear the worst."

The Chevalier's views on the gravity of the situation were still further accentuated when he heard that as result of the proclamation made by Charles, the English Government promised a reward of £30,000 to whoever should seize him dead or alive; but this vindictive manifesto was counterbalanced by an association at once formed by the chiefs, who pledged themselves never to abandon the Prince whilst he was in the realm, nor to lay down their arms or make peace without his consent. Only one laird held back from giving his name to this guarantee, the noted Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, and he was of great importance, as he exercised influence over Cluny Macpherson, his son-in-law, as well as over other clans. He acted on the same lines as Lord Mar, and wished to be well with both parties. In 1740 he had made a bargain with James, agreeing to be his adherent on condition that he made him Duke of Fraser and Lord Lieutenant of Inverness-shire; therefore as soon as Lord Lovat knew that Charles was at Invergarry, he despatched a messenger to him to beg for the promised present of the Dukedom and Lieutenancy of the county; at the same time, to avoid committing himself, he expressed regret that his age and infirmities prevented him from assembling his clans. At this moment, as proved by documents, he was writing to avow "his attachment to His Majesty King George's Government." Fortunately, notwithstanding Lord Lovat's defection, Charles had gained the fealty of Cluny, who in justification for his transfer of allegiance from the House of Hanover to the Stuarts, made the personal pleadings of the Prince his excuse. "An angel," he said, "could not resist such soothing close application."[1]

There were evidences on all sides that Charles was daily gaining in popularity, and many waverers joined his standard, chiefly owing to his personal attractions; his dignified familiarity with the simple Highlanders easily won their hearts.

The march from Glenfinnan to Nairn took place without any

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. i. p. 164.

encounter with Sir John Cope, who had advanced with the intention of intercepting the Highlanders' progress south, but instead of this he pursued his way to Inverness, leaving the road clear for the Prince. Charles Stuart passed the night at Nairn House, and the next day, attired in tartan trimmed with gold, mounted on a fine charger, he entered the "fair city" of Perth. Here he was joined by the Duke of Perth, Ogilvie, Strathallan, Oliphant of Gask, and other gentlemen; and now he first became acquainted with Lord George Murray, who was conducted to his presence by his brother, Lord Tullibardine.

The Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray were both destined to be of the greatest importance in the events hurrying on to dispose of Charles's destiny. The Duke was grandson of that Lord Perth who had followed James II. to France, and had been created Duke by him. Though possessing many qualities, he was devoid of the necessary requirements for the command conferred on him by the Prince. No sooner was it known that Charles had landed at Moidart than a warrant was out against the Duke, who having effected his escape from Drummond Castle, remained concealed in the Highlands till he was assured of the Prince's advance south, when he hastened to meet him at Perth with 200 men.

Lord George Murray, who was to play the most responsible part in the future management of affairs, differed considerably from his companion-in-arms. He was forty years of age, very persevering in all he undertook, vigilant, active, and diligent. In appearance he was tall and robust, and strong indications of a decided character were impressed on his features. He had a natural genius for military tactics, and his bravery was proverbial. On entering into action he was the first to rush on the foe sword in hand, and would say to his men, "I do not ask you, my lads, to go before, but only to follow me";[1] but as fine characters have their weak points as much as those who have no compensating advantages, Lord George's defects were due to the qualities of his sincere nature, and he was as hard to please in what he personally undertook as in what he expected from others. This ambition to attain his ends, and also to attain them in a thorough, open way, made him imperious in manner, and impatient of control, for he was convinced, and rightly, that he knew best about the matters he took in hand. To this brave and brilliant soldier was confided the Lieutenant-Generalship of the Prince's army, to the great satisfaction of the clans. Lord George appointed Chevalier

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 26.

Johnstone as his aide-de-camp. This young man was the only son of a well-known merchant in Edinburgh, and through his sister's marriage was related to Lord Rollo. He left Edinburgh as soon as he heard of Charles Edward's arrival, and lost no time in joining his standard. Lord George Murray found in him the necessary qualities for forming a good soldier. The Memoirs written by the Chevalier on the Rebellion of '45 are considered by some as showing too great partiality towards Lord George, to the detriment of the Prince, but his thoughtfulness and devotion to Charles, when during the campaign he served him as aide-de-camp, mitigates the accusations brought against him.

Unfortunately jealousy and rivalry sprang up between the two leaders who were so totally at variance in temperament and capacities. The Duke of Perth, called by Horace Walpole "a silly, race-horsing boy," was very inferior to Lord George in judgment and common sense; this regrettable feeling of antagonism prevented the unity of action which was so essential to the overcoming of all the difficulties of the campaign. These difficulties were still further increased by the endeavours of Sir Thomas Sheridan and Murray of Broughton to influence the Prince against Lord George; and though the General gave unfailing proofs of wishing to act as he thought best during the whole time of the campaign, they unfortunately succeeded in undermining the Prince's confidence in him.

The difficulties against which he had to contend were formidable. The Highlanders were most defective in any knowledge of military discipline, and would often absent themselves without permission; this was constantly the case when on march, for on these occasions they went off in straggling parties in search of food. The chiefs themselves, though possessing admirable courage, knew no manœuvre save that of rushing on the enemy, sword in hand; the Irish officers were likewise deficient in experience. The army only amounted to 2,000 men, but small as it was, the lack of supplies and of money to support it was a hard problem to face. The Prince himself was considerably hampered for want of means; he drew a solitary coin from his pocket one day, and showing it to Kelly, remarked that it was all that remained to him out of the few thousand francs he had brought with him from France. He levied £500 on the town of Perth, and before leaving it, a few private contributions came to his aid. With this small army and limited means Charles set out for Edinburgh the 11th September, and bivouacked at Gray's Mills, within a mile or so of the city, where he found Lord Elcho waiting to

attach himself to his suite. Charles confided to him his immediate need of money, thereupon Lord Elcho offered him the loan of 1,500 guineas, a sum he had received from his brother on announcing to him his intention of joining the Prince; these 1,500 guineas were the foundation of the grudge he bore Charles, and when he accused him of not paying his debts, Lord Elcho enlarged feelingly on the subject.[1]

In the short space of five days the news was brought Charles that Edinburgh had surrendered, and a stand of one thousand arms had been seized; he received this intelligence at an early hour on the 17th, and at once prepared to march into the town. The army took the road to Duddingston, and entered the King's Park leading to the royal residence of his ancestors. He proudly looked at the vast concourse of people assembled on all sides to welcome him. He was attended by Lord Strathallan marching first at the head of the horse, the Duke of Perth on his right, and Lord Elcho on the left, and the rest of his Council; Lord George Murray on foot headed the infantry. On arriving at St. Anthony's Well he dismounted, and was at once surrounded by a numerous crowd, who knelt in homage, and pressed from all sides to be permitted to kiss his hand. Amidst the shouts of the populace he moved on by the Duke's Walk, so called after James II., who frequently strolled along this footpath when he was Duke of York On arriving at the threshold of his palace Charles Edward turned to face his people. The easy attainment of the first step towards the realisation of such repeatedly disappointed hopes seemed to have effaced from the minds of many how much there still remained to be done. The enthusiasm and ardour depicted on the countenance of the young Prince were transmitted to the vast crowds who were contented for the time being that the long-wished-for Prince was in their midst. He without doubt presented a pleasing picture; an eye-witness said

"he was in the bloom of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair and ruddy complexion. His face was a perfect oval, remarkable for the regularity of features. His forehead, full and high, was characteristic of his family. His large eyes of a light blue colour[2] were shaded by beautifully arched eyebrows, and his nose, which was finely formed, approached nearer to the

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. i. p. 196.

[2] The colour of the eyes has been variously described and painted. In Exeter House, Derby, there is a portrait of Charles in which the eyes are hazel, whereas in the one at Hassop, belonging to the Earl of Newburgh, he is represented as having blue eyes.

Roman than the Grecian model. A pointed chin and a mouth rather small gave him, however, rather an effeminate appearance; but on the whole his exterior was extremely prepossessing and his deportment so graceful and winning that few persons could resist his attractions. He wore a light-coloured peruke, with his hair combed over the front; a blue velvet bonnet, enriched with a band of gold lace and ornamented with the Jacobite badge; a white satin cockade. He wore a tartan short coat, and on his breast the Order of St. Andrew. Instead of a plaid he wore a blue sash wrought with gold. His small clothes were of red velvet. Military boots and a silver-hilted broadsword completed his attire."[1]

This somewhat theatrical costume could not fail to attract the attention of the citizens of Edinburgh, who were not accustomed to much display.

In order to be better seen by the crowd Charles again mounted his fine bay gelding, presented to him by the Duke of Perth, and rode slowly through the park. His splendid appearance on horseback produced a still greater outburst of feeling, and loud cheers rang again and again round Holyrood Palace. There were a large number of Whigs present at this demonstration held by the Jacobites in favour of their absent King, and though not daring to provoke a counter demonstration, they took some consolation by observing to each other that the Prince's countenance was melancholy and apathetic, and he gave them more the impression of a gentleman of fashion than that of a hero or conqueror.

As the Prince alighted from his horse for the second time and was about to enter the porch within the quadrangle of the palace, a gentleman stepped out of the crowd, drew his sword, and, raising it aloft, walked upstairs before Charles. This was Hepburn of Keith, who thus wished to testify in the eyes of all his continued allegiance to the Stuarts. He had taken part in the former rising in 1715 when a very young man, and for the last thirty years had remained in readiness to take up arms again for the Princes he loved.

On reaching the apartment destined for his reception the Prince had to stand at the open window cap in hand, acknowledging by bows and smiles his delight at the warm greeting accorded him. The next function awaiting him was that of proclaiming the Chevalier at the ancient cross of Edinburgh. Six heralds in their robes announced his arrival with trumpets, after which his father's manifesto proclaiming Charles Edward Regent was read aloud. The streets and

[1] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 63.

windows were densely crowded, and all the time the ceremony lasted a lady on horseback, decorated with masses of white ribbon, remained near the cross with a drawn sword in her hand; this was Mrs. Murray of Broughton, a lady of great beauty.

Whilst these enthusiastic scenes were taking place in Edinburgh, the Prince's Council received news that Sir John Cope had landed at Dunbar, and the Highlanders forthwith marched to meet the enemy, whom they found drawn up near Preston Grange. The complete victory of the Jacobites over Sir John Cope is reported by Lord Lovat "as not to be paralleled in history"; and while justly criticising the exaggeration of this observation, it must be admitted the successful result of the battle of Preston Grange proved to be of great importance to the Jacobites. The tide of public feeling at once changed all over Scotland; and, with the exception of the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, the whole country was in possession of the victor. But proud though Charles was at this important victory, his joy was not entirely free from sadness when he visited the battlefield, and saw all the horrors connected with war on every side; and when one of his staff came up to him, and triumphantly directed his attention to the enemy lying at his *feet,* Charles contented himself with coldly remarking, "They are my father's subjects," and turned away without another word.[1]

Charles wrote a long letter to his father from Pinkie House, September 21st, 1745, to express his pleasure at the success which had surpassed his hopes. What specially pleased him was that he had been able to enter Edinburgh sword in hand, without shedding a drop of blood; and he also rejoiced that at Preston Pans his losses had been small in comparison with the victory gained. He had been told that 6,000 Dutch had arrived to assist the English, and for his part he only wished they were all Dutch he had to fight against, so that he might be spared the pain of shedding English blood. He expressed his anxiety with regard to the wounded prisoners, and did not know how to dispose of them; he said should there be no other means, he would turn the palace into a hospital, for he was resolved not to allow the wounded to lie in the streets.

People continued to flock to the city from all directions, as no Court had been held in Scotland for over sixty years. From all accounts the Prince seemed to share the general feeling of perfect assurance at the state of affairs, and one would have thought that the

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. i. p. 215.

King was already restored. He was often heard to say that he intended to make Scotland his Hanover and Holyrood his "Herrenhausen"; by this he levelled a satirical rebuke at King George, who was criticised for showing a too great predilection for his native soil.[1] Charles Edward gave balls and parties in his new pleasure-house to all the highest rank and fashion. One of these balls he opened with Lady Ogilvy, the daughter of Lady Airlie. In her latter days she often recalled these festive scenes at Holyrood: the gown she wore on the evening in question is now in the possession of H. Ogilvie, Esq., and carefully treasured by him. On these occasions the young Prince appeared sometimes in an English Court dress, with the blue ribbon, star, and other insignia of the Order of the Garter; and at other times in Highland costume of fine silk tartan, crimson velvet breeches, and the Cross of St. Andrew. He captivated all his guests by his politeness and affability, especially the ladies, who, knowing he was destitute of household requisites, sent plate, china, linen, and other articles of use to the palace for his convenience.[2] Lord George Murray kept much aloof from the palace during all these festivities. He had serious responsibilities weighing on his mind, and whilst Charles in gala costume was bestowing caresses on the fair sex, and receiving the adulation of the nobility and gentry, the military part of the scheme was not entirely satisfactory. Besides the dissensions amongst many members of the Prince's Council, which led to much annoyance, Lord George had to cope with numerous deserters from his army; money also was still urgently needed, and all these anxieties kept Lord George, on whom the responsibility devolved, in a fever of vexation and alarm.

Buoyed up by the recent victory at Preston Pans, Charles now seriously contemplated invading England. Had he been left to follow his inclinations, he would have marched straight on south from the field of battle with his 2,500 men, who, elated by success, might perchance have carried all before them. But he was overruled by the many who urged him to confine his attentions to Scotland, and implored him not to include England in his designs. Again others suggested that he should annul the Union between the two countries: this would be a most popular act in Scotland, and he could then reign over that country in peace. This last alternative was the least agreeable of any proposed to Charles, who specially hankered after the crown of

[1] The Palace of Herrenhausen is situated about two miles from Hanover.

[2] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 113.

England; a desire that was further increased by a successful termination of the blockade of Edinburgh Castle, which circumstance hastened his decision to march into England at the end of October without waiting any longer for the landing of the French auxiliaries. He took this decision after one of the morning Councils that met daily in the drawing-room at Holyrood, when, instead of harmony, intense discord reigned, and the rivalry between the Scotch and Irish officers led to great ill-humour. The antipathy of the Prince for Lord George Murray increased in proportion as he recognised that the General was usually right in his opinions, and invariably made Charles feel that he was in every way his inferior in experience on military matters; and as he never could bear anyone differing from him, it irritated him excessively that Lord George should constantly give a contrary opinion to his.

The Council on this occasion were unanimous in showing their disapproval of the march south: they argued that France would be less likely to send supplies if their small force were broken up, as would probably occur if they marched to meet Wade, who had collected troops ready to march into Scotland, whereas he could be defeated with greater facility did they not assume the aggressive; but all these arguments, already agitated at three previous Councils, were entirely thrown away on the Prince. He, on his side, tried to convince his generals that he counted on the interest evinced by France on his unexpected success; he had been informed that preparations were being made at Dunkirk, and his brother Henry had been called from Rome to take charge of an expedition. Besides these good tidings for the near future, a vessel had arrived at Montrose with £5,000 and another vessel had brought over 5,000 stands of arms as well as some French and Irish officers, amongst whom was the Marquis d'Eguilles, the bearer of a letter of congratulation from Louis XV. Charles did not inform his Council, in addition, that the envoy acquainted him how immaterial it was to the King whether a George or a James was on the throne of England, but if the Scotch nation wished a King to themselves, France would not object to assist them. This last suggestion, as we know, was not at all in accordance with the Prince's aspirations; he steadily refused to listen to the proposal, and said that nothing short of the three crowns would satisfy him.[1]

Lord George Murray, on finding it impossible to alter the decision taken by the Prince, now turned his whole attention to carrying out

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. i. p. 247.

the proposed invasion of England in the best possible way. He formed the plan of dividing the army into three columns: one was to go by Kelso, the second through Moffat, and a third by Galashiels and Selkirk; this scheme was highly approved of by the army, as in this way the weakness of the forces was partly covered. Even during the prolonged stay of the troops in Edinburgh, much pains had been taken to conceal the number of men under arms, and the army remained in a great measure an unknown quantity through the skilful management of Lord George, who perpetually shifted their cantonments, and divided the regiments into detached bodies. Exaggerated reports on the strength of the Highlanders were by these means circulated in England, and uneasiness regarding the situation was already making itself felt in that country. Many anxious looks were turned in the direction of the downs, eagerly scanning the horizon to see if any foreign ships were in sight; and £40,000 were subscribed for the defence of the town of York alone, in answer to a solemn appeal from the Archbishop of the diocese.

Lord George Murray further arranged that the Prince should pass a short time at Dalkeith Palace, always with the view of obtaining the greatest secrecy in regard to their movements; and he required some days to elapse between the marchings of the largest divisions.

The stately home of the Buccleuchs, where the Prince passed this short interval of time, had been formerly in the possession of the Regent Morton, during which period, owing to the character of its owner, it went by the name of the "Lion's Den." After his death the barony of Dalkeith was included in the Bill of Attainder, and the Castle, considered for many years as public property, was inhabited by General Monk during the usurpation of Cromwell. Later on it had been beautified and repaired by Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, the unfortunate widow of the Duke of Monmouth. The palace stands on rising ground in the midst of a beautiful park, through which winds the River Esk. The gates of the long approach, bordered by luxuriant rhododendrons, are exactly opposite the entrance to Melville Castle, which is a continuation of the attractive scenery of Dalkeith Park; the high-road divides the two properties. At the time Charles was in residence at Dalkeith, old Melville Castle, built in the fourteenth century, was in possession of a family named Ross; it now belongs to Viscount Melville through the marriage of a Dundas with Miss Rennie, who was heiress of Melville Castle. The groves surrounding the house are a profusion of wild beauty. In early spring the hyacinths and primroses form a carpet of contrasting colours; as summer

approaches the lilacs and laburnums have barely time to make way for their more seductive successors, seringas and honeysuckle, whose subtle perfume is wafted by the soft breezes across the winding Esk to the broad terrace-walk of the Castle, which is situated in the hollow. Near the entrance drive is still to be seen the old oak under which tradition says Mary Stuart and Rizzio whiled away many summer hours, when the hot-blooded musician of the south murmured in the ears of the beautiful Queen of the north all the devotion and admiration of his southern nature. In this fertile valley close to Craigmillar, the abode of his ancestress, Queen Mary, Charles passed a brief period of repose, till the 3rd of November, on which day the army left Dalkeith in two columns. The first column was commanded by the Prince and Lord George, and was supported by the Camerons, Macdonalds of Glengarry, Grants of Glenmorriston, Macdonalds of Keppoch, Macdonalds of Clanronald, Macdonalds of Glencoe, Stewarts of Appin, Macgregors, and Mackinnons. The second column was commanded by the Duke of Perth and the Marquis of Tullibardine. The guards under Lord Elcho, and Pitsligo's horse, marched with the first column. The Perthshire squadrons under Lord Kilmarnock, with the artillery and baggage, marched with the second column. According to the Lord Justice Clerk the strength of the Highlanders consisted of 7,000, though Hume places it at 6,000 men.[1] These figures were again reduced on the arrival of Charles at Kelso, many having deserted during the march, which was most unpopular with the men, who had a superstitious dread of crossing the border.

On reaching Carlisle Prince Charles hoped to force the garrison to surrender, and announced to the mayor of the town that he accorded him two hours' grace, after which it would be taken by assault; but this was not the first time that Carlisle had been besieged by Scottish troops, and never having surrendered in days of yore, it did not intend to do so now. While the Prince was waiting an answer to his summons, news having arrived that Marshal Wade was advancing to relieve Carlisle changed the situation, and much to the triumph of the mayor, the Highlanders were soon on the move towards Brampton, where the Prince hoped to engage with the English. On arriving at Brampton he was informed that the rumour of Wade's advance was unfounded, and the Marshal was still at Newcastle. As soon as he ascertained this fact, several regiments were at once sent back to Carlisle under the Duke of Perth and Lord Tullibardine. They lost no

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. i. p. 252.

time in raising a battery, but it is doubtful what success would have attended their efforts had not the militia of the town behaved in the most cowardly fashion, and insisted on capitulation. There was nothing to be done but to surrender, and on November 17th Prince Charles rode into the town in triumph. It was in reference to the siege of Carlisle that the jealousies, existing since the opening of the campaign between the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, reached a crisis owing to the preference • shown, to the Duke in directing the siege of Carlisle. In consequence of what Lord George considered was a slight to his position, he tendered his resignation. This was coldly accepted by the Prince, who greatly undervalued his General's capabilities. It was only through the representations of friends who realised what a fatal loss his services would be that Lord George most generously consented to remain in the service of the Prince. There was a general feeling that the united efforts of all were absolutely necessary if any successful termination of the invasion of England was to be hoped for. The news from Scotland was not at all what might have been expected. No sooner had Charles left Edinburgh than the inhabitants changed allegiance on the arrival of some of Wade's troops that had come over from Flanders. Glasgow, Paisley, and Dumfries likewise returned to the service of the House of Hanover, and levied their militia to assist the English; at Perth and Dundee, where hitherto the loyalty towards James III. had been undisputed, the people went so far as to fire on the Jacobite garrisons; there was also a report that Lord Loudoun and the Lord President were assembling their forces in the north in order to crush the rebellion. This was undoubtedly not the moment to lose the invaluable services of a good General like Lord George Murray, who had to use all possible persuasions to rally his men and to keep them from deserting.

Sir John Ligonier had been ordered to march to Lichfield, so that should the Highlanders escape Wade, Sir John might with his forces prevent them entering Wales. On receiving this news, a Council of War was held by Prince Charles to decide on the best steps to be taken; after many counter opinions it was settled that a garrison of 200 men should be left at Carlisle, and the rest of the army were to march *viâ* Penrith, Kendal, and Lancaster to Preston. To encourage his officers in this decision Charles declared that he was quite sure of efficacious support in Lancashire.

In spite of these assertions and his sanguine expectations, the people on the line of march contented themselves with offering their

good wishes, but declined to enlist, partly because they did not understand fighting, but chiefly owing to their mortification that Charles should have appealed for foreign assistance to obtain his throne; they thought this ought to have been accomplished entirely by his own people, therefore they remained cold and indifferent to his demand for recruits.

Manchester was the first town to give the Prince a warm reception. Great enthusiasm greeted the Highland troops while still some way out of the town, which, hitherto a Roundhead, had now become a Jacobite centre.

With buoyant step Charles headed his troops; he rarely drove, but shared all the fatigues and hardships that fell on the men. He wore on this occasion a light tartan plaid belted with a blue sash, a grey wig, and a blue bonnet with silver lace having a white rose[1] in the centre to distinguish him from his officers, who wore theirs on the side.[2] On either side of him were twelve Scottish and English noblemen. Four ladies also rode with the army; these were Lady Ogilvy, the beautiful Mrs. Murray of Broughton, the celebrated Jenny Cameron, and another lady said to have been the mistress of Sir Thomas Sheridan. To the inspiriting sounds of "The King shall have his own again," played by the pipes, the Prince entered Manchester, the bells pealing, the populace cheering; but the best welcome of all was offered him by Francis Townley, who belonged to one of the oldest Roman Catholic families in Lancashire; he advanced to meet him with the first organised force raised for the Prince, numbering 200 men, and called the Manchester Regiment. The Townleys, of Townley Hall, in Lancashire, had been known of old for their adherence to the Stuarts. The grandfather of Francis had been tried for rebellion in 1715, but was acquitted. Having been thus leniently dealt with, it was not likely that on the next occasion his grandson should be shown any mercy after the collapse of the present serious rising, and he, as well as most of the captains of his regiment, was tried, and hanged on Kensington Common; the circumstances that led to his sentence will follow later on in this narrative.[3]

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[1] The white rose was first worn by David II, at the Tournament of Windsor, in 1349, when he carried the "Rose Argent." This badge had been nearly forgotten in Scotland till 1715, when it was worn by the adherents of James Stuart on his birthday, the 10th of June (Thomson, vol. iii. p. 95).

[2] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 144.

[3] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 100.

Though the Prince was greatly elated at this cordial greeting from such an important stronghold as Manchester, Lord George Murray was too able a General to be carried away by popular enthusiasm and to hold the same sanguine views as his master. It is understood that when one of his friends threw out a hint that they had advanced far enough into England, Lord George replied that "they might make a further trial and proceed to Derby, where, if there should be no greater encouragement to go on, he should propose a retreat, to the Prince."[1]

These words, coming from a General who had every reason to wish to succeed in what he had undertaken to accomplish, show plainly how hopeless he judged the situation to be; and the difficulty of bringing the Prince to see things as they actually were, and not as he incorrectly judged them, made the General's responsibilities very heavy. Rumours had reached his ears that the English Government, thoroughly dissatisfied with the inconclusive efforts of Wade, who by his dilatory movements never got near the rebels, had taken the decision of sending increased forces to the north under the Duke of Cumberland. From what was known of the Duke's nature he was considered the proper man for the occasion, as no doubts were felt as to his maintaining his reputation for adopting desperate means to stamp out the present rebellion.

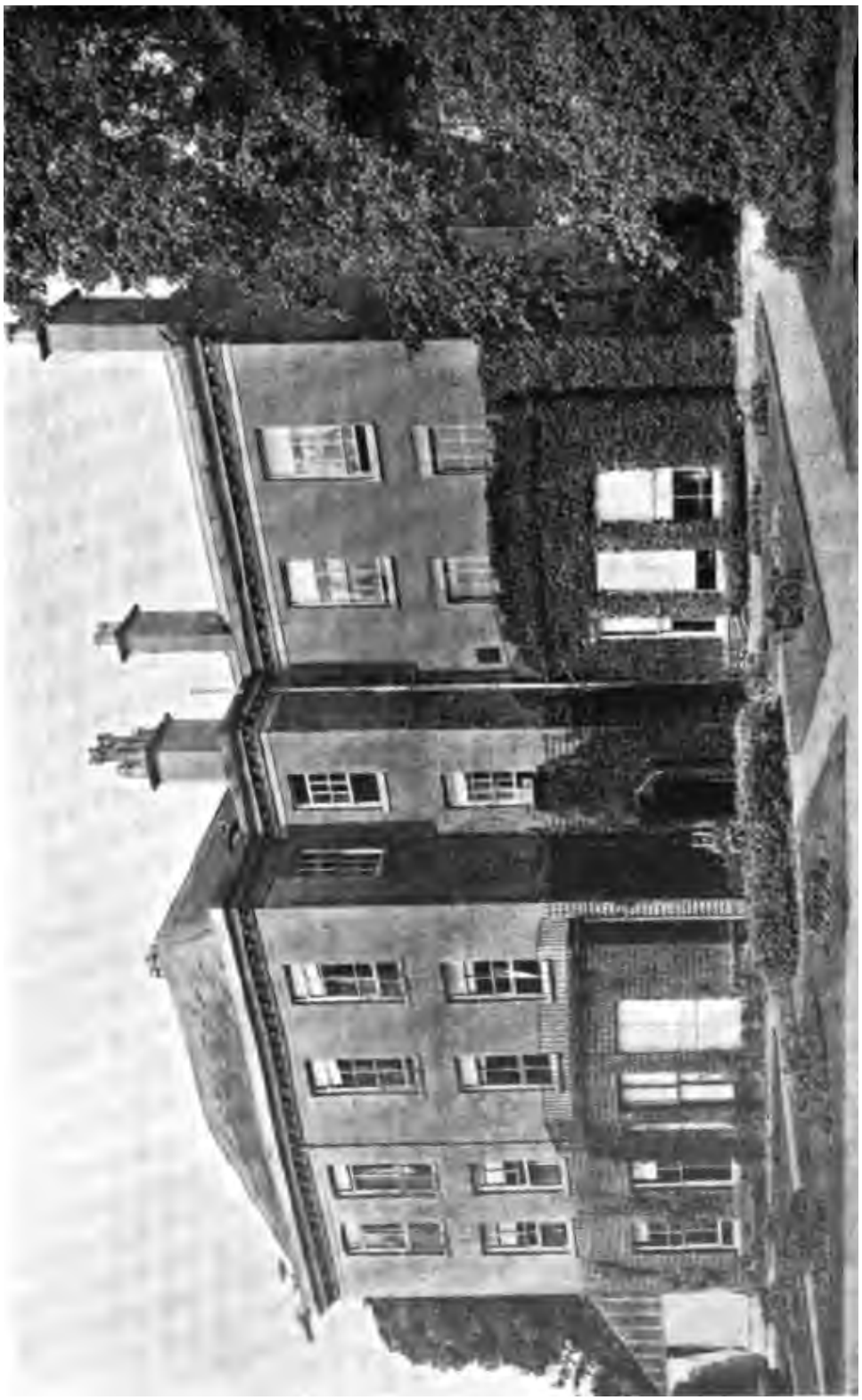
So quickly was this decision acted on, that on the evening of the same day that Charles entered Preston, the Duke arrived at Lichfield with 10,000 men. He wrote to the Secretary of State that he had so disposed of his forces as to be enabled to defend Derby and Chester, one as well as the other.

On December 1st Charles left Manchester *en route* for Macclesfield. On quitting the latter place, Sir George Murray employed a ruse to deceive the Duke of Cumberland by attacking the Duke of Kingston with a portion of the army, and he pursued them some way on the road to Newcastle; this feint led the Duke of Cumberland to imagine that the Highlanders were on the march in that direction, whereupon he at once pushed on to fight them.

These intentions on the Duke's part were communicated to Lord George by a spy, upon which he turned off immediately and gained Ashbourn, where he was joined by the Prince. By this ruse the Duke of Cumberland was now cut off from all communication with

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 98.

London, as his army was intercepted by that of the Highlanders.



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ASHBOURNE HALL.

Charles and his officers passed the night at Ashbourn Hall, the seat of the Boothby family since the time of Charles II. The present Lord Melville relates that as a boy, when it was in possession of his grandfather, Sir William Boothby, he remembers perfectly being taken to the lumber-room at the top of the house, where the butler drew his attention to two dark green doors stowed away in a corner on which were written in white chalk the names of Sir Thomas Larcom on one, and Colonel White on the other; these were two of the officers in Charles Edward's suite who had been billeted for the night, and the names on the doors indicated the rooms they occupied.

Ashbourn is but fifteen miles from Derby, which Charles entered December 4th.

The Duke of Cumberland was somewhat disconcerted at the turn affairs were taking; though having failed to intercept the Highlanders before their entry into Derby, he now proposed doing so at Northampton. All the same, he suggested to the Government that it might be as well that some of the infantry should assemble on Finchley Common in case of need.

The Duke of Cumberland was far too competent a judge in military affairs to minimise the fighting powers of the Highlanders. He had seen of what they were capable at the battle of Fontenoy; and was so struck at the mode of fighting employed by the "Black Watch," or "42nd," commanded on that occasion by Lord John, a brother of Lord George Murray, that as a mark of his approbation, he offered them any favour they chose to ask. The answer was worthy of the men, who replied that they could crave nothing that would gratify them more, than the pardon of a soldier of their regiment who was lying under a sentence of court-martial, by which he was decreed to incur a heavy punishment that would bring dishonour on themselves, their friends, and their country.[1] This request was granted; but many of these same men who had been thus honoured by the Duke were the special victims of his atrocities in Scotland.

Though Derby was Jacobite at heart, it had been awed into submission to the Government. On the accession of George I., when the Chevalier landed in Scotland, great tumults had taken place. In the church of All Saints the Rector prayed openly for King James, but after a pause, he added, as a wise afterthought, "I mean King George." This was the signal for a great outburst of indignation: the military

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 92.

gentlemen drew their swords, and Sturges, the Rector, was forcibly turned out of the pulpit. The influence exercised by the powerful Cavendish family proved too strong a current against the Tories of Derby; but while forced to accept, they nevertheless openly resented the Excise duties and other taxes that had been imposed to maintain an expensive Court. Another subject for complaint was the order that had been passed in Council only two months previous to the arrival of Charles, that no Roman Catholic was permitted to keep a horse of above five pounds in value in the town, and they were equally prohibited from going a greater distance than five miles from their homes.

With sullen passivity the burghers found themselves compelled to acquiesce in the Duke of Devonshire's commands, then Lord Lieutenant of the county; but he could so little trust the militia under his orders that it was found necessary to be most careful in the selection of two companies of volunteers he called out, on the approach of Charles: there were 600 men in each company.[1]

Great confusion followed the announcement that the vanguard of the Jacobites was approaching; many of the gentry and principal tradespeople left the town as fast as possible with all their valuables. As the vanguard consisting of about thirty men rode into the town, they made a favourable impression on the townsfolk. They went to the George Inn and said they would require billets for 9,000 men, or more. It was Lord George Murray's custom to magnify their numbers when ordering quarters; and another practice of his was to enter the town in detachments in order to make the army appear larger than it was, as the constant arrival of regiments gave the illusion of an army considerably larger than he disposed of.

The vanguard made a good show "in blue regimentals faced with red, and scarlet waistcoats trimmed with gold lace"; these were followed later in the day by Lord George Murray, Lord Elcho, and the flower of the troops, amounting to 150 men, who also made a good appearance; but the main body who soon succeeded them, made a very different impression. They marched into the town six or eight abreast, with several standards, a red cross on a white ground, and were headed by the pipers playing; but their general appearance was pitiable; the *Derby Mercury* described them as very, unkempt and shabby, some looking so fatigued with their march that they inspired

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 112.

greater pity than fear.[1]

The Prince was the last to arrive the same evening with the other column; he entered Derby on foot, and went straightway to a house belonging to Lord Exeter that had been secured for him. The liberality of Charles's nature showed itself on these occasions, for though considerably hampered in means, he was most generous in recompensing services rendered him when availing himself of hospitality. The Master of the Household grumbled greatly at the remuneration ordered by Charles, and mentions that the Prince was not satisfied at paying fifteen guineas a day at Carlisle for the use of a house, where not even coals or candles were provided for him, but insisted on giving at least five guineas "drink money" to the servants. At Wigan Charles gave a woman ten guineas for the use of her house for one night.[2]

Whilst occupying Derby, the Highlanders not only by their ragged appearance, but by their behaviour, badly prepossessed the townsfolk. Hitherto they had maintained a character for good order and such discipline as Lord George Murray had been able to insist on; but now they entirely broke loose; they entered the shops and peremptorily demanded any goods that took their fancy, and they went about the streets as if they were at a Highland fair, their insolence increasing the more they got beyond control.[3] Having heard rumours that the Duke of Cumberland was only a league from Derby, on the morning of December 5th, they became still more excited at the prospect of a battle, and crowded into the cutlers' shops, disputing whose swords were to be first sharpened.[4]

But if Derby was dismayed at the steady progress made by Charles Edward, the surprise in London, that a handful of ill-disciplined, untrained troops should not have been annihilated long before, now gave place to absolute terror at the serious aspect of affairs. Shops were shut up, business came to a standstill; there was a sudden rush on the Bank of England, and it only escaped bankruptcy by a stratagem—the *bonâ-fide* holders of notes were prevented from getting near enough to the bank to present them, while agents with notes, whose pretended claims were paid in sixpences to enable the

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 115.

[2] Household Book.

[3] Thomson, vol. iii. p 135.

[4] *Memoirs of the Rebellion in* 1745 *and* 1746, by the Chevalier Johnstone. London, 1822.

bank to gain time, went out by one door, and came in by another, until the first moment of panic subsided. It was even said that the Duke of Newcastle, Secretary of State for War, remained all one day in his office, refusing admission to everyone, whilst he weighed in his mind whether it would not be more prudent for him to declare allegiance to Charles Edward; for report said that the King's yacht was anchored at the Tower landing in readiness to sail. This statement regarding the Duke's pusillanimity does not seem improbable from what is known of his reputation for faithlessness and double dealings.[1] Special prayers against the foe were offered up in all the churches: companies of soldiers patrolled the streets of London day and night: cavalry was sent to Barnet: and magazines were formed at St Albans and Dunstable.

Foremost amongst all the Prince's victories, this moment was the greatest triumph of all in his bold struggle against fate. It was one of those moments of emotion, not given to many, when the extraordinary force of individuality asserts its overwhelming power, and makes life worth having for that one moment alone. It cast into oblivion the doubts, hardships, and dissensions of the past weeks and threw fears for the future into the background. He was able to admit with pride that he, personally, had inspired this band of mountaineers (who had no pretence to the title of troops) to march with him, many of them completely ignorant as to whither they were being led; and yet this ill-conditioned, small force had shown itself capable of throwing all classes of the staid citizens of London into a state of panic, commencing with the King himself. The battles the Prince had gained were in great part owing to the carelessness of the English generals, who had persisted, up to the present time, in treating the Jacobite expedition as a childish freak, of which they had already had many examples; but the awe and consternation reigning in town on the approach of Charles to the capital, was the acknowledgment of a strong personality; and the self-satisfaction of having inspired fear is in the highest degree gratifying to human nature.

This exhibition of panic on the part of the English Government was also of the greatest assistance to Charles in raising the spirits of both officers and men. In after years, when passions had cooled, and time had partly mitigated the bitter grief of subsequent disasters, and the Prince found relief in referring constantly to the one subject that filled his heart, and fought his campaigns over and over again, he

[1] Chevalier Johnstone.

never forgot that moment of satisfaction and personal triumph, when his approach to London struck terror into the King and to his most humble subject alike.

The Jacobites of London were animated with renewed zeal at this unexpected good news. It is said that a M. Gautier, a teacher of languages, carried away by his enthusiasm, inserted in the *London Courant* the following motto from Virgil, as being applicable to the occasion:—

> "At last, and are you come at last?
> Has filial tenderness o'er past
> Hard toil and peril sore?
> And may I hear that well-known tone,
> And speak in accents of my own,
> And see that face once more?
> Ah, yes! I knew the hour would come;
> I ponder'd o'er the day's long sum,
> Till anxious care the future knew:
> And now completion proves it true.
> What lands, what oceans have you crossed?
> By what a sea of peril tossed,
> How oft I feared the fatal charm
> Of Libya's realm might work you harm!"
>
> *Æneid,* Book VI., line 688.

These lines appeared in the paper of December 6th; on Sunday, the 8th, they were posted up on the walls of a coffee-house that M. Gautier frequented, and underneath, someone had written that he would be glad to know the meaning of the lines. In reply to this question, Gautier pasted up: "If the gentleman who put up this paper will be so good as neither to be ashamed nor afraid to put his name to it, he will be fully answered in four days' time." Alas, instead of the question being answered by the entry into London of the clans with Charles Edward at their head, according to M. Gautier's expectations, they were at the very time that he wrote his lines many marches northwards.[1]

Whilst the Highlanders were thronging the streets of Derby and sharpening their blades in preparation for the fight, a great decision was under discussion at the Council held by the Prince on the morning of the 5th. The arrival of two couriers had altered the whole

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. i. p. 293.

aspect of affairs. The Council had been called together by Charles, merely to debate whether he should enter London "on foot or on horseback,[1] whether in Highland or in Lowland garb," and he announced his intention of advancing the next day. After the Prince had given his opinion on these and other important details, Lord George Murray rose, and respectfully asked if he might give the Council the latest news to hand. He informed the Prince that the courier he had despatched to London had returned with the information that, besides the army commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, now within a short distance of Derby, another army of 30,000 men was encamped on Finchley Common. The other courier, who had arrived from Scotland with the latest news, announced that Lord John Drummond (the Duke of Perth's brother) had landed at Montrose with his regiment of Royal Scots raised in France; and these troops, added to the Highlanders who had not had time to join the Prince before his departure for England, brought the numbers in Scotland up to 3,000 men.[2] Before leaving Dunkirk Lord John Drummond had written the following letter to the Chevalier de St. Georges, dated November 13th, 1745:—

"SIR,—I send to Your Majesty, here inclosed, a copy of the orders and instructions I have got from the King of France; and though the number of troopes is not considerable, at least we have obteant a positive and open declaration of their intentions. I embark to-day for Scotland, at the head, I may say, of about a thousand men that are full of zeal and desire of shedding the last drop of their blood in contributing to Your Majesty's restoration. I will add nothing more, but that I am inflamed with the very same desire.

"Your Majesty's most humble and
obedient servant and subject,
John Drummond."

Lord George Murray proceeded to represent, that as result of this latest news both from London, where the forces were gathering to oppose them, and from Scotland, where reinforcements awaited them, owing to Lord J. Drummond's arrival with fresh troops, he considered that a retreat north was imperative. He went on to argue that the Scottish army had done its part of the work; they had come to England at the Prince's request, but it was beyond all reason to suppose that 4,500 men could put a king on the English throne, and

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 117.

[2] Chevalier Johnstone, p. 69.

he therefore urged they should return to Scotland, there to live and die amongst their friends.[1]

An appalling silence fell over the whole Council as Lord George terminated his address. No one dared to look at the Prince, or even to glance at his neighbour. The Duke of Perth stood apart, his head leaning against the fireplace, and did not move. Not a sound fell from the lips of any of the chiefs.

This terrible moment of suspense was finally broken by the Prince, who sprang from his chair in a fury. In a violent passion, he gave way to most abusive language, which increased in vehemence as he worked himself up to pour out every insulting epithet on those round him. He repeated over and over again that he had been betrayed, and swore that he intended to march to London, and no one had a right to hinder him from doing so.

But, the ice having been broken, and when this outburst of temper had somewhat spent itself, the other chiefs summoned up courage to give their opinion. Hesitatingly at first, but gradually increasing in boldness, they unanimously represented to Charles the following problem for his consideration. If, as might be possible, they beat the Duke of Cumberland, how could they be prepared for a second battle, immediately after the first, against the large army awaiting them on Finchley Common? And again, if by a miracle they entered London, of what use would it be? What could 4,000 men do against a population of a million? The last to speak was the Duke of Perth, who being called on to say what was in his mind, was loudly in favour of the opinions uttered by his colleagues.[2]

The Prince, though with less violence, still vehemently protested against these arguments of the chiefs. He insisted that he must give battle to the Duke of Cumberland, and tried to impress on the Council that with the Duke of Cumberland at their heels, and Wade at hand to intercept them, a retreat was a far greater risk than a further advance would be.

Lord George answered this argument by assuring him that he would undertake personally all the risks connected with the retreat, as he would always remain in the rear himself; and he proposed that each regiment should take it in turns to do so, till they reached Carlisle.

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[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 121.

[2] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 124.

The Prince, finding himself at a loss for further objections, abruptly dissolved the Council, and said they must meet again that same evening for final deliberations.

During the intermediate hours Sir Thomas Sheridan and Murray of Broughton availed themselves of this strained state of affairs to poison the Prince's mind still further against Lord George Murray. At the Council they had approved the deliberations taken by the generals; but now they used all the insinuations that came so readily to the assistance of these false friends, to rouse the barely cooled anger of the Prince, by telling him he had yielded too easily to the possibilities of a retreat—a retreat which had only been suggested by the generals because they lacked courage.

Prince Charles's temper was not improved by these irritating suspicions, and in a quarrelsome frame of mind he met his Council in the evening, when, finding them unchanged in their advice, he listened to the proposed arrangements for a retreat in taciturn silence, and broke up the Council without speaking a word.[1]

The fatal influence of J. Murray cannot be overestimated. He was the author of all the evil from start to finish. From the commencement of the first suggestion of an expedition it was he who hurried Charles into an unprepared adventure without taking any trouble to negotiate with the English or test their feeling in the matter, though he was well aware that they had always insisted that a regular army was an absolute necessity, and could not seriously accept the handful of militia with which Charles contemplated fighting 30,000 regular troops.

The only accidental circumstance that might possibly have worked to the advantage of the Jacobites would have been the extraordinary panic created on their approach to the capital; and had George II. carried out his meditated project of flight, London might have been held, but according to Lord Mahon's opinion, he is far from thinking it could have been kept. Doubtless the spell was broken, and the prestige surrounding Charles waned when, after this state of tension, the retreat was the next news that reached the agitated Londoners. At first they would not believe the report, and it was only by degrees that they cautiously returned to their daily occupations. The shop-shutters were gradually taken down, and the concealed wares were once again displayed to the idlers and strollers of the fashionable streets; the

[1] Chevalier Johnstone, p. 40.

troops were withdrawn from patrolling the thoroughfares, carriages that had not been seen for the past days in the streets of London recommenced taking the society beauties for an airing, and the Ranelagh Gardens were again thronged of an evening with the smart people about town. The King's yacht raised her anchor and returned to her moorings, and the Duke of Newcastle, feeling he had been fooled, unlocked his door, and found some relief in venting his bad temper on all those whom he received in audience. Everyone veered round with the change of the tide, laughingly expostulated at the foolish scare, which, they said, it had been absurd to admit for a single moment as within the bounds of possibility.

Opinions will always remain at variance as to the advisability of the retreat from Derby. That Lord George Murray acted wisely in advocating it from a general's point of view cannot be discussed, nor can the suggestion that he had ulterior motives in insisting on it be held for a moment. This decision—so distasteful to Charles—happened to fall to his lot instead of to another; but a less honest man than he might have thought it profitable to keep in favour with the Prince, and so have acceded to his wishes. Lord George was far too sincere in his desire to put his knowledge of military affairs at the disposal of the Prince to consider his own ends for an instant.

No doubt it was an unfortunate coincidence that the man the Prince so particularly disliked should have been the one compelled to decide on such an unpopular step with his master. It rendered him odious to Charles ever after; and to this antagonism many future disasters may be traced.

CHAPTER VIII
DEFEAT OF THE JACOBITES

The Highlanders retreat north—Sacrifice of the garrison at Carlisle—Siege of Stirling Castle—Acquaintance with Clementina Walkinshaw—The Duke of Cumberland reaches Edinburgh—He pursues the Highlanders—Charles arrives at Moy—Dissentments with his generals—Defeat at Culloden—Charles refuses to rally his men—Dispersal of his troops—Cruelties inflicted by the Duke of Cumberland—Executions of the Highland leaders.

ON the cold, grey dawn of December 6th, 1745, the inhabitants of Derby were roused from their slumbers by the sound of drums beating to arms, followed by the mournful wail of the bagpipes reverberating through various parts of the town. Daybreak was still far off, yet the streets of Derby—usually deserted at an hour when all preferred their beds on a cold winter dawn—echoed to the regular tramp of troops, whose methodical beat was only interrupted by an order occasionally called out by the captain of a division.

As the prolonged night of December turned gradually to the pale light of day any early-risers who happened to be abroad might have seen Charles Edward with an aspect of deepest dejection, both in his mien and in the listless way in which he mounted a black charger awaiting him at the front door of Exeter House, ride through the gate of the town on the road to Ashbourn, followed by the main army. The retreat had been undertaken in such haste, that many of the men left their arms behind them in the confusion.

By eleven o'clock the streets were clear of all the troops, and the astonished inhabitants exchanged remarks on the unusual sounds in the streets that had broken their sleep, and when at midday no Highlanders were to be seen at the market as had been their wont, their surprise increased to curiosity as to what had taken place.

The stormy meetings of the Council and the hasty decision as to the retreat had not yet been generally divulged, so only speculations could be made as to the mysterious disappearance of the Jacobite army, that up to the previous evening seemed to hold the key of the situation. The uncertainty as to the reason for this sudden move produced a feeling of uneasiness only secondary to that caused by

their arrival. Ladies who were busily employed in making white cockades to present to the hero of the day and his officers stopped hurriedly in their work, and those to whom he had offered his portrait as a souvenir hastily hid them, not knowing what new dangers might be in store should the portraits be found.[1]

The army was well on its way to Ashbourn before the men began to suspect that the report circulated amongst them that they were marching to join the troops coming from Scotland was not genuine. As the rumour gained ground that a retreat had been forced on them, they became utterly reckless in their conduct, and committed outrages of which there had been but few cases during their orderly march southwards. Charles was too downcast himself to contribute in any way towards rallying the men; he appeared totally indifferent as to what took place, and left it to Lord George Murray to make the best of the difficulties he accused him of having created. Chevalier Johnstone, who was always ready to criticise the Prince, remarks that he now gave proof of

> "totally wanting the patience, resolution, and fortitude of which he has so much credit. On the contrary, he was quite unmanned whenever he experienced the least opposition or contradiction; he had marched on foot all the way to Derby at the head of his men; now, when he might have inspirited them and exercised some control, he got on horseback, for he could not walk and hardly stand, as was always the case with him when he was cruelly used."[2]

The army passed by Ashbourn and through most of the towns where but a few days previously they had entered as conquerors. On the 15th they reached Kendal, where they received authentic information that Wade was behind them, which reassured them as to any danger there might have been in regard to their retreat to Scotland being barred. Lord George, who always made a point when possible of verifying reports, went out after dark to reconnoitre the position. He returned after a few hours with some English prisoners, and as result of the information he had obtained, he said to the Prince as they were leaving Kendal the next morning, "As Your Royal Highness is always for battles, be the circumstances what they may, I now offer you one, in three hours from this time, with the army of Marshal Wade, which is only about two miles distant from us." The Prince did not deign to reply, but got into his carriage and proceeded

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 138.

[2] Chevalier Johnstone, p. 55.

towards Shap.[1]

The bitter feeling between Charles Edward and Lord George had become most unpleasant since the unfortunate episode of Derby: Charles ignored the General as much as lay in his power, and only addressed him when absolutely obliged. The Prince had lost his buoyant energy, which had encouraged all those who marched with him to England; and his mien of abject despondency communicated itself to his troops, who assumed a gloomy and mournful aspect, which greatly increased the difficulties of the General's arduous task. Fortunately, this apathy pervading all ranks was somewhat shaken the next day as they reached Penrith. It was noticed that some parties of English light horse were gathered on a hill behind the Highland rearguard; this proved to be the Duke of Cumberland, who had pursued them with forced marches; and before other troops had time to go to their assistance the English army fell suddenly with great fury on the Macdonalds, who composed the rearguard. They sustained the fire of the English with admirable firmness, and as soon as Lord George had collected some of his men he headed the Macphersons and attacked the enemy with broadswords. It was due to his skill that this slight skirmish was successful: the numbers of the Highland army were greatly overestimated by the English, owing to a skilful manœuvre initiated by Lord George, who ordered that the same colours half rolled up should be carried to different places before the firing commenced, so as to deceive the English as to the numbers engaging. This encounter was called the skirmish of Clifton Hall, from the name of the castle standing on the ground where it took place. The Highlanders fought bravely, and only lost a dozen men, and this slight encounter partly dissipated the gloom weighing over the troops. Lord George hurried on the departure for Carlisle, as he feared the juncture of Marshal Wade's troops with those of the Duke of Cumberland. On arriving at Carlisle the next day, letters were found awaiting Charles from Lord John Drummond and Lord Strathallan. Lord John said that he knew the King of France was willing to give all possible encouragement to the Prince, but he begged him to move cautiously till he received the aid he intended to send him. Charles considered this report favourable, and was equally satisfied at Lord Strathallan's communication that he could put at the Prince's disposal a very good army he had waiting for him at Perth.

During the few hours he was at Carlisle, Charles, totally against

[1] Chevalier Johnstone, p. 85.

the opinion of his Council, decided to leave a garrison in the town, whilst he and the bulk of the army proceeded to Scotland. He had become so ungovernable since the retreat from Derby that he considerably chilled the interest that his few real friends had hitherto felt for him. Lord George most wisely did not follow up the discussion, but withdrew from the Council with the excuse of fatigue owing to his efforts on the previous day, and went as little as he could to the Prince's quarters; but though he could not give his approval to this unadvisable act, when he found that the Prince was unshaken in his resolution of leaving a garrison of 400 men, he said, that if His Royal Highness ordered him, he would stay behind with the Athol brigade, even though he knew what his fate would be.[1] This noble offer was not accepted by Charles, who assumed the responsibility of his decision, and ordered Townley to remain in the town of Carlisle with the regiment he had raised, and Hamilton was consigned to the castle with some companies of the Duke of Perth's regiment. The Prince on issuing these orders promised to return in a few days to their relief.

It is difficult to conceive what motive prompted Charles to such an irrational step; 400 men were absolutely useless to defend the town against the Duke of Cumberland and Wade combined, whereas for his own needs 400 was a number not to be despised. When he pledged himself to be back in England in a few days either he gave proofs of being totally incompetent to direct a campaign, or he was careless of his responsibilities towards others, as he must have known that he was proposing an impossibility. Various reasons have been assigned for this voluntary sacrifice of lives. It has been suggested that it was an act of far-seeing policy on the part of the Prince, as, by obliging the Duke of Cumberland to besiege Carlisle, the rest of the army would have greater leisure to retreat to the north. Others throw out the opinion that the order was prompted by a spirit of revenge, because no people of distinction had openly declared themselves for Charles during his progress through England; but those who have studied the Prince's character and have read of the many proofs he gave of humanity and feeling towards those who were sufferers in helping his cause, find it hard to believe that such a cruel sentiment should have influenced a move which we prefer to think was the result of ill-humour and a desire to assert his authority. Be the reasons what they may, the Prince was inexorable. He left Carlisle December

[1] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 166.

20th at three a.m., and after crossing the Esk he found himself once more on Scotch ground, having lost only forty men during the few weeks he had been in England.

The army now formed into two columns; the Prince led the first by the road to Ecclefechan, the other, under Lord George Murray, went by the way of Annan; Lord Elcho, directing the cavalry, went straight to Dumfries.

The chief object of this division of troops was to puzzle the enemy, and leave them uncertain as to the intentions and destination of the Highlanders. The columns finally met in Glasgow. On his arrival there the first news brought to the Prince related to the unfortunate garrison in Carlisle; he was told that they had already capitulated to the Duke of Cumberland, having been totally unable to stand against his artillery. The Duke's terms were, that "the rebel garrison should not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the King's pleasure." The "King's pleasure" first ordered their imprisonment in London, followed by the sentence condemning twelve of the officers, including Townley and Hamilton, to be hanged and quartered on January 5th.

This tragedy threw an increased despondency over the Prince's advisers. Townley had been the first English gentleman to come forward with a regiment, and the gallant way in which he had served Charles merited special consideration. The leaders had gloomy forebodings as to the future: one of them observed that if only Charles could be induced to go to sleep for the rest of the expedition, and give up the reins of government entirely to Lord George, there might still be some hope of seating him on the throne;[1] but with everyone pulling different ways there was no road out of the difficulties.

When Charles arrived at Glasgow his first anxiety was for his men. They were reduced to a pitiable plight, their clothes were little better than rags. A large order was given to the magistrates to provide 12,000 shirts, 6,000 cloth coats, 6,000 pairs of stockings, and 6,000 waistcoats. Charles occupied during his stay in Glasgow the best house to be found there, belonging to a rich merchant named Glassford. To please the people he ate twice a day in public in a small dining-room with a few of his officers, and he was generally waited on by Jacobite ladies. He was particularly anxious to prepossess the people, and bestowed special care on his dress, but he failed to inspire

[1] Chevalier Johnstone, p. 186.

the same interest and admiration as he did in Edinburgh, which led him to remark, somewhat mortified, that he had never been in a place where he had fewer friends than in Glasgow.[1]

After considering the actual state of affairs Charles was obliged most reluctantly to admit that his forces were too widely scattered to make a return to England possible. He therefore marched to Bannockburn, where he took up his quarters, whilst Lord George occupied Falkirk. At Bannockburn the Prince's headquarters was the house of Sir Hugh Paterson, uncle to Clementina Walkinshaw, who was residing there; and under his roof commenced the prologue to future love-scenes leading eventually to important results. Clementina had everything in her favour to attract the impressionable Prince. He found it pleasant to have a pretty girl to make love to during the prolonged siege of Stirling Castle. That she was his mother's godchild and a Catholic, and that she reciprocated his affection, all tended to strengthen his passion for her; and before he left Bannockburn he obtained her promise "to follow him wherever Providence might lead him, if he failed in his attempt."[2]

This episode with Clementina raised the Prince's drooping spirits; the sky looked lighter, the heavy clouds had rolled by, and an unexpected and tangible increase to the Highland forces also added to his satisfaction over an improved condition of things.

Besides the juncture of Lord John Drummond with his Royal Scots, Lord Lewis Gordon had also arrived with 600 men and Fraser with 500 of his father's vassals; these, including Lord Cromartie and the clans of Macintosh and Farquharson, brought the numbers of the army up to 8,000 men. Charles hurriedly decided to profit by the largest army he would ever be likely to have under his control, and after taking possession of the town of Stirling he called upon the Castle to surrender. General Blakeney, the Governor, having politely refused to acquiesce in this demand, the task of reducing the Castle to submission was entrusted to Mirabelle de Gordon, a French engineer, considered most competent in matters concerning batteries and fortifications: but though his decoration of the Order of St. Louis, his age, and, above all, his self-assertion, gained him Charles Edward's confidence, he was entirely wanting in the talents and capacities to which he laid claim.

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[1] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 176.

[2] *Pickle the Spy,* Andrew Lang. Longmans, Green and Co. 1897.

Whilst the French engineer was busying himself with the work he had taken in hand, news was brought to Charles of General Hawley's advance to Falkirk; he therefore left several battalions in Stirling, under the command of the Duke of Perth, and ordered different detachments of his army to concentrate on Plean Moor, about seven miles from Falkirk. When his troops were drawn up in line of battle, Charles held the usual Council of War, and announced his intention of giving battle to Hawley. This General had been warned that an attack from the Highlanders was probable, but he treated the information lightly, and thought it unnecessary to interrupt his *tête-à-tête* with Lady Kilmarnock, with whom he was taking breakfast at Callender House. Though well aware that the Countess shared her husband's attachment to the Prince, the General was so completely subjugated by her fascination of presence and manner that he was unable to resist her wily invitation, which cost him the battle.[1] About midday another messenger arrived to advise him again of the near approach of the enemy; instead of ordering his men to get under arms, he contented himself with telling them to put on their accoutrements; and this having been done, his troops sat down to their dinner; but before they had finished their meal the *générale* beat to arms, when to the dismay of officers and men alike, the Highlanders were found within 900 yards of the English camp.

This dilatory conduct on the part of Hawley was most advantageous to the Jacobites, for it enabled them to come up to the English before they realised their danger. They were also favoured by a high wind and blinding rain which set in at that moment, and swept straight in the teeth of Hawley's army. Being thus blinded by the storm as well as by the smoke which blew into their faces, they were unable to resist the impetuous attack of the Highlanders, who, when they perceived the havoc they had wrought, threw their muskets on one side and rushed on them with their broadswords.

Lord George Murray, having taken up his position on rising ground, was able to see the great disorder that prevailed in the enemy's ranks. Many of the royal army were running to right and left in bodies of forty and fifty; Hawley himself was ignominiously hustled off the field amid a confused mass of horse and foot, and by eight o'clock that evening Charles was already installed in the same quarters occupied by Hawley only a few hours previously: the English were announced to be flying in disorder towards Edinburgh, and the

[1] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 182.

Prince's victory was complete.

The official report stated that the loss of the English was 280, in killed, wounded, and missing, whereas the Highlanders had lost only about 40 men, including officers. The English army might have been entirely annihilated had the Prince exercised authority as to the proper distribution of generals and officers; but though Lord George, after submitting to his approval a plan of the battle, had requested Charles to do so, no appointments seem to have been made. No notification to Lord John Drummond had been given as to what place was assigned to him; and, owing to this neglect, an adjutant-general was substituted to form the left wing, much to the annoyance of Lord John, who vented his temper on Lord George Murray, and accused him of being responsible for the escape of Hawley and the remainder of his army.

A fresh period of disputes was thus initiated between the Prince's generals, who only paused in their personal grievances against each other to unite in pressing him to follow up this moment of fortune, and pursue the enemy to Edinburgh without delay. It had been reported that the panic there equalled that in London; therefore if he repaired with all haste in pursuit of the demoralised troops, he could easily disperse them, and resume possession of the Scotch capital.

But, contradictory as Charles always was, now that all his leaders were unanimous as to the advisability of following up the enemy, he held back and peremptorily closed the discussion. He said he should return to Bannockburn to see how the siege of Stirling Castle was progressing; doubtless the enchantress of Bannockburn House may have had her share in this decision. This was not the moment, however, to sacrifice his future to the pleasure of paying court to his lady-love, and this senseless move again threw a chill of discontent over his army. The taking of Stirling Castle was of small importance, and could in no way be balanced against the advantage of pursuing the enemy, who would have been more easily disposed of in the future had they been now given a taste of the Highlanders' tenacity and energy.

Three weeks were therefore wasted at Stirling, but to this General Blakeney was quite indifferent, for he knew he could destroy the battery raised by Mirabelle at any moment it pleased him to do so. The English troops who, for many days after the battle, had been dispersed, recovered from their fright, and joined their colours in Edinburgh; this, combined with the fact that they had been

strengthened by further reinforcements from England, made them at the end of ten days far stronger than they had been before the battle of Falkirk.

The English Government was as dissatisfied with Hawley's dilatory ways as they had been with Wade's: they considered that he had shown himself to be totally incapable of performing the task entrusted to him; they therefore urged the Duke of Cumberland, in whom alone they had confidence, to hasten to Scotland and assume the command of the troops.

He left London January 25th, and arrived at Holyrood on the 30th, attended by Lords Cathcart and Bury, and Colonels Conway and York as aides-de-camp. After having conferred with Generals Hawley and Huske, he received the magistrates of the town and other State officers. In the afternoon he held a drawing-room, and in the same saloons where Charles had received the homage of the Jacobite ladies the Duke entertained his admirers. Amongst others was a Miss Ker, who wore a busk, at the top of which was a crown, in bugles, with this inscription, "Britain's Hero, William, Duke of Cumberland." The fickleness of mobs was further emphasised by the brilliant illuminations of the city in his honour; and though the Jacobites felt pain and grief to see the change that had fallen over Edinburgh since their Prince had left them, philosophers might have smiled compassionately at this spectacle of the veering homage of crowds.

On the same day as the news reached Charles that the Duke of Cumberland was actually in Edinburgh, the destruction of the battery, over which so much expense and time had been spent, terminated the siege of Stirling Castle. A further mortification awaited the Prince by the arrival of Lord George Murray's aide-de-camp, who brought him a packet containing a paper signed by himself and all the other chiefs, advising a retreat to the north. The reasons urged for this move were, that a vast number of soldiers had gone home after the battle of Falkirk, amongst other regiments, that of the Macdonalds of Glengarry, who had lost their Colonel; many men had been killed at the siege of Stirling Castle, others were sick and not in condition to fight, and owing to these various losses, their numbers were again reduced to four thousand men.

The Prince appears to have received this counsel with even less control than he showed over the decision taken at Derby. He had never forgiven himself for having been weak enough to agree to that

step, and was not in a frame of mind to accept further thwarting with equanimity; his irritation also was all the greater as he felt it was owing to his self-will that his troops had dispersed, instead of pursuing the English whilst flushed with the success of Falkirk. On reading the paper he is said to have dashed his head against the wall in his agitation, and to have exclaimed "Good God, have I lived to see this?"

But carried away though Charles might be by his impetuous temper, he could not shut his eyes to the necessity of complying with his leaders, though the reluctant consent that he found himself coerced into giving only increased his antipathy towards Lord George, on whom he threw the responsibility of the step on which he insisted. Lord George equally resented the constant discontent with which his decisions were met, and in a letter written by him upon this subject, he said, "I was told that I was much blamed for this step; I really cannot tell who was the first who spoke of it, but this 1 am sure, every one of us were unanimously of the same opinion."[1]

The Prince ordered a general review of his troops at Bannockburn on the 31st; the retreat was not to commence before ten o'clock, and he still secretly hoped that deserters would come in and so avoid the "odious retreat" from taking place; but to his disgust it was found that numbers of the men had already started at daybreak for the ford of the Frew, and were well across the Forth at the hour fixed for the review. There was hardly the vestige of an army worth qualifying as such when the Prince rode into the field to review his men; he was witness of the accuracy of the statement that had so much annoyed him, and without further remonstrance led the march to the north in company with the chiefs and the few remaining troops. Lord George Murray brought up the rear; the artillery was carelessly overlooked and was left to the enemy, with the exception of a few field-pieces.

The light-heartedness that had pervaded all the ranks consequent on the victory of Falkirk had been quickly superseded by dejection that weighed on officers and men alike. There was an under-current of unrest and apprehension running through the ranks, and the confidence of the army in ultimate success had sensibly diminished. Whilst Charles, brooding over the complicated situation, rode through Doune and Dumblane, and from thence to Crieff, he had an agreeable surprise on assembling his troops at the last halting-place, to find that many of the men had returned to the ranks and barely a

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 168.

thousand were missing; but after the first momentary satisfaction at this unexpected turn of luck had passed, he was all the louder in his reproaches to Lord George for having advised a retreat for which, he now said, there had been no necessity. The General excused himself as having only corroborated the general opinion, which he considered the most judicious that could have been formed; but altercations and discussions waxed higher than they had ever done before, and it was not till every imaginable recrimination had been exhausted, that they could sufficiently calm themselves to agree that the Prince should march to Inverness by the high-road, whilst Lord George with the horse would proceed by the coast, *viâ* Montrose and Aberdeen, likewise to Inverness.

On January 16th Charles slept at Moy Castle, belonging to the chief of the Clan Macintosh, about ten miles from Inverness. Lord Loudoun, who was in that town, having been told that the Prince intended to wait at Moy till the arrival of the other column, thought this was a most opportune moment to take Charles by surprise, and saw that he had every chance of making him prisoner.[1]

Most probably his scheme would have succeeded had it not been for the daughter of an innkeeper, who overheard some English officers talking over Lord Loudoun's design, while drinking in her mother's bar; this intelligent girl of fourteen was no sooner aware of their intentions against the Prince than she ran barefooted all the way to Moy, and arrived just in time to warn him of his danger; Charles hurried out of the Castle in his night-garments and slippers, and passed the night in the mountains close by. The girl meanwhile spread the alarm in the village, and the blacksmith of the place undertook to settle the matter with Lord Loudoun and his men. He chose twelve villagers on whom he could depend, and giving each of them a musket, he placed them in ambuscade, six either side of the road, leading to the Castle. On the approach of Lord Loudoun the blacksmith advanced and in a loud voice called out, "Here come the villains who intend to carry off our Prince. Fire, my lads! Do not spare them! Give no quarter!" In an instant the muskets were discharged from each side of the road, whereupon Lord Loudoun's 1,500 men not being able to distinguish the numbers who were firing on them in the darkness of night, and thinking the whole army was drawn up against them, fled precipitately in all directions, and never stopped till they reached Inverness, where they were received with

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 170.

laughter and jeers when the facts of their panic were known.

The next morning the Prince advanced to Inverness, and after two hours the garrison of the Castle, comprising two companies of Lord Loudoun's regiment, surrendered to him. Lord George Murray, after a most tedious march to the north in a heavy snowstorm, had arrived the day before. Whilst Charles was left to occupy himself with reducing Forts William and Augustus, Lord George, supported by the Athol clan, the largest engaged in the Prince's service, was deputed to move towards Athol in consequence of great disorders in that county. He proceeded to invest Blair Castle, which was defended by Sir Andrew Agnew, a sturdy veteran, who meant to hold it to his last gasp. The cannon that Lord George had to dispose of were not only small, but bad, and seldom hit the Castle; these ineffectual attempts to storm the building were highly amusing to Sir Andrew, who looked over the battlements and satirically called out, "Hoot, I daresay the man's mad, knocking down his own brother's house." Lord George next tried the process of starving them out, to reduce those in the Castle to submit. For a fortnight they held out, and the garrison were getting sorely pinched for food and almost inclined to come to terms; but just when things looked most desperate, what was their astonishment on waking one morning to find the Highlanders had departed as by magic! This fortunate reprieve to the besieged was due to an order received by Lord George at nightfall to return to Inverness immediately, as the advance of the Duke of Cumberland was expected.

The Prince was greatly annoyed that Lord George should have so signally failed to take Blair Castle, and suspected him of having a secret agreement with his brother, James, Duke of Athol, who, he said, must have prohibited Lord George from damaging his home. His enemies in the camp did not allow this opportunity to slip of widening the breach between the Prince and himself; and Charles, more than ever convinced of Lord George's want of faith, made confidants of some of the Irish officers, and not only ordered them to watch the General in battle, but is reported to have said, should they find that he intended to betray him, they would be justified in shooting him.[1]

Besides the loss of Blair Castle, the siege of Fort William was also raised: these minor disappointments were followed by a greater one from France, as it was now proved beyond dispute that the proposed

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 192.

expeditions from Boulogne and Dunkirk had been definitely abandoned.

The Prince thought it wiser to face the situation with a light heart; he gave balls at Inverness, and took part in the dancing, and tried to shake off for the time being the serious thoughts that so persistently reasserted themselves in his mind.

Not only were additional troops a matter of great importance, but his pecuniary situation was most precarious. It is said that Murray of Broughton, who attended to the finances, appropriated to his own use a considerable share of the funds; the consequence was that he had great difficulty in keeping the army together.

However, the announcement that the Duke of Cumberland had arrived at Aberdeen gave no time to make renewed appeals to France and Spain, but compelled Charles to make the best of such means as he possessed.

The Duke of Cumberland, on arriving at Aberdeen February 27th, found that he would require a certain time before he could advance on his foes. He had been much harassed on his march by the northern Jacobites, who had greatly hampered his movements by pillage, by giving him wrong information, and other tiresome deeds. He wrote on this matter to the Duke of Newcastle repeated complaints of the disaffection in the country, and said—

"though His Majesty has a considerable and formidable army in the heart of this country, yet they cannot help giving impotent marks of their ill-will by making efforts to raise men, and to set prisoners at liberty in the places we have passed through; especially at Forfar, where each of our divisions lay a night, they had the insolence to conceal three French-Irish officers in the town during the whole time; it is certainly very unfortunate that a rebel army can be raised and subsisted at the expense of this country, and that they will hardly give any assistance to the King, though His Majesty has an army in the heart of the country."

Later on he again alludes "to the petulant, insolent spirit of the rebels which is always showing itself," and mentions his intentions of inflicting necessary punishment without writing for orders from home.

Another time he says—

"The only way to end this rebellion is by the sword, and to punish the rebels, so that they will not rise again. As we advance they must disperse; though I know they will rise behind me unless some marks of severity are

left upon the first who shall dare to show themselves."[1]

These extracts, indicative of the Duke's harsh sentiments, will serve to pourtray the merciless nature of the Commander-in-Chief better than mere comments. He was employed in organising his forces and working out his scheme of attack till the 8th of April. On that day he left Aberdeen for Inverness at the head of 8,000 foot, 900 cavalry, and a naval force that accompanied him along the coast. He was all the more anxious to meet the foe, as rumours had reached him of the total neglect in the commissariat of the Highlanders and of the arrears for the last seven days of their pay, which he argued to himself would make them less willing to fight, and encouraged him in the hopes of soon dispersing them.

As he approached the Spey he was quite prepared for some resistance to his passage across the river. Some weeks previously Lord John Drummond had received orders to defend the fords, but took it on himself to withdraw his men to the hills; by this inexcusable action the English were enabled to pass the river with the loss of only one dragoon in a part where 200 men might easily have kept back 20,000.[2] The Duke lost no time in writing to England that he was fortunate in having to deal with such an enemy, "as it would have been a most difficult undertaking to pass this river before an enemy who knew how to take advantage of the situation."

The news that the Duke had been thus allowed to cross the Spey without opposition beyond a few shots from Lord Elcho, who accidentally came up with the Life Guards, fell like a thunderbolt on the army at Inverness; even Lord Elcho was unable to change the situation, as they were hotly pursued by the English cavalry on landing, and had to beat a hasty retreat. The English therefore pursued their unopposed march towards Nairn, where they had a slight skirmish with the Highlanders, who would have been worsted had not Charles himself unexpectedly ridden up from Inverness at the head of his guards, and caused the English van to fall back upon their main body.[3]

The Prince had been busy during the last weeks in beating up all the chiefs who had been granted leave of absence, and he was greatly annoyed to learn that Lord Cromartie and his son Macleod had

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. ii. p. 2.
[2] *Ibid.,* vol. ii. p. 5.
[3] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. ii. p. 6.

allowed themselves to be surprised by Mackay, one of King George's officers, in the castle belonging to the Duchess of Sutherland, who had made them prisoners and ordered them to be transported to London; this capture involved the loss of 500 to 600 men of the Clan Mackenzie.

The Duke of Cumberland was well aware of the disaffection amongst the Highland clans, and he also noted the many errors on the part of the officers. He was as correct in his estimation of what might now be expected from the Highland troops as he had been when at Derby he considered they constituted a far more formidable danger, owing to the better condition of their *esprit de corps* and greater discipline.

At the present time the Duke remarked that he could not believe the rebels intended to propose him battle, as all accounts agreed that they were unable to assemble their clans, and even should they succeed in doing so, the affair would not be very long.[1]

The star that had protected Charles in such a miraculous way, despite all the errors, mismanagements, and numerical deficiencies of the campaign, seemed slowly paling, preparatory to fading away completely. He, with his quick perceptions, dulled though they might be by presumption and misplaced self-confidence, could not conceal from himself that all was not well, and that the blow that he felt was imminent would be vital.

The terrible deficiency of food was most distressing; provisions at Inverness had become scarce; all communications with the Lowlands were cut off, so no supplies could come from that quarter. Funds diminished daily; 500 louis in the military chest was the only sum remaining, and everyone more or less felt the distress.[2]

The night that the Duke of Cumberland entered Nairn, Charles and his staff occupied Culloden House, the seat of the Lord President. There were no tents or shelter of any kind for the men, who, though the cold was intense, lay on their native heather; while the only food supplied to them was biscuits and water.[3]

Chevalier Johnstone relates that the only provisions he could obtain were those shared by his friend Scothouse, such as they were;

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[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. ii. p. 6.

[2] Chevalier Johnstone, p. 171.

[3] *Ibid.,* p. 172.

this same friend also gave him half his covering and the straw on which he lay those nights.[1]

The next day Lord Elcho was sent to reconnoitre, and returned with the news that as it was the Duke of Cumberland's birthday great festivities were taking place in the English camp, and there were no signs of an immediate advance being contemplated. Charles at once called together a Council of War, and betrayed his intense anxiety by giving permission to all the leaders to speak before he did—a most unusual concession on his part. After various suggestions had been propounded, Lord George Murray was the last to speak, and advocated taking the enemy by surprise before dawn. He said it could easily be accomplished if they started marching at dusk, the distance to be covered being only nine miles. He proposed marching in two divisions: he with the right wing would go round Nairn and attack the English camp in the rear, whilst the Duke of Perth with the left division would attack them in front. By this manœuvre the chances were that the English, being thrown off their guard and probably intoxicated after the day's revelry, would be thrown into great confusion, and thereby an important victory might be gained.

Lord George had no sooner finished speaking, than the Prince, with a wave of emotion unusual to him, and all the more unexpected owing to his antipathy to Lord George, got up, and embracing the General, gave his hearty approval of this design, which, he said, had, in fact, come to his mind also.[2]

Everyone cordially assented to the proposed exploit; a feeling was running through the Council that a crisis was near at hand, and therefore moments were too precious to be allowed to slip away in useless discussions.

The first thing done was to set the heath on fire in order to delude the enemy into thinking that no move was contemplated. The roll was next called, when it was found that many of the Highlanders had gone to Inverness in search of food; a certain time was therefore lost in collecting the deserters and drawing the men up in marching order. The necessary instructions to the men were given by Ker of Gradon, the Prince's aide-de-camp; he rode down the line and told the men that on arriving at the English camp they were to use their broadswords and dirks, with which they were to cut down the ropes of the tents and stab wherever they saw them bulging out. Strict

[1] *Ibid.,* p. 172.

[2] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. ii. p. 8.

silence was to be observed in marching, the password was "King James VIII."

The signal to march having been given, Lord George led the way with the first column, the Duke of Perth followed with the second, and Charles Edward brought up the rear with the reserve. Evening had fallen, the road was in darkness, and obedient to orders the men marched in absolute silence; their measured tramp was the only sound that broke the oppressive gloom. After a short time the rear found it was impossible to keep up with the van; the short rations on which the men had subsisted for many days, chiefly composed of biscuits, was not the food on which an army could be expected to march, still less to fight: the consequence was, that many dropped out of the ranks through sheer fatigue.

Lord George Murray had barely got half a mile on the way before he received an express ordering him to halt till he was joined by the rear; he merely slackened his pace, as he knew how much loss of time a halt involved. His reduced pace of march was, however, not sufficient; the expresses succeeded each other rapidly; he accordingly marched slower and slower, but the rear still continued to fall further behind. At last, at about one a.m., as the van neared Kilravock House, about ten miles from Culloden, where it had been agreed the army was to separate, Lord John Drummond came up and told Lord George that unless he halted, it was out of the question that the rear could join him. This statement was corroborated by the Duke of Perth, who arrived a few minutes later. In the face of these statements there was nothing to do save to halt at a small farmhouse close to Kilravock.

Before long, many officers rode up, who all reported that numbers of the men had lain down, unable to proceed from hunger and weakness. Anxiety was depicted on all faces; the Generals consulted their watches, and found that it was close on two a.m.; the shades of night were already giving way to the almost imperceptible light preluding the dawn; no one liked to be the first to pronounce it, but, almost unspoken, the word went round that the scheme had failed.[1] An attack was now an impossibility, and whilst this disappointment was being felt in all hearts, a distant rumble was heard, which confirmed their fears: it was the roll of the drums in the English camp. At the same moment John Hay came to the farm and informed Lord George that the line had joined and the Prince would wish the

[1] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 236.

attack commenced as soon as it was thought advisable; but on recognising that the plan decided on was considered to have failed and that a retreat was in contemplation, he rode back to Charles and said unless he himself went forward and ordered Lord George to proceed, nothing would be done.

