



**"BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE"**  
*From an original picture, the property of  
P.J. Canning Howard, Esq., Corby Castle, Cumberland.*

BONNIE  
PRINCE CHARLIE  
IN  
CUMBERLAND.

BY

**J. A. WHEATLEY.**

Author of "Dramatic Sketches." &c.

*With Illustrations from Photographs by the Author.*

CARLISLE:  
CHAS. THURNAM & SONS, 11 ENGLISH STREET

---

1903.

### **ILLUSTRATIONS.**

Prince Charlie, from Mr. Howard's Picture

Carlisle in 1745, from the North

Map of Carlisle and Environs

The House at Moorhouse

The Pistol at Moorhouse

The House at Blackhall

Thy House at Brampton

The House at Carlisle

Carlisle in 1745, from the North-west

Major Macdonald's Cell

Major MacDonald's Sword

The Carlisle Medal

The Capon Tree

TO

PHILIP J. CANNING HOWARD. ESQ.,

CORBY CASTLE, CUMBERLAND,

TO WHOM THE AUTHOR IS INDEBTED FOR MUCH

VALUABLE INFORMATION AND ASSISTANCE

THIS BOOK IS BY KIND PERMISSION

DEDICATED.

Blythely they saw the rising sun,  
Where he shone fair on Carlisle Wall;  
But they were sad ere day was done,  
Though love was still the Lord of all.  
*Lay of the Last Minstrel—SCOTT.*

## Bonnie Prince Charlie in Cumberland.

THERE is probably no episode in the history of the Border Counties of England and Scotland which still excites so much interest as the rebellion which led to the capture of Carlisle by Prince Charles Edward Stuart, and its subsequent re-capture by the Duke of Cumberland, in the year familiarly known as "The '45."

It is not only that the event was in itself sufficiently startling, as the last attempt at the invasion of our country; but it was attended by so many romantic incidents arising from the attractive personality of its leader and that of his adherents, that it has become the theme of some of our greatest poets and novelists, whose genius has shed lustre over events which would otherwise have become lost in obscurity, and has even extorted a feeling of admiration for the gallantry which prompted the effort, and sympathy for the misfortunes that followed on its defeat, from many who would have regarded its success as a terrible misfortune for their country and themselves.

I propose in this paper to confine myself mainly to local events, dwelling only, and very briefly, on such a general outline of the rebellion as will suffice to introduce the narrative in a connected form and give interest to the story. Those who desire to study the subject more in detail I would refer to Mr. Andrew Lang's admirable work "Prince Charles Edward," published in 1900 by Goupil and Co., mainly from data supplied by the Stuart papers at "Windsor Castle."<sup>1</sup> This gives the general history, illustrated by a series of excellent portraits, not only of the Stuart family, but of many of the leading actors in the great drama which held so long the chief interest on the National Stage. The details of the Siege of Carlisle and the events connected with it will also be found in Mr. George Gill Mounsey's "Occupation of Carlisle in 1745," compiled from the correspondence of Dr. Waugh, Chancellor of the Diocese and Prebendary of Carlisle.

I hope I may be able to add to these excellent authorities some additional matter, not without importance, more especially so those interested in Border story. If this should prove to be so, it is evident that the sooner the task is undertaken the better, because the passage of time, which has obliterated so many landmarks, threatens already to sweep away some of the few that still remain to us.

I may remind you that Prince Charles Edward Stuart, grandson of James II of England and VII of Scotland, landed with seven followers, afterwards known as "The Seven Men of Moidart," on the 23rd July, 1745, at the little island of Eriskay, on the N.W. of Scotland, from whence, after sending notice of his arrival to the

---

<sup>1</sup> New Edition. Longmans, 1903. Not illustrated.

neighbouring island of South Uist, he again set sail and landed at Borrodale, in the country of Clanranald, a chieftain devoted to his cause. The Prince was at first coldly received by the highland chiefs, who regarded his object as desperate. One of them advised him to return home. "I AM come home," was the reply, but not one man was in favour of the resolve. Some of his supposed friends were actually in correspondence with the Government, and were prepared to betray him.

It was at this time, when his fortunes were trembling in the balance, that one of those dramatic incidents happened on which great events sometimes hang. On the arrival of his messengers from Skye, with evasive and discouraging replies from two chiefs whom he had summoned to his standard, the Prince turned to Ronald Macdonald, the young brother of Kinloch Moidart. Whom he saw with kindling eyes, grasping his sword hilt, "Will YOU not assist me?" he exclaimed. "I will, though no other man in the Highlands will draw his sword," cried the lad. The electric spark was emitted, which fired the spirit of chivalry hitherto latent in the breasts of the assembled chieftains, prudence and hesitation were thrown to the winds, and the timid and wavering were swept away in the flood. At Glenfinnan his standard was raised by the Marquis of Tullibardine, and at the head of 1,200 men the Prince declared war on George II, whom he styled "Elector of Hanover." His force was now rapidly augmented, and Sir John Cope, who commanded the Royal forces in Scotland, finding himself without support from the loyal clans, and in no condition to risk an engagement, retreated to Inverness, leaving the road to Edinburgh open to the Prince.

The occupation of the capital was followed by the battle of Preston Pans, in which the Royal forces sustained a disastrous and ignominious defeat. The Prince was now on the crest of the wave. He marched back to Edinburgh in triumph, and took up his abode in the ancient palace of Holyrood, the historic abode of the kings of Scotland.

When Charles Edward at the head of about 8,000 Highlanders marched into England, two armies were ready to oppose him. One, under Marshal Wade, lay at Newcastle-on-Tyne; the other, under the Duke of Cumberland (a younger son of King George), who had been hastily summoned from Flanders with all the troops he could muster, was stationed in the Midlands. The Prince was in favour of marching to Berwick and attacking Wade, but a more prudent policy was finally adopted. This was to avoid the army on the East Coast by taking the western side of the island, by which means the Highlanders might penetrate a considerable distance into England without opposition, gaining time to swell their numbers in their advance by the accession of numerous adherents, who had been represented as eagerly waiting an opportunity to join their standard.

This plan once adopted, no time was lost beyond that necessary to complete their preparations. They advanced in three divisions, one by Peebles, a second by Hawick, and a third by Kelso. The last, under the command of the Prince in person, accompanied by Lord George Murray and the Duke of Perth, seemed to threaten Wade, but turning westward, pushed past the General and marched on Dumfries before the trick was discovered.

In the meantime great was the alarm along the line of march. In Cumberland the rumour of intended invasion had at first been treated with ridicule, but after the news of Preston Pans the friends of the Government set about anxious preparations for defence. Carlisle, as the only walled and fortified City along the western route, became at once a place of great importance. The population at this time was about 4,000. It had sunk in previous years to half the number, and Hutchinson, in his History of Cumberland, published in 1716, describes it as being in a deplorable state. Only the main streets were paved, and even these were covered with grass in many places; with elevated causeways and deeply depressed gutters, receptacles for filth, crossed at intervals by short bridges, without which the streets would in wet weather have been impassable. The houses were, many of them, built of wood and clay, generally one storey in height and roofed with thatch. The gable ends mostly fronted the streets, and showed long rows of porches at the entrance doors, built, as the author quaintly adds, for warmness. The City walls are described for the most part as about six feet high and about five feet in breadth, access and egress being provided by three gates facing north, west, and south, called respectively the Scotch, Irish, and English gates.

In "The '45" every position of importance within the City seems to have been filled by deputy. The Governor was General Elliot, who resided in London. Even the Lieut.-Governor was non-resident. The Mayor was a Mr. Backhouse, but the person who performed the actual duties was Mr. Thomas Pattinson. The charge of the Castle had been up to recently in the hands of Captain Gilpin and 80 veteran soldiers retired from active service. There was also an official master gunner, and one or two unskilled men appointed to assist him.

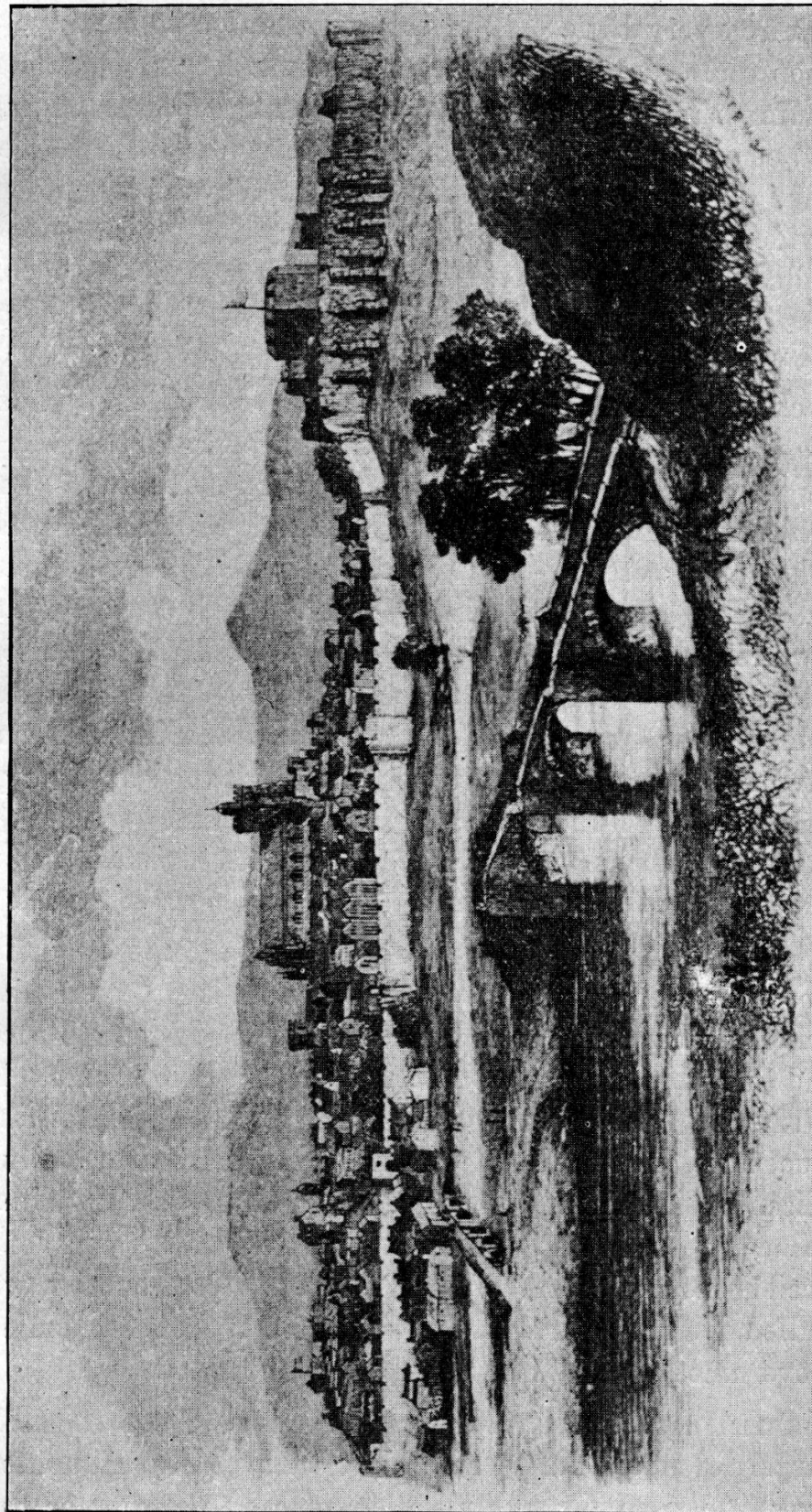
When the threatened invasion rendered the defence of Carlisle a matter of vital importance, application was made by the Lord-Lieutenant of Cumberland (the Earl of Lonsdale) to the Duke of Newcastle, principal Secretary of State, for the services of 500 men belonging to two line regiments, who were available, being on their way home from Ireland. The reply was: "Carlisle was not a place of such importance as to justify the Government in going to the expense of sending an express for that purpose." So that one of the keys of England was sacrificed in order to save the expenditure



of £50. The Lord-Lieutenant, with a wider grasp and clearer knowledge of the situation, exerted himself to make the best arrangements in his power. By persistent representation he at length procured the appointment of Col. Durand to take the command of the defence of Carlisle, for which purpose he arrived on the 11th of October, within a month of the arrival of the rebels before the City. Col. Durand was a veteran officer of repute, but of infirm health and a victim to gout. He set about his work, however, with energy and decision. He found on his arrival that Lord Lonsdale had obtained the services of two companies of the local infantry militia and one of cavalry. To these he now added five additional companies, which were stationed in the villages and open towns in the county. These were ordered in, and ten ship guns (2 to 4 pounders) were obtained from Whitehaven, and men trained to use them for the defence of the City walls. Ammunition and provisions were laid into store, and all ladders within 7 miles circuit of the City were brought in to prevent their being seized by the enemy and used as scaling ladders.

The defences, both of the Castle and City, were in a very weak and neglected state, as was abundantly proved by the evidence at the court martial held on Col. Durand after the surrender. The plan of the fortifications was antiquated and obsolete. The walls, even of the Castle, were in parts very low, thin, and decayed. There was no ditch except on the lower side, and that half filled up and fordable in many places. There were absolutely no outworks of any kind, or the means of extemporising any; but worse remained. The Colonel was not armed with the necessary authority to obtain respect for his orders and maintain discipline. The militia, which was necessarily his main reliance, were discontented and refractory. The period of their service had expired, and they were anxious to be dismissed to their homes. The townsmen were even more unreliable. When Col. Durand desired to inspect the citizens enrolled for the defence, he was informed by Mr. Pattinson that this could not be done. "They were poor labouring men," he said, "who would lose a day's pay if they neglected their work, but would be ready when their services were required." As the men were entirely under Pattinson's control, and the officers were appointed by him, the Colonel was obliged to submit. The defence became therefore little better than a game of bluff. The weakness of the defences was concealed even from the defenders in the hope of a resolute appearance of resistance intimidating the enemy. Guards were appointed to prevent surprise. The Cathedral clergy volunteered on Col. Durand's staff. Men were posted with telescopes on the Cathedral tower, the highest point within the City, to give notice of the approach of the rebels, and preparations made for walling up the City gates.

It would be difficult for a visitor standing on the high ground on the Stanwix side of the River Eden commanding the northern



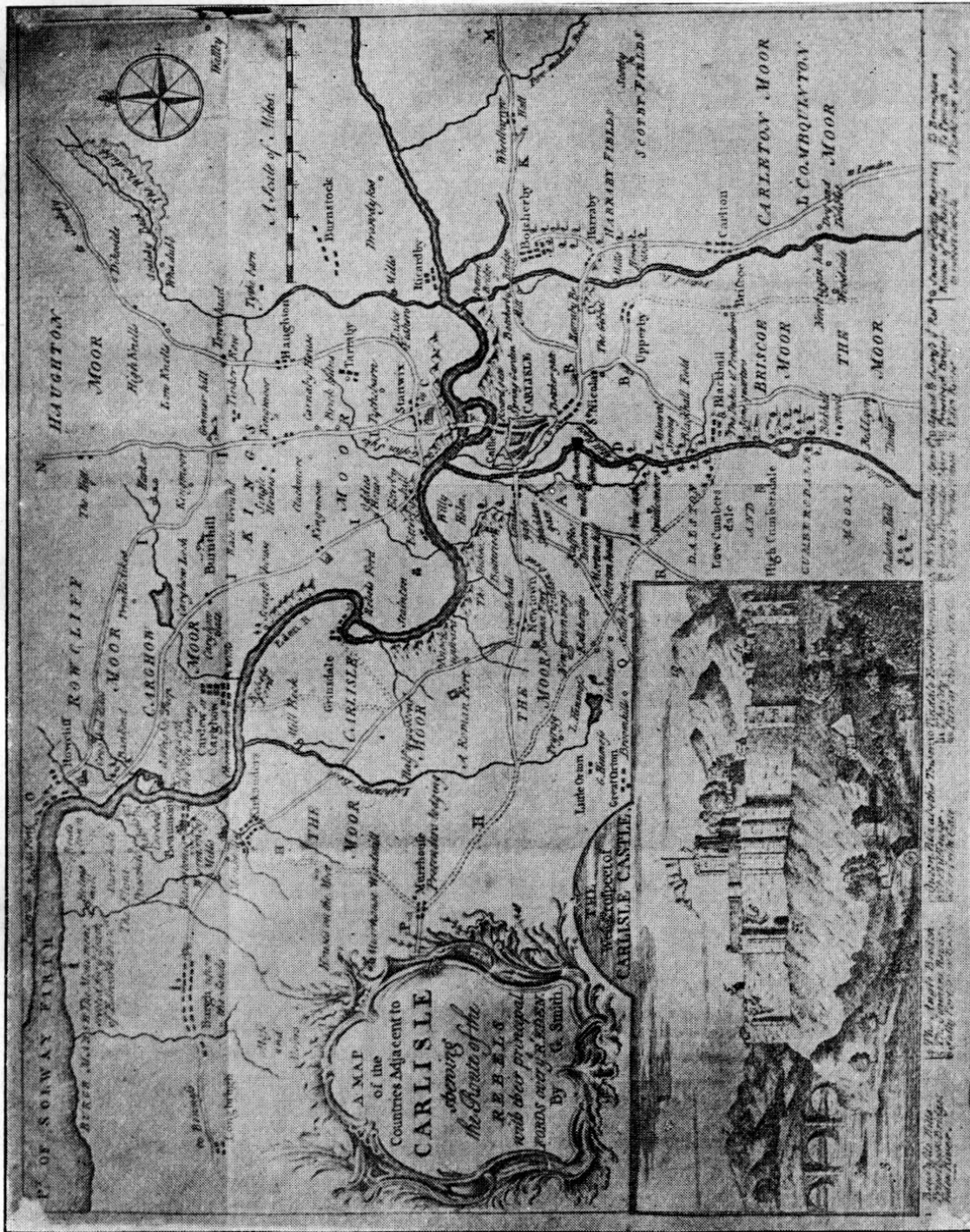
Carlisle from Stanwix Bank - 1745

approach to the City of Carlisle to realize the change which 150 years has wrought on the old Border City and its environs. In "The '45" the town still presented the appearance of a mediæval stronghold, and it would have required very little call on the

imagination to conceive a troop of Lord Dacre's horse and a long line of spearmen issuing through the Scottish gate with bugles sounding and pennons flying, bound on some Warden's raid or Border fray. There were no suburbs in those days. The Eden, divided into two branches, was crossed by two narrow bridges of the old type, with recesses to enable vehicles to pass one another. The branch flowing over the course of the present river was a small stream called "The Priest's Beck." The main branch at that time flowed close under the walls, and was spanned by a bridge of 10 arches, while for the smaller one 4 arches only were necessary. The intervening ground formed an island on which fairs were held, bulls were baited and witches ducked in "the good old days." From the highest point in the centre of the town rose the combined Cathedral and Parish Church of St. Mary, with its square tower, on which many a cresset had flamed forth its warning to boot and saddle in bye-gone days, as when from the highest summit of the grand range of lofty hills behind, in good Queen Bess's time—

"Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Grant's embattled pile,  
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

On the extreme right of the town, looking from Stanwix, stood the Castle with its square donjon keep, stern and grim, as when Andrew de Harcla defied the might of Bruce, and hurled his mailed warriors beaten from its walls. In "The '45" the tower was still



Map of the country surrounding Carlisle in 1745, showing the route of the Rebels, with their principal fords over the River Eden.—(Photographed from an old print.)

observable in which Mary Queen of Scots once resided, nominally a guest, but really a prisoner. This interesting tower, part of the old Edwardian palace, was not removed until 1836, when, for want of a

Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments, it was pulled down and carted away as rubbish by a too economical Government.

In "The '45" the country round Carlisle consisted largely of moorland. There were great tracts at Houghton, Crosby, Brisco, Orton, and other places; the greater part of which have long since become arable and pasture land, but Kingmoor on the north, the property of the Corporation, Warwick on the east, and other patches south and west still retain some relics of antiquity to illustrate the former state of things, and must in "The '45" have been little better in the winter time than marsh and swamp. Even close up to the walls on the west side of the City some such conditions appear to have prevailed, for Lord George Murray reports during the siege that the ground was so wet and marshy that the Duke of Perth's attempt to construct the Prince's batteries there had to be abandoned.

It was on the 8th November that the Prince crossed the River Esk and first set foot on English ground. That night he slept in the cottage of Mr. David Murray at Riddings, near Longtown. It was removed some years ago, but it formerly stood near the site of the present dwellings of the workmen of the North British Railway Co. at Riddings Station, the junction for Canonbie and Langholm. On the 9th, the first intimation of the advance of the rebel army was received by the arrival at Stanwix of about 50 or 60 armed horsemen. The 9th of November was then, as it still remains, the date for holding one of the two great annual fairs. It was Martinmas hiring day, and the City and its approaches were thronged with country people.

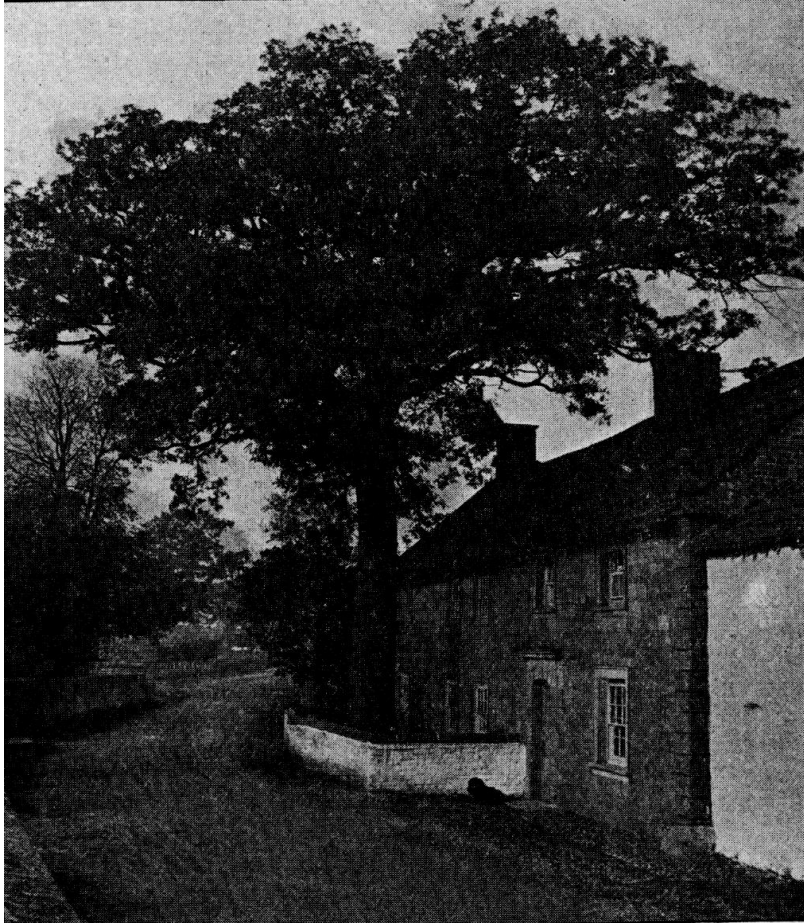
For this reason the garrison were deterred for some time from using their artillery, from fear of injuring the crowd, but as the day progressed and the roads cleared, their guns opened fire. The accounts published at the time say that the rebels then fled. The fact, however, was that their object being accomplished, they retired to Rickerby and the adjacent villages to wait the advance of reinforcements. It is a local tradition that the Church at, Crosby-on-Eden was used by the rebels, for want of other accommodation, for stabling their horses.

In the meantime the main body crossed the Eden at Peatwath, Rockcliff, Cargo, and Grinsdale. The Prince passed the night of the 9th at Moorhouse, a village 4 miles west of Carlisle, in a house of some note, which is still standing. It is mentioned in Hutchinson's History of Cumberland under the title of Stonehouse, and has been the residence of the "Stordys," a family of Quakers, for nigh 300 years. In the reign of Charles II the owner passed 10 years in prison for refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the King, and subsequently frequently suffered for conscience sake.

The name "Stonehouse" implies that it was superior to its surroundings, and must have been regarded as a mansion of



considerable importance in those days. The keystone over the front entrance bears the date 1706, and this part appears to have been



STONEHOUSE.

*From a photo by Mr. C. D. Burnet.*

added to the original and still older edifice at that period.

It contains two rooms specially worthy of notice. The ceilings are very low. One of them has a curious antique fire-grate, with a stone mantel, on which is carved the inscription—

**“HERE WE RESIDE, OUR NEXT REMOVE .SHALL BE  
FROM TOILSOME TIME TO VAST ETERNITY.”**

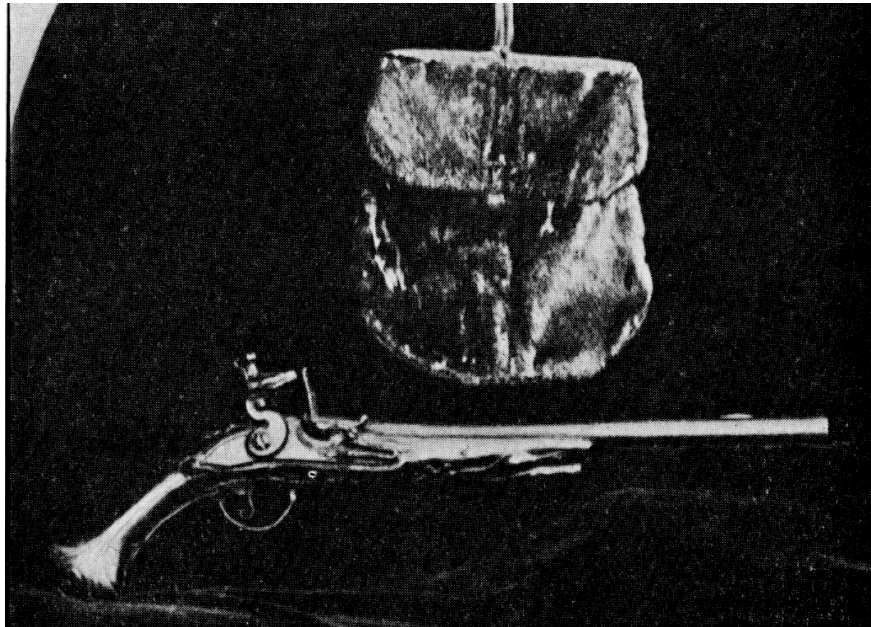
Dividing the inscription into two parts, in the centre is the initial letter S, for the family name “Stordy,” with the letters W.T., the initials of the Christian names of the representative at the period.

In the room on the opposite side of the passage, where the original entrance to the house had probably been, there is a curious illustration of the state of the country and society at the time. It is a secret cupboard, or rather recess within a cupboard, intended for the concealment of money or other valuables, a very useful place in a house, the situation of which was so exposed to raids across the

Border, or of robbers, at a time when there were no banks available, or means of protection on sudden emergencies.

On leaving the house the Prince left behind him a flint and steel pistol and a sporran, or ammunition pouch, which have remained to this day as heirlooms in the family. The pistol is a fine example of French workmanship, bearing the maker's name, "A. Croissant." The barrel is 13 inches in length, with half-inch calibre. The stock is of oak, tastefully carved, and mounted with brass. The pouch is of sealskin, and though the fur is moth-eaten, is still sound and serviceable.

On the 10th, under cover of a thick fog, the rebels advanced upon the City in three divisions. One under the Duke of Perth occupied Stanwix, a second under the Marquis of Tullibardine faced the Irish gate, while the third under the Prince in person occupied the approach to the Citadel. Thus the City was invested on all sides before the garrison realised the presence of the enemy. At noon the fog lifted, and Tullibardine found himself in Shaddongate, close under the guns of the Castle. Fire was immediately opened from the 4-gun battery, and the Marquis gave the order to retreat. The fire from the Citadel on the south drove back the Prince, while the Duke of Perth was opposed by the 10-gun battery facing the north.



FLINT PISTOL AND SPORRAN

Left by Prince Charlie at Moorhouse, and now in possession of the Sturdy family.

The Prince finding himself so resolutely repelled fell back on the village of Blackhall. Here he passed the night in a house now known as Blackhall Farm. It has been recently acquired, along with the adjacent land, by the Carlisle Race Committee, who intend to adopt the ground as the race course for the City.

The house is a substantial building, erected at an elevation which gives a commanding view over the south-west side of the City.

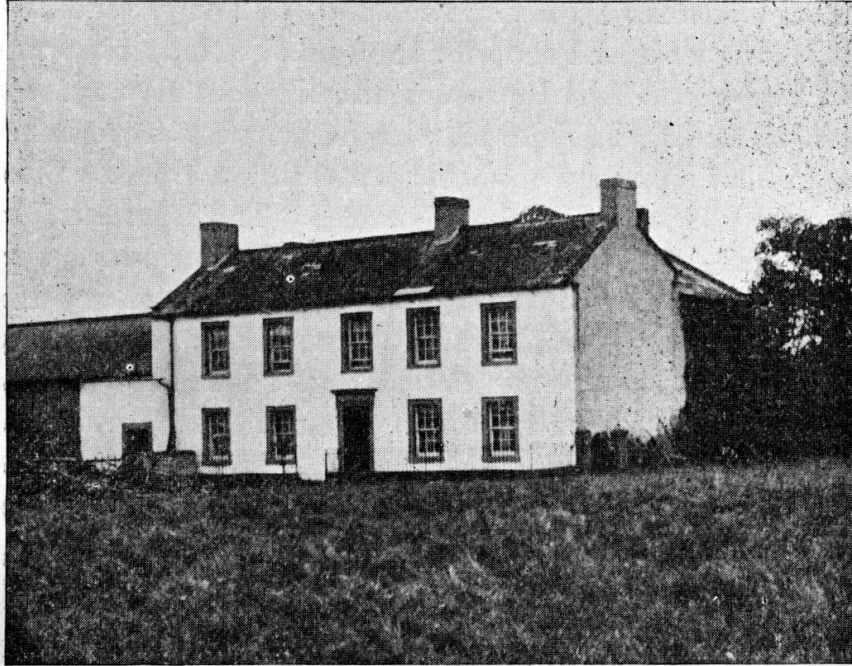
One of the rooms on the ground floor, said to have been occupied by the Prince, has some antique oak wainscoting, and here we also find a cupboard which provides a place of concealment for treasure on a somewhat larger scale than that at Moorhouse. It is situated beneath the flagstone which forms the floor of the cupboard, and tradition says that it also forms the entrance to a subterranean passage by which the inhabitants might escape to a place of safety in case of sudden attack.

On arriving at Blackhall the Prince sent a peremptory demand to the Mayor for the surrender of the City, under threat of direful consequences following on capture by assault; two hours only were allowed for the reply. The only answer was the fire of the guns from the battlements. There was no assault, however, for the next day the whole army marched off to Brampton, and Carlisle was clear of the enemy.

Great was the delight of the garrison, and we may imagine the embracing, congratulating, hand-shaking, and health-drinking which followed. Mr. Thomas Pattinson took the whole credit of the victory. He despatched a letter to the Lord-Lieutenant, who informed the Secretary, who informed the King. Mr. Pattinson's letter was published in the "London Gazette," and Mr. Pattinson was a very-great man indeed.

The true cause of the Prince's retreat was not fear of Mr. Pattinson, but the receipt of intelligence that Marshal Wade was on the march from Newcastle to attack him. To abandon the siege and advance to meet Wade in a favourable position was the Prince's instant determination. On his arrival at Brampton further news was received that Wade had advanced no further than Hexham, and was then in full retreat to his former position. There can be no better explanation of the ease with which the Prince outstripped and evaded the royal troops, which characterised his march to Derby and subsequent retreat to Scotland than the description of Marshal Wade's melancholy attempt to relieve Carlisle. Although the veteran Marshal received news by express of the Prince's march on the day following the departure of the Highlanders from Edinburgh, the 8th November, it was not until the 16th that he commenced his march, and by this time Carlisle was actually in the enemy's possession. The snow lay three feet thick on the ground, and when his force arrived at Ovington at eight o'clock at night, so many men had fallen out of the ranks from exhaustion that it became necessary to hire countrymen with carts and horses to bring them up with the column. On the second day they marched to Hexham, where the van arrived at four o'clock and the rear at midnight. Here news was received of the fate of Carlisle. By this time the Highlanders,





BLACKHALL FARM.

Occupied by Prince Charlie, Nov. 10th and 11th, 1745.

leaving Carlisle on the 20<sup>th</sup>, had marched to Penrith, crossed Shap Fells (covered deep in snow), and were four days advanced on their southward progress. It took Wade four days to get his forces back to Newcastle, where they were received with sympathy, and cosseted like men who had fought a battle and suffered a defeat. It was not until the 26th that Wade set off in pursuit, and by this time Prince Charlie was at Preston, 90 miles away.

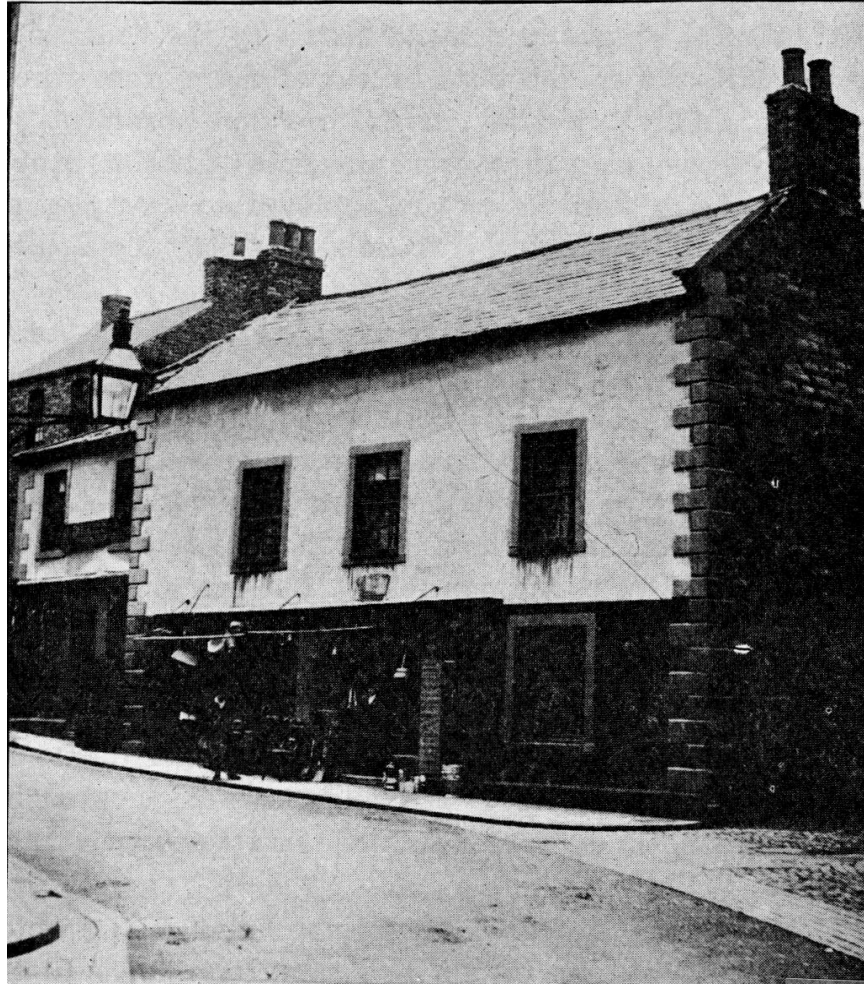
We must return, however, to Prince Charlie at Brampton, which he made his headquarters. Local tradition says he came down "The Lonning," as the old Gelt road was at that time called. He took up his abode in a house which is still standing in High Cross Street, then called Souter's How (Shoemaker's Hill). The ground floor front is now used as a shop for the sale of china, hardware, and fancy goods, but bears evident signs of having seen better days. Though now having only two storeys it has clear indications of at one time possessing a third. Close by is an old brick building still called "The Barracks," in which some of the men, probably the Lifeguards, were billeted. They were all Highland gentlemen of superior position, and were commanded by Lord Elcho. On Sunday, the 11th, they paid a visit to Naworth Castle, the fine old Border fortress where so often "Bugles blew for Belted Will," and which Hartley Coleridge has so well described in verse as

"The very type of a time  
Whose sins and woes by age are made sublime."

It is the property and occasional residence of the Earls of Carlisle, who, at the time of their visit, however, were absent. The Guards are described as “well dressed, good looking men, who behaved with complaisance. On the following day Captain Hamilton came to Naworth to demand billets for 6,000, on which the Guards began to look blank, and secure their portables. About noon several hundreds, described as a wretched, ill-looking, shabby crew, armed with targets, broad-swords, muskets, &c, arrived, and seemed very angry that no deference was paid to their flag. That afternoon and next day they spent in shooting sheep, geese, &c, and robbing on the highway.

Their chiefs expressed great dissatisfaction but could not restrain them.”

During his stay at Brampton the Prince paid a visit to Warwick Hall and dined there. Mr. Mounsey, in describing the incident, says



HOUSE AT BRAMPTON.

Occupied by Prince Charlie, 12th November, 1745.

“the family at Warwick Hall were of the Roman Catholic faith, and at heart attached to the Stuarts, but at this critical period the Squire,

like the generality of English Jacobites, held timidly aloof, and, with more prudence than chivalry, was out of the way. Not so his lady. Mrs. Warwick was the daughter of Thomas Howard, of Corby Castle, a family which had fought and bled for Charles I, and had retained its ancient faith, religious and political, spite of all reverses of fortune. Mrs. Warwick, inheriting her father's principles, cordially received the Prince in the old oak wainscoted parlour, and entertained him with such a show of genuine affection and loyalty, that the young Prince, touched by the contrast it afforded with the cold backwardness of those from whom he had probably received invitations and promises if support, observed that these were the first Christian people he had met with since he crossed the Border. At parting Mrs. Warwick was heard to exclaim, 'May God bless him!'"

The truth of this story is vouched on no less authority than that of Mr. P. Canning Howard, the present representative of the Howards of Corby. It is contained in an extract from the family records, as the statement of Jane Hamilton, widow of Robert Hamilton. She had been maid to Mrs. Warwick after having been previously in the service of Mrs. Howard, daughter of Mr. Witham of Cliffe. Her husband was the grandson of Oliver Hamilton, who was huntsman to Mr. Thomas Howard, who died in 1740. This man was out with the Earl of Derwentwater in 1715, returned lame, and was imprisoned in Lancaster Castle for six years. It is supposed he could have implicated his master, but nothing could induce him to turn King's evidence.

While on the subject of the Prince's stay in Brampton and the incidents connected with it, we must not omit the story of Margaret Ewing, a young girl 17 years of age, who arrived with the Highlanders, and there took up her permanent abode. Three years after her arrival she married John Richardson, of Easby, a township of Brampton, where, after the death of his father, he inherited a small estate. She died in 1813 at the age of 85, and left her estate to her grandson, Richard Richardson.

Mr. Penfold, from whose Guide to Brampton these particulars are taken, throws no light on the circumstances under which this remarkable old lady came in her girlhood to be associated with the Highland army. She was of superior education, held herself aloof from her neighbours, and was not one to "wear her heart upon her sleeve." The only personal record of her connection with the period, which she left at her death, was a small pocket Bible in 2 vols., published by Richard Watkins, Edinburgh, 1743, and as it bears on the title page the name of the owner at the same date it must have come into her possession immediately on publication. The Bible is now in the possession of her great grandchildren, Mr. and Miss Barton, Carlisle.

Another visit paid by the Highlanders was to Rose Castle, the official residence of the Bishop of Carlisle (Sir George Fleming), a worthy, but delicate and timid old man, who certainly could not have been selected to illustrate the qualities which distinguished the mail-clad fighting Bishops of Carlisle of former days. A party of rebel Highlanders, in the absence of the Bishop, visited the Castle for the purpose of collecting supplies. They were prevailed upon to abstain from entering the house by the entreaties of an old servant, who informed Captain Macdonald of Tiendrish, their leader, that the lady of the house (a daughter of the Bishop) had just been confined, and the alarm caused by the intrusion might be attended with fatal consequences. The gallant Captain hearing that the baby was about to be christened, took the white cockade from his hat, and requested that it might be pinned to the child's dress, with the assurance that it would prove an effectual safeguard against any straggling body which might otherwise molest the household. After partaking of refreshment they then departed. The child was Lady Rosemary Dacre, who was in after years very proud of the cockade, which is said to be still preserved as a valued relic in the family.

When it became evident that there was no intention on the part of Marshal Wade to attack him, the Prince called a council of war. Some of the leaders were for returning to Scotland. The Prince was in favour of giving battle to Wade, but the advice of Lord George Murray was eventually adopted—that part of the army should besiege Carlisle while the remainder stayed at Brampton. The Duke of Perth undertook the preparations for the battery, and Lord George himself commanded the blockade.

In proportion to the elation caused in the minds of the citizens by the supposed defeat of the rebels, was the revulsion when their true position became known. They were soon to experience that this time the attack was in earnest. The villages and roads around the City were occupied on the 13th, and a vigorous blockade instituted. A large force was stationed at Warwick. Botcherby and Blackhall were held in force, the latter by Lord Nairne, who took up his quarters at the house lately occupied by Prince Charles. Lord George was stationed at Harraby. The Duke of Perth opened trenches against the eastern side of the town the same evening, he and the Marquis of Tullibardine working at them stripped to their shirts to inspire their men. All the carpenters in Brampton and the adjacent villages were impressed for the purpose of making scaling ladders, the trees in the parks of Corby and Warwick being requisitioned for that purpose.

Their operations, however, were not encouraging, and it became evident that a lack of discipline was not confined to the defending force, but was reflected in the ranks of the besiegers. However gallant their conduct on the battlefield, the clans were little suited to

the slow and tedious operations incidental to a siege. Differences broke out among them as to which of the Clans should be called upon to furnish the men for the trenches, and the regiments selected for the blockade refused to expose themselves on night duty or within gun shot of the town except in turn with the rest of the army. To such an extent did this dispute spread that Lord George, finding the Duke of Perth's advice preferred to his own, tendered the resignation of his command. This resignation, at first accepted, was afterwards withdrawn. The tact, patience, and personal influence of the Prince eventually smoothed away all difficulties, and on the 15th the trenches were posted within 80 yards of the wall, and preparations made for the assault. There is reason to believe that had the garrison persevered in their resistance they would have repelled the attack, and the siege would have been abandoned. The batteries constructed for the attack were of so feeble a character that they would appear to have been intended more for show than use. Some contemporary accounts describe them as only *PRETENDED* batteries, while the guns, utterly unadapted to siege purposes, were so light that the gunners were deterred from using them by the fear of revealing their weakness to the garrison. Gunnery was never a strong point in the Highland army, and their comparative weakness in this respect was one of the main causes of the decisive defeat of the Clans at Culloden. But here the mere threat sufficed. The white flag was hoisted on the walls, and an express sent off to Brampton to treat for the surrender of the City. The Prince, however, declined to grant terms unless the Castle was also included. In Carlisle the panic spread. Visions of the City plundered by a savage and infuriated enemy haunted the imagination of the citizens. The militia, worn out by continual duty, night and day, refused to obey their officers. They had declined to be organized into reliefs, and were now exhausted with fatigue. Some writers impute disloyalty to them, but without any apparent justification. They had cheered the retreat of the rebels after their first advance, and were correspondingly depressed at the renewal of the blockade. They were quartered on the townspeople and, mixing freely with them, became infected with their fears. Many got over the walls at night and deserted to their homes. The officers and some of the principal inhabitants at length waited on Colonel Durand, and representing the impossibility of further defence, urged the wisdom of yielding while yet honourable terms could be obtained, and the garrison, as well as the inhabitants, saved from the fate which further resistance would provoke. The Colonel yielded to the pressure which he was powerless to resist. The terms of surrender were then arranged as follows:—The City and Castle were to be given up. The men should lay down their arms in the Market Place, after which they would be

free on parole not to bear arms against the house of Stuart for twelve months.

Though unable to resist the surrender, Colonel Durand still refused to be a party to it, and would have attempted the defence of the Castle if he could have obtained support. Failing this he ordered the guns on the City walls to be spiked, an act which was denounced by the highland chiefs as a gross infraction of the terms of surrender.

It was in carrying out this order that one of the town guard, Mr. Dobinson, spiking a gun which was still loaded, exploded the piece with fatal effect. It killed a man named Dalton, said to be a rebel officer of some distinction, thus causing the only bloodshed, so far as we know, that occurred during the siege.

Colonel Durand at once set off for London to make his report to General Folliot.

The whole discredit of the surrender fell most unjustly on the citizens, and especially on Mr. Pattinson, whose letter to Lord Lonsdale became the object of indignant satire. This would doubtless have speedily died away had not the poor man's name been immortalized in verses which find a place in all volumes of Jacobite poetry, entitled "The Mayor of Carlisle," and run thus:—

"O Pattinson, Ohon, Ohon, Thou wonder of a Mayor,  
Thou blessed thy lot thou we'rt no Scot, And blustered  
like a player,  
What hast thou done, With sword and gun,  
To baffle the Pretender?  
Of mouldy cheese and bacon grease  
Thou we'rt more fit defender.

"O front of brass, and brain of ass,  
With heart, of hare compounded,  
How are thy boasts repaid with costs,  
And all thy pride confounded!  
Than need'st not rave, lest Scotland crave  
Thy kindred or thy favour;  
Thy wretched race can give no grace,  
No glory thy behaviour."

On the 18th Prince Charlie entered Carlisle in state, riding on a white charger, and surrounded by a brilliant staff, preceded, it is said, by 100 pipers in full Highland panoply.

It is probable that in after years this day was often looked back upon by the Prince as the proudest of his life. It was his first and only substantial success after crossing the English Border until his return to Scotland. Up to this time fortune had followed his banners with unwavering constancy. Setting all probabilities at defiance, despite totally inadequate means, the coldness and timidity of friends, the threats of powerful and determined foes, he had raised an army, won a battle, gained Scotland to his cause, and on the threshold of his invasion of England he had won an important

fortress with the loss of one man. His enterprise no longer seemed desperate, and many who had hitherto regarded it as the dream of a fanatic became wavering and irresolute.

Nor can it be questioned that much of this success was greatly due to the charm of his own personality. He was at this time 25 years of age. In the bloom of an early manhood, full of the promise of a great and glorious future, nature seemed to have moulded him on heroic lines. Tall in stature and slenderly built, his complexion was fair, but browned with exposure; he wore a light periwig, with his hair, which was brown, inclined to golden, combed over the front. His eyes were dark and expressive, and his manner possessed a fascination that few could resist. Lord Elcho says: "His body was made for war, and he did not spare it. He marched at the head of the Clans, usually sleeping in his boots. In dirty lanes and deep snow he took his chance with the common men, and would seldom be prevailed on to get on horseback to cross a river."

The surrender of Carlisle made a great sensation, and caused the country to ring with the assumed cowardice of the defenders. It awakened the Government to the gross blunder by which they had abandoned one of the keys of England to the invader without one serious effort to avert the catastrophe.

It gave the Prince anew the prestige of victory, which was beginning to wane. It gave him also arms, guns, ammunition, military stores, over 200 horses, and above all security for his rear and a strong defence for the line of his communications on his onward march.

During his residence in the City the Prince occupied the house of Mr. Charles Highmore, Attorney-at-Law, known under the title of the Earl's Inn. It had formerly been the town residence of the Earls of Egremont, and must have been in its palmy days an excellent example of an old family mansion. It is still standing at the entrance of what is now called Barwise Court, in English Street. It is the property of Mr. Wm. Wright, Draper, who has converted the greater portion of it into a large and handsome shop. The archway giving entrance to the court (at one time the garden) would be the original covered entrance to the house, as we still see in numerous examples on the Continent. Some of the rooms of the house were used for many years as the headquarters of the Union Lodge of Freemasons, the Mother Lodge of many of the older brethren of the mystic tie still living in the City.

Mr. Highmore did not vacate the house for the use of the Prince, but seems to have assumed the somewhat unusual position of boarder with his lodger, for he received the handsome remuneration of twenty guineas for the use of such portion of the house as was required for the Prince and his servants for four days, the entire cost of maintenance being also borne by the Prince, including food for

Mr. Highmore and his wife. The terms of the capitulation were honourably carried out by the Highlanders, and there is no mention of any abuse of authority on their part even under circumstances of considerable provocation.



MR. HIGHMORE'S HOUSE.

Occupied by Prince Charles Edward Stuart and the Duke of Cumberland during their stay in Carlisle.

From a water colour drawing by Thos. Bushby, in the possession of Mr. W. Wright.

When the Prince marched from Carlisle on the 22nd, he left a garrison of about 100 men to guard the Castle under the command of Captain John Hamilton. Sir John Arbuthnot, an officer in the French service, was made Governor of the City; Sir John took up his abode in the house of Mr. Tullie, in Abbey Street, since purchased by the Carlisle Corporation and adopted as the nucleus of the present Museum, School of Art, and Free Library.

It cannot be said that the force left in charge of Carlisle was such as to inspire terror from their numerical strength, and yet it seems to have proved sufficient to suppress a conspiracy hatched among the townspeople to overpower the garrison when weakened by a draft of 40 men sent off to rejoin their comrades. This must have been largely the result of confidence in the goodwill of a numerous party among the citizens, one of whom betrayed the plot to Hamilton, who took prompt measures for its suppression. Indeed the records of the time show little sign of the terror said to have been inspired by tales of the ferocity of the Highlanders. Mr. Mounsey says that "by the line of the march southwards the prevailing sensation was that of curiosity. As he marched at the head of the Highlanders the people



came on all sides to see him pass. He had given strict orders, which were as strictly observed, that all respect should be paid to the female sex. The Highlanders never misused a single woman in the whole country with indecency." Hence the women, as well as the men, did not scruple to indulge their prevailing impulse, and in after times many an old matron was there that could tell how in her young days she had mounted her pony and hastened to Barrock Fell to witness the march of Bonnie Prince Charlie and his gallant band.

It is generally admitted that during the campaign the Highlanders behaved well to the inhabitants of the country through which they passed, that is to say, considering who they were and the kind of men of whom the Clans were composed. Readers of Sir Walter Scott's superb novel "Waverley" will scarcely need to be reminded of his description of the Mc.Ivor's, and especially of Donald Bean Lean and the section of the Clan under his immediate control. Their habit of cattle-lifting is described as recognized custom, and their levying of blackmail the legitimate toll exacted by the chiefs as the price of protection from the depredations of their followers. That a considerable amount of exaction and oppression is inseparable from the march of an invading army goes without saying, even when the most severe discipline is exercised, and in that of the Highlanders the only wonder is there was not a great deal more. Of about 8,000 men, the probable maximum number of which the Highland army is said to have been composed, about half are described as the flower of the Clans, well clothed and armed, yielding implicit obedience to their chiefs by whom they were commanded; the rest, mere riff-raff, described by one writer as Shabroons, and by Dr. Waugh, Chancellor of Carlisle, as Walie-draigles. Most of the acts of plunder, such as those described at Naworth, were the unauthorized work of these men. Prince Charles himself and his officers, though they levied money, provisions, and munitions of war with the strong hand in the towns they occupied, knew too well the advantage of conciliatory behaviour to the people, to whom they came as professed friends and deliverers, to run the risk of offending them by oppressive behaviour, and did their utmost to retain the men of town type. The contributions demanded of the municipal authorities of towns were in the form of money, arms, and provisions. In private houses they took the form mainly of pewter plates and dishes, which were at their approach hastily buried or otherwise concealed, and, being so preserved, are in many houses still shown to this day as relics of "The '45." When discovered they were confiscated to be melted down for bullets, for which there was constant demand.

I do not intend to follow in detail the march of the Highlanders into England. They left Carlisle full of confidence in the strength of their arms and the justice of their cause. The country had been represented as seething with, disaffection, and prepared to rise in

their support. They were to be followed by 10,000 French soldiers, and part of the Fleet was expected to declare in their favour. Bitter was the disillusionment. In Cumberland only two persons of position joined them. Lancashire, supposed to be their stronghold, did little better. Manchester only furnished them with a small reinforcement. The place is said to have been captured by a sergeant, a woman, and a drummer. About 300 recruits joined them there and were formed into a regiment under the command of Colonel Townley, an officer who had served with distinction in the French army. He belonged to an old Lancashire family, and was a nephew of Mrs. Howard, of Corby. The further they advanced the more desperate became their cause. There is abundant evidence that many noblemen and gentlemen in Lancashire and Cheshire were hesitating, and only waited the promised landing of a French army to declare in his favour, but the landing never came. One pathetic exception stands out in contrast to the timid backwardness which characterised the English Jacobites at this time, and as usual it is told of a lady. Mrs. Skyring, an old Cheshire lady, who as a child is said to have seen Charles II land at Dover, came and greeted the Prince. Yearly she had sent half her income to James, only keeping her name concealed. She now gave to Charles the price of her plate and jewels which she had sold, kissing his hand, saying, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Her prayer was heard, for she died on hearing the news of the retreat from Derby.<sup>2</sup> On leaving Macclesfield, by a clever piece of strategy Lord George eluded a powerful force under the Duke of Kingston, slipped past him, and marched to Derby, where he was joined by the Prince on the 4th December, through roads thronged by applauding crowds wearing white cockades. The road to London now lay open to him. The next day the fatal council of war was held, which decided to retreat.

There has been much discussion as to the wisdom and necessity for this course, and opinions are still greatly divided as to the consequences which would have followed a march on the Metropolis. The arguments seem very equally balanced. There can be no doubt that a state of panic existed in high quarters on receipt of news of the Prince's arrival at Derby. The day following was long called "Black Friday." There was a run on the Bank of England. Ordinary business was suspended. The Crown jewels are said to have been packed for removal and the Royal Family preparing for flight. The Duke of Newcastle himself is reported to have spent the day in an agony of indecision whether or not he should declare for King James.

However this may be, there can be no doubt that the consequences of the determination to return to Scotland were

---

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Lang's Charles Edward Stuart.

immediate and disastrous when it became known. In London the crisis was over and things returned to their ordinary course. The friends of the Government everywhere took heart, and the Jacobites, on the eve of declaring themselves, were correspondingly depressed, and hastened to avert suspicion by professions of loyalty to the House of Hanover. The moral effect in the country on their line of retreat could not have been much greater if they had fought a battle and suffered a defeat. The charm of their invincibility was broken, and the country people who had viewed their advance with, at best, suspicion and dislike, became on their retreat emboldened into active hostility.

It cannot be denied, however, that the reasons for a retreat seemed to the council conclusive. They had a force of barely 5,000 men, dependent for subsistence from day to day on the country through which they passed. They were surrounded by enemies infinitely more numerous than themselves, furnished with every requisite in which they themselves were deficient. The force said to be assembled at Finchley for the defence of London alone was estimated at 30,000 men. The Duke of Cumberland, Sir John Ligonier, and Marshal Wade, each of them with a numerous and well-appointed force, lay behind them prepared to dispute their return to their homes. The consequences of a defeat must be utter ruin to their cause, and death or capture to their Prince, on whose head was set a price of £30,000. The only voice in the council raised for the advance was that of the Prince himself, who vehemently urged the advantages of such a course. "Rather than go back," said he, "I would lie twenty feet under ground." His eloquence was in vain, and he left the council an embittered and disappointed man.

A retreat being decided on the only remaining point was how it could be carried out. But this was a problem which the Highland army were well qualified to solve. Strong, active men, accustomed to exertion, inured to fatigue, encumbered with little baggage, able to march on little and simple food, they could cover long distances in a day's march with a step, which Mr. Ray, of Whitehaven (no friendly critic), graphically described as a dog trot.

There can be little doubt also that they excelled in strategy as much as in mobility, and that their leaders possessed in an eminent degree the qualities which in the recent Boer campaign have earned the title of slimness.

We resume their story when they re-enter Cumberland, no longer with the prestige of victory following their standards, or with the confident step of men marching to regain a throne, but flying before their foes through a hostile country, alarm bells ringing from the Church towers, and beacon fires blazing on every hill. The change is reflected in the conduct of their leader. In the advance the post of honour is the van, and there the Prince would ever be found. In the

retreat the rear still demands his care, but his heart no longer seconds the call of duty, and he leaves it to his Lieutenant. Approaching Penrith he is warned that Lord George is standing at bay at Clifton Moor threatened by 4,000 dragoons and mounted infantry, and demands assistance. Instead of returning, however, he sends orders to continue the retreat, and himself pushes on to Carlisle. Lord George, however, seeing his opportunity, held his ground, and though backed with a force amounting only to about 1,000 men, fought an engagement in which, though both sides claimed the victory, the pursuit was checked and the Highlanders pursued their march undisturbed to Carlisle. Mr. Lang in describing the fight says that a resident of Clifton, a Quaker named Savage, rendered the dragoons an important service by signalling with his hat the positions occupied by the Highlanders.

Prince Charles commenced his retreat from Derby on the 6th December, and reached Carlisle on the 19th, when he occupied his old quarters at Mr. Highmore's house.

On the 21st, Prince Charles set out from Carlisle, leaving a garrison of 380 men, of whom 114 consisted of the Manchester Regiment, whose commander, Col. Townley, remained in command of the Castle, while Captain Hamilton was made Governor of the City.

It is difficult to account for the motive of Charles in leaving so powerful a garrison in Carlisle on any other assumption than that he really expected to effect a junction with Lord John Drummond and Lord Strathallan near the Border, and return in time to raise the siege which was certain to follow his retirement.

His departure must have presented a melancholy contrast to his march south a month previously, in all the pride of conquest, and flushed with hopes of victory. Lord George led the way and halted his troops at Stanwix to wait the arrival of the Prince, who had remained behind to take leave of the garrison. He thanked them for what they had done and suffered in his cause, assured them of his speedy return before the enemy could reduce the place, then turning away he proceeded to the Scotch Gate, which passing through he crossed the bridges over the Eden, and left Carlisle for ever.

The army now divided—the Prince with the main body, about 4,000, took the westerly route by Annan and Dumfries. At the former place his headquarters were held at the house well known now as the Buck Hotel. A money fine was imposed on the inhabitants but excused on account of the poverty of the place. At Dumfries, however, no such excuse was admitted—a severe penalty was enforced in retaliation for an attack made by some of the townsmen on his advanced guard on the occasion of his former visit.

Lord George Murray, with the remainder of the force, about 2,000 in number, marched by way of Longtown. There was at that

time no bridge across the Esk there. The river, swollen by rain, was in flood, but, grasping each other by the shoulders, the men stemmed the current and waded across without the loss of a man. Arrived on *terra-firma* the Pipers struck up a reel, and with many a “hech” and “whoop” the gallant fellows danced themselves dry again.

Lady Nairne avails herself of this incident in her song, “The Hundred Pipers,” but either in error, or availing herself of a poetic licence, she places the anecdote in the advance to England, instead of the retreat from it. She says:—

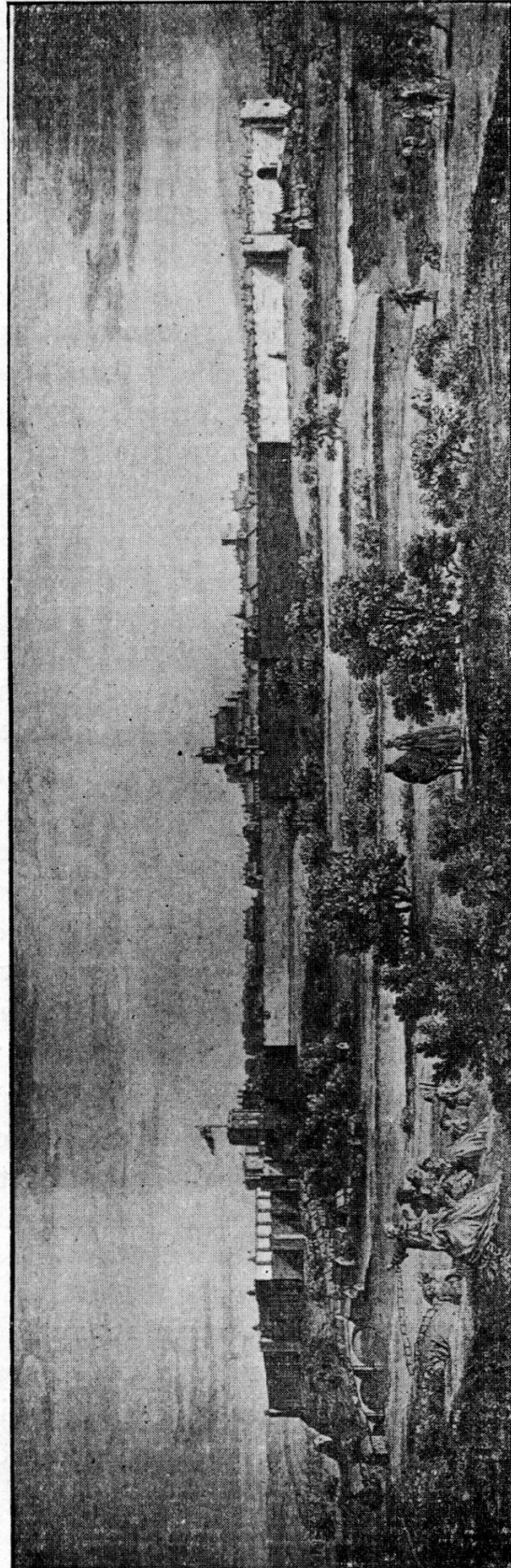
“The Esk was swollen sacred and sae deep,  
 But shoulder to shoulder the brave lads keep;  
 Twa thousand swam o’er to fell English ground,  
 And danced themselves dry to the pibroch’s sound.  
 Dumfounded the English saw, they saw,  
 Dumfounded they heard the blaw, the blaw—  
 Dumfounded they a’ ran awa, awa,  
 Frae the hundred pipers an’ a’, an’ a’.”

Scarcely had the Highland army disappeared from Carlisle than that of the Duke of Cumberland advanced upon the City. Positions were occupied commanding the South and West Gates and Sallyport, and a strong force occupied Stanwix.

The Duke fixed his headquarters at Blackhall, where flic Prince had passed the night of the 10th November. On viewing the Castle he declared it to be no better than an old hen coop, which he would soon hatter down when his artillery arrived, and sent off expresses to Whitehaven, as Col. Durand had done, to procure cannon from the merchants there.

The site selected for the battery constituting the main attack was the rising ground near Port Road, once occupied by the dock of the canal which formerly connected Port Carlisle with the City, and is now the goods station of the North British Railway. It was at that time a scene of pastoral beauty, as is indicated by its name, Primrose Bank. While the battery on Primrose Bank was in process of construction, the men engaged in the work were fired on from the Castle. One shot narrowly missed the Duke himself, who was inspecting the work. The garrison had little to fear until the arrival of the artillery. They had the guns surrendered by Col. Durand and others left behind by the Prince, who had only been able to take three with him across the Border. Captain Hamilton had strengthened the walls with sand bags and earthworks, and fixed *chevaux-de-frise* to protect the gates. They were, however, very short of provisions, very little preparation having been made for a siege in this respect.

On the arrival of a reinforcement of Dutch troops from General Wade’s army, additional batteries were erected at Stanwix in spite



CARLISLE IN 1745.  
*Photographed from an old print.*

of the fire from the Castle, where the gunnery does not seem to have

been of a high order.

The scarcity of food soon began to make itself felt in the City, which was increased by the stoppage of the Castle Mills from want of water, the Duke having cut off and diverted the stream which worked them from Denton Holme.

At length, on the 27th, six 18lb. guns arrived, and were mounted on the batteries at Primrose Bank, followed by others which were mounted at Stanwix. The effect was soon perceptible. The 4-gun battery opposed to the western attack was silenced. The ramparts and earthworks rendered untenable, and after two days' bombardment the walls tottered to ruin. When, on the 29th, three more heavy guns arrived and were mounted and ready for use. Governor Hamilton recognized that as there was no prospect of relief from the Prince, further resistance was useless.

His overtures for the surrender of the garrison as prisoners of war being rejected, he prepared to yield unconditionally, despite the vehement protest of Colonel Townley, who declared that "it would be better to die by the sword than fall into the hands of those damned Hanoverians." The Duke of Cumberland took possession of Carlisle after a siege lasting 10 days, the only concession made to the unfortunate garrison being that they should not be put to the sword but reserved for His Majesty's pleasure.

The first act of the Duke on entering the City was to order into custody the Mayor (Mr. Backhouse) and the Town Clerk (Mr. Pearson), and send them off to London. Eight other gentlemen were also arrested for supposed complicity with the rebels, and such was the treatment experienced by the clergy and others, some of whom had risked their lives in the King's service, that feelings of indignation and disgust rapidly damped the enthusiasm with which the success of their deliverers was at first regarded.

An extraordinary claim was made on the Cathedral authorities by Major Balfour, commandant of the Duke's artillery, for the Cathedral bells, or their value, as his perquisite, due to him on the capture of the town. It is satisfactory to know that the demand was refused, and was probably withdrawn, as no more was heard of it.

There being no accommodation for so large a number of prisoners the garrison were confined in the Cathedral.

Among the family archives preserved at Corby Castle occurs the following note:—

"On their retreat the Highlanders passed through "Warwick Bridge, crossing the Cairn at the ford below the mill, where there is now a bridge. One of their waggons 'mired up' in front of the mill in question (mentioned in all the old deeds as the Molendinum de Corkeby). The waggon was (after they had passed) extricated by the miller, Robson, and others. It was observed that money afterwards grew plentiful with the miller, but that his health lessened and he

never prospered. The waggon was pulled to pieces, but the iron of the wheels was long preserved by a smith at Warwick Bridge named Robinson.”

The Duke took up his quarters at Mr. Highmore’s house, and resided there during his short stay in Carlisle. When he left for London, General Hawley took command of the army to pursue the Prince into Scotland, and General Sir Charles Howard was left in charge of Carlisle with a strong garrison.

On the 10th January a melancholy procession passed through the English Gate on the way to London. It consisted of the unfortunate garrison left by the Prince for the defence of Carlisle, escorted by a squadron of dragoons. There were 95 Englishmen, 250 Scotsmen, and 8 Frenchmen. The English were nearly all of the Lancashire Regiment. Among their names we find that of the notorious James Cappoch, or Coppoch, said to have been made Bishop of Carlisle by the Prince. This statement seems to depend mainly on Cappoch’s own assertion, and is quite consistent with the character of the man, whereas there is every reason to believe that no such claim was ever made in the diocese, or even known to the clergy of Carlisle. On his trial, which took place at Carlisle on the 12th of September, 1746, a witness stated that Cappoch was made Bishop of Carlisle by Governor Hamilton by order of the Pretender soon after the City of Carlisle surrendered to the rebels. This evidence is palpably false, as Cappoch was not connected with the rebellion until he joined with Townley’s regiment, of which he was appointed Chaplain and Quartermaster at Manchester. On the other hand a clergyman, described as the “Curate of Carlisle,” though he proved him in arms in the City after the return from Derby, and heard him several times read prayers as Chaplain to the regiment, makes no mention whatever of any claim to the rank of Bishop: On being found guilty he behaved with the greatest effrontery, laughing in the faces of the jurors. He continued his bravado to the last, reproving one of his fellow-sufferers who showed signs of penitence. “What the devil are you afraid of?” said he, “in the next world we shall not be tried by a Cumberland jury.”

The procession was headed by the officers, mounted on horses, Governor Hamilton leading the way, each horse’s head tied to the tail of the one in front, each rider’s feet secured together under the body of the horse, and his arms pinioned to his sides. Among these unfortunate men there was one James Dawson, made famous by the pathetic Jacobite song, hearing his name, “Jemmy Dawson.” He was an officer of Townley’s regiment. He was tried at Southwark and executed at Kennington, with all the revolting and barbarous details customary at the time. He had been engaged to a young lady, who had agreed to marry him on the day of his expected release. When all hope of pardon was abandoned she determined to follow him to his



execution in defiance of the entreaties of her friends. When all was over she was said (by the poet) to have exclaimed:—

“My death, my death alone can prove  
 The pure, the lasting love I bore;  
 Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,  
 And let us—let us weep no more.  
 “The dismal scene was o’er and past.  
 The lover’s mournful hearse retired;  
 The maid drew hack her languid head.  
 And sighing forth his name expired.”

A considerable amount of interest was created on the occasion of a recent visit to Carlisle of the Earl of Rosebery, by an allusion to the fact that among the rebels brought to Carlisle after Culloden and executed at Harraby Hill was Sir Archibald Primrose, who, though not ancestor to the Earl in the direct line, was nephew to the head of the house in “The ‘45.” Mr. James Wright, W.S., Edinburgh, writing to Sir Archibald’s sister on the morning of the execution, encloses a letter entrusted to him on the scaffold for that purpose, assures her that he met his fate as becomes a humble Christian. He was interred in St. Cuthbert’s Churchyard, though the exact spot cannot now be identified. It would appear that on his trial Sir Archibald pleaded guilty and threw himself on the mercy of the court, having received the strongest assurances that if he took this course his life would be spared, and that he continued to entertain this hope to the last. Indeed there is a belief still existing in the Rosebery family that a reprieve was actually granted but arrived half-an-hour too late.

For Colonel Townley there could only be one fate. He, too, was tried at Southwark, and found guilty on the clearest, evidence. His defence was that as an officer he bore the commission not of the Pretender but of the King of France, whom he had served with distinction for sixteen years. He was therefore entitled to the treatment of a prisoner of war. He was, however, found guilty and executed on Kennington Common on July 30th, 1746, a fortnight after his trial.

The prisoners tried and condemned at Carlisle were executed at Harraby Hill (a name of evil memory in many a Highland home). Of these Major Macdonald of Keppoch, has been regarded with special interest as the supposed original of the “Fergus Mc.Ivor” of Sir Walter Scott’s “Waverley.” All readers of “The Great Magician” are familiar with the pathetic incidents connected with the imprisonment, trial, and execution of the gallant Fergus and his faithful Clansman, Evan Dhu Maccombich.

They have invested Carlisle Castle, and especially the massive old Norman keep, in which their cell is situated, with deep and melancholy interest. Our City thus has become classic ground, and shares the charm which the author’s genius has shed over his age



Mc.IVOR'S CELL, CARLISLE CASTLE.

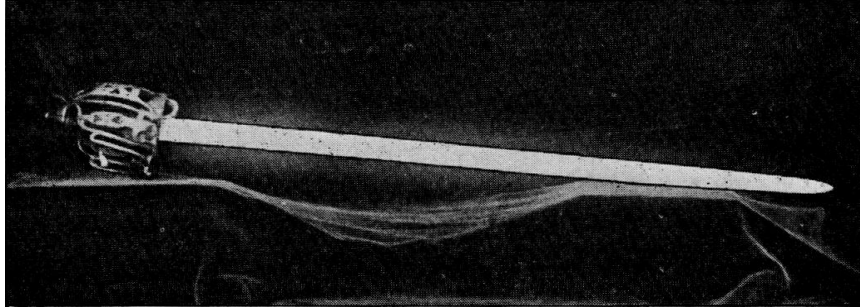
*From a photo by Mr. J. Robson.*

and country. The cell is a small apartment, partaking more of the character of a mediaeval dungeon than a modern prison. Its only light and ventilation are supplied by a narrow slit in the exterior wall, and the sides of the doorway are covered with quaint devices sculptured on the stone, supposed to be the work of prisoners confined there—

“Doomed in sad durance, pining to abide

The long delay of hope from Solway's further side.”

During the imprisonment of Major Macdonald while waiting his trial, the ladies of his family, including his sister Flora, were received at “Warwick Hall by Mr. Francis Warwick. On their departure they left behind them the Major's sword as a souvenir. It bears the name of the renowned Toledo maker, “Andrea Ferrara,” of whose work it is a fine example. In the well-worn leather lining of the basket hilt may still be seen the impression of the hand of the



**THE SWORD OF MAJOR MACDONALD OF KEPPOCH**  
(the original of Fergus Mc.Ivor).

Now in possession of P. J. Canning Howard, Esq., at Corby Castle.

original owner. It is now in the possession of Mr. Howard at Corby Castle. Mr. Warwick did not confine his interest in the Macdonald family to these services, but evinced it further by giving shelter in after years to Major Macdonald's son, who was educated for the Church, but died in his youth.

The heads of the executed rebels were distributed over the country as a warning to traitors. Some of these ghastly relics were still bleaching over the English Gate when David Hume, the historian, paid a visit to Carlisle early in last century, and had long ago inspired the motive of the Jacobite poem, "Carlisle Yetts"—

“While was the rose in his gay bonnet,  
As he folded me in his broached plaidie;  
His hand, which clasped the truth o’ luvie,  
O it was aye in battle ready.  
His lang, lang hair in yellow hanks,  
Waved o’er his cheeks sae sweet and ruddy,  
But now they wave o’er Carlisle yetts  
In dripping ringlets clotting bloodie.  
My father’s blood’s in that flower tap,  
My brother’s in that hare-bell’s blossom,  
This white rose was steeped in my luvie’s blude,  
And I’ll aye wear it in my bosom.

“When I cam’ first by merrie Carlisle,  
Was ne’er a town sae sweetly seeming;  
The white rose flaunted o’er the wall,  
The thistled banners far were streaming!  
When I cam’ nest by merrie Carlisle,  
O sad, sad seemed the town, and eerie!  
The auld, auld men came out and wept—  
O, maiden, come ye to seek ye’r dearie?

“There’s ae drop o’ blade atween my breasts,  
An’ twa in my links o’ hair sae yellow;  
The tane I’ll ne’er wash, and the tither ne’er kame,  
But I’ll sit an’ pray aneath the willow.

Wae, wae upon that cruel heart,  
 Wae, wae upon that hand sae bloodie.  
 Which feasts on our richest Scottish blude,  
 An' mak's sae monie a dolefu' widow."

The Duke of Cumberland gained great honour and glory by the capture of Carlisle. A medal was struck in celebration of the event, a specimen of which may be seen in the Museum at Tullie House. On the obverse is the bust of the Duke in profile, with the inscription "William, Duke of Cumberland, British hero, born 15th April, 1721."

On the reverse appears the hero clad in armour, contending with a monster of the dragon species, with a head composed of snakes, typifying "Rebellion." Round the edge is the motto, "For my Father and Country," and at the base, "Carlisle reduced and Rebels flew, December, 1746."



THE CARLISLE MEDAL.—(In Tullie House, Carlisle.)

Among the few traditions of the Highlanders' stay in the neighbourhood of Carlisle is one of a visit which they paid to the fine old mansion, Newbiggin Hall, where there is a chimney-jamb broken, it was said, by the over-heating of a roaring fire made during a temporary occupation of the place by a rebel party. But the most interesting in many respects is the remains of the Capon tree. On the old Gelt road between the town of Brampton and lower Gelt bridge there is a farm house which bears this title. It is derived from a tree which grew near, by the road side, and is mentioned in Hutchinson's History of Cumberland as being the one under the shade of which it had been customary in days prior to the advent of railways, or even stage coaches, to regale the Judges of Assize and their retinue on Capons and other comestibles on their periodical journeys from Newcastle to Carlisle. It was the custom for the Under Sheriff of Cumberland to meet the party at Temon, on the Borders of Northumberland. At Rule Holme Bridge, across the Irthing, the High Sheriff himself received them, and under his escort

they proceeded to the tree where the meal was provided. In Hutchinson's time, 1794, it was a venerable tree which had apparently stood the blasts of several hundreds of years. All that is left of it now is a stump about six inches in height. Its disappearance has been hastened by the zeal of visitors who have appropriated pieces to be preserved as relics of the past. It is recorded that after

the suppression of the rebellion six of the rebels were hanged on this tree. They were Colonel James Innes, Peter Lindsay, Thomas Park,



Peter Taylor, Michael Delard, and Ronald Macdonald. The circumstance is mentioned in a letter written by Lieut.-General Howard, Governor of Carlisle, in 1740. It appears in Lord Albemarle's "Fifty Years of my Life," and testifies to the undaunted

In the dark patch in the centre foreground of the picture is all that now remains of the Capon Tree.

courage of the sufferers, who prayed for the Prince up to the last and gloried in their conduct. It would be of interest to know if the Ronald Macdonald executed on the Capon tree was the gallant young man of the same name who first roused the enthusiasm of the Highland chiefs at the outset of the Prince's career in Scotland, as narrated at the commencement of this paper.

I have now concluded the local matter at my disposal. The last gleams of fortune's sun on the Prince's arms, shed by his victory over General Hawley at Falkirk; and his detent on Culloden Moor, are matters of general history; as are also the details of his flight, when

“Those hearts that high with honour heaved,  
The volleying thunder there laid low;  
Or scattered like the forest leaves  
When wintry winds begin to blow.”

There is no part of Prince Charlie's career the recital of which creates so much sympathy, or is more to his honour, than the scenes which describe his wanderings in the Highlands, pursued by enemies thirsting for his blood or capture; a price upon his head which would seem boundless wealth to the poor peasants who concealed, fed, and sheltered him often at the peril of their lives, often with no better bed than the heather on the bare mountain side, or the fallen leaves of the forest. However we may regard the seamy side of his character as revealed by the closing years of his life, we cannot but feel that he illustrates most the qualities of true heroism at the darkest period of his fortunes. It is a fine character which shines most in adversity. It not only explains but justifies the passionate love and affection with which he was regarded by his followers, and is alike honourable to him who inspired the feeling and those who experienced it. There are numberless tales told of the Prince's clemency in his success to those who had injured him, in strong contrast to the merciless cruelty of his enemies in the hour of their triumph. His mental, as well as his physical qualities, show him to have been no ordinary man. In his palmy days, even at Holyrood, he had been remarkable for a certain melancholy and reserve due to the circumstances by which he was surrounded. Now he is described as “always cheery and kindly, content with the humblest fare, ever grateful for kindness and considerate of others.” His personal strength and power of endurance were remarkable, never shrinking from long tramps in storm and mist; no meat or drink of the humblest kind came wrong to him, he was always ready for his share, good or bad. No wonder he was beloved, and that the rugged Highlanders would “preserve the memory of those days to

their latest hour, speak with rapture of the son of their King, and weep at the remembrance of his sufferings.”

The pictures of Prince Charles in his old age present few reminiscences of him in his prime, and we are tempted to ask if this feeble, sensual, brutalized and decrepit image can really have been the true presentment of “Bonnie Prince Charlie,” and every nerve of poetic sentiment we possess revolts from the reply. In Scottish homes, at least, and from Highland hearts it comes with no uncertain sound. No, THIS is not their Prince, their hero, young, handsome, gallant and debonnaire. Spite of reason, proof, history, what you will—Charlie—young, handsome, tall and strong, blythe and gracious, Bonnie, Bonnie Prince Charlie still lives in Scottish hearts—“Bonnie Prince Charlie” still. The sentiment can never die. It lives immortal in the verse of a poetic and romantic people, who have created for him a kingdom and literature of his own in which he reigns without a rival, and who still cling to the memories of a glorious past, finding expression in the passionate strains—

Will ye no' come back again?

Will ye no' come back again?

Better lo'ed ye'll never be—

Will ye no' come back again!

---

#### CONCLUSION.

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than that between the Carlisle of 1745 and of to-day. Then it had barely 4,000 inhabitants, now upwards of 45,000. Then the streets were narrow, unpaved, and ill-lighted; to-day broad, clean, well kept, and brilliantly lit with electric light. Then the town was cramped and confined within the area of the City Walls, now its municipal boundaries enclose an area of 2,028 acres, while prosperous suburbs surround the City and may shortly be incorporated with it. Electric trams have been installed, and provide the citizens with an easy and speedy access to the suburbs and the country. In addition to possessing many thriving manufactories, Carlisle has become a leading centre of the railway industry, which alone maintains a population many times larger than the entire population in Prince Charlie's time. Public parks have been opened, interesting relics of the past history of Carlisle and the County of Cumberland have been gathered together and may be seen in the Museum at Tullie House. Covered markets have been built and many beautiful buildings erected. New works for the scientific disposal of sewage are in progress, and a scheme for a perfect supply of pure water by gravitation from the hills will shortly be carried out. On every side we see indications of future progress and prosperity for our City little dreamed of in 1745.