

The Life and Adventures of : Prince Charles Edward Stuart





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THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF
PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART



FLORA MACDONALD

From the Painting by ALLAN RAMSAY in the Bodleian Library

The LIFE & ADVENTURES *of*
PRINCE CHARLES
EDWARD STUART

BY

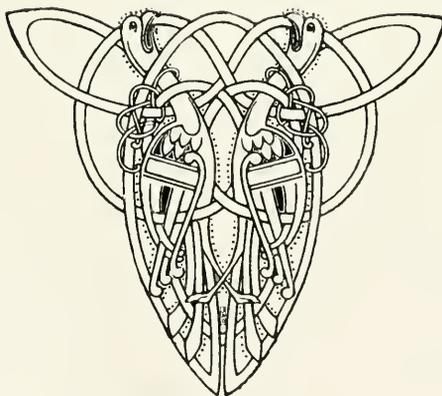
W. DRUMMOND NORIE

AUTHOR OF "LOYAL LOCHABER," ETC.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS

MAPS AND FACSIMILES

IN FOUR VOLUMES—VOL. IV



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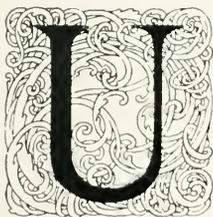
ERRATUM

Scale of miles on Map II. for "2" read "10."

LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

CHAPTER I

“The muir-cock that craws on the brows o’ Ben Connal,
He kens o’ his bed in a sweet mossy hame,
The Eagle that soars o’er the cliffs of Clan Ronald
Unawed and unhunted his eyrie can claim :
The solan can sleep on the shelve of the shore,
The cormorant roost on his rock of the sea ;
But oh there is ane whose hard fate I deplore,
Nor house, ha,’ nor hame in his country has he ;
The conflict is past and our name is no more,
There’s nought left but sorrow for Scotland and me.”



UPON his arrival in Stornoway, Donald MacLeod made haste to execute his commission, and was so far successful that he managed, after a good deal of tedious negotiation, to hire a brig of forty tons burden for the sum of £100 sterling. The next step was to inform Charles, and this Donald did in a letter which he despatched to Scalpa by a trustworthy messenger, who reached the island and delivered the missive on the evening of May 3rd. By this time the secret information regarding the Prince's movements sent by the Rev. John MacAulay to his father in Harris had become generally known in Stornoway. Lord Seaforth's¹ factor was on the alert, and all owners of vessels lying in the harbour had been duly warned that the consequences of aiding Charles in his plan of escape would be extremely serious. The master of the brig chartered by MacLeod at once suspected the purpose for which his ship was required, and he insisted in withdrawing from the bargain. Donald stormed and protested, but nothing would move the obdurate

¹ Lord Fortrose, in spite of his father's forfeiture, was usually called Lord Seaforth throughout his own territory. *Vide* vol. i. p. 193.

mariner, until at last Donald offered to buy the vessel outright for £300. This offer not only served to confirm the master's suspicions, but it awakened his avarice, and he demanded £500, which sum MacLeod, seeing no other way out of the difficulty, was constrained to promise.¹

Charles was greatly relieved to learn that a ship had been secured, and on the day following the receipt of MacLeod's letter, he set out for Stornoway with O'Sullivan, O'Neil, Ned Burke, and a guide who pro-



LOCH SEAFORTH, HARRIS, FROM NEAR ARDVOURLIE

Photo by the AUTHOR

fessed to know the country the party would have to traverse. From Carnach, the nearest point to Scalpa on the mainland of Harris, to Stornoway is, roughly speaking, thirty miles by land, but this distance can be considerably shortened by sailing up Loch Seaforth to Airidh Bhruthach, and taking the road by Balallan and the Moor of Arnish. We have no certain information respecting the route taken by the Prince, but it is probable that he sailed up the loch to some place near its head,² and then, by an unaccountable error of the guide, diverged from the direct road and got embogged in the wild trackless moor which lies to the north of Balallan, where almost every half mile of ground is

¹ "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 324.

² This is borne out by local tradition.

intersected and cut up with lochs and small but impassable rivers. In this wild and desolate region night overtook the unlucky men, and, more unfortunate still, a great storm of wind and rain came on, which caused them much discomfort and seriously impeded their progress. All through the hours of darkness the Prince and his dispirited followers trudged on, struggling through bogs, stumbling over peat-hags and boulders, and wading across swollen streams and marshy lochans, cheered only by the hope that the means of escape would soon be within their reach.



LOCHAN A' PHRIONNSA, NEAR ARNISH, LEWIS

Photo by the AUTHOR

At length, after having travelled more than thirty-eight miles since they left Scalpa, the weary men reached the Moor of Arnish within two miles of Stornoway, where by the margin of a small sheet of water since called *Lochan a' Phrionnsa*, they threw themselves down under the shelter of a rock in a thoroughly exhausted condition, having first sent the guide to inform Donald MacLeod of their whereabouts, and request him to come at once and bring some brandy and provisions with him.

Donald, having procured the much-needed refreshments, hastily made his way to the spot indicated by the guide, where he found Charles and his companions in misfortune half famished and drenched to the skin, eagerly awaiting his arrival. The old Highlander was deeply concerned

when he was told the story of the night's adventures, and, fearing lest the fatigue and exposure might injure the Prince's health, he immediately conducted him to the house of Mrs. MacKenzie of Kildun, which stood close by on the peninsula of Arnish, overlooking the town and harbour of Stornoway.¹

The lady of Kildun was a Catholic, and as such, her sympathies were entirely with the exiled royal family ; she therefore extended a hearty welcome to the Prince and his attendants, and, careless of the risk she incurred by harbouring fugitive Jacobites, invited them to make themselves at home under her roof until the vessel Donald MacLeod had purchased was ready for sea. The warm, cosy shelter of a comfortable house came as a delightful change to the jaded travellers after the hardships they had undergone during the long night journey, and with the pleasant prospect in view of being soon beyond the reach of their enemies, there was nothing to hinder their complete enjoyment of Mrs. MacKenzie's cheery ingle-side. "Here," says Donald, "the Prince was obliged to throw off his shirt, which one of the company did wring upon the hearth-stone, and did spread it upon the chair before the fire to have it dried." Shirts were scarce at this time, there being only six between Charles, O'Sullivan, and O'Neil, so that it often happened that "when they stript to dry those that were upon them, they found those that they were to put on as wet as the ones they had taken off."

In the course of the day (May 5th) MacLeod was sent back to Stornoway to make final arrangements for sailing, as Charles was naturally anxious to depart without a moment's unnecessary delay. Donald hurried off on his errand, and had scarcely entered the town, when he became aware of some unusual excitement among the people—men and women were standing about in groups by the water's edge talking and gesticulating, a drum was being beaten in the street, and two or three hundred MacKenzies, fully armed, were forming up in military order in front of the principal inn, as if in preparation for some desperate undertaking. The old Highlander, quite at a loss to understand what all the commotion was about, but fearing it might have some connection with the Prince, went boldly into the room where the leading gentlemen of Lord Seaforth's clan in Lewis were assembled, and asked what was the matter. He was immediately assailed with a perfect tempest of curses and abusive epithets, from which he gathered that the Prince's visit, and

¹ The house of Kildun has long since been demolished, but it is probable that the present house, now tenanted by Mr. Peter MacKenzie, formed part of the old mansion. I take this opportunity of thanking both Mr. Peter MacKenzie and Mr. Duncan MacKenzie (Royal Hotel) for the assistance they gave me when prosecuting my inquiries at Arnish.—W. D. N.

his own negotiations for the hire of a vessel, were not only known but bitterly resented as being likely to bring down a severe punishment upon the town and its inhabitants. A story had been spread abroad by the minister, who based his information on MacAulay's letter, that Charles was close at hand with a party of five hundred men, and intended to take forcible possession of a ship in the harbour, and it was on this account, MacLeod was told, that the MacKenzies had been convened. Donald, thinking it better to tell the truth, assured the leaders present that if MacAulay had told such a tale he was a liar,¹ for although it was quite true that the Prince was then on the island, he had, instead of five hundred followers with him, only two when he, MacLeod, was absent. "And yet let me tell you further, gentlemen," added the brave fellow, "if Scaforth himself were here, by G— he durst not put a hand to the Prince's breast." This bold speech, together with the assurance that the town had nothing to fear from the Prince, somewhat pacified the MacKenzies, many of whom were doubtless not a little ashamed at the fuss they had made about nothing. They now "declared they had no intention to do the Prince the smallest hurt, or to meddle with him at present in any shape," all they demanded was, that Charles should leave the Lews at once for the Continent, or any other place he might find convenient. This was all very well as far as it went, and Donald was no doubt greatly relieved in his mind to learn that his master would be free from molestation, but the main difficulty remained, as neither the owner of the brig nor the crew that had been engaged would consent to carry out their part of the bargain, one and all refusing point-blank to proceed to sea. Even a pilot could not be procured for love or money, and MacLeod had at length to leave Stornoway and return with his disappointing news to Kildun.

Buoyed up with the anticipation of an almost immediate escape, and being in hourly expectation of MacLeod's re-appearance, Charles had felt too unsettled to take the rest his overtaken body required, and by the time Donald arrived he had become so drowsy that, notwithstanding the gravity of the situation and the necessity it created for prompt action, he declared that whatever the consequences might be he did not intend to stir from the house until he had had some sleep. After some anxious consultation it was decided to leave Arnish the following morning and return to Benbecula, calling at Scalpa on the way; the Prince and his two officers then retired to seek the repose of which they stood so greatly

¹ MacLeod's own words are, "Donald saned these blades, the informers, very heartily, and spared not to give them their proper epithets in strong terms."—"Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 168.

in need, while MacLeod, Ned Burke, and the five men who remained of the crew—two having taken fright and deserted—prepared Campbell's boat for an early start. A quey had been killed during the day, for which Charles desired payment to be made, but his hospitable hostess could not be persuaded to accept the offered money, until Donald declared with some warmth that, as long as there was any money in their possession, he was positive "that the deil a man or woman should have it to say that the Prince ate their meat for nought." The head and other portions of the cow were stowed away in the boat with two pecks of meal and a wooden plate for kneading the dough upon, brandy and sugar were added by way of luxuries, and before starting the lady of Kildun, with thoughtful kindness, took Ned Burke aside and "gave him a junt of butter betwixt two fardles of bread," which Ned pushed carelessly into a wallet he was carrying and straightway forgot all about it.

About eight o'clock in the morning (Tuesday, May 6th) the dispirited wanderers put off to sea, and directing their course due south followed the rugged coast-line of Lewis until they came near Cabach Head, when, espying four men-of-war lying off the point, they crept quickly along under the shelter of the land and made for the uninhabited island of Iaruinn¹ at the mouth of Loch Shealg. As the boat drew near the shore, some fishermen were observed spreading out their fish to dry on the flat sloping rocks—a common practice at this day in the Hebrides—who, seeing the little craft sailing towards them, and thinking it might contain a press-gang of sailors from one of the war-ships, incontinently fled to their boats, leaving their fish behind them. Nothing could have been more fortunate for the Prince, as with such an abundance of food he could remain on the island for many days and without fear of starvation, in case circumstances should render a long stay necessary or advisable; shelter of a kind was afforded by the rude huts in which the fishermen lived while prosecuting their calling in the neighbourhood, and plenty of good water could be easily obtained from the numerous springs with which the island abounded. Altogether the outlook was not so bad, and the Prince, although he had been at first sadly cast down and disappointed at the frustration of his plan of escape, grew quite cheerful, and even merry, as he stepped from the boat and took temporary possession of his miniature principality in this remote part of his royal father's stolen dominions.

¹ Spelt variously, Euirn, Ifiurt, and Iubhard. I was prevented by stormy weather from reaching this desolate island and in consequence no photo is forthcoming. I hope, however, to secure one for insertion in a future edition of this work. Perhaps some of my Highland readers can assist me?—W. D. N.

WANDERINGS IN THE ISLANDS



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T.C. & E.C. Jack, Edinburgh.

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Point of Sleaf

When the heart is young the serious troubles of life are happily soon forgotten, or at least brushed temporarily aside, to make way for new experiences and fresh sensations. Charles, in spite of all he had gone through, had not yet lost his boyish love of adventure, and his youthful delight in any novel form of outdoor exercise was as keen as ever. Life on a desert island has always had a wonderful attraction for lads of all ages and of all countries, and the young Prince was still boy enough to feel something of the mysterious charm which is associated in juvenile minds with this uncomfortable mode of existence; he may even have read Defoe's immortal story of Robinson Crusoe, which had been given to the world twenty-seven years before. Be this as it may, Charles entered into the spirit of the occasion with good-humoured zest, made light of difficulties, laughed and joked with his friends, and probably felt far happier than he had done for a long time past.

One of the largest and cleanest huts was selected for his use, and its dilapidated thatch made water-tight with the aid of the boat's sail; furniture, even of the coarsest description, there was none, and the only bed was the hard bosom of Mother Earth covered with a little heather. It was a strange dwelling for the delicately nurtured descendant of the Stuart kings, but Bruce himself had often found shelter in a worse, when

“King Edward with hoost hym sought full sore,
But ay he fled into woodes and strayte forest,
And slewe his men at staytes and daungers thore,
And at marreys and mires was aye full prest
Englyshmen to kyll withoutyn any rest;”¹

and there may have been comfort in the thought.

In the preparation of food, the Prince took not only a personal but a practical interest, and while he remained on the island, he frequently acted as cook in conjunction with his humble friend Ned Burke. One day the Prince and Ned were making ready a meal of fish while all the rest were asleep, when Ned complained that the fish would prove very tasteless without butter. Charles said, “We will take the fish till the butter comes,” upon which Ned, suddenly calling to mind the butter he had received from Mrs. MacKenzie, told his master he had some in his wallet, and at once went in search of it. Upon opening the wallet he discovered the bread was all broken to pieces and mingled with the butter in a dirty-looking mass, which he felt quite ashamed to offer the Prince; he therefore told Charles that it was not fit to be eaten. “What,” said the Prince, “was not the butter clean when it was put

¹ Hardyng's “Chronicle.”

there?" "Yes," answered Ned, "it was clean enough." "Then," replied the Prince, "you are a child, Ned. The butter will do exceedingly well. The bread can never file it. Go, fetch it immediately." Burke did what he was told, and the fish was soon frying over the hot embers. When the meal was ready the sleepers were awakened to take their share of the not very appetising food. MacLeod, more particular than the Prince, objected to the appearance of the butter, and said "the deil a drap of that butter he would take, for it was neither good nor clean," but Charles ridiculed his nicety, ordered Ned to serve up the fish, whereupon all present set to and made a very hearty meal.

On another occasion, in order to vary the monotony of the fare, he taught Ned how to make a novel kind of cake, by kneading the brains from the cow's head with the dough he was preparing for some bannocks. "When the cake was fully fired the Prince divided it into so many pieces, giving every gentleman a bit of it; and it made very good bread indeed."

An earthen pitcher had been found among the fishermen's belongings, and in it, on the night of the Prince's arrival on the island, a jorum of steaming punch was concocted with the brandy and sugar brought from Kildun, which warmed the bodies and cheered the hearts of the voyagers, but unluckily on the second night the extempore punch-bowl came to grief, and as no other utensil was forthcoming, the liquor had to be taken cold. As the drink circulated and the little company grew merry, Charles would frequently propose the toast of "the Black Eye," by which MacLeod, who relates the story, understood him to mean the second daughter of the French king. This lady was often the subject of the Prince's flattering remarks, and although Charles had very small reason to feel grateful to the Court of France, he always referred to Louis XV. in terms of great affection: the king, he told his friends, had, personally, the Jacobite cause much at heart, and might be relied upon to assist it in every possible way if his ministers would only let him. "I can assure you, gentlemen," Charles would say when discussing this topic, "a king and his Council are two very different things." Experience had already taught the grandson of James VII. that unpleasant truth.

MacLeod was asked by Bishop Forbes whether the boatmen took their meals in common with the Prince when all were living together. "Na, good faith, they!" exclaimed the old fellow, shocked at the idea; "set them up wi' that indeed, the fallows! to eat wi' the Prince and the shentleman! We even kept up the port of the Prince upon the desert



MACGREGOR

GAELIC DESIGNATION OF CHIEF—*An t-Ailpeineach*

Badge—*Sprig of Pine.*

War Cry—“*Ard Coille*”

The figure is depicted in the act of swearing an oath on the naked dirk in the ancient Highland fashion

island itself and kept two tables, one for the Prince and the gentlemen, and the other for the boatmen. We sat upon the bare ground, having a big stone in the middle of us for a table, and sometimes we ate off our knee on the bare ground as it happened."

For four nights Charles laid himself down to rest on his rough heather bed in this lone Hebridean isle, with nought but rotten thatch and tarry sail for canopy, and slept as soundly as he had done on the soft down of his sumptuous couch under the delicately painted ceiling of the Palazzo Santi Apostoli, and save for a troublesome affection of a dysenteric nature, caused, no doubt, by the privations he had undergone since his escape from Culloden, he was as well and as strong as he had been in the days which must now have seemed ages ago when he tramped, a light-hearted boy, over the Roman Campagna, and shot thrushes in the gardens of the Villa Borghese.

On the fifth day (May 10th) the offing being clear of ships, the Prince and his followers left Iaruinn and set sail for Scalpa. A dozen of the dried fish were taken on board, for which Charles ordered money to be left where the fishermen might be able to find it on their return; but when it was pointed out to him by O'Sullivan and O'Neil that the money would be far more likely to fall into the hands of wandering vagrants or chance visitors, he was prevailed upon to rescind the order. Scalpa was reached without further adventure, and Charles was about to land, when the vigilant eyes of Ned Burke espied four suspicious-looking men making for the boat. Ned immediately jumped ashore to reconnoitre, but not liking the appearance of the strangers, he ran back hastily to the boat and quickly pushed off into deep water. It afterwards transpired that Donald Campbell, having discovered that the Prince's visit to his house was known throughout the district, had left the island for some secluded retreat, where he hoped to escape the consequences of his hospitable, but, from a Hanoverian point of view, treasonable action. Under these altered conditions Charles concluded that it would be both useless and unsafe to venture on shore, he therefore wisely determined to continue at sea and steer for his former place of refuge on the island of Benbecula.

Night was fast approaching as the disappointed voyagers left Scalpa behind them and directed their course southwards. The wind had dropped with the sun, so that the sail was no longer of use, and for some hours the boat had to be propelled with oars alone; at break of day, however, a fresh breeze sprang up, and the sail being again hoisted, the little vessel scudded merrily onwards while the tired

rowers rested from their labours. The hard work induced hunger, but unhappily the food supply was nearly exhausted, only a little meal remaining of the store brought from Kildun. With this the men proceeded to make *stapag*,¹ or crowdie, by mixing it into a thin paste with sea water. The Prince, who had been watching the operation with interested curiosity, "said that was a kind of meat he had never seen before, and therefore behoved to try how it would go down." MacLeod, to whom we are indebted for the story,² adds that Charles "ate of it very heartily, and much more than he could do for his life. Never any meat or drink came wrong to him (the Prince), for he could take a share of everything, be it good, bad, or indifferent, and was always chearful and contented in every condition." Having satisfied his hunger with this unpalatable mess, Charles called for a bottle of spirits, and after giving every man a dram, washed the taste out of his own mouth with a good sup of Mrs. MacKenzie's brandy.

As daylight increased every eye swept the surface of the Minch in search of the Government sloops which were known to be scouring the sea in the vicinity, and it was not long before one was observed cruising under full sail near the mouth of Loch Finsbay in Harris, within a short distance of the spot where the Prince's boat was then passing. It also became evident that the war-ship intended pursuit, for every canvas was spread and her course was altered so that she might come within gunshot. With desperate energy the Prince's men bent to their oars, and by dint of hard rowing and careful steering they managed to keep the lead for nearly three leagues until, when near the point of Rodil, the captain³ of the man-of-war, not caring to risk his vessel among the dangerous rocks in shallow water, stood out to sea again. While the pursuit lasted Charles sat calmly in his place encouraging the rowers with cheery words, and urging them to greater exertions by a promise of reward if they succeeded in eluding capture; under no condition, he assured them, would he be taken alive.

Some time elapsed before the Prince and his friends could breathe freely, for the war-ship still hovered about unpleasantly near, and even attempted another chase, but the tide had now ebbed, and the little

¹ Sometimes called *Fuarag*.

² Ned Burke also describes this incident in nearly the same terms.

³ The *Greyhound*, *Baltimore*, *Terror*, and the *Raven* were among the war-ships then cruising between the mainland and the Long Island. The first three had recently been in action with two French men-of-war that had come to Arisaig and landed 35,000 louis d'ors for the Prince's use, and had got the worst of the engagement. Burke says the ship that chased the Prince was commanded by Captain Ferguson: if so, it must have been the *Furnace*, but according to the *Scots Magazine* (May 1746, p. 239) that vessel did not join the others until May 17th.

craft which had been kept well under cover of the rocks could scarcely be seen, much less approached. At length, greatly to every one's relief, the hostile vessel departed, and the fugitives were able to cross the Sound of Harris without fear of molestation. They were, however, not yet quite out of danger, for while passing Loch Maddy another Government ship was seen lying near the entrance, a sight which made the rowers redouble their efforts until they got clear of the mouth of the loch and out of reach of pursuit. In a few hours more the boat which had carried the Prince so far and so well brought him safe and sound, on the afternoon of May 11th, into Loch Uskavagh (*Uisge-Bhaidh*), an arm of the sea on the east coast of Benbecula. Here the party landed on an island¹ where, Burke says, "we came to a poor grasskeeper's bothy or hut, which had so laigh a door that we digged below the door and put heather below the Prince's knees, he being tall, to let him go the easier into the poor hut."

Rude though the shelter was, it afforded some protection from the weather, which grew worse every minute. The wind veered completely round, torrents of rain descended, and soon a heavy gale was raging furiously around the little hut where the Prince and his attendants were huddled together. They could now afford to laugh at the storm, for from the direction it came it was clear that the threatening war-ships would be drawn off the coast, and be forced to steer an opposite course, so that for some time at least there would be no occasion for anxiety on their account. The principal difficulty now was, how to obtain a sufficiency of food until fresh supplies arrived from Clanranald, to whom Charles had despatched a messenger. Fortunately the tide was out, and one of the boatmen who had gone down to search for shell-fish among the rocks succeeded in catching a large partan (crab), which he held aloft that all might see. Where there was one there might be many, and in another moment Charles, eager for a share of the sport, seized a cog or pail that was lying near, and ran quickly down to join in the hunt for a dinner. At this point a leaf of Donald MacLeod's narrative is missing, and we must ever remain in ignorance regarding the Prince's success as a crab-catcher.

During the next evening Clanranald appeared at the hut in response

¹ Traditionally, Berran (*Ord. Surv.*); there is, however, some little doubt regarding the movements of the Prince at this time. Rossinish, Rairnish, and Bareness (the latter is perhaps synonymous with Berran), are all mentioned by different narrators as being visited by the wanderer, and as they are not far apart, Charles may have landed at each place in turn when out on one of his fishing excursions. A small sheet of water near Rossinish known as Loch nan Arm, is said to have received its name from the fact that some weapons were thrown into it upon the Prince's return from Stornoway, though why this was done is not clear.

to the summons he had received, attended by his former companion, Neil MacEachainn, who now takes his place with Donald MacLeod, Ned Burke, and O'Neil as an actor in the drama and a chronicler of the Prince's adventures. Charles was delighted to see his old friend the MacDonald chieftain, and declared that Providence had undoubtedly guided his footsteps to Benbecula in order that he might find safety under his protection. Clanranald, inwardly moved by this indirect



LOCH NAN ARM, ROSSINISH, BENBECULA

Photo by the AUTHOR

appeal to his hospitality and gratified at the implicit trust reposed in his loyalty, assured the Prince he had nothing to fear, and when Charles expressed a wish to be provided with a better habitation than the miserable bothy he was then in, "which he said the devil had left because he had not room enough in it,"¹ Clanranald promised that he would soon find a more comfortable place of concealment, "where none should have the least opportunity to see him, but such as he should employ to carry to him whatever he wanted."

The spot selected for the Prince's hiding-place was Glen Corodale, a narrow opening or *bealach* lying between Hecla and Beinn Mhór, the

¹ Neil MacEachainn's narrative.

two highest hills in South Uist. It could be approached by sea from the east or by land from the west by way of Glen Dorchay, but by either route it was difficult of access to any one who was not acquainted with the country. Neil MacEachainn, to whom the glen belonged,¹ was appointed guide, and at about eleven o'clock on the following night (May 14th²) Charles and his small party of faithful followers having crossed to the mainland of Benbecula, placed themselves under Neil's charge and were conducted by him to the new sanctuary among the



PRINCE'S CAVE, CORODALE, SOUTH UIST

Photo by Mr. H. V. WHITELAW

mountains of South Uist. There were two small foresters' cottages in the glen, of the ordinary but-and-ben description, such as one may find in the occupation of the Uist crofters at the present day; the best of these had been carefully swept and garnished and prepared for the use of the Prince and his personal friends by Neil's brother Ranald, and the other was probably given over for the use of his more humble attendants.

¹ MacEachainn's own statement. Corodale was probably a portion of the summer grazings of Howbeg, Clanranald's home farm and Neil's birthplace, which was held on lease or tack by the MacEachainn family.

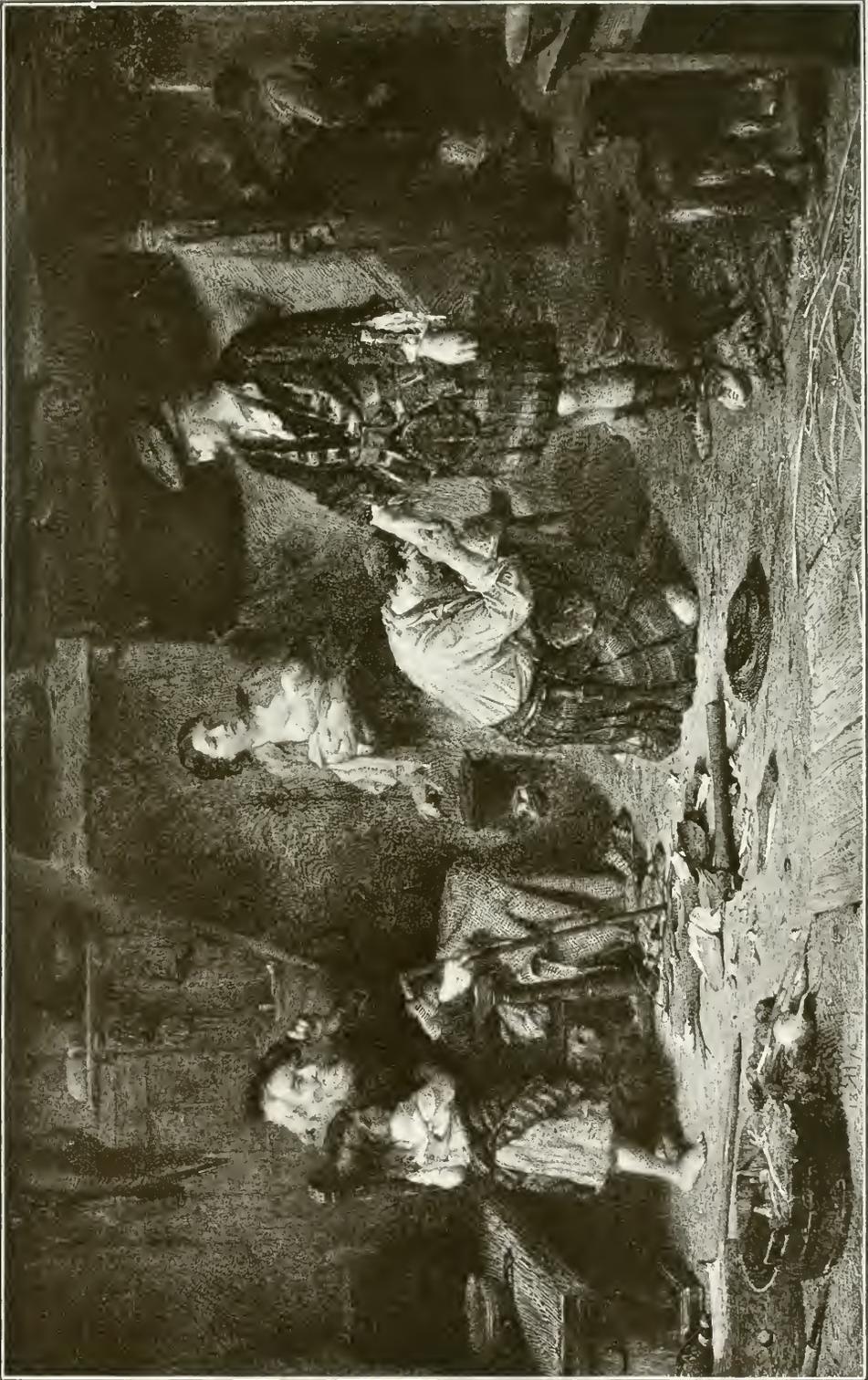
² MacEachainn gives the date as the 10th, but I agree with Mr. Blaikie that Donald MacLeod's and Ned Burke's dates are in most cases reliable, and have consequently adopted them.

It was about six o'clock on the evening of the 15th that Charles and those who had accompanied him from Benbecula reached Corodale ; " when they came near the house Neil (who is the narrator) left him under a rock¹ while he went in to see if there were no strangers there ; finding none but Ranald his brother, who had come thither the day before by Neil's own orders, he presently returned where he left the Prince, and conducted him to the house. He seemed extraordinary well pleased with the house, which he swore look't like a palace in comparison of the abominable hole they had lately left. He sat upon a seat of green turf that was made up for him that same evening, and after taking a refreshment of gradan² bread and cheese, and goat's milk, upon which he fed very hearty, he desired his feet to be washed, being extreme dirty, and very much galled by his night walk ; after which he smok't a pipe of tobacco and went to bed, which being heather and green rushes, he slept soundly till next day."

Now that he was under the immediate protection of old Clanranald, Charles felt more secure than he had done since his arrival on the Long Island ; he quite regained his former high spirits, and in the company of the friends who began to rally round him in his retreat, he became once more the joyous, debonair Prince whose charm of manner and personal attractiveness had won the hearts of the Highland people when he first came among them. Terrible events had happened during the few intervening months, and many of those brave men who had been the first to welcome him to the Land of the Gael were now lying stiff and bloody under the turf of Falkirk Muir or the heather of Culloden, far from home and kindred, the victims of an heroic but rashly conceived enterprise, which had brought dool and sorrow into many a peaceful Highland glen, and turned the mirth of a happy peasantry into weeping and bitterness. But not one word of reproach was uttered by the sorrowing relatives of the unfortunate ones when the Prince appeared again in their midst, not as a victor crowned with the laurels of success who came to claim their homage and applause, but as a hunted fugitive for whose capture thirty thousand golden sovereigns were offered by the Government he had striven to overturn. What a fabulous sum must this have seemed to the poorer Highlanders, to whom money was a rarity, and a pound Scots (1s. 8d.) quite a little fortune ; and even to those of the highest rank,

¹ I could find no trace of the " forest house " in Glen Corodale, unless it be the present shepherd's house, which is quite possible. The cave under the rock is, however, well known, and the local belief is that the Prince occupied it for some time. It is in a capital position for observing any approach by sea, and is capable of accommodating several people comfortably.—W. D. N.

² *Gradan*, pronounced *gradtan*, is parched or scorched corn.



PRINCE CHARLES SEEKING SHELTER IN THE HOUSE OF AN ADHERENT

Printed by ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A.

whose rent-rolls rarely exceeded £500 per annum,¹ how enormous the reward must have appeared, and how tempting the ease with which it might be gained. To the everlasting honour of the Gael, the reward was never earned, "*Nìor leigeadh Ni Maith!*" said a Highlander who knew where Charles was hidden, when he was told that, as sure as the sun was in the sky, he and his friends could make themselves wealthy for life if they betrayed the secret of the Prince's hiding-place, "*Ochan! ged gheibheamaid an saoghal mu'n iadh a'ghrian, cha bhrathmaidh ur n-oganach Rìoghail gu brath*"² (Goodness forbid! Alas! should we receive the world around which the sun revolves, we would never betray our Royal youth). Neither promises of reward nor threats of punishment could induce even one of these faithful souls to play the shameful part of a Highland Judas; the law of hospitality was sacred, and Charles having thrown himself upon their protection, accepted the shelter of their mountains, eaten of their bread, and slept under their humble roofs, was as safe as if no such tempting bribe had been offered. With a mind relieved for the moment from anxiety regarding his own position, it was only natural that he should desire to learn how his friends were faring on the mainland. MacEachainn tells us that Charles "always flattered himself that the Highlanders were still upon foot to hinder the enemy from harassing their country, and conceived great hopes that they would be able to stand it out, till they got a relief from France." In order to discover how far this was true, Donald MacLeod was despatched in Campbell's boat—which must have been brought round to Corodale by sea—with instructions to go in search of Lochiel or Murray of Broughton and deliver some letters which the Prince had written.

And here it may be as well to depart briefly from the direct narrative in order to trace the footsteps of some of the Jacobite leaders, who, having escaped death or capture, were lying *perdu* among the hills and glens of the mainland. To make their movements clear we will take Murray of Broughton as our principal authority, and follow the account he gives us of his journeyings after Culloden.³ On the day of that fatal battle Murray was lying ill in the house of Fraser of Foyers, whither he

¹ Cluny's estate was estimated in 1745 at a value of £113, 19s. 2d. Lochiel's at £451, 3s. 5d., and Clanranald's at £370, 9s. 11d. *Vide* list in *New Monthly Magazine* for Feb. 1840, pp. 177, 178.

² Flora MacDonald is said to have made the suggestion in a joking way to some of the Highlanders who were passing between the house where she was staying and Corodale. *Vide* "Life of Flora MacDonald," by the Rev. Alex. MacGregor, M.A.

³ "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton." Mr. Fitzroy Bell, the editor of the Memorials, has fallen into several errors in his preface. He says it was on the day of the battle that Murray was carried across Loch Ness, and that the following day he went to see the Duke of Perth at Invergarry; both statements are, however, at variance with the text, which I have strictly adhered to.—W. D. N.

had been brought from Inverness a day or two before, and he must have been sleeping there all unconscious of the catastrophe when Charles, riding hard towards Invergarry, passed within two miles of his retreat. The next morning (April 17th), the sick man, much to his surprise, was carried across Loch Ness to Glenmoriston's house, where, after he had



INVERGARRY CASTLE FROM THE LAND SIDE

Photo by the AUTHOR

taken a little rest, Doctor Archibald Cameron, Lochiel's brother, came into the room and made him acquainted with the melancholy tidings of the disaster. As it was feared that some parties of Hanoverian cavalry might be in pursuit, Murray was moved to a more sheltered spot two miles farther up the glen, and on the following day (the 18th) he was conveyed to the wild mountainous region at the head of Glenmoriston,¹ where "having staid that night was met next morning by McD—ld of Barrisdale with his Regiment, and the Mcgregors, from the County of

¹ Probably, Corriegoe (*Coire Dhò*).

Ross."¹ In the belief that a rendezvous had been appointed either at Fort Augustus or Ruthven, Murray requested that he might be escorted to the former place by the MacGregors, who intended marching in that direction, and when they left Glenmoriston during the course of the day he went with them. It is probable that while on his way to Fort Augustus, he learnt from some of the natives of the district that no body of Highlanders was assembled there; in any case he did not remain in the neighbourhood of the Fort, but was taken on to Lochgarry's house, where he learnt from one of the Duke of Perth's aides-de-camp that the army had been disbanded by order of the Duke and Lord George Murray. The news astounded Murray, and when he heard that the Duke of Perth was expected that night (the 19th) at Invergarry, he determined to meet him in the hope that he might yet be prevented from abandoning the campaign. With wonderful energy, considering the state of his health, the once active secretary caused himself to be carried the next day to a quiet spot two miles above Invergarry, whither the Duke had gone; but the first glimpse of that nobleman's worn, emaciated face told Murray that the days of the gallant and chivalric Perth were numbered, and that nothing further could be expected from him. The sad story of the dispersal at Ruthven was soon told, and Murray, at last convinced that there was no longer any hope of retrieving his master's affairs, took a sorrowful farewell of the stricken Duke, and with the assistance of friends made his way to the house of Donald Cameron of Clunes on Loch Lochy, where he spent the night of April 20th. From thence on the day following he proceeded to Achnacarry, but finding that Lochiel had not yet come home he rested there one night, and on the 22nd went on to Glen Mallie, a secluded retreat on the south side of Loch Arkaig in the heart of Lochiel's great forest, and conveniently near Achnacarry.

He had been but a short time in Glen Mallie when a messenger arrived with the welcome news that Lochiel had reached his own house, and about two hours later the wounded Cameron chief rode into the glen accompanied by Stuart of Ardsheal and a few other Jacobite officers. They were all doubtlessly pleased to meet the ex-secretary, who was a far more able and popular man than his successor, Hay, whom no one seemed to think a suitable person for the office he had undertaken to fill. Murray was at once taken into Lochiel's confidence, and a consultation was held at which it was decided to try and raise a body of good men, and with them to keep the hills until something definite was known regarding the intentions of France; meanwhile messengers were

¹ Glengyle's men returning from the Earl of Cromarties' campaign.

sent to as many of the Jacobite commanders as were within reach with letters calling upon them to attend a meeting to be held, on May 8th, at Murlaggan, near the head of Loch Arkaig. This matter settled, Lochiel and Murray were removed to Callich on the north side of the loch, and a few days later (April 27th), the little band of proscribed men again crossed Loch Arkaig and took shelter in some huts Lochiel had caused to be erected in a wood¹ for their convenience. Up to this time no one knew whither the Prince had gone or what his plans were likely to be, but word now came that Charles was in Arisaig making preparations to leave the country, upon which Murray at once suggested that an emissary should be despatched to the Prince without a moment's loss of time to receive his orders and, if possible, prevent him from sailing. This was agreed upon, and Doctor Cameron was selected for the mission, but upon his arrival at Borrodale he was first told by Hay that he could not see the Prince, and when he insisted, Hay informed him that Charles had already departed, which was literally true,² although neither the doctor nor those to whom he reported the intelligence on his return were willing to believe what must have seemed an incredible statement. Murray was so indignant at Hay's behaviour, that he wrote him a strongly worded letter, in which he insisted that the bearer, Mr. MacLeod,³ should have immediate access to the Prince, but MacLeod had only got half way on his journey when he met Hay, who assured him that the Prince was actually gone; he also intimated that Sir Thomas Sheridan was then in Glendessary, and intended being at the trysting-place on Loch Arkaig that night, and promised that he would be there himself in the morning.

All doubts respecting the Prince's departure were quickly set at rest when Sir Thomas appeared bringing with him the letter his royal pupil had written in Glen Beasdale, which, in accordance with the instructions he had received, he doubtlessly handed to Lochiel, as the most important personage present. Hay arrived later, and immediately tried to vindicate himself of the charge Murray had preferred against him, without much success, the general belief still remaining, that Charles had not gone when Doctor Cameron was at Borrodale.

Another week passed away uneventfully, when news reached the refugees that two French vessels were lying off the coast of Arisaig, having on board arms, ammunition, and a large quantity of gold for the Prince's use. A fortnight earlier the intelligence would have been vastly

¹ Probably, Coille Ghuibhais, between Invermallie and Glen Camgharaidh.

² The Prince left Borrodale on April 26th, and Dr. Cameron could not have arrived there before the 27th or 28th.

³ Probably, Alexander MacLeod, younger of Muiravonside.

more important, now it was too late to be of much service—the Prince had disappeared, and could neither avail himself of the money nor the means the ships afforded of escape to the Continent, if such a course had been thought advisable ; something, however, would have to be done, and in any case, while the vessels remained on the west coast, any who wished to embrace the opportunity of leaving Scotland could do so. The question as to who should go was discussed with serious earnestness between Lochiel and Murray at a private meeting in one of the little forest huts. Not for one moment did the noble-minded chief of Clan Cameron think of turning his back on his native land while there was work to be done, all his innate sense of honour revolted at the idea of deserting his people in the hour of their greatest need. He certainly would not go, but he raised no selfish objections to the escape of others while escape was possible ; Murray, who had been associated with him in the affair from the first, he hoped would remain and see it out, and the ex-secretary, greatly to his credit, readily consented to keep his friend company and abide the issue of events, a fact which should not be overlooked when we are considering the miserable part he played a few months later. Fired by the courageous example of Lochiel, most of those who were with him signified their intention of staying, and his uncle, Major Kennedy,¹ an officer in the French service, who was one of the party, although fully entitled to his freedom under the terms of Lord John Drummond's surrender, generously decided to throw in his lot with his comrades, and share the hardships and dangers that must of necessity be theirs. Even poor old Sir Thomas, whose infirmities were painfully apparent to every one, offered to forego this providential chance of regaining his complete freedom if his friends wished him to stay, but he was told that he could be far more usefully employed by repairing to the Continent and making a favourable representation of their affairs to the Court of France.

None were sanguine enough to believe that the officers in command of the French ships would allow the money to be landed when they heard that the Prince had gone and his army dispersed ; it was, however, necessary that they should be communicated with, and if possible prevailed upon to hand over the gold, which would be of incalculable use if the struggle was to be prolonged. Doctor Cameron and Major Kennedy were therefore sent off to open negotiations with the Frenchmen, and Murray followed on horseback the next morning, but falling ill on

¹ Major Kennedy, if I mistake not, was of the Linachan branch of the Clan Ulric (or MacWalrick). —W. D. N.

the road, he spent a night at the doctor's house in Glendessary, where Mrs. Murray was then staying, and reached Arisaig just in time to see the British warships sheering off in a terribly battered condition from the encounter in which they had been worsted.¹ To his great satisfaction he found that the money, amounting to thirty-five thousand louis d'ors contained in six barrels, had been hastily landed when the British vessels came in sight, and was lying hidden in a wood near Borrodale. On further inquiry it was discovered that one cask had either been mislaid or stolen during the confusion of the hurried landing, but after some pressure had been brought to bear upon the suspected thieves, the missing barrel was returned minus one bag of gold, which Murray estimates at the value of seven or eight hundred louis. It is certain that, had the French officers known the real state of affairs, they would have refused to part with their valuable cargo; as it was, when they learnt of the Jacobite defeat at Culloden they made an attempt to get the casks put on board again, but the Highlanders begged to be excused, and the Frenchmen had to give up the idea. They sailed the next morning, carrying with them the Duke of Perth, who died before reaching France, Lord John Drummond, Lord Elcho, Sir Thomas Sheridan, Lockhart, younger of Carnwath, and John Hay.

The remarkable vicissitudes of this unlucky treasure, if fully described, would form the subject matter for a volume of some size; in these pages, the story, interesting as it is, can only be lightly touched upon as one which only partially comes within their scope.² Briefly, then, the money was committed to the charge of Doctor Cameron, and after a promise had been made by Murray to young Clanranald and MacDonald of Barisdale—both of whom were in Arisaig when the French ships appeared—that a portion of the gold would be divided at the rendezvous already agreed upon, the doctor set off for Loch Arkaig, carrying the treasure with him. Murray followed with Major Kennedy and Mr. MacLeod a few hours later, and on his way, attended a meeting on an island in Loch Morar, at which, besides himself and his two travelling companions, there were present, young Clanranald, Barisdale, Bishop Hugh MacDonald, MacDonald, younger of Scotus, Father Harrison (a

¹ A full description of this naval encounter is to be found in the *Scots Magazine* for May 1746, pp. 238, 239. Murray says he was at Keppoch (Arisaig) when he saw the finish of the action, in which case the vessels must have been in Loch nan Ciltean, not Loch nan Uamh as usually assumed.

² For details, *vide* "Memorials of John Murray of Broughton," Appendix to Chambers's "History of the Rebellion," 1869 edition, and an extremely interesting anonymous document among the Cumberland Papers, printed in "The Companions of Pickle," by Andrew Lang, pp. 133-139. I also remember reading an exhaustive article on the subject entitled, "Some Account of the Loch Arkaig Treasure," by D. W., which appeared in the *Northern Chronicle*, a year or so ago.—W. D. N.

Catholic priest), and several others. He learnt, to his no small indignation, that the strongest objections had been made by some of Clanranald's people to the removal of the gold from the district, but in the end Doctor Cameron, by dint of threats and flattery, had prevailed upon them to let him pass. Murray then proceeded on his journey, and upon reaching Loch Arkaig he found Lord Lovat installed in a miserable hut at Murlaggan,¹ whither he had been brought by his attendants, the retreat on Loch Muilzie being considered unsafe. The meeting, Murray says, was



LOCH ARKAIG, NEAR MURLAGGAN, MAM NAN CÀLUM
(SGOR CHOILEAM) IN THE DISTANCE

Photo by the AUTHOR

quite unexpected ; it was, however so far opportune that it enabled Lovat to take part in the important deliberations of the next day (May 8th), and share in the distribution of the money which was divided on that occasion. Most of those who had been summoned found their way to Murlaggan, the names mentioned by Murray and other narrators including those of Lord Lovat, Lochiel, Doctor Cameron, young Clanranald, Lochgarry, Barisdale, MacKinnon of MacKinnon, Gordon of Glenbucket, young Scotus, Colonel Roy Stuart, Major Kennedy, Sir Stuart Threipland of

¹ Murray in his "Memoirs," calls the place "Mortleg, about three miles down the lake," which he previously calls, in error, Loch Eil ; but in his examination he deposes that he met Lovat "at a little Hut about 10 miles above Lochiel's House, on the side of Loch Arkig." Murlaggan is the only spot that answers this description.

Fingask,¹ Mr. Alexander MacLeod, Captain Alexander MacNab,² and Mr. MacDonald, one of Keppoch's nephews.

On the whole, the proceedings were conducted with greater harmony than might have been expected; Lovat, as the senior chief present, being asked to preside, made one of his characteristically exuberant speeches, in the course of which he poured out his usual extravagant professions of loyalty, not omitting to enlarge, at the same time, upon the sufferings of himself and family, and the dire consequences that might yet ensue if a united stand was not made against the enemy. He then proposed that the gentlemen present should each raise as many men as possible for the purpose of mutual defence, and bring them to the place agreed upon, on whatever day was fixed for the muster; on his own part he expressed the deepest regret that the infirmities of age would not permit him to share the honours and dangers of the field, but he promised that his son, the Master of Lovat, should at once raise a body of four hundred Frasers as his contribution to the new force. Later, when the suggested scheme had been unanimously agreed upon, the astute old chief endeavoured to back out of his engagement, and coolly declared that Lochiel must become surety for his son, as he could not himself undertake the responsibility. To this extraordinary proposal Lochiel raised no objection, though Murray was thoroughly disgusted at what appeared to him a piece of barefaced chicanery on Lovat's part. His disgust was still further increased when that crafty nobleman declined on some trifling pretence to put his signature to the paper which had been prepared for the purpose of bringing all who were present under an obligation not to lay down arms, or make a separate peace without the consent of the whole;³ neither would he personally take charge of the money—between £60 and £70—allotted to his son out of the French gold, but desired that it might be handed to one of his attendants whom he called his steward. Putting these facts together, the ex-secretary came to the very natural conclusion that Lovat was still, even at the eleventh hour, playing a double game to suit his own purposes, and he was not greatly surprised, when the appointed time arrived, that the Master of Lovat and his four hundred clansmen failed to put in an appearance. Before the meeting broke up, each gentleman

¹ Brother of David Threipland, who was killed at Prestonpans; he had only recently inherited the title, upon the death of his father.

² Of the Innisewan family.

³ A copy of this paper will be found in Home's "History," Appendix xlvi. Two letters from Lochiel to Cluny, and one from Murray to Cluny, all dated during this period are also given in the following appendices.

who had attended received at the hands of Murray's clerk a sum equal to ten days pay to cover preliminary expenses, the total amount distributed being six hundred louis.¹ It was also arranged that the western clans should muster at Achnacarry² on May 15th, the eastern at some suitable place in Badenoch on the same day, under Cluny, and the remainder were to march to Rannoch and await orders for joining the main body.

It may be said at once that the plan was never carried out; first the



BURN NEAR KINLOCHARKAIG

In which some of the French gold is said to have been deposited

Photo by the AUTHOR

time fixed for the rendezvous was altered to a week later, during which interval 15,000 of the louis d'ors were secretly buried in the wood on the south side of Loch Arkaig, about a mile and a half from the head of the loch, by Doctor Cameron, in the presence of Sir Stuart Thriepland, Major Kennedy, and Mr. Alexander MacLeod;³ and when the day at length arrived, only two hundred Camerons, a few MacLeans, a hundred

¹ From Murray's Statement of Accounts in Chambers's "History." In his examination he states the sum distributed on this occasion was "about 500 louis d'ors."

² According to Murray, the gathering took place in Glen Mallie.

³ Divided into three parcels of 5000 louis each, two of which were buried in the ground and the third placed under a rock in a small rivulet. *Vide* Murray's Statement, Appendix, Chambers's "History."

and twenty MacDonalds under Barisdale, and another hundred under Lochgarry kept the appointment, and of these a great number deserted. Lochgarry remained but a few hours, and having paid his men part of their arrears went off with them across the loch, promising to guard the passes and return with a larger force in a few days, which he never did.



SON OF COLL BÀN OF PARISDALE

Barisdale, on the pretence that he wanted to see after his affairs in Knoidart, followed the example of his kinsman, leaving his son Archibald in command of the MacDonald contingent, and did not appear again for some days. The remainder of the French gold had been carried with much trouble to Achnacarry, the empty casks having been filled up with stones in order to disguise the fact that so large a portion of the treasure had been deposited in the Cameron country, which would have certainly

aroused the jealousy of the MacDonalds and other interested clans. Every day the risk of keeping the money above ground increased, and at last Murray determined to quietly rid himself of the responsibility by depositing another 12,000 louis in the vicinity of Lochiel's house, where it could easily be got at in case of necessity. On the night of May 22nd¹ this large sum, divided into two parcels of 6000 louis, was carried on the shoulders of Doctor Cameron and Mr. MacLeod to a retired spot on the south side of the loch about a mile and a half from Achnacarry and carefully buried.

The following day a strong detachment of Hanoverian troops commanded by Lord Loudon and Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell marched into the district from Fort Augustus,² burning and destroying all before them, and would have undoubtedly surprised and probably captured the little Jacobite force, had it not been for the vigilance of Lochiel's scouts, who kept careful watch around Achnacarry and gave a timely warning of the enemy's approach. A large proportion of Loudon's soldiers were killed Highlanders of the Argyll Militia, whose appearance was scarcely distinguishable from the Prince's followers save at close quarters, when the red-crosses worn in their bonnets and the sett of their tartans were sufficient indications of the side to which they belonged. When first observed coming over a hill at some distance, Lochiel, to whom the advancing strangers were pointed out, took them for another party of Barisdale's men; luckily his scouts had sharper eyes than their chief, and quickly detected the odious scarlet badges of their inveterate foes, the Campbells.

In the belief that the enemy's numbers were small, an order was given to march down to the ford of Lochy and make an attempt to prevent the troops from crossing the river, which they would have to do before reaching Achnacarry, but as the Prince's men approached the western bank of the stream and caught a first near glimpse of the large, well-equipped force on the opposite shore, the leaders realised the hopelessness of the task and instantly gave the word to retire. The retreat was at once commenced by the north side of Loch Arkaig, and long before the Hanoverians could get across the Lochy the whole body of Jacobite Highlanders, except a few stragglers who were taken prisoners by a pursuing party, were well on their way to the wild solitudes at the

¹ The date is fixed by Murray, who says it was "the night before we were obliged to retire from Lochiel's house," and from the account given of Loudon's expedition in the *Scots Magazine*, June 1746, we find the day the Hanoverian troops reached Achnacarry was May 23rd.

² Cumberland left Inverness on May 23rd and arrived at Fort Augustus on the 24th.

head of the loch, where they found Barisdale awaiting their coming.¹ There could no longer be any doubt that the scheme of armed resistance had failed utterly, all that remained now was for each man to seek his own safety in the way he might think best. In his letter to Cluny, dated May 25th, Lochiel voices the feeling of those who were with him. "It is now," he writes, "the opinion of Mr. Murray, Major Kennedy, Barisdale and all present, that your people should separate and keep themselves as



CORRIMONY HOUSE, GLEN URQUHART. BUILT 1740

The house of Alexander Grant of Corrimony of the '45. The only house of importance in the glen spared by Cumberland's troops after Culloden. Corrimony married a Jean Ogilvie for his first wife, and her initials are carved over the door. It happened that the officer commanding the party of soldiers who had been sent to destroy the house in the glen was himself an Ogilvie, and when he saw the inscription he declared that for Jean Ogilvie's sake the house should be spared

Photo by Mr. DONALD NICHOLSON

safe as possible, and keep their arms, as we have great expectations of the French doing something for us, or until we have their final resolutions what they are to do."

¹ Barisdale's conduct at this period and for some time previously had laid him open to grave suspicion; Murray of Broughton undoubtedly thought him a traitor, the Rev. John Cameron hints at the same belief (*vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 88), and, as we shall see later, the Prince himself became convinced at last that he must treat his whilom officer as a treacherous enemy.

Three days later Lochiel's ancestral home was burned to the ground by the Hanoverian incendiaries, and the beautiful gardens, nearly a mile in length, just then in the very perfection of their fresh spring glory, were wantonly and utterly destroyed, the very shrubs being uprooted or trodden under foot; the castles of Downie and Invergarry, and the houses of Keppoch, Kinlochmoidart, Cluny, Glenmoriston,¹ Shewglie, Achmonie, Glengyle, and many others, shared the same fate; and what



SHEWGLIE HOUSE, GLEN URQUHART

The old house was destroyed by Cumberland's troops in 1746, but was rebuilt a few years afterwards on the same site

Photo by Mr. DONALD NICHOLSON

was even worse, vast numbers of the common people's dwellings were likewise laid in ashes, all their cattle, sheep, and goats were carried off, and every particle of food that the spoilers could lay hands upon was confiscated or consumed, so that hundreds of inoffensive creatures, especially women and children, having no means of sustenance left, crept away to the hills, where numbers died of starvation and exposure.² Other

¹ Sir Alexander MacDonald and MacLeod of MacLeod on their way from Skye were present at the burning of Glenmoriston's house. *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 113.

² Taken almost literally from the *Scots Magazine* for June 1746, p. 287. It would be quite impossible for the author to exaggerate the atrocities committed by Cumberland's "civilised" troops during these awful times. Let those who have any doubt on the subject read Patrick Grant's narrative in "Lyon on Mourning," vol. iii. pp. 106-109.

poor wretches, reduced almost to madness by hunger and misery, slunk dejectedly along the roads, following the soldiers who had stolen their cattle, in the hope that they might be allowed to eat the offal and drink the blood of the animals that were slaughtered at Fort Augustus for the use of the victorious army.

All through the beautiful month of May and the long sunny days of June Cumberland's red-coated savages swept through the peaceful Highland glens like an army of avenging demons, murdering, ravishing, devastating, and destroying, until what had once been a smiling countryside became in a few weeks a black, desolate, depopulated wilderness, a veritable Valley of the Shadow, from whose gloomy depths ascended great clouds of inky smoke that rolled among the mountains and spread out over the land like a mighty funeral pall, as if to hide from an offended Heaven the horrors which lay beneath its sable folds.

From the hills at the head of Loch Arkaig, Lochiel and his companions in misfortune had, as Murray tells us, "the melancholy and dismal prospect of the whole country on fire." It was a terrible spectacle for any one however callous to witness, how much more terrible then must it have appeared to the Cameron chief, who knew that the smoke and flames he saw rising in the distance meant, not only the destruction of his own beautiful home, but death, ruin, and misery to hundreds of his devoted clansmen for whose fate he was morally answerable. Lochiel's position at this time was indeed a most unenviable one, but he bore his troubles heroically as became a grandson of the famous Sir Ewen, caring little for his own physical sufferings and personal losses, but deploring deeply the downfall of the cause in which he had embarked, and the sorrow he had unwillingly brought upon his kindred and people by his association with it.

It was at this critical juncture that Donald MacLeod and another gentleman¹ arrived at Kinlocharkaig and delivered into the hands of Lochiel and Murray the letters which were to inform them that their leader had not made his escape to France as supposed, but was hiding from his enemies in South Uist. This important information, while it served greatly to relieve the anxiety of the Prince's friends, served also to embarrass them; no one quite knew what to do for the best, but when Murray learnt from Donald's companion that MacLeod of MacLeod was suspected of knowing the Prince's whereabouts and would probably succeed in effecting his capture, he determined, in spite of his

¹ Murray says this gentleman was a Mr. MacDonald, and does not mention Donald MacLeod by name. *Ibid* his "Memorials," p. 286. MacLeod on his part says nothing about a companion.

weak condition, to go to his master and endeavour to bring him across to the mainland. Lochiel having approved of the suggestion, Donald MacLeod and his friend went off to the coast, leaving Murray to follow with his clerk, Charles Stewart, and Major Kennedy the next night. Upon his arrival at the place where the boat lay a further consultation took place, and it was ultimately decided that as the ex-secretary was in no fit state for travelling, and had no acquaintance with the Gaelic tongue, it would be better for the Prince's interests if he communicated his proposal in writing. Murray thereupon wrote a letter begging Charles



KINLOCHARKAIG

Photo by Mr. H. V. WHITEAW

to come over at once upon receipt of it, and made the necessary arrangements for meeting His Royal Highness if he should agree to the plan suggested.

The missive was confided to the care of the Prince's emissaries, who promised to deliver it upon their return to South Uist provided Charles had not left the island in the meantime, which they said was not at all unlikely, as MacDonald of Boisdale had been trying to engage a vessel for the purpose of carrying him off. They also informed the ex-secretary that the Prince, having nearly come to the end of his money, had ordered them to bring back a fresh supply, which he (Murray) would have to provide. Murray, who had not anticipated any such demand, replied

with some warmth that he was surprised the matter had not been mentioned at Loch Arkaig, where he could have furnished the gold without difficulty, as it was, he only had sufficient money on his person to provide for his own immediate wants, and to get more in that wild spot was out of the question ;¹ he then took leave of the two Highlanders and made his way by easy stages to Loch Shiel, where he met with Lochiel, who after parting with Murray at Kinlocharkaig had gone with some of his kinsmen to a farmhouse about seven miles from Glen Hurich on the loch side.

From this point Murray's narrative takes us farther and farther away from the central figure of this history, and can therefore only be briefly summarised. Near Glen Hurich he met his wife, who had come from Glendessary with Mrs. Cameron ;² the poor lady was *enceinte* at the time, and travelled with great pain and difficulty over the rough Highland roads. At this meeting, which was fated to be the last between the unfortunate couple, Murray made a suggestion that his wife should proceed to Ireland ; he then distributed some money he had received from Lochiel among the gentlemen who were present, after which he went off with Major Kennedy to rejoin the Cameron chief, whom he found on a small island in Loch Shiel with Torcastle,³ Sir Stuart Thrieland, and a few others. It being known that General Campbell was in the neighbourhood and intended scouring the district with his troops, Lochiel resolved to leave the island, and after a quantity of letters and papers had been burned the whole party went off to a wood about four miles off, from whence some days later, upon receipt of a message from Stewart of Ardsheal, the fugitives hurried to the coast of Ardgour, where a boat provided by Lochiel was in waiting in which they were ferried across to Appin. The district was fortunately clear of the enemy, and they were able to remain in comparative safety, under the protection of Ardsheal, until Murray's clerk, Stewart, who had been despatched to the west coast to keep tryst with the Prince's messengers, returned. Two days passed before Stewart appeared and reported the failure of his mission ; neither man, letter, nor message, he said, had arrived at the place appointed. Murray, however, was not satisfied, he feared some mistake, and poor Stewart was sent off once more to make fresh inquiries. Another three anxious days elapsed, and as no message came from the Prince it was conjectured by all that His Royal Highness had succeeded in making good his escape to the Continent, upon which Major Kennedy, in the belief that his services were of no

¹ Murray says he was afterwards charged with refusing to supply his master with money. *Vide* his "Memorials," pp. 286-287.

² Probably Doctor Archibald Cameron's wife.

³ Ludovic Cameron of Torcastle, Lochiel's uncle.

further use, went off with the approval of his colleagues, and surrendered himself to the military authorities at Fort William. A consultation then took place, at which it was agreed that Murray should proceed to Leith and engage a vessel for the pretended purpose of taking a cargo of coals to Holland; this done, the ship was to be brought round to the east coast of Fife and there await the remainder of the party at the place fixed upon for the rendezvous. When these arrangements had been made, every one took leave of Ardsheal, to whom Murray paid a sum of £200 out of the French gold, and Lochiel, Doctor Cameron, the ex-secretary and his nephew, Sir David Murray, Sir Stuart Thrieland, together with two gentlemen of Lochiel's family, took a boat and sailed up to Kinlochleven, from whence they made their way to a wood near the head of the loch, where the party separated, Murray going off with Doctor Cameron, the Rev. John Cameron,¹ Sir David Murray and three servants, in the direction of Glen Lyon, while Lochiel and his medical friend, Sir Stuart Thrieland, directed their steps towards the Braes of Rannoch, near which,² about June 20th, they met with Cluny MacPherson and MacPherson of Breackachie, who conducted them to a hiding-place on Ben Alder, where for the present we will leave them.

Murray, according to his own showing, appears to have made an honest attempt to carry out his part of the programme, but the complaint from which he was suffering seriously hampered his movements and took the very heart out of him, so that instead of making direct for Edinburgh, he was constrained, after parting with his companions, to dally in Breadalbane and Balquhiddy for some days, and when at length he was well enough to continue his journey southwards, he avoided the capital, and travelling by way of Clydesdale and Tweedsdale disguised as a drover, reached his aunt's³ house at Killbucho on the night of June 27th, where he dined in company with Mrs. Dickson and her daughter, the latter, in spite of repeated warnings, often inadvertently addressing her cousin by his real name in the presence of the domestic who waited at table. Feeling sure that the servant would spread the news of his arrival abroad, Murray set off the same night for the house of Mr. Hunter of Polmood, his brother-in-law; but he had no sooner departed than one of the Killbucho dependants hurried to Broughton and informed the sergeant of St. George's Dragoons stationed there that the man he was on the look-

¹ Presbyterian preacher and chaplain of Fort William, who had accepted a commission in Lord Ogilvy's regiment.

² The place of meeting was at a hut near Beinn Bhreac, south of Loch Treig. *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 38.

³ Mrs. Margaret Dickson.

out for had gone to Polmood. In a short time the sergeant and a detachment of seven men were in pursuit of the fugitive, but Murray having had a good start was in bed when the dragoons arrived at about three in the morning of June 28th, and unceremoniously placed him under arrest. The importance of the capture was quite appreciated by those who had succeeded in effecting it, and before many hours had passed Murray was delivered by his captors into the safe keeping of the Lord Justice Clerk, by whom, after a brief examination, he was committed a close prisoner to the castle of Edinburgh.¹

Up to this point, Murray's conduct as a professed and loyal Jacobite gentleman will bear the closest scrutiny: he had more than fulfilled the expectations of his colleagues; he had displayed marked ability in conducting the negotiations which preceded the rising and in the discharge of his multifarious duties during the actual campaign; he had never betrayed a confidence nor abused a trust, and he had borne without murmuring the hardships and fatigues of active military service in a rigorous climate, until his health broke down completely under the unwonted strain. In this distressful condition he fell into the clutches of an outraged and vindictive enemy, at whose hands he could expect no mercy; death in its most awful form loomed continually before his eyes, and the stricken man, physically weakened and mentally unhinged by pain and anxiety, clutched like a drowning sailor at the one straw that might effect his deliverance from a fate the horrors of which he did not dare to contemplate. Thus tempted, the poor wretch fell, as many a better man has fallen before and since: "If he could have any Hopes given him," he told the Lord Justice Clerk at Dunbar, "he would discover all he knew,"² and his treacherous offer was gladly accepted by the Government.

"O MURRAY! MURRAY! once of truth approv'd,
Your Prince's darling, by his party lov'd;
When all were fond your worth and fame to raise,
And expectation spoke your future praise,
How could you sell that Prince, that cause, that fame,
For life enchain'd to infamy and shame?"³

All that can be said in extenuation of Murray's dastardly action is, that during his several examinations in the Tower of London, whither he

¹ Murray says that even when in Edinburgh Castle he did not forget his mission; he had already given instructions to his sister, Mrs. Hunter of Polmood, regarding the hiring of a vessel at Leith, and while in the castle he found means to acquaint a friend, Doctor Cochrane, with the details of his plan, and asked him to engage the vessel and communicate the intelligence to Lochiel.

² *Ibid* Letter from the Lord Justice Clerk to the Duke of Newcastle, dated Edinburgh, July 10th, 1746.

³ Poem by the Rev. Mr. Thomas Drummond, Edinburgh, in "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 245-247.

was brought on July 19th, he did not discover nearly all that he knew. He may perhaps have sealed Lovat's fate, he certainly impeached the lukewarm Traquhair, and he very nearly succeeded in sending Sir James Douglas to the scaffold; he revealed the secret of the Loch Arkaig hoard;



Bronze



Brass



Silver

HANOVERIAN MEDALS CAST TO COMMEMORATE CULLODEN

In the possession of Mr. W. JEX LONG

he told how MacLeod of MacLeod had promised to join the Prince if he landed in Scotland; and he did not hesitate to disclose the names of those timorous English Jacobites to whose pusillanimous behaviour in the hour of need he attributed the failure of the enterprise; but on the

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whole, few if any of the really honest adherents of King James were one whit the worse of Murray's evidence, and those who did suffer by it in most cases deserved little pity from the Jacobite party. As for the ex-secretary himself, he saved his miserable life, it is true, but at what a cost! Shunned like a leper by every honest Jacobite, slighted by the Whigs to whom he had sold himself, despised by the Prince he had once so faithfully served, and deserted by his beautiful wife, Murray's existence during the two years of his captivity and subsequently must have been wretched in the extreme; little however is known regarding his closing years, but it is generally believed that he became a mental wreck and died on December 6th, 1777, in an English madhouse. "*Quantam mutatus ab illo.*"

We must now retrace our steps a little and once more recross the Minch to South Uist, among whose mountains the heir to the throne of Britain lay hidden. The wild, free, unconstrained life at Corodale exactly suited the Prince's mood at this stage of his career; game of all kinds abounded in the neighbourhood, and as Charles was a keen sportsman and an excellent shot, a day rarely passed without several brace of grouse and other wild fowl, with an occasional deer, falling to his gun. At other times he would vary his amusement by going out in the boat and fishing for lythe, or rock cod, at which sport he soon became quite an expert, so that, what with shooting and fishing, the long June days were fully occupied, and to such good purpose that the larder was always well stocked with provisions. "He took a vast delight," says Neil MacEachainn, "when it was a good day, to sit upon a stone that was before the door of the house, with his face turned towards the sun; and when he was desired to move from thence fearing to get a headache, he ordered them to pack about their business, that he knew himself what was good for him, better than they could describe, that the sun did him all the good in the world. Notwithstanding his melancholy fits, yet at other times he was so hearty and merry, that he danced for a whole hour together, having no musick but some highland reel which he whistled away as he tripped along."¹

For the twenty-two days Charles remained in Glen Corodale he had no lack of congenial companions, for in addition to those who had accompanied him from Benbecula, quite a number of the officers of the Clanranald regiment, and many other gentlemen of the Clan Donald, either stayed with him in the glen or paid him repeated visits, bringing with them presents in the shape of money, clothing, food, wine,

¹ *Ibid* also O'Neil's account of the Prince's reel-dancing, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 108-109.

and brandy; of the latter commodity there was indeed no scarcity, and it is to be feared that the habit of over indulgence in strong drink which became so sadly noticeable in later years, was contracted by the young Prince at this period. The fatiguing out-door life he was leading in the moisture-laden air of the Long Island necessitated a stimulant, and Charles, who was already well informed on the subject of Highland customs, was quite ready to take his morning dram, or share in a prolonged carouse with some of his hard-drinking friends, and it must be admitted that, in spite of his youth and inexperience, he more than held his own on these festive occasions. MacEachainn tells us that the Prince "took care to warm his stomach every morning with a hearty bumper of brandy, of which he always drank a vast deal; for he was seen to drink a whole bottle of a day without being in the least concerned." A notable drinking bout took place early in the month of June, when Alexander MacDonald of Boisdale, Hugh MacDonald of Baleshair, Ranald MacDonald of Torlum, Lachlan MacDonald of Drimisdale,¹ and several others came to pay their respects to Charles in his forest palace. Baleshair, although a captain in the militia regiment commanded by Sir Alexander MacDonald, was, like the majority of his brother officers, far more Jacobite than Hanoverian; he sympathised deeply with his unfortunate clansmen who were suffering so terribly for their loyal adherence to the losing side, and he had nothing but friendliness and regard for the distressed Prince. It was doubtless on this account, and also because he was a brother of that staunch Jacobite, Captain Donald Roy MacDonald, who had been badly wounded in the left foot at Culloden, that Baleshair had been selected by Lady Margaret MacDonald, the kind-hearted wife of Sir Alexander, as her agent of communication with the Prince. With Baleshair's assistance Lady Margaret kept Charles regularly supplied with the journals of the day, and what was of far greater importance, she was often able to send him valuable information regarding the movements of the militia companies that were trying to effect his capture.

The account given by Baleshair of his first visit to the Prince in Glen Corodale is well worth reading. He came specially over from North Uist and spent the night in Boisdale's house, from whence on the following morning the two friends set out by different routes for the secluded glen in which Charles lay hidden. Baleshair arrived first,

¹ Lachlan MacDonald of Drimisdale, South Uist, was, I believe, a younger brother of Angus MacDonald of Dalelea; it was he who kept the Prince supplied with provisions during his stay in Glen Corodale.—W. D. N.

and was introduced to the Prince by O'Sullivan. "He saluted me very kindly," says the gallant captain, "and told me he was heartily glade to see the face of an honest man in such a remot corner. His dress was then a tartan short coat and vest of the same, got from Lady Clanranald, his night cape linen, all patched with suit drops, his shirt, hands and face patchd with the same, a short kilt, tartan hose and Highland brogs, his upper coat being English cloath. He call'd a dram, being the first article of a Highland entertainment, which being over he call'd for meat. There was about a half ston of butter laid on timber pleat, and near a



PRINCE'S LANDING PLACE, CORODALE, SOUTH UIST

Photo by the AUTHOR

leg of beef laid on a chist befor us, all patched with suit drops, notwithstanding its being wash'd *toties quoties*: as wee had don who enterd the hutt, but Boistill, who seemd to be a very welcom guest to the young gentleman, as they had been together above once befor." The news brought to Corodale by MacDonald of Boisdale was of a somewhat alarming nature; two parties of Hanoverian troops, he said, had landed on the island of Barra, less than twenty miles away, and were engaged in making a thorough search for the Prince throughout the district. Charles betrayed no anxiety at this intelligence, but merely asked who the parties were, and when Boisdale told him that they were mostly MacDonalds and MacLeods, he said he was not in the least concerned.

Baleshair had not intended to make a long stay in such dangerous society, but the Prince insisted upon his remaining, and as Boisdale elected to spend the night in the glen, the worthy militia officer decided to keep his friend company, and a merry time they had of it. At Boisdale's request Charles allowed himself to be shaved by Ned Burke, and donned a clean shirt in honour of the occasion. "Then," Baleshair says, "we began with our bowl frank and free, and as we were turning merry, we were turning more free"—all distinctions of rank were set aside, tongues were unloosened, and the conversation hitherto restricted by a conventional respect for royalty, became quite open and unrestrained. Among other subjects touched upon at this time, was the question of the Prince's religion; Baleshair, who is said to have been the only Protestant present,¹ asked Charles whether he might be allowed to state the principal objections raised by the British people against him. The Prince readily gave his permission, and Baleshair told him without hesitation that Popery and arbitrary government were the two which carried most weight. Charles replied that this was due to the wrong construction put upon the matter by his enemies, and added, "Do you 'no Mr. M'Donald, what religion are all the princes in Europe of?" To the established religion of the nation they lived in, said Baleshair; upon which Charles remarked that the princes of Europe "had little or no religion at all." After this little passage of arms, Boisdale had something to say regarding the ingratitude of the Stuart kings to their adherents; he reminded the Prince that Charles II. had refused to acknowledge the Clanranald of his day at Court after the Restoration, although that famous chief had fought in no less than seven battles for the king. "Dont be rubbing up old sores," exclaimed the grand-nephew of the Merry Monarch, "for if I cam home, the case would be otherwise with me;" and in reply to an objection by Baleshair, that they could have no access to him in London, he added, that "if he had never so much ado he'd be one night merry with his Highland friends."

The brandy now began to circulate freely, and the Prince and his jovial company of drouthy Gaels settled down to a bout of heavy drinking which, if we may place any reliance on Baleshair's narrative, lasted for three days and three nights. Whether Charles took less drink than his friends, or was quicker in recovering from its effects, we cannot tell; we only know that his prowess astonished those who were with him, "He still had the better of us," remarks Baleshair, "and even of Boystill himself, notwithstanding his being as able a bowlman, I dare say, as any

¹ *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 96, note 3.

in Scotland." This statement is confirmed by Neil MacEachainn in his account of what is apparently the same incident; he says, "his royal highness was the only one who was able to take care of the rest, in heaping them with plaids, and at the same time merrily sung the *De Profundis* for the rest of their souls."

It is impossible for us, who happily live in a presumably more temperate era than the one in which the Prince's lot was cast, to contemplate the scene depicted by Baleshair and MacEachainn with any feeling of pleasure or satisfaction; to our eyes the picture, in spite of its humour, merely represents a coarse debauch such as the younger Teniers would have found pleasure in painting, and we are pained to find that the most prominent figure on the canvas is Charles himself. We must be fair, however, and not too readily jump to the conclusion that the youthful, headstrong Prince, at this early period, had become hopelessly intemperate. *Autre temps autres mœurs*. In reality Charles was no worse than his contemporaries, but his prominent position made his vices far more conspicuous; he lived in an age when excessive drinking was the rule, not the exception, an age when kings, princes, noblemen, and gentlemen took habitually more wine than was good for them and rarely went sober to bed. "The demands indeed, which society then made, on a man who had a head capable both of standing claret and entertaining company, were very formidable; and if he was rising in the world, gaining golden opinions among men, and showing his aptitude for high stations, he had to drink all the larger draughts of wine to show that he was not deficient in that element of public greatness."¹

As the month of June advanced, the Prince's friends became greatly alarmed for his safety. Two hundred men of the Skye militia under Hugh MacDonald of Armidale and Alexander MacLeod of Ullish were expected daily in South Uist from Barra, their search in that island having, of course, proved fruitless; other parties had landed in Benbecula and were closely watching the north and south fords. The *Furnace* and *Baltimore* sloops-of-war with troops on board were cruising in the vicinity, and the whole channel between the Long Island and Skye was full of Government vessels, so that by sea and land Charles was practically hemmed in by a watchful enemy from whose clutches it seemed impossible that he could escape.

One thing was certain, he could no longer remain in Glen Corodale; but how to get him safely away to a more secure refuge was a question

¹ Hill Burton's "Life of Duncan Forbes of Culloden." The highly respected Lord President was a great toper in his younger days.

not so easily settled. The small island of Fladdachuan, belonging to Sir Alexander MacDonald, which lay about four miles north-west of Rudha Hunish in Skye, was at first fixed upon as a suitable retreat, and Baleshair thereupon wrote to his brother Donald Roy, who was then staying at Trotternish nursing his wound in the house of Doctor John MacLean, a well-known and highly respected Skye surgeon, asking him to meet Charles on the island with a supply of clothing, newspapers, and other necessaries, after making Lady MacDonald acquainted with the design. Sir Alexander was away at the time, paying an unwilling court to Cumberland at Fort Augustus,¹ and Lady Margaret was left free at Mougstot,² her husband's residence near Kilbride, to plot and plan with Donald Roy on the Prince's behalf without fear of molestation. Charles had written her a note with his own hand, and enclosed it in Baleshair's letter, thanking her for her many kindnesses and expressing a hope that she might continue them; she therefore readily fell in with the proposed scheme, and forthwith set to work to get six of Sir Alexander's shirts looked out and prepared for the Prince's use, so that Captain Donald could take them with him when he set out on his journey. The plan, however, for some reason or another, was not carried out, and Charles, instead of going to Fladdachuan, where Donald Roy was vainly seeking for him, sailed on the night of June 6th in Donald Campbell's boat with O'Sullivan, O'Neil, Ned Burke, and Donald MacLeod, who had returned from the mainland some days previously, for Ouia,³ a rocky, uncultivated island lying off the south-east point of Benbecula, from which it is separated by a narrow channel about half a mile wide. In this wild solitude the refugees remained for some days, their only shelter being a commodious cave in the side of a cliff a short distance inland. But even here they were not safe, for the militia parties were now close upon their heels, and some of them might at any moment land upon the island, in which case the Prince must inevitably be taken.

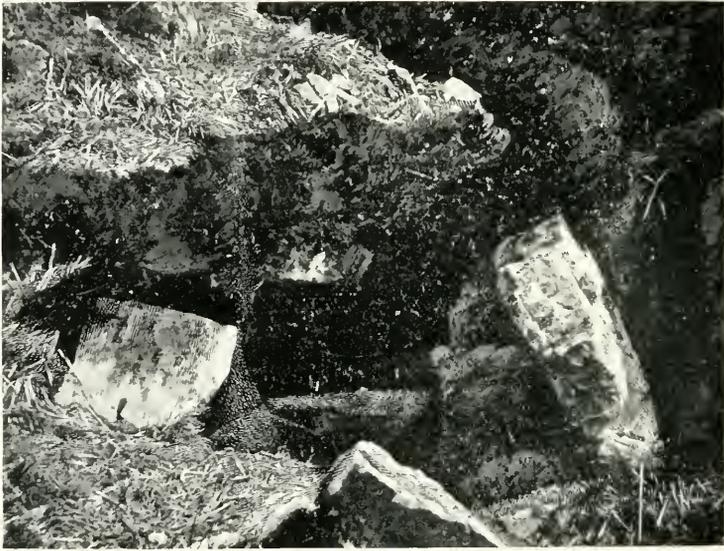
As a last resource, Charles decided upon returning to his former shelter at Rossinish in Benbecula, and on June 10th he was ferried across the narrow strait, and with Captain O'Neil and the indispensable Ned Burke for his only attendants, proceeded thither on foot. "We stayed there for about two nights," says Ned, "but the enemy came to that country

¹ Sir Alexander felt his ignoble position keenly, and among his more intimate friends he made no attempt to disguise his contempt for the insolent Duke. He is said to have remarked, when he first came to Inverness, to one of his companions: "Is it not very hard that I should be obliged to come and bow to that puppy and to kiss his fingers, whom not long ago I thought to have given a kick in the breech?"

² Sometimes written Monkstadt, the old Gaelic name being *Baile Mhannaich* (Monkstown).

³ Wiay in Ord. Sur.

likewise in search of the Prince, where one Hamar MacLeod landed near our quarters; which the Prince being informed of asked at Ned Burke, 'Is this a friend or a foe?' To which Ned answered, 'He never was a friend to your family.' But by good providence Hamar happened to go off without making any search." During the few days Charles was at Rossinish the tedium of waiting was relieved by a visit from his devoted friend Lady Clanranald, who had long wished to see her husband's distinguished guest, nor did she forget to bring with her a good supply of



CAVE IN THE ISLAND OF OUIA, BENEPECULA

In which the Prince took shelter

Photo by the AUTHOR

food and other creature comforts. Charles "received her very kindly, made much of her, and thanked her for her generosity, telling . . . her at parting that he would not forget soon what kindnesses he met with in the country."¹

On the third night after the Prince had arrived at Rossinish, he received secret information that it would be advisable to leave that place at once and return whence he had come. This was easier said than done, as the whole channel swarmed with militia boats, and hundreds of

¹ Neil MacEachainn's narrative. Neil says that Lady Clanranald met the Prince in Oua, but I think it far more likely that Donald MacLeod is correct in this instance. He states that Lady Clanranald was at Rossinish when the Prince went there. *Tide "Lyon in Mourning,"* vol. i. p. 268.

vigilant eyes were scanning every island and creek along the coast for a glimpse of the refugees. Fortunately Donald MacLeod and O'Sullivan, who had both remained at Ouisa with the boat, got timely notice of their leader's predicament, upon which they immediately set sail, and steering straight for Rossinish under cover of the night, managed to bring off the Prince and his companions without being observed. The boat was then put about and its course directed towards Corodale, but a heavy storm of wind and rain coming on, the travellers had to run their little craft ashore at Acarsaid Fhalaich (the harbour of concealment), a sequestered cove between the mouth of Loch Skipport and the point of Usinish in South Uist, where for lack of better accommodation the whole party were obliged to take up their quarters for the remainder of the night in the cleft of a huge rock just above high-water mark. A fire was kindled from some ashes found on the beach, and round this the weary men sat and dozed, while the Prince slept as well as he could on his stony couch with his bonnet pulled over his eyes to protect them from the salt spray and driving rain. All next day (June 14th) the bad weather continued, but at night when the wind had somewhat abated a fresh start was made, and although the enemy's ships were known to be unpleasantly near, the few short hours of darkness passed without any sign being given of their presence.

Instead of landing at Corodale, as he had at first intended,¹ Charles directed those who navigated the boat to make for Loch Boisdale, where he expected to find MacDonald of Boisdale and several other gentlemen of Clanranald's clan, from whom he hoped to get definite news of the enemy's movements. Shortly after passing the island of Stuley one of the party on board declared that he saw a ship's long-boat, which was probably full of marines, some distance in front; but Donald MacLeod, who knew every inch of the coast, said that the alarming object was nothing more than a rock jutting out of the sea which he had often seen when sailing in those waters. The others however refused to be persuaded, and for greater safety the boat was again put about and steered into Kyle Stuley,² where it remained all night under the lee of the island.

Upon the following morning the voyage was resumed, and the little party of wayfarers reached Loch Boisdale without further adventure, although no less than fifteen sail were descried on the way thither. At the mouth of the loch there is a little island known as Calvay (*Cala Mhath*),

¹ I have adhered to Donald MacLeod's narrative. Neil MacEachainn's story is entirely at variance with the other contemporary accounts of the journey to Loch Boisdale. He says Charles landed at Corodale, and he mixes up the island of Stuley with that of Calvay.—W. D. N.

² This place appears as Ciliestiella, in MacLeod's narrative.

upon the summit of which the crumbling remains of an old castle may yet be seen. To this ruinous structure the Prince and his followers proceeded immediately upon landing, and preparations were made for spending the night within its ancient walls ; a good fire was soon lit, the pot was put on in readiness for a meal, and Ned Burke set about pulling heather for his master's bed, while Neil MacEachainn was despatched to Boisdale's house at Kilbride, four miles away, to carry the news of the Prince's arrival and to get a fresh supply of provisions.



KYLE STULEY

A narrow channel between the island of Stuley and the mainland of South Uist. The mountains in front are Hecla and Beinn Mhór

Photo by the AUTHOR

There are considerable differences and discrepancies in the several narratives of those who were with the Prince at this period of his wanderings that cannot easily be reconciled. Burke, for instance, says, that soon after Charles reached Calvay two ships of war appeared, which were at first taken for French, but when they approached nearer proved to be English. The presence of these hostile vessels, he says, forced the Prince to leave the shelter of the island and take refuge with three companions among the hills of the mainland of South Uist, while as a further precaution the boat was taken some distance farther up the loch and kept there until nightfall, when Charles and his attendants went on

board again. Two more nights, so Burke affirms, were spent by the fugitives in the open fields with the boat's sails for their only covering, then on the third night, he continues, "we went further into the loch and rested thereabouts for other two nights. When the enemy (viz. redcoats and Campbells) appeared then we passed to the north side of the loch." Donald MacLeod gives few details, merely stating "in and about Loch Boisdale the Prince continued for eight or ten days, till June 24th," a manifest error, as Charles was in Benbecula by that date.



RUINED CASTLE ON CALVAY ISLAND, LOCH BOISDALE

In which the Prince took refuge

Photo by the AUTHOR

Captain O'Neil makes a similar mistake as to time. He states, "We went for Loch Boisdale and stayed their eight days when Captain Carolina Scott landed within a mile of us, which obliged us to seperate, the Prince taking to the mountains and O'Sullivan remaining with the boatmen." Neil MacEachainn, again, gives us an altogether different story, which is far too long to insert here in full. Boisdale had most unfortunately been taken prisoner after leaving Corodale,¹ and was in Barra with his captors when Neil arrived at his house with the Prince's message; his wife and daughter were, however, at home, and upon being rudely awakened from

¹ MacEachainn erroneously states that Charles knew of Boisdale's capture when at Oua, when as a matter of fact, he did not learn of it until his arrival in Loch Boisdale.

their sleep by Neil's loud knocking, they admitted him, heard what he had to say, and sent him back with a supply of bread and cheese and a few bottles of brandy. When MacEachainn reached the shores of Loch Boisdale, he tells us, he found the boat awaiting him, and having passed to the island—which he calls in error, Stialay (Stuley)—the Prince met him at his landing and asked him if he had brought any meat. Neil told what he had with him, and Charles thereupon exclaimed, "Come, come, give me one of the bottles and a piece of the bread, for I was never so hungry since I was born." Neil then goes on to describe how, after the Prince had done ample justice to his supper that evening, "he called for the brandy-bottles and drank the king's and the duke's¹ healths; which done, he wrapt himself in his plaid, laid down and slept away the remaining part of the night very soundly." Without attempting to unravel the threads of these conflicting accounts, it is fairly clear that from June 15th or 16th to the 20th Charles was moving about in the vicinity of Loch Boisdale, sometimes on the hills, sometimes among the fields or open moors, and sometimes on the loch itself, as the exigencies of his dangerous position required.

The loss of so loyal and valuable a friend as MacDonald of Boisdale was a most serious one to the Prince at this juncture; no one had been better able to give him early notice of the movements of the militia parties, and no one that he could trust was so well acquainted with the different places of concealment throughout the Long Island as this brave and faithful Highlander. Charles knew not what to do or which way to turn, his enemies now surrounded him on every side, and he could see no means whatever of avoiding them. "The Almighty only knows, and the Divine dispenser of human providence allennarly knows," exclaims Captain Alexander MacDonald,² "what inexpressible perplexity of mind, and anguish of soul and body, his royal highness and his small retinue laboured under when taking it into their serious consideration that they were now encompassed by no less than three or four thousand bloody hounds, by sea and land, thirsting for the captivity and noble blood of their Prince, the apparent heir of Great Britain, France, and Ireland."

¹ His brother, Prince Henry, Duke of York.

² It is evident to me, although I have not seen it stated before, that the Captain Alexander MacDonald, who together with young Clanranald and MacDonald of Glenaladale furnished Bishop Forbes with the information contained in vol. i. of the "Lyon in Mourning," pp. 321-54, was none other than the famous Gaelic bard, *Alasdair MacMhaighster Alasdair*. He is described by the bishop as the brother-german of "Angus MacI donald of Dalely in Moidart," and on p. 354 the bishop writes, "Several of the Captain's acquaintances have informed me that he is by far the best Erse (Gaelic) poet in all Scotland, and that he has written many songs in pure Irish. This seems conclusive.—W. D. N.

The position was bad enough, but it was not altogether hopeless, and although, it is true, the Prince had lost one good friend, he was soon to find another of even greater worth than the captive Boisdale, by whose timely assistance, under the guidance of Providence, he was to break through the cordon of troops that hemmed him in and thereby escape the terrible fate which must have been his, had he fallen into his enemy's hands.

CHAPTER II

“Tere are two ponny maytens,
And tree ponny maytens,
Come over te Minch,
And come over te main,
Wit te wind for teir way,
And te correi for teir hame :
Let us welcome tem pravely
Unto Skhee akin.”

—From *Hogg's "Jacobite Relics."*



ABOUT six miles north-west of the hill of Cill Choinnich,¹ to the summit of which the Prince and his fellow wayfarers had climbed in order to avoid interference by the enemy while they discussed the all-important question of escape, lay the little clachan or village of rough stone houses with heather-thatched roofs known in the vernacular as *Airidh*, (or *Baile*), *Mhuilinn*, and in English as Milton,² the home and birthplace³ of the courageous Highland maid whose name will ever live in song and story as the heroine of the “Forty-Five.”

Flora MacDonald, better known to her countrymen as *Fionnghal nighean Raonuill ic Aonghais Oig*, was the only daughter of Ranald MacDonald, of Milton and Balevannich, and Marion MacDonald of the Griminish family.⁴ On her father's side Flora was descended from the ancient line of the Clanranald chiefs which had terminated with Ranald, brother of Alan (the famous *Ailein Mhuideartaich*), who was killed at Sheriffmuir in 1715, and on her mother's she could claim close kinship with the MacDonalds of Lurgie, the Kintyre branch of the *Sìol Chuinn*,

¹ Captain Alexander MacDonald calls the hill, *Beinchiukoinnich* (*i.e.* the Hill of Kenneth's cell or church). *Ord. Sur., Beinn Ruigh Choinnich.* It is on the north side of Loch Boisdale.

² Literally Mill-town.

³ Mr. Andrew Lang is not correct in stating that Flora MacDonald was born in Skye.

⁴ The genealogy is as follows: Ranald of Milton and Balevannich, son of Angus Og of Milton and Balevannich, son of Ranald of Benbecula, who obtained the lands of Benbecula from the Crown in 1625, son of Alan MacDonald of Clanranald. Upon the death of Alan 12th of Clanranald at Sheriffmuir the chiefship devolved upon his son Ranald, but being under attainder he fled to France, and died unmarried at St. Germain in 1725, upon which the succession reverted to his cousin Donald, who became 14th chief, and was the father of the Clanranald of the “Forty-Five.”

Born in the year 1722 ; she was at this period of our history a handsome, intelligent girl of twenty-four, not very tall but well proportioned and typically Highland both in appearance and temperament, and having but twelve months previously returned from a long stay in Edinburgh,¹ where she had been attending a select school for young ladies kept by a Miss Henderson in the Old Stamp-Office Close, and in the intervals of her studies mixing in the fashionable society of the city under the distinguished chaperonage of the beautiful Countess of Eglington,² she was possessed,



RUINS OF FLORA MACDONALD'S BIRTHPLACE, MILTON, SOUTH UIST

Photo by the Author

in addition to her many personal charms, of all the accomplishments and graces of the well-educated and cultured gentlewomen of her time. She had lost her own father when quite an infant, and in the year 1728 her mother contracted a second marriage with another gentleman of her own clan, Hugh MacDonal of Armadale, Skye, who was in every respect a worthy husband, and an affectionate stepfather to old Milton's two children, Angus and Flora.³ Angus upon his father's decease succeeded to the South Uist property, and Flora, child though she was, elected to

¹ Ewald repeats a story that Flora had danced with the Prince at Holyrood, but as Miss MacDonal returned to Milton in June 1745, such an event could never have happened.

² Lady Margaret MacDonal, wife of Sir Alexander, was a daughter of the Countess of Eglington.

³ The eldest son, Ranald, died early, having ruptured a blood-vessel whilst rowing against a heavy sea.

remain with her brother instead of going with her mother to Armadale ; she consequently regarded Milton as her home, and although she paid several visits to her relatives and kinsmen in the Isle of Mist, and was received with marked kindness at Armadale, Mougstot, Kingsburgh, and elsewhere throughout the island, she always returned gladly to the old house by the shores of the great Atlantic, where she was quite content to fill the humble post of housekeeper to her brother. When she desired a change Nunton¹ was only a few miles away across the South Ford, and nowhere was the charming Flora more gladly welcomed or made more of than under the hospitable roof of Clanranald's house ; the old chief loved her as a daughter, and his lady vied with him in making their young kinswoman's stay a pleasant one.

It was probably during one of these visits to Nunton that Flora first learnt that Prince Charles was hiding in the vicinity, and we may feel sure that her gentle heart throbbled with sympathy for the royal youth when the danger of his position was made known to her. Tradition bears out this assumption, for the local belief is that Donald MacLeod of Galtrigal brought the first news of the Prince's presence at Rossinish to Nunton in the month of April, and that Flora, who was staying there at the time, upon hearing Clanranald express in Gaelic his fears that the sun of Charles, which had at one time seemed so brilliant, was like to set in blood and darkness, exclaimed in the same language, "I am astonished at your expressions to Donald, for while there is life there is hope. Remember that that ever Blessed Being who planted in the firmament of heaven yon sun which now shines so brightly, is all powerful to rescue Charles from the snares of his enemies."² From that moment Flora took an active and friendly interest in the Prince's welfare, and whether at Nunton or Milton she eagerly sought the latest intelligence concerning his movements, and there can be no doubt that it was mainly due to her influence that her stepfather, Hugh MacDonald of Armadale, who commanded one of the companies of the Skye militia, which were engaged in hunting for the fugitive Prince in the Long Island, was induced not only to aid and befriend the man he had come to arrest, but

¹ The late Rev. Alexander MacGregor, in his very interesting but very inaccurate *Life of Flora MacDonald*, repeats the old error that Clanranald lived at Ormaclott (Ormielade, he calls it), in 1745-46. The matter is definitely settled in a note to p. 326, vol. i. "Lyon in Mourning," to which I refer all who are interested.—W. D. N.

² The exact words attributed to Flora are : "*Tha do bhriathra ri Domhnull a' cur iongantais orm, oir fiad's a mhaireas beatha, mairidh dochas. Cuimhnich gu'm bheil an Ti Uile-bheannaichte sin a shuidhich ann an speuraibh naimhe a' ghrian ud a tha' san am a' soilleachadh co dealrach uile-chomusach air Tuarlach a theasairginn o liontaibh a naimheadan*" ("Life of Flora MacDonald," by the Rev. Alexander MacGregor, M.A.).

actually to suggest the idea by the adoption of which his escape was made possible.¹

The plan proposed by Armadale was, that Flora should be sent to her mother in Skye on the pretence that the presence of so many soldiers in the neighbourhood of Milton made the girl nervous; the prince disguised as an Irish serving-maid was to accompany her, and Neil MacEachainn would go with them to direct the boatmen and act as body-



RUINS OF ORMACLETT CASTLE, SOUTH UIST

Accidentally destroyed by fire in 1715. *Vide* vol. i. p. 120, note 1

Photo by the AUTHOR

guard. Once in Skye, Lady Margaret could be depended upon to exert herself on the Prince's behalf, and would doubtless direct him to some secure hiding-place where he might stay under her protection until the worst of the hue and cry was over. In all probability the scheme had been thoroughly discussed at Nunton before being communicated to the Prince, and Flora herself may have been sounded in order that her

¹ Donald MacLeod hints at there having been a meeting between the Prince and Hugh MacDonald at Rossinish, at which Charles gave his pistols into Armadale's care, and he also states that it was the same friendly militia officer who first suggested that the Prince should attempt to escape to Skye disguised as a woman, which is confirmed by Neil MacEachainn. *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 176. *Vide* also Captain Alexander MacDonald's account. *Ibid.* p. 329.

feelings on the subject might be known to her friends. She had certainly met Captain O'Neil either at Clanranald's house or at Milton, and there is in fact every reason to believe that she understood fairly well what was expected of her before the proposal was definitely made.

Charles first heard of the suggested plan for his escape at Loch Boisdale, when his life and liberty were in imminent peril, when hope had nearly deserted him, and when any plan however risky would have been gladly adopted. There can be no reason therefore to doubt MacEachainn's statement, that "the scheme pleased the prince mightily, and he seemed very impatient to see it put in execution."

It had been arranged at the meeting on Beinn Cill Choinnich, which appears to have taken place on June 21st, that Charles, O'Neil, and MacEachainn should proceed alone to the shealing where Miss MacDonald was known to be then staying, while O'Sullivan, Donald MacLeod, Ned Burke, the boatman and all the others who had so faithfully followed the Prince up to this point should remain in the neighbourhood of Loch Boisdale until they could find an opportunity of eluding the vigilance of their would-be captors. Before parting with these loyal friends, Charles called for the boatmen and ordered O'Sullivan to pay every one a shilling a day besides maintenance, and to Donald MacLeod he gave a draft for sixty pistoles on John Hay of Restalrig, which it is to be feared was never paid. It was a melancholy parting, and poor old Donald could never speak of it in after years without "greeting sairly."¹

Shortly after sunset on June 21st, which in this northern latitude would be after nine o'clock, the Prince and his two companions, having partaken of a frugal meal of bread and cheese, descended the hill and made for the shealing of Alisary, one of the Milton summer grazings,²

¹ O'Sullivan and Ned Burke managed to escape, but Donald MacLeod and Captain Alan MacDonald—who had rejoined the Prince in South Uist—both fell into the hands of Major Alan MacDonald of Knock (the notorious *Ailean a' Chnoic* of Gaelic song), who used them brutally. It is worth relating that when MacLeod was examined by General Campbell, that officer tried to explain to him how easily he might have gained the Government reward of £30,000, and how such a sum would have made him and his family happy for ever. "What then," exclaimed the staunch old Highlander, "*thirty thousand pounds!* Though I had gotten't I could not have enjoyed it eight-and-forty hours. Conscience would have gotten up upon me. That money could not have kept it down. And tho' I could have gotten all England and Scotland for my pains I would not have allowed a hair of his body to be touch'd if I could help it."

² Captain Alexander MacDonald's statement, "*Lyon in Mourning*," vol. i. p. 329. Neil MacEachainn states the shealing hut was in a glen near Loch Eynort but does not give the name.

whither Flora had recently gone for the ostensible purpose of looking after her brother's cattle, but more probably out of regard for the Prince's safety in case he should have occasion to visit her, the small shealing hut being quieter and more secluded than the house at Milton. It was the night of the full moon, and also of the longest day, when in the Outer Hebrides there is no real darkness, and had it not been for the risk of discovery by some of the militia sentries, Charles would have



CROFTERS' HOUSES, LOCH BOISDALE, PEINN CHIL
CHOINNICH ON RIGHT

Photo by the AUTHOR

found the journey across the wild breezy moorland delightfully romantic. Perhaps he did so as it was; in any case he must have had some pleasurable curiosity to know what the fair damsel was like whose assistance he was so soon to claim. About midnight the three travellers reached the little bothy where the future heroine lay asleep; Neil went forward alone and awakened her with as little noise as possible, but before she had completed her hasty toilette, O'Neil came in and began to make some inquiries respecting the movements of the Independent Companies, to which Miss MacDonald made satisfactory replies. "Then," O'Neil says, "I told her I had brought a friend to see her, and she, with

some emotion, asked me if it was the Prince. I answered her it was, and instantly brought him in." MacEachainn gives fuller details: "She got scarcely on the half of her close, when the prince, with his baggage upon his back, was at the door, and saluted her very kindly; after which she brought to him a part of the best cheer she had, among the rest was a large bowl full of creame, of which he took two or three hearty go-downs, and his fellow travellers swallowed all the rest." Flora was then told of the Prince's critical position, and was asked if she would be willing to run the risk of aiding him to escape to Skye in the way suggested by her stepfather. MacEachainn tells us "she joyfully accepted of the offer without the least hesitation,"¹ but Flora herself states that she was only persuaded with difficulty, which O'Neil confirms. Her principal objection was, that her good friend Sir Alexander MacDonald might be incriminated by such an act on her part, but O'Neil explained that as Sir Alexander was then at Fort Augustus with Cumberland, no possible suspicion could attach to him of having a hand in the matter. Reassured by the captain's arguments Flora began to yield, and when O'Neil with characteristic Irish eloquence enlarged upon the immortal honour she would win for herself by the performance of so glorious an action, and Charles told her "the sense he would always retain of so conspicuous a service," the brave, unselfish girl could no longer refuse to do what was asked of her. Miss MacDonald's consent having been happily won, it was decided that she should forthwith proceed to Nunton, settle the details of the enterprise with her friends there and send word to the Prince, who would remain among the hills at a spot agreed upon, when everything was ripe for execution. These important matters settled, Charles and his attendants withdrew, and after several more miles had been covered they arrived about sunrise at the place where Flora had promised to communicate with them.

There are only two mountains of any height in South Uist, Hecla and Beinn Mhór, both of which are under 2000 feet, and as MacEachainn says that the one upon which the Prince took shelter on this occasion was three miles from Corodale, there can be no doubt that it was upon the rugged slopes of Hecla, from whence the whole low-lying country to the north-west, including the South Ford and the flat island of Benbecula are

¹ MacEachainn's MacDonald blood leads him very often to exaggerate his statements when one of his own clan is concerned. This is noticeable throughout his narrative, and must be taken into consideration when weighing its accuracy.

clearly visible, that Charles rested after his long night's tramp and awaited the summons from Nunton. During the forenoon the three weary men slept in turns under a large overhanging rock, one of the party always remaining awake to keep guard over the other two. Towards evening the Prince grew hungry, and Neil went off on a foraging expedition to the shealings at the foot of the hill, which was so far successful that he was able to return with "an abundance of such cheer as the neighbourhood could afford." All through the long day Charles had been in a state of burning anxiety regarding Flora's expected message, and as hour after hour passed and no word came, he became so impatient that about eight o'clock he was obliged to despatch Neil MacEachainn to Benbecula to find out what had happened to her, giving him at the same time strict orders to return by four o'clock on the following afternoon (June 23rd) with the required information. Nunton was between twelve and thirteen miles off,¹ and Neil's task was therefore no easy one, but he willingly undertook to make the journey, and without more ado started off for the South Ford, a narrow passage three-quarters of a mile wide dividing South Uist from Benbecula and fordable only at low tide, which he would have to cross before he could reach Clanranald's house.

When he arrived at Carnan lochdar on the south side of the ford he found the tide in, and, what was far worse, he also discovered that every approach to the shore was closely guarded by men of the Skye militia. He had scarcely time to note this unpleasant fact before he was arrested by one of the sentries, who took charge of him until the following morning, when the ford being clear of water he was taken across to Creagorry on the Benbecula side to be examined by the captain of the guard. To his great delight he had learnt that the officer in charge was no other than the Prince's friend, Hugh MacDonald of Armadale, Flora's stepfather, and he was even more pleased to see, upon entering the room with his captors, the young lady herself seated comfortably at breakfast with her relative and some other gentlemen.

Like Neil, Miss MacDonald, having no pass, had been stopped south of the ford, and had thus been prevented from going on to Nunton, but as soon as she could get speech with MacEachainn, she informed him that her stepfather would set her at liberty in half-an-hour, when she

¹ MacEachainn exaggerates a little in stating that the distance is "thirty miles backward and forward."

would proceed without further delay to Clanranald's house, prepare everything that was necessary for the enterprise in the shape of food and clothing, and await the Prince's coming at Rossinish. Neil having also been set free, to use his own words, "posted off immediately and arrived at the Prince at the hour he had appointed, and found him under the same rock where he had left him ; he no sooner saw Neil come in sight than he ran to meet him, and took him by the hand asking what news he had from Miss Flora ; Neil told him what orders he had from



PRINCE'S LANDING-PLACE, OUIA, LOOKING TOWARDS BENBECULA

Photo by the AUTHOR

the lady (as he called Miss Flora), after which they set out for Rossinish."

As the fords were all guarded, it became necessary to procure a boat at some point out of reach of the militia patrols, in which the three wanderers might be ferried across to Benbecula. Fortunately, when they came to the side of Loch Skipport, a small fishing-boat was observed lying off the shore, which was found upon inquiry to belong to four natives of the district known to MacEachainn, who willingly undertook to carry the party over to Ouia where Neil expected to find a friend, one Ranald MacDonald ("called Walpole") ; but when a landing was effected the

island was discovered to be tenantless, neither man nor beast appearing in sight. By this time day had dawned, and as the risk of discovery grew momentarily more imminent with the increasing light, it was decided to cross to Benbecula and land on the point nearest to Oua, from whence Rossinish could be reached on foot by the most unfrequented route. The passage was quickly made, and when Neil had paid and dismissed the boatmen, Charles and O'Neil, who were both quite overcome with fatigue, lay down on the hard rock and were soon fast asleep, while MacEachainn kept a careful watch to prevent surprise. As he patrolled about in the vicinity he noticed with no little alarm that the rock upon which they had just landed was cut off from the shore of Benbecula by a channel of water impassable, as the tide then was, without swimming. He immediately awakened the Prince, who, Neil says, "started up like a madman and walked to the end of the island at such a rate as if he had a mind to fly over to the other side." For once Charles lost his temper; he scolded Neil, abused the boatmen, and got into such a passion that poor MacEachainn in his anxiety to appease his master's anger offered to swim across and fetch a boat, but just as he was in the act of stripping, he perceived that the sea had fallen and that there was every probability of going over dry-shod when the tide was out. He pointed this out to Charles, who agreed to wait, and within three-quarters of an hour the travellers were able to pass over without even wetting their feet.

Although the middle of summer, the weather was the reverse of summer-like, torrential rain descended and a chill wind swept across the exposed level moorland that pierced every one to the very marrow, and so benumbed the Prince, who was wet to the skin and almost famished with hunger, that he could hardly walk. There was no natural shelter of any kind in that dreich Hebridean isle, for Benbecula is flat and treeless, the greater part a mere peat moss, especially on the eastern side, which is so intersected and cut up with arms of the sea and fresh-water lochs that it is barely possible to walk a mile off the road without finding one's passage barred by water of some description; there is only one hill in the whole island, and that does not attain a greater altitude than 409 feet above sea-level. By a great effort Charles managed, with the assistance of his comrades, to drag his weary limbs another quarter of a mile, when two of Clanranald's shealing huts were espied close at hand. The occupants, noticing the three strangers, advanced to meet them, upon which Neil, with the intention of preventing awkward questions, went

forward and explained to the natives that his friends were two poor half famished Irish gentlemen who had taken refuge in the country after escaping from Culloden. Nothing could have been said better calculated to awaken the sympathies of the hospitable Highlanders; they instantly invited the wayfarers into their primitive dwellings and "feasted them splendidly upon such cheer as there was to be had, which was mostly of the milk kind." After a short stay the journey was resumed with greater vigour, and as MacEachainn was not thoroughly acquainted with the path across the almost trackless wilds, one of the natives was taken as guide and rewarded with half a guinea for his pains.

All through the day the pitiless rain continued, but in spite of it the Prince and his attendants struggled on slowly but manfully, resting at intervals among the high heathery knolls and peat hags until night came on and found them still three miles from their destination.¹ It was so dark that beyond a few yards in front the track was invisible, and had it not been for their guide's knowledge of the locality they would undoubtedly have missed the way. The wind blew directly in their teeth, driving the rain into their eyes, so that it was only with great difficulty they could see where to step, and to make matters worse, every few moments Charles, now quite exhausted, stumbled into some bog hole or got stuck in the soft yielding peat, often losing his shoes and having to wait while Neil fished them up for him out of the mire. At last, about midnight, the worn-out men came within sight of the house where they hoped to find Miss MacDonald and Lady Clanranald awaiting them, but when MacEachainn went on in advance of the others to make inquiries, he learnt from the person in charge of the place that, instead of the friends he expected, twenty of the Skye militia had landed two days before and were camping not more than a quarter of a mile away. To the unhappy Prince this piece of dismal intelligence came as a finishing stroke to his recent misfortunes, the last straw of the day's accumulated miseries, the final blow that stunned and for the moment overwhelmed him, and we can quite believe Neil's statement, that the news "so enraged him (the Prince) that he was like to tear his clothes in pieces, not knowing where to run for safety, the enemy being everywhere."

¹ Having myself crossed to Benbecula from Ouia on a fine summer day, and travelled with great difficulty over a portion of the route taken by the Prince, I can well understand the terrible discomforts and fatigue he must have suffered when traversing the same ground in the pouring rain and with a cold wind blowing.—W. D. N.

In this emergency the guide came to the rescue and led the way to a hut a mile or so away, which was tenanted by one of Clanranald's bowmen, who made the strange visitors as comfortable as his circumstances would allow, providing simple food to appease their hunger, and rude beds for them to sleep on. Tired as he was, Charles could not rest for anxiety regarding the non-appearance of the ladies, and before composing himself to sleep he ordered Captain O'Neil to proceed to Nunton as soon as he had sufficiently recovered from his fatigue, to hasten their departure. At break of day the bo-man's wife told MacEachainn that it would be unsafe for them to stay in the house any longer, because some of the militia were in the habit of coming there every morning to buy milk, so Neil had to awaken the Prince and take him down to a rock on the shore, where one of the bo-man's maids came from time to time and reported the enemy's movements. The discomfort of their position is thus graphically described by honest Neil: "It is almost inexpressible what torment the prince suffered under that unhappy rock, which had neither height nor breadth to cover him from the rain which poured down upon him so thick, as if all the windows of heaven had broke open, and, to complete his tortures, there lay such a swarm of mitches (midges) upon his face and hands, as would have made any other but himself fall into despair, which, notwithstanding his incomparable patience, made him utter such hideous cries and complaints, as would have rent the rocks with compassion."¹

For three wretched hours Charles and his trusty attendant remained in this deplorable condition, until the girl came at last with the welcome tidings that the militia had gone off. Neil at once helped the Prince to his feet, and returned with him to the bo-man's house, where, by the kindly forethought of that worthy man, a rousing peat fire had been made up for his guest's comfort; the wet clothes were soon stripped off and hung round the walls on ropes to dry, while the son of Britain's legitimate king, with nothing on but his shirt, took his seat at the fireside, "as merry and hearty as if he was in the best room at Whitehall." After partaking of some hot milk, in which he scalded one of his hands,² Charles wrapped himself in his still wet plaid and lay down to rest on his hard bed, which was nothing but the door of the hut placed on the

¹ Any one who knows what tortures Highland midges are capable of inflicting upon sensitive skins will sympathise with the Prince's sufferings.—W. D. N.

² MacEachainn's amusing account of this incident is too long to repeat here; it is well worth reading, however, and may be found on p. 339, *New Monthly Magazine* for 1840, vol. 1s.

floor and covered with an old ragged sail. Meanwhile, the guide who had accompanied O'Neil to Nunton returned with a roast fowl and two bottles of wine sent by Lady Clanranald, and a letter from O'Neil containing a suggestion from Miss MacDonald to the effect that, instead of going to Skye, it might be safer for the Prince to go to the house of her cousin, Hugh MacDonald of Baleshair in North Uist; the scheme however fell through, as Baleshair, on the ground that he was a vassal of Sir Alexander MacDonald, felt himself obliged to decline the honour.

The next morning Charles sent a message to O'Neil bidding him come to him at once, to which the Irishman replied that he was waiting to escort the ladies to Rossinish on the day following, the place of rendezvous now being clear of the enemy. Upon receipt of this news the Prince went on to Rossinish, but no one came, and he began to grow so anxious and uneasy, that to pacify him MacEachainn conducted him to the hill of Rueval,¹ that commanded the road from Nunton, from whence he could see the whole of the island and watch for the approach of his friends. The long day passed without a glimpse of them, and the disappointed lad had to go back to Rossinish, troubled in mind and weary in body, to spend another miserable night of waiting.

But with the morning (June 27th) relief came in the persons of two MacDonalds, John and Rory,² who were to make two of the boat's crew; they brought word that everything was prepared for the start as soon as the Prince himself was ready for the journey. Charles, of course, was anxious not to lose another minute, so he despatched MacEachainn to hurry the ladies from Nunton, while he with the MacDonalds kept a lookout on the hill of Rueval until it was time to go and meet his friends at Rossinish. The traditional and probable rendezvous was the shealing bothy near Barra na Luinge, in which the Prince had taken refuge upon his first landing upon the Long Island. In this, or some similar, rude dwelling, Charles now awaited with eager impatience the coming of the devoted girl who was about to risk her life in a heroic attempt to save him from his enemies.

¹ A little spring at the foot of Rueval is still known as the Prince's Well, and it is the quaint custom of the natives after drinking from it, to pluck a piece of heather and throw it down by the side of the rivulet as a thankoffering. The ground around was thickly strewn with bunches of heather when I visited it.—W. D. N.

² Lieutenant John MacDonald, nephew of Captain Alexander MacDonald (*Mac Mhaighster Alasdair*), and Ensign Roderick MacDonald, both officers in Clanranald's regiment.

He was assisting in the preparation of supper, which consisted of the heart, liver, and kidneys of a bullock and sheep roasted on a wooden spit,¹ when the expected guests arrived in the boat that was to carry him across the Minch. The party consisted of Clanranald's wife and daughter,² Flora MacDonald and her brother Angus,³ Captain O'Neil, Neil Mac-



THE PRINCE'S WELL, RUEVAL, NEAR
ROSSINISH, BENBECULA

Vide note 1, p. 58

Photo by the AUTHOR

Eachainn, and a few others who were to assist in the management of the boat. Charles, in spite of his somewhat embarrassing occupation, welcomed the ladies with princely courtesy, and conducted them into his little hut with as much ceremonious grace as if he had been doing

¹ Flora MacDonald's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning" vol. i. 297.

² Miss Margaret MacDonald, familiarly called Miss "Peggy" Clanranald; she lived until 1825 at the farm of Ormaclett which adjoins the ruins of the old castle.

³ MacEachainn is the only narrator who mentions Angus MacDonald of Milton as being one of the party.

the honours of a palace. The situation was so novel and grotesque, and the Prince's high spirits were so contagious, that any one who could have looked by chance into the door would have imagined some wedding festivities were in progress, so blithe and merry was the company.

A little later, while supper was proceeding and the merriment was at its height, one of Clanranald's herds appeared bringing the startling intelligence that General Campbell was landing his men within three



LOCH USKAVAGH, BENBECULA, FROM ROSSINISH,
LOOKING SOUTH-EAST

Photo by the AUTHOR

miles of the hut. This piece of news put an immediate and abrupt termination to both meal and merriment; a hurried scramble was made for the shore, and in a few moments the Prince and his little party of friends had embarked in their boat and were speeding swiftly away to the south side of Loch Uskavagh (*Uisge Bhaidh*), which was reached at about five o'clock in the morning (Saturday, June 28th). Here, after the remains of the supper had been consumed by way of breakfast, preparations were commenced for the serious enterprise of the coming night, but while these were proceeding another messenger arrived at about eight o'clock with the distressing tidings that the much-dreaded Captain Ferguson was at Nunton with an advance party of Campbell's



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD IN A CAVE
Painted by THOMAS DUNCAN, R.S.A., A.R.S.A.

men, bullying the servants and threatening that the whole house should suffer if its mistress did not return before twelve o'clock.

There was nothing for it but to obey, so after taking an affectionate farewell of the Prince and Flora, the poor lady set off with her daughter to face the brutal interrogations of her obnoxious guest. Happily her woman's wit came to her assistance during her examination, and she was able by a cleverly concocted story about visiting a sick child to throw Ferguson entirely off the scent. After Lady Clanranald had departed, Flora made it clear to O'Neil that it would be better for the Prince's interests if he also took his leave at this juncture. She explained that his ignorance of Gaelic would be sure to awaken the suspicions of the natives, and might bring about a premature discovery of the secret upon which the Prince's life depended. The gallant Irishman protested strongly against leaving his youthful leader at such a momentous crisis in his affairs, and Charles being loth to lose one who had served him so unselfishly, pleaded earnestly that he might stay, and even declined to go himself unless O'Neil went with him ; but Flora was obdurate, and at length O'Neil, persuaded that she was acting for the best, agreed to carry out her wishes, and soon after went off with Miss MacDonald's brother to South Uist.¹

One reason for the captain's dismissal was that Flora had succeeded in obtaining from her stepfather a pass for herself, a man-servant (MacEachainn), and an Irish spinning-maid named Betty Burke. O'Neil would therefore have made one too many, and his presence might have endangered the whole party. In addition to the pass, Armadale, in order to divert suspicion from falling upon the Prince in case some inquisitive militia officer should demand to see Flora's papers, provided her with an unsealed letter addressed to her mother, couched in the following terms :

"MY DEAR MARION,—I have sent your daughter from this country lest she should be any way frightened with the troops lying here. She has got one Betty Burke, an Irish girl, who, as she tells me, is a good spinster. If her spinning please you, you can keep her till she spin all your lint ; or, if you have any wool to spin, you may employ her. I have sent Neil MacEachainn along with your daughter and Betty Burke to take care of them.—I am, your dutiful husband,

"HUGH MACDONALD.²

"June 22nd, 1746."

¹ Later O'Neil proceeded to Skye and afterwards to Raasa in search of the Prince, but failing to meet him he returned to the Long Island, where O'Sullivan had promised to await his coming. In the interval O'Sullivan sailed for France, and O'Neil had to skulk in Benbecula, where he was eventually taken prisoner by Captain MacNeal, who handed him over to the tender mercies of the brutal Ferguson. *Vide* his narrative in "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 374, 375.

² The letter is printed in MacGregor's "Life of Flora MacDonald," p. 77, with date attached. In the "Lyon in Mourning" the wording given is identical, but the date is omitted. *Vide* vol. ii. pp. 32



PRINCE CHARLES AS BETTY BURKE

J. WILLIAMS, *fecit*

Every one having departed but those who were to accompany the Prince to Skye, Flora produced the garments which were to transform a king's son into an Irish colleen (*caulin*), and requested him to don them without delay. "The gown was of caligo, a light coloured quilted petticoat, a mantle of dun camlet made after the Irish fashion, with a cap to cover his royal highnesses whole head and face, with a suitable head-dress, shoes, stockings, &c."¹ With much laughter and many jests at his own awkwardness in mastering the intricacies of female attire, and repeated appeals to Flora for assistance in the adjustment of some more than ordinary difficult tie or fastening, Charles at length succeeded in dressing himself in his strange clothes to his own and Miss MacDonald's entire satisfaction. As soon as the change was effected a move was made to the little creek where the boat lay moored, and as the weather continued chilly and rain fell at frequent intervals, a fire was lit in a crevice of the rocks, round which the party sat and waited impatiently for the approach of evening. Had they started at once the Prince would undoubtedly have been captured, for within a short time of their arrival at the shore, four wherries full of armed men were descried apparently sailing towards the spot upon which the fire was burning. In an instant the blaze was extinguished, and every one scuttled off among the high heather and lay completely concealed until the wherries passed away in a southerly direction without stopping.

At eight o'clock, the Prince with Flora and Neil MacEachainn stepped into the boat, four men took their posts at the oars,² Lieutenant John Macdonald placed himself at the tiller, and before many minutes had elapsed, the little shallop with its precious freight was careering like a sea-bird over the smooth waters, in the direction of the misty isle. About midnight a strong westerly wind sprang up, which at first proved of great assistance to the fatigued rowers, but it was accompanied by such

and 46. Mr. MacGregor states that he saw and read the letter when it was in the possession of Miss Mary MacLeod Stein, Skye, but it can only have been a copy, as the original was destroyed by Armadale the day after Flora was taken prisoner. *Ibid* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 32.

¹ From Captain Alexander MacDonald's narrative. A small portion of the dress is attached to the cover of vol. iii. of the "Lyon in Mourning." It is an ordinary print with small purple sprig. Several narrators have stated that Lady Clanranald was present when the garments were donned, but both Flora and Neil MacEachainn say that the Prince did not change his dress until all had gone but those who were to take him to Skye.

² Miss MacDonald told Bishop Forbes in 1750, that there were only four in the boat besides herself, the Prince, and MacEachainn, viz. "John MacDonald (cousin german to Glenalladale) at the helm, Duncan Campbell, Macmerry, and Alexander MacDonald," which would only make three rowers, unless MacEachainn took an oar. I am rather inclined to think Flora must have omitted or forgotten some of the names. MacEachainn gives the names of the crew as follows: "Rory MacDonald, John MacDonald, John McMurich (this would be Flora's "Macmerry"), Duncan Campbell, and Rory MacDonald of Glengarry family." *Ibid* also Captain Alexander MacDonald's narrative.

a dense mist that, in the absence of a compass, the crew, fearing lest they might be taken out of their course, decided after some discussion to cease rowing altogether until the dawn revealed their position.¹ Charles was in far too happy a mood to be discouraged by anything short of a hurricane or an English warship, but poor Flora, already tired out by her long day's exertions, felt much distressed, and suffered greatly from the heavy showers of rain and spray that swept over the boat. To divert her attention, the Prince sang several Jacobite songs, and when at length she fell asleep, he kept a careful watch over her recumbent figure, in order to prevent the boatmen from stumbling upon it in the darkness. When she awoke, it was to find the Prince leaning tenderly over her with his hands spread about her head, as if to protect her from harm.²

By daybreak the weather had cleared, and to the intense satisfaction of everybody on board, the coast line of Skye was seen close at hand, but unfortunately the wind had veered round to the north, and at nine o'clock it blew so strongly that for some time it was impossible to make any headway, although the rowers, encouraged by the Prince, who offered to take the place of the most fatigued man, redoubled their efforts and made a last desperate attempt to reach the shore. "The poor men," Neil says, "almost ready to breathe out their last, at length made the point of Watersay (Vaternish) . . . where, having got into a cliff in a rock, they rested themselves for an hour, and at the same time revived their drooping spirits with a plentiful repast of bread and butter, while the water that fell from the top of the rock furnished them drink."

During the interval of rest, the sea had become quite calm, and there seemed every prospect that the remainder of the voyage across Loch Snizort would be made in peace and comfort, but this sanguine expectation was not entirely realised, for shortly after the boat was re-launched, and just as it was rounding the point, two militia sentries were observed close to the shore, one of whom seeing the boat, ran down to the water's edge, and in a loud voice commanded the crew to pull in towards the

¹ A curious tradition exists in North Uist, that before crossing to Skye, the boat, driven out of its course by the wind and tide, was run ashore at Ardmaddy, and that the Prince was entertained by a crofter named Ewan MacPherson. I have shown the route on map, but can scarcely credit the story.—W. D. N.

² A great deal of purely imaginary nonsense has been written about the Prince's voyage to Skye; we read in Chambers's "History of the Rebellion" how Flora and Charles lay down at the bottom of the boat while the bullets flew overhead, and the Rev. Alexander MacGregor repeats the story with the further addition, that the sail was riddled and that one of the lalls struck the tiller and grazed the helmsman's fingers. Had any such incidents occurred, it is certain that either Miss MacDonald herself or Neil MacEachainn would have mentioned them in their detailed narratives, from which my facts are taken.—W. D. N.

land. Instead of obeying the order, the boatmen bent steadily to their oars, and the little craft responding to their vigorous strokes, shot through the water so rapidly that it was almost out of gunshot before the astonished sentry, after shouting another peremptory command to stop, could level his musket at the escaping fugitives; when he did so, the piece luckily missed fire, and before he had time to re-load the Prince and his companions were out of reach of his bullets. Meanwhile the other sentry had run off to the village for assistance, and very soon a party of



PRINCE'S LANDING-PLACE, KILBRIDE, SKYE

Photo by the AUTHOR

about fifteen men fully armed were seen marching down to the rocks with the apparent intention of launching the boats and following in pursuit, but for some reason or other this was not done, the men contenting themselves with a saunter along the shore, from whence they watched the boat until it was out of sight. Without further hindrance the journey was continued until about eleven o'clock in the forenoon (Sunday, June 29th), when the boat was steered cautiously into a small sheltered creek at Kilbride, within a short distance of Mougstot House, where Lady Margaret MacDonald was then residing. Leaving Charles in the boat in charge of the crew, Flora, with Neil MacEachainn attending her in the capacity of a personal servant, proceeded to the

house to communicate the news of the Prince's arrival, for which Lady Margaret had been partially prepared by Mrs. MacDonald of Kirkibost, who had come from North Uist the day before for the especial purpose.

To one of the domestics whom they met near the house, Flora explained that she was on her way to Armadale on a visit to her mother, and wished to pay her respects to Lady Margaret in passing. She was informed that Sir Alexander was away at Fort Augustus, and that her ladyship was entertaining Mrs. MacDonald of Kirkibost, Mr. MacDonald of Kingsburgh (Sir Alexander's factor), and Lieutenant MacLeod, son of Balmeanach, who commanded the militia detachments stationed in the neighbourhood. The last piece of intelligence would have unnerved many bolder persons than the gentle Highland maid to whose keeping Charles had entrusted his life and liberty, but although Flora was undoubtedly greatly alarmed and perplexed at the unexpected presence of a militia officer at Mougstot, she remained apparently quite unconcerned, and even when a few minutes later, after a brief private interview with Lady Margaret, she was ushered into the room where the lieutenant was sitting, and had to undergo the unpleasant ordeal of a strict examination at his hands, she betrayed neither fear nor embarrassment, answering every question that was put to her with such perfect calmness, that the young officer's suspicions were entirely disarmed.

Lady Margaret was in such a state of excitement that she could think of nothing but the disgrace that would fall upon her family if the Prince was taken prisoner while under her care. She was most anxious to get him conveyed secretly to the house, but how to manage this in broad daylight without attracting the attention of the three or four militiamen MacLeod had brought with him, was a problem the good lady was unable to solve. In her perplexity she sent for Kingsburgh to come to her in the garden, which he did forthwith, while Flora kept the enemy engaged in the dining-room. To her ladyship's entreaties that he should go immediately to the Prince and bring him to Mougstot, Kingsburgh raised the strongest objection; he pointed out the extreme danger of such a course, and declared that he could not be a party to so foolish an undertaking. While this animated discussion was in progress, Captain Donald Roy MacDonald, who had been sent for by Lady Margaret, rode up on Doctor MacLean's horse, and espying his two friends walking together near the garden, he dismounted and was about to join them when the lady, with hands outspread in an attitude of alarm, stepped forward to meet him, exclaiming at the same time: "O Donald Roy, we

are ruined for ever!"¹ Explanations followed, and the captain was asked to express an opinion regarding the best means to adopt for securing the Prince's safety.

At this juncture Kingsburgh, fearing that Charles might be discovered by some of the militia, sent MacEachainn to conduct him to a more secure hiding-place some distance farther along the shore near Dun Skudiburgh,² where he could remain with little risk until Kingsburgh



MOUGSTOT HOUSE, KILBRIDE, SKYE

The residence of Sir Alexander MacDonald in 1745

Photo by the AUTHOR

himself came to him. Neil went off at once on his errand, and in accordance with the instructions given to him, he made up a small parcel of clothes for the Prince to carry on his back for the purpose of enhancing the reality of his assumed character. Charles, whose patience was nearly exhausted, was delighted to see his faithful Neil, and hear something of what was going forward at Mougstot. Any change was

¹ Donald Roy MacDonald's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 13. It may be as well to say here that the greater part of the account of this day's proceedings at Mougstot given in MacGregor's "Life of Flora MacDonald" is utterly at variance with the narratives taken down by Bishop Forbes from the lips of the personages who took part in them, and can only therefore be regarded as fiction.—W. D. N.

² Bulodinhabor, in "Lyon in Mourning." I have been unable to trace this place.—W. D. N.

better than this long, monotonous, anxious waiting, and he readily agreed to shoulder the bundle and follow Neil to the spot selected by Kingsburgh, but after trudging along for some time, his footsteps much impeded by his feminine garments, he grew tired of his burden and threw it down for MacEachainn to carry. A little later he discovered that his case of knives had been left in the boat, and nothing would satisfy him until Neil, after many protests at leaving his master in such a dangerous situation, promised to go back after it.

Meanwhile Lady Margaret and her two friends paced the garden at Mougstot in earnest consultation, racking their brains to find a suitable and safe plan by which the Prince might escape the immediate danger that threatened him. In the end it was decided that Kingsburgh should lodge the Prince at his house that night, and the following day send him on to Portree with a guide, from whence he could cross to the island of Raasa and place himself under the protection of Malcolm MacLeod of Raasa (*Mac Gille Chaluin*), who would be asked to find a sanctuary for his Royal Highness in Lord Seaforth's country among the friendly MacKenzies. The principal difficulty in the way was, that no one knew where the laird of Raasa could be found, but as Kingsburgh had heard that John MacLeod of Rona, Raasa's eldest son, was at Tottrome,¹ on the east coast of Trotternish, Donald Roy was despatched thither to gain the desired information and make the best arrangements he could on the Prince's behalf. Wounded though he was, the gallant Highlander set out at once on his long arduous ride, but before he reached his destination he met an acquaintance who told him that Rona had gone to Tote, on Loch Snizort. Upon this, he wrote a short message on the back of an old letter asking young Raasa to meet him on important business at Portree at the earliest possible moment; this he handed to the man, with instructions to leave it at Tottrome in case his friend might return there, and then turning his horse's head westwards, he rode off to Tote, only to find when he got there that Rona had left the place and gone back to Tottrome. The captain, sorely disappointed at his ill-luck, continued his way to Portree, where he had the satisfaction of finding the man he was in search of, Rona having set out for the rendezvous immediately he received Donald Roy's message.

The young chieftain rejoiced greatly to hear that Charles had so successfully eluded pursuit, and willingly offered to assist His Royal Highness in any way that he could; his father, he said, was in Knoidart, but he promised to send an express for him, in the full assurance that he

¹ One of Rona's sisters was married to Archibald MacQueen of Tottrome.

would return at once when he learnt that the Prince demanded his services. Captain MacDonald then said that as he expected Charles at Portree before many hours elapsed, a boat must be procured without loss of time in which to ferry him over to Raasa ; this business Rona undertook to manage, but he was so desirous of remaining to see the Prince, that he could scarcely be got to leave the place in search of one. At length, some distance away on a fresh-water loch near Tottrome, he found a crazy old tub of a boat belonging to his brother-in-law MacQueen,



NEAR DUN SKUDIBURGH, SKVE

It was close to this spot that Kingsburgh met the Prince

Photo by the AUTHOR

which was not thought safe enough for the Prince to venture in, so with the assistance of some of the natives, he and his brother Murdoch, who was skulking in the vicinity, got it down to the sea, and sailed over to Raasa to fetch a better one, leaving Donald Roy to await the Prince's coming.

We must now return to the spot where Charles, dressed in his quaint feminine apparel, strode impatiently about under Dun Skudiburgh, awaiting the arrival of MacDonald of Kingsburgh and Neil MacEachainn.¹

¹ A well-preserved local tradition, printed by the Rev. Alexander MacGregor, is amusing enough to repeat. One of Sir Alexander MacDonald's herds had caught a glimpse of the Prince in his uncouth garb, and was so terrified at the apparition that he rushed into the servants' hall at Mougstot shouting out in Gaelic, "Lord preserve us! I saw a large female quickly traversing the fields betwixt this and

Kingsburgh was the first to appear ; he had managed to leave Mougstot without attracting any particular notice from the militia lieutenant, who was far too busily engaged in an interesting conversation with the charming Flora to take much heed of his departure. Once away from the house the worthy factor followed the Portree road, which runs southwards a short distance from the coast line, until he was well out of sight of prying eyes, he then turned off across the fields and made for the shore, where he expected to find the disguised Prince and MacEachainn, but to his great dismay he could find neither the one nor the other. Fearing that Neil had misunderstood his instructions, he began an anxious search among the rocks and boulders, which he continued for some time without success, until noticing a flock of sheep scurrying towards the hills as if frightened at some unusual object, he concluded that Charles was not far off, and shortly afterwards he perceived the strange female figure he was so eagerly looking for making straight for him. "Are you MacDonald of Kingsburgh?" queried the Prince, as he advanced with a stout stick uplifted in readiness to fell the stranger if he should chance to be an enemy. "I am, your Royal Highness!" promptly replied that brave gentleman, somewhat alarmed at the threatening aspect of the weird-looking personage who confronted him. Reassured by these words, Charles greeted his newly-found friend with unassumed cordiality, and conducted him to a secluded nook where the two men seated themselves, and while Kingsburgh unfolded the plan arranged between himself and Captain Roy MacDonald, Charles assuaged his hunger and thirst with the wine and biscuits the factor had brought with him. Neil returned while they were thus engaged, but was sent back to Mougstot for the purpose of escorting Miss MacDonald to Kingsburgh House, for which place the Prince and his protector soon set out on foot.

Evening was drawing on towards night as the curiously assorted couple started on their seven miles walk, but it was still broad daylight, the month being June, when in Skye it is scarcely dark at midnight unless the weather is cloudy and overcast. They had not gone far when they were overtaken by Flora, Neil MacEachainn, and Mrs. MacDonald of Kirkibost, with her maid and man-servant, all mounted on horseback, the party having left Mougstot soon after Kingsburgh went off. Lady Margaret in the presence of Lieutenant MacLeod had ostentatiously

the fort (*Dun*), with a long stick in her hand, with a curious hood on her head, and with a remarkable dress on her person. Undoubtedly she must be one of those whom the Fairies had locked up in the chambers in the fort (*Dun*), who contrived to escape. I never beheld one to be compared with her in the shape of an earthly creature."

pressed Flora to stay a few days with her, but that clever young lady excused herself on the ground that she wanted to be with her mother while the country was in such an unsettled state.¹



From a rare contemporary Print in the possession of the AUTHOR

As the little company of seven persons travelled onwards through Uig by the old road—traces of which may still be seen—it attracted considerable attention from the country folk who were returning to their homes from church. Kingsburgh was of course well known to every-

¹ Flora MacDonald's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 300.

body, and Miss MacDonald also was generally recognised and often respectfully saluted by the people who passed, but the tall, gaunt figure of Betty Burke caused quite a sensation, no one had seen anything like it before, and all were astounded at the impudence and assurance of the bold creature who was not ashamed to walk and keep company with Sir Alexander's factor, instead of looking after her mistress. "But," as MacEachainn tells us, "what they most took notice of all was, when Kingsborough and his companions was come to a rivulet about knee deep which crossed the high road, to see Burke take up her petty coats so high when she entred the water. The poor fellows were quite confounded at this last sight."

So also was Mrs. MacDonald's maid, who, with a shrewd guess at the truth, exclaimed that "she had never seen such an impudent-looking woman or else a man in woman's dress,"¹ which so alarmed Flora, that after explaining to the inquisitive girl that the suspicious-looking female was an Irishwoman, she persuaded her friend, who was also very curious to catch a glimpse of the Prince's face, to ride forward along the road, leaving Charles and Kingsburgh to follow them by a more circuitous but less frequented route across the hills, where they would be free from observation.²

The narrative at this point is taken up by Kingsburgh himself,³ and a very racy and humorous description he gives of the Prince's visit to his house, but it is unfortunately too prolix for insertion in full. It was between ten and eleven o'clock on Sunday night when the party, once again united, reached the door of Kingsburgh's hospitable domicile. Owing to the lateness of the hour, Mrs. MacDonald, having given up all hope of her husband's return, had retired for the night, and was undressing for bed, when the servant who had admitted the visitors entered the room and informed her that Kingsburgh had come home bringing with him Milton's daughter and some other company. The good lady was tired and sleepy, and preferred to await the morning before receiving her husband's guests, she therefore sent her maid to convey her excuses to Miss MacDonald and invite her to make free with anything in the house; she then betook herself to bed, but had only been there a few minutes when her daughter, Ann,⁴ a lassie of seven, ran excitedly

¹ Flora MacDonald's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 301.

² *Ide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. pp. 117-124 and pp. 75-77.

³ The spring of pure water at which the Prince quenched his thirst on this occasion is still pointed out and known throughout the district as *Tobar à Phrionusa*. It is near a small burn between Peindum and Kingsburgh.

⁴ Married afterwards to Colonel Ronald MacAlister of the Loup family.

into the bed-chamber, exclaiming, "O mother, my father has brought in a very odd, muckle, ill-shaken-up wife as ever I saw! I never saw the like of her, and he has gone into the hall with her." The words were scarcely out of the child's lips when Kingsburgh came in and desired his wife to dress herself as quickly as possible and prepare some supper for the visitors. Mrs. MacDonald was naturally curious to know who the mysterious strangers were, and at once began to question him on the



SITE OF OLD KINGSBURGH HOUSE

Of which not a vestige remains

Photo by the AUTHOR

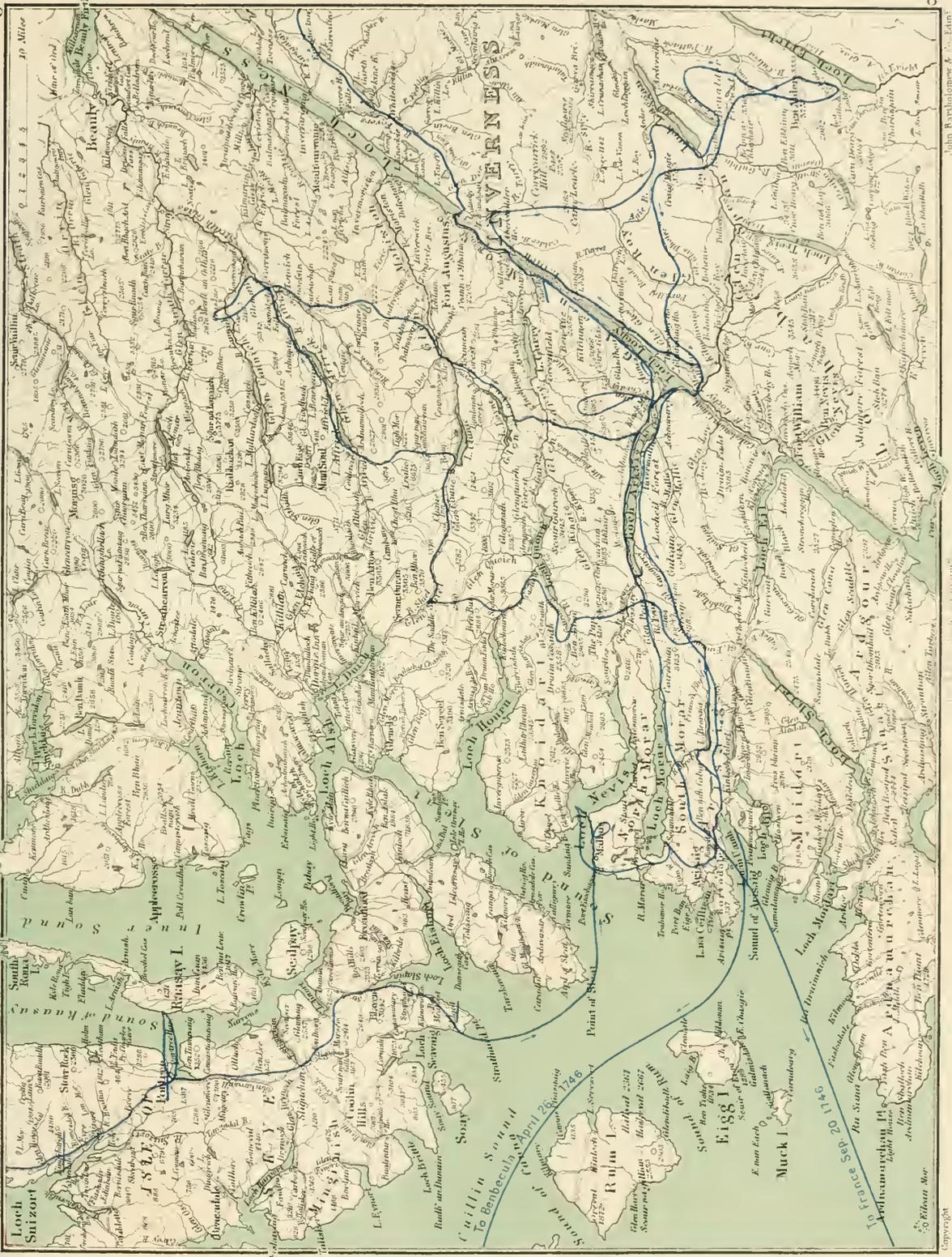
subject, but he merely reiterated his request to hasten the meal, adding that she should know all in due time.

Greatly mystified by her husband's unusual reticence, Mrs. MacDonald dressed herself and was going to the hall for her keys when she caught a glimpse of the fearsome Betty, and had not the courage to proceed; for, to use her own words, "I saw such an odd muckle trallup of a carlin, making lang wide steps through the hall, that I could not like her appearance at all." The sight was too much for the good-wife and she called loudly for Kingsburgh, who came, laughed at her fears and refused to fetch the keys. Summoning up all her courage the poor lady entered the hall, and was immediately saluted on the cheek by the uncouth-looking female she so much dreaded. Too frightened to utter a

word, for that momentary contact with Betty's stubbly chin had been sufficient to reveal the sex of her strange guest, Mrs. MacDonald hurried from the hall, and meeting her husband on the way she told him of her discovery. Kingsburgh, with a merry twinkle in his eye at his wife's naive description of the bearded kiss, said, "Why, my dear, it is the Prince you have the honour to have in your house." "The Prince," cried she. "O Lord, we are a' ruined and undone for ever! We will a' be hang'd now!" to which the staunch old gentleman replied that they could but die once, and if they were hanged it would be at least in a good cause.

With this cold comfort Mrs. MacDonald had to rest satisfied, but her troubles were not yet at an end, for now that she was aware of her guest's distinguished rank, her kind, hospitable soul was overwhelmed at the thought of providing a meal suitable for a prince from her homely Highland larder, which was at the time barren of all but the very plainest food. Kingsburgh, however, soon satisfied his wife on this point by telling her of the privations Charles had undergone in the Long Island, but he had more difficulty in persuading her to take her place at the table when the frugal repast was prepared. "I come to supper!" exclaimed the good lady, in much trepidation, "how can I come to supper? I know not how to behave before Majesty." In the end she consented, and Charles, who was in the most amiable of moods and was brimming over with fun and merriment, conducted her to a seat on his left hand, while Flora sat on his right, and before the meal was well started Mrs. MacDonald had quite lost her awe of "Majesty."

Roasted eggs, collops, and plenty of bread and butter constituted the principal items of this royal banquet, to all of which the hungry Prince did ample justice, and, to use his hostess's own words, "the deil a drap did he want in's weam of twa bottles of sma' beer. God do him good o't, for weel he had my blessing to gae down wi't." Supper finished, Charles called for a dram, and when the brandy bottle was handed to him he poured himself out a "bumper and drank it off to the happiness and prosperity of his landlord and landlady. Then taking a crack'd and broken pipe out of his poutch, wrapt about with thread, he asked Kingsburgh if he could furnish him with some tobacco; for that he had learn'd likewise to smoke in his wanderings." By this time Mrs. MacDonald was on the best of terms with the Prince, and she even had the temerity to turn up the sleeve of his shirt in order to satisfy herself that the malicious report of his being eaten up with the itch was untrue. "I saw a bonny, clean, white skin," she says; "the deil a lady in a' the land has a purer and whiter skin than he has."



Having furnished her distinguished guest with a clean night-cap to replace the soiled mitch which Kingsburgh had playfully removed, Mrs. MacDonald retired with her lady friends, leaving the two men to enjoy themselves after the customary manner of the masculine sex. A china punch-bowl was placed on the table, in which Kingsburgh, with a celerity and skill begotten of long practice, quickly brewed a generous quantity of steaming, fragrant toddy, of so seductive a quality that glass after glass was emptied and the bowl replenished several times before either Charles or his host began to think of going to bed. At length, when the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal" were growing perceptibly larger on Kingsburgh's timepiece, he tried to induce the jovial Prince to seek the repose he so much needed, but Charles, who was now thoroughly enjoying himself, scoffed at the idea, and demanded one more bowl with which to finish the conversation. At any other time the hospitable factor would have responded instantly to such a request, even if it had been made by a far less honoured guest than the one he had then under his roof, but in this instance he did not feel justified in prolonging a carouse, the consequences of which might prove fatal to the Prince's best interests; he therefore respectfully but positively declined to brew another jorum, urging as his excuse for so blunt a refusal the absolute necessity there was for some hours' sleep before setting out on the journey to Portree. Charles, however, still persisted in his request for more toddy, and as Kingsburgh, instead of preparing the drink, quietly proceeded to remove the bowl, he rose impetuously from his chair, and stretching out his hand made an attempt to retain it by seizing hold of its fragile rim; Kingsburgh therefore tightened his grasp, and the frail vessel, unable to withstand such rough usage, snapped suddenly asunder, leaving the two men laughing at each other across the table, each with a piece of fractured china in his hand.¹ This unlooked-for catastrophe put an end to all further altercation, and Charles readily allowed himself to be led to the room he was to occupy for the night, where for the first time for many long weeks he was able to lay his tired body between the clean white sheets of a comfortable bed.²

The morning (Monday, June 30th) had far advanced when Kingsburgh, at the earnest entreaty of Flora, went to awaken the sleeping Prince; but upon entering the bed-chamber he found Charles in so

¹ This interesting relic is now in the possession of Miss Margaret MacAlister Williamson, a great, great, great-grand-daughter of MacDonald of Kingsburgh, the Prince's host. She is a sister of the popular ex-colonel of the Glasgow Highlanders, Charles MacDonald Williamson.

² The sheets in which the Prince slept were carefully preserved, and when Flora died they were used as her shroud. Dr. Johnson had the privilege when at Kingsburgh in 1773 with Boswell, of sleeping on the same bed upon which the Prince had lain.

profound a slumber that he had not the heart to disturb him. A little later, when it was known that the Prince was awake, Mrs. MacDonald begged Flora to go into his room, and ask for a lock of his hair, but that modest young lady very naturally hesitated to undertake such an unusual commission, whereupon "Mrs. MacDonald, taking hold of Miss with one hand, knocked at the door of the room with the other. The Prince called, 'Who is there?' Mrs. MacDonald opening the door, said, 'Sir, it is I, and I am importuning Miss Flora to come in and get a lock of your hair for me, and she refuses to do it.' 'Pray,' said the



THE PRESENT HOUSE OF KINGSBURGH

Photo by the AUTHOR

Prince, 'desire Miss MacDonald to come in. What could make her afraid to come where I am?'" At this Flora hesitated no longer, and the two ladies advanced boldly into the room. Charles, who was still in bed, requested Miss MacDonald "to sit down on a chair at the bedside; then, laying his arms about her waist, and his head upon her lap, he desired her to cut the lock with her own hands in token of fortune and more substantial favours."

Kingsburgh visited the Prince soon afterwards, and asked how he had rested. "Never better," replied Charles, "for I have rested exceedingly well, having slept, I believe, nine or ten hours without interruption." Some conversation then ensued, during which Kingsburgh asked his

guest if he suspected treachery on the part of Lord George Murray. "The Prince answered that he never would allow anything of treachery or villainy to be laid to the charge of Lord George Murray. But he could not help owning that he had much to bear of him from his temper;" a statement which was undoubtedly true.

To prevent the servants from gossiping, it was arranged that Charles should again wear his female dress, and leave the house as he had entered it, in the assumed character of Betty Burke; he could then travel a little way and assume the Highland garb which his host promised to provide from his own wardrobe. To assist the Prince in his toilet Mrs. MacDonald summoned the aid of her little daughter Ann, "for the deil a preen he could put in" himself, and all the time the dressing was proceeding he behaved "as cheerfully and merrily as if he had been putting on women's clothes merely for a piece of diversion." When everything was ready for the start, Flora, who was anxious to get to Portree before dusk, went off on horseback, having first adjusted Betty's headgear, and given a few finishing touches to her presumed maid's attire. It was getting well on towards evening when Charles bade farewell to his kind hostess; he asked for a snuff at parting, and Mrs. MacDonald placed in his hands a small silver mull, which Kingsburgh begged him to accept as a souvenir of his visit.¹ "He accordingly put it into a woman's muckle pouch he had hanging at his side," and departed, making his way to a wood near by, where he was shortly joined by his host, who brought with him the Highland clothes as previously arranged. From Donald Roy's description,² the dress the Prince donned on this occasion must have been the ancient *breacan an fheilidh*, that is to say, a tartan plaid four yards long and two wide, buckled round the waist over the shirt in such a way that while one portion, pleated at the back, reached to the knees, the other was gathered up and fastened, after the coat and vest had been put on, to the left shoulder of the coat (*cota gearr*) by a brooch or pin. Hose of the same material as the plaid, brogues, and a sporran or purse of leather or skin, with dirk, pistols, and claymore upon occasion, completed this primitive garb, which had been for centuries the universal dress of the Scottish Gael, but in the Prince's time the short kilt or philabeg (*feile beag*), on account of its greater convenience, was beginning to supplant the older and more picturesque garment.

¹ The mull was engraved with "two hands clasped together on the lid of it, and the common motto, ROB GIB:" embodying the old Scottish saying, "Rob Gib's contract: stark love and kindness."

² Donald Roy states that when Charles entered the inn at Portree he had on "a plaid without breeches, trews, or even philabeg."

With Kingsburgh's assistance, Charles was soon transformed into a handsome young Highlander, and when he stood up, completely attired in the scarlet tartan of the MacDonalds of the Isles,¹ with the claymore his kind friend had given him in his hand, he looked, as the factor told his wife afterwards, "a soger-like man indeed." At parting, the Prince embraced Kingsburgh affectionately, and with tears in his eyes thanked him for his services, and said he would never forget them. So great was his emotion that a few drops of blood fell from his nose, whereupon Kingsburgh, who was himself weeping, expressed great concern, but Charles told him there was nothing to fear, as it was "only the effect of parting with a dear friend," and often happened in such a case.

Neil MacEachainn had remained behind for the purpose of escorting the Prince to Portree, but as he was not very well acquainted with Skye, Kingsburgh ordered one of his own people, a young lad named MacQueen, to conduct the travellers to their destination across country, so as to avoid the chance of their meeting any inquisitive natives or militia patrols. As soon as Charles had departed his host carefully thrust the discarded feminine garments into the centre of a bush, and later carried them to the house with the intention of preserving them as sacred relics of his princely visitor, but when he heard that Captain Ferguson and a party of troops were coming to search the place, he thought it wiser to burn them; all were therefore destroyed save the gown and brogues, parts of which still exist between the covers of the "Lyon in Mourning."

About a week after the Prince had gone, the truculent Hanoverian bully arrived at Kingsburgh House, where he behaved with his usual insolent manner to the frightened women of the household, and finally, having satisfied himself that Kingsburgh had aided Charles in his escape, he placed that worthy gentleman under arrest and soon afterwards had him conveyed to Fort Augustus, from whence he was taken to Edinburgh and committed a prisoner to the Castle, on August 2nd.²

It was quite dark, and raining heavily, when the Prince and his two companions reached the vicinity of the inn at Portree, where Flora and Captain Roy MacDonald awaited with anxious expectancy the message which would announce the arrival of the royal fugitive. MacQueen, who of course knew nothing of the stranger's identity, was sent on to inquire if the captain was in the house, and if so, to tell him that a gentleman desired to speak with him outside. The landlord, Charles MacNab, at once satisfied the lad on this point and called Donald Roy, who having

¹ *Vide* Malcolm MacLeod's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 137. The Skye MacDonalds usually wore this splendid tartan.

² Kingsburgh was not released from confinement until July 4, 1747.

heard what MacQueen had to say, sent him to the kitchen and went out to meet the Prince. Charles received him with an affectionate embrace, and strictly forbade him to use any ceremony, lest any one might be listening to their conversation; he then followed the captain into the inn, called for a dram and drank it standing, while the wet poured from his soaked tartans and made a little pool around him on the floor. Donald Roy and MacEachainn, observing the saturated condition of the Prince's clothes, urged him to put on one of the shirts he had brought



ROYAL HOTEL, PORTREE, SKYE

The house has been altered since 1745, but the room in which the Prince said farewell to Flora is still to be seen

Photo by the AUTHOR

from Kingsburgh; this he at first refused to do, as Miss MacDonald was in the room, but his Highland friends insisted that it was not a time to stand upon ceremony, and he at last consented to do as they wished. Thereupon the kind-hearted captain gave Charles his own dry philabeg, which the Prince quickly donned over his clean shirt, and immediately sat down to table without waiting to put on his coat and vest. The food was of the simplest, consisting only of bread, butter, cheese, and roasted fish, but Charles was famished after his cold, wet walk, and ate heartily everything that was put before him. In the matter of drink he appeared more particular, for when he found that whisky was the only liquor sold at the inn, he asked for milk, but none being procurable, he

had to fall back upon plain water, which he was obliged to drink from an old wooden cog.¹

The meal at an end, Donald Roy hinted discreetly that it was time to go down to the shore and join the MacLeods from Raasa, who were waiting with their boat under Sgeir Mhór, a rock on the north side of Portree harbour a good half-mile from the inn ; Charles, however, was in no hurry to exchange the warm shelter of the inn for the pouring rain outside, and he expressed a wish to stay where he was all night, but



SGEIR MHOR, PORTREE

Photo by the AUTHOR

when the captain pointed out the risk of remaining in a public-house that was the common rendezvous of the country people, to whom a stranger would naturally be an object of curiosity, he assented with considerable reluctance to face the elements and accompany his faithful officer to the place appointed.

“The Prince now began to bid farewell to Miss MacDonald and Neil MacKechan,” says Donald Roy, “and turning to Miss, he said, ‘I believe, Madam, I owe you a crown of borrowed money.’ She told him it was only half-a-crown, which accordingly he paid her with thanks. He then saluted her, and expressed himself in these or the like words : ‘For

¹ Brandy was the Prince’s favourite drink ; he never thoroughly acquired a real liking for the national beverage, and only drank it when he could get nothing else, and sometimes not even then.

all that has happened I hope, Madam, we shall meet in St. James's yet.' He then had farewel to honest MacKechan,¹ who staid that night with Miss MacDonald at Portree, and attended her next day to the place she intended to go to." In this simple undramatic fashion ended the most romantic episode of the Prince's many remarkable adventures in the land of the Gael; an episode which was destined to give immortal fame to the courageous Flora, and add an additional lustre to the ancient name of MacDonald.

To those who may wish to follow the interesting career of this



PORTREE AT THE PRESENT DAY

Photo by the AUTHOR

Highland heroine, the pages of her several biographers are open; here space will only admit the author to state that about ten days after she had taken farewel of the Prince at Portree, while staying with her mother at Armadale, she received a message from MacDonald of Castleton summoning her to his house to meet Captain MacLeod of Talisker, an officer of the Independent Companies, who desired to interrogate her.

¹ Donald Roy states in the course of his narrative that, "This MacKechan found the way afterwards to get off to France with the Prince." In France this faithful friend of the Stuarts entered Ogilvy's Scots Regiment, in which he served until the Peace of 1763; he then retired on a small pension, married a portionless girl and became the father of the famous Marshal MacDonald, Duc de Tarentum. Neil died at Sancerre in 1788.

Donald Roy MacDonald was at Armadale at the time, and by his advice she handed him the letter her stepfather had given her, which was afterwards destroyed; it was also arranged between Donald Roy and herself that if questioned regarding the woman who had accompanied her from Benbecula, she was to say that a great lusty female had come down to the boat just as it was about to start and begged a passage to Skye, saying that she was a soldier's wife, the request was at once granted and the woman having been landed at Kilbride went away after thanking Miss MacDonald for her kindness. It does not appear that Flora ever reached Castleton, for on the way thither she first met her stepfather returning home, and shortly afterwards she fell into the hands of a company of soldiers who were on their way to arrest her at her mother's house. The soldiers, in spite of her entreaties, would not allow her to return to take leave of her friends, but hurried her on board a ship, which proved to be the sloop-of-war *Furnace*, commanded by the detested Ferguson; fortunately General Campbell happened to be on the vessel, and by his orders Miss MacDonald was not only treated with the greatest respect, but was even allowed, when the ship was cruising off Armadale, to go ashore and bid her mother farewell. Eventually she was landed at the royal castle of Dunstaffnage on Loch Etive, and from thence, after some days' stay, conveyed by way of Glasgow to Leith and taken on board the *Bridgewater*¹ lying in Leith Roads, in which or the *Eltham* she sailed for London on November 7th, amid the cheers of thousands of her countrymen and countrywomen who had assembled on the pier and other places of vantage to see the heroine depart.

The Londoners, to do them justice, were almost as enthusiastic in their praise of Miss MacDonald's brave action as her own Scottish compatriots, and when she came among them as a prisoner their sympathies were so loudly expressed that the Government, fearing to evoke a public outcry in the fair captive's favour if they treated her harshly, wisely adopted a mild attitude and allowed her, after a brief confinement in the Tower, to live under very slight restraint in the house of Mr. Dick, a messenger, who became later the guardian of MacDonald of Clanranald, MacDonