

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS
DUKE OF CUMBERLAND



Emerit Walker Ph. Sc.

*William Augustus Duke Of Cumberland
from a Painting by David Morier*

LONDON EDWARD ARNOLD

WILLIAM AUGUSTUS
DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

HIS EARLY LIFE AND TIMES
(1721-1748)

BY THE
HON. EVAN CHARTERIS
FELLOW OF THE ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY
AUTHOR OF
"AFFAIRS OF SCOTLAND, 1744-46"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO
MAURICE BARING

PREFACE

IN 1770 a statue of the Duke of Cumberland was placed in Cavendish Square by Lieutenant-General William Strobe. On the pedestal were inscribed the following words: "In gratitude for his private kindness; in honour to his public virtue." Many years later the statue was removed and melted down to its original condition of shapeless metal. This act of destruction excited no protest. The incident is only too significant of the position occupied by Cumberland in public esteem: "Private kindness and public virtue" have seldom been the qualities by which the Duke has been known. On the contrary, his memory has been associated with a dull obloquy and odium. To the great majority of those among whom his name is familiar, he is merely known as that "Butcher of Culloden" who extinguished the last hope of a romantic cause by a series of acts of savage brutality. That is a reputation from which, hitherto, no very serious effort has been made to reclaim him. It has been customary to approach the rebellion of 1745 from the Jacobite side, and to view it with eyes dazzled by the glamour that has gathered about the personality of "Prince Charlie." This may well be the cause of the strange discrepancy between the esteem in which Cumberland was held by soldiers and statesmen who were his contemporaries and the hostility with which he has been regarded by succeeding generations. In the following pages it is hoped that sufficient material will be found to justify the admiration expressed for the Duke by the leading politicians of his own time, and to induce some reconsideration of the portrait of him which tradition has handed down for our acceptance.

In spite of his foreign origin, Cumberland was thoroughly representative of the England in which he lived. To a greater degree than any member of his family, he understood and profited by his education in English traditions and English ways of thinking, while at the same time British nationality, with its patriotism and its obligations, will be found to have been the dominating influence in his career. That must be the excuse—since one may well be considered necessary—for referring so fully in the present volume to the scene in which Cumberland was called on to act. The proportion of give-and-take between an individual and his environment is always a question of interest; but in the case of Cumberland, owing to the circumstances in which he was placed, it is hardly possible to ignore it. Upon his own individual characteristics were superimposed the characteristics peculiar to that country and that age in which he played the part both of a soldier and a statesman. In fact, the charges which have been brought against the Duke, in so far as they are not tainted by exaggeration, are charges applicable to the England of his time. It has therefore been thought expedient in the present volume, at the risk of traversing some familiar ground, to emphasize the extent to which Cumberland was a reflexion and epitome of the political, moral, and social conditions of the age.

To His Majesty the King I beg leave to record my humble gratitude for permission to make use of the Cumberland Papers at Windsor Castle. These papers—except for the purposes of an admirable article by Colonel E. M. Lloyd in the "Dictionary of National

Biography”—had not hitherto been searched for information with regard to Cumberland.

My thanks are also due to Mr. A. J. Balfour and to Mr. Edmund Gosse for valuable suggestions while the following pages were preparing for the press; to Colonel E. M. Lloyd, R.E., for leave to print his plan of the Battle of Laffelt; to Major William Hawley, for allowing me to make quotations from the Hawley Papers in his possession; to Major John Hall, for permission to print the letter which appears in Appendix C; to M. le Commandant Colin, for leave to re-produce his plan of Fontenoy; and to Mr. W. B. Blaikie, for the loan of pamphlets and documents relating to the rebellion of 1745. Mr. Patrick Shaw Stewart, Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford, has kindly read the proofs.

It has not been deemed necessary in all cases to burden the pages with reference to the better-known printed works of the period; on the other hand, where original documents have been cited, there are obvious reasons for indicating the source of information, and that has in every case been done. In addition to the Cumberland Papers at Windsor Castle Library, the principal documents that have been consulted are the Newcastle Papers, the Hardwicke Papers, the letters of Lord Stair, Lord Carteret, Henry Pelham, and Sk John Ligonier—all to be found in the Manuscript Room of the British Museum; also the State Papers in the Record Office. The account of the Battle of Fontenoy has already appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, and is now reprinted in the present volume by kind permission.

With regard to dates, Old Style has been adhered to except in the chapters dealing with the campaigns of Dettingen, Fontenoy, and Laffelt. In these cases, owing to the use of the Gregorian Calendar on the Continent, the adoption of New Style has been found on the whole more likely to lead to accuracy.

E. C.

July, 1913.

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WILLIAM AUGUSTUS

DUKE OF CUMBERLAND

CHAPTER I

WALPOLE'S ACCESSION TO POWER

ON April 15, 1721, the firing of salutes and the pealing of church bells announced to the citizens of London that at Leicester House a son had been born to the Prince of Wales and his consort, Caroline of Anspach. It was an opportunity for one of those displays of loyalty which are dear to a London mob. In the evening bonfires were lighted and the streets enlivened by illuminations, while Leicester Fields were thronged by a rabble, cheering, and at the same time struggling for access to the gates of Leicester House, where hogsheads of wine were being broached in celebration of the event. On the following day His Majesty, George I., quitting the Palace of St. James, and accompanied by a troop of his Life Guards, clattered up Pall Mall in his six-horsed coach to congratulate his son in person and cast a friendly eye upon his latest grandson.

To the quidnuncs and politicians gathered at the old Smyrna Coffee House or the Star and Garter the spectacle of George I. in semi-state heading for the residence of his son gave an ample text for discussion. Nor, indeed, was the occasion lacking in political significance. It looked as if for the time, at any rate, the peculiar tendency of the House of Hanover to be perpetually divided against itself was in danger of being obscured by a reconciliation. Such a result was far from being desired by a considerable party in the State. Since the accession of the House of Hanover, the dissensions between George I. and his eldest son had been the favourite stand-by of discontented politicians. Statesmen whom fortune or disfavour had excluded from the Court party had taught themselves to find consolation in rallying round the Prince, and in contemplating the day when the death of the King would find them established on the winning side.

The ill-feeling between George I. and his son had been of long standing, and we may trace its rather confused origin to events in Hanover and the domestic atmosphere of Herrenhausen. But there was little doubt that the unforgivable sin which lay to the account of the Prince was the affection which he cherished for his mother, the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea of Celle, whom death had not yet released from her miserable captivity in the Castle of Ahlden.

The Prince of Wales had been a lad of eleven in 1694, when, on July 1, a midnight murder in the Palace of Hanover had struck Count Konigsmark, the reputed lover of Sophia, for ever from the sight and knowledge of men. Not since that night had the son been allowed to

communicate with his mother. Subsequently Sophia had been transferred to the Castle of Ahlden in the duchy of Celle, whence even rumour seldom reached the outer world. Tradition tells that she could be seen driving over the surrounding solitudes with her escort of cavalry, their swords drawn— she with diamonds in her black hair, her beautiful face scarcely visible to passing peasants as she flashed by. But none ever spoke with her. Once, as a youth hunting in the vicinity, the Prince had approached the castle, and endeavoured to cross the moat which marked the dreary circuit of his mother's captivity, and it was told that, looking from her window, she had witnessed her son's approach, and seen his attempt frustrated by her guards. No word or writing had been suffered to pass between them, but it was generally known, and above all to George I., that the Prince designed his mother's freedom, and only awaited the death of his father to give proof of his constancy and devotion,

When, therefore, on September 18, 1714, George I. landed with his son at Greenwich, the material for a family quarrel was not far to seek. The party system which they found established in England soon lent itself to fostering the discord. When the Whig Ministry, which the King had entrusted Townshend to form, proposed £700,000 for the Civil List, the Tory Opposition moved to appropriate out of that sum £100,000 for the use of the Prince of Wales. The motion was defeated. But the suggestion so incensed the King that he forthwith embarked on a petty and vexatious policy designed to lessen the privileges of his son.

On the occasion of his departure for his German dominions in 1716, he tried to curtail the Prince's authority by associating other persons with him in the Commission of Regency. The Ministers of the Crown, however, in a communication drawn up by Lord Townshend, expressed the opinion that such a variation of constitutional precedent was highly undesirable, and that the Regency ought certainly to be confided to the single custody of the Prince. The King had to yield on the main question, but refused to grant the title of Regent. He gratified his jealousy by reviving the archaic designation of "Guardian of the Realm and Lieutenant," which had last been held by Edward the Black Prince. This he accompanied with conditions restricting the power of his son, and with an order that the Duke of Argyll, who acted as Groom of the Stole to the Prince, should resign his office. The hostility of the King was further reinforced by his growing dislike for the lady whom in his more familiar moments he described as "*cette diablesse de femme, Madame la Princesse.*" He was quick to recognize, and he viewed with a jealous eye, the remarkable ascendancy which his daughter-in-law was rapidly acquiring over the mind of the Prince. He seems, indeed, to have been impartial in his expressions of enmity, and to have manifested the same coldness and ill-will to the Princess as to her husband.

It was evident to observers about the Court that an open outbreak of hostilities could not be long delayed. The inevitable quarrel culminated in 1717 at the christening of the second son of the Prince. On that occasion the King himself had chosen to act as sponsor to the child. The Prince desired that his uncle the Duke of York should officiate in a like capacity. But, to the indignation of the Prince, the King nominated as his colleague the Duke of Newcastle, to whom the Prince was bitterly opposed. The ceremony, which took place in the bedroom of the Princess, had scarcely concluded, when the Prince stepped up to the Duke of Newcastle, and, menacing him with his fist, said in that language of which he was so imperfect a master, and of which his father was so completely ignorant: "You are a rascal, but I shall find you!" The words were considered, not indeed without reason, to be grossly

provocative. On the same day the Prince was ordered to his apartment under arrest. Later he was commanded, together with the Princess, to quit the Palace of St. James. He was deprived of his usual guards, and notoriety was given to the catastrophe by a notice in the *London Gazette* that no one who attended the audiences of the Prince and Princess of Wales would in future be received at Court. Thenceforward there was an open breach. The Prince retired to the residence of the Earl of Grantham in Arlington Street. From there in January he moved to Savile House in Leicester Fields, preparatory to establishing himself in Leicester House, which he had purchased for his future occupation.

In the indulgence of their personal rancour, the Princes of the House of Hanover avoided no occasion of offence. Nor did they think it necessary to humour public opinion by adopting any reticence in the progress of their quarrels. The next step, therefore, was an application by the King to the Common Law Judges to ascertain whether he could deprive the Prince and Princess of Wales of the custody and education of their children. The answer being in the affirmative, an order was made that the Princesses should not in the future visit their mother without special leave from the King. The day on which this announcement was made, His Majesty, "by way of compensation, diverted himself above an hour in the nursery,"¹ and in the evening attended one of his favourite masquerades.

It must, too, have been at this time that the King had in his possession a paper drawn up by the Earl of Berkeley, a Lord of the Admiralty, which propounded a scheme for kidnapping the Prince of Wales and transporting him to America. That an officer of State should have ventured to put forward such a proposal, and have been suffered to retain his office, is evidence of the pitch of frenzy which George I. had attained in his hatred of his son.²

The quarrel continued unabated till 1720. In the early part of that year embarrassments at home and abroad led Sunderland to try to strengthen his position by co-operation with the dissentient Whigs. Overtures were accordingly made to Walpole and Townshend, who since 1717 had ceased to form part of the Ministry. Walpole insisted, as a condition precedent to his joining the Government, that there should be a reconciliation between George I. and the Prince. The difficulties were not easily surmounted. It required all the arts of intrigue to persuade the Prince to be submissive, the King to be conciliatory. The acumen of Walpole perceived that the Princess was the key to the problem. "The darling pleasure of her soul," wrote Lord Hervey, "was power." Walpole was now showing her a short-cut to a position of influence. Through her he conducted negotiations. Every day he called once, if not twice, at Leicester House, and at this period were laid the foundations of that friendship with Caroline which was to prove such a buttress to the Minister's career. Constant meetings were held at Devonshire House to settle the terms of peace, and even Mohamed, the Turkish Page of the Backstairs at St. James's, was employed in the service. Conditions were at length settled, but His Majesty petulantly hesitated. "Can't the Whigs," he said, "come back without him (the Prince)?" Walpole was resolute, and on April 23, after much redrafting, a submissive letter from the Prince was handed to the King.

The same day the Prince set out in his chair for St. James's. At the interview which followed the Prince was apologetic, the King incoherent, and "Votre conduite, votre

¹ Papers of the Earls of Marchmont, vol. ii., p. 409

² Hervey: "Memoirs of the Reign of George II.," vol. i., p. 52; vol. iii., p. 282.

conduite,” were the only words which could be heard by the penitent son. The return to Leicester House, however, showed that the interview had not been without effect. Beefeaters, by the King’s orders, surrounded the Prince’s chair. The mob huzzaed and manifested every sign of joy, and the reconciliation was further symbolized by the mounting of the appropriate guard at the gates of the Prince’s house. In the evening the courtyard of Leicester House was filled with coaches, “everything gay and laughing: nothing but kissing and wishing of Joy: and all the Town feignedly or unfeignedly transported.”¹ The dictates of decorum were appeased; a colourable truce had been adjusted. Walpole had gained his point, and, what was to prove of lasting benefit to the country, he had also gained the confidence of the future Queen. In June, 1720, he joined the Ministry as Paymaster-General to the Forces. Now (April, 1721) the reconciliation between the King and his son looked like being still further strengthened through the birth of Prince William.

Walpole found the Government on the eve of disaster, and it will not be out of place here to recall the peculiar circumstances in which the administration was involved. In April, 1720, the Sunderland Ministry had passed into law the famous South Sea Act. The effect of this measure was to initiate an unexampled era of speculation. South Sea stock rose 1,000 per cent. Fortunes were made with a rapidity hardly exceeded in the Arabian Nights. The outward aspect of society was momentarily transformed. Stock-jobbers and lately enriched merchants were to be seen jostling “people of quality”; the streets were crowded with newly-appointed coaches; liveries of strange and glaring device bore witness to the emancipation of a new vulgarity. “Saucy fops and City gentry, pedants in dress and manners,” could be detected mingling with the fashionable world in the Mall. Nor could ruffles of Mechlin or Brussels lace, nor the finest cloth of “linnen and woolen,” disguise from the observer the “Ludgate Hill Hobble, the Cheapside swing, or the City Jolt and Wriggle.” The gambling mania spread rapidly through the country. In July Mr. Secretary Craggs² wrote to Lord Stanhope: “It is impossible to tell you what a rage prevails here for South Sea subscriptions at any price. The crowd of those that possess the redeemable annuities is so great, that the bank, who are obliged to take them in, has been forced to set tables with clerks in the streets.” And, as if to emphasize the satisfaction experienced by Ministers, he adds: “There dined yesterday at Lord Sunderland’s the dukes of Devonshire and Newcastle, Lord Carlisle, Lord Townshend, Lord Lumley, the speaker, Walpole and I, and we got some very drunk, and others very merry.”

Exchange Alley had caught the public in a fit of credulity. There was no title so preposterous, no scheme so incredible, that people were not found ready to contribute. Subscriptions for a “wheel for perpetual motion,” “for importing a number of large jackasses from Spain in order to propagate a larger breed of mules in England,” “for planting mulberry-trees and breeding silkworms in Chelsea Park,” “for employing the poor,” “for carrying on an undertaking of great advantage, but nobody to know what it is,”³ were readily forthcoming, and the shares in these, as well as other equally fantastic and fraudulent proposals, rose rapidly to a premium.⁴ Hundreds of prints appeared satirizing the prevailing

¹ “Diary of Lady Cowper,” p. 143.

² Coxe’s “Walpole”: “Original Correspondence,” vol. ii., p. 189.

³ Macpherson’s “Annals of Commerce,” vol. iii., p. 97.

⁴ “Political State of Great Britain,” July, 1720.

fashion. Hogarth's earliest engraving was directed to this end, but the public were not to be deterred.

“Ombre and Basset laid aside,
New games employ the Fair,
And Brokers all those hours divide
Which Lovers used to share.”

The public had made up their mind to be rich, and everything was forced to give place to that paramount passion. By the end of September South Sea stock had fallen to 175. Thousands of families were reduced to beggary in the panic which succeeded. “The consternation is inexpressible,” wrote Thomas Brodrick to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland (Middleton), “the rage beyond expression, and the case so desperate, that I do not see any plan or scheme, so much as thought of, for averting the blow.”¹ Speaker Onslow, in his reminiscences, says that the rage against the Government was such “that I am almost persuaded, the King being at that time abroad, that could the Pretender then have landed at the Tower, he might have rode to St. James's with very few hands held up against him.”² The resentment, indeed, was proportioned to the elation which it had followed. Nothing was too bad for those responsible for the South Sea Scheme, and the most violent reprisals against members of the Ministry, who were believed to be inculpated, and against the Board of Directors, were generally advocated. In the House of Lords, Lord Molesworth suggested that the directors should be condemned to the fate reserved for parricides at Eome, and be sewn in sacks and cast into the river. If we may judge from contemporary records, this was a form of revenge that to the majority of the sufferers at the time would have appeared far from excessive. In the general frenzy and disorder, one opinion alone seemed conspicuous for sanity of judgment. All parties combined in recognizing that the only man who could deal with the emergency was Walpole. “Everybody longs for you in town, having no hopes from any but yourself,” “They all cry out for you to help them,”³ were expressions which embodied the general opinion. Walpole's first endeavour was to pacify the popular clamour; and it was not long before the adroitness and moderation which he exhibited in the management of the crisis had secured him the approval of the nation and rehabilitated the public credit.

The Ministry were deeply involved. Aislabie, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was expelled from the House of Commons and committed to the Tower; Sunderland was only acquitted by a majority of sixty-one, Stanhope by a majority of three, on charges of having improperly benefited in the scheme. Craggs, the Secretary of State, and his father, the Postmaster-General, were saved, by dying of smallpox, from proceedings which could scarcely have resulted in their favour. Stanhope, the colleague of Sunderland, after a speech of violent recrimination, died from overstrained excitement on February 21. Walpole, who from the introduction of the South Sea Act in April, 1720, had been opposed to that measure, was now without equal or rival, and in April, 1721, he became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, with Townshend as Secretary of State.

The events which had contributed to bring Walpole to power had at the same time done

¹ Coxe's "Walpole": "Original Correspondence," vol. ii., p. 190.

² Hist. MSS., Rep. 14, App. 9, p. 504.

³ Coxe's "Walpole": "Original Correspondence," vol. ii., p. 193.

much to increase the unpopularity of the dynasty. But unpopularity was by no means synonymous with insecurity. And recent political experience had shown that there was little to be feared in the way of rebellion. The nation was disposed to peace. In the course of the last eighty years the country had seen the execution of Charles I., the failure of the Commonwealth, the recall of Charles II., the Revolution, and the final expulsion of the Stuarts. Political convulsions of such magnitude could not fail to produce a widespread desire for calm.

The explosion of the South Sea Bubble had, in fact, shown, not the weakness, but the strength, of the hold on the country of the House of Brunswick. The Whig Ministry—the Ministry with which the King was identified as much as any member of the Whig party—was regarded as directly responsible for the general misfortune. It was known that the Prince of Wales, as governor of a copper company, had enriched himself to the extent of £40,000 before the catastrophe had occurred. It was also well known that the ungainly mistresses of the King and their equally ungainly relatives had utilized their semi-official position to secure large profits out of the South Sea Scheme. The well-known story¹—that one of the German ladies, being abused by the mob, put her head out of the coach, and cried in bad English: “Good people, why you abuse us? We come for all your goods.” “Yes, damn ye!” replied a fellow in the crowd, “and for all our chattels, too”—serves to illustrate the attitude of the public towards those related to the throne. But, in spite of this personal unpopularity of the Court, the manifestations throughout the country nowhere indicated any serious disaffection. It is true that the Jacobites, with their customary want of judgment, regarded the moment as so far favourable to their cause that they conceived and attempted to carry out a plot for invoking aid from France and Spain, and raising recruits in the eastern counties; but the Government received early information of the scheme, and though there was a brief run on the bank, while stocks fell ten points and the troops were called out and encamped in Hyde Park, yet the area of disturbance was of small extent. The leaders of the plot were arrested. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, was banished; George Kelly was imprisoned in the Tower; Christopher Layer, a barrister, was tried and convicted, and, after several reprieves with a view to obtaining further information from him, finally executed at Tyburn. James himself was at this time (August, 1722) at the baths of Lucca, continuing a Stuart practice among the superstitious by “touching” for the King’s evil. There was, indeed, no cause for him to be nearer St. James’s, or engaged in a less innocent pursuit. It was not to be till a new generation had grown up, and the hopes of a restoration had romantically gathered themselves about the person of the young Prince Charles, that the Jacobites were again to discover any militant activity. Thus, in spite of the declaration of Speaker Onslow² and the personal unpopularity of the King, there was no movement of disloyalty which was not easily checked by the Government measures. The King, however, thought it well to disclaim any responsibility for the misfortunes of his subjects, and, when presented with an address by the City of London, congratulating him on the birth of his grandson, he said, after sympathizing with the victims of the financial ruin: “I have, however, this comfort—that the reproach of any part of this misfortune cannot with the least justice be attributed to me.”

Such, then, in brief outline, was the state of domestic affairs when the future hero of

¹ Walpole: “Letters” (ed. Cunningham), vol. L, p. lxvi. a Ante, p. 8.

Culloden was born.

CHAPTER II THE COURT OF GEORGE I

IN August, 1720, a few months before the birth of Prince William, the hopes of the Jacobite world had been quickened into a new vitality by the birth of a son to James III. and VIII. and his wife, Clementina Sobieski, in the palace in the Via di Santi Apostoli in Rome. The future protagonists of their respective dynasties were therefore nearly of an age. But while the pious zeal of sentimental attachment has preserved the minutest record of the childhood of Charles Edward, the chronicles relating to the early years of the third son of George II. are meagre both in detail and in interest.

At the christening of Prince William, on May 2, 1721, his sponsors were the King and Queen of Prussia and the Duke of York. The Prussian Sovereigns did not attend in person, but an army order directing the grenadiers "to let their whiskers grow for the arrival of the King of Prussia"¹ shows that Frederick at one time contemplated a visit to England, and that deference to German military habits had already begun to affect the authorities in this country.

Henderson, his early biographer, who writes with never-failing enthusiasm, says that the charms of the young Prince William even in a state of infancy were significant of his approaching greatness, and that his appearances in public in the company of his mother afforded a spectacle so moving that the "disaffected themselves were forced to yield their tribute of praise, envy itself was dumb and lost in wonder, factions were silent, and both friends and enemies vied in their encomiums." After allowing for the fact that Henderson wrote in the Georgian era, and was not unmindful of those having authority, there remains ample reason for recognizing Prince William as a boy of more than ordinary promise.

With the habit of the time, he received early instruction in Latin. In the British Museum there is to be seen a small exercise-book containing letters in that language addressed to the Prince by his tutor, a well-known scholar, Jenkin Thomas Philipps. The letters are designed to incite the young recipient to the practice of primitive virtues and the pursuit of martial ambitions, with occasional excursions into more complex regions of thought. One of the letters, indeed, suggests a precocious intelligence on the part of the young Prince, then aged six, as we find the tutor therein answering in simple Latin the question propounded by his pupil—"Whether matter was indestructible." With some justice, he begins the letter by observing that the Prince was not like other sons of men, and was showing signs of an intelligence very much in advance of his years, and to one destined to command the army of the allies in Flanders at the age of twenty-four, and to be hailed as the saviour of his country when twenty-five, the homage is certainly appropriate. So successful was Philipps's instruction that heroic sentiments from the classics became part of the young Prince's familiar intercourse, and *Omnia si perdas famam servare memento* is noted as his favourite

¹ *Weekly Journal*, April 29, 1721.

hexameter. At the same time, though thus lisping in Latin, he was the idol of the ladies of the Court, a fact the more remarkable when it is remembered that he was not merely proficient beyond his years in the classics, but that he could play the part of an *enfant terrible*. Walpole¹ relates that on one occasion, having given offence to his mother, the Prince was sent to his room. Later, when released, he was in a sullen mood, and, being asked by his mother what he had been doing, replied, "Reading." "What book?" he was asked. "The New Testament." "Very well—what part?" "Where it is said, 'Woman, why troublest thou me?'" That such a child should have been the object of a conciliatory attitude on the part of the followers of the Court is easily understood, but that he should have been at the same time so uncommon a favourite may cause surprise. The Court, indeed, at this time was well calculated to counterbalance the severer side of the young Prince's studies. It was displaying a degree of animation to which the traditional view of the House of Brunswick has done little justice. The enforced removal to Leicester House, hereafter to be known as the "Prince's pouting-place,"² had produced a great alteration in the status and constitution of the Prince of Wales's Court.

Leicester House has so long been a part of bygone and forgotten London that it may be well to recall its general aspect. It was originally built in 1632-1636 by Robert Sydney, second Earl of Leicester, the father of Algernon Sydney. In the comparatively short period since its construction it had acquired not a few historical associations. It was here that Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, had died in the arms of her nephew, Charles II. Here, too, Prince Eugene of Savoy had resided in 1712 during his mission to England to frustrate the "vile Utrecht Treaty." The mission failed, but the renowned captain and comrade in arms of Marlborough was feted and entertained with a pitiless excess of hospitality. Society was lavish in devices for his amusement, and crowded to pay homage at Leicester House. Contemporary memoirs made of the Prince a theme for divergent comment. Swift, after attending a Court function at which the Prince was present, wrote: "I saw Prince Eugene at Court to-day very plain. He is plaguy yellow, and literally ugly besides." Lady Strafford, perhaps with Tory prejudice for the treaty, described the Prince as a "fritfull creature." On the other hand, to Steele "the shape of his Person and composure of his limbs "were "remarkably exact and beautiful." To such an extent can the reports of contemporary observers differ. Leicester House had also served as residence for the French Ambassador, Charles Colbert, Marquis de Croissy. Later, in the reign of Queen Anne and during several years of George I., it became the home of the accredited representative of Germany. In 1718, after the final rupture between George I. and his son, it was, as we have seen, purchased by the Prince for the sum of £6,000.³

The mansion itself occupied the north-east corner of what is now known as Leicester Square. A courtyard entered by a spacious gateway, with ornamented pillars and a low gallery on either side running parallel to the public footway, separated the house from the square. The gallery served for shops, for porters' lodges, and, when friendly relations existed between the occupants of Leicester House and St. James's, for a guard-room. The house itself, with its two stories, had a plain front, with a high-pitched roof. Tall windows facing

¹ "Walpoliana," p. 128.

² "Some Account of London": Thomas Pennant, 1813, p. 163.

³ See "Eighteenth Century Vignettes": Austin Dobson, vol. i., p. 255.

Leicester Fields gave an idea of the ample reception-rooms within. At the back of the house lay a formal Dutch garden, with statues, trees, sharply-angled plots of grass, and ground for the game of bowls, fashionable then in London wherever space permitted. To the west of Leicester House, and forming one side of the courtyard abutting on the square, lay Savile House, which communicated with Leicester House, and formed the residence of the royal children. To this centre since 1718 had gravitated the main interest of London society. Here, after the sluggish buffoonery, the somnolent card-parties, and the German society, of St. James's, presided over by that Duchess of Kendal whom Walpole describes as "very little above an idiot," there was a strongly contrasted sense of gaiety and sparkle. "Pleasures long pent up," says Lord Chesterfield, "now rushed out with impetuosity." The Princess of Wales, covetous of popularity, subsidized by her encouragement all the existing forms of amusement. The torpid formal visits which had been the principal feature of social life in the two preceding reigns were reduced to their proper limits. "Drawing-rooms," writes Lord Chesterfield, "were held every morning at the Princess's, and twice a week at night: crowded assemblies, every night at some house or other, balls, Masquerades and Ridottos, not to mention plays and operas." London, in fact, was never more gay, as Lady Mary Montagu writes,¹ than at that time.

Drawing-rooms and assemblies were all very well in their way; they were calculated to add to the stir and glitter of a Court new-formed for power, and give vivacity and impulse to a social world which had fallen into a decline of lethargy and dulness; but the authority and influence desired by Princess Caroline needed a wider basis than mere social hospitality. It was evident from the first that in the political fortunes of the country there was opportunity for the exercise of her sagacity, tact, and rare practical sense. It became her object to attract to her Court, not only politicians, but also writers, men of science, and the leaders of the Church. Since the days of Horace illustrious writers have paid their homage to Princes and the servants of Princes, and at a time when literature was at the service of party politicians, and the Court itself a centre of party faction, it is not surprising to find Swift and Pope, Gay and Arbuthnot, frequenting Leicester House and Richmond Lodge. The Prince himself was insensible to the arts. At any time, says Horace Walpole, he would have preferred a guinea to a composition as perfect as "Alexander's Feast," a judgment fully borne out in Pope's "Imitation of the First Epistle of Horace," wherein as George II. the Prince is hailed as Augustus, and his attitude to men of letters made the subject of pitiless satire. Report says that he perused the "Dunciad," when it was presented to him at the hands of Sir Robert Walpole (1729),² and that on the appearance of "Gulliver's Travels"³ he was highly diverted at the passage wherein he was described as halting between the high heels (Tories) and low heels (Whigs). To these two instances, however, his known connexion with contemporary literature is limited. As to painting, it is recorded of him that when, as George II., he was presented by Hogarth with the famous "March to Finchley," he considered the painter well rewarded with the sum of one guinea.⁴ Nor was his taste in dramatic art at all superior to his judgment in painting. He would occasionally command plays to be given for his special

¹ Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's "Works" (1837), vol. ii., p. 135.

² Roscoe: "Life of Pope," p. 342.

³ "The Works of Jonathan Swift" (ed. Scott), 1814, vol i., p. 329.

⁴ T. Davies: "Memoirs of Garrick," 1808, vol. i., p. 220.

edification, but they were plays of a previous age, such as the “London Cuckolds” or the “Fair Quaker of Deal,” notorious for their low humour. On one occasion he witnessed Garrick acting the play of “Richard III.” Overcome with ennui,¹ he was only awakened from his drowsy indifference by the appearance of Taswell in the character of the Mayor of London. “I like that Lord Mayor!” he exclaimed to the Duke of Grafton; adding a little later: “Will that Lord Mayor not come again?” From a judgment so malformed little favour towards culture and learning was to be looked for. But it was otherwise with Caroline. Her training and education, her early years spent at Lutzenburg with the Queen of Prussia, bringing her in contact with many of the most enlightened representatives of science and literature in Europe, had fitted her to preside over a Court which should number among its frequenters the aged Newton and the learned Dr. Clarke, as well as Whig politicians and the wits of the day.

The ladies whom Caroline had selected to attend her were well calculated to add to the attractions of Leicester House. In the rooms of Mrs. Howard, known as the Swiss Cantons, conjecturally by reason of the neutrality of their owner in the matter of Court squabbles, the members of a lively and pleasure-loving household used to assemble. Foremost among these was Molly Lepel, “Youth’s youngest daughter, sweet Lepel,” afterwards Lady Hervey. In friendly rivalry with her was the beautiful Mary Bellenden, “smiling Mary, soft and fair as down,” whose letters in the Suffolk correspondence are so well known for their vivacity and freedom of expression. Both these young ladies gave charm and grace to a world of which they were the central figures. Pope addressed them in verse. Pope sought their society. Voltaire celebrated the fascinations of Mary Lepel when Lady Hervey, in English quatrains,² and Gay, in his “Damon and Cupid,” wrote:

“So well ‘tis known at Court,
None ask where Cupid dwells,
But readily resort
To Bellenden’s and Lepell’s.”

Other ladies of the household were Mrs. Clayton, who later became the channel through which all solicitations for patronage and favour were made to the Queen, and whose correspondence, authority, and influence suggest that she was very far from being, as Walpole says, “a pompous blockhead”; Mary, Countess Cowper; and Mrs. Selwyn, “mother of the famous George, and herself of much vivacity and pretty;³ and others;⁴ while in the

¹ *Ibid.*, p. 215.

² “Hervey, would you know the passion
You have kindled in my breast?
Trifling is the inclination
That by words can be expressed.
‘In my silence see the lover,
True love is by silence shown:
In my eyes you’ll best discover
All the power of your own.”

³ Walpole: “Letters” (ed. Cunningham), vol. i., p. cxxx.

⁴ In 1720 there were five Ladies of the Bedchamber at salaries of £500, six Bedchamber Women at salaries of £300, six Maids of Honour at salaries of £200. The total expenditure of the Prince’s Court in salaries and wages

household of the Prince were Lord Chesterfield (then Lord Stanhope); Carr, Lord Hervey, considered more brilliant than his brother, the well-known John, Lord Hervey; and Colonel Charles Churchill, a left-hand nephew of the Duke of Marlborough.

In every age the cloying effects of life at Court have been the subject of grave and satirical innuendo. It was peculiarly the case in the early years of Hanoverian rule; even Lady Mary Montagu in her "Town Eclogues" wrote:

"I know thee, Court, with all thy treach'rous wiles,
Thy false caresses and undoing smiles!"

The writings of Pope abound with hardy condemnation of the same exalted sphere:

"Ye tinsel insects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains;"¹

while Gay, in "The Beggar's Opera," found that his most popularly applauded references were those directed against the way of the world as it was illustrated in life at Court. It was, however, reserved for a coachman of Frederick, Prince of Wales, to cast the extreme of discredit on Court appointments. For, on the death of this functionary, who had been in the habit of driving the Maids of Honour, it was discovered that he had left a sum of £300 to his son on condition that he never married any lady holding such an office.² Court appointments, nevertheless, were seldom more coveted than at this time, and when obtained were counted the summit of good fortune. "Money well timed and properly applied will do anything," says Macheath. This was certainly considered to hold good in the case of appointments at St. James's or Leicester House. In 1722 Mrs. Pitt,³ the mother of the future Lord Chatham, writes to offer 1,000 guineas to Mrs. Howard if only she will secure for her brother the office of Lord of the Bedchamber to the Prince. Mrs. Clayton, for securing the post of Master of the Horse to the Prince for Lord Pomfret, was said to have received a pair of diamond earrings worth £1,400. And a few years later (1727) the same lady was offered a "handful of bank bills" and the political support of Viscount Falmouth if she would obtain the post of Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen for Viscountess Falmouth. Retirement to the country by a holder of one such office was looked on as a misfortune. The luckless Mary Howe, eventually a victim to the "false caresses and undoing smiles" of the Court, in a letter to Mrs. Howard, complains bitterly of the dulness of the country. "My service," she adds, "to all the he and she flirts at Richmond. I am more sensible than ever I was of my happiness in being maid of honour."

Residence at Richmond Lodge was an alternative much coveted by these young ladies after the social activities of Leicester House. In the winter there was hunting. In the summer they would race across the country on hired hacks, drive over in the evening to see Colly Cibber and his company acting in the theatre erected by Steele in Wolsey's Hall at Hampton Court, or idle in their barges on the river, or, if it were August, visit Bartholomew Fair, supping afterwards at the King's Arms, and returning to Richmond in the cool of the early summer morning. Pleasure varied and light was the intentional purpose of life, and in their

was £31,998 17s. 7d. Some of the salaries were considerable, the Prince's Lord Chamberlain receiving £1,200. Among wages paid were £80 to the Master Cook, and £15 to the Woman that cleans the House (S.P., Dom., George I., bundle 70).

¹ "Ep. to Sat. Dial.," ii. 220.

² Walpole to Mann, May 12, 1743.

³ Mrs. Pitt to Mrs. Howard: "Suffolk Correspondence," vol. i., p. 101.

amusements and their correspondence with each other there is a careless rapture only now and then sobered by losses at ombre, commerce, or quadrille.

In London the society of the time was compact and self-centred. No breach had been effected in the walls by which it surrounded itself. Communication with the outer hosts savoured more of a parley between opposing forces than of any attempt at alliance or coalescence. The lines of demarcation were as a rule sharp and impassable, and at heart the social world had the callousness of a bird of prey. It patronized letters and formed friendships with authors; it was not indifferent to science; it was interested in the personal aspect of politics. What Minister was in favour at Court? Who would be the next holder of office? What would be the majority in the next division? These were the questions debated in the coffee-houses and drawing-rooms of the fashionable world. And these were the questions in the solution of which intrigue was never idle. Parties were contending for principles which had very little to do with the material welfare of the people. Education was still the privilege of the comparatively well-to-do. No general organization existed for rendering it accessible to the poor. The belief was still widely held that to educate the poor was to unfit them for their station in life, and it was argued that those born to poverty and drudgery should not be deprived by education of the “opiate of ignorance,”¹ and that the less they were instructed the harder they would work. Such theories certainly received no denial in the legislation passed in the reign of George I. The paternal love and concern for the subjects of the Crown so constantly indicated in the speeches from the Throne found faint expression in the statutes of the day. The time of Parliament was engrossed with discussions on the Standing Army, the alliances, treaties, and subsidies which the ever-changing field of Continental politics brought under review, the occasional regulation of trade and commerce, and the necessary financial business of the year.

The issues at stake were constitutional rather than domestic, and to the comprehension of the mass of the nation the proceedings of Parliament must have appeared as futile as those assigned by Rabelais to the officers of Queen Whim, whose function it was to “pitch nets to catch the wind.” It was not the moment for constructive statesmanship. What the country required, and what Walpole secured during his long ascendancy, was a respite during which the stability and equilibrium of the constitution might be assured, and the necessary machinery prepared for legislative activity. It was essentially an era of definition and adjustment, of defining the functions and adjusting the relations of the various elements in the State. There was no idea of beneficial legislation for the purpose of “making fools wise or knaves honest,” and ameliorating the condition of mankind. The agencies of improvement were the prisons, the gallows, and the cart’s tail, and at the work accomplished by these instruments of progress the country looked on with brutal approbation. All was for the best in about the worst possible world, and society least of all troubled to inquire, “What of the coming day?”

¹ Johnson’s “Works” (ed. Hawkins), 1787, vol. vi., p. 56. *The Idler*, No. 26.

CHAPTER III SOCIAL CONDITIONS

AT a very early age Cumberland was initiated in the responsibilities of command, and a miniature battalion of lads of his own standing being put through military exercises at his word of command was a common spectacle in the courtyard of St. James's, and the delight of his grandfather, George I. As a child, he certainly enjoyed an unusual share of popularity, and we find him already in his early years described as a "darling of the nation."¹ His only surviving brother, Frederick, was still a stranger to the country. His father was postponing the evil day of recalling him from Hanover, where, while yet in his teens, he was following the example of his father and grandfather in living openly with a mistress.² It is probable that this reluctance to see Frederick in England arose not only from the dislike which existed between father and son, but also from a slow dawning recognition of the fact that it was politic to veil that dislike from the public gaze. When in 1728 Frederick was finally summoned to London, he was, as will appear later, coldly received by his parents, and his arrival did little to displace the popularity of his younger brother. It was some years later that Caroline is reported to have said of him: "My dear firstborn is the greatest ass, and the greatest bar, and the greatest canaille, and the greatest beast in the whole world, and I heartily wish he was out of it." But from the moment of his first advent to St. James's the domestic atmosphere was charged with ill-feeling soon to be precipitated in open hostility.

¹ "Suffolk Correspondence," vol. ii., p. 26.

² If Lord Hervey is to be credited, the lady was Madame d'Elity, sister to Lady Chesterfield. She was said to have been mistress to George I., George II., and Frederick Prince of Wales (Hervey, vol. ii., p. 300).



Emery Walker photo.

THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AS A CHILD IN CORONATION ROBES AND ORDER OF THE BATH.
From a painting by Charles Jervas.

The young Prince William must have formed curious views of the amenities of family life. His grandmother, the Consort of George I., was languishing in a merciless captivity on the Continent; his father was living in thinly-veiled enmity with George I.; while his three sisters were separated from him by the whim of the King, who retained his custody over them at St. James's, and prevented their return to Leicester House. On the other hand, the young Prince was the favourite child of his mother, and in the arid atmosphere of his father's Court the solicitude of Caroline was the constant accompaniment of his boyhood. In the years when

character is forming, and the sensibilities are most liable to be heightened or repressed, she was at hand with an admirable wisdom to counsel and persuade. History has dealt harshly with the character of the Duke of Cumberland; but the most reluctant have been compelled to a gesture of respect before his devotion to duty and his inflexible patriotism, and been forced to admit that a grave concern for the public interest, as we shall later see, marked all his dealings with the State. If such virtues can be developed by precept or kindled by example, then assuredly we may here trace the influence of Caroline. It is true that in after-years he was to prove himself no fanatical adherent to clemency or pity, but it must be remembered that compassion and delicacy of feeling were not in the manner of the time, and that they were notably absent from the spirit and temper of that Court in which Cumberland passed his early years.

A robust self-satisfaction kept the world from moralizing about its ideals or from indulging in that self-consciousness which is largely responsible for sentiments of humanity. "General notions," said Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "are generally wrong." But the materials for forming a broad impression of the early years of the Hanoverian reign are too ample to admit much hesitation about the justice of the conclusions to be drawn.

Since the wars of Marlborough the tide of patriotism had undergone one of those ebbs which not infrequently succeed an era of renown. Public spirit had slackened. The opening of a new vista of wealth and commercial prosperity was concentrating the attention of the nation on material interests. Influences, which at other times might be counted on to preside over, colour, and even control such tendencies, were for the time being unusually faint and ineffectual.

In the spiritual world the growth of deism and free-thinking had shaken the high places of orthodoxy, and weakened the authority and sway of religious belief. It is true that Watts and Doddridge were engaging in their crusade against the prevailing indifference, but as yet there was no indication of the religious revival which followed the efforts of Whitefield and Wesley. At the same time, the reaction against Puritansim which had been kept under during the reigns of William and Anne was once more bursting to the surface and diffusing itself over the tastes and morals of the age. Then, again, there has to be noted an entire change of feeling with regard to the Monarchy. With an elderly German raised to the throne by a Statute of Parliament, and destitute in himself of every attribute calculated to appeal to the imagination, all reverence for an office formerly associated with Divine right and religious sanction had disappeared. With this also had vanished the kindred sentiments of loyalty and deference to the person of the King.

The populace itself was brutalized by the constant displays of the harshness of the criminal law, by the pillory, by the scourgings through the streets, and by the grim bravado of the processions to Tyburn.¹ Nor could the law, in spite of its severity, succeed in maintaining order or establishing security. Drunkenness was so universal that London is said to have swarmed with intoxicated people of both sexes from morning to night, and to have resembled rather "a scene of a Bacchanal" than the residence of a civilized society.²

From no quarter could an entry into London be effected without some of the peril and adventure of blockade running. The traveller might be "held up" in Bishopsgate or Soho, in

¹ Twenty persons were hung in a single morning at Tyburn on March 18, 1741.

² Hervey: "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 314.

Hampstead or Hounslow; or, if he successfully passed through the country districts, he might still be shot at in Hyde Park, or be robbed in Piccadilly or the Mall, or any of the fashionable quarters of the town. "Robbery is the only thing," wrote Horace Walpole (1750), "that goes on with any vivacity." The black figure on horseback crying "Stop!" to the chaise as it neared London at nightfall was a familiar incident of travel. To go armed or to carry a purse containing false money which might pass current in the haste and the darkness were the expedients of the well-to-do. "One is forced to travel even at noon as if one were going to battle," wrote Horace Walpole in another of his letters, and little help was to be looked for from the guardians of the peace. In 1746 those visiting Marylebone Gardens were provided by the proprietor with a guard of soldiers to protect them in their passage from London to this famous pleasure resort. And in the advertisement of Ranelagh was contained the assurance that "a strong guard is stationed upon the roads." The operations of highwaymen and footpads were facilitated by the darkness of the roads and streets, which during half the night were not lighted at all, and during the rest of the time had lamps sufficient only to make darkness discernible. Robbers were seldom interrupted at their work by official aid. The "greatest criminals in this town," it was said, "are the officers of justice; there is no tyranny they do not exercise, no villany of which they do not partake."

If by chance one of the "gentlemen of the road" fell into the vindictive hands of justice, he was certain to be the idol of the mob—he might even receive the fashionable world in his cell—and when the procession which conveyed him at last to Tyburn set out from Newgate, the sound of the bell of St. Sepulchre was often as not drowned in the sympathetic clamour of the multitudes gathered for the spectacle. The prevalence of such conditions did not tend to make the criminal law an object of fear. The life of the road, on the other hand, held rich prizes; it was associated with horsemanship, with moonlight gallops across the heath, with daring and pursuit, and evaded capture when life and death were at stake. It was a profession which had its grand manner, its romances, and in its higher walks a rough chivalry which in the eyes of the populace lent a glamour to its practitioners. Recruits were never wanting, and the prospect of dying in your shoes, as perishing on the gallows was colloquially called, seemed to exercise no terrorizing influence.

If we turn to those sources from which refining influences are expected to flow, we find here again that there was little which could either evoke or give sanction to the redeeming graces of life.

In the various branches of creative art there were signs of lethargy and decline and the absence of any informing impulse. The skill of painters and draughtsmen was directed to caricature, or the decoration of carriages,¹ of ceilings, and of staircases, or the composition of signboards. In prose the writers of the day were turning their attention to satire and invective, or rifling the field of fancy for the furnishing of political libels or the enlivening of pasquinades. Poets were engaged in reminding the nation that its morals were vicious, its politicians venal, its Court and society profligate and corrupt. The drama had declined in the absence of any new creative genius or even talent. Richardson and Fielding had not yet replaced the drama by the novel. Literature, in fact, was almost entirely taken up with the

¹ "The tricking gamester insolently rides,
With lores and graces on his chariot sides."

GAY: "Trivia," book i., i. 115.

topics of the hour. The lyrical spirit, the impulse to utter needs that were neither temporal nor related to the conditions of the moment, was scarcely to be heard. Thus there was little either in public opinion or in art to soften the unfettered licence in speech and manners which made the age notorious for its coarseness. Queen Caroline herself, who encouraged in Leicester House a wavering flame of culture, shared with her contemporaries the prevailing lack of refinement. "She never was half an hour," wrote Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough,¹ "without saying something shocking to somebody or other"—testimony which is amply corroborated by the remarks about her eldest son attributed to her by Lord Hervey. It is not to be expected that one brought up in the thick of influences so divorced from refinement should have avoided all trace of them. And we shall see that Cumberland carried with him through life a reflexion of some of the characteristics by which he had been surrounded in his earliest years.

Often, however, he presented himself as the emblem of conciliation, and his visits to his grandfather did much to bridge the gulf between Leicester House and St. James's. Favours were freely bestowed on him by the King, and in 1725, at the age of four, he was made a Knight of the Order of the Bath.

The order had long lain in desuetude; it was now revived on the initiative of Walpole, and erected into a regular military order. No one knew better than Walpole the efficacy of a riband for driving home a political argument or determining the result of a critical division. "The revival of the Order of the Bath," writes Horace Walpole in his "Reminiscences," "was the measure of Sir Robert Walpole, and was an artful bank of thirty-six Ribands to supply a fund of favours in lieu of places. He meant to stave off the demands for Garters, and intended that the Red should be a step to the Blue, and accordingly took one of the former himself." To the old Duchess of Marlborough, who refused the red riband for her grandson, John Spencer, Walpole said: "They who take the Bath will sooner have the Garter." Walpole himself resigned the Bath the following year, and became a Knight of the Garter (June 26, 1726).

At the installation of the young Prince, Sir Andrew Fountaine acted as proxy. Sir Andrew, Vice-Chamberlain to Caroline, had been entrusted with the supervision of the Prince's education. He was a man of varied learning and accomplishments, and during travels in Italy had amassed a store of famous works of art. He had been one of the leaders of the fashion, at this time becoming general, of forming collections. Every young man returning from the "grand tour" brought with him proofs of his taste for the fine arts. A Carlo Dolci or a Guido Reni from Italy, or a trunkful of bric-a-brac from Paris, was the hall-mark of a finished education and the gentleman connoisseur. Like most practices of the day, it was satirized by Pope, and some of the severest lines directed against it were concerned with Sir Andrew, who, in the person of "Annius, crafty seer with ebon wand,"² is described as "False as his gems and canker'd as his coins."

Contemporary art, except that of portrait painting, was little patronized. There never was a time in which dealers reaped a richer harvest by the sale of old masters. The dealers were the arbiters of taste, and they exploited their opportunities by forging and concocting

¹ Cunningham: "Letters of Horace Walpole," vol. i., p. cliii: "Extracts from Letters of Duchess of Marlborough."

² "Dunciad," Book iv., l. 347.

pictures of Dutch and Italian painters. They made it their business, wrote Rouquet,¹ to “foster in amateurs the absurd idea that the age of a picture determines its claim to recognition.” Even in the matter of portrait painting it was foreign artists who were favoured; and as fashion insisted that all the world should be painted by the same artist, there was small encouragement given to English painters. Sir Godfrey Kneller, dying in 1725, left, it is said, five hundred unfinished portraits.² Van Loo, whose popularity followed that of Kneller, came to England in 1735, and amassed a considerable property in four years. Bribes would be given to his servant to secure an early sitting, and the street outside his house resembled the entrance to a theatre on a popular night. Native talent was thus driven to abetting the dealers in their nefarious commerce,³ and scores of old masters issued from the studios of destitute artists.

The arts, when neglected, always degenerate,⁴ wrote Horace Walpole, and so it comes about that we find Kent, of whom Hogarth said “that neither England nor Italy ever produced a more contemptible dauber,” appointed Court painter to George II.,⁵ and talent driven to earn a livelihood by multiplying signboards.⁶ Here, indeed, was a large, if degenerate, field for design. Every shop of importance had its signboard creaking in the wind. “Our Streets,” wrote Addison, “are filled with Blue Boars, Black Swans and Red Lions, not to mention Flying Pigs and Hogs in Armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa”; and looking down any one of the commercial thoroughfares in the London of the day, the eye was greeted with a long vista of these products of artistic invention.⁷

“But when the swinging signs your ears offend
With creaking noise, then rainy floods impend.”

It is hardly matter for wonder that the search after Continental art should have been conducted with such activity, though it had the inevitable effect of aggravating the dearth of native talent. Sir Andrew Fountaine, in his famous collection, avoided the pitfalls of the virtuoso, and showed that he was a man possessing both knowledge and taste; and we may perhaps ascribe to Fountaine’s influence the encouragement which Cumberland gave in after years to the factory of Chelsea china,⁸ and the work he accomplished at Cumberland Lodge and Virginia Water.

In addition to receiving the Order of the Bath, the young Prince was created (1725) Baron of the Isle of Alderney, Viscount of Trematon in Cornwall, Earl of Kennington in Surrey, and Marquis of Berkhamstead in Hertfordshire. Later, in July, 1726, he was created Duke of Cumberland. About this time, together with the other Royal children, he was inoculated for

¹ M. Bouquet: “L’Etat des Arts en Angleterre,” p. 35. 1755.

² Ibid.

³ “Taste: A Comedy by Sam Foote,” fourth edition. 1778.

⁴ H. Walpole: “Anecdotes of Painting,” vol. v., p. 4.

⁵ Besides his salary, the Court painter appears to have had the privilege of painting a portrait of the King for every Ambassador, for which he received £40 (see Bouquet).

⁶ J. Larwood: “History of Signboards,” p. 37.

⁷ A market for signs was held in Harp Alley (Shoe Lane to Farringdon Street) (Edward’s “Anecdotes of Painting,” p. 118. 1808).

⁸ Burlington Magazine, March, 1912, p. 361: Letter of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams to Henry Fox, contributed by Lord Ilchester,

smallpox. The Princess of Wales had been persuaded by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu to venture on the experiment. Lady Mary, on her return from the East in 1718, bringing with her this alleviation against the scourge of smallpox, had been opposed by medical, religious, and even political prejudice.¹ Her own chaplain had denounced it as unchristian,² and many devout persons regarded it as savouring of paganism thus to forestall the administration of Divine justice. The medical profession had sedulously magnified the evils which attended the treatment. But Lady Mary's advocacy by slow degrees was convincing, at any rate, the fashionable world, to confide in what a poet styled "Inoculation, heavenly Maid!" Before, however, the royal children were submitted to the ordeal, an experiment, after consultation with the Law Officers of the Crown, was made with six criminals lying under sentence of death, who were pardoned "upon condition that they would suffer to be tryed upon them the experiment of inoculating the small pox."³ A great clamour was raised⁴ some years later against the immorality of a similar bargain, when Cheselden, the famous surgeon, obtained a reprieve for a relative of his own on condition of his submitting to a hazardous operation.⁵ But no protest was made in the present case. As the malefactors bore the operation without any ill-effect, six of the charity children of St. James's were made use of for a like experiment. In these cases the results were again satisfactory. Thereupon Sir Hans Sloane,⁶ after discussing the matter with the King, was appointed to perform the operation on the royal children. Such an enlightened example in high places gave an impetus to the movement, and henceforward Lady Mary was preaching in the fashionable world to the already converted.⁷

Caroline's Court, indeed, was one of the citadels where new ideas were most sure of a favourable reception. Her vigorous and inquiring mind made the Princess an eager advocate for freedom in speculation and theological opinion. By training she had been admirably equipped for playing a part in the controversies of the day. In her girlhood there had been question of her marriage to Archduke Charles, afterwards the Emperor Charles VI. For this it was indispensable that she should become a convert to the Church of Rome. To effect the requisite change of faith her spiritual education was entrusted to the hands of a Jesuit Father. But her firmness of mind and her aptitude for theological debate rendered the efforts for her conversion of no avail. Nor could the prospect of sharing the throne of the Empire shake her fidelity to the Protestant faith. "She scorned an empire, for religion's sake," wrote Gay; and what Addison described as her "exalted virtue" excited admiration in a cynical and wavering world. The Courts of Berlin and Lützenburg, where her girlhood had been spent, were centres of intellectual activity. Sophia Charlotte,⁸ Queen of Prussia, under whose care her

¹ Gibbon: "Autobiography" (Murray), p. 36.

² Voltaire: "Œuvres Complètes," vol. i., p. 130 (Gamier Freres). 1879.

³ Harris: "Life of Lord Hardwicke," vol. i., p. 116.

⁴ "Suffolk Correspondence," vol. i., p. 310 ("Dictionary of National Biography," art. "Cheselden").

⁵ The practice was apparently revived in 1763 (see "Annual Register," vol. vi., p. 68). "When a young highwayman was offered his life if he would consent to have his leg cut off, that a new styptic might be tried,—'What!' replied he, 'and go limping to the devil at last? No, I'll be damned first!'—and was hanged" (Walpole: "Letters," vol. v., p. 341).

⁶ "Philosophical Transactions," vol. xlix., part ii., p. 516.

⁷ "Letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," vol. ii., p. 146.

⁸ Wife of Frederick I. of Prussia, guardian of Caroline.

early years had passed, had gathered about her some of the keenest minds in Europe, and that spirit of inquiry which led her, Leibniz said, to ask “the why of the why,” found delight in scientific and theological disputation. It was the habits thus engendered which Caroline now sought to foster in her English Court. On one occasion she acted as arbitress in a famous controversy initiated by her between Leibniz and Samuel Clarke upon the nature of time and space. Twice a week, when her Court was in residence in London, Clarke, Hoadly, and Sherlock, used to meet in her presence to join in discussions with Berkeley of a theological and metaphysical nature. Heterodox themes found in Caroline a ready listener, and her leaning to the latitudinarian party caused her to be regarded with doubt and disfavour by the Bench of Bishops.

Theological symposia became an established feature of the Court, and were continued for many years after the death of George I. had led Caroline to move from Leicester House to St. James's. An account of one of these gatherings left by Charles Butler¹ conveys a curious impression of the solemnity with which they were conducted. In the Queen's apartments were assembled Dr. Hawarden and Mrs. Middleton, both Roman Catholics, Dr. Courayer, whom the persecution of the French Jesuits had driven to England in search of freedom and security, and Samuel Clarke. Clarke proceeded to expound his view of the Trinitarian controversy. A debate followed, and the controversy seems to have been put an end to by Dr. Hawarden, who asked: “Can God the Father annihilate the Son and the Holy Ghost?” To this Dr. Clarke, “after deep thought, replied that it was a question he had never considered.”

The aged philosopher, Newton, was often conveyed in his chair from his residence on the south side of Leicester Fields, and gave distinction to the discussions at Leicester House. It is related that young Cumberland conceived for him a “reverent admiration,” and upon the death of the great Sir Isaac in 1727 he was present in Westminster Abbey at the funeral ceremony, which was witnessed by Voltaire. Voltaire, suffering from his recent persecution in Paris, could appreciate and wonder at the spectacle of a nation paying homage to a man of science on a scale which could not have been excelled had he been a great monarch at the close of a beneficent reign. It was but one manifestation of that liberal spirit on behalf of which he was to return to France and conduct his life's campaign. Voltaire “came to England,” it has been said, “a poet; he left it a sage.”² And perhaps none of the contrasts which presented themselves to his discerning eye was more pointed than that between the Court of Louis XV. and the Court of Caroline— between a Court stereotyped in intolerance and a Court in which every opinion could be debated, and in which men of letters and science were received irrespective of creed, and irrespective, though in a lesser degree, of political professions.

Under such a regime learning had largely superseded the gaiety of earlier years at Leicester House; the laughter of the Bellendens and Lepels had given place to discussions on the Trinity, on freewill and the relative claims of orthodoxy and freethinking. The social world no longer nocked to the Princess's Court, and the royal entertainments took on a hue of seriousness which in the first flush of successful rivalry to St. James's had been notably absent. It is no surprise to learn that in such an atmosphere Cumberland was remarkable in childhood for his grave demeanour and his attention to books, or that his recreation took

¹ “Works,” vol. iv., p. 89.

² J. Morley: “Voltaire,” p. 58.

the form of a precocious predilection for military concerns and the punctilious control of his little battalion. From time to time we catch glimpses of him at Richmond, at Leicester House, or the Palace of St. James's; but it is generally some preternatural sharpness of speech which brings him to notice, as when asked by George I. what time he got up in the morning, he replied: "When the chimney-sweepers went about." "Chimney-sweepers" was not a word with which the old King was familiar, and he rashly inquired of his grandson the meaning. "Have you been so long in England," said the young Prince, "and do not know what a chimney-sweeper is? Why, they are like that man there;" and he pointed at Lord Finch, who was conspicuous for the darkness of his complexion, and was henceforward in Court circles designated as the "Chimney-Sweeper." Or, again, when driving with his mother, he threw coins to the populace who crowded round the coach, and being reprov'd for his action, he smilingly observed: "Oh, madam, ought not I to love my loyal subjects?" The Princess said: "You little rogue! How come you to say 'my subjects'? They are only the King's." "Oh, madam," he answered, "I meant the loyal subjects; for I know that they are only the subjects of my royal grandfather."

In 1727 Gay published his "Fables," the first of which was dedicated to the young Prince in the following terms:

"Accept, young Prince, the moral lay
 And in these tales mankind survey;
 With early vertues plant your breast,
 The specious arts of vice detest.
 Princes, like Beautys, from their youth
 Are strangers to the voice of truth:
 Learn to contemn all praise betimes;
 For flattery's the nurse of crimes.
 Friendship by sweet reproof is shown,
 (A virtue never near a throne);
 In courts such freedom must offend,
 There none presumes to be a friend
 To those of your exalted station,
 Each courtier is a dedication;
 Must I too flatter like the rest
 And turn my morals to a jest?
 The muse disdains to steal from those,
 Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose."

Gay was much at Court. His small fortune had been swept away in the general ruin which followed the explosion of the South Sea Bubble. Since then his eyes had been turned to the quarter whence help was to be expected, and we may reasonably conjecture that his ambition was to be made tutor to the young Duke. Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, interested themselves on behalf of their friend. Pope wrote: "Blessed is the man who expects nothing, for he shall never be disappointed," was the ninth beatitude, which a man of wit (who, like a man of wit, was a long time in gaol) added to the eighth: I have long ago preached this to our friend"¹ (Gay). Many years before this Gay had served his apprenticeship in Courts, for

¹ Elwin and Courthope: Pope's "Works," Pope to Fortescue, September 23, 1725, vol. ix., p. 104.

in 1714, as secretary to Lord Clarendon, he had accompanied him on his mission as Envoy Extraordinary to Hanover. On Gay's return, Pope, always solicitous for his friend's advancement, and a firm believer in the temporal advantages to be derived from putting your trust in Princes, wrote to urge him to "write something on the king or prince or princess"¹ Gay's first step in this direction had been the publication, in November, 1714, of his "Letter to a Lady," on the occasion of the Princess's arrival in England. Advancement followed at a slower rate than was expected.

"Places, I found, were daily giv'n away,
And yet no friendly Gazette mentioned Gay."

Swift suggested it was because Gay had dedicated his eclogues, "The Shepherd's Week" (1714), to Bolingbroke, and was therefore banned by the authorities. But Gay was in need of great men's favour, and was not to be deflected in his pursuit by the ill-success which attended his efforts. And so it came about that the "Fables" were dedicated to the young Prince William.

The sequel was the offer of the post of Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa, then aged five—an offer so much below Gay's expectation that, by the advice of Swift, it was declined. Hereafter there were many recriminations, and on slender evidence Walpole was accused of ill-will and Mrs. Howard of deception. "I have known Courts," wrote Swift, "these thirty-six years, and know they differ: but in some things they are constant: First, in the trite old maxim of a minister's never forgiving those he hath injured: secondly [alluding to Mrs. Howard], in the insincerity of those who would be thought the best friends."² But the ingratitude of those who seek, as well as the fickleness of those who bestow favours, has to be remembered. It was during the supremacy of Walpole that Gay had been made a Commissioner of Lotteries, and till the day of his death he remained an intimate friend of Mrs. Howard.³ She gave, indeed, a supreme proof of her confidence in his fidelity and discretion by employing him to draw up drafts of letters which were to form her side of a correspondence with a "man of wit."⁴ Gay, his vanity rebuffed by the offer made to him of a minor Court appointment, did not conceal the mortification he experienced. In January, 1728, was produced at Lincoln's Inn Fields his play "The Beggar's Opera," wherein society and the Court were made the target of satirical allusions, and the quarrel between Walpole and Townshend suggested in the dispute between Lockit and Peachum.⁵ After this it is not surprising to find "the Orpheus of Highwaymen" writing to Pope: "It is my hard fate that I must get nothing, whether I write for them [the Court] or against them." Such an attitude is not easily to be reconciled with the well-known line in Pope's epitaph on Gay, "In wit a man, simplicity a child."

But the conduct of Gay illustrates the relation between literary men and the Court at this time. The Court was very much a branch of politics. And the link between literature and politics was exceedingly close. Men of letters by scanning the political heavens, could write themselves into a sinecure, and achieve comparative independence with their pen. These

¹ *Ibid.*, Pope to Gay, September 23, 1714, vol. vii., p. 417.

² Swift to Gay, November 27, 1727.

³ Lady Suffolk (see "Suffolk Correspondence," vol. i., p. 122).

⁴ Lord Peterborough (*ibid.*).

⁵ Act II., Scene 10.

were days when pensions and preferments were bestowed on the principle of “do ut des.” And if Walpole, “the poet’s foe,” did little to encourage literature, it has to be remembered that writers who had sworn never to separate themselves from his fortunes were among the first, when George II. came to the throne, to lay their homage at the feet of Sir Spencer Compton, whom all the world looked on as the successor of Walpole. Walpole used to say that it was fortunate so few men could be Prime Minister, as it was best that few should know the shocking wickedness of mankind.¹ It was not only on his knowledge of politicians that this view was founded.

Among those who showed their appreciation of the Royal Family by dedicating literary work to the young Prince was Samuel Clarke, the most disinterested of divines, who published “by Royal Command” his translation of the first twelve books of the “Iliad,” and addressed them to the Duke of Cumberland. The Duke appears himself to have ventured on authorship, for we read that in February, 1731, “a printing press was put up at St. James’s for their Majesties to see the noble art of printing,” and “that His Royal Highness the Duke wrought at one of the cases to compose for the press a little book of his own writing call’d The Laws of Dodge Hare.”² Nothing, however, but the title of the work has survived.

¹ “Walpoliana,” p. 88.

² Gentleman’s Magazine, [February, 1731](#)

He that falls must have 5 Stripes.
He that falls on purpose must be catch'd.
He that looks must not play off one game.
He that lets himself be catch'd must be
let go again.
He that don't catch whom he can must
have 4 stripes on the hand.
He that crys whoop before the rest are bid
must have 2 stripes.
He that accuses another wrongfully must
have 100 stripes.
He that takes hold oj another must be
catch'd.
He that gets over the Beds must have 10
stripes.
He that sticks pins in the bed-posts must
have 80 stripes.
He that stands in the way must have 40
stripes.
He that does not sit still after he has been
home must have 5 stripes.
He that, tells over or under 5 must be
catch'd.
He that mistakes the name must be catch'd.

CHAPTER IV THE NEW REIGN

IN June, 1727, during one of his excursions to Hanover, George I. was seized with apoplexy; on June 14 the news of his death was conveyed to the Prince of Wales at Richmond by Sir Robert Walpole. Dr. Johnson, in a Tory outburst, said of George I. that "he knew nothing and desired to know nothing; did nothing and desired to do nothing; and the only good thing that is told of him is that he wished to restore the crown to his hereditary successor." It was, however, his very defects which adapted George I. for the time and occasion of his occupancy of the throne. Knowing nothing of English politics, he trusted Walpole. Doing nothing, he became the constitutional Sovereign during whose reign the foundations of Parliamentary and popular government were successfully established. Above all, by refraining from undue interference in affairs of State, he was able to reconcile the country to the notion of a monarch with a Parliamentary title.

By a neutral attitude to constitutional questions, George I. tided over a critical period in the history of the nation. When he died, it was beyond question that the Hanoverian dynasty was stronger, and the Jacobite tendencies weaker, than when he ascended the throne. In the very year of his death there had been a notable expression of loyalty which betokened on the part of the nation a momentary access of solidarity and enthusiasm. In January, 1726-27, the King's Speech had called the attention of Parliament to the existence of secret stipulations in the Treaty of Vienna (1725), by one of which the Emperor Charles VI. and King Philip V. of Spain had bound themselves to use their best endeavour to place the "Pretender" on the throne of Britain. The Emperor had unwisely followed this declaration by an appeal to the British nation, in which he denied the allegation and demanded reparation for the insult which it implied.

This act of the Emperor had the effect of rousing the indignation of the country. Palm, the Emperor's Resident, was ordered to quit London; an address drawn up by Walpole, and expressing "abhorrence of the audacious manner of appealing to the people against his Majesty, and detestation of the presumptuous and vain attempt of endeavouring to instil into the minds of any of his Majesty's faithful subjects the least distrust or diffidence in his most sacred royal word," received the unanimous support of Parliament. It united for the moment Jacobites, Hanover Tories, and dissentient Whigs, with the supporters of the Government. Vigorous measures were at once adopted. An army of 44,000 Swedes, Danes, and Hessians, was subsidized. The forces at home were augmented from 18,000 to 26,000 men. The troops in Hanover were increased from 16,000 to 20,000, while three squadrons of ships were despatched respectively to the Baltic, the West Indies, and the coast of Spain. War thereupon seemed inevitable, and hostilities were actually commenced by Spain laying siege to Gibraltar. Walpole never ceased in his endeavours to limit the area of conflict and maintain the general peace of Europe. Largely owing to the skilful negotiation of Horatio Walpole in Paris, France remained faithful to the English alliance, and in May, 1727, the

Emperor, alarmed at the combination of forces arrayed against him, was induced to sign the preliminaries of peace with England, France, and Holland. Thus deserted by the Emperor, who two years previously had bound himself to Spain by the Treaty of Vienna, the Spanish King found himself isolated, and engaged single-handed in the siege of Gibraltar. Walpole's action in not declaring war upon Spain was criticized at the time, and has not ceased to be criticized by subsequent historians.¹

Yet it should be remembered that the cardinal principle of his Continental policy was the maintenance of peace. "My politics," he wrote to Townshend (1723), "are to keep clear of all engagements"; and in 1734 he was able to boast to the Queen that "there are 50,000 men slain in Europe this year, and not one Englishman."

Walpole's wisdom at this juncture was justified by subsequent events. War was averted. The combination between the Courts of Vienna and Madrid was shattered. The alliance between France and England was strengthened, and, after delays which only by the sagacity of Walpole were prevented from precipitating a general conflict, Spain assented to the peace in the Treaty of Seville (1729), the signatories to which were England, France, and Spain. Spain, it is said, delayed in the hope of Jacobite developments in England. Never was a vainer hope indulged. Lord Hervey considered that, except for a few veterans, the Jacobite party in Parliament at the time of the accession of George II. was non-existent. Certainly there was no move made in England in favour of James III. at this time. James himself was at Bologna, busy patching up his quarrel with his consort Clementina, when the courier rode in with news that the King of England was dead. The little Jacobite world was more interested in the expected reconciliation between husband and wife, and the end of a feud which had divided the ranks of the faithful and been food for scandal in every Court of Europe, than in making any immediate attack upon England.

But here was a call of State higher than the chance and change of a family squabble. And, acting on the advice of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester,² his Minister at this time in Paris, "Jamie the Rover" was once again in the saddle riding over Europe, with his face set to the Promised Land. Arrived at Nancy, he sent messengers to the Courts of Vienna, Madrid, and Paris, to announce his enterprise. In a letter conveyed by Cameron³ to Lockhart, he acknowledged that no foreign assistance was to be expected, but suggested that he should show himself in person either in England or the Highlands, and trust to the loyalty of his followers. In the same letter he gave play to that visionary optimism so slow to perish in the hearts of Stuart exiles. "Our countrie," he writes, "is now (whatever the outward appearance may be) in great confusion and disorder, the people have had time to feel the weight of a foreign yoke, and are nowayes favorably inclined towards the present elector of Hanover. That concert, vigor, and unanimity which does not precede my crossing the seas, may attend and follow such an event. . . ." Vain belief, which, reviving again in years to come, was to cost so many lives and doom so many hopes, and weave the woof of such high romance. But for the moment Lockhart refused to temporize with this airy creed, and in his reply pointed out with irrefutable force the futility of any such undertaking. Thereupon James withdrew to Avignon, whence, through the representations of the French Court, he was harried back to

¹ Lecky: "England in the Eighteenth Century," vol. i., p. 351.

² Add. MSS., 32,751, f. 773.

³ S.P., Dom., George II., bundle 2, July, 1727. The letter is printed in Browne, vol. ii., p. 389.

Italy.

From Madrid information was despatched¹ to Walpole that the Jacobites were showing great activity, holding meetings, and conferring with the Spanish Ministry. But their efforts failed there as elsewhere. There was no symptom of the hoped-for commotions in England. It was impossible to galvanize the Powers into supporting James. The faint stir in the Jacobite party gradually ebbed away, and for the time being the cause of James ceased to have further significance.

Meanwhile at home the Ministerial crisis was reaching a solution little looked for either by the seekers after place or the avowed enemies and the already faltering friends of Walpole. At the famous interview at Richmond, when Walpole inquired for directions with regard to the summoning of the Council,² George II.'s only answer was: "Go to Chiswick, and take your directions from Sir Spencer Compton." Walpole obeyed the injunction, and at his interview with Compton expressed a wish that in the coming administration he might be allotted "one of your white sticks"—that is to say, an office in the Household—as a mark that he might still look to the Crown for protection against the fury of his enemies.³ Walpole himself was no wiser than his generation. Like everyone else, he was convinced that his downfall was certain. When he appeared at Leicester House the crowd scattered. The majority of his followers clamoured with indecent zeal to dissociate themselves from his fortunes. Dodington, who in a recent panegyric on Walpole had vowed his fidelity ("I," he wrote,

"To share thy adverse fate alone pretend;
In power a servant, out of power a friend"),

was one of the first to be seen at Sir Spencer's levée. But it was soon apparent that Compton was unequal to the task. Humbly had he said, when elected as Speaker in 1715, that he had "neither memory to retain, judgment to collect, nor skill to guide debates." Now he was in the position of soliciting Walpole to draw up the speech to be read by the King to his Council. He hesitated to press for the dismissal of the Ministry. The opportunity slipped by. Horatio Walpole, the English Ambassador in Paris, arrived with a letter from Cardinal Fleury, declaring the intention of France to maintain the existing relations with Britain, and making it clear that the continuance of Walpole at Paris was desirable to this end. Queen Caroline was persuasive on the side of Sir Robert. The establishment of the Civil List came up for discussion. Walpole, it was remembered, had been said by George I. to be capable of turning stones into gold. Nothing of the kind was required for the moment. It was only necessary to outbid Compton. Walpole offered a jointure for the Queen of £100,000, and a grant to the King of £800,000, against Compton's offer of £60,000 for the Queen and £700,000 for the King. "Consider, Sir Robert," said the King, "what makes me easy in this matter will prove for your ease too; it is for my life it is to be fixed, and it is for your life." Walpole's offer, the letter of Cardinal Fleury, and the allurements of the Civil List, prevailed. Parliament met. The Civil List of Walpole was agreed to with only one dissentient—namely, the Jacobite "Downright" Shippen. On June 24, 1727, Walpole became First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Townshend Secretary of State.

¹ S.P., Foreign, Spain, July, 1727: Van der Meer to Walpole.

² As to the truth of the well-known story of the suppression of George I.'s will by his son, see Appendix A.

³ Hervey; "Memoirs of George II.," vol. i., p. 32.

Walpole must have relished the irony of the situation. While yet Prince of Wales, George II. had called Robert Walpole a rogue and a rascal, Horatio Walpole a dirty buffoon, the Duke of Newcastle an impertinent fool, and Lord Townshend a choleric blockhead. Yet these were the four men whom the King now discovered were indispensable—one as Ambassador, the others as Ministers. The only changes made in the Ministry were the dismissal of Lord Berkeley, head of the Admiralty, and of Sir William Yonge, for whom the King had conceived an insurmountable dislike.

Walpole at this time and throughout his term of office entertained the view that for the tenure of his post it was indispensable to secure and retain the good-will of the King. Yet the privilege of the King to act out of harmony with the general feeling of Parliament could no longer be exercised without inflicting a strain on the constitutional machinery. He could not keep a popular Minister out of power any more than he could keep an unpopular Minister in power. George II. would have been glad to do without Walpole. George III. tried to do without Chatham. In each case the King had to give way, just as George II. had to give way in 1742, when he wished to retain Walpole; and again in 1744, when his favourite Minister, Lord Carteret, lost the support of Parliament. Practice had not yet defined, nor had experience established, the limitations to the Sovereign's authority; but in substance the limitations were very much the same as they are at the present time. The political conditions, however, were more favourable to the exercise of such power as the King possessed. It is only with the development of social legislation that party divisions have become sharp and distinct. In the early eighteenth century social legislation was unknown; the principles of the Revolution were generally accepted, and there was little to divide politicians except the question of office and the direction of foreign policy. There were Whigs in power and Whigs in opposition. At any moment they might combine as they combined in 1744, when the Pelhams, by an arrangement with Pitt and Chesterfield and the other leaders of opposition, succeeded in displacing Carteret. Parliamentary groups were as mutable as Continental alliances. And a combination of the opponents of a Minister with his own supporters was seldom outside the region of practical tactics.

The Sovereign had the same power then as now to call on whom he chose to form a Ministry; and at a time when Whig talent was to be found on both sides of the House, the King's choice could be exercised over a larger area. During a great part of Walpole's administration there were in opposition a number of Whig opponents perfectly capable of superseding him, whose only policy was to oppose Walpole and decry the French alliance. So long as Walpole retained the good-will of the King, a Ministerial crisis could only be precipitated inside the House of Commons. If he lost the support of the King, it was always open to George II. to dismiss Walpole,¹ and create, not a Tory administration, but a fresh arrangement of Whig politicians. This is what made it essential to obtain the support of the Sovereign. This is what led to the establishment of that system by which George II. was unconsciously policed into acquiescence with Walpole's plans. In any question of policy out of sympathy with the views of George II., Walpole instructed Lord Hervey; Lord Hervey influenced the Queen; the Queen persuaded the King; and the King, when the matter came to be discussed, found his own views strangely coinciding with those of his Minister.

¹ Cf. Bolingbroke's letter to Lord Marchmont, July 20, 1739: "Walpole is your tyrant to-day: and any man his Majesty pleases to name, Horace or Le Heup, may be to-morrow."

Court influences being thus conditioned, there was a great deal of scope for the play of individual intrigue and personal pressure. Later in his career, in the early years of the reign of George III., Cumberland was to play an important part in negotiations with Pitt, and in the formation of the Rockingham Ministry. That he was able to do so largely depended on the existence of the conditions which have been indicated.

CHAPTER V GEORGE II'S FAMILY

AFTER the death of George I. the family of Queen Caroline was for the first time united. Her daughters the Princesses were no longer kept from the society of their parents, and Prince Frederick, who since his birth in 1707 had continued to reside in Hanover, was (December, 1728) summoned to take up his residence with the King and Queen in London. But it was policy rather than affection which restored the Prince to the circle of his family. The young Duke of Cumberland was scarcely out of his cradle before his parents were designing to divide the succession, and to allot to Prince Frederick the Kingdom of Hanover, and to the Duke of Cumberland the Crown of Great Britain.¹ Any course, in fact, which would have the result of keeping their eldest son out of their presence would have been grateful to the new King and Queen. But the idea of treating the Crown of Great Britain as if it was personally at the disposition of the Sovereign was dispelled by George I.,² and on the death of that monarch the national outcry against the continued absence on foreign soil of the heir-apparent became so pronounced that George II. was compelled to order his attendance at the Court of St. James.³

The Prince arrived in London December, 1728. His entry was unattended by any ceremony. "Yesterday," we are told, "His Royal Highness Prince Frederick came to Whitechapel about seven in the evening, and proceeded thence privately in a hackney coach to St. James's."⁴ At the palace the King appears to have made no concealment of the disfavour with which he regarded the arrival of his son. The impression produced on the young Prince by his reception was a lasting one. He was at this (1728) time twenty-one years of age; he had been separated from his family for fourteen years, and he was now for the first time arriving in what was to him a foreign country, to the crown of which he was heir. Every circumstance, in fact, combined to heighten his sensibility, and to inflame the resentment which he must have experienced at the coldness of his father's greeting. Queen Caroline, though disposed to make the best of him as a constitutional necessity, and to preserve all outward decorum in her relations with him, was secretly chafing at the overshadowed priority of her younger and favourite son. "My God!" she said some years later, "popularity always makes me sick, but Fritz's popularity makes me vomit."⁵ Prince Frederick, with the help of the politicians, quickly assumed an attitude of opposition to his father. And till the day of his death his conduct continued to exasperate his family and to concentrate their cordial hatred.

¹ Campbell: "Lives of the Chancellors," vol. iv., p. 597.

² *Ibid.*

³ Hervey, vol. i., p. 120; "Lives of Chancellors," vol. iv., p. 589.

⁴ Daily Post, December 5, 1728, cited in Wilkins, "Caroline the Illustrious," vol. ii., p. 90.

⁵ Hervey: "Memoirs."

The character of Prince Frederick has suffered more than that of any other person of the time from the ingenious vin-dictiveness of Lord Hervey. In that field of malignant invective, the Hervey memoirs, truth is often enough at the mercy of personal malice or a literary antithesis. But, in the case of Prince Frederick, Lord Hervey, "that mere white curd of ass's milk," has drawn a portrait so uniformly malevolent, and at the same time so vivid, that succeeding generations have been content to base upon it all estimates of the Prince's character. Yet at one time, before his disposition had been soured by his father's conduct and embittered by the failure of his proposed marriage with his cousin, Sophia Dorothea Wilhelmina, Princess Royal of Prussia, Frederick appeared to observers less biased than Lord Hervey an accomplished and gifted Prince. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, writing from Hanover in 1716, was "surprised at the quickness and politeness in everything he said,"¹ and describes herself (no easy victim) as charmed with his manner and appearance.

Again, even after the Prince's arrival in England, Lady Bristol writes of him² as "the most agreeable young man that it is possible to imagine. . . . The crown of all his perfections is that just duty and regard he pays to the King and Queen, with such a mixture of affection, as if obliging them were the greatest pleasure of his life ... so that I believe the world never produced a Royal family so happy in one another: pray God long continue it." But already, while Lady Bristol was writing, the knell of this idyllic concord had sounded. Nevertheless, such favourable testimony suggests that the judgments of Lord Hervey upon this unfortunate Prince require, in the interests of truth, to be tempered with justice. It must also be remembered that none of those who later attached themselves to the Prince's Court for political motives have given the world any reason to believe in the accuracy of Lord Hervey's portraiture. Neither Pitt, Lyttelton, Chesterfield, nor Cobham, who were all admitted to his most intimate counsels, has lent any confirmation to the traditional and adverse view of the Prince's character. The initial cause of the family feud which Lord Hervey has made so much of has never been made clear. It is reasonable, however, to lay the blame for its development largely at the door of George II. The King, from the moment of his eldest son's arrival in England, adopted an attitude which put all hope of a reconciliation out of the question. A little elasticity and a bare minimum of tact would probably have kept the Prince from violent opposition, and would have enabled him to play a more creditable part in the history of the time. But of these solvents no sign was ever forthcoming.

The chief storm-centre in the family appears to have been Anne (afterwards Princess of Orange), the eldest of Queen Caroline's daughters. In her youth she was a prey to the most vehement ambition. "I would die to-morrow," she said, "to be Queen to-day;" and it was her constant wish that she had no brothers, in order that she might succeed to the Crown of Britain. Before her formal engagement, and before the Prince of Orange was introduced to her presence, George II. thought well to prepare her with a description of how hideous a bridegroom she was to expect. Her only remark was that she would marry him if he was a baboon.³ "Well, then," said the King, throwing open the door, "there is baboon enough for you."

While in England Anne dabbled ineffectually in the arts; she learned to speak foreign

¹ "Works," vol. i., p. 314, ed. 1837.

² "Letter-Books of John Hervey, Earl of Bristol," vol. iii., p. 29.

³ Hervey: vol. i., p. 279; Walpole: "George II.," vol. i., p. 207.

languages with fluency, and, instructed by Handel, she became a proficient player of the harpsichord. Handel's tutorship, in fact, was so successful that in 1736 he was appointed music master, at a salary of £200 per annum, to the Princesses Amelia and Caroline.¹ But these comparatively enlightened diversions did not deter her from pursuing her ambitions or fostering dissensions between her father and her eldest brother. The King, who was the least observant of parents, often bragged of how dearly his daughter Anne loved him; but the following account of her views of her father leaves little doubt as to the sentiments she entertained for him: "... his giving himself airs of gallantry: the impossibility of being easy with him: his affectation of heroism: his unreasonable, simple, uncertain, disagreeable, and often shocking behaviour to the Queen: the difficulty of entertaining him: his insisting upon people's conversation being always new, and his own being always the same thing over and over again: in short, all his weaknesses, all his errors, and all his faults were the topics upon which at Kensington the summer after she (Princess Anne) was married she was for ever expatiating."²

The severity of the criticism is lightened by the gleam of loyalty and affection for her mother. Devotion, indeed, to their mother was shared by all the children, with the exception of Prince Frederick. Sometimes it was curiously expressed, as when, at the time of the Court crisis which resulted in the withdrawal of Lady Suffolk from St. James's, the Princess Anne said: "I wish with all my heart he [the King] would take somebody else, that Mamma might be a little relieved from the ennui of seeing him." The Queen herself, who looked on conjugal infidelities as "things about which only fools and girls made themselves uneasy," had endeavoured to persuade Lady Suffolk to remain at Court. "What the devil," said the King in a burst of candour when he heard of his wife's good offices, "did you mean by trying to make an old, dull, deaf, peevish beast stay and plague me when I had so good an opportunity of getting rid of her?"³ Mother and daughter were of one mind in desiring the presence of a third party to divert the King. A constant sympathy and understanding prevailed between the Queen and the Princesses, and there is no doubt that she was sincerely loved by them as well as by Cumberland. Lord Hervey denies ability to Princess Anne. But the Newcastle Papers show that she carried on an intelligent correspondence with the Duke of Newcastle on foreign affairs, and exercised her power in Holland judiciously, and as far as possible to the advantage of Britain.

Of Princess Emily,⁴ the second daughter, Lord Hervey says: "She had much the least sense except her brother [Prince Frederick] of the family, but had for two years much the prettiest person," and that "she had as many enemies as acquaintance, for nobody knew without disliking her." In spite of this malevolent summary, Princess Emily in her youth was probably the most popular member of the family. She was gay and vivacious, and of independent judgment. At one time the destined bride of the Crown Prince of Prussia, she continued single throughout her life. She was courted by the Dukes of Newcastle and Grafton, and "was suspected of having been as kind to Grafton's love as she would have been unkind in yielding to Newcastle's, who made exceeding bustle about her, but was always

¹ "Calendar of Treasury Books and Papers" (1736), p. 188.

² Hervey: "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 87.

³ Hervey: "Memoirs," vol. ii., p. 352.

⁴ Amelia Sophia Eleonora, born June 10, 1711, died October 31, 1786.

bad at executing all business.”¹ She was devoted to hunting, and the Duke of Grafton was so much her favourite companion of the chase that the gossip of the day made free with their names. They certainly mistook the direction of the hounds more often than was compatible with zeal for the sport of hunting, and on one occasion scandal was created by their shaking off their attendants and going together to a private house in Windsor Forest, returning to the castle at an hour irreconcilable with the decorum of the Court. In later years these lighter passages of Princess Emily’s youth were succeeded by a passion for gossip and prying into the affairs of her neighbours. After the King’s death, when she was living in her own house at the corner of Harley Street and Cavendish Square, she went much into society, and made, so Horace Walpole writes, other houses as dull as St. James’s. She developed an insatiable love for cards, and one of the most dreary obligations of social life in London was organizing for her entertainment sets at loo or commerce. She was said to possess the “strength of a Brunswick lion,” and late hours were as nothing to her remarkable constitution. At parties she would wrangle, and take snuff, and argue with her opponents at cards, and, through being deaf and a King’s daughter, generally got the best of the argument. At all times she expressed her mind with the utmost freedom. To Madame de Mirepoix she is said by Horace Walpole to have cried out: “Ah, madame, vous n’avez pas tant de rouge aujourd’hui: la première fois que vous êtes venue ici vous aviez une quantité horrible.” The same writer records that on another occasion, during a discussion on the peerage, she said to the Duchess of Bedford: “I would not give a straw to be a peer in this country—no, give me a good brewhouse: that is what makes one considerable here.” But under a rather forcible and masculine presentment Princess Emily had a fund of good-humour and generosity. And a spirit of charity common both to her mother² and herself found expression in innumerable benefactions. Older than Cumberland by ten years, she was his favourite sister, and when the Duke received the appointment of Ranger of the Park she kept house for him at Windsor. It was to her order that in 1757 the famous portrait of the Duke was painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds for sixty guineas.³ She remained his devoted friend long after “she,” as Horace Walpole writes, “had at last determined to be old and ugly and out of danger” (1748).

The other members of King George’s family need only the briefest reference. Elizabeth Caroline,⁴ a shadowy figure among the more marked and explosive personalities of her relations, was much given to works of benevolence and piety. In early youth she had the serious misfortune to fall in love with John, Lord Hervey, a circumstance which overshadowed her life, and was much accentuated by Lord Hervey’s unremitting attendance at Court. After her mother’s death she wrote to her sister the Princess of Orange: “Je ne puis dire quelle satisfaction ce m’est de penser à ce qu’elle [the Queen] me dit pendant sa maladie; que je la suivrais bientôt; et que tout le temps elle a paru s’en faire un plaisir.”⁵ Subsequently she lived the life of an invalid nun in close retirement in the Palace of St. James, devoting her whole income to charity and the mitigation of the sufferings of the prisoners in gaols. So much did she long, after Lord Hervey’s death, for the grave as a release

¹ Walpole: “Reminiscences,” vol. i., p. 182.

² Queen Caroline gave £12,000 to £13,000 a year in charity (“Wentworth Papers,” p. 533).

³ Now in the National Portrait Gallery.

⁴ 1713-1757.

⁵ Hist. MSS. Report, 14 App. ix., p. 8.

from her troubles, that, when some course of conduct to which she objected was proposed to her, her reply was, "I would not do it to die," and in her final illness her only fear was that she should recover. In spite of the general mildness of her character, the very mention of her brother, Prince Frederick, would galvanize her into an extreme of virulent abuse, and she "never made much ceremony of wishing a hundred times a day that he might drop down dead of an apoplexy, while grudging him every hour he continued to breathe."¹ Indeed, Lord Hervey states that no one could credit the degree to which the Queen and Princess Caroline hated Prince Frederick, who had not heard the names they called him, the curses they lavished upon him, and the fervour with which they both prayed every day for his death. No amount of good-humour, natural affection, or Christian firmness, appears to have been proof against the exasperation which the Prince inspired in his family. Cumberland alone seems to have kept on good terms with him, while managing to retain the affection of his parents and his sisters. The Prince, in fact, always spoke of his brother, we are told, with kindness and affection. It was no easy task to be friendly at one and the same time with the King and the heir-apparent, but in the case of Cumberland the feat was facilitated by that sense of duty which asserted itself as much in his dealings with his family as in his devotion to the public service.

The remaining sisters of the young Duke were more nearly his own age. They were Mary, born February 22, 1723; and Louisa, born December 7, 1724. Horace Walpole describes Princess Mary as being of the softest, mildest temper in the world, and greatly loved by the Duke and Princess Caroline. In 1740 she married Frederick William, Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, a brutal and licentious Prince. She endured much ill-usage with exemplary firmness and patience. It was customary then to resort to the waters of Bath as a panacea for health, and under the aegis of this practice, much indulged in by the Royal Family, she used to pay visits to England, and obtain an occasional respite from the persecutions of her husband. With this exception, after her marriage, she played no part in the lives of her brothers and sisters.

Princess Louisa, notwithstanding Lord Hervey's claim on behalf of Princess Amelia, was regarded as the prettiest of the sisters. When a mere child, she is said to have been ambitious of sharing the throne of Denmark. In 1743 her youthful fancy was realized by her marriage to Frederick, Prince Royal, who three years later succeeded his father as King of Denmark. On leaving England, she is reported to have said to Cumberland: "If I am unhappy, my relations shall never know of it." Unhappy she certainly was, her position as Queen being ostentatiously belittled by the Danish King's devotion to a mistress whom he appears to have looked on as a badge of independence freeing him from the suspicion of being ruled by his wife. In her twenty-eighth year Louisa died in Denmark, a victim to the same illness as her mother. Like her mother also, she concealed her illness till she was beyond medical aid. In all the daughters there are to be recognized features of the character of Queen Caroline—ambition, strength of mind, courage, pleasure in charitable actions, resignation and reticence in the face of adversity: these, or some of these, can be traced in each of the Princesses who, on the death of George I., were gathered together at the Court of their parents. Under the influence of their mother, they lived on terms of the utmost friendliness, failing, if Lord Hervey is to be credited, only in their open criticism of their father, and in

¹ Hervey: "Memoirs," vol. iii., p. 53.

the violence of their hatred towards their eldest brother. But in the nature of things the sins of the fathers are liable to be visited on them by their children, and in the Princess's censure of the King there was generally a leaven of love and loyalty for the Queen. Cumberland meanwhile retained the good-will and approval which had hovered over his very cradle. He was kept busy at his Latin under Mr. Philipps; a Monsieur Jean Palairet, from Montauban, taught him foreign languages; and a governess, Mrs. Smith, who is frequently debited in the Treasury accounts with umbrellas and furniture, added a feminine element to the triple charge of his education, Sir Andrew Fountaine still exercising a general control of the educational forces. At the age of fourteen Cumberland astonished the uninitiated by talking fluently in Latin to two hussars who had escaped from captivity in France, and brought a Latin petition to him at Kensington Palace. Whether the hussars understood him, or, if they did, how they themselves came to know Latin, Peter Wentworth, who describes¹ the episode, does not reveal. But Mr. Philipps, who was present at the interview, regarded this combination of "the scholar's learning with the Courtier's ease" as the crown of his own educational efforts.

But it was not only in Latin that Cumberland excelled. He had a natural gift for languages, and at the age of twelve could talk with facility in French, German, and Italian. If the curriculum was severe, it was at any rate successful, and well adapted for a future commander of heterogeneous and litigious allies. During these years, moreover, his love of soldiering continued to find a field of employment in the command of his battalion of youthful grenadiers. In 1732 the Annual Register has record of a parade in the gardens of St. James's, "when a son of Major Kemp was presented to His Royal Highness, received his trophies and kissed his hand," these being the requisite solemnities on joining the ranks. But beyond this, which was little more than a diversion of boyhood, there is but slight evidence that the Duke, before attaining high rank, was ever taught either regimental duties or the elements of military science.

Experience in those days was the school in which officers of the army and navy were expected to learn the secrets of their respective professions. The road to preferment was destitute of instruction, and the King's son least of all had the chance of acquiring practical knowledge before finding himself placed at the head of an army. Traditions of war, however, reigned in the Royal Family. George I., fighting in the ranks of the allied army under William III., had distinguished himself at the Battle of Neerwinden in 1693; George II. had earned renown in the Marlborough wars, and could "speak from his lungs military" of the famous cavalry charge which he had headed at Oudenarde. Such traditions carry an hereditary infection, and, as George II. lost no occasion of referring to them, we may well suppose that his young son was fired in very early days to the profession of arms. His mind was probably left to take its chance, and pick up what it could of military matters; but an early initiation into the pleasures of hunting was forming his body for war, and making an easy and graceful mastery of his horse one of his accomplishments.

Hunting the stag was then the great diversion of the Court. The King affected to despise fox-hunting, and said to the Duke of Grafton, who notified his intention of retiring to the country to follow that amusement, that the fox was generally a much better animal than those who tormented him. The ordinary hunting squires were still *feræ naturæ*, ready to

¹ Add. MSS., 22,227, f. 167: Peter Wentworth to Lord Strafford.

swear that trade would be the ruin of the English nation, and that there had been no good hunting weather since the Revolution. It was different with those who followed the staghounds; for here was the recreation of the adherents of the Court, of the seekers after royal favour, of Whig and Tory statesmen, and a crowd of wealthy votaries from London.

Stag-hunting was confined to the vicinity of Richmond and Hampton Court or Windsor. The sport was an outlet for Londoners, and in 1735 the concourse became so great that liberty to hunt had to be limited to ticket-holders.¹ George II. did not trouble his head much about popularity; but it was thrust on him in the hunting-field, where he was affable and zealous and at one with the crowd. The entire Royal Family used to take part in the chase. In the Stamford Mercury of August, 1728, there is a description, written in the dry journalism of the day, of a stag-hunt in Richmond Park. The King, the Princess Royal, and the young Duke, were on horseback, while the Queen and Princess Amelia in a four-wheeled chaise, the Princess Caroline in a two-wheeled chaise, and the Princesses Mary and Louisa (aged respectively four and five) in a coach, followed the hunt as best they could. The vehicular distinctions here emphasized may seem shadowy to a motoring age, but they doubtless denoted gradations of etiquette and security. The hunt lasted two hours, and after a kill in the "great pond" the Royal Family lunched in the open, and returned to Hampton Court at three o'clock. The Queen, we read, showed "complaisance to the country people by conversing with them and ordering them money," while the great and jovial presence of Sir Robert Walpole, "loud in his laugh and coarse in his jest," in his green uniform as Ranger of Windsor Park, added an element of authority to the scene, and gave opportunity for time-servers to pay those flattering attentions for which the hunting-field is so favourable an arena.

For a more flowery description of a similar scene we must turn to that rhetorical master of hounds, William Somerville, whose blank-verse classic of "The Chace" dates from 1735. The meet is in Windsor Park. On this occasion,

"Anna more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen," and
"Amelia milder than the blushing dawn,"

are both on horseback. The appearance of Frederick, Prince of Wales, moves the poet to inquire:

"Is it Adonis for the chace array'd?
Or Britain's second hope?"

And of the hunt followers generally he writes:

"Such is the cry,
And such th' harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares: each age, each sex
In the wild transport joins: luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrained."²

When the stag is finally brought to bay, the King, in the exercise of his clemency, orders

¹ Lord Ribblesdale: "The Queen's Hounds," p. 28.

² W. Somerville: "The Chace," p. 136, ed. 1796.

the hounds to be drawn off.

George II.'s favourite hunting centre, however, was Herrenhausen; here he was amongst his own people, he could ride his German horses, and his good-humour made him liberal. "The King makes fine presents to the ladies that hunt with him; to one a fine diamond necklace, to another fine ear-rings," writes a loyal correspondent in 1735; and, to show that a mere change in geographical position makes no difference to the King's subjection to feminine influence, he continues: "The Countess of Paten [sic] governs absolutely. No preferments or promotions are made at Hanover but by her recommendation, and in short she persuades him to do many generous and princely actions, and whatever they call her they can't call her a stingy w. . . . She must be a very ingenious Woman to give such intire satisfaction to so great a man, she keeps him always in good spirits and that's good for his Health and all that love him must rejoice at that."¹

The King was for ever maintaining that no English coachman could drive, no English jockey ride, and that there were no English horses fit to be drove or fit to be ridden. For him it was a staple pleasure to escape from a land where the men talked of nothing but their dull politics, and the women of nothing but their ugly clothes.² But he was above all things constitutional, and probably hunted in the glades of Windsor Forest and in the parks of Hampton and Richmond as much from a sense of what was due to his own position as from any idea of pleasure. Wednesdays and Saturdays were the hunting-days, and it was to enable Sir Robert Walpole to hunt that the House of Commons commenced the practice, continued ever since, of adjourning from Friday till Monday. The young Duke must thus have been frequently in the company of the statesman during these years. He was, and continued to be, a favourite of Sir Robert, and certainly at this time he must have been a lad well framed to charm and please. Hogarth has preserved his features in more than one of his pictures. The best known is probably the famous painting, done in 1731, which depicts children performing a scene from Dryden's "Indian Emperor, or the Conquest of Mexico," at the house of Mr. Conduitt, Warden of the Mint. The performers have all the embarrassed earnestness of amateur actors, while the adult members of the audience show those varying degrees of discomfort and indifference to which such entertainments have made the world accustomed. Among those who are manifestly finding the performance too long is the young Duke. He is portrayed standing at the back of the small audience. He is dressed in grey silk, and wears the ribbon of the Garter.³ His figure is tall and graceful for his years. His eyes are pale blue, his features refined and intelligent; there is about him the very "spirit of the youth who means to be of note." Comely and debonair, he surveys the scene with an expression in which courtesy is plainly engaged in a struggle with ennui. His young sisters, Louisa and Mary, on the other hand, are profoundly absorbed in the play.

The former liveliness of Leicester House had become a mere memory since the accession of George II. There was much display of a lack-lustre kind, but life was carried on under the tyranny of a rigidly punctilious routine. The Court was unpopular, and in consequence had

¹ Add. MSS., 22,227, f. 167, August 14, 1735.

² Hervey, vol. ii., p. 201.

³ He was made a Knight of the Garter May 18, 1730, and installed June 13, 1731. The ribbon was still light blue in colour. It was altered in 1745 to distinguish it from the Garters given by the Jacobite Princes (Nicolas: "History of the Orders of Knighthood," ii., p. 281).

ceased to be gay. Few frequented it for pleasure, probably none without an idea of personal advancement. Writing of the occupations at Hampton Court (1733), Lord Hervey says in a letter to Mrs. Clayton: "No mill-horse ever went in a more constant track or a more unchanging circle. Walking, chaises, levees, and audiences, fill the morning; at night the King plays at commerce and backgammon, and the Queen at quadrille. . . . The Duke of Grafton takes his nightly opiate of lottery, and sleeps as usual between the Princesses Amelia and Carolina: Lord Grantham strolls from one room to another. . . . At last the King comes up, the pool finishes, and everybody has their dismissal . . . some to supper, and some to bed: and thus (to speak in the Scripture phrase) the evening and the morning make the day."¹

Things were better when the Court was in London. Drawing-rooms twice a day² gave an appearance of animation, and in the evenings parties of hazard provided the excitement of high gambling. Lady Bristol writes of an ordinary night's play in which Princess Anne won £460, and Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, after losing £500, rose a winner of £390; while the Duke of Grafton, who seems to have defrayed more than his share of the losses, was debited with £800. Young Cumberland, as we shall see, was very soon to be drawn into this Court atmosphere of stale gallantry and feverish speculation. For the moment he was busy with his hunting and his studies, the battalion of his soldiers, and the lessons of his dancing-master. The birthday of each of the children used to be made the occasion for a ball. In a letter written by Lady Strafford there is a charming account of one of these dances given by Cumberland to celebrate his fourteenth birthday. "After the drawing-room was over the Duke had a levée in his own room, so I desired my brother to take him [Lord Wentworth, her eldest son] there, and the Duke told him he hoped he would do him the favour to come at night. But as a great misfortune Lady Deloraine fell in labour, and was just brought to bed of a dead son: so they cou'd not have the room they used to dance inn (it being next to hers), so they had a little room that [sic] they did not dance French dances. Princess Amelia asked Lord Wentworth to dance one with her, and afterwards the Duke gave him Lady Caroline Fitzroy for his partner. They had a supper of cold chicken, tongue, jelly and sweetmeats, but they were . . . in an odd manner, for they had neither knives nor plates, so that well as my love [Lord Wentworth] loves eating, he says he ate but a leg of a chicken, for he says he did not think it looked well to be pulling greasy bones about in a room full of princesses: the way of getting rid of the bones was the children threw them out of the window. . . . The ball ended about half an hour after ten. The Duke was quite free and easy and extremely civil. . . . My love to look like a man did not stand by me, but at the other end of the room."³

To his other studies Cumberland appears to have added that of chemistry. To this end he was provided with a laboratory at Richmond, and at one time had a similar resort at St. James's, for in 1738 the Lords of the Treasury report: "His Royal Highness the Duke having an elaboratory under the lodgings at St. James's which he finds very inconvenient and we think very dangerous, he therefore desires one may be made in a more convenient place and fitter for his service." It was perhaps to be expected that a child who had been brought so often into contact with the great Newton should develop an inclination to dabble in

¹ "Memoirs of Lady Sundon," vol. ii., p. 231.

² "Bristol Letter-Book," vol. ii., p. 41.

³ Add. MSS., 22,226, f. 433.

chemistry and science. There is no record, however, that the boy's investigations had any practical result except that of endangering the safety of St. James's Palace. We may at any rate look on the laboratory as further proof of the activity of his mind and interests.

In 1731 the King settled £6,000 a year on the young Duke "for the support of his equipage,"¹ and appointed Stephen Poyntz to be his governor, and Mr. Windham, husband of Lady Deloraine, to be his subgovernor. Poyntz, the son of an upholsterer, had begun his career as a tutor. At the beginning of the century he had made the Grand Tour with the Duke of Devonshire, and later had been entrusted with the education of the sons of Lord Townshend. Entrance into diplomacy in those days was by no regular channel, and from educating the sons of Lord Townshend the transition was both easy and rapid to preferment in the diplomatic service. It was the heyday for Envoys and Plenipotentiaries and Ambassadors Extraordinary, and in the inevitable course of events Poyntz found himself Commissary in Sweden (1724), Plenipotentiary at Soissons (1728), and later Chargé d'Affaires in Paris (1729-30), all of which offices he filled with credit. He was now (1731) withdrawn from active diplomacy, and appointed Governor and Steward of the Household to the young Duke. Later Poyntz purchased an estate at Midgham, near Newbury, and here Cumberland spent much of his time in rooms which his governor had specially built for him.² Horace Walpole wrote of him on his death (1750): "Mr. Poyntz was called a very great man, but few knew anything of his talents, for he was timorous to childishness." Letters from Poyntz show the high opinion he held of the Duke's character and attainments, and the lasting nature of the friendship which was formed between this accomplished and amiable man and his young charge. On the death of Poyntz, Cumberland provided pensions for his two sons out of his own fortune.

As the years went by, the growing favour of the King towards his son found expression in the liberality with which he treated him. In 1736 Cumberland's allowance was increased to £8,000 a year, and in March, 1738, from the Treasury Board Papers³ we learn that he was given a further grant of £4,000, so that at the age of seventeen he was in receipt of £12,000 a year. In the same year, from the following item in the Treasury Papers, "Two footstools covered with black cloth for the Duke and Princess Mary to kneel upon to receive the Sacrament," we may presume that he and his young sister were confirmed. From the frequent reference to Cumberland in these papers, we get evidence of the parental solicitude which was constantly squeezing small sums out of the Treasury for his use: sometimes it was for a "dancing table of wainscot," or "for two leather cushions for the Duke's dogs," or for the refurnishing of one of his many rooms; at another time Mr. Ralph Jenison, M.P., the last commoner to fill the office of Master of the Buckhounds, and always "honoured as a five-bottle man," notifies the Treasury of the Duke's desire "for a grass yard to be added to His Majesty's kennel at New Lodge for the benefit of the staghounds," and "that a bridge may be built over the mill stream at Sunninghill and a new kennel made for proud bitches at New Lodge." Cumberland and Jenison no doubt conspired together to attain their means for the promotion of sport. For, like Montaigne, Cumberland, once on horseback, alighted unwillingly; it was "the seat he liked best whether he were sound or sick," and for hunting

¹ *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 18, 1731.

² Henry Godwin: "The Worthies of Newbury."

³ Calendar of Treasury Books and Papers (1738).

he showed the same zest that later, when his great weight had sobered his paces, he was to display for racing and the pleasures of Newmarket and Ascot.

In the case of Cumberland it must be counted unto him for righteousness, or at any rate amiability, that Lord Hervey has nothing to say against him. Hervey seldom names without disparaging, or criticizes without libelling. And to have been, as Cumberland was, in daily contact with Hervey, and to have escaped his censures, is to earn negative praise quite as convincing as many encomiums. Only flickering glimpses of the young Duke are to be obtained in the "Memoirs." One of these is during that uneasy week in 1736 when the King, in the utmost danger, was tossing on a tempestuous sea between Helvoetsluys and Harwich, and people were asking "how the wind was now for the King," and the answer was, "Like the nation, against him"; and courtiers were in a quaver of anxiety, consulting barometers, peering at the weathercocks, parleying with naval experts, and watching the doings at Carlton House, the residence of Prince Frederick; while within the Palace of St. James the routine of the Court went on as usual, with its deadly precision unbroken by the thunder of the storm, and "the Queen passed her common evenings just as she had done at Kensington—that is, in her private apartments at quadrille with her lady-in-waiting, Mrs. Schutze, and Lady Charlotte de Roussie: while the Princess Caroline, Miss Dives, and Lord Hervey played pools at cribbage: and the Duke of Cumberland, Princess Emily, and the rest of the chance comers of the family played at basset." During this period of anxiety within the palace walls the habit of cards, the busy monotony of Court amusements, were masking a world of emotion. In Carlton House, on the other hand, Prince Frederick was listening without dismay to the raging of the storm, and if he did not join in the wish, so freely expressed among the subjects of the Crown, that the King were at the bottom of the sea, he was at least entertaining the notion with equanimity.

This last expedition of the King to his foreign possessions had been very ill received in England. Hanover just then was anathema to the English people. Chesterfield said it should be given to the Pretender, as the British nation would never take another King hailing from that dominion. Hanover was always a good card for politicians to play, and the subordination of British to Hanoverian interests was for many sessions the favourite theme of the Opposition, who dwelt ironically upon "the lustre and advantage which England received from being so happily annexed to His Majesty's German dominions."¹ Everything German was suspect, and the London mob were determined that at any rate there should be no more German mistresses. In the *Gentleman's Magazine* (December, 1736) we read that a lady passing Kent Street in her chariot, dressed in a *robe de chambre*, was mistaken for a "certain Woman of Quality from an Electorate in Germany," whereupon a great mob followed her and bestowed upon her many bitter reproaches. But the lady set all doubts as to her nationality at rest by leaning from the coach, and saying: "D—n your Bloods! don't you know me? I am Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter." Upon which the revilings changed to loud huzzas.

But while the King was declining in popularity, the Prince of Wales was constantly soliciting the suffrages of the multitude. After his marriage² the Prince had his own Court and his own political party. Pitt, Lyttelton, Chesterfield, Bolingbroke, Wyndham, and

¹ "Common Sense," January 27, 1739.

² April 26, 1736, to Augusta, daughter of Frederick, Duke of Saxe-Gotha.

Carteret, were numbered among his friends. His political and social opposition to the King was open and avowed. Cumberland, on the other hand, showed a wise discretion. He held aloof from family squabbles, and by his judgment and forbearance retained the good-will of the Prince without forfeiting the affection of his parents. The dying injunction imparted to him by his mother in that memorable scene of her final illness was in keeping with the habit and temper of his mind. "As for you, William, you know I have always loved you tenderly and placed my chief hope in you: show your gratitude to me in your behaviour to the King: be a support to your father, and double your attention to make up for the disappointment and vexation he must receive from your profligate and worthless brother. It is in you only I hope for keeping up the credit of our family when your father shall be no more. Attempt nothing ever against your brother, and endeavour to mortify him no way but by showing superior merit."¹ These precepts were faithfully followed, and formed part of that rigid code of duty which, as we shall see, the Duke adhered to throughout his public career.

¹ Hervey, vol. iii., p. 317. There is little in this scene to justify the bitter epitaph composed by Lord Chesterfield:

"Here lies, unpity'd both by Church and State,
The subject of their flattery and hate,
Flattered by those on whom her favour flowed,
Hated for favours impiously bestowed.
She ever aimed the Churchmen to betray,
In hopes to share their arbitrary sway;
In Tindall's and in Hoadley's paths she trod,
A hypocrite in all but disbelief in God:
Promoted luxury, encouraged vice,
Herself a slave to sordid avarice.
True friendship's tender love ne'er touched her heart;
Falsehood appeared, in vain disguised by art.
Fawning and haughty, when familiar rude,
And never gracious seemed but to delude.
Inquisitive in trifling mean affairs,
Heedless of public good and orphans' tears;
To her own offspring mercy she denied,
And unforgiving, unforgiven, died."*

*Hist. MSS., Report 4, p. 444: Towneley Papers.

CHAPTER VI

CUMBERLAND AND THE SPANISH WAR

THE moment had now arrived for determining what career the Duke was to follow. The Queen had often been heard to declare that nothing would be more dreadful to her than to see her favourite son a mere *pilier d'antichambre*.¹ But an additional reason for subjecting him to the discipline of a profession was making itself apparent. Like Henry V. in his youth, Cumberland was "fired with the torches of Venus herself," and, after the manner of his race, was beginning to excite uneasiness among his pastors and governors. Lady Hartford, in a letter to Lady Pomfret, writes from Windsor: "Our forest rings with the gallantries of his Royal Highness the Duke." Other places seem to have been ringing to the same tune. Horace Walpole, at a masquerade in London, found in the Duke's reputation opportunity for one of those sallies with which he was accustomed to season his letters to Mann. He relates in his letter how at Vauxhall he was indulging his wit under the disguise of an old woman, when the Duke approached him and said: "Je connois cette poitrine;" whereupon Walpole, "taking the Duke for some Templar, replied: 'Vous vous ne connoissez que des poitrines qui sont bien plus usées.' It was unluckily pat." The following night at the drawing-room there was much chaff on the subject, in which the King and Lady Hervey joined. But such escapades only show that Cumberland moved with the times. They reflect the influence of his moral environment and the temper of his age. Nor must we expect to find him breaking away from the mould into which fate had cast him. He had neither the initiative nor the originality of character and temperament to emancipate himself from the current modes of the youth of the day. He accepted life in the form it was presented to him, and it cannot be said that he endowed it either with saving grace or elevation of mind. But events of consequence to his career were now coming to the front. And during the hostilities between Spain and England he first takes a definite position in public life.

The outbreak of the Spanish War marks a stage in the long and complex struggle for colonial supremacy between France and England. That was the struggle which called forth the genius of Pitt, and led to the Seven Years' War and the ultimate ascendancy of England. The career of Cumberland coincides with, and is closely involved in, both the military and political history of this contest. He comes of age at a moment which roughly corresponds with the fall of Walpole and the termination of a foreign policy which had become obsolete. The active years of his life are associated with the endeavour to carry out the new policy. It is true that he withdrew from his military command before the dramatic events which assured the success of England. But what he had done for the army as Commander-in-Chief helped to make that success possible. And then, ceasing to be a soldier, he became, on the death of his father in 1760, mixed up in the political life of the time, and played a vital part in the negotiations between George III. and the Ministers of the Crown.

¹ "Hartford and Pomfret Correspondence," vol. ii., p. 47.

It may be well to recall the circumstances which were shortly to give him the opportunity of active service. By the Treaty of Utrecht, the Spanish monopoly of trade with Central and Southern America had been modified, and limited rights of commerce had been conceded to England. The Asiento Treaty, which defined the rights, granted to the South Sea Company the privilege of supplying the Spanish colonies for thirty years with a specified number of slaves, and permitted an annual ship of prescribed burthen to carry merchandise to Spanish America. It was the way in which the treaty was observed which ultimately led to the outbreak of war. From time to time Spain relaxed the vigilance with which she controlled the restrictions imposed on trade with her colonies. The English merchants were quick to take advantage of such occasions for expanding their commerce. Under pretence of refitting and repair, merchant vessels put into Spanish ports and disposed of their cargoes. The fiction of the annual ship was adhered to in form, but she was accompanied by a flotilla which replenished her stores as these in turn were disposed of to the colonists and natives. Spain became alarmed at such encroachments on her trade monopoly. Retaliatory measures followed; and if the action of the merchants was illegal, the action of the Spanish authorities was frequently brutal and unjust. On the one side the right of search was too freely exercised; on the other, immunity from search was too extensively claimed. A solution of the difficulty by a middle course and the preservation of peace was the objective for which the Walpole Ministry was labouring.

In the policy of Spain the influence of France was only thinly disguised. In a review of the European situation contained in a despatch to Lord Waldegrave, who had been Ambassador at Paris since 1730, the Duke of Newcastle pointed out the dominating and menacing position which France had already acquired in the counsels of Europe, and concluded with this ominous warning: "He [Cardinal Fleury] is erecting himself into a general arbiter of all the differences that have or may arise between the other Powers of Europe, and putting himself in a condition to decide them which way he pleases; and his measures for that purpose, instead of being designed for the preservation of the Peace, must be looked upon as productive of the most certain and dangerous War if some stop cannot be put to the Torrent of their success at present."¹

This was written in January, 1739. France was at the time negotiating a commercial treaty with Spain, the net result of which would have been to obtain for France the trading privileges enjoyed by England in the Spanish colonies, and to take over the Asiento Treaty to the exclusion of the English. Such an arrangement would have been in accordance with the spirit of the Family Compact (1733) between the French and Spanish branches of the House of Bourbon, and at the same time would have served as a counterstroke to the recent treaty by which England had disengaged Denmark from the diplomatic advances of France. But much more than either of these, it would have given favourable recognition to the decisive factor in eighteenth-century diplomacy. It would have provided an outlet for trade, and secured effective markets in the New World.

"When trade is at stake," said Pitt in his speech on the Convention with Spain, "you must defend it or perish;"² and we need not wonder that the proposed treaty was popular in France. Representations flowed in to Maurepas, then Secretary of State, from the principal

¹ Add. MSS., 32,800, i. 23.

² *Scots Observer*, vol. i., p. 535.

trading towns, urging that this was the time for France to recover the commerce she had lost, and secure her position at the expense of England. Fleury, however, was not to be deflected from his pacific policy without sufficient guarantees for the future. He resolutely declined to participate in the struggle till the commercial treaty, defining the privileges he required, should be signed at Madrid.

Spain, on the other hand, while bargaining about the treaty of commerce, was trying to draw France into an offensive and defensive alliance, that she might the better resist the English demands.

In the meanwhile, Walpole, in continuation of his well-settled peace policy, had concluded a convention with Spain (January, 1739) by which compensation was to be paid to the merchants of England, and the remaining matters in dispute were to be referred to Plenipotentiaries. The Conference met at Madrid May 5, 1739. Benjamin Keene, the British Ambassador at the Court of Spain, had little hope that the issue would be peace. In April he was writing to Newcastle: "This country is at present governed by three or four mean, stubborn People of little minds and limited understandings, but full of the Romantick Ideas they have found in Old Memorials and Speculative Authors, who have treated of the immense grandeur of the Spanish Monarchy."¹ France, moreover, was determined at the outset that there should be no accommodation of the differences in dispute, and it was at her instance² that the representatives of Spain announced at the second meeting of the Conference that all discussion of terms would be useless unless the English fleet under command of Admiral Haddock should be withdrawn from the Mediterranean.³ In June, however, the attitude of Fleury changed. The Spaniards had raised objections to the treaty of commerce,⁴ and it had become evident that, were France drawn into the war, she would, owing to the poverty of Spain, be charged with the major portion of the expense. Directions were accordingly forwarded to Monsieur de la Marck, the French Ambassador at Madrid, urging him to use all means to deter Spain from quarrelling openly with England.⁵ But the crisis between England and Spain, which France had done so much to accentuate, was now too acute to admit of adjustment. Hostilities were actually commenced. The Duke of Newcastle still endeavoured to temporize. Fear of the power of France was keeping the English Ministry from a formal declaration of war.⁶ The situation, however, was forced by the action of the Opposition and the popular clamour at home, and in October war was duly declared.

The war with Spain was a popular war. We see the nation emerging from a long lethargy of peace, generously moved to avenge wrongs imaginary as well as real, and inflamed by visions of easy victory and wealthy conquests. The Ministry were forced into it unwillingly. The Opposition had used every lever they could discover to embarrass the Government. They had exploited the national sentiment, and roused a storm of indignation against the Spanish depredations. They had seceded⁷ from the House of Commons by way of protest

¹ Add. MSS., 32,800, f. 294.

² *Ibid.*, f. 390.

³ *Ibid.*

⁴ Add MSS., 32,801, f. 107.

⁵ *Ibid.*, f. 80, June 28, N.S.

⁶ *Ibid.*, f. 290.

⁷ March, 1739.

against the inaction of the Ministry. They had depicted in exaggerated language the cruelty with which British subjects had been treated. They had brought before Parliament the captains and crews of vessels who had been captured by the Spaniards and thrown into the prisons of Spain. The case of Captain Jenkins, who had been made captive in 1731, was revived. He was brought before a Committee of the House; the nation was reminded that when confronted with death he had said: "I commended my soul to God and my cause to my country." The phrase was echoed through the kingdom. "We have no need of allies to enable us to command justice," said Pulteney; "the story of Jenkins will raise volunteers." Sea-captains were suddenly gifted with a turn for epigram and classical quotation. From a dungeon in Cadiz another commander, Captain Jason Vaughan, wrote to his countrymen: "Immedicabile Vulnus ense reddendum est."¹ "Our countrymen in chains! and slaves to Spaniards! Is not this enough, Sir, to fire the coldest? Is not this enough, Sir, to rouse all the vengeance of a national resentment?"² was the declamatory peroration of an indignant Alderman in the House of Commons. The Opposition newspapers poured forth the most violent incitements to war. Every agency of political warfare was employed to the same end. Pope's Epilogue to the "Satires" and Dr. Johnson's poem of "London," which both appeared on May 12, 1738,³ abound with hostile allusions to the power of Spain.

"Hath Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?"⁴

A popular and famous caricature, known as "The European Race," depicted Cardinal Fleury mounted on a fox, leading Spain on a wolf, and followed in a meek array by the other Powers of Europe. In the vicinity of the racecourse a Spanish and an English dog are fighting, while a French dog runs away with the bone. Walpole is present as a spectator, with the indication that he has been bribed to be a party to the hated Convention with Spain. Nor did the caricature exaggerate the view held at this time by a considerable section of the country.

The day had passed when Walpole could say to Lord Hervey: "Oh, my Lord, there is nothing I cannot stop in Parliament if I set my face to it heartily."⁵ Loss of influence at Court since the death of Queen Caroline (November 20, 1737), dissensions in the Cabinet, the King himself an advocate of war—these were factors which had already shaken the ascendancy of Walpole. The pressure of public resentment was overwhelming, and the Ministry were driven to choose between war or resignation.⁶

In the secret correspondence relating to French affairs, we find that France was at this

¹ Add. MSS., 32,800, f. 81.

² "Parliamentary Debates," vol. xv., p. 492.

³ Elwin and Courthope: Pope's "Works," vol. iii., p. 471, n.

⁴ Johnson's "London."

⁵ Hervey: "Memoirs," vol. iii., p. 223.

⁶ It is worthy of remark that the total salaries received in respect of posts held from the Crown or Government by those taking part in the division in the House of Commons on the Convention with Spain amounted to £212,956. Of these salaries, £10,790 were being received by members of the Opposition, the remainder by the supporters of Walpole or members abstaining from voting. The voting figures were 260 for the address approving the Convention, and 232 against (see "Parliamentary Debates," vol. xviii. p. 85).

time eminently aware of the issues which lay behind the petty disputes between England and Spain. Fleury had long recognized that the struggle of the future was to be a struggle for commerce and territorial expansion. Hitherto he had endeavoured to attain these ends by pacific means, but henceforward the policy of France was to be the policy which in 1739 she was suggesting to Holland—namely, that “of hindering England from engrossing their [the Dutch] commerce, and acting as if she were sole mistress of the sea.”¹ It was in accordance with this policy that we find Fleury intimating to the English Ministry that France would not suffer any acquisition by England of Spanish territory in the New World.² But for the present, for the reasons that have been stated, she refrained from any open acts of hostility against England.

At home, preparations for the war were hampered by the conduct of the Opposition in Parliament. Glorifying in the name of patriots, they found it consistent with their patriotism to embarrass the Ministry by voting against any increase in the forces of the Crown. They paraded in Parliamentary debates all the stock arguments against standing armies. That an army was a menace to the liberties of the people, that it was only needed for the support of a tyrannical Government, that our influence abroad depended on the riches and number of our people, and that, as we have no frontier but the ocean, while we preserved a superiority at sea the country could never be under the least necessity of keeping up any land forces, were contentions which were reproduced in every session of Parliament.³ But after the declaration of war in October, 1739, a motion that the number of men to be provided for the army in 1740 should be 28,852 was passed without a division.

There was no want of vigour or precision in the measures adopted. “The war is yours,” exclaimed Walpole to the Duke of Newcastle, “and I wish you joy of it!” The accepted portrait of Newcastle—weak, querulous, wringing his hands, saying, “What shall we do now?”—is here at fault; it finds no confirmation in the despatches of the Duke after the outbreak of the war. In the diplomacy which led up to the final rupture, there was such hesitation as might be looked for on the part of a nation about to break with a traditional policy of peace, itself unprepared for war, with dissensions in its Government, and with a prospect of provoking the most formidable combination of hostile Powers. But from the first Newcastle had been for upholding the claim of England by force of arms, and in the prosecution of the war there was resolution enough.

At the very outset, in July, 1739, Newcastle had shown his appreciation of the strategical aspect of the problem which now confronted him by the despatch of Admiral Vernon with his squadron to the West Indies. The capture of Portobello, which followed on November 20, insignificant as an event in itself, was yet of the first importance as an indication that the

¹ Add. MSS., 32,801, f. 277.

² The confidential information received by the English Ministry was derived from an agent who is known in the Newcastle Papers as No. 101. He was at this time a subordinate official in the office of Monsieur Amelot. His annual salary from the English Government was 1,600 louis d'or, in addition to which he received special gratifications amounting in five years to £5,500 for news of extra importance (Add. MSS., 32,801, f. 154). His name was Francois de Bussy. From February, 1737, to September, 1737, he was Envoy Extraordinary to London. In April, 1740, he returned to England as Minister and Chargé d'Affaires. In 1761 he was again sent to England to negotiate the peace.

³ See debate of February, 1739, eight months before the declaration of war, when the motion was for 12,000 men instead of 17,704.

war was ultimately to be decided in distant seas, and on the very threshold of that New World which for more than half a century was to govern the efforts of diplomacy, the movements of armies, and the policy of States in Europe. To isolate Spain, and to strike at the point where Spanish interests were most vulnerable and involved—this was the task at once for diplomacy and for offensive operations. The fall of Portobello determined the strategy of Spain. A proposed descent on Ireland was abandoned. Ormonde, who had been summoned to Madrid, was dismissed, and the idea of utilizing the Jacobites was laid aside. The Spanish squadrons were ordered to the Western Seas, and the energies of the nation were directed to strengthening the fleet.

At home the Duke of Cumberland was appointed, in April, 1740, to the command of the Coldstream Guards, in succession to Lord Scarborough. A camp was formed at Hounslow under Sir Charles Wills, and it was there that in June the young Duke joined his regiment. In the preceding May he had stood proxy for the bridegroom on the occasion of his sister Princess Mary's marriage with Frederick, Prince of Hesse. The King, with the largest Civil List ever bestowed on a ruler of these islands, had refused to be at the expense of Prince Frederick's coming to be married in England. He was equally determined that the Prince should not have the chance of rejecting Princess Mary as his bride on her arrival in Hesse. The Church objected that there had been no marriage by proxy since the Reformation. The lawyers argued that the children of the marriage would be illegitimated in relation to the Crown of England under the terms of the Act of Succession. The King was exasperated by such punctiliousness. He was in a hurry to get away to his Hanover, and to Sir Robert Walpole, who raised the objections, in his presence, he declared: "I will have no more of your Church nonsense nor of your law nonsense. I will have my daughter married, and will have the marriage complete." Law and theology, at all times anathema to the King, were brushed aside, and on May 8, in St. James's Chapel, the espousals took place, the young Duke of Cumberland acting as proxy. The ceremonial observed followed the precedent of the marriage of Princess Mary, daughter of Henry VII., with the King of France.

The departure of Princess Mary excited the liveliest demonstrations of grief in the Royal Family. "The Duke and his sisters," wrote Lady Pomfret, "wept without ceasing from the time of her marriage till she went away." The Duke of Wellington once observed that he was always a bad judge of the pain of parting from relations, and there are probably few events in life which give rise to a greater variety of emotion. In the outworks of the Hanoverian temperament there were ranged a group of sensibilities which on small provocation could be roused to the highest activity. George II. would kick his hat or his wig round the room to relieve his irritation at the conduct of an Opposition; small vexations would launch him into a torrent of invective. Frederick, Prince of Wales, could in a moment lash his whole family into frenzy. In the Court of St. James's outbursts of tenderness and grief alternated with fury and ill-will. The King would give his daughter a thousand kisses and a shower of tears, and deny her a guinea. At the departure of the Princess of Orange after her marriage in 1734, the family were plunged into a state of melancholy, which in the case of the Queen resulted in illness. But combined with this emotional vivacity there subsisted between Cumberland and his sisters a real affection. Two things fostered it—the care of their mother during her lifetime, and a common disapproval of their elder brother, Frederick, Prince of Wales. The last afforded a ground on which all the members of the family could meet, and meet with cordiality. Human nature, even when domesticated, grows expansive under the pressure of a

common dislike. Here at St. James's complete harmony reigned between the King and his children whenever Frederick's name was mentioned.

CHAPTER VII

THE STATE OF THE ARMY

THERE is no record of Cumberland's first service with the army as Colonel of the Coldstream Guards. We are only told what we might have readily assumed, that in camp at Hounslow "he gave several entertainments, and gained the hearts and esteem of all the officers by his affability and good sense."¹ But if in these days of youth he left little mark on his surroundings, it is natural to inquire what must have been the impression produced on the mind of one joining the army at this period of history. How was the army then regarded? What was the material of which it was composed? What consideration was shown for its well-being?

In the long interval between the disbandment of the forces after the Marlborough wars and the outbreak of the conflict with Spain, there was a period of inaction, during which the military spirit was palpably declining in England. It was then that abuses accumulated, and the service became honeycombed with indiscipline. Many causes were working to produce this result. Among the first must be reckoned the fitful and uncertain play of political influences. One of the leading textbooks² of the day, in discussing the appointment of officers to regiments, lays it down that "particular connections in a constitution like that of England must ever be submitted to." Relationship to a hesitating supporter of the Government, or to one who had rendered political service in the past or was under promise to do so in the future, was a talisman for obtaining a commission and ensuring promotion. The official correspondence of the time abounds with recommendations to commanding officers on behalf of persons so connected. And if services were thus rewarded, political infidelity was correspondingly punished. Walpole's system for managing a party and maintaining discipline involved penalties as well as prizes. For their votes on the Excise Bill the Duke of Bolton was dismissed from the colonelcy of the Blues, and Lord Cobham from the colonelcy of the King's Own Regiment of Horse. A year later Lord Stair was deprived of the colonelcy of the Inniskilling Dragoons for voting in favour of the Bill to make officers' commissions durable for life, while in 1736 there occurred the yet more notorious instance of the dismissal of William Pitt from a cornetcy in Lord Cobham's regiment for his too zealous speech in Opposition. Lord Stair ventured to protest against his treatment in a letter to the Queen, which was conveyed to her by Lord Grantham. The King, on perusing it, merely remarked that Lord Stair was a puppy for writing it, and Lord Grantham a fool for bringing it.

While such a system prevailed, no merit was secure. The service was demoralized by favouritism, and the motives for the performance of duty fatally weakened. But the influence of politics did not stop here. Year after year soldiers heard in Parliament their very existence

¹ "Hartford Correspondence," vol. ii., p. 47.

² Cuthbertson: "System for the Interior Management and Economy of a Battalion."

as a standing army denounced. Session after session it was gravely argued that it was contrary to the Constitution and inconsistent with the liberties of the country to keep up a standing army in time of peace. Soldiers were spoken of as tyrants, necessary only to maintain a corrupt Ministry in power. "Let us," it was urged in one of the debates, "remove the wicked from before the King, that so his throne may be established in righteousness." No effort was spared by the Opposition to cut down the numbers of the troops and to reduce the amounts to be voted for their maintenance. Such views, put forward by responsible statesmen, did not fail to discourage zeal and relax the pride and corporate sense requisite for professional vitality. At the same time, the attitude of civilians towards the army was little short of hostile. Often we find the Secretary at War writing to the Mayors of towns to complain of the treatment that had been meted out to the soldiers by the civil population. In August, 1742,¹ soldiers were insulted in the streets of Leeds, deserters were rescued, the guard were beaten, and riots took place between the civilians and the regiment billeted in the town. Similar complaints were preferred in June, 1743,² against the populace of Henley-on-Thames, the mob blessing the Pretender and cursing the King when the Colonel of the regiment appeared to quell the riots that had been occasioned by the presence of the military. Such incidents fostered one of those divisions which constituted a menace and a weakness in the social organism of the epoch.

In the complex fabric of a civilized community there occur from time to time, and chiefly in moments of inertia, occasions when the sections of which it is composed tend to fall apart and lose their cohesion. Every portion of the structure then ceases to feel a given strain equally and simultaneously. It was so in the earlier years of George II.'s reign. The army was entirely distinct from the nation; no attempt was made to identify it with popular sentiment or to co-ordinate it with the navy; the press-gang and the conditions of service had rendered the navy unpopular in the country; a century of theology had weakened the sympathy of the Church towards the life of the people; the monarchy, the emblem of union, was in the hands of a foreigner; between the various classes of society there was little communion or understanding; Parliament had become the arena of men struggling for power among themselves, with small regard for popular needs; while the natural divisions between town and country tended daily to become more marked. And it was not till the threat of a common danger from without, and the genesis of a common impulse from within, that the nation was fused into an effective unity, and patriotism and public spirit were again kindled and revived.

The system then in vogue—there being no barracks³—of quartering the troops in billets had the effect of constantly emphasizing the distinction between the military and civilian portions of the population. The billets were in public-houses, and the presence of the soldiery was regarded as an imposition on the publican, who was forced to their entertainment. By the Mutiny Act every innkeeper was required to supply foot-soldiers with

¹ See Secretary's Common Letter-Book.

² *Ibid.*

³ In the debate on Quartering of Soldiers in 1741, General Wade, who favoured the construction of barracks, said: "The people of this kingdom have been taught to associate the idea of barracks and slavery so close together that, like darkness and the devil, though there be no manner of connection between them, yet they cannot separate them, nor think of one without at the same time thinking of the other" ("Parliamentary History," vol. xi., p. 1442.)

small-beer, lodging, and food, for fourpence per day. The result was actual monetary loss to the innkeeper,¹ interference with his guests, and injury to his custom, during the residence of the soldiers.² “It hath been computed,” writes a contributor to the *Gentleman’s Magazine* (1740), “that every soldier quartered upon an innkeeper in town or country costs that innkeeper near as much as he costs the government; not to mention the insolent behaviour, incroachments, waste, debauchery, and lewd examples of such profligate and almost lawless gentry.” Cases of refusing to supply soldiers on billet with food became so common that in 1741 it was sought to make the clause in the Mutiny Act dealing with the matter more stringent. In the debate in Parliament it was urged that the Mutiny Act had for many years made slaves of the soldiers, and that it was now proposed to make owners of public-houses “the slaves of those slaves.” In the end the clause was so amended that the innkeeper was allowed a certain option as to providing victuals, and might under certain conditions free himself from the obligation.³

The accommodation which the innkeeper offered was usually of the worst—a garret or a lumber-room penetrable to the rain or impenetrable to the fresh air, with straw for the men to sleep on; and at a time when the prisons of England were a disgrace to a civilized country, it could be said that many a prisoner in his cell was better lodged than many of the soldiers in billets. In such unhealthy quarters the seeds of disease were often sown, and the soldier learned to regard himself as the social enemy of his countrymen, whose aim was to treat him as ill as the law allowed.

Dr. Johnson, whose views on military life, it must be admitted, were not always consistent, but who on common topics had a gift of expressing the common sense of the age, says in *The Idler*, in the words of an imaginary correspondent: “I passed some years in the most contemptible of all human stations—that of a soldier in time of peace.” Peace had taught the nation to look down on the soldier. Twenty-six years had elapsed since the pageantry and circumstance of war had quickened the nation with the glory of conquest.

“the poor soldier, that so richly fought,
Whose rags shamed gilded arms,”

had long ceased to figure in the popular imagination, and it was the rarest thing to find any sympathy extended to the army by the civil population. The plan of dispersing the men in scattered quarters had the further evil of separating them from their officers, and placing them where incentives to drunkenness and insubordination were unavoidable.

It is small wonder that one of the principal duties in the army in time of peace should have been the escorting of deserters from the place of capture to the nearest court-martial. In every few pages of the *Secretary’s Common Letter-Book* there figures a stereotyped letter of servile gratitude from the Secretary of War to some municipal authority for the arrest of a deserter. Nor could the terror of the penalties which awaited this offence against military discipline in the least prevent its continued recurrence. No attempt was made to check it by improving the conditions of service, by increasing the pay, or diminishing the hardships to

¹ Robert Hamilton: “Duties of a Regimental Surgeon,” vol. i., p. 15.

² See “*Tom Jones*,” book iv., chap. vi.: “‘Harkee, landlord,’ said the sergeant, ‘don’t abuse the cloth, for I won’t take it.’ ‘Damn the cloth!’ answered the landlord, ‘I have suffered enough by them.’” The pay of the soldier was sixpence per day; after deductions amounting to twopence, the remaining fourpence was considered sufficient for his support. The pay of the Guards was eightpence.

³ “*Parliamentary History*,” vol. xi., p. 1479.

be endured. Punishments of brutal severity were the sole resource of shortsighted authority. With the most barbarous criminal code in Europe being relentlessly administered in the courts of the country, it was not to be expected that under the Mutiny Act there should be any mitigation in the scale of punishment. For slight breaches of discipline¹ flogging was the ordinary penalty. Sentences of from 100 to 1,000 lashes were of constant occurrence. The infliction of the penalty was carried out in the presence of troops drawn up for the purpose, and in sight of the populace, who would crowd into the parks in London to see the sentence executed. The severer floggings occasionally resulted in death, frequently in permanent injury, always in weeks or months of pain and disablement in hospital. Robert Hamilton, an army doctor, humane before his time, and the author of "Duties of a Regimental Surgeon," describes for the instruction of his fellow-surgeons the hideous results which too often followed this form of mutilation, and the best methods for dealing with lacerated muscles, abscesses, exposure of the spine, and the dangers of gangrene.² Captain Cuthbertson, in his "Treatise for the Management of a Battalion," lays it down that, in addition to the flogging, every victim should have twopence deducted from his pay for every 100 lashes inflicted, in order to provide the necessary implements, which, after fifty lashes, became so loaded with blood that new ones had to be employed. To what extremes the punishment was carried is illustrated in a letter from Sir W. Gage to the Duke of Newcastle, wherein he begs for the remission of 500 lashes in the case of one Turner, who had already received 500, and who it was confidently expected would die under the infliction of the remainder.³

Another method of maintaining discipline was brought into favour in 1739, when a soldier was picketed in the Park— i.e., hung by the wrist, with his bare feet resting on a pointed stake. The novelty of the punishment excited so much curiosity that several people were injured in the crowd that pressed to witness the spectacle.⁴ With truth might Horace Walpole declare that the favourite amusement of the London mob was executions. Other tortures deemed suitable to the status and delinquencies of soldiers were running the gauntlet, riding the wooden horse, and tying neck and heels. The effect of these measures— not the cause—was that the ranks of the army were replenished with professional criminals and the most profligate and degraded of the populace, that discipline was set at defiance, and that the profession of arms was for the time being a mere school of brutality. No attempt was made to introduce any spirit of compassion. Even when sick, the soldier was treated with the same want of consideration. Men were employed as regimental surgeons who were utterly ignorant of their duties, on the miserable salary of less than a guinea a week. Military hospitals did not exist. The sum of £30 per annum was allowed to each

¹ In 1755 a private received 100 lashes for allowing the queue of his hair to drop off when on duty (Hamilton, vol. ii., p. 23).

² Flogging in the army was not finally abolished till 1881. It is curious to note that, in his evidence before the Commission on Military Punishments, the Duke of Wellington said: "I do not see how you can have an army at all unless you preserve it in a state of discipline, nor how you can have a state of discipline unless you have some punishment. There is no punishment which makes an impression on anybody except corporal punishment. I have not an idea what can be substituted for it." Henry Marshall, in his "Military Miscellany," 1846, gives instances in which 1,500 lashes were actually administered at one time, and several cases in which death followed as the result of flogging.

³ Add. MSS., 32,700, f. 59.

⁴ J. Forteseue: "History of the British Army," vol. ii., p. 34.

regiment for the hire of quarters for the sick, for the payment of a nurse, and the purchase of wine for the more desperate cases.¹ The localities which were thus made to do duty for hospitals were among the most effective causes of death and sickness among the troops, while the ignorance of the doctors enabled it to be said that more men died by the lancet than ever died by the lance.²

Enough has been said to show that the soldiers composing the army were a race of men looked on as dwelling apart from the rest of the nation—a race naturally savage, and restrained only by a fearful and ferocious discipline from preying on defenceless citizens. Under these circumstances it is not to be wondered at that bounties should have been necessary to induce men to serve, and that the greatest difficulty should have been experienced in filling the ranks with recruits. On the other hand, in an age when no member of the leisured and governing class could sully his hands with trade or business without imperilling his caste, a commission in the army was an easy way of providing for a younger or prodigal son. The qualifications required for an officer were few. If he had a good figure, an age of from fourteen to nineteen years, a knowledge of French, drawing, and fortification, he possessed all that could be looked for at the outset of a military career.³ The remainder of his equipment was to be gained in experience. James Wolfe, who was continually expressing the severest criticisms on the want of knowledge shown by officers, wrote on the eve of the glories of the Seven Years' War: "I am sorry to say that our method of training and instructing the troops is extremely defective, and tends to no good end. We are lazy in time of peace, and of course want vigilance and activity in war. Our military education is by far the worst in Europe. ... It will cost us very dear some time hence. I hope the day is at a distance, but I am afraid it will come."⁴ Though his own genius was destined to falsify his forebodings, there is no question that the severity of his criticisms was fully justified. English textbooks on the science of war were so defective that Wolfe, writing to Thomas Townshend in 1756, when military knowledge had become more fashionable, is unable to recommend any but foreign works for the study of a young subaltern. An exception to this statement should be made by mentioning a remarkable work on gunnery by Benjamin Robins, published in 1742, which, besides throwing a great deal of light on the subject of artillery generally, contained the following far-seeing prophecy: "Whatever state shall thoroughly comprehend the nature and advantages of rifled barrel pieces, and, having facilitated and completed their construction, shall introduce into their armies their general use, with a dexterity in the management of them; they will by this means procure a superiority which will almost equal anything that has been done at any time by the particular excellence of any one kind of arm."⁵ Notwithstanding this precocious statement, and notwithstanding the effort for the scientific development of artillery denoted by the foundation of the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich (1741), it was 100 years before the prophecy was realized. But perhaps in no department was English military knowledge so inferior as compared with the Continent as in engineering. While Europe was ringing with

¹ R. Hamilton: "Duties of a Regimental Surgeon," vol. i., p. 32 *et. seq.*

² R. Hamilton: "Duties of a Regimental Surgeon."

³ Cuthbertson, p. 2.

⁴ Wright: "Life of Wolfe," p. 325.

⁵ Benjamin Robins: "New Principles of Gunnery," ed. Wilson, 1805, p. 341.

names like Vauban, Van Cohorn, and Megrigny, England could not at this time boast of any soldier who could speak with wide authority or original capacity on the subject of military engineering. Alexander Carlyle says that English engineers were so ignorant that their ranks had to be filled with Scotsmen, who had at least had a training in mathematics.¹

Nevertheless, such conditions did not prevent commissions being eagerly sought after, and applications, when vacancies occurred, were never wanting. The system under which appointments were made was, however, better calculated to promote the stability of the Ministry than increase the efficiency of the service. "Nothing," said the Duke of Argyll in 1741 in a speech before the House of Lords, "is now considered but senatorial interest,² nor can anything be inferred from the promotion of an officer but that he is in some degree or other allied to some member of the senate or the leading voter of a Borough. . . . Our Armies have known no other power than that of the Secretary of War, who directs all their motions and fills up every vacancy without opposition and without appeal." What has been called the "overpowering supremacy of the Secretary at War"³ permeated every rank of the army, and extended to the minutest control. The King, whose principal pastime was to consider himself a great commander, stood at the back of this power, and directed it with the uncertain fancy of an autocrat. His interference in the appointment of officers was constant and decisive. In 1733, when bestowing upon Lord Cathcart the command of a regiment of horse, the King said: "I know you are a man of honour, and if you continue to behave yourself well to me, I'll take care of you."⁴

Such a system was irreconcilable with strict discipline, for it taught men to look, not to those in immediate authority over them, but to the remoter political hierarchy in whose hands lay the power to bestow rewards. But it was a system dictated by reasons of State. It was no haphazard abuse. It was carefully fostered. The explanation of it, as of much else during the Ministry of Walpole, was the existence of the Jacobite peril, which to Walpole, at any rate, was a pressing factor influencing every political move. Memory still retained the uses to which the army had been put in times of civil war. The greatest captain of the age had been suspect. The rising of 1715 had shown that war might simply mean political opinion in action. Soldiers were inextricably a part of politics. It was a question of Hanoverian or Jacobite, of the King at St. James's or the King over the water. In the judgment of Walpole, the question might one day have to be answered. The state of the army was not such that an automatic response could be looked for. There was still the tendency to debate, to consider, and ultimately to take a side. It was therefore the business of Government to see that, when the occasion arose, the army should be on the right side, on the side of Whig government, on the side of stability and the ideas represented by the Hanoverian dynasty. When in 1745 the call came, there was never a moment's doubt. The army was stanch for King George.

The appointment of Cumberland to the colonelcy of one of the most distinguished regiments of the service on his twentieth birthday was an emphatic pledge to the army of the

¹ "Autobiography of the Rev. Alexander Carlyle."

² *E.g.*, Sir W. Yonge to Sir E. Fawkener, May 5, 1743: "I must mention one more for preferment, Ensign Frederick of the Guards. This is a political application of consequence, he having two brothers Members of Parliament, and very earnest for him" (Cumberland Papers).

³ Fortescue: "History of the Army," vol. ii., p. 27.

⁴ "Annals of the Earl of Stair," vol. ii., p. 201.

good-will of the King. Cumberland was still the “darling of the nation” as well as the favourite of his father. That he should now be ranged among the militant forces of the Crown, that for the good of the country he should be bestowed on an unpopular profession, was just one of those dealings between the Sovereign and his people which strikes in on the popular imagination and outweighs argument. Thenceforward between King and nation there was an implicit personal bond, of good augury to the throne.

The activity and stir of camp life were kindling to a youthful spirit after the monotony of St. James's. Since the death of Caroline, the Court, so far as it had any existence at all, seemed only to exist to engender ennui.¹ In the gloomy corridors and dilapidated chambers of St. James's the last spark of gaiety had been finally extinguished.² If those who entered the palace did not abandon hope, they at least gave up all expectation of being amused. The conversation of the Royal Family took that best-known form of all social insipidities—a succession of questions to which no one cares to hear the answer: “Do you love walking?” “Do you love music?” “Was you at the opera?” “When do you go into the country?”³ The King would withdraw to his apartments at the earliest moment. He no longer dined in public, and but rarely appeared. He had his private card-parties, the Princesses had theirs, the Duke of Cumberland his. From all this, Hounslow camp was a stimulating change, and the young soldier was soon fired to seek a more opportune field for his ambition.

In combination with the measures adopted at the outbreak of the Spanish War,⁴ it had been resolved in December, 1739,⁵ to despatch a squadron to the West Indies bearing troops who should co-operate with forces to be raised in the American colonies. This was in accordance with a plan devised so far back as 1727 by Colonel Spotswood.⁶ It was hoped that Lord Cathcart, to whom the command of the expedition was to be entrusted, would be able to sail in April or May. Inevitable delays due to want of preparedness, shortage of men, absence of organization, hindered the completion of the forces. July found Lord Cathcart still chafing in the Isle of Wight, where the six new regiments of marines formed for the expedition were encamped. The attitude of France became more and more menacing. De Bussy (No. 101), now the accredited Minister of the Court of Versailles in London, was instructed to inform Newcastle that Cathcart's expedition would be regarded as a certain indication that England intended to break with France.⁷ Newcastle's answer was to strengthen the number of ships to be employed and accelerate their departure. At the same time a strong fleet, under Sir John Norris, was to be despatched of sufficient strength to deal with the combined Spanish and French fleets, and hinder their sailing to the West Indies. Lord Carteret had said: “Look to America, my Lord: Europe will take care of itself. Support Vernon, and you will want no support here.” This was Newcastle's policy. Walpole, with less insight into the strategical problem, was against weakening the naval forces in the Channel, and “placing the country at the mercy of France.”⁸ But Newcastle prevailed in the Cabinet.

¹ “Lettres du Baron de Bielfeld,” vol i., p. 262 *et. seq.*

² *Ibid.*

³ Walpole to Mann, January 27, 1743

⁴ See *ante*, p. 73 *et. seq.*

⁵ Add. MSS., 32,693, f. 9.

⁶ *Ibid.*

⁷ *Ibid.*, 32,802, f. 158.

⁸ Hervey: “Memoirs —“Minutes of Cabinet,” vol. iii., p. 376.

The most instant prospect of seeing active service now lay with the Norris squadron. Accordingly, Cumberland obtained leave to quit the camp at Hounslow, and proceed on board Sir John Norris's flagship, the *Victory*, as a volunteer. He was welcomed with acclamation. Sir John wrote: "For myself, as it is the most glorious circumstance of my life to be entrusted with His Royal Highness, it shall be the utmost care of it, by all possible duty and application, to deserve the extraordinary favour and confidence I am honoured with."¹ On Monday, July 14, Sir John Norris, with his squadron of twenty men-of-war, set sail from St. Helen's. A westerly wind hampered their movements. The fleet drifted out slowly on the tide, and when at midnight the signal was given to tack, a disastrous collision occurred between the *Victory* and the *Lyon*. Water poured into the *Victory*, and the vessel was in imminent peril. She was, however, prevented from sinking, and the ships returned to St. Helen's with the loss of twenty-eight seamen drowned as the result of the accident. From the florid and ungrammatical letter of the Admiral, it is plain that Cumberland showed no want of courage: "The unconcern which his Royal Highness shewed when the accident hapned, and his easiness under the delay and inconvenience it occasioned, may serve as an example to us all now, as I hope his authority and influence will one day for preventing the like amongst us. I have always the pleasure of observing that the expressions of your duty and attachment are very agreeably received by him, and as it is impossible to know him without loving him, I cannot wish your Grace a greater happiness than the being loved by him."² The remainder of Cumberland's brief experience of a seafaring life was limited to lying at anchor in Torbay waiting for a favourable wind.

While thus condemned to inaction, he fraternized with the men and took part in their diversions and dancing, and "no Prince," we are told, "was ever more beloved than he is in the fleet."³ "He has made," wrote Norris, "a conquest of the hearts of all his Majesty's subjects that have had the honour to serve with him in the fleet."⁴ Here there is a difficulty in tracing any signs of that dark association with inhumanity and cruelty with which history has chosen to invest him. We shall, in fact, as we proceed, find it necessary either to discredit every evidence of Cumberland's early years, or to suppose a sudden and revolutionary upheaval of character, if we are to accept the portrait coloured by Jacobites, endorsed by political adversaries, and hitherto handed down by historical tradition.

At the beginning of September, De Bussy, who was still trafficking in State secrets, communicated to Newcastle the information that, while Sir John Norris was lying idle at Torbay, the French and Spanish fleets had slipped away⁵ from Brest and Ferrol, and were already shaping their course to the West Indies. The original objective of the Channel Squadron had consequently failed. It was therefore determined that Norris's ships should form part of the fleet which was to escort the expedition of Lord Cathcart, under the

¹ S.P., Dom. Naval, vol. lxxxvii.: Norris to Newcastle.

² *Ibid.*, July 5; Norris to Newcastle.

³ Lady Hartford to Lady Pomfret, August 26, 1740.

⁴ S.P., Dom. Naval, vol. lxxxvii.: Norris to Newcastle.

⁵ Add. MSS., 32,802, f. 187.

The Brest squadron sailed $\frac{\text{August 22}}{\text{September 2}}$: 15 ships.

The Toulon squadron sailed $\frac{\text{August 15}}{\text{September 26}}$: 12 ships.

The Ferrol squadron sailed $\frac{\text{July 19}}{\text{July 30}}$: 12 ships.

command of Sir Chaloner Ogle. Sir John Norris hauled down his flag, and, accompanied by Cumberland, returned to London. In a letter to Newcastle, Cumberland expressed his disappointment that he was thus deprived of the chance of active service.

“I am very sorry,” he wrote on September 11,¹ “to see by your letter of the 8th instant that the French and Spaniards being gone to the W. Indies, the Lords Justices have thought it necessary for the fleet under the command of Sir John Norris to be sent thither, as it will deprive me of the pleasure of serving on board with them. I cannot omit taking this opportunity of mentioning the kind and obliging treatment I have met with from everybody here, but in particular from Sir John himself, who has contrived to make the whole cruise more agreeable to me than I could have expected. I must conclude with thanking you for the trouble you have taken and the concern you express on my disappointment. I wish I may ever deserve the many handsome things you are so kind to say of me.

“I am your affectionate friend,

“WILLIAM.”

He pleaded in vain to be allowed to proceed to the West Indies. His father, while taking pride in his son’s keenness, declined to consent to his serving in so unhealthy a climate.²

But the disappointment was not to be of long duration. “The flame being once kindled in America,” wrote Newcastle (September 6, 1740) to Lord Harrington, then Minister in attendance on the King in Hanover, “must soon extend itself to Europe and produce a general war.” The prophecy was shortly to be realized. On May 31, while every eye was turned to the struggle between Great Britain and Spain, an event took place of supreme importance to the history of Europe. Frederick I. of Prussia died, and the daring and ambitious genius of his son and successor entered the troubled field of Continental politics. Newcastle, casting about for some combination to oppose to the defiant attitude of France, concluded that this “vain young King” must be won over to an alliance with England. “We must buy Prussia,” he wrote, “almost at any rate if we can.”³ “Except we can form some new alliances, France (for what I see) will sooner or later overrun Europe, and perhaps America too.”⁴ Indeed, in September, 1740, the position was grave and critical. The French and Spanish fleets were already on their way to the West Indies. The English fleet and the troops destined to carry on the war in the Spanish colonies were still detained in English waters, the crews of the ships so short that two regiments, Bland’s and Cavendish’s, had to be handed over to the Admiral to serve as sailors, an infectious fever raging in the transports, stores and arms deficient, orders and counter-orders passing continually between Downing Street and Portsmouth up to the very day (October 24) of the final sailing of the flotilla.

It was thus that the expedition, which it was hoped would be ready to leave in April or May, failed to weigh anchor till the gales of winter were gathering over the Atlantic, and the enemy’s fleets were already approaching their destination. Disaster was to attend it at every stage. Lord Cathcart died on the voyage. Jealousies and dissensions distracted the counsels of the naval and military authorities. The attack against Carthage failed. The forces were ravaged by yellow fever. Nine men out of every ten in the regiments which sailed from

¹ Add. MSS., 32,695, f. 33.

² Hist. MSS., Report x., i., p. 275: Edward Weston to Walpole.

³ Add. MSS., 32,695, f. 60: Newcastle to Harrington, September 14, 1740.

⁴ Add. MSS., 32,695, f. 172: Newcastle to Harrington, September 20.

Portsmouth perished. It was, in fact, this scourge, and not skill in arms, which eventually proved the arbiter in the Spanish War. "The French fleet was driven back to France by it, the Spaniards were left defenceless by it, the English were palsied for attack by it."¹ Nothing whatever was achieved, and the expedition survives in history as a monument of incompetence, mismanagement, and the fatal results attending jealousies between the two branches of the service.

¹ J. Fortescue: "History of the Army," vol. ii., p. 76.

CHAPTER VIII SOCIAL AMUSEMENTS IN LONDON

CUMBERLAND on his return to London resumed his regimental duties with the Coldstream Guards. Occasional references to him in the letters of Horace Walpole show that he also found time to live the fashionable life of the day, pursuing pleasures and amusements which, to a later generation more expert in luxury and hedonism, seem strangely dingy and insipid. Readers of Fielding will remember in "Joseph Andrews" (1742) the allocation of hours in the diary of a man of fashion:

"From 2 to 4.	Dressed myself.
„ 4 „ 6.	Dined.
„ 6 „ .	Coffee-house.
„ 8 „ 9.	Drury Lane Playhouse.
„ 9 „ 10.	Lincoln's Inn Fields.
„ 10 „ 12.	Drawing-room."