The Prince got on a horse and rode towards Kilravock, but he had not proceeded far, when to his great dismay he met the van in full retreat. He is said to have cried out, "I am betrayed. What need have I to give orders when they are disobeyed?"[1] But it is also said that once the first moment of passion was over, he was somewhat calmed when he learnt that this step had been taken in concert with Lochiel and other chiefs whom he had never distrusted. He remained a short time at Kilravock, and then, greatly perplexed and harassed, returned to Culloden House, vowing that in future no one should command but himself. Some of the men staggered back in utter exhaustion, others turned off the main road, to Inverness, for food and rest.

It was five a.m. before the greater number of the troops who accompanied Charles to Culloden House got back to such repose as lying on the ground saturated with the morning mist could offer them, but so great was their fatigue that in some ways it cheated the pangs of hunger, for no substantial food was to be had. The Prince himself could only obtain some whisky and bread with much difficulty, of which he made his meal.

Chevalier Johnstone relates[2] that as soon as he had accompanied the Prince to Culloden House, he went as fast as he could to Inverness in the hopes of being able to recruit his strength in a good bed, after three nights' fatigue. He had barely time to throw off his clothes and was on the point of getting into bed, when to his surprise he heard the drums beating to arms, and the bugles sounding to boot and saddle. He hurried on his clothes as quickly as he had thrown them off, mounted the first horse he could find, and went at full speed to Culloden House. From the rising ground near to the house the English were distinctly visible moving towards them; doubtless, the Duke of Cumberland knowing the deplorable state of the Highland army, made up his mind to take immediate advantage of this favourable opportunity.

The English were still two miles distant from Culloden, and Lord

[1] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 238.

[2] Chevalier Johnstone, p. 176.

George, always the one to urge prudence against the foolish risks suggested by Charles, had advised falling back on the high ground behind the River Nairn, where, owing to its difficulty of access, the English would be at a disadvantage; especially would this be the case as regarded the attack of Cumberland's cavalry. Another reason in favour of this move was, that it would give time for Macpherson of Cluny to come up with his clan, as they were expected the south side of the river; by this move they would have a few days to take necessary measures, and it would give more time to those about to join the army.

On this occasion, the most important of all, Lord George spoke to a deaf ear. Charles was determined at all hazards to have his own way; and thoroughly annoyed at finding Lord George always at hand to discourage any plans on which he had set his mind, said he intended to show that he was the best judge; for he considered that whenever he had taken a decision it had worked out well, whereas Lord George had given too many proofs of his bad advice.

Sir Thomas Sheridan alone encouraged the Prince in his mad resolve, and, as usual, flattered him as to the wisdom of his decision.

The roll-call was hastily made, and the startling fact that there were 2,000 men less than were expected gave a thrill of uncertainty to the prospect; only 5,000 men remained to be drawn up in two lines according to the Prince's orders. On the right of the first line Lord George Murray was placed in command of the Athol Brigade, the Camerons, Stewarts, Frasers, Macintoshes, and Farquharsons. The second line was placed on the left, under Lord John Drummond: he disposed of the three regiments of Macdonalds, comprising Clanranald, Keppoch, and Glengarry. The first troop of Horse Guards was on the right of the first line, and a troop of Fitzjames's horse on the left. The reserve was composed of Lord Kilmarnock's foot guards, and some of Lord Pitsligo's and Lord Strathallan's horse. Charles himself stood with a small body of guards on a hill in the rear. The right flank was covered by some straggling park walls, to the left was a descent sloping to Culloden House. The ground in the hollow being marshy and covered with water, was a protection from the English cavalry.[1]

Meanwhile, the Duke of Cumberland had drawn up his men in three lines; the first, commanded by Lord Albemarle, consisted of the

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. ii. p. 17.

regiments of Pulteney, Cholmondeley, Price, Monro, and Burrell, the Royals, and Scotch Fusiliers. The second line, under General Huske, was formed by the regiments of Howard, Fleming, Bligh, Semphill, Ligonier, and Wolfe; the third line, headed by Brigadier Mordaunt, was made up with Cobham's and Lord Mark Kerr's dragoons and Kingston's horse.

The force was estimated at 10,000; exactly double that of the Highlanders. The Duke of Cumberland thought it advisable to give instructions to his men how to meet an enemy who had such strange modes of fighting. He told them that in order to avoid hitting the targets carried by the Highlanders, they must thrust with their bayonets in a slanting direction, and instead of aiming at the man exactly opposite him, each soldier must attack the one who fronted his right-hand comrade, as by doing so they would be enabled to wound the foe under the sword arm, and thus he would be incapacitated and unable to defend himself.

This advice was received with a cheer, which was repeated as they saw the enemy drawn up to meet them. It was almost pathetic to witness the startling contrast of the two armies both in numbers and condition. The English were in perfect training and health, well fed, and in the best dispositions for fighting; whereas the Highlanders, who had been fed on bannocks made of the husks of corn, bore pitiable traces of privations of food and necessary rest, all the more severely felt owing to the previous night's fruitless and fatiguing march. To make matters worse, the Macdonalds, the strongest support of the Highland army, through having inadvertently been placed to the left, instead of to the right of the second line, remained sullen and depressed; they muttered that it was the first time that the privilege which had always been theirs of holding the right wing had been denied them.

The battle commenced with an ineffective cannonade from the Highlanders: by means of glasses they thought they could perceive the Duke of Cumberland, and brought their cannons to bear on that point; but the shot went clear over the heads of the King's troops, who allowed the Highlanders to use their ammunition thus harmlessly for the space of near an hour. At the end of that time the English opened fire under Colonel Belford, who was an excellent engineer, and mercilessly made great and wide gaps in the ranks of the Highlanders. His firing was so terrific that the ground was torn up beneath their feet, and the roofs of neighbouring cottages were stripped in two; he aimed specially at a body of horse, where he

thought he perceived the Prince, and so accurate was his aim that a man leading a horse close to Charles was killed, and he himself was bespattered with dirt raised by the balls.[1] Thus in a few seconds did the Highlanders, when too late, perceive that the battle was with the strong, and this cruel fire of the English artillery went on with pitiless pertinacity for fully half an hour, till the gaps had become long lanes of space with only straggling Highlanders left standing on each side of the intervening chasm, where their companions in arms lay stretched on the heath.

The Highlanders felt they were overmatched, and looked anxiously at their chiefs for the order to advance and charge, as was their custom. Lord George saw that the moment had come when, if the situation could possibly be ameliorated, the men must be allowed to fight in their own way. He therefore sent Ker of Gradon to the Prince to ask his permission to attack; but before the answer had come, the Macintoshes, unable to control their impatience, had taken the matter in their own hands and had dashed down the hill. They charged the enemy sword in hand in the marshy ground below, through a blinding storm of sleet and rain, and overcome as they had been with fatigue, all was forgotten as they grasped their claymores and eagerly sought to avenge the slaughter of their comrades. It was a custom of the Highlanders before rushing into a battle to pull their little blue caps well over their foreheads to secure not losing them in the fight. An eye-witness of the battle of Culloden used to relate that never had he seen such a desperate thirst for revenge more clearly typified than was shown at that moment in the determined way they pulled their bonnets down over their brows.[2]

A warm fire of artillery met them from the regiments of Monro and Burrell, but though the incessant fire of the English competed with the storm of rain and snow in its fury, on went the Highlanders, brandishing their broadswords, and broke the ranks of the English. The first line was completely swept on one side, but the Duke of Cumberland had foreseen this charge, and had strengthened his second line three deep as a steady support, should the first give way.

The front rank of Semphill's regiment knelt down with a bristling hedge of bayonets, the second rank bent forward, and the third stood upright. With the calm preluding a fearful storm, they awaited the

[1] *History of the Rebellion,* vol. ii. p. 97. R. Chambers, Edinburgh, 1827.

[2] *History of the Rebellion,* vol. ii. p. 98.

Highlanders, and not till they were within a yard from them did they fire such a murderous volley on the unfortunate clans that their bodies were found later on in layers three and four deep.[1] The few who staggered to their feet were too dazed to know what next to do, but on this matter they were not long left in doubt, as the next moment they were scattered in all directions by the cavalry, and irretrievably lost.

During this frightful massacre the Macdonalds had remained all the time immovable, as when they first took up their position in the field. In vain the Duke of Perth called out to them, "Claymore, Claymore!" and tried to move them; but though they saw the terrible havoc being played in the right wing, their obstinacy and pride completely overcame all their professions of loyalty to the Prince, or pity for their comrades. The only one amongst them who shamed his clan was Keppoch, who, after uselessly urging his men to the fray, advanced with a drawn sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. He had gone but a few yards when he fell wounded by a bullet. A friend who had followed him implored him to return and join his regiment; this he refused to do, and got up to go on, but as he was on the point of getting on his feet he received another shot, and with the words of bitter grief escaping his lips as an agonised cry, "My God, have the children of my tribe deserted me?" he fell back on the heath and never rose again.

It is almost impossible to picture to oneself with what emotions Charles, who was on an eminence with a piquet of Fitzjames's horse, watched the disaster; the conflicting thoughts succeeding each other in his mind must have been pitiable. Amidst the confusion of remorse surging in his brain, of self-condemnation, of horror at the scene of carnage stretched before him, one fact above all others must have asserted itself with pitiless insistence—that his day of defeat had come, as it had to all his predecessors. Even the men, thoroughly heart-broken, could only reply in despair as he wished to put himself at their head to encourage them to advance, "Prince, ochon! ochon!" an ejaculation of the Highlanders expressive of most bitter grief.[2] Charles cast a hurried glance round at the few remaining Lowland troops, but quickly realised that the moment for risks and foolish hazards was over, and that an instant retreat was the only imperative step before the Duke of Cumberland made a renewed advance, which

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. ii. p. 21.

[2] *History of the Rebellion,* vol. ii. p. 101.

apparently was his intention, as he seemed to be repairing his losses and evidently meditated a general attack.

The right wing of the army crossed the River Nairn and took refuge in the hills; the left wing, having fled in the direction of Inverness, was less fortunate; the road lay across the open moor, and over this the English cavalry could gallop at full speed. They hotly pursued the remnants of the Highland army, and the road was strewn with their dead bodies. The Duke of Cumberland pushed his cruelty to the extreme by allowing the wounded to lie there from the fatal Wednesday till Friday, when he sent detachments to kill any who were still alive. He also ordered a barn to be set on fire that contained a number of the wounded, and placed soldiers round it with fixed bayonets, so that those who did not perish in the flames should not escape from the sword. For these, and many other acts of cruelty, the Duke had to have an Act of Indemnity from Parliament, as they were distinctly a violation of the laws of Great Britain.[1]

When Charles saw that his army had entirely given way, he left the field with a few of Fitzjames's piquet. In his hurry his bonnet and wig flew off his head; the wig caught in his horse's bridle, but the bonnet fell to the ground and was lost.[2] Some hours later Lord Elcho found the Prince in a cabin near the river, about three miles from Culloden, in a state of profound despair. According to Lord Elcho's report in his journal, what Charles feared the most was that all the Scotch would surrender, as he considered he had been betrayed by them. He only spoke to the few Irish round him, and sent away the remaining Scotch officers to a neighbouring village until further orders. On Lord Elcho inquiring for orders the Prince curtly replied that he could do as he pleased, as for himself he intended to return to France. Lord Elcho says he represented to him that such a resolution was unworthy of the name he bore, and he ought to consider how many had sacrificed themselves for him, who, if they were left without a leader, would disperse and fall into the enemy's hands; but all these reasonings failed to produce any effect on the disheartened Prince.

It was well known that Lord Elcho hated Charles, and he was doubtless glad of an opportunity of exaggerating the Prince's faults, and his own importance. His more serious accusation, that he had begged Charles "to lead a final charge at Culloden, retrieve the battle, or die, sword in hand," in answer to which appeal Charles rode off

[1] Chevalier Johnstone, p. 137.

[2] *History of the Rebellion,* vol. ii. p. 104.

the field, Lord Elcho calling after him that he was "a damned coward," seems without the slightest foundation; for it is a fact that both Sir Robert Strange and Sir Stuart Thriepland saw Charles vainly trying to rally the Highlanders in spite of Sir Thomas Sheridan's expostulations, and General O'Sullivan had to lay hold of the bridle of the Prince's horse and compel him to retire.[1] With these strong sentiments so hostile to the Prince, we need not be surprised when we read that not ten days passed after these events before Lord Elcho wrote to the Lord Justice Clerk a petition not to forsake him at this critical moment, and promised "any assurance for making His Majesty a loyal subject in future," and our faith in the veracity of the journal is considerably shaken.[2]

It appears to be true that a Council of War had been held at Ruthven, a little town eight miles from Inverness, composed of the Dukes of Perth and Athol, Lords George Murray and John Drummond, who as soon as the first shock attendant on the defeat had passed away, suggested that it was still possible to venture another attempt; because many Highlanders, who up to that time had remained neutral, declared themselves in favour of the Prince, chiefly because they foresaw utter destruction from the Duke of Cumberland's army unless they could make a stand. Cluny, as we know, had been waiting on the opposite side of the river to that on which the battle took place; the Grants and many other clans brought the numbers up again to near 9,000 men. The Prince was therefore earnestly entreated to come and put himself at the head of this force. Macleod was commissioned to go to the Prince with this request. The day of the 19th passed without any news from Charles; the Highlanders impatiently waited for the reply, and knowing how eager the Prince always was to fight, they had no doubts as to what the answer would be; but on the 20th Macleod returned with the following cold message: "Let every man seek his own safety as best he can." For a moment all were taken aback at this totally unexpected phase in the Prince's hitherto courageous disposition; the surprise caused by it was quickly succeeded by a wave of bitter disappointment, not only at the sacrifice of an opportunity to redeem their honour, but at the change come over their Prince. This feeling spread through all the regiments, and was expressed in a letter that Lord George Murray proceeded to address to Charles, in which he

[1] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 249.

[2] State Papers, Scotland, June 17th, 1746.

neither spared his criticisms on the Prince, nor did he fail to show his contempt for any harm that this frank statement to Prince Charles might do him.[1]

Charles on his part drew up a letter to the chiefs, giving his reasons for withdrawing from an enterprise that he had so greatly at heart. This letter, written April 23rd, but post-dated April 28th, was enclosed in one to Sir Thomas Sheridan, who was given instructions to keep it back from the chiefs as long as possible, with the view of enabling the Prince to be well on his way to France before the Government should be aware of his movements.[2]

This inglorious termination of a campaign that opened so brilliantly will always remain a dark page in the many heroic passages in the Prince's life, try as he might to justify his action to the chiefs and their followers. This decision was all the more inexplicable coming from a man designated by Lord George Murray as "being always for fighting on all occasions."

The supposition may be hazarded that determination to run counter to any advice from his generals, especially from Lord George, led to his apparent pusillanimity, just as much as his depression consequent on the battle of Culloden, which he had been warned could not fail to be disastrous, owing to the demoralised state of his troops.

On receiving the Prince's message, when the officers realised that they must disperse, they sadly took farewell of each other and went different ways, to secure their safety, according to the bidding of their Prince who had thus cast them off.

The men did not submit so easily, and were less resigned in their grief; some cried aloud, and others, in the midst of their tears, murmured that dark days were in store for them, and that they and their families would be plunged in distress. Their forebodings were too quickly realised; for no sooner did the Duke of Cumberland verify the total dispersion of the Highland forces from Ruthven, and made sure that he had no reason to fear their reappearance under arms, than he divided his army, and ordered the different detachments to scour the Highlands and pillage all the houses.

These orders were carried out to the letter; neither the castles of the chiefs nor the cottages of the poor were spared. All the towns and

[1] Appendix E.

[2] Appendix F.

villages along the coast were searched; cavalry barred the roads into the Lowlands to close any loophole of escape from the general massacre; women and children shared the inhuman tortures inflicted on the men, and in every homestead was bitter moaning and woe. Most of those loyal friends of Charles, with whom we have become intimate through finding them unfailingly near him, were victims of his sudden abandonment of them and the country, for which he had said he was prepared to give his life.

Lord George Murray was for a long time a fugitive in his native country before he contrived to escape to the Continent. As soon as he was able, he repaired to Rome and begged an audience of the Chevalier de St. Georges, who, by his warm sympathy with the General, tried to heal the deep wounds inflicted by the ingratitude of Charles. His aide-de-camp, the Chevalier Johnstone, whose Memoirs contribute so many interesting facts on this thrilling period of history, finding that he was no longer required either by his Prince or by his General, concealed himself for some time in the north; and then in disguise proceeded to Edinburgh, where he remained at Drumshugh in the house of Lady Jane Douglas, sister of the Duke of Douglas and a great friend of his family. When it was thought advisable to venture from this shelter he went to England in the disguise of a Scotch pedlar, and eventually embarked with Lady Jane Douglas from Harwich for Holland. From thence he went to Paris, where false hopes led him to expect another expedition to Scotland. Whilst in Paris he obtained a share of the funds set apart by Government for Scotch exiles, but seeing no immediate prospect of another attempt for the Stuarts, he wearied of a life of inactivity, and embarked for the French possessions in North America, and only returned to France when these possessions fell into the hands of the English.

He enjoyed the confidence of all those he served. When in Canada he held the post of aide-de-camp to Montcalm, who showed him the warmest friendship. Johnstone appears to have been a man of an open, decided, and impetuous character; and though his youth through over-indulgence by his mother had been rather wild, once that dissipated period was over, his attached friend, Lady Jane Douglas, developed in him many qualities that had been lying dormant, and so enabled him to succeed in all the appointments conferred on him. It was through misfortune, rather than from his failings, that he passed the last years of his life in great poverty. His valuable services to France remained unremunerated; even the daily necessities of life were wanting. He closes his Memoirs with the

reflection attributed to Artabanes, who, on Xerxes shedding tears when he thought that in a hundred years his multitudinous troops crossing the Hellespont would no longer exist, said to his nephew, "Death is to a man a desirable refuge from the ills of life; and it may be said that the Deity, who is immortal, treats us with severity, in giving us life on such hard conditions."

The Duke of Perth, who had been wounded in the back and hands, wandered about in disguise from place to place. He was recognised by his own people in the woods surrounding his home, in female dress, barefooted and bareheaded, unwilling to tear himself away from his "bonny Drummond Castle and his bonny lands." A certain amount of mystery surrounds his death. The most authentic reports agree that his death took place on his voyage to France, though it is equally chronicled in Lord Elcho's MSS. that all the gentlemen—of whom the Duke of Perth was one—crossed to Nantes and proceeded to Paris; and there is no mention of the Duke's death. It appears, however, that his death was notified by some unknown friend, for in the chapel of the English nuns at Antwerp a tomb is to be seen dedicated to his memory and to that of his brother, Lord John Drummond. The inscription on it is a tribute to the excellence of their dispositions and to their capacities. The elder brother excelled in the study of Belles Lettres, which was put on one side for the sake of devoting himself to Prince Charles on his landing in Scotland. His loyalty remained unchanged "till the day when the forces of Charles were wasted away; his native land, his friends, and a very ample estate were all—when weighed in estimation with a mind conscious of right—bravely deserted. Turning his steps towards France, he fled his native country, and oppressed by the troubles of his lot and the heavy misfortunes of his country, he died on the great ocean on the 13th of May, 1746, in the thirty-third year of his age, and his remains, precluded from consecrated ground by adverse winds, were given to the deep."

This epitaph seems conclusive evidence as to the time and place of his death. Lord John survived his brother a year, and died suddenly of fever while fighting under the Maréchal de Saxe at the siege of Bergen-op-zoom.[1]

Another celebrated name connected with this distinguished family is that of Lord Strathallan, who, fortunately for him, fell at Culloden, and was thus mercifully spared witnessing the grief of his kinsmen at

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 304

the want of feeling shown to them by the Prince, and the misery of being a wanderer and homeless. It is currently reported that he saw defeat was inevitable, and rushed into the thick of the battle with the premeditated design of perishing. His name was included in the Bill of Attainder in 1746, and the restoration of Viscount Strathallan to the peerage of 1824 was due to George IV., who, more humane than his predecessors, was always ready to show his sympathy for the House of Stuarts and their adherents.[1]

The Government determined once and for ever to stamp out all further attempts for the restoration of the Stuarts by their partisans, and accordingly adopted the harshest measures in their power to ensure that result.

Tullibardine was one of the first leaders of importance to be seized at Mull, where he had fled after Culloden. He was too broken in health to escape being taken prisoner, and in a dying state was sent to London by sea. His premature death in the Tower, July 9th, 1746, at the age of fifty-eight, happily spared him a public execution.

Kilmarnock and Balmerino were the next to be sent to the Tower as prisoners. The trial of the "rebel lords" took place at Westminster Hall with great ceremonial. They were both unanimously pronounced guilty, and were executed on Tower Hill in the month of August. Before proceeding to the scaffold Lord Balmerino asked permission to confer with Lord Kilmarnock; this favour having been granted him, he inquired of Lord Kilmarnock whether he believed the rumour that accused Prince Charles of having signed an order to give no quarter to the English at the battle of Culloden?" The Earl answered, "No." Lord Balmerino added, "Nor I neither, and therefore it seems to be an invention to justify their own murders!" The Earl replied that when prisoner at Inverness he was informed by several officers that such an order signed by George Murray was in the Duke's custody. "George Murray," said Lord Balmerino, "then they should not charge it on the Prince."[2]

For the second time a Derwentwater, brother of the Radclyffe who had been executed for assisting the cause of the Chevalier in 1715, suffered for the Stuarts; and Simon, Lord Lovat, was also one of those condemned to lay his head on the block. His shifty, undependable loyalty did not spare him his life, for though not actually in arms, his

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 309.

[2] *The Tower of London,* vol. ii. p. 122. Lord Ronald Gower. G. Bell. 1902.

correspondence with Charles Edward was found and was considered sufficient evidence against him. He was so infirm that he had to be transported in a litter to Edinburgh from the Isle of Moran, where he was captured, and thus to London. In a codicil to his will he ordered that all the pipers from John o' Groats to Edinburgh were to play before his corpse whilst accompanying it to his tomb in the church of Kirkhill, where he begged to be laid, but neither of these desires was carried out.

Lord Cromartie was one of the exceptionally few who were granted a reprieve, mainly owing to the exertions of his wife, who petitioned every member of the Privy Council personally, and finally swooned at the feet of George II. whilst in the act of presenting him a petition for mercy at Kensington Palace.[1]

In sad contrast to the willing sacrifice offered to Charles by these loyal and noble chiefs, .ffineas Macdonald and Murray of Broughton must be mentioned, both of whom turned King's evidence, and thereby added to the already long list of those who were brought to the gallows. When Murray saw that nothing more could be obtained by deceiving Charles, he threw off the mask, and stood out clear and defined in his role of a villain. After the fatal day of Culloden, the Prince, who had given him most ample proofs of confidence and attachment, being almost destitute of means, sent to beg from him the loan of some money with which to obtain the most immediate necessities. In answer to this request Murray of Broughton heartlessly replied that he had only sixty louis d'or remaining, that he required for himself; and this unfeeling refusal to assist his master was only preparatory to far greater acts of ingratitude and disloyalty on his part. He had been given the confidential post of secretary to the Prince, which conferred on him the privilege of being in possession of all the secret correspondence relating to the campaign.

This was well known by the Government to be the most important evidence that could be obtained, and it required but little pressure on the part of the ministers to decide Murray to sell his evidence; this he did shortly after he was taken prisoner, when he had left Charles to his fate, and had fled to his brother-in-law at Polmood, in Peeblesshire. The Lord Justice Clerk, having been informed of his arrival there, had him arrested, and committed him to Edinburgh Castle. Whilst Murray was in his hands, the Lord Justice, who was quite a match for him in craftiness, and knew the art of extracting all

[1] *Tower of London, ibid.,* p. 133.

the information he required from anyone, so contrived that he obtained Murray's assurance before he set sail for London, whither he had been called by the Duke of Newcastle, that he would "disclose all he knew, that he would attempt no bargain, nor ask no promises or assurance, but leave it to them to do with him whatsoever they should think proper."

For the first time in his life Murray was sincere and frank; he had concealed his capacity for speaking the truth till the day that by so doing it answered his purpose to betray his Prince. At his examination before the Government not a plot, not an intrigue, was left undisclosed by him. After giving the names of all those who either secretly or openly had assisted the Prince, he proceeded to relate in fullest detail the measures that had been discussed, and either adopted or abandoned by the party, as best suited the circumstances. He seemed determined to put no limits to his revelations, some of which were so needlessly candid that even the Lord Steward recognised that he was overstepping the bounds of decorum, and checked him in the midst of his denunciations of the Prince's adherents.

In this way did Murray purchase his ignoble life, which he lived to find was too dearly bought, for to the end of his days he was shunned and execrated by everyone as a Judas.[1] Most traces of his family have disappeared; his home, Broughton House, was burnt to the ground in the early part of last century, and his great-granddaughter died lately in Galashiels in comparative obscurity.

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. ii. p. 54.

CHAPTER IX
CHARLES RESCUED BY FRANCE

Wanderings in the Highlands—Charles meets Flora Macdonald—The Prince disguised by her—He is welcomed at Kingsburgh House—Flora secures his safety—Their farewell—Flora imprisoned in the Tower of London— Interview with the Prince of Wales—Charles suffers much discomfort—Sheltered by the outlaws—Lochiel finds the hiding-place—Cluny Macpherson offers protection—They live in the Cage—French vessels reported in sight—Charles embarks in safety—His farewell to Scotland—The attachment of the Jacobites to the Prince—He sails for France.

HAVING given in the preceding chapter a brief resume of the fate which befell some of those who had been the Prince's comrades ever since he landed in Scotland, we must return to where we last left him, on the banks of the Nairn. It can easily be understood that he was the prey the most eagerly searched for above all others by the Duke of Cumberland, who fully expected that by turning all his army into the Highlands and scouring every mountain pass and rocky glen, the capture of the Prince could only be a question of time. The coast also was well guarded, and the Duke had told his men that he wanted no prisoners; this significant injunction spurred them on to their deeds of destruction, the details of which have been repeatedly enlarged on by all historians.

Being aware of the desperate means resorted to against him, Charles left the cabin near the river, and accompanied by Sir Thomas Sheridan, O'Sullivan, O'Neal, Sir David Murray, Alexander Macleod, John Hay, Allan Macdonald, a priest, and Ned Burke, who served as guide, they went to Invergarry, the seat of Macdonald of Glengarry; he himself was away, and the house deserted, but Charles was so overcome with fatigue that he threw himself on the floor, as there was no furniture of any kind in the room, and slept soundly. When he woke he was told that it would be unwise to tarry and that it would be advisable to reduce the number of his suite; therefore all, except O'Sullivan, O'Neal, and Ned Burke, in whose clothes Charles was dressed, took leave of their master, who, after he had passed a night at Donald Cameron's, of Glenpean, entered Clanranald's territory, where he found himself obliged to dispense with his horse and

commence his wanderings on foot, owing to the rocky, precipitous nature of the country.

After walking to Oban in Clanranald's land, he arrived at Glenbiasdale in Arisaig, close to the spot where only nine months previously he had landed, full of hope and enthusiasm. On learning here that English vessels were lying in wait for him, and finding that all escape by means of a foreign vessel was impossible for the present, his followers suggested that he would be in less peril if he went to the Western Isles; so with the help of an old boatman, who provided an eight-oared boat from the fishermen hard by, they got under way, and landed on the lonely island of Benbecula. Charles took up his quarters in a tumble-down hut, which was the only visible habitation; an old sail spread on the ground served as his bed.

After three days passed in the hut they made for Stornoway, in hopes of finding a French vessel in the harbour, but none were in sight; and this being considered a dangerous refuge, they sought the shelter of the desert island of Harris.

After a brief sojourn here the party coasted along the shores of Long Island, where they had a narrow escape from an English man-of-war, which bore down on them in full sail. Fortunately there was a dead calm, and the boatmen pulled with all their might; finally Charles was landed for the second time in Benbecula, where they regaled themselves with crabs they found on the beach; and a storm arising, the English vessel disappeared entirely from view.

It was at this point of his adventures that Charles's romantic episode with Flora Macdonald took place, and his privations were rendered less unbearable by her devoted interest in him.

She had left Armadale, her home in Skye, to visit her brother at Milton, and her meeting with Charles was brought about through O'Neal, who, loitering about the country near Milton for the sake of obtaining any useful information, made Flora's acquaintance, and asked her whether she would like to see Charles Edward, and would come to his help. She answered affirmatively, though whilst expressing this desire she felt rather troubled in her mind, and hesitated before she confided to O'Neal that her stepfather, Macdonald of Armadale, held a commission of captain under the Duke of Cumberland, and at this very time was searching the country for the Prince; so the accident that threw him on Flora's hands made the situation one of great perplexity.

Besides her stepfather, she had to consider Sir Alexander

Macdonald, who commanded the company of militia raised by order of the English Government, of which Armadale Macdonald was Captain. She also told O'Neal that she not only feared the danger attending such an enterprise, but "likewise insisted upon the risque she would run of losing her character in a malicious and ill-natured world." O'Neal replied to these doubts, "You need not fear your character, for by this you will gain yourself an immortal character, but if you will still entertain fears about your character I shall (by an oath) marry you directly if you please."[1]

However, in spite of these drawbacks, Flora, either as some say from having danced with the Prince at Holyrood, the sweet remembrance of which had never left her memory, or through a romantic interest in the fate of the young man, broached the subject to her father, and little by little she influenced him not to thwart her in her determination to help the Prince. Through her persuasions the Captain went so far as to give her a passport back to Armadale made out for herself, a servant Niel Mackechan, and Betty Burke, whom he described to his wife as an Irish girl highly recommended as a good spinner of flax, and he added, if Mrs. Macdonald found Betty to be a capable servant, he advised her to employ her.

The first meeting between Flora and Charles took place at midnight in an outhouse on her brother's estate.

O'Neal, who acted as intermediary, went in first to tell Miss Macdonald he had brought a friend to see her: on her anxiously inquiring if it was the Prince, O'Neal nodded affirmatively and opened the door to a young man, who stepped into the modest cabin, and Flora, not without some emotion, found herself face to face with the Charles Edward of whom her thoughts were full.

Her lonely life amidst the wild solitudes of the far north contributed to the halo of romance with which she encircled Charles. His marvellous progress through England and Scotland, tragically ending in defeat, was the only theme on the lips of the residents in those out-of-the-way parts, whose uncertain communication with the busy world increased the interest of all the news that tardily reached them.

Flora was about twenty-four years of age; she was, though small, well-proportioned, and combined gentle manners with the courage of

[1] From the original MS., *The Lyon in Mourning* (Advocates' Library, Edinburgh).

which she was going to give proofs. She acquainted Charles with the scheme she meditated to assist in his escape; according to her views, she thought he would have greater facilities for leaving Scotland if he could only be conveyed to Skye. In order to simplify the plan she had worked out for this end, her first step was to send him for greater safety to the hills of Coradale, near the centre of the island, whilst she went to her kinswoman, Lady Clanranald, to decide with her on the disguise to be worn by the Prince as Betty Burke.

She told O'Neal to accompany Charles to the hills and to wait there till the day decided on for the tryst at Rossinish in Benbecula: from there Flora hoped to carry out her intention to take him across to Skye.

The arrival at Rossinish was not accomplished without great difficulty, as the ford that connects South Uist with Benbecula was strictly guarded by the militia; but after waiting some time in anxiety lest they should be discovered, they hailed a small wherry, and persuaded the crew to land them on the nearest rock. From here they had to undertake a rough tramp across rocks and moors in blinding rain and a cutting east wind; they were saturated to the skin, and finally, Charles from sheer exhaustion fell down absolutely unable to proceed.

Fortunately O'Neal found a shepherd's hut not very far off, and representing himself as an Irishman trying to make his escape after Culloden, the shepherd gave him some black bread and dried fish; and with this simple fare, which O'Neal took to Charles, he recovered his strength sufficiently to proceed to Rossinish, which they reached at night.

O'Neal relates, as an instance of the Prince's courage, that at one time they had nothing to eat but some mouldy, dirty crumbs from his pocket; fortunately they came to a cottage where an old woman told them, that if they went up the hill close by, they would find some lasses gone up there to milk the goats, and they would probably give them a drink of milk. The Prince tripped up the hill so nimbly that O'Neal was left far behind. The lasses gave them plenty of milk, and O'Neal lay down in the grass quite overcome with fatigue. The Prince joked with him and did his best to rouse him, but finding it to no purpose he turned to the lasses and said: "What would you say to dance a Highland reel with me? We cannot have a bagpipe just now, but I shall sing you a Strathspey reel." The dance went merrily, the Prince skipped gaily, knacking his thumbs, clapping his hands and

entering so heartily into the fun, that O'Neal was ashamed to remain any longer in the dumps when he was sure that the Prince had entered into this frolic to divert his melancholy. The Captain used to say he believed there was not another man in all the world like the Prince.[1]

On arriving at Rossinish, Mackechan went on ahead, to reconnoitre before allowing Charles to arrive at the meeting-place designated by Flora. It was fortunate that he did so, as he found to his dismay that a detachment of the Skye militia had landed the day before at the same place whither they were bound, and were encamped close to the hut it was intended Charles should occupy.

Mackechan returned to find Charles fast asleep on the heather, in spite of the cold and wet. On acquainting him with this serious news, Charles for the first time gave signs of discouragement; his pursuers were hemming him in on every side, and he felt that any chance of escape was getting more and more problematic.

The only alternative that Mackechan could suggest was that the Prince should hide himself amongst the rocks before day dawned, when the troops would be sure to recommence their search. Mackechan, in his own words, tells us: "It is almost inexpressible what torment the Prince suffered under that unhappy rock, which had neither height nor width to cover him from the rain, which poured down upon him so thick as if all the windows of heaven had broken open; and to complete his tortures, there lay such a swarm of midges upon his face and hands as would have made any other but himself fall into despair, which, notwithstanding his incomparable patience, made him utter such hideous cries and complaints as would have rent the rocks with compassion."[2]

At last, about nine o'clock the following morning, some reprieve was given to his sufferings by the arrival of a dairymaid, who supplied the militia with milk; but having been won to Charles's cause, she came to tell him that the militia had taken their departure, and the hut was at his disposal. In this hut the Prince was found three days after he arrived there by Flora Macdonald, accompanied by Lady Clanranald, another Mrs. Macdonald, and Mrs. Eachen. He was seated by the fire occupied in cooking the liver and kidneys of a sheep upon a wooden spit, for his dinner. The ladies were filled with

[1] O'Neal's narrative, *The Lyon in Mourning.*

[2] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. ii. p. 99.

compassion at the abject condition of the Prince—unkempt, unwashed, and weather-beaten; but sad as was the contrast from the Prince Charlie who, handsomely attired, in the flush of youth and triumph, had ridden into Edinburgh not so long before amidst the acclamations of his people, yet, such was the inborn dignity and demeanour of his race and breeding, that, in spite of the squalor and poverty by which he was surrounded, no one could have mistaken him for a man of ordinary birth.

He recovered his spirits on the arrival of the party, and remarked "that the wretched to-day may yet be happy on the morrow, and that all great men would be better by suffering, as he was doing." They then had a cheerful meal off the most unappetising fare; Flora sat on the right, and Lady Clanranald on the Prince's left hand. The evening passed almost merrily in dressing up Charles in the disguise provided for him by the ladies. He was given a flowered linen gown, a light-coloured quilted petticoat, and a mantle of dun camlet, with a hood. Many were the jokes passed on the singular appearance of Betty Burke. Whilst Charles was being instructed how to move in his new attire, and as the finishing touches were being completed, Mackechan rushed into the hut with the intelligence that General Campbell had landed with a large body of troops, and that Captain Fergusson was marching with another party to Ormaclade, Lady Clanranald's home. She thought it advisable to hurry back there before Captain Fergusson should arrive, and succeeded in forestalling him; all the same, she was subjected to a strict cross-examination, which resulted in both her husband and herself being shortly after taken prisoners and sent to London, where they were kept till the following June.

The next trial that awaited the Prince was the necessity of having to part with his trusted friend, O'Neal, who petitioned on his knees to be allowed to remain to share the dangers of the party, but Flora Macdonald had only a passport for the three mentioned in it, and firmly decided that he could not accompany them. This kind-hearted man was afterwards taken prisoner by Captain Fergusson, who threatened him with the rack did he not disclose where the Prince was to be found. O'Neal was mercifully saved from this brutality by a junior officer, who, present at this disgraceful scene, drew his sword and menaced Fergusson with vengeance if he treated an officer such as O'Neal in that infamous way.

Print Room, British Museum,

Routed, o'er hills the young adventurer flies
And in a cottage sinks to this disguise.
Fled his gay hopes, defeated his fond scheme.
His throne is vanished like a golden dream.
By manly thoughts he'd charm his woos to rest
In vain! Culloden still distracts his breast.

CHARLES EDWARD DISGUISED AS BETTY BURKE.

It was on a fine evening on the 28th of June, 1746, when Charles Edward, with Flora Macdonald and Mackechan, put to sea in a small wherry waiting for them on the shore of Benbecula; but they had not gone far on their way when the weather suddenly changed, the wind rose, and the night became very stormy. To reassure Flora and to distract her attention from the dangers of the night, Charles related to her many stories of his adventures abroad, and sang her some old Scotch songs, till, worn out with fatigue, she fell asleep whilst he was still singing to her. She happened to wake during the night, and found the Prince leaning over her, with his hands spread near her head; on her inquiring what was amiss, Charles replied that one of the boatmen, having to step over her in order to alter a sail, might hurt her in the dark, and therefore he was doing his best to guard her. During the whole of that poetic night in June, which would remain indelibly impressed on Flora's heart, Charles took every precaution that she should not be disturbed, and bade the boatmen make as little noise as possible.

The next day, Sunday, they approached Waternish, in the west of Skye, but they had no sooner neared the shore than they had to beat a retreat as fast as possible, for they were fired at from the coast, and in addition to this danger several English ships-of-war were to be seen on the horizon; they therefore rowed with all their might for Kilbride, situated about twelve miles from Waternish, where they landed.

Flora now told the Prince that she must leave him for a short time whilst she went to take counsel of Lady Macdonald, the wife of Sir Alexander, who, it has already been mentioned, had formed a company of militia to assist the English Government. Lady Margaret was one of the seven daughters of Susanna, Countess of Eglintoune, who were all renowned for their beauty. Mr. Chambers, in his *Traditions of Edinburgh,* relates that when the long procession of sedan chairs started to carry Lady Eglintoune and her daughters to the balls in Edinburgh, held at the Assembly Rooms in the West Bow, "there was usually a considerable crowd of plebeian admirers congregated, to behold their lofty and graceful figures step from the chairs, on the pavement."

When Lady Margaret married Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Mugstat, in the Isle of Skye, she won the hearts of all her people by her gracious, winning ways: they carried their devotion so far, that we are told when she rode through the island they ran before her to

remove the stones off the road, lest her horse should stumble.[1]

She had inherited from her father her attachment to the Jacobite party, and she was well aware that her husband, at heart, was not averse to them, even though he was working in the employment of the Government; therefore she had less scruples of conscience in carrying out her intentions of aiding the Prince: all the same, when Flora hurriedly arrived with the news that he was only half a mile off, Lady Macdonald was much perturbed. A kinsman of hers, Captain Roy Macdonald, was in her house at the time; he had been wounded at Culloden, and was under her care for rest and medical treatment. Lady Macdonald sent him a message to beg him to join her in the garden, where he found her in earnest conversation with Flora and Alexander Macdonald of Kingsburgh, who acted as factor to Sir Alexander.

Captain Roy was then informed that not only the Prince was close by, but that the militia were searching all the coast and grounds belonging to the house; his opinion was therefore asked as to what could be done. Donald Roy said no matter what they agreed on doing, he would undertake it at the risk of his life. He endorsed the opinion that the Prince could not remain in Skye with any safety. After many suggestions, each being put on one side as not being sufficiently reassuring, it was finally thought best that Macdonald of Kingsburgh should take Charles to his own house for that night, which would put him within easy reach of Portree, and would enable him to cross to the Isle of Raasay, belonging to Macdonald of Raasay, a zealous Jacobite, who had also fought at Culloden for his Prince.

These plans having been elaborated for Charles's safety by this little band of devoted friends, Kingsburgh was deputed to accompany Charles to his home. He found the Prince sitting by the shore where he had been left by Flora. Kingsburgh told him of the charge confided to his care, and of his wish to help in his escape, and led the way across the moor, followed by the Prince and Mackechan. They had not proceeded far when they were joined by Flora, and another Mrs. Macdonald and her maid, who scrutinised Charles with disturbing persistency. When she was told that he was an Irish spinning-girl, the maid remarked that she "had never seen such an impudent-looking woman." She also took notice of his strange way of walking, and on one occasion in crossing a brook Charles lifted his skirt so high that Mackechan whispered to him to take care, or he

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 332.

would betray himself. After this warning, at the next brook Charles let his gown and cloak trail through the water, at which Kingsburgh exclaimed, "They call you a Pretender; all I can say is, that you are the worst at your trade that I ever saw."

They arrived at Kingsburgh House towards eleven o'clock that night, and his wife, not expecting his return, was in bed. She was roused by her little girl running upstairs and telling her that her father had returned, and had brought Flora Macdonald and other company with him, amongst whom was "a most odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife she had ever seen." Lady Kingsburgh would willingly have left her husband to attend to his unexpected guests, but he came to her room, and without further explanation begged that she would dress herself and come down at once. Wishing to oblige him, she proceeded to do so, and begged her girl to run and fetch the keys she had left in the hall; the child returned almost immediately in a state of alarm to tell her mother that she did not dare go into the hall, as "the tall, strange woman was walking up and down there."

Lady Kingsburgh now began strongly to suspect that her husband had brought some of the wretched fugitives, proscribed by law, to his house; for in those troubled times everyone was on the alert for surprises; she therefore hurried downstairs to see for herself what was the reason of this nocturnal disturbance.

Charles meanwhile had seated himself in the hall, near her husband: when Lady Kingsburgh entered, he rose, and according to the Highland form of salutation, kissed her on the cheek. Lady Kingsburgh not expecting to feel the roughness of a man's unshaved chin, trembled all over, and without trusting herself to say a word, she left the hall, followed by her husband. She begged him to allay her suspicions, for she told him she was convinced that the strange woman was a man in disguise. "My dear," replied Kingsburgh, smiling, "the man in the hall is the Prince himself." "The Prince!" she cried in terror; "then we are ruined; we shall all be hanged!"

"Never mind," responded Kingsburgh cheerfully, "we can die but once, and if we are hanged it will be for a good cause."

He begged her to prepare supper, and the table was soon laid with eggs, butter, and cheese. She was then bidden to sit next the Prince, to whom this simple meal represented a feast after his miserable fare of the last days. At the end of supper, Charles called for a bumper of brandy, and proposed "the health and prosperity of his landlord and landlady, and better times to them all."

After the ladies had retired, he and Kingsburgh sat near the wood fire and continued to smoke till three a.m. At that hour Kingsburgh suggested going to bed, but the Prince refused to do so till he had brewed another bowl of punch. Kingsburgh knew how important it was for Charles to have some hours' sleep before starting on fresh adventures, and rose to put away the bowl that had been filled more than once during the night; but Charles, with the obstinacy usual to him on small, as well as on great occasions, tried to get it out of his hands, and in the struggle the bowl fell on the floor, and was broken to pieces. There was nothing now left for Charles to do, save to go to bed; and this carouse, combined with the luxury of sleeping in a comfortable bed, resulted in his not waking till one o'clock the next afternoon. Flora was most anxious at this delay, and repeatedly sent Kingsburgh to the Prince's room to rouse him; but he slept so soundly that Kingsburgh had not the heart to do so. During these hours of waiting Flora had consulted with Lady Kingsburgh and Mrs. Macdonald, and they agreed that once out of sight of the house and the servants, it would be advisable that Charles should change his female attire, lest it got noised abroad that he had last been seen dressed as a woman, and Kingsburgh prepared a Highland dress of his own for the Prince.

As soon as Kingsburgh informed the ladies that the Prince was awake, Lady Kingsburgh told Flora that she wished for a lock of his hair, and urged her to go and ask Charles for it. Flora demurred at the proposal that she should enter his room; upon which Lady Kingsburgh retorted that no harm could come to her: the Prince was too good a man to harm anyone, and, knocking at the door, she accompanied Flora into the Prince's room, where he was found still in bed. On hearing the ladies' errand, he raised himself in bed, bade Flora sit in a chair near his bedside, and putting one arm round her waist, bent his head forward whilst she cut off a lock of his hair. This lock she and Lady Kingsburgh afterwards divided between them, and prized it till the end of their days more than all their other possessions.[1]

When Charles had gone through the preliminaries of dressing, Lady Kingsburgh and Flora Macdonald again went to his room to give the finishing touches to Betty Burke's costume.

Kingsburgh then entered with a new pair of brogues, as those worn by Charles were so dilapidated that his toes came through the leather.

[1] Flora's narrative, *The Lyon in Mourning*.

Whilst the Prince was putting on the brogues, Kingsburgh tied the old shoes together, and hanging them on a peg, said they might still be of use. "In what way?" said Charles.

"Why," replied his host, "when you are fairly settled at St. James's, I shall introduce myself by shaking these shoes at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof."

Though these shoes were never destined to appear at St. James's, they were carefully preserved till Kingsburgh's death, when they were cut into strips, and given to many Jacobite friends; it is even said that the ladies carried their loyalty to the extent of concealing pieces of them in the bodies of their dresses.[1]

The Prince being at last dressed to the entire satisfaction of the ladies, his hostess, with tears in her eyes, bade him farewell; and after watching him with anxious looks till out of sight of the house, she at once went back to the room the Prince had occupied, and carefully folding up the sheets in which he had slept, she declared that they should never be washed, or used till her death, when they would serve as her winding-sheet. She was afterwards persuaded to divide this precious souvenir of Charles with Flora Macdonald, and her injunction as to being buried in the sheet was strictly adhered to.[2]

Charles, accompanied by Flora, Kingsburgh, and Mackechan, entered a little wood near the house, where he put on a tartan short coat and waistcoat, with philibeg and short hose, a plaid, wig, and bonnet, supplied him by his good friend Kingsburgh. He then parted from his young master, and took charge of the discarded female garments, all of which were burnt, for fear of discovery, with the exception of the gown "sprigged with blue"; this was put on one side at the earnest request of Kingsburgh's little daughter, who lived to relate the privilege that had fallen to her lot to be the first to meet with "the muckle, ill-shapen woman," when he arrived at her father's house.

Not many days elapsed after the Prince's departure from Kingsburgh's hospitable roof before this gallant and loyal friend to Charles paid the penalty exacted of all those who befriended him. He was tracked by the Government, and heavily laden with chains, was confined in a dungeon at Fort Augustus; from thence he was removed to Edinburgh, where he was kept prisoner till the passing of the Act of

[1] *Life of Prince Charles Stuart,* vol. ii. p. 112.

[2] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 295.

Grace in 1747; he then returned to Kingsburgh, where he died in 1772.

After a tiring walk of fourteen miles over very rough ground, Charles and his companions arrived at Portree, where they found Donald Roy waiting their arrival with a boat to convey Charles to the Isle of Raasay; in it were the laird of that island and two sturdy boatmen. Before starting for new adventures the Prince went into a small public-house, where, after asking for a dram, he expressed a wish to change his shirt, as his long walk had been accomplished in pouring rain, and he was wet through; on noticing that Flora was in the room, he hesitated as he was on the point of throwing off his waistcoat, but Makechan prevailed on him to carry out his intentions of changing, and was corroborated by Flora in his urgent statement that this was not a time to stand on ceremony. This being done, a most painful moment now awaited Charles, as the hour had come to part with his benefactress Flora Macdonald. The emotion felt by both, rendered speech well-nigh impossible: twice Charles tried to form the words that would not pass his lips; he could only look at her in silence, whilst she, with quivering lips cast her eyes down, unable to trust herself to look in the face that had grown dear to her. He took off his cap and kissed her twice on the forehead; these two kisses touchingly implied all that words would have much less adequately expressed. After being called repeatedly by Mackechan, he could only say in faltering tones, "We must hope, madam, to meet in St. James's yet"; and laying in her hand a small sum of money he had borrowed from her, and his miniature, he hastily turned away, not trusting himself to say more; and thus the pathetic scene in the primitive little bar of the roadside inn on the desolate coast was closed.

Flora silently and sadly followed Charles out of the inn and saw him get into the boat that was to bear away from her the man who was occupying, not only her thoughts, but those of the whole of Europe. She strained her eyes till the little boat grew fainter and fainter in the distance, till the small speck against the horizon disappeared altogether; then deeply moved, and with a dull pain at her heart, she unwillingly turned away, and weary in mind and body from the past days' emotion and fatigue, she slowly made her way to her mother at Armadale, though not even to her did she relate the events in which she had taken such an active part.

But in spite of all these precautions, the secret was divulged that the Prince, in female attire, had been seen in her company; within a few days after his departure she was arrested, and taken first to

Dunstaffnage Castle, a short distance from Oban, for a few days, and from there she was conveyed to Leith Roads, where, her fame having preceded her arrival, many of the Prince's followers in Edinburgh craved permission to visit her.

By permission of Mrs. Grainger, to whose Mother the original engraving was given by Flora's Grand-daughter.

FLORA MACDONALD WITH CHARLES EDWARD'S MINIATURE IN HER HAND.

Her simplicity of demeanour and frank avowal of her share in the Prince's escape disarmed her custodians: she was treated by them with

the greatest leniency and courtesy, and without difficulty she was accorded many privileges unusual to those who had fallen into the hands of the Government.

Her period of detention at Leith was passed in comparative cheerfulness, though when asked by the commander of the ship on which she was detained if she would join in a dance on board, she refused, giving as her reason that her dancing days were over until she had the happiness of seeing the Prince again.[1] She left many regrets behind her the day the order came that she was to proceed to London by sea. At the end of her voyage she was imprisoned in the Tower, where one of the first visitors who had the curiosity to visit the "Pretender's deliverer" was Frederick, Prince of Wales. He asked her how she had brought herself to do a thing so contrary to the commands of her Sovereign, and so inimical to the interests of her country; to which she replied, she considered she had only obeyed the dictates of humanity, and that were His Royal Highness or any of the Royal Family placed in the same circumstances as those which had befallen Prince Charles, she would act in the same way by them.

Prince Frederick was so pleased at her reply that he exerted himself to have Flora released from prison; and it was due to him that she was liberated from the Tower without a single question being asked her.[2]

On being freed from prison, she passed some time at her friend's house, Lady Primrose, a staunch Jacobite. Whilst here, Flora became the heroine of the fashionable London world. She was overwhelmed with presents, and received donations that amounted to £1,500. This enabled her, on her return to Scotland, to marry her kinsman, Macdonald of Kingsburgh, the son of Kingsburgh, who had offered his services to Prince Charles. It became an essential feature in the daily drive of the elegant society belles to tell their coachmen to draw up at Lady Primrose's house, where a long row of carriages both afternoon and evening testified to the interest excited by this simple girl of the Highlands, who, unspoilt by all the flattery and compliments addressed to her, remained the unselfish and guileless Flora Macdonald, as known to Charles Edward.

In 1773 Boswell and Dr. Johnson mention in their *Tour in the Hebrides* that they found Flora and her husband installed in the house that remained impregnated with the sentiment of those few historic hours, the remembrance of which would hallow the old Scotch home

[1] Thomson, vol. iii. p. 369.

[2] *History of the Rebellion,* vol. ii., Appendix, p. 328.

to its inmates as long as it was left standing.

Dr. Johnson and his friend were given the use of the room where Charles Edward passed the night; each bed had tartan curtains, and to Dr. Johnson fell the privilege of occupying the bed slept in by the Prince. On Boswell remarking that he was a lucky man to have been the one chosen to use that bed, Flora Macdonald said she had been told that Dr. Johnson was a young English buck, and that naturally "young bucks are always favourites of the ladies." Dr. Johnson considered it a great honour to be the guest of the "far-famed Miss Flora Macdonald, a pleasing person, and of elegant behaviour."

Flora and her husband emigrated to America shortly after this visit of Dr. Johnson; but on the breaking out of troubles owing to the Civil War, Kingsburgh was imprisoned on account of the assistance he gave to the Royalist party. On his release, and after the independence of America was acknowledged, he and his wife returned to Skye, where she died at the age of seventy in 1790. Before her death she again insisted on her desire to be wrapped in the sheet on which Prince Charlie had lain, and thus to the closing moments of her life she bore in her memory the touching souvenirs of the idyll of 1746.

Though it had been considered of such importance that Charles should leave Skye, he was disappointed of the expected shelter at Raasay, as all the huts and buildings had been burnt to the ground owing to the Duke of Cumberland's stringent orders. The Prince's bed was made of heather; but if the lodging was rough, he at least had plenty of fresh provisions, as young Raasay, the owner of the island, had all that was required at hand. After three days passed there Charles became restless, and urgently begged to be taken back to Skye, from where he still had hopes of being rescued by ships from France. The Laird of Raasay, not wishing to accept the responsibility of running counter to the Prince's desire, set sail on the evening of July 3rd in the same open boat which had brought them to Raasay. The wind rose before they had proceeded far, and so much water was in the boat that the whole party would have wished to return to Raasay; but the Prince insisted on their continuing their sail across, and sang them songs in the Erse language to encourage them.

After a rough voyage of fifteen miles, they landed safe at Troternish; but as there was no convenient landing-place, they had to jump out in the surf, and Charles, wet to the skin, helped to haul the boat ashore. They lost no time in looking round for some shelter to

pass the remaining hours of the night, but the only available hut was an old cow-shed: here they passed a few wretched hours without a fire to dry their clothes, or any food to satisfy their hunger.

The next morning, stiff from cold and wet, the party walked across the moors into Mackinnon's country. The old chief, on hearing that the Prince was in his land, hastened to meet him, and told him that he must be conveyed to the mainland without a moment's loss, as the militia were scouring all his part of the country. A boat was hastily procured, and the walk back to the shore was accomplished not without some danger, as they occasionally met a few country people wandering about; and though Charles, when passing them, took care to act as if he were Mackinnon's servant, and touched his bonnet to him, still in the words of one of the men, "nothing could disguise the majestic mien and carriage of the true Prince."

The boat was in readiness on the shore. Thus Charles's wanderings of over two months in the islands were concluded, and he returned to the mainland, where dangers as great as those he had avoided awaited him.

They started for Loch Nevis, and after a rough voyage of thirty miles they landed at Mallay, seven to eight miles distant from Borrodaile. Charles, escorted by Mackinnon, made his way there across the moor, and could not restrain his tears on finding the home of Angus Macdonald reduced to blackened ruins, and he himself living in a small bothy on his estate.

The Prince sadly contemplated these numerous instances of suffering consequent on the loyalty of the Highlanders to his cause, and it was not without compunction that he witnessed the break up of homes and of families who had volunteered to put their lives at his disposal. In this case not only was Macdonald homeless, but his favourite son had fallen at Culloden, and the old man was sad and lonely.

Three days' strict seclusion were passed at Borrodaile for the sake of deliberating on the next best step to be taken, as round the neighbouring district General Campbell was drawing the cordon tighter every day. From various sources of information obtained by spies, the General was convinced that Charles was skulking near Loch Nevis; he therefore planted a line of sentinels within sight of each other, and organised the chain so that no space of ground, within an area of twenty miles, was to remain for more than a few minutes at a time unvisited. By these means he made sure that either the Prince

would be captured in endeavouring to cross one range of mountains to another, or, if he found himself obliged to return to the coast, he would be made prisoner by the British cruisers that were on the alert. This cunningly conceived project for baffling any future attempts of escape displays an ingenuity that makes it hard to conceive how the Prince could possibly avoid falling into the net so carefully spread to trip him up; but there was one loophole in the closely woven woof which was sufficient to ensure his safety. The sentinels crossed each other as they passed between the fires that were lighted at night at each post; as they crossed to the fire opposite, their backs were necessarily turned towards each other, and the space between them was thus left unguarded for a certain time.[1] This trifling flaw in the scheme for the Prince's capture was important enough to save him. When the near approach of the English soldiers, and the likely plot contrived by General Campbell to make him prisoner, was notified to Charles, he bade farewell to Mackinnon and Angus Macdonald; and accompanied only by Donald Cameron of Glenpean, who was well acquainted with every glen and pass of that wild district, the Prince, after an arduous and exhausting climb, found, at the end of two days, that they were so near the posts of the enemy that they could even hear the sentinels' cries as they passed slowly backwards and forwards.

The hopes of eluding the soldiers seemed now almost desperate, the military apparently surrounded them on every side; and a feeling of indifference as to his fate was coming over the weary, footsore Prince, who seemed to plunge into greater trials and difficulties at each new attempt to get clear of his pursuers.

Seeing how low-spirited the Prince was, Cameron and two Macdonalds who were with him took the decision into their own hands. The want of provisions was so great, and the troops were so active in their pursuit of the Prince, that Glenpean said he would be the first to try if it were feasible to cross the sentinels without discovery: should he accomplish this, and if he were able also to return through the line, he would then be reassured as to the Prince making the attempt.

Charles could not be otherwise than impressed at this new proof of zeal for his welfare shown by Cameron, who successfully carried out what he had undertaken to do, and on his safe return Charles and the Macdonalds followed him up a deep and narrow defile. It was about two o'clock in the morning, and daylight was slowly taking the place

[1] *History of the Rebellion,* vol. ii. p. 199.

of the campfires, when stealthily and cautiously Charles followed Cameron, who was the guide of the party. Wherever it was possible they crouched behind the rocks and boulders that served to screen them from view; and in this way they got to within a few yards of the sentinels. The moment was one of intense excitement: Charles held his breath during the few moments of suspense, that seemed to be hours, whilst they waited their opportunity of creeping on all-fours between the sentinels when their backs were turned. It was an incident full of dramatic interest: the success of the plan seemed to hang on a thread; and after this audacious experience had been safely accomplished all the party breathed again: Charles recovered his spirits, and felt as if all future dangers would be light compared to the one just avoided. They realised the risk they had run all the more when they spied an officer and some of his men advance along the path they had just left; they passed so close to the fugitives that they could barely conceal themselves behind some rocks and underwood, fortunately sufficiently thick to hide them from sight.

After a short rest, Charles determined, after a consultation with Cameron of Glenpean, to pursue his way to the Braes of Glenmorriston and Strathglass, where the only shelter he could find was that afforded by a low, narrow cave. The space was so cramped that he could not stretch himself full length; food there was none; and though wet to the skin through incessant rain, there were no means of lighting a fire: the only consolation left him was his pipe, and in these miserable conditions did he pass the night.

The following morning, stiff and cold, the little party, who had been forty-eight hours without food, continued their march to a retreat of which Cameron had been told on the hill of Corambian. On the top of this desolate moorland unexpected aid came to the wanderers through seven outlaws, who had been proscribed for the part they had taken in the insurrection, and had therefore been compelled to seek refuge in a cavern in these mountains: all means of gaining a livelihood having been debarred to them, they lived entirely by plunder and depredation. They went by the name of the Seven Men of Glenmorriston, and had sworn to stand by each other; and whenever they had the chance, they bound themselves to deal with the victors of Culloden as they had themselves been dealt by.

No sooner did these freebooters recognise the Prince in the dishevelled, ragged wayfarer who claimed hospitality at their hands, than they fell down on their knees to do him homage: they at once put food before him, welcomed him to their cave, and rendered him

every assistance in their power.

Wishing to provide him with better clothes than the torn rags in which he stood, they waylaid, and acting on the principle that evil was permissible when good would accrue from it, killed the servant of an English officer, who was on his way to Fort Augustus with his master's luggage. Some of the clothes found in the portmanteau were reserved for the use of the Prince; with the other articles of clothing one of the robbers entered Fort Augustus, and thus disguised, was enabled to pick up any information that might be of use to Charles.[1]

During the three weeks that he was the guest of these outlaws, he lived in what was to him under the circumstances comparative luxury, to which he had for long been a stranger. Though the only bed they could offer him was of heather, he was the object of their whole care and attention, and they daily went foraging for him to endeavour to bring back any delicacy that might please the royal guest sharing their fortune.

At the end of this time, Charles, who had in some degree recuperated his strength through the rest and plentiful food supplied to him, expressed a wish to penetrate into Lochiel's country and to put himself under the protection of that gallant chief, in the hopes that he might assist him to escape to France. Most unwillingly did the seven robbers accept this decision of the Prince. "Stay with us," they cried; "the mountains of gold which the Government have set upon your head may induce some to betray you, to us there exists no such temptation. Were we to injure a hair of your head, the very mountains would fall down to crush us to death," and they used all the persuasions they could command to induce him to stay. They might have put to shame others in different circumstances by the unflinching devotion they testified to Charles long after he had left them. Knowing how important it was to keep his movements secret, he had been in France for more than a year before it was known that he had been hidden by those lawless, yet honest, Highlanders.

It is related of Chisholm, one of the seven banditti, that in after years, when he was in Edinburgh, he was visited by many persons, merely out of curiosity, who wished to converse with and see a man who could affirm that he had been in closer intimacy with the Prince than many friends of his own standing and birth. But on these occasions when he was interviewed by idlers and busybodies, he

[1] *Tales of a Grandfather,* vol. iii. p. 293.

invariably offered them his left hand, explaining as he did so, that having had the honour of shaking hands with the Prince on parting from him, he had resolved never to give his right hand to anyone till he saw the Prince again.[1]

Lochiel having been put into communication with Charles through the intermediary of his friends, the Prince, with undisguised regret, left the cave where rough but cordial hospitality had been dispensed to him for three weeks, and accompanied only by Chisholm and P. Grant out of the band of the seven, he started for Loch Arkeg. There he was met by Dr. Archibald Cameron, a brother of Lochiel's, who had begged him to hurry forward and put himself at the Prince's disposal, as owing to his wounds he had difficulty in moving about quickly. Lochiel had undergone almost as many hardships as the Prince after the battle of Culloden. He was carried off the field badly wounded in the ankles, and had it not been for Cluny Macpherson, who tended him with great care, he would not have recovered sufficiently to stand the rough life that followed for many months.

His home of Achnacarrie was burned to the ground as well as the village and the cotters' homes. He himself took refuge with Cluny in the wilds of Badenoch; and though almost destitute of means, when it came to his ears that such of his clansmen as had escaped the sword were starving by the wayside, he took out his purse, and finding it still contained five guineas, he gave it to his friend who had told him this sad tale of suffering, saying, "I am sure I have not as much as this sum for myself, but if I be spared, I know where to get more, whereas these poor people know not where to get the smallest assistance."[2]

When Archibald Cameron saw a man standing before him in a dirty shirt, an old black tartan coat, a plaid, philibeg, a musket in his hand, and a pistol and dirk at his side, barefooted, and with a long red beard, he gave a start, and it was not without a deep feeling of pity that he realised that this was the Prince. It required a good deal of imagination to associate this weather-beaten, sunburnt freebooter, and Charles Edward as one and the same man, so careful of his attire, whose chief characteristic was his delicacy of skin, and refined features, inherited from his mother.[3]

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[1] *History of the Highlands,* vol. iii. p. 323.

[2] Thomson, vol. i. p. 369.

[3] Thomson, vol. i. p. 375.

Nevertheless, the meeting between the two was most cordial; a cow was killed to celebrate the occasion, and even the luxury of some bread had been obtained from Fort Augustus.

Charles, having ascertained from Cameron that both Lochiel and Cluny were well, showed great impatience to join the two chieftains: he was told by Cameron that they had been residing for some time on the side of the mountain of Ben Alder, which was on Cluny's property, near Rannoch.

Cameron, however, recommended caution before Charles should advance to meet his brother, and undertook to go forward and see if the way to the Braes of Rannoch was clear of danger.

During his absence Charles, who was sleeping on the mountain side, was roused early in the morning by a child who said she saw a body of "redcoats." Chisholm and P. Grant peered down the valley, where true enough a troop of soldiers was to be seen searching the woods close at hand. The party in a state of great alarm had to grope their way up the face of the mountain, by a deep channel of a torrent, that prevented them from being seen. This was not the only mountain they climbed during that day, for they considered that it was necessary to put a greater distance between their pursuers and themselves; they therefore toiled up another hill called Mullantagart, and by the time they had done this Charles was in such a state of exhaustion that he had to be held up and supported by the Highlanders, who, though inured to a mountaineering life and no comforts, were themselves so utterly tired out that they could barely stagger on to their destination where they were to meet Cameron. Here he soon joined them, and raised their depressed spirits with the news that the passes were less rigorously guarded, and that they might venture to the place where Lochiel was anxiously waiting for them.

After a few days' halt to restore their strength for fresh exertions, they started for Badenoch, where Lochiel was expecting the Prince. When a message was brought him that Charles was in sight, Lochiel could not restrain his impatience to greet him, and leaving his hut, hobbled as fast as he could in the direction pointed out to him, though his ankles were still very weak from the wounds. He had not proceeded far when he saw the Prince, followed by his little band of Highlanders close to him, and as he approached Lochiel prepared to kneel; but Charles advancing with a light step prevented him from doing so, and laying a hand on his shoulder, said, "Oh no, my dear Lochiel, we do not know who may be looking from the top of yonder

hills, and if they see any such motions they will conclude that I am here."

Lochiel accompanied the Prince back to the hut where Cluny Macpherson was standing to welcome him. He also, cap in hand, was in the act of kneeling to Prince Charles, but he stopped him and, embracing Cluny warmly, said to him, "I am sorry, Cluny, you and your regiment were not at Culloden. I did not hear till very lately that you were so near us that day."

A good repast was laid for the wanderers, after which the Prince pledged his friends in a dram—a habit of his that was becoming of frequent occurrence. The evening passed in accounts of the various adventures that each had undergone, and pleasure was on all their faces at meeting again after such terrible experiences.

When Charles had taken a few days' rest in this hut, Lochiel considered it advisable, for greater safety, that he should move to a retreat he and Cluny had constructed for themselves, where protection was more assured.

This mysterious abode was in a thick, almost impenetrable wood, and it was so hidden in the midst of the trees, that only a most experienced eye might chance to observe an opening. Through this opening was a room sufficiently large for six or seven people. It went by the name of the Cage from its shape, the top of which was round or oval. There happened to be two stones at a small distance apart from each other on one side of the Cage, where a fire could be made. The smoke passed out through the rocks that thus formed a funnel, and the rocks and smoke being so much the same colour, it was hard to distinguish one from the other, even on the clearest day.

Cluny appears to have had similar places of concealment in various parts of his property, and for the long period of nine years he lived principally in the one nearest to his former home, which had been burnt to the ground by the English troops. His own people always knew in which of his retreats he was to be found, and went to him at night to take him whatever he required. Though a thousand pounds was offered to anyone who would divulge his hiding-place, this bribe had no influence on the loyalty of his tenantry and peasants, who scorned to give any clue as to where their chief was in concealment, and for all those years preserved an unbroken silence on the subject till Cluny left for France September 4th, 1754, at the special request of Charles Edward.

We now approach the termination of the Prince's hardships of the

past five months. The position he occupied on Ben Alder put him in easier communication with the coast, and facilitated information as to the vessels in sight. Any important news was conveyed by those from the shore, who passed on the intelligence they were able to obtain to trustworthy adherents of the Prince. They on their part undertook to transmit to him what had been entrusted to their fidelity.

The day it was known that a French vessel was in sight and was to all appearances bound for Lochnanuagh, a poor woman was commissioned to be the bearer of these glad tidings to Charles. On further inquiries these tidings were corroborated, for Colonel Warren, of Villon's regiment, had succeeded in procuring two vessels of war, *L'Heureux* and the *Princesse de Conti,* destined for the relief of the Prince.

The ships were already in port during the time it took to convey this message to Charles, who made hurried preparations to avail himself of this long-hoped-for aid; but whilst occupying himself with his own escape, he was considerate to others, and lost no time in sending notices to various friends who might wish to profit by this opportunity of leaving Scotland. On the 13th of September Charles bade a warm farewell to Cluny and his men, and accompanied by Lochiel, Glengarry, Roy Stewart, and Dr. Cameron, arrived at Lochnanuagh after being six days on the road. Besides these personal friends, twenty-three gentlemen and over a hundred Highlanders availed themselves of the two vessels.

When Charles Edward found himself fairly embarked for France, the thoughts surging through his brain can better be conjectured than described. The whole expedition, since the day he landed on the wild, deserted coast to which he was now saying farewell, passed before him and seemed to resemble the fantastic delusions of one who, recovering from severe illness, is frequently tormented by the irrational uncontrolled thoughts that persistently assert themselves. On every side he was confronted with the scenery that brought before him, not only his own sufferings, but the misfortunes that had befallen his loyal Highlanders, whose happy homes had been devastated, and they themselves reduced to misery. If he turned away from gazing at the coast getting gradually lost to view as each breath of wind put distance between him and the mainland, his eye often fell on Lochiel, broken in spirits as well as in health, and the scene at Borrodaile, when he discarded the chieftain's advice, came to his mind with a pang of remorse. At other times the image of Flora Macdonald stood before him as when he had last seen her, clear and defined; and not

without some feeling of affection, he dwelt on the memory of those long hours passed with her on the sea and on the mainland, and recalled her many proofs of courage and devotion, regardless of the risk to which she was exposing herself.

As the voyage proceeded, the comforts of good food and rest restored the Prince to all his natural vigour, and with improved spirits he turned his thoughts to the future instead of allowing them to dwell on what was over and past. When he safely landed at Morlaix, in Brittany, September 29th, 1746, the disastrous pages of his expedition were already almost obliterated from his memory, whereas the brilliant episodes of his campaign stood out in bold relief.

But if, owing to the distractions of the voyage, combined with a feeling of gratitude that his hardships were over, Charles was enabled to banish the past from his thoughts, such was not the case with those he had left behind. Not only was the story of Bonnie Prince Charlie handed down from father to child by those who were proud to be able to say that they had served him to the best of their ability, but to this day the traditions of the Jacobites form the foundation of the strong poetic sentiment so characteristic of the Highland race.

The cruelties inflicted by the Duke of Cumberland caused moaning and woe, but the vindictive persecutions to which most fell victims increased rather than diminished the touching affection shown to the Prince; and though for the sake of precaution many devices were resorted to on occasions when it was judged more prudent to conceal real intentions, yet no customs sacred to the memory of the Stuarts were allowed to pass into disuse.

No Jacobite ever got up from table without drinking to "the King" with apparent loyalty, but while so doing he never neglected to move his wine-glass to the farthest side of the water-jug; this movement, unobserved by most of the guests at table, was understood by those initiated as to its meaning to be a toast to the King beyond the sea. In connection with this toast we are told that Miss Carnegy, a staunch Jacobite, to show her contempt for these subterfuges, vowed she would drink to King James and his son in a large company of Brunswickers; her friends tried to dissuade her from acting so foolishly, but undeterred in her resolution her only reply to their remonstrances was, in a loud voice to propose the toast of "James Third and Aucht,"[1] and then she drank off her glass, to the dismay of

[1] James the Third of England and Eighth of Scotland.

the Brunswickers.

Fortunately the isolation in which the greater part of the followers of Charles lived spared them the pain of hearing of the decline and fall of their idol, and with their undiminished faith in the Prince whom they loved, not only for his courage, but for the belief that their attachment to him was reciprocated, they still continued to worship at his shrine, and were as ready to fight for his honour though he was absent as they had done for his person when he was near to inspire them with enthusiasm, and when he captivated all their hearts by the charm of his presence.

In closing the first part of this book it may be said that the writer's endeavour has been to renew acquaintance with a subject which, though well known, is always greeted as an old friend. The different scenes, commencing with Charles Edward's birth in Rome and leading on to his return to France after defeat, have been introduced as stepping-stones to land the reader in the less worn tracks of his later life and death in Italy, and also for the purpose of enlarging on the Countess d'Albanie's interesting connection with Alfieri, Foscolo, and other celebrities, and her friendship with the Cardinal of York, all of whom are connected, in greater or lesser degree, with the ill-fated House of Stuart.

END OF VOL. I.

APPENDIX A

Extracts from a note-book found in the Duke of Monmouth's pocket when he was taken prisoner, chiefly in his own handwriting.

"To make the face fair.

"Take fresh bean blossoms and distill them, and with the water wash your face."

"To write letters of secrets.

"Take fine allum, beat it small, and put a reasonable quantity of it into water. Then writ with the said water. The work cannot be read but by steeping your paper into fair running water."

"The different routes the Duke of Monmouth marched over when in command.

"The batterys that can be made at Filughing (sic) to keep ships from coming in. The Bastion wher the windmill is, may have sixe great guns. The Canalye may have nine. Then from the Canalie there is a long wall may be made wth rasing the earth to hold 20 great guns, etc."

"The way from London to East Tilbury.
from London to Bow
from Bow to Stradford
from Stradford to Barkin
from Barkin to Dagnam

it is eleven miles from London to Dagnam, from Dagnam to Rainham 2 miles, from Rainham to Kennington 1 mile."

"For the Teeth.

"Wash your mouth continually and every morning wth the juyce of lemons."

"I came from Antwerp last night the 11th March, new stile '85, I lay that night at Broschote, that is 2 hours from Antwerp, the next day I went to Risbery wher I lay, w^{ch} is two hours from Breda and 8 hours from Antwerp, the 13th of March: this night I lay at Ramsdouth w^{ch} is over against Gertheredinberg, could not gitt to Dort last night the Ice being so much in the river before Gerthredinberg. the 14th I came to Dort, came by water from Ramsdouth and took wagen over against Moordyke w^{ch} is two hours

very frosty weather a great deal of snow, then rain.

from Dort."

"The Duke makes his protestation.

"Save me O God as a Brand snatched out of the fire. "Receive me O my Jesu as a sheep that hath wandred, but is now returned to the great Shepherd and Bishop of my soul," etc.

APPENDIX B

"Lapide esistente al Coretto ove era solita orare.

"Hoc in Sacello M. Clementina Subieschi Magnae Britanniae Regina ab anno MDCCXXV. Mensibus XIX. Diebus XXIII. Mane, vespere, alijsque horis abinde quoad vixit semel saltern in Hebdomada orare consuevit."

APPENDIX C

"Lapide esistente nella Sala dell' Appartamento ove dimorava
Mª Clementina-Subieschi.

"Clementina Subieschi Jacobi III Magnae Brittaniae Regis conjugi, quod augustas hasce cedes, hospes amplissima diu incoluerit, et omnibus quae in hac sacra domo sunt, Religione, Pietate, ac innumeris virtutum exemplis assidue praluxerit: Abbatissa et Cenobij Moniales, perennis carum obsequij et animi devinctissimi testem, monumentum posuere Anno Dom: MDCCXXVII."

APPENDIX D

"Lapide essistente nella Camera ove dormiva la Principessa. "M. Clementina Subieschi M. Britanniae Regina ab anno MDCCXXV per XIX menses diesque XXIII. Cubiculum hoc summa animi moderatione et demisse inhabitavit religiosis moribus santificavit."

APPENDIX E

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

"It was highly wrong to have set up the royal standard without having positive assurances from his Most Christian Majesty, that he would assist you with all his force; and as your royal family lost the crown of these realms upon the account of France, the world did and had reason to expect that France would seize the first favourable opportunity to restore your august family.

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

"The want of provisions was another misfortune which had the most fatal consequence. Mr. Hay, whom your royal highness trusted with the principal direction of ordering provisions of late, and without whose orders a boll of meal or farthing of money was not to be delivered, has served your royal highness egregiously ill. When I spoke to him, he told me the thing is ordered, it will be got, &c.*;* but

he neglected his duty to such a degree, that our ruin might probably have been prevented had he done his duty. In short, the three last days which were so critical, our army was starved. This was the reason our night march was rendered abortive, when we possibly might have surprised and defeated the enemy at Nairn; but for want of provisions a third of the army scattered to Inverness, &c, and the other who marched had not spirits to make it so quick as was necessary, being really faint for want of provisions.

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

"Your royal highness knows I always told I had no design to continue in the army. I would of late, when I came last from Athole, have resigned my commission; but all my friends told me it might be prejudice to the cause at such a critical time.

"I hope your royal highness will now accept of my demission. What commands you have for me in any other situation, please honour me with them.

"I am, with great zeal, Sir, your royal highness's most dutiful and humble servant,

"GEORGE MURRAY.

"Ruthven, 17th April, 1746.

"I have taken the liberty to keep 500 pieces, which shan't be disposed upon except you give leave."[1]

[1] From the Stuart Papers in the possession of His Majesty.

APPENDIX F

"For the Chiefs.

"When I came into this country, it was my only view to do all in my power for your good and safety. This I will always do as long as life is in me. But alas! I see with grief I can at present do little for you on this side of the water, for the only thing that can now be done is to defend yourselves till the French assist you, if not to be able to make better terms. To effectuate this, the only way is to assemble in a body as soon as possible, and then to take measures for the best, which you that know the country are only judges of.

"This makes me be of little use here; whereas, by my going into France instantly, however dangerous it will be, I will certainly engage the French court either to assist us effectually and powerfully, or at least to procure you such terms as you would not obtain otherways. My presence there, I flatter myself, will have more effect to bring this sooner to a determination than any body else, for several reasons; one of which I will mention here; viz., it is thought to be a politick (policy) though a false one, of the French court, not to restore our master, but to keep a continual civil war in this country, which renders the English government less powerful, and of consequence themselves more. This is absolutely destroyed by my leaving the country, which nothing else but this will persuade them that this play cannot last, and if not remedied, the Elector will soon be as despotick as the French King, which, I should think, will oblige them to strike the great stroke, which is always in their power, however averse they may have been to it for the time past. Before leaving off, I must recommend to you, that all things should be decided by a council of all your chiefs, or, in any of your absence, the next commander of your several corps with the assistance of the Duke of Perth, and Lord George Murray, who, I am persuaded, will stick by you to the very last. My departure should be kept as long private and concealed as possible on one pretext or other which you will fall upon.

"May the Almighty bless and direct you."[1]

PLYMOUTH
WILLIAM BRENDON AND SON, PRINTERS

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