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CORDARA'S COMMENTARY ON THE EXPEDITION TO SCOTLAND MADE BY CHARLES EDWARD STUART PRINCE OF WALES

THE MANUSCRIPT HISTORY OF CRAIGNISH

MISCELLANEOUS CHARTERS, 1165-1300, FROM TRANSCRIPTS IN THE COLLECTION OF THE LATE SIR WILLIAM FRASER, K.C.B.

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COMMENTARY ON THE EXPEDITION

TO SCOTLAND MADE BY

CHARLES EDWARD STUART

PRINCE OF WALES

BY

PADRE GIULIO CESARE CORDARA

ON THE COMPANY OF JESUS SO LONG AS IT EXISTED

Translated into the Vulgar Tuscan by

the ex-Jesuit N. N.

Edited by

SIR BRUCE SETON, BART., C.B.

INTRODUCTION

AMONG the authorities recognised by writers dealing with the '45 is Cordara's *Commentary on the Expedition made to Scotland by Charles Edward Stuart, Prince of Wales,* written in Latin and translated into Italian.

The original work was written in 1751, but it did not become generally known in Europe until it had been translated into Italian early in the 19th century.

One version, dated 1815, in Italian, has been printed. The translator was Gussalli, and the work went through three editions, but it has never been translated into English. A review appeared in the *Quarterly Review,* vol. LXXIX, December 1846 to March 1847, p. 150.

The conclusion arrived at by the Reviewer then may be summarised in his own words: 'We cannot reasonably look for much novelty as to leading incidents of the insurrection and of the two campaigns through which it was protracted. Neither can we regard him as our best authority for the wanderings of their hero. But as to the means whereby the Prince trained himself for what he considered his mission, and the circumstances under which it was prepared in Italy, we feel bound to accept the accomplished Italian as a new and important witness.'

The translation presented below, however, is taken from another Italian, or rather, Tuscan version, by 'the ex-Jesuit N. N.,' dated 12th November 1802. The manuscript, which is beautifully written, has only one defect—it is signed by the author with an almost illegible signature. Opinions indeed differ as to what the surname is; but it appears to be Ingo. It was prepared by the said Vincenzo Ingo at the request of 'Don Francesco Caetani, Duke,' to whom it is dedicated; and, in a note to the reader, the translator explains that he has endeavoured to express the meaning and spirit of the author, and, at the same time, 'to respect those who have a right to give the law to our Italian tongue.'

Mr. Collison-Morley, to whom I am indebted for the translation of Ingo's work into English, has compared the two Italian versions of Cordara's Book and finds that Gussalli's is in a more terse style than that of Ingo.

The Vincenzo Ingo manuscript came into the London market in 1922, but its previous history is not known.

Giulio Cesare di Antonio Cordara, conte di Calamandrana,[1] historian and litterateur,

[1] Authorities:—
Catholic Encyclopaedia.—EDWARD SPILLANE.

was born at Alessandria 17th December 1704, the son of Count Antonio di Calamandrana. The family was of Flemish origin and had long been established at Nice, but had migrated to Alessandria in Piedmont to escape out of the zone of military operations during the war between the Bourbons and Austrians. Cordara's mother, Leonora del Cressini, died when he was quite young, and his father then went to Rome, leaving him at the age of seven in charge of the priest of Calamandrana. When he was ten years old he was sent to Rome and entered the Jesuit College there. In December 1717, when he was fourteen, he became a Jesuit himself, to the great disappointment of his father, who had intended him for a political or diplomatic career; and he soon acquired a reputation as satirist, poet, and historian. After completing his novitiate in Rome he was sent to Viterbo as teacher of rhetoric, and later to Ancona and Macerata. Here he made the acquaintance of Cardinal Lambertini, afterwards Pope Benedict xiv., who commended him warmly to the General of the Company at the Conclave.

When at Macerata he wrote some satirical poems through which he became involved in controversy, and also a pastoral drama on the death of Clementina Sobieska, wife of the Chevalier de St. George, which was well received and played all over Italy, and which increased his literary reputation.

About 1740, Cordara was called to Rome, where he remained for thirty-two years. In 1742 he was selected to write the *History of the Society of Jesus,* embracing the period from 1616 to 1633. The first volume appeared in 1750; the second was published long after his death. He also wrote the history of the German College in Rome.

In Rome he was in great request whenever literary skill was needed, as, for instance, for a description of the funeral of the Chevalier. He also wrote many plays for the Jesuit Colleges.

When the Society of Jesus was finally suppressed in 1774, Cordara withdrew from Rome to Alessandria, devoting his remaining years to literature. Altogether he produced some sixty works from first to last. He died in Alessandria on 6th March 1785, aged eighty-one.

Cordara was intimately associated with the Jacobite leaders and the exiled Royal Family in Rome, he had known the young Prince and his brother, afterwards Cardinal, Duke of York, since boyhood; and it was at the request of the latter that he undertook in 1751 the compilation of the *Expeditio in Scotiam*.

Carducci, who had translated some of Cordara's Satires, refers in complimentary terms to the *Expeditio,* which he says was written 'in the finest and freest Latin the Jesuits ever wrote.'

Whatever its literary value, his work must be regarded as of peculiar interest, if not of importance, inasmuch as it was written so soon after the disastrous termination of Prince Charles Edward's expedition, in a *milieu* in which the author was obviously in a

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Bibl. de la Compagnie de Jésus 77., 1141 -1432.—SAMMKRVOGD.

Nomendator (Innsbruck, 1895), v. 376.—HURTKR.

Bibliographic historique de la Comp. de Jésus (Paris, 1864).—CARAYON.

position to get first-hand information from some of its survivors, and to know the views held by them and the Jacobite party in Rome on the course of events.

The question arises: What were the sources of Cordara's information?

It is improbable that Cordara had access to many of the sources on which we now rely, in dealing with the history of the '45; but it is possible that he had seen some at least of the correspondence, now called the 'Stuart Papers,' preserved in Windsor Castle; and the fact that he wrote his book at the request of the Cardinal, Duke of York, suggests that from the latter he may have obtained information not accessible to other authorities. This would apply specially to such matters as the intimate conversations in Rome between Tencin and the Chevalier, and the account of the Prince's journey to Antibes.

From the modern historical point of view the *Expeditio* may not be of outstanding importance; in certain details, indeed—notably in connection with the Prince's wanderings after Culloden—it is often very inaccurate. But it is interesting in regard to the early life of the Prince, his experiences in the field, and the negotiations which led up to his departure from Rome to Paris.

The most controversial feature of the work is the account given of these negotiations.

Cordara ascribes the activities of France, such as they were, principally to Cardinal Tencin, and he gives in considerable detail the substance of the Cardinal's speech at the Council of Versailles in December 1743, and the action subsequently taken by the French Government, without making any reference to the part played by Amelot.

We are indeed asked to believe that, without Tencin, there would have been no '45 at all.

Here, of course, he is not in accord with modern historians; but, on the assumption that the source of his information was the Jacobite Court in Rome, he presumably expressed the view's there held.

These view's may have been inaccurate, but they were certainly held by the Prince, who when he was on the spot in Paris, chafing at the repeated delays in the French preparations for invasion of Great Britain, wrote on 24th February 1745 to Cardinal Tencin, asking what the explanation was. In reply the Cardinal wrote on 15th March: 'J'ignore la cause . . . comme j'ai ignoré les raisons du mystère qui m'a été fait.'

Commenting on this letter, Colin, who had access to the records of the Historical Section of the French General Staff, says that it shows that the Cardinal, 'who was perhaps the first promoter of the enterprise and who had arranged the relations that existed between the Pretender and the French Government, was no longer kept fully informed of the course of negotiations, after the death of Cardinal Fleury—the time when they became serious. . . . It must be concluded that the enterprise was conceived and advised solely by M. de Maurepas, and by M. Amelot, whose disgrace speedily followed the abandonment of the attempt.'[1]

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[1] Colin, *Louis XV. et les Jacobites,* 182.

Before this, the Chevalier, addressing King Louis on 23rd December 1743, says that he is writing to him direct, and not to the Cardinal: 'Parce que l'on me dit le cardinal n'est pas encore informé des affaires qui ont causé la mission de M. Macgregor.'[1]

These quotations certainly appear to indicate that, whatever Cardinal Tencin may have done before and immediately after the death of Cardinal Fleury, in December 1742, when it came to the plans of the autumn of 1743 and the mission to Rome summoning the Prince to Paris, it was not he but Amelot who was responsible. In fact Colin, in his preface (p. viii), says that 'Lord Sempill's account of the negotiations never even mentions Tencin, and the few letters written by him after the event prove that he was not in the secret.'

Here there is, then, a direct conflict of opinion between the contemporary writer and the modern historian. Cordara ignores Amelot; Colin will have none of Cardinal Tencin. Colin's sources are, it must be admitted, so clear that it is difficult to believe he and modern writers have been mistaken.

On the other hand, Dr. Walter Blaikie has drawn my attention to a pamphlet, in English, 'printed for Mr. Cooper' in London in 1745, entitled 'Cardinal Tencin's plan, presented to the French King, for settling the Pretender's Family upon the British throne, and completing the long concerted Scheme of Universal Monarchy in the House of Bourbon.' This pamphlet may be a translation from the French, or it may merely express the views of the unknown author on the part played by Cardinal Tencin at Versailles. There is no indication as to its authorship or its authority; but it is curiously similar in sentiment to the account given by Cordara of Tencin's interview with the Chevalier and to his speech before the Council of State. Tencin, according to the writer of the pamphlet, urges the stirring up of the Scots by impressing on them the misery of their position, on account of their dependence upon England and the exile of their own King. The Irish are to be similarly induced to appreciate the ruin of their country, and still more of their religion, by the English Government. In England there is to be a carefully organised campaign against the Hanoverian King, as a foreigner, and against the heavy taxation (especially the malt tax) which has been imposed by him, in the interests of Hanover, on his English subjects. The English navy and the army are to be corrupted in all ranks, and, when success has been attained, the Prince is to appear 'at the head of a numerous army.' Victory is certain, and it will remain only 'with the glittering trophies of fallen naval power to adorn the All-Conquering Universal House of Bourbon.'

In his brief article on Tencin in the *Encyclopédie théologique*, tome xxxi, Mons. L'Abbé Migne says that Tencin was for some time, during 1741-42, the French chargé d'affaires in Rome, and left that appointment to take up the Archbishopric of Lyons. Shortly afterwards Cardinal Fleury, recognising his talents, procured his appointment to Minister of State.

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[1] Colin, 36.

Cordara himself evidently had little belief in the intentions of France to assist the Jacobite cause for its own sake, except in so far as that assistance was of benefit to herself directly or indirectly. On the other hand, he was apparently as much misled by the optimistic reports of Sempill, Balhaldie, and the English Jacobites as were Amelot and his colleagues.

An interesting account is given of the mission of Macgregor (alias 'Drummond of Balhaldie') to Rome in December 1743, and of the family conclave which followed the deliverance of his message from Versailles. This probably may be accepted as an accurate account of what happened.

The description of the Prince's journey from Rome to Antibes is evidently the one current at the time; but it contains one or two mistakes, and differs in some respects from other contemporary versions. The 'English nobles' who were sent from France to Rome were 'Balhaldie,' and another whose identity is uncertain, but may have been Sir John Graeme or Graham.

Again, it is generally held that it was James Murray, titular Earl of Dunbar, who accompanied the Prince in the carriage in which he made the first stage of his departure from Rome; but Cordara says it was Sir Thomas Sheridan, his Master of the Household.

According to Cordara the Prince had only one servant with him when he reached Massa and met the 'English nobleman.' He is then said to have himself joined the latter as a servant and to have travelled with him to Antibes. The Commandant of the port, however, in his official report of the Prince's arrival there, dated 23rd January 1744, stated that the Prince was accompanied by three persons; and, instead of spending only a few hours there as Cordara states, he was, according to Colin, in Antibes until January 29th, when he left with 'M . . . [1] sous les noms de Graham et Malloch.'

Dr. Blaikie considers that the Prince assumed the name Malloch, which was the usual pseudonym of Balhaldie.

The reader will be struck by some of the omissions of the learned author. Cordara cannot but have been aware at the time he wrote his commentary of the relations that existed, from the very first, between the Prince (misled by his Irish adventurers) and his able, loyal, and misjudged supporter Lord George Murray; he probably saw the correspondence between the Prince on his return from Scotland and his father, making unfounded accusations against the man to whom he owed so much. But no reference is made to the matter—indeed, there is little in the narrative to show that Lord George occupied any position of particular importance at all.

Similarly, he barely refers to the sinister Murray of Broughton, who did so much to damage Lord George and to hamper his military actions. In fact, the only reference to him is that he subsequently acted as a traitor.

To the Chiefs, too, there are few references in the narrative.

On the other hand, Cordara ascribes to the Prince personally much of the credit for

[1] *Sic.*

military successes which should at least be shared by the leaders and the rank and file.

Military operations, whether from their tactical or their strategical aspect, obviously did not interest Cordara much; nor is this to be wondered at; and he underestimates—no doubt because he did not appreciate—the astonishing achievement of the little, badly armed, and untrained force, in invading England and withdrawing unhurt, in the face of far larger forces of trained Regular soldiers, led by professional officers. In an age when set battles were the rule and the time factor in warfare was regarded as of comparatively small importance, the march of the Prince's army into England and back was a truly wonderful performance; Cordara not only ignores it but is rather complimentary to Cumberland, whose ineptitude and lack of enterprise were only equalled by those of his colleagues and subordinates, Cope, Wade, and Hawley.

No reference is made to the difficulties the little army had to contend with while they were in and about Inverness—the bad commissariat arrangements of Hay of Restalrig, the acute lack of funds and the rapidly increasing number of desertions. Nor is any comment made on the fatal night march to Nairn or to the disposition of the field of battle by O'Sullivan, in opposition to the wiser opinions of Lord George Murray.

Probably Cordara, instructed by the Cardinal Prince, was unaware of these the determining factors in the debacle.

The fourth Book is difficult to follow, and there is such confusion of dates and places in the Prince's wanderings as to make it almost valueless as a record. This is what might be expected, as the writer had probably had no opportunity, when he wrote, of getting information from those who, at various times, accompanied the Prince. O'Sullivan and O'Neill were not in Rome, and the narratives of Donald Macleod and MacEachainn and others were probably unknown to him.

The notes are designed, as far as possible, merely to show the points of difference between Cordara's narrative and the ordinary authorities; no claim is made that they clear up points still doubtful in the history of the '45.

As regards the Prince's movements, however, these notes are based practically entirely on information in the work which is the only really accurate authority on that subject, Dr. Walter Blaikie's *Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward Stuart*. To the learned author I am indebted for permission to use his work.

To Mr. Collison-Morley I am indebted for his great kindness in translating the manuscript from the Italian.

To His Excellency,

Sig. Don FRANCESCO CAETANI, Duke.

EXCELLENCY,

Having, at your Excellency's command, undertaken the translation of the Latin version of the Expedition to Scotland of Charles Edward Stuart, Prince of Wales, a posthumous work, which has only just seen the light, of Padre Giulio Cesare Cordara of the Company of Jesus, formerly my colleague and very dear friend, I have successfully completed the work, and, whatever its merits, I gladly dedicate it to your Excellency.

This proof of my obedience, which at my advanced age and in the habitual poor state of my health has kept me busy for two months, with an application even greater than my poor strength can bear, was more than due from me to a person of such parts, who has always treated me with marked favour and distinguished me with especial partiality. When I say '*of such parts*' there is no danger of my being suspected of flattery, seeing that it is well known that there is not a single Roman noble who surpasses you in eagerness to cultivate, promote, and protect the study both of pure literature and of the most sublime sciences. Your palace on the Esquiline Hill, dedicated to the encouragement of poetry, and that other splendid mansion in the heart of the city, destined to be the Academy of Science for Rome, have attracted an attention and an admiration so universal that not only our own Italy, but France herself, so grudging of praise to all that does not spring from her own soil, has lavished praise upon you in her journals.

It is not only from respect and gratitude that this humble work of mine should be dedicated to you, but from the interest of the story it contains. For none of the great families of Rome was so honoured with proofs of friendly intercourse by the Royal House of Stuart as your own. Rome still remembers the happy event of your most auspicious marriage with Donna Vittoria Corsini, which James III., King of England, father of Edward, Prince of Wales, and of Henry, Duke of York, who is still alive, Dean of the Sacred College of Cardinals, Grand Chancellor of Holy Church, and a true glory to the Sacred Purple—which marriage, I say, King James desired should be honoured with his royal presence and celebrated in his own private royal chapel. On that day he insisted on being present at the sacred rites of the ceremony prescribed by the Church, and, not satisfied with this, on the same day he insisted on entertaining yourselves with your respective nearest relations as his guests at a most sumptuous banquet, served with regal splendour.

Furthermore, the King himself, when his son Edward was starting on that famous expedition to Scotland, which put a new face on the affairs of Europe, and which had, for every political reason, to be kept absolutely secret, profiting by the friendship and intimacy he enjoyed with your most excellent family, chose the estates of Cisterna and Fogliano, of which your Excellency is Lord: and there for eleven whole days he was able to keep the great secret, which had to be hidden from the keen eyes of Rome, giving out that he was enjoying the exquisite scenery. Europe was thunderstruck when it heard of the arrival of Edward, Prince of Wales, in Paris, before it had been able to realise that he had left Rome.

Deign therefore to accept this manuscript of mine which is your due on so many grounds; and, though your refined taste may miss in it the matchless elegance of style of the immortal Latin historian, yet, if it can recognise the fidelity of the sentiments, and the true spirit of the author, which I have made it my one object to reproduce in this version, it will give me some satisfaction in the brief period of life yet remaining to me.

With all respect I have the honour to remain,

Your most humble, respectful and obliged servant,

VINCENZO INGO (?).

At home,[1] November 12, 1802.

[1] *i.e.* in the Caetani Palace?

BOOK I

AT a time when the whole of Europe had blazed out into war for the heritage of the Emperor Charles VI., when nearly all the Powers, either in their own interest or in that of their allies, either of their own free will or from necessity, were involved in the struggle, Edward Stuart, the eldest son of James III, King of Great Britain, suddenly came forward to play a leading part in the great tragedy. In this brief commentary it is my intention to relate the history of his momentous expedition. At first he entered upon the struggle completely unarmed and in appearance more like a reckless lad, determined to run all risks, than a person of staid gravity. The spectators, intent upon the issue of the venture, were astonished at his foolhardiness. Unprepared, without troops or any support, he took upon himself to carry on a war against a most powerful enemy single-handed. Yet little by little his energy, gathering strength from all sides, completely turned the tables. The whole of Europe looked on amazed and delighted at the sight. At the head of strong forces he overran kingdoms that were his by right of birth, captured strongholds that nature and the hand of man had made impregnable, gave battle, won glorious victories, and was so successful in everything he did that he seemed on the point of recovering the throne of his ancestors. Yet after this glorious beginning fortune deserted him. Though he gained little for himself, he not only did good service to his followers, but succeeded in entirely changing the face of affairs throughout the whole of Europe.[1]

[1] One wonders how the writer can have come to this conclusion, after living as he did among men who had been ruined by the lost cause they had followed. It would be hard to show how the '45 had entirely changed the face of affairs in Europe, except in so far as it was the final ruin of the Royal House of the

These are the events which, though already well known to fame, I feel it my duty to narrate in a book, in order that achievements so richly deserving of record, and which happened in our own time, may be handed down to the memory of future generations. This task I undertake the more readily that a Prince, more generous than lucky, stricken and overthrown by a sudden change of fortune, was destined for an end very different from the early promise of his adventure. Indeed, the only reward of his efforts was the reputation for true courage and the undying fame which are ensured by nothing so much as by a well written history. A poor comfort, maybe, but yet one due to the loss of a kingdom. I am also moved to write because enterprises, however glorious, which are not successful easily fade from the memory of men, unless they are accurately recorded[1] in a special history. And this happens either because writers of public news-sheets usually touch only superficially on matters, or because less attention is paid to events which leave no trace behind them, or because it is a weakness of mankind to respect only success. Moreover, enterprises such as this which end in disaster are, as a rule, wrongly condemned by the thoughtless, who judge everything by results. Indeed, most men praise them grudgingly or damn them with faint praise, as if lack of fortune, of all things the most fickle, in any way detracted from real merit. Undoubtedly, had our Edward's luck been equal to his courage, and had his expedition been crowned with success in the field, he would have been looked upon as a matchless hero and celebrated by all nations as a prodigy of his age. But now that he is overwhelmed with misfortunes, deserted and a wanderer, he is admired as he deserves only by those few who see things in their just proportions and understand that glory won by true courage is not destroyed by the caprice of fortune, and that merit lacks nothing so long as neither pluck nor prudence arc wanting. For myself, if Edward had recovered the kingdom he deserved and was now' in London on the throne of his fathers, I might count him more fortunate, but not more brave or prudent, nor more deserving of the praise that is the right of virtue. Indeed, to my mind, he might well be deficient in the greatest of his qualities—I mean his steadfast and imperturbable constancy in misfortune and adversity. Neither his friends nor his troops have any share in this quality.! It is a merit all his own and one that will give ample material for my pen. Thus I am about to embark upon a narrative admirable in its early stages, successful and varied as it progressed, melancholy in its end, yet throughout shedding endless lustre upon Edward and the glory of his name. And before all else, in order to refute the charge of rashness that has been brought against this distinguished Prinee by the ignorant, I will begin by setting forth the

[1] Cordara describes his work as a Commentary; but here he claims the status of an historian rather than that of a commentator. It must be assumed, therefore, that he endeavoured, as far as possible, to secure accuracy in the narrative. Considering the date of his writing, and the fact that he must have had opportunities of meeting some of the leading actors in the tragedy of the '45 on their return to the Continent and of hearing their accounts of what happened, one must give him the credit of reporting wliat was told to him—even when the reports so received do not altogether tally with the accounts accepted to-day.

reasons and motives that prompted the enterprise.

From his boyhood Edward, called Prince of Wales, was brought up never to abandon the desire and the hope of recovering his kingdom. As a young man he was therefore instructed in all the arts of government. Nature herself had endowed him with the highest gifts that belong to the most honoured Princes; rare beauty and charm, eombined with the grave dignity that becomes a prince; a character high-minded, liberal, and lively; an active mind, capable not only of conceiving, but of carrying out the most daring enterprises. Agile and strong in body, he was full-blooded and energetic. He was also hard-working, neglecting nothing that is expected of a king. Most notable was a certain affability and charm in his expression, all the more pleasing from its unchanging serenity and the graciousness of his address. His abhorrence of all haughtiness and display was as notable as his care not to degrade his rank by any kind of levity. He never gave way to idleness or laziness, least of all to any of the temptations of the senses that so beset a young man and a prince in Rome. He had a good knowledge of languages, speaking not merely Italian, but Latin, English, and French. He also possessed considerable familiarity for one of his years with public affairs, and with history, which he had gained from books.

He had an overmastering passion for the profession of arms, looking upon it as a school of valour and glory. And though in Rome he enjoyed all the luxury and splendour he could desire and was treated by the Romans with the respect due to a Prince, he thoroughly disliked living there, because, in a city of ecclesiastics such as Rome is, the arts of peace alone were practised and he was obliged to spend the flower of his years in an idleness which he considered inglorious. His only amusements were riding and hunting; by this I do not mean that sport of the weakling, snaring with nets, but the toils of the chase, shooting birds and tracking down the wildest of game; and such was his skill that he was never known to miss a shot.[1] This sport he would sometimes prolong for the whole day. In heat or rain, in any weather he would make his way through or go round the wildest heath and the densest wood, where there was no trace of a path. At sunset he would return delighted with the excellent bag, though utterly tired out, scorched by the sun or frozen by the cold. This is how he accustomed himself to the fatigues of war. He felt that he had no lack of courage to face them, and whcij he realised that he was of an age to do so and that he possessed the strength, his only complaint was that he had had so little instruction in the school of Mars, the one road to his kingdom. He considered that sketching a fortress or the ability to talk sensibly on military matters was quite useless without practice and experience. Hence he was continually urging his father not to keep him longer idle in Rome, but to send him where he could learn the art of war by experience. Born and reared in the hope of a crown, he must be a soldier

[1] This statement is a remarkable one. Failure though the expedition was, it at least stands out as an example of the steadfastness of many of the Prince's leaders and followers. 'Imperturbable constancy' may surely be credited to such men as Lord George Murray, Lochiel, the Duke of Perth, and many others of all ranks.

before he could be a king. This was the one path to a kingdom. Though at heart James, his father, approved the generous ardour of the youth, he gently checked an enthusiasm which he considered untimely, bidding him bow to circumstances and to necessity. The son answered that, on the contrary, they must fight against them and compensate for their cruel luck by courage.

His father consented in some measure to humour his son on an opportunity offering in the Neapolitan war of 1734, when the Spaniards were fighting the Austrians. A special reason for his yielding was that Fortune, having declared against the arms of Austria, and a great part of the kingdom having been brought under the power of Charles,[1] a Royal Prince of Spain, the Duke of Berwick,[2] a general of great renown, who belonged to the Stuart family, was busy stamping out the last traces of war. Berwick had collected his army under Gaeta and was making great preparations to storm the fortress, which was well protected by its position and by its defences, when Edward was allowed to go to the Spanish camp to watch the storming at close quarters.[3]

He flew eagerly to the camp, as to the height of his desires. So efficiently did he carry out all the duties of military discipline, that this boy of fifteen, a mere tiro, might have served as a model to experienced leaders and veterans. Every one was afraid of his coming to harm or feeling the hardships; but, under the beating rays of the sun, in the midst of clouds of dust, he would ride round the trenches, minutely inspecting the mines, the platforms, the artillery, the tunnels and all the details of a siege. A volunteer, he did not shrink from the most arduous duties or the roughest encounters, never failing in any task he undertook. Though attacked by land and sea, the Germans resisted vigorously, firing unceasingly and continually making sorties to hinder the operations of the enemy. Edward always rushed to where the hail of bullets was thickest. Whenever there was a sortie, he was the first in the fray, encouraging his comrades by word and example, the heart and soul of the battle. Though Berwick, to whom his life was entrusted, disapproved of his running some risks, he admired him and held him up as an example to the others. When at last the Austrians were compelled to yield, the first to be seen on the battlements was Edward. He also wished to be the first in the fort, entering not through the gates, but through the breaches and the gaps in the walls and the heaped-up stones, the soldiers applauding and admiring the spirit of the royal youth. This was his first taste of war, and from it we may judge his courage, if he ever were himself to command in the field and to draw his sword, not to gain experience, but to

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[1] Charles, son of Philip v., conquered Naples in 173$, and became King of the Two Sicilies the same year. He subsequently, in 1759, succeeded to the Crown of Spain.

* James Fitzjames, natural son of James VII. by Arabella Churchill, was created Duke of Berwick in 1686. He accompanied his father into exile in 1688, and entered the service of France. He rose to the rank of Marshal of France and Grandee of Spain. He was killed in 1734 in the war between France and the Emperor.—*Scots Peerage*, i. p. 34.

[3] The Prince was invited to go by Berwick's son, the Due de Liria. He was accompanied by Murray (Dunbar) and Sheridan.—Lang, p. 22.

conquer and rule. His passion for war was keener than ever when he returned to Rome, but in the meanwhile he did not interrupt his studies.

Not long afterwards the Powers were again in arms. Maria Teresa, Queen of Hungary, wished to preserve intact the heritage of her father, Charles vi.,[1] from her rivals, who were determined to divide it. The greater part of Europe being thus involved in war, Edward began to make more ambitious plans, to think of his kingdom, and to believe that his chance had some. What specially moved him was the easiness of attempting the enterprise, which then seemed peculiarly timely. The King of France had openly declared against Maria Teresa, who was supported by England.[2] There was a growing rumour that the English would actively support Austria and send troops to her aid in the Low Countries, and he hoped that, if he tried to recover the throne of his ancestors, he would be assisted by France. However small her help, as the English troops were distracted by a foreign war, he thought that it would not prove difficult, with the aid of the many followers he still had in the heart of the country, to get control of the Kingdom. His confidence was increased by the knowledge that there had been disturbances in England and some beginnings of a political movement and that many people had expressed open disgust at the rule of the Hanoverian George II. It was rather the lack of a leader than any unwillingness to rise that kept them quiet. So he begged his father to give him a chance of proving his courage. Why should he wait? What would be the effect of longer delay but to weaken the loyalty of friends from the lapse of time, to strengthen the forces of the enemy by long possession, while they were letting slip an excellent opportunity that would not return? In the present disturbed state of Europe no prince ought to be blind to his own interests, least of all King James, who had been robbed of his kingdom and had lived in exile for so many years, even though, satisfied with the empty title of king, he set little store by the reality. For himself, he had no lack of spirit and he would run any risk for the glory and dignity of his king and father and for the common cause of his family. An attempt must be made and the issue joined. A kingdom was at stake, for the reeonquest of which no effort should seem too great. What had failed before might succeed this time, and, even were he to fail, the mere attempt would do good, by reminding the English that the Royal House of Stuart still existed, that it did not waive its claims, nor despair of its cause. King James fully appreciated the force of his son's arguments, but, weakened by age and his knowledge of the danger there is in great enterprises, he decided to run no risks and delayed still longer. Edward, on the contrary, could not brook further delay.

Fortunately at that time Cardinal Pierre Guerin de Tencin[3] became one of the most

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[1] Died 20th October 1740.

[2] In 1741 France declared war, and in 1743 England came in on the side of Maria Theresa. A sum of £300,000 was remitted to the Queen, and a contingent of 12,000 Hessians and Danes was raised by George 11.

[3] Cardinal Fleury, Prime Minister of France, died 29th January 1743, and was succeeded by Cardinal Tencin. ' Cordara regarded Tencin as principally responsible for bringing about the co-operation—such as

intimate councillors of the King of France. A man of great circumspection, he had been raised to the purple on the recommendation of King James and recognised how deeply he was indebted to him on that account. He desired nothing more than to be able to make some return to a prince who had done so much for him. It chanced that he had recently come to Rome on business of the French Embassy. Not only was he often in Edward's company, but he introduced to him his nephew, the Chevalier de Tencin, a man of conspicuous parts, who represented the Order of Jerusalem at the Papal Court, and he soon became on intimate terms with the Prince. Hence the Cardinal, either because he had himself divined Edward's wishes when in Rome, or owing to suggestions made secretly in his nephew's letters, only waited till he was, as we have mentioned, admitted to the royal counsels to propose that Edward should be summoned to Franee and supplied with money and troops for the recovery of his kingdom. He also suggested that the invitation should be made in such a way that King James would have no time for long consultations or for making difficulties. The Cardinal was by nature inclined to act quickly, an invaluable habit in carrying out important matters successfully, and he knew that the shorter the delay, the more pleased Edward would be, for he was naturally most impetuous. But since the attempt might be frustrated, if it were even suspected by any one at all, and since he realised that it must be managed with a caution worthy of its importance, he was on the look-out for an opportunity, which actually presented itself in the way I am about to relate.

The alliance between Maria Teresa and George H. had been made. Both sides had dispatched a number of troops to the Scheldt, and the English were soon to send others to join them in the Netherlands, while the Dutch, hitherto neutral, were, it was loudly declared, inclining towards Austria, meaning to join her as soon as possible. The French Cabinet was trying to devise a plan for preventing the junction of all these enemy forces. Obviously, if they could not quickly dissipate the storm that was steadily gathering, France's high hopes of subjugating the Netherlands would speedily disappear.

In these circumstances Cardinal Tencin said that the easiest way of dividing the enemy's forces would be to come to terms with James in., King of England, who had long been an exile in Rome, and provide him with means for the recovery of his kingdom. He had a son of great parts, as eager for fame as for his throne, who was thoroughly capable of successfully conducting a war himself. If he landed in Scotland with a reasonable escort of troops to regain armed possession of his ancient patrimony, all Scotland would fly to arms and a large part of England would come under Scottish

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it was—of France with the Jacobite party in 1743"[1]744- His views are opposed to those of Captain Colin, who, in his *Louis xv et les Jacobites*, says:—

'On parait aussi s'etre rnlpris sur le principal auteur du projet; s'il est possible que le cardinal de Tencin ait servi quelque temps d'intermediate entre Louis xv et le Pretendant, il semble etre reste tout a fait étranger aux projets de restauration et de descente en Angleterre. Le recit laisse par Lord Sempill de toutes les négociations . . ne mentiqnne meme pas Tencin, et les quelques billets Merits par lui apres l'evlnement prouvent qu'il n'etait pas dans le secret.'

rule. The Scots were most certainly very ready to rise for many reasons, but more especially because of their old hatred and jealousy of the English, who had been greatly favoured at their expense by King George, while they had to submit to their own affairs being controlled by them. They had always retained their affection for the House of Stuart, not merely from the memory of earlier kings, whom they had always found good and just rulers, hut from their special fondness for James, whom they once eagerly welcomed among them with the most devoted loyalty, acclaiming him their King. Nothing could increase their loyal devotion more effectually than for them to have actually before their eyes under arms James's son, Edward, a prince of great courage and highly endowed both physically and mentally. Many even of the English, whether from disgust at being ruled by a foreigner, or from an inborn desire for change, "were turning to the Stuarts again. Most of them were beginning to repent of having unjustly driven out the legitimate heirs to the throne, who had not deserved such treatment, and allowing them to remain so long in exile. Certainly all the Catholics, of whom there were many in both kingdoms, would desire nothing better than to be ruled by a Catholic Prince of their own blood. They would then experience much relief and be freed from some of the intolerable burdens under which they were groaning and be able to breathe again. For these and other reasons there was no doubt that at the mere rumour of a Stuart invasion, things in England would take on quite a different complexion. The English troops would be obliged to abandon Belgium and hasten home to look after their own affairs, which would touch them more nearly than those of other people. The French would then experience no further resistance to their victorious advance through Belgium and their seizing with impunity the fortresses of that province. The Dutch, too, would be held and prevented from undertaking hostilities against France. If fortune smiled on the attempt and the Stuarts reigned again in England, what glory and profit would His Most Christian Majesty not win in the future by restoring to their throne a family of great nobility, above all things, a Catholic family, which had always been friendly to France and, after this new and signal service, would be attached to him by an even closer bond?[1]

Tencin's speech was received with universal applause by the assembly. The King, who was sincerely attached to James, readily admitted that it was his duty to help this unhappy family, applauding the suggestion the more readily because it would also serve his own ends, and he would be listening to the claims both of glory and of friendship. It was decreed that an alliance should be made with James III., King of England, and that his son Edward should leave Rome for France. Ships and troops were to be prepared for the invasion of Scotland; above all, everything must be carried out with the greatest dispatch and without the least noise, since this was the first essential of success.

Such was the decision of the Council of Versailles at the beginning of December 1743.

[1] Did the Cardinal really believe that the position of the Jacobite party in Scotland, and in England, was as suggested? He certainly overestimates the strength of the alleged hostility to George II. in England, and of the

Soon after the middle of the same month two English nobles [1] arrived in Rome from France with orders that, under the pretext of visiting the city, they should make arrangements for Edward's expedition and, by holding out great promises and hopes, should induce him to ask permission to start. One of them was furnished with the usual credentials of an ambassador to King James, as a proof of good faith, and enthusiasm of the English Jacobites. It is possible that he was merely reflecting the optimistic views of such Jacobite emissaries as Drummond of Balhaldie; but the subsequent history of the part actually played by France in honouring her engagement to the Prince surely indicates that, throughout the negotiations, Tencin, Amelot, and King Louis were merely utilising the Prince and the Jacobite schemes as a useful diversion against English activities on the Continent.

* This statement does not entirely tally with the accepted versions. William Macgregor, alias Drummond of Balhaldie, was sent from Paris to Rome to make arrangements, and arrived there on 19th December 1743He left Rome on 25th December and reached Paris on 3rd January 1744. (See Balhaldie's *Memorial History of Clan Gregor*, vol ii. p. 361.)

The question is, Who was the second envoy?

Cordara expressly says that he was to be the Prince's travelling companion, and was provided with English passports, and that he was sent on to Massa to await the Prince and make arrangements for his passage through Genoese territory; but he does not mention his name.

Lang, in his *Prince Charles Edward* (p. 41), says that 'a gentleman had met him on the way, and took part in his perils, a Mr. Graham or Graeme,' and that the Prince in a letter from Paris dated loth February, speaking of this played the part of French envoy. The other was to be Edward's travelling companion, and was provided with English passports which, as he travelled under an assumed name, might ensure his safety, in case of trouble. I do not propose to relate where and when this commission was executed with the utmost caution, in order to prevent any inkling of it reaching the public. The important point is that the French envoy, having been admitted to an audience by James m. in the presence of his son Edward and Tencin, the Ambassador of Malta, explained that all difficulties had been smoothed away and the whole thing would be quite easy to carry out. There was hardly a soldier left in England, as all the forces of the kingdom had crossed to the Netherlands. Many of the leading gentry were in Scotland and, as soon as Edward arrived, would at once take arms and gather under their banners large bodies of clansmen. It would be child's play to seize a kingdom thus unprepared, while all the defenders were away, with the support of a number of adherents and friends who were in complete readiness to help. France would supply ships, provisions, and arms, and Spain money. A powerful fleet in Brest was ready to carry the Prince to Scotland without awakening the least suspicion in the Court in London. But haste was essential. Delay would be fatal, whereas immediate action would inevitably mean success. The Ambassador set forth all these arguments at length, and

the Chevalier de Tencin, at his uncle's prompting, spoke to the same effect.

James was really moved at news that touched him so nearly, not so much for himself as for his children. It

individual, said: * He has been very careful of me.' Lang assumes that this Graham was Sir John Graeme (son of Graeme of Inchbrakie and formerly Solicitor-General in Scotland), who was afterwards created Jacobite Earl of Alford, and, for a short time, was Jacobite Secretary of State. (Lang, *History of Scotland,* iv. p. 446 •)

Sir John Graeme, then, was probably the second of the 'English nobles' referred to.

In another respect Cordara differs from other authorities, viz. in making Sheridan accompany the Prince on his departure from Rome. It was Lord Dunbar, *i.e.* James Murray, who went with him, and acted the part he had himself drawn up, with the coachman.

grieved him to have to leave them, born to rule, in a private station and exiles at his death. For himself, he said, at his age, the loss of a kingdom was a small matter since he had adopted a manner of life untouched by anxiety and turmoil; in Rome the only prerogatives of kingship that he missed were its cares and its inconveniences. Nevertheless, he dreaded the uncertain issues of war, and said that matters could not be ripe for a step of such importance. He desired better and more detailed information concerning the munitions, the number of troops, the money, and other matters. The idea of risking the life of a son so dear to him, the hope of his royal house, upon a doubtful enterprise was not to be entertained for a moment. The very liberality of the promises led him to believe that this was not an occasion for haste. Though he did not doubt the good faith of the quarter from which they came, he saw that they would be very difficult to carry out. The most friendly of princes arc often compelled to listen to necessity rather than to friendship. Things which seem perfectly simple in a peaceful gathering of councillors may often prove in the event very difficult of execution. Some day a war carried on with such vigour by the Princes engaged must come to an end. And who would venture to predict the terms of peace? Might not the King of France be compelled to grant conditions more necessary than honourable? The greatest and most powerful kings may experience many changes of fortune in a long war and agree to treaties of peace in which, while they dictate some articles, they must bow to others. Every one is bound to look after his own interests rather than those of his friends. Might is stronger than right in treaties of this kind. The man who is nearest defeat very often wins in the end, while the man with right on his side is compelled to give way. This he had learnt not by the examples of others, but by bitter experience.

Edward watched his father in silence while he was speaking to this effect; but he could not conceal his disgust, and his knit brows showed his utter disapproval of his father's view. His father saw and continued: 'However, this is a matter that concerns my son, not myself, and it is for him to decide. For myself, I have suffered all that my age

and my strength can endure. Advanced in years [1] and weak in health, it is for me to think rather of my eternal welfare than of an unstable kingdom. He is now of an age to understand and to act as he thinks best. He must decide. T leave everything to his judgment. It shall never be said that I have indolently let slip a good opportunity, nor will I ever lay myself open to the charge of sluggishness or indifference to my family. One thing only I desire, that, whatever decision he takes, it may be crowned with success.' He then motioned to his son to state his view's clearly and freely.

With radiant face, Edward spoke bravely as follows: 'Were anything else but your kingdom, your glory, and your dignity at stake, upon my honour I should be daunted by the difficulties of the enterprise. Nor, in all probability, would anything else weigh sufficiently with me to induce me to tear myself away from a father so affectionate and lose from my sight one who is dearer to me than anything else in the world. But when proposals are made to me which, as I have learnt from your lips and your example, are to be preferred to life itself, I fail altogether to see why my expedition should be longer delayed. It will be full of hardships and perils, it is true, but such is the path of glory. The issues of war are uncertain; but glory is assured and my chances are splendid. What avails hope without daring? My father, do not therefore imagine that I am ignorant of the difference between courage and rashness, or that I am risking my life without duly weighing the circumstances. For the moment there is no question of my entering upon a war in Scotland, but only of my going to France. There, in a neighbouring country, the chances of war will be discussed, and I shall certainly not enter upon it unless the prospects of success seem far to outweigh the dangers. Such being my views, you have no cause to be anxious about me. Indeed, there is much that may give us both comfort. For once I shall escape from this inglorious idleness and look fate in the face, while you will, I venture to hope, see those high qualities which have been so often put to the proof flower again in a son who is not unworthy of you.'

During his son's speech the King gently wiped away the tears which his feelings drew from his eyes. Edward was not unmoved at the sight, and continued:

'I see that a most affectionate father grieves to lose a son who must soon be separated from him by so much land and water. But I beg of you, Sire, not to listen to your heart when great public interests are at stake, and in such a crisis to think rather of the duty of a king than of the feelings of a father. If there were room for tears at our parting, no one would have a better right to shed them than myself, since I must leave all that I hold most dear and break at a single blow all the closest ties of nature—to go whither? Among a people I do not know, perhaps to death. Nothing is worth such a sacrifice. We must seek glory even against all the promptings of Nature herself.'

His father could not endure to hear more. Praying Almighty God to bring the enterprise to a successful issue, he left him free to go to France when he liked and dissolved the Council.

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[1] The Chevalier was at this time in the 56th year of age.

Edward then prepared to start for France. So quickly did he make his plans that within twenty days of the arrival of the two Englishmen in Rome he had set out. He spent this time in doing everything to ensure his being able to leave with the utmost secrecy. If the secret had leaked out, through any trifling indiscretion, he would have been in great danger from the English, who controlled the whole Mediterranean with their fleet, and from their agents who swarmed over most of Italy. There were still so many very serious obstacles in the way as to make the attempt seem almost desperate. As we have said, the sea was scoured by the English fleet and he was obliged to cross it, at least on the voyage from Liguria to France. There were openly hostile as well as doubtful districts to be traversed. It was mid-winter. There were terrible rains, as well as roads ruined by frost, water, and snow. Besides, from fear of the plague, which was raging in Sicily, the frontiers of all the provinces of Italy were carefully guarded. The gates of the towns were provided with wickets and guards, and every traveller arriving was rigorously examined, being questioned as to who he was, where he came from, and whither he was going. Everyone arriving at the frontiers of Genoese territory was subjected to fifteen days' quarantine before being allowed to proceed on his way, an intolerable nuisance to people in a hurry. Lastly, it seemed very difficult, almost impossible, for a Prince of such rank to take his departure without awakening a suspicion that he was making for France. By what trick could they hope to deceive the Roman people, always so wide awake and bent on probing a man's inmost thoughts, a people accustomed from the most ancient times to show the utmost curiosity about the doings of persons of rank and to keep nothing secret? Could anything escape the notice of a densely populated city, especially now that there was war in Italy, and strangers of all kinds were coming to Rome in greater numbers than ever; when party feeling ran high and the ambassadors of the Powers were watching for the slightest shifting of the breeze? And even if he succeeded in eluding the watchfulness of the city, how was he to deceive the servants he always had around him? Against these he had more especially to be on his guard, as there are generally spies among the servants of a Prince. Not long ago, and indeed at that very time, there had been cause for suspecting the presence of these pests in the household of King James. Edward understood the difficulties, but he was not dismayed, and by vigilance and courage he successfully overcame them all, both by land and sea. More astonishing still, he concealed his departure so successfully, that it did not become known in Rome till eleven days after he had started. I propose to describe how he did this in detail, because it is of interest in itself and because it may serve as an example to others similarly placed.

To begin with, one [1] of the two English envoys we have mentioned was immediately sent back to Franee to warn Louis of Edward's imminent arrival. The other was ordered to go to Massa in the Lunigiana, which marches with the Genoese Riviera, to await the coming of the Prince and make the necessary preparations for continuing the journey

[1] Drummond of Balhaldie.

through Genoese territory. To him were consigned some of Edward's belongings, for he had decided to travel on horseback, disguised as a courier, without any kind of baggage, accompanied only by a single servant. One of these, a man of proved fidelity and courage and with a good knowledge of the road, was told to be ready on a certain date to proceed to France with one of the Court gentlemen. He must on no account say a word to any one. Since it was of the utmost importance that none of the servants should have an inkling of the Prince's departure, this is how matters were arranged. The date was fixed for 9th January and an important shooting party was planned for that day at Cisterna, on the Via Appia, some thirty miles from Rome, an excellent spot for sport on account of the thiek woods in which it stood. Thither servants and huntsmen were dispatched, with all that was necessary for the expedition. These preparations were not unusual, as the Prinee of Wales had been in the habit of going there about this time of year with his brother, the Duke of York, to shoot, generally for about a fortnight.

Very few people had been let into the secret; only those who were to play a part in carrying, out the plan. All this was organised by the Scotsman Dumbarii,[1] a man of rare discretion and extraordinary activity, who had instructed Edward in early days. There was some hesitation about admitting the Duke of York to the plot. Edward would have preferred to confide in him, for he disliked the idea of leaving a brother so dear without bidding him farewell, and the young Duke's discretion, which had already been proved several times to be greater than his years, did not admit of a doubt that he would keep the secret. But after due consideration he decided not to listen to the dictates of his heart, for fear that a possible expression of sadness on his face might awaken suspicion. Edward, meanwhile, with no other idea in life than the glory of his great enterprise, firmly smothered his feelings, displaying all his usual gaiety with his brother, the servants, and his friends to the last, to the astonishment of King James and Dunbar, who watched his face in silence, well knowing what he was concealing.

This was even more remarkable on the day before his start. When it became known in Rome that the Princes were to leave for Cisterna on the following day, the leading nobles came, as usual, to pay them their respects in the evening. Edward's self-control was absolute. He received them all with his usual grace, talked affably with them, addressing some by name, carrying on commonplace shooting talk and letting fall a joke now and then, as if he were going into the country for pleasure and not to undertake a long and difficult journey, full of hardships, to be cut off from his family, from all the associations of his early boyhood. James's fortitude rivalled that of his son. Though his heart was heavy within him, he played his part in the conversation with an expression so unconcerned that he gave not the slightest sign of his feelings. When the reception came

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* James Murray, second son of the fifth Viscount Stormont, served on the Jacobite side throughout the '15, afterwards going to France. In 1718 he was appointed a plenipotentiary for negotiating the marriage between Prince James Edward and the Princess Mary Clementina Sobieska. In 1721 the Prince created him Earl of Dunbar, and in 1725 Knight of the Thistle *(Scots Peerage*, viii. **p.** 205). In 1724 James appointed him tutor to his son, Charles Edward. '

to an end amid good wishes for a pleasant trip, it was followed by a private supper, King James sitting down with his two sons, as usual, nor did the gentlemen-waiting present observe the slightest depression or anything unusual. Indeed, after the meal, some time was spent in happy talk until the King rose and dismissed his sons, wishing them *bon voyage,* Edward was the first to retire to his room, but shortly afterwards he repaired to his father through a secret passage and conversed with him in private for the space of an hour.

And here during their last interview it seems incredible that father and son, both deeply moved, should not have given way to nature. Never to my mind were more genuine tears shed on an occasion more appropriate. A most lovable son was parting from a most loving father. Left to himself and to his own resources, he was now not merely to be deprived of his companionship, a trial severe enough in itself, but was moreover to go among unknown people, and to face a thousand deaths amid the uncertain dangers of war. If, in his misfortune, James was the most unhappy of princes, yet he counted himself, as indeed he was, the most fortunate of them all in having such a son. On the other hand, Edward, however careless of himself, was most loth to leave alone in his grief in his old age a good father by whom he had been admirably brought up, whom he regarded as his guide and master in the paths of virtue, whose will had always been his own. 'This alone, my dear father,' he said, 'gives me some little consolation and hope, that in my brother Henry you will find no small comfort and a son certainly better than I am. By his presence you will be able to console yourself for my absence till a better fortune brings us together again. And if, as I feel in my heart, this does not prove an idle dream, a passing sorrow will be crowned by a great joy. Perhaps the moment ordained by God is at hand when the fortunes of our house are to be restored. Live on, my King, and may He keep you in health both for my sake and for the sake of the kingdom.'

The King made a short reply, such as the time and place allowed, and then added: * May your high qualities continue to multiply, my son. Rest assured that the only satisfaction left for me in life while you are away will be ever to remember your noble disposition and to enjoy the glory of being the father of such a son.' With these words he drew forth a proclamation signed with his own hand, in which he appointed his son Edward, Prince of Wales, supreme Administrator of his kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, vesting him with the royal authority.[1] 'Keep this paper by you,' said he, 'so that you can publish it at a fitting time.' Finally he gave him other counsel, inspired by true religion and wisdom, which he was ever to bear in mind. Last of all he bent down and folded his son, who had sunk upon his knees before him, in a close embrace, blessing him, bathed in tears, and bidding him (he was weeping no less copiously) retire and rest.

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[1] This Commission was dated 'at our Court at Rome,' 23rd December 1743. It was read publicly at the raising of the Standard at Glenfinnan on 19th August 1745.

Edward rested little. He had ordered a travelling carriage to be ready some hours before dawn,[1] with three saddle-horses in addition. He said he wanted to start thus betimes, in order, if possible, to begin the shooting at Cisterna that same day. When this had been promptly done, he sent a message to the Duke of York to follow him as soon as it was convenient. Then, taking Sir [Thomas] Sheridan,[2] his Master of the Household, as travelling companion, he got into the carriage and reached Porta S. Giovanni in Laterano. The royal outrider, Stafford,[3] had gone on a little ahead on horseback, with the groom who, as has been said, had been let into the secret about the journey to France, leading the other riding horse. As they had been directed, they immediately halted outside the gate, waiting for the Prince. When Edward arrived and saw them on horseback, he bade the coachman stop, as if he had been seized with a sudden desire to ride, left the coach and got on horseback. Then, in order to hoodwink the coachman and the servants, he shouted to Sheridan to push on along the Marino road, as he meant to take the Albano road, vowing, with boyish impetuosity, that he would be at Cisterna before them. I may say that when you leave the Lateran gate there are two roads to Cisterna, one by Marino, the other by Alban o, both places not far from the city, famed for the quality of the air and popular holiday resorts of the Romans. The former is the main road and far the most convenient, since there are posting-stations at regular intervals, where travellers in either direction can pay by the stage, and horses and coaches can therefore be changed more quickly. This is the road generally taken by the public couriers. The other road is a little shorter, but very muddy in winter, full of pools of water, and almost impassable. Before you reach these cross-roads, there is another road on the left, nearer the gate, that goes to Frascati.

Edward made as if he would follow the Albano road. Sheridan, who had been let into the secret, protested vigorously, reminding him of the difficulties of the roads, which at this time of year were impassable in places, and adding that, should the King hear of it, he would be very displeased. But he spoke to deaf ears. Edward, setting spurs to his horse, darted off with Stafford, the groom, down the Frascati road. In order that the coachman might not notice anything, Sheridan detained him some time in talk, pretending to have slipped and hurt himself as he got back into the carriage; not till he thought he had delayed long enough did he order him to proceed. Edward, having pushed ahead and successfully given the coachman the slip, put on a great courier's cap that concealed almost the whole of his face. Travellers generally use them to protect their face from cold during winter, but his object was to prevent any one from

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[1] 9th January 1744. On that date James wrote to Sempill that the Prince and his brother had left before dawn. (Lang, *Prince Charles Edward,* p, 38.} According to Colin, however, (p. 53} he left on 13th January, Cordara, below, refers to the Prince having reached Genoa on 13th January after five days' journey—which would make the 9th January the day of starting,

[2] Cordara is here in opposition to other historians who state that it was Murray (Dunbar) who drove out of Rome with him.

[3] Stafford was appointed a tutor to the Prince in October 1728. (Lang, *Prince Charles Edward,* p. 20.)

recognising him. He then dismissed Stafford, bidding him play his prearranged part well, and, ordering the groom to follow him, since his travelling coach had already passed along the neighbouring road, turned his horse and retraced his steps to the Porta S. Giovanni. Here he wheeled to the right under the walls of Rome, galloping along the whole circuit in the darkness to the Via Flaminia and then by Ponte Molle, and thus taking the road to France, he again had to resort to a ruse in order to have the privilege of using the public posts and travel quickly. For a law forbade post-horses being supplied to travellers who started in private carriages. Edward had laid his plans. After covering some little distance he left the main road and made for Caprarola, a castle some thirty-five miles distant from Rome, and went straight to the Palazzo Farnese, a building famous for its size and for its architecture, which at that time had been lent to Cardinal Trajano Acquaviva, Spanish Minister to the Pope, so that every one thought he was one of the Cardinal's household. Acquaviva had been let into the whole secret and had given orders to the nearest post for two horses to be ready for secretly dispatching, as it appeared, a courier to Spain. They were ready, well fed and well saddled, waiting only for their riders. Edward, in his courier's dress, immediately mounted, and on the same day rejoined the main road. In four days he completed the journey to Genoa, changing horses at every post.[1]

While Edward was travelling night and day, efforts were being made to keep his departure secret at Cisterna by means of a strange comedy, which deserves to be described for its originality and the variety of its incidents. The actors were few, but good, especially Sheridan, who, as we have said, had been left by Edward at the Porta S. Giovanni and played the leading part. On reaching Cisterna, he asked the first of the servants who came to meet him for news of the Prince, and, on learning that he had not arrived, he pretended to be surprised and alarmed. 'He has played a nice mad boyish prank, obstinately persisting in taking a thoroughly bad road at this time of year instead of the good one. It is all my fault, though, for not stopping him.' The apparent irritability and anger with "which he spoke made the servants anxious and afraid that something had happened to the Prince. However, they did not give up hope, continually looking out to see whether he was coming. After three anxious hours, the Duke of York arrived with his suite. Then every one was alarmed. Edward had left a letter full of affectionate greetings for the Duke on the Cisterna road, telling him of his secret journey to France.

The young Duke's expression naturally showed the grief he felt in a sadness which it was his duty to assume in order to keep up the comedy they were playing. Hearing that his brother, who had started so many hours before him and had taken a short cut, had not yet arrived, he became anxious and perturbed, insisting that some accident must have befallen him. Horsemen must be sent at once along the Albano road to find out what had happened to him. While the horses were being prepared and the servants were

[1] According to Colin he rode to Carrara and thence went by boat to Genoa. Lang, however, says 'he drove, through heavy snow, to Massa and so to Genoa' (p. 39).

all in a state of excitement, Stafford arrived at full gallop. The sight of the Prince's travelling companion thus alone only increased the general panic. When Stafford had dismounted, he told them all that there was no cause for alarm, that the Prince would not arrive that day and perhaps not for three more days. Not far from Albano his horse had fallen under him and lie with it; one of his ribs had been slightly injured and a swelling had appeared. So he had remained in a neighbouring country house at Albano to get well. There was no danger whatever, but the surgeon thought that, if the swelling would not go down immediately, his recovery might take some little time and give trouble. On one point, however, the Prince insisted, that it should on no account reach the ears of his father. So he begged his brother not to let any of the servants move and to go on with the shooting just as if he were there.

On hearing the news Sheridan exclaimed excitedly, as though it were true, that he must hurry off at once to Albano. It should never be said that he had left the Prince alone on an occasion like this, especially as he had been put in charge of him. But Stafford begged him by all that he held most sacred to calm himself. The Prince was in want of nothing and was well looked after. He himself and the groom could do all that was necessary for him with the help of the caretaker of the castle. The arrival of any one else might awaken the suspicions of the people of Albano, and a secret which must be kept at all costs would leak out: the King would be distressed, and the Prince very angry. Every one present agreed that Stafford was right, and, as they were all of opinion that the Prince should be humoured, Sheridan was at last induced with the utmost difficulty to stay where he was. Stafford at once went back to Albano, and the Duke of York forbade any of the servants to say a word about the Prince's fall.

This clever and convincing story was believed implicitly by every one, both in the household and outside it; for it was not possible to prevent it soon becoming known in Cisterna. To confirm it, messengers arrived from time to time from Albano during the next few days with letters from Stafford giving better news of the Prince and affirming even more confidently that he would arrive two days later, as he had promised. When the day came no one doubted that the Prince would appear. But towards sunset, just as the Duke of York was preparing to go to meet him, a groom arrived with a note from Stafford saying that the Prince wanted the whole hunting party to go over to the Lake of Fogliano, where he would arrive on the morrow.

The Lake of Fogliano lies at the foot of Monte Circco, ten miles from Cisterna. The spot is rich in game and well suited for keeping the secret, since it is out of the way, and very sparsely inhabited, being, except for a few shepherds, a veritable wilderness. Here the next day was spent after the rumour had been spread through Cisterna that the Prince had already arrived from Albano. Though the Prince had not been seen at Fogliano and the servants and huntsmen began to have their various suspicions, the Duke of York organised a glorious shooting expedition, giving orders that every one was to attend strictly to his duty. The expedition lasted for several days,. during which none of the servants was able to give information of the absence of the Prince; for there was

no communication with the outside world and all letters were opened, those that spoke of the Prince being immediately burnt. As for the fishermen who take a quantity of fish from the lake several times a week to Rome, they were rough fellows who had no thought beyond getting the fish to its destination, and not in the least likely to be suspicious. Yet, when they started for Rome, they received strict injunctions that, if any one asked them about the fall and how the Prince was doing, they were to say that he was completely cured and in excellent health; and that he spent the whole day trying to make a good bag. In support of the story wild boars and deer in considerable numbers were sent to Rome from time to time and distributed as presents in the Prince's name among the nobility, as part of the bag. So successful were these measures that for eleven days not a word was said, nor was there even a suspicion of the Prince's departure for Paris.

When it became publicly known, it would be difficult to describe the universal astonishment, the excitement and the variety of opinions expressed. Everywhere it was the one topic of conversation with all classes, from the highest to the lowest, every one having his own opinion about it. Some praised the pluck of the young Prince in trying to recover the throne of his ancestors, no matter how great the risk. Others expressed more admiration than approval. Many refused to commit themselves, saying they would wait to see how' he succeeded. All good people—and there are always plenty of them in the Holy City—offered up prayers and fervent vows to the Almighty for the success . of the expedition for the sake of religion. Meanwhile both good and bad sorely missed the distinguished young man, complaining that Rome had lost one of her brightest stars. Pope Benedict xiv. more especially, to whom King James had personally communicated the news before any one else, approved of the expedition as soon as he heard of it, but he could not refrain from tears. Raising his eyes to Heaven, he exclaimed: 'I shall indeed be able to consider myself blessed if, amid all the disasters that have so long afflicted the Church, God gives me the consolation of seeing the Stuart family restored to its throne, a family so truly Catholic, and one which has done so much for the Catholic religion. Were this to come to pass in my day, 1 should have nothing else to live for.' The saintly old man added that, if he could be of any assistance, he was ready to do all he could, even to supply money, exhausted though the treasury was in such calamitous times. And he afterwards showed by his actions that he meant what he said.

Meanwhile Edward, without drawing rein day or night, reached Massa from Caprarola. The English nobleman [1] whom we mentioned above had spent some days there and made all the arrangements for him to proceed on his way. In the first place, he had obtained passes for himself and a servant, with whom he was to travel beyond Genoa to enter Genoese territory without quarantine. This had not proved difficult, either because the plague was said to have greatly abated in Sicily, or because he was starting from Massa, which was so near the frontier as to allay all suspicion, or because

[1] *Vide supra*. Probably Sir John Graeme.

he had bribed the guards. Hence, as soon as Edward reached Massa, he joined the Englishman as his servant [1] and with him continued on his way towards Genoa. After crossing the steep and wild mountains of the Riviera on horseback, he reached Genoa on the thirteenth of January about midday, five days after leaving Rome. Here, in the house of a friend, he rested for the first time and changed his clothes. Till then he had neither taken off his clothes, nor slept, nor touched food beyond hastily drinking a few eggs. Yet on the same day, towards evening, he hired a travelling coach and once more started on his way towards Savona, which he entered on the following day.[2]

Here all the fruits of his labours, all his hopes, were almost ruined. The part of the Genoese Riviera that looks west is intersected by the Marquisate of Oneglia. The Riviera bounds it and separates the County of Nice from Narbonese Gaul, both provinces belonging to the King of Sardinia. They are not large, but, from the nature of the ground and the narrowness of the roads, very difficult to cross. Now, as the King of Sardinia was allied with England and Austria, these passes were guarded by strong bodies of troops against the French and the Spaniards, who had long been threatening Italy and trying to force their way through the boundaries. This route was therefore closed to Edward, and a 'speronara '[3] had therefore been hired at the port of Finale, which was to be in Savona on an appointed day, take our travellers on board and convey them to Antibes, the French port nearest to Italy. A small light boat had been chosen, partly on account of its superior speed, partly because it could hug the coast more closely and there would therefore be less risk of encountering the English ships that were always patrolling that part of the sea. But, as often happens, the wind blew persistently from the south and the sea was quite rough—a common accident on a sea voyage. Consequently the pilot of the [4] speronara' could not be at Savona on the day appointed, nor for six whole days could Edward find any other boat whatever, or leave the port.[5] The irksomeness of this delay to a young man so impetuous can easily be imagined. After having come right through Italy as if on wings, he was hopelessly held up on the very borders of France in a place where there was every cause for alarm, and the danger was obvious. Under his eyes was the threatening English squadron, and he could see how it infested the whole of that coast. What would happen, if his departure were known throughout Italy, as was quite likely; if the news reached the ears of Matthew, the High Admiral of the English fleet, as might well happen when spies were so numerous? Obviously there would be an end of him and of all his plans.

In this critical state of affairs, when all his companions were seriously perturbed,

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[1] Colin says: ' Le 29 Janvier, le prince Edouard partit d'Antibes en poste & cheval avec M . . . pour Paris, sous les noms de Graham et Malloch' {p. 55). Malloch was nominally the pseudonym of Balhaldie, and was probably assumed by the Prince. Graham was probably Sir John Graeme.

* 14th January 1744.

[3] A small lateen-rigged boat much used in this region.

for certainly you was there in a very ugly situation.' (Lang, p. 40.)

[5] This is a more reasonable explanation of the delay than Lang's suggestion

Edward alone kept up his spirits, resolving, as a strong man should, to face the danger and to overcome the obstacles of Fortune. He saw his one hope of safety. The course he adopted was bold, but, in the circumstances, necessary. He proceeded by land to the port of Finale,[1] and, having found the little boat we have mentioned ready, he went on board and gave orders that it should set sail at once, if it were possible to get successfully through the English fleet, which was anchored opposite Villafranca, in a single night. As a last resort he trusted to the English passport which, as we saw, had been given him in Rome under a false name. The decision he had come to with God's help was most fortunate, as there was a strong, favourable wind. However, something happened which seemed to make it probable that news of his departure from Rome had reached the English and that they were on the look-out for him. At daybreak the little boat that was making sail so recklessly in such a storm was sighted by the English fleet as it sped swiftly on its way over the broad stretch of sea between Monaco and Antibes, and they gave chase with another small boat with an armed guard on board, either to seize it or at least to search it. Whatever their object, they failed to overhaul it, but continued the chase right to Antibes, the two boats reaching the port together.[2]

The English continued to make themselves troublesome even in the port itself. Our travellers asked permission to land and enter the town: the English did the same with threats, declaring that they had come to buy provisions, and they claimed that, if they were not allowed to land, permission should also be refused to the men from Finale.

The Governor of the town, not knowing who the strangers were and desiring to be fair to both parties, refused to allow either to land, declaring roundly that he was forbidden to give pratique to any one coming from Italy. This meant that Edward must leave the harbour again, and, on reaching the open sea, fall a prey to his enemies. Meanwhile the two boats were lying close together, almost touching, nor could cither leave under the eyes of the other. The mere thought of this incident makes me shudder, when I remember the danger the Prince was in, thus close to enemies who were superior in number, ruthless, and armed. However, the English did not use force, out of regard, I suppose, for the right of asylum they both enjoyed, a right sacred and inviolable among all nations. But, seeing something threatening and stormy in their looks, our men requested the Governor at least to compel the English, who had now got the provisions they needed, to leave the port first. When this request was granted the Prince revealed his identity and his rank. The Governor, who was quite unprepared for anything of the kind, was dumbfounded. He offered the most heart-felt apologies for having detained him through ignorance of his identity. However, in order not to appear unfair to the English by granting the others favours refused to them in allowing them to land, he transferred the Prince as best he could to another ship and gave orders that the boat that had brought him should also leave immediately. Hardly had it left the harbour when the

[1] If he waited six days at Savona, this would make the date of his going on board at Finale 20th January.

[2] This would be on 21st January, though according to Colin it was 23rd January (p. 34),

English once more gave chase and pursued it to Monaco. Then at dusk the Governor went down to the harbour and, without any display, fetched the Prince from the ship and took him to a suitable lodging.

Edward spent but a few hours in Antibes,[1] where he was known only to the Governor. Thence he took post for Avignon, where was living the Duke of Ormond, a

Jacobite of long standing, whose age and experience commanded respect. With him he meant to discuss his views and the whole plan of his enterprise. Then, having sent to inform the King of France of his arrival, he set out for Paris.

Meanwhile letter after letter from Italy[2] brought news to London that the Stuart Prince, the eldest son of King James (the English called him the Pretender), had suddenly left Rome for France, doubtless summoned by the King of France, who meant to use him in carrying on hostilities.

Though the news was very disagreeable to the English Cabinet, due importance was not at first attached to it. Not that it was not credited, but because it was to King George's interest that the rumour should not spread among the people, as it might prove very dangerous to the public peace. Then soon afterwards information came from Franee that the grand fleet, the fitting out of which had been hurried forward without the object being known, was now at last fully equipped with men and arms and every other munition of war and had sailed directly for the Channel. It was also rumoured that a new naval expedition was being hastily fitted out in Dunkirk and that, so numerous were the ships and the troops gathered there, that it seemed likely that there was thought of bringing over an army and effecting a landing.[3] No one doubted that all these preparations were aimed at the coasts of England and Scotland. And people who said that they had actually seen him with their own eyes declared that there was in Dunkirk a young man of very handsome appearance, dressed in a brilliant uniform, whom all officers of every rank, and more particularly those of the Irish brigade, which was in the pay of France and fought under the French flag, treated with greater respect and deference than any one else. They all suspected that this was Edward himself.

When this news was confirmed, the anxiety in London was great, for it was of the utmost gravity. King George, seeing that he was threatened with danger both from a French invasion and from the revolutionary tendencies of many who were discontented

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[1] Here again there is a discrepancy in regard to dates. Cordara's date for his departure from Antibes would be 22nd January, but Colin says 'le 29 Janvier.' (Colin, pp. 54, 55.)

The Commandant of Antibes says he was there for five days.

[2] Horace Mann communicated with the Duke of Newcastle on nth February from Florence, On 25th Mr. Thomson also wrote from Paris. (Lang, pp. 39,42.)

A French agent in London wrote to Paris on 8th September 1743 that the frequent conferences between the Chevalier and the Pope were giving rise to fears of a French invasion, aided by Spanish troops, and that naval and military precautions were being taken accordingly. (Colin, p. 40.)

* The force consisted of 15,000 men under Marshal Saxe ; the escorting fleet was one of thirteen vessels of the line, under Mons. de Roqueville, which for several days displayed itself in the Channel.

with his rule, called a solemn council.[1] Being present himself, he described the measures France was taking against the freedom and the religion of England. He then bade the two Houses prove by their actions that they meant to keep their oath of allegiance to their king. Both Houses answered that they would always remain loyal to the King and that they would allow no one to conspire against their common country and their religion with impunity. And they were as good as their word. A natural rivalry has always existed between England and France, and the English were particularly indignant at the injury she had recently done them; hence, though from natural inclination they might favour the Stuarts, they could not endure the thought of this family being restored to the throne by the French. So with one accord they set about preparing to offer determined resistance to the attacks of their enemies and to forestall any rising at home.

In the first place an atrocious proclamation [2] was issued against the person of Edward, describing him as a public enemy and a disturber of the realm, who was guilty of high treason. To any one who should kill him was promised a reward of thirty thousand pounds from the public Treasury, a sum equivalent to more than 120,000 scudi of our money. Furthermore, all Catholics were banished from London,[3] as they were thought secretly to favour the Stuarts, and they were threatened with the death penalty if found within ten miles of the capital. There were eight thousand [4] veteran troops with the colours daily expecting to be sent to the Low Countries to join the allied army. These were ordered to remain at home. As they were not thought sufficient, the army was increased by new levies. Fresh troops were raised and sent to garrison the parts of the kingdom that were most exposed to the enemy. The fleet[5] put to sea and was ordered to patrol the coast opposite France. Lastly, Trevor, the English ambassador at the Hague, was told to arrange to have six thousand men sent to England as soon as possible, this being the number that each of the two nations was to provide for the other in accordance with their long-standing friendly agreement; for these were the conditions that bound these two nations, allied as they had been for many years in defence of their common interests. The necessary funds were liberally voted by the two Houses, and more money was promised if necessary.

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[1] On 15th February the appearance of the French fleet in the Channel and the arrival of the Prince in France were reported to Parliament in a message from the King, Loyal addresses followed, and the King was urged to increase his forces.

[2] This proclamation does not appear to have been issued until the end of July 1745, after the Prince's departure from France.

[3] On 28th February all Papists and Non-Jurors were banished from London, and their horses and arms confiscated. Arms were seized in Plymouth and in London. Colonel Cecil, Carte the historian, and Barrymore were placed in custody. (Lang, p. 42.)

[4] The army in England at the time probably did not exceed 6000 men.

[5] There were only six ships of the line at home ready for sea, as the Grand Fleet was in the Mediterranean. In a very short time, however, a fleet of nineteen ships was available under the command of Sir John Norris. On 25th February this fleet was ordered to Spithead.

Not content with this, King George determined to leave no stone unturned which might avert the blow. Though his chief hope lay in armed force, he decided to try to come to an understanding with the King of France by means of arguments and negotiations. So he bade his ambassador [1] in Paris inform him that news had reached London of the secret arrival of the Prince of Wales in France and that it was rumoured that he had come with the intention of invading the kingdom of England, which he claimed by right of birth, with help supplied by France. Truth to tell, the story appeared so unworthy of him that it was hard to credit it. No one could believe that the Most Christian King would, without declaring war, conspire in this way against England, and, like an avowed enemy, make a kind of attempt at murder upon the person of His Majesty. However, as such rumours were growing daily and were supported by strong evidence, King George requested that the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht might be observed. Among its provisions was one that the King of France should never lend his support to the Stuarts, nor ever allow any of them to reside in France. Meanwhile, as in duty bound, Louis should order the Prince to leave immediately and withdraw beyond the frontiers of his kingdom.

For some time no reply was made to this request, which was tantamount to a refusal. But when the English ambassador became more pressing, Amelot,[2] the first Minister of the King of France, at last answered as follows: It was useless for one who had been the first to break the treaty to appeal to it. Treaties should be observed with equal loyalty by both parties. However, as soon as George, King of England, gave satisfaction for the injuries done to France and for the conditions of friendship that had been violated,[3] the King of France would abide by the treaty, and would be willing to explain his views on this matter. The English were particularly annoyed at his answer, so that everything threatened an open rupture.

And, in fact, a declaration of war by both sides soon followed,[4] and hostilities commenced. Though Edward had already embarked at Dunkirk, even the most cautious persons doubted, and with reason, whether it was really proposed to invade England with such a fleet. For the ships, eighty in number, though heavily laden with troops; and munitions, nevertheless furled sail on the beginning of a storm even before leaving port, and abandoned all idea of starting; and soon afterwards the troops were again put under canvas, as before, the munitions were returned to store, and all thought of the expedition was abandoned.

Even the Brest fleet, which had left harbour and put right out to sea, came back to

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[1] Mr. Anthony Thompson.

[2] The Foreign Minister.

[3] France certainly had grounds for feeling aggrieved. England's action in the Low Countries—including the affair of Dettingen—and the Mediterranean blockade, carried out without a declaration of war, must have been regarded as violations of even the appearance of friendship.

[4] In March 1744.

France without doing[1] or even attempting anything, on the plea that it had been damaged by the wind. What was the object of all this preparation of ships and arms? Was it to frighten the English and prevent them from sending the rest of their army to the Low Countries, of which the French hoped to obtain possession? Was it to awaken King George's fears by these formidable preparations for immediate war and induce him to recall for home defence the naval armaments he had dispatched to our seas under Admiral Matthew, and thus throw open the Mediterranean to the French and Spanish ships that had long been blockaded in the harbour of Toulon, so that they could at once take the sea and bring Philip, the Spanish Prince, over to Italy with a number of troops? As the whole route through his kingdom was carefully guarded by the King of Sardinia, and there was no chance of the Spaniards being able to advance that way, all their hope lay in a landing from the sea, which Matthew's fleet had hitherto succeeded in preventing.

The most convincing reason for this theory was that, as Matthew continued obstinately to blockade the same points, the Toulon fleet, which consisted, as has been said, of French and Spanish vessels, was at last ordered to put out from port and attack the English and try to force them back on their coasts, since it had hitherto proved impossible to draw them off by a ruse. But this attempt was no less unsuccessful. There was a fierce fight off the Steiade (Hieres) Islands;[2] though the English suffered loss, they successfully beat back the allies and drove them from the Tyrrhene Sea. The Spaniards threw the blame on the French Admiral, who did not want to fight and had left port in a way that resulted in his becoming rather a spectator of the battle than a combatant. The Frenchman pleaded in excuse his bad position, the unfavourable wind, the force of circumstances. Some of the English ships were put out of action by gun-fire and towed off, one was sent to the bottom, and for a long time the issue remained doubtful. At last the Spaniards were overborne by the superior numbers of the English; their ships were either set on fire or put out of action; and they were obliged to retreat to Spanish ports. This event spoiled their plan of becoming masters of the sea and bringing their army over to Italy.

For these reasons, though others were urged against them, many people thought it likely that at that time the King of France had no intention of really pressing England

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[1] Although war had not been declared de Roqueville sailed up the Channel and anchored at Dungeness to await the arrival of the transports. On 24th February Sir John Norris discovered him at anchor, but, on account of the wind and tide failing, he could not attack him. In the night a gale blew up, and de Roqueville escaped to Brest. Meanwhile, the fleet of transports was prevented by the gale from putting out to sea. Marshal Saxe had already 7000 men on board, and others were being embarked. Several of his ships were wrecked, and others were badly damaged; and the expedition was then abandoned. The Prince tried to induce Saxe to make a fresh start, but he declined.

War was declared by France on 20th March, and by Great Britain on 31st March 1744.

After the first disastrous storm of 7th March, d'Argenson wrote to Marshal Saxe that the embarkation must stop at once, as the King required all his troops for the frontier. (Colin, p. 162.)

[2] 11th February 1743-4.

hard. The only object of these naval preparations was to hamper the English in their relations with the League and to prevent them helping the Austrians in the Netherlands against himself and in Italy against his allies the Spaniards.

However, the fact that this view was firmly held by many of the English, and above all that it had been adopted by the Cabinet in London, was of great service to Edward. Since George n. was certain that the King of France had no enthusiasm for the Stuarts and had never seriously thought of invading England, or, if he had had such an idea, that he had completely abandoned it,[1] he was so reassured that, while he had at first sought foreign aid for the defence of his kingdom, he now declared that the loyalty and the courage of his own people were defence enough. As there was nothing more to fear, he not only refused with thanks the troops that the Dutch were ready to send him, but ordered the eight thousand English we have mentioned to proceed to Belgium. He thus stripped himself and most of his kingdom of nearly all his forces to help the Austrians, who were in danger.

Soon afterwards, so safe did he feel himself and his kingdom to be from French aggression that he placed the government in the hands of four chosen counsellors of proved loyalty and left for Germany to intrigue personally with the princes there for the election of Francis of Lorraine, Grand Duke of Tuscany, husband of the Queen of Hungary, to the Empire in place of Charles VI., an Emperor of the Bavarian House who had just died.[2] On the other hand, now that the English believed that the Stuart Prince had been abandoned by the French, their hatred of him greatly diminished, as they knew that he was not acting from the same motives as the French, their enemies. They could not bear to hear his name when he was acting with the French, but now that he was acting apart from them and had been deserted by their arms, if they did not actually love him, at least they did not hate him. So much does hatred or love depend on knowing how to choose one's friends, as Edward was well aware. Hence, in order to work even more effectually upon the English, whom he believed to be not so much hostile to himself as to his supporters the French, Edward decided not to parade the friendship of the King of France and to make very little and only secret use of the assistance offered him, as though he relied entirely on his own countrymen and meant to submit himself absolutely to their will. This resolution met with the complete approval of King Louis. During the whole sixteen months of his stay in Paris he never once went to the Court at Versailles, appeared very rarely in public, and had scarcely

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[1] Colin says: 'Before the end of February 1745 no one continued to be very enthusiastic about the project; no one had any confidence in the Jacobites.' Reviewing the plans, he considers the attempt to land troops in England might have succeeded if it had been carried out in January. The delay was occasioned by the Jacobites themselves. (Colin, p. 133.)

[2] The Emperor Charles VI., father of Maria Theresa, had died in 1740. On 24th January 1742 the Elector of Bavaria was elected Emperor as Charles VII.; he died 20th January 1745 and Francis of Lorraine was elected Emperor on 13th September.

anything to do with any one except English, Irish, and Scots, of whom there were a great number in Paris.

Meanwhile this is the secret information he received about the state of affairs in England. It was not very clear which way the sympathies of the main body of the nation were inclining. There was great division of opinion, and many, influenced by false prejudices, detested the name of the Stuarts, as they were said to be French in sympathy and Romanist in religion.[1] The majority of the Scots of all classes were strongly in favour of Stuart rule. They lacked neither the courage nor the spirit to rise, and wanted only a leader. If the standard were raised, the whole of Scotland would rally to it. The magistrates in the cities and the chief castles of the kingdom were on the alert; but the Highland clans, who formed the majority and were of great ferocity, all looked to their chiefs, and such were the feelings of most of these that they would not hesitate to expose their property and even their lives to any risk for their ancient kings, to whom they were devoted. The time seemed admirably chosen for the attempt. George was away and wholly engrossed in the affairs of Germany and the Roman Empire. The four men left in charge of the government had no suspicions and were living in complete security. The veteran troops and the most experienced officers had all crossed to Belgium. Though some castles in Scotland were well garrisoned, there was no army of any kind in England, nor were there apparently any means of collecting one easily. Lastly the coasts, especially in the west, were altogether ungarrisoned.

In these circumstances Edward had high hopes of being able to bring his enterprise to a successful conclusion, while he was continually receiving letters from people urging him to hasten his coming to Scotland.[2] However, he still delayed, determined to risk nothing without ample justification. Not till he had spent a year in learning how matters stood did he decide to make the attempt. Before risking his life, on which everything hinged, he sent some faithful adherents to Scotland to sow the first seeds of disaffection by urging the people, especially in the more remote districts, to revolt, and distributing arms and money among them.

While he was thus feeling his way something leaked out in spite of the utmost caution, and in London suspicions began to be awakened of the existence of disaffection which might become serious if it spread. The government at once dispatched agents to Edinburgh, the capital of Scotland, who began to make investigations by taking rigorous proceedings, and to throw into prison persons suspected of treason. But they could discover nothing really incriminating against any one. Trusting, therefore, that the

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[1] 'In openly identifying himself with the action of England's enemy, Charles was one day to find that he had alienated the heart of the English people.' (Hume Brown, iii. p. 271.)

[2] Cordara makes no mention of the fact that Murray of Broughton visited the Prince in Paris and told him that an attempt on his part to land in Scotland must end in disaster, and that he could only reckon on four or five thousand men joining him. In spite of this, Murray returned to Scotland, and, during the spring of 1745, was collecting subscriptions and promises from the Duke of Hamilton, the Duke of Perth, Stuart of Appin and others.

others would be sufficiently cowed by the threats of punishment, they desisted from their efforts and returned to London with the assurance that Scotland was perfectly quiet. When they were gone, the movement once more began to spread, but, after what had happened, every precaution was taken. Matters at last reached such a point that it was almost impossible to restrain the Highlanders from rising, and quite impossible to keep the conspiracy secret. Then at last, Edward, full of high hopes and resolved to risk everything, decided to start. In planning his departure there were two things upon which he was determined. The first was to give no hint that might suggest that he was an enemy or had French leanings; the second, not to attract the slightest attention. The news of his leaving must precede the knowledge that he intended to start. The care of his friends made sure of a third point, that he should run no danger. This is how everything was arranged.

In the South of Brittany there is a harbour, small, but well protected by the rocks that shelter it, called St. Nazaire. Opposite it rises Belleisle, called Dalonesos by the ancients, a small island where there is both a harbour and a strong fort. In this secluded spot it was decided to make preparations for the expedition. An Irish noble named Velsio [1] (Welch), who had lived long in France, because he was a warm adherent of the House of Stuart, hired a good-sized xebec, well manned and provisioned, and also equipped with eighteen pieces of cannon, and arranged that a ship of war should be ready in the roads of Belleisle, armed with seventy guns of large calibre and six hundred French soldiers, to escort the privateer and assist it in case of any hostile encounter on the voyage. The duty of protecting it was entrusted to the commander, a man of courage and a very able sailor.

When everything had been carefully arranged, Edward, accompanied by only a few servants and without the knowledge of any one, proceeded to St. Nazaire, went on board the privateer and left port, following the warship at a short distance. Such were the resources, incredible though it may seem, with which he set out to make war upon a powerful king with the object of seizing his kingdom. His whole force consisted of not more than seven followers.[2] Such is the confidence inspired by a man's consciousness of his rights and by personal courage.

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[1] Anthony Welch or Walsh can scarcely be called an Irish noble. He was an Irishman, long resident in France, and a man of means who had large interests in trading in Martinique. Privateering was one of his occupations, and Aeneas Macdonald, in his Journal, says he possessed '24 merchantmen and privateers,' one of which took a battleship and sold it to the King of France. After landing the Prince he went privateering under letters of marque. *(Lyon in Mourning*, I. p. 293.) The negotiations for these ships were carried on with the knowledge of the French Government. (Browne, iii. p. 2.)

Welch's ship was the frigate *Doutelle*; the 'ship of war' was French, the *Elizabeth*, which was got from the Government by Walter Ruttledge, an Irishman, a merchant at Dunkirk, who had also arranged to do some privateering. *(Lyon in Mounting*, 1, p. 287.)

[2] The Duke of Atholl, Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Aeneas Macdonald, a l'aris banker, Colonel Strickland, Sir Thomas Sheridan, the Prince's tutor, Captain O'Sullivan, George Kelly. Besides these may be reckoned one, Buchanan, an assistant to Aeneas Macdonald. *(Lyon in Mourning*, I. p. 283-5.)

Edward left France about the middle of July[1] and reached Scotland at the beginning of August 1745, having spent a fortnight on the voyage. The delay was not due to contrary winds, but to the fact that he preferred to sail round the south of England and land on the west coast of Scotland, which was less protected. Although the voyage was pretty lucky, it very nearly proved disastrous, and he would certainly have fallen into the hands of the enemy, if he had not been protected by the escorting warship. Keeping to the open sea and sailing along the whole of the south coast of England, he had entered the Irish Sea, making for the Hebrides, a group of numerous islands in the Deucaledonian Sea. Because they lie along the west coast of Scotland, the English, using a word of their own language, call them the Western Islands. While they were making for the part that faces Ireland, a large convoy of English ships sailing together[2] suddenly appeared before them. The leading ship was a man-of-war of several decks, as soon as it caught sight of the two French ships, it immediately left the others, changing its course and luffing, and prepared to open fire. The commander of the Frenchman,[3] who was entrusted with the Prince's safety, boldly advanced to the attack. He ordered the gun-ports to be opened and the troops to stand to arms, and prepared for a gallant resistance. His one object was to keep the enemy at bay so as to give the xebec time to escape. The fight began. Warming to their work, the two ships continued the struggle with amazing ferocity for seven hours without ceasing. Night alone put an end to the combat. Either ship might have gained the victory and captured the other, had not each of them thought itself beaten and in danger of destruction, so heavy were the losses on both sides.

Edward meanwhile, having escaped in the heat of the fight, held on his way without further trouble, and, after entering the Deucaledonian Sea, landed at Malca[4] (the inhabitants call it Mull), one of the Hebrides. As this island is separated from the mainland by a little strait, which may almost be called a loch, the crossing to Scotland was easy. He halted with his companions in Glenfinnan in the Lochaber province.

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[1] The Prince actually embarked on the *Doutelle* at Nantes on 22nd June.

[2]

[3] The *Elizabeth* joined him at Belleisle on 4th July, and the expedition started the next day.

[4] Mull. Cordara was completely misinformed as to the place of landing. The Prince landed at Eriskay on 23rd July. From this point onwards Cordara's information of the details of the itinerary was defective, and the value of the narrative is proportionately reduced. He did not go to Glenfinnan until 19th August.

BOOK II

WHEN the news of Edward's arrival became known, his friends and supporters crossed the neighbouring hills and began to scour the whole countryside and to call the Highland clans to arms. They said that the hour for rising had come at last. Let them consider their own condition and the lamentable state they were in. How long were they to live as slaves of tyrants? Were they never more to think of throwing off foreign rule, of freeing themselves from the yoke of oppression? They must come with them and join their deliverer and their Prince; avenge their own wrongs and the wrongs he had suffered in a righteous war: let them pledge themselves to recover their ancient freedom and dignity under their lawful Chief. They need have no fear of George, for, like all tyrants, he was more likely to be afraid of them, and, tortured by remorse, had already fled to Germany. In order to spread the news a manifesto,[1] printed in Dublin, was distributed broadcast, in which Prince Edward himself made friendly appeals to the Scots, sineerely and earnestly summoning them to their allegiance of his father, James.

The declaration also sought to inflame their hatred against King George. He was no king, but the usurper of a kingdom he had seized without right. He had nothing but the name of king and the power given him in an evil moment. Instead of bringing justice to his people and promoting the common good, he used the common good merely as a pretext for devouring the property of the nation; he was ever devising new methods of extortion, continually imposing fresh taxes in his insatiable avarice, and every year sending large sums of money to his native Hanover. This was not how the Stuart Kings, his ancestors, had reigned, nor was this how his most just father, King James, or he himself, would reign. There was a great difference between the rule of a native prince and a foreigner. A foreigner is living as if in a hostile country, thinking only of enriching himself, so long as he is allowed, with the spoils of a kingdom which he will one day have to give up. A native king looks upon the fate of his people, whatever it may be, as his own, from a common love of country. After setting all this forth at length, he dealt with the shameful proclamation placing a price upon his head, to which we have already

[1] This manifesto from James VIII. was 'given under our sign manual and privy signet of our Court at Rome,' and was dated 23rd December 1743. It was preceded by the commission of the same date appointing the Prince 'sole regent of our kingdoms.'

Much of the alleged contents of the manifesto did not appear in it. For details see Browne, *History of the Highlands*, iii. p. 21.

There was, however, a later manifesto, issued by the Prince at Kinlochiel on 20th August, in response to the Government's intimation of a reward of £30,000 for his apprehension ; in this he offered the same amount for the apprehension of King George, the 'Elector of Hanover.'—*Ibid*., iii. p. 36.

referred. He was sorry that his life was declared forfeit, that cut-throats were thus armed against him and bribed by gold to commit murder. In no circumstances, even were the right of succession to the throne of England in the House of Stuart doubtful, should a Brunswick nefariously plot against the life of a prince of that house who was endeavouring to recover his rights. Did he wish to do so, he could set just as large a sum on the head of King George. But he placed a higher value on the life of a king, nor was he so cruel and inhuman. The question of right and wrong between kings was not to be settled by secret murder or by the hand of cut-throats, but in honourable battle in the open. For himself, he was not looking for a traitor or paying the price of a crime; he did not grudge life, but a kingdom, to a rival who had treated him so ill. And this very kingdom he was claiming as the incontestable heritage of his family not so much by force of arms as by his own right. This is why he had come alone, with nothing but his sword at his side. Two most powerful kings had offered him strong forces for a war, but he had refused both; and if George of Brunswick did not intend to bring in foreign troops, he had decided not to avail himself of them either. He was absolutely determined to triumph over his enemies with the forces of his countrymen alone, and he ardently hoped that the victory would not prove bloody or disastrous to anyone.

This was the substance of the manifesto that was spread broadcast through the kingdom, everywhere awakening the greatest excitement. In a moment upwards of two thousand Highlanders [1] hastened to the Prince, gathered in bands, in orderly array and armed according to the custom of the country. As these people played the principal part in the war, I do not think it out of place to say something here about their character, manners, and customs.

These Highlanders are distinctly wild, of astonishing strength and, both by nature and habit, born soldiers. They dwell in the very high, generally precipitous, mountains of which Scotland is full, some running in continuous ranges, others separated by valleys. Most of them live by tilling the soil. As has been said, there are numerous valleys intersecting the mountains, which abound in cattle and rich pastures and are, on the whole, pleasant. The Highlanders come down from the heights and till these valleys with considerable profit which they derive from the sale of grain, barley, and other crops. Many live by hunting, which is excellent along the mountain ranges, as they are for the most part wooded and covered with all kinds of vegetation. They are quite contented with the flesh of the game they kill, and they do a good trade in the skins of deer and the goat. The Highlanders have a language of their own, which is akin to Irish, and are quite unacquainted with the language spoken in the plains.

Their dress is very simple. They do not wear trousers as we do, or socks, or long garments, but a short, closefitting vest. They throw a plaid over them to keep off the cold, and round their legs, out of modesty, they wear a kilt not unlike that worn by our lackeys. The feet and extremities of the legs arc wrapped in a kind of buskin, all the rest

[1] There were probably about 1000 men at the end of the ceremony at Glenfinnan.

of the body being free. They are thus very agile and ready for any undertaking. The head is covered with a small bonnet, generally of cotton, and they seldom cut their hair. In war, besides guns, they use great swords, which they wield with extraordinary skill. The whole nation is divided into clans, each one of which comprises several towns. Each tribe boasts an ancient Irish founder, from whom they claim descent. They scorn connections with foreigners, marrying only women of their own region. Each clan is like a single family with several branches, all descended from the same stock, and united in the closest blood-relationship. Of this they are very proud. In each clan there is a person of authority, to whom all look up as chief, regarding him as their common father. To him they turn whenever there is a crisis, or anything has to be discussed in common. They respect friendship and the rights of hospitality with absolute loyalty. Deceit and fraud are hateful to them above all else. But they never forget an injury, and it will not be long before they avenge it. During the lamentable schism that occurred under Queen Elizabeth in England and Scotland the errors of Calvin reached even these wild mountains, and many, deserting the faith of their fathers, listened to the new doctrines, which, in course of time, struck root even there. Nevertheless there are still a number of Catholics left among them who are not only staunch adherents of the ancient truth, but also most eager to spread it. For this purpose they do not fail to provide for suitable priests among them. The others have gone astray rather from ignorance of the truth than from natural perversity.

As I have said, two thousand of these people appeared in Glenfinnan. Edward was highly delighted to see them round him, particularly on account of the ferocity of their wild, grim expressions and the enthusiasm with which they acclaimed him their Prince and liberator. Above all he was delighted with their costume, which was so easy to provide and left them so much freedom of movement both for marching and fighting. He even obtained a Highland costume, wearing no other, an act which won him the affection of these rough mountaineers to an extraordinary degree. On the very day of their arrival they formed a camp in a suitable spot and, after fortifying it to the height of about two feet all round, they raised the standard of the Stuarts in the centre with great pomp and ceremony, amid wishes that the expedition might abound to the glory and profit of King James and his sons and of the whole Scottish people. At the same time war was declared on George of Brunswick. ‘War,’ shouted these new troops, repeating the cry exultantly, all impatient to get at the foe and fight. But Edward, knowing full well that courage and enthusiasm were useless without training, and realising that they were not soldiers, but a mob, until they had learnt to keep their ranks, follow the flag, advance, retreat, or halt, at the word of command, handed them over to regular soldiers for training and discipline before leaving camp.[1] he was also anxious to procure needful

[1] This is imagination on the part of the learned author. The Prince only remained at Glenfinnan on 20th August and marched next day to Kinlochiel, where he stayed until the 23rd August; on that day he reached Fassefern.—Blaikie, *Itinerary*, p. 8.

Such elementary instruction as was given at all was given during the halt at Perth from 4th to 10th

supplies and increase the numbers of his army. When at last he thought them adequately trained, and had appointed their officers, and made all necessary arrangements, he ordered the standards to be raised and carried forward and the march to begin.

From Lochaber county he marched south and, after crossing the province of Breadalbane, they at last reached the river Tay,[1] which divides the whole of Scotland into two halves, Highland and Lowland. During the march the army had grown to four thousand men, perhaps more. Not only did they come down from the neighbouring mountains, but many Lowlanders also joined Edward's banner, attracted by his name and by his good qualities. We had better emphasise once for all a point which would otherwise have to be continually repeated in the course of this work. Edward's extraordinary charm and popularity, not at all unbecoming in a sovereign, made so profound an impression that every one was proud to fight under such a leader. Though he had no lack of horses, he always went on foot in the midst of his Highlanders, rivalling them in endurance and not sparing himself. He forded rivers like the rest. In camp he would not let his tent differ from those of his troops, while his food and mode of living had to be exactly like those of the simple soldier of the ranks. At night he generally slept on the bare ground, wrapt in his plaid, considering it effeminate if occasionally they got him straw' to lie on. They had at times to pass through thick brambles or deep mud, in the midday heat—for it was the height of summer—or in heavy rain. Edward endured all these discomforts of the march with a lightness of heart and a courage above the common. Instead of being born and educated in a royal household, he might have been brought up amid the hardships and poverty of the Highlanders. Moreover, it wras his habit to address each of his men by name, heartening them by his wrords and example to show courage, while every now' and then he would make them presents of money. The fame of all this spread far and wride. Every day fresh bodies of men came from the neighbouring villages to offer their services, proud to join him.

Meanwhile news reached London[2] both of Edward's landing and of the Highlanders flocking to him, rumour adding to their numbers, simultaneously. The four ministers left in charge of affairs consequently set about taking steps to stamp out the rebellion in its early stages.[3] In the first place, orders were sent to Scotland to Cope, who was in command of the royal troops there, to get his men ready and go after the rebels—for so they were called— wherever they might be. They thought it would be easy to crush them

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September.

[1] There is a considerable hiatus in the history of the advance here. No mention is made of the Prince's movements up to his arrival at Dunkeld on 3rd September.

[2] The Government had information of the Prince's departure from France before the end of July, and on 30th July Tweeddale warned Cope. News of the actual landing reached Edinburgh in letters from the Justice-Clerk and the Sheriff of Argyll, dated ^th August.

[3] A proclamation was issued on 6th August, in the *Gazette*, promising a reward of £50,000 for the apprehension of the Prince.

if they were not allowed time to increase and consolidate their strength. As it was known that the total army [1] was inferior in numbers to the Jacobite force, men were hastily pressed in the neighbourhood of London and dispatched to him with a good train of artillery. At the same time all the lords-lieutenants were ordered to raise fresh levies in their respective provinces. Trevor, the English ambassador in Holland, also received instructions to take effective steps to secure once again the auxiliary troops, as had been previously stipulated. If he succeeded, he was to send them at once to Scotland. Lastly, the Duke of Cumberland, the King's son, who was in command of the British troops in the Netherlands, was informed in the name of the realm that it was to the interest of the whole nation that he should detach a body of cavalry and infantry from the allied army, put it on board ship and send it immediately to the assistance of his country which was in danger. They pointed out that they were threatened with imminent ruin and that it was imperative that the men should be in England and not out of it.

The Government took these measures with the utmost dispatch, at the same time informing King George of the state of affairs by expresses. The letters bringing this news begged and conjured him above all things, if he valued the safety of his kingdom and his crown, not to lose a moment in returning to England, where his presence at such a crisis would be invaluable whether in recalling the rebels to their allegiance or in preventing others from rising.

This unexpected news brought home to King George the seriousness of his position. He realised that the evil was already widespread and that the very strongest measures were necessary. His very kingdom was at stake. He made up his mind at once. Unwilling though he was to leave Germany at a time when the choice of a new Emperor was being hotly debated in the Diet of Frankfort, he judged it wiser to look after his own affairs than those of other people, and either broke off or settled the negotiations he had in hand. In any case, shortly before Francis of Lorraine was acclaimed Emperor with the customary formalities, he returned to England.[2] And of all the measures taken by those left in charge of the Government, this was the only one that was promptly and successfully executed.

Governor Cope, who, as has been said, was in command of the King's troops in Scotland, immediately hastened in obedience to his orders with the few troops he had at hand to the river Tay,[3] where he had heard that the Jacobite forces were encamped. But when he discovered the numbers of the enemy as compared with his own, so far from attacking them, he did not even venture to reconnoitre them at close quarters. Instead,

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[1] There were about 3000 regular troops in Scotland—two regiments of dragoons (Gardiner's and Hamilton's), and three infantry regiments, and twelve companies scattered all over the country. Cope took the field on 19th August.

[2] King George arrived in England 31st August.

[3] Cope reached the Tay on 23rd August and Dalwhinnie near the Corryarrack Pass on 26th. He held a council of war next day, and it was decided to abandon the original idea of going over the Pass to Fort Augustus, and to go north to Inverness instead. He reached that place on 29th August.

he retired towards the north, being content for the moment to draw the enemy after him and delay them at least until reinforcements were sent to Edinburgh, since it was of the utmost importance that this city, which was the capital of the kingdom, should not be caught unprepared. But his plan, clever though it was, miscarried. The Jacobites set out to overtake Cope, but finding that he had a long start, and guessing the truth, that he had no intention of giving battle, and realising that it would be difficult to compel him to do so, they retraced their steps. Crossing the Tay, they made for Dunkeldin [Dunkeld], a town in Perthshire called Castrum Caledonium by the ancients, which threw open its gates to welcome Edward.[1] Here for the first time he produced the proclamation of his father, James, appointing him Supreme Administrator of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The proclamation was read from a platform and the whole of the vast crowd assembled broke into joyous cheers, calling down from heaven with the greatest enthusiasm every blessing on King James and on his son, Edward.

Edward now gave orders that he was to be called Prince of Wales and Governor of the Kingdom. He made use of his new title and authority to depose the magistrates of Dunkeld, appointing new ones, and he granted patents for trading freely to a number of merchants. Then he followed the river to Perth. The Duke of Perth himself, a very powerful Scots noble, came to meet him just before he reached it and paid him homage. A number of other prominent nobles also came to meet him with troops of cavalry and joined him. After he had made his entry into Perth amid universal enthusiasm[2] and had received the submission of the townsfolk to King James and himself, he issued a proclamation, inviting the Scots nobility to join him and promising that, if he obtained peaceful possession of the kingdom, Scotland should be restored to the dignity and prosperity it had enjoyed before the union with England. He then started with all his troops for Dunblane, the capital of the Menteith.[3]

A regiment of enemy cavalry, called Dragoons, under the command of Gardiner, had marched from Edinburgh to the neighbourhood of Dunblane and taken up a position on the banks of the river Forth,[4] with the object of preventing the Jacobite forces from crossing. And they would have succeeded in delaying their passage if they had known how' to take advantage of the ground. For they might have fired down from it, since the river was difficult to ford owing to the strength and volume of the stream, and it would not have been possible to bridge it quickly under the eyes of a foe. But as soon as they saw the Highlanders enter the river and bravely swim it, whether from fear or from despair of being able to beat them, they turned and fled at full speed to the city of Falkirk. Nor did they stay long even there when they saw that the enemy had come

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* 3rd September 1745. The proclamation had already been made at Glenfinnan.

[2] The Perth magistrates had fled to Edinburgh. *Murray of Broughton's Memorials* (p. 188 *note)* states that the city was ‘wanting in respect’ to the Prince and his army. Perth was compelled to pay a sum of £500 for the Prince’s funds.

[3] The army reached Dunblane 11th September.

[4]

within gun-shot. The Jacobite forces advanced boldly and took possession of Falkirk without resistance.[1]

This unbroken success was followed by the capture of Strivclin[2] (otherwise known as Stirling), a strongly fortified city, the capital of the province of Stirling. It had been held by Gardiner's men, but was quickly given up to the Jacobites, who were pursuing them. Such was Edward's luck at this time that his mere presence and the terror of his name put the royal troops to flight.

Many believed that Gardiner's men had an understanding with the rebels and had no intention of fighting, since they secretly favoured their enterprise and supported their cause. Others held that they acted wisely and in accordance with the rules of war in avoiding the danger of battle with superior numbers; for these little skirmishes could only weaken unnecessarily the forces of the kingdom, which might be better employed on a different occasion and in a different place. Whatever the reason—for I cannot speak with certainty on the point—Gardiner's men everywhere took to shameful flight, gradually retreating to Edinburgh, where they joined Hamilton's Dragoons, who had been left to guard the city. The Jacobites, on the contrary, were greatly elated when they found that the royal forces everywhere took to flight, setting down the motive as abject fear. They took unopposed possession of all the ground they yielded, until they actually reached Edinburgh and encamped within sight of the royal city. The two regiments of Dragoons we have mentioned advanced a little way beyond the town [3] and occupied some rising ground suitable for defence, to await the enemy's attack in the open and prevent him from entering the town, at least until the coming of Governor Cope, who was expected with the King's army and was said to be bringing with him ample forces for its defence. Some companies of town militia had also been brought out and posted on suitable ground behind the regulars.[4] Everything was prepared for a stout resistance.

Having learnt from the small body of skirmishers he sent forward to reconnoitre that the whole city was under arms and was prepared to defend itself, Edward advanced with all his men and, after urging them to fight bravely, sent forward his first column. The Highlanders charged in two divisions with astonishing speed, but their charge was anticipated with even greater speed by the flight of the royal troops. As soon as Gardiner's and Hamilton's Dragoons, who were mounted in front, realised that they were being charged, they were afraid of being surrounded and cut off, and, in spite of the appeals of their officers, who behaved bravely, they lost heart. Without waiting for

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[1] 14th September.

[2] This statement is inaccurate. The Prince marched by Stirling—the Castle there firing at him—on to Bannockburn, and thence to Falkirk.

[3] To Coltbridge, with an advance guard at Corstorphine.

[4] The original intention was, besides the Town Guard and the ' Edinburgh regiment,' to employ the volunteers, who had been recently raised. Very few of these latter, however, turned out, and even they, on the advice of the clergy, retired when they reached the Grassmarket. The other two units, about 190 men, joined the cavalry.

the first onslaught of the foe, they turned tail, set spurs to their horses, and scattered far and wide. The town militia, seeing them flying in terror, also fled precipitately and shut themselves inside the city walls.[1] The result was that Edward had Edinburgh at his mercy sooner than he had dared to hope, without bloodshed. For the Governor,[2] seeing that he had not strength to resist, and despairing of the possibility of Cope arriving in time, thought to conciliate the enemy by a voluntary surrender. The victorious troops were at the gates, and if they were compelled to storm them, there was no doubt that they would inflict upon the defenceless city the worst horrors of war.

The garrison having meanwhile withdrawn to the castle which dominated the city, envoys were appointed to proceed to the Jacobite camp and convey to the Prince the wishes of the citizens of Edinburgh.[3] He was told that the gates would be opened to him, but the city desired that he would grant the terms that were presented to him for signature. The envoys were received, heard, and sent back with much honour, but we do not know whether the terms were granted or not. However, all that day and the following night the town militia undoubtedly remained under arms; the sentries were on the alert on the walls, as if there was a possibility of having to repel the enemy. It was generally believed afterwards that the people of Edinburgh did not wish to appear to surrender to Edward until some force had been used. King George might have accused them of treason if they had yielded before they were compelled to do so.

However, on the following morning, about daybreak, a thousand Highlanders appeared at one of the town gates. They easily broke it open and cleared it of its defenders, and, scattering through the town, they compelled the militia to lay down their arms without fighting. When the city was perfectly calm, the rest of the Jacobite army to the number of five thousand[4] made its entry in military array and with more than military discipline, doing no harm to any one, and took up its position in the gardens of the palace. The last to enter was Edward, surrounded by a picked body of mounted officers. He was in Highland dress, but what caught the eye of every one was his handsome person and the dignity of his bearing. After receiving the keys of the city and the homage of all the chief inhabitants on his first entry, he made his way to the palace in the midst of an immense crowd of people. In the square facing it a platform had been

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[1] Cordara's account of the charge by the Highlanders is incorrect. A reconnoitring party rode close up to the cavalry and fired pistols at them, with the result that the latter at once bolted. The infantry had to follow.

[2] This presumably refers to the Lord Provost, Archibald Stewart. His action was to a large extent determined by the summons to surrender sent In by the Prince in the afternoon of 16th September.

[3] The Prince's headquarters on the 16th were at Gray's Mill, and it was in the night that the deputation came to him—they were seen by Murray of Broughton, who refused to give them any time for compliance. Later in the night a second deputation was sent, but was again dismissed and returned to the city at 2.30 A.M. Between the dispatch of the two deputations news had arrived in Edinburgh that Cope's, army transports were off Dunbar.

[4] This is a greatly over-estimated figure.

raised, covered with purple hangings and tastefully decorated.[1] Here a proclamation was made to the assembled people by a crier, announcing that from henceforward they must do homage and swear fealty to the Prince there before them, as the son of King James and supreme administrator of the kingdom. And in order that it might be better known and legal, the instrument by which King James entrusted his son with the administration of the kingdom was read aloud. The vast concourse listened to what the crier read in deep silence. Then, to the accompaniment of trumpets and pipes, cheers of joy rose in the air and prayers that God would preserve to them for long years, in health and prosperity, King James and his son Edward.

Edward remained there for about three days, and during this time it was easy to see how deeply rooted was the memory of the Stuart family and how great the affection of the people of Edinburgh for their ancient kings. Though they realised that, should George prove victorious, they might have to pay with their lives for any demonstration of homage beyond what necessity compelled them to make to Edward, and the thought of this prevented the most level-headed among them from openly expressing their joy, they were unable to conceal an unusual cheerfulness in their faces and they wore a certain air of gaiety that no fear could repress. When they remembered that he was a scion of the royal house which had ruled Scotland for so many centuries, which had brought so much glory upon the nation, which had bequeathed so many memories of its good deeds to posterity, they were almost beside themselves with joy, nor could they feast their eyes upon him enough. They looked upon him as a superior being who had been sent down from heaven to them by God. Some were attracted by his extraordinary good looks, others by his lofty and generous nature, others by his rare gracious ness of speech. Others, on the contrary, exalted his military courage, saying that he deserved to reign more than any one else, since he was grasping not at a Crown that chance had thrown in his way, but at one of which he had been robbed by the caprice of fortune. Then the old men, as usual, recalled the past. Scotland was really happy under the Stuart Kings. Their rule had been mild but just, the rule of true fathers. No action or decree of theirs had ever been prompted by cruelty, passion, violence, or caprice. Everything was regularly done in accordance with the law and custom of the land. The intolerable taxes and extortions under which they now groaned were not so much as heard of. The contrast with the present made men unconsciously inclined to side with the Prince, who looked as if he might restore their fortunes as they had been under his ancestors. Edward himself confirmed these favourable judgments in many ways, by his wonderful good sense, the singular gentleness of his manner, the perfect ease of his bearing towards ail men, his gracious address, and lastly his whole life, so conspicuous for its modesty, so utterly untainted by meanness or pride.

Trifling though it may seem, I do not propose to pass over an incident which shows

[1] The commission of regency and the declaration of the Chevalier, as also a manifesto in his own name, dated 16th May 1745> were read at the Mercat Cross, not at Holy rood.

conclusively that he was fired only by a desire for glory, and that he had a noble indifference to pleasures that so often awaken human passion. A prominent noble was chatting familiarly with the Prince and, desiring either to flatter him or to say something to please him, expressed surprise that, though a number of women, and among them some of the most attractive, were daily presented to him, he, a young man in his prime, never so much as glanced at them. Edward then called by name one of the tallest and strongest Highlanders present and began to stroke his rough chin and hairy cheeks, saying: 'These are the beautiful girls I must court now. One of these means more to me than all the pretty dainty women in the world! Glory alone could charm this lofty spirit, bent on accomplishing great deeds.

Only the Calvinist ministers, called preachers, could not endure him or hide their detestation of his presence. The whole crew had an extravagant hatred of the word Catholic. Owing to their insane loathing of the Roman Church, they would have been bitterly opposed to the rule of a prince born and educated in Rome, and the consciousness of the implacable feelings they entertained towards him convinced them that they were, or deserved to be, odious to him. Though they could not openly oppose an armed conqueror, they vented their bitterness in secret murmurings, and complained in private that their religion was in danger. To allay these suspicions and also to conciliate these factious and unruly people Edward issued a proclamation on the first day of his entry to the effect that under the new rule every one should be allowed complete liberty to practise the religion he preferred. Further, in the same proclamation he had declared that it was his wish that public sermons and prayers should be continued as usual. The only difference was that, so long as the war lasted, no names should be mentioned in the prayers for princes. But all this was of little avail. The following day, although a number of people had gathered in the churches at the sound of the bell, not a single minister appeared to preach. Remaining concealed in their houses or escaping secretly from the town, they maintained obstinate silence in the pulpits until Edinburgh returned again to the rule of King George. The worst of men, they had not the courage to stir up trouble by their words, but they testified by the treacherous contumaciousness of their silence to the bitterness that rankled in their breasts.

Besides these men, whose hearts he failed to win, there was still Edinburgh Castle to capture, whence the royal troops to some extent overawed the city below. It was very difficult to storm, because it was situated on a high hill and because the defences were good. It was, moreover, strongly held, whereas the Jacobites had no heavy artillery or other means of storming it. The only thing to do was to starve it into surrender by preventing supplies from reaching it. By this means the garrison would soon [1] be in difficulties and compelled to surrender. For, thanks to the commander, who considered the Highlanders to be a band of infamous cut-throats, and held that there was nothing to fear from them but robbery, burning, and general plunder, the castle was altogether

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The garrison had six weeks' provisions in hand.

unsupplied with food. His chief care had been rather to secure the official archives, the treasury,[1] and the gold and silver brought by wealthy citizens, than to make sure of a supply of corn and other provisions, in case the siege should prove a long one.

Edward was well aware of this. Yet he decided not to embark on hostilities against the castle, not only abstaining from all warlike action, but allowing provisions to be introduced into it. He was, I imagine, afraid that, if the garrison were short of food, it might make this a pretext for turning upon the town and inflicting upon it the horrors of a bombardment; and he chose to spare his enemies rather than to inflict suffering upon his friends. This moderation of the victor was universally remarked, and he was loudly praised in consequence.[2]

This was the state of affairs in Edinburgh when news arrived that Cope was advancing with his army and was only two days' march from the city. Strange though it may seem, Edinburgh was not in the least perturbed. The officials and the labourers, the nobles and the people, all went about their wºrk as if everything was as usual.[3] On the other hand, the Jacobite troops were delighted at the news, expressing their keen joy and satisfaction that they had at last got the chance of giving actual proof of their courage. Hitherto, though they had often been in sight of the enemy, he was always in flight and they were never able to overtake him. At daybreak the Prince led his troops out of the city and learnt the position of the enemy from his scouts. Hearing that Cope had halted near the town of Prestonpans, where the Forth flows into the Bodotrin [2] (this is a marsh) in a broad valley, he hastened to seize a hill which enabled him to see the whole of the enemy's camp below him. As soon as the Highlanders caught sight of it from above they gave vent to a wild yell, either to challenge the enemy or to rouse their own enthusiasm

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See Arnot, *History of Edinburgh,* 1779, p. 212.

[2] The guard of Highlanders, under Lochiel, stationed at the Weigh-house, did not molest the transport of food into the Castle until they were fired on by the latter. It was then decided to start a blockade on 29th September. General Guest, the Commandant, then informed the Lord Provost that unless the blockade were removed he would bombard the city. The authorities appealed to the Prince, who said in the event of bombardment he would make reprisals on the estates of officers in the Castle. On the 4th October there was a cannonade against the houses occupied by the Guard, and this was repeated, but more extensively, next day. It was then that the Prince issued his proclamation withdrawing the blockade.

[3] 'Cope left Aberdeen by sea, 15th September; arrived at Dunbar, 17th; was joined there by Gardiner's and Hamilton's dragoons; marched to Haddington, 19th ; and to Prestonpans, 20th.'—Blaikie, *Itinerary*, p. 16.

The Prince got information of Cope's advance on 19th, and at once left Holyrood and joined his army which was at Duddingston. Next morning he advanced, crossing the Esk at Musselburgh, on to the high grounds of Faw- side. From here Cope's army could he seen, and it was decided to move more to the left towards Tranent. Cope, who was facing west, changed his front to face south; on his right was the wall of a park, and beyond that Preston. Behind him was the sea and Cockenzie, and on his left flank the village of Seton. There was a ditch full of water and a hedge on his front. Between the two armies was a marsh. It was Lord George Murray, not the Prince, who inspected the nature of this obstacle, and considered it impracticable.

[1] Bodotria is the Latin name of the Firth of Forth.

for the fight. Their one idea was to charge down into the plain and join battle. The Prince held them in check, ordering them to await the signal. After a careful inspection he saw that a frontal attack would certainly involve losses. A long trench had been dug across their front protected by light guns, which would obviously mean death to any one advancing from a distance, whereas the defenders, protected by a rampart reaching almost to their heads, could attack in absolute safety an enemy appearing in the open. The enemy were also more numerous than had been expected. In addition to four thousand veteran soldiers, commanded by skilled and distinguished officers, there was a large body of militia, partly raised in the neighbourhood of London, partly sent by the English nobility as proof of their loyalty. There were also a number of volunteers who sought no other reward than glory. These the commander-in-chief had placed in the centre. Lastly he had 'with him Gardiner's and Hamilton's Dragoons, who had been put to flight, as we have said, at Edinburgh. These covered and supported the flanks of the army. Cope kept his men in their positions, ordering them to stand to their arms and await the attack of the enemy.

Having made these observations he [Edward] decided to stay where he was for the present,[1] especially as it was nearly sunset. He ordered his army to remain in position on the hill and pass the night quietly, as there was no danger of their being attacked by the King's troops. On the following morning, having left a body of picked men in a suitable position to cut off the retreat of the enemy to Edinburgh, he moved forward with the rest of his army, and, by a circuitous march, advanced against the enemy's right, where there was a wide expanse of level ground and the position offered no difficulties. He drew up his men on a gently sloping hill. When Cope saw that he had to do with an enemy who was not only resolute and full of fight, but also by no means ignorant of military discipline, he sought an opportunity of avoiding battle. He thought of turning towards Edinburgh, convinced that he would score heavily, if he, could recover the city without slaughter or bloodshed. But when he discovered that the approaches

The Prince's army, on Lord George's advice, was then moved to the east of Tranent, where it stayed the night of the 2oth.

There is no evidence of the existence of English militia units in Cope's army. Mr. Blaikie (*Itinerary*, p. 90) shows that, besides the six squadrons of cavalry, there were Murray's regiment (46th), 5 .companies of Lee's (44th), 2 companies of Guise's (6th), 8 companies of Lascelles' (47th), 5 very weak companies of Lord John Murray's regiment (42nd), and Lord Loudon's, and about 16 Edinburgh volunteers. There were six guns and some mortars. The strength of the whole was about 2560.

When Cope saw the Prince's army taking up a position east of Tranent, he resumed his former position, facing south. he had been compelled to change his front four times that day.

to the roads he would .have to take were barred by the enemy, he determined to face him and risk a battle rather than allow himself to be caught between two bodies of his men and assailed both in front and rear.

The two armies halted face to face with only a short distance between them. The right wing of the Jacobites was commanded by the Duke of Perth, the left by Murray, both of them generals. Edward commanded the centre in person. Stepping forward to address them and showing them his naked sword, he said: 'I have thrown away the scabbard of this sword and I am determined not to sheathe it till the war is over. My brave men, now is the time for you to give an even more unmistakable proof of your courage. Fight like warriors whose one hope of safety lies in their valour. If we win, glory, liberty, and wealth will be ours. If we lose, death stares us all in the face. You see what is at stake. If you feel as I do for you, if you are true Scotsmen, no degenerate sons of your fathers, show the stuff that you and your loyalty are made of in this first battle.' With these words he roused them. So extraordinary was the courage that animated them, that when the trumpets gave the signal for battle, they were more like lions leaping upon their prey, than soldiers charging the enemy.

They were received with a hailstorm of bullets fired from musket and cannon, but though many fell,[1] they neither slackened their pace nor lost their dash. Closing ranks they pressed on, discharging a volley at the enemy no less terrible and better aimed, because at shorter range. The places of those who were wounded and fell were taken by others yet more vigorous. Throwing away their muskets, they seized their claymores and with wild yells attacked the foe at close quarters. Not for a moment did the royal troops stand up to this onslaught. The ranks were broken, confusion reigned, and every one sought safety wherever fear or a chance for escape offered. The Jacobites followed, mercilessly cutting down the scattering fugitives and inflicting awful slaughter upon them. They would have destroyed almost the entire army if Edward, who had fought fiercely in the foremost ranks, had not leaped on horseback and, rushing hither and thither, prevented them by his orders from taking a cruel advantage of their victory. Then at last the bloodshed ceased and the fury of the troops abated. The Dragoons retired to a neighbouring hill and halted there, out of danger and out of range. Some of the Highlanders saw them. It was impossible to prevent them from hastening to dislodge them. Such was their speed and dash that they took them by surprise and, though the troopers fled precipitately, they inflicted no small damage upon them in the rear.

Thus ended this terrible battle. The Jacobite infantry alone—for the cavalry took no part in it, being merely spectators, though they were quite ready to give assistance if needed—the infantry alone, I say, defeated signally a far larger body of infantry and of regular cavalry, thereby winning a name for great courage. The total losses of the Jacobites were only thirty men and four officers killed with about eighty wounded. The enemy lost over five hundred killed, nine hundred wounded, and fourteen hundred

[1] According to Home {*History*, p. *1*18) Cope's guns were served by a few men who fled instantly, and Colonel Whiteford had to fire them with his own hand. The first discharge killed one private and wounded an officer of Clan Cameron.

prisoners.[1] The rest succeeded in escaping. The arms, food, and all the other munitions of war remained in the hands of the victors. Among the fugitives was the commander, General Cope. When he saw the battle was going against him, he made off and is said to have escaped to the neighbouring coast and gone on board a warship anchored not far out.

Delighted though he was at his victory, Edward was not unduly elated or proud. His first thought was for the wounded. Many of them lay among the hills and made piteous appeals by raising their hands. He sent post haste to Edinburgh and the neighbouring villages for all the available surgeons to be brought to the army. When their wounds had been attended to and they had been distributed among the hospitals, he completed his act of mercy by ordering that the dead should be collected and buried in a deep trench. Then, loaded with booty and covered with glory, amid the cheers and applause of his men, he returned to Edinburgh in less than four days after leaving it.[1]

Before all that I have been relating occurred, the Dutch Government had granted permission for six thousand troops to be sent to England for the suppression of the rebellion in Scotland. This was the number that had been asked for by the English ambassador in accordance with the terms of the long-standing alliance and convention between the two nations, as has been said elsewhere. When they came to discuss how these troops could best be raised after duly considering the state of the Republic, the only men that appeared to them to be available were those who had recently been driven from Tournai and the other fortresses of Belgium by the King of France, and who, as was then customary, had been set free on certain conditions. With these troops the Dutch could dispense without the least inconvenience, as they had been released on condition that they should not fight for two years either against France or against any of her allies, nor serve any Prince who was at war with France. Strict observance of these terms made it impossible, in the view of the Dutch, to use these troops, except perhaps against the rebels in Scotland. For although the King of France was pleased at their success, he did not appear to be especially interested in it. So it was decided to send the troops to England.

But while ships were being prepared for the crossing, the French ambassador, the Abbé de la Ville, asked for an audience in the States, and, when it was granted, began to express strong disapproval of the decision and to blame them severely for taking a step so dishonest, and so unworthy of themselves and of their sense of justice. The decree, he maintained, struck a blow at public honour, which should be kept sacred among all nations. The surrendered soldiers were restored to the Batavian Republic only by the

[1] Lord George's estimate of the prisoners was about 1700, including seventy officers {*Jacobite Memoirs,* p. 40). The Chevalier Johnstone reckons the number of killed alone in Cope's army as 1300; other authorities give a much smaller number, from 400 to 500.

The two dragoon regiments were rallied, numbering 450 men ; but they could not be induced to attack again.

22nd September.

good-natured generosity of the King of France. Though he had every right to make them prisoners and send them in chains to France, he had nevertheless released them from the fortresses with the full honours of war. But they must at all costs observe the conditions imposed upon them by the conqueror, namely that, released as they had been, they must not fight under the enemies of France. A king so powerful would never allow terms to be thus violated with impunity.

The whole Assembly was deeply hurt by a speech so emphatic, independent, and menacing. In reply to these objections it was urged that the Dutch Senate was unfairly blamed for breaking its word in a step which had only been taken after the most careful consideration. The King of France had imposed two conditions on the men who had surrendered: the first that they should not fight against him or against his allies; the second that for the space of two years they should not take service under any Prince who was an enemy of France. Neither of these conditions was being violated in the present instance. The Stuart Prince, against whom these troops were being sent, was certainly not, so far as was known, bound to France by any tie of alliance, nor had King Louis, a monarch of the highest sense of honour, hitherto done anything by which he might be considered to aid or abet a rebellion so wicked. George, King of England, in whose service these troops might in a way be thought to be, was, it is true, by the declaration of war, an enemy of France. But these troops were not being sent to him to help him against France. They belonged to and were in the pay of the Dutch Republic and were being used in the common cause of both nations. Further, they owed no allegiance to England, nor were they fighting under English orders, but were to aqt as a separate corps with their own standards and leaders.

Thus did the Dutch settle everything to their own satisfaction, and certainly with no lack of subtlety. But, truth to tell, their arguments were more suited to a law-court than to a treaty between princes, and, in the opinion of many, they were not strong enough to rebut the charge of a violation of the conditions. However, they considered that this answer had completely cleared them from any charge of breaking their word, though the French ambassador insisted in vain to the contrary, and threatened condign punishment unless the decree were repealed. The troops stipulated were sent to England. Louis, however, was not a man to be put off with words or to be satisfied with specious and superficial arguments. As a mark of his indignation he ordered that his ambassador should immediately quit the Hague without taking leave of the authorities, a course adopted only in the case of an open rupture. He thus passed from protests to active measures in seeking redress for the violation of his rights, and with such effect that the Dutch were at last compelled to observe the agreement and recall the troops they had sent to England, as we shall relate in due course.

Meanwhile, as we have said, the Jacobites had won the battle of Prestonpans. The victory seemed to establish Edward's authority in many districts, and an astonishing display of enthusiasm throughout Scotland was the result. Most of the cities sent deputations to him to make their submission. Panic reigned in London as if the enemy,

flushed with victory, were already at the gates, threatening the undefended city with dire destruction. The King at once ordered Parliament[1] to assemble and himself described the state of affairs in a lengthy speech. A great horde of rebels, a ruffianly and crime-stained mob, guilty in the eyes of the law, tricked and deceived, enticed by the hope of booty and plunder, maintained by foreign aid, had gathered round a youth of utter recklessness, and, what was worse, a Catholic and a Roman. Though he belonged to the family which all the estates of the realm had for excellent reasons banished for ever from England, he had the audacity to usurp the name of King, to claim rights over Scotland and play the tyrant of the kingdom. His dark designs were more than clear. What else could be the purpose of a young man brought up a Roman, a slave of the King of France, but the subversion of the religion that had flourished for so many years in England, and the making of England herself into a vassal of France? At first they could afford to treat with contempt the advance of a horde of madmen instead of taking measures against them. But now that the rebellion had gained ground and grown in strength and boldness on account of some success, every effort must be made to prevent it from spreading further. The deadly poison must be cut out, the knife and fire must be used against a contagion that was daily becoming more disastrous and, as a contagion will, was ever spreading and increasing. If prompt remedies were not used against the evil, it might involve the downfall of the whole kingdom. Such was the remedy demanded, and he hoped to obtain it from the estates of the realm, whose devotion, loyalty, and love he had experienced in so many ways. Moreover, he concluded, 'If you are not tired of me as your king, if you are satisfied, as I hope you are, with my efforts on behalf of the common weal, if I have never wearied of upholding your dignity before all else, it is for you to make sure that the rebels shall repent of their ill-advised enterprise, and that all other enemies of England shall realise to their shame that it is folly to attempt to attack in his very palace a king who is protected by the authority of the law, by his blameless life, by the support and loyalty of his people.'

The House thanked the King for informing them of what had happened. Not only were his demands granted unanimously, but he was told that they would see that the life and the dignity of an excellent sovereign were not endangered and that no change whatever in the government would be tolerated. Nor was this all. As a further proof of their loyalty some of the wealthiest among them ordered soldiers to be raised at their own expense, offering large sums of money for the purpose. This prompt and generous help was, to my mind, the result of the great efforts made by the King of France to prevent assistance being sent from Holland to England. It convinced many people that he had undoubtedly come to an understanding with the Stuart Prince and, since he had failed to secure the election of a friendly Roman Emperor, he was endeavouring to set up in England a king who was a friend, even a dependent. However this may be, a resolution to the following effect was passed by Parliament. The rebels must be put

[1] Parliament met on 17th October.

down at all costs; George and his descendants must be maintained upon the throne; all the needful funds should be found by the Treasury. Further, the military establishment was to be increased and fresh levies raised in the most populous cities. The garrisons were increased in London, since the loyalty of many was suspect, and orders were issued that they were to remain under arms day and night. In order to bind men more effectively, the magistrates were told to administer a fresh oath of allegiance to King George. Further, in addition to the Dutch troops which had already landed in England, the Hessians, Danes, Swiss, and Hanoverians in English pay, who were fighting for the Queen of Hungary, were recalled. The King's son, the Duke of Cumberland, was made Commander-in-Chief of the army. A young man of spirit, he had given proof of great courage on more than one occasion, while his loyalty to his father was above suspicion. Orders were sent to him to leave the Netherlands at once and return to England. The first object was to prevent the Scotch rebels from entering England. So the newly arrived Dutch troops and regiments of regulars, amounting to nearly twelve thousand men, were dispatched to the border. Wade was placed in command and ordered to advance against the Jacobites. If they endeavoured to enter England they were to be pursued with all energy. Lastly, as it was said that men and money were being secretly sent from France and Spain to the Jacobites, and there was a rumour that the King of France was making more extensive preparations, orders were given that the navy was also to be put in readiness and that a number of men-of-war under skilled commanders were to patrol all the coasts of Scotland.

While these measures were being taken in London, Edward, who was subduing almost the whole of Scotland,[1] had but one wish, to advance with his army into England and attack the very capital of the kingdom. He had established in Edinburgh a supreme council, consisting of the most influential and upright citizens, in whose hands were vested all power and authority. It regulated the taxes and sent the money to the Prince's Treasury. It also took measures for increasing the army and supplying its needs. He spent six weeks in arranging matters and sending commissioners to various districts with orders to provide troops and forage, carts and horses for conveying provisions, and dispatching light corps for the protection of the roads.

About the middle [8] of November he left Edinburgh and took the road for England, having under his command, as was said, some twelve thousand troops.® There was much surprise that a Prince, who did nothing without mature consideration, did not first set about capturing Edinburgh Castle, either by assaulting it or by starving it into surrender, and was not deeply concerned at leaving the city without any garrison to protect it. Many held that he should have taken Stirling Castle first, and that it was foolish to start for England without holding any fortress in Scotland, leaving all the strong places in the hands of the enemy. This he fully realised. But as he hoped for

[1] The author's estimate of the consequences of the victory at Prestonpans on the country as a whole is extraordinarily inaccurate.

greater successes in England and considered that everything depended on swiftness, he preferred not to waste time and strength on these enterprises—two things the loss of which is fatal and irreparable in war.

French promises also encouraged him to press on. Amid great preparations they had collected a number of ships in the French ports that faced the ocean, and it was said that they were to bring him help, which he was expecting from day to day. Perhaps also he thought that, even if he lost Scotland, he could easily recover it, as he was so popular with the people, and in any case he could always find a refuge in the Highlands.

He marched straight to the banks of the Tived [Tweed], the boundary between England and Scotland, unchecked by any encounter with the enemy. For Wade, who commanded the King's troops, and who had at first marched energetically against him, pleading as excuse an infectious disease that had attacked his men, had unexpectedly halted at Newcastle, in the county of Northumberland, and had advanced no further. Meanwhile an event occurred that caused no little disgust when it became known; namely, that Edinburgh had been recovered by the royal troops and that a similar fate had befallen other towns also, which had returned to their ancient allegiance. This is what happened. Cope having been removed, the command in Scotland was taken over by General Handasidio [Handasyde].[1] He had recently been besieging [2] Berwick with four regiments, not so much as an offensive measure, but in self-defence. The moment he learnt that the Jacobites had left Edinburgh and were some distance off, and, almost incredible as it seemed, had left no garrison there, he marched the little way that separated him from it with his regiments and the city immediately surrendered.

For the moment no arrests were made, not even among those who were known to have taken the lead in the rebellion. This was, I imagine, due to caution, in order to give no excuse for disturbances and not to endanger the public peace which it was very important to preserve at that time. In other respects, great changes were made. The old rule was re-established; the old magistrates were recalled to their posts; Edward's proclamations were torn down; all orders given by him were declared null and void; the inhabitants were completely cowed and no one dared to protest. Most notable of all, the ministers and preachers who had lain in hiding, now came out from their lairs like drunken men, and began to exercise their eloquence that had long been in check with such excessive vigour that it looked as if they were eager to make up the arrears of their long silence in a few days.[1]

Though Edward was very disappointed at this news, it did not turn him from his purpose. After crossing the Tweed, which, as we have said, is the boundary between Scotland and England, he turned west and entered Cumberland, a maritime English county that faces Ireland. Before him at the mouth of the River Iden [Eden] lay Carlisle (called Lugvalle by the ancients), the capital of the county, defended by a castle and a

[1] 'It is certain that the Presbyterian preachers in Scotland were the best recruiting serjeants and the best intelligencers that Cumberland and his father had.'—Robert Forbes, 27/5/1748 *{The Lyon in Mourning*, ii. p. 108).

garrison. If he subdued the city and captured the castle, not only would he secure a foothold in England, but he would be preceded by a reputation for courage and capacity, a precious asset in war, while his success would make a glorious opening to his expedition. For these reasons, and also because it might have been dangerous to leave such a stronghold for the enemy behind him, he ordered his army to advance upon the city and invest it closely. The terrified inhabitants at once sent envoys to make their submission and opened the gates. The garrison, however, shut itself up in the castle and looked like bravely enduring a long siege. But the moment they saw the enemy over the moat and under the battlements, putting up ladders everywhere and preparing for a final assault, their courage failed them. However, in order that, if they surrendered, they might not be accused of coming to terms with rebels, they seized a favourable opportunity for slipping out unobserved[1] and abandoned the castle.

Meanwhile, Wade, who, as we have seen, had halted at Newcastle, having been informed of the siege and of the danger to Carlisle, was advancing with the King's army by forced marches to the assistance of the threatened castle. But, while still on the way, he received news that he was too late to be of use. Carlisle was already in the hands of the enemy. The garrison had not done its duty in defending the castle, but had shamefully deserted it. He halted his army for a space under this blow, then he retraced his steps to Newcastle and reoccupied his old camp.

After capturing Carlisle, Edward circulated a proclamation, printed in Edinburgh,[2] before he advanced further, in which, as he had already done in the ease of the Scots, he summoned the English to return to their allegiance to his father King James. This proclamation was similar in tone, except that he adjured the English not to allow themselves to be deceived by such empty names as popery, tyranny, and other bugbears of the kind, with which George of Brunswick in his insane and boundless ambition made such play in order to maintain his unjust rule. They must put aside these baseless charges once for all. In questions of religion neither he nor his father would ever make the slightest innovation. Whatever had been established or should be established in the future by the estates of the realm should always remain fixed and inviolate in every way. This he said because he was well aware that these were the principal weapons employed to stir up hatred against him, for he was denounced as a rabid Catholic who would restore the Pope's authority. And as many people charged the Stuart family with the erime of being friendly to France, and used the charge to make him unpopular, he added: 'Mu eh less must you believe that wo are so bound and enslaved to France that in our rule we shall pay more heed to her than to your interests and to our own honour. Though we acknowledge some obligations to the French Monarch, we shall not, once We are established in our kingdom, do anything that is not becoming to a King, and an English King. It is our resolve to loosen any such ties, not to draw them closer. As for

[x] No doubt they might have offered more resistance than they did; but they left after a formal capitulation.

[2] The proclamation was issued on -15th November. It was actually dated Rome, 23rd December <743-

me, you yourselves are witnesses that I was not escorted by French troops, that I did not cross on a French vessel, but on a single hired ship; that I landed on this island without men, without money, with but seven friends of my own. So you may rest assured that I put my faith in no other arm than the justice of my cause and in the justice and the affection of the people. With these arms alone I have, with God's help, recovered the whole of Scotland and won it back to the allegiance of my father. With these I hope to capture the hearts of the English, and buoyed up with this hope I have long refused all assistance from the kings of Spain and France. Had not George of Brunswick summoned foreign troops to defend his evil cause, which is already lost in the opinion of all men, I should never have accepted aid from abroad. But now that I see in arms against me in the heart of England not only my own countrymen, but Dutchmen, Hessians, Swiss, and Hanoverians, why should I feel scruples about opposing foreigners by foreigners? Why may not I follow the example of my rival who is so much stronger than I am and get help in any way I can? I flatter myself that you would make no objections. Furthermore, rest assured that your power, your liberty, your rights of every kind will always remain safe and unimpaired, nor shall we ever refuse to ratify, approve and welcome everything that the estates of the realm may decree to the advantage and glory of the nation. This I solemnly swear to you both in my name and in the name of my father James.'

He ended the letter with a fervent prayer that, if in the past there had been differences between the English nation and his own royal house, no more should be made of them and the memory should be buried. For himself, he said in accordance with the authority received from his father James, he forgave every one all the injuries, old or new, with which his rights and his name has been so cruelly outraged; but in his turn he asked that, if his ancestors had incurred the wrath of the nation through any grievance, it should be put down to the circumstances of the times and wiped from the memory of all men. If they had been guilty of a fault, they had paid heavily enough for it by being hurled from their throne and driven from their country. The cruellest indignities had been heaped upon their innocent sons and grandsons, who had now for over fifty-seven years been leading an unhappy life of mourning and misery in exile and poverty. Was so monstrous a punishment never to have an end? Would the anger of the English never be appeased? Now was the time for restoring to every man his rights, for peacefully making up differences, for giving back the Prince to his own kingdom, the kingdom to its own Prince, for letting bygones be bygones.

This was the tenor of the manifesto. Passed from hand to hand, it made an extraordinary impression upon the people, as may be gathered from the fact that when soon afterwards Edward marched his army out of Carlisle and began to lead it along the shore of the Irish Sea,[1] people crowded round him wherever he went, welcoming him with cheers of joy.[2] But, if the truth must be told, the nobility hardly rose at all, seeming

[1] Cordara's geography is not quite accurate here.

[2] 'During his progress to Preston, Charles received no marks of attachment from the

to take little part in the joy of the people. Then the preachers and other Nonconformist ministers attacked him freely, and successfully checked these popular demonstrations. Everywhere Edward took over the reins of government, levied contributions, and endeavoured to make men swear allegiance to King James. On leaving Carlisle he went to Kendal, a little town in Westmorland, washed by the River Ken. Then he proceeded to Lancaster, a town of the same name as the county. After a short stay there, he made his way into the county of Cheshire, in order, it was thought, to enter the boundaries of the Principality of Wales[1] that stretches for a considerable distance along the sea. But he suddenly turned to the left towards the east, marching inland in the direction of Derby. The reason for this decision will appear later.

The Court of London was much perturbed at all that was happening, and great indeed was the consternation. With the swift and successful advance of the rebels it looked as though either the forces were inadequate, or, what was worse, both officers and men had not the will to check them. The flame of rebellion had apparently spread to England, and the roar of the fire, so to speak, could be heard close at hand. What would happen if it drew even nearer, if the capital itself began to blaze? In that case the remedy of the evil was more to be dreaded than the evil itself. London was a populous and free city. Gatherings of the idle were common, while party feeling continued to run ever higher. Voices were heard attacking the existing Government freely both in public and in private, and it was as dangerous to try to check them as to leave them unpunished. There was the added danger that on the approach of the rebels the revolutionary elements might become insolent, stirring up trouble in the very heart of the kingdom which could only be put down by a civil war which might involve the ruin of the eountry.

The secret manoeuvres of the King of France, which seemed to threaten an invasion of England, were another cause of anxiety. It was certain, in spite of all the pretexts hitherto urged, that he had strong sympathy with the House of Stuart and that he would not be sorry to see a Prince bound to France by so many ties ascend the throne in England. There was ample proof that he was inclined openly to support his cause. For some time past unusual preparations of arms and ships were being carried on in different ports of his dominions that faced the ocean.

At Calais, Boulogne, Dunkirk, Brest there was great activity in building and fitting out men-of-war. Arsenals were being filled, and sailors enrolled in large numbers. What could be the object of all these preparations, if an expedition against England had not been decided upon? Henry, Duke of York, second son of King James, had recently been summoned from Home to France.[1] It was rumoured that he had immediately hastened to Brittany and had halted at the spot where naval preparations were most active. What other object could he have, except to cross to England with the invading troops to assist his brother's enterprise?

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inhabitants of the towns and country through which he passed,'— Browne, iii. p. 143.

[1] There seems to be no ground for this statement.

All doubt was removed by the King of France himself in an official manifesto [2] of clear import, in which he proclaimed himself the ally and confederate of Edward, Prince of Wales, declaring that he would regard his enemies as his own, whosoever and wheresoever they might be. The Dutch were the causes of his taking this step. As we have said, King Louis was very angry with them for having sent to the assistance of King George the troops who had surrendered after being driven from the fortresses of Belgium, contrary to the terms of the surrender. To punish them for this wrong he had already issued a proclamation withdrawing their rights of trade from the Dutch merchants, rights from which they derived great profit. He had also caused some merchantmen in the ports of France to be seized, and confiscated their cargo. As even this failed to induce them to recall the troops, he resolved on the final step of publicly declaring himself an ally of the Stuarts. By this means he hoped to break down the obstinacy of the Dutch, since it left them no valid excuse, and at the same time to cause the English no little embarrassment. He considered the step a wise one, because there was now no longer any motive for concealing an alliance made so long before. Hitherto there had been reason to fear that English hatred of France, then particularly bitter, might vent itself against an innocent Prince from the mere fact that he was suspected of being in league with France. Hence, though King Louis was with him heart and soul and had from time to time secretly helped his enterprise with subsidies, he thought it best to keep secret the bond that united them. So true a friend was he that he deliberately concealed his friendship in order not to do him harm. Now, since the mere suspicion of a friendship which could no longer be concealed was seen to be injuring the innocent Prince, and a number of Englishmen were holding aloof from him for no other reason, Louis wisely decided to take a step which would make the friendship of France as valuable to him in the future as the suspicion of it had been harmful in the past. And at first it was certainly of great service, for the Dutch troops were recalled from England and the forces opposed to him were considerably diminished. If everything had continued as it had begun, we may suppose that one whose rights were so incontestably superior would not have proved inferior in the field. But it often happens that even the most powerful kings are unable to keep their promises.

This declaration of alliance[1] on the part of King Louis, being confirmed by all the papers, was soon known in Holland, whence the news spread to England. The consternation it caused in both countries is not easily depicted. While the Dutch were hesitating as to what course they should adopt [Lord] John Drummond, brother of the Duke of Perth, who commanded the Irish Brigade[2] in France, unexpectedly arrived in Scotland with a few hundreds of Irish troops. Having managed to slip by a number of English ships, he landed at Celurca (this is a little village on the sea in Angusia, commonly called Montrose), and without a moment's delay divulged the alliance

[1] The treaty of Fontainebleau, 24th October 1745.—Browne, iii. App. xvi., p. 449.

[2] Lord John Drummond commanded a regiment in the French service known by the name of 'Royal Scots,'

between the King of France and Edward, Prince of Wales. In order that it might be more widely known, he sent round public letters[1] announcing it, and although he was at the head of only a few squadrons, he described himself as General commanding the French troops in Scotland. Relying on this title, he declared war to the death against all who had taken arms against Edward unless they laid them down at once. He arranged for similar letters to be delivered to Count Maurice of Nassau, who commanded the Dutch troops, and bade him, unless he wished to be the cause of a war between the Dutch Republic and a king as powerful as Louis, to keep the terms of Tournai and forthwith to evacuate the island with his troops without a moment's delay. Nassau's answer to these threats is not known, but the Dutch troops left England a few days later, returning to their posts. The Dutch Estates, in order to keep faith with King George in some other way, replaced them by hiring an equal number of Hessians to fight against the Stuarts.

Now that the determination of the King of France was no longer doubtful, there was much discussion in London as to whether the danger at home or the danger abroad should be met first. For it was said that the French were to be expected with a very strong fleet, and that at the same time Edward was advancing with a formidable army into the heart of England, seemingly threatening to invest London itself, the capital of the kingdom. When all arguments on both sides had been weighed, those who advocated a division of forces between the two enterprises gained the day. Most of them were to be sent against Edward as the nearest and therefore the most dangerous enemy. Many things might prevent the coming of the French—storms, winds, and the other accidents that make sea voyages uncertain. Though the English coast was not well protected, there were so many men-of-war cruising round it that a landing would not be easy.

While these decisions were being taken, the Duke of Cumberland had already arrived from the Netherlands, bringing with him the pick of the army there. To him was entrusted the task of attacking the Jacobites with the main body of the forces of the kingdom. His father, George, urgently impressed upon him the extreme gravity of the crisis, exhorting him to defend his tottering throne.

Cumberland, a high-spirited youth with a passionate thirst for glory, desired nothing better than to meet Edward and win the fame of having saved the kingdom. Entering upon his task eagerly and resolutely, he hurried off with all speed to Essex, where the troops were assembled. Edward had halted at Congleton in Cheshire before proceeding to Wales,[2] when he heard that the King's army, having reached the banks of the river Stonam, was not more than ten miles away. Thinking that it had advanced thus far to give him battle, he assembled his troops and immediately changed his plans. Instead of continuing his way towards the Principality, he marched his men to the Stonam. He felt sure that there would be fighting there, but he was mistaken. Though he had a much

[1] Proclamation dated 2nd December 1745.

[2] Cordara appears to have confused dates. It was not until the council of war met at Derby that the Prince, objecting to the retreat strongly urged by Lord George Murray, suggested marching into Wales, This was negatived by the council.

larger army, the Duke of Cumberland, whether from fear or from caution, retired precipitately for thirty miles to Coventry. The Jacobites, on the other hand, advanced and camped at Derby.

It had never occurred to Edward that the enemy would retreat so suddenly. He occupied Derby and, as he was hardly thirty leagues from London, he began to entertain hopes of ending the war at a single blow. Summoning a council of war, he laid before his staff the plan he had long entertained of pressing on with his army to London. Opening the debate, he said they must follow hard upon the enemy now that they were demoralised by fear and had lost confidence. If they continued their retreat to London, not only might he have a good chance of reaching the capital without suffering loss, but it was quite likely that a number of his partisans, seeing him close at hand, armed and advancing upon the city in the guise of a conqueror, would rise against George. If they determined to face him and stake all on a battle, as they would have to do sooner or later, it made little difference that they were fighting on hostile territory, because in case of disaster there would always be Scotland. So long as Scotland was safe, the war could always be prolonged or revived. But, if fortune favoured him, he might, at one blow, and in one day, become master of everything. The King's army, in which all George's hopes were placed, and on which hung the fate of the country, once beaten, it would be quite easy to subdue London, crush the Cabinet and the Court, and reduce the whole country once for all to obedience. Many of the members of the council shared his views.

But others would not hear of it. They called heaven and earth to witness that, if he determined deliberately to rush to his destruction, they would follow him to the death, but would never approve of such a decision. How could he be so mad as to risk all on a battle, the result of which was uncertain? What could be more foolhardy than to rush into a bitterly hostile country, where the enemy had everything on his side and could use his advantage to the full? Perhaps it was with this idea that Cumberland had feigned a precipitate retreat, hoping to entice the unwary Jacobites into a trap and overwhelm them when elated by the hope of victory. Finally, they added, if we are strong enough to be able to hope for victory in the field, why not wait for the help from France, which will make victory certain?

When Edward objected that it seemed to him too long to wait for reinforcements that were expected every day, but never actually came, Murray,[1] who was the Prince's secretary and had great influence with him, though, as we shall see, he afterwards betrayed him, replied that it was impossible to doubt that the King of France would not keep his promise. It might be that the reinforcements were delayed by the usual difficulties of the sea, but they would never fail. In his opinion the French would make not for the east coast, but for the west, as being not so well guarded, where they would effect a landing. The Prince would be wiser to shut up his army in some well-fortified place and there await the attack, instead of himself challenging the enemy. In his view',

[1] The author has evidently confused Murray of Broughton with Lord George Murray.

they should return to Carlisle. A strong place on the west of England, it had the additional advantage that it would be more easy for them to welcome the French there when they came. This seemed to him not merely useful, but necessary, especially when the army, now far removed from Scotland, found itself in difficulties from lack either of friends or of money, without means of procuring forage. Things were daily going from bad to worse. Let the Prince think of some more profitable plan. Let him beware of taking a course which, however attractive it might appear, offered few real advantages, and let him remember that war needed not youthful enthusiasm, but rational methods. Thus spoke Murray, and the majority of the council seemed to side with him.

Most unwillingly did Edward decide to retreat and abandon a plan which had hitherto proved so successful. Above all he felt the ignominy, which would certainly be looked upon as a disgrace by the crowd ignorant of the true state of affairs; for he saw that the Duke of Cumberland, whom he had been following in retreat, would in turn pursue him, now' that he was retreating. However, he submitted to the authority of the council, which was of opinion that nothing should be undertaken that involved greater risk without the assistance of France. Considering it too dangerous to advance further towards London, useless to think of the eastern counties, futile, even harmful, to linger in Derby, he began to retreat sorely against his will. Retracing his steps, he made his way from Derbyshire to Cumberland with, it must be admitted, the best intention in the world, but with disastrous consequences, as will appear later.

BOOK III

EDWARD'S hopes of the arrival of the French proved to be without foundation. Long expected, they never appeared, being held up, as they declared, by unfavourable winds. Yet it looked every day as if they must come. In addition to the marines there were assembled in Dunkirk some twelve thousand infantry, brought from Belgium. There were also more than fifty transports ready with men-of-war sufficient to act as escort. The Duke of Richelieu, who was to be the admiral of the expedition, himself supervised everything. The Duke of York, Edward's brother, was also there and, from his natural desire to see his brother again and help him, did all in his power to ensure their sailing. But although everything was ready, the marines being put on board and making sail practice daily, the expedition never started. By some strange fatality no sooner was a day fixed for the start than the fleet was unable to weigh anchor. The wind was either too light, or too strong, or the sea too stormy. Shrewd observers noted this, suspecting, not without cause, that under these winds or storms lurked a mystery; but if this were so its real nature was never divulged.

These events gave rise to a good deal of talk of different kinds throughout Europe. As the English ships were as thick as quails on the sea, if I may put it so, and the port of Dunkirk was almost besieged, some said that the French were afraid of encountering so many of them and were unwilling to risk a fleet that had cost them so much; others that the mere fitting out of such an expedition was of sufficient assistance to Prince Edward, since it compelled the English to divide their forces. A considerable number of the troops with which they might have crushed the Jacobite army had to be kept on the coast in readiness for an enemy invasion from abroad. This was equivalent to the landing of 12,000 men in England. Another argument in defence of French loyalty was that, though the Dunkirk fleet never sailed, other ships had been sent to Edward's assistance and still more would follow shortly. These small separate landings of troops made little actual show, but they helped him none the less. Taken together, they were as effective as a pretentious expedition. People thus drew different conclusions according to their way of thinking and their sympathies. However this may be— for it is beyond my power to offer a definite solution—this much at least I can say. It would have been far better for Edward if the fleet had either been actually sent or had never been promised at all. The expectation of this powerful support certainly influenced him in deciding to act on the defensive instead of taking the offensive. And it was after this decision that his prospects began to change and take a turn for the worse.

As soon as Edward withdrew from Derby, the Duke of Cumberland led his army out

of Coventry and began to press hard upon him. Naturally every one believed that the tables were turned, the Prince having all the appearance of being in flight and the Duke of pursuing. This mistaken idea—for men are easily deceived by appearances— put an entirel y different aspect on things. In the first place, the morale of the two armies felt its effects, the apparent difference of fortune making them either dispirited or buoyed up with hope. Then the feelings and views of the people among whom Edward found himself began to change, as we see, from the very beginning of his retreat. Though his route was the same that he had followed but a short time previously, and though he passed through the same towns, he found the attitude towards him different. Those who had welcomed him as a victor with every honour paid little attention to him now that he was retreating with a haste that looked more like flight than victory. Many also rather ignobly refused to receive him from fear of the royal army which was pressing hard upon him, and the power of which was more to be feared. So fickle is man, his enthusiasm and his feelings varying with circumstances. This was the first sign that fortune was abandoning him, the first proof that in future the Stuart cause would fare ill and would go from bad to worse. Edward had, in fact, relied chiefly on the goodwill of the people. When he lost this, as he was short of money and provisions and hard pressed by the enemy, he had no chance of acting otherwise and facing the enemy. Soon afterwards other misfortunes overtook him.

Edward had stationed one wing of his army in Penrith and Clifton, two towns in the county of Cumberland, to check the advance of the enemy who were pressing him, until he should reach Carlisle with the remainder of his troops. Two thousand Highlanders were stationed in these towns, all brave men of proved loyalty, who had hitherto never shown fear in the presence of the enemy and had actually put them to flight several times. And yet, as soon as they knew that the Duke of Cumberland was close at hand with the royal army, the Highlanders were seized with an unwonted panic and took to flight, shamefully abandoning their posts, and even congratulating themselves that the enemy had not pursued them hotly, but allowed them to retreat at leisure.[1] Cumberland was prevented from pursuing them by the heavy rain that had fallen and by the fatigue of his men, for he had advanced by forced marches. But thinking that a flight so precipitate was a proof of abject terror, he decided to push on to Carlisle, where the enemy had shut themselves up. So as soon as the siege-train and the artillery, which had to be brought up more slowly, were ready, he advanced' with his whole army and encamped in sight of the town.

Edward was aware of the flight of his men; he was also short of provisions, and he saw the enemy advancing with everything ready for a siege; so he hesitated, unable to decide on the course he ought to adopt. He had more than sufficient men to defend the city and the castle, but at the same time, he knew that he had not provisions enough for a long

[1] This is a remarkable travesty of the actual facts. (Cp. Chevalier de Johnstone, *Memoirs,* p. 65 ; Lord George Murray, *Memoirs,* p. 65 ; *The Lyon in Mourning,* ii. p. 88.) The Highland casualties were 12 killed; the enemy lost about 100 killed and wounded.

siege,[1] Moreover, whatever his decision, he saw that he must take it at once, as events were moving too fast to give him time to ask advice. He therefore assembled his principal officers in a hasty council and proposed to them one of two courses, either to make a hurried retreat to Scotland or to stake all on a battle. He showed that there was no other alternative, since the shortage of provisions made it impossible for them to hold out against a long siege. The leaders, who did not yet despair of French aid and were convinced that it would never do to put all to the hazard before it arrived, were of opinion that they should immediately break camp, abandon England, and withdraw the troops to Scotland while they were still in good condition. There, in a friendly country, and above all one where provisions were abundant, it would be possible to keep the war alive, frustrate the enemy's designs and ultimately defeat him. Only they were of opinion that the castle of Carlisle ought to be held and a sufficient garrison left there.[2] When this plan had been adopted by the Prince on 1st January 1746, a year memorable in history for Edward's defeat, he left Carlisle and, recrossing the Tay,[3] found himself once more in Scotland.

About four hundred men were left to garrison the castle of Carlisle, well supplied with everything. They were ordered to do all in their power to put up a stout resistance, not to surrender, no matter what the terms offered, unless everything else had failed and they were reduced to the last extremity. The Commander and his men all gladly undertook to carry out the orders. But they did not keep their word. When the Duke of Cumberland's army had entered the city, he gave orders that platforms should be prepared and palisades erected round the fort and the artillery put in position. All this, though bullets and missiles of every kind were showered from the battlements, was immediately done. Then the defenders were informed by a bugler that, unless they surrendered the fort at once, they would be treated with all the rigour of the law against rebels and traitors to their Prince. At first the officer in command laughed at these threats, saying that a eastle so strong and so "well garrisoned did not surrender at the mere rumbling of thunder. Strenuous efforts would have to be made and much blood shed in a prolonged siege, the end of which no one could foresee. Infuriated at this haughty answer, the young Prinee signed to his men to begin at once breaching the walls of the fort with guns of heavy calibre. The violent cannonade was continued for a couple of days, with the result that a great breach was made in the walls. The defenders were dismayed at the damage, and, thinking that they would not receive quarter if the enemy stormed it, they pressed round the commanding officer, begging him and compelling him to do nothing more that might provoke the fury of the victor and, with ill-timed obstinacy, make even worse a cause that was already desperate. Let him rather endeavour to placate the angry Prince

[1] There is no evidence that there was ever any idea of holding on to Carlisle in force.

* Lord George Murray was entirely opposed to this step. The responsibility must rest with'the Prince himself.

[3] ? Esk.

by a voluntary surrender and to obtain good terms from him. Yielding at last to the vehemence of these remonstrances, the commander ordered a white flag to be raised in sign of his wish to capitulate and to come to a parley. The Duke of Cumberland on his side at onee sent a bugler with an officer to ask the Governor whether he still persisted in his former sentiments. The Governor immediately offered to surrender and undertook to give hostages. One thing only he asked, and that was that terms should be granted. The officer replied scornfully that the Prince held no dealings with rebels. They must immediately lay down their arms, leave the fort, and throw themselves on their master's mercy. Faced with a choice between immediate surrender and certain death, the garrison chose surrender and did as they were bidden.

Thus was the fort of Carlisle recovered, and with it went the last possession of the Jacobites in England. Satisfied with his success, Cumberland entered Carlisle in triumph. He received the citizens, who implored his pardon for what had happened, kindly, promising to intercede for them with the king his father, and to plead their cause. He ordered the walls to be repaired as well as they could be in the circumstances wherever they had suffered from the cannon, and he left a garrison of several squadrons[1] under the command of Bligh. Lastly, entrusting Hawley with the command, and ordering him to follow the Jacobites into Scotland, he returned to London to give his father an account of what he had done and to discuss further measures with the King's ministers.

Though the numbers of his army were considerably reduced, Edward, not in the least dismayed by all his ill-fortune in the loss of Carlisle, endeavoured to repair in Scotland the losses he had sustained in England. Fording the numerous rivers on his line of march, he led his army through wild and mountainous country which was difficult of access to the enemy. He levied contributions of money on the towns he passed through, forcing them to provide transport and the necessary supplies. These were given much less willingly than before and in much smaller quantities, either because the first enthusiasm, as often happens, was beginning to cool, or because, owing to the uncertain issue of the war, they objected to the certain loss of their property. Having reached Glasgow, the capital of Glottiana, and seeing that unless he halted in some well-fortified place he would find it difficult to defend himself against the king's troops who were following him, he set about besieging the castle of Strivelin. But it was too late, and the time was ill-chosen for a step which should have been taken much earlier.

Stirling Castle is splendidly constructed and is counted one of the finest buildings in Scotland. It lies on the River Forthy [Forth], the waters of which wash its base. The town is connected with the castle by an ancient stone bridge. It was well supplied with heavy artillery and provisions and held by a strong garrison under the command of Blakeney, the governor, a warlike Englishman and a brave soldier of unquestionable loyalty to King George. Meanwhile, having organised the siege, Edward moved off into the Stirling district and encamped opposite the town. Some of his troops he sent to Perth under [Lord Lewis] Gordon, ordering them to fortify the castle. Another body he placed at Lind

[Linlithgow], a town in the county of Laudon [Lothian], lying between Edinburgh and Stirling. This step was necessary in order to prevent the royal troops from leaving Edinburgh to raise the siege. He then summoned the people of Stirling to deliver up the town. They refused and prepared to endure all the hardships of a siege. The townspeople held out for two days, partly of their own free will, as they were no supporters of the Stuarts, partly from confidence in the royal troops, a large number of whom were in Edinburgh and were said to be coming to the aid of the threatened town as quickly as possible. But when they saw the town invested and the supply of provisions cut off, when they began to suffer from hunger and to fear worse was before them, their present sufferings gained the day. They opened the gates and submitted to the Prince.

Having got possession of the town, Edward was preparing to besiege the castle and had already begun to establish platforms and fortifications, when he heard that the enemy were advancing from Edinburgh and the body of troops he had placed in Linlithgow had been defeated.[1] This news forced him to abandon the siege for a time. But it is only right that all the details of what happened should be known. When Hawley, who, as we have said, was left in command of the army, started from Carlisle, the Jacobites moved too quickly for him to keep up with them. So he made for Edinburgh by a shorter route, ordering

Wade's men to join him there, meaning to strengthen his own army with them. For their commander, Wade, had been deprived of his post by the King and summoned to London to explain the loss of the battle. On learning of the danger to Stirling, he hastened thither with all his forces, intending either to crush the Jacobites, who were busy with the siege, or to help the threatened castle and at least throw reinforcements into it. On his advance, the Jacobite troops who had been left to garrison Linlithgow, in order to escape being overwhelmed by the far more numerous forces of the king, fled and withdrew into Falchirch [Falkirk], nine miles from Stirling. Though they could not be blamed for their retreat, it nevertheless increased the boldness of the enemy, because it seemed to have been inspired by fear and despair. Hawley attributed to cowardice what was the result of prudence and, being convinced that they would all behave alike, urged his men to take heart, as the war would soon be over. He occupied Linlithgow, and, barely allowing his men a night's rest, once more marched forward. Linlithgow lay on the direct road to Stirling. He turned to the left towards Falkirk in order to capture the town on his way, as it might be very useful to the Jacobites.

Edward, who could not press the siege of Stirling unless he held Falkirk, had already advanced thither with his whole army. Not only had he forestalled the enemy, but he had seized a favourable position for fighting so promptly that when Hawley arrived he was himself at the head of his men drawn up and ready for battle. Nevertheless Hawley decided to fight on the spot. Though taken aback by this unexpected move, he drew up his men and urged them to fight bravely. When the signal was given, both sides

[1] This is inaccurate. Lord George Murray and his five battalions merely fell back before superior forces.

advanced with their weapons in their hands. Here, if anywhere, the superiority of dash and courage over numbers was made manifest. The lowest estimate makes the King's army fifteen thousand. The Jacobites were less by half. Yet as soon as they charged, sword in hand, such was the panic among the King's men, that the cavalry forming the first line, terrified by the ferocity of the Highlanders' attack, immediately turned and fled. In vain did Hawley endeavour to stem the tide by appeals, by sending forward the infantry, by threats. In spite of everything the cavalry continued to fly and, charging the bodies of their own infantry, crushed a number of them under their horses' hoofs. The same blind panic spread to the infantry. In a moment the army was thrown into disorder and defeated, as if the sky had fallen upon it or the earth had opened under it, fleeing in headlong terror. It would be hard to say whether the disgrace or the slaughter were the greater.

The Jacobites and their supporters exaggerated this defeat, great though it was, when they said that over 14,000[1] of the royal troops were killed or made prisoners. Hawley himself could not hide his disgrace. He returned immediately to Linlithgow', raging and gnashing his teeth at having been worsted, as he put it, by an infamous gang of cut-throats. On the same day he led his dispirited troops, who had been rallied after the flight, back to Edinburgh, though it was raining in torrents. So hasty was his retreat that he was unable to bring off seven light guns, which he left at Linlithgow [2] with a number of tents in the hands of the enemy.

Having driven back the enemy, recovered Linlithgow, and left a new garrison there, Edward returned to Stirling and resumed the interrupted siege of the castle, busying himself in repairing the tunnels, the platforms, the galleries, and all the other works that had been destroyed by the besieged. But all that seemed likely to improve Edward's position was, after this victory, the beginning of his downfall—so fickle is fortune in war. The news of the defeat of Falkirk spread quickly to London and convinced the Cabinet that the rebellion in Scotland was not on the decline, as many imagined. George n. felt this unexpected defeat more than any one. Blaming Hawley, he ordered the Duke of Cumberland to hurry back to the army, since with his departure the troops seemed to have become demoralised.

The Duke sped post-haste to Edinburgh. His return effected an extraordinary change in the morale of the army, showing clearly the importance of the quality of the general in command and the value of a reputation for superior courage. The mere presence of the Prince heartened and fired the soldiers to such a degree that men who, a short time previously, had been terrified at the mere name of Jacobite, were now filled with contempt for them and shame at their own behaviour. They vied with each other in their desire to face them in the field and to wash out the stain of their previous flight in a fresh battle. Seizing his opportunity, Cumberland led his army, which was in this

[1] Maxwell of Kirk conn el estimates between 400 and 500 killed, and some hundreds taken prisoner; the Chevalier de Johnstone shows 600 killed and 700 prisoners.

[2] ? Falkirk.

excellent frame of mind, from Edinburgh straight to Stirling.

Meanwhile Edward had failed to storm Stirling Castle, partly because the heavy rains had interfered with his operations, partly because his gunners were said to be not very skilful,[1] and partly because Blakeney, the Governor, held out obstinately and repulsed all attempts with the utmost courage. Finally he was very ill-provided with what he needed for the struggle owing to the ill-will of the townsfolk. Encouraged by the approach of the King's army, they did not supply him with provisions, or with other things he required, refusing to obey his orders.

For these reasons, and because he had received sure intelligence that some ships had left France, bringing him reinforcements of men and money, he decided to give the orders to start immediately and forestall the coming of the enemy. The baggage was prepared. They took with them all the corn they could, damaging the rest with water and fire, and the town and the siege were alike abandoned. Perth was reached after a two days' march. The inhabitants of Perth were warm supporters of his cause, and the town was fortified sufficiently for it to be possible to resist the enemy easily. But, as he failed to secure sufficient supplies and his hopes of prolonging the war with the assistance of France had revived, he spent [only] a day in Perth to rest and once more started on his way, having decided to make for the north of Scotland beyond the River Spey, where he knew he would find a number of his friends and supporters, and where he trusted that he would not fail to find means for carrying on the war.

On leaving Perth he divided his army into three sections. The first, consisting of French and Irish auxiliaries,[1] under the command of [Lord John] Drummond, he ordered to march east and follow the sea-coast through Celurca to Aberdeen, which lies at the mouth of the Spey in the province of Mar. As this coast is without harbours, he hoped that the French reinforcements, if any had been sent, would land there. In any case he thought it would be against his interests to keep far from the sea. The second, consisting of men recruited in the Lowlands, was placed under the command of Fabnum,[2] with all the artillery and the baggage. he also was ordered to proceed to Aberdeen, but by a different route, which, he was told, would be very easy as it was by Duncheldin [Dunkeld]. The third, consisting of Highlanders, he himself led through the mountains of Athol. For, in case of disaster, he did not wish to be cut off from an easy retreat among the mountains.

While the Jacobites were thus on the march the King's troops reached Stirling. Here the Duke of Cumberland bestowed high praise on Blakeney for the loyalty and courage with which he had defended the castle, and, after rebuilding the bridge which had been deliberately destroyed[3] to hinder the progress of the siege, he prepared to pursue the enemy to the very end of the kingdom. The enterprise was beset with many difficulties,

[1] Also the Lowland regiments, except Ogilvy's.

[2] The second column was commanded by Ogilvy, and consisted of his regiment and the Farquharsons.

[3] The bridge had been destroyed by Blakeney to prevent Lord John Drummond crossing the Forth at Stirling with the guns he had brought from

both on account of the very bad roads, which were all in a shocking state, and because the question of transport was a serious one, since he was obliged to take provisions and everything else he required for a number of days with him on carts. All the provisions in the districts through which he had to pass were consumed by the enemy who preceded him. Cumberland was also well aware that, with so much baggage, he would be obliged to travel much more slowly than he ought to do if he were to catch up an enemy who was already some way ahead of him and marching vigorously. But no difficulty, however great it seemed, could daunt the noble youth in his desire for glory.[1] Cumberland was further spurred on by the example of Edward, his equal in birth and age, though far inferior in strength and power, for he could not endure that he should be ranked as his superior in pluck.

Two things gave him anxiety. One was that it was generally rumoured that the Jacobites had gone to meet French help. They themselves had deliberately spread this rumour in order to keep the people loyal, and it appeared to be confirmed by the fact that a section of them had marched towards the coast. The other was that they were divided and marching through different districts. This was the more troublesome because Cumberland did not want to divide his forces, and he was afraid that, after he had followed them a long distance in one direction, they might turn off in another, and recover all they had once held on this side of the Tay. Then, if he were to drive them off again, they would retreat once more, and, by retiring and advancing according as necessity dictated, they might prolong the war and fool him and his army. To prevent this he took two measures. He ordered the admiral of the English fleet, by letter, not to leave the east coast of Scotland, but to continue to cruise there. He was to keep strict watch especially at the entrances to the ports, to permit no vessel to enter or leave until it had been visited and searched. Then he garrisoned all the towns in his rear. And, as the six thousand Hessians who had replaced the Dutch, as we have seen, had by this time arrived, having disembarked at Leith, a small town in Laudon [Lothian], he distributed them in Perth, Edinburgh, and Stirling. He then bade their commander, Prince Frederic of Hesse, remain in those regions, as if to winter. Having made these arrangements he gave the signal for departure and started north.

He went direct to Perth, and, as the Duke of Perth was fighting with the Jacobites, he ordered his mother, a lady of the highest character, to be arrested and taken to Edinburgh Castle. We must not fail to record that a number of other distinguished ladies were for similar reasons arrested and suffered imprisonment. For all those who had husbands or sons with the Jacobites fell under suspicion of conspiring with the rebels, or were at least charged with sympathising with them. As all those implicated were thus rigorously treated many women pleaded guilty voluntarily from fear and threw themselves on the King's mercy. Many, however, who were more spirited and of a

[1] Cumberland's caution appears, as usual, to have been a more marked characteristic of his military character than his thirst for glory.

courage beyond their sex, openly declared for Edward and fought henceforth under his standard on horseback: truly a wonderful example, and one that will be handed down to the memory of posterity, rare in its kind and deserving of the highest admiration, in Scotland!

However, the Duke of Cumberland, deciding to follow more especially the column that was marching along the coast, hastened from Perth to Celurca and then into the county of Aberdeen. Everywhere the Jacobites had left and were already far away, so that he could never catch them, though he followed them with wonderful swiftness.[1] It was generally thought that he would push on to the Spey and ford it, but, either because he was short of provisions or because he wished to wait for a more favourable season for fighting, contrary to the general belief, he decided to winter in Aberdeen, being content for the present to camp in a safe place not far from the enemy.

Meanwhile, Edward had reached the Spey and had been joined by the two corps arriving from Aberdeen. On the banks of the Spey, where the river runs through the district of Badenoch, lies a fort called by the inhabitants Ruthven which, though in itself of small importance, would have made it possible, if left unoccupied in the rear, for the enemy to cross the river and advance at will. Edward saw the trouble it might give and therefore determined to set about besieging it. Bringing up his artillery and dropping a few[7] shells into it unexpectedly, he compelled the garrison to surrender at once. Considering the fort useless for himself, though most serviceable to the enemy, he set it on fire and burnt it. He then threw' his army across the river, and, after leaving two thousand men in a small fort[2] specially built to guard the banks and prevent the crossing of the enemy, he marched away into Inverness.

Inverness is the most important city of north Scotland both in the number and in the distinction of its inhabitants. It is well fortified and lies in a good position on the Moray Firth. The garrison, commanded by the governor, [Lord] Loudoun, consisted of three thousand men. Had he kept within the walls and remained purely on the defensive, it would not have been easy for Edward to reduce it. But, in his desire to win glory, Loudoun decided to do something more, to come into the open with his whole force. He did not dare attack the Jacobites by day, as he knew they were superior in numbers, and had had much experience in fighting, so he determined to make up for his weakness by a ruse. He started by night along unfrequented paths, meaning to attack the camp treacherously and fall upon the men when asleep. While he was pressing forward and dawn was just breaking, it chanced that the leading patrols of the advance guard fell in with some Jacobites, who were acting as sentries some way from the main body. They raised a shout and fired their muskets. The Jacobites, hurrying up at this unexpected sound, quickly seized their arms and poured out of the trenches in every direction. Loudoun, seeing that his plan had failed and made nervous by the consternation of his

[1] Cumberland left Perth on 20th and reached Aberdeen 27th.

[2] This does not appear to have been the case.

men, immediately sounded the retreat and hastened back by forced marches to occupy the town. But he had made a wide circuit in coming. The Jacobites, who were nearer the town, caught him half-way, and not only prevented him from entering it, but compelled all his men to take to headlong flight. He himself escaped with difficulty from his pursuers. However, having got away with his troops in confusion, he retired to Ross and then to Sutherland. Finally he reached Cromarty on the sea, repairing thence on board ship to join the royal army.[1]

When Loudoun had gone, Edward directed his army towards Inverness, entering the unprotected town as a conqueror.

In Inverness there is a castle of considerable strength, due both to its natural position and to its fortifications. Loudoun had left two hundred men to garrison it. He had also provisioned it amply, supplying it with everything necessary for sustaining a siege. Edward chose it for his headquarters, and, with the intention of making it the centre of his camp, he ordered it to be invested and attacked. Almost at the first assault he got possession of the outer works, and in a couple of days he had become master of the castle. No less easily did he capture Fort Augustus in the Lochaber region in nine days.[2] But its capture was facilitated by a stroke of luck. For while the walls were being bombarded by the artillery, a shot fell into the powder magazine. The powder ignited, and large pieces of masonry being blown up, a breach was made in the fort on this side, so that the garrison was forced to surrender.

The enemy having thus been driven from the most strongly fortified places in the neighbourhood, Edward's prospects looked much brighter, as the country was quiet and he had ample provisions. Unopposed he had gained possession of the whole of Scotland lying between the Spey and the north. The islands, both the Western Islands and the Orkneys, which face the north, were for the most part for him. Not satisfied with these boundaries, he sent raiding parties, which brought back men and cattle, every now and then into the nearest provinces across the Spey. On one of these raids into Buchan a number of soldiers of the royal army were made prisoners[2] under the eyes of the Duke of Cumberland himself, who did not move on that account. Edward even dared to think once more of the River Tay, nor did he hesitate to send some squadrons drawn from his own army to capture Blair. If he had managed to get possession of that castle he would have gradually succeeded in besieging Cumberland and preventing him from obtaining forage. But the Duke had provided against this, as we have seen, by placing the Hessians in the most important positions. The Prince of Hesse immediately hastened thither and took matters in hand, driving off the enemy squadrons and forcing them to withdraw over the Spey, where they were stationed.

While the war was thus blazing up in various directions and the Duke of Cumberland

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[1] Loudoun actually moved over to the west coast of Sutherland and embarked there with 800 men for Skye. [a] The siege began on 3rd March, and the fort surrendered on 5th.

[2] This possibly refers to the capture of the garrison of Keith by Major Glasgow on *z* 1st March 1746. Cumberland was still in Aberdeen.

was still wintering with his army in Aberdeen, the Jacobite movement was being widely discussed throughout England. Some thought that the rebellion was almost stamped out. Reduced to extremities, cut off from foreign aid, short of money, their friends discouraged, they could not possibly recover. Others, on the contrary, remembered that, so far from being utterly crushed, Edward had not yet been beaten in the field and that he had come off victorious in every battle. Now he was in possession of the most fertile portion of Scotland, well supplied with castles and harbours, while he had every chance of retiring to the mountains in case of defeat. Hence they could not believe his cause so desperate that it might not triumph ultimately in the conquest of the kingdom. What more especially encouraged this view was the slowness of the Duke of Cumberland, a prince as a rule so energetic and so eager for glory. Though he was in command of a splendid army, with every prospect of putting an end to the war, and though he had penetrated to the heart of Aberdeen, he lingered there inactive instead of boldly challenging the foe.

Such behaviour made a great impression, so that in London, where speech is freer than elsewhere, many were openly saying that they had been nicely deceived by all the news from the Court, which had long been promising a speedy end of the dying rebellion. Either the Jacobite arms had never been so weakened that it was possible to predict such an event with certainty, or the Duke of Cumberland was not the brave and skilful soldier he was said to be. In fact the glory of the general in command was considerably dimmed in popular estimation, many failing to recognise his old courage and skill.

But, though he was well aware of what was being said about him, Cumberland still delayed, waiting for the season best suited to his purpose. He judged rightly that there was no need for haste with an enemy already reduced to extremities, who, if he won a battle, might recover his strength and become threatening. If he were prevented from leaving this narrow district and left without a hope of fighting, he would become demoralised from being thus cooped up and would gradually lose strength till, in a single day, he might be robbed of all he had hitherto won with so much pains. The wisdom of this plan appeared from the sequel. It proved disastrous to Edward, because, meanwhile, his army found itself in difficulties, and the numbers and the courage of his men decreased. All hope of the help from France which they had so eagerly awaited, and the need of which was extreme, was now abandoned. A number of vessels had, indeed, been sent from France by different routes, bringing the Jacobites no inconsiderable assistance, but they had all fallen a prey to the English, cither on the high seas or round the coast of Scotland. Among those captured were two large ships[1] which were awaited with the keenest anxiety, because they were said to have on board a considerable sum of

[1] One of these was the *Prince Charles*—formerly the *Hazard*—which was taken by an English ship in Tongue Bay on 25th March. She had arms and ammunition on board and £12,000 in specie.

Or perhaps the reference is to the two French transports forming part of the convoy which brought over Berwick's regiment and some of Fitzjames' Horse.

money. Besides the money they contained sixteen large bronze cannon, a great number of saddles and bridles, and five hundred picked men from Fitzjames' Irish regiment. With them was General Fitzjames[1] himself with a number of officers of lesser rank belonging to the first families in Ireland, who were in the pay of France. The loss of these ships at a time when the need was so great was a severe blow to Edward and all his men, many of whom began to weary of a long and arduous service, with no immediate pay or prospects of victory to cheer them. Complaints began to be heard in camp and grumbles at being cheated of all reward of their hardships.[2] Not a few, weary of their sufferings and misery or anxious about their fate, deserted to Cumberland's camp. Though much distressed, as was only natural, Edward kept up an appearance of hope and endeavoured to sustain the spirits of his men by promising them the reward, such as it was, of glory.

He was careful to keep them from all knowledge of his own troubles and difficulties, since confidence in one's own strength is of the utmost value in war. Meanwhile, in order to foster this feeling and at the same time not to let his men become demoralised from idleness, he was the first to leave his winter quarters at the beginning of April. Advancing with part of his troops he prepared to besiege

Fort William. This was a very important castle, but difficult to capture, not so much on account of its position and the strength of its fortifications, as because it was defended by Scott, a man of the highest courage and spirit, who was strangely hostile to the Stuarts. Moreover, the fact that the King's army was close at hand and help certain animated the garrison to put up a stout defence. However, Edward[3] urged on his men to the task, helping to fill the trenches and pushing on his works and pressing the siege with all the means in his power. For thirteen whole days he continued to pound the walls with his guns and to attempt to assail the fort, but without success. At last, hearing that the King's army was moving to its assistance and had already reached the Spey, he was compelled to give up the attempt as hopeless.

Then came the 27th April, the fatal day which was to leave him with nothing of all his great achievements except the glory of having attempted them, and to extinguish the last spark of hope. This is the story of that most lamentable event.

Fifty days had gone by since the King's army had taken up winter quarters in Aberdeen, and the winter was giving place to early spring, the best season for campaigning. As soon as the snow began to melt, the weather to become finer, and the days longer, the Duke of Cumberland ordered his army to get under arms. When everything was ready and in good order, he marched from the county of Mar into that of Buchan, which is bounded on the north by the Spey, and, when he began to approach its mouth, he sent forward his cavalry to try to ford it. The passage of the river was impeded

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[1] Fitzjames was captured by a cruiser, along with two ships.

bred a mutiny in all ranks.' (Browne, iii. p. 261.)

[3] The Prince was not present himself. The siege lasted from 5th March nntil 4th April, when it was abandoned and the troops were recalled to Inverness.

not so much by the depth of the water as by the resistance of the Jacobite troops, who, being concealed on the opposite bank and well protected by earthworks, kept up a continuous fire[1] on the advancing cavalry and held it at bay. However, a crossing was attempted in various places, and since, as a rule, it is not possible to find defenders sufficient to hold the whole length of a river, though they failed at one point they succeeded at another, and the first to ford made the passage safe and easy for those who came after. As soon as Elcho,[2] the commander of the Jacobites, was informed of the unexpected crossing of the enemy, who were already advancing against him, he withdrew, ordering his men to abandon the line of the river and fall back upon Inverness. Thus the whole of the King's army passed into Moray without further resistance. They were burning to pursue the retreating Jacobites, but Cumberland held them back. He was determined to take no chances, since the enemy, being desperate, would risk anything to gain the upper hand, and what he could not do by force he might attempt to do by cunning or by reckless daring. Orders were given to halt near the river and dig trenches. Scouts were then sent in all directions to obtain information about the enemy, and the rest of the day and the following night were spent quietly in camp.

On the morrow the scouts returned with the following information. The Jacobites were advancing against him in a single body with extraordinary rapidity, as though hastening not to fight but to conquer. They had left an adequate garrison in Inverness. Fort Augustus, either because they would not or could not hold it, had been burnt. Everything seemed to point to a decisive battle. This was confirmed by the many deserters who had made their way into the camp during the night.

At this news Cumberland advanced in two columns to Nairn, which he judged to be admirably suited for meeting the enemy's attack, and halted there. For two days he waited to see whether their thirst for battle was sufficient to make them attack even on unfavourable ground. Realising that they were not so reckless as to throw caution to the winds, he once more advanced against them with his army in four columns. The infantry were divided into three bodies, each consisting of five companies. Between the first two corps was the artillery. The cavalry marched in a separate body. The fighting men numbered some ten thousand,[3] exclusive of the baggage-masters, sutlers, and others. Eight miles further on they learnt that the enemy was not far off, having halted in a wide plain near a little town, Culloden, and his army was drawn up as though he were determined to fight. At this news he called a short halt to give his men a breathing space and to hear the opinions of their leaders. Gathered in council, they all agreed that the march must immediately be continued to Culloden and battle joined. It was unseemly

[1] This is not accurate. The Duke of Perth, who had no guns, did not put up any resistance to the crossing of the Spey.

[2] The Duke of Perth had by now returned front his pursuit of Loudoun's forces in the north, and, with his brother Lord John Drummond, was in command of the troops here. Cumberland was well supplied with artillery and could have covered a crossing anywhere.

[3] This is an over-estimate. There were not more than 9000.

that an army of the King, commanded by the King's own son, should seek to avoid a combat, or, through undue slowness, allow the enemy to be before it in giving battle. The Duke agreed.

Battle having been decided upon by common consent, Cumberland proceeded to address his men in the English manner, which is concise and takes no pleasure in flowery periods. 'My men, present circumstances do not admit of. long speeches. You see who and what are our foes. You are well aware why we must fight. To urge Englishmen to be brave is useless, to be loyal an insult. Need I remind you that you are about to fight for the safety of your King and your country, for liberty, religion, and your own possessions? Need I tell you that I am leading you myself, that I am here, that I am watching you? One thing I beg, that if there is any one present (and I do not believe there is) who is conscious either of fear or of remorse for his disloyalty, he may leave the ranks at once. Upon my honour, he may do so without fear of harm, nor will I complain should he hasten, if he so wishes, to my enemies. I want no laggards to fight perfunctorily with no heart in their work. If I have with me but a thousand soldiers who are good men and true, they are more than enough to win the day. I put no faith in ten thousand (for there are not less of you) if there is cowardice or treachery among you.'

These words touched the consciences of those who were suspected of Jacobite sympathies. The courage displayed by the troops, eager to disprove any such suspicions, was astonishing. In order to fire them still further a rumour was spread, it is not known by whom, to the effect that the Jacobite troops had been ordered, if they gained the victory, to take no prisoners, but to put every one to the sword, and at the same time to kill every one in their power. Stung by this insult, they had but one idea, a fierce lust for slaughter. It was afterwards discovered that this he had been circulated in order to increase the savagery of the men. When Edward heard of it, his gentle nature was deeply wounded at the idea that any one could imagine him capable of such barbarity. This calumny, which was thoughtlessly believed, was the cause of the death of a number of Jacobites, as wrc shall soon see.[1]

As the King's army advanced towards Culloden the Jacobites appeared in front of them. They were drawn up in such a way that the left wing was exposed, extending under Culloden, while the right was concealed behind some old ruined buildings. The artillery wras on slightly higher ground. The number of the troops was not more than eight thousand.[2] Edward, conspicuous on horseback, rode through the ranks, inspecting the army and speaking as circumstances suggested, talking of hope and despair, glory and disgrace, to fire his men. Finally, when the two armies were a short distance from one another, they halted till the signal for battle was given.

Never before, I am convinced, was an attack made with so much eager rivalry on both sides, with so much confidence by the troops, nor has the result ever hung so long in the

[1] Cordara omits mention of the night march to Nairn the night before Culloden.

[!] This is inaccurate. The numbers actually present in the field did not exceed 5000.

balance.[1] Great indeed were the generals in command of both armies: on the one hand the Duke of Cumberland, and on the other the Prince of Wales, two young princes alike in rank, age, birth, and courage, fighting, not in a private quarrel, but for their state and to uphold the dignity and the rights of their fathers. Great too was the object of the battle, great the prize of victory, the kingdom of England. The King's men had the advantage in numbers, the Jacobites in their confidence in their courage, having been previously victorious. Otherwise, there was little to choose between them. But all unequal was fortune, which, though she controls all other human things, sways more especially the fate of battles.

The battle began with a discharge of artillery. Amid the awful roar, you could see the black clouds of smoke cloven by continuous bright flashes. But owing to the poor skill of the Jacobite gunners only a few of their shots took effect, whereas the King's men aimed better and brought down a greater number of their enemies. Edward, riding hither and thither, observed the losses. He therefore halted behind his centre and bade his men draw their swords and charge. At once the Highlanders who were on the left charged the enemy's right vigorously,[2] as is their custom, throwing it into confusion. Had it not been rallied by the immediate advance of the cavalry, the resulting confusion might have decided the issue of the battle. But the repulse of the Highlanders in this quarter completely turned the tables. A large body of the King's men, making a wide sweep towards the enemy's right, had knocked down some of the buildings, which, as we have said, sheltered part of the army. As the flank was thus exposed, the squadrons swept like a torrent into the heart of the first and second corps of their enemy. Dismayed at this unexpected disaster, the Jacobites, seeing the enemy in their midst and being also fiercely assailed in front, began to fall into confusion and think of flight. While they were wavering, the example of the French troops, two hundred of whom were in the centre, demoralised them still further. For, as soon as the French saw the enemy advancing upon them with muskets levelled and swords drawn, they at once threw down their arms, purchasing their lives by a shameful surrender when they might have covered themselves with glory by selling them dearly. In a moment their cowardice demoralised the whole army. The one thought everywhere was of flight and of safety. The King's troops, pressing round them in ever-growing numbers and becoming more savage as the victory became more complete, killed every one in their way. Edward succeeded in escaping from the horrible butchery with the utmost difficulty. Every one had already fled from the field, hurrying wherever terror and the hope of safety carried them, making for lonely spots and hiding-places. They were pursued by squadrons of cavalry till they found shelter. Many were caught and killed. In vain did the wretches beg for mercy on their knees, in vain did they implore help from heaven and from man. Neither prayers nor piteous appeals moved the cruel butchers to spare them. And, remembering

[1] The battle was over in half an hour.

[2] The details of the action are inaccurate. It was the Mackintoshes and the right which first advanced and charged Cumberland's left.

how Edward would have treated them had he gained the day, the victors with unnatural cruelty dealt out the death they had not hoped to escape had they been beaten, so infuriated were they by the false report of which we have spoken, that no quarter was to be given.

More than two thousand Jacobites are said to have been killed on that day,[1] most of them in flight. Now that the remnant was disbanded and scattered, nothing remained of all that army, not even its name. Of the King's troops some three hundred were killed in battle and as many wounded. Cumberland made over the spoils, the provisions, and all that belonged to the enemy to his men.

The only exceptions were the banners found scattered here and there on the field, which he ordered to be torn in pieces and burnt by the hangman, as unworthy of being treated as trophies of victory. Thus a single day, or rather a single hour of such a day, could at last take everything from the Stuart prince, kingdom, arms, power, followers, even the hope of being able to rise again. Of his courage and high qualities alone it could not rob him. And these qualities, as will appear hereafter, shone out more brilliantly than ever in his misfortunes.

Before the end of this fatal day the French auxiliaries who had been left to garrison Inverness sent of their own accord to inform the Duke of Cumberland that the French troops with their officers placed themselves at the disposal of the victor. One favour only they asked and sincerely hoped would be granted them by English generosity, that they should be treated honourably and as soldiers. Cumberland ordered those who had surrendered to remain in Inverness on condition that they promised, and signed their promise, not to set foot outside the town without his orders. These conditions they strictly observed. It was remarked that among the fifty-one officers who signed was the Marquis de Guillesi,[2] who was said to have been sent by the King of France with the rank and privileges of ambassador. On the following day the Duke of Cumberland entered Inverness in triumph. Great was the number of fugitives who thenceforth begged for pardon and for the grace of being allowed to return to their allegiance. Some came of their own free will, others dragged in by the cavalry. The peers or governors of castles brought in whole bands, either to show their loyalty, or to allay the suspicion of having broken faith, or, under the impulse of remorse for their share in the rebellion, hoping to atone for it by these obsequious displays of devotion. The leaders of the rebellion, who in wealth and rank were among the most important people in Scotland, either owed their safety to the swiftness of their heels and to their hiding-places, or fell into the hands of the victor. These latter were loaded with chains and thrown into dark dungeons, to be kept for the punishment which, both in London and in Edinburgh, is

[1] This number probably includes those subsequently murdered on the field and in Inverness by Cumberland's orders.

According to the official reports the Hanoverian army had only 50 men killed and about 260 wounded.—Browne, iii. p. 251.

[2] d' Aiguilles.

prescribed by law for those guilty of high treason. Edward was sought for more eagerly than all the others and a large reward was placed upon his head. But, thanks to the noble devotion of his friends and, above all, to the protection of Divine Providence, who has in His special keeping the lives of Princes, he succeeded in eluding all his pursuers.

Meanwhile Cumberland, though the rebellion had been crushed by the battle, set himself to root out the last signs of it by the sternest measures. Two of these more particularly effected its complete overthrow and made it impossible for it to raise its head again. Firstly, the rebels themselves were ordered, wherever they might be, to inform the magistrates of the district immediately and hand over their arms to them, giving their names, native place, and home. Any one being in the possession of arms or of anything else that might serve as a weapon of rebellion was ordered to give information of the fact, and the death penalty was threatened to all those not obeying this decree within a stipulated time. Secondly, the magistrates themselves were ordered to make the most careful search and take the severest measures against rebels. Any one found guilty was to be thrown into prison, his property to be confiscated and handed over to the crown. Large rewards were promised to any one who denounced a rebel. Thanks to these proclamations and the severity with which the magistrates enforced them, large numbers—it is not for us to say how many—were dragged before the courts, had their property confiscated, were imprisoned in horrible dungeons or driven overseas. Numbers, too, were hung or beheaded. We need only say that so great was the terror among all classes that, although most Scots continued to be Jacobites at heart, none of them had the courage to go to law or to open their mouths in protest. For who could have helped trembling for his safety in the midst of the huge number of informers, spies, and police officers, when no man was sure of his friend, no master of his household, nobody of his nearest relative?

In spite of these severe measures, three months after the victory, Cumberland, who was still in Inverness, suddenly received news that a large body of rebels had gathered in Lochaber, plundering the whole province, laying waste the fields, sacking houses and castles. It was known that they were without a leader, and it was not clear whether they were Jacobites or a band of ne'erdo-w'eels who, masquerading as Jacobites, were really highwaymen. They numbered about two thousand, and, unless the movement were nipped in the bud, it was quite possible that, amid such inflammable material, another civil war might blaze out, once more bringing the kingdom into danger. Dismayed at this unexpected news, the Duke once again marshalled his men and with two corps of cavalry and ten companies of infantry marched into Lochaber. But, as often happens, the whole story was greatly exaggerated. The chiefs of some of the clans, hearing that after Culloden Edward had been a fugitive in the Western Islands, and, after long and hazardous wanderings, was seeking a shelter of some kind in Lochaber, had assembled a picked body of Highlanders, not more than a hundred in all, from their clans, as with such support the ill-starred Prince ran less risk. Except for these, who did no harm to any one on their way through the country, nobody was found in arms. They were not

caught, for as soon as the troops entered the district, this harmless band, as wc shall see, immediately disappeared and scattered. So now at last, the war being over, Scotland reduced to obedience, and everything restored to its normal state, Cumberland returned to London at the beginning of July, exactly a year after Edward had landed in Scotland.

The news of the victory of Culloden had awakened in London a joy almost incredible, and it was shared by almost the whole city. This joy was greatly increased by the presence of the conquering warrior Duke. For Cumberland, with his great physical and mental gifts, was very popular. His courage and prudence alone were deemed responsible for the stamping out of a civil war more speedily than any one had expected, and more successfully than they had ventured to hope. There were renewed congratulations and demonstrations of public joy. The streets and the great houses were everywhere illuminated. The whole town revelled in balls, public entertainments, and theatrical displays. The populace, always ready to rush into extremes, went wild with delight, giving way, as usual, to mad joy without weighing the cause. At the instigation of the Gospel preachers (this, if we may so speak without irreverence, was the name of their sect) comedies were vamped up, full of scurrilous invectives against the Roman Church and the Pope, while curses and maledictions were heaped upon the Stuarts. Thus did the good nonconformists celebrate their triumph. In church they prayed for King George, his sons and his grandsons, preached incessantly, pronouncing every kind of anathema against the Catholics, ceaselessly thundering from their pulpits to remind the people how grateful England ought to be to Heaven, whose intercession had preserved their country, their liberty, and, most precious of all, the reformed religion.

The Parliament did something more to manifest its joy. Not only did it send a solemn deputation to congratulate the Duke, but by an extraordinary measure it decided to decree that, for restoring freedom to his country, for avenging the King and preserving the kingdom, he should in future receive from the Treasury an annual sum of £25,000 in addition to the £15,000 he already received, so that in all he was paid annually from the public funds some £40,000, amounting to about 160,000 scudi in Roman money. After this who could hope to do justice to the honour in which the Duke was held? The foremost peers of the land rivalled one another in paying him homage. Many considered themselves honoured to be allowed to kiss the hand that had so decisively defeated and routed the public enemy. The defender of his country, the preserver of liberty and of the kingdom, the restorer of public peace, the thunderbolt of war—these and any others you like to imagine were the names by which he found himself addressed and described. Among many honours of the kind a medal was struck, on the obverse of which his head was elegantly moulded. The inscription round it ran, William, Duke of Cumberland, and he was called General Commanding the Armies of Great Britain. On the reverse he was shown on foot in the garb of an ancient Roman general. By his side stood Victory, crowning his head with a laurel wreath. At his feet two Jacobites, their arms on the ground, were kneeling and holding out their hands imploring mercy. Others were seen defeated and flying in swarms in the background. On one lying hurled on the ground he

was haughtily tramping with his foot. Round it we read '*restitutori quietis*underneath '*Rebellibus ad Innernium devictis anno MDCCXl.Vl."* Thus did the chief citizens of London seek to flatter the boy Duke, or rather, his father, George II.

But, truth to tell, the joy of a city as great as London was diminished by the disgust of many whose position lay between that of the nobility and the populace and who abhorred no less the flattery of the great than the unbridled licence of the lower orders. The less their prejudices, the freer their criticisms. Not a few belonging to this class declared that it was better to accept with resignation what had happened than to wish tliat what ought to have happened had come to pass. Apart from the fact that no victory can be welcome to good citizens when it is gained by the shedding of the blood of their own countrymen, what has been the result of this fierce fighting and this triumph of our arms? What have been the fruits of the victory? Merely that the Stuarts have been driven from the kingdom which is their rightful heritage. A noble and glorious action of our nation, impiously to draw the sword against the legitimate Prince, to grow deliberately callous in disloyalty and to refuse to right a wrong once it has been done, even when an honourable opportunity offers and necessity itself in some measure urges us to it. Are we English so dead to our old feeling of honour and righteousness that we do not realise the unworthiness of such a victory? If it is our fate always to obey a king, would we rather obey a foreigner than one of our own? Why do we prefer one who is not the lawful heir, a foreigner, to one of our own nation? We are told that the rule of this one is mild and just and in accordance with the British constitution. Be it so. And what of it? Would James be so different, a man advanced in years, schooled to gentleness and moderation by long experience of adversity? Would not Edward, whom we have had among us, have ruled us as justly, a Prince of a character truly royal, whose courage, affability, and nobleness his very enemies have praised and almost loved? But the family is Catholic, has breathed the air of Rome. We have reason to fear that they will interfere with the Anglican Church and again bring us under the yoke of the Pope. This is exactly what the Preachers are clumsily bawling and trying to drive into the populace. Let them make an end of this nonsense once for all. What has the civil power to do with religion? And how is the one so dependent on the other that if you change one you must change the other? For a long time now the family of the Elector of Saxony, having abjured Luther, has returned to the Roman Church. Were the Saxons deprived of their religion on that account? Let us imagine for a moment the extreme case that they w[r]ere forced to change their religion. What would be the consequence? We should once more take the admirable step of becoming again what we ceased to be to our dishonour. We should once more embrace the creed which, having been brought from Rome to these shores many centuries ago, was held by our ancestors with the utmost steadfastness. We should renounce one which in recent times King Henry, under the impulse of a passion for a common harlot, burning with lust and rage, introduced. For, if we go to the root of the matter, this was the origin of the religion which we call reformed—blind lust, passion, wickedness. As for Papal rule, are we never going to be ashamed of abominating

something to which Italians, Germans, Spaniards, and Frenchmen submit quite willingly? Are such nations less free than ourselves, are they less prosperous and rich than we are, because in some matters they are subject to the Pope? What is the use of keeping up the pretence of shamelessly deceiving ourselves? As if there were great religious enthusiasm among us, when our one concern is trade and shipping—we care for nothing else. But Rome would not interfere with our trade, and we have not become richer by shaking off the yoke of Rome. To be perfectly honest, we have never been so poor as we are now, nor have we ever been so overwhelmed and crushed by debt. One thing only might alienate us with some show of reason from the House of Stuart. It is more closely attached to France than it should be. This is galling and unpleasing to our people, so different from the French in character, tastes, and manners. They are absolutely determined never to accept a king from the hands of France. But if we see things in their true light, we ought not to reject Edward on this account. France's debt to him is far greater that his to France in this war. So far from being supported by France, he was deceived by her worthless promises, wasting time waiting for the aid that never came.[1] It is highly probable that, but for the necessity of employing foreign help, he would have been as English in spirit and tastes as he is in blood. We could never say as much for a member of the House of Brunswick with equal certainty.

This is how the English were talking, not from any ill-will towards King George, but partly from an inborn s£nse of fairness that is natural to them, partly out of pity for the House of Stuart, which, from having been famous among the royal families of Europe through a goodly line of kings, had not only lost the kingdom it had held so long, but was obliged to live in exile in great straits, almost in beggary. Such a state of affairs was not only pitiable in itself, but discreditable to the English people, for it was unknown even among the least civilised nations. One of the chief reasons of this attitude was that George, even without his English kingdom, had an ample patrimony in Germany, whereas James had nothing of his own whatever to live upon; and they added that, if George had had a soul a little above his kingdom, he would have given up of his own accord what he was holding with no good title, thus winning immortal praise by his renunciation. Such a thing was, of course, not to be thought of, but it crossed their minds. Others, however, who were no friends of Brunswick rule, frankly declared that it was useless and too late now to bemoan the unfortunate result of the war, sinee they had not taken up arms at the right time. From this we may gather that if, after his first successes, Edward had made straight for London, as he had meant to do, a goodly number of its citizens might well have rallied to his standard; for .in London there was a very high opinion of his good qualities, which his presence would have raised still higher. But, as we have seen, the opposition had been too strong.

Whatever the feelings of those who would have liked to see a change of government

[1] 'The actual succour given by the French, whatever their intentions may have been, was confined to the landing of about iooo or 1200 men and some artillery and military stores. The total pecuniary assistance, says .dineas Macdonald, did not exceed £,15,000.'—Blaikie, *Itinerary,* p. 84.

may have been, George continued quietly to enjoy the fruits of his victory, wisely treating with contempt the idle rumours he could not prevent. One thing only he desired—and it was a matter which gave him no little anxiety—and that was to get Edward into his hands. This thought tormented him day and night, as though he could not consider this dangerous war at an end so long as Edward was safe and sound. Every one was convinced that he would ultimately fall into his hands. The whole of Scotland was scoured with the utmost thoroughness. The vigilance of the Government made it impossible for him to remain in any inhabited place, nor could he any longer lie hidden in the fastnesses of the mountains owing to the watchfulness of the King's officers, who were continually on the move everywhere, penetrating into the thickest woods and searching even the lairs of wild beasts. Lastly, it was quite impossible for him to escape by sea, since the coasts were patrolled by every kind of vessel, men-of-war, privateers, and merchantmen. There was much discussion among the people as to what Parliament would decide to do with him if he were taken. Opinions differed. Some said he would be. beheaded, since he had been proscribed by name as guilty of high treason and a large reward had been offered to encourage murderers to make away with him. Others, remembering the character of the English nation, known everywhere to be generous and magnanimous, maintained that his life would have to be spared, partly out of respect for his royal blood, for it would be infamous to stain their hands with it, partly out of pity for his youth, and also because the unhappy Prince did not appear to have been guilty of any crime; rather he was trying to recover a right that was his in the eyes of God and man.

This is a point we must not pass over lightly. The English cannot deny that the kingdom belongs to the Stuarts by right of succession; but they claim that, with good reason, they transferred this right to the House of Brunswick, as if they possess the power to give and take the kingdom to and from whom they like. Why do they not maintain that they have a right to do what they actually did, when they did not hesitate to call their kings to account and to take from them not merely their kingdom, but even their life at the hands of the executioner? In such excesses could a noble nation indulge once it abandoned the religion of its ancestors and apostatised from the Roman Pontiff. To such a degree can heresy, once it has gained a footing, corrupt not merely the morals and the will, but the very way of thinking of man, extinguishing in him all feelings of honesty. Nevertheless the English realise that the Stuarts may still try to recover by any meahs in their power a right that was theirs by nature and had been strengthened by a possession so long; and that their efforts to recover their kingdom cannot be regarded as a crime, until they choose to cede their right. Thus many were of opinion that if Edward were ever taken, he could be treated only like any other prince of equal rank captured in a just war. He would have to be kept as a hostage and treated like his peers, to be given up in due course. This seemed all the more likely as, with such a hostage in their hands, the English, when negotiations for peace were entered into sooner or later, as they would inevitably be, would be in a position to obtain far better terms. But there were

still difficulties in the way. Many held that public safety was the first consideration. They therefore insisted that Edward, who alone could always stir up another civil war, ought not, under any circumstances, to be set at liberty, no matter what the terms. George would never allow him out of his hands, since, so long as he was alive, he would always appear to be reigning on sufferance, not by right. A middle course must be taken, which erred neither from undue severity nor from an ill-timed indulgence. Since it was infamous to dye their hands with the blood of a royal prince and very dangerous to set him at liberty, they ought rather to consign him to perpetual imprisonment, where the gloomy surroundings, the discomfort of the life, and the melancholy they would cause would soon undermine his health. These were the prophecies that were being made about his fate. But all these ideas and predictions turned out to be beside the point, thanks to Edward's extraordinary luck, if we may speak of luck in the midst of misfortune. For though the search was pressed with the utmost diligence for five whole months in the most remote places, it proved impossible to arrest him, or even to discover him. And when at last he succeeded in escaping, the news of his arrival in France was received before that of his escape from the island where he had taken refuge. This story we shall now proceed to relate.

BOOK IV

WHEN, after the battle of Culloden, Edward realised that his men had been utterly defeated, while the enemy were becoming brutalised by victory, he mingled with the crowd of fugitives, surrounded by a loyal body of officers of rank and of his own servants, and reached the river Nairn at the point where you cross it into the county of Badenoch.[1] The horse he was riding had been wounded by a bullet and fallen under him. He was 011 foot, and not only weary, but slightly wounded in one side.[2] The river, swollen by the melted snow, was not easy to ford. However, though the water was up to his chin, he struggled successfully against the swirling stream and landed on the opposite bank. Not far away was Aird, a small castle belonging to Simon Lovat, an old man over eighty, of the highest birth and of great influence owing to the number of clansmen of whom he was chief among the Highlanders. He was warmly attached to the House of Stuart. Thither Edward proceeded with his little band, reaching at nightfall the castle of the Lovat, who chanced to be at home. It is not for me to conjure up the mixed feelings of grief and affection with which the kindly old man welcomed the Prince, who appeared before him in such a condition. The first thing he did was to post sentries on the roads to keep a look-out and send word immediately if they suspected the enemy was approaching. A surgeon was summoned to examine and see to the wound, which was pronounced slight. Lastly, observing that the Prince had lost strength and was a prey to deep emotion and melancholy, he did his best to comfort and encourage him. Things had not come to such a pass, said he, that, with Heaven's help, they might not once more take a turn for the better. A considerable number of Highlanders were under arms in Lochaber and they needed only a word from him to go down into the Lowlands. He himself would see that at least as many should assemble from the clans under him. A high proportion of the thousands who had taken part in the battle had certainly escaped. They must be rallied, a new army formed, and a battle must be hazarded with fresh forces. Above all they must hope to the last.

At these words the Prince heaved a deep sigh. 'Am I to bring ruin upon yet more honest men? Has not more than enough blood been shed in my cause? Yet, if there is still a way of restoring my fortunes, I am the last man to refuse to take it. Others must decide.' And, turning to his companions, he bade them discuss and decide what had best

[1] At the Ford of Falie, where he dismissed his cavalry escort. He was accompanied by Elcho, Sheridan, Alexander MacLeod (younger of Muiravonside), O'Sullivan, Peter Macdermit, O'Neill, and guided by Edward Burke.—
Blaikie, p. 46.

be done. They began at once to discuss the next move in rough and ready military fashion, giving due weight to circumstances and the importance of the question in hand. They were few in number, but they were picked men. There was Sheridan, who has been mentioned in the first book of this history. Though he had remained in Rome after the Prince's departure, he had shortly afterwards started for France and crossed from thence to Scotland on the same ship as the Prince. There was Sullivan, who was very intimate with the Prince and very dear to him, and of rare loyalty towards him, as we shall see later. Him also Edward had brought with him from France. Lastly there were Elcho, Lochiel, and Macdonel, the said Lovat, and other persons, all belonging to the highest nobility of Scotland, not less distinguished in birth than in courage. Elcho stood out above the rest in bravery and knowledge of the art of war, but his opinion would have carried more weight had he been less hot-tempered and less unduly obstinate in maintaining it. When they were asked to give their views Elcho considered that there was still good ground for hope if they acted cautiously and wisely. He thought that the troops who had survived the battle and who were scattering like lost sheep should be rallied into a single body and formed into a suitable army. Lastly, reinforcements should be brought from the Highlands, and their supporters should meet at a given place with their clansmen. The war must be renewed and continued until chance or time gave them their opportunity. He maintained that this would be neither very difficult nor very dangerous; but swiftness and courage were indispensable. They must not expect that a rabble paralysed with fear would be ready to face fresh dangers unless it were led by officers of the first rank, and unless, above all, it had its own Prince before its eyes. He had but to show himself to the Highlanders, and not only would the fugitives return to his banner, but many others would appear in arms to join him. If the Prince were to remain hidden, or, worse still, were to abandon the island, every one would consult his own safety and hasten to go over to the enemy. He set forth his views at length, and, turning to the Prince, said: 'If you want my honest opinion, let no one to-day persuade you to fly, to hide yourself; nor must you ever allow all these brave men, who were and still are ready to lay down their lives for you, to look in vain for their beloved leader and Prince. Let the mountains of Lochaber and Badenoch see you again. If once again we pass rapidly through these provinces, we shall, I hope, be able to collect troops in no time and lead them to any place you may appoint.'

While Elcho was speaking thus, Sheridan, either from latent jealousy, or from natural impulsiveness, or, as seems to be most probable, because he could no longer endure the sight of a misfortune so great, rudely interrupted him. Charging him with having failed in his duty in not holding the bank of the river Spey, he said: 'It is hardly for you to boast of your courage, Elcho, at a time like this. You should have proved it on another occasion. Now that all is lost, largely through your fault, we must patiently endure what cannot be cured and make a virtue of necessity. You do not give the enemy credit for much sense, if you think he will leave us time to rally our army. He is pursuing us everywhere with his victorious cavalry, holding the roads and following up his victory

remorselessly. In all probability, while we are talking about remedies he is hard upon us, bringing us the worst of all evils. But let us even suppose—and I cannot believe it-—that he is slackening his efforts and acting less energetically against us. Are we who, with eight thousand of the bravest troops thoroughly experienced in battle, have suffered so crushing a defeat, still in a position to resist a conqueror, with a reduced army consisting of panic-stricken men, most of them got together anyhow', without money, without food, without arms? Blind I may be, but I see no other way, except for the Prince to escape at once to the Continent, preserving his life for better times, should they come.'

This plain speaking hurt Elcho. He was deeply offended when he heard himself accused of being the cause of the defeat, and loudly demanded satisfaction for the outrageous charge thus insolently and haughtily made against him, threatening to press matters to extremes. But the Prince interposed, begging them not to let their private differences injure the common cause, and by his authority nipped the threatening quarrel in the bud, He bade the others also express their opinions freely.

Sullivan agreed with Sheridan, adding a few other reasons why the departure to the Continent should be hastened. Lovat seemed at first inclined to side with Elcho, but, after further consideration, he remained undecided. The rest, as usually happens when things have gone badly and there seems no certainty of safety, whatever steps are taken, were more inclined to look to others to decide what should be done than to express an opinion of their own which might lead to disaster. But they were ready to run any risk for the safety of their Prince. The one thing on which they were all agreed was that it was too dangerous to remain longer in Aird. They were of one mind about the necessity of leaving immediately a place so near the enemy and so suspect. They remembered that the King's troops were everywhere and that spies and informers must be swarming. What most alarmed them and made them decide on haste was the number of the fugitives from different directions, two hundred of whom, following in the footsteps of the Prince, were already gathered in Aird. They could not believe that this had not been remarked by the enemy. Thus, though no decision was reached upon the main question owing to the differences of opinion, it was unanimously agreed that the Prince must leave Aird that very night.

Whither was he to fly and how was he to leave? Both questions bristled with difficulties. Edward decided on Fort Augustus, though the fort had been burnt by his orders the day before. he chose it because it was thought that most of his scattered troops had taken refuge there, and he would thus be better able to appreciate the true state of affairs. He could then, as prudence dictated,' adapt his plans to circumstances and ultimately come to a sounder decision. Though he was then inclined to flight, he was still undecided; for he was ready to take up arms again at once, if he saw the slightest hope. As for the means of getting there, Elcho, who never wavered in maintaining that the war ought to be continued, held that he should march at the head of all the men assembled in Aird. His reasons were two. In the first place, they would serve as a protection to the Prince in case he fell in with the enemy; in the second place,

when it was known, it would encourage the other scattered remnants of the Jacobite army to march where they knew their Prince to be. For he believed that this was the one question they were anxiously asking themselves. The others were of a very different opinion. It was quite likely, they said, that the Prince was being sought for by his men, but it was absolutely certain that he was being sought for by his foes. The soldiers, not more than two hundred and twenty in all, were numerous enough to attract the enemy when it was known that they had rallied, but they were quite insufficient to oppose him. It was folly, things being as they were, to expose the Prince to a danger so grave and certain for a doubtful and slender hope. Edward agreed, saying that, as the enemy were so near, he would rather have no troops with him at all than a number so insignificant.

The Council was broken up without Elcho's advice having been taken on a single point. The troops were dispatched to Lochaber, being recommended to go in small bodies, to select a suitable place and always to be ready to gather there. Shortly afterwards Edward started a little before midnight with very few companions. Elcho and Lochiel led the way on horseback. A mile bed them, also on horseback, came Edward, between Sullivan and Sheridan. At the same distance behind them five servants, led by Macdonel, brought up the rear. All were well armed and all were resolute, whatever might come to pass. Many afterwards thought that Elcho's opinion was by no means to be despised. Had it been adopted, the war might have well been revived and continued, considering that although the men were really dispersed, they were not disaffected, since they had not gone over to the enemy. All they wanted was a leader. There was no lack of loyalty and courage. Chance might put an entirely different face on the state of affairs. Time often accomplished what no one had expected or foreseen. This is what many were saying; whether rightly or wrongly is not for me to decide. Things might have been much worse, and it was as well to be prepared.

Edward reached Fort Augustus three hours after sunrise, but it was strangely deserted. As he glanced round, he saw no one but Lochiel, who, as we have said, had been sent on with Elcho. Elcho had gone off on the way, not from disloyalty, but on account of the recriminations of the previous day, which had sunk deep into his mind, and because he could not endure that others' advice should be taken rather than his own. This he had told Lochiel before leaving, bidding him repeat it to Edward. He had sworn by all that was most sacred that he hated to desert his beloved Prince in circumstances so hard, but that his honour compelled him to do so, and honour must come before all else with a man of birth. Edward was deeply distressed at the loss of so loyal a follower, of whose affection for him he had such abundant proof, more especially as he felt that he might have given him some excuse.

'Ah,' said he, 'a soldier who feels that his honour has been wounded has good cause for anger.' But to his distress at Elcho's loss a blow even more heavy was soon added.

From Fort Augustus Edward went to the neighbouring Loch Garry,[1] to see whether he

[1] Invergarry Castle, 17th April.

could obtain trustworthy information about his troops from the fishermen living by it. After waiting a couple of hours, he was surprised at the non-appearance of the five servants who, we have said, were following at a distance of not more than a mile. While he was expressing surprise and his fear that something had happened to them, a man was seen approaching on horseback at full speed. Going to meet him, he recognised Macdonel, but so pale was he and such his appearance that he was hardly recognisable. When he was about a stone's throw away Macdonel recognised the Prince in front of him and tried to dismount from respect; but his strength failed him in the very act of dismounting and he fell heavily to the ground. Edward and those with him ran up, trying to revive him, but all in vain. Senseless, deadly pale, breathing with difficulty, he might have been dead, while blood was pouring freely from his side, which seemed to have been pierced by a musket ball. Urged to speak, he at last managed to tell them with great difficulty in a feeble voice, broken by sobs, that a large squadron of enemy cavalry had suddenly sprung upon him and his companions from an ambush. They had all been surrounded and taken. He alone, trusting to the speed of his horse, had preferred flight, and while flying he had been mortally wounded by a musket ball. His one wish had been to see his Prince once more. Since God had heard his prayer, he died happy and contented. He told them also to fly at once, for the enemy were close upon them. Scarcely had he uttered these words when his voice failed him and he died.

Never had Edward experienced grief so great, so overwhelming, so natural. The necessity of immediate escape only made it more bitter. He could see no prospect or hope of safety in the present state of his affairs. Discouraged, unable to decide on what he had best do, yet faced with the necessity of escaping, he leapt upon his horse and made for the heart of Lochaber. After a long journey through the wilds, where he found none of his men, he learnt from a chance passer-by that most of those he had disbanded in Aird had been taken by the enemy. At this news he turned back, with the intention of going down into Glen Morven [Morar], whence, as it "was on the sea, he could escape to France. The one comfort left to him, inestimable amid such endless trouble, was the company of Sullivan, Sheridan, and Lochiel. With rare loyalty they followed the Prince, taking upon themselves the worst fatigues and dangers and never leaving his side. Yet a few days later cruel fate robbed him of part even of this comfort, such as it was. Either because they chose the more remote places to avoid meeting their enemies, or because there were no better roads leading to Morven, they reached a mountainous district which could be crossed only on hands and feet. They were thus compelled to give up their horses and proceed on foot. On this they were all decided. But Lochiel, for all his pluck, was unable to walk, as he had been wounded in one of his feet at Culloden. Though Edward was loth to lose so loyal an adherent, to whom he was deeply attached, he would not hear of his staying with him thus heavily handicapped. So he begged him to desist, at least until his wound was healed. When he protested and appealed to him with prayers and tears, the Prince ordered him to stay behind. Lochiel was the last of his original adherents, except his companions Sheridan and Sullivan. These were now the

only protectors of his life, sharing his misfortunes and comforting him in them, the directors of all his affairs. We shall soon see how at last he was to lose even these.

Meanwhile they had reached Glen Morar,[1] where lies Castle Arisaig, rich and populous as the country goes. On the west it is washed by the sea. It faces Ricina, commonly called Skye, one of the Western Islands. Edward entered the place secretly and was welcomed at the house of a well-wisher[2] with far better cheer than he had ventured to hope for. But he was distressed at not finding any of his troops there. He could not make out what had become of so many thousands of men. Some said, or guessed, that most of them had retreated to Ross, the northernmost county of Scotland. As this was not only affirmed by many, but seemed probable in itself, preparations were made for starting immediately for Ross, in spite of the fact that it was swarming with the King's agents. The wisdom and sense of his host prevented him from taking this step. He suggested that it would be more prudent for him to stay and rest in Arisaig and send one of his companions to Ross, who might inform him either personally or through others of what he found there. The advice was followed. Sheridan, disguised as a peasant, started for the north. The Prince remained in Arisaig[3] and, being done up by the hardships of his long wanderings, he did not refuse to enjoy a little rest.

Three days later[4] there arrived in Arisaig Onelio, [O'Neill], a brave soldier of whom Edward was fond, and who commanded a regiment at Culloden. After the defeat he had hidden in a thick wood to escape the enemy, and then started to wander through remote districts. Finally, he had fallen in with Sheridan, and, hearing where the Prince was in hiding, he had gone thither to see him again and pay him his respects. Edward was highly delighted to see him once more. But, after listening to all he had to tell of the state of affairs and of all that happened after the battle, he became so despondent that he determined to think of nothing but flight, and to escape to France at the earliest possible opportunity.

This is what O'Neill had to say. It was useless to go in search of soldiers, since they no longer existed. Many had been killed in battle, many more butchered while trying to escape. The rest wᵉrc in the hands of the enemy, having either been taken by force or surrendered. The Duke of Perth and his brother [Lord John] Drummond had sought safety among the highest mountains, after first urging their followers to surrender. Cromarty, Chilmarnoch [Kilmarnock], Balmerino, and other Jacobite chiefs had all been taken, together with their men. It was no longer possible to speak of an army. It had all disappeared and there was no hope of its rising again. The law was being enforced in all its rigour against the rebels. The whole island was trembling before the dread instruments of capital punishment. All this Edward heard with amazement. Finally he

[1] 19th April.

[2] Angus MacEachine or MacEachain, Borrodale's son-in-law. (Blaikie, p. 46.)

[3] On 20th April he. went to Borrodale and remained there and in the neighbourhood until 25th.

[4] As O'Neill had been with him since Culloden this must be incorrect. *(The Lyon in Mourning,* i. p. 367.)

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gave vent to a few mild complaints at the fickleness of many and the want of courage of not a few others, and said he was going to sail for France even before Sheridan's return. There was no vessel in Arisaig capable of undertaking so long a voyage over a stormy sea. He therefore ordered a small boat[1] to be hired, and on the same day started for Stumway [Stornoway], 011 the extreme end of the coast of Lewis, where he thought he could easily find a ship for France. Eight sturdy oarsmen rowed the boat. With him were Sullivan and O'Neill, and they had been joined by [Donald] Macleod, a devoted adherent of the Prince. As he was a native of Stornoway, it was thought he would be very useful in wrestling with the difficulties of the flight.

Fate, however, doomed him to go far in search of means of escape, which he could have found most opportunely in Arisaig, had he waited only a single day longer. Edward left on May 28.[2] On the 29th two French warships arrived in Arisaig, having been sent especially for him. The officers in command were also bringing him a large sum of money. Six whole days they remained at anchor, the time being spent in diligent search for the Prince. But as they were unsuccessful, and an English fleet was said to be near by, they left the money in safe hands and finally set sail. Several Jacobite leaders took the opportunity of going on board, notably Sheridan, who reached France in safety. This is an occurrence we must emphasise; it was one which Edward was to regret bitterly, as, had he been on the spot, there would have been an end of all his troubles. Still more unfortunate was it that, when he should and could have been so lucky, he had decided to go and land at Stornoway, obstinately flying in the face of Providence which was thus timely coming to his aid, as if some unkind fate or blind impulse had driven him whither he least desired to go.

Jumping on board, as we have said, Edward started for Stornoway. As night fell and they were beginning to enter the open sea, the wind suddenly sprang up and began to blow with such force that shipwreck seemed certain. The boat was driven backwards before the waves, and the boatmen, terrified, declared that it was impossible to make headway against them. They shouted that they must run from the rising storm and return at once to Arisaig. Edward would not give way. Unlike himself, he persisted obstinately in his purpose, resolved to hold on, no matter what the risk. The men at the oars, who did not know that he was Prince of Wales, but thought that he was a French fugitive, refused to obey, and, in order to show how desperate the case was, they abandoned the boat to the W'aves. But he seized an oar himself and, urging his companions to help, he rowed for a long time, breaking through the waves with the strength of his arm and merrily lightening the work by singing. Stirred by his example, the sailors were at last, against their will, induced to return to their duty. Thus we may say that they continued their voyage in the teeth of Providence and yet they did not reach their destination, but, after being tossed hither and thither by the terrible storm,

[1] His object in getting the boat, in the first place, was to go to the Hebrides in hopes of getting a ship, and failing that to Orkney. (Blaikie, p. 47.) '

[2] 26th April. (Blaikie, p. 47.)

all they succeeded in doing, with Heaven's guidance, was to reach Benbecula about midday on the morrow.[1]

Benbecula is a little island ill the Deucaledonian Sea, where the few inhabitants are poor and rough. In such an island our travellers dared not go far from the shore. They were in want of all the necessities of life, shelter, food, and fire. They met some of the islanders and managed with difficulty to obtain the wherewithal to light a fire by paying them. They spent a day there in great discomfort; then, the sea growing somewhat calmer, they started again,[2] steering north, on their way to Stornoway. At first they had the wind with them, but they were overtaken by a fresh storm and forced to put into Scalp [Scalpa], another island in that sea, sparsely populated and very inhospitable. They gave themselves out to be merchants stranded on the island by a storm after being shipwrecked on their way to the Orkneys to trade. This they did, not only in order to conceal their condition, but to obtain shelter more easily, in the hope that one of the islanders, who were for the most part half savages, might be touched at the sight of all their misery. Their story proved more successful than they had ventured to hope. A peasant, somewhat more humane than the rest,[3] received the strangers hospitably. Welcoming them to his home, he fed them and entertained them as luxuriously as the poverty of the island allowed. he refused all reward for his liberality, for he believed that they were really shipwrecked and had lost everything they possessed.

The storm did not subside for two days. Meanwhile

Edward as usual plied the inhabitants with questions about the news, and heard that it was considered certain that the Stuart Prince was a fugitive after his defeat at Culloden and that the search for him was being ruthlessly carried out everywhere. he was last seen in Arisaig with Sullivan, Sheridan, the Duke of Perth, Drummond, and other leaders of his party. Two French ships had arrived there, and there was no doubt that the unhappy Prince had refused to avail himself of the means of escape. Yet it was believed that he had either left Scotland already or that he would leave shortly and cross to France with a number of Scots and Irish nobles. This news, which, in spite of the elements of falseness it contained, did not appear to be altogether an invention, caused Edward indescribable sorrow. Believing what was said about the French ships, he bitterly repented having let slip such a golden opportunity of escape. He blamed himself above all for having refused to return to Arisaig, even when the violence of the storm, the advice of his friends and the prayers of the sailors were all combined in urging him to do so. He admitted that he had paid dearly for the obstinacy with which he had, in a measure, stood out against God and man. Whither could he go at such a distance? What steps could he take? Return to a place from which he was now so far? Perhaps the ships had already sailed. Go further? Perhaps the ships were still waiting. What would happen, supposing there were no French ships in Stornoway harbour? While he was

[1] 27th April. Rossinish in Benbecula.

[2] Evening of 29th and reached Scalpa or Glass Island 30th April. (Blaikie, P. 48-)

[3] Donald Campbell, brother-in-law of Macdonald of Baleshare. (Blaikie,

thus hesitating and worrying, Macleod encouraged him by telling him that it was absolutely certain that there would be many chances of escaping. He must listen to reason and keep up his courage. Even supposing he had to wait a little longer in Stornoway, he himself had a number of friends and relatives there of no small influence, who would not hesitate even to take up arms to ensure his leaving safely. Cheered and strengthened in his former purpose by these words, Edward thanked his host kindly and, rewarding him richly for his hospitality (for he was not short of money), he put to sea once more.[1]

Before leaving Scalp Macleod had sent to warn his brother at Stornoway of the coming of the Prince, bidding the messengers take the shorter land route by Harray [Harris], an island which is connected with Lewis by a strip of land. This, which was meant to be a precaution, ruined the plan. Our travellers landed at Lewis and late at night made their way silently to Stornoway. As they approached they were met by Macleod's terrified brother, who begged them to leave. If they did not do so quickly, they would be going straight to their ruin. Their coming was known in Stornoway. A number of inhabitants who were the Prince's enemies were already in arms and preparing to use violence against him. On their wondering how the news had become known so quickly, he owned frankly that the fault was entirely his, as he had revealed to a friend in the strictest confidence a secret which should have been loyally and scrupulously kept. The friend had betrayed it and the news had spread everywhere. As he spoke he fell on his knees before the Prince and implored his pardon. Macleod could hardly restrain himself from falling upon his brother with his drawn sword. Shaking with fury, and bitterly reproaching him for his chattering, he spumed him from him. Then he said he would go to the town alone and see how the land lay. If he could not find shelter, he would at least provide for the needs of the Prince and his companions, who had not eaten anything that day. Telling the Prince of a most retired spot where he might wait for him, as he would be back as soon as possible, he started for the town.

The Prince, with Sullivan and O'Neill, went to the bank of a neighbouring loch where he had been told to hide.[2]

[1] Donald Macleod was sent to Stornoway on 1st May to try to get a vessel for the Orkneys. The Prince stayed at Scalpa until 4th May, when he, Sullivan, and O'Neill landed in Harris and went towards Stornoway, arriving at Kildun House in Arnish (two miles from the town) on the morning of 5th May. (Blaikie, p. 49.)

[2] He was at Kildun House on 5th May, entertained by Mrs. Mackenzie. (Blaikie, p. 49.)

There he spent the whole night without sleep, in the open, exposed to a biting fresh wind, drenched with heavy rain, tortured by hunger and cold. But he awaited the return of Macleod in vain.[1] What it was that kept back an honest man, hitherto of proved loyalty, is not known. On this occasion, certainly, he broke his word and did not return,

[1] Macleod remained with him until 20th June. He was taken prisoner fortnight later. (Blaikie, p. 52.)

as he had promised. His absence began to arouse in Edward uncomfortable suspicions. For many reasons he thought it would be very dangerous to remain longer where he was. He decided that they must at once leave this treacherous shore and go elsewhere. But he neither knew whither to go, nor was he familiar with the roads. Wherever he went, he had treacherous enemies to fear. His companions were no less distressed and quite as irresolute. The Prince was inclined to sail for the Orkneys, on the chance of finding among those remote islands the longed-for vessel for France. But at the mere mention of the Orkneys the men behaved as though possessed, raging and storming and cursing, and saying that they would rather die than go so far from their homes. They were determined to get back at all costs to their wives and families at Arisaig, and they shouted 'Arisaig' over and over again. As neither prayers, nor arguments, nor even considerable sums of money moved them, the Prince was compelled at last to return to Arisaig without any definite plan.

The sailors were weakened both by hunger and fatigue and still trembling with rage. But, such was their eagerness to return to their homes, that they threw themselves into their work with extraordinary vigour. Their passengers, however, were depressed, almost desperate at the thought of having let slip the opportunity of escape at one point while they had been looking for one in vain at another. Meanwhile their friends were growing fewer and fewer; nor could they see what other fate Heaven could have in store for them except in all probability to fall into the hands of their enemies. Edward alone still silently refused to give up hope, urging his companions from time to time not to despair, and saying that, slow though His ways might be, Providence would not fail them in the end. As he continually repeated this in spite of all appearances to the contrary, it looked as if he were inspired, if I may so put it, by an instinct more than human; and certainly it helped to keep up his comrades' spirits. Meanwhile, for some days past a number of English ships had been seen sailing these seas. The men were surprised, not knowing the reason. It never occurred to them that they had the Stuart Prince in their little boat, and that it w-as for him alone that the enemy privateers were searching. Their passengers understood the reason only too well, clearly realising the position. So they kept as close to the coasts of the islands they passed as they could, in order both to escape the observation of the ships and to be in a better position to run ashore in case of pressing danger. For, though there was no lack of danger on the islands, they felt that they could always find some hiding-place, and they preferred any risk to being caught defenceless on the open sea.

As they turned south with this idea, they suddenly caught sight of two English privateers giving chase to them under full sail. O'Neill shouted to the men to be careful if they wanted to escape the gallows. This would certainly be their end, if they were taken, for the help they were giving to the rebels they had on board. Frightened by the danger they had not suspected, they encouraged each other, but as they looked round they could see no way of escape, so they darted in among some high cliffs, getting as far away as possible, until the pursuing ships lost sight of them, when they ran their boat ashore

on a small island about a day's journey from Benbecula.[1] The Prince, Onelio,[2] Sullivan, and the men themselves landed, searching eagerly for hiding-places. Here for the first time Edward was observed to become depressed and to lose some of his faith in Providence, so great were the troubles that overwhelmed him. The island in itself was very small, not more than nine miles in circumference, more like a rock than an island. It was quite uninhabited and there were no signs of agriculture. Wherever you looked there was nothing but bare rock or rough brambles. The only provisions they still had were a few crusts of mouldy biscuit and a little brandy, and, as this had been secretly carried off and appropriated by the rascally boatmen, there was no food left for Edward and his two comrades. However, Providence did not fail them. In the remotest corner of the little island they found a small hut made of fresh reeds that seemed to have been constructed for the use of fishermen. The Prince went inside to shelter from the rain. Wonderful to relate, there were in it a number of dried fish, left there by chance, as I believe, but not without the will of Providence, by the fishermen. Whatever this store of provisions may have been, eleven persons maintained themselves for several days on the fish soaked in water and cooked on brambles. As it rained heavily during these days, they collected the water in some holes they dug, and, muddy though it was, they used it to slake their thirst. Their existence could not have been more wretched. The night they spent in the hut, always awake. During the day, to avoid being discovered by the enemies who were watching for them, they hid themselves in the centre of the island among the sedge, where it grew thickest and was longest, sleeping on the damp bare ground. Their rule for rest was that one of them must always be awake and act as sentinel while the others slept, each in turn undertaking this disagreeable duty. Their troubles were further increased by difficulties with the sailors. Growing weak and thin and wasted from lack of food, they turned upon their passengers at every moment with oaths and abusive language as the cause of their dying of hunger. They did not refrain from hurling curses even against Heaven. When this bad food was at last finished, they were compelled to leave the island. Luckily at that moment there was not an English sail to be seen anywhere, wherever they looked, so, seizing the opportunity, they once more manned their boat and started for Benbecula, making slow progress owing to the weakness of the men.

They reached the island at sunset,[2] landing on its most lonely side. They did not see a human being except a solitary fisherman walking on the shore in front of his hut. He watched them carefully as they disembarked, and though they were all wasted and thin and terribly changed in their filthy clothes, he recognised the Prince. For he had served

[1] They left Arnish in the morning of 6th May for Scalpa, but, sighting some ships of war, had to put in to the uninhabited island Evirn (or Iffort), where they remained until 1oth May. (Blaikie, p. 49.} [4] O'Neill.

[2] They reached Scalpa on 10th May, but found Donald Campbell had left. They continued south, spent the night at sea, and reached an island in Loch Uskavagh on the tlth. There they remained until 13th May. (Blaikie, pp. 49-50)

under him and had come hither after Culloden for safety, and was now a fisherman. He did not hesitate a moment. Running forward, he cast himself at his feet, addressing him by name and offering to do anything he could for him. The boatmen now for the first time realised who their passenger was. Dumbfounded and ashamed that they had insulted the majesty of an unhappy Prince not merely with abusive words, but by their disgraceful conduct, they also threw themselves at his feet, asking forgiveness for their behaviour. The Prince turned to them with a quiet smile, telling them to say no more about it and bidding them get up and have no fear. Then, turning to talk to the loyal fisherman, he told him with the utmost affability that, situated as he was, he could not refuse his kind offer, and he would gladly spend the night in his hut. The hut was neither very comfortable, nor very safe. Not only was it very small to pass a night in, but he might, easily be captured by a sudden landing of the enemy, as a number of their ships were sailing these seas. So it seemed wiser to go further inland, where the danger would be less and better means for rest and shelter could be found. On this all were agreed. But Sullivan's health made this impossible. He had begun to feel ill the day before, and had got much worse, so that he could hardly stand, much less endure a long and tiring journey. Edward suggested that he should be carried by the men, offering himself to take his turn, so great was his goodness of heart and his affection for his faithful friend. But the suggestion had its difficulties. After the matter had been thoroughly thrashed out, it was decided, as it generally is in a crisis, to follow the line of least resistance, to spend that night in the hut, to recoup their strength as well as they could with food and sleep, and to trust in Providence.

A fair supply of good fish was easily procured. The soldier who had turned fisherman had done so to good purpose, earning his living with his boat and his nets. A regular banquet for such a place was prepared, and a rich one it proved to such appetites, consisting as it did of every kind of fish. The boatmen saw to the fire; O'Neill busied himself with boiling and roasting the fish. But Edward, with no thought but for Sullivan, made as comfortable a bed for him as he could with the sailors' cloaks and had him laid on it. Then, sitting by him on the bare ground, he tried to cheer him up, talking to him as kindly as he could and remaining continually by him. Partly because he felt sleepy, partly because he had more concern for the Prince than for himself, Sullivan begged and prayed him to leave him a little and try to fortify his enfeebled system with the food that was now ready. He did so, and the boatmen, ravenously hungry, also sat down at the same table. Then they all lay down on the ground, the fisherman alone remaining awake. Next day Sullivan felt much better and declared that he was quite cured. Edward was delighted, but he was sorry that he could find nothing there more suited to the digestion of a convalescent, weakened already by long fasting. Then he chanced to catch sight of a large bird, not unlike a duck, resting on the edge of a pond. Going close up to it, he took one of the two pistols which he always carried from his pocket and aimed so well that he shot it dead. he went back to the hut overjoyed at his prize and had it boiled at once. He himself helped not merely with the utmost eagerness, but what is still more

astonishing, with extraordinary skill. Nourishing soup was made from it, which he gave to Sullivan. This, and portions of the bird, which was shared among them, did the sick man so much good that it looked as if he would be able to continue the journey on foot. So they left the coast for the south of the island.[1] The fisherman we have mentioned led the way, taking them by short cuts. Then came the boatmen, no longer mutinous and grasping, but quiet and shamefaced, carrying the baggage and helping Sullivan by turns.

But, while they were resting after a long march, they learnt in conversation with the people of the place that Colonel Campbell was expected that very day on the island with a good escort of troops—he proved merciless in tracking down the Prince—and was to lie in ambush there for him, as he was said to be in these parts with a few companions. Edward, O'Neill, and Sullivan gazed at each other in consternation at the news. Drawing a little apart, they tried to decide what they had best do in such a crisis. They knew' it was dangerous to remain on the island at a time when their enemies were expected, but to leave it involved even greater risk; for it would not be so easy to elude their vigilance on the open sea as on an island full of caves and other hiding-places. So they decided to put off their start till the morrow and spend the night in some safe spot. A high mountain covered with thick wood was not far off. On its most inaccessible side they found a cave of considerable depth and size with a very small entrance, which was protected by a thick hedge of wood and thorns. Here the Prince and his two faithful comrades hid. The fisherman, promising to return the next day, left with the boatmen by the route by which they had come and returned to the hut.

I will not attempt to say how long that anxious night seemed to the Prince. The fisherman appeared punctually at daybreak with the news that Campbell had not been seen, and that if he had come, he must have landed on the other side of the island. On the northern side, which they could see, all was quiet. Not a vessel of any kind was in sight, so far as the eye could reach. He was told to go back and interrogate every one he met, to climb the highest ranges and carefully scan the sea. He did so and reported that all was quiet. As he had nothing to add by evening, the travellers left the cave to return to the boat, having decided to cross to Moidart, a district that seemed less dangerous, stretching across the mainland from the province of Lochaber. They did not start till dawn on the following day, and then they witnessed to their admiration an act of loyalty in a man of the lowest birth, rare indeed, and far above the common. When they were all in the boat the fisherman we have mentioned began to beg and implore them to take him on board and let him go with them to Moidart. He wanted to follow[7] his beloved Prince and share his fate. He wanted to serve him as long as he had breath and then to die either with him or for him. Not only would he know no joy, but his life would be turned to bitterness, were he robbed of the sight of a Prince so good, so gracious. As he spoke he burst into tears, filling the whole shore with his lamentations. Edward, touched by his tears, most unwillingly refused the company of a man who had done him such

[1] 14th May they walked to Caradale in South Uist and remained there until 5th June. (Blaikie, p. 50.)

services and might also be of no little use to him in the future. Giving way to Sullivan, who held that they ought not to increase their company even by one, he comforted him with kind words and gave orders to push off. The boat drew away, and the fisherman, almost beside himself, and uplifting his eyes and his hands to Heaven, began to pray for the safety of the Prince, imploring all the saints to bless him and prosper him. Thus he continued till they were out of sight, moving Edward to tears.

As we have said, they were making for Moidart. Either because the winds were unfavourable or because they were afraid of meeting the enemy or for some other reason, they steered towards South Uist, which means in English South West. This is an island a little to the south of Benbecula, so called to distinguish it from another little island of the same name also near Benbecula, but to the north of it.

On South Uist they found some of the islanders round Cur rad [Caradale] Castle friendly to them, and could therefore begin to breathe again after all their anxieties and get everything they needed. So Edward, thinking that he would not have to leave soon, took pity on the boatmen who had been so long away from their families and dismissed them, giving them a hundred pounds, a sum they had never seen before, much less had they ever hoped to earn it. But, after barely three days of peace, they were threatened with even more serious dangers. The implacable Campbell, having searched the whole of Skye foot by foot in vain, was about to cross to Benbecula, but it was said that, having suddenly changed his mind, he was coming to South Uist and actually to Caradale, as though he had received exact information as to Edward's route and hiding-place. This was no rumour, but a trustworthy report from loyal spies; so they had to pack up and fly elsewhere.[1] Terrified, they hastened to hide themselves in the centre of the island in the wildest caves, which seemed quite inaccessible. Never did they endure such hardships anywhere else. Edward crouched like a lizard, flattened into a crevice. Sullivan and O'Neill found similar shelters. Their food was no better than their lodging, for it consisted of grass torn up by the roots. Their only drink was a sip of brandy, of which each of them fortunately had a little. The whole region was dry and barren, and such water as was to be found was brackish. Moreover, Edward, who had suffered so much on his wanderings and so often changed his resting-place, had contracted a severe form of itch very common in the island, due either to the bad air or the bad food. As it grew worse, the painful irritation became unendurable.

After three days spent in this way O'Neill quitted his cleft for a while and started out before daybreak to explore the country a little, more especially the coast. We chanced to fall in with one of the boatmen who, as we saw, had been dismissed. They were eager to return to Arisaig, but, when they saw all the English ships, they were afraid of being suspected of helping the Prince and of being examined and tortured. They preferred to

[1] The account is inaccurate here. On 6th June they sailed to the island Ouia and remained there until the 10th, when they went to Rossinish in Benbecula, Here they remained until 12th June, when Donald Macleod and O'Sullivan brought the boat and took them off. After changing daily from place to place they sailed on 15th for Loch Boisdale.

return to South Uist and were keeping to the remotest parts of it. O'Neill took him to Edward. On being asked what news he had managed to find out in the present juncture, he said that everywhere was terror and danger. The coasts of Scotland, especially the nearest districts, were infested with soldiers. The King's officers were hurrying furiously hither and thither through all the neighbouring islands, following up the scent of the Prince like bloodhounds. Campbell and [Carolina] Scott, the most crafty and evil of men, were putting tlieir troops on the scent, directing them and goading them to greater ferocity. This most unpalatable news only confirmed Edward in his former decision to go to Moidart. He saw that the longer he wandered about these islands, the worse it would be, since it w[r]as impossible either to approach them or leave them without the aid of a number of persons, and, worse still, with adequate secrecy. So he promised his old boatmen another hundred pounds if they would take him to Moidart. Though they pointed out the obvious risks, the size of the reward tempted them and they promised to try.

When all arrangements had been made, Edward got into the boat, which had eight oars, as we have described. O'Neill and Sullivan were, as usual, with him. Steering south, they were proceeding in silence, keeping a sharp look-out, when, suddenly, they caught sight of some English ships. They were thus forced to go about and land in Lochbudal [Loch Boisdale]. This is the wildest part of South Uist, barren and parched, rugged and rocky, owing to the mountains, and for the most part steep. Not a tree, not a dwelling-place of any sort, not even a shepherd's hut was to be seen. None of the necessities of life were forthcoming. For eight[1] whole days and eight nights they were forced to remain in Loch Boisdale, with no other shelter but that supplied by caves and the dark dens of wild animals. There they hid themselves by day to escape detection. They crept out for a little at night, silently exploring the country. Their food came from Kilbride, a small village, whither the boat was sent from time to time, but so far from satisfying them it was positively nauseating. The bread in these parts is not made of wheat, but of barley, and is very little cooked. It was, in fact, a kind of raw dough, smelling a good deal and tasting badly, disgusting to any one of refined upbringing.

After eight days of this, O'Neill made a trip to Kilbride to learn something of the movements of the enemy and to get a supply of brandy, which was Edward's only means of keeping up his strength. Hardly had he landed when a large body of rough soldiery appeared who had been brought by Scott, who was searching for Edward Stuart and his friends and companions. He should have been taken at once. Escaping by a miracle, he hurried back to the Prince and told him what had happened. Alarmed, not without reason, at the near approach of the enemy in such force, and judging that it was not the result of mere chance, but of trustworthy information they had received, he declared that they must go elsewhere, but how and whither it was not easy to decide. Meanwhile, in order not to sit idle at such a crisis, he started for the mountain hard by.

While he was hastening thither,[1] he saw an unknown man, poor, and, as far as could be judged by appearances, not ill-disposed. Asked whether there was any news, he said that Campbell had just reached Bernat with two hundred men; that all the houses and the most remote corners were being searched; that it was for the Stuart

Prince they were looking, as it was known that he had taken shelter in these parts with a few adherents and that he would be found hidden somewhere. At this news Edward's courage failed him. He was just half-way between Bemat and Kilbride, the one to the right, the other to the left, both so near that they were aost in sight. The enemy were in both places, led by two distinguished captains. Feeling the net being drawn tighter round him he began to think of sending O'Neill to Campbell, offering to surrender. As the step was voluntary he had hopes of obtaining honourable terms. Drawing his companions aside, he told them his plan. There was no more hope, he said. They had better meet force half-way instead of waiting for it. However their enemies might treat them, it would be preferable to ending in this way and dying by inches. Death was always hard, but the hardest of all deaths was to die of simple privation, in complete want of everything. His companions heard him in gloomy silence, for was it not all true? However, Sullivan, to whom Edward was accustomed to look up, tried to cheer him in his misery and put fresh heart into him. He did not disapprove of the plan, but he thought it unduly hasty and not sufficiently thought out. There was still room for hope. They must trust in Providence and only take this desperate step as a last resource. Edward assented, and began wandering about the inhospitable paths on the chance of some way of escape appearing.

While he was thus wandering at random, stopping every few moments, avoiding meeting any one, as every one might be an enemy or a spy, it happened that a lady on horseback passed near him, accompanied by a single servant. Her sex, her age, the whole appearance of her allayed his fears. O'Neill went up to her and, after they had exchanged greetings, said: 'Whoever you are, for you certainly look generous and charitable, take pity on three noble strangers who, having supported the Jacobites in this unhappy war, are dogged by the strangest ill-fortune. Excellent lady, be gracious to us and give us, we implore you, all the help you can. We are hemmed in by the cruellest enemies.

Death is certain, unless by your help we find a way of escape and of saving ourselves.' The lady answered that she and all her family were Jacobites and that, if it were possible, she would gladly help men who had fought under the best of princes. 'But how you are to escape 1 simply do not know,' she added, 'seeing that all the roads round are beset by the Government troops.' While she was speaking and showing her interest by the kindliness of her expression, Edward thought he recognised her by her voice and her

[1] On 21st the Prince with O'Neill, and guided by Neil MacEacham, crossed the mountains and came to a hut near Ormaclett. Here they met Flora MacDonald. (Blaikie, p. 52.)

O'Sullivan, Macleod, and Burke remained with the boat and boatmen to look after themselves. (Browne, iii. 284.)

looks as the widow of Macdonel, a rich woman highly respected in South Uist. In happier days she had several times visited him and been received by him in Inverness. Going closer to make sure, he found he was right. Feeling that she was sent by Providence, he greeted her courteously, and made himself known. So overcome was she by the unexpected pleasure, so touched at the Prince's cruel fate on seeing him thus in rags, a fugitive, in want and wasted, when a short time ago she had known him at the height of his glory, that she was amazed, dumbfounded. Dismounting, she wanted to kiss his hand, but he refused to allow her, as it was covered with pustules. Eager to save the Prince, the lady, after these acts of courtesy, showed them an unfrequented path, the only one which, so far as she knew, was not beset by the enemy. If he managed to escape by that road and reach Caradale, which would be quite easy, she promised to see that he was safely hidden and that he should succeed in outwitting his pursuers. She arranged the exact spot near Caradale where they were to meet with all the countersigns. When everything was settled she went on her way and they took the path she had shown them.

Edward reached Caradale, as arranged. But, if we are to believe the story, this was due rather to the compassion of his enemies than to his own courage. Whether he missed the way, or whether it was held by the enemy, he is said to have fallen in with a party of Campbell's men, who recognised him and called him by name, but not one of them had the heart to take him. They are also said to have treated him kindly, giving him a drink of beer to slake his thirst and showing him the road he must follow if he wished to escape. Such is the power of natural human kindness in those who have not been spoiled by selfindulgence and the corruption of courts. I will not vouch for the story, but I give it none the less. However this may be, though his enemies spared him, he was not spared absolute want and hunger. [Flora] Macdonald did not appear at the spot agreed upon. Crouching in a small, dark cave near Caradale, Edward was in want of everything. His companions bought food from a wretched peasant; but besides being scanty it was so bad that it was impossible to eat it without disgust and nausea. After waiting in this way for three days,[1] seeing that things were going from bad to worse, and believing that the lady had been unable to keep her promise, he lost all hope and began once more as a last resource to think of giving himself up. And he would have done so if towards the end of the third day a letter had not come from [Flora] Macdonald. In this she begged the Prince to go immediately to Benbecula and stay in a certain castle near Runness [Rossinish]. She herself would go there and keep the promise she had hitherto been prevented from keeping for good reasons. Edward was much comforted by the kind lady's letter, but he did not see how he was to get to Benbecula as she asked him. It was a long journey overland to reach the end of the island, with a risk of falling in with the enemy, and he had no boat to cross the stretch of sea. After due reflection, he decided to go to the nearest bit of coast. Luckily he found the owner of a boat ready there who had

[1] lie was in hiding near Caradale until the evening of 23rd June when MacEachain came and took him first to the island Wjay and thence to Benbecula, reaching Rossinish late on the 24th.

no difficulty in taking anybody over who paid him. So he was taken over, and, for the third time, he landed in Benbecula with his companions.

He went straight to the place appointed by [Flora] Macdonel, but he did not find her, and he passed a very bad night among the ruins of the castle. Day had not yet dawned when the implacable Campbell, who seemed to have a kind of instinct not merely for the roads the wandering Prince was taking, but even for divining his most secret resolutions and thoughts, brought a detachment of his men from South Uist and began his search with Rossinish. Edward's predicament was serious indeed. He could not leave the island, nor could he find a hiding-place. While he was hurrying nervously from place to place, he suddenly caught sight of a rough group of soldiers in the distance. He darted into a marsh, on the banks of which he was, and spent the whole day concealed among the reeds on the damp, muddy ground. Coming out in the evening he crossed to the opposite side of the island during the night, to get as far as possible from his enemies. But while he was walking along the shore at daybreak, he suddenly saw four armed English vessels rowing at full speed, as though making straight for him. What could he do? If he stayed where he was, he would certainly be taken; if he hurried away he would awaken suspicion, and the treacherous privateersmen would fire upon him. If they failed to take him they would certainly raise the hue and cry throughout the island. His only chance was to hide himself among some reeds that grew thick in the mud. Fortunately the English, though they passed close inshore, did not notice him and passed on. Then, judging that the enemy had left Rossinish, he decided to go to the spot appointed by [Flora] Macdonald, in order to look for her again more carefully. While on their way they were met by a crowd of flying peasants, who shouted that Campbell was close at hand—and they heaped curses on his name—preparing to bring ruin on the castle, the Macdonalds, and all their servants. So they had to look for a new hiding-place and go back again. Though Edward was young and very strong he was tired out from being continually on the move and utterly weary with loss of sleep and lack of food, being hardly able to stand. His companions were, if anything, more tired, and, what was worse, they were all desperate, unable to come to a decision, and hopeless. Sullivan,[1] seeing how sorry was their plight, scarcely refrained from answering 'Yes' to the suggestion that they should surrender to Campbell, which O'Neill alone firmly opposed.

Meanwhile [Flora] Macdonald had left the aforesaid castle from fear of Campbell and retired to a little cottage near by, where she remained hidden from every one. In her anxiety for the Prince, she sent out a faithful servant from time to time, bidding him go to the roads and examine the passers-by. She had given him a full description of the Prince, and so skilfully did he carry out his task that he was at last able to find the man whom they had so long sought in vain. No one was more overjoyed at the meeting than he. The clever fellow was standing by the edge of a coppice as if intending to cut wood, when some one happened to go by (this was O'Neill) followed by two other men close

[1] Sullivan had already left the Prince.

together a little distance off. He asked whether he wanted anything. O'Neill, who was intelligent, guessing that he might be a messenger from Flora, immediately answered, 'I am going to look for my girl in these parts. If you can tell me where she is, I will reward you well.* Smiling knowingly, the man said: 'I am ready to act as go-between without any reward and will help you and your companions to find the little girl you are looking for.' Then, as having already discovered their secret, he told them they could all come with him safely, and they followed him. They were thus all taken to Flora Macdonald, and I should not like to say whose was the greater joy.

But their joy was marred by a difficulty that had not been foreseen. Resolved to hide the Prince, the lady meant to keep him with her in woman's clothes, ostensibly as her servant. This disguise was the more easy owing to his youth, the absence of hair on his cheeks and his charming, delicate features. But the whole plan would be worthless, she maintained, if there were strange men in the house, or even in the neighbourhood. She declared that Sullivan and O'Neill must go and make their way to some distant region. But, though Edward made no trouble about the change of sex, he would not hear of being parted from his two dear companions. If he could not escape except by sacrificing his friends, he was resolute in saying that he did not care to escape at all. 1 Am I, after all wc have been through together, to be deprived of people so dear to me? Am I to abandon men who have so long and so lovingly helped me in so many dangers? Madam, could you possibly imagine that I should be capable of such disloyalty?' For their part, O'Neill and Sullivan[1] said that, so long as their beloved Prince's life was safe, all their hopes and fears were at rest. It was with the utmost sorrow that they found themselves compelled to leave their master. To leave him like this, with no one to protect him in such a place and in such circumstances, was positive death to them. But if there was no other way of safety, they were resolved to leave him, and convinced that henceforth, deeply though they might feel his absence, they would be happy in his safety. So much stronger was their love than their feelings. But as Edward still persisted, the lady had the happy idea of ending all opposition by saying that on the island of Razza [Raasay] she had a most intimate friend of the Macleod clan, who was a devoted Jacobite. If Sullivan and O'Neill went there, not only would they be most warmly welcomed by the Macleod, but they would see the Prince again and join him once more when the time came for starting for France. Edward grudgingly consented to being separated from such friends even for a few days. But as it looked as if the safety of them all required it and there was hope of their all meeting soon, he made no further objections. So, after embracing each other and amid tears on both sides, they left, wishing the Prince all luck. Here, without his friends, relying solely on the loyalty and the wits of a single woman, he put on the woman's clothes that were ready and took the name of Eliza.[2] Such was the cruelty, or rather the whim of that arbiter of human fate, Fortune, that a man, who a little while previously was marching with his sword at his side and his brow crowned with laurels,

1 'Betty Burke.'

was forced to put on a vile coif, and that a leader of armies, who had won such glory, had to disguise himself as an unwarlike serving wench.

When all was ready [Flora] Macdonald sent for a pair-oar boat and started for Skye with her new maid.[1] For on that island was a relation of hers of considerable influence, who was secretly a Jacobite and not suspected by the Government. She had decided to stay with him until a chance offered of sending the Prince to France. . During the voyage the lady, who was well informed upon the state of public affairs, turned the talk on the unhappy results of the war and was able to tell the Prince many things that had happened to his adherents and supporters, and of the wretched state of Scotland, all of which were unknown to him. She told him how the Duke of Perth and his brother Drummond, with Elcho, Buchanan, Sheridan, and other leaders of his party, had successfully escaped to France. But far more of them had fallen into the hands of the enemy. Simon Lovat, a venerable old man of eighty years, to whom he had fled after the battle of Culloden, had been beheaded.[2] That brave old man had mounted the scaffold and gone to his death with the utmost courage, loudly proclaiming King James, and with these words had laid his head on the block. The same fate would soon befall George, Earl of Cromarty, and William, Lord Kilmarnock, as well as Arthur Balmerino, and the Duke of Althothen [Atholl], and other distinguished peers. Having been found implicated in the rebellion, they were already under arrest and being prosecuted. The whole of Scotland was trembling under the rigorous examination of the Treasury, and was being oppressed by it. Gallows were being set up everywhere, while the prisons could not contain all those arrested. Many of the lower classes were daily dragged to punishment, while others had their goods confiscated, and, with their wives and children, were condemned to transportation to the American colonies. Lastly, any one who was thought to have played any part in the rebellion, or had expressed sympathy with it, was shamefully and cruelly treated. Edward interrupted the long story with many sobs; feeling himself responsible for the horrible butchery of so many distinguished and innocent victims, he would weep bitterly. He then remembered to ask what had happened to Murray, formerly his secretary, and learnt that he had saved his own life and bought his freedom shamefully, by revealing a number of secrets and betraying not a few supporters of the rebellion upon whom no suspicion had rested. It is impossible to describe the Prince's feelings at the man's treachery or the bitterness it added to his sorrow.

Meanwhile Edward had reached Skye in the dress and position of a maid and had been received in a villa of the lord of the island.[3] Here he enjoyed some quiet and, almost imperceptibly, recovered somewhat from his recent hardships. Beardless though he was, his appearance was anything but feminine. His walk, his assurance, his

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[1] 28th June.

[2] This is, of course, incorrect. Lord Lovat was executed 9th April 1747.

[3] This presumably means Kingsburgh's house. lie was there the night of 29th, and left next day for Portree. (Blaikie, p. 54.) From this point the narrative is very inaccurate.

movements, his limbs were ill-suited to his clothes, as also was his manner of wearing them, and his want of cleanness and neatness. He played the part of Eliza ill, for his whole appearance betrayed the soldier, the soldier trained in the Highland school. The one exception was that he never left the side of his mistress, though he could not remain quiet for long. Two days later the Government agents broke suddenly into the house and, bursting through the door, came right in. Edward happened to be in the innermost room, talking to [Flora] Macdonald and another woman. There was no way of escape, no hiding-place, and men, the very worst of their kind, were already knocking at the door, shouting 'In the King's Name.' At this noise Edward got up at once, as a maid should, and, going forward with his distaff at his side, opened the door. His boldness saved him. The soldiers looked into the room, and seeing only three women, left it. But nevertheless they went through the whole of the rest of the house, searching every corner, until, grumbling that they had been deceived by their spy, they gave up the search and went off without doing any damage.

The servants were overjoyed at the danger passed. But [Flora] Macdonald, realising that this could not have happened without the treachery of some informer, considered that the place was no longer suitable for hiding the Prince. There was the risk of the soldiers returning with fuller information. What would happen if they knew of the female disguise? In order to prevent the threatened disaster she went to find Macdonel of Kinsburgh, a relative of her father's, to whom she told everything in strict confidence. She then begged him by their friendship and by his love for both their families to take the excellent Prince into his care. Could not he receive him into his house and conduct him at once to Kinsburgh, where there was no likelihood of danger? He might rest assured that all good people would thank him for what he had done.

Macdonel, being large-hearted and of Jacobite sympathies, did not hesitate. Edward was taken to his house and soon afterwards went with him to Kinsburgh, ten miles distant. They went on foot. Though Edward was hampered by the woman's clothes that reached to his feet, he walked so quickly that Macdonel, strong as he was, could not keep up with him. He had already recovered his strength. But it was a good thing that they did not meet any of the enemy, for a mere glance would have betrayed him, so careless and awkward was he in playing his part. This will serve as an instance. A broad, deep, unbridged stream crossed the road. Macdonel was standing 011 the bank, wondering how they could cross it, as there was neither a bridge, nor a boat, nor horses. Without a word Edward waded into the water as he was accustomed to do without taking off his. shoes or even holding up his skirt. So ridiculous was his appearance that his companion could not help laughing in spite of his surprise.

A few days later the rumour spread through the whole of Skye that the Prince was in hiding on the island dressed as a woman and that it would be possible to recognise him by certain signs. As this rumour grew steadily [Flora] Macdonald, becoming alarmed for the Prince, hastened to Kinsburgh, and urged him to change his dress and go elsewhere. The disguise was known everywhere, the Government officers were everywhere, and in

his present clothes he would most likely be discovered and arrested. He once again donned man's clothes and, hiring a small boat, went to the island of Raasay. This he did the more readily because he hoped to find his dear friends, Sullivan and O'Neill, with Macdonald of Raasay. But he was disappointed. He was warmly welcomed by the Macdonald, but—what would have meant far more to him—he did not find his friends there, nor could he obtain any trustworthy news of them. He took a gloomy view of the case, holding that there was no doubt that they had fallen into the hands of the enemy. So perturbed was he that nothing could comfort him.

And indeed he was never more to be pitied than at this moment. Besides the absence of his dearest comrades, which gave him no peace, since he must leave Raza at all costs, he was now for the first time compelled to travel altogether without a friend to whom he could turn for advice and the mere sight of whom could cheer him. He had heard that on Skye there was a castle called Kinnon, the chief of which was not less venerable for his hoary locks than for his wisdom in counsel, influential and altogether devoted to the House of Stuart. Not doubting that such a man both would and could help him in the present crisis, he determined to go to him as to the only guardian of his orphan state. So he left the island of Raasay and went to Skye.[1] He crossed the channel successfully, but he still had more than thirty miles to go on foot to Kinnon. He started on the journey alone, without guide or companion, his bundle on his back. While he was hastening along a short cut, asking the way as strangers usually do, he met a man who seemed to look at him with considerable curiosity. When the man had answered his question about the road, he asked him in his turn whether he was the Stuart Prince. 'Yes, I am,' answered the Prince, rushing upon him immediately with a great oak cudgel he had in his hand. He would have stretched him dead if he had not seized his arm and, with earnest entreaties, made himself known to him. It was [Malcolm] Macleod, who was warmly attached to the Prince and had till recently been an officer in his army. As soon as he had recognised him, Edward began to curse the arm that had been uplifted against an innocent man and a friend, and to beg his pardon for his mistake. But Macleod insisted' that he had acted quite properly, saying that a suspected man, once he had owned his identity, deserved death in order to make treachery impossible. Then he began to express his surprise at the Prince going thus alone through places infested with the enemy and full of danger, and to beg him to deign to allow him to go with him as his servant. Edward looked upon the want of a good friend as the worst of his misfortunes, and believing that this one had been sent him by Providence, welcomed him, thanking him for thus kindly offering his help. They walked on together to Kinnon, where he went to the house of the laird of the place.

When this man, hale and hearty in spite of his years, saw Edward's wretched condition, he almost began to blaspheme against Providence for allowing such a Prince to be thus persecuted. Touched at the pitiful sight, he threw himself at his feet and, weeping copiously, asked to be allowed to kiss his hand. The Prince then embraced him tenderly. For a time each tried to outdo the other in courteous deference. Then the old

man came straight to the point, declaring that there was not a safe spot in the whole of Ricina [Skye], He must not flatter himself that he was out of danger under his roof, which was more suspect than any other to the enemy. He had better think of Lochaber, where he had more friends and fewer enemies. He need not worry about ways of getting there, for he would guarantee his safe arrival. Feeble though he was, he would be his companion on the voyage and share his dangers. This was no mere boasting, but the truth, and that very day he gave orders that a good boat should be prepared at once on the beach.

They put out to sea immediately.[1] Macleod, who knew that all that part of the island was swarming with the enemy, was much troubled as to how they were to reach the sea and was turning over several plans in his mind. Then suddenly he requested permission for leave of absence. When he was asked whither he wanted to go, he replied, [4]1 am going to meet the enemy and get myself arrested.' His idea was to put himself in the way of the patrol and allow[1] himself to be captured. He would then decoy them to the other side of the island with false information and thus get them away from him. Edward gallantly opposed a plan that was as self-sacrificing as it was bold and dangerous, but to no purpose. Though Macleod was well aware that his trick might cost him his life, he did exactly as he had said. He was seized, and when questioned about the Prince, he said that he had seen him sail for the Orkneys from the very end of Ricina. When this became known among the troops, the guards at once left their posts; the ships on the coast there received orders to sail for the north of Scotland. Meanwhile, finding the roads and the coast free from all obstacles, Edward, with the loyal old man from Kinnon, crossed over to the mainland of Scotland, landing in Glen Morar at the exact spot from whence he had set sail two months previously.[2]

For two months more the unhappy Prince was compelled to lurk in the remotest districts of Scotland, with no settled home and always in danger of his life. Truth to tell, from that time fate was not quite so unkind to him. For the Government troops scattered over the mainland, either because they were sick of the long useless labour of the search or because they had given up hope of ever laying hands upon one whom they had never found, were thenceforward much less energetic. There was the additional reason that many believed that he had perished of hunger or of a broken heart, or that he had escaped through the treachery of one of their number. This view was widely rumoured and had received credence, with the result that the anxiety to find him gradually slackened and almost died away.

The first week Edward spent peacefully with his friends in Morar. At the end of the seventh day letters were brought him by a courier from Macdonald of Lokgai [Lochgarry], advising him not to hesitate to start at once for Lochaber. Over a hundred brave lads of the Macdonald clan were under arms, ready to lay down their lives in his defence. Edward was pleased and elated by the news and prepared to go to the friendly country. In order to outwit the enemy, several bodies of whom were quartered in different parts of these mountains, he disguised himself as an aged Highlander with a

wig of white hair, in the national costume, stooping as he walked, and in this disguise, after crossing the high Morar range, he reached Lochaber in safety.[1]

There he found the armed band we have mentioned, led by gallant Macdonald of Lochgarry. The Prince joined them, and, with a vanguard and a rear-guard and a goodly bodyguard round him, he began his wanderings through the district. For, in order to keep the enemy off his tracks, he felt compelled to be continually on the move, never remaining more than two days in any place. The men of his vanguard often came into collision with a stray patrol of Government troops, engaging in skirmishes of some importance. These were dangerous, as they might suggest an incipient rebellion. Fearing, after due reflection, that if this state of affairs continued, worse might follow, he decided to split up his men. The idea was excellent. For when Cumberland, who was still in Inverness, heard of those disorders in Lochaber, he hastened thither with a large force of foot and horse to nip the danger in the bud. But, as he found the district quiet, he returned without doing harm to a soul. Edward's companions now went about in groups of only two or three, but they kept in touch with one another by sending reports backwards and forwards. They generally sheltered in caves or in the hearts of the thickest woods, never letting themselves be seen by day. Issuing forth late at night from their hiding-places, they made their way to the appointed spot. Some of their number were told off to scour the country round for provisions, which they brought secretly to their companions.

After going right through Lochaber in this way they entered Badenoch,[1] where also they kept continually on the move. Then they returned once again to Lochaber. This district, which had witnessed his arrival, was also to witness his departure and had the chief glory of saving him. This fact impressed many people, since the earliest information we have of the Stuarts comes chiefly from Lochaber. The fatigue, the wretchedness of the accommodation, and the other hardships of a life so rough were in some measure compensated by the wonderful loyalty of his friends, united in the single desire of helping him. Great was the delight of the wandering Prince when he happened to meet some of his old followers and companions whom he had thought dead. One of these was Lochiel, mentioned at the beginning of this book. There were Cameron, Lochiel's brother, Macdonald of Boisdale, Cluny Macpherson, and many other important people, w-ho, having scattered after Culloden, had remained hidden till then in wuld spots. All these Edward met, overjoyed to find them safe and still faithful to him. He would have been even more delighted to satisfy his longing to see Sullivan. But, in spite of all inquiries, he could get no trustworthy information. Some said that he had been captured, others that he had crossed to France. While Edward was grieving at not having his company, Sullivan was doing all he could, as we shall see, to rescue the Prince. As for O'Neill, who stood next to Sullivan in his affections, it was only too well known that he had fallen into the hands of the enemy.

Edward continued to lead this wretched existence till 19th September, a date which saw the end of all his perils and adventures. He had a presentiment that the happy day

would at last dawn, and he was in the habit of comforting his companions with this assurance, thus giving them courage and patience. He told them that he was convinced from many unmistakable signs that he was under the special protection of Providence, since God had so often saved him unscathed from apparently inevitable death. This conviction, a signal proof of religious piety, was confirmed by events. We need only refer to our narrative, through the whole of which is manifest the protection of Divine Providence. What greater proof can we have than the fact that, in spite of the numbers of spies and informers who were looking for him so long, he was able to elude the vigilance of them all? How otherwise was it possible that they never succeeded in capturing him in any of the places where he hid? Many people deny that he was once actually taken and released. I find it at least as wonderful that he was never caught at all as that he was set at liberty by his captors of their own free will. Indeed, I am inclined to doubt whether this adventure was the more extraordinary of the two. We must not forget that a large fortune was promised to any one who betrayed him, while he was often compelled to trust unknown people, and that as a rule he was not so effectively hidden that no one knew where he was. Yet not a single person was tempted by the greatness of the reward to betray him. And it appears truly wonderful when we bear in mind that those who rated loyalty and honour above this reward were boatmen, fishermen, servants, and other people of low degree who will usually do anything for money. Who does not admire the loyalty, daring and courage above her sex that were none the less found in a woman? And yet this is but a minor detail. The variety and the severity of the hardships endured by a young man naturally delicate and unaccustomed to such a life were such that the strongest constitution might have succumbed to them. He himself, when he recalled them, was amazed at having escaped with life and health from such deprivations and sufferings, ascribing it to the power of divine assistance alone. For two or three days at a time he was often compelled to lie buried rather than hidden in a shallow hole in a rock, with nothing but a few crusts of hard, mouldy bread to eat, washed down with muddy, stinking water. Sometimes he had nothing but roots torn up from the earth. More often he spent whole nights in the open air on the wet, muddy ground, exposed to rain and wind and fog, to all the inclemencies of the weather. He was frequently in want of everything, his clothes tom and dirty, often drenched with rain, while he could not change them as he had no others. Nor must I fail to record a pathetic detail told me by persons well informed. When he was back in Paris, he chanced to bare his legs in the presence of his brother, the Duke of York, who noticed that they were discoloured with the bruises of wounds freshly healed, and asked him how this was. The Prince answered, smiling: ‘My dear brother, for a long time I could manage to get only one pair of shoes. When these were worn out, I had nothing else to protect my feet, so I used them only at night. By day, no matter how thorny and stony the road, I went barefoot, to save my shoes.’ This was his answer, and as it drew tears from his loving brother, so we cannot relate it without feelings of the deepest compassion.

In addition to physical hardships his mental sufferings must have been even more

severe, and it is almost incredible that the Prince could endure them. From 27th April to 19th September his existence was one long agony, as his life was in constant danger and death had him by the throat, he knew that his life was being sought, he felt the misery of his wretched condition, falling from one misfortune into another still more serious. Nor eould he see a way out of these moving accidents, unless some means of escape chanced to offer itself. Everywhere lurked danger, everywhere suspicion of disloyalty. Every one he met might prove to be laying a trap for him. He was as afraid to meet his friends as his enemies. More than once he was face to face with the men who were looking for him. Crouching behind a bush, frozen to the marrow and shivering from head to foot, he would see them pass from between the leaves. Besides these terrors, which left him neither day nor night, he suffered acutely because, for his sake, so many of his friends and followers were being ill-treated, some cruelly persecuted, others having all their property confiscated, others laying down their lives on the scaffold. He himself could not help seeing with his own eyes on more than one occasion the homes of some of his adherents razed to the ground, their houses and castles completely in ruins, a mark of official punishment which is generally left as a memorial of the crime to be an example to posterity. To crown all, he could not help remembering now and then the grief and anxiety he must be causing his father, King James, and his brother, the Duke of York. He could imagine their suffering, nor was it possible to soften its bitterness by letters or couriers, since he had none. Hard indeed would have been the heart that was not affected by a sorrow so enduring and so poignant. Who would not have been worn out and overwhelmed by a lot so desperate? Edward, however, kept up the strength of his body with his spirit and fed his spirit with hope and his own virtues, steeling himself so effectually against the slings and arrows of fortune, that throughout all this time, with the exception of the itch already mentioned, which, however troublesome, was harmless and soon cured, he enjoyed the best of health—health such as goes with a constitution of iron. He did at last escape from all his troubles, but, in order that he might recognise the finger of a higher Power, he escaped at the very moment when things looked most desperate j he even owed his safety to what he regarded as a heavy blow. These events will form the subject of my last section.

Edward had long missed Sullivan. Indeed, there was nothing he felt so much as the loss of the man who controlled his actions and by whose advice he set such store. As we have seen, he parted with him most unwillingly, considering the absence of news of him as the greatest of his calamities. Sullivan had, meanwhile, managed to get on board a ship and escaped to the Netherlands, from whence he had made his way to France and the court at Versailles. Being received in audience by the King, he told Louis of Edward's misfortunes, begging him to help a Prince who was his friend and was, moreover, in the gravest danger. He did not plead in vain. Louis had for some time been anxious about Edward, and, after hearing Sullivan's story, he was most eager to rescue him. He at once ordered two men-of-war to prepare to sail to Scotland to look for and bring back the Prince. To make things easier he ordered several Scotsmen to go on board, as they were

more familiar with the language and the conditions of the country. Admiral Warren, a conscientious and brave sailor, was put in charge of the expedition. He was specially instructed to do his utmost to bring it to a successful conclusion. With these orders he put out from the port of Maelow [Malo] about the middle of June with two well-equipped ships. He sailed right round England and Ireland to the Hebrides, and from thence he entered the Velau gulf, generally called Lockbrun [Loch Broom], on the west coast of Scotland. Here he put on shore the twelve Scotsmen he had brought with him.[1] While the ships lay at anchor the Scotsmen, scattering in all directions, began to make inquiries everywhere and to explore the remotest districts, but for some time their efforts were fruitless. Indeed, by what trick could they hope to discover one who was hiding from all who where looking for him and was suspicious of every one he met? After sixteen days of useless efforts, acting on a clue they received, they penetrated to the southernmost mountains of Lochaber, where they found him in hiding and told him why they had come.[1] It would be useless to try to describe the surprise and the emotion on both sides. Edward returned thanks to the Almighty for His mercy, nor could he say enough in praise of Sullivan's loyalty towards him. When the Scotsmen saw their master in such a wretched condition, so thin and pinched, yet alive and well, it would be hard to say whether their grief or their joy was the greater. Their voices were choked and broken with emotion.

The Prince, thus found again by the mercy of Heaven, had now' to be safely brought to the ships, which were some ninety miles away. This was no easy matter. Apart from the distance to be covered, they would have to run the gauntlet of a number of military posts, and precautions had to be taken against awakening their suspicions. In order to throw' dust in the eyes of the troops the Scotsmen had women's clothes with them, in which they dressed the Prince as a girl. They then took him by the most out-of-the-way routes, being careful to travel in silence and only at night, to spend the day in hiding and to send before them some member of their body to examine the road. In this way they reached Glen Morven in three days. Not only did they succeed in eluding the vigilance of the Government troops, but they made prisoners of three of them who had ventured to use force against them, securing them and taking them on board ship. When he was on the point of sailing, the Prince gave orders that they should be set at liberty, thus showing noteworthy clemency towards his enemies. But he gave a much more distinguished proof of his devotion to his friends.

As soon as he heard of the arrival of the ships, he managed to inform all his adherents that, if they wished to escape, they might accompany him. They would be welcomed on board and conveyed to France. As soon as they heard the news, they all began to move at once, but, as they were in places more or less remote, few were able to arrive by the day appointed. It was absolutely necessary to start at once. Longer delay would be fraught with danger. The wind, which was favourable, might change at any moment. Lastly, the

[1] The French ships reached Lochnanuagh 6th September. (Blaikie, p. 69.)

enemy might easily get to hear of the escape, the excitement among the people and the unusual numbers awakening suspicion. Yet the Prince was vowing that he would not set foot on board till all his friends had arrived, declaring that he would wait for them; in fact, he intended to wait some days in the neighbourhood of Arisagh in all the discomfort and danger from which he had so eagerly desired to escape. And when at last they were all assembled, he insisted that every one should go on board before himself, being thus the last to leave. Indeed, he seemed to be more pleased at the escape of his friends than at his own. They numbered one hundred and thirty-two, some belonging to the lower orders, others to the flower of the nobility of Scotland and Ireland, the hapless remnant of a fatal war, whom the most unhappy of princes was taking with him.

All being ready, they set sail,[1] and with the wind behind them steered south. *II Felice*[2] was the name of the ship on which Edward was. There were three hundred troops on board and thirty big guns. The other ship[3] carried almost as many men and guns. As the ships slowly drew away from the shore, it is said that Edward remained for a long time motionless, gazing intently upon his ungrateful country, and that he did not utter a single word either of sorrow or of anger. We know not what were his thoughts. The voyage lasted several days, the wind being always favourable, nor did they fall in with an enemy sail. Already Warren, who was in command, steering east, said they were making for the port of Brest, which is the nearest French port to the south coast of England. But, as he began to draw close, he observed an English fleet blockading the port, almost at the very entrance. So he turned towards Roven and made Roscow [Roscoff], a town in Brittany. Here at last he landed his distinguished passenger, safe and sound, on the 28th September. Edward first of all returned heartfelt thanks to the Most High, and then to his friends and companions, and started at once for Paris.

He found Paris ringing with his name and talking of nothing but his adventures, so that, wherever he went, the squares were crowded and the people poured into the streets to see him. He heard them saying: 'There is the hero, a truly Roman hero, who has not merely done, but suffered great things.' And as the people of Paris delight in ceremonious courtesy, they vied with one another in showing him respect and in doing him honour. Many persons said openly that France owed him a great debt, as, by containing the whole strength of England, he had enabled the French armies to get possession of the Low Countries. He was well able to play the part of Prince both by the charm and dignity of his bearing and the splendid and sumptuous state he kept, since he lacked nothing for making a magnificent display. On his arrival in Paris he was given eight hundred thousand lire in ready money to replace what he had lost in the war. Of all his pleasures, the one he enjoyed most was the meeting with his brother, the Duke of York. Till that time he had remained on the coast of Brittany, but as soon as he received certain news of his brother's return, he hastened to Paris. Who can describe the joy of

[1] At midnight on 19th September.

[2] *L'Heureux.*

[3] *Prince of Conti.*

these excellent brothers on their first meeting, their embraces, the tears of delight they shed? After a long and painful separation they were together again, united as they had long been united in heart. Heaven thus granted them what they had long desired, though they had almost despaired of seeing their prayers fulfilled. They could scarcely believe their eyes. Now they would think no more of their past sufferings; nay, they might even take pleasure in recalling them.

After a few days in Paris Edward went to Fontainebleau, a place famed for its good air and its regal pleasures, as the King was there then with the Court. His fame had already preceded him, and every one was on tiptoe with excitement. It is not easy to describe the satisfaction, the affection, the joy, and open display of delight with which he was welcomed by the King and all the Royal Family. King Louis received him with every honour due to a Prince of the blood. He was assigned apartments in the royal palace, loaded with splendid gifts, officially addressed as Prince of Wales. Foreign ambassadors were ordered to call frequently on him. Daily he went to pay his respects to the King, being always readily admitted to his presence and engaging in much familiar discourse with him. The Queen, either from womanly tenderness or in memory of his mother Clementine, who was her countrywoman, treated him and loved him as though he were her own son. When she heard him describe his adventures—and she often introduced the subject herself—she could not keep back her tears. In a word, though Edward had failed in the object of his expedition, and the recovery of his kingdom had, in existing circumstances, almost passed out of the realm of the possible, he was enjoying the peace of his present position, was gradually forgetting the past, and, relying on the friendship of King Louis, was flattering himself with the hope of better luck in the future.

But all mortal affairs are subject to ups and downs, nothing more so than the favour of princes; a brief calm was followed by an unexpected storm that exposed the Prince, not less unlucky in peace than in war, to fresh perils and drove him from the harbour where he was quietly resting. Peace was made between the Kings, weary of the long war, and weakened by the slaughter that accompanied it. At the instance of George, King of England, who insisted that the first preliminary article of peace must be that no member of the House of Stuart should be allowed a refuge in France, Louis was obliged in the interests of the common weal to exile a Prince who ill merited such treatment. Taught perhaps by this instance of the caprice of the fortunes of man how fickle and unstable are the things of this world, his brother Henry, Duke of York, resolved to fight for God alone under the banner of the Church. And now that he is enrolled as one of the College of Cardinals and has embraced the priesthood, though he is in the very flower of his youth, his whole heart is in the offices of religion and the duties proper to the institution of which he is a member.

End of the Fourth and Last Book.

[1] The Prince's skill as a game shot was well known. The Duc de Liria, son of the Duke of Berwick, writing about him at the age of six and a half, said: "* I have seen him take a

cross-bow and kill birds on the roof, and split a rolling ball with a bolt ten times in succession.'—*Dcxwnentos Inedit os,* vol. xciii. p. 18. Lang: *Prince Charles Edward,* p. IS.

(p. 39) that the Prince 'seems to have got into some difficulty.' His brother Henry wrote to the Prince on 6th February 1744 and said he had been very anxious about him, * particularly whilst I heard you was locked up at Savona,

5 No reference to a convoy appears in Aeneas Macdonald's Journal. The English ship was the *Lion* (Captain Brett, 58 guns). A council of war was held on the *Doutelle,* and it was decided that the *Elizabeth* should engage her. Welch apparently refused to let the *Doutelle* take part. This action took place off the Lizard on 9th July.

1 Captain D'oe or D'eau.

4 The Fords of Frew.

2 Actually 3rd November.

3 A remarkable over-estimate. The army certainly did not exceed 7500.

1 General Handasyde arrived at Edinburgh on 14th November with the two unfortunate regiments of dragoons which had been at Prestonpans, and two infantry regiments.

* This statement is, of course, incorrect.

1 He left Rome 29th August, and reached Avignon about the end of September.

3 The treaty signed at Fontainebleau 24th October 1745.

* Cumberland put Bligh's regiment in garrison.

* Principally owing to the entire incompetence of the French engineer in charge of operations, M. Mirabelle.

* The supply arrangements now, and up to the date of Culloden, were grossly mismanaged by Hay of Restalrig. After the battle, in his letter to the Prince, Lord George Murray says that Hay had 'neglected his duty to such a degree that our ruin might probably have been prevented had he done his duty,' and that he and O'Sullivan had disgusted the army 'to such a degree that they had

3 There is no evidence of this.

8 Gortleg.

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* From 15th to 20th June. (Blaikie, p. 51,)

Sullivan.had already gone; O'Neill left the Prince 29th June.