The "season" to which this horary refers extended from October to May, and covered the period during which Parliament sat, and during which the Court resided at St. James's. The "Foreigner's Guide to London" (1752) complains with familiar irritation of the fogs, the pickpockets, and the condition of the streets, throughout these winter months. The streets, indeed, held many minor perils. Foot-passengers walked on pavements divided from the roadway by stout posts, and the fop "whose mantling peruke veils his empty head," and who had a care for his silk and ruffles, would hug the wall in his red-heeled shoes to avoid the volleys of mud from passing coaches and the cascades of rain-water discharging from the waterspouts overhead. The condition of the roadways was such that coaches were tossed and tumbled, and occasionally overset, by the mere irregularities of the cobbles. For State functions or the occasions when the King visited Parliament, faggots were thrown into the ruts of the road to ensure an even keel for the royal coaches; while the pains of locomotion were further aggravated by turnpikes, one of which guarded every avenue in Westminster. It was an easy matter, however, to break from the trammels of the streets, and for a rider to find himself on a country road beset by hedge and woodland, faring forth to one of the neighbouring villages of Hampstead, Islington, Hoxton, Chelsea, or Pancras, some of them famous for their mineral waters, and all of them much frequented on Sundays, when there was the usual "week-end" exodus from London.¹

If the day was to be spent nearer home, the morning could be passed in occupations of idyllic simplicity. The leisured could drink syllabub in St. James's Park, where a herd of cows were pastured for the purpose, or saunter to feed the fallow-deer which grazed in front of the

¹ "Tradesmen on a Saturday crowd out of town as if the plague was coming on Sunday" (*Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. iii., p. 89). "It is so established a fashion to go out of town at the end of the week that people do go, though it be only into another town" (Walpole to Mann, June 4, 1749).

royal palace. These were the spacious days of privilege, and the parks were kept as far as possible sacred to the "well-to-do." A War Office order of 1740 directs the Guards "to free St. James's Park from Pedlars and Beggars that Persons of quality and distinction who resort thither for the benefit of the air may do it without uneasiness and disturbance." Hyde Park, on the other hand, was the habitual resort of the democracy, and offered irresistible attractions in its proximity to Tyburn and its frequent displays of the barbarities of military discipline.

Later, before the dinner-hour, which varied from two to four, the fashionable world would meet in the Mall. Pell-mell was no longer played, but the Mall was the recognized rendezvous for idleness and fashion, and here, if fate was propitious, the King himself could be seen jostling with common mortality. November 6, 1751, we read in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "His Majesty [George II.] walked with the Duke of Cumberland in the Mall of St. James's Park, which is new gravelled, above an hour, to the great joy of the spectators." Cumberland, though barely thirty-one, already a large, unwieldy man, his fame in 1751 chequered by Dettingen and Fontenoy, by Culloden and Laffelt, himself a cynosure to the crowd, reviving homage or bitter execration as he went; beside him George II., a small and dapper figure, hung with stars and ribbons, sustained by his distinction of demeanour, his assumption of a military habit, and the dignity imparted to him by his office, conversing little, and tardily returning the salutations of an obsequious and conventional enthusiasm. Bitter days dividing father and son lay then unthought of in the future, but in 1751 the King still maintained his former manner of affection towards Cumberland, their intimacy coloured by the common and glorious memory of Dettingen and their mutual interest in the profession of arms.

But there were more serious recreations than drinking syllabub, feeding the deer, and sauntering in the Mall, to engage the energies of the idle. Twice a week there were bull or bear baitings at Hockley-in-the-Hole, when animals "dressed in fireworks," and maddened by the pain and noise of their explosive trappings, were turned into the arena to contest with savage dogs. So long as executions were converted into theatrical exhibitions, and public galleries with reserved seats were standing at Tyburn, mildness and decency were not likely to be qualities observable in the pastimes of the multitude. Hockley was essentially the people's resort. Here the instincts of the mob were made plain, without any veneer of civilization, and found their pleasure in cock-fights, boxing-matches, prizefights between women stripped to the waist, and contests between gladiators, who slashed each other with sabres.¹ It was considered a place rather "for the gallantry of the lower order of Britons,"² but it drew to its exhibitions many of "the quality," and used to be visited by Frederick, Prince of Wales, and Cumberland, surreptitiously and in disguise. Among the more respectable pleasures, mention should also be made of golf, which was played on a course at Molesly Hurst. To read of Garrick giving a luncheon-party at his villa at Hampton for a "foursome" in the afternoon has a modern ring about it, but less so when we also read that the players as they passed through Kensington in their landau, at the moment of changing guard, were cheered by the Coldstream Guards, who were irresistibly stirred to this breach of discipline

¹ A. Andrews: "The Eighteenth Century, p. 61."—"Affairs of Scotland, 1744-1746," p. 14. "Lettres du Baron de Bielfeld," vol. i., p. 275.

² Spectator, No. 436.

by the spectacle of the golf-clubs protruding from the vehicle.¹ It is said that Cumberland during his Scottish campaign took lessons in the game, but I have been unable to find that he pursued the matter further either at Molesly Hurst or elsewhere in England.

Social diversions, on the other hand, in which we hear of the Duke constantly taking part, were comparatively tame and unoffending. Vauxhall and [Ranelagh](#), features bulking so large on the light side of eighteenth-century life, impress the modern reader with their dulness. Yet there is hardly a memoir or a diary of the period which fails to enlarge on their delights. Ranelagh, which had no patron more constant than Cumberland, was situated on the east side of Chelsea Hospital. It was opened in 1742 under the auspices of Sir Thomas Robinson, the dilettante statesman, architect, impresario, and colonial Governor, who was as remarkable for his dress as for his versatility, his favourite hunting costume, in which he appeared at Ranelagh and elsewhere, being a postilion's cap, a light green jacket, and buckskin breeches. The main feature of Ranelagh was a large rotunda in the centre of the gardens. Within the building two tiers of supper-boxes, surmounted by a range of windows, filled the space between the floor and the ceiling of the wall of the enclosure. In the centre rose "four triumphal arches of the Doric order," which, as seen in the [familiar picture of Canaletto](#),² formed with the smaller arches between them an octagonal support to the roof. Within this structure was an immense fireplace for diffusing warmth and a semblance of comfort through the building during winter months. The effect created by the imitation marbles, the terminal figures in plaster of Paris, the skilfully-placed mirrors, the glittering chandeliers, and the false sumptuousness of the decorations, must have been garish in the extreme. But at night, when the fifty-two supper-boxes, with their painted interiors, were illuminated, and occupied each by their seven or eight guests, there was at least an appearance of animation. Dr. Johnson went so far as to declare that the *coup d'ceil* of Ranelagh was the finest thing he had ever seen. "When I first entered Ranelagh," he said on another occasion, "it gave an expansion and gay sensation to my mind such as I never experienced anywhere else." And he esteemed the character of its gaiety as so lively and venturesome that he warned Boswell, who was then entering the profession of the law, not to be seen too often at Ranelagh, "for there must be a kind of solemnity in a professional man."³ But others better versed in recreation than Dr. Johnson were equally sensible to its attractions. Horace Walpole wrote: "Every night constantly I go to Ranelagh. Nobody goes anywhere else; everybody goes there. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it that he says he has ordered all his letters to be directed thither. If you had never seen it I would make you a most pompous description of it, and tell you how the floor is all of beaten Princes—that you can't set your foot without treading on a Prince of Wales or Duke of Cumberland. The company is universal: there is from his Grace of Grafton down to children out of the Foundling Hospital—from my Lady Townshend to the kitten—from my Lord Sandys to your humble cousin and sincere friend."⁴ When one considers that the only diversion provided was music, and that, except on ball nights, when guests added to their gaiety by cooking their own suppers, the only refreshment was bread and butter and tea or coffee, one

¹ Autobiography of Alexander Carlyle, p. 343.

² In the National Gallery.

³ Hill: Boswell's "Life of Johnson," vol. iv., p. 310.

⁴ Walpole to Conway, June 29, 1744.

can but marvel that the whole world, instead of meandering round the rotunda in an eternal circle like trained mice or “so many blind asses in an olive-mill,” did not take sides with the French writer who described Ranelagh as a place “*ou on s’ennuie avec de la mauvaise musique, du thé et du beurre.*”¹

In explanation more than in defence of such monotony, it must be remembered that taste was not fastidious nor appetite jaded, and that the world brought to its recreations a fund of animal spirits which was rarely exhausted. Pathos, the sense of tears, the problem of suffering, were little accounted. Who can doubt it, who reads the letters of the day—the letters of Horace Walpole, with their incorrigible flippancy, the letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, of Lady Suffolk, of Gay, of Pope, of Mary Lepel and Madge Bellenden, or the novels of Fielding and Smollett? Under all the conventionality and behind the coarseness and brutality of the age we come suddenly upon high spirits, as on the faces of children laughing through foliage, and boredom is dissolved in the vivacity of their rejoicing and the invincible gaiety of their heart. It was these same high spirits which invested Ranelagh and Vauxhall and kindred centres of entertainment with the quality of pleasure, and discovered dissipation where the modern mind sees only dreariness and dismay. It was these same high spirits which would, in spite of the grave formality of the Court, at rare intervals brush aside the tedium of Kensington or St. James’s, and assail the very presence of the King. One occasion beyond others breaks through the routine which deadened the evenings spent in the circle of royalty. On a September evening in 1744 the usual party at cards was in progress at Kensington, when one of the Princesses pulled the chair from under the Countess Deloraine. Lady Deloraine, one of the prettiest women of the day, was the wife of Mr. Windham, who was subgovernor to the Duke of Cumberland. In 1744 she was generally recognized as occupying a position to which she had long aspired—that of mistress to George II. As such, her indignation was beyond bounds when her royal lover showed his merriment at the predicament created for her by his daughters. She waited her opportunity, and it was not long before the King himself was subjected to a similar trick at the hands of his mistress. “But, alas! the Monarch, like Louis XIV., was mortal in the part that touched the ground, and was so hurt and angry that the Countess was disgraced.”² Her supremacy at Court was abruptly terminated, and her rival, Lady Yarmouth, thenceforward reigned undisturbed in her stead.

Few things vary so little from one generation to another as the purely social entertainments of Mayfair. By whatever name the method of gathering people together may be called, the process and the result, the stock of dulness and the amusement, are the same. Fielding tells us that at the time we are considering there were assemblies, drums, routs, riots, and hurricanes; but Fielding himself would have found difficulty in pointing to any material distinction between these subdivisions of the genus “party.” A concourse of people brought under one roof to eat, to talk, to play cards, to initiate intrigue, to crystallize rumour, to pay homage to rank, and foster triviality, was the common mark of all. Every night during the season coaches and chairs would bring the fashionable world to some such rendezvous or assembly. Society was small, and jealous of its landmarks. By the end of the

¹ See Warwick Wroth . “London Pleasure Gardens”; Austin Dobson: “Eighteenth Century Vignettes “; “Ranelagh House, a Satire, 1749 “; *Scots Observer*, vol. i.

² Walpole to Mann, October, 1742.

season the same people must have met many scores of times under the same circumstances. Iteration and want of variety must have weighed heavily on social buoyancy, but there is little evidence of ennui, and little to suggest that the energies of those who partook of these enjoyments nagged or grew blunt. And with what zeal they worked out the pattern of their pleasure, how largely they looked forward, and how they dwelt, both women and men, on the finery of their clothes! For the Court birthday ball in 1741 the suits from Paris were delayed, and Horace Walpole, in a fever of anxiety, despatches a King's messenger to Dover for his own and that of Lord Holderness. The messenger takes horse, and finds them already at Dover, and in the nick of time the mud-stained mail-cart enters London with the missing suits and nineteen others. There were no questions in the House of Commons, but even then there was an Opposition Press ready to pry, and awkward things had a way of getting into the papers; nor is there need to doubt the sincerity of Horace Walpole when he says that he opened the next number of the *Craftsman*¹ "with fear and trembling," lest the journals of the day should have got wind of this misuse of His Majesty's mail.

Balls began at eight, and would last till three and four. To the ball given by Sir Thomas Robinson in December, 1741, 200 guests came. The dancing, which opened with a minuet, and was kept going with country dances, came to an end at three, but "Lord Lincoln, Lord Holderness, Lord Robert Sutton, young Churchill, and a dozen more grew jolly, stayed till seven in the morning and drank thirty-two bottles."² Cumberland is often noted as present at these social functions, and figuring in minuets and country dances; but the favourite resort both of his father and himself was masquerades and ridottos. Masquerades had been a fashionable field of amusement for a number of years. Under the management of the "Swiss Count," John Heidegger, they were in vogue as far back as 1717,³ and had quickly spread from the opera-house in the Haymarket to other public resorts and private houses. From their first introduction, however, they were regarded as the cause of much scandal and evil living, and puritanical opinion, now directed by a few fanatics who were seldom conspicuous for discernment, assigned to their influence much of the licentiousness of the time. An unsuccessful attempt was made to suppress the masquerades by Act of Parliament. They were made the subject of a royal proclamation. Queen Caroline consistently discountenanced them. Successive grand juries of Middlesex presented Heidegger as the "principal promoter of vice and immorality in defiance of the laws of this land, to the great scandal of religion, the disturbance of His Majesty's Government, and the damage of many of his good subjects";⁴ and in 1724 the Bishop of London, preaching at Bow Church before the Society for the Reformation of Manners, had directed the reprobation of the righteous against masquerades as a form of entertainment. Heidegger replied to the sermon in verse:

"In strains prophetick, you foretel
 What sad disasters must betide
 The wives and daughters of Cheapside
 If, mixing with the Courtly crowd,

¹ The chief Opposition newspaper.

² Walpole to Mann, December 3, 1741.

³ Elwin: Pope's "Works," vol. iv., p. 382: Pope to Lady M. Wortley Montagu.

⁴ T. Wright: "England under the House of Hanover."

They wear disguises a la mode.”¹

“Wives and daughters” indeed must have been more than ordinarily subject to the frailties of human nature. A writer to the *Scots Magazine* in 1739 averred that it was as foolish to expose a wife or a daughter at a masquerade as money or jewels upon Hampstead Heath, for at these diversions “virtue and religion were deprived of their last refuge, shame.” To such strenuous opinion some concession was necessary, and in the substitution of the appellation “ridotto” for “masquerade” there was discovered one of those superficial compromises so frequently satisfactory to the less thinking and more audible section of the English public. But either under the name of “ridotto” or of “masquerade” these gatherings continued to flourish, and whether held at Vauxhall, Ranelagh, or the opera-house, were regarded as by far the liveliest social functions of the time, and were regularly attended by George II. and his sons.

If the tale of evening diversion in which Cumberland took a part is to be complete, mention has still to be made of the opera and the drama. For several years before the death of Queen Caroline (1737) the opera had been one of the many battle-grounds of the Royal Family. Almost any event, political, domestic, or social, if it was of sufficient importance, served to widen the breach between father and son. It had been so with Walpole’s Excise Bill, the Convention with Spain, the confinement of the Princess of Wales, and so it was during these years with the opera. It was enough for the King to espouse the side of Handel, then music-master to the Princess Royal, for the Prince of Wales to throw in his lot with Buononcini. Advocacy of the rival claims had disturbed the stability of society, and the respective merits of “Tweedledum and Tweedledee” had driven the fashionable world into two opposing camps. Each faction had its favourite composer and its favourite singers. In 1728 Faustina had been hissed off the stage by Lady Pembroke and her followers, while Cuzzoni was reduced to silence by Lady Delaware and a company of young men. The situation was summed up in a popular verse as follows:

“Old poets sing that beasts did dance
Whenever Orpheus played,
So to Faustina’s charming voice
Wise Pembroke’s asses brayed.”

But the attempt to support two rival operas could have but one end. In 1737 Handel became bankrupt, while the rival theatre at Lincoln’s Inn showed every year an increasing deficit. The King and Queen would sit freezing at the empty King’s Theatre in the Haymarket, listening to the succession of operas which flowed from the pen of Handel, while the Prince of Wales and fashionable audiences attended at the rival Italian opera in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. Feeling ran so high that Lord Hervey likened it to the rivalry between the Greens and the Blues under Justinian at Constantinople, and the Princess Royal bitingly observed that she expected in a little while to see half the House of Lords playing in the orchestra of the Italian opera in their robes and coronets. But opera continued to be given at one house or the other, and to avoid an awkward situation it was arranged that the King should attend on Tuesdays, and the Prince of Wales on Saturdays. Cumberland, who moved freely between the two camps, was under no such restraint, and later, when Handel was producing his oratorios concurrently with the revival of the Italian opera (1742-43), enjoyed

¹ Heidegger’s Letter to the Bishop of London.

all the advantages of a neutral spectator.

CHAPTER IX

THE MENACE OF EUROPEAN WAR

FOR later generations the interest of the Spanish War, which gave Cumberland his first opportunity for seeking active service, is mainly to be found in the light it throws on the temper and policy of France towards England. It was, indeed, the overture to the great drama which was to follow, a drama which, as far as England and France were involved, was not to reach its final culmination till 1815. Side by side with that struggle there was evolved the power of Prussia. But Prussia in the early days affected only slightly what was then the alpha and omega of international politics, the "equipoise of power." When in 1740 (October 20) Charles VI. died, and the Austrian succession was in dispute, both political parties in England were agreed that support must be given to Maria Theresa, nominally because England had guaranteed her right to the throne, in substance because France was exploiting the occasion for further increasing the domination in Europe of the House of Bourbon.¹ The action of England has often been described as due to a generous desire on the part of the English nation to fulfil a treaty obligation, and assist the unfortunate Queen of Hungary. But with the English Ministry the motive for Continental intervention was fear of France. "This is not," said Walpole in his speech on the vote for a subsidy to Maria Theresa, "an act of romantic generosity, but such as the closest attention to our own interest shows to be necessary. . . . The Empire may be considered as the bulwark of Great Britain, which, if it be thrown down, leaves us naked and defenceless."² In the same debate Pulteney, as leader of the Opposition, supported the vote, and urged the formation of an alliance with the King of Prussia, in order that Britain might once more stand at the head of a Protestant confederacy strong enough to crush the pretensions of the House of Bourbon. In the House of Lords, Lord Carteret spoke to the same effect. "If the Austrian dominions are parcelled," he said, "France gets enough, without getting an acre of land."

Charles VI. having died in October, on December 16 (1740) Frederick the Great, with an army of 28,000 men, crossed the frontier into Silesia. It was the first move in the War of the Austrian Succession. Louis XV., when the news was brought to him, exclaimed: "Cet homme là est fol." But the act of the madman was to fling open a door for the cupidities of the nations. Before its consequences were exhausted it was to change the face of Europe. Finally it was to set the lists for the great eighteenth-century struggle between France and England. History, indeed, has few moments of greater significance than the winter morning which saw the regiment of Schwerin marching into the village of Läsger in the territory of Maria Theresa. Beginning as a contest between neighbouring Sovereigns for the possession of the province of Silesia, this act of Frederick led on to a conflagration which involved every Power in Europe. It was not, however, till the Court of Versailles, stimulated by the large

¹ Add MSS., 32,701, f. 202: Newcastle to Hardwicke.

² "Parliamentary History," vol. xii., p. 178.

ambition and bold statesmanship of Marshal Belleisle, decided to take part in the struggle, that the intervention of England became inevitable.

In March, 1741, Belleisle, with an immense retinue, set out from Versailles on a mission to Germany, to secure support for Charles Albert of Bavaria in his claim to the imperial throne. Signature of the Pragmatic Sanction was to cause but brief embarrassment to the parties to that treaty. Frederick had observed his covenant by the invasion of Silesia. Spain, Saxony, and Sardinia, followed with claims on Austrian territory. Charles Albert of Bavaria, whose wife, Maria Amalia, niece of the Emperor Charles VI., had renounced her right to the throne, became the principal aspirant for the imperial crown. France, recognizing a political occasion for weakening the Habsburg power, launched the Belleisle Mission, a supreme act of international casuistry, and prepared to support with her armies the claims of Charles of Bavaria. Newcastle, who more than any Minister of the day had the gift of seeing the trend and anticipating the results of international politics, wrote a few weeks later: "The chief view of France is to set up the House of Bavaria, and to advance that Elector to the Imperial Crown, which must end in flinging the whole Empire into the hands of France." Frederick meanwhile had continued his advance into Silesia, and at the Battle of Mollwitz (March 21, 1741) had inflicted a signal defeat on the Austrians under the command of Marshal Neipperg. Such was the posture of affairs in Europe in the spring of 1741.

At home, Walpole, true to his peace policy, to his tradition of keeping England out of every military commitment on the Continent, was implacably urging an accommodation between Maria Theresa and Frederick. In 1734, when everyone was clamouring for England to assist the Emperor Charles VI. in his contest with France, Walpole had ridden the whirlwind, faced the outcry in Court and country, and insisted successfully on peace and the arrangement of terms between the Habsburg and Bourbon crowns. The task with which he was now (1740-41) confronted was immeasurably more difficult. The naval armaments of England were occupied in the Spanish Main, Maria Theresa was so little ready to listen to the terms proposed on behalf of Prussia that she was already making overtures to France, Parliament and the nation were at one in their determination to support her claims to the throne, while the authority of Walpole with a dissentient Cabinet¹ and before an Opposition daily becoming more powerful, was steadily declining. So critical, indeed, was the situation in June, when news of the disaster at Carthagena reached England, that the advisability of abandoning America seems actually to have been seriously considered in the Cabinet. Newcastle, however, was stout for a vigorous pursuit of the war in the West Indies, and he records with satisfaction that Walpole had agreed and had declared "that his present thoughts were that America was not to be given up."²

"He is a brave fellow," said George II. of Walpole; "he has more spirit than any man I ever knew." But the moment was approaching when his spirit was to be powerless to combat the forces of opposition. The chances of peace between Prussia and Austria, moreover, appear to have been materially diminished by Lord Carteret, who, after a subsidy to the Queen of

¹ Add. MSS., 32,699, f. 14. Newcastle writes to Hardwicke, January 10, 1741, of "the fatal obstinacy of one single man [Walpole] resolved to ruin or to rule the State."

² Add MSS. 35,407, f. 31: Newcastle to Hardwicke. Lord Stair believed that Walpole, "the great criminal," as Lord Chesterfield at this time called him, deliberately starved the Carthagenan expedition in order that it might fail ("Stair Annals" vol ii pp. 269-278).

Hungary had been voted in Parliament (April, 1741), informed Count Ostein,¹ the Austrian Minister in London, that the “subsidy had been extorted from the ministry by the general voice of the Parliament and the people.” Such information was at once communicated to the Queen, and, betokening as it did a militant sympathy on the part of the British nation, induced her to dismiss further consideration of terms of peace, and continue her resistance to the forces of Prussia. It was in vain pointed out “that His Majesty [George II.] . . . could not alone in conjunction with the Queen of Hungary be able to oppose the united force of France, Spain, Sweden, Prussia, Bavaria, and possibly the King of Poland, and that therefore the King could not but conjure her Hungarian Majesty to try still to gain the King of Prussia.” But the Queen was obstinate, and, as Newcastle pointed out, further representations might make the Court of Vienna desperate, and determine them to fling themselves into the hands of France.²

George II. was, as usual, in a state of suppressed belligerency. His frame of mind was very much that of Lord Grantham, formerly Chamberlain to Caroline, and whose existence, Lord Hervey declared, was barely distinguished from that of a vegetable. Lord Grantham summed up his views on foreign affairs in a single forcible sentence: “I hate the French, and I hope as we shall beat the French.” The King for the moment was of the same way of thinking. At the end of May, 1741, he set out for Hanover. As Elector of that principality, he designed to support his electoral vote in the council of the Empire by more active intervention in favour of Maria Theresa. For this purpose he proposed to assume direction of the contingents which had been taken into the pay of England, and thus use for partly electoral purposes troops subsidized by English money.³ But on June 4 France and Prussia had formed an alliance; an army of observation was already encamped in the vicinity of Hanover, near Magdeburg. August, moreover, saw the armies of France on the march, one army of 40,000 as “auxiliaries” joining Charles of Bavaria in his advance on Vienna; the other, also of 40,000 men, under Maillebois, crossing the Lower Rhine and threatening Hanover. Confronted with this situation, George II. was forced⁴ into a treaty of neutrality. The proposed intervention of Hanover on behalf of the Queen of Hungary was thus checkmated, and in this somewhat humiliating anticlimax the Hanoverian sword was restored to the scabbard. This action of the King, it should be noted, was taken in direct opposition to the advice of his English Ministers, who had declared their readiness to defend Hanover if attacked, and had prepared a force of 12,000 men for immediate despatch to Flanders, should the necessity arise.⁵

The situation was critical in the extreme. Sir Everard Fawkener, Minister to the Porte, and later secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, writing to the English Ambassador at Vienna, justly described things as being “in the state the Scotch preacher pray’d they might be in, who ask’t of God to spread confusion over the face of the whole earth, that he might shew his omnipotence in restoring order.”⁶ Frederick was master of Silesia; Prussian troops were advancing on Moravia. Bohemia was overrun by French and Bavarians. Prague was

¹ Horatio Walpole to the Duke of Cumberland quoted in Coxe’s “Lord Walpole,” vol. ii., p. 10.

² Add. MSS., 35,407, f. 49: Newcastle to Harrington.

³ A. W. Ward: “Great Britain and Hanover,” p. 147.

⁴ Add. MSS., 23,809, f. 47.

⁵ Add. MSS., 32,701, f. 202: Newcastle to Hardwicke.

⁶ Add. MSS., 23,809, f. 1.

threatened. Lastly, Hanover had already yielded to the menaces of France, and had forfeited the power to render the projected assistance to the Queen of Hungary. But it was at this very moment that the first symptom of an approaching cleavage appeared. The limits of co-operation had been reached. The interests of Frederick were beginning to conflict with those of France. The treaty he had entered into with the French King was not proof against his alarm at the progress made by the forces of Louis. He therefore consented, through the mediation of England, to the Convention of Klein-Schnellendorf,¹ September 29, by which he agreed to neutrality in return for the surrender of Lower Silesia.² Thus the policy of the English Ministers had at last met with a preliminary success, and when King George returned to England (October 20) it was generally recognized that the pressure of foreign affairs had been temporarily relieved. Enough has been said to indicate in what manner and under what influences England was being drawn into that European conflict in which Cumberland was to find his first great sphere of activity.

The general conception in England of foreign policy had not broken free from the old grooves. It still looked primarily to the battle-fields of Europe for the settlement of the standing rivalry between Britain and France. Only fitfully is there recognition in these years that the centre of gravity was shifting, and that the real struggle was to be, not for the "equipoise of power" in Europe, but for the possession of empire overseas. The link with Hanover tended to foster and maintain this limitation of view. So long as the King of England was Elector of Hanover, England was hampered in her Continental policy, and occupied a dual position, on the one hand claiming supremacy of the seas, on the other being forced to accept the liabilities of a third-rate Continental Power. Such a situation was an embarrassment in negotiation, and tended to circumscribe freedom in action. There was, in fact, a substratum of truth in the bitter complaints levelled by Englishmen against the bondage of Hanover. When Pitt exclaimed in the House of Commons, "This powerful, this great, this mighty nation is considered only as a province to a despicable electorate,"³ and when Bolingbroke declared that Hanover had given a wrong turn to the conduct of foreign affairs from the beginning of the reign of George I.,⁴ they were uttering more than mere rhetorical statements. Newcastle himself was keenly alive to the disadvantages of the connexion. "In short, my dear lord," he wrote to Hardwicke when, as Elector, George II. had concluded his treaty with Prussia, and was about to do the same with France, "what I have often said proves too true, all our measures spring from one cause (i.e., Hanover) and are calculated for one end, and when that will end God knows. Our advice has been constantly asked and never once followed."⁵ Hanover was now making it impossible for England to fulfil her obligation to supply 12,000 Danes and Hessians for the support of the Queen of Hungary. Fear of an attack by the King of Prussia in the first instance, and subsequently by France, had hurried George into his neutrality. Thus at the outset of this war Hanover stood

¹ On September 14 (N.S.) Frederick had written to Lord Hyndford: "Vous n'avez qu'à répondre à la Cour de Vienne que l'Electeur de Bavière sera Empereur, et que nos engagements avec le Roy très Chrétien et l'Electeur de Bavière étaient si solennels, si in-dissolubles et si inviolables que je ne quittrais jamais ces fidèles allies" (Add. MSS., 35,407, f. 96).

² Add. MSS., 35,407, f. 89: Newcastle to Hardwicke.

³ Hanover at this time had a population of one million, England a population of about six millions.

⁴ "Marchmont Papers," vol. ii., p. 276.

⁵ Add. MSS., 35,407, f. 66.

across the path of England, just as later, at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, it was to be a hindrance to British strategy.

Popular clamour, which is not infrequently on the side of right conclusions for wrong reasons, greeted the King on his return with the liveliest marks of disapproval. To the mob the Electorate of Hanover was like a personal quality in the Sovereign, the badge of an alien, standing for a host of foreign preferences, and whittling away obligations which were due to England. The neutrality was decried on all sides. "The Balancing Captain," "The King of Clouts," were among the names bestowed on His Majesty in ballads and lampoons and an angry press. In this access of unpopularity, as in all else, Walpole was associated with the Court. The General Election (midsummer, 1741) had made it clear that the long supremacy of the Minister was drawing to a close. That high equanimity and imperturbable adroitness with which he had been so long accustomed to face the storms of opposition for the moment deserted him: "He, who at dinner," wrote his son, "always forgot he was Minister, and was more gay and thoughtless than all his company, now sits without speaking, and with his eyes fixed for an hour together."¹ But when Parliament met in December, Walpole spoke with his accustomed authority and power. No man knew better the value of Bolingbroke's assertion about the House of Commons, that "they grow, like hounds, fond of the man who shows them game, and by whose halloo they are used to be encouraged."

Walpole's skill in debate was reflected in the enthusiasm of his followers. The lobbies showed that the outcome of the struggle was still in doubt. On January 21, on the occasion of Pulteney's famous motion to refer to a Secret Committee the papers relating to the war, Ministerialists were in a majority of thirteen, and the ascendancy which Walpole had exercised during twenty years seemed again within his grasp. When the debate was over, Pulteney exclaimed to Sir Robert: "Well, nobody can do what you can!" "Yes," answered Sir Robert, "Yonge did better." "It was fine, but not of that weight with what you said," was the reply of the leader of the Opposition. But the rally was short-lived, and a week later, on the question of the Chippenham election petition, Walpole found himself in a minority of one. On February 3 he accepted a peerage and the title of Earl of Orford; on February 11 he resigned his offices. On the fall of Walpole there were public rejoicings in London and Westminster, and "representations" were sent to members from a large number of constituencies recommending a strict inquiry into past measures and a proper punishment of the guilty. Like other constituencies, the citizens of London expressed with ignorant optimism their satisfaction at the downfall of the party system. "They [i.e., the Corporation] congratulate themselves and the whole kingdom," so the representation ran, "that from the virtue and spirit of the present parliament every odious name of distinction will soon be lost among us, and that from this happy period they may date the entire abolition of parties, of which the most pernicious use has hitherto been made, to the imminent danger of our liberties."² To such wild and fantastic hopes did the defeat of Walpole give rise.

When parties were so nearly balanced, it was easy for the Royal Family to make their influence effective; and if it be true, in the words of Dr. Johnson, that Walpole was a Minister given to the people by the King, it is scarcely exaggeration to say that he was a Minister taken away from the people by the Prince of Wales. Walpole knew that if he could

¹ Walpole to Mann, October 19, 1741.

² "Parliamentary History," vol. xii., p. 419.

detach the Prince from intriguing and acting in concert with the Opposition he would probably secure another instalment of power. He therefore wrung from the King an authority to offer the Prince an addition of £50,000 a year to his income. Liberal as the offer was, it was insufficient to turn the Prince from his hostility to the Minister, and he declined to entertain any proposal of the kind so long as Walpole remained in power. The Prince therefore continued to incite the Opposition to fresh efforts, and is said to have spent £12,000 “particularly amongst the Tories to carry the Westminster and Chippenham petitions.”¹ Working on the narrow majority claimed by the Ministerialists, this action of the heir to the throne proved decisive.

Many years later Pulteney said that it was impossible to understand or describe the confusion that prevailed during the crisis that followed, and that he himself had lost his head, and been obliged to go out of town for three or four days to keep his senses.² But the cause of the confusion was not far to seek. The prolonged supremacy of Walpole had latterly become the main motive of political action. Politics had been narrowed down till the cleavage between parties denoted little else than the division between those who opposed and those who supported the Minister. Broader differences had been suppressed. Tories, Jacobites, discontented Whigs, and the personal adherents of the Prince of Wales, had made common cause in the defeat of the Minister. Their purpose had no sooner been accomplished than it was apparent how entirely factious had been the prompting of their alliance. Each party clamoured for its quota of places. But, as the Government had no thought of resigning, the number of places to be bestowed fell more than usually short of the number of persons who considered themselves entitled to a share in the administration. It was impossible to satisfy all parties, but the compromise arrived at succeeded in pacifying none.

Before the decisive division, Newcastle had already been seeking about for means to continue the Government and come to terms with opponents, and in this, after negotiations with Pulteney and Carteret, as representing the Opposition, he was successful. Walpole, though no longer Minister, was constantly consulted. His advice was: “Whig it with all opponents that will parley, but ‘ware Tory”—phraseology which recalls that Walpole was said to open the letters from his gamekeeper before those from his colleagues. In the end the principal changes brought about in the Government were the admission of Sir Spencer Compton, now Lord Wilmington, as First Lord of the Treasury, of Sandys as Chancellor of the Exchequer; while Lord Carteret, as Secretary of State for the Northern Department, became responsible for the direction of foreign affairs, and secured to himself the principal control of the Government. Lord Hardwicke continued as Chancellor, Henry Pelham as Paymaster of the Forces; while the Duke of Newcastle, who for forty years survived all changes of administration, and seemed at last to be woven into the fabric of the Constitution, remained as Secretary for the Southern Department, with direction of home affairs.

¹ Glover: “Memoirs,” p. 1.

² Fitzmaurice: “Life of Lord Shelburne,” vol. i., pp. 46, 47.

CHAPTER X

CARTERET IN POWER

With the direction of foreign affairs in the hands of Carteret, there was no longer any hesitation about initiating vigorous measures for the support of the Queen of Hungary. In this Carteret and Newcastle were at one. Newcastle, indeed, must be credited with a clearer insight into the significance of the struggle which was making of Europe one flame of war than any British statesman of the time. From the first he had been true to his settled conviction that the real issue lay between France and England. He had never ceased to advocate peace between Frederick and the Queen of Hungary, and he had consistently favoured the policy of furnishing subsidies and military assistance to sustain the Queen in her struggle against France. Now, with temporary unanimity in the Cabinet and a substantial majority in Parliament, the necessary measures could be proceeded with.

On January 29, 1742, Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, had been crowned with the imperial diadem as Emperor Charles VII. On the same day he had received a severe check in his campaign against the Austrian dominions. Ten thousand of his troops had surrendered to Marshal Khevenhüller at Linz.

At home, in February (1742) Parliament voted a further subsidy of £500,000 for Maria Theresa. The estimates for the year were raised so as to provide for a force of 62,000 men on the establishment. In April and May the embarkation of troops for Flanders was commenced. At the same time Stair, who had been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces, was sent to the Hague to rouse the torpid Dutch to take part in the coming campaign. John Dalrymple, second Earl of Stair, had served as Aide-de-Camp to Marlborough, and well knew the difficulty of persuading the Dutch to put off their inveterate habit of delay, and of inducing them to co-operate either in military operations or in diplomatic negotiations. Few men, however, were as well qualified to bring the mission to a successful issue. The energy, the shrewdness, the authority, with which he was gifted, rested on a wide acquaintance with men and a large experience of war and diplomacy. He had served through the campaigns of Marlborough. He had been foremost under "Salamander" Cutts in the desperate and successful storming of Venloo, he had commanded a cavalry brigade at the siege of Lille and on the fields of Oudenarde and Malplaquet, and he had shown his impulse for the hazardous and daring by a proposal, after the victory of Malplaquet, to make a dash on Paris with his mounted force. From war he had turned to diplomacy, and in 1715 he had been appointed Minister Plenipotentiary at the Court of France. During a difficult period of five years he succeeded in maintaining and improving friendly relations between London and Paris, and showed himself a crafty and wary diplomatist. A master of languages, he had all the adroitness and finesse requisite to dissemble and cajole in the polished and intriguing Court of Versailles. His success extorted the admiration of Voltaire. His wit and address drew forth the applause of St. Simon, who opposed him in policy and was hostile to the alliance with England. From Paris, and from living with a magnificence which had made

him conspicuous in a world famous for its ornament and pomp, he had retired to Scotland to manage his estates and repair the fortune which his extravagance as Ambassador had done so much to cripple. There, in the intervals of pottering in his garden and making improvements in agriculture by which all Scotland was to benefit, he carried on a bitter crusade against Walpole, whom he regarded as the author of all evil. "Our excellent Minister," he wrote to the Duchess of Marlborough in that vein of exaggeration to which he was so much addicted, "has for above twenty years together been corrupting every branch of the nation, and with so much success that I am afraid there is but very little virtue or good understanding left." He exerted all his influence towards organizing the opposition to Walpole in Scotland, and it was in no slight measure due to his efforts that at the General Election in 1741 Scotland returned thirty members opposed to the Ministry out of a total of forty-five.¹

On the fall of Walpole and the accession of Carteret, Stair was appointed Field-Marshal and Commander-in-Chief of the Forces. He was now in his seventieth year. In person he was tall and upright, his figure spare and active for his years. His portrait by Allan Ramsay discloses a countenance resolute and keen, with the look of detachment that comes to men of diligent habit who have long stood aside from the struggle for power or place. His thin and rather irregular features are lightened by a smile which tempers the firmness of his mouth. It was a face that Raeburn would have delighted to paint, Scottish in every aspect, in its humour and pride and its wayward self-reliance.

After thirty years, in which he had seen no service and had lost all touch with the army, he hesitated to "abandon his plough" and take upon himself such an arduous command, but he was above all things a patriot. Here the call of duty was clear and emphatic, and in March, 1742, he accepted the post which had been offered to him.

In July there were assembled under the command of Stair in Flanders 16,000 British troops, to be joined later by 16,000 Hanoverians² and 6,000 Hessians, all in British pay, which, with the 14,000 Austrians already in the country under the command of D'Arenberg, made up a force of 52,000 men. Stair, D'Arenberg, Neipperg, and Ligonier, were for marching at once into Normandy. The successes of Maria Theresa against the French in Bavaria and Bohemia had drawn away the main body of the French troops from the Netherland frontier. The Treaty of Breslau (July, 1742) between Prussia and Austria, following on the victory of Frederick at Chotusitz (May 6, 1742), had disposed for the moment of Frederick. Stair and his colleagues affirmed with confidence that they could take Dunkirk, and that there would be nothing to prevent a march on Havre and Paris. So bent was Stair on the execution of this project that early in September he returned to London to urge the Government to fall in with his views. At a stormy interview with Carteret and Pelham, he accused the Ministers of determining to do nothing, and declared that "it was all a farce."³ The Government were not to be persuaded, however, and the plan was negatived. The King, it was urged, was not at war with France. He was fighting only as an auxiliary of

¹ J. M. Graham: "Stair Annals," vol. ii., p. 273.

² The Hanoverians were taken into British pay August 31, 1742, after the King had refused as Elector to support them any further, the Electorate being no longer threatened by the French (Newcastle to Hardwicke, October, 1743).

³ Add. MSS., 35,407, f. 139.

Maria Theresa. Before any military operations were undertaken, the Dutch must be persuaded to contribute their quota of troops. These were the arguments with which Stair's momentous proposal was met.

With his military ambitions, George might well have taken a different view of a march to Paris at the head of his army. But the soldier having shown what was possible, it was for the statesman to determine what was expedient. The strategy of King George and Carteret was affected, if not controlled, by Hanover. English troops at the gates of Paris might have had consequences for the Electorate which no statesmanship could foretell. Inaction, therefore, for the present was the order of the day. Stair returned to Flanders, and it soon became known that the King himself, accompanied by Cumberland, intended to follow and take supreme command of the allies, upon which the comment of an Opposition journal (*The Champion*) was a quotation from "The Rehearsal":—

"Give us our fiddle; we ourselves will play."

But the continued inertia of the Dutch and their unwillingness to join forces provided an excuse, if it was not actually the cause, for postponing any action in the summer. "The grand journey to Flanders," wrote Horace Walpole on September 25, "is a little at a stand: the expense has been computed at two thousand pounds a day! Many dozen of embroidered portmanteaus, full of laurels and bays, have been prepared this fortnight." So soon as it was determined that the army should go into winter-quarters in Flanders, the portmanteaus were recalled from Gravesend, and Cumberland's prospect of active service was relegated to the spring. On April 15, 1742, Cumberland, having reached the age of twenty-one, took his seat in the House of Lords, and on May 17 he was sworn of the Privy Council. In February of the same year he had been transferred from the Coldstream Guards to the First Guards. The early summer of this year was occupied with reviews and with the inspection of the troops destined for Flanders. The King, anxious at all times to strengthen and improve his personal relation with the army, used to attend these ceremonies with Cumberland. "Messieurs d'Allemagne [the King and Cumberland] roll their red eyes, stroke up their great beavers, and look fierce— you know one loves a review and a tattoo," wrote Horace Walpole. But there was little enthusiasm for the war. Troops, bound for no one knew exactly where, to fight against no one knew exactly whom in a cause indifferent to the majority of the nation,¹ made an appeal to the mob very different from the days when Jenkins's ear and Spanish treasure were arousing their patriotism. Recruits were slow in coming forward. Desertions were numerous. Press-gangs had to be busy, and in the session of 1743-44 it was found expedient to pass a new Recruiting Act.² By this Act a bounty of £4 was offered to volunteers, while for every unemployed man impressed by the parish officer a reward of £1 was to be given to the officer, and £3 to the parish. By such means sufficient men were procured to meet the wants of the service, and by such means the sympathy between the civil and military sections of the nation was still further alienated.

Time spared from his military duties was given over by Cumberland to escapades of youth neither romantic nor picturesque. We hear of him as principally associated with one Nanny

¹ "By the interest of a mug of beer I had the opportunity of asking a country recruit: 'For what he was going abroad?' 'They tell me, master, to fight; and, egad, I'll down with 'em, an I can.' 'But for whom do you fight, friend?' 'Nay, nay, that I can't tell; but 'tis for some damned Queen or another'" (*Scots Magazine*, May, 1745).

² Fortescue: "History of the Army," vol. ii., p. 572.

Wilson, an actress of Drury Lane, whose knowledge of royal titles appears to have been pleasantly defective. Aware that Cumberland was a brother of the Prince of Wales, she knew him by no other title than that of Duke of Wales. In wider circles of a kindred category Cumberland was known as "Great Sir." It does not, however, fall within the province of this memoir to deal with his somewhat dingy intrigues with the frequenters of Marybone Gardens and the newly-opened Ranelagh. In May Ranelagh Gardens had given its first entertainment in rivalry to Vauxhall. The initial ceremony was attended by the Prince and Princess of Wales, the young Duke, and those of the fine world who still lingered in London for the close of the Parliamentary session. Lord Orford was taken there by his son. The fallen Minister was followed by a curious and respectful crowd. The populace who had shouted for his downfall were beginning to find that they were no better off under their new masters, and Horace Walpole relates that they walked through the gardens, with a train at their heels, like two chairmen going to fight.

With military operations postponed till the spring, every effort had to be made in the meanwhile to stir up the Dutch. Carteret himself visited the Hague in October. He found a disposition to assist, but the cumbersome form of the Constitution of the republic, admirably adapted for delaying definite decisions, was made a polite mask for the determination of the Dutch not to move. After a fortnight he returned to England without any definite result to show for his mission. Throughout the winter, while the English troops lay in their quarters in Flanders, Stair was continually submitting plans for the approval of Carteret. His strategy was bold and resourceful. At one time he was for repeating the manoeuvre of his great master, Marlborough, in 1704, and marching to the Danube, and thus placing the French between the Austrians advancing from the east and his own troops advancing from the west. When this scheme was negated,¹ he was ready with an alternative by which he proposed to attack one of the fortresses of Lorraine, and enter France by the line of the Moselle. But "the men of skill in England,"² as he called the Ministry at home, were equally opposed to this, and he had to resign himself to the frustration of all his plans.

Cumberland must have had an ominous foretaste of the lengths to which King George's interference with a commander in the field could go. He had already seen in peace time his father's passion for the ritual of military life—for its belts and buttons, its perukes and its lacings, its disciplines and parades. Now he was to learn that the movements of armies in a campaign were equally subject to the personal direction of the King. In the long correspondence between Carteret and Stair, the Secretary of State is constantly transmitting orders from His Majesty. At one time it was a direction as to the particular troops which were to garrison Mons, Ath, and Charleroi; at another it was a command to Stair to alter the disposition of his cavalry; or again, to locate his artillery at Düsseldorf instead of at Mulheim, as he proposed—directions of a kind infinitely harassing to a commander in any circumstances, intolerable when every step had to be concerted with Austrian and Hanoverian subordinates. No wonder that Carteret on one occasion, after writing pages on the duties to be performed by grenadiers, should say apologetically that he was ignorant of all military matters, and that he wrote only in obedience to the King.

Finally, in February (1743), the Dutch, having agreed to supply 20,000 men, 5,000 of

¹ Add. MSS., 35,455, f. 182.

² Fortesque: "History of the Army," vol. ii., p. 86.

whom were to garrison Mons, Ath, and Charleroi, Stair, weary of the indecision and vacillation of Carteret and the King, commenced his march towards the Rhine, without any order to that effect from home.¹ As has already been suggested, there is a strong presumption, borne out by Newcastle's masterly review of the occurrences in 1742-43,² that the delay in arriving at a definite plan of operations was due to something more than the reluctance of the Dutch to take part in the campaign. Newcastle declares that the conduct of affairs, which had fallen more and more into the hands of the King and Carteret, was at this time dominated by King George's concern for his position as Elector. Just as in 1741 the Hanover neutrality had hindered the despatch of Hessian and Danish troops to the assistance of the Queen of Hungary, so now the question of Hanover was once again confusing the policy dictated by purely British interests. To take up winter-quarters in Germany, as Stair proposed, would have subjected the Electoral troops to a difficult and hazardous march. To act with Hanoverian troops in Germany would be inconsistent with the King's duty as a Prince of the Empire. Such were some of the influences which during the winter led to hesitation, and the continuous stream, already referred to, of plans and counterplans for the campaign. Nor was it till Stair had determined the matter for himself, and actually commenced his march, that the King and Carteret were induced actively to concur in military operations in Germany. Then, and then only, were definite instructions forwarded to Stair. He was to march "to Mainz with his whole army, Horse, Foot and Dragoons, and make himself master of the Rhine and Mayn . . . our chief point of view being to prevent a new French army from attacking the Queen."³ In April the King, accompanied by Cumberland, set out for Hanover. Carteret, who it was arranged should visit the Hague for further parleys with the Dutch, was to join His Majesty later. From Hanover the King continued to issue orders to the Field-Marshal, who was now (May) occupying ground on the right bank of the Main between Frankfort and Aschaffenburg, and endeavouring to secure the upper reaches of that river for his sources of supply.

On May 29 Carteret wrote that Stair was to occupy a strong position between Mainz and Frankfort, and remain there till the whole army was assembled, when the King would come in person to take supreme command. Stair, meanwhile, aware that a French army of 70,000 men, under Marshal Noailles, had assembled in the vicinity of Spires on the Upper Rhine, and was moving up towards the Main, conceived the plan of crossing the Main and taking up a position between that river and the Neckar in the vicinity of Oppenheim. From such a post he would threaten Noailles, and, in accordance with Carteret's instructions of March 29, hinder Noailles from detaching part of his army to Bavaria to the assistance of Marshal Broglie, who was retreating before the Austrians.

On May 28 Stair received information that French troops were, in fact, already marching for Bavaria. On the same day he gave orders for the passage of the Main.⁴ It was a movement to which the Austrian and even the English generals took the strongest exception. But the ground which it was proposed to occupy had been carefully reconnoitred day after day by Stair himself and the principal leaders under his command. Stair was convinced of the

¹ Add. MSS., 32,701, f. 217: Newcastle to Hardwicke, October 24, 1743.

² Add. MSS., 32,701, f. 202: *Ibid.*

³ Add. MSS., 22,537, f. 252: Carteret to Stair, March 29, 1743.

⁴ Add. MSS., 22,537, f. 276.

strength of the position to be held, and felt confident that by no conceivable means would Noailles be able to dislodge him. It was objected by some of the generals, with a punctilio of military chivalry, that it would be necessary to entrench, and that in their opinion entrenchments were “not honourable” in warfare. Writing afterwards of what occurred, Stair said: “Not to offend the delicacy of some generals who had spoke against entrenching, I never once proposed to entrench.”¹ During the long immunity from war, strange notions seem to have sprung up in the military conscience, but the astonishing point of honour here referred to does not appear to have received any further support.

On the night that the passage of the river was being effected Stair was holding a late council of general officers in his room. While they were yet assembled there entered the bearer of a despatch from Hanover. Stair opened and read the document. It was an imperative order from the King to repass the Main. Seldom has a general been confronted with a more embarrassing problem. His own generals were opposed to his plan, the Austrian generals had openly protested against it, and here at midnight, when half the troops were over the river and already in position, was a direct order commanding him to abandon his scheme. Stair had confidence in himself. He put the despatch in his pocket, sent the generals to complete their dispositions, and only obeyed the King’s order the next evening, when, having waited all day for the French, he found they had no intention of attacking. Then he returned with his troops to their former camp, and forthwith wrote a bitter protest to Carteret, pointing out in conclusion the dangerous straits in which the army was situated: “All our troops are now encamped on this side, where I do foresee that it will be altogether impossible to find forage ... so that I see we must of necessity change our camp and move upwards upon the Maine.”²

¹ S.P., Foreign, Mil. Ex., June 1: Stair to Carteret.

² S.P., Foreign, Mil. Ex., June 1: Stair to Carteret.

CHAPTER XI THE CAMPAIGN OF DETTINGEN

WHILE these abortive manœuvres were taking place on the Main, Cumberland was making his first acquaintance with his father's foreign dominions, and earning the good opinion alike of Hanoverians and Lord Carteret. "I do assure your Grace," wrote Carteret to Newcastle, "y^t ye Duke's behaviour here is as good in all respects as is possible, and I who am not easily caught by young men, tho Princes, begin upon acquaintance to have a very good opinion of him."¹ Father and son were in high spirits at the prospect of active service. Memories of Oudenarde and the near allurements of military glory were stirring the martial ambitions of King George. Herrenhausen for the time being was a centre of military and diplomatic activity. Feasting, boar-hunting, at which the Duke acquired fame by spearing four in one day, reviewing of troops, and the ceremonial of a Court, were making a flash of colour and a vortex of excitement in the sedate precincts of the capital. "It is inconceivable," writes Carteret, "in what good humour ye King is in and in what spirits and how much he eats at dinner, how affable and obliging and what attention he has to ye most nice civility. . . . Ye King will make ye greatest figure yt has been made of late and yr Grace and I and Harry [Pelham] and Stone may quidnunc with impunity and wth. pleasure unless we quarrel amongst ourselves, wch. I dont believe we shall; either at Whitehall or at Arlington Street as you shall please."² On June 16 the King, preceded by Cumberland, who had left two days earlier, set out to join the army on the Main. With him went an immense retinue of 662 horses, 13 Berlins, 35 waggons, and 54 carts. On June 19 he arrived at Aschaffenburg.

The army was now in a critical situation. Man and beast were short of food. Pillaging had caused the inhabitants to drive away their cattle. For two days the men had been without supplies of any kind. For six days the officers had eaten only black bread, and on June 20 their allowance even of that was to fail.³ Boots and clothes were at the last extremity. Their camp on the right bank of the Main was hemmed in between the river and the Speasartwald, a range of steep wooded hills. The means of supply from higher up the Main had already been severed by Noailles. The road to Hanau, where their magazines were stationed, lay along the river-bank, and, like their encampment at Aschaffenburg, was restricted on the one side by the hills, on the other by the river.

The King, looking out towards the plain of Darmstadt from the windows of the castle where he had taken up his quarters, could see the French host⁴ encamped on the far side of the river, could hear their trumpets sounding through the night, and must have watched with increasing dismay those movements of Noailles's army, which seemed to presage

¹ Add. MSS., 32,700, f. 138: Carteret to Newcastle, May 22, 1743.

² *Ibid.*

³ Add. MSS., 32,700, f. 195.

⁴ *Ibid.*

disaster to the allies, while nearer at hand “the poor condemned English”
 “Like sacrifices by their watchful fires
 Sit patiently, and inly ruminare
 The morning’s danger.”

But the arrival of the King put new spirit into the army. It was the event for which they had been waiting. Easily in such a situation do men’s minds wring hope from a fresh feature on the horizon. Here in their midst was the supreme symbol of authority. Now at least they could look for some end to their weary year of waiting, and count at last on coming to close quarters with the enemy, who had so long eluded them. Thus there was a warmer note than a formal salute in the huzzas which greeted the King and the Duke of Cumberland as they rode down the line on June 22 at the review held in celebration of the King’s accession.

The King seems to have taken little notice of his Field-Marshal, and scarcely spoke with him.¹ Stair’s counsels were put aside, and the advice of Hanoverian generals was sought instead. There seemed only one thing to be done. At any cost the sixteen miles to Hanau along the river-bank must be traversed, a junction effected there with the expected reinforcements of Hessians and Hanoverians, and the necessary supplies obtained.

On the evening of the 26th the drums sounded and the camp-fires were lit as usual in the English camp; a few hours later the army had begun their march towards Hanau. This was the moment for which Noailles had waited. At 1 a.m. on the 27th he was roused from sleep by the news that the allies were on the move.²

His plan of battle, which was immediately put into execution, was admirably calculated to render the escape of the allies impossible. Two bridges had been constructed at Seligenstadt, by means of which some 28,000 infantry, under command of Count Grammont, were to cross the Main, while the cavalry effected their passage at the fords some few hundred yards above the bridges. Once on the other side, this portion of the army was to form up with their right resting on the river in the vicinity of Dettingen, and their left protected by the range of hills which runs parallel to the Main, thus completely barring the advance of the allies as they struggled forward in the narrow passage between the hills and the river. Simultaneously with the march of the allies from Aschaffenburg a body of French troops, sufficient to prevent the egress of the allies to the south, was to cross the river by the bridge at that point, and occupy the ground vacated by the English and Hanoverians. Thus the army of the allies was to be confined in a rough parallelogram, closed in at the shorter ends by the two divisions of the French army, at the two longer sides by the river and the hills. To make victory more certain, six batteries of 12-pounders had been erected along the river-bank, the southernmost battery commanding Klein Ostheim, through which the allies would have to defile by a single road within easy range of the guns. Before the summer morning had dawned the whole army of the allies was in motion—the British cavalry in front, followed by the Austrian; then the British foot, followed in their turn by the Austrian foot. King George, mistaken as to the intention of the French, and persuaded that the main attack would be on the rear-guard, had ordered picked troops—namely, the three battalions of English Guards, the four battalions of Luneburg, and the Hanoverian cavalry, with a complement of artillery—to bring up the rear.

¹ Add. MSS., 32,700, f. 268: Loudoun to Newcastle.

² Noailles’s account of the battle from the Carteret Papers.



As daylight widened, the confused and shifting shadows on the far side of the river gradually assumed before the eyes of the watching French the form and colour of an army on the march, and by the time the head of the column was drawing near to the village of Klein Ostheim the early mists had dwindled, the sun had risen, and every uniform could be distinguished and every movement closely observed. Towards eight the bulk of the army had passed through the village. Officers of the opposing armies had spoken with each other across the river, and the batteries of 12-pounders had opened fire from their position on the left bank. Shortly before this news had been brought that Grammont, with his 30,000 men, lay directly across the line of the allies' advance. Stair, without whose knowledge the march had been planned,¹ at once left the Berlin in which he was travelling, and, mounting his horse, galloped forward to dispose the army for battle in the narrow plain beyond Klein Ostheim. Slowly and with difficulty the battalions were moved into place. Hampered by the baggage, pounded mercilessly in flank by the French batteries, there was confusion and excitement as the troops manœuvred into position. But before midday the disposition was complete, and the army stood facing the enemy in two lines. On the extreme left of the first line stood the 31st Foot, while prolonging the line to the right were seven more battalions of British infantry and an Austrian brigade. Four regiments of cavalry closed the remaining space between the Austrians and the wooded hills. In the second line were five battalions of

¹ Add. MSS., 22,537, f. 419: Memorial of the Earl of Stair, September, 1743.

foot and five regiments of cavalry. Cumberland, now a Major-General, with General Clayton and General Sommerfeldt, was at the head of the first line of infantry.

Already while the allies were drawing up in their battle formation there had occurred one of those inexplicable strokes of fortune which from time to time confuse the chances of war and outwit all human calculation.

Grammont, who had occupied a position secured on his right by the Main and the village of Dettingen, on his front by a ravine over which ran a single bridge, and on his left by the Spessartwald—Grammont, who, stationed as he was, held the fate of the allies in his hand, determined to move. Whether he thought to attack the allies before they were formed, whether, as he afterwards alleged, he had come to the conclusion during the long delay that the army had slipped by in the night, and that he had only a rear-guard to deal with, it is impossible so say, but he moved. He crossed the ravine. He surrendered the key of Noailles's dispositions, and by so doing he delivered himself into the hands of the allies.

At about twelve o'clock the King, who was with difficulty restrained from placing himself on the left, where it was obvious the severest of the fighting would take place, gave the order to advance and meet the French. The battle which followed was distinguished by the stanchness of the British infantry, the daring of the 3rd Dragoons, who had been moved so as to occupy the space between the 31st Foot and the river, and the desperate charges from the French side of the Gens d'Armes and the Maison du Roi. The fortunes of the fight fluctuated. Twice was the first line of the allies pierced. Twice were the gaps repaired and the French cavalry repulsed. The third attack was made by the advance of the infantry on both sides. Want of discipline and experience, and the excitement which infected the troops after the second repulse of the French cavalry, caused the British infantry to fire too soon. The French threw themselves on the ground. The first fire thus did small execution. Rising to their feet, the French again advanced, and delivered a brisk fire at close range. Disorder was momentarily created among the British infantry. But, animated and encouraged by their leaders, conspicuous amongst whom was Cumberland, they rallied, and drove back the enemy, in full retreat, towards the fords and bridges across the Main. Scores were drowned in the mad rush to escape, while the breaking of one of the bridges and the fire of the allies' artillery, which had now come forward to harass the retreat, completed the discomfiture of Noailles's army.

Thus, after four hours of fighting, which had resulted in a loss of between 6,000 and 6,000 men on the French side, and a loss of 2,350 on the side of King George, the allied army stood victorious beside the Main, on a field which before the fatal move of Grammont had presented no loophole of escape.

History has dwelt with less than justice on the performances of King George. It has delighted to recount how his charger, frightened by the first rattle of the musketry, carried His Majesty away from the enemy. It has pictured His Majesty, red in the face, returning on foot, a small unkingly figure, brandishing a big sword and gesticulating fire and slaughter at the enemy. It has recorded the offence given to his British subjects by the fact that on the day of battle he wore the yellow sash of Hanover. It has laughed because, when he stood finally victorious on the field, he was said to have sought comparison with the Kings of a more heroic age, and made knights-banneret on the field.¹ But the ridicule which has adhered to

¹ As a matter of fact, the knights were never made.

him has obscured the part he really played. It has failed to give due credit to his courage, or to recognize his influence on the issue of the day. Totally without fear, he remained in the midst of the fight, exhorting and encouraging the troops.¹ “Now, boys,” he cried when the final charge was delivered by the enemy, “now for the honour of England! Fire and behave brave, and the French will soon run.” To untried troops the sight of their Sovereign sharing their dangers must have made a swift appeal. When urged to place himself in less danger, he retorted: “What do you think I am here for, to be a poltroon?” Indeed, Dettingen was just one of those battles where courage and example in high places, visible at the right moment, would affect the whole fortunes of the fight. These it was King George’s good fortune to display to a conspicuous degree.

As to the behaviour of Cumberland, there were no two opinions. “He behaved,” wrote a subaltern destined to leave an immortal name in military history,² “as bravely as a man could do. He gave his orders with a great deal of calmness, and seemed quite unconcerned. The soldiers were in high delight to have him so near to them.” Late in the engagement, Cumberland, like his father, lost control over his horse, and was carried towards the enemy, when two Austrians, mistaking him for a French officer, fired their pistols at him, and wounded him with a ball in his leg. Later, when attended by a surgeon, he saw a French *mousquetaire* of the name of Girardeau lying wounded beside him. He at once said to the surgeon: “Begin with the French officer: he is more wounded than I am, and I shall be certain of assistance, which he is not.”³ After this it is not surprising to read that he was the idol of the troops,⁴ and that “by his love of the service, by his generosity and compassion to prisoners, and by all the good qualities that ever a young Prince was endowed with, he has justly got the love and esteem of everybody.”⁵ The wound proved severe.⁶ Ranby, the King’s surgeon, found that his high spirits and love of talking made him difficult to deal with, and the fever which followed caused anxiety to everyone save the Duke himself.

By the end of August the Duke was able to resume his duties. “As for the little part I had on that great day,” he modestly wrote to Newcastle in July, “little as it was, yet I think it cheaply bought at the expense of a little pain, and am sure you are so much my friend as to think me very happy at having been present at the affair.” It was a day which, if it showed nothing else, taught the army that in the future victor of Culloden they had a commander, not only of a fine temper and courage, but also humane and chivalrous where such qualities were little to be looked for.

The battle over, the allies continued their march to Hanau. Stair’s urgent demand to be allowed to pursue the enemy was refused. “Parbleu, Monsieur, vous estes bien pollis!” a

¹ Frederick the Great, who never lost an opportunity of gibing at the military pretensions of his cousin, wrote: “Je tiens de ce Prince [Louis of Brunswick] que le Roi d’Angleterre demeura pendant toute la bataille devant son bataillon hanovrien, le pied gauche en arrière l’épée à la main et le bras droit étendu, a peu près dans l’attitude où se mettent les maîtres d’armes pour pousser le quarte: il donna des marques de valeur mais aucun ordre relatif à la bataille” (“Histoire de mon Temps,” première partie, p. 197).

² Beckles Wilson: “Life of Wolfe,” p. 37—James Wolfe to his father.

³ Voltaire: “Œuvres Complètes,” ed. 1817, vol. xiv, p. 367.

⁴ Add. MSS., 32,700, f. 225: Drummond to Newcastle.

⁵ *Ibid.*, f. 264: Duke of Richmond to Newcastle.

⁶ “The Duke has had a violent attack of fever, and Ranby thought him in very great danger the night before last, but he has given him so much barke that he hopes he will have no return” (Add. MSS., 32,700, f. 264: Richmond to Newcastle, Hanau, July 10).

French officer is reported to have said, “après nous avoir rossé à Dettingen de nous lasiser partir en desordre sans nous suivre et puis de nous laisser decamper comme cela à votre barbe sans nous incommoder d’aucune façon.”¹ Why was there no pursuit? Why did the army remain at Hanau for six weeks inactive and null? Various answers have been given to the question. But was it not once more largely the influence of Hanover?² The King and Carteret were now in undivided control of the policy of Britain. At every stage of the campaign the King had shown his solicitude for Hanover and things Hanoverian. Carteret concurred in the policy of the King. He was a believer in diplomacy, and shrank from heroic measures. Dettingen had accomplished the primary object of the campaign; it had hindered any considerable body of the French from marching to Bavaria. The alternatives now before the King were either to form a junction with the Austrian army of Prince Charles and advance into France, or to negotiate and meanwhile take up a position which would prevent any movement of French troops to the east of the Rhine.

In forming a judgment as to whether the right course was pursued at a critical juncture, we must not only consider what facts were known at the time the decision was made, but go farther and take into account the facts which ought to have been known, or, again, the facts which subsequent events suggest might have been surmised. Carteret had none of that genius which, like Chatham’s, could see far beyond what the mere facts of the moment seemed to suggest. He was not, like Walpole, a master of probabilities. He had an intimate day-to-day knowledge of European politics, abundant skill in negotiation, and a lofty independence of character, which raised him far above party intrigues. But in foreign policy he was cautious, and looked to the near rather than the distant future. In this case it was known to him that Prussian influence had been at work in that tangled network of Electorates, Bishoprics, Circles, and States, which composed the Empire, stirring up opposition to the allies.³ He knew that Frederick the Great was not one of the Princes in whom trust could be put. He knew that Frederick was no more prepared to see the Queen of Hungary made unduly strong than he was idly to acquiesce in an indefinite weakening of the House of Bourbon. Then, again, England technically was not at war with France. To advance into that country would mean a declaration of war, and such an aggressive policy might at any moment definitely alienate Frederick, and if that occurred Hanover lay an easy victim to Prussian arms. Above all, Carteret was under the impression that enough had been done to secure a basis on which to pacify Europe. He believed that he could, by bringing the Emperor and the Queen of Hungary to terms, and by arranging a treaty between the Queen and the King of Sardinia,⁴ satisfactorily put an end to the War of the Austrian Succession. Had he thought otherwise, had he shared the view of Newcastle and Hardwicke, he might have left a greater mark on history.

¹ Add. MSS., 32,700, f. 283; Richmond to Newcastle.

² “The scheme abroad certainly is, To set ourselves at the head of the Empire; To appear a good German: and to prefer the welfare of the Germanick Body to all other considerations. In order to this, the Emperor must be gain’d, that is bought; the French must evacuate the Empire, and perhaps some assurances given that they may do it with safety: which, if so, accounts for the most unaccountable inaction of our army since the Battle” (Add. MSS., 32,700, f. 314; Newcastle to Hardwicke, July 22).

³ Cf., e.g., Stair to Carteret, Add. MSS., 22,537, April 2, 1743.

⁴ Treaty of Worms, September 13, 1743, which bound Charles Emmanuel, King of Sardinia, to assist the Queen in expelling the Bourbons from Italy.

He might then and there have struck a blow at France which would have altered the whole course of international politics in the eighteenth century. As it was, though his policy had in it elements of success, it failed partly because he found no support in London¹ for the Treaty of Hanau, which he had arranged between the Emperor, Maria Theresa, and King George, partly because of the irreconcilable conflict of interests in Europe, the true relation of which he had failed to appreciate. Thus, in the end the advantages of Dettingen were dissipated and cast away.

The news of the victory was received in England with a storm of delight. One of the last, and certainly not the least pleasing, glimpses which we get of Lord Orford is in his great chair at Houghton, drinking the healths of Lord Stair and Lord Carteret, his own principal opponent, and saying "that since it was well done, he did not care by whom it was done." "We are all mad—drums, trumpets, bumpers, bonfires! The mob are wild," wrote his son, "and cry, 'Long live King George and the Duke of Cumberland, and Lord Stair and Lord Carteret and General Clayton that's dead.'"² Carteret's despatch describing the battle excited a good deal of ridicule. No general writing in haste from the field of battle could have paid less regard to grammar or the niceties of style, and his selection of the Hanoverian artillery as the principal object of praise gave the deepest offence. In a world so full of satirists, burlesques and parodies quickly appeared in their hundreds. It was said that the Minister had remained in his coach and six in the neighbourhood of the battle (which was true) without showing any signs of fear, and it was ironically suggested that he should succeed Stair as Commander-in-Chief. Newcastle wrote that the victory would add weight to the administration,³ but Carteret himself lost rather than gained in popularity. Rumours soon began to reach England of the King's treatment of Stair, of the incident of the yellow sash, and the King's notable preference for Hanoverian over English Generals. A caricature which was published at this time, of the King as the Hanoverian Horse riding on the starved British Lion, and entitled "The Hanoverian Confectioner-General," spoke the general view of the public. In all this Hanover wrangle Carteret was associated with the King. In less than twelve months it was to prove the main cause of his downfall.

The Newcastle and Hardwicke papers relating to the period immediately following Dettingen form an interesting study in the less admirable aspects of statesmanship and the seamy side of intrigue. Carteret and the King were taking the politics of Europe for their province, and ignoring the Ministers at home. "Sure no ministers or country was ever used in such a manner," "The most offensive and unpardonable behaviour that ever was known," are phrases from the pen of Newcastle smarting under the neglect. In July Lord Wilmington died. At once there began an unseemly scuffle for the office of First Lord of the Treasury. Newcastle and Hardwicke were for Pelham. Carteret was for Pulteney, now Lord Bath. Newcastle turned to Lord Orford for advice. Orford wrote that Pelham must accept the Treasury, whatever conditions might be imposed, and then, alluding to the ascendancy of Carteret, "we have often seen a Back game at Back Gammon recovered."⁴ By August

¹ The Government at home refused to sanction the proposed terms between the King, the Emperor, and the Queen of Hungary.

² Horace Walpole to Chute, June 24, 1743.

³ Add. MSS., 32,700, f. 243; Newcastle to Carteret.

⁴ Add. MSS., 32,701, f. 25.

Newcastle and Hardwicke had won, and Pelham had been appointed to the Treasury. "I have no jealousies of either of you, and I believe that you love me," wrote Carteret to Pelham with more credulity than the occasion seemed to justify. "But if you will have jealousies of me without Foundation it will disgust me to such a degree that I shall not be able to bear it."

History has allowed Newcastle to remain in the pillory, where Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole first placed him. Hardly any writer concerned with political questions of the eighteenth century has been able to refrain from still further acts of defacement, with the result that the original features have long since been blotted out by the accumulation of contemptuous abuse and belittling ridicule with which he has been bespattered. The period with which we are now dealing is perhaps one of those which has been considered least favourable to the reputation of Newcastle. Yet even here the worst that can be alleged against him is that, together with the most powerful of his colleagues, he intrigued against a Minister whose predominance was becoming irksome, and with whose policy he no longer agreed.¹ Statesmen whose lack of patriotism has never been questioned have time and again done as much without a tithe of the obloquy which has been dealt out to Newcastle. "His name is perfidy," Sir Robert Walpole is reported to have said of him in a phrase which has done much to wither the reputation of the Duke. But the phrase is singularly unlike the manner of the great Minister, and so far from regarding Newcastle as the cause of his defeat in 1742, as is often alleged, Sir Robert never ceased from that hour to the day of his death from giving support to Newcastle and advising him at every critical conjuncture.

¹ As early as May, Newcastle had protested against the policy of reconciling the Queen of Hungary and the Emperor, the effect of which, he held, would be to leave England to fight single-handed against France and Spain.

CHAPTER XII THE JACOBITES

ON June 28 King George, in recognition of the military promise which Cumberland had shown during the brief campaign of Dettingen, promoted him to the rank of Lieutenant-General. In the army it was felt that something more than birth had contributed to this high advancement, and the promotion was generally welcomed by all ranks. That the recipient of the honour should have barely entered on his twenty-third year is less a matter for astonishment when it is remembered that it was a common thing for a lad to receive his commission in the army at the age of fourteen or fifteen, and that at the very moment of joining he should have been considered competent to face the hardships of a campaign. At the Battle of Dettingen, James Wolfe, who was then only sixteen, was acting as Adjutant to his regiment (Durooure's), and had already held his commission for two years. His brother Edward, who was actually a year younger, had faced the trying winter march to the Rhine (1742-43); and cases were numerous in which youths who had enjoyed preferment by favour found themselves gazetted as Lieutenant-Colonels before they were twenty-one. So that when merit, birth, and favour, were centred as they were in the young Duke, there was little cause for jealousy or criticism to cry out against his new honour.

As a Lieutenant-General Cumberland remained with the army after recovering from his wound, eager, as he said to Colonel Russell, for "another brush with the enemy," till October 6, when with the King he left for Hanover. He was already getting a reputation for strictness in matters of discipline, and for his inroads on the traditions of slackness and political time-serving then prevailing in the army. Thus, we find an officer of his regiment to whom he had refused leave describing him as "outrageously and shockingly military." Leave for Parliamentary duties he was unable to refuse, though he sympathized with Stair, who had written *à propos* of Members of Parliament preferring Westminster to winter-quarters in Flanders: "I thought it hard to refuse them leave when they said that their preferment depended on the interest of their friends at Court. They had no notion that it depended on their exertions here."¹ Against such amateur soldiering Cumberland steadily set his face from the first, and it was by being so "outrageously military" himself that later, as Commander-in-Chief, he was to bring about a great change for the better in the military profession.

In September Stair had resigned. Carteret's policy of frittering away time and sacrificing military advantages, of disregarding Stair's counsels and preferring Hanover generals, had made that commander's position untenable. In a memorial to the King setting forth his grievances, Stair concluded with a request to be allowed to return to his "plow," a request which the King had no hesitation in granting. To the vacancy thus created, Carteret and Newcastle were strongly in favour of appointing Cumberland. Carteret had been deeply impressed by the Duke's military aptitude, his popularity, and his tact, all of which were

¹ Fortescue: "British Army," vol. ii., p. 88.

sorely needed in dealing with such a heterogeneous force as the allies. But the King would not hear of it,¹ and the chief command for the time being was handed over to the Austrian Duc d'Arenberg.

In Hanover Cumberland met, and espoused as proxy for the Prince of Denmark, his sister, Princess Louisa.² There was also question of his own marriage to a Princess of Denmark, a lady notoriously unattractive. But filial duty hardly went the length of compelling an immediate answer, and the young Duke made up his mind to consult his old friend, Lord Orford, as to how he might evade the threatening catastrophe. Lord Orford's advice³ was: "Consent, but insist on a suitable establishment, and you will hear no more of it." The advice was followed, and, in a letter to Lord Carteret, Cumberland submitted himself to the King's wishes, but claimed a suitable establishment, and begged that he should be allowed to continue his military duties. There the matter ended. Lord Orford's forecast had proved correct.

On November 26, 1743, the King and Cumberland landed at Gravesend and proceeded to St. James's Palace. The populace received them with acclamation, huzzaed them to the palace gates, and were for carrying them shoulder high. At night there were bonfires and illuminations, and an enthusiasm as great as might have been expected on the very day of the victory. The King's "glory was still in its first bloom," and the mob for the moment were ready to forget the Electorate and enjoy one of those hysterical outbursts for which there had been no opportunity since the days of Vernon and Portobello (1739). A King home from the wars, with laurels of victory about his brow, and with all the lustre of personal prowess, and at his side his son, who had shared his danger and his triumph, had not been seen in England since the days of Edward III. Such an event, indeed, seemed worthy of the *Te Deum* which Handel had composed to celebrate the victory, and appeared to merit a more fitting commemoration than the ode of Colley Cibber, the Poet-Laureate, which the *Gentleman's Magazine* declared limped more painfully than the wounded Duke. A deluge of doggerel verse in praise of Cumberland kept the printing-presses of London busy. The following verse, taken from "A New Bloody Ballad on the Bloody Battle at Dettingen, Printed in Bloody Characters," the most important of the effusions, is a fair sample of the patriotic muse:

"Then up rode Billy the Bold,
Who ne'er was try'd before;
And shew'd he came out of the mould
That could fight as well as w-re;
For he bravely fac'd the Foe,
And fought by his Father's side;
When his Leg with a Ball was pierc'd through,
Smart-Money, my Boys, he cry'd."

The return of the King and his son, however, no more restored harmony in the Royal Family than it did in political circles. The Prince of Wales, who, with the Privy Councillors,

¹ Add. MSS., 32,701, f. 55.

² See *ante*, p. 53.

³ This anecdote is generally referred to an occasion a few days before the death of Lord Orford, but the letter in the British Museum fixes it in November, 1743.

received the King at the foot of the stairs in St. James's Palace, was greeted without a word. The King passed to his rooms; nor did he pause to inquire after the Princess, to whom a son had been born on the previous day. Had there come to his ears an incident which had lately made some stir in London? It was told that while the King had been fighting the French the Prince of Wales at Cliveden had been diverting himself with a company of actors from Paris. A patriotic countryman, who had been reprimanded by the Prince for an assault on one of the actors, replied "he thought to have pleased his Highness in beating one of them who had tried to kill his father and had wounded his brother." It was the last possible way to please the Prince; but here was a story calculated to inflame the animosity of the King. Provocative scandals travelled in those days with rapidity in the buzzing circles of the Court, nor is it likely that the story can have failed to reach the ears of the King. Not that the creed of dislike between father and son needed bolstering up. In that creed they had never wavered, and it had never ceased to control and inform their mutual dealings since the Prince's first hour of residence in England.

It might have been expected that the glamour of Dettingen would have invested the Sovereign with some added authority in the eyes of his British subjects. But no sooner had the huzzas of victory subsided, than there was heard the outcry against the King's "Hanover partialities." Now that England was involved in war, and the uses of a soldiery had once more become apparent, the British public was growing sensitive over the privileges and dignity of its army. It was exasperating to feel that the troops of a German Electorate should receive preferential treatment at the hands of the King of England. "The disgusts about Hanover swarm and increase every day," wrote Horace Walpole. All manner of allegations were made against the Hanover troops. The soldiers were accused of cowardice, the generals of disobeying orders. The Hanover contingents were regarded as responsible for the collapse of the operations against the French. Stories were circulated about their overbearing brutality, their incompetence, and their utter indiscipline. The cry was taken up in Parliament, and modern times can show no greater instance of political insincerity than the party campaign which was undertaken by the Opposition against the employment of the Electoral troops. The conduct of the King was the subject of overt allusion and criticism both in the Lords' and the Commons' debates. Pitt, who was now *de facto* leader of the Opposition, directed his invective principally against the favourite Carteret, whom he described as "an execrable, a sole minister, who had renounced the British nation and seemed to have drunk of the potion described in poetic fiction, which made men forget their country." Speaking later in another debate on the estimate for maintaining the Hanoverian troops, he said: "Hanover councils and Hanover troops have lamed all our operations from the beginning. What else prevented the following Maillebois in his march to Prague? What else prevented the pursuit of the French in the battle [Dettingen], or the attacking them immediately afterwards?" This was the line of the attack directed throughout the session against the Ministry, and in a greater degree against Carteret. Pitt saw his opportunity. He utilized and stimulated the popular clamour. He focussed it against the King's chief adviser, and supplied it with the arguments and justification necessary to make it effective. It was while these dissensions over Hanover were distracting the attention of Parliament and fostering discontent in the country that the nation was suddenly startled by the apprehension of a new danger.

At dawn on January 9, 1744, Prince Charles Edward had quitted the palace of his father in

the Via di Santi Apostoli in Rome, and, on the pretext of a hunting expedition in the vicinity of the city, had begun his journey to Paris.

This was the event for which the Jacobites had been waiting. Their cause had long lain dormant and becalmed. Now a new motion was to be given to their hopes. That dark period of plotting and intrigue, of spies and furtive emissaries, and of vain appeals to foreign Courts, was about to give place to the shining test of action and adventure. On the youth with "the bright hair and the hazel eyes," threading his way with a single attendant across the wintry landscape of France, there were centred all the kindled aspiration and devoted loyalty of the faithful, who were hereafter to give so freely and to give so much to the pages of poetry and romance. It was to be the destiny of Cumberland to deal the final blow to those forces which were summed up in the person of the young Prince, but no disaster could destroy or even wound those delicate dreams and those tender phantasies which have woven themselves about the name of Prince Charlie, and which still haunt the highland hills and keep their place in Scottish hearts.

To appreciate the significance of the event, which was now giving hope to the Jacobites and adding a new complication to the politics of Europe, it is necessary briefly to look back at the history of the Jacobite cause since the early days of the Hanoverian succession.

When in 1715 Mar had unfurled the royal standard on behalf of James III., the Chevalier St. George, and stood at the head of some 12,000 men, the struggle on behalf of the Stuarts had every appearance, for a brief moment at the outset, of being brought to a successful issue in Scotland. The Union, so far from reconciling the disparities between England and Scotland, had roused a fierce and bitter resentment in the North. It had had the effect of quickening in Scotland a new consciousness of nationality, with the result that a large section of the country was burning to throw off its allegiance to the House of Hanover, and destroy the statutory bond by which the two kingdoms were united. Moreover, at the time when Mar was gathering the clans it was known that James himself was shortly to land in Scotland. James represented to the disaffected in Scotland the means of realizing the national feeling and restoring the national pride. But in his person he represented more than this. To those—and they were many—who believed in Divine right he stood as the saviour of their faith. The doctrine that Parliament could do anything—that it could make or unmake a nationality, that it could appoint or dispossess a King—had not yet been absorbed into the conscience of the country. In the end such questions were to have new light thrown on them by the rationalism of the eighteenth century, during which measured expediency was gradually to prevail against abstract theories. But meanwhile the old traditions and the old modes of thought were deeply embedded in the public mind. Analogies are said to be broken reeds, but the position of a citizen under a monarchy who by the stroke of a revolution should find himself under the governance of a republic would roughly bear comparison with the position of a believer in Divine right who found himself ruled over by George I. It was against such a position that men were ready to give hostages to fortune and to venture desperately.

No enthusiasm, however, could command good management, and in 1715, as in every Jacobite concern, there was wholly wanting a master-hand. Under the feeble generalship of Mar the forces of rebellion were easily defeated. Some 2,000 men penetrated as far south as Preston. But their progress evoked little response from the Jacobites of England, and after a brief encounter with the forces of the Crown they were obliged to surrender to General

Carpenter.

In Scotland no better success attended the Jacobite cause. The death of Louis XIV. and the broken promise of French assistance, the indecision of Mar and the tardy landing of James, combined to render their efforts useless. The Stuart forces were dispersed. James, accompanied by Mar, retired to Avignon, while their principal followers, who were captured, were given over to a degree of severity and vengeance which was to paralyse future efforts and leave an indelible recollection in the minds of Jacobite supporters.

Another abortive attempt, engineered by Spain, was made in 1719, when a fleet sailed from Cadiz with troops under the command of Ormond, but *afflavit Deus et dissipantur*, and only two ships succeeded in landing their complement of men. This untimely effort was followed by plots and intrigues and the conspiracy of 1722, already referred to.¹ Discovery of these led to the banishment of Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, the execution of Layer, and the implication of a few inconsiderable peers and Members of Parliament. Walpole, writing to his brother in May, 1722, and using one of the sporting metaphors to which he was so much addicted, said: "We are in trace of several things very material, but we fox-hunters know that we do not always find every fox that we cross upon." It was Walpole's practice to discover the trail of the Jacobite in every political movement, and during every political crisis. A Stuart restoration was a useful bogie for frightening Parliament into granting supplies, for reconciling the nation to a standing army, and creating dissensions in the ranks of the Opposition. One of Walpole's favourite party devices was to identify Tories with Jacobites, and in Parliamentary argument to blur the line which divided discontent from disaffection in the country. "I am not at all ashamed," he said in February, 1738, in the debate on the motion to reduce the army from 17,000 to 12,000 men, "to say I am in fear of the Pretender. It is a danger I shall never be ashamed to say I am afraid of; because it is a danger to which we must always be more or less exposed."

The main danger to be apprehended from the Jacobites lay in the use to which they might be put by some foreign Court which happened to be at war with Britain. But 1715, and again 1719, had shown that in England, at any rate, the Jacobites could not count on material aid. And there was always this further safeguard: that, if their cause were taken up by one of the States of Europe, the patriotic feeling in England and the dread of foreign invasion would obliterate differences, and induce lukewarm Jacobites to make common cause in the defence of their country against the foreigner. That there was an element of political expediency in Walpole's fears no one now can reasonably doubt. Bolingbroke, who knew more about the Jacobite party than any of the Government spies, writing to Wyndham in 1740, described it as "an unorganized lump of inert matter, without a principle of life or action in it: capable of mobility, perhaps, but more capable of divisibility and utterly void of all power of spontaneous motion." And such, in fact, it was.

The long-drawn-out conspiracy which made up their history between 1722 and 1744 had brought few recruits. James, with his domestic quarrels, and his Court in Rome with the make-believe ceremonial of exiled royalty, was rather an object for compassion than for sanguine expectation. Transitory figures come and go across that muffled stage, fill for a moment a household post, or deliver a message from the faithful, or burn a fragment of incense before the Stuart shrine, and then are heard no more. Earl Marischal, with his

¹ See *ante*, p. 10.

shrewd contempt for the byplay and jealousies which figured at Rome, declared that James's Court was "no place for an honest man," and left to become the accredited representative of James at the Court of Spain.

James had fallen on evil days, and among the cape and dagger mediocrities by whom he was surrounded it was hard to know whom to trust. In Paris his cause was in the hands of Sempil and Bohaldie, garrulous emissaries who were always pleading with Ministers, and over-estimating resources, and urging quixotic measures. As to the state of feeling in England, Walpole's fears and the assurances of the Jacobites would suggest that, running in undefined channels, there was much covert enthusiasm. But tested in 1715, and again in 1744 and 1745, the enthusiasm nowhere came to the surface. It failed and was of no account. Lord Hervey was right. Politically, in England the Jacobite cause was a mere survival. It ranked a few veterans among its apostles. It found support in that stronghold of Stuart sentiment, the University of Oxford. It made a dangerous toy with which party politicians could trifle. But the Hanoverian regime was an accomplished fact; so was the prosperity of the country under Walpole's rule. Every year the wish to disturb existing conditions was growing fainter.

It is to Scotland that we must turn for the fearless spirit, the disinterested ideals, the burning sense of nationality, which made the '45 possible.

In the disarming of the clans and the malt tax, legislation had done much to encourage disaffection. The attitude of the English people had done still more. To the English the Scots were still outer barbarians, and Scotland but a distant and tributary State. Forbes, writing from London to the Lord President, of the progress of the rebellion in 1745, said: "We at present begin to breathe, as the rebels have retired to Scotland, which to the generality here is the same as Norway"¹ To hate the Scots, to despise them for their manners and speech, and to sneer at them for their poverty, were the commonplaces of a well-ordered Englishman. In 1742 the Duke of Richmond, in a letter to Newcastle in reference to the appointment of Murray to the post of Solicitor-General, wrote: "The only objection that can be made to him is what he can't help, which is that he is a Scotchman, which (as I have a great regard for him) I am extremely sorry for."² This attitude of fine pity towards the race, which Swift, in the "Public Spirit of the Whigs," called "a poor fierce Northern people," was an effectual barrier for maintaining the differences between the two countries. Often the pity would overflow into more vehement channels, and the habits, the dress, and the rude speech, of the Scots would be satirized on the stage or lampooned in the streets or figure in caricatures.

Indeed, Scotland was little calculated to win sympathy from the English. Its bleak hills, its shaggy moors, its remote towns, destitute of comeliness or charm, made it a field for the explorer rather than for the traveller seeking pleasure. Edinburgh, then a stronghold of dreariness, was still in the throes of the contest between Church and Stage. On the one hand was the Presbytery, with its austere and forbidding Puritanism; on the other a still exiguous but increasing band of rebels pledged to the spirit of enjoyment, and endeavouring to lighten the prevailing darkness with the ministrations of art. To these last, at any rate, a Stuart restoration must have held promise of relief, and appeared to their distressed fancy as the day-spring from on high. Writing to Patrick Lindsay, the Member for Edinburgh, on the subject of the playhouse, in 1739, Allan Ramsay, the father of the painter, said: "Before this

¹ "Culloden Papers," p. 468.

² Add. MSS., 32,699, f. 557.

reaches you, you'll have a petition or two to desire your assistance towards the impoverishing and stupyfing the good town, by getting everything that tends towards politeness or good humour banished, that anti-christian and gloomy enthusiasm and contention may prevail. . . . Will mankind never with one accord learn to rise above the arrogant pride of priestcraft? It is certain we can never be social and happy till this period. . . . In so far as I have been one of the agents in this affair of our playhouse, I think I have been in my duty to serve the city where I live, better than that violent, most learned regent Ro: Stuart, who is at the bottom of all this sputter about a bit school they nickname a coledge. But it is my opinion that we had better want this same shadow of an university as to turn our town into a sour dull hole.”¹ The prevalence of this strict, exclusive spirit, of this arrogant pride of priestcraft haunting and overshadowing every branch of activity and invading every field of thought, was enough in itself to check communication between South and North.

To set against this there was no attempt at conciliation. Walpole did nothing for Scotland. He looked on it as irredeemably opposed to him. He even neglected the advice of Forbes of Culloden when, in 1738, he urged the Government to raise Highland regiments, and so harness the lawless energies of the Northerners. Carteret did the same. Carteret cared no more for domestic affairs than a chess-player cares for the hand that fashioned the pieces which he has to move; and so Scotland was left to the tax-gatherer and the coercion of English rule. To a people thus situated, and still steeped in feudal traditions, the words of the manifesto issued in 1715, “The laws of God require our allegiance to our rightful King,” came as a call to be answered. It supplied the emotional element in the Jacobite cause, just as repeal of the Union furnished the political motive.

¹ Hist. MSS., Report viii., app., p. 313, April 5, 1739.

CHAPTER XIII FALL OF CARTERET

THE journey of Prince Charles Edward to Paris was the sequel to negotiations between the French Ministry and James. During the year 1743 Sempil and Bohaldie, with even more than their usual importunity, had been urging the Court of Versailles to strike a blow in support of the Jacobites. They had represented that the state of Great Britain was such that, if only Prince Charles would come over in person, supported by sufficient assistance from France, the country would at once rise in favour of the Stuarts. The French Ministry had despatched one Butler, an equerry of Louis XV., to test the truth of these representations. Butler was easily convinced; a few dinners with reported Jacobite peers, a few toasts drunk to the King over the water, and a small conclave of the disaffected at Lichfield Races, left no room for doubt in the mind of this most impressionable spy. He returned to Versailles with a favourable report. The debates in Parliament, the sharp antagonism which was being shown in England towards the Electorate, and the unpopularity of the King, gave further colour to these notions. Moreover, they suited well with the schemes of France. Louis was anxious to create a military diversion which would draw British troops away from Flanders. There was no concealment as to the true object. As early as January, at a masked ball in Avignon, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu was asked by the Duke of Richelieu, Governor of Languedoc, what party the Pretender had in England, and upon her replying a very small one, the Duke said: "We are told otherwise at Paris; however, a hustle at this time may serve to facilitate our projects, and we intend to attempt a descent. At least it will cause the troops to be recalled, and perhaps Admiral Mathews will be obliged to leave the passage open for Don Philip."¹ This exactly expressed the purpose which the Court of Versailles had in view in exploiting the Stuart pretensions.

On November 13, 1743, Amelot de Chaillon, the Foreign Minister (1737-1744), had informed Sempil of the King's intention to support the claims of the Stuarts. Later, in December, a similar announcement had been made to the King of Spain, with whom England was still at war. Preparations were at once commenced. An army was assembled at Dunkirk under the command of Marshal Saxe. Bilanders² were collected for the transport of the troops, and a fleet was equipped at Brest to clear the Channel and cover the French landing, which was to take place as near London as could be arranged. On January 28, 1744, Sempil wrote to Amelot: "Le succès est infallible; rien ne peut s'opposer au transport des troupes, et le concours de la nation sera unanime dès qu'elles auront mis pied à terre." This was the sort of sorry optimism with which the agents of James played on the credulity of Ministers.

The expedition was timed to start in February, but in the meanwhile more exact

¹ Wharncliffe: "Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," vol. ii., p. 338.

² A species of lighter used for coast and canal traffic.

information had reached Versailles as to the opposition which the French were likely to encounter. Troops, it was said, were more plentiful than was expected; the inhabitants were arming in preparation for the hated foreigner; the City authorities had renewed their oaths of allegiance to the House of Hanover; a powerful fleet had assembled in the Channel; the Jacobites themselves were few in number, wanting in zeal, and totally without organization. And it was further pointed out that the probable effect of Bourbon intervention would be to strengthen the hands of the King of England. In vain it was rumoured abroad by the Jacobites that the invading troops were under the command of Maurice de Saxe, a Lutheran general, and that Prince Charles, already converted to Protestantism, had replied to his father, when reproached with his change in religion, that he would not lose three kingdoms for a Mass.¹ The spirit of the nation was entirely on the side of the Government.² With truth and with a patriotism which distinguished him from other members of the Opposition, Pitt declared in the House of Commons that “he hoped good might be drawn out of evil by this event, as it would tend to unite the nation; for he could not think any so desperate and mad as to think of joining in the attempt.”³

Once more the winds and waves were on the side of the English. On March 7 a tempest burst upon the shipping assembled at Dunkirk. The havoc and destruction which followed gave a plausible excuse for abandoning a project which it is now known the French Government had already resolved not to proceed with.⁴ It was the end of Jacobite hopes for the year 1744.

On March 15 France declared war against England. The fiction of fighting as auxiliaries was terminated. On March 28 England replied with a counter declaration, setting forth the injuries which she claimed to have suffered at the hands of France. The invasion of the Queen of Hungary’s dominions in violation of the Pragmatic Sanction; the unwarrantable assistance afforded to Spain in the West Indies and the Mediterranean; “the notorious breach of Treaties by repairing the Fortifications at Dunkirk; the open hostilities lately committed against our fleet in the Mediterranean⁵ . . . the reception of the Son of the Pretender to our Crown in the French Dominions; the embarkation actually made at Dunkirk of a considerable body of Troops, notoriously designed for an invasion of this kingdom in favour of the Pretender to our Crown.”

The usual emergency energy was developed to make up for the normal want of foresight. Six regiments of foot were ordered to be raised to replace those to be sent to join the army in Flanders. A bounty of £4 was offered to every recruit, with liberty to quit the service at the end of three years. A free pardon was promised to all smugglers, and also to deserters who would serve again with the colours. And on April 20 throughout the country a general press for recruits was begun, when upwards of 1,000 men were secured in the gaols of London and Westminster alone.⁶ Unofficial patriotism, as part of the general system of “muddling through,” also took to organizing itself, and we find that the gentlemen who used White’s

¹ “Parliamentary History,” vol. xiii., p. 668.

² Horace Walpole to Mann, March 1, 1744.

³ “Parliamentary History,” vol. xiii., p. 667.

⁴ Grimoard: “Lettres de Maurice, Comte de Saxe,” vol. ii., p. 64: D’Argenson to Saxe, March 6, 1744.

⁵ On February 22 (N.S.) a naval action had taken place between an English fleet under Admiral Mathews and a combined French and Spanish fleet.

⁶ *Gentleman’s Magazine*, April, 1774.

chocolate-house in St. James's Street fitted out a privateer to cruise against the French. The supply raised for the year approached £10,000,000, a sum described by Smollett as "almost incredible, considering how much the kingdom had been already drained of its treasure." Provision was made for a charge of 40,000 seamen and 11,550 marines, for 40,400 soldiers, for the payment of 5,513 Hanoverian horse and 10,755 Hanoverian foot, and for subsidies of £300,000 to the Queen of Hungary and £200,000 to the King of Sardinia.

Such signs of activity and preparation gave hope of something being accomplished in this the third successive year of campaigning in Flanders. But, as usual, France was beforehand. Early in May an army of some 80,000 men was assembled at Lille under the command of Marshal Saxe.

French history can boast of few captains more renowned than Maurice de Saxe (1696-1750). The natural son of Augustus II., Elector of Saxony, and Aurora de Konigsmarck, he had since a mere child been associated with military service. At the age of twelve he had begun his campaigning career, fighting on the side of the allies against France in the Low Countries. When thirteen he had already earned a reputation for capacity and daring by his conduct at the siege of Tournai, that stronghold which was to play so large a part in his military life. At the age of fourteen he was given the colonelcy of a regiment, and the following year, consistently with the natural precocity which he had already shown, he was married to the Countess von Loeben at Dresden. Two years later he had deserted his wife, with whom his marriage was later annulled, and begun that life of dissipation which broke his constitution, and was to be responsible for his death at the age of fifty-four. As a soldier he had so consolidated his renown under Prince Eugene in the Austrian and Turkish War (1716-1718) that in 1724 he was described by the Chevalier Folard, in his Commentaries on Polybius, as gifted with one of the greatest geniuses for war he had ever known. His restless and fiery temperament was constantly seeking new fields of action and enterprise. In 1726 he was elected Duke of Courland. Anna Ivanovna, Regent of the duchy, and subsequently Empress of Russia, falling under the spell of his charm, offered him her hand in marriage; but, discovering him in an intrigue with one of the ladies of her Court, she broke off her relations with him, and flung herself into the opposition which was forming to dispossess him of the duchy. It was at this moment that Adrienne Lecouvreur, whose romantic devotion he had won when in Paris, sold her jewels and supplied him with the sum of 40,000 livres to enable him to resist the attempt to depose him. He, however, withdrew from the contest, and took up his residence in Paris. In 1734 he had greatly distinguished himself fighting for France against the Empire at the siege of Philippsburg. But it is on his conduct of the campaigns in Flanders during the War of the Austrian Succession that his military fame is principally based.

By a series of brilliant sieges and a succession of striking victories in the field he rendered the French arms supreme in "the cockpit of Europe," and gained possession of the barrier fortresses and the principal cities of the Austrian Netherlands. When peace was concluded in 1748, he stood without a rival among the captains of France. No less an authority than Frederick the Great said of him in a letter to Voltaire: "J'ai vu le héros de la France, le Turenne du siècle de Louis XV. Je me suis instruit par ses discours dans l'art de la guerre. Ce général pourrait être le professeur de tous les généraux de l'Europe." High praise, above all in those years when feats of arms were of almost daily occurrence, and when Europe was continually resounding to the tread of opposing hosts.

Physically Saxe was a man of prodigious strength. He had been known to snap horseshoes with his hands, and to break five-franc pieces and twist nails into the form of a corkscrew with his fingers. An adventurer by nature, he was saved from being a mere soldier of fortune by his genius; a voluptuary by temperament, he was rescued from indolence by his love of military glory and his masterful self-discipline. In warfare he was humane. In 1741, when he had captured Prague and Egra by storm, he saved the inhabitants of both those cities from pillage and slaughter. D’Espagnac relates of him that he never punished with death either a spy or a marauder, but kept them in durance till the end of the campaign. Unlike his master, Prince Eugene, he was careful of the lives of his soldiers. “Il vaut mieux,” he said, “différer de quelques jours que de risquer de perdre inutilement un grenadier, qu’il faut vingt ans pour former.” In person he was of distinguished appearance, with a commanding figure. His blue eyes gave a fearless and noble expression to somewhat heavy features. A look of singular charm and high purpose overcame the tendency to softness and sensuality apparent on his face.

Such was the person and such were the achievements of this consummate Marshal of France to whom Louis had confided the command of his forces.

On May 15 the troops were reviewed by the French monarch, who had joined the army with the purpose of playing a part in the coming campaign.

The next day the army was divided into two portions: forty-seven battalions and seventy squadrons, under Marshal Noailles, were to besiege the frontier towns; thirty-three battalions and forty-three squadrons, under Saxe, were to cover Noailles’s operations. Moving northward between the Lys and Scheldt, the army began by laying siege to Menin. Menin, which, when held by the French, had cost Marlborough 4,000 men and a siege of nineteen days, was now (June 15) yielded up by the Dutch after two days. From Menin Noailles moved to the siege of Ypres, while Saxe, advancing to Courtrai, held the right bank of the River Lys from Menin to Courtrai, and covered the operations of Noailles. Ypres surrendered on June 25. Fort Knock, to the north-west of Ypres, capitulated two days later.

Meanwhile the allies, having a force of 22,000 English, 16,000 Hanoverians, 18,000 Austrians, and 20,000 Dutch, had remained helpless and ineffectual in the vicinity of Grammont, between Oudenarde and Brussels. The command of the British forces had been entrusted to Wade. Like Stair, who had been given command of the allies in 1743, Wade was past seventy. He had never commanded an army in the field, and it was rather as a builder of bridges and a maker of roads in Scotland that he was known to fame.¹ He had served with distinction as a regimental officer in Spain during the Marlborough wars, but he was wanting in the initiative and strategical capacity requisite for the work he was now called on to perform. George II. said of him that “he was timid and had always black atoms before his eyes,”² and desired that Prince Charles of Lorraine should take the supreme command; but the Queen of Hungary had larger designs for the Prince, and gave him the command of the army which was to operate on the side of Alsace. Before the end of the campaign King George was regretting Stair. “I wish my Lord Stair was in Flanders,” he declared; “General Wade is a very able officer, but he is not alert.” But with an insufficient force and divided

¹ “Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.”

² “Marchmont Papers,” vol. i., p. 9.

counsels, with continuous wrangles going on with the Austrians and the Dutch, to oppose the signal talent of Marshal Saxe and the united army of Louis was a task wellnigh impossible, and certainly outside the range of Wade's capabilities. Moreover, all that Wade proposed to do was negatived, and all that was done he disapproved of. He had no compelling gifts, and he was wanting in the authority and diplomatic arts required to bring about harmony of action between the discordant elements of his command.

May and June passed, and still the allies did nothing. At the beginning of July Furnes surrendered to the French. This gave Saxe entire control of the western fortresses of the Austrian Netherlands, and rendered him free to march either on Ghent or Ostend and thus threaten the communications of the allies with the coast. At this juncture news reached Saxe that Prince Charles of Lorraine, by one of those brilliant feats of arms for which he was becoming famous, had succeeded in forcing the passage of the Rhine on July 1 with an army of 70,000 men, and was menacing Alsace. Marshal Coigny, who was watching the eastern frontier of France, sent urgent appeals to Louis for assistance. The French King had therefore to choose between continuing the conquest of Flanders or detaching a large part of the army to the assistance of Coigny. He chose the latter course, and a force of 36,000 men was marched with all speed to operate in Alsace.

Now was the moment for the allies to act. Carteret wrote to Wade: "It is the King's positive command that the army should forthwith enter upon action;"¹ and later: "His Majesty does absolutely command you to commence hostilities of all kinds forthwith against the French, and take the first opportunity in correspondence with ye Austrian and Dutch generals of attacking them with the whole force of the Confederate army."² The British public was getting impatient. The war with Spain (1739) was still going on. "We have already lost," wrote Horace Walpole, "seven millions of money and thirty thousand men in the Spanish war—and all the fruit of all this blood and treasure is the glory of having Admiral Vernon's head on ale-house signs." There was very little exaggeration in the statement. And now it looked as if a third year of campaigning in Flanders was to be wasted. The British efforts were being made to look ridiculous. Wade and his colleagues were already appearing as comic figures in French plays. In August, when the allies had at last marched south and taken up a position near Lille, a London journal wrote of their manoeuvres: "On the 30th July they encamped within four or five miles of Lille; on the 31st they lost a Scotch volunteer before it. They looked also for a Field of Battle, but by great Providence no Enemy was nigh: on the 1st inst. they were put in Fear, but as it happened danger was at a distance; on the 2nd they slept sound; on the 3rd the right wing foraged; on the 4th the whole army was reviewed; on the 5th they rested; on the 6th the right wing foraged; on the 7th did nothing; on the 8th received a Trumpet from Count Saxe about the exchange of Prisoners; on the 9th sent him back again; on the 10th the Hanoverians foraged and had a gun fired at them from Lille; on the 11th the Britons foraged and had no gun fired at 'em, and the captain that was taken at Lille being exchanged, returned." Carteret was looked on as responsible for the failure, and his downfall was imminent.

Saxe, meanwhile, thrown on the defensive by the reduction of his force, entrenched himself at Courtrai and along the line of the Lys. Wade was unable to induce the allies to

¹ Skrine: "Fontenoy," p. 105.

² *Ibid.*

strike a blow at this diminished force. "The poor old man," wrote Henry Pelham to Stephen Poyntz, "does the best he can, but a hungry ally and a rapacious army is too much for one of his years and constitution to deal with."¹ The opportunity was lost. Prince Charles was recalled from the Rhine to repel a fresh inroad of Frederick the Great into Bohemia and Bavaria. The French forces which had been sent to Alsace were thus free to return to Flanders. The allies once more retired north, and Wade, after establishing the troops in winter-quarters, resigned the command to Sir John Ligonier, and returned to England. He had been set an impossible task. The Dutch did not care whether the fortresses of the Austrian Netherlands were occupied by Austrians or by French. King George had in vain urged them to play the part of principals, but they declined to fight except as auxiliaries, or to become involved in a war with France. The Austrians, on the other hand, cared very little about the English communications with the sea, and were content merely to embarrass the movements of the French by a dilatory and evasive strategy.

Meanwhile at home the cabal in the Ministry directed against the supremacy of Carteret had made signal headway.² The futility of the operations in Flanders had done much to increase his unpopularity in the country. In the Cabinet the Pelhams and Lord Hardwicke had succeeded in undermining his authority, and by agreement with their supporters, and by negotiations with representatives of the Opposition, they had, acting always with the advice of Lord Orford, prepared the way for the crisis which was to bring about the dismissal of Carteret. On the Opposition side, Pitt, Lyttelton, Chesterfield, and Lord Gower, were for joining the Pelhams unconditionally. The Prince of Wales, by the promise of posts for his supporters in the new administration, and by the prospect of scoring a point against his father, had been induced to throw his weight into the Pelham scale. The King alone remained faithful to his Chief Minister, but just as in 1742 he had been obliged to give up his favourite Walpole, so in the present juncture he was to be forced to part with his favourite Minister Carteret, now Lord Granville. On November 1, the breach having been sufficiently prepared, the final assault was made. A memorial drawn up by the Lord Chancellor, in which the objections entertained by the Pelham faction to the policy of Granville were set forth, was presented to the King. His Majesty proved more stubborn than was expected. He returned the memorial to Newcastle without comment. Henry Pelham requested an interview, at which he supported the arguments of the Chancellor. "My brother will acquaint you," wrote Newcastle to Hardwicke on November 3, "with what passed yesterday in the closet, where he supported our paper with all the firmness and judgment imaginable. The effect produced was sullenness, ill-humour, fear, a disposition to acquiesce, if it could be

¹ Hist. MSS., Report x., L, p. 281, August 19, 1744.

² In August Newcastle had written: "... I think I can see by the air of the Court and the courtiers a greater shyness towards us or towards me than I have ever yet observed. That I take to be the play of our Master, But he will soon see that that will not succeed. ... In this situation of things I dare say you will not be surprised at my repeating again what I have often mentioned, that if any joint Resolution can be taken by all our Friends to show the King that he must chuse between the different parties in His administration . . . But if nothing of the kind can be agreed upon I must and am determined to let the King know that my having the misfortune to differ in some points from Lord Carteret had I found made me so disagreeable to His Majesty that out of Duty to him and regard to myself I must desire his leave to resign my employment. For indeed no man can bear long what I go through every day in our joint audiences in the Closet "(Add. MSS., 35,408, f. 33: Newcastle to Hardwicke).

done with Lord Granville's approbation, for that is the whole." The next step was an interview with the author of the memorial. The King evinced no symptom of being less reluctant to part with his Minister. "You would persuade me," His Majesty said to Hardwicke, "to abandon my allies: but that shall never be the reproach of my reign, as it was of Queen Anne's, and I will suffer any extremities rather than consent." King George had the inherent quality of his race; he could no more forget those who had served him well than he could forgive those who had done him an injury. Cumberland, little as he sympathized with Lord Granville, deplored the methods adopted by the Ministry. He considered them as wanting in a "dutiful behaviour to the King, and hoped he should never see them practised again."¹ Granville turned in all directions for assistance. He appealed to Lord Orford, he approached the Opposition, he endeavoured to gain over the Cabinet. He found that the wells had been poisoned. The Pelhams were masters of the situation. Not that the Pelhams were themselves united in anything except in opposing Granville. Henry Pelham was for securing a neutrality for the Low Countries, withdrawing the troops from Flanders, paying a large subsidy to the Queen of Hungary, and carrying on the war against France by sea only. The difference between the two brothers on the policy to be pursued caused the liveliest distress to Newcastle. "Every hour," he wrote in October, "every transaction, every thought that arises, convince me that no man ever was so hardly, so unkindly, so cruelly used as I am by my Brother."²

Granville had said, ignoring the strides which had been made in the last thirty years towards a constitutional monarchy: "Give any man the Crown on his side, and he can defy everything." Indeed, the interest of the crisis which witnessed the downfall of Granville lies in the emphasis it gave to the declension of the King's authority and power in the government of the country. In the case of Orford there had been an actual majority against him recorded in a division in the House of Commons. Here there was nothing but the implied threat of certain Ministers in the Cabinet to resign, backed by the advice of Orford, and a process of judicious intrigue which had gained over a few prominent members of the Opposition. Yet it was sufficient. The King was compelled to give in, and before the end of November Granville was forced to resign (November 24, 1744). His Majesty made no concealment of his resentment. "The Duke of Newcastle," he said, "being grown as jealous of Lord Granville as he had been of Lord Orford, wants to be first minister himself, which, a puppy I how should he be?"³ Yet not only had the King to submit to the dismissal of Granville, but he was obliged to acquiesce in appointments which were utterly distasteful to him. When it was proposed by Newcastle that Lord Chesterfield should be Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, and at the same time undertake a special embassy to the Hague, the King burst forth with: "He shall have nothing. I command you to trouble me no more with such nonsense. Although I have been forced to part with those I liked, I will never be induced to take into my service those who are disagreeable to me."⁴ Nevertheless he had to accept Chesterfield. On the other hand, he was successful in excluding Pitt, who was proposed as Secretary at War, and who had incurred the King's deepest indignation by his speeches

¹ Coxe: "Lord Walpole," vol. ii., p. 225.

² Add. MSS., 35,408, f. 76: Newcastle to Hardwicke.

³ Walpole to Mann, November 26, 1744.

⁴ Coxe: "Pelham Administration," vol. i., p. 197.

about Hanover.



JOHN CARTERET, 1ST EARL GRANVILLE.

The Cabinet now consisted of Henry Pelham, First Lord of the Treasury and Chancellor of the Exchequer; Newcastle, Secretary of State for the Southern Department; Lord Harrington, Secretary of State for the Northern Department; Marquis of Tweeddale, Secretary of State for Scotland; Lord Hardwicke, Lord Chancellor; Duke of Argyll, Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland; Duke of Montagu, Master of the Ordnance; Duke of Grafton,

Lord Chamberlain; Duke of Richmond, Master of the Horse.¹

The change in men was to be followed by greater activity in foreign policy. “We must not,” wrote Newcastle to his brother, “because we seem to be in, forget all we said to keep Lord Granville out.”² The campaign on behalf of the Queen of Hungary was to be continued, but upon the basis of a more precise understanding with the Dutch. Chesterfield’s mission to Holland was to insist on the Dutch discarding the masquerade of auxiliaries, declaring war against France, and supplying men and munitions for the campaign of 1745, in a proportion to be determined at the Hague. Otherwise the policy of the administration remained substantially the same.

¹ *Ibid.*

² Ballantyne: “Carteret,” p. 313.

CHAPTER XIV CUMBERLAND AS CAPTAIN-GENERAL

THE young Duke had pleaded to be allowed to take part in the campaign of 1744, but George II. had declined to sacrifice his son to a subordinate position, and for the moment none other was available. Now (1745), however, Cumberland was to have greatness thrust upon him. The question of the command in Flanders presented many difficulties. In January, 1745, Stephen Poyntz had expressed the general view in a letter to Trevor, the Minister at the Hague: "Mr. Wade being entirely disabled from making another campaign, the command of our army is once more vacant . . . the keys of the British Exchequer cannot be trusted in foreign hands . . . we must of necessity have a British General. . . . Our Ministers and many of our general officers, I believe, wish that the King would trust the Duke with that command, placing proper Khevenhüllers about him, if the sterility and caducity of our long peace has left us any such. . . I am so thoroughly and heartily convinced of the Duke's prudence, application, activity, and docility." King George was of the same mind, and the appointment proving acceptable to the States-General and the Austrians, Cumberland was gazetted on March 6, within a few weeks of his twenty-fourth birthday (April 15), "Captain General¹ of all his majesty's land forces within the kingdom of Great Britain, and of all his majesty's land forces which are or shall be employed abroad in conjunction with the troops of his majesty's allies."

High opinions were entertained in England as to Cumberland's fitness for the command of the army. The promise he had shown in the Dettingen campaign, his close study of all that concerned the art of war and the administration of armies, his passion for military glory, and his devotion to his profession, all marked him out for his new position. He was popular with the mob and adored by his soldiers, military critics commended him, and statesmen were content to leave the destinies of the nation confidently between his hands. In the newspapers we read that, "in order to qualify himself for his posts in the army," he received the sacrament at St. Martin's Church on Sunday, April 12. On the following Friday, April 17, at 4 a.m., he left the Palace of St. James amid the universal good-will of his countrymen. Cumberland presented at this time an imposing figure, nor had he yet developed the corpulence which in later years curtailed his activity. He was tall and massive, but not ungainly. He had a commanding presence, which was heightened when on horseback by his graceful carriage. His features were those of a strong and capable man. His bitterest opponent could not deny a fine magnanimity in the expression of his face, nor a look of unassailable integrity in his blue eyes. Though old for his years, he still wore the stamp and flourish of youth, and the adversity which he was afterwards to encounter had not yet marred the firmness of his countenance.

The staff by whom he was to be accompanied had been carefully selected. In Sir Everard

¹ The salary was £3,650.

Fawkener (1684-1758) he had a secretary of tried efficiency. Fawkener, by one of those unaccountable transpositions which were so common at this period, had in 1735 abandoned the trade of a city mercer in order to occupy the post of Ambassador in Constantinople. In 1743 he had been appointed to his present position. Carlyle dismisses him as “a man highly un-memorable now were it not for the young Frenchman he was hospitable to”; but Voltaire, who is here indicated, set a high value on his friendship, and cultivated it through many years till Fawkener’s death, in 1758. Fawkener’s commercial training had given him a valuable knowledge of business; his diplomatic career had taught him to observe events and record his observations in writing. These were useful acquisitions in Cumberland’s office, which involved not only the management of an army, but diplomacy and the penning of innumerable despatches. It has been said, indeed, that most of Cumberland’s despatches were drafted by Fawkener,¹ but after the perusal of many scores of these documents it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they must have been dictated by Cumberland himself. The style shows little variation, and, beyond gaining in fluency and maturity, suggests the same mind at work long after Fawkener had retired from the Duke’s service. On the eve of his departure with the Duke for Flanders, Fawkener received a mark of the royal favour, and was appointed “Joint Postmaster-General.”

Among the Duke’s Aides-de-Camp were Henry Seymour Conway, the friend and relative of Horace Walpole, and afterwards Master of the Ordnance and Field-Marshal, and George, Lord Bury, who was to play a conspicuous and successful part in the Seven Years’ War by the capture of the Havana in 1762. In command of the cavalry was Sir James Campbell, a veteran of the Marlborough wars, while the infantry was placed under the direction of Ligonier, the future Commander-in-Chief of the British army.

On arrival at the Hague on April 18, Cumberland stayed no longer than was necessary to exchange formalities with the members and regents of the States, and on April 20 he left for Brussels. Here the forces of the allies were to concentrate, and here Cumberland found the veteran Marshal Königsegg in command of the Austrian contingent, and the Prince of Waldeck and General de Wendt in command respectively of the Dutch and Hanoverian troops. The impression made on the Austrian commander by the personality of Cumberland was at once favourable. “*Utrum-que incredibili modo consentit astrum,*” wrote Fawkener to Trevor; “the good old man told me he was happy in his old age to be placed with a young Prince who had right mind, loved his profession, and had taken pains to be impressed in it.”

Such exemplary sentiments are commonly mutual, and Cumberland was able to write to Harrington (then Secretary at State for the Northern Department, to whom all his despatches from the seat of war were addressed): “I am under difficulties to express the great pleasure I feel to have found Marshal Königsegg answer so fully with the character which had been given of him, and the expectations he had raised by his behaviour on my recommendation to the command of the army, and since in everything relating to me. My intentions are to imitate his example, as well as to follow his advice: and I persuade myself there is a sure foundation laid for a thoroughly good understanding between us. I have good reason to be satisfied with the Prince of Waldeck and General de Wendt, and I promise myself great advantage to the general cause by their good disposition.” Everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds during the brief days in Brussels, and an

¹ Skrine: “Fontenoy,” p. 127.

irresponsible optimism seemed ominously to pervade the councils of war and the anticipations for the future. Conflicting news was arriving, just such news as Marshal Saxe intended should arrive, as to the intentions of the French. On April 23 Cumberland wrote: "By all the intelligence I have from different parts, the real design of the enemy is to besiege Mons. . . . The Marshal Count Saxe is at Maubeuge, and is in so low a state that his death is daily expected."

It is now necessary to turn to the French camp to learn how hopelessly inexact was the information here referred to. There had been much hesitation at Versailles¹ as to the nature of the campaign which was to be conducted in 1745. Was it to be a war of initiative and attack in German territory? or was it to be a war of defence along the frontiers of France? Frederick, professing to give disinterested advice, but with a definite view as to what would give him a freer hand in dealing with the Queen of Hungary, and be of advantage to his own schemes, urged Louis to advance on Hanover, and so force King George to make peace in order to save his Electorate. "Votre Majesté," he concluded, "est par ce moyen l'arbitre de rendre la paix à l'Europe."² Maurice de Saxe was called on to give his opinion. In December, 1744, he addressed a memorial to the Ministry, setting forth his views: "Le but d'une guerre est ordinairement plus politique que militaire. . . . Le but politique de cette campagne doit être, selon moi, de diviser les forces des ennemis en Flandre, de donner des inquiétudes aux Hollandais sur la Gueldre, au roi d'Angleterre pour son électorat de Hanovre; de les empêcher d'augmenter la nombre de leurs auxiliaires en Allemagne; de les détourner du projet, de s'unir aux Saxons pour occuper le roi de Prusse au point de l'obliger à un accomodement, ou du moins de l'empêcher de tourner ses plus grandes forces contre la reine de Hongrie."³ He then proceeded to discuss the methods for giving effect to this view, and decided in favour of the siege of Tournai as the first step in the campaign. In a later document, after it had been agreed that Flanders should be the theatre of war, he dealt more fully with the details of the strategy he proposed. "L'expérience nous a convaincus," he wrote, "que celui qui ouvre le premier la campagne en Flandre, y acquiert pour un temps la supériorité sur son ennemi; il est heureux pour nous d'avoir affaire à des alliés toujours lents dans leurs opérations de guerre, et qui, obligés d'hiverner éloignés les uns des autres, ne peuvent se rassembler que difficilement. . . . Tournai couvre absolument notre frontière, et nous donne à notre volonté l'entrée du pays ennemi, ce que font ni Lille ni Condé." As we shall see, the truth of these forecasts was to be realized beyond all expectation. Tournai was to prove the key to Flanders. Such clear thinking and precise planning stand out in alarming contrast to the cloudy improvisations of the allies. Long before Cumberland had reached Brussels, Saxe had made up his mind, not only what he would do himself, but what he would compel his enemies to do, and had even settled in his own inventive imagination, before leaving Paris, the actual terrain on which the decisive encounter should take place.⁴ His information as to the numbers and movements of the allies and the composition of their forces was accurate. He rightly calculated on their incapacity for swift combination and rapid marching, and in his schemes he did not omit to take account of the political

¹ J. Colin: "Leg Campagnes du Marechal de Saxe"—"Fontenoy," p. 3.

² Colin, p. 5.

³ Colin: "Pièces Justificatives," p. 30, "Les Campagnes du Maréchal de Saxe."

⁴ Colin: "Pièces Justificatives."

difficulties which were bound to operate in a force of such diverse composition as that of his adversaries. As Captain Colin observes of the allies: "Elles étaient plutôt juxtaposées que réunies et, de plus, obtenaient avec peine du gouvernement autrichien des Pays Bas l'appui et les secours dont elles avaient besoin." Moreover, Saxe had under his command a united and enthusiastic army of 98 battalions and 160 squadrons, with 100 field-guns, and at his right hand, in the person of Löwendahl, he had one of the most competent captains of the day. Like Saxe, Löwendahl was a foreigner, who had from his earliest years been a soldier. Born in 1700, he had joined the army of the King of Poland in 1713. From that time his career had been one of constant activity. He had seen service in seventeen different campaigns. Cosmopolitan even in an age when the demarcations of nationality were of so small account, his sword had been drawn wherever fighting was to be found. But, like so many soldiers of the age, the bulk of his experience had been gained under the leadership of Prince Eugene. He was a man of large ideas, capable of entering into and executing the schemes of the Marshal under whose command he now found himself, and with whom he was in complete and loyal sympathy.

The gravest fears were entertained in France lest the state of Marshal Saxe's health should render him unable to face the fatigue of a campaign. He was at this time stricken with dropsy, nor could any fortitude disguise his suffering or the perilous nature of his sickness. The doctors gave him only a few months to live.¹ Voltaire, who met him in the last days of March at Versailles, could not refrain from expressing his apprehension lest the effort he was about to make should prove too great for his constitution. "Il ne s'agit pas de vivre mais de partir," was Saxe's reply. On March 31 the Marshal left Paris for the front. His design for the opening of the campaign was to assemble the main body of his troops at Maubeuge, and the remainder at Valenciennes and Warneton. By April 20 the concentration of his army was complete. On the following day he assumed the offensive. Comte d'Estrées with a force of cavalry was detached in the direction of Mons, while Du Chayla, with eight battalions and twenty squadrons, pursuing a different route, set out on the same day with the object of forming a junction with D'Estrées in the vicinity of that town.

This movement succeeded in its purpose. It convinced Cumberland, as we have already seen, that the objective of Saxe was the siege of Mons. Thus it was that, while the allies were assembling near Brussels and making dispositions to march to the relief of Mons, Saxe, with the main body of his army, was able quietly to move north in order to effect the investment of Tournai. On April 30 the trenches were opened, exactly in accordance with the memorial presented by Saxe to the Ministry in December, 1744.²

Not till April 28 was Cumberland undeceived as to the intentions of Saxe. On that day Fawkener wrote to Harrington:³ "After a good deal of variety and contradiction our advices for two or three days past agree that the enemy's army is before Tournai." These advices determined the allies to march to the relief of that city at the earliest possible moment.

Before the Duke of Marlborough's wars Tournai was one of the most renowned fortresses of Europe. Under Louis XIV. its fortifications had been strengthened by Megrigny, the famous engineer and nephew of Vauban, with such a degree of skill that from one of its half-

¹ "Memoires du Duc de Luynes," vol. vi., p. 408.

² "Pièces Justificatives," p. 32.

³ Cumberland Papers.

moons it had flung defiance to its foes with the inscription that it was impregnable. In August, 1709, after a three months' siege, in which Saxe himself had taken part on the side of the allies, the inscription was erased by Marlborough.

The town lies some fifty miles in a south-westerly direction from Brussels. An ancient cathedral in the form of a Burgundian cross, with quadruple towers and a belfry, is situated on the left bank of the Scheldt, which here rolls its waters in a narrow and turgid stream through the town. The cathedral, so austere in form and colour, and so threatening in its mass, harmonized well with the walls and bastions of the citadel, which to-day is laid in ruins rank with grass and weeds. It would indeed be difficult to picture a temple more worthy of the stress and menace of a place of arms. The citadel was properly regarded as a masterpiece of defensive strength. It was constructed in the form of a pentagon, overlooked the town from its southern extremity, and offered in the last resort a retreat to the besieged. Once possessed of this stronghold, the French held the key of the approaches to Ghent and Oudenarde, and could threaten the British communications with Ostend and the sea. The town was at this time garrisoned by 8,000 Dutch, and what the power of France had failed to hold against Marlborough in 1709 there was little likelihood of the half-hearted Dutch retaining in the face of the impetuosity and skill of Maurice de Saxe. If, therefore, the town was to be saved, it must be saved at once.

Two roads lead from Brussels to Tournai: one by Hal, Soignies, and Lens; the other, more direct route by Hal, Enghien, Ath, and Leuze. Cumberland, as though there were still doubts in his mind as to Saxe's objective, chose the longer road, which in its course tends towards Mons. It was not till April 30 that the allies began their march. Progress was slow; the long column, winding its way through the avenues of trees that bordered the roadside, was delayed by the heavy and constant rains. Mud, which Napoleon called the "fifth element" in war, clogged and checked the movements of the troops. Away from the causeways, the country was partially inundated and everywhere difficult to traverse, and the army crawled rather than marched¹ towards its goal. Such conditions tended to promote indiscipline. At Soignies, which was reached on May 2, a general order showed what was to be expected from the iron hand of the commander:

"CAMP OP SOIGNIE,
"2nd May.

"As H.R.H. intends to show all reasonable indulgence imaginable to his Army, and as the pay of the Brittish Forces exceeds yt of any other Troops, he expects they should observe very strict discipline, being determined to shew no mercy in case of Misbehaviour."²

By May 7 the threat had taken effect.

"CHÂTEAU DE MOULBAY,
"7th May.

"The Duke hopes that the three examples that have been made this morning will be a warning to the rest, for he is resolv'd to keep discipline and have orders obey'd, which will contribute to plenty in the Camp.

"Whereas the enormities committed by some bad men will occasion but distress and

¹ Schlippenbach, the Dutch general, speaks of "le pas de tortue que cette armée fit pour aller au secours de Tournay."

² Campbell Maclachlan: "Duke of Cumberland." p. 79.

scarcity, and the Com'nding officers are desired to acquaint their men immediately with this."

Three days were spent at Soignies. On May 5 the army moved to Cambron. At Cambron a reserve corps was formed under the command of General Moltke, and detached towards Leuze, where fifty squadrons of French cavalry under Du Chayla were stationed as a corps of observation. Du Chayla at once withdrew in the direction of Tournai. He had achieved his object. He had satisfied himself as to the road by which the enemy would approach.

Detailed reconnaissances had only served to confirm Marshal Saxe in his view that the allies would endeavour to relieve Tournai by attempting to force a passage from the south-east by Fontenoy and Antoing. The country as it appears to-day raises the question why Cumberland did not approach from the east by the causeway running from Ath to Tournai. No physical obstacles now stand in the way of an army advancing from that quarter; the country is open, the gradients adapted for the movement of cavalry, nor has a natural glacis to be surmounted as at Fontenoy. In 1745, however, the natural features presented a very different aspect, and many woods lay scattered over the country running parallel to the Scheldt on the east. Here and there the cordon of scattered forest was broken. Open ground and roads leading from Tournai lay between the Mont de la Trinité and the Bois de Breuze, and again between the Bois de Breuze and the Bois de Barri; but in each case the passage thus formed was narrow, the land on either side of the roadways was boggy, and the space too restricted for the deployment of an army advancing to the attack. Saxe, surveying the locality in the early days of May, and confirming the impression he had already formed, came to the conclusion that the advance of the allies would necessarily be by way of Fontenoy. In the words of an officer of the French army: "Il reste donc assuré qu'il était absolument impossible qu'ils vissent à nous autrement qu'ils ne l'ont fait."¹ Everything, in fact, developed precisely in the manner resolved on by Saxe before leaving Paris.

On May 6 Cumberland moved from Cambron to Moulbay, his right resting on the Tournai to Brussels road, his left at Ellegnies-Sainte-Anne, while General Moltke, with his detachment, remained at Leuze. At Moulbay they were within sound of the cannon of Tournai, and could hear the booming of the siege guns. Cumberland's despatch of May 8 to Harrington reveals the ignorance which still enveloped the allies as to the intentions of the French: "I heard on my arrival that the body of troops the enemy had posted at Leuze had retired very precipitately on the first notice that we were advancing. . . . For my own part I cannot bring myself to believe the enemy will wait for us, notwithstanding it is assured that the French King is at Lille, if not at the army. My reasons are that they might have disputed our passage hither with great advantage of ground: that they have withdrawn the baggage over the Schelde, and have not thrown up earth to form a circumvallation. However, I cannot say that everyone is of my opinion that the enemy will retire. I cannot come at any certain knowledge of the enemy's numbers, but I have concurring information that the body on this side the Schelde does not exceed 31 battalions and 32 squadrons. The reports vary of the progress of the siege, the weather is so bad that, tho' we are within a distance to hear the canon very distinctly, yet no true judgment can be formed from thence whether the enemy are retir'd over the Schelde or not."²

At Moulbay Cumberland rested another day, moving with his whole army on the 9th in

¹ "Fontenoy"; Colin: "Pièces Justificatives."

² Cumberland Papers.

three columns to Beaugnies. He had thus taken no less than eleven days to cover but a bare forty-eight miles. During the night of the 9th the allies bivouacked with the left slightly in advance at Maubray, the centre at Wasmes, and the right at Beaugnies. Cumberland's headquarters that night were situated at Briffoel, in rear of the centre. Almost parallel to this position, and separated from the allies by little more than a mile of intervening country, lay the French army and the village which two days later was to give its name to one of the most famous encounters of the century. The position which Saxe had chosen was of a natural strength quite peculiar in the eyes of those familiar with the conduct necessary to warfare at the time. A crest of high ground, springing abruptly from the river at Antoing, runs due east for a little less than a mile to Fontenoy. At Fontenoy the crest turns sharply north-east towards the Bois de Barri, the edge of which was in 1745 situated some 800 paces distant from Fontenoy village itself. Saxe had disposed his troops along the line of the crest. The right of his army rested on Antoing, the centre was shielded by Fontenoy, the left was covered by the Bois de Barri. To the north in rear of the site thus outlined by the crest lay a plateau of level land occupied by the French camp. Southward the ground sloped gently down from the French position to the plain of Vezon. Here lay the strength and advantage of Saxe's choice. The declivity in many places forms a natural glacis, and throughout the whole length of the position from Antoing to the Bois de Barri the slight and prolonged slope offered an even and deadly field for cannon and musketry fire. With Fontenoy as the salient angle, the crest, forming two limbs of a triangle, thus lay astride the line by which the allies were bound to advance in order to relieve Tournai. Along the front of the position and slightly in advance of the crest there ran a road which in places was sufficiently sunk to form an obstacle to advancing troops.

This position, naturally strong, had been strengthened on Saxe's favourite plan by the construction of redoubts. Along the westerly limb of the triangle three redoubts divided the space between Antoing and Fontenoy, and disputed the advance of the left wing of the allies. Fontenoy itself, in the projecting angle, had been prepared as the forward bastion of the line of defence. The village had been fortified. The whitewashed walls of the cottages and the low enclosure surrounding the cemetery had been prepared for rifle fire. Entrenchments had been thrown up, and six guns had been posted to command the approaches. Between Fontenoy and the Bois de Barri at the point where the wood at that time jutted southward from the crest, a strong redoubt known as the Redoute d'Eu, from the name of the regiment by which it was held, had been constructed, so that the fire from it could flank the slope up which the right wing of the allied army would have to advance. A second redoubt, which was to play but a small part in the engagement, had been formed to the east of the Redoute d'Eu, probably with the object of guarding against any turning movement on the far side of the wood. In accordance with the view contained in his "Rêveries" (1732), Saxe, trusting to the strength of his redoubts, had avoided any continuous line of entrenchment.¹

Saxe had shown no haste in his preparations. He had adjusted his steps to those of the allies, nor was it till the 8th that the redoubts had been traced by the engineers, and the work with pick and spade been begun. On the same day, in order to cover his operations, he had

¹ Ligonier, writing to Weston on May 28, 1745, said: "As we pushed the enemy a great way beyond the village and fort and that we saw no entrenchment, but what we had made of their dead bodies, you may depend upon it that they had none, for we were twice in their camp" (Hist. MSS. Rep. xiv., App. ix., p. 113).

occupied the villages of Vezon and Bourgeon, and stationed troops among the copses, orchards, and enclosures, which bordered the plain fronting his position.

All through the night of the 9th the rain descended in torrents. A hasty reconnaissance by the allied generals in the evening had made it clear that the work for the following day would be the dislodging of the enemy from the villages of Vezon and Bourgeon, and clearing the ground for the advance of the allies into the plain. At midday on the 10th, after a council of war had been held at Cumberland's quarters, the corps of reserve was ordered to advance towards the enclosures and broken ground to the south of Vezon, supported by a body of 4,000 infantry, 12 squadrons, 100 hussars, 500 sappers and six cannon from the right wing, and a corresponding number of troops from the left wing. The British operating on the right under General Campbell drove back the Grassins,¹ and occupied the village of Vezon; while the Dutch on the left possessed themselves of the village of Bourgeon, which was fired by the French as they retired. Here Prince Waldeck stationed the battalion of Dorth, at the same time occupying some rising ground to the west of the hamlet with twelve squadrons, pending the arrival of a battery of 6-pounders, which later were mounted there preparatory to the attack on the following day.² These movements, the burning of the villages, and the encounters at the edge of the plain, led the French to apprehend an immediate advance of the allies. Louis XV., who had reached the camp on May 8, and taken up his quarters at the Castle of Calonne, thereupon gave the order that the army should stand to arms, and, accompanied by the Dauphin, rode down the inner line of the French position, disclosing to the eyes of his soldiers from the centre of a spectacular escort of generals that presence which Saxe had declared, in a letter to D'Argenson, was worth an addition of 50,000 men to his army.³ No further movement, however, was made by the allies, whose advanced posts held the line Peronnes-Bourgeon-Vezon. Cumberland, Königsegg, and Waldeck, however, could be seen riding forward with their staffs to make a detailed survey of the French position. Cumberland was mounted on a grey Yorkshire hunter. Over a white periwig he wore a low three-cornered hat. He was dressed in a scarlet coat with wide cuffs, white breeches, and the large jack-boots of the period; while the lace and insignia of his station rendered him conspicuous among the group which surrounded him. Towards evening the sound of musketry ceased, the smoke of the burning villages died away, the French King withdrew to his quarters, and the armies that were to grapple in such a sanguinary struggle on the morrow rested on their arms within a few hundred paces of each other.

¹ Irregular infantry, called after Colonel Grassin, by whom they had been raised in 1744.

² Prince Waldeck's Journal; Cumberland Papers.

³ Colin: "Fontenoy," p. 65.

CHAPTER XV FONTENOY

Marshal Saxe's dispositions for the battle were now complete. On the left of his line were the two redoubts already pointed out, occupied by the two battalions d'Eu; In front of these, to free the fire of the cannon, a projecting portion of the wood of Barri had been levelled. In the wood itself were stationed two battalions of Grassin. In rear of the redoubts were drawn up the Irish brigade,¹ their left terminating near the Leuze to Tournai causeway at a point not far from the hamlet of Gaurin. Prolonging the line towards Fontenoy were the regiments of Swiss, the Gardes Francaises, the regiments of Court en, Aubeterre; and holding Fontenoy itself were four battalions of Dauphin, with a battery of six guns. In support of the battalions of Dauphin, and immediately in rear of the village, was drawn up the brigade du Roi. Behind the line thus constituted were further infantry supports, and behind these, again, the whole body of the French cavalry, with their left resting on the Leuze to Tournai causeway, their right some distance back from the village of Fontenoy. On the right of the French position Saxe's arrangements were conceived on a similar plan. Relying on the flanking fire of the two bastions, Fontenoy and Antoing, and the strength of the three redoubts already mentioned, he had occupied the intervals between Fontenoy and Antoing with dismounted dragoons and the regiments of Crillon, Bettens, Diesbach, and Biron. During the battle a battery of six 16-pounders took up a position on the left bank of the Scheldt, and was able to harass the Dutch as they advanced up the slopes between Fontenoy and Antoing. The importance of Antoing to the French in case of defeat, protecting as it did Colonne, the site of the bridge by which the French monarch could withdraw, was of the first degree. Here Saxe had placed seven battalions, and among them the four veteran battalions of Piemont with six guns. One hundred cannon were disposed along the whole front of the line, between Antoing and the wood of Barri. The total force of the French was 52,000² men, but of these about 5,000 were stationed to the north to guard against any advance by the allies in rear of the French position, and are not to be counted among those actually engaged on the 11th.

Cumberland, Königsegg, and Waldeck, were of one mind³ as to the course to pursue. The position must be attacked, the barrier between the allies and Tournai forced. The order issued on the 10th at midday was as follows: "Tomorrow at 2 a.m. the whole army will move to the position which the detachments will occupy to-day, and will form in order of battle in the manner which the generals shall find most suitable, having regard to the ground over which they may have to manœuvre. After which the army will march on the enemy."

¹ Six battalions.

² Of these, about 14,000 were cavalry— i.e., 101 squadrons.

³ See Waldeck's Journal and Königsegg's account of the battle: Cumberland Papers; Ligonier's letter to Harrington, Dunmore's letter to Newcastle: Record Office, which all confirm the statement in the text.

Before nightfall the rain had ceased. For the first time for many nights stars glowed in a clear and ample sky. The stillness peculiar to the hours of darkness in early summer was challenged only by the cries of the sentries in either camp. As the night advanced, mists formed over the low and sodden ground where the allies lay, and at two o'clock, when the battalions were falling in at their stations, the obscurity was complete.

The dispositions for the attack were simple. The British redcoats on the right were to attack between Fontenoy and the wood of Barri; the Hanoverians in the centre were to advance on Fontenoy; the Dutch on the left were to force the French right towards Antoing, and combine with the Hanoverians in the attack on Fontenoy.

Passages had been cleared by the pioneers on the 10th through the enclosures and broken ground by which the British infantry were ordered to debouch into the plain and form for the attack. General Campbell was to move forward with twelve squadrons of cavalry,¹ through Vezon on to the plain beyond, and there screen the infantry as they manoeuvred into place. Cumberland's reconnaissance on the 10th had not been sufficiently close to enable him to detect the existence of the redoubt near the wood of Barri, but during the night information was brought to him that a fort mounted with guns was situated slightly in advance of the French position and close to the wood of Barri. At about 5 a.m., and on the south side of Vezon, the Duke summoned to him Ingoldsby, a Brigadier-General, and explained to him that, cost what it might, he was to seize the "fort or battery," and either spike the guns or turn them on the enemy.² Four battalions were told off for the task—Duroure's, Pulteney's, the Highlanders, and one Hanoverian battalion. Ingoldsby at once moved forward with his brigade. Even now the importance of the redoubt does not appear to have been fully realized, for the object which rendered its capture desirable was alleged at the subsequent court-martial on Ingoldsby to have been "to prevent it from molesting the troops as they filed through Vezon into the plain."³ Be that as it may (and the whole incident is involved and obscure beyond belief), Ingoldsby struggled through the mists and twilight to a "hollow way," the exact position of which it is now extremely difficult to locate. There, seeing troops moving in the wood of Barri on his right flank, and unable to identify the fort or battery he was to attack, he halted. And there for the moment we may leave him, baffled, hesitating, and quite unable to form any judgment as to what he ought to do, and may return to Vezon, where a manoeuvre equally abortive was in process of execution.

General Campbell, having learnt that Ingoldsby was to capture the cannon on the French left, determined to abide the success of that movement, and delay the advance of his squadrons, thus saving them from the fire to which they would otherwise be exposed on emerging from Vezon into the plain. But he delayed in vain. The minutes passed, the infantry were pressing forward in rear, the cannon fire of the enemy was becoming general, and at five-thirty he was compelled to resume his advance. Hardly had he got clear of the village and the ravine which crosses its front, when he was struck by a shot which carried off his leg. He was removed from the field in his carriage in a dying condition. Then no one knew what to do; Campbell had kept his orders faithfully to himself. The cavalry feebly drew

¹ Proceedings of court-martial on Brigadier-General Ingoldsby.

² Proceedings of court-martial on Ingoldsby: Evidence of Captain Fitzwilliam and Captain Boscawen (P.O. Papers, Record Office).

³ Evidence of Major Bernard.

aside, and the infantry, as they took ground in the plain, had to bear the brunt of a heavy cannonade from the French batteries, till, by order of the Duke, seven 6-pounders were moved to the front, and by the accuracy¹ of their fire silenced such of the French guns as were posted along the crest.

Meanwhile Ingoldsby, liking his task less and less, and getting more and more bewildered, had sent back for some 6-pounders, three of which, by the Duke's orders, were at once hurried forward to him. Still he remained immovable in the hollow way. Three-quarters of an hour later he sent Captain Crauford back to the Duke to know what he was to do. "Let him go and attack as fast as he can"² was the peremptory reply. Again Ingoldsby hesitated and did nothing. Lord Bury was despatched to find out what had happened. Ingoldsby, whom some fate seemed to have riveted to the hollow way, in reply to Bury's inquiry, said "that he saw troops in the wood, that he did not know the number of them, and had consulted with his officers, who were of opinion it was impracticable," and asked Lord Bury what he ought to do. Lord Bury excused himself from replying to this, and returned to the Duke, who thereupon himself went to Ingoldsby. By this time the British infantry were drawn up in the plain in two lines, each line six deep; the dark-clad battalions of the Dutch could be seen to the left ready to advance on Fontenoy and the redoubts between that village and Antoing, and the cannon shot of the French had again begun to plunge into the troops as they stood in their dense formation on the plain. The opportunity for Ingoldsby's attack had slipped by. The Duke therefore ordered Ingoldsby to move forward in line with the remainder of the British infantry, which was formed up on his left under Ligonier.

Then the drums sounded the advance. The detachments harnessed themselves to the cannon. The Duke, disregarding the remonstrances of Ligonier and Königsegg, put himself at the head of the British infantry, and the whole force, stepping evenly and in line, with their muskets at the shoulder and with colours flying, moved with a proud and threatening front slowly up the glacis that lay crowned by the flower of the French army. It was a bold and hazardous attempt to win the day. To borrow the terms of fortification, it involved no less a plan than forcing the re-entrant angle while the two salient angles were held by the enemy. Saxe himself had never believed that any general would conceive or any troops execute such a manœuvre. He was to learn the contrary to his cost. Here, indeed, was one of the weak spots in his defence, for another redoubt between Fontenoy and the Redoute d'Eu would have rendered the British advance impossible.

At the foot of the slope, at the point where the plain changes almost imperceptibly into a gentle acclivity, the infantry were subject to a converging fire on their front from the village and from the redoubt. As they advanced and came into alignment with these two works, this same fire assailed them in flank; a little farther, and they had passed into another zone where the fire raked them in reverse. Men were falling by scores, still the column pressed on and up the slope, the men as though they had cast off all mortal sensibility, adjusting their ranks in perfect order to fill the gaps torn by the cannon shot. Soon they were nearing the road which ran along the front of the position, and the French troops stationed some paces in rear of the crest suddenly saw the detachments who were dragging the field-guns appearing over the

¹ One of the first to be killed by this fire was Grammont, who had sacrificed the French at Dettingen.

² Lieutenant-Colonel Yorke's evidence.

brow at a distance of sixty paces. Then the French guards, the Swiss guards, and the regiments of Aubeterre and Courten, rose and advanced towards the crest, whereupon the two forces stood confronted at an interval of thirty paces. This was the moment immortalized by the famous action of Lord Charles Hay, of the 1st Regiment of Guards, who, stepping to the front and raising his hat, drank from his flask to the French, and said "he hoped that they would stand till the English came quite up to them, and not swim the Scheldt as they did the Mayne at Dettingen;" Then, turning to his regiment, he called for huzzas. The answer, which burst triumphantly from the ranks, brought momentary dismay to the French. D'Auteroche, an officer of the French guards, came forward and called on his men to answer the cheer. "Not above three or four,"¹ writes Lord Charles Hay, "responded." "Homeric chaff" it has rightly been called, but it was one of the moments of light bravado that embellish war, and Lord Charles with his flask, with his gesture of politeness, and hat in hand, before the menace of death, conjures up a vision which flutters like a plume on the pages of history.

Such was the discipline in those days, that not a shot so far had the English fired. Now, in response to a "desultory volley" from the French, the British infantry, the officers tapping the muskets with their canes to keep the aim low, commenced a regular and murderous fire at a distance of thirty paces. From right to left, battalion after battalion, the volleys rang out in series. Everything went down before this torrent of lead. Of the French guards, 98 were killed and 300 wounded; of the Swiss guards, 67 were killed and 160 wounded. Of regiment Aubeterre, 129 were killed and 190 wounded; of regiment Courten, 212 were killed and 90 wounded. Slaughter so sudden and so instant spread confusion in the survivors. The first line of the French army gave way in disorder, and the English infantry stood triumphant on the crest of the French position. Meanwhile on the left events had taken a very different order. The night of the 10th had seen the left wing of the allies more advanced towards the enemy than the right. Prince Waldeck was thus able to complete his dispositions for battle on the morning of the 11th more rapidly than Ligonier. Towards nine o'clock, seeing that the Hanoverian and British infantry were at last formed up on his right, Waldeck sent a message to Ligonier begging him to advance, and it was shortly after nine that the whole of the allies began a simultaneous movement towards the French position. Waldeck had told off twelve battalions in two lines for the attack on Fontenoy. These were to act with the Hanoverian battalions² on their immediate right. Later, at about 10.15 a.m., after the first attack had failed, they were strengthened by the addition of Sempil's Highlanders and the regiment of Howard. The remainder of his infantry he had directed towards the redoubts between Antoing and Fontenoy. As Waldeck advanced, he found that the position against which he was moving was more extensive than his own line of troops. He therefore summoned his cavalry, who were posted in rear, to make good his deficiency of infantry and occupy the intervals in his line.³ Not much, however, was to be hoped for from the Dutch cavalry. At the very first volley from the French the regiment of Appius took flight, nor did they draw rein till they were safe within the shelter of Ath, whence the Colonel wrote at once to their

¹ Letter of Lord Charles Hay, quoted by Carlyle ("Frederick the Great").

² Five in all.

³ When complete, the line was composed of thirty-six squadrons on the left, then eight battalions, then four more squadrons, and the twelve battalions opposite Fontenoy (Colin, p. 160).

High Mightinesses at the Hague to say all was lost. Schlippenbach, himself a general of the left wing and a caustic critic of the allies' proceedings, says that, of the four Major-Generals commanding the Dutch cavalry, one was so old he could hardly sit a horse, a second was of such unwieldy proportions that he gave his orders from the window of a Berlin, another was so hypochondriacal that at times he was out of his mind, while the fourth was an invalid. Nor were the Dutch infantry in the least fitted for the work of dislodging French troops from a defensive position. Long immunity from war had suffered enervation and indiscipline to creep over the army of the republic. The campaigns of 1743 and 1744, in which they had played such an inconspicuous role, had only served to establish a tradition of lukewarmness for the cause on behalf of which they were fighting. Waldeck, who commanded, was courageous, but totally inexperienced; Cronström, the second in command, was infirm and of a great age, while General Ginckel, who was associated with Cronström, had made the strongest protests against being placed in a position subordinate to Waldeck. With such conditions prevailing, it is small wonder that the attack on the left should have been lacking in force and cohesion. Saxe, who was so suffering that he was carried in a wicker litter and obliged to gnaw a bullet to assuage his terrible thirst, had spent the early morning at a point on the left of the French position, watching the deployment of the British infantry and the firing of the French batteries. At about nine o'clock he was carried, in rear of the French position, to the right of his line to await the assault of the Dutch; as the sombre lines of the republican troops advanced, they were met with a murderous fire from the redoubts, from the battery on the left bank of the Scheldt, and from the troops and artillery stationed in Fontenoy. The battalions of Waldeck were seen to lose their order, to hesitate, to pause, then to waver, and finally to retire and drift in confusion from the zone of fire. It was evident to Saxe that his right was secure. At this moment Monsieur de Bauffremont complimented him on the check which had been given to the Dutch attack. "Tout n'est pas dit," was the Marshal's answer; "allons aux Anglais, ils seront de plus dure digestion." Then, leaving the litter in which he had spent the night, and conquering the physical pain he was enduring, he mounted his famous white palfrey and rode towards the left of his position.

It was now about 10.15 a.m., and the spectacle which confronted the Marshal as he rode past Fontenoy was one to fill him with misgiving. It was the moment when the British infantry, still maintaining their stately order and their slow and dauntless progression, were about to surmount the crest towards which they had been toiling for more than an hour across a field of carnage and dismay. The sun was shining brightly; all traces of the mist had vanished; in the background to the east could be seen the forest of Barri kindling with the fresh green of early summer; in the plain below, where the corn lay soiled with the blood and strewn with the forms of wounded and dead, stood the cavalry of the allies drawn up in two lines, waiting for the word to advance; while near at hand, within the very margin of the French position, were the British infantry, a torn but ordered mass of some 12,000 men,¹ the fire from whose muskets was already putting to flight the chosen troops of France.

As the front line of the French troops gave way and scattered, the ground was cleared for the advance of Saxe's cavalry. The squadrons of Cravattes, Fiennes, Fitzjames, and Clermont

¹ Pajol ("Les Guerres sous Louis XV.," vol. iii., p. 390), writing of the British column, says: "C'était, pour ainsi dire, un rocher à miner."

Prince, were at once ordered to charge. Instantly and desperately they hurled themselves against the British infantry, but they too recoiled, broken by that shattering fire, and, leaving thirty-seven officers killed and wounded on the field, were flung back on the French camp.

Ligonier at this moment looked on victory as certain. Nothing seemed capable of staying the measured progress of Cumberland's advance. Marshal de Noailles, who was stationed with the King and Dauphin at the Justice d'Antoing, writing afterwards to Lady Bolingbroke, described the fears which prevailed among the followers of Louis. "On vit alors le moment où l'affaire était douteuse, elle devenait même à chaque instant plus incertaine."¹ De Noailles himself urged Louis to withdraw. Bullets were beginning to fall in the vicinity of the King and the Dauphin. The courtiers loudly declared that all was lost. Saxe alone remained calm. He besought His Majesty not to quit the field, assuring him that there was no reason to despair. Louis, who from the first had endeavoured to silence the croakings and jealous criticisms of his followers, and had shown an exemplary trust in Saxe's dispositions, dismissed all idea of flight. He merely withdrew a few paces with his staff beyond the zone of fire to Notre Dame-aux-Bois. His confidence was justified. Although the British infantry were now menacing the very heart of the French position, yet the right towards Antoing was secure, the village of Fontenoy was intact, the Redoute d'Eu was maintaining its fire, and there still remained the reserves of cavalry and infantry, which had as yet played no part in the battle. No time, however, was to be lost, and, ordering up his second line of cavalry, Saxe flung them against the British force, which by this time had penetrated some 300 yards into the French camp. The Carabineers, the Mousquetaires, the Maison du Roi, the King's Guards, the finest cavalry of France, charged and charged again, but each time were driven back by the steady discipline and the deadly fire of the scarlet columns.

Gradually, however, the onslaught of the French had brought about a change in the formation of the British infantry. The incessant fire on the flanks from Fontenoy and the Redoute d'Eu, and the repeated charges of the cavalry, had caused the right and left of the line to fall back and curve round on either flank in order to face more directly the triple front of an enemy who lay to left and right as well as before them. Thus the British force now found itself standing upon three sides of a square, and in this formation before the continuous attacks of the French it began slowly to give ground and yield in the direction of the crest.

Now was seen of what a valour the young Duke was possessed. Moving freely across the front to whatever point disorder threatened, he exhorted and encouraged his men, renewing their spirit and prevailing over their confusion. "Don't you know me, my countrymen?" he cried. "Will you leave me? I don't ask you to do anything without me: all I beg you is to share my danger." The response sufficiently showed the power of personal leadership and heroism. Every symptom of retreat was stayed, every sign of disorder checked, and the square, as we must now call it, was seen once more to renew its dauntless resolve, and to advance across that space which was now a tangled heap of dead and dying.

Meanwhile, on the left, the Dutch had hopelessly failed to play their part or bear their share of the day's work. Beaten back at the first assault, the subsequent attempts to retrieve the fortunes of the left wing had been ignominiously futile. Notwithstanding that the strength and power of the French army had every moment become more and more focussed

¹ Hardwicke Papers.

on the British infantry, notwithstanding that on the retreat of the Dutch all the guns of Fontenoy had been turned, and were now pouring their havoc into the forces led by Cumberland, the Dutch hung miserably back, and the chances of a counterstroke were suffered to pass. In vain did the Duke look to the left for some sign that the pressure on that side would draw off, or at least alleviate the attack to which he was being subjected. Nothing was done. At the same time Fontenoy itself remained in the hands of the enemy. Here, too, the attack had been unsuccessful. The Hanoverians, the regiment of Howard, and the Highlanders, detached by Cumberland's orders to stiffen the attack on the village, and fighting with all the gallantry of despair, had failed to carry that dreadful bastion; they had pierced the outworks, but at the edge of the cemetery—which had been fortified by the French—they were met by a fire so continuous and fierce that they were unable to make further progress.

And now fresh troops were hurrying up to crush the English. The constant charges of the French cavalry had effected the object of Saxe: they had checked the British advance, they had given time for his infantry brigades to re-form, and they had prevented the British column from opening up to allow the cavalry of the allies in rear to advance. Galloping up to the Carabineers and the Maison du Roi, and looking more like a corpse, we are told, than a living man, Saxe adjured them to make one further effort; then, passing to the left, he summoned the Irish brigade, the regiment of Normandie, and the entire reserve of infantry, and prepared for his final stroke. On the extreme left of his line he placed the four battalions of Normandie in two lines; next to them he deployed the six battalions of the Irish brigade, supported by regiments Eu and les Vaisseaux; while also forming part of the line were the remnants of regiments Aubeterre, du Roi, de Royal, and la Couronne. Towards one o'clock his alignment was complete. Four cannon of the Swiss guards were posted on his right and directed against the left angle of the British square. Maison du Roi and the Carabineers were given the order to make the final charge, the infantry prepared to advance, and the whole mass to move down on the swaying force of English. The four cannon drew the British fire; thus the cavalry and the infantry of the French were able to advance without experiencing the full effect of the still controlled and level fire of the English battalions. Before such an onslaught retreat was inevitable. Waldeck, perceiving the critical nature of the situation, endeavoured to carry out a fresh attack; but this in turn was already failing, when he received from Cumberland a note bearing the words: "Mon Prince, je me retire sous le canon d'Ath.—GUILLAUME." The battle had been gloriously lost.

The British column then slowly withdrew from the field which has given its name to one of the fights most renowned in the annals of the army. For three hours they had, charged by cavalry, pounded by cannon, flanked and fronted by musketry fire, maintained their footing in the French position. Of the twenty English and five Hanoverian battalions engaged, 5,736 officers and men had been left dead or wounded on the field. Two regiments—Duroure's (12th) and the Scotch Fusileers (21st)—had lost over 300 men; while the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Regiments of Guards, the Welsh Fusileers (23rd), and Handasydes, had lost more than 200.¹ The losses of the French reached a total of more than 7,000.

The firmness of the troops was unshaken even in the retreat. In perfect order the rear battalions faced about and renewed their volleys at the enemy, who were conducting an

¹ See Appendix B.

exhausted and disorganized pursuit. The English cavalry, who had hitherto been powerless to affect the fortunes of the day, were able by repeated charges to hold the enemy in check, and so the troops were withdrawn from the fatal field, and the same night encamped under the guns of Ath. Cumberland himself, with the rear-guard, covered the retreat, and arrived at Ath at 3 a.m. on the 12th. He had been twenty-five hours in the saddle. When the accounts were brought him of the killed and wounded, "he lost all command over his passions, and burst into a violent fit of crying—tears of generosity and humanity."¹

Ill-fortune had certainly attended the Duke's first command in a great battle. Ligonier held the view that, had Ingoldsby's attack been pressed, it would certainly have succeeded. This may be questioned when we estimate the force by which the redoubt was held, and the fact that the whole of the Irish brigade was stationed immediately behind it. Captain Colin, indeed, declares it was fore-doomed to failure. Still, the attempt was never made, and all we can say is that a cardinal feature of Cumberland's tactics was omitted owing to the incompetence of one of his general officers.

At the court-martial which was subsequently held, Ingoldsby was acquitted of cowardice, one of the witnesses going so far as to say that "he behaved in an exceeding pretty manner."² But he was convicted of an error of judgment, and suspended from His Majesty's service. Even after Ingoldsby's fiasco victory would probably have rested with the allies had the Dutch pressed the attack on the left. Their failure to do so was admitted by their own commanders. "Les troupes Hollandaises," wrote General Schlippenbach, "qui faisaient la gauche restèrent dans l'inaction . . . quelques bataillons mis en désordre par la première pluie des boulets se sauvèrent." Out of a total force of 22,000, their losses amounted to 1,500 men, figures which sufficiently bear out Schlippenbach's statement. At the critical period of the battle, when the English column had forced its way into the French camp, a vigorous attack by the Dutch would have prevented the garrison of Fontenoy village from concentrating their fire on the Hanoverian and English, and enabled Cumberland to take in reverse the key of the French position. Saxe's calculations would then have been falsified, and the French could hardly have avoided a retreat under most perilous conditions. Harrington, writing to Cumberland on June 11, said: "His Majesty attributes the miscarriage of the attack upon the French at Fontenoy (which he has always considered as a well concerted design and a necessary attempt for the preservation of Tournai) solely to the misbehaviour of the left Wing." Such also was the view held by the nation at home, and few victorious generals have received more eulogy than did Cumberland for his leadership at Fontenoy.

Ligonier, in a vein which none could fail at the present day to call extravagant, wrote of Cumberland: "Mons. le Maréchal [Königsegg], surpris de Genie qu'il trouve dans ce Prince pour le métier de la guerre, l'a pris dans une affection particulière. Un jugement solide, un sangfroid rare dans les occasions où la Perte de la Vie est un des moindres maux qu'on ait à apprehender, une Intrépidité sans égale, La valeur la plus Brillante et la plus active sont des qualités que j'ai remarqués avec Étonnement dans ce Jeune Prince dans cette Journée, enfin il a toutes les Qualités qu'on a attribuées au Grand Condé Hormis la Ferocité. . . . Sous un tel chef il n'est pas étonnant que nostre Infanterie ait fait des Prodiges de Valeur;" and in a letter

¹ "Delaney Correspondence," vol. ii., p. 353.

² Proceedings of Court-Martial.

to Trevor he said: "The Duke's life is certainly of greater consequence than can be imagined: ou je suis fort trompé, ou il se forme là un grand capitaine."¹

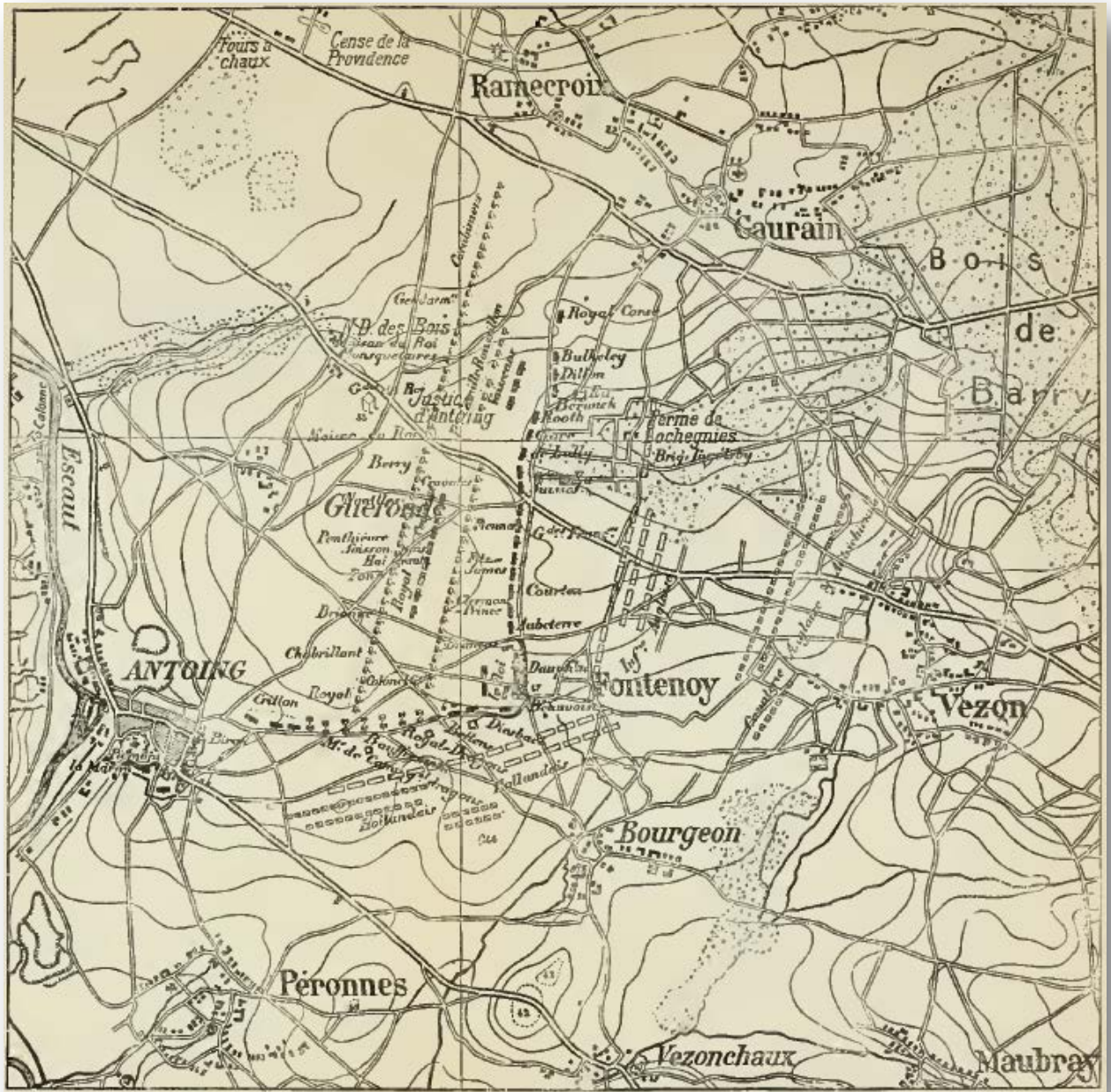
Fontenoy, which Napoleon declared "made the French monarchy live forty years longer than it would otherwise have done," stands out as one of the most notable battles of the eighteenth century, and one of the most famous infantry combats of all time. Moreover, it was a fight for which Cumberland has been both censured and praised, and, to form a right judgment as to the capacity which he showed, it has been thought necessary to narrate the episode in detail. Revolutionized conditions of warfare have rendered it as uninteresting as the tactics at Ramoth-Gilead or the archery at Crecy, but it illustrates the permanent and universal in war, the "moral force" which Napoleon declared stood "to the physical as three to one." It shows the influence of personal leadership and heroism, and it teaches to what disregard of death men may be brought by discipline playing on the English character.

The scene of the battle has been little altered by the passage of nearly two centuries. The church of Fontenoy stands as it did, grouped about by a few whitewashed cottages with red-tiled roofs. Antoining numbers in its area a few more houses, garishly built, redolent of commerce and a smug prosperity. The wood of Barri has been displaced in great measure by the tillers of the soil, but the roads are there, and the quiet fields green with young corn in the early days of May, and the orchard closes through which the hamlet of Vezon can be seen in the distance across the plain. The slope between Fontenoy and Barri, like its immortal memories, remains unchanged; the early morning mists hover about the glacié, drift and linger over the low-lying land, then break and dissolve before the sun, and reveal that scene which the eye can re-people with its desperate and heroic men. A strange sense of silence reigns. At long intervals a country cart traverses the road that marks the French position, or an occasional peasant is seen at work on the slope up which the British fought their way. For the rest, there is little to ruffle or disturb the lull which wraps the dead whose bones lie mouldering in the soil. To the north of where the French camp stood there is a sudden transition to a land of mills and smoke; wharves and barges crowd the Scheldt, and tramways pulse and jingle over the old Tournai causeway. But so far industry has not set its callous foot upon the field of Fontenoy.

Neither France nor England has raised a monument to the men who fell. A few years ago the Irish Nationalists, in an impulse of contentious patriotism, placed near the cemetery a cross in memory of the Irish brigade. The purpose was less to glorify those who died than to remind the passer-by that on May 11, 1745, the Treaty of Limerick was here avenged. But the greatest lyrical poet of the day has furnished a truer epitaph:

"By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung.
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there."

¹ Hist. MS. Buckinghamshire, p. 113.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF FONTENOY.

Reproduced by kind permission from "Les Campagnes du Maréchal de Saxe, Troisième Partie, Fontenoy." Par J. Colin. (B. Chapelot et Cie.)

CHAPTER XVI PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD

THE news of Fontenoy was received in England with comparative indifference. To those who recalled the hysterical outburst over Vernon's victory at Porto Bello, the attitude of the nation in the face of the defeat in Flanders showed a surprising apathy. In truth, the country had been brought to a condition of sullen acquiescence in a state of war. Popular enthusiasm, so vehement in 1739, had gradually subsided as year after year had seen troops and money and the resources of the nation being frittered away in fruitless campaigns for a cause which only the enlightened few could associate with the prosperity of England. There was no question, therefore, of finding a scapegoat, or of turning out the Ministry. On the contrary, there was universal praise of Cumberland. "All the letters," wrote Horace Walpole, "are full of the Duke's humanity and bravery ... he will be the soldier's Great Sir, as well as Mother Douglas's." And as the defeat was by common consent attributed to the cowardice or treachery of the Dutch, the public declined to abate their confidence in the Captain-General. The King, who was about to set out for his Electorate, made no change in his plans, and continued his journey to Hanover. The Prince of Wales, who accepted national misfortune in a spirit of airy detachment, went to the play on the night the news of the battle arrived in London, and on the following day tried to persuade the world, through the medium of a French ballad, how much more important it was to be successful in love than in war:—

*“Que m’importe, que l’Europe
Ait un ou plusieurs tyrans?
Prions seulement Calliope
Qu’elle inspire nos vers, nos chants.
Laissons Mars et toute la gloire;
Livrons nous tous à l’amour;
Que Bacchus nous donne à boire:
A ces deux faisons la cour.”*

Yet the situation was grave enough in all conscience. The capitulation of Tournai was only a question of days, and, with Tournai in the hands of Saxe, France could have her own way in the Austrian Netherlands. At the close of the session on May 2 the King's Speech had given rein to the liveliest hopes. "The resolutions," it said, "which have been taken by my good friends the States-General of the United Provinces, for exerting their efforts in concert with me and the engagements they have entered into for settling the proportions of forces and expense, cannot fail to give spirit and vigour to the operation of our armies.

"From these good beginnings I hope, by the blessing of God on the justice of our cause, this campaign will be attended with such success as to defeat the ambitious and destructive projects of the House of Bourbon."

But so little do events respond to prophecy, and so linked with the strong battalions is the

blessing of God, that within ten days of this pronouncement the House of Bourbon had all the appearance of reviving the great age of Louis XIV.

No one recognized the extent of the danger after the reverse at Fontenoy more clearly than Cumberland. Nothing, he declared, but immediate and ample reinforcement could enable him to cope with Saxe. He knew that, once Tournai was in the hands of the French, Saxe was possessed of a base from which he could operate against the principal and isolated fortresses of the Austrian Netherlands, and prepare the way for a general advance into the heart of the country. Cumberland's task was to act on a close defensive, keep intact his communications with the coast by Brussels, Ghent, and Ostend, and endeavour to delay the capitulation of the various strongholds garrisoned by the Dutch. A division of opinion between the Duke and Waldeck immediately declared itself upon the question of which fortress should be the chief consideration of the allies. Waldeck was in favour of concentrating the defence in the vicinity of Mons, which, as Cumberland pointed out, would render communication with the coast liable to be severed, and throw Flanders open to the immediate advance of the French.

On May 22 Cumberland wrote from the Camp at Lessines, to which the allies had moved May 16, to Newcastle: "We are at present camped at Lessines, equally at hand for Hainault and Flanders, and while Tournay holds out we may prevent any little attempts on either of those provinces. But afterwards, should we take a strong position to secure Mons, all Flanders is open to the enemy: and that neither the Marshal [Königsegg] nor I think proper ... so that all we can do is to throw a strong garrison into Mons and let it take care of itself. The greatest difficulty that remains is to persuade the Prince of Waldeck to part with some of his Dutch battalions for that garrison, but that is not easy; for though he owns them to be as great scoundrels as we know they are, yet he has the assurance to expect that our whole army should abandon Flanders to cover Mons. Was not the Marshal as good as he is, the Prince of Waldeck would soon run his head against a wall: for he is a little obstinate and not very deep. . . .

"I conclude this letter of ill-tidings with assuring you that I shall not spare any trouble, and that the good Marshal will do his utmost to save what we can of the last war's conquests. How much that will be God alone knows! For my part, though I affect to be in spirits, and talk of demolishing the French, I shall be content if we save Brussels and Flanders."¹

Writing again on May 26, by which time plans were afoot for building up the army with Austrians and Hessians, as well as reinforcing it from England, he observes to Newcastle:

"As to the succours from England, that is what I build chiefly upon; for I am more and more proud of being at the head of a national army; and think four or five thousand men from England worth all the other schemes of reinforcements.

"Dear Duke, continue that unwearied zeal for the common cause, and on this side the water nothing shall be omitted."²

Here spoke the pride and trust in the British soldier which made him loved by his men. In response to his appeals, three regiments 800 strong, Price's, Mordaunt's, and Handasyde's, were despatched to Flanders in addition to 1,850 recruits. On the assumption which was then

¹ Cumberland Papers.

² Cumberland Papers.

entertained as the general rule, that two-thirds of the wounded would recover,¹ it was calculated that the number of men required to make good the losses at Fontenoy was 2,300. The men actually sent were considerably in excess of this number. Even so, the total of Cumberland's army was equal to only one-third of the forces of Saxe.

Generalizations of political despondency are common to every age—"England's greatness on the decline," "The country going to the dogs," "Politicians and the party system ruining the Empire," are the commonplaces of every decade. Seldom in history has there been a time when such phrases seemed better founded than during the Pelham Administration in 1745. Newcastle in a letter to Harrington, June 14, 1745,² summarized the desperate straits to which the country was reduced:

"Can we find troops³ anywhere to make us superior in all, or in the material places? The answer must be, No.

If we could find troops, are we able to pay more than we have at present contracted for, or are about to contract for? I am afraid the answer must be, No. Your present extraordinary expenses will exceed your £500,000 credit. Why, then, can you detach any of your considerable enemies? Yes, the King of Prussia who has 100,000 men. Will you, then, do it? Is it possible to say No? . . . Whereas if the war remains as it is, it will be impossible to provide for the several services, and we and all the Princes of the Empire must at last submit to France."

Indeed, with men and money wanting, with the King of Prussia victorious in another campaign against Austria, with the Dutch failing in their obligations to the alliance, and the Queen of Hungary unable or unwilling to supply her quota of troops to the army in Flanders, nothing could well look worse. No wonder, as Harrington wrote, the King in Hanover had become "thoughtful and melancholy," or that Pelham should lament the "ineptness of the present age for action."⁴ Newcastle, as events developed, became more and more despondent; he saw the moment when Flanders would go, and Holland and England itself.⁵

"For I don't know," he wrote, "what can stop that victorious army: I am sure ours in Flanders cannot." England and Scotland had been depleted of troops. Two regiments of horse, five of dragoons, nine of infantry, and four battalions of guards,⁶ and none of these complete, constituted the whole force for guarding the country; and now invasion was in the air, and ugly rumours were coming through as to what the French meant to do in the autumn. Clearly the choice lay between detaching one of the Great Powers from the war, or withdrawing altogether from the contest.

It was with difficulty that George II. could be persuaded to entertain the idea of negotiating with Prussia. His personal inclination was to treat with France, but the Ministry were now unanimous. Newcastle's persuasion had been effective, and with the worst possible grace the King, who was jealous of the military glory of his nephew, and saw in the

¹ Cumberland Papers: Newcastle to Harrington, May 21, 1745.

² Add MSS., 32,704, f. 387.

³ The population of England and Wales was about 6,000,000. One of the principal means of raising the revenue was the land-tax, which in war-time rose to 4s. in the pound. The National Debt at this period was £54,000,000.

⁴ Add. MSS., 32,704, f. 419.

⁵ *Ibid.*, f. 461.

⁶ *Ibid.*, f. 297.

maintenance of the strife between Frederick and the Queen of Hungary a possible means of improving the position of his Electorate,¹ was obliged to yield. As early as May, Frederick had notified his willingness to come to terms with England.² Fontenoy had rendered the position of France much too favourable for that monarch's liking. Accordingly, in June an interchange of views was set on foot with the Court in Berlin. Thus, the task before England in the summer of 1745 was, first to hold what she could of Flanders, and secondly to make terms with Frederick, and induce him to cease hostilities against the Queen of Hungary. This was essentially Newcastle's policy, and, as we shall see, its success was crowned by the Convention between England and Prussia of August 27, 1745:

"There is nothing to be done," wrote Newcastle to Harrington in July, "but to sign with Prussia, and declare to the Queen of Hungary, if she will not march her army now in Bohemia to the Rhine and to Flanders, we must leave her to make her war or her peace with all her enemies as she can."

Meanwhile, on May 24, after a parley with Saxe, the town of Tournai was surrendered to the French, and the garrison retired to the citadel. On June 20, after one of the feeblest defences recorded in the annals of war, General von Brakel, who had succeeded Van Dort in the command of the garrison, signed articles of capitulation, and agreed, among other terms, a stipulation highly agreeable to himself and those under his command, to the effect that the troops in Tournai should be disqualified from military service till January 1, 1747. When news of this surrender, effected contrary to his express orders, reached Cumberland, his indignation knew no bounds.

"A very small sense of honour," he wrote to Harrington on June 25, "would have put such a garrison out of the reach of so mortifying a capitulation. What the articles of it call the 'honours of war' must, after such a defence, be looked upon as an insult, and be called—if it had its right name—the mean hire of treachery and cowardice. The garrison of Tournai have, by their own ill-behaviour, put shackles upon themselves at a time when they are most wanted, and are become a dead expense. If, therefore, they are all broke, except any part of them who may have distinguished themselves from the rest, the States might save expense;"³ and in a further letter written from the camp at Lessines, to which place, five miles north of Ath, the allies had withdrawn on May 16, he wrote a complete review of the situation:

"LESSINES,
"June 13 (24), 1745.

"MY LORD,

"I am extremely sorry that I cannot let a messenger go from hence, without sending news by him, that must affect any honest and well-wishing man. Every day gives us more and more reason, to be either extremely jealous of the Dutch politics, or of the inexpressible cowardice of their generals and troops. The capitulation of the citadel, that you will receive, will be pretty sufficient proof of both. Not only Hirtell, the best officer of artillery they had, but two sluice masters, and three of the chief miners, and the private secretary of the Republic, for managing their secret intelligence, but, I fear, the major of the town also, have deserted to the enemy. This last is not certain. These are pretty strong proofs of treachery;

¹ Broglie: "Marie Thérèse, Imperatrice," vol. i., pp. 73, 74.

² Add. MSS., 32,704, f. 419: Harrington to Newcastle.

³ Skrine: Quoted in "Fontenoy," p. 223.

and as for failure of courage, both the terms of the capitulation, and the behaviour of the national troops, will be evidence sufficient.

“As to the present situation of the two armies, it is thus. The French, consisting at present of one hundred and thirty-three battalions, and two hundred and four squadrons, are masters to send a great detachment into Flanders, to ravage all that country, and even to take Ostend; whilst we must either march that way our whole army, and abandon Brussels, or, if we should detach, be overpowered both there and here. Our army consists of twenty-two English, six Hanoverian, and twenty-seven Dutch battalions; and of twenty-nine English, sixteen Hanoverian, and forty-two Dutch squadrons; the whole making fifty-five battalions and eighty-eight squadrons, of which one half exceeding bad. As to garrisons, I cannot yet tell exactly what the Dutch have; for the prince of Waldeck has not been prevailed on yet, to let either the marshal or me see a return of his strength. What relates to garrisons, I hope that you will reckon for; as it is, they complain much that all their troops are put into towns; and it would add weight to their argument, if we did not allow them as much as the troops in the field.

“As things now are, I cannot divide the only force that remains good, which is the right wing; because I fear I shall be but too soon reduced to the melancholy necessity of retiring behind the canals of Bruges, my only hopes being to save all from Ostend to Antwerp. This can be done with ease; but then Brussels and all Flanders will be given up to the enemy. As yet, it is not come to that, but I fear it will. Yesterday I prevailed on the marshal to prepare letters, both for lord Harrington and the Pensionary, shewing the state of our affairs here. He is rather more sanguine than I am, though he desponds more, since this infamous capitulation, than he has done this whole campaign.

“Since I had written this, the prince of Waldeck and I met at the marshal’s, and have formed the first resolution, that has been taken since the battle; which is, that I should put the four complete Austrian battalions, that are on their march from Luxembourg, into Namur, where the Dutch are to have six, so that makes ten; in Charleroy, there is one of the queen’s and two Dutch; Mons with nine Dutch; so that, thank God, all the places are tolerably well garrisoned; and both the marshal and the prince of Waldeck have promised me, that Flanders shall be the first considered in every motion. This is the greatest point I have yet got through, since I have been here. Yesterday, I received a letter from the Premier, which I beg you would thank him for, in my name, and tell him that I will answer it as soon as possible. I am very much obliged to him and all others, that resented the ill treatment I met with from a certain person; but I hope that it is over, for the marshal has rebuked him strongly, and that person even lowered himself so much as to tell Ligonier, that he feared that he had done something to displease me; but at present we are in all appearance intimate, and I hope it may continue so.”

The immediate effect of the fall of Tournai was to render the army of Saxe free to enter upon a new phase of the campaign. On July 1 he marched to Leuze, an advance corps of Grassins at the same time pushing forwards towards Lessines. The movement led Cumberland to anticipate a general attack. His force was in no state to resist the advance of the superior numbers of the French; he had lost all confidence in the left wing of his army, and his English soldiers were too few in number. He therefore retired. “The next day,” he wrote, “after changing our camp (to Grammont, 12 miles north of Ath), the French came into the plain of Lessines so thick that our hussars were forced to quit it before they could be

sustained. The day following the whole French army advanced to within a short league of Grammont, and even seemed as if they intended to attack us, upon which we threw seven English battalions into Grammont, which, with twelve pieces of canon, made it a very good position. This morning about 4 a.m. the whole French army put itself in motion, upon which we stood to arms. They marched and countermarched about 10 hours, and at last they encamped about the town of Grammont. I think while we are in this camp, we are in no danger; yet on the other hand, I see we are driven to the fatal choice of either abandoning Flanders or Brussels. But that we may do what we can towards saving Ghent, we have detached Lt. Gen. Moltke with ten squadrons, and three battalions to take possession of Alost, and observe the enemy's motions, in order to throw himself into Ghent if necessary."¹

Saxe's design was to engage the attention of the allies by manoeuvring on their front, and at the same time threatening Mons, while Löwendahl, with 16,000 men, marched down the Scheldt to seize Ghent. Moltke, in pursuance of his instructions, advanced as far as Melle; here on July 9 he found himself confronted with a portion of Löwendahl's force, under Du Chayla. An engagement followed, in which the allies lost 500 men. Moltke himself, with the Royals, Rich's dragoons, and five Hanoverian squadrons, fought his way through the enemy, and reached Ghent, the remainder of his force, under Brigadier Bligh, only escaping capture by retreating to Alost, and thence to Termonde. This small succour of men was powerless to delay the capture of Ghent, and on July 15 the citadel was surrendered with all its stores and munitions of war. Moltke, with a remnant of his cavalry, succeeded in escaping before the capitulation, and reached Ostend. The Royals, most of Rich's dragoons, the Dutch garrison, and the Royal Welsh Fusileers, who had been thrown into Ghent some time previous to its capture, all became prisoners of war upon the fall of the citadel.

"The French," wrote Horace Walpole, "gather laurels, and towns, and prisoners, as one would a nosegay." Cumberland had foretold the course of events clearly enough; he had never concealed from the authorities at home that the utmost he could hope to achieve with his limited force was the protection of Brussels and Antwerp, and that the safety of Brussels was daily becoming more compromised.

While Löwendahl was advancing into Flanders, Saxe, turning eastward into Hainault, compelled Cumberland to withdraw to Grammont on July 5, to Merebeck July 10, and Dieghem, via Brussels, on July 13. The fall of Ghent, July 15, had severed communication with Ostend. Antwerp consequently became the new sea-base of the English, and the grand canal from Brussels to Antwerp the new line of defence.

The fall of Ghent was succeeded by that of Bruges and Audenarde, the latter on July 19, after a two days' siege.

It is now necessary to turn for a moment to the Jacobites, and observe in what manner Fontenoy and the disasters in the Low Countries contributed to the Scottish rebellion.

It will be remembered that the projected invasion of England for the avowed purpose of a Stuart restoration was relinquished in March, 1744. When the news of the abandonment was broken to Charles by Marshal Saxe, he had written to Sempil: "Ne me convient il pas mieux d'aller périr s'il le faut à la tête de ces braves gens que de traîner une vie languissante dans l'exil et la dépendance."

Such a spirit was not one to weigh probabilities or count consequences, nor did the first

¹ Cumberland Papers: Cumberland to Harrington, July 6.

failure for a moment dissuade Charles from his ultimate purpose of risking everything to regain the crown for his father. During 1744 and 1745 he remained in France receiving only a veiled and transitory recognition from the Court, supported by illusive promises of help, and daily coming to a firmer resolution that at all hazards the attempt to retrieve the throne of his fathers must be made. About him was a multitude of counsellors, but no wisdom. "I am plagued out of my life with tracasyrs from our own people, who, as it would seem, would rather Sachrifise me and my affairs than fail in any private view," he wrote in November, 1744, to his father.

In Scotland, opinion among the faithful was precise and inflexible, that it would be mere midsummer madness to make the attempt without a sufficient support from France; but Murray, the emissary of the Scottish Jacobites, and the future secretary to Charles, failed to persuade the young Prince either of the hopelessness of the venture or of the state of feeling in Edinburgh. Indeed, if the responsibility for the rising of 1745 can be attached to any single individual, it is to Murray's account that the disaster must be charged.

He alone, among those who had access to Charles, was cognizant of the conditions which Charles would have to face if he crossed the water unsupported by France. Charles, it is true, was headstrong, young, little acquainted with the practical considerations of English politics, and at the same time profoundly convinced that latent discontent with the Hanoverian rule was widespread in Britain, and needed only such an opportunity as his arrival in Scotland would afford, to leap into open flame. It was this illusion which Murray had it in his power to dispel. It was this illusion which he allowed to survive, and even to some extent exploited for his personal ends.

Murray himself was five years the senior of Charles. Born in 1715, the son of Sir David Murray, he had been nurtured in Stuart traditions. Educated, like so many Scotsmen of this period, at Leyden, he had subsequently made the pilgrimage to Rome, where he hovered on the outskirts of the Stuart Court, and was brought to the notice of James. Returning to Scotland, he was appointed in 1739, in succession to Colonel Urquhart, correspondent on behalf of the Scottish Jacobites, and thenceforward became the recognized channel of communication between Edinburgh and Rome. He was energetic and ambitious, highly capable, but a prey to ill-founded enthusiasms, and of a nervous, over-sensitive temperament. When the rebellion had run its fated course, and the clans had been broken and dispersed, Murray, worn out and ill, finally found refuge at Polmood, his sister's house in Peeblesshire. Here he was seized by the dragoons (June, 1746). All mercy had then faded from the dealings between the Government and the rebels, and Murray, at bay before the law, bought his life. Thenceforward Secretary Murray was known as Mr. Evidence Murray, to be shunned and execrated to the end of his days by his fellow men. So bitter was the feeling against him that, even some twenty years later, Sir Walter Scott's father flung from a window the teacup which he learnt had touched the lips of the Informer.

But when all is said, Murray's evidence did no more than betray Lord Lovat, himself the arch-betrayer, against whom sufficient evidence was procurable without Murray's assistance. Murray's career, however, is material to the present narrative only in so far as it bears on the genesis of the '45.

All through the winter and spring of 1744-45 Murray was in communication with Charles, sometimes at clandestine meetings in Paris, where Charles by order of the French Court maintained a somewhat sketchy incognito, and sometimes by correspondence addressed to

Paris or to Fitzjames, where Charles would be visiting his cousin, the Duc de Bouillon, for hunting and diversion.

Sempil and Bohaldie and the minor conspirators meanwhile were busy plotting, counter-plotting, raising money, collecting arms, and bickering among themselves, while the Minsters of Louis fed their hopes and mildly stimulated their resolution to proceed to action.

From May, 1744, Louis XV. so far acknowledged Charles that he allowed him 3,000 crowns a month, and in December, 1744, paid his debts to the extent of 30,000 crowns.¹ Already in May, 1745, the expedition must have been determined on, or at any rate become a practical question, and in the Cumberland Papers for that month is to be seen a list of the debts incurred by Charles with one Bourgres for a campaign outfit: saddles, pistols, wigs, velvets, a medicine-chest fitted in accordance with a series of quaint prescriptions, and 1,200 swords at 8 francs apiece.

Charles, as his bills disclose, had a taste for velvets and finery, and in the matter of dress and arms showed a fastidious discrimination. He was, it is true, ready to barter his jewels for broadswords, and would never beg money, he assured his father, "for Plate and fine close."² But no man of fashion gave more thought to his appearance, or knew better how to enhance a winning personality by a military habit and a becoming outfit.

With weak counsellors about him, he was in a position of the utmost difficulty. To act or not to act? The answer to the question lay finally with him.

"I am very young," he wrote to his father, "and it is very hard for me to foresee many things, for which all I aim at is at least not to do harm, not being able to do good."³ But through these uncertain months of waiting we see his purpose hardening and his initiative gaining force, and his whole character acquiring firmness and an aptitude for command.

In July rumours were arriving in England that France designed a stroke on behalf of Charles. Cumberland was consulted.⁴ In his reply he belittled the idea of invasion, and expressed his belief in the safety of the country so long as the fleet was in being, and vigilant and active;⁵ at the same time he expressed the hope that, if it was found necessary to send for troops from Flanders, he might be recalled to command them. Marshal Belleisle, who had been a prisoner in England since March, 1744, and who was now being released in exchange for British soldiers captured in the Low Countries, declared that "he could undertake with five thousand scullions of the French Army, to conquer England." Indeed, at few moments have the fortunes of England been at a lower ebb.

Disaster had followed disaster in Flanders: the fall of Ostend was imminent, Brussels was in danger, there were no means of reinforcing Cumberland.

Charles was already (July, 1745) on the high seas, bound for none knew whither. The country was depleted of troops, the forces of Jacobitism were already oozing to the surface, and the Ministry itself was rent by dissension and intrigue, and no longer in harmony with the King. "Such," wrote Pelham, "was the melancholy and distracted situation of public

¹ Papers from French Foreign Office, printed by Mr. Fitzroy Bell in "Murray's Memorials."

² Stuart Papers: Charles to the Chevalier, March, 1745, printed by Mr. Bell in "Murray's Memorials."

³ Stuart Papers: Charles to the Chevalier, April 12, 1745, printed by Mr. Bell in "Murray's Memorials."

⁴ Cumberland Papers: Harrington to Cumberland, July 16.

⁵ Record Office: Cumberland to Newcastle, August 1, 1745.

affairs.”

One thing alone, the fall of Cape Breton, relieved the universal gloom. On June 27 Commodore Peter Warren, aided by a force of 4,000 colonial troops, had wrested Louisbourg, a stronghold on the Isle of Cape Breton, on the fortifications of which it was estimated that France had spent one million sterling, from the hands of the French. It was the first intimation of the latent power of the colonies, and Cape Breton at once became “the darling object of the whole Nation.” The bonfires, however, which celebrated the victory only served to make the clouds threatening in other quarters more visible.

On $\frac{\text{June } 22}{\text{July } 3}$ Charles embarked at Nantes on board a small vessel of fourteen guns, called the *Dutillet*. His equipment for his tremendous task was slight. In 1744 he had declared that he would come, though with a single footman. His present condition was little better. He carried with him 4,000 louis d’or, 1,000 muskets, 1,800 broadswords, and vague promises of assistance from the Court of France. His companions were seven in number, none of whom possessed the least distinction as a soldier. Four of them—Kelly, Sheridan, Macdonald, and Sullivan—were Irish, and destined to be the source of constant friction in the coming campaign.

Louis XV. maintained a diplomatic reticence with regard to the expedition, and withheld his official recognition. Later the successes of Charles made him more open and demonstrative, but the cause was never his cause, nor was the triumph of the Stuarts at any time a cardinal aspiration of French policy.

On July $\frac{5}{16}$, after being joined by the *Elizabeth* privateer, fitted out by one Routledge, a shipowner of Dunkirk, the little convoy, bearing the last hope of the adherents of James, put forth for Scotland.

On July $\frac{9}{20}$ the *Elizabeth* was engaged in action, west of the Lizard, by the *Lion* man-of-war.¹ A desperate encounter left both vessels disabled, and the *Dutillet*, detaching herself from her consort, continued her voyage alone.

On $\frac{\text{July } 23}{\text{August } 3}$ Charles for the first time set foot on British soil, at Eriskay. It was with a very tempered enthusiasm that his arrival was at first received, nor did his supporters hesitate to point out the madness of the project. But Charles came with the fine words of youth and the brave sentiments of a romantic cause. “Whatever happens,” he wrote to his father, “we will gain an immortal honour by doing what we can to deliver our Country in restoring our Master, or perish sword in hand.” Such a spirit was bound to kindle a response in the Celtic temperament, and on August $\frac{19}{30}$, when the royal standard was unfurled at Glenfinnan, 1,200 clansmen of the MacDonalds and Camerons were present as an earnest of loyalty.

Thereafter events moved with rapidity. Sir John Cope, commanding the troops in Scotland, unable to stay the progress of the Highlanders, withdrew first to Inverness, and thence to Aberdeen, where he embarked his forces for Dunbar.

Charles advanced rapidly South. Sir Robert Walpole had been wont to say: “If you see them [the Jacobites] come again, they will begin by their lowest people; their chiefs will not appear till the end.” On his march to the capital Charles had verified this forecast. Few recruits of note had been added to his adherents in the North; not a symptom of support had

¹ The Captain of the Marines on board the *Lion* was afterwards tried by court-martial for cowardice, and shot. Admiral Byng’s fate had several precedents in this period.

been forthcoming from the Tory magnates in England.

At noon on Tuesday, September $\frac{17}{28}$, he entered Edinburgh. As he crossed the park and approached the palace of his ancestors, the joy seemed universal; while “the mob,” we are told, “some out of curiosity, and some out of fondness to touch him or kiss his hand, were like to throw him down.”¹

Then followed the Battle of Prestonpans (Saturday, $\frac{\text{September } 21}{\text{October } 2}$, where some 2,500 of the Highlanders, in little more than fifteen minutes, completely routed the King’s troops under Sir John Cope; the triumphant return of Charles to Edinburgh; his brief reign at Holyrood; his march into England at the head of 5,500 men; and the investment and fall of Carlisle on November $\frac{15}{26}$. Such events, exceeding the hopes of the most sanguine, seemed day by day to translate into reality and fact the rainbow-coloured dreams which had for so long been cherished in Scotland and Rome. Yet it was little more than the staging for that dramatic and fatal course the rebellion had still to run.

¹ “Affairs of Scotland”: Narrative of Lord Elcho, p. 258. See post. Appendix C, for a letter descriptive of Prince Charles’s appearance.

CHAPTER XVII DISASTERS IN FLANDERS

WHILE these events were occurring in Scotland, Cumberland was vainly attempting to hold his own in Flanders. The news which reached him, that Marshal Belleisle was to be restored to France in exchange for English prisoners, caused him the liveliest pleasure, and we find him writing, August 21, from Vilvorden:

“DEAR DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

“I adore you, and think that you have done England the greatest of services in redeeming so many of our brave soldiers from prison.”

Previously, on July 26, he had written a despatch which sufficiently showed the need for reinforcements: “There is reason to apprehend the entire loss of the Country. All I have to keep the field with is about 34,000 men; and the enemy has in the King’s camp alone 70,000, and Comte Clermont-Galleraude¹ has another corps of about 8,000. Should we lose Brussels, the Queen’s whole Government would be overthrown: and on the other hand, should we lose Antwerp, we should be unable to subsist ourselves, or keep communications with Holland. So that the Marshal and I both joyn in opinion to prefer the securing of Antwerp, to Brussels, whenever the fatal choice shall be thrown upon us.”²

The gradual retreat which had been forced on the allies by the numerical superiority of the French army was demoralizing to the troops, and recourse was freely had to the barbarous punishments of the time to prevent marauding and desertion. The following sentences of courts-martial give an idea of what little place humanity found in the military code of the day:

“*July 30th.* —George Rice of M: G: Johnson’s Regt. to receive 800 Lashes for mutinous expressions at such time and place as y^c com^ding officer shall judge most proper.

John Almond of Brig^t Mordant’s Reg^t to receive 500 lashes for robing Corp^t Yarborow.

“*July 31st.* —Tho^s Townsend of Brig^t Cholmeys for Insolent behaviour to his Cap^{tn} is sentenced to receive 800 lashes at ye head of y^c Reg^t.

“*Sept. 10th.* —Mathew Colehoon try’d for clipping etc. condemn’d by y^c sentence of a G:C: Martial to suffer death, to be hang’d tomorrow at 8 near Port Crule.

“*On the same day.* —Daniel White try’d for endeavouring to seduce men to desert, to receive 1,000 lashes at the head of every Brigade of Foot of ye Line and never appear in Camp or garison on pain of being hang’d, to begin his punishment tomorrow and continued as y^c Provost shall find him able to bear it.

The next general order shows that no invidious distinctions were drawn, and that the frailer followers of the drum were subject to the same brutality:

“*Oct. 16th.* —The following disorderly women being try’d are to be drumm’d from Guard

¹ Who was at this time threatening Mons.

² Cumberland Papers: Cumberland to Newcastle, Saventhem, July 26. Printed in “Fontenoy” (Skrine), p. 237.

to Guard, out of Camp: Elizth Phillips, Elizth Lupton, Margaret Power to be drumm'd in ye same manner and receive 200 lashes wth a Cat of Nine Tails & none of these women ever to return again into the British Army.”¹

Such were the sentences, by no means exceptional, by which it was sought to maintain discipline among the troops. Later we shall deal with the charges of cruelty brought against Cumberland in his suppression of the rebellion in Scotland. Meanwhile the extracts given above throw light on the standards of the age, and show that no more in the administration of military than of civil law was there as yet the least sign of mercy or mitigation.²

But if Cumberland was himself no whit in advance of his age in the punishments he allowed courts-martial to inflict, he at least displayed in his dealings with his army a spirit of fairness which won for him the enthusiasm and trust of every rank. Moreover, in his recognition of merit and his tendency to disregard political and social influence, he made a conspicuous departure from the tradition of the day. We find him obliged to insist that confinement in a madhouse, decrepitude, and incompetence, should alike be considered a bar to the retention of command, and he is at all times vigilant in selecting those officers for promotion who had distinguished themselves by zeal for the service or by bravery on the battle-field. Ligonier,³ Conway, and Wolfe, for instance, were each in turn promoted during this campaign, and the substitution of merit for favour as a ground for preferment was Cumberland's settled policy.

Cumberland also had the discrimination to award commissions to men in the ranks who had rendered distinguished service. Thus, after Fontenoy he bestowed a Lieutenant's commission on Private Thomas Stevenson, of Ligonier's Horse, who, when his charger had been killed, joined the grenadier company of the Royal Welsh Fusileers and carried a firelock through the remainder of the action. Nor would he tolerate the superior attitude adopted towards those who had been thus promoted, by officers who held their commissions through the usual channel of purchase. On one occasion, having heard that a sergeant to whom he had given a commission was slighted by his brother officers, the Duke made a point of singling him out for notice on parade, and, when invited to dine at mess, said, indicating the promoted sergeant: “Yes, with much pleasure, but I must bring my friend here with me.”⁴ In other directions also he appeared as a reformer, and in this his first campaign as Captain-General he is found steadily combating the lax system by which officers were allowed to absent themselves on leave, and return to England, on the flimsiest pretexts. One of his last orders before being recalled to suppress the rebellion was aimed at the habit, which then prevailed among officers, of campaigning with quantities of baggage and a corresponding retinue of carts.⁵ Thenceforward every officer under the rank of a Brigadier was prohibited from having a “coach, chariot, or chaise,” on active service. The same order also decreed that no officer under the rank of Brigadier-General should ever appear, “either in quarters or in camp, whether on duty or off, in any other coat than his

¹ Campbell Maclachlan: “Life of the Duke of Cumberland.”

² In March of this year the *Morning Advertiser* records the case of a girl of nineteen who, without any “previous convictions,” was hanged for stealing twenty-one shillings.

³ Brother of Sir John Ligonier; he died after the Battle of Falkirk (1746).

⁴ “Georgian Era,” vol. i, p. 61.

⁵ Orders issued at Vilvorden, October 10 (21), 1745; quoted in “Life of the Duke of Cumberland” (Campbell Maclachlan), p. 241.

Regimentals or Uniform, either old or new, in hopes to lessen the quantity of Baggage of each officer.”

It cannot be denied that he employed a drastic severity in establishing and maintaining discipline, but not more drastic than that made use of by Marlborough in the War of the Spanish Succession; or than that of Newcastle, who proposed to decimate the dragoons who showed the white feather at Prestonpans;¹ or than that of Wellington and his generals in the Peninsula, in an age that might reasonably claim to be considered more humane. In criticizing his methods, we must not fall into the error of first detaching him from his epoch, and then judging him by a standard which the growth of the humane spirit has rendered mild and sensitive to a perilous degree. It is, indeed, as unreasonable to condemn him for the punishments he inflicted as it would be to find fault with him for not riding in motorcars or making use of aeroplanes in warfare. He was not brutal, like Hawley for instance, from love of brutality. On the contrary, he never made use of more severity than he believed the occasion to require, and no man showed greater concern for the welfare of his soldiers, or was more easily stirred to indignation by the neglect or ill-treatment of the sick and wounded.

Cumberland was at Vilvorden when the despatch from Newcastle dated August ^ reached him, announcing that Charles had landed in Scotland, and stating that at any moment a strong detachment might be required from Flanders. On August $\frac{13}{21}$ Cumberland replied: “I am surprised to see this romantick expedition revived again, and that it has taken place as far as the landing of any troops in Great Britain. But I don’t doubt but that Sir John Cope will be able to put a stop immediately to this affair.”² He deprecated the idea of parting with a single man of his army, and the Dutch viewed any such proposal with dismay and as a breach of Britain’s obligations to the republic. This point, however, was obviated by the futile expedient devised by King George, of sending over the 6,000 Dutch soldiers who surrendered at Tournai. No sooner had these troops landed in England than they were recalled by the republic, on the representation made by France that their presence in England on behalf of the Hanoverian dynasty was contrary to the terms of the capitulation of Tournai.³ This necessitated a withdrawal of part of the British forces in Flanders. On September $\frac{4}{15}$ Lord Harrington, who had now returned to England with the King, wrote to Cumberland to order the immediate return of ten battalions. On September $\frac{9}{20}$ Cumberland replied to Newcastle: “My Lord, I am heartily sorry for the occasion of this great detachment from our army, but will do our utmost endeavour not to be devoured by the enemy, who will now become as much superior as ever ... I hope that Great Britain is not to be conquered by 3,000 rable gathered together in the Mountains, but should they dare to advance I will answer man for man for the 10 Battallions Sir John Legonier will bring you.” The same day he wrote to Harrington, to whom his official despatches were now addressed: “I must do both the Marshal [Königsegg] and Prince Waldeck the justice to say that they were equally concerned for the occasion, and the diminution of our present small force. The ten battallions which I have named for this service are the three of Guards, Sowle’s,

¹ “Marchmont Papers,” vol. i., p. 220.

² Printed in “Fontenoy “(Skrine), p. 258.

³ See *ante*, p. 198.

Pulteney's, Charles Howard's, Bragg's, Douglas's, Johnson's, and Cholmondeley's.¹ I can assure his Majesty that last Fryday I had the satisfaction to see the whole army under arms, and can with the greatest truth say that the battalions were equally fine and in good order: but if there were any preference to be given, it was to these ten, which I have pick'd out for that very reason."²

Meanwhile the progress of the French had received no check. The position of the allies had grown steadily worse. On August $\frac{2}{13}$ Termonde had surrendered; on August "General Chanlos, commanding at Ostend, had hung out the white flag and capitulated with all "the honours of war." Honours of war were in this case, however, somewhat impaired by a term that the garrison were to be escorted to Mons by a roundabout route through Flanders, which would invalidate them for the service of the allies for several weeks. The fall of Ostend was followed by that of Nieuport. Saxe was "gathering his nosegay" with ease and precision. Every stronghold in Western Flanders with the exception of Ath had now surrendered. Ten battalions, as we have seen, had already been hurried over to England, and five days after the Battle of Prestonpans Harrington is found writing to Cumberland, ordering eight more battalions and nine squadrons to be despatched instantly to England.³ "By the unfortunate defeat of the King's small army on the 21st near Edinburgh," Harrington wrote: "the rebels being become in a manner masters of the whole Kingdom of Scotland are according to our freshest advices preparing to assemble the States in Parliament, where their first steps will doubtless be dissolving the Union, renewing the old alliances with France, and calling in a French army to their assistance under colour of the national authority."

The arrival of the ten battalions in England⁴ had restored public confidence, which had been greatly deranged by the news of Prestonpans. A defeat of the King's troops had seemed so remote a possibility, the whole affair had been taken so little seriously by the unofficial world, even George II. himself, when spoken to about the rebellion, having said, "Pho! don't talk to me of that stuff!" that Charles's victory had spread panic in London; multitudes had thronged the Bank demanding payment, and it was with the utmost difficulty that the public credit could be supported.⁵ At the moment of Harrington's despatch between 6,000 and 9,000 men were being marched to the North under Marshal Wade, leaving sixteen battalions to keep order and repel invasion in the South. To James, fourth Duke of Hamilton, when extolling Scotland, King William is reported to have exclaimed: "My Lord, I only wish it was a hundred thousand miles off, and that you was king of it." The public mind in London was taking very much the same view. Here was this barbarous country of Scotland, joined by the favour of Parliament to England, with all the privileges that Union betokened, harbouring the representative of a dynasty which it had cost a revolution to get rid of, while a wild and tattered portion of its inhabitants marched South to impose on England a King who was not wanted and who held a religion which was abhorred. The work of Walpole, the steady progress of the country towards wealth and prosperity, the reign of the Whig oligarchy, the Act of Settlement, the security of the Protestant faith itself, alike

¹ Respectively 11th, 13th, 19th, 28th, 32nd, 33rd, and 34th Foot.

² Cumberland Papers.

³ Printed in "Fontenoy" (Skrine), p. 272.

⁴ $\frac{\text{September } 23}{\text{October } 3}$ at Gravesend.

⁵ Cumberland Papers: Pelham to Cumberland, $\frac{\text{September } 24}{\text{October } 4}$.

seemed threatened; the fortune of British arms in Flanders was compromised, and, above all, the spectre of invasion had once again been raised. This was the aspect which was remembered when the day of reckoning came, and it was from this moment onwards that public indignation gradually ripened into a spirit of retribution and revenge.

It is difficult, having regard to the total want of enthusiasm among the English Jacobites, who, as Charles wrote to his father, were “frightened by their own sheddos,” to credit the hypothesis still authoritatively advanced, that the Highlanders might by a rapid advance on London after Prestonpans have succeeded in re-establishing a Stuart on the throne.¹ Henry Fox, it is true, wrote that “had five thousand (French) troops landed in any part of this island a week ago, I believe the entire conquest would not have cost them a battle.” Such, too, as we have seen, was the opinion of Marshal Belleisle; nor were there wanting Squire Westerns to cry through the muddle and confusion of hard drinking: “All’s our own, my boys! ten thousand honest Frenchmen are landed in Suffolk! Old England for ever! Ten thousand Frenchmen, my lads!” On the other hand, opposed to such theoretic views and in direct contradiction of such an hysteria of Toryism, were the actual facts of which evidence has come down to us. Offers to assist the Government poured in from every quarter. The great Whig landowners, the Dukes of Devonshire, Bedford, Rutland, Montagu, and a host of others, at once declared themselves willing to raise regiments.² “The preparations,” it was said, “all over the Kingdom for defence of the Government by forming associations, raising men, by addresses, letters, speeches, and sermons, are the most general ever known.”³ In Yorkshire, the gentlemen of the county, headed by Archbishop Herring and Lord Malton, made preparations to resist the rebels’ advance by raising £90,000 and forming a body of 4,000 men. Cheshire, Lancashire, and the town of Liverpool, representing the area most affected to the cause of Charles, came forward with men and money. Other counties and towns did the like. In London the greatest zeal prevailed. Fifteen hundred of the principal merchants undertook to uphold the public credit by paying and accepting payment in banknotes. A large subscription was collected for providing the troops with warm clothes for the winter, and for the better care of the sick and wounded. The weavers offered a force of 1,000 men for the King’s service, and Bench and Bar, under the command of Lord Chief Justice Willes, formed themselves into a corps for the defence of the Royal Family. The Quakers came forward with a gift of 10,000 woollen waistcoats for the troops. The owners of two privateers placed their captured treasure, amounting to £700,000, at the disposal of the Government, to be repaid as Parliament should direct. At the same time, among the populace the general hostility to the rebels was said to be “amazing”; while at the London theatres the enthusiasm of the moment found vent in a new and execrable addition to the National Anthem,⁴ sung after every performance:

“From France and Pretender
Great Britain defend her,
Foes let them fall:

¹ Lord Rosebery: “Chatham,” p. 243.

² Thirteen regiments were thus raised.

³ *Scots Magazine*, October, 1745.

⁴ The National Anthem, which has generally been attributed to John Bull, the famous musician of the sixteenth century (see *Die. A. at. Biog.*, art. Richard Clark), was adopted for the first time this year.

From foreign slavery,
Priests and their knavery,
And Popish reverie,
God save us all.”

Horace Walpole, as might be expected, treated the whole affair in a spirit of flippant alarm. “I shall wonderfully dislike,” he wrote, “being a loyal sufferer in a thread-bare coat, and shivering in an ante-chamber at Hanover, or reduced to teach Latin and English to the young princes at Copenhagen. . . . Will you ever write to me at my garret at Herrenhausen?” and added for the amusement of Horace Mann an advertisement from the paper of the day:

To all Jolly Butchers.

“MY BOLD HEARTS,

“The Papists eat no *meat* on Wednesdays, Fridays, Saturdays, nor during Lent.

“Your friend,

“JOHN STEEL.”

Carteret, now Lord Granville, who, although no longer in office, was still a member of the Cabinet, and was again acquiring an undue influence at Court, continued to belittle the rebels in conversations with the King; while Newcastle, it was said, was glad when the rebels made any progress, in order to confute Lord Granville’s assertions. Newcastle, however, had favoured bringing the whole army back from Flanders at the first news of Charles’s landing, but he had been overruled by his colleagues. After Prestonpans he wrote to Cumberland that, “had not the troops from Flanders¹ arrived providentially the day before the news of Cope’s defeat, the confusion in the City of London would not have been to be described, and the King’s crown, I will venture to say, in the utmost danger.”² Newcastle was inclined to take pessimistic views on small provocation. The evidence we have indicated shows that England was for all practical purposes solid for the Government. The rebellion did not correspond with any crying grievance or deeply-rooted ideals; it did not spring from any of the larger claims for liberty and freedom. It stood for sentiment and a chivalrous loyalty, and it appealed to such love of the picturesque as is common to human nature; and what chance had these ranged against the settled order of things and the desire for peace and opportunity to prosper? Never was there any real doubt on which side the hangman would ultimately be found. Hanover might be hated, but Papacy and rebellion were hated vastly more.

The eighteen battalions sent back to England in August and September were followed in October by five more battalions and nine squadrons of dragoons. The campaign in Flanders was at an end, and by the middle of October both sides had begun taking up winter-quarters.

The French had made themselves masters of the River Dender, and all the towns through which that river passes. Ath, the last of the strongholds to capitulate, had surrendered on October 9. The whole of Austrian Flanders had passed to the French. Their principal forces were stationed at Ghent, Termonde, Bruges, and Ostend; their artillery at Tournai and Valenciennes. The few English troops still left in Flanders were at Antwerp; while Brussels, Mons, Charleroi, and the other strongholds of Brabant and Hainault, were held by the Dutch, the Hanoverians, and the Hessians. Cumberland from the first had warned the

¹ This refers to the Dutch troops.

² Cumberland Papers: Newcastle to Cumberland, September 26.

Ministry that with his limited force, with its composite and uncertain character, he could not undertake to hold more than Brussels and Antwerp. He had abided by his promise. It is doubtful if he could have achieved any better result with the means at his disposal.

The solitary success which England could boast on the Continent was of a diplomatic and not a military character. Indeed, the Convention signed at Hanover on August 26, between England and Prussia, by which Great Britain guaranteed Silesia to Prussia, was by a curious irony largely due to the failure of British arms in Flanders. The victories of France and the spread of the Bourbon power were becoming highly unacceptable to Frederick. It was these which made him anxious for peace—a peace which would leave Maria Theresa free to concentrate her forces against the French monarch. George II. was only induced to sign the Convention after much pressure had been brought to bear by the Ministry. Even then Chesterfield considered that the King had signed on the chance of benefiting his Electorate, and that he would still use his influence to persuade the Queen of Hungary to stand out.¹ Chesterfield did not put his trust in Princes—at any rate, not in the Princes of Hanover. It was not till December 25 that Maria Theresa, under threat of the withdrawal of British subsidies, became a party to the Treaty of Dresden, confirming the Convention of Hanover, Frederick for his part at the same time acknowledging the election, as Emperor, of Francis of Lorraine, the husband of the Queen, in succession to Charles VII., who had died on January 20, 1745.

In October, in response to his numerous appeals, Cumberland was recalled to England to command the troops destined for the repression of the rebellion. He arrived in London on October 18 (O.S.).

¹ Add. MSS., 32,705: Chesterfield to Newcastle, September, 1745.

CHAPTER XVIII

CHARLES ADVANCES ON LONDON

THE credit for bringing the negotiations with Prussia to a successful issue was due to the tact and pertinacity of Harrington . He had strangely belied the character which Queen Caroline drew of him. “There is a heavy insipid sloth in that man,” she declared, “that puts me out of all patience. He must have six hours to dress, six more to dine, six more for his mistress, and six more to sleep; and there, for a Minister, are the four-and-twenty admirably well disposed of: and if, now and then, he borrows six of those hours to do anything relating to his office, it is for something that might be done in six minutes, and ought to have been done six days before.” In this case he had employed some six weeks in persuading George II. to agree to the Convention. He had been indefatigable in his task, and at last succeeded. But it was reserved to Newcastle to experience the full measure of what Lord Hervey called the King’s “bilious temper,” which was never more apparent than when he had been driven to adopt a policy he disapproved of.

Difficulties between the King and his Ministers declared themselves within a few days of his return to England, and already in September¹ Newcastle was unburdening himself to Chesterfield, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. “A new method,” he wrote, “is now taken up—to cajole and flatter almost any member of the administration at the expense of the two brothers [Newcastle and Pelham]. The doctrine of being kept prisoner, in tutelage, in slavery, which, I suppose, is instilled by others, is vented every day. . . . The brothers have spoke out very plainly . . . in one word, nothing but the rebellion in the heart of the kingdom would or should hinder us from retiring from the most disagreeable and perhaps the most dangerous situation that ever Ministers were in: and as soon as that Rebellion is in effect over that will be our measure.”² It was bad enough to have been forced to sign the Convention, but to be hurried over from his beloved Hanover, and find a rebellion in full swing in his British dominions, provided the King with food enough for ill-humour towards a Ministry he hated.

Chesterfield, with Machiavellian counsel, advised Newcastle to exploit the rebellion for making the “position of the brothers secure.”³ But the moment for that was yet to come.

In the middle of these distracted counsels, the advent of Cumberland was a welcome relief to the King, the Ministry, and the country at large. He brought with him a ripe experience of war, a much-needed measure of common sense, and a perfectly plain and unexaggerated estimate of the difficulties that lay before him. Equally avoiding the hysterical view that the country was in imminent danger, and the complacent view that the rebellion

¹ On October 4, Francis, the husband of Maria Theresa, was elected Emperor in the room of Charles VII., who died January 20.

² Add. MSS., 32,705: Newcastle to Chesterfield, September 21, 1745.

³ *Ibid*: Chesterfield to Newcastle, September 29, 1745.

was of no account, he at once set to work on his plan of operations, and issued his first orders to the army from St. James's Palace.

The military situation at this time was as follows: Charles, at the head of a force of 4,500 men, had gained possession of the town and castle of Carlisle, November 15. By this bold stroke of marching into England, he had separated himself from the possibility of further support from Scotland. His force was isolated. Lord Strathalan, who commanded some 3,000 of Charles's supporters at Perth, refused, indeed, in response to a message from Charles, to advance into England. Lord John Drummond, sailing from France, with his regiment of Royal Scots and pickets from the six French-Irish regiments under Brigadier Stapleton, was immediately awaited at Montrose and Stonehaven. But, for the purpose of a march on London, neither Lord Strathalan nor Lord John Drummond could be of the smallest help. For the conquest of England, therefore, Charles had to rely, first of all on his force of 4,500 men, and secondly on the improbable good-will of the inhabitants. To deal with this situation, there was in the first place an army, which we may call the eastern army, of 9,000 men stationed at Newcastle, under Field-Marshal Wade. As soon as information arrived that Carlisle was invested, Wade began, November 16, a march to the relief of that city. It was an unusually severe winter. Deep snow blocked the roads. Wade himself was old and feeble, and had lost such power of initiative and resource as he ever possessed. After two days' marching he had barely accomplished twenty miles, and at Hexham, hearing that Carlisle had fallen, he decided to return at once to Newcastle. There he remained for the moment inactive, but at the same time constituting a distant and uncertain menace to the Highland army as it continued its southern march. Lieutenant-General Handasyde meanwhile had proceeded North from Newcastle with Price's and Ligonier's regiments of foot and Hamilton's and Ligonier's dragoons, to reoccupy Edinburgh and hamper any attempt at reinforcing the army of Charles. The second or western army, which Cumberland himself was now called on to direct, comprised 8,250 foot and 2,200 horse, in support of which Cobham's dragoons and three battalions of footguards were marching North from London. At the moment of his taking over the command in person, November 27, from Sir John Ligonier, these troops were cantoned from Tamworth to Stafford, with the cavalry some fifteen miles in advance, at Newcastle-under-Lyme. On that day, November 27, in continuance of his advance from Carlisle, Charles was at Preston, the farthest limit reached by the Highlanders in 1648 and 1715, and a spot so charged with ill-omen "that Lord George Murray, in order to evade the greet (a superstition which the Highlanders are full of), cross'd the bridge and quartered a great many of the men on that side of the water."¹ On that day also, while at Lichfield Cumberland was being hailed with enthusiasm by his troops, Charles at Preston was for the first time hearing English huzzas and gaining encouragement from friendly faces turned to greet him. It was at Preston, in fact, that he was joined by the only three men² of any standing, who, out of all the Jacobites of England, were found ready to wear the white cockade. "A few of the common men" also entered the ranks, but the caps in the air and the waving handkerchiefs and the sympathetic welcome was all the substance of the favour which the young Prince could win.

¹ "Lockhart Papers," p. 457.

² William Vaughan, David Morgan, and Francis Towneley. The two latter were later captured and executed for high-treason, July 30, 1746.

Yet his personal qualities were framed to charm and cajole. "His body was made for war," writes Lord Elcho, in later years his most bitter foe, and on the march into England he gave unflinching proofs of a high spirit and dauntless courage. He marched the entire road to Derby at the head of the clans, and could seldom be prevailed on to mount on horseback even to cross a river. He shared, we are told, the rough usages of campaign life with the common men, throwing himself on a bed at night in his Highland clothes, and rising every morning at four. To the time of that turning-point in his destiny—the council of war at Derby—he earned the fondness of his soldiers, and showed himself serene in moments of danger, clement in victory, and considerate for his subordinates. Of trust or confidence in others he had little. Whom could he trust? In whom could he have confidence? Had he not been nurtured in a world of spies and intrigues? Had he not in that anxious year of lurking and disguise in France been witness of the squabbles and jealousies of his most intimate supporters? Had not his mind been poisoned to the point of mistrusting Lord George Murray, the paladin of the '45, the very brain and heart of the undertaking? Suspicion, indeed, was his bane. It had grown with his growth, and increased with his experience. He was not a judge of men. He was easily led by the wily and persistent, by those who pampered his credulity or pandered to his expectations. He had been taught to entertain a settled view of the unpopularity of the Hanover rule and of the urgent longing for a Stuart Restoration in England. It was a long lesson to unlearn, and he turned from those who would teach him to the French and Irish, who beguiled him with false hopes and slavish professions.

At Preston the Highland army halted for two nights. Cumberland's instructions from the King, issued on November 25, were "by all possible means to prevent the further progress of the rebels, and to act in concert with Marshal Wade or to join forces with him if such should seem necessary." Although the Highlanders, as we have seen, were a comparatively small force, they were a formidable body of men. They were desperate men with halts round their necks, and a price of £30,000 on the head of their Prince; they were inured to long marches, and mobile to a degree which the regular army could not rival; and they were now in that part of the country reputed to be the most disaffected to the House of Hanover; but, above all, they were formidable in their novel method of fighting and in their swift onrush with broadsword and target, the terror of which was heightened by their barbarous appearance, their dress, and their strange uncouth cries to battle. To those in authority these clansmen were as vermin to be exterminated from the face of the earth. As early as September, Chesterfield had written to Newcastle:¹ "I make no difficulty, therefore, of declaring my opinion that the Commander-in-Chief should be ordered to give no quarter, but to pursue the Rebels wherever he finds 'em." Again, in November we find the Duke of Richmond, while second in command to Sir John Ligonier, writing from Lichfield to Newcastle: "I think it would be a shame if six old battalions and two regiments of dragoons did not drive these rascalls to Hell, which is little worse, but a more proper place for them than their own country they came from. ... I fancy the Duke will send you some food for Tyburn soon."² To others they were "theiving naked ruffians," "Hillskippers," "a loosie crew," "Highland Bandits," "Vermin from Hell," "the scume of the world."³ A ballad of the

¹ Add. MSS., 32,704, September 29, 1745.

² Add. MSS., 32,704, November, 29, 1745.

³ Woodhouselee Papers.

day crudely expressed the popular view, one verse running:

“Britannia they thought with fine words to bewitch,
But she would not, she thanked ‘em, shake hands with the itch:
Such vermin won’t live long on this side the Firth,
As web-fingered Charles, Tullibardin, and Perth.”

Prompted from high places, it was not to be expected that Cumberland should show leniency, or that the warfare now waging should be carried on without all the sternness we look for in the methods of the age. Horace Walpole records with satisfaction that the guards voluntarily bound themselves neither to take nor give quarter,¹ and early in December Cumberland is found writing to Newcastle in terms which showed plainly enough the brutal character of the struggle he was engaged on: “There are, I believe, to the number of about fifteen or sixteen of their straglers picked up who are sent to different jayls. As they have so many of our Prisoners in their hands, I did not care to put them to death, but I have encouraged the country people to do it, as they may fall in their way.”² At this time, as well as later, Cumberland communicated to Whitehall every measure he proposed in the repression of the rebellion, nor can the Ministry of the day justly escape any one of the censures which posterity has heaped on the memory of the Duke. As will appear, they were fully informed and fully aware of all he did—they were accessories before the fact—and long before Cumberland came on the scene at least one member of the Cabinet, as we have seen, was for a policy of no quarter and extirpation.

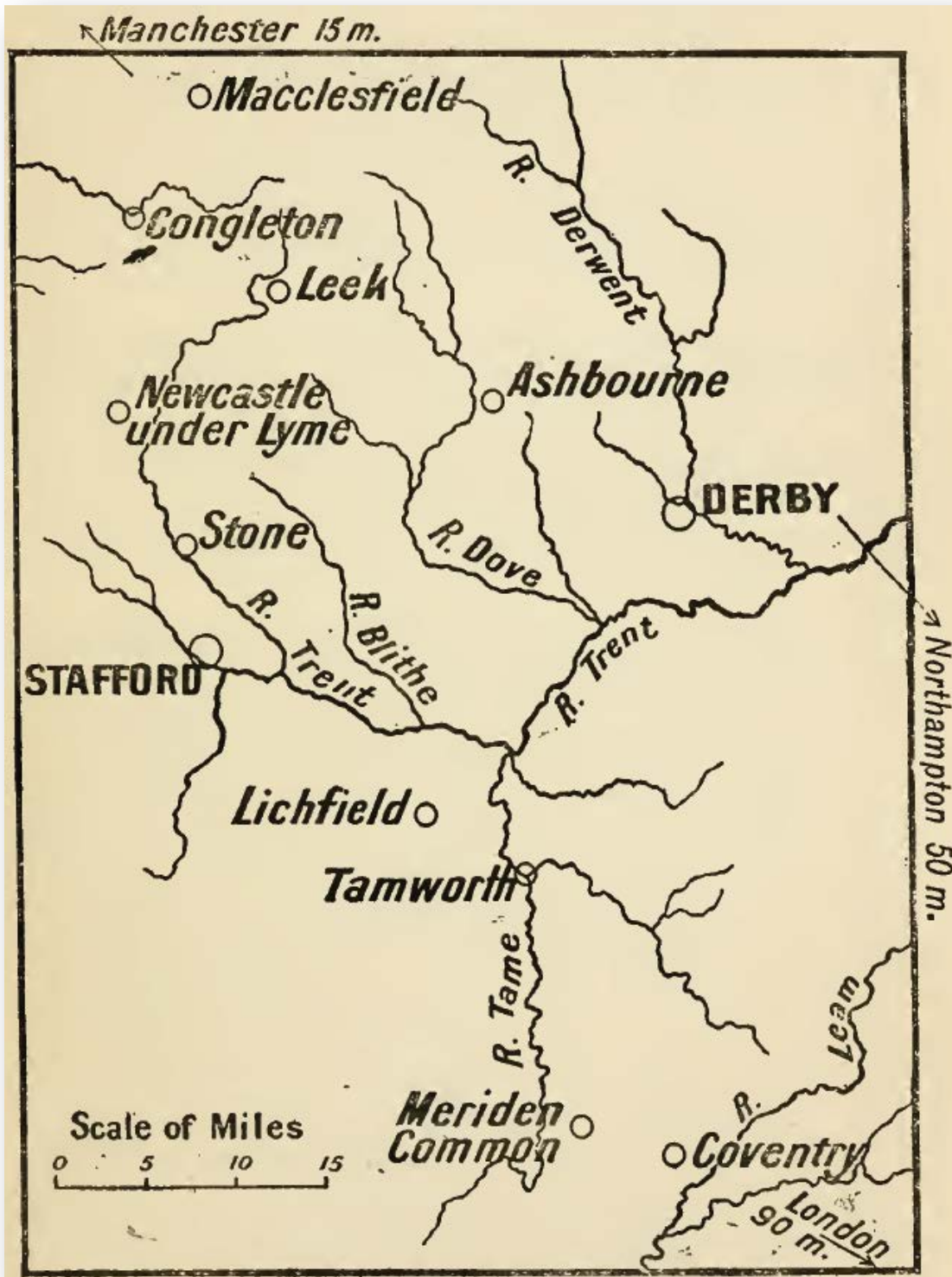
Meanwhile, from Preston, Charles was pushing southward to his goal. On December 9 he was at Wigan, on the 10th at Manchester. Here the mob huzzaed the Prince to his lodgings, the church bells were rung and bonfires lit, and multitudes came to see him as he supped in public. Some 200 loafers and riffraff enlisted in his service, men who had declared their resolution to take the pay either of Charles or Cumberland, whichever should be the first comer to the town. And here Charles, deceived by the animation, which contrasted so brightly with the sullen lethargy which he had hitherto encountered, saw success within his grasp, and fell to discussing in what manner he should enter London, whether on horse or on foot, and whether in Lowland or in Highland garb. It was the zenith of his elation on that astonishing march. But already his principal officers were considering retreat. Already they were realising that the throne of England was not for the Stuarts. The promises of France showed no signs of fruition; the English Jacobites were lifeless and inert.

On December 1 the Highland army was at Macclesfield. Here the movement was determined on which completely deceived Cumberland, with his faulty intelligence, and enabled Charles to reach Derby. Lord George Murray, with the Athol brigade and two squadrons of cavalry, struck south-west from Macclesfield to Congleton, an advance party continuing to Ashbury, where they captured Weir, a famous spy in Cumberland’s employ. Cumberland, hearing that the Highlanders were at Congleton, assumed that the objective of Charles was Wales. He therefore concentrated his whole army, now 10,450 men, at Stone, preliminary to a pursuit of Charles, and pushed on his vanguard towards Newcastle-under-Lyme. This manœuvre was exactly what Lord George Murray intended. The road to Derby now lay open, and Charles, with the main body of his army, marched to Leek and

¹ Walpole to Mann, November 29, 1745.

² Cumberland Papers, December 11, 1745.

Ashbourne, and on December 4 reached Derby. There he found Lord George Murray, who, as soon as he knew that his feint had succeeded, and that Cumberland had started off on a false scent, marched rapidly eastward by Ashbourne to the rendezvous



at Derby.

On December 4, the very day on which Charles reached Derby, Cumberland was at Stafford, and wrote a despatch to Newcastle which showed the painful uncertainty with which he was befogged. He stated that on the previous day, Tuesday, December 3, he had assembled all his forces at Stone, “to give the rebels battle or push on to Newcastle . . . should they have continued their route towards Wales”; that at eleven in the morning, “when the van was already in motion for Newcastle-under-Lyme, contrary and certain advices came in, stating that the rebels had turned short, and were gone back for Leek and Ashburn, which is the direct route to Darby. . . . Upon which we came to the immediate resolution of intercepting them at Northampton.”¹

Cumberland, owing to the difficulty of obtaining exact information, had been for the moment outmanœuvred. It could not affect the ultimate issue; it did not alter the chances of bringing the Highlanders to battle; but, so far as it went, it was a success sufficient to disconcert the Duke of Newcastle and cause some perturbation in the city.

All this marching and countermarching had told on the King’s army. The troops were utterly exhausted. On December 4 they had been twenty-four hours without food,² their shoes were in a deplorable condition, and their clothes were in rags. Yet, adds their commander, their cheerfulness and resolution were unimpaired, and he had no doubt of being able to get between the rebels and London by marching to Northampton. In this same despatch he suggests that the infantry about London should be assembled at Finchley Common, which “would prevent any little party of them who might give me the slip (for I’m persuaded the greater part of them can’t) from giving any alarm in London.” On December 6 Newcastle replied that the Duke’s suggestion had been approved by His Majesty, and “that a camp had been marked out between Highgate and Whetstone, while magazines were to be formed at Dunstable, Barnet, and St. Albans.” But a more lasting record of Cumberland’s suggestion is to be found in Hogarth’s famous picture of the march of the guards to Finchley. By December 6 Cumberland had reached Coventry. On that day he was able to report to Newcastle that he had gained a march on the rebels, and was in a position to put himself between them and London, but that an express had arrived conveying the news that Charles had begun his retreat in great precipitation from Derby.

What had happened was this. The day after the entry into Derby, Lord George Murray and all the commanders of battalions and squadrons waited on Charles at his house in Full Street, and declared their view that it was vain to advance farther; that at the Prince’s request they had come into England to join forces with his English friends, and unite with the French if they landed; that neither of these objects had been achieved; that with 4,500 men they could not force a King on an unwilling nation; and that, with the exception of the Duke of Perth and Sir William Gordon, who were for marching into Wales, they were unanimously in favour of returning to Scotland. These arguments appeared powerless to shake Charles in his determination. They roused in him a storm of indignation. He appealed to and entreated the chiefs to reconsider their decision. “Rather than go back,” he cried, “I would wish to be twenty feet under ground!” “He continued all that day positive he would

¹ Cumberland Papers: Cumberland to Newcastle, December 4, 1745.

² *Ibid.*

march to London.”¹ By nightfall he had realized the hopelessness of further effort. Late that evening he sent for the Scottish officers, and told them he would yield.

It was a moment of anguish for Charles. His notion of easy conquest, his vain ideas of prerogative, his belief in general loyalty to his cause, his vision of an entry into London as triumphant as his approach to Holyrood, crumbled at this rude impact with reality. If a single blow can destroy the moral fabric of a man’s nature, it may be said to have done so in this case. It is doubtful if Charles ever recovered from the effect of this supreme crisis in his fate. Thenceforward, if we except the months of hiding after Culloden, we can trace his career as a steady progress in decline. Adversity, that shrewd agent of discovery, was to unveil a Charles alien to the figure of romance, which in the first days of victory had so loftily personified the hopes of his followers. Many years later, one who was sent to confer with Charles in Rome was driven to exclaim: “What has your family done, sir, thus to draw down the vengeance of Heaven on every branch of it through so many ages?”² In the stricken exile of after-years, degraded by drink, broken by misfortune, frenzied in temper, with his spirit clouded, his once gallant bearing gone, and himself changed to a mere object of pity or scorn, we may track the last descent from that embittered order of retreat put forth at Derby.

The news of the retreat, as we have seen, reached Cumberland at Coventry, where, by a succession of rapid marches, he had retrieved the position he had lost, and had once more placed himself between Charles and London. Ligonier had grasped the realities of the campaign when, on November 28, he wrote from Lichfield to a friend in London: “Advise all your friends to buy stocks.”³ On the one hand was Cumberland with an army of 10,000 men interposed between Charles and London; on the other, Wade, with his army, had moved south, and on December 6 was at Ferrybridge, with his cavalry at Doncaster; while in the neighbourhood of London a third army was getting ready to receive any remnant of the 4,500 men who might succeed in evading Cumberland. Is it conceivable that Charles, if he had pushed on from Derby, could have attained his object? There have not been wanting historians, from Lord Mahon onwards, to answer the question in the affirmative. Yet a glance at the map and a consideration of the relative positions of Charles and Cumberland on December 6 must surely prove to demonstration that an action between their two forces was inevitable before many hours had passed. Lord Mahon suggests that the King’s army was tainted with Jacobite principles; yet it was the same army which had fought for King George at Fontenoy, it was the same army which was to give the death-blow to Jacobitism four months later at Culloden, and it was of that very army that Horace Walpole wrote: “It is certain they adore the Duke.” Cumberland himself had no misgiving on that score, nor is there any evidence, so far as I have been able to discover, that such principles were sufficiently rife to affect the loyalty of the troops.

Consternation, it is true, prevailed in London on Black Friday, the day it was known that the Highlanders were at Derby. Legend has been busy with that convenient scapegoat of historians, the Duke of Newcastle, and has shown him stricken with fear, debating within himself for twenty-four hours as to which side he should take, but not a tittle of evidence is

¹ Elcho’s “Narrative,” p. 341.

² Cf. Voltaire, “Siècle de Louis XV.,” chap. xxv.: “Que les hommes privés qui se plaignent de ses petites infortunes jettent les yeux but ce prince et sur ses ancêtres.”

³ Hist. MSS., Report x., p. 287.

forthcoming to support the tradition. Another legend credits George II. with contemplating flight, his valuables already packed, his yacht awaiting him in the Thames, whereas the truth was he was proposing to take command in person of the army making ready at Finchley. Fielding, in "The True Patriot," talks of "fine ladies, some of whom wear breeches and are vulgarly called Beaus," preparing to decamp with their jewels and finery, but adds, by way of contrast, that "another spirit prevailed among the men, particularly in the City of London, where many persons of good fortune were on Saturday last enlisted in the Guards." And for direct testimony of the state of feeling in London we need only turn to Horace Walpole. "And for the people," he writes, "the spirit against the rebels increases every day. Though they have marched thus into the heart of the Kingdom, there has not been the least symptom of a rising, not even in the great towns of which they possessed themselves. . . . But here in London the aversion to them is amazing. . . . But the greatest demonstration of loyalty appeared on the prisoners being brought to town from the Soleil prize: the young man is certainly Mr. Radcliffe's son: but the mob, persuaded of his being the youngest Pretender, could scarcely be restrained from tearing him to pieces all the way on the road, and on his arrival. He said he had heard of English mobs, but could not conceive they were so dreadful, and wished he had been shot at Dettingen."¹

Mr. Leadam, in his volume of the "Political History of England," quotes a letter which shows the feeling among business men in London. "This [Charles's] little army," wrote Henshaw, a navy agent from London, "might have been eaten up here, where nine men in ten were resolved to expose themselves to all hazards in opposition to him." The Prince of Wales took the matter so lightly that at the christening of his new son he had a sugar model of the citadel of Carlisle at supper, which the company, among whom was Marshal Stair, bombarded with sugar-plums. It is true that the stocks momentarily fell, and that there was a run on the Bank; but these were phenomena observable after Prestonpans, and do not throw light on Charles's chances of success, nor do the newspapers of the day give the least indication of the existence of panic. Then, again, it is urged that, if Charles had continued his march, the expected aid from France would have been forthcoming. Preparations were certainly being made at Dunkirk for the ostensible purpose of an invasion of England. But the Record Office throws valuable light on the genesis of this move on the part of France. In October, in Paris, Lord Clancarty, Sir James Harrington, Sir James Stewart, and Earl Marischal, were soliciting the French Ministers and having conferences with Louis with regard to a proposed expedition. For the time, however, the "whole scheme was looked upon with indifference by the French Ministry." Later, Prince Henry, the younger brother of Charles, writes on November 15 to Charles that D'Argenson, Minister of War, assures him that the troops for the expedition into England shall be ready on December 9, that the French King was resolved on it, and that the Ministers came to see him *sans facon*.² At the same time Earl Marischal was writing to his friends in Scotland, calling on them to be ready to rise on the arrival of the expedition in which he was to have high command.

Here we have an exact repetition of the French policy of 1744, but on a smaller scale: Troops under orders, vessels collecting, naval and military activities along the coast, and assurances given to the leading Jacobites, and at the back of all these but a problematic and

¹ Walpole to Mann, December 9, 1745.

² S.P., Dom., George II., bundle 33, p. 244.

contingent intention of putting the project into execution. In this case, too, it has to be remembered that Marshal Saxe, contrary to custom, was carrying on a winter campaign in Flanders, mopping up the remaining towns of importance, and having the capture of Antwerp or Brussels as his objective. It was therefore of the utmost importance, by a threat of invasion, to tie up British troops in Britain, and thus give Saxe a free hand to complete his conquests. That this was the real policy of France is confirmed by an interview between Commodore Knowles and Count Fitzjames, in February. Count Fitz-james¹ had been captured while attempting to reach Scotland with his regiment. Afterwards, in the Commodore's cabin and under the influence of the Commodore's hospitality, he became communicative, and admitted that the idea of invasion had been laid aside on account of the activity of the English ships, but that the French King intended to do his best to feed the rebellion, and so prevent troops from being sent to Flanders.² And, indeed, with an assemblage of some forty vessels of the line as well as privateers in the Channel³ watching the French coast in December, 1745, the possibility of a French invasion, whether Charles advanced on London or not, was remote enough to satisfy the most exacting advocate of the Blue Water school.

Cumberland, taking his cavalry and 1,000 infantry mounted on horses supplied by a willing populace, started off in pursuit of the Highland army with great expedition. On the 9th he was at Lichfield, on the 10th at Macclesfield, having marched fifty miles over ice and snow in two days. At Macclesfield he received a minute of the Cabinet, dated December 8, ordering him to halt at Coventry in view of the menace from France. In reply to this, he proposed to "put a small corps of infantry into Manchester, with all the new horse and a regiment of dragoons, and when all danger of a return of the rebels is over, this advanced corps shall return about Lichfield or Coventry, by which the King's orders will be fully complied with." By December 12 the Government were thoroughly alarmed at the news from France, and sent orders to Cumberland, and also to Ligonier, then at Lichfield, to return at once with the troops to London. Letters had been intercepted which indicated that invasion was imminent, and, though Hardwicke regarded them as designed to deceive, the Ministry felt constrained to take action.⁴ These orders were followed by counter-orders,⁵ dated December 14, approving Cumberland's action, and leaving it to him to continue the pursuit if he saw fit, in spite of the despatch of December 12. Cumberland replied from Preston on December 16: "I received just now your letter of Saturday, December 14th, and will attempt, if possible, to make up the 24 hours delay occasioned by that of the 12th. Had His Majesty's orders for the return of this advance corps which is with me related to a less important subject, I might have even ventured to have put off the execution of them for some time, but as the immediate preservation of H.M.'s person and of London were concerned, I could not think of suffering myself to disobey them, tho' it was the greatest disappointment ever befel me."⁶ Cumberland, as usual, was being sore let and hindered in his military movements by the King's orders.

¹ Son of the Duke of Berwick and grandson of James II.; b. 1715, d. 1758.

² S.P., Dom., George II., bundle 83.

³ *Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1745.

⁴ Add. MSS., 32,706: Newcastle to Hardwicke, December 17, 1745.

⁵ In the meanwhile Newcastle had learnt that the rebels were flying in panic (Cumberland Papers).

⁶ Cumberland Papers.

Meanwhile Wade had despatched 1,000 cavalry under General Oglethorpe, who by rapid marching effected a junction with Cumberland at Preston. The united force then continued the pursuit. The retreat of the Highland army had shown a very different character to the advance. Disappointment and hardship had led to plundering and disorder—retaliation had followed—and Charles found himself marching through a country now openly hostile, the inhabitants bent on slaying or taking prisoners. Charles himself no longer walked at the head of the clans, but, utterly dispirited, and mounted on a black charger said to have belonged to Colonel Gardiner¹ of the dragoons, rode after the van. It was a desperate march. To fall sick, to straggle, or to falter by the way, meant certain death either at the hands of the country-people or, later, at the hands of the law. In Manchester they had to contend with an angry mob; at Kendal the Duke of Perth had to fight his way through the town. The county militia, who were mounted on horseback, hung on their line of march, and harassed them whenever possible. Beacons kindled on the hill-tops warned the countryside of their approach. Snow and an Arctic temperature intensified their hardships. Cumberland, with his cavalry at their heels, allowed them no pause in which to slacken or recruit.

On the morning of the 18th, a few miles from Penrith, Lord George Murray was in difficulty with his transport. The delay caused by the passage of cannon and ammunition gave the pursuers time at last to get into touch with the Highlanders. Cumberland, intending that night to lodge at Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's country-seat, had sent on a footman to give warning of his arrival. The footman fell a prisoner to some Highlanders who were searching the park for stray militiamen. He informed Lord George that Cumberland was approaching with 5,000 cavalry.² Lord George determined to hold the village of Clifton and delay the pursuit. Late that afternoon towards sunset, as Cumberland came to the edge of the moor which lies above that village, he found a force of 1,000 men drawn up behind hedgerows in a hollow beyond the village. After reconnoitring the position, he determined to attack immediately. Dismounting the dragoons, he caused them to advance on the enemy. For half an hour a smart fire was maintained between the two forces in the dusk. As night fell, Lord George gave the order to Clunie Macpherson's battalion to charge. By the light of a fitful moon, matchlocks were of little avail against broadswords. The charge of the Highlanders was successful. The dragoons, with the loss of some forty or fifty men killed, were driven back up the slope to the main body halted on the moorland above. Lord George then continued his retreat, and on the next day joined the remainder of the army under Charles at Carlisle. Cumberland, in sending his account of this skirmish to the Duke of Newcastle, wrote: "When the officers of the King's Own Regiment were wounded at the skirmish at Clifton village, the Rebels cried 'No quarter! Murder them!' and they received several wounds after they were knocked down."³ The importance of this statement will be better appreciated later. Meanwhile it shows that brutality was no longer to be confined to one side, and that a spirit of retaliation, once abroad, assumes savage shapes.

It was the first contact between the army commanded by Cumberland and the army commanded by Charles, between the two youths of royal descent, fighting, the one to hold,

¹ Cumberland Papers: Cumberland to Newcastle, Penrith, December 20, 1746.

² Killed at Prestonpans.

³ Narrative of Lord Elcho.

the other to win a throne for their respective sires. It is possibly to the credit of human nature, but certainly to the falsifying of history, that the picturesque has more endurance than the actual, that long after facts have been obliterated sentiment survives, and is apt to colour, if not control, the narrative of events. In the case of the '45 and of the two protagonists who were principally concerned, posterity has long ago made up its mind. It has elected to exalt Charles as a hero of romance, and to condemn Cumberland as a Prince of darkness and brutality. The contest has been uneven. Cumberland stands for the big battalions and the settled order of things, for law and discipline, Whig government, the security of the Protestant faith, a Parliamentary bargain, the sober reasoned sense of the nation, all that was matter-of-fact and unadorned, the preservation of the Hanoverian dynasty, and the authority of a conscientious but wholly uninspiring King in St. James's Palace. Charles, on the other hand, in the eye of subsequent generations, represents just those things which appeal to generous sentiment: an engaging recklessness and spirit of adventure, an ancient and picturesque tradition, an ancestry associated with the fortunes of a kingdom and constantly inspiring romantic and impossible loyalties, a forlorn hope, the pathos of an obsolete creed, and an intangible distinction and grace.

Cumberland, following the plain ends of duty, dealing with his enemies according to the canons of his age, and making no call to the imagination, has been overshadowed and darkened by contrast with Charles—not the Charles of historical truth, but the Charles of ballad and romance, enshrined in Scottish hearts, who is still named with devotion, and whose relics are still the objects of a pious care. Such considerations have unduly enhanced the personality of Charles and obscured the character of Cumberland. Hence it is no easy task to disentangle Cumberland from the cloud of prejudice in which he has been immersed; but when brutal usages are made the subject of indictment, it is well to remember, by way of justification, such episodes as he here records at Clifton.

On December 20 (his twenty-fifth birthday) Charles marched out of Carlisle, and for reasons that are not easy to arrive at he left a garrison of about 350 men, including Mr. Townley and the Manchester regiment, in possession of the town. Whether Charles designed to return with reinforcements gathered over the Border, or whether he felt that at any hazard it was desirable to keep the Stuart standard floating at some point in England, is a question as to which there exists much conflict of evidence. But the unfortunate garrison remained, contrary to the advice of Lord George Murray, and contrary, as now seems clear, to every dictate of common sense and every principle of warfare.

On December 21¹ Carlisle was invested by Cumberland, and the doom of the garrison was sealed.

Whatever view the Duke might take of the lives of those in rebellion against the King, he was amply careful of the lives of those under his command. He therefore determined not to take the town by assault, but to await the arrival of ordnance from Whitehaven, and gunners and powder from General Wade's force. On December 28 Newcastle wrote that the King agreed that it would be a pity to lose good troops in the assault on Carlisle, and that Cumberland was empowered to treat with the rebels for capitulation "on condition of their being all to be transported to the West Indies, for if they should all be made prisoners at discretion, the greatest part of them must be disposed of in that manner." Before this

¹ Cumberland Papers: Cumberland to Newcastle, December 22.

despatch reached Cumberland the ordnance had arrived, the cannonade had proceeded, and the white flag had appeared above the castle. In vain the garrison pleaded for terms: Cumberland was inexorable. "All the terms," he wrote in reply, "H.R.H. will or can grant to the rebel garrison of Carlisle are that they shall not be put to the sword, but be reserved for the King's pleasure." To this the garrison agreed, at the same time and with an altogether misdirected optimism "recommending themselves to H.R.H.'s clemency, and that H.R.H. will be pleased to interpose for them to His Majesty." Cumberland's view of what ought to be done was grimly stated to Newcastle on December 30:¹

"I wish I could have blooded the soldiers with these villains, but it would have cost us many a brave fellow, and it comes to the same end, as they have no sort of claim to the King's mercy and I sincerely hope will meet with none."

So ended Cumberland's first campaign against the rebels. As the delusive preparations at Dunkirk showed no sign of abating, the Duke was recalled to command the troops now assembling from all quarters in the South of England, and Charles, with his Highlanders, was left for the moment to continue his retreat towards Glasgow.

¹ Cumberland Papers.

CHAPTER XIX

FALKIRK AND THE RETREAT OF CHARLES

AT the beginning of January, 1745-46, fears of invasion were still prevalent, and Cumberland, having more than ever the confidence of the Ministry and the nation, was summoned to London to take command of the forces in the South. "Our young Hero," wrote Newcastle on January 6, "returned yesterday morning highly pleased and satisfied with having drove the rebels into their own country, and having bravely retaken Carlisle, considering his strength and the material he had to do it with. All the world is in love with him, and he deserves it."¹

The direction of the troops destined to stamp out the final fires of rebellion in the North was handed over to Lieutenant-General Hawley (1679-1759). Henry Hawley had obtained his commission as far back as 1694. He had seen his fair share of active service in the War of the Spanish Succession. He had served in the Dettingen campaign; and in 1745, at Fontenoy, when Sir James Campbell was shot down at the outset of the engagement, he had succeeded to the command of the cavalry. Cumberland entertained a high opinion of him as a soldier, considering him the "first officer in the whole allied army for leading a line of cavalry."² But his notoriety depends less on his ability as a commander than on his brutality as a disciplinarian. Among soldiers he was known as the "Lord Chief Justice" or "Hangman," and was credited with a passion for frequent and sudden executions. In such an age to have deserved such a reputation denotes an altogether abnormal temperament. The gibbet and the halberds, indeed, seem to have been his sole means of enforcing obedience or establishing discipline, and beyond these his ideas did not carry him. Horace Walpole tells two anecdotes which suffice to show the summary nature of his savage severity. "Last winter," he writes in 1745, "he [Hawley] had intelligence of a spy to come from the French Army: the first notice our army had of his arrival was by seeing him dangle on a gallows in his muff and boots. One of the surgeons of the army begged the body of a soldier who was hanged for desertion, to dissect. 'Well,' said Hawley, 'but then you shall give me the skeleton to hang up in the guard room.' "Such stories, some doubtless apocryphal, could be multiplied, but, like the two here recorded, they merely confirm his general reputation. No less an authority than Wolfe tells us that he was hated by the troops, who stood in awe of his ferocity and held his military knowledge in contempt.³ And if further evidence of his coarseness of fibre and stunted imagination is required, it is to be found in the provisions of his will, which created a great deal of sensation when published upon his death. "But first," it declared, "I direct and order, that as there is now a peace, and I may die the common way, my carcase may be put anywhere— 'tis equal to me; but I will have no more expense or

¹ Add. MSS., 32,706, f. 18.

² Hawley Papers: Richmond to Hawley, January 31, 1747-48.

³ Beckles Wilson: "Life of Wolfe"—James Wolfe to his Mother, p. 280.

ridiculous show than if a poor common soldier, who is as good a man, was to be buried from the hospital. The priest, I conclude, will have his fee: let the puppy have it. Pay the carpenter for the carcase-box." Such was the man to whom the supreme command in Scotland was now to be entrusted.

The Highland army meanwhile had marched to Glasgow (January 6). Here their reception furnished another proof that the cause of Charles had made no further headway in the North. It was in vain that the young Prince rode through the town in his choicest finery. "Our very ladies," writes Cochrane, "had not the curiosity to go near him, and declined going to a ball held by his chiefs. Very few were at the windows when he made his appearance, and such as were declared him not handsome. This no doubt fretted."¹ Melancholy had claimed him for her own, and he left with observers a vivid memory of "the dejection which appeared in his pale fair countenance and downcast eye."² His army was shoeless and in rags, and the levy³ made on the citizens for repairing the ravages of war deepened the hostility with which the Highlanders were regarded. Here, too, Charles received news of the fall of Carlisle. On the other hand, during his absence in England his officers in the North had been busy, and not in vain, scouring the Highlands for recruits. Lord Lewis Gordon, under pain of military execution, had raised men in Aberdeen and Banff. Lord John Drummond had landed with his reinforcements from France, and with a declaration, which he published on his arrival (December $\frac{2}{13}$), to the effect that "we are come to this kingdom with written orders to make war against the King of England, Elector of Hanover, and his adherents; and that the positive orders we have from his Most Christian Majesty are to attack all his enemies in this kingdom." In December, also, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat (1667-1747), shilly-shallying in the fancied security of his fastness at Castle Downie, had been party to the raising of the Frasers by his "undutiful son."

Lovat had been all things by turn. In 1715 he had supported the Crown, and had done more than any single man to render the rising abortive. Mar, the Jacobite general, wrote in February, 1716: "Lovat is the life and soul of the party [i.e., the Hanoverian] here; the whole country and his name dote on him: all the Frasers have left us since his appearing in the country." But he was no disinterested patriot, and, finding his services insufficiently rewarded by the honour of King George II. standing godfather to his child, he returned to his early allegiance, and, with the promise of a Stuart dukedom in his pocket, became a member of the organization formed in Scotland for promoting Jacobite interests. After Prestonpans (September, 1745) he so far committed himself that he assented to his clan being raised for Charles. At the same time he boxed the compass, and kept up a show of loyalty to the House of Hanover in a friendly correspondence with the Lord President Forbes of Culloden. In December Lord Loudoun, commanding at Inverness, had made a descent on Castle Downie, and persuaded the old chieftain to accompany him to Inverness. Lovat's duplicity had become too palpable; the Government were determined that he should no longer pursue his crafty policy of trying to get the best out of both worlds. Compromising papers were found in his possession, and the inventory of the "trinkets" "in his trunk throws a

¹ "Cochrane Correspondence," p. 63.

² Andrew Lang: "Prince Charles Edward," p. 239.

³ Twelve thousand shirts, 6,000 bonnets, 6,000 pairs of shoes, 6,000 pairs of stockings, 6,000 waistcoats; total valued at £10,000.

curious light on the versatility of his genius: “some pieces of gold, silver and copper coin, a woman’s equipage of silver gilt, loaded dice, Glyster pipes, an old silver watch, human hair, false teeth, physick, a brass ring with a crucifix, a silver medal of the Pretender, etc.”¹ But no one knew better than Lovat that it is a blind goose that goes to the fox’s sermon, and after a conversation with Lord Loudoun, in which he told Lovat that “he had as much to say against me as would hang all the Frasers of my clan,”² Lovat took advantage of the lax vigilance with which he was guarded, and made his escape (January $\frac{2}{13}$).

The accession of the Frasers, the Macintoshes, a few Mackenzies, the men from Aberdeen and Banff under Lord Lewis Gordon, a few more from the West under Macdonald of Barrisdale, young Glengarry and the elder Lochiel, and the detachments of French-Irish regiments under Lord John Drummond, constituted a second army of some 4,000 men who in January were ready to form a junction with Prince Charles. On January 3 the Highland army quitted Glasgow with the object of uniting with this second army in the vicinity of Stirling. On January 8 the town of Stirling capitulated to Charles, and General Blakeney, in command of the troops, withdrew to the castle.

Hawley, who had now received his reinforcements, learning the movements of the enemy, moved out of Edinburgh, with his army of twelve battalions and three regiments of dragoons, in all some 6,800 men, to the relief of Stirling. Near Stirling he was joined by Cobham’s dragoons, the Glasgow militia, and the Argyllshire Highlanders, which brought his command up to about 8,000 men.³ On January 17, on a stormy evening of wind and rain, the two armies met on Falkirk Muir. In numbers the two armies were nearly matched. After a short and fierce encounter, night found the Highlanders masters of the field, and the King’s army in full retreat. For the second time in five months the regular army had suffered a reverse. To Cumberland, Hawley wrote the same night: “My heart is broke. I can’t say we are quite beat today, but our left is beat and theyr left is beat. We had enoughe to beat them, for we had two thousand men more than they, but suche scandalous cowardice I never saw before, the whole second line of foot ran away without firing a shott.” Cumberland replied in a letter conspicuous for generosity of spirit and delicacy of feeling:

“St. James,
“*January ye 23^d*.”

“GENERALL HAWLEY,

“I have deferred answering your two letters, the one before, the other after, the affair, till we had received an ampler account how matters stood, and today the desired account arrived, which has eased people’s minds vastly. I sincerely congratulate you on the King’s being interely sattisfied with your conduct on that disagreeable ocasion. I can assure you that I think you have done wonders in coming off so after such a panick was struck in the troops. On the allarm that your first letter gave I was ordered for Scotland, but no way because of the least dissatisfaction of you, but thinking the eclat necessary, and the King objected to Legonier when proposed because it might be construed superseeding of you. If you should have ye success I believe you will have before I may get to you, then I flatter myself I shan’t

¹ Cumberland Papers.

² Lord Lovat to his Son, January, 1746 (papers belonging to Lord Lovat).

³ Blaikie: “Itinerary of Prince Charles Edward.” p. 96.

visit you. As to the behaviour of the Irish Dragoons I am not surprized, for escaping the first time made them like safe methods, but I hope that the orders the Duke of Newcastle sends you this post will hinder such proceedings for the future, Officers should especially be made examples of. Pray make my compliments to all your little staff, to every one in particular. Nobody was better able to feall for you than I was, having fealt such a distress myself, for God's sake purge the foot, for they did not use to run away formerly."¹

The Duke was now looked on as the one man capable of retrieving the disaster. "The great dependence," wrote Walpole, "is on the Duke; the soldiers adore him, and with reason; he has a lion's courage, vast vigilance and activity, and, I am told, great military genius."

At one o'clock on the morning of January 25, Cumberland, amid the huzzas of a large crowd assembled notwithstanding the hour, left St. James's Palace for Edinburgh. At three o'clock on the morning of January 30 he arrived at Holy-rood. Here he occupied the rooms which barely four months previously had been the scene of that brief revival of Stuart sovereignty. At once a new spirit was infused into the situation. Waverers were rallied and loyalists renewed their confidence, for, as the Lord Justice Clerk wrote to Newcastle on February 1, "The arrival of his Royal Highness the Duke has done the business, animated the army, and struck the rebels with terror and confusion."

The morning of the 30th was spent in receptions and councils of war. The clergy, the dignitaries of the University, and the principal inhabitants of the city, waited upon the Duke at Holyrood, and later he received the ladies, who were as inconstant to the memory of the young Stuart Prince as Edinburgh herself. One young lady, Miss Kerr, the Court chronicler relates, "made a very fine appearance: at the top of her stays, on her Breast, was a crown well done in Beaugles, and underneath, in letters extremely plain to be seen, was William Duke of Cumberland, and on the Right side of the Crown was the word Britain's, and on the left Hero!" This feminine enthusiasm was pleasing to the Hero, who "received the ladies with great familiarity, saluted each of them, and made them a short speech."

That afternoon he wrote as follows to the Secretary of State:

"EDINBURGH,
"Jan. 30, 174⁵/₆."

"MY LORD DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

"This morning about 3 I arrived, having met on the road with all manner of civilities and respect. Everything here was in readiness to move, and after the state of things had been well considered I thought it of the utmost importance to move to the relief of Stirling Castle, which we are under some pains for, tho the rebels have as yet mounted but 3 guns. They have made a seeming disposition for saving their baggage in case of another affair, but I believe they propose themselves to retire to Perth without coming to blows if they can take the Castle before we come up.

"As we shall march as far as Lithgow tomorrow, this town will have all their own Regiments left, and many of the County Militia called in, besides about 400 of the broken Regiments in the Castle: the Irish Dragoons (which to will be left here) and Bligh's will on Saturday come here Kerr's remain. We shall take with us fourteen Battalions and Cobham's Dragoons, enough to drive them off the face of the earth, if they will do their duty, which we must expect.

¹ Hawley Papers.

“I send a copy of our new order of Battle and of Mr. Hawley’s late one in the last unhappy affair. I put all the cavalry in the third line, because the Rebels by all accounts don’t fear that as they do our fire, and on that I depend. As Hawley communicated to me copies of the infamous sentences that are past on our cowardly officers,¹ I thought it better to pardon all the private men, to give a sort of favour to the Corps. If I might venture to give my opinion on the officers, I wish the King superseded them all since they are not hanged.

“I am,

“Your affectionate friend,

“WILLIAM.”

Unfortunately for posterity, Cumberland’s statement that one of his halting-places would be Linlithgow was realized. On the night of January 31 the Duke slept at the ancient and historic palace of that name. The next morning, as the troops assembled on parade, the palace was seen to be in flames. The carelessness of some of Cumberland’s soldiers who were quartered in the building was said to have been the cause of the fire and the consequent ruin to which the residence, through so many centuries, of Scottish Kings is now reduced.

The next day saw the army of fourteen battalions of foot, the Argyllshire Highlanders, Cobham’s dragoons, and four troops of Mark Kerr’s, in motion for the relief of Stirling. The Duke quitted Holyrood in a coach presented to him by Lord Hopetoun. On the outskirts of the city his charger awaited him. And here that fickle populace which had gathered to cheer Prince Charles as he entered Holyrood had assembled to do honour to Cumberland as he set out for his Highland campaign. Stretching out his hand, he said to those about him, “Shall we not have one song?” and then, to the delight of his Scottish hearers, as he galloped off he broke into the old Scots melody, “Will you play me fair, Highland Laddie, Highland Laddie?”

The task before him had been rendered far more serious by the defeat at Falkirk. The general situation was as follows: Inverness was held for King George by Lord Loudoun and the Laird of Macleod with some 2,000 loyal Highlanders, who had been raised for service by the persuasive diplomacy of the Lord President Forbes of Culloden. A squadron of the King’s ships under the command of Admiral Byng was patrolling the east coast and intercepting further supplies from France on that side of Scotland. Montrose, Stonehaven, Peterhead, and Aberdeen, the principal east coast ports, were in the hands of the Jacobites, as were the counties of Aberdeen and Banff and the greater part of Perthshire. In the west, Fort Augustus and Fort William were still held by the Crown; but they were shortly to be invested, their capture being regarded by Lord George Murray as essential for maintaining communication with the west coast, where alone Charles could look for future succours from France. Spanish pistoles and Scottish money circulating in Ulster was evidence to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland that, as he had reason to suspect, supplies were being regularly smuggled across the Channel from Ireland to the Highland army.²

It is difficult to form any accurate estimate of the extent to which the Stuart cause was favoured in Scotland generally. Cumberland later declared that from Forfarshire northwards disaffection was rife everywhere, that whole districts, such as “the country of the

¹ Since Falkirk courts-martial had been sitting in Edinburgh for the trial of officers and men charged with misconduct in the battle.

² Cumberland Papers: Chesterfield, to Sir E. Fawkener.

Drummonds and Strathallans,” were disloyal to a man, and that the Episcopal chapels and meeting-houses were active centres and nurseries of disaffection throughout Scotland.¹ But whereas in 1715 the Established Church of Scotland had been lukewarm and inclined to neutrality, in 1745 the ministers were as one man in their support of the Crown. They no longer thought it sufficient to pray for their “Protestant sovereign,” but directions were given that King George should be expressly named in prayer, lest any rumour as to a change in the religion of the Stuart representative should lead to confusion in the minds of their congregations. In Edinburgh the ministers were active in raising men, and throughout the country, by their loyal addresses and zeal for the King’s service, they earned the gratitude of Cumberland and the Government.²

But nothing reveals more clearly the decline of the Stuart cause than the contrast between 1715 and 1745. In the former year the forces of rebellion had found recruits in the Lowlands equally with the Highlands. In 1745 the long years of tranquillity, the development of industry, and the widening commercial prosperity, had for the most part secured the Lowlands to the Crown. The zone of disaffection had been pushed back. Disloyalty was now focussed in the North. It was from the mountain and the mist, from remote and lawless areas, in chivalrous obedience to the call of clan loyalty, that the major portion of Charles’s army came. In 1715 Mar had under his command 2,500 cavalry; the mounted men in 1745 numbered scarcely 500. In 1745 Duncan Forbes was able to raise 2,000 Highlanders to fight for King George, and it was these men, under Lord Loudoun, who hemmed in the North of Scotland and were intercepting succours from the regions above Inverness. Moreover, at no time did Charles have under his command an army at all equal in numbers to that which had rallied to the white cockade in 1715. On the other hand, in 1715 there was no military leader comparable in ability to Lord George Murray, and at the time when Cumberland began his Scottish campaign the regular army had already twice been defeated, and was at its lowest point of demoralization. It was therefore no light undertaking to which the Duke was now committed.

His immediate object was to force an engagement with the Highland army. He had no doubt as to the result. He knew the spirit of his troops was sound, and it was with complete confidence in their willingness to respond to the call of a leader they trusted and adored that he set out from Edinburgh in the hope of bringing Charles to instant battle. Before marching off he made, as his letter to Newcastle shows, an important change in the existing order of battle. Prestonpans and Falkirk had convinced him that the shock action of cavalry was of no avail against the clansmen. He therefore disposed the troops so that the first two lines should consist of infantry with the cavalry in support.

At Falkirk he was to meet with disappointment. On February 1 we find him writing to the Secretary of State:

“FALKIRK,
“February 1, 1745(6).

“MY LORD DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,

¹ The number of Episcopal clergymen in Scotland at this time was about 130 (Mathieson: “Scotland and the Union, 1695-1747,” p. 369)

² *Scots Magazine*, 1746, pp. 32, 225, 226; “[Memoirs of the Rebellion, so far as it concerned the counties of Aberdeen and Banff](#),” by W. B. Blaikie.

“In my last, of the 30th of last month, I informed you of our intention to march to the relief of Stirling Castle. When I wrote that, I hoped that the Rebels flush’d with their late success would have given us an opportunity of finishing this affair at once, which I am morally sure would have been in our Favour, as the Troops in general shew’d all the Spirit that I could wish, and would have retrieved whatever slips are past. But to my great astonishment, the Rebels have blown up their Powder Magazine and are retired over the Forth at Frew.¹

The cause of the Highlanders’ retreat is obscure. Charles himself had been in favour of waiting Cumberland’s attack. A plan of battle had been prepared at his instance by Lord George Murray, and it was generally believed throughout the Highland army that an engagement was imminent. But late in the evening of January 29 there was presented to Charles in his bedroom at Bannockburn a memorial from the chiefs, setting forth that, owing to the desertions since the Battle of Falkirk, their army was no longer in a condition to encounter Cumberland. Once again, as at Derby, at the moment when to Charles’s sanguine imagination events were moving in his favour, he was to be frustrated by the action of his officers. The news cast him into a paroxysm of despair, and after reading the document “he struck his head against the wall till he staggered,” exclaiming: “Good God! have I lived to see this?”²

His reply, written the following morning, protested with dignity and reason against the proposed retreat. Later on the same day he wrote a further answer, and concluded with despairing and prophetic words: “After all this I know I have an Army y^t I cannot command any further than the Chief Officers please, and therefore if you are all resolved upon it I must yield: but I take God to witness that it is with the greatest reluctance and that I wash my hands of the fatal consequences w^{ch} I foresee but cannot help.”³ Whether the real motive of the retreat was the number of desertions, or, as some say, dissensions among the leaders, or fear of Cumberland, is of little moment. The outstanding fact is that the retreat was ordered, and that on February 1 at break of day the Highland army vacated its position, and within a few hours was in full flight, “no where 1,000 men together, the army in small bodies and in great confusion, leaving carts and cannon on the road.”⁴

Once across the Forth, order was re-established and the army divided into two portions, Charles, with the main body of the Highlanders, taking Wade’s road to Inverness; Lord George Murray, with the cavalry, the French pickets, and the remainder of the army, marching north by the coast road.

It was now that Cumberland’s difficulties were to begin. He had before him, and constantly shifting its ground, a mobile force moving through a country for the most part friendly, able to support itself in the districts where it might be quartered, inured to every form of hardship and fatigue, and whose method of fighting had twice proved successful against trained and regular troops. At any moment, moreover, this (force might retreat to the hills, and the contest degenerate into a guerrilla struggle to be indefinitely prolonged, or, disbanding for the moment, the Highlanders might return to their homes, and the embers

¹ Cumberland Papers.

² Home: “History of the Rebellion, 1745,” p. 355.

³ Printed in “Itinerary of Prince Charles Stuart” (Blaikie), p. 78.

⁴ “Affairs of Scotland, 1744-1746”: Narrative of Lord Elcho, p. 385.

of rebellion smoulder till time and occasion gave a fresh chance for another rising. That, indeed, was the fear of the Duke. "For should this rebellion," he wrote, "end any way but by the sword I apprehend that . . . the authors and actors will not be sufficiently punished to prevent another."¹ He believed that the flight from Stirling betokened the end of open warfare, and to Admiral Byng he expressed his solicitude lest Charles might give him the slip and escape overseas. From Stirling the Duke moved to Crieff; his plan of campaign now that the Highlanders had evaded action was to retake the ports on the east coast, and sweep the country between the Grampians and the sea as far north as Inverness. He was greatly hampered in his task by the gross insufficiency of the commissariat. At Perth he was delayed for a fortnight by want of supplies. The Government contractor, at all times a stumbling-block, and in this case a rascally Portuguese, Gomes Serra by name, was unable to supply more than four days' bread. The troops, in a winter of fierce storms and snow and exceptional cold, were short of clothing. "I hope," wrote the Duke from Perth, February 6, "the clothing will come down soon, otherwise the poor soldiers will be quite naked."² Specie was needed to pay the men. The country was hostile, and the difficulty of obtaining correct information wellnigh insuperable. In all his campaigns, whether in Scotland or on the Continent, the Duke, like Stair before him, suffered through the inadequacy of his intelligence department. It was the least developed and the least efficient department of the army. The Highlanders, on the other hand, had spies and friends strewn in every corner of the country, as might be expected where disaffection was sporadic and indigenous, and had no difficulty in showing an intelligent anticipation of coming events. But all difficulties were overcome by the resolution and resource of Cumberland, and by February 20 he was able to move to Montrose, leaving a guard of 500 men to hold Blair Castle, and another of 200 posted at Castle Menzies to command the Tay bridge.

Nothing in the Duke's career is more remarkable than the rapidity with which he gave back to the army the confidence it had lost. He knew how to deal with and appeal to his soldiers. Trusted by them, he in his turn trusted them. His letters show it. He never faltered in his belief that they would accomplish what he expected of them. The eclat of his personality, the robustness of his character, the self-confidence and dignity of his bearing, the readiness with which he shared the hardships of the men and endured fatigue, and his single-mindedness of purpose, all stamped themselves on the soldier's mind. His mere presence at the head of affairs was an earnest of vigour, and raised the morale of the troops from the depths to which it had declined. The memory of defeats under Cope and Hawley was wiped out, and the army was led to look forward with eagerness to a conflict with the Highlanders. Such was the force of the personal equation among a compact body of men, whom the strictness of discipline rendered capable of being easily elated or depressed, and peculiarly sensitive to such influences.

Meanwhile a Ministerial crisis, for which Newcastle and his brother have been freely condemned, had been taking place in London. The King, since his return in October, had been ill-disposed to his Government. The attempt to introduce Pitt to his counsels as Minister for War in November had been received with the utmost resentment. Now the attempt was to be renewed. During the heat of the rebellion Newcastle had been graciously

¹ S.P., Scotland, Second Series: Cumberland to Newcastle, March 13, 1746.

² Cumberland Papers: Cumberland to Newcastle.

received; as the danger became more remote, the King's demeanour visibly altered, and he made no disguise of his animosity. "The Closet grows worse than ever," wrote Newcastle to Richmond. "We are now come to bad language. *Incapacity* to my brother. Spectator of other people's policy and measures, and yesterday *Pitiful Fellows*. Lord Chancellor and I are of opinion it is impossible to continue under such treatment and management of business." The King was showing that, if he could not get the Ministers he wanted, he could at least make things extremely disagreeable for those he had got. By February 21 Newcastle and his following in the Cabinet had come to the conclusion that the state of affairs could not continue. Ministers were being openly flouted by the King. Lord Granville and Lord Bath were being favoured with a preference and confidence which must sooner or later lead to a crisis. "Our situation therefore became as dangerous as it was disagreeable. And as our young Marcellus had by his bare appearance drove the Rebels to their mountains, we thought the publick affairs could not suffer with regard to the Rebellion at home, and the intended invasion from France is at present laid aside, and I hope we are now so well armed both by sea and land that they will not venture to resume it."¹ The Ministry again desired to give the office of Secretary of State for War to Pitt, who was now the foremost figure in the Commons. The King was determined he should not have it. The King was in favour of an immediate and vigorous prosecution of the war on the Continent. The Ministry were equally determined that the rebellion at home must first be quelled. Lord Bath and Lord Granville backed up the King. On February 21 Newcastle and Harrington resigned the seals. "This Resolution," wrote Newcastle to Chesterfield, "was taken upon a firm conviction that the King's dislike of his Ministers and disapprobation of them and unwillingness to give them support made it impracticable for us to carry on his Affairs with success." The following day the King was inundated with seals, white sticks, gold keys, commissions, and all the emblems of office. Everyone was for resigning. Modern conditions rather than any conspicuous change in human motives have rendered such tactics obsolete, or at any rate unnecessary. Newcastle was neither the first nor the last Minister to do what was expedient for carrying on the King's Government or keeping in office. He has been attacked with more vehemence than justice. It has been said that he and his colleagues took advantage of the country's embarrassment to press their case upon an unwilling Sovereign. But it is clear that the King, with or without reason, had made the position of Ministers intolerable. Newcastle waited till danger from the rebellion was remote² and till danger from invasion was negligible. Then he adopted the only means open to him of clearing the air and obtaining a verdict in his favour. When the news of the resignation reached Cumberland in a letter from Newcastle, he wrote in reply: "It gave me infinite concern, not so much for that reall friendship and personall esteem I allways had for you as for the consequences that may and I fear will attend it. I tremble for the old Whig cause that fix'd us here and that must support us here."³ Cumberland had imbibed his early ideas of politics from Sir Robert Walpole. That statesman had taught him, and had endeavoured to teach the nation, exactly what the Duke indicates in his letter—namely, that the Hanover cause was a Whig cause, that the revolution was a Whig revolution, and that for the Crown to be dependent on the Tories was, in other

¹ Add. MSS., 32,726, f. 136: Newcastle to Chesterfield, February 10, 1746.

² See his letter to Chesterfield, *supra*, p. 223.

³ Add. MSS., 32,706, f. 157.

words, for the Throne to be at the mercy of a Stuart restoration. But there was little cause for anxiety. The resignation took place on Monday, February 10. On Wednesday, February 12, Lord Bath and Lord Granville, who had undertaken together to form a Government, had found "it would not do," and restored the seals to the Sovereign. "The poor King," wrote Horace Walpole, "had floundered to no purpose." The episode marked a step in the development of constitutional usage, and gave a clearer definition to the limits of the Sovereign's power. Bath and Granville could not count on a majority in the Commons, and to this the good-will of the King was no offset. The net result was the return to power of Newcastle's administration greatly strengthened by the experience, the exclusion of Lord Bath from the Cabinet, and the admission of Pitt to the lucrative post of Vice-Treasurer for Ireland. As for Lord Granville, he treated the occurrence with his usual good-humour. "He laughs and drinks," wrote a correspondent, "and owns it was mad, and owns he would do it again tomorrow." Indeed, so little did he take it seriously that, when it was suggested to him that, according to custom, he should notify his accession to power to the English representative in Italy, he exclaimed: "To Italy! no; before the courier can get thither I shall be out again." "Out" he certainly was, and under circumstances which to a less jovial and detached temperament would have appeared ignominious.

The Pelham Ministry was now stronger than ever. They had exacted their conditions, and shown the King that he could not get on without them. The King had tried a fall with Newcastle, whom he was never tired of declaring was not fit to be Chamberlain in a petty German State, and that redoubtable office-holder had won. Thenceforward there was less friction between the Sovereign and his Ministers. George II. had too much sense to be at sixes and sevens with the inevitable, and he now gave his cordial support to the Government in their immediate policy of suppressing the rebellion.

Meanwhile, in the North, Cumberland's forces had been augmented by the arrival at Leith, on February 8, of 5,000 Hessian troops under Prince Frederick of Hesse, in accordance with a treaty of subsidy concluded with the King of Sweden as Landgrave of Hesse. These troops, destined to replace the Dutch who had been recalled on the representations of France to the States-General,¹ were moved to Perth and Dunkeld, and allotted the duty of guarding the Lowlands and preventing any attempt of the Highland army to slip back to the South.

The Duke's plan was to hold Perth and Dunkeld as the gates to the Highlands, and, using these as the pivot of his movements, to wheel his forces through the country lying to the east. Weather, commissariat, the difficulties of transport, and the inability to obtain trustworthy intelligence, hampered his movements. Everywhere he was finding disaffection, or a circumspect neutrality such as was shown by the Town Council of Forfar, who, he writes to Newcastle, had made a minute in their Council-book "not to take any oaths till they sh'd see which side was like to be uppermost."² But he continued to push forward, performing a task from which many would have shrunk in pursuance of a winter campaign in a mountainous and unfriendly country. The rebellion had to be crushed, and crushed at once. France had to be instructed that the Stuart cause was a lost cause. Prince Charles could not be left to linger as a centre of treason in the Highlands.

¹ See *ante*, p. 214.

² Cumberland Papers: Cumberland to Newcastle, March 9, 1746.

Minor successes continued to attend the rebel arms. The “rout of Moy,” the “skirmish of Keith,” the capture of the Castle of Inverness, February 20, and the consequent flight of Lord Loudoun and his men to the island of Skye, placed Inverness and Sutherland in the hands of Charles, and showed that the fighting capabilities of his men were still unimpaired. Lord Crawford and Prince Frederick of Hesse, who had come over in command of the Hessian contingent, even proposed to abandon Perth and fall back on Crieff upon the capture of some outposts by the Highlanders under Lord George Murray, March 17. Cumberland was indignant at such a proposal, and ordered them instantly to advance to the relief of Blair Castle, which they successfully did. Subsequently he severely reprimanded Crawford, and, in reporting the matter to Newcastle, said,¹ “If his [Crawford’s] head was as good as his heart, His Majesty would not have a better officer in his whole army”; but as Lord Crawford’s head apparently failed to fulfil this condition, he proposed sending him to Flanders, and substituting Lord Albemarle, “as the Hessians themselves wish an Englishman with them, in which they are extremely in the right.”

By February 27 the Duke with his army was at Aberdeen. Charles was in the neighbourhood of Inverness. Part of the Highland force was detached on March 3 to attack Fort Augustus and Fort William. Fort Augustus surrendered on March 5; Fort William, on the other hand, made a gallant defence, and the siege had finally to be abandoned on April 4. During March the Duke remained at Aberdeen, concentrating his troops and preparing for his final advance. Arms, money, and men, were dribbling across from France for Charles, sometimes being captured, occasionally getting through. On March 25 the *Hazard* sloop, which had been captured by the Jacobites in Montrose Harbour on November 24, and renamed the *Prince Charles*,² was pursued by four ships of Admiral Byng’s squadron, and driven ashore at Tongue; 156 men and £12,000 of louis d’or thus fell into the hands of the Crown.

¹ Cumberland Papers, March 20, 1746.

² Blaikie: “Itinerary of Prince Charles.” p. 43.

CHAPTER XX CULLODEN

As the day of battle approached, the Ministry in London seem to have been under some apprehension as to the result. Newcastle urged the Duke to send for more men from London, and, quite unsolicited, on March 21 despatched four battalions on transports for Leith.

In the long halt at Aberdeen the Duke endeavoured to enliven the town with a ball, and blind Jack of Knares-borough,¹ Captain Thornton's fiddler, relates that he was called on to supply in person the only stringed music to be obtained in Aberdeen. Country-dances adapted to the rudimentary tastes of the North were commanded by the Duke, who appears to have been indefatigable in his activity and to have danced a somewhat exiguous company off their legs, and delighted his guests by calling out, whenever the solitary musician showed signs of flagging, "Play up, Thornton!" thereby designating the blind fiddler by his master's name.

A more significant accompaniment to the stay in Aberdeen was the perfecting among the troops of a bayonet exercise devised by the Duke. Bayonets, it had been found, were useless for a frontal attack against the targets of the Highlanders. The new drill prescribed that each soldier should engage, not the man facing him, but the man on his immediate right, whose target, held on the left arm, would thus lose its protective power.

The delay in Aberdeen was due to infamous weather, which made the Spey unfordable, and the difficulty of collecting supplies for the advance. It was not till April 8 that the Duke was able to move forward. On the 11th he was at Cullen. Here his army concentrated, and he was joined by Lord Albemarle, who had been stationed at Strathbogie with six battalions and two cavalry regiments, and by General Mordaunt, who had been in command of a reserve force of three battalions and four guns at Old Meldrum.

The line of the Spey had been held by a force of about 2,000 Highlanders under Lord John Drummond. Cumberland's advance was unexpected. The first intimation conveyed to the rebels was by a messenger, who burst into the room of the Minister's house in Speymouth, where Perth, Drummond, and Roy Stuart, were at breakfast, and cried that "the Enzie was all in a vermine of Red Quides."² No attempt, however, was made to dispute the passage of the river. The Highlanders withdrew, and on the 14th Cumberland encamped at Nairn.

As Cumberland advanced, Perth and Drummond retired through Forres and Nairn to Culloden, which they reached April 14.³ It is a proof of the solicitude the Duke had for the country-people at this time, that, after the river had been crossed, and the soldiers,

¹ "The Life of John Metcalfe, commonly called 'Blind Jack of Knaresborough'" p. 103.

² I.e., a verminous swarm of red coats.

³ Blaikie: "Itinerary," p. 44.

erroneously believing the whole population north of the Spey to be rebels, had seized the sheep and cattle, he caused restitution to be made, and gave the minister of the parish £50 to be divided among the owners, and directed him if that was insufficient to demand whatever was required. His orders in Aberdeenshire and earlier had strictly limited the seizures by his soldiers to the cattle and forage only of rebels; other effects were to be dealt with by the common law. Retaliatory burnings of houses, it is true, took place, and the unfortunate inhabitants were in the predicament that if they refused to “go out” they had a chance of having their houses burnt by Lord Lewis Gordon, and that if they did “go out” they had an even better chance of having them burnt by Cumberland. But as a matter of fact, except in the case of the Papist and Nonjuring meeting-houses, this extreme measure was seldom made use of.

On the march from Aberdeen the Duke gained fresh esteem from his soldiers by accompanying them on foot. And it is related that on the march between Old Meldrum and Banff, a distance of twenty miles, a soldier’s wife who was carrying a young child, growing faint, begged her husband to carry her burden. The soldier said he could not, as he was weighted by his arms; whereupon the Duke, who had overheard the conversation, bade the fellow give him his musket to carry, at the same time ordering him to ease the woman of her load. Probably few commanders have had closer personal contact with his soldiers than the Duke, and such instances of humanity, amply attested, are not easily reconciled with the gross ferocity that history has attributed to him. Letters from correspondents in Aberdeen show the favourable impression he made on those who saw him. “Our friends,” wrote one, “when they see him equally attentive to business and diversion, and as solicitous to please as to execute his office, ask whether the Duke was sent down to civilize or subdue the North.”¹ Another wrote: “I attend his Court daily, not to ask anything, but to hear and admire his good sense and virtue, which appears in all he says and does. He has been here above fourteen days, and I protest I have not heard him say a mean thing all the time I have been to wait at his Levée. . . . He appears to be thoughtful, wise, sedate, and good natur’d as well as brave.” And in the esteem of the ladies he had begun to usurp the place of his more favoured and romantic adversary.

Long before the Duke moved from Aberdeen it was evident, from the activity of the Highlanders, that Charles intended to submit the Stuart cause to the hazard of a general action. While Lord John Drummond was watching the line of the Spey, Lord George Murray had been making a raid into Perthshire and attacking Blair Castle; Gordon of Glenbucket had captured Ruthven in Badenoch; Perth had dispersed the forces of Lord Loudoun in Sutherlandshire; Fort Augustus had surrendered; Fort William was hard pressed; and many of the clansmen who had returned to their homes were rejoining in the neighbourhood of Inverness for the last rally to the Stuart Prince.

From March 3 Charles himself was principally in residence at Inverness, living in the house of the Dowager Lady Mackintosh. “He appeared gayer even than usual,” writes Maxwell; “he gave frequent balls to the ladies of Inverness, and danced himself, which he had declined doing at Edinburgh, in the midst of his grandeur and prosperity. All that could be done was to keep up people’s spirits.” It was during these days of waiting that he finally learnt that there would be no French expedition. The Court of France had played him false.

¹ Marchant: “History of the Rebellion,” p. 374.

He must have realized now that he was no more than “the occasional tool of their politics, not the real object of their care.”¹ The fates were closing in about him. Yet he still averred that English soldiers would with difficulty be got to attack him, and that only those who were afraid could doubt his coming victory.² But when he contrasted the triumph of Holyrood and the advance into England with the long retreat and the daily narrowing of his circumstances; when he saw his army without pay, his soldiers discontented, his officers bickering amongst themselves; when he felt his own suspicions of those he should have trusted surely deepening—must he not have known in his heart that his cause was doomed? His health, too, had begun to suffer. Campaign hardships had told on him. At Elgin he was dangerously ill, and was only saved by the strength of his constitution. We can applaud his gaiety and courage in face of the menace drawing fatally close, and sympathize with the power which amid all his cares could enable him to find diversion in rod fishing for salmon in the River Beaully. All his life Charles had been addicted to sport. When a mere lad he had been famous for his accuracy as a shot. At six and a half, wrote the Duke of Leiria, he could split a rolling ball ten times in succession with his crossbow.³ And such was his marksmanship that, in the gardens of the Villa Borghese, where he and his brother, young Prince Henry, disported themselves, blackbirds and thrushes had almost ceased to exist. His beauty and grace were never so notable as when, mounted on a horse, he was to be seen hunting in the neighbourhood of Rome. In Scotland he had found time during the pause at Bannockburn to hunt on the Duke of Hamilton’s estate, and at Blair he was said to have been every day at the chase. Cumberland, when told, refused to believe it, and on February 10 wrote to Newcastle: “The rebels give out that the young Pretender is every day hawking and hunting at Blair, which does not seem at all suitable to his inclination, for he can hardly sit on horseback, and therefore makes all his marches on foot.” Cumberland’s intelligence department was again at fault, or was jealousy of his young rival the mainspring of his incredulity?

April 15 was the Duke’s birthday. It was celebrated by a halt at Nairn and a mild indulgence for his soldiers of two gallons of brandy for each regiment, paid for from his private purse. Charles and his army were on the same day at Culloden. That evening the Highland army, after a council of war, marched towards the English camp, intending a surprise and night attack. The march was badly planned. The columns failed to keep their distances. Delays followed, and the confused movements of troops, ill-guided, jaded, and unaccustomed to the discipline needed for such an enterprise, soon made it apparent that the manoeuvre must fail. Towards dawn, as twilight was tinging the darkness, and when about three miles from Nairn, the order for retreat was passed along the columns. Weary and half starved, the doomed clansmen turned about, and, stumbling across the moorland, reached Culloden Muir, wet and utterly exhausted, at about seven in the morning. It was an ill training for the struggle before them. For many days the men had been short of food, living on a pitiful allowance of meal. For weeks they had received little or no pay.⁴ Now they

¹ Earl Chesterfield’s speech to the Parliament of Ireland, April 11, 1746.

² “Affairs of Scotland, 1744-1746,” p. 89.

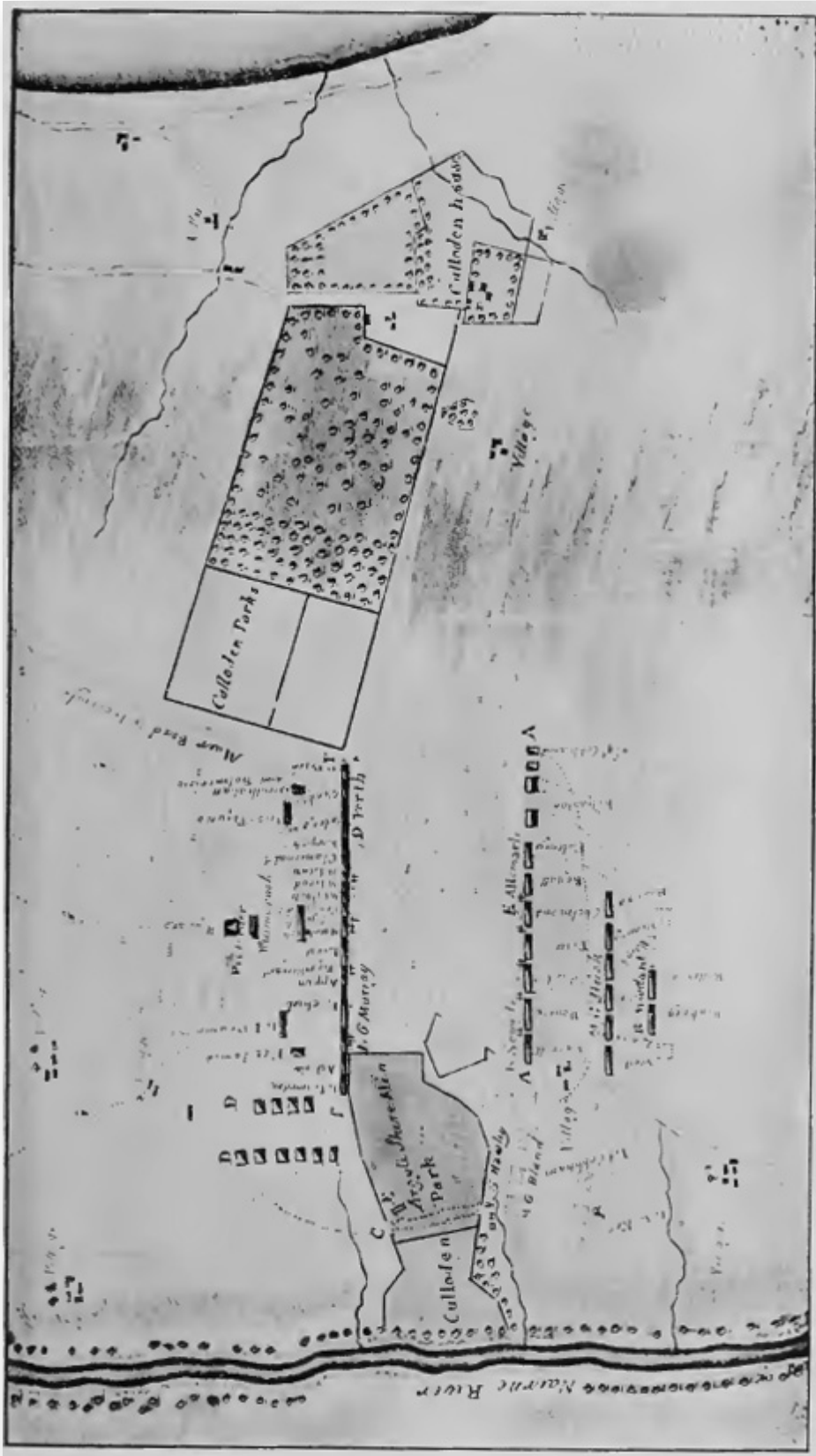
³ Andrew Lang: “Prince Charles Edward,” p. 27; “Affairs of Scotland, 1744-1746,” p. 24.

⁴ The famous engraver, Sir Robert Strange, himself a member of Prince Charles’s army, had recently succeeded in printing some banknotes in Inverness, but the value of these was to prove greater to the future collector of Jacobite relics than to the starving Highlanders of the Jacobite army.

were at the last limits of fatigue and discouragement. Hundreds straggled off towards Inverness in search of food; others, too weary for movement, threw themselves on the moss and heather, and in sleep forgot the ache of hunger. But if this abortive venture had disorganized the men, it had at the same time induced a more subtle and fatal spirit of dissension in high places. Charles again believed himself to have been betrayed. Tradition relates that, when the Prince was informed of Lord George Murray's resolution to abandon the night attack, he exclaimed, "What, Lord George! Did I not command to engage! By God, I am betrayed!" And to Lord Elcho on the day of Culloden battle he attributed his defeat to treason. It has even been stated that on the morning of the engagement he gave orders to two Irish officers to watch Lord George, and, if they perceived any treasonable design on his part, to assassinate him. The growth of such a spirit accounts for the want of coherence which blighted the administration and tactics of the Highland army in the period immediately preceding Culloden. The commissariat, in the hands of Hay of Restalrig, had completely failed, hunger had proved itself more imperative than the commands of the officers, and discipline had ceased to be. No definite resolution had been formed as to how and where the battle was to be fought, and divided counsels had left at large these very questions which needed instant and united decision. Meanwhile dawn had broken wan, and cold, over that desolate region. The gusts of a great wind driving in from the sea had carried to the solidiers of Charles, as they struggled back towards Culloden, the broken sounds of the drums and bugles calling the assembly at 4 a.m. in Cumberland's camp. Within a little while fifteen battalions of redcoats, with Cobham's Dragoons (10th Hussars), Lord Mark Kerr's Dragoons (11th Hussars), and Kingston's Horse, in all some 8,800 men, were crossing the low-lying land which merges in the gentle access to the moor of Culloden. On their right as they advanced could be seen the ships of Admiral Byng's squadron riding at anchor in the Moray Firth. On their right front, some nine miles distant, lay the town of Inverness. Immediately before them were the rolling moorlands which define the outskirts of Inverness-shire. Farther away to the west and south stood the mountains, now hidden in mist and rain, soon to be the last refuge and hiding of the remnants of the Jacobite forces.

At about 8 a.m., Charles and his officers in Culloden House, whither they had withdrawn for rest, were roused from sleep by the news that Cumberland's cavalry had advanced to within two miles of the moor, and that the main body of his army was not more than four miles away.

Instantly orders were given for the drums to beat and the pipes to play. Hundreds of stragglers had wandered in search of food beyond the reach of the summons to arms. Hundreds more lay senseless with exhaustion scattered over the moor and among the enclosures of Culloden Park. Not more than 5,000 responded to the call and formed up in line of battle. The ground selected could not have been worse chosen.



PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN. APRIL 16TH, 1746
From an old drawing.

Culloden or Drum Mossie Muir is a plain, slightly convex in form, with little to obstruct a line of fire or break the regular movement of troops. It offered a free field for Cumberland's artillery and mounted troops. To the south—that is, to the right of the Highland line—the land dips with some rapidity to the River Nairn. To the centre and left of the Jacobite position the ground was level and unbroken. On this fatal field the army of Charles now took up its position in two lines to await the advance of Cumberland's forces. It was a dark and misty morning. Wind and rain blew in the face of the Prince's army. About half-past eleven the long red lines of King George's troops could be seen steadily advancing through the drifting rain at the distance of about two miles. It was at this moment that Cumberland halted the troops, and addressed them in words well calculated to fortify their loyalty and resolution:

“GENTLEMEN AND FELLOW SOLDIEES,

“I have but little time to address myself to you, but I think proper to acquaint you, that you are instantly to engage in defence of your King and country, your religion, your liberties and Properties: and through the Justice of our cause I make no doubt of leading you on to certain Victory; But if there is any amongst you who thro' Timidity are diffident of their courage or behaviour, which I have not the least reason to suspect: or any others who through conscience or inclination cannot be zealous or alert in performing their Duty: it is my desire that all such would immediately retire: and I further declare that they shall have my free pardon for so doing: for I had much rather be at the head of one thousand brave and resolute men, than ten thousand amongst whom there are some who by cowardice or misbehaviour may dispirit or disorder the Troops and so bring dishonour and disgrace on an army under my command.”

The cheers which greeted these words left little doubt as to the temper of the troops about to meet the last challenge of the Stuart cause. The army was disposed in three lines. The first line, under Lord Albemarle, was made up of Kerr's Dragoons on the left, and ranging in order from left to right the following battalions: Barrell's (4th), Dejean's (37th), Campbell's (21st), Price's (14th), Cholmondeley's (34th), St. Clair's Royal Scots (1st), with Cobham's Dragoons on the extreme right. The second line, under Major-General Huske, consisted of Wolfe's (8th), Conway's (48th), Sempill's (25th), Bligh's (20th), Fleming's (36th). The third line, under Brigadier Mordaunt, was flanked on the left by two squadrons of Kingston's Horse; then followed in succession from left to right Blakeney's (27th), Battersau's (since disbanded), Pulteney's (13th), Howard's (3rd), with two more squadrons of Kingston's Horse on the right.

The superiority of Cumberland's army was greater than appears. For not only was it superior in point of numbers, but it was immeasurably superior in discipline, organization, training, and efficiency. The winter months had been utilized by Cumberland for making his army into a responsive and serviceable machine, for building up and consolidating the confidence of his men, and for adjusting them to the idea and practice of a conflict with troops hitherto victors of every encounter. In the case of Charles's army the exact contrary had been the case. Something—and it may well have been the atmosphere of suspicion and mistrust prevailing amongst those in command—had tended to minimize the control and disintegrate the organization of the men. It was a weaker army than the army which had been victorious at Falkirk—weaker in numbers, and weaker in discipline and cohesion. The

men were exhausted by the privations they had endured. They had, as we have seen, spent the night preceding the battle in a venture calculated to extinguish the last ember of their enthusiasm. And they were now called on to fight in a position which, to the most common observer, seemed disadvantageous, and which to Lord George Murray, at any rate, appeared fatal to their chances. Hundreds of their number were absent in search of food at the moment of the battle, while the Mackenzies, Cromarties, Barisdale Macdonalds, and the Mackinnons, had not yet returned from the expeditions on which they had been sent. Thus they stood to the number of about 5,000 men, drawn up in two lines, to await the onset of the Duke. On the right were the Athole men under Lord George Murray, and the Camerons under Lochiel; on the left the Macdonalds, a reversal of the usual order, which gave to the Macdonalds the privilege of holding the right of the line. The young Prince himself was posted in the centre, in rear of the second line.

The Duke's tactics were reduced to the simplest terms of parade manoeuvring. A little before one o'clock his army, advancing in line across the moor, came within cannon-shot of the Highlanders. Huzzas, the picturesque accompaniment of short-range battles, ran down the lines on either side. In the lull that followed the Highland cannon opened a feeble and ill-directed fire. This was quickly dominated by Cumberland's artillery, placed in the intervals of his battalions and discharging a murderous fire of grape-shot. The English army moved steadily on, cannonading as they advanced. Cumberland, finding that a morass, which had protected his right, came suddenly to an end, moved up Pulteney's from the second to the right of the first line, ordered up Kingston's Horse from the reserves, and called in a squadron of Cobham's which had been patrolling. On the left, Hawley, with the dragoons, endeavoured to work round the right wing of the Highlanders, pushing forward as the Campbells levelled some stone walls which barred the way.

As the English army drew near the musketry fire became general. The Highlanders, who had not moved from their position, became restive at tactics so contrary to their tradition. They could no longer endure the delay. But at 1.15 Charles gave the order to advance, upon which the clansmen, throwing down their firelocks, rushed forward with their broadswords. Their right and centre, charging with reckless bravery, broke through Barrell's regiment and part of Munro's on the left of the English line. The confusion which followed in the shaken battalions was momentary. The fire from the regiments in the second line checked the Highlanders' further advance, and, unable to come to close quarters with this fresh obstacle, the Highlanders "threw stones for at least a minute or two before their total rout began."¹ "I daresay," wrote Cumberland in his official despatch, "there was neither soldier nor officer of Barrell's and that part of Munro's which engaged who did not kill their one or two men with their Bayonets and Spontoons." The torn and broken remnant as they withdrew were charged by the dragoons, who by this time had enveloped the right of the Highland line.

On the left the attack of the Highland line had been far less vigorous. The Macdonalds, suffering under the supposed indignity of being placed on the left, hung back and acted with less than their usual intrepidity. The charge quickly spent itself before the musketry and bayonets of Pulteney's, the Royals, Price's, and Cholmondeley's. The repulse of the charge and the consequent failure of the offensive left Charles without further resource. That onrushing wave of kilt and steel, triumphant at Prestonpans and Falkirk, as it did not sweep

¹ Cumberland to Newcastle.

everything before it, left the Prince as one from whose hand an only weapon had fallen. On the routed clansmen in their flight Cumberland's cavalry under General Bland was now let loose, while his infantry, victorious on the stricken field, greeted their young commander with cheers, and as he rode down the lines welcomed him with cries of "Now, Billy, for Flanders!" Some 1,500 Highlanders were left dead on the field. Many scores were killed in the pursuit. Of the King's army, 43 officers and men were killed and 236 wounded. The victory was complete. Cumberland had achieved a greater result than he knew. Not only had he given the complete and final blow to the Stuart cause, he had done more: he had cleared the way for the development of the modern Scotland which we know to-day.

Accounts differ as to when and how Charles withdrew from the battle. On one side we have the anecdote told by Sir Walter Scott, to the effect that Lord Elcho rode up to Charles, after he had left the field, and implored him to put himself at the head of the remaining troops and head a final charge, and that, upon Charles refusing and riding off, Lord Elcho cried after him: "There you go for a damned cowardly Italian!" Faint corroboration of the story is to be found, and that only in the journal of Elcho, who later, when the journal was written, had become a bitter and malignant enemy of the Prince. On the other side we have accounts, notably those of Sir Robert Strange and Stuart Thriepland,¹ which relate that Charles was seen vainly trying to rally the retreating Highlanders. While another authority cited by Home declares that it was not till Sullivan "laid hold of the bridle of the Prince's horse and turned him about" that he could be persuaded to leave the field. Conjecture and probability must be left to determine the truth. All we know with certainty is that, escaping with a few followers, he crossed the Nairn at the ford of Falie, and began those months of romantic wandering which have shed such lustre on the fidelity of the Highlanders. Hunted from shore to shore of the mainland and the western islands, hiding in caves and corries, passing night after night on sodden moorlands, often within an ace of capture, often crawling on hands and knees to evade a sentry or slip through a cordon of redcoats, enduring all the pains of exhaustion and privation, his gaiety and spirit never failing, his gallant bearing always maintained— this was the history of Charles through the summer of 1746, and this it was that has won for him a high place on the field of romance, and enshrined him in the memory of a loyal race. A price of £30,000 was on his head, yet in all his wanderings there was never a question of his betrayal. The secret of his hiding-places was confided only to a few, but, with that community of information which prevails among a primitive people, it must have been known to many, and it remains to the perpetual glory of the Highlanders that he was harboured in safety till his final escape in a French ship on September 20, 1746.

And what of Cumberland? Legend has indeed been busy with his reputation. At one moment we hear of him, when viewing the multitude of slain, laying his hand upon his breast and, with eyes lifted to heaven, exclaiming: "Lord, what am I that I should be spared when so many brave men lie dead upon the spot?"² At another we are told that, as he rode over the battle-field, a wounded rebel smiled defiance at him, on which, turning to Major Wolfe, he said: "Wolfe, shoot me that Highland scoundrel who dares look on us with such contempt and insolence!" Whereupon the young Aide-de-Camp replied: "My commission is

¹ See "Prince Charles Edward" (Andrew Lang), pp. 275, 276, where the matter is fully discussed.

² Marchant: "History of the Rebellion," p. 398.

at your Royal Highness's disposal, but I never can consent to become an executioner."¹ Wolfe, as a matter of fact, was Aide-de-Camp, not to Cumberland, but to Hawley, of whom the story may well be true. Moreover, it is quite irreconcilable with the fact that Wolfe throughout his career enjoyed the confidence and esteem of Cumberland, and could later describe the Duke as "ever doing noble and generous actions."²

Cumberland was neither a Chadband nor a Torquemada; he was as incapable of hypocrisy as he was of mere savagery; and these anecdotes may be dismissed as untrue, though they serve to point out the vicissitudes of renown to which his name has been subjected. If we want to see the man as he really was, we find him in his letter of reply to his friend Ligonier's congratulations. "Sure never were soldiers in such a temper," he wrote. "Silence and obedience the whole time, and all our manoeuvres were performed without the least confusion. I must own that (you) have hit my weak side when you say that the honour of our troops is restored. That pleases beyond all the honours done me. You know the readiness I always found in the troops to do all that I ordered, and in return the love that I have for them, and that I make my honour and reputation depend on them."³ But no notice of Cumberland can afford to ignore the charges which have been brought against him in connection with the '45. George II., conversing with Fox and discussing Cumberland's subsequent unpopularity, once said: "The English nation is so changeable! I don't know why they dislike him. It is brought about by the Scotch, the Jacobites and the English that don't love discipline; and by all this not being enough discouraged by the Ministry." No one examining the evidence against Cumberland impartially can reject the King's statement, or doubt the responsibility of the Jacobites in vilifying his son's character. It is true that the Duke did not take as his motto, "When lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is soonest winner," but that he would have adopted mild means had he thought that such could prevail is, we think, attested by his conduct of the early stages of his Scottish campaign.

The first trace of any harsh measure in Scotland is to be found in his despatch to Newcastle from Crieff, dated February 5, 1746. "This day," he wrote, "we began marching through some of the Drummond's, Strathallan's and other disaffected persons' estates. I thought fit to let the soldiers a little loose with proper precautions that they might have some sweets with all their fatigue."⁴ But even here it is plain that he regarded such procedure as abnormal, while his general orders against marauding and pillage remained as drastic in Scotland as they were in Flanders. Moreover, it must be remembered that at every step he consulted Newcastle and the King, and that in every proceeding he had their approval. It was only when experience had revealed to him the full measure of the prevailing disloyalty, and "the petulant, insolent spirit of the people," that he was driven to the conclusion that nothing would cure the evil but "some stroke of military authority and severity." "I shall," he wrote, "take upon myself more than I should care to do, and shall not wait for orders when anything of this kind shall appear to me absolutely necessary for the King's service. ... I don't expect very explicit orders upon this head, but should be glad to know His Majesty's

¹ Anti-Jacobin Review, vol. xiii., p. 125.

² Beckles Wilson: "Life of Wolfe,"—Wolfe to his Mother, November 8, 1765, p. 281.

³ StoweMSS., 3, 142, f. 113.

⁴ S.P., Scotland, Second Series, vol. xxviii.

thoughts and determinations.”¹ To this Newcastle replied: “His Majesty has commanded me to acquaint Y.R.H. that as General of His Majesty’s army Y.R.H. has his authority to do whatever is necessary for suppressing this unnatural rebellion. . . . No general rule can be given . . . that must depend on circumstances.”² But the true mind and temper of the Ministry is best discovered in the private letters passing between members of the Cabinet. The Duke of Richmond wrote: “I own I had always much rather the Duke should destroy the rebels than that they should lay down their arms. The dread and example of a great many of them being put to the sword, and I hope a great many hanged, may strike a terror in them and keep them quiet, but depend upon it nothing but force can do it, for ‘tis vain to think that any Government can root out Jacobitism there.”³ About the same time Chesterfield again communicated his ideas to Newcastle. “Starve the whole country,” he wrote, “by your ships, put a price upon the heads of the Chiefs, and let the Duke put all to fire and sword;”⁴ while Newcastle expressed his own view in a letter to Chesterfield: “The Rebellion must be got the better of in such a manner that we must not have another the next year, and if the Power of the Highlands is not absolutely reduced France may play the Pretender upon us whenever she pleases.”⁵

With such a man as Hawley at his elbow, with a Ministry holding such dire views of repression directing him, and with the provocation which the Highlanders afforded by pillaging, by orders for military execution, and by the spread of fire and sword, it is wanting in justice to regard Cumberland as acting in excess either of the spirit of the time or, indeed, the bare necessity of the case. Ordinary measures could not cope with such orders as the following, issued by Prince Charles from Bannockburn on January 8, 1746: “His Royal Highness desires that you should take note of the inhabitants who refuse to come in at the first summons, and that the constable (bearer of this letter) may summons them over again, and if they should refuse to obey his Royal Highness’ orders, that you should use military execution against them.”⁶ Or that order, issued on March 4, directing the houses and effects of all those who refused to send in horses for artillery and transport to be burnt and destroyed.⁷ Or, again, the methods indicated by Lord Cromartie in a letter to the Countess of Sutherland, whose husband was in arms against the Stuart cause: “I think myself bound to acquaint you that the troops are now actually marching to execute the Prince’s positive orders of Fire and Sword.” Exemplary as the conduct of the Highlanders had been in the early stages of the rebellion, there is no doubt that after Derby, and still more after Glasgow, they went far to justify the opinion at that time commonly entertained of their predatory instincts. The orders already quoted show that the chiefs, once back in Scotland, put aside conciliatory methods, and that the fiery cross was being accompanied with the sword, and the recruiting sergeant reinforced by military execution.

The Duke, on the other hand, adopted the most stringent measures in his own army to put a stop to marauding. Courts-martial were kept busy trying offenders who had been

¹ *Ibid.*: Cumberland to Newcastle, March, 1746.

² S.P., Scotland, Second Series: Newcastle to Cumberland, March 21, 1746.

³ Add, MSS., 32,706, f. 280: Richmond to Newcastle, March 9, 1746.

⁴ *Ibid.*, f. 326: Chesterfield to Newcastle, March 20, 1746.

⁵ *Ibid.*, f. 252: Newcastle to Chesterfield, March 5, 1746.

⁶ Cumberland Papers: Sullivan to Gordon of Glenbucklet.

⁷ Cumberland Papers.

caught plundering, and no mercy was shown to those found guilty. Lieutenant Fawlie, of Fleming's, was cashiered for being a party to the plundering of the house of Oliphant of Gask. Ensign Daniel Hart, of Monro's, was similarly treated for extorting money from the wife of a merchant in Aberdeen as the price of her protection. And while the army remained in Aberdeen, two soldiers of Fleming's were hanged for plundering in the neighbourhood. While his clemency to the inhabitants may be illustrated by his conduct to the wife of James Gordon of Cowbairdie, whose house had been pillaged, and to whom the Duke ordered 100 guineas to be given as a compensation for her losses, notwithstanding that James Gordon himself was in active rebellion.

In the measures the Duke adopted against the Highlanders he proceeded by stages. At the beginning of March he issued a proclamation which was to be read from the pulpits throughout Scotland, promising a recommendation to the King's mercy to all those in rebellion who would forthwith lay down their arms. This produced no effect. None surrendered. Later, when there came into his hands the orders issued by Prince Charles, he directed that all cattle and forage belonging to the rebels should be seized, and wrote, as we have seen, to Newcastle that severity alone could deal with the evil. It must not be supposed that he accepted this conclusion willingly. On the contrary, he was driven to it with reluctance. "Do not imagine," he wrote to the Secretary of State, "that threatening military execution, and many other such things, are pleasing to do; but nothing will go down without it. . . . All in this country are almost to a man Jacobites; mild measures will not do—you will find that the whole of the laws of this ancient kingdom must be new modelled. . . . Were I to enumerate the villains and villanies this country abounds in I should never have done. In short, there does not remain the least vestige of any government throughout the whole."¹ It is customary to regard what took place in Scotland at the hands of Cumberland as the brutal excesses of a brutal nature. The evidence fails to bear out any such view. The methods which the Duke adopted were the methods in vogue at this time in Europe. They were as water unto wine when compared with the measures adopted in repressing the rebellion in Ireland at the end of the century in an epoch presumably more enlightened as to the claims of humanity. Above all, they were directed against men the life of every one of whom was forfeit for high-treason. The policy of 1715 had failed. Jacobitism had survived. It had continued to play a part in the politics of Europe. It had continued a menace at home. It had allied itself with the enemies of England. It had cost the country a heavy reckoning in lives and treasure. It had jeopardized the position of English arms on the Continent. This time, in the judgment of authority, it was necessary to adopt further measures. It cannot be denied that these were severe. Particular districts notoriously disaffected were devastated, cottages were burned, and the inhabitants driven forth to wander on the hills. In a few cases it is alleged that women and children were found dead from want and exposure. Cattle were driven in, and in the search for arms lives were sacrificed. Nor can it be denied that excesses were committed by the soldiery. But, as the following general orders indicate, marauding and plundering, so far from having the sanction of Cumberland, were suppressed with the most drastic penalties:

Inverness, April 19th. —It is H.R.H. orders that no man go above a quarter of a mile out of camp, several outrages and disorders having been committed which he

¹ Add. MSS., 32,706: Cumberland to Newcastle, April 4, 1746.

will not permit on any account.

“*April 21st.* —The men of Pulteney’s and one of Campbell’s Argyleshire men confined for plundering are to be sent to the Provost and try’d by general Court Martial to-morrow morning.

“*May 5th.*— Roger Weigh of Wolfe’s to receive 1,200 lashes at the head of each brigade at five different times for marauding and stealing of meal.”

The same day seven other men were flogged for similar offences.

At a later date we read of the following sentence of a court-martial: “W^m Pitt, John Rayner, Jn^o Prendergrast, Ja^s Moore, and Jn^o Graham of C^{olo} Dejean’s Reg^{te} being condemned to receive 1,500 Lashes each with a cat of 9 tails, viz. 500 at the head of each Brigade, for plundering under pretended orders from H.R.H. the Duke, it is to be put in execution tomorrow morning accordingly.”

It is at any rate evident from these sentences that Cumberland was determined to give protection to the inhabitants. It must also be remembered that a proclamation was issued by the Duke summoning those who had taken part in the rebellion to bring in their arms and surrender themselves to the King’s mercy. Those who responded were, at the trials subsequently held in England, invariably allowed to go free.

Probably the most serious charge which has been brought against Cumberland is in respect of the following order issued on the morrow of Culloden:

“A captain and fifty men to march immediately to the field of battle and search all cottages in the neighbourhood for rebels. The officers and men will take notice that the publick orders given yesterday were to give us no quarter.”

This has been construed as a direct incitement to kill and destroy, and as implying “a method of barbarism” which, according to modern standards of humanity, no antecedent provocation could excuse. But the phrase is at least ambiguous. The Duke, it must be remembered, was careful of his soldiers’ lives. And though the wording of the order may have been unfortunate, yet the intention may well have been to warn those detailed for the work that they had to deal with desperate men from whom no quarter was to be expected. Such an interpretation, at any rate, is entitled to be considered. It was the common belief in the army of King George that the rebel orders generally were to give no quarter. At the skirmish of Clifton, it will be remembered, the Highlanders had advanced with cries of “No quarter!” Hawley had stated that such was the case in his orders issued before the Battle of Falkirk.¹ There was at this very time in Cumberland’s hands the following order, dated March 24, and signed by—

“*George Earl of Cromartie, Commander in Chief of his roial highness the prince regent’s army in Southerland. In the Prince Regent’s name.*

“These are to signifie to all those who have been concerned in Lord Loudon’s army or have been armed in any shape either by orders from their Chiefs or otherwise to transport said arms to the town of Dornoch on Wednesday next, the 26th instant, upon pain of having their houses burnt, their cattle destroyed and all the men of the country put to the sword.”

There had also fallen into his hands the following order issued on the day of battle by the rebel army:

¹ “Affairs of Scotland, 1744-1746,” p. 460.

“PAROLE RIGH SHEMUIS.

“It is His Royal Highness’ positive orders that every person attach himself to some corps of the army and remain with that corps until the battle and pursuit be finally over, and to give no quarter to the Elector’s troops on any account-whatsoever.”¹

Controversy has raged round this document. Jacobite apologists have declared it to be a forgery. Lord Balmerino in his dying speech on the scaffold declared that no such document was issued, and several of those unfortunate men who suffered for their part in the rebellion made similar declarations before their execution. It may not have been issued with the sanction of the Prince or with the cognizance of Lord George Murray, but it was issued by someone and discovered on the field of battle. Wolfe takes note of it in a letter written the next day, the *Scots Magazine* reproduces it, it is to be found in the Cumberland Papers, and Lord Kilmarnock on the morning of his execution declared to Lord Balmerino that, when a prisoner at Inverness, he had frequently heard the officers relate that such an order had been found.

Having before him the facts to which attention has been called, Cumberland was bound to warn any party of soldiers going in search of prisoners that the men they were dealing with were desperate men, with their backs to the wall, and prepared neither to give nor receive quarter.²

¹ Cumberland Papers.

² The present writer, in his edition of Lord Elcho’s autobiography, accepted the Jacobite view. Further inquiry has induced him to alter his opinion.

CHAPTER XXI

SUPPRESSION OF THE JACOBITES

THE official news of the victory at Culloden was conveyed to London by Lord Bury, who reached St. James's on April 25, and was rewarded by the King with a gift of £1,000. The rejoicing which followed the victory, and the relief which was manifested through the country, sufficiently showed the grievous anxiety which had possessed the supporters of the Hanoverian rule. The usual addresses were presented by both Houses of Parliament. Bonfires and illuminations lit up the length and breadth of the land. Congratulatory offerings were showered on the King and his son from public bodies representing Church and State, and doubtful or suspected citizens, conscious of their shortcomings, vied with their more reputable countrymen in demonstrations of loyalty. "Mr. Dodington," wrote Walpole on April 25, "on the first report came out with a very pretty illumination: so pretty, that I believe he had it by him, ready for any occasion." Indeed, a success so instant and notorious as Culloden was bound to clear away much ambiguity and determine the bent of many waverers.

The most substantial evidence of the nation's gratitude to the young Duke was a grant of £25,000 a year settled upon him by Parliament.¹ William Pitt, the new Paymaster-General, and the most notable and recent protagonist of Court measures, was anxious himself to move the vote in the Commons. The King was of the same mind,² but Cumberland had more trust in old friends, and expressed a preference that the vote should be moved by the "Premier." The office was therefore undertaken by Pelham, who spoke with fervid admiration of the Duke's achievement. To all these exhibitions of popular gratitude Cumberland responded with a becoming and appreciative sense of what was due to the army under his command.³ In reply to the address from the Commons, he wrote: "I cannot enough extol my own good fortune in being placed by his majesty at the head of an army which expressed all along the best affections and the greatest ardor, and crowned all by the resolutions shewn by every officer and soldier in the day of action, to which, under God, our success was owing."

Verses extolling the Duke's achievement filled the pages of the press. In the rhymes of one writer his name was used to distinguish a flower with which he has ever since been associated:

"The pride of France is lily white,
The rose in June is Jacobite,
The prickly thistle of the Scot
Is northern knighthood's badge and lot;

¹ This brought his income up to £40,000, he being at this time in receipt of £15,000 from the Civil List.

² Add. MSS., 32,707, May, 1746.

³ Stowe MSS., British Museum: Inverness, May, 1746.

But since the Duke's victorious blows,
 The lily, thistle, and the rose,
 All droop and fade, all die away:
 Sweet William only rules the day."

His features became the popular tavern sign. Portraits of him were sold in every thoroughfare; his name was toasted in every alehouse. The Battle of Culloden was reproduced at the New Wells and at the Cupers Gardens amid tumults of applause. There had been nothing like it since Vernon and Portobello. Even Poyntz, his former guardian and tutor, came in for his share of praise, and was addressed by Sir Charles Hanbury Williams in a laudatory ode:

"We saw a Wretch, with trait'rous Aid,
 Our King's and Church's Eights invade;
 And thine, Fair Liberty!
 We saw thy Hero fly to War,
 Beat down Rebellion, break her Spear,
 And set the Nations free.

XI.

"Culloden's Field, my glorious Theme,
 My Bapture, Vision, and my Dream,
 Gilds the young Hero's Days.
 Yet can there be one English Heart
 That does not give thee Poyntz, thy Part,
 And own thy Share of Praise?"

But by far the most notable of the tributes evoked by Culloden was the "Judas Maccabaeus" of Handel, which, though not produced till April 1, 1747, was composed in celebration of the Duke's return to London.¹ The Duke, however, was not one to "enfeoff himself to popularity"; he knew what that asset was worth, and, as though anticipating what was to come, he said some years later that during the height of his fame he had allayed his satisfaction by thinking of Admiral Vernon.

Much, however, remained to be accomplished in the Highlands before Cumberland's task could be said to be completed. Armed parties were still afoot, disaffection was everywhere apparent, the embers of rebellion were still burning in the glens and the recesses of the mountains. After a month at Inverness, which was largely taken up with the shipping of rebel prisoners to the South and the hanging of deserters and spies, the Duke moved,² with eleven battalions of foot and Kingston's Horse, to Fort Augustus. Here his business was to concert such measures as were best calculated to bring the Highlanders to reason and alienate them from the Stuart cause. He began with moderation, "in a gentle paternal way, with soft admonitions and a promise of pardon and protection to all common people that would bring in their arms and submit to mercy."³ Such a course was attended with little success; the Macphersons alone, as a clan, brought in their arms, and the Duke was reluctantly driven to that process of devastation and burning which spread misery through

¹ Hist. MSS.: "Eliot Hodgkin Papers," p. 92.

² May 23.

³ *Scots Magazine*, vol. viii., p. 287.

the hills, and has caused his name to be execrated as a butcher and tyrant. A letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefoord sufficiently indicates what was actually done. In July, 1746, he writes from Hewins: "We have by now pretty well cleared our neighbourhood about this place. Private rebels, who come in and surrender their arms, receive certificates, and return unmolested to their homes till his Majesty's further pleasure is known. Those who are found in arms are ordered to be immediately put to death, and the houses of those who abscond are plundered and burnt, their cattle drove, their ploughs and other tackle destroyed."¹ But whereas the Duke himself was ready to distinguish in degrees of guilt, and to spare districts not ostensibly disloyal, his lieutenants appear to have adopted far other means. The worst offenders were the Campbells, under Major-General Campbell, and in the Cumberland Papers is a letter in which the General acknowledges that he has exceeded orders, and driven cattle and burnt dwellings without regard to the guilt or innocence of the owners; but, conscious of his offence, he pleads reasons for his zeal, and finds it necessary to ask the indulgence of the Duke. Similar excesses were certainly committed where small parties, under the command of subordinate officers, were entrusted with the punishment of a rebellious population in remote areas removed from control and supervision. The provocation had been great; public opinion was crying for revenge. Distinctions were not easily drawn, and justice, when delegated to such rough instruments as an incensed soldiery, could not be otherwise than "wild." It was vain to look for mercy in any quarter. General Huske, for instance, was for reviving laws once enforced against the Irish, and offering a reward of £5 for every rebel head that was brought into camp.² Nor was the voice of the Church, as expressed by the Archbishop of York, raised on behalf of leniency. "I hope I am not a sanguinary man," he wrote in July, "but surely the proper time for mercy is when the rebels have delivered up their arms and their mock Prince, neither of which they have done or shown any disposition to do."³

And long after Cumberland had handed over the command, at a time when passions had cooled, his successor, Lord Albemarle, who was chastizing the land with scorpions, wrote to the Duke of Newcastle: "Nothing but fire and sword can cure their [the Highlanders] cursed vicious ways of thinking; therefore, for God Almighty's sake, don't spare those whom you have in your power."⁴ That, in words, expressed the crude, relentless attitude, not only of soldiers, but of Whig politicians and the populace itself. The fidelity of the Highlanders, the loyalty of the clans to a forlorn hope, the glamour which has gathered about the person of Prince Charles, made no appeal to a nation who saw in the rebellion nothing but a dastardly attempt to act in concert with the enemies of England.

Of the alleged cruelties attributed to Cumberland personally, and of the charges made against him in that hot-bed of Jacobite recrimination, the "Lyon in Mourning," I have been unable to find adequate corroboration. On the other hand, there is the testimony of the Lord President Forbes of Culloden, the most humane of men and the wisest of contemporary Scottish statesmen, who was intimately aware of every step taken for the repression of the rebellious spirit, and who at the end of June is found writing: "The Duke is at present where

¹ From the Whitefoord Papers, cited in "The Last Jacobite Rising, 1745" (Sandford Terry), p. 158.

² Add. MSS., 35,431.

³ Add. MSS., 35,431.

⁴ *Ibid.* 32,709: Albemarle to Newcastle, December 15, 1746..

he has been for some time employed, at Fort Augustus, in receiving the arms and submission of the rebels; his patience, which surprises in such years, is equal to his fire, and in all probability will do very great service to the public.”¹ And in notes which he prepared for the guidance of the Government he said: “No severity that is necessary ought to be dispensed with. The omitting such severity is cruelty to the Kingdom.”²

Severity was the order of the day: it was the policy of Ministers; it was the ingredient of military rule; it was the usual instrument of government. Probably most commanders of that epoch would have acted with more harshness than the Duke; none, we may hazard the conjecture, would have acted more leniently.³

But it was a dismal task which he had to perform from his base at Fort Augustus, and nothing but his unfailing sense of duty deterred him from handing over the command and returning to London.

It is unnecessary to describe in detail the tactics which he adopted for scouring the Highlands, for seizing arms, for driving cattle and burning houses, means for subduing what he called the “unconscionable obstinacy” of the inhabitants. The brunt of the sorry business was borne by Lord Loudoun and Major-General Campbell, and under their command military parties were busy proving that no refuge was inaccessible and no offender safe, while searches on the islands were conducted by detachments with the assistance of His Majesty’s ships. His measures met with the warm approval of Ministers, and Newcastle declared to him that his steps for reducing Scotland to the King’s obedience were, if possible, more extraordinary and more meritorious than his wonderful success at Culloden.⁴ Not for a moment, however, was discipline relaxed, and it is impossible to reconcile the sentences passed on soldiers for marauding or plundering the inhabitants with that extremity of licence which is said to have distinguished the Duke’s orders.⁵

As far as Cumberland could provide for it, scrupulous care was taken of the property of loyal inhabitants. Constant orders were issued against stealing peas or beans, or trespassing in orchards, or even walking over cornfields, while officers were forbidden to pursue game or wander abroad accompanied by dogs without leave from the owners of property.⁶ On the other hand, the Duke, by offering prizes for pony races⁷ and by the encouragement of recreation, did his best to alleviate the monotony and hardship of the soldiers’ life at Fort Augustus. It was at this period that he beguiled his own leisure by taking lessons in chess from a Presbyterian minister attached to his staff, under whose tuition he became so apt a pupil that, having once mastered the game, he is said never to have been subsequently defeated; but in this we may conjecture that the discretion of his opponents was as much a contributing cause as his own ingenuity.

¹ “Culloden Papers,” p. 281: Lord President to Sir John Cope, K.B., June 21, 1746.

² “Culloden Papers,” p. 284: Lord President to Sir John Cope, K.B., June 21, 1746.

³ The flogging of innocent men to obtain information, referred to by Mr. Lang in his “Life of Prince Charles Edward,” occurred after Cumberland had left Scotland and been succeeded by Lord Albemarle. We must except the case of Lord Lovat’s servant, though this was done by order of one of the commanders of the ships.

⁴ Add. MSS., 32,707: Newcastle to Cumberland, May, 1746.

⁵ E.g., on June 4 five men were sentenced to receive fifteen hundred lashes each for plundering (Campbell Maclachlan: “Duke of Cumberland,” p. 325).

⁶ Campbell Maclachlan: “Duke of Cumberland”—“General Orders.”

⁷ *Scots Magazine*, vol. viii., p. 1746.

During his stay at Fort Augustus he forwarded suggestions to the Government on which much of the legislation dealing with the Highlands was subsequently founded. The Disarming Act; the Act abolishing hereditary jurisdictions; the Act prohibiting the wearing “of Highland cloaths—i.e., the plaid, philebeg, or little kilt, trowse, shoulder belt, or any part whatsoever of what peculiarly belongs to the Highland garb”;¹ and the Act to prevent “Pastors or Ministers from officiating in episcopal meeting houses, without duly qualifying themselves according to law,” can for the most part be said to have had their origin in the memoranda contributed by the Duke. However crude such measures may appear to later generations, it can hardly be contested that they bore a close relation to the conditions with which they were intended to deal, and that they contributed to that general pacification which smoothed the path of national commerce and development, and secured to Scotland the first-fruits of the Act of Union.

It was during his sojourn at Fort Augustus that an event occurred which was to prove of the first importance to the future of Cumberland’s career. In May, Henry Fox had succeeded Sir William Yonge as Secretary at War. The official relationship thus established between the statesman and the soldier quickly ripened into a close and concerted friendship destined to exert a dominating influence on the politics of the time. To a letter congratulating him on his appointment, Fox replied: “I shrunk from the employment as long as I could, and find every day more and more that I had good reason for so doing. But I must now go on, and do, without complaining; and should I be so fortunate as in time to make my service in this station acceptable to His Royal Highness, I assure you I shall never after even in private regret the loss of ease and leisure which is the worse for me for my having all my lifetime indulg’d myself too much in both.”²

By the middle of July Cumberland concluded that his personal authority was no longer requisite. Prince Charles, it is true, was still at large, nor had the vigilance of the redcoats or the reward of £30,000 either revealed his whereabouts or shaken the fidelity of his followers; but vast quantities of arms had been seized, the population had been reduced to submission, every remnant of the army which had fought at Culloden had been dispersed; the rebel lords Balmerino, Cromartie, and Kilmarnock, were secure in the Tower awaiting their trial; Lord Lovat had been captured, and was on his way to London; Secretary Murray was a prisoner in Edinburgh Castle; while the gaols of England were crowded with rebel captives of every degree of station and importance. The Duke, however, had no illusion as to the condition of the country he was leaving. “I am sorry,” he wrote to Newcastle, “to leave this country in the condition it is in, for all the good we have done is a little blood letting which has only weakened the madness but not at all cured, and I tremble for fear that this vile spot may still be the ruin of this Island and of our Family.”³

The Duke’s journey to London was a triumphal progress punctuated with addresses and gilt boxes and freedoms of cities. His arrival in the Metropolis was the occasion of a great popular demonstration; cheering mobs filled the streets, houses were illuminated, and the available artillery was requisitioned to proclaim his advent. Later, when he waited on his brother, the Prince of Wales, the latter, in a burst of theatrical affection, took him to a

¹ 10 George II.

² Cumberland Papers: Fox to Pawkener, June 11, 1746.

³ Add. MSS., 32,707.

window overlooking the park, and “stood therewith his arm about his neck to charm the gazing mob.”

Little was heard by way of criticism of the severity of the measures begun in Scotland, and continued by the Government, with the co-operation of the hangman, in England. Frequent executions in the South were varied by the departure of shiploads of rebel prisoners for the plantations. The fountains of mercy for the moment seemed to be dried up,¹ and the Government pursued its revenge with a vehemence worthy of weakness and fear; but neither in Parliament nor in the journals of the day was heard any distinct protest against the course pursued. Smollett in his well-known lines,

“Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banished peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons for valour long renown’d
Lie slaughter’d on their native ground,”²

gave expression to sentiments of humanity little in keeping with the spirit of the day; and when in the City of London it was proposed to present the Duke with the freedom of some Company, one of the Aldermen is said to have cried out, “Then let it be of the Butchers!” But these were mere ruffles on the smooth surface of public complacency. The storm was yet to come. Jacobitism had yet to frame its indictment and draw its picture of the Duke as the Arch-Butcher and Tyrant.

Meanwhile Ministers looked on, callous to the unaffected valour with which the Jacobites met their fate; indeed, the followers of Prince Charles went to the scaffold, with few exceptions, glorying in their cause. They laid down their lives with the same generous courage with which they had taken up their swords, nor was there one who did not contribute his share to the romantic tradition which has gathered round the rising of 1745. For complete fearlessness, perhaps none surpassed the old Lord Balmerino. On getting into the coach, after his condemnation in Westminster Hall, he said to the gaoler: “Take care, or you will break my shins with this damned axe;” and later, when setting forth to his execution, he said: “If I had a thousand lives, I would lay them all down here in the same cause.” Posterity will probably endorse the comment of two foreigners, as they gazed on that famous spectacle in Westminster Hall, when the three lords were arraigned at the bar and the tiers of benches stood packed with the fashionable world, struck to a momentary solemnity by the dignity of the scene. “Vraiment!” exclaimed one, “cela est auguste.” “Oui,” was the reply, “cela est auguste, cela est vrai, mais cela n’est pas royal.” The royal path was the path to clemency, but neither in the bearing of the prosecuting counsel, nor in the exordium of the Lord Chancellor, nor in the rites and formalities of a trial for treason, could the least hope be founded that that path would be followed.³

Little is heard of Cumberland’s doings in London. The attention of the town was divided between the famous dancer Violetti and the proceedings against the rebel lords. Violetti, who three years later was married to David Garrick, had surprised her audience at her first

¹ Seventy-six persons were executed in England.

² “The Sorrows of Scotland.”

³ The following minute of George II.’s appears on a letter of Newcastle’s announcing the conclusion of the trial, and asking that the condemned lords should be allowed to see their wives: “August 1st, 1746. I am very glad this tedious affair is over, and everything that is done to shew humanity without preventing justice is very proper “(Add. MSS., 32,708).

appearance by revealing during her capers “a neat pair of black velvet breeches with roll’d stockings.” Finding that these excited so much comment, “she changed them the next time for a pair of white drawers.”¹ It was by the “many twinkling” graces concerted in one or other of these outfits that Gray was subsequently inspired, in his lines on dancing in the “Progress of Poesy.” The Duke himself was more taken up with “Peggy Banks,” afterwards married to Henry Greville,² in whose honour he gave a ball at Vauxhall Gardens, though Horace Walpole alleges as the motive of the ball a desire to pique Lady Rochford, one of the Court beauties of the day, with whom Cumberland was entangled in an intrigue. By way of reassuring Lord Rochford, and at the same time celebrating Culloden, his lady—the same authority relates—presented him with a set of buttons, on each of which was engraved a head of the Duke; but be that as it may, the ball was given, and was made the occasion of another popular outburst. At the moment of starting from Whitehall Stairs for the scene of the dissipation, two great barges laden with Aldermen returning from “swan-upping” on the Thames, stayed their course while their bands played patriotic tunes. On arrival at Vauxhall the Duke was cheered by a huge crowd assembled to do him honour. In the gardens he was surrounded and mobbed, and driven to beat a retreat with Peggy Banks to the ballroom. On another occasion, in pursuit of gaiety, he came near being drowned, and had to be fished out of the Thames, in consequence of the boat in which he was about to set forth for Vauxhall “turning turtle” at the landing-stage at Ranelagh.

We may be sure, too, that he must have visited the Academy which his protégé, Jack Broughton, had recently established in the Haymarket for teaching the science of self-defence. Broughton (born 1705) was originally a waterman, but a homeric contest with a brother waterman indicated him as a pugilist of the first rank. He began with exhibitions at George Taylor’s booth in Tottenham Court Road. Here he was discovered by the Duke, who gave him a place in the Yeomen of the Guard. Broughton is generally regarded as the forerunner of the heroes of the ring; indeed, the history of pugilism may be said to begin with the fame of his contests, and the code which he compiled was the basis of the rules which governed this sport through its most honourable traditions. He retained the championship of England for many years, and was only defeated in 1750 in a famous contest with Slack, a butcher. At this fight Cumberland was present, and so confident was he of Broughton’s victory that he laid £10,000 to £1,000 on his protege. For the first five minutes the odds seemed none too long; but Slack, recovering himself, succeeded in planting a terrific hit between the champion’s eyes, which immediately closed up. As he went groping about the ring, the Duke called out: “What are you about, Broughton? You can’t fight; you’re beat.” To which Broughton replied: “I can’t see my man, Your Highness. I’m blind, not beat. Only let me see my man, and he shall not gain the day yet.” Whether he succeeded in seeing his man or not, history does not relate; but in fourteen minutes he was knocked out, and his patron was poorer by £10,000. It has been said that the Duke never forgave him.³ On the other hand, a writer of “Recollections” in the Annual Register states that “Duke William,” as Broughton always called Cumberland, provided him with an annuity, and preserved for him his place among the Yeomen. Broughton lived to 1789, and at his own

¹ Hist. MSS., Report ii., p. 24: William Wentworth to Lord Strafford.

² Fifth son of the Countess of Temple.

³ “Dictionary of National Biography,” article “John Broughton”; H. D. Miles: “Pugilistica.”

request was carried to the grave by the greatest living exponents of his art—Humphries, Mendoza, Big Ben, Ward, Ryan, and Johnston.

Above his remains in Lambeth Church was inscribed the following epitaph:

HIE JACET
JOHANNES BROUGHTON
PUGIL ÆVI SUI PRÆSTANTISSIMUS
OBIIT
DIE OCTAVO JANUARI
ANNO SALUTIS 1789
ÆTATIS SUÆ 85.

On July 12, 1746, the Duke had been made Ranger of Windsor Forest. He immediately appointed as Deputy-Ranger Thomas Sandby, the architect and water-colourist. Thomas Sandby had accompanied the Duke through his Scottish campaign, acting as draughtsman, and doing his work so well that the Duke determined to utilize his artistic faculties in the rebuilding and decorating of the structure now known as Cumberland Lodge. During his tenure of the Rangership, Cumberland, with the assistance of Sandby, carried out many improvements in Windsor Forest, and transformed the portion of it which was heath and swamp into Virginia Water. Much of the work was destroyed by a great flood in 1768, but it was in due time repaired and enlarged, and the present locality comprised under the name of Virginia Water is the outcome of Cumberland's labours during his period of office.

After the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748), the Duke was able to provide with work and keep from want many hundreds of disbanded soldiers by employing them for the excavation of the lake.¹ It was while Ranger, also, that Cumberland refounded Ascot Races, which had been started under Queen Anne, but had dwindled to a very small affair in the interval. He, in fact, did more for the encouragement of racing than any man of his day, both by the horses he bred and the prizes he instituted. No man was better known at Newmarket than the Duke, and in 1750 he became one of the original members of the Jockey Club, which was founded in that year. He was an inveterate gambler, and out hunting, if a check gave an opportunity, it is said that he would employ the time in throwing a main with any nobleman of a like inclination.²

Meanwhile the annual campaign in Flanders for the purpose of clipping the ambitions of France was pursuing a disastrous course. After the withdrawal of the British troops³ (August, 1745), to deal with the rebellion in Scotland, Saxe had gained possession of Brussels, Vilvorden, Antwerp, Mons, Louvain, and Charleroi. The allies, under the supreme command of Prince Charles of Lorraine, with Sir John Ligonier in command of the British contingent, were now (August, 1746) endeavouring to protect Namur and Maestricht. The Dutch were sick of the war. Negotiations for peace were about to commence at Breda, conducted on behalf of England by Lord Sandwich. The Cabinet in London was hopelessly at variance on every question of policy except continuance in office. Newcastle and Pelham were hardly on speaking terms. Pelham was for peace; Newcastle was for greater vigour in

¹ William Sandby: "Thomas and Paul Sandby."

² R. Black: "History of the Jockey Club"; "The Jockey Club and its Founders." J. C. Cauthorne: "Royal Ascot: Its History." J. C. Whyte: "History of the British Turf."

³ They returned to Flanders June, 1746.

the war. "It is," wrote Pelham, "a greater pleasure to him [Newcastle] to put me in the wrong for an hour or a day, than to be in the right himself for months and years."¹ Pitt, now Paymaster, expressed the pessimism which was shadowing most of the holders of office, when, in writing to George Grenville, he spoke of "the gloomy scene which I fear is opening in public affairs for this disgraced country."²

Cumberland was called in to consult with the Cabinet on military operations. The immediate question was, What was to be done with a force of six battalions which had been placed under the command of General Sinclair? This force had been got together in the month of June, to be sent across the Atlantic in order to harass the French in America—a pet scheme of the Duke of Bedford.³ Contrary winds and contradictory orders had kept the troops and their convoy from proceeding with their voyage. By the end of August they had got no farther than St. Helen's. It was now too late in the season to despatch them across the Atlantic; for what purpose should they be used? The reasoning in the Cabinet was, briefly, this: They *must* be sent somewhere; they cannot be sent to America; it is too late to reinforce the troops in Flanders: why not send them to the west coast of France? This was the solution proposed by Newcastle and Hardwicke, and approved by the King. Cumberland was opposed to it;⁴ but the persistence of Newcastle prevailed. Orders were accordingly sent to Admiral Lestock and General Sinclair to effect a landing at "Rochelle, Rochefort, or Port l'Orient, to march into the country, and to conduct such military operations as might be most effective for alarming and annoying the French, creating a diversion in Flanders, and rendering assistance to any Protestants who might be willing to take up arms."⁵

Seldom have British arms been employed in a more inglorious and futile mission. David Hume, the historian, who took part in the expedition as secretary to the General, summed up the situation of his chief by saying that "he lay under positive orders to sail with the first fair wind, to approach the unknown coast, march through the unknown country, and attack the unknown cities of the most potent nation of the universe."⁶ They were without pilots, without guides, and without any intelligence as to the nature of the places to be approached. Their only map was a hand-map of the kingdom of France, purchased by the General's Aide-de-Camp in a shop at Plymouth; while the engineers assigned to the force were totally incompetent.

On September 20 a landing was effected at Quimperle Bay, and subsequently siege was laid to Port l'Orient; but after losing twenty men and seeing no hope of succeeding in the enterprise, and having regard to the hazard of embarking troops on a shore pounded by the breakers of the Bay of Biscay, the men were once more put on board on October 1, and the expedition returned to England.⁷

¹ Add. MSS., 32,709, f. 524.

² Lord Rosebery: "Chatham," p. 260.

³ Pitt to Bedford, July 19, 1746: "I hope it [the King of Spain's death] will be so improved as to be a happy one in the consequence. I think it can't fail of doing so, if we draw from it facility and resolution to pursue firmly those great and practicable views in America, which, as far as they have gone or are to go, we owe to your Grace alone" ("Bedford Correspondence," vol. i, p. 132).

⁴ Add. MSS., 32, 708, f. 150: Newcastle to Pelham, August 26, 1746.

⁵ *Ibid.*: Newcastle to Lestock, August 26, 1746.

⁶ See Burton's "Life of Hume," vol. i., appendix, p. 445.

⁷ *Westminster Journal*, No. 250.

In spite of the failure, and in spite of the ridicule to which it has been subjected, the fact remains that a fleet conveying a force of 5,000 men was able to avoid French ships and arrive off the coast of France, that the troops were able to land in the face of the opposing militia and maintain themselves on French territory for twelve days, and that the whole expedition was able to return unmolested to England. Moreover, it was the very strategy which in 1756 Frederick the Great was to suggest for adoption by the English, and which in 1758 was put into operation by William Pitt.¹

Two battalions of the Guards and the Welsh Fusileers, destined to support this abortive raid, got no farther than Plymouth. Cumberland, as Commander-in-Chief, was present at the embarkation of the Guards at Tower Wharf, “and spoke,” we are told, “to every man as they passed him with the greatest freedom.” Colonel Russell relates that as his regiment marched by he allowed a soldier’s wife to break through the ranks and take a farewell kiss of her husband, upon which “the Duke called out upon me with great good nature and said ‘twas like me.”²

Cumberland can no doubt be criticized for yielding to political pressure and allowing his judgment to be overruled by the Cabinet. In his favour it should be remembered that the idea of the expedition was supported by the King, and that the Duke, as every year was to make more evident, was animated by such a profound deference to the authority of his father that it would have been repugnant to him in the extreme to have thwarted the least direction coming from the Throne. Moreover, the King as head of the army, was the last man to acquiesce in a mere titular occupation of the post.

The campaign in Flanders was brought to a close by the Battle of Rocoux, fought in the vicinity of Maestricht, ^{September 30}/_{October 11}. Once more Saxe was victorious. Liége lay open to him. Prince Charles withdrew behind the Meuse, and both armies retired into winter-quarters. Saxe returned to France. At the frontier he exclaimed to the Custom-house officials, who attempted to delay him: “I have yet to learn that laurels are contraband.” In Paris he was received with every mark of popular gratitude, and was permitted by favour of the King to call himself Most Serene Highness.

The Ministry at home determined to mobilize all their resources for a vigorous campaign in the coming season of 1747. The conferences at Breda “were carrying a very low scent”;³ little good result was to be expected therefrom. It remained to infuse new life into the allies and prepare for a campaign on a larger scale in 1747.

Parliament was opened on November 18. The King’s Speech was well calculated to “give hopes to the valiant, and promise of war.” Supply for the year included—

NAVY.

Maintenance of 40,000 seamen and 11,550 marines, freight of transports, victualling Greenwich Hospital, etc., including £1,000,000 towards Navy debt	£3,780,910
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ARMY.

Maintenance of 33,030 men for home service and 15,196 for Flanders, ordnance, extraordinary expenses on account of the Rebellion, garrisons in the Plantations, etc.	2,303,938
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¹ Corbett: “England in the Seven Years’ War,” vol. i., pp. 153, 277.

² Hist. MSS.: “Frankland Russell-Astley Papers,” p. 347.

³ Coxe: “Pelham Administration,” vol. i., p. 337—Pelham to Walpole, October 4, 1746.

Subsidy to the Queen of Hungary	£433,333
Subsidy to the King of Sardinia	300,000
Subsidy to the Elector of Cologne	24,299
Subsidy to the Elector of Mentz	8,620
Subsidy to the Elector of Bavaria	26,846

The Dutch had declared to Lord Sandwich that on no account would they take part in another campaign.¹ The fears of Ministers in England that Holland would come to a separate agreement with France were redoubled. In December, Cumberland was sent over to negotiate at the Hague and endeavour to draw them into a further Convention for another campaign. Lord Sandwich had been quite unable to move the Dutch from their resolution; they had declared that they were sick of the war, that their resources were becoming exhausted, and that they would have nothing more to do with it. Cumberland's arrival put a new face on the negotiations. His authority, his tact, his skill in persuasion, the assurances with which he came armed from England, produced a complete change in the attitude of the republic. On January 12 a Convention was signed at the Hague, by which it was agreed that for the coming campaign Britain should furnish

13,587 British troops,
18,068 Hanoverian troops,
6,180 Hessian troops,

and four more battalions, either British or Hanoverian, to be ready by March 1. At the same time Austria undertook to supply a force of 60,000 men, under the command of Bathany; while the republic was to be represented by 40,000 men, under the command of Prince Waldeck—a total of 138,000 men. It was further agreed that Cumberland should have the supreme command, and that England should pay subsidies of £400,000 to Maria Theresa, and of £300,000 to the King of Sardinia, who was to renew his efforts against the French in Italy.²

Crowned with this victory, wrung by his diplomatic arts, Cumberland returned to London. The years of war unsuccessfully waged had not affected England's credit, and four millions were raised in two days in December, and subscribed twice over.³ Nor—which was perhaps more remarkable—was there any open expression of a public opinion opposed to the war. There was a peace party, but certainly no “peace at any price” party. The nation was getting used to these annual expeditions. The smallness of the force involved (some 15,000 men) restricted the area in which the personal loss caused by death and disease could make itself felt. The rebellion had quickened the spirit of hostility to France. Above all, it was generally recognized that no peace could be hoped for at this juncture without the surrender of Cape Breton, the “darling of the nation.” Here the national pride was at stake. Cape Breton stood as a symbol of naval supremacy; it was the one territorial result of years of warfare in which the country had given lavishly of its blood and treasure. As the key to Nova Scotia and the harbours of New England, it had consolidated the position of Britain in the New World at a time when expanding commerce was beginning to look more and more beyond the seas for fresh markets. To give up Cape Breton was to go back on a national

¹ Coxe: “Pelham Administration,” p. 335—Pelham to Walpole.

² Cumberland Papers.

³ Add. MSS., 32,709, F. 353: Newcastle to Cumberland, December, 1746.

aspiration, and to suffer a blow to that patriotic spirit which had been so largely fostered by recent events. Nor was the *Gazette*, with its announcements of constant captures of French and Spanish vessels, a factor to be neglected in considering the influences which at this time were reconciling the country to a continuance of the war.

CHAPTER XXII

LAFFELT

CUMBERLAND left for the Hague in February, 1747. To appreciate the task that lay before him, the position of things as they stood in that month of February must be borne in mind.

Saxe, by a series of successful campaigns, had rendered himself master of the Austrian Netherlands, including all that territory lying on the French side of a line drawn through Ostend, Ghent, Antwerp, Malines, Louvain, Liège. He had established magazines along his various lines of possible advance.

The course of the waterways was favourable to him— that is to say, the Meuse, the Scheldt, and the numerous streams that intersect the land lying between those two rivers, flowed in a northerly direction, and could be readily used for the purposes of transport. His left flank was secured by the sea; his right flank was protected by Luxemburg and the difficult country of the Ardennes; behind him lay the fortresses of the French Netherlands. His supplies were within easy reach; his lines of communication were short and completely secure. From a central position at Brussels, he could threaten Maestricht to the east, or Bergen-op-Zoom in the north-west; he could detach a force for the invasion of Dutch Flanders, or he could, if necessary, march to the relief of Antwerp.

Another factor had also to be reckoned with. Hitherto the frontiers of the republic had been respected. The operations of the French had been restricted to that portion of the Netherlands which owned the sovereignty of Austria.

The republic had, as we have seen, sent troops year after year to fight against the French, but the republic was still fighting as an auxiliary, and not as a principal. The fiction had been maintained. Saxe had urged that this absurdity should no longer be regarded, and that he should be free to commence the campaign of 1747 by an assault, if necessary, on the frontiers of Dutch Flanders. The Marquis d'Argenson, who had been responsible for this tender and technical solicitude for the Dutch, had been dismissed from office (January 10, 1747). Puisieux, his successor, was ready to fall in with the views of the Marshal. Thus, at the outset of events it was known that the territory of the republic was no longer to be considered inviolable.

While such was the situation on the northern borders of France, it has to be remembered that the armies of Louis, in conjunction with those of Spain, were also heavily engaged on the littoral of the Mediterranean, combating the troops of Maria Theresa and of the King of Sardinia. Europe therefore was ranged as follows: England, Holland, Austria, and Sardinia, on the one side; France and Spain, the Bourbon Powers, on the other. Frederick the Great, having secured Silesia, was content to watch. He was busy inaugurating his residence at Sans Souci, but found time, in a spirit of unconvincing benevolence, to urge the Powers at war to come to terms. At the same time he remained ready at any moment to take action if his new possession were menaced. Russia had agreed to a defensive treaty with England, and negotiations had been entered into for the supply of 30,000 men for the war, but, through a

fatal delay in the conclusion of the bargain, these troops could not be counted on for the campaign of 1747.

France profoundly mistrusted the intentions of her ally, Spain, who was ruled by a Minister (Carvajal) of English origin and disposed to English sympathies. England was suspicious of Holland, and jealous lest she should make a separate peace with France; while between Austria and England recriminations were freely passing about the quota of troops and the objects of the campaign. All the Powers concerned were weary of war and desired peace. The contest was only being prolonged for better terms. Each combatant hoped to occupy at the end of the campaign a stronger position from which to negotiate; and, so far as England was concerned, if we look below the surface, the real stake that was being played for on the battle-fields of Flanders was the possession of Cape Breton.¹ A victory to the allies, the tide of war rolled back within the frontiers of France, would place England in a position to dictate terms, which would include the retention of her conquest on the other side of the Atlantic. This was the real political object of the campaign now about to open.

Cumberland desired to strike "an early blow, not only for the further military operations of the campaign, but to defeat any private negotiations that might arise between France and this Republic."² How necessary this seemed at the time was shown by the information which reached the Duke at Tilburg, to the effect that the Pensionary had gone to Breda authorized by a majority of the States to sign a secret neutrality with France. The Duke's action was prompt. Mounting his horse, he rode without pause to Breda, summoned a council of war, at which the Pensionary was present, and there and then obliged him to sign an order for the Dutch troops to march and join the army.³ An ally who was shifty in council, and in action developed an inclination for premature retirement, was no easy matter to deal with.

The "early blow" intended by Cumberland was the siege of Antwerp. Accordingly, the army moved from the vicinity of Breda, where it had first concentrated, and encamped some six miles from the city; but it soon became evident that the design must fail. Heavy rains and the flooding of the Meuse had delayed a considerable portion of the Austrian contingent. The dilatoriness of the Dutch had left the army without the necessary siege train. Lastly, the action of the French in reinforcing Antwerp, and in capturing the fortresses on the Lower Scheldt, had completely altered the situation. In what manner this last result had been attained must now be considered.

Saxe quitted Paris in March and established his quarters at Brussels. His plans were already exact and matured. Here for the present he was at leisure to remain. Saxe campaigned in the grand manner. With the endurance demanded of a trained athlete he combined the magnificence of an Oriental ruler. He would have been the first to subscribe to Napoleon's dictum that "poverty, hardship and misery are the school of the good soldier." But this was quite compatible with a great equipage, with fastidious cooking, with the glitter of a Court, and with music, theatres, and recreations, for the men as well as officers, when opportunity permitted. To Brussels for the opening of the campaign came a company of the best actors and actresses of Paris, among them La Chantilly, the wife of Favart, of whom Saxe wrote in his curious spelling to his sister, Princess Holstein: "Je vous dis en outre que

¹ Cf. Add. MSS., 32,708, f. 244: Sandwich to Newcastle, May 30, 1747.

² Cumberland Papers: Cumberland to Newcastle, March 8, 1747.

³ Add. MSS., 35,431: Fawkener to Yorke, April 20, 1747.

je suis amoureux depuis trois ans d'une petite Galen qui me joue des mauves tour et qui ma pense faire tourner la servelle. Je vous en ay écrit quelque chose lanée passée, elle ait possede du demon de lamour conjugal et couche dautan avec moy. Jay etes tentes deux ou trois foy de la noier. Adieu ma chere seur je vous embrasse de tout mon cœur."¹

Needless to say, lavishness and pleasure were not curtailed by the arrival of the French King, the ground-plan of whose campaigning was that life in the field should be as little dissimilar to life at Versailles as human ingenuity could make it. Frivolity merely widened its domain. Louvain became as gay as Brussels; generals corresponded on the merits of rival actresses, and the great Marshal himself, "moi dont l'art funeste est d'effrayer runivers," deflected his genius into stanzas addressed to his mistress.²

But there was no pause in the perfect precision with which his plans were being executed.

By the beginning of April the main army of the French, 100,000 strong, was concentrated behind the Dyle, between Brussels, Malines, and Louvain. Count Clermont, with 15,000 men, was at Namur, and Löwendahl, with 25,000 men and a siege train, was at Bruges. Saxe threw into Antwerp twenty-six battalions and seventeen squadrons, ordered the fortifications to be strengthened, the inundations to be completed, and supplies for withstanding a long siege to be taken in.

Löwendahl's orders were to get possession of the coast towns, while the Marquis de Contades summoned the forts on the left bank of the Scheldt, between Antwerp and the sea. The first place to fall was Sluys, followed in quick succession by Issendick, Sas de Gand, Phillipine, Hulst, and Sandberg, as well as by the forts on the river-bank. By the middle of May, and in less than a month from the opening of his campaign, Saxe had made himself master of Dutch Flanders—that is to say, he had still further curtailed the communications of the allies with the sea, and he had obtained command of the Scheldt from Antwerp to the mouth of the river.

Cumberland could do little to avert these disasters. Immediately to the south of him was the main French army; to have advanced west to the relief of Hulst would have uncovered the frontier from Bergen-op-Zoom to Bois-le-Duc, a step which both military and political considerations rendered impracticable. He, however, ordered General Fuller, who arrived from England with three battalions³ on April 26, to put himself under the orders of General de la Roque for the defence of Hulst. It was quite in vain. Hulst, like every other place that was attacked, and that was garrisoned by the Dutch, yielded after little or no resistance.

The conquest of Dutch Flanders, however, so far from fulfilling the political object of Saxe and driving the Dutch into a separate peace, had produced an exactly opposite result. The negotiations at Breda were broken off; the provinces were swept by a wave of patriotic feeling, the peace party was driven from office, and, as the outcome of a revolutionary movement, the Stadtholderate was revived, and, after being first offered to Frederick the Great, was bestowed on William, Prince of Orange.⁴

With the fortresses of the Scheldt in French hands, Cumberland's supplies could no

¹ "Lettres du Marechal de Saxe à la Princesse Holstein, sa sœur."

² Broglie: "Maurice de Saxe et le Marquis d'Argenson," vol. ii., p. 237.

³ Lord John Murray's, the Royals, and Bragg's.

⁴ In the following year it was made hereditary.

longer reach him by water, but had to come overland from Breda and Bergen-op-Zoom.¹ Not one-third of the requisite waggons was obtainable, nor was any forage to be gleaned from the "barren heaths" where he was posted. These delays and hindrances, and the successes of the French, caused the siege of Antwerp to be abandoned. On May 12 Cumberland wrote to Chesterfield: "I fear the French have taken such precautions, and the Dutch have been so dilatory, that the siege of Antwerp is hardly to be undertaken: but we must still keep up the appearance of that being our intention, though our present design will be to try if we can come to an action immediately."² This news caused no little uneasiness at St. James's. Experience had rendered George II. cautious, and through Chesterfield he wrote at once to say that he was averse to the idea of forcing an action, "unless there were much more than an equal chance of success."³

On May 26 Cumberland advanced his headquarters to Bauwel, and encamped the army in two lines between the Rivers Nethe, the right resting on Lierre, the left on Herenthout.

On May 28 Saxe took up his position in the camp he had some weeks previously marked out, between Malines and Louvain. Three days later Louis XV. arrived at Brussels.

Cumberland was greatly hampered by the jealousies and divided counsels prevailing in the allied army. Prince Waldeck and others studiously represented at the Hague that the Duke's only object in remaining in his camp between the Nethes was to keep near the coast and in touch with his communications with England. And to such a pass had things come that, after it had been decided at a council of war, and the order given, to march six battalions to strengthen the garrison at Maestricht, Prince Waldeck revoked the order without communicating the fact to the Duke. Nor was the revocation discovered till many days had elapsed.⁴ Cumberland's military instinct in this matter was perfectly sound. He apprehended that Saxe's ultimate aim was to march east and lay siege to Maestricht. From his position between Lierre and Herenthout, he could advance and cover that town, or he could interpose his forces between the French army and Bergen-op-Zoom. The two armies lay within less than twenty miles of each other. Cumberland had two alternatives before him: either to attack the French where they were, or to allow Saxe to take the initiative, follow him, and bring him to action on a terrain as far as possible unfavourable to the French arms. Influenced by the King and advices from England, he chose the latter alternative. He decided to make Saxe show his hand and give a clear indication of the game he meant to play, before he gave the orders to the allied army to vacate their position. Each commander was waiting for the other to move. Saxe believed that want of subsistence would ultimately drive the allies from their position.⁵ But as the days wore on, and nothing was done, Saxe was forced to yield to the growing impatience of the King, the murmurs of the courtiers, and the innuendos of his enemies, who hinted that he was prolonging the campaign for his own ends. Both Cumberland and Saxe were to some extent being subjected to external influences, to political pressure, or Court intrigue. Cumberland was being urged to do nothing; Saxe was being pressed to strike a blow.

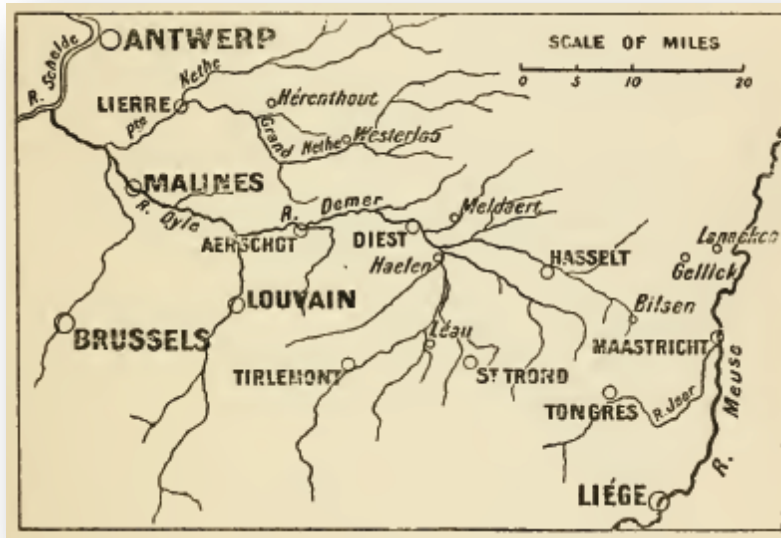
¹ Cumberland Papers: Cumberland to Chesterfield, May 3 (N.S.), 1747.

² Cumberland Papers.

³ Cumberland Papers: Chesterfield to Cumberland, May 16, 1747.

⁴ Add. MSS., 35,431 Joseph Yorke to Lord Hardwicke, Sep tember 11, 1747.

⁵ The whole history of this campaign from the French side is to be found in a letter of Saxe to Frederick the Great (Espagnac vol. ii.).



The manœuvres at this point have an interest of their own, and on what follows Cumberland's qualities as a general have largely to be judged. Saxe's first idea was to march due east to Maestricht and the Meuse, but reflexion determined him that it would be unwise to do so until he knew with certainty that the allies were moving. To use his own words: "Before I could quit the Dyle I had to see the allies on the march to the Meuse." Saxe began his movements on June 6. By June 17 his cavalry, under Clermont Tonnerre, was encamped to the east of Louvain, at Abbaye du Pare. On the same day St. Germain, with fifteen battalions and ten guns, attacked Diest (held by Baronai) and occupied Aerschott and Halen. D'Estrées pushed as far east as St. Trond, and Clermont Prince, who, with his corps, had been summoned from Namur, took up an intermediate position at Leau and Tirlemont. By June 18 the French position was as follows: A strong body of troops¹ was guarding the passage of the Dyle in the vicinity of Malines. The main body of the French army was in and around Louvain. To the east, D'Estrées was moving towards Tongres, on his road to Lonaken. St. Germain was still in the neighbourhood of Diest and Aerschott, masking the extension of the French line to the east. Clermont Prince was at St. Trond.

Of these movements Cumberland was fully informed; for we know that on June 20 he wrote to Chesterfield: "The design of the enemy seems to be to draw us out of our present camp." And as a matter of fact this object was achieved, for on June 22 the allies moved from their position between the two Nethes and began their march towards Maestricht, in response to the movements of Saxe.

The main body encamped with their left at Westerloo. Baronai, with 2,000 foot, 500 horse, an imperial regiment of dragoons, and a large body of hussars and irregulars, was at Diest, from which place St. Germain, after a sharp attack, had been repulsed. Prince Wolfenbüttel, with 15,000 foot and 4,000 horse, was advanced beyond Westerloo.² Cumberland by this time had surmised, and rightly surmised, that Saxe had a twofold

¹ Eight brigades of infantry under Lord Clare.

² Hist. MSS., Report xii., app. v., p. 199. Lord Robert Sutton to the Duke of Rutland.

object: firstly, to lay siege to Maestricht, and, secondly, to draw the allies from their encampment. Or—if we formulate his object in other words—it was to compel the allies to leave their station between the Nethes by advancing to the siege of Maestricht. Between the two armies lay the Demer, running from east to west.

During the succeeding days the opposing armies must be pictured as moving eastward on lines tending to converge, but, till their point of juncture is reached, separated by the River Demer.

On June 25 the Duke, with his headquarters at Meldaert, wrote to Chesterfield: "Clermont is at Tongres: we march to Hasselt to-morrow; if Clermont is not sustained by the whole French army he will run great risque of being forced to retire over the Meuse."¹ He felt the utmost confidence as to the result of the battle in which he hoped soon to engage, having under his command, as he wrote to Chesterfield, "the finest army that has been assembled ever since the beginning of the war." At Hasselt he ordered Count Daun and Prince Wolfenbüttle to cross the river and advance direct on Tongres; while, with the main army, he continued along the right bank of the Demer, and wheeled to the right at the point where that river turns in a southerly direction. The outcome of this manœuvre would be that, while Daun and Wolfenbüttle approached Tongres from the north, Cumberland and the main army would advance on that town and the forces there located from the north-east and east. If those forces were not supported by the French main army, they would be in grave peril. On the other hand, if support was forthcoming, the Duke calculated that he would still be able to take up an advantageous position, his left covered by the River Jaar, his right in the vicinity of Bilsen, his centre on the heights of Herderen and disposed to the direction from which the French were advancing towards the fortress of Maestricht; while that fortress, with its Dutch garrison, would lie immediately behind his centre.

All depended upon the occupation of slightly dominating positions, such as Herderen and Milen, where, as it turned out, Saxe was to be before him. But on his present information Cumberland believed that he would have sufficient time to complete his manœuvre. He knew that the main army of Saxe was still at Louvain; he reckoned that it would be impossible for that army to arrive before Herderen in sufficient time to dispute his occupation of the position he designed to possess. Such was his calculation. It remains to be seen how and in what manner that calculation was frustrated.

It was not till June 29 that Saxe had ascertained beyond all doubt that the whole army of the allies was far advanced on the right bank of the Demer. On that day Cumberland encamped between Gellick and Lonaken, to the north-east of Laffelt. Here he committed the serious error of delaying twenty-four hours to rest his troops. On that day, also, Saxe, with the main body of his army, was at Louvain. It was in the afternoon that he first received definite information. He at once sent out orders to Clermont to call in all the detachments that were scattered about the headwaters of the Demer, and concentrate at Tongres, at the same time assuring Clermont that he would come to his support.

Such portion of the French army as was cantoned at Louvain began their march to Tongres at ten o'clock on the night of the 29th. Saxe himself set out at 9 p.m. He reached Tongres at 8 a.m. on June 30. Without delay he galloped forward with his staff to reconnoitre the position. From Tongrebergh he could see the troops of Wolfenbüttle and

¹ Cumberland Papers,

Baronai in occupation of the heights of the Grand Commanderie. Spies brought word that the main army of the allies was resting that day in camp, between Gellick and Lonaken. From the nature of the ground, Saxe calculated—but, as we shall see, wrongly calculated—that he would be able to drive back Wolfenbüttle before Cumberland could come up to sustain him. He therefore determined to attack the heights of the Commanderie on the following day, and force Wolfenbüttle from his position before the allies could come to his assistance.

He had plenty of troops under his hand. At 3 a.m. on July 1 he started from the east of Tongres with the corps of D'Estrées, Clermont, St. Germain, Clermont Tonnerre, and Sennecterre; but hardly had he reached the heights of Herderen when he saw, through the twilight, the cavalry of the allies, under Ligonier, advancing over the opposing slopes. What had happened was this: From his camp at Gellick, Cumberland had sent forward the cavalry under Ligonier to occupy what contemporaries have called the "heights of Herderen." "Heights," however, is a misleading term. The land to the west of Maestricht is an undulating plateau; there are hollows and there are elevations. The summits of the elevations vary in extent, and the descents to the hollows vary slightly in gradient; but to the eye surveying the general terrain the appearance is that of an ordinary stretch of land in the Low Countries. Only in the first hour of sunrise or the last hour of sunset is the country diversified by shadows springing from the rise and fall of the ground. Even in the case of the so-called Herderen Heights, the difference in level, as contrasted with the lowest point within range of a battery, is not in excess of 25 feet; therefore, in reading the despatches of the day, the word "heights" must be qualified by the considerations here spoken of. Such variations, however, are sufficient to affect the disposition and conceal the movements of troops; and though their occurrence for the most part is indicated by a very gradual change in level, their value for practical purposes in the warfare of the day was of the utmost consequence.

Cumberland, believing that the force sent forward under Wolfenbüttle to the Commanderie was sufficiently strong to contain Clermont at Tongres, had resolved to occupy the heights of Herderen. It was to that end that his plans had been concerted.

The accounts of the movements which followed, sent by the Duke to Lord Chesterfield, and by Saxe to Frederick the Great, differ very considerably. The statements cannot be reconciled: we can only note the net result—namely, that Saxe's scheme for attacking Wolfenbüttle was frustrated, and that Cumberland's manœuvre for occupying the heights of Herderen failed. Even as he stood observing the movements of the British cavalry, Saxe became aware of the approach of the whole army of the allies—some 100,000 men.¹ They could be seen in two columns, ascending from the low ground, which lay to the north, towards Gellick, and winding their way between the acclivities immediately facing the low

¹ The exact number is difficult to determine. Colonel Lloyd gives the total force as 90,000. On May 19 (N.S.), Lord George Manners wrote to the Duke of Rutland that they already had 90,000 men assembled. From the Cumberland Papers it appears that the Austrian contingent had not all arrived till June 1. The total army when assembled was to have been 130,000 men. Cumberland's satisfaction at the completeness of the contingents suggests that the total must have been well over 100,000. Moreover, on his return to England the Duke told Horace Walpole that the Austrian contingent was close on 60,000 men (Coxe: "Lord Walpole," vol. ii., p. 221; Hist. MSS. of Duke of Rutland; also "Campaigns of Saxe," Lieutenant-Colonel E. M. Lloyd, R.E.; and Cumberland Papers).

swell of Herderen. Saxe determined to hold his position. He formed up the whole of his cavalry in three lines halfway down the slope, which at this point is a broad expanse merging slowly into the low ground at its foot. He concentrated his guns on the plateau above them, and recalled such of the infantry as had begun the advance towards the Commanderie; then he sent D'Estrées to the King to ask whether he should retire on Tongres or attack. Cumberland, who had been reconnoitring since daylight, saw that he had missed the advantage he had hoped for; saw the French cavalry in possession of the position he had intended to hold; saw also, to his surprise, that in support of that cavalry were an unknown number of infantry. He now had to deploy his army, which, as we have said, numbered about 100,000 men, and take up the most advantageous position that was open to him. Such a position was to be found in the villages and hamlets and along the slopes that run on a broken and irregular front from the Commanderie to Laffelt. To check any advance from the heights of Herderen, he drew up his cavalry in line, facing the heights. Behind this screen he ordered Wolfenbüttel to occupy the villages of Gros- and Klein-Spauwen and place his cavalry on the low ground between Gros-Spauwen and the Commanderie. The Austrian troops he placed on the right, in a strong position which ran northwards towards Bilsen, thus presenting a refused flank covered by water and swampy ground. With the remainder of the Dutch, the Hessians, the British and Hanoverian battalions, he extended his line to the left, occupying Bossmeer, Vlytingen, and Laffelt. In Laffelt itself Cumberland stationed four battalions—namely, Pulteney's, Dejean's, "late Crauford's," and one Hanoverian battalion. Vlytingen was held by two battalions of the 1st and 3rd Guards. His left flank was guarded by General Tripps, who held the hamlet of Wilre with his corps of irregulars.

His dispositions were not fully complete till the afternoon was far advanced.

On the French side, throughout that day and throughout the night following that day (July 1), the infantry, which, it will be remembered, had marched from Louvain,¹ some forty miles away, at 10 p.m. on Thursday, June 29, and the infantry which had set out from points nearer to Tongres, were streaming in to the support of Saxe by the great road which runs from Louvain by Tongres to Maestricht, and, as they arrived, were being disposed in battle order.

At 4 p.m. the French monarch rode on to the field; he had already communicated to Saxe that he wished the army to attack.

At the moment that he rode up, Cumberland had completed his dispositions, and the spectacle of some 115,000² men drawn up in a position of advantage may well have made the King question the wisdom of his order. But the die was cast. Saxe, who throughout the day had been able to watch the manœuvres of the allies, had determined that his own endeavour on the morrow must be to pierce the centre of the opposing lines and break the allied forces into two portions.

That was to be the cardinal point of his plan. He therefore ordered D'Estrées to take up a position on the extreme right, and attack General Tripps, who, with his irregulars, was holding Wilre. Clermont, his most trusted lieutenant, with sixteen battalions, twenty guns, and thirty squadrons, was to advance on Laffelt. Salières, with twenty-four battalions and twenty guns, supported by Clermont Tonnerre with the cavalry, was to direct himself

¹ The bulk of the infantry marched some forty miles in forty-eight hours.

² This includes the force of Wolfenbüttel.

against Vlytingen.

Vlytingen was the point at which Saxe had determined to break through the allies' line. On the first inception of the plan, and in the first phase of the battle, the capture of Laffelt was only incidental to, and in order to facilitate, the major operation of dividing the forces opposed to him at Vlytingen. In the end the whole struggle centred round Laffelt, and the hamlet of that name proved the key of the action. All the weight of his attack was to be thrust against these two points—Laffelt and Vlytingen. These were the doors that had to be forced, and against which he had determined to employ the great mass of his infantry. The left of his line he made sufficiently strong with forty battalions and several brigades of cavalry to “contain” the Austrians and distract them from sending assistance to support Laffelt and Vlytingen.

During the afternoon there was slight skirmishing between advanced posts. Saxe pushed forward some irregular troops to occupy Ellight, upon which there was a sharp cannonade, which appears to have had little effect. Throughout the day the landscape was blurred by continuous rain. Heavy clouds had been rolling up from the north-west horizon, and the night fell cold and wet on the two hosts, as they lay under arms in deadly proximity for the coming struggle.

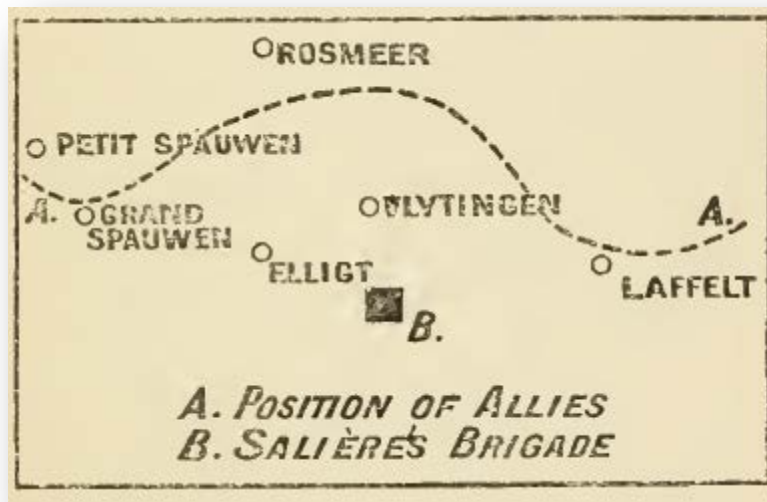
At daybreak on Sunday, July 2, when Cumberland mounted his horse for a final survey, rain was still falling; the ground was sodden; all movement was rendered slow and laborious by the deepness of the mud. During the night Saxe had advanced more cavalry on to the slopes of Herderen, and strengthened the plateau above them with earthworks. This was the point on which his infantry would retire, should the attack on Vlytingen and Laffelt fail.

For some reason not explained, Cumberland gave orders on Sunday morning to withdraw the guards from Vlytingen and burn the village. The effect of this was to create an arc, or bay, in his line of defence, between Laffelt and Gros-Spauwen, and constitute Laffelt into a forward bastion. His object may have been to trouble the flank of the enemy when they tried to push forward into the bay, as they had made it evident they intended to do. But having made this alteration, and the enemy showing no signs of attacking, he withdrew his staff, at about eight o'clock, to the Grand Commanderie, to breakfast, and also to hold a last council of war. He felt little uneasiness as to the outcome of the battle. It is true he had been forestalled in his attempt to capture the heights of Herderen, but he could contemplate with serenity and satisfaction the alternative manner in which his troops had been adjusted to receive the enemy's advance. The initial disadvantage had been largely neutralized. The temper of the soldiers left nothing to be desired. For the moment complete harmony reigned between himself and his fellow-commanders. That unforeseen and accidental weakness in his line which the battle was to expose, found no place in his mind as he coned the chances in his favour.

Within a few moments of his reaching the Commanderie, Lieutenant-Colonel Forbes galloped up with a message from Ligonier to say that the right wing of the French army was forming for an attack on Laffelt. The distance between the Commanderie and Laffelt is little short of 7,000 yards, or some four and a half miles. As Cumberland galloped up to the left of the allies, a dense column of French battalions was advancing from Riempst through a depression which broke the line of elevated ground occupied by the French. This was the column of four brigades, thirty squadrons, and twenty guns, under the command of Clermont, which had been told off for the assault on Laffelt. The column, preceded by a

brisk fire from their artillery, crossed the road which ran across the front of the French position at about ten o'clock, and began its perilous ascent of that gentle incline which led up to the orchards and enclosures surrounding the hamlet of Laffelt. As the head of that column approached, it was swept away by the fire of the cannon which Cumberland had posted on the front of the hamlet; the rest of the column was broken by the musketry fire which followed. Saxe at once reinforced Clermont with four battalions of Royal-des-Vaisseaux and six of the Irish brigade.¹ Three times was the attack renewed; three times, as Cumberland brought up his reinforcements, was the attack repulsed.

To Bathyany, in command of the right wing, the Duke, when he saw the nature of the attack on Laffelt, had sent for urgent assistance. It took the form of two separate bodies, one of nine battalions, the other of five. Bathyany had immediately despatched the nine battalions, and ordered five more from the *corps de reserve* to follow them. The nine battalions were of service. They arrived in time to assist in the defence of the hamlet, about which the battle raged. The fate of the five battalions belongs to a later stage and another phase of the action. To that phase attention must now be directed.



It will be remembered that Saxe's object was to pierce and break the line of the allies at Vlytingen. The force told off for this task—namely, the twenty-four battalions and twenty guns under Salières, and the cavalry under Clermont Tonnerre—had begun their advance simultaneously with, or within a few moments of, the attack on Laffelt. Vlytingen having been burnt, this force found itself face to face with an objective which was no longer held by the allies. The village had been vacated; the line of the allies had, as already explained, been recessed; and on the chord of the arc thus formed the troops under Salières were halted.

Salières thereupon with promptitude opened fire with his guns against the right flank of the hamlet of Laffelt. Cumberland at Laffelt thus found himself at one and the same moment subjected to an assault in front from a force which Saxe had increased to twenty-four battalions, and a fire from Salières' artillery on his right.

Notwithstanding this, the tide of success swayed to and fro through the orchard closes.

¹ Sixty-three officers were killed or wounded in the Irish brigade.

Now the French would be beaten back down the slope, again they would recover and force the outskirts of the enclosures, penetrate to the road that ran, west to east, through the hamlet, be met by the sustained and withering fire of the fresh battalions summoned by Cumberland, and be forced once more to retire.

The attack was weakening. At about midday the Duke gave an order for a general advance.¹ Saxe at that moment, with the assistance of twelve more battalions of the brigades of Tour du Pin, D'Orléans, and Du Roi—part of Salières' command—was in the act of leading his final assault.

As this huge body of troops (now thirty-seven battalions in all, or about 25,000 men) came into contact with Cumberland's advance, Saxe saw at once that the advance would be stayed, that the counter-blow must fail, that for the moment, at any rate, the position of the allies at Laffelt was neutralized and in jeopardy. Then, galloping to his left, towards the troops under Salières' command, he ordered the Marquis de Bellefonds to gather up the nearest squadrons of Cravattes, Royal Rousillon, and De Berry, and charge the lines of the Dutch infantry immediately facing him. As the squadrons swept by, Saxe gaily called out: "Comme au fourrage, mes enfants!" Charging forward with his squadrons, Bellefonds pierced the lines of infantry and fell on the Dutch cavalry in rear. These did not wait to receive the French. They turned and galloped from the field. In so doing, and in their rout and panic, they struck into the five battalions of the *corps de reserve*, which were hastening by Bathyan's order to Cumberland's assistance.

The confusion was complete. Cumberland, seeing what had occurred, attempted to restore order and rally the Dutch cavalry. That, however, was beyond the reach of human endeavour. The Duke himself was nearly captured, and had to fight his way back through some of the French cavalry.

This last stroke of Saxe had proved decisive. It had broken the allies into two. It had done more. It had arrested the arrival of reinforcements for Laffelt, and, as the hamlet itself was no longer tenable, Cumberland gave the order for a retreat.

Away to the east at Wilre, General Tripps with his irregulars had been obliged to give way to D'Estrées; that flank therefore was wholly unprotected. It was clear that the retirement from the field was to be one of the most hazardous that could fall to the lot of a commander. As the army withdrew by the left, they were pounded by the French cannon, which had been hastily pushed round to the west of Laffelt. Saxe, having accomplished his end, having broken the allies into two, and foreseeing the retreat which must follow, galloped back to the right, and, seeing a line of cavalry protecting the retreat, ordered D'Estrées to charge and drive the line back on to the infantry. That line was the British cavalry under the command of Ligonier. Before Saxe's order could be executed, Ligonier saw in a flash what was coming—saw, too, that the safety of the infantry depended on him. Without hesitation, he caught up Cumberland's dragoons, the Greys, and Inniskillings, led his brigade against the French, broke through the mass of D'Estrées' cavalry, which was waiting to charge, and, penetrating beyond, was subjected to a galling fire which mowed down his ranks. But he

¹ An account somewhat different to most reports of the battle was sent by Sir Everard Fawkener to Sir Thomas Robinson on July 27. He says that the whole line advanced, including the Austrians, who drove the enemy out of the village of Ellight, and were only prevented from doing more by the danger of exposing their flank to attack from Herderen. He also says that the French cavalry had to drive the infantry forward to the last attack on Laffelt with their swords. Other English accounts also refer to this fact (see Add. MSS., 23,825, f. 265).

had succeeded in his object. He had checked the French. He had rendered the retreat of the allies secure. It was the finest feat of arms performed that day. Ligonier himself was captured, an event which was to lead to important developments in the negotiations for peace.

The battle, which had lasted about five hours, had been costly to the French: 450 officers and 8,907 men were killed or wounded;¹ six of their standards and seven of their colours were captured; and, as events were to prove, Cumberland had succeeded in his object, and saved the fortress of Maestricht.

The retreat was conducted in perfect order. The Duke, with all the remaining cavalry, marched to Lonaken “to favour the retreat of the Dutch and the right wing”; and, without further molestation, the whole army, carrying off all their heavy cannon, crossed the Meuse immediately below Maestricht, and encamped that night at Heer.

The loss of the whole of the allies was some 6,000 men, of whom about 2,000 were British, out of the twelve battalions and four regiments of cavalry actually engaged. Among the wounded was James Wolfe.

Cumberland, writing the next day to Chesterfield, began his despatch: “I am very sorry to be forced to acquaint you that yesterday we had a very brisk but not successful affair between our left wing and almost the whole of the enemy’s army”; and, after describing what took place, he concluded: “The great misfortune of our position was that the right wing was in so strong a post that they could neither be attacked nor make a diversion. Was I to commend any particular corps of horse or foot it would be doing injustice to the rest, for tho some have had more occasions than others, yet there is not a squadron or battalion of His Majesty’s Royal or Electoral troops which has not charged and beat the enemy 2 or 3 times, and I appeal to the judgment of both our allys as well as the enemy whether any troops could have done more, or whether there are many who would have done as much.”

Unfortunately, the phrase about the position of the right wing has never been cleared up. Chesterfield, on receipt of the despatch, wrote at once for a further explanation, but Cumberland’s reply has been lost. Whether he intended to palliate and excuse the astonishing immobility of the Austrians² will probably never be known. Some three weeks later a less guarded report was sent by Sir Joseph Yorke to the Lord Chancellor, in which he states that he had been over the ground again, and that there was nothing whatever in the features of the Austrian position to have prevented them from advancing and delivering an attack against the left wing of the French.³

It cannot be claimed for Cumberland that he had many of the supreme gifts of a great commander in war. He had not the rapidity of vision and quickness of apprehension for

¹ Some of the English, regiments had expended 50,000 rounds of ammunition. Each man went into action with 24 rounds; there must therefore have been an additional expenditure of 70 to 80 rounds per man—a heavy drain on the reserve supply. The canon had fired as much as 120 shots (Add. MSS.: Yorke to Hardwicke). The regiments present at the battle were—The Greys, 4th Hussars, Inniskillings, 7th Hussars, Cumberland’s Dragoons (of which regiment the Duke was made Colonel September 6, 1746), 1st and 3rd Guards (one battalion each), 3rd, 4th, 13th, 19th, 21st, 23rd, 25th, 32nd, 33rd, 36th, 37th, and 48th Foot (see Fortescue: “British Army,” vol. ii., p. 162).

² Louis XV., writing to the French Queen, said: “Les Autrichiens ay ant été, suivant leur ordinaire, des spectateurs bénévoles.”

³ Add. MSS.: Military Correspondence of Sir Joseph Yorke.

seizing the essential factor in an unforeseen problem. He had not the power to draw bold and accurate inferences from small indications of his adversary's plans. He was, perhaps, slow to take the initiative. Nor was he fertile in resource, or nimble in repairing a mistake of his own or in profiting by a mistake of his enemy. But his severest critic would not deny him the highest courage, nor the personal quality of inspiring in his troops a warm regard and a confidence ready to respond to his call at a decisive moment. Moreover, he was possessed by a passionate devotion to his profession and an almost romantic fidelity to duty.

And if we survey his military career as a whole, we must credit him with other and more essential qualities than these. He understood the discipline and training of troops. He was accomplished in the organization and moving of a large army.¹ He had that knowledge of military requirements that enabled him, during his years as Commander-in-Chief, to transform the army—which was said, at the time he assumed office, to be the most disorderly in Europe—into one of the most exact and perfect fighting forces which the country has produced. If the army that could stain its records with Prestonpans and Falkirk was able to earn immortal glory on the heights above Quebec, it was in no little measure due to the patient, punctual toil of Cumberland. It was his misfortune at an early age, and in command of disunited forces, to be confronted with situations of extreme difficulty, and to be pitted against the first captain of his time. In his campaign in Flanders in 1745, his bold stroke at Fontenoy might well have succeeded, but it was frustrated by the faint spirit of his half-hearted allies, the Dutch. Again, in the campaign with which we have been dealing, there was a total lack, in the allied army, of the harmony essential for so great an undertaking. An outward and formal adhesion corresponded but loosely with the diversity of interest and the jealousies within. At Laffelt success was wrested from him in the first place through the inaction of the right wing, which, under Bathyan, seemed incapable of initiative; and then, again, by the unfortunate readiness with which the Dutch cavalry attempted to withdraw from the field. With the first a greater than he might have dealt; against the second none could have made provision. That he withdrew his army from the field in the face of the enemy, retired it across the Meuse, protected Maestricht, and so outwitted the calculations of Saxe, went far to redress the loss of the battle. It was all very well to sing *Te-Deums* in Notre Dame, and, like Louis XV., attribute the victory to the protection of the Virgin; but the French nation knew that too great a price had been paid for the privilege and the intervention.

In London the news of the battle caused curiously little excitement. A few people were beginning to think that Louis XV. was right when he said that “the British not only paid all, but fought all”; and when the facts became known, there was indignation against the Dutch, and much criticism of the apathy of the Austrians. Of the Duke, Horace Walpole wrote: “He behaved as bravely as usual: but his prowess is so well established, that it grows time for him to exert other qualities of a general.” And in the same spirit there was told the anecdote of the English officer who, when a prisoner in the hands of the French, said that the Duke had also been very nearly captured; upon which a French officer remarked: “We knew better than to take him prisoner. He does us too much service at the head of your army.” But confidence in the Duke was not in the least impaired by what had occurred. It was still felt

¹ Neither Marlborough nor Wellington ever commanded so large a force as was led by Cumberland in the Laffelt campaign.

that in his military capacity he was “greatly superior to any man in the country,”¹ and, with few exceptions, this opinion was endorsed by every soldier under his command.² Frederick the Great, from his retired post of observation at Sans Souci, wrote a bitter criticism of Cumberland, so bitter that the Duc de Broglie is tempted to ask if jealousy of the youthful commander could be the motive.³ “J’ai tressailli de joie,” he wrote, “en apprenant la victoire que le comte de Saxe vient de remporter. Il faut avouer que M. de Cumberland est une grande pécore et quelque chose de pis: ces animaux ont vu perdre trois batailles à leurs alliés pour s’être laissé attaquer dans leurs postes, et ils retombent toujours dans les mêmes fautes; pour quoi ils seront réprouvés des César, des Condé, des Turenne, des Montecuculli, et hués per les Feuquiere, et, s’il plait à Dieu, damnés dans l’autre monde comme des animaux incorrigibles. Point de raison, monsieur de Cumberland, point de raison! Ah, la belle raison! Ah, le beau projet dont vous venez d’accoucher!” Had King George but seen this letter, the *rapprochement* with Prussia would hardly have been realized within eight years.

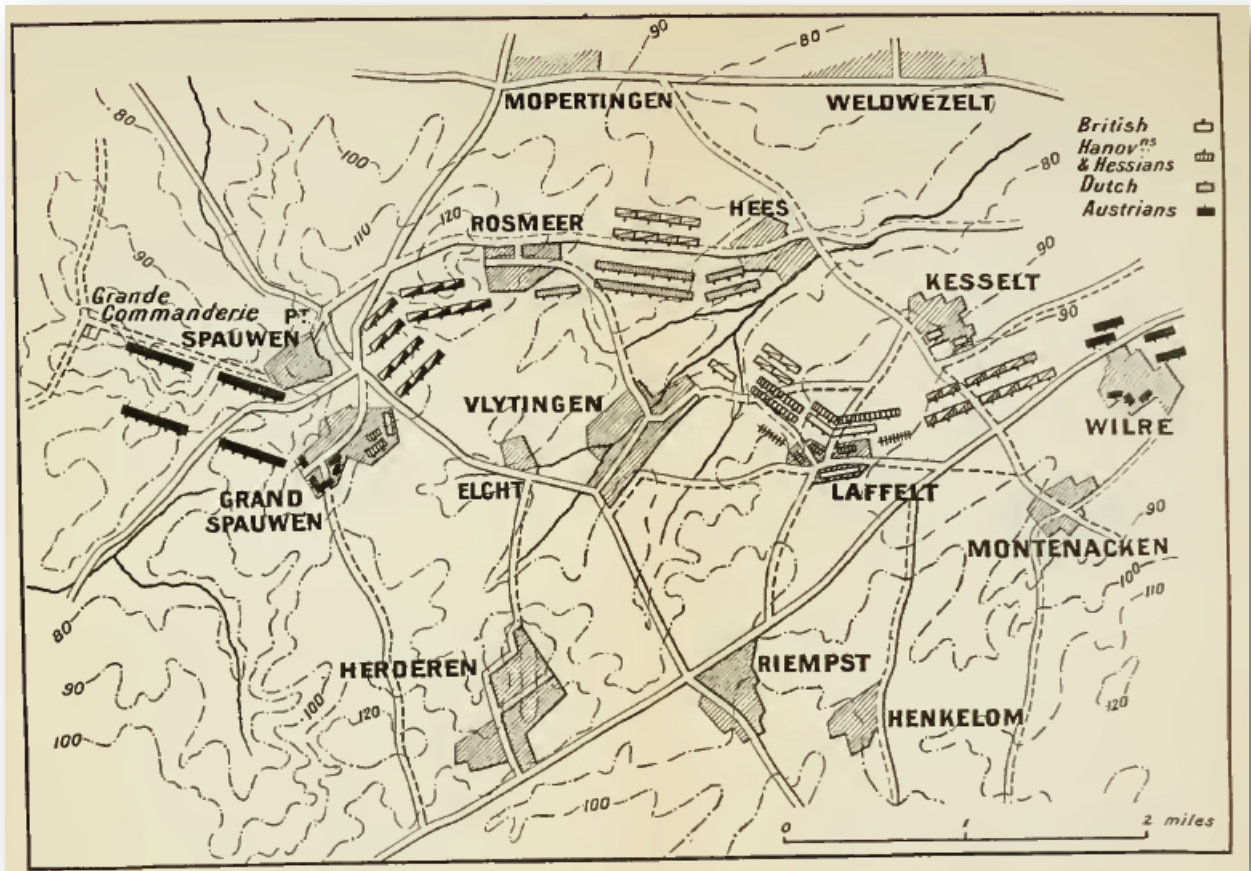
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¹ “Memoirs of Earl Waldegrave,” p. 23.

² See the adverse view expressed in “Life of Field-Marshal Townshend” (Lieutenant-Colonel C. V. P. Townshend, C.B., D.S.O.), p. 115.

³ “Maurice de Saxe et le Marquis d’Argenson,” vol. ii., p. 330.



To face p. 322.

CHAPTER XXIII NEWCASTLE

SAXE believed that the line of retreat of the allies would be down the left bank of the Meuse, and that they would leave him free to begin the investment of Maestricht. Not till the following morning (Monday, July 3) did he learn that Cumberland during the night had thrown two bridges across the Meuse, and passed his whole army unmolested to the eastern bank of the river. "Enfin," wrote Saxe, "j'appris cette nouvelle a cinq heures du matin, et je compris *que nous avions donné inutilement cette grande bataille.*"¹

At the Hague the battle was not regarded as a defeat for the allies,² but as a strategic reverse for the French; and, if the object of a combat is not only to defeat, but at the same time to impose a certain course of action on an opponent, then the view entertained at the Hague was correct. Saxe was obliged to revise his plan. The investment of Maestricht was no longer possible. The siege train which he had summoned from Namur was countermanded, and preparation was begun for continuing the campaign with an entire change of objective. That objective was Bergen-op-Zoom.

In the meanwhile Saxe determined to make use of Ligonier as a channel for conducting peace negotiations between the French King and Cumberland. Saxe, when introducing his prisoner to Louis, had said, with the large generosity which was so much his characteristic: "Sire, I present to Your Majesty a man who, by one glorious action, has disconcerted all my projects."

Ligonier, who later became a Field-Marshal, Commander-in-Chief, and a member of the Cabinet³ (1757), was a native of France, and descended from a Huguenot family. Born in 1680, he had found his way, at the age of seventeen, as a refugee, to Dublin. There he joined the army, and served in the Marlborough wars. Conspicuous by his enterprise and courage, and by his aptitude for the art of war, he quickly obtained recognition. He was the first to climb the breach at the storming of the citadel of Liége; he was the leader of the assault on the counterscarp at the siege of Menin; he gained distinction at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde, and Malplaquet, and at the latter engagement was preserved uninjured, though receiving twenty-three bullets through his clothes. In 1720 he was appointed Colonel of the "Black Horse," now the 7th Dragoons, and by his efficiency and example made it one of the best-known regiments in Europe. In discipline he was strict, though inclined to mercy, except in the case of desertion, as to which offence he wrote when commanding the troops in Flanders, February, 1745: "I am pretty much determined in my mind never to pardon a

¹ "Maurice de Saxe au roi de Prusse, juillet, 1747 (Ministère de la guerre)," cited in "Maurice de Saxe et le Marquis d'Argenson," vol. ii., p. 334 (Broglie).

² Add. MSS., 32,709: Prince of Orange to Chesterfield, July 12, 1747.

³ Fitzmaurice: "Life of William Earl of Shelburne," vol. i., p. 85. The Commander-in-Chief appears to have been *ex officio* a member of the Cabinet. Walpole states that Cumberland thought it beneath his dignity to accept such a position ("Memoirs," vol. i., p. 101).

deserter, their crime is generally a complication of treason, perjury and robbery and I wish all Presidents of Courts Martial would set it out publicly at the trials in that light.”¹ His famous regiment had a remarkable record during their service in the War of the Austrian Succession. It was said that during five years they never had an officer or man tried by general court-martial; never lost a man by desertion; never had a man or a horse taken by the enemy; lost only six men through sickness; and had no less than thirty-seven non-commissioned officers and men promoted to commissions for distinguished conduct.² At Fontenoy, it will be remembered, that Ligonier was in command of the infantry, and conducted the successful retreat from the field. It was said that throughout the battle “he fought like a grenadier and commanded like a general.” His ability inspired confidence; his Latin vivacity, his mixture of frankness and finesse, his solid fame as a soldier, won for him the sympathy and admiration of his contemporaries. “He had all the gallant gaiety of his nation,” writes Horace Walpole. “Polished from foppery by age, and living in a more thinking country, he was universally beloved and respected.”³ He had about him that element of romance which belonged to so many soldiers of his time—men of no country and no cause, who led lives crowded with adventure, and who knew no nationality but that of their sword. In the portrait of him by Sir Joshua Reynolds,⁴ his countenance wears an aspect of refinement, his soft grey eyes give a suggestion of ingenuity rather than of force, and his spare, weather-beaten features, his haughty bearing, his dramatic gesture, suggest that, if his actions were brave, they may also have been theatrical, and that his known indifference to danger was, at any rate, not due to lack of self-consciousness. Sir Joshua has painted him in all the panoply of war, his distinguished appearance enhanced by a Field-Marshal’s baton, a breastplate of armour, and a proud and caracoling charger; while in the distance camps and the smoke of battle suggest the activities of his career and the field of his ambition.

Ligonier was well formed to be a welcome guest in the French camp. His mastery of the language, the gallant exploit he had so recently performed, and the gaiety of his disposition, combined to ensure him a cordial reception at the hands of Louis. The very day after his capture Saxe opened to him his views on the possibility of peace, and invited him to return to the English camp to notify to Cumberland that the French were willing to discuss terms with the Duke. For a time, till they passed into the hands of the diplomatic authorities, negotiations were conducted by Saxe, on behalf of Louis, with a frankness and a freedom from forms that would have horrified and bewildered the Chancelleries of Europe. “Nos deux Princes regleront plus de chose dans une heure que des Ministres dans un mois,”⁵ he wrote to Ligonier from the Commanderie, which had been occupied by Louis after the battle. He had—or, at least, he expressed—a poor opinion of the professional negotiator. “Il faut que je les trompe pour less servir,” he wrote. “Les Gens de Cour et de Ministère sont comme des Femmes. Il faut deviner leurs desirs, et il est plus aisé de leur faire faire des

¹ Hawley Papers: Ligonier to Hawley, February 2, 1745.

² Campbell Maclachlan: “Life of the Duke of Cumberland”; “Dictionary of National Biography,” art. “Ligonier”; Cannon: “Seventh Dragoon Guards.”

³ “Memoirs of the Reign of George II.,” vol. ii., p. 140.

⁴ National Gallery.

⁵ Add. MSS., 32,809, f. 2r: Saxe to Ligonier, July 11, 1747.

choses que de les leur faire dire.”¹ Was all this art or ingenuousness? It is difficult to say. In the Prince of Orange it excited plain mistrust. Newcastle, on the other hand, was wary, and said: “It may be a trap, but we cannot meet it with a point-blank refusal.” Nothing is more remarkable than Newcastle’s ascendancy in the Cabinet at this time. Whatever he proposed was ultimately acceded to. No matter what opposition he met with, he drove his schemes through; and his authority had reached such a pitch that he could argue with and persuade the King himself. His policy now was to treat, but at the same time to make France treat with the cards on the table. He wished Louis to cast his intentions into definite terms² before any meeting took place between the representatives of the two countries. The Cabinet were for stating their willingness to give up Cape Breton if the other points could be agreed. The King favoured the idea. Newcastle opposed it, and in the end persuaded the Cabinet and persuaded the King to promise nothing till France had formulated her proposals and given a basis on which to negotiate.³

Again, Newcastle was alone⁴ in pressing forward fresh military measures, in preparing for another campaign, and in urging Maria Theresa and the King of Sardinia to infuse new energy into their schemes against the French.⁵ His view was that, in order to give diplomacy a chance of success at the coming Conference, it was necessary to adopt a spirited policy and take every possible step for continuing the war.

Tension and disruption were making themselves apparent among the allies. In August, Austria was trying to conclude a separate and secret treaty with Spain.⁶ Vienna and the Court of St. James’s were at breaking-point. The Prince of Orange, always full of what Pelham called his “pedantry and ratiocination,” was against any peace dealings with France, and was big with empty promises of what his republic were prepared to do for carrying on the war. Newcastle met all this with a steady determination to negotiate in full measure, but at the same time to hurry on all military means in his power. Was not the fate of Cape Breton trembling in the balance? If this eagerness on the part of France was genuine, and not a sham, might it not be exploited? Might not England in the end yet have something to show for these years of war, these millions of money, and these thousands of lives?

Newcastle’s despatches, and his conduct of foreign affairs at this time and during the preceding years, suggest that some of the hackneyed judgments which have been pronounced on his character and personality might be revised with advantage. At the end of one of his tirades against the Duke, Lord Hervey says: “I do not flatter myself that it will not be much more natural to conclude that I am a great liar than that he could be so great an idiot.” The doubt Lord Hervey raises should at least be entertained. Newcastle had the power of exciting animosity to a peculiar degree. Through his foibles and absurdities, he had the misfortune to offer a broad target to the slings and arrows of Lord Hervey and Horace Walpole.

¹ Add. MSS., 32,809, July 30, f. 82.

² Add. MSS., 32,809, f. 47: Chesterfield to Sir Thomas Robinson.

³ Add. MSS., 32,809, f. 133: Newcastle to Sandwich, August 4, 1747.

⁴ Add. MSS., 32,809, f. 110: Newcastle to Sandwich, July 28. The impracticability of carrying on the war was insisted upon by *everybody* last night but myself.” See also *Ibid.*, f. 111: Newcastle to Sandwich, October 2, 1747.

⁵ Add. MSS., 32,809: Chesterfield to Ossorio, July 16, 1747.

⁶ Eglinton Papers, 23,825: Sandwich to Sir T. Robinson August 12, 1747.



Thomas Holles-Pelham, Duke of Newcastle.

Especially was this the case in his social demeanour and the almost hysterical manifestations of his domesticity. And to one who might wish for posthumous fame it would be difficult to conceive a more outrageous fortune. Where personalities are concerned, wit and scurrility certainly have a higher initial velocity than mere truth. They are hard to overtake. They are seldom, if ever, neutralized by a representation of the facts. And Newcastle remains a byword to posterity—tossed on the pages of history as a pitiable figure; a mixture of imbecility and meanness; shuffling through the great offices of State; snivelling at the feet of royalty; intriguing against colleagues; weak, uncertain, and perfidious. We find George II., in the first years of his reign, calling him a rascal, and declaring that he was not fit to be Chamberlain in a petty German Court; and thirty-five years later we find Smollett, in that amazing satire, “The Adventures of an Atom,” describing the Duke in terms that have seldom been surpassed for violence and libellous indecency. In the interval, his real work, his statesmanship, his industry, his disinterestedness, and his dominant authority in the Councils of the State, are almost concealed by an accumulation of anecdotes, each one of which has tended to make him appear more preposterous as a statesman and more ridiculous as a man.

And yet his record, in some respects, is unique in history. For forty years, with scarcely a break, he occupied the highest Ministerial posts. During the last ten years with which we have been dealing, he was the real guide of the foreign policy of the country. The Spanish War was his; and if one man more than another can be said to have been responsible for the War of the Austrian Succession, it was he.¹ He was the first to appreciate the nature of the struggle with France; he was the first to advocate an understanding with Prussia; and by so doing he was the first, so far as England was concerned, to prepare the way for what is known as the “great diplomatic revolution² of the eighteenth century.” In the Foreign Office, that department where so often an English statesman has served his countrymen with no reward of fame, he exhibited a knowledge of foreign relations and foreign aims which was unrivalled. In managing a party, in securing a majority, in the art of removing an undesirable colleague or crushing the pretensions of a dangerous rival, he had no equal. Nor was it by advocating Hanoverian measures or subservience to the King that he endeavoured to secure the support of George II. He was the first to denounce the King’s Treaty of Neutrality for Hanover at the outbreak of the War of the Austrian Succession. It was he who determined the psychological moment for forcing the King to get rid of Carteret. When, in 1746, the King’s conduct to his Ministers became overbearing and intolerable, it was Newcastle who resigned in order to prove that he was indispensable. It was he, again, who forced George II. to admit Chesterfield and Pitt to his councils. Nor did any defection seem to weaken his position in the State. Harrington might resign (1747), Chesterfield might leave office in disgust (1748), but Newcastle remained with his power unimpaired.

At this moment (August, 1747), so critical in the affairs of Europe, he was successfully impressing his own policy on the King and on the Cabinet. By means of a secret correspondence with Lord Sandwich, he was in his own way guiding the efforts of diplomacy. And yet it is customary to say that he drew on Hardwicke for his brains, for his

¹ See *ante*, p. 73 *et seq.*

² Newcastle’s policy, however, was simply to add Prussia to the “old system”—i.e., the maritime Powers and Austria (see Coxe: “Pelham Administration,” vol. i., p. 431: Newcastle to Pelham, July 10, 1748; also p. 439).

policy, and for inspiration in every crisis of his career. But it is idle to suppose that any man could survive at the head of affairs for forty years on borrowed brains, or on any resources other than his own ability and his own instinct for statesmanship. To give credence to the character usually drawn of Newcastle is to suppose Parliament and the nation bereft of all power of perception, and submitting through a long period of years to one of the most unaccountable impositions which the political world has yet produced. On the other hand, it is a fairly safe conjecture to say that anyone who chose to divest himself of all preconceived prejudices, and make a study of the Newcastle Papers, would come away from their perusal astonished at what was there revealed. It is not the Newcastle of history that emerges from such a perusal; it is not the absurd figure outlined by Hervey and Walpole, or even the weak-kneed chatterer suggested by the emphatic but insufficient judgment of Macaulay; but a statesman of wide sagacity, gifted with a profound knowledge of international politics, capable of broad and far-seeing views, of almost superhuman industry, shrewd in judgment and moderate in council—above all, astute in his knowledge of men.¹ At the same time he was a man with many failings, deficient in executive ability and deficient in the instinct for selecting the right means to give effect to his views—often harassed, often bewildered, often cowed by apprehension of coming evils, and yet, when the crisis arose, not without resource, certainly not without courage, whether the crisis were a conflict with a colleague, a disagreement with the King, the defence of a weak case from his place in Parliament, or a disaster to British arms. He might bemoan the state of the nation, or he might fuss and grow peevish on a slight at St. James's, but he did not despair, and he did not deviate from his policy. He might cling to office, but he was indifferent to money, and when he left public life he was poorer by some £300,000 than when he entered it; and when George III. offered him a pension, he refused it. He was not conspicuous for dignity of character or distinction of thought, yet for whole decades he was an indispensable support of every Ministry, and in every debate he could render an adequate account of his stewardship. George II. began by despising him. In 1756 he was imploring Newcastle, after his resignation, to resume office. "Tell him," said the King to Lord Waldegrave, "I do not look upon myself as King whilst I am in the hands of these scoundrels [Pitt and Lord Temple]; that I am determined to get rid of them at any rate; that I expect his assistance, and that he may depend on my favour and protection." And if we view his career as a whole, and take him as he shows himself, in his general correspondence, his despatches to Ambassadors, and his State Papers, and compare him with the Newcastle depicted by historians, it is difficult to believe that the true portrait of him has yet been delineated. On August 5 Saxe forwarded to Ligonier the French proposals.² In the forefront of these stood the cession of Cape Breton, in return for which France was prepared to surrender Madras³ and her conquests in the Netherlands. This was the move which Newcastle had schemed for. Lord Sandwich was at once ordered to proceed from the Hague to the army, and subsequently to Liège, to confer with Puisieux, the Minister of France. After all, the business was to be conducted by staid official hands; the rollicking confidences of Saxe were to be succeeded by correct diplomacy and strict formalities. Chesterfield and Bedford were for leaving it in Cumberland's hands. But

¹ Cf. his mistrust of Admiral Byng so far back as 1747 ("Bedford Correspondence," vol. i., p. 239).

² Add. MSS., 32,809, f. 105: Saxe to Ligonier.

³ Madras had capitulated to La Bourdonnais, September 21, 1746.

Newcastle gave his vote for the civilian.

The instructions given to Sandwich¹ were to hold on to Cape Breton as long as he could; to insist on the allies being brought into the Conference; and to lay it down as an absolute preliminary to all negotiation that France should guarantee the Hanoverian succession, by refusing to recognize the Pretender or his descendants, either male or female. The first meeting between Sandwich and Puisieux at Liège made it evident that the obstacles to peace were formidable and numerous. Chief among them stood a pronounced reluctance to acquiesce in the stipulation about the Pretender. Cumberland agreed with Newcastle that preparations for another campaign must be continued. He was asked, Could he meanwhile ensure the safety of Bergen-op-Zoom? To this he replied: "... as to my being able to determine whether I am in a condition to preserve Bergen-op-Zoom, Breda and Bois le Duc as well as Maestricht, I am afraid I am too sanguine in my private opinion as I should think the thing in a manner almost certain if the different corps which compose the army were all Imperial or of the left wing. But I am sorry to say that I am convinced every day of the melancholy consideration that we must actually reckon upon the Dutch troops as *nothing*, and unfortunately the greatest part of those corps that are employed in defence of Dutch Brabant are Dutch."²

The attention of every capital in Europe was now turned to Bergen-op-Zoom. Famed as the masterpiece of Van Cohorn, who in 1678 had devoted his ingenuity to making it impregnable, it was reputed the strongest fortress on the Continent. But, held by the Dutch in their present state of incompetence and weakness, no place was secure and no hope was forlorn. To Löwendahl were entrusted the siege operations, while the main French army entrenched itself about Tongres, Bilsen, and Liège, to prevent Cumberland from sending sufficient troops to raise the siege. The garrison of the fortress was ample in numbers. But they were Dutch. "If," wrote Fawkener to Sir Thomas Robinson, "they will keep their hands in the waistbands of their breeches, they must take the consequences." Cronström, whom we have already heard of at Fontenoy, and now nearly ninety years of age, was in command of the fortress.

Trenches were opened on July 14. Day by day the French improved their position, and showed to all the world that their engineers had as great a genius for reducing as for creating a fortress. Forts, ravelins, lunettes, bastions, the famous half-mooned redoubt Kyk-en-de-pot, succumbed before their sap. On September 13 Löwendahl delivered his assault. The garrison were asleep. The outlook was faulty. The troops, hastily summoned to the defences, offered a feeble resistance, and by 9 a.m. the French were in possession of the key to the United Provinces on the side of Brabant.³

The fall of Bergen-op-Zoom created the liveliest indignation in England, and Newcastle

¹ Add. MSS., 32,809, f. 142: Newcastle to Sandwich, August 7, 1747.

² Add. MSS., 32,809, f. 78: Cumberland to Chesterfield, July 31, 1747.

³ Fawkener, writing to Newcastle, said: "This misfortune is the more mortifying as it has been brought about by a course of such management as cannot be paralleled. There has been a thorough failure, not only in point of courage and vigour, but even to the very ordinary forms of military discipline, and the wretched doating animal who was trusted with the defence of this most important fortress now writes and talks in a stile to make one loose all patience. It is hard upon H.R.H. to be so seconded. He had done everything that was possible. He sent troops, engineers, artillerymen, miners. He gave counsel, he animated the governors, he offered troops to sally, but all was as if he had not said or done anything."

apprehended that his schemes would be frustrated by the impetus which this disaster had given to the peace party at home.¹ How could any faith be placed in the Dutch? What would now be considered the worth of their promises for 1748? And here they were, still refusing to declare war against France. "It is amazing," he wrote, "that there should be any difficulty in it [declaring war] on the part of the Republic after what has passed. But it is more so to talk of *irritating France so as to engage them to break the ice!* Has not France broken the ice sufficiently by invading the Territories of the Republic and by taking their First, their best, their strongest town?"² A declaration of war, he informed Sandwich, must be regarded as a *sine qua non* to any further engagement on the part of Great Britain.

The Ministry now had two concurrent policies: first, to negotiate for peace; secondly, to make preparations for war. To promote the first they agreed to the meeting of a Congress at Aix-la-Chapelle; while to promote the second they proposed a new Convention with Holland and Austria for the supply of troops. At the same time they endeavoured to set on foot a separate negotiation for a treaty between the allies and Spain.³ But here Newcastle made it plain that there were certain pretensions on the part of Spain which could not be entertained. "Of this nature," he wrote, "not to mention others, is the Demand of the restitution of Gibraltar: a possession which the King will not, at this time, for any consideration whatever be brought to give up."⁴ The war with Spain (1739) had long ago been merged in the larger struggle with France. Desultory and minor naval engagements, periodic captures of merchantmen, and the depredations of privateers on the coasts of the Spanish possessions in America, had served to remind the world that the two countries, after eight years, were still at war. But the main energies of Spain had been directed to Italy, the Riviera, and the Mediterranean; the activities of England had been concentrated on Flanders and in combating the power of France at sea. Saxe, when asked by Ligonier if Spain was to be included in the peace negotiations, had airily replied: "On fera une politesse à l'Espagne après quoi l'on passera outre." Taking their cue in some measure from this reply, the English Ministry instructed their Ambassador at Lisbon to communicate with Madrid.

Meanwhile, what was the attitude of the Ministry at home towards their Commander-in-Chief in Flanders? Had their confidence abated? Had their belief in his capacity been modified? Far from it. At no time did the young Duke enjoy a greater or more flattering esteem. Not only were his decisions on all military questions considered as final, but his opinion was invited on the larger issues involved in the negotiations for peace. From Lord Sandwich in Holland, as from the individual members of the Government at home, there came nothing but praise and acknowledgment of the soundness of his judgment and the value of his opinion. Indeed, of the many statesmen who came into contact with him at this period, and throughout his career, not one has left a record of personal dealings without including in it some tribute to his ability and character. Even the King had ceased from troubling, and in military matters had come to regard his son's word as law. He no longer sought to exercise control of strategy or of the disposition of troops; and now, instead of making appointments in the army *proprio motu*, we find him following Cumberland's advice

¹ Add. MSS., 32,810, f. 72: Newcastle to Sandwich, September 25.

² *Ibid.*

³ Add. MSS., 32,810, f. 60: Chesterfield to Sandwich, September 22, 1747.

⁴ Bedford was prepared to surrender Gibraltar for a consideration ("Bedford Correspondence," vol. i., p. 274).

and recommendation in almost every case.

In October the King and Newcastle were anxious for the return of twelve battalions to England. There were again rumours of invasion. Lord John Drummond was said to be in Scotland, beating up recruits for the Franco-Scottish regiments. The Jacobites were again “uppish and stirring everywhere.”¹ The fall of Bergen-op-Zoom had caused “scandalous rejoicings in Scotland.” There were signs of coming trouble. In many parts of England the supporters of the Stuart cause were holding meetings, and the number of persons appearing in plaid waistcoats² was supposed to be an indication to French observers of the support which the Court of Versailles might look for in the case of an invasion.³ Then, again, troops were said to be assembling at Ostend, Dunkirk, and Calais, and it was the general opinion that the garrisons on the coast ought to be greatly strengthened. Cumberland was appealed to by the Ministry. His reply⁴ was a tranquillizing review of the situation. “By the sum total of Lord Chesterfield’s speech,”⁵ he wrote, “I perceive that he states the badness of our situation worse than it really is: I allow that the distresses of England and those of the Republic are great, that the spirit of Jacobitism which has shew’d itself in England is very disagreeable and that Scotland is as willing to rebel as ever, tho I should believe rather too weak in numbers to dare to attempt it without a powerful assistance from France: on the other hand there is still ground enough for our army to fight on, as to money I should imagine the great prizes made at sea would furnish us with that, and our national troops are not so incompleat, for including those at home with what is abroad, they don’t want 7,000 men. The Austrians tho not complete I own at the fixed time have certainly had their contingent this year in this country, and the Republic have got money and perhaps may find the means to procure men; add to this that at present the 30,000 Russians⁶ are no longer precarious.

“As for the proposition of sending home regiments this winter I should not be very averse to it, not that I am very uneasy about an invasion, but because it will be very difficult to find secure and proper quarters for them on this side the water. ...

“After weighing in my thoughts the whole of your conference I entirely agree with my Lord Chancellor’s opinion, and a plan of peace ought immediately to be found between the whole alliance at the same time that the strongest preparations are making for war, for I am sorry to say that I should not think any peace bad that did not dissolve that alliance.”

In another letter he wrote:

“I am not alarm’d about Jacobites in the Highlands. I am besides of opinion they will not let themselves be deluded by French promises of assistance and little corps that France may contrive to send in: for which reason I think our security in that country depends entirely on the vigilance of our fleet, in preventing any considerable embarcation of troops from

¹ Add. MSS., 32,810, f. 166: Newcastle to Sandwich, October 20, 1747.

² *Ibid.*

³ At Lichfield Eaces, always a great meeting occasion for Jacobites, many persons had appeared “in the Highland taste of variegated drapery, and their zeal descending to a very extraordinary exhibition of practical ridicule, they hunted with hounds clothed in plaid and a fox dressed in red uniform” (Smollett: “History of England,” book iii., cap. i.).

⁴ Add. MSS., 32,713, f. 195: Cumberland to Newcastle.

⁵ This refers to a speech of one hour and a half with which he had addressed the Cabinet.

⁶ It had been agreed that England and the republic should each pay for 15,000.

landing in a body in Scotland.”

CHAPTER XXIV MAURICE DE SAXE AND THE PEACE

TOWARDS the end of October (1747) both armies had taken up their winter-quarters. The Duke returned to London on November 13. Prolonged conferences of the inner Cabinet were held in the Duke's rooms at St. James's. By December it was becoming clear that Holland was going to fall short in the matter of troops. The Prince of Orange had promised 70,000 men, including 15,000 Russians.¹ He might just as well have promised 700,000; not a step had been taken towards procuring them. Newcastle had put his money on the wrong horse; he had pitched his expectations too high. In a letter to Sandwich, he frankly recognized that the situation had changed for the worse. "The chief difference of opinion between my colleagues and myself has been this. They thought we should conclude Peace now on such terms as we could get: since in their opinion it would be impossible to get an army in Flanders and another in Italy which would be able to show their faces against the French: so that we must be in a worse condition than we are now after eleven millions expended for the next campaign: and running the risk of having the whole Republic of Holland swallowed up this winter, which they still think not only possible but probable. My opinion was that the Peace we could get now was so bad that we ought to be at any expense and run some risks to try and get a better, which I thought might be very practicable by the armies we might form in Flanders and Italy. Towards this I depended much upon the alteration that has happen'd in Holland, both as to the inclinations and power of the Republic, of which we had the most solemn assurances. I am sorry to say my expectations if not disappointed entirely in this respect are at least suspended. ... If we cannot be in a condition to make war we must make peace."²

While Cumberland was in London, Horatio, Lord Walpole, who, in season and out of season, was pressing on the Ministry the necessity of an alliance with Prussia, endeavoured to enlist him as an advocate of this measure to the King. On December 20, at an interview with the Duke, he discussed the matter at length. He found Cumberland fully alive to the expediency of the suggestion, but at the same time diffident of trespassing on a province so peculiarly his father's. Cumberland recognized that the King's assent was a condition precedent to any advancement of the cause. He suggested that Ministers must agree among themselves, and recommend the King to set on foot a negotiation; that a *persona grata* should then be sent to Berlin, whose instructions should be to point out to Frederick that everything was in favour of a friendship between the two Crowns—the family alliance, the Protestant religion, the mutual interest of the two countries, and the state of Europe. And he suggested that the matter ought to be ventilated in Parliament, so as to strengthen the hands of the Ministry.

¹ Thirty thousand Russians were to be shared between England and Holland.

² Add. MSS., 32,810, f. 373: Newcastle to Sandwich, December 18, 1747.

Walpole, who had a wide knowledge and experience of men, formed a high opinion of the Duke's ability. Like every statesman of the day who has left any recorded opinion of Cumberland, he regarded him as singularly gifted and possessed of an admirable judgment in political affairs. "Upon the whole," he wrote in the account he drew up of this interview, "no prince appears to have been ever endowed with greater talents: can have a better understanding: can have a more engaging or agreeable way in delivering his own, or hearing the sentiments of others: nor greater skill and ability to parry what he does not relish, or to support his own way of thinking." A high tribute from so punctilious a critic, and all the more notable from the fact that Cumberland differed essentially from the method of procedure proposed by the ex-Ambassador. Walpole forwarded to Newcastle his memoir of this conversation, and elicited a reply which bears out what has already been indicated in these pages. For Newcastle, in vindication of himself, pointed out that he had been the first to suggest the policy, and even the necessity, of an alliance with Prussia, and that the treaties of Breslau and Dresden had been the sequel to this suggestion;¹ and "I believe," he added, "I am the only person who has of late ventured to open his mouth upon that subject to his majesty. I have done it in the manner I thought dutiful to him, and right to the public." William Pitt was equally clear that terms must be made with Prussia:

"I will sum up my whole Political creed," he wrote to Newcastle, "in two propositions: this country and Europe are undone without a secure lasting peace: the alliance as it now stands has not the force ever to obtain it without the interposition of Prussia. ... I am not sanguine enough to imagine he [Frederick] wou'd on any account engage in the war, but I must believe, if the proper steps were taken and taken in earnest, he might be brought to declare for such a Peace as we ought to think ourselves happy to obtain. Your Grace will, I hope, forgive the liberty I take, and the very hasty incoherent manner in which I am forc'd to write, having company with me. I shall always think it an unhappiness in my life to be under a necessity of urging to your Grace things not agreeable to you, but indeed my Lord Duke all is at stake, and I fear your Grace more expos'd to events than anyone. That your own prudence and resources may find you and all of us some issue is the most ardent wish of your grace's

"Most devoted servant,

W. PITT."²

The agreement finally come to among the allies made provision for an army, inclusive of the 30,000 Russians, of 180,000 men for the campaign of 1748. The Prince of Orange had ideas of commanding in person, but in the end, not without further friction, it was settled that Cumberland should again have the direction of operations. Towards the middle of February he was once more on his way to the scene of his former campaigning.

The presentation of a memorial by Count Bentinck, on behalf of the republic, requesting a loan from the English Government of no less than one million sterling a few days before the Duke's departure, had thrown the Ministry into a state of the utmost alarm.³ It became

¹ Coxe: "Lord Walpole," vol. ii., p. 241. See also Add. MSS., 32,713, f. 544: Newcastle to Horatio Walpole, December 17, 1747.

² Add. MSS., 32,713, f. 517: Pitt to Newcastle, December 5, 1747.

³ George II. gave little encouragement in his reply (Cumberland Papers):

apparent, alike to those who favoured war and to those who were for peace, that the republic was totally incapable, both from want of zeal and insufficiency of means, of fulfilling its obligations. Cumberland, who had hitherto favoured another campaign, now declared that there was no alternative but to make peace on the best footing and with the least delay possible. England was in no position to dictate terms, or even to modify conditions. Saxe was again first in the field, obtaining that initiative to which he attached such profound importance. "Peace lies in Maestricht," he had said; and by April 12 he had assembled 105,000 men for the investment of that fortress. Shortly after his arrival in Holland Cumberland was seized with a serious illness. A violent fever placed his life in danger for several days, and, though he continued to deal with the work connected with his office, the attack appears to have affected his health permanently for the worse.

He was in despair over the delinquencies of the Dutch. "Will anybody," he wrote, "say that any business, much more a defensive war, can be continued with the assistance of so weak and so infatuated a Government? I am clear it cannot."¹ Instead of providing 50,000 men by March, as they had definitely undertaken to do, the republic had succeeded in scraping together barely 10,000 men for the defence of Breda.² Cumberland's idea of marching on Maestricht had to be abandoned. At Roermonde, in April, he found himself at the head of 35,000³ men, and of these, if he directed his steps towards the Meuse, he would have to leave nineteen battalions for the defence of Holland. He was therefore powerless to affect the course of the campaign, and condemned to inaction. The promised contingent of Russians were tramping across Europe to Cumberland's assistance, but at a pace which precluded the possibility of their being the least use in preventing the fall of Maestricht.⁴ Breda might be saved, but Maestricht was doomed. Cumberland had fears that "when once the enemy has commenced his operations, and begins to find, as he must, the weakness of this government [Dutch] and the inability we are in of effectually resisting him, he will rise in his demands: and for aught we can do to hinder him, force us to accept a peace on any terms he shall think proper to prescribe."

The surest foundation for hope lay in taking advantage of the anxiety for peace which Louis was still showing to a surprised and sceptical world; but the truth was that the French

"Mars I."

"MON COUSIN,

"J'ai reçu, par le Comte Charles Bentinck, dont la personne m'est très agréable, votre lettre du 28 Fev. Je me rapporte à la Reponse, que je lui ai fait donner. Je suis sensiblement touché de la triste situation de la Republique: mais je me persuade, que par votre sage conduite, on emploiera tous les moiens possibles pour y remedier, et pour empêcher, qu'elle ne parvienne à la Connoissance des Ennemis. Je suis, avec une estime pariaite,

"Mon cousin,

"Votre bon cousin

"GEORGE R."

¹ Record Office: Military Auxiliary Expeditions—Cumberland to Sandwich, April 2, 1748.

² Cumberland Papers: Newcastle to Sandwich, March 29.

³ Record Office: Military Auxiliary Expeditions—Cumberland to Newcastle, April 11, 1748.

⁴ General Mordaunt was sent to accompany the Russians on their march. From Cracow he reported that their rate of progress was three miles a day in flat, and two miles a day in hilly country, with a halt every third day (Military Auxiliary Expeditions: Mordaunt to Cumberland, May 19, 1748).

King was determined to bring the war to an end. This annual provision for military operations was reacting on the country. He saw his reign identified with a diminution of French credit and French prosperity. Saxe might be “gathering his nosegay” in the Low Countries, but Anson and Hawke and English privateers were doing very much the same thing on the high seas. No less than twelve of the principal ships of war belonging to the French King, and four ships fitted out as men-of-war belonging to the East India Company, had been captured in the two actions (May 3 and October 14) off Cape Finisterre in 1747.¹ Hawke, recording his victory to the Admiralty, wrote: “As the enemy’s ships were large they took a great deal of drubbing.”² And the capture of six of the largest ships of the French navy, and the dispersion of the “300 sail of merchantmen “that they were convoying, on October 14, was a timely set-off to the French successes on land. Admiral Warren had boasted about this time that there were more French ships in English than in French harbours, and that it would be possible to beat the navy of Louis with the French ships captured by the English.³ Whatever truth the boast may have contained, it is certain that the process so successfully pursued of destroying French fleets and French commerce at sea was exercising a decisive influence in the promotion of peace.⁴

On April 30 the preliminaries of peace were signed by France, Britain, and Holland. Orders were sent to the Governor of Maestricht to capitulate. On May 12 the French entered the town, and the abortive campaign of 1748 came to a summary conclusion.

In May the King moved to Hanover, and was followed in June by Newcastle. It was Newcastle’s first visit to the King’s German dominions, and gave an occasion for Walpole’s shafts of derision. “There are a thousand wagers,” he wrote to Mann, “against his going: he has hired a transport, for the yacht is not big enough to convey all the tables and chairs and conveniences that he trails along with him. ... I don’t know how he proposes to lug them through Holland and Germany, though any objections that the map can make to his progress don’t count, for he is literally so ignorant, that when one goes to take leave of him, he asks your commands into the *north*, concluding that Hanover is north of Great Britain, because it is in the Northern province, which he has just taken.”⁵

Newcastle was struck by the contrast between St. James’s and Herrenhausen. The King formed quite different ideas of Court life as soon as he arrived in Germany. At Hanover there were State banquets, a theatre in the garden of the palace, where French comedy was performed, Court functions, reviews, and a magnificence which delighted the Minister, accustomed to the stale solemnity of St. James’s and Kensington Palaces. Newcastle wrote in the highest satisfaction at his reception, and at the good-humour of the King and the

¹ The total number of guns captured with the ships was 810.

² An officer on board the *Princess Louisa* wrote: “The fight was pleasing, tho horrid: for never were ships in such a condition.” The same officer narrates a picturesque circumstance: “As the French are full of ceremony, and very tenacious of their honour, and do not care to strike but to the commander in chief, I think, on such occasions as this was, the first and second of our captains in command should have a flag hoisted, or at least a broad pendant: which if they had had, I am certain three of their ships had struck above an hour sooner than they did; for they waited, seeing our admiral coming down, to pay him that compliment” (*Scots Magazine*, 1747, p. 538).

³ Add. MSS., 32,713: Newcastle to Sandwich, December, 1747.

⁴ In February alone 100 French and Spanish merchantmen were captured, and this number was by no means above the average (*Gentleman’s Magazine*, March, 1748).

⁵ In succession to Chesterfield, who had resigned.

affability of Cumberland. "There was," he said, "the greatest order and discipline in the army, that I believe ever was known. All the officers highly pleased with the Duke: and he extremely good to them." The venturesomeness of the King was causing him anxiety: "The King will go in that cursed chaise roulante. He was overturned yesterday, and lighted upon his legs, between the brancards and the chaise, so that if the horses had stirred the least, his legs, at best, must have been broke to pieces. He is very well, and in very good and gracious humour."

But the negotiations were getting clogged by the preposterous demands of Austria. Austria, through her representative, Kaunitz, who, when the Congress closed, was to do more than any one man to bring about the regrouping of the Powers of Europe,¹ was putting forward pretensions which neither England nor Holland could countenance. She demanded the payment of £100,000 arrears of subsidy which she claimed from England. She objected to the proposed cession to the King of Sardinia, to the guarantee of Silesia to Prussia, and she claimed that the restitution of the Low Countries should be made free of the restrictions of the Barrier Treaty. Sir Thomas Robinson, the representative of George II. at Vienna, was instructed to inform Maria Theresa that unless she altered her views England would make terms with France without her. Then France suddenly increased her demands as against England. The orders to Lord Sandwich to negotiate without Austria were revoked. Newcastle, on whom the main responsibility of directing the country's policy had fallen, saw that he must carry Austria along with him. Cumberland agreed with him. Every effort was now directed to achieving that result. Ministers in London demurred to the policy, but the matter was left to Newcastle.

Then, just as things were going smoothly, George II. threw in a new element of discord. He had cast covetous eyes on the neighbouring bishopric of Osnaburg. He thought it would make an admirable establishment for his favourite son. The Elector of Cologne, the present tenant, was ill; the see was likely in the near future to fall vacant. The King opened a secret negotiation on the subject with Vienna, Berlin, and even Versailles. Newcastle, as soon as he discovered what was intended, put his foot down. It was impossible, he said, that King George should have a separate negotiation with France, and incur obligations to that country to the danger of the "old system." He manœuvred with infinite skill, and Osnaburg fell into the background, with the approval of Cumberland and without any ill-humour from the King.

It is unnecessary to pursue in any further detail the tedious negotiations which filled the interval between April 30 and the signing of the definite treaty in October. Few passages of history present more forbidding features than those connected with the diplomatic transactions leading up to a treaty. In this case the proceedings were intricate and highly complicated. The variety of interests involved, the divergence of aims to be reconciled, and the absence of any dominant superiority on the part of any one of the nations concerned, rendered the deliberations slow and the delays numerous; but in the end the policy of Newcastle and Cumberland was successful, and within a few days of the signature of the treaty (October 18, N.S., 1748) by England, Holland and France, Austria and Sardinia notified their adherence.

By the principal articles of the treaty, restitution was made of all the conquests since the

¹ For a study of Kaunitz and his influence, see "Marie Antoinette" (H. Belloc), p. 8 *et seq.*

commencement of the war, alike in Europe, America, and the Indies East and West. Silesia and Glatz were guaranteed to Frederick; Parma, Piacenza, and Guastalla, were ceded to Don Philip of Spain, the son-in-law of Louis; Nice and Savoy were restored to the King of Sardinia. The Hanoverian succession was guaranteed in terms of the Quadruple Alliance (1718), France thereby binding herself not to recognize the Pretender or his successors, male or female; while, with regard to Spain, the Asiento Treaty between that country and England was renewed for a period of four years, and the question of the right of search postponed for further adjustment.

Speaking of the treaty in 1750, Pitt said: "If there be any secret in the late affairs of Europe, it is in the question how it was possible for our Ministers to obtain so good a peace as they did."¹ Smollett, on the other hand, wrote: "The British Ministers seemed to treat, without the least regard to the honour and advantage of their country. They left her most valuable and necessary rights of trade unowned and undecided . . . they gave up the important isle of Cape Breton in exchange for a petty factory in the E. Indies. . . . What then were the fruits which Britain reaped from this long and desperate war? A dreadful expense of blood and treasure, disgrace upon disgrace, an additional load of grievous impositions, and the national debt accumulated to the enormous sum of eighty million sterling."² While there was general rejoicing over the peace, there was, as the above extracts serve to illustrate, a wide divergence of opinion in England as to its merits. The parting with Cape Breton rankled sorely in the heart of the nation. The postponement of an understanding with Spain on questions of trade was resented, and formed the subject of immediate criticism in Parliament.³ But the more thoughtful recognized that, if the war had done nothing else, it had at least restrained the threatening and immoderate pretensions of the House of Bourbon, had established the superiority of the British fleet, and had finally, it was hoped, laid the spectre of a Stuart Restoration. Again, so far as these things can be judged, the war, and above all the negotiations for peace, had heightened in a marked degree the prestige of England in the esteem of Europe. England, from acting as an auxiliary to Austria, had in the course of the war come to occupy the position of the foremost opponent to France. It was British more than any other interest which France now sought to injure in war, just as it was chiefly British aspirations which she sought to placate in considering the terms of peace.⁴ It was, in fact, recognized that the allies could neither carry on the campaign against France, nor conclude a peace, without the co-operation of England. Public opinion, which every year tended more and more to reflect what the commercial classes were thinking, was in general agreement with the view expressed by Chesterfield. "I believe," he wrote, "it [the peace] was alike desirable to both parties: we were ruining you by sea, you were ruining us by land: you were making conquests which you did not want, at the expense of your trade and your navy, whilst we were lavishing the fruits of both on the Continent . . . to say the truth, though the war has certainly been very glorious for you, we have been the greatest gainers in the main."⁵

Maurice de Saxe could not conceal his mortification at the surrender of his conquests.

¹ "Parliamentary History," vol. xiv., p. 695.

² Smollett: "History of England," vol. iii., p. 233.

³ "Parliamentary History," vol. xiv., p. 387 *et seq.*

⁴ There is an interesting memorial drawn up by Noailles bearing on this point in the "Correspondence of Maurice de Saxe" (Grimoard, vol. v.).

⁵ Quoted in "Bedford Correspondence," vol. i., p. 357, n.

From Maestricht he wrote to Maurepas: “Je ne suis qu’un bavard en fait de politique, et si la partie militaire m’oblige quelquefois d’en parler, je ne vous donne pas mes opinions pour bien bonnes: ce que je crois savoir et vous assurer est que les ennemis, en quelque nombre qu’ils viennent, ne peuvent plus pénétrer en ce pays ci, et qu’il me fâche de le rendre, car c’est en vérité un bon morceau, et nous nous en repentirons, dès que nous aurons oublié notre mal présent . . . quoique l’argent nous manque, nous allons encore longtemps, et je crois que ce n’est pas faire un mauvais marché, que de se mettre mal à son aise pour acquérir une province comme celle-ci, qui vous donne des ports magnifiques, des millions d’hommes, et une barrière impénétrable et de petite garde: telles sont mes pensées.”¹

Saxe was destined to survive but a short while after his great campaigns. On the conclusion of peace, he withdrew from further command. The Castle of Chambord had been assigned to him as a residence, and here he was permitted to maintain his regiment of Uhlans, and was furnished by the King with means to live in that lavish magnificence so dear to his inclination. At the principal entrance to the castle, place was found for a battery he had captured in war, and fifty of his Uhlans formed a permanent guard. Within the castle, and about its lofty halls and corridors, were hung standards and flags and military relics of his numerous campaigns. Here he kept up a princely hospitality, and with two tables—one of sixty and another of eighty covers—a theatre, a pack of hounds, and a constant to and fro of the fashionable world, of statesmen and of soldiers, he contrived a scale of pomp that dulled the loss of high command in war. Ambitions varied and fantastic were attributed to him—at one time, a throne in Madagascar; at another, the gathering of the Jews in Central America in order to become their King; or, again, that of ruling in the island of Tobago, of which a grant had been made to him by the French monarch.

Away from the battle-field and the business of war his restlessness was incurable. In peace he was for ever trying to enlarge the chances and adventures of life. That flush of Oriental exuberance with which his imagination was tinged, embellished his ambitions, and in his schemes it is easy to distinguish the “love of wide vistas and boundless horizons” which was afterwards said to be associated with the genius of his descendant, Georges Sand; indeed, the tempestuous pages of “Consuelo,” with their wildness and passion and their large relation to the romantic, form a striking reflection of much that lay in the character of Saxe.

Transferred to a life of comparative indolence, and no longer braced by the demands of war, he allowed himself a licence in living which impaired his constitution. “Il entretenoit des filles qui l’ont tué,” wrote Madame de Pompadour after his death, “et c’est une comédienne Mlle. Favart qui lui a donné le coup de grace.” In November, 1750, Saxe was stricken with a malignant fever. After an illness of eight days, he died on the thirtieth day of the month, at the age of fifty-four. As he lay on his death-bed, he said to Senac, the King’s physician: “Docteur, la vie n’est qu’un songe: le mien à été beau, mais il est court.”

Certainly no King could have desired a more capable and faithful captain; for, as has been said of him, “like Marlborough, he never fought a battle he did not win nor laid siege to a place he did not take.” He added a page of splendid renown to the history of France by his campaigns in the Low Countries; and had the fortunes of the French monarchy depended on military exploits alone, Europe might well have seen the great age of Louis XIV. revived.

¹ “Le Maréchal de Saxe au Comte de Maurepas au camp sous Maestricht,” May 15, 1748 (Grimoard, vol. v., p. 269).

Saxe died in the Lutheran faith, and it was lamented by Marie Leczinska that it was not permitted to sing one *De Profundis* for him who had given France reason to sing so many a *Te Deum*. In St. Thomas's at Strasburg, where he was buried, a monument was erected to him by Pigalle; but the finest tribute to his memory is that recorded by D'Espagnac, who relates that the French grenadiers, passing through the town at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, paused to sharpen their swords on his tomb.

In 1732, when suffering from a violent fever, Saxe composed his "Reveries."¹ "To the ignorant war is a trade, to the wise a science," and it is as a science that Saxe in these writings approached his subject. Modern conditions have done little to affect the application of many of his reflections. His views on army clothing, on cadence in marching, on the use of lances for cavalry, on compulsory service,² on redoubts, on the employment of skirmishers, the control of musketry fire, and the power of the bayonet after a volley at close quarters, though revolutionary at the time, became in due course mere truisms in military education. In matters of discipline he was far in advance of his time. To him the soldier was a human being with a psychology peculiar to himself, and by treating him as such it was Saxe's distinction to import into his system of discipline a degree of humane and wise consideration very different from the code of the day.

As a general, Saxe excelled in the exactitude of his plans and the rapidity of his movements. In the campaigns with which these pages have dealt—and they are the campaigns on which his reputation as a master of war reposes—we find his calculations adjusted to the most minute scale of accuracy and detail. Whether he was considering the number of troops required for a particular service, or the period necessary for a siege, or the mobility of his army, or, again, the movements of his enemy, his estimates have a quality of precision which seems to eliminate chance. It may be said that at Fontenoy he did not make sufficient allowance for the fighting qualities of the British infantry, that immediately before the Battle of Laffelt he was foiled by the unexpected approach of Cumberland, and that he failed subsequently to follow up the advantage he had gained on that hard-fought field. These errors, however, stand out conspicuous as exceptions in four years of campaigning; and it should be remembered that the presence of Louis XV. and his buzzing courtiers tended to hamper every manœuvre and vitiate every calculation.

Like Wellington,³ he was remarkable for his prescience and foresight. The documents which he drew up at the beginning of each year, setting out the strategy to be followed and foretelling the course of events, were in nearly every case verified to the letter. They are masterpieces of clear thinking and scientific prophecy; they are based, not only on the knowledge of what he could do himself, but on what he could compel his enemy to do, and in their luminous survey they never failed to comprehend the political factors which lay at the back of the immediate and military object of the campaign.⁴

In 1745, on the eve of the Fontenoy campaign, he dwelt on the importance which he

¹ "Les Réveries sur l'Art de la Guerre de Maurice, Comte de Saxe" (Bonneville), 1756.

² "Would it not be much better to establish a law obliging men of all conditions in life to serve their King and country for the space of five years? Such a law could not reasonably be objected to, as it is both natural and reasonable for people to be employed in the defence of that State of which they constitute a part" (*ibid* p. 7).

³ Oman: "Wellington's Army," p. 52 *et seq.*

⁴ See *ante*, p. 167.

attached to obtaining the “initiative.”¹ In each succeeding year he made it his business to be first in the field, and to throw the allies upon a close defensive. Having secured the initiative, his policy was to deliver rapid and repeated blows. In all his campaigns in the Netherlands we see the same method. First he baffles and bewilders the allies by a multiplicity of suggestions. Is it to be Mons or Tournai, Maestricht or Bergen-op-Zoom, an advance into Holland or an attack on Dutch Flanders? Then he emerges from behind his cloud of alternatives, strikes with swiftness, and follows up his advantage with success after success. The allies were always in the position of having to guess, whereas Saxe knew. He understood to perfection the psychology of his opponents’ army; he knew that, though three nations were combined to crush him, each had a special interest to serve, and that under given circumstances he could rely on the strain and the slightly disintegrating influence set up by these conditions. He also knew that an army which included Dutch troops was an army with an incurable infirmity.

In his tactics he adhered more or less closely to those which prevailed throughout most of the eighteenth century. “Containing” one wing of the enemy, while bringing a superior force to bear on the other, and crumpling it up either by superior weight or by outflanking it—this was the broad plan followed in the great battles of the period. Three-deep line against three-deep line, with cavalry on the flanks, was the theme on which variations were played. Possibly the occasional departure from this rule, which we notice after 1745, was due to Cumberland’s manœuvre at Fontenoy. There it will be remembered that lateral pressure changed the Duke’s line formation into a square, or solid column of men. We know what that column achieved. It must surely be more than a coincidence that, at Rocoux and Laffelt, Saxe should have employed deep masses of battalions to force a particular point near the centre of the enemy’s line. It is, in fact, difficult to believe that he was not profiting by his own experience in 1745. Later in the century Saxe was claimed as the founder of the deep formation. If the claim is correct, we believe that it was at Fontenoy he found his inspiration.

¹ See *ante*, p. 167.

CHAPTER XXV

CHARACTER OF CUMBERLAND

WHAT, meanwhile, had been the destiny of that other opponent with whose name Cumberland has been associated in such sharp contrast and collision? Prince Charles, it will be remembered, set sail from Scotland in September, 1746. On October 10 he landed at Morlaix in Brittany. He was received by Louis without any marked cordiality. The French Ministers lent him but little countenance, and the offer of a pension was the sole sign of support he could gather. Then his attitude quickly changed to one of defiance. He adopted ways of mysterious seclusion; he flitted vaguely here and there, through the social life of Paris; he disappeared for long intervals, and no man knew where. Suddenly he would be heard of at Lyons or Avignon, or again at Madrid (March, 1747). In Spain the King and Queen were civil, but insisted on his leaving the country. Back in Paris, he indulged in sneers at the piety and chaste life of his brother Henry. His own reputation for sobriety suffered. He surrounded himself with adventurers. His love affairs became notorious. His mistress the Princesse de Talmond, and Madame d'Aiguillon, disputed for his favour. He quarrelled with his friends, he flouted the French Ministers—"them vermin Ministers," as he calls them—and gave offence wherever the interest of his cause should have led him to conciliate. And so that strange life in Paris continued, down to the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.

That peace, with its article relating to the Hanoverian succession, was a fatal blow to Stuart hopes. It made the departure of Charles from Paris a matter of international obligation. James, his father, wrote from Rome: "As your father and your King I command you to obey his Most Christian Majesty instantly." Charles showed no symptom of leaving. He appeared in his box at the opera; he went his way about the town, conspicuous in his fine clothes; he gave parties; he received all Paris at his mistress' house. His whole bearing was a defiance and a protest. On December 9 it was intimated to him that he must leave in three days. On Tuesday, December 11, as he stepped from his coach to enter the opera at about five o'clock in the evening, the building was surrounded by troops. He was seized by two sergeants of the guards, and carried into the Court of the Fountains. His pistols and poniard were taken from him, and, bound with silk cords, he was put into a coach and conveyed to Vincennes. To Major Vaudreuil, who was charged with the duty of arresting him, he exclaimed: "Mon cher monsieur, vous faites là un vilain métier."

It was an ignoble business for France. Three of Charles's followers were confined in the Bastille; his house was ransacked; even the lackey of his mistress was arrested; while the lady herself, Madame de Talmond, was banished to Lorraine. In Paris the deepest indignation was expressed that the Ministry should have embroiled themselves in such a squabble, and bound the nation to commit such a violation of hospitality. At Vincennes Charles was royally lodged; but, to make his resentment felt, he adopted methods more familiar to the world of to-day than to the less-instructed generations of the eighteenth century. He refused to take nourishment; nor was it till the second day of his captivity that his resolution yielded

to the pressure of hunger. On Sunday, December 15, he set out under escort to Avignon.

There we may leave him to begin that life of restless evasion and theatrical disguises with which he mystified the Courts of Europe and baffled the diplomatists and agents of England through so many years. He had fallen from his high estate, and was to fall still lower. The morning-star which had shone at his nativity was no more seen. A life of humiliation lay before him, in which the shining memories of Holyrood, of a triumphant army, and of hearts beating high with loyalty, were trailed from one degradation to another.

It was a thoughtful admirer who, wearing a picture of Charles in her bracelet, had inscribed thereunder: "Mon royaume n'est pas de ce monde."

The celebrations of the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle in London were postponed till May, 1749. On May 1 the peace was proclaimed, and in the evening the town was illuminated. On the following day, by order of the King, a "jubilee masquerade in the Venetian manner" was given at Ranelagh, and is thus described by Horace Walpole:

"It had nothing Venetian in it, but was by far the best understood and the prettiest spectacle I ever saw: nothing in a fairy tale ever surpassed it. One of the proprietors, who is a German, and belongs to court, had got my Lady Yarmouth to persuade the King to order it. It began at three o'clock, and, about five, people of fashion began to go. When you entered, you found the whole garden filled with masks and spread with tents, which remained all night very commodely. In one quarter was a May-pole dressed with garlands, and people dancing round it to a tabor and pipe and rustic music, all masked, as were all the various bands of music that were disposed in different parts of the garden; some like huntsmen with French horns, some like peasants, and a troop of harlequins and scaramouches in the little open temple on the mount. On the canal was a sort of gondola, adorned with flags and streamers and filled with music, rowing about. All round the outside of the amphitheatre were shops, filled with Dresden china, japan, etc., and all the shopkeepers in mask. The amphitheatre was illuminated; and in the middle was a circular bower, composed of all kinds of firs in tubs, from twenty to thirty feet high: under them orange-trees, with small lamps in each orange, and below them all sorts of the finest auriculas in pots; and festoons of natural flowers hanging from tree to tree. Between the arches too were firs, and smaller ones in the balconies above. There were booths for tea and wine, gaming-tables and dancing, and about two thousand persons. In short, it pleased me more than anything I ever saw."

Then followed a series of fêtes: a serenata at the Opera House called "Peace in Europe"; fireworks, the preparation for which had caused London to look like a country fair for a week beforehand; and a subscription masquerade, attended by the King and Cumberland, the feature of which was Miss Chudleigh as Iphigenia, "so naked that you would have taken her for Andromeda."

Walpole gives an unflattering description of Cumberland, who, like the King, was dressed in an early English habit, and was "so immensely corpulent that he looked like Cacofogo, the drunken captain, in 'Rule a Wife and have a Wife.'" "The Duke, as we have seen, had been seriously ill in Holland, and had returned to England with the sight of one eye partially gone, and his weight so increased that henceforth his corpulence oppressed him like an infirmity. A curious lawsuit gives an approximate idea of his size. A man backed himself to produce an individual who would weigh twice as much as Cumberland. As there were no means of persuading the King's son into the scales, the Duke's weight was agreed at 20 stone, which was supposed to be two more than he actually weighed. One Bright was then

produced, who weighed 42½ stone. The plaintiff invoked the law for the recovery of his wager. "There," writes Horace Walpole, "were the Duke's twenty stone bawled over a thousand times—but the righteous law decided against the man who had won." With this accession of weight, the Duke's countenance had coarsened. The portrait by Sir Joshua, painted ten years later, shows features the moulding of which, though not without distinction, is marred by an ungainly excess of flesh. It is a face far removed from the likeness of the slim, distinguished youth painted by Hogarth, but it suggests none the less some of the qualities which have been attributed to Cumberland in these pages: honesty and courage, inflexible purpose, and a certain steadfast capacity of character and mind.

It is no part of the present volume to deal with the work he performed as Commander-in-Chief between 1749 and 1757—work on which Mr. Fortescue has bestowed high praise.¹ He approached that work under many disadvantages. His unpopularity had already, in 1749, been contrived and fostered by his opponents. His proposals to make the Mutiny Bill more severe lent further colour to the accusations of Jacobites and others. The Prince of Wales and his supporters used every means surreptitiously to turn public opinion against him. The press was employed for the purpose: the pages of the *Craftsman* were busy raking up instances of his severity and oppression; caricatures appeared in which he was depicted as the Butcher, and it was not long before the nickname fixed itself in the popular mind. His brother's jealousy, the steady enmity of the Scottish and the Jacobites, were continually at work in an effort to alienate from him the heart of the nation. And to the work done by them, in concurrence with the natural reaction from the height of his fame in 1746, must be attributed the greater part of the defamation to which he has been subjected. But he went forward quite undeterred, pursuing the path of duty as he saw it, loyal to the King and the nation, devoting his strong understanding to the profession in which his pride and affection were centred. "His strongest principle," wrote Horace Walpole, "was the dignity of the Blood Royal, and his maxim to bear everything from his brother if he had lived to be King,² rather than set an example of disobedience to the Royal Authority." There was, indeed, a fine submission in his reply to Hardwicke, who was sent to inform him, after the death of the Prince of Wales, that the Princess of Wales had been preferred to him as Regent. "He desired the Lord Chancellor to return his duty and thanks to the King for the communication of the plan of the Regency, 'For the part,' he added, 'allotted to me I shall submit to it, because he commands it, be that Regency what it will.'³ All sorts of rumours used to be set afloat about his ambitious designs and his intended usurpation of power. He was likened to John of Lancaster and "crooked-back Richard." His nephew was taught to fear him, to the pitch of imagining that his uncle had designs on his life when he showed him a sword at St. James's. Yet it would be difficult to fancy suggestions more remote from the facts. Submission and obedience to authority were raised in his conception of life to the level of a religion.

Cumberland had no grace or charm to win affection, but as a character he compels esteem. He stands massive, four-square, and imposing, indifferent to fame, to the blasts of popular favour, or to the steady malice of his foes. "He had notions of honor and generosity

¹ Fortescue: "History of the British Army," vol. ii.

² Frederick, Prince of Wales, died in 1750.

³ Walpole: "Memoirs."

worthy of a Prince,” wrote Lord Waldegrave; and Wolfe, it may be remembered, said of him that he was continually doing noble and generous actions. The outstanding thing about him was his simplicity and singleness of motive. “*Omnia si perdas famam servare memento*,” his favourite hexameter as a lad, has a copybook flavour, but it might well be taken to express one of the master-sentiments of his conduct. No man rated integrity and honour at a juster value. No man worked less for his own hand. So obviously, indeed, did he strive for the good of the nation, and on behalf of his adopted patriotism, that never once do we hear it charged against him that he showed a foreign preference or yielded to a German sympathy.

His pleasures, like his father’s, were coarse and dull.¹ He was a great gambler—witness his bet on Broughton.² On Twelfth Night of 1752 we read of his winning £3,400 at a sitting, and to one of the Newmarket meetings he was said to have gone with half the nobility and half the money of England, or with no less than £100,000 in all, for the gambling of a single week. To the excitements of hazard he added those to be found in uninspiring intrigues, and the bosquets of Marylebone Gardens resounded with his dull gallantries. He certainly had no ambition, like his father, to be considered a Lovelace.³ His only ambition was to serve his country and to lead an army to victory. The last he was destined never to realize. He was not one of those commanders whom “Victory followed like a page of honour.” Had he been associated with a Prince Eugene, had he been faithfully served by his allies, he might have seen his day of success. As it was, he was doomed always to fight with an element on his side which was quite incalculable. The uncertain character of the Dutch soldiery was continually upsetting both his strategy and his tactics, and his conceptions of manoeuvring were too inelastic to make allowance for any factor so difficult to estimate. “That was a disaster of war that Cæsar himself could not have prevented.”

It has been said that his idea of a battle was “to lead his men into the hottest place he could find and keep them there as long as he could.” Fontenoy lends some colour to the assertion, but at Fontenoy he was within an ace of succeeding, and it has to be remembered that the eighteenth century was the era of parade and formal movements on the field of action, and that the losses Cumberland incurred were seldom so severe as those he inflicted. Active service was his passion; he loved fighting and the stress of action. We cannot imagine him saying with the French soldier of the eighteenth-century salons: “I hate war; it spoils conversation.” His true mistress was the “fire-eyed maid of smoky war.”

His greatest achievement was not so much winning the Battle of Culloden as making Culloden possible; restoring heart and discipline to an army which had been cowed and disorganized by Prestonpans and Falkirk; giving back to his troops the self-respect and confidence they had lost; conducting a winter campaign and overcoming difficulties of commissariat and transport. Between January and April, 1746, he transformed the army under his command from a sullen, dispirited body of men to an enthusiastic and efficient fighting force. His mode of enforcing discipline was severe, but not more severe than was customary, and certainly not more severe than that employed by Wellington in the Peninsular War. Horace Walpole tells an ugly story of Cumberland’s refusing to ratify the sentence of a court-martial till they had increased the number of lashes to be inflicted on a

¹ Lord Rosebery: “Chatham,” p. 193.

² *Ante*, p. 291.

³ Lord Rosebery: “Chatham,” p. 193.

soldier who had outstayed his furlough, but we do not know the facts that influenced the Duke. The story, it is true, has an unpleasant flavour of harshness; but so have most of the sentences we read of in that epoch and for the best part of a century afterwards. Professor Oman has recently analysed the punishments inflicted by courts-martial under Wellington in the Peninsula.¹ The result is hardly in favour of Wellington as against Cumberland.

On the other hand, Cumberland was loved by his army, and we have been able to show instances of his personal and sympathetic relations with the men. His army was his pride and his delight. We cannot conceive the man who was greeted with cries of "Now, Billy, for Flanders!" saying, as Wellington did of his troops: "They are the scum of the earth. English soldiers are fellows who have enlisted for drink—that is the plain fact: they have all enlisted for drink."² And yet his recruits were drawn often enough from the gaols, from the ranks of the idle and degraded, and drunkenness was far more prevalent at that time than seventy years later. Cumberland never failed to make generous acknowledgment of the services he received from the army, and in return, from Wolfe, who regarded Cumberland's resignation in 1757 as a national misfortune,³ down to the privates in the ranks, he enjoyed confidence and esteem. He once, in fact, declared that he was never hurt by ingratitude, except in the case of Townshend and Lord Robert Sutton, two officers upon whom he had bestowed his favour and friendship, and who, for personal motives, subsequently opposed him.

In 1771, John Wesley, when visiting the triangular tower which had been constructed by "that active and useful man, the Duke of Cumberland," on the edge of Windsor Park, was moved to pious reflections as he contemplated the rooms which had once been associated with the Duke. "I was agreeably surprised," he wrote in his "Journal," "to find many of the books, not only religious, but admirably well chosen. Perhaps the great man spent many hours here, with only Him that seeth in secret: and who can say how deep that change went, which was so discernible in the latter part of his life."⁴ Horace Walpole—and it would be difficult to find one more remote from Wesley in character—wrote in his "Memoirs," that he ranked Cumberland among the five great men he had known.⁵ Nor can it well be denied that the Duke had elements of greatness. His fearlessness and resolution, his "strong, judicious understanding," his romantic idea of duty, his patriotism, his self-subordination for the service of his country, the fine composure of his mind, and his personal influence, so conspicuous in his relations with the army, go far to establish the judgment passed on him by men so different as Wesley and Walpole. But whether he be regarded as a great man or not, it is impossible to refuse a certain sympathy to his father when he said to Henry Fox: "My affection is with my son: I assure you, Mr. Fox, I like you the better for wishing well to him."

In later years Cumberland was to play another and as great a part in the nation's life. In the present volume I have only attempted to trace his career from boyhood to that momentous turning-point in the history of Europe, the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle. That peace was the end of the "old system," which Cumberland had struggled so hard to maintain, and

¹ Oman: "Wellington's Army," p. 42 *et seq.*

² *Ibid.*

³ Beckles Wilson: "Life of Wolfe," p. 340—J. Wolfe to Major Rickson.

⁴ John Wesley's "Journal," abridged by Livingstone Parker, p. 367.

⁵ The other four were Sir Robert Walpole, Pitt, Granville, and Mansfield.

the eve of that rearrangement of the European Powers which was to lead on to the Seven Years' War, the French Revolution, and the field of Waterloo. But though Cumberland was to pass through the most bitter military experience of his life at the beginning of the Seven Years' War, he never again commanded a British army in the field after the campaign of 1748. Active service at the head of the troops he loved so well came to an end in that year; and Hastenbeck, Kloster Zeven, and his relations with the Ministries and politicians of the early years of George III., belong to another period, and must form the subject of a separate inquiry.

APPENDIX A

THE following letter, which appeared in the Times of January 21, 1909, states the facts which the author of the present volume was able to elicit from the Newcastle Papers with regard to the will of George I.:

THE WILL OF KING GEORGE I. TO THE EDITOR OF THE "TIMES."

SIR,—In the course of an examination of the Newcastle MSS. in the British Museum, with the purpose of obtaining material for a Life of William, Duke of Cumberland, I have incidentally come across information which seems of sufficient importance to justify me in asking you to find a place for it in your columns.

Few things have been more damaging to the reputation of George II. than the story of his suppression of his father's will. According to Walpole's account, at the first Council held by the King (George II.) the will was produced by Dr. Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury. The King thereupon stuffed the document into his pocket and stalked out of the room. The Archbishop was too much dismayed, the other persons present too much overawed, to protest. The will was never seen again, its contents were never made public, and the common whisper was that it was burnt. The motives which have hitherto been assigned for its destruction were certainly sordid enough to justify the censures which have been heaped on the King. It has been commonly believed that the will contained two directions, by the first of which the Duchess of Kendal, the mistress of the testator, was to receive £40,000, and by the second of which a considerable legacy was left to the Queen of Prussia, mother of Frederick the Great and sister of George II. Tradition has alleged that the suppression of the will was due to these provisions, which were repugnant to the economic instincts of the Sovereign.

The Newcastle Papers,¹ however, throw a much more favourable light on the action of the King. In the first place, it appears that the will was submitted to the Ministers in Hanover for their opinion, and was unanimously held by them to be "invalid and illegal," and that it was ultimately suppressed with the full knowledge of His Majesty's advisers in London. Secondly, a copy of the will was shown by Horatio Walpole, then Ambassador in Paris, to Cardinal Fleury, who in the course of an interview with the Ambassador "show'd ye utmost detestation and astonishment at ye ill disposition of those who could suggest to his late Majesty an advice of so mischievous a nature which as it could not be legal in itselfe could have no other tendency than to give a handle for raising confusion and disorder in his own family," and concluded by promising the support of France should any attempt be made by the Emperor to enforce its execution. What were the exact terms which rendered the will invalid, excited the indignation of the Cardinal, and seemed likely to lead to action on the

¹ Add. MSS. 32,751 fl. 24, 59, 121, 153, 155.

part of the Emperor, cannot be gathered from the Newcastle Papers and can only be the subject of conjecture. From a further letter of Horatio Walpole's, however, we learn generally that the terms objected to dealt with his Majesty's dominions abroad, and that the person primarily concerned was the Duke of Brunswick Luneburg Wolfenbüttel, with whom a copy of the will had been deposited by George I.

It appears to have depended upon the action of this Prince whether the matter was converted into an international question or not, and it became a prime object of statecraft to induce him to surrender the copy in his possession. After much negotiation this object was accomplished. In December, 1727,¹ the terms of a treaty were arranged between George II. and the Prince of Wolfenbüttel. The Prince was to receive £25,000 per annum for four years, in return for which he was to maintain a certain number of troops who might be called on for service in the Hanoverian cause. The treaty, however, was only to be ratified upon the surrender to His Majesty's Ministers of the copy of the will, unopened. This stipulation was duly carried out in London and the treaty signed. Though the provision of troops was the ostensible motive for concluding the treaty, the correspondence makes it clear that behind the scenes the surrender of the will was the first consideration. The most remarkable feature of the story is the astonishing secrecy with which the true history was concealed. In 1740 Frederick of Prussia, as shown in the "Politische Correspondenz Friderichs des Grossen" (Berlin, 1879; i. 38), was still ignorant as to whether or not the will contained a legacy for his mother the Queen, and we find him writing after the lapse of thirteen years to his Minister at the Court of Hanover, directing him to try and discover what the contents of the will had been. Again, as late as 1778, Horace Walpole, writing to the Rev. William Cole, tells the story with which all the world is familiar, and asserts positively that Sir Robert was never consulted in the matter, a statement which becomes difficult of belief the moment it is realized that the will was the subject of international negotiation through a Ministry of which Sir Robert was the omniscient head.

The only excuse which has hitherto been put forward for the action of George II. is to be found in the remark of Lady Suffolk (as given in Horace Walpole's Letters, Toynbee, x. 336), that, as George I. had burnt two wills made in favour of George II., there was every provocation for George II. to burn a will made in favour of someone else. Not a very convincing condonation for what was done, and calculated rather to darken the reputation of two Kings than rehabilitate the fame of one. The facts, however, which I have given above show that the action of George II. was not only dictated by motives of State, but taken with the concurrence of Ministers both in London and Hanover. The cherished scandals of history are not to be lightly impugned; but the Newcastle Papers to which I have referred would certainly seem to warrant a reconsideration of the famous episode of the suppression of the will of George I.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
EVAN CHARTERIS.

¹ *Ibid.*, 32,753, f. 267.

APPENDIX B
LIST OF REGIMENTS AND LOSSES AT THE BATTLE OF
FONTENOY, APRIL 30, 1745

Regiments.	Officers killed.	Officers wounded.	Officers missing.	Men killed.	Men wounded,	Men missing.
<i>British Cavalry.</i>						
3rd troop Horse Guards		1		4	14	
4th ditto		2		2	12	
2nd troop Horse Grenadiers		4		4	10	
Blues		5		10	39	
Honeywood's		1		7	4	1
Ligonier's		1		3	4	1
<i>Dragoons.</i>						
Hawley's Dragoons		4		14	31	
Scots Greys		1		14	11	
Bland's Dragoons		2	1	9	14	7
Cope's	1	5		10	35	3
Stair's	1			3	11	
<i>Infantry.</i>						
1st Foot Guards	4	7		85	142	
2nd Foot Guards	3	8		112	116	
3rd Foot Guards	4	7		105	131	
1st Batt. Royal Scots		8		87	83	8
Howard's (the 3rd Buffs)	1	2		11	32	8
Onslow's (8th)		7		16	83	31
Sowle's (11th)	4	2	1	49	112	46
Duroure's (12th)	6	10		153	149	
Pulteney's (13th)	1	4		37	41	10
Maj.-General Howard's (31st)	2	8		17	70	13
Bligh's (20th)	1	5		28	35	
Scotch Fusiliers (21st)	2	9	3	201	144	15
Welsh Fusiliers (23rd)	4	10	8	185	77	39
Bragg's (28th)	1	9	1	27	76	12
Handaside's (31st)	4	5	1	139	100	12
Skelton's		5	1	16	100	17
Johnson's (33rd)	6	12		42	84	30
Cholmondeley's (34th)		6		18	55	28
Lord Sempil's Highlanders	2	3		30	88	13
<i>Artillery</i>						
	1			4	23	

Total British troops

4,074

Total loss, Hanoverians

1,742

Dutch

1,554

British, Hanoverian, and Dutch total loss

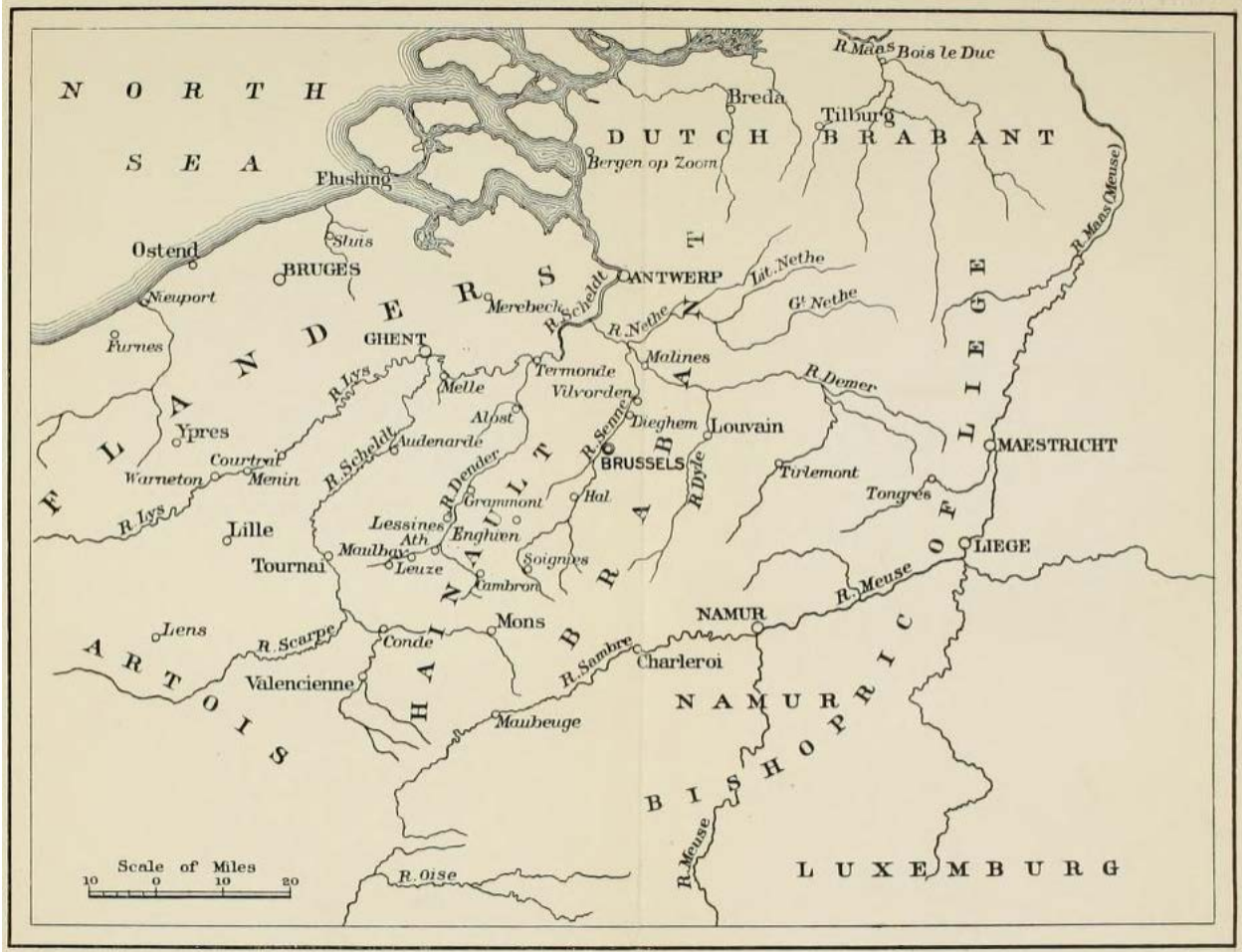
7,370

(Taken from "Military Life of Field-Marshal George, First Marquis Townshend," by Lieutenant Colonel C. V. F. Townshend, C.B., D.S.O.)

APPENDIX C
Mrs. Hepburn to Miss Pringle.

Oct. 12, 1745.

I went to ye camp at Duddingston and saw ye Prince review his men. He was sitting in his Tent when I came first to ye Field, the Ladies made a circle round ye Tent and after we had gaz'd our fill at him he came out of the Tent with a grace and majesty that is unexpressible he saluted all ye Circle with an air of Grandeur and Affability capable of charming ye most obstinate Whig, and mounting his Horse which was in ye middle of ye Circle he Rode off to view ye men. As ye circle was narrow and ye Horse very gentle we were all extremely near to him when he mounted and in all my life I never saw so noble nor so gracefull an appearance as his Highness made, he was in great spirits and very cheerful which I have never seen him before: he was dressed in a blue Grogram coat trim'd with Gold Lace and a lac'd Red Wastcoat and Breeches: on his left Shoulder and Side were the Star and Garter and over his Right Shoulder a very rich Broadsword Belt, his sword had ye finest wrought Basket hilt ever I beheld all silver: His Hat had a white feather in't and a White Cockade and was trim'd with an open gold Lace: his Horse furniture was green velvet and gold, ye Horse was Black and finely Bred (it had been poor Gardner's) his Highness rides finely and indeed in all his appearance seems to be cut out for enchanting his beholders and carrying People to consent to their own slavery in spite of themselves, I don't believe Cesar was more engagingly form'd nor more dangerous to ye Liberties of his Country than this Chap may be if he sets about it. I follow'd him through ye Field and saw him often Riding about attended by some of his Lifeguards they were clothed in Blue faced with red: just when he was on ye Field Lord Pitsligo's men arriv'd from ye North a good many Gentlemen well mounted and a great many servants with them: and some Foot, not many: Pitsligo himself made a very odd figure, he's like an auld carrier, ye Prince lighted and went into his Tent a second time to receive a' newcomers and we all circled the Tent door, he mounted again as gracefully and in ye same manner as the first time and rode to Town where we all follow'd not a little pleas'd with the show. ... I assure you I would not have wanted ye Sight I got of ye Prince for a great deal as he will make a great noise and be much spoke of whether he win or lose. I'm glad I have so thorough a knowledge of his looks and manner; he looks much better in Lowland than in Highland dress Poor Man! I wish he may escape with his life. I've no notion he'll succeed.



FLANDERS AND PARTS OF THE ADJOINING COUNTRIES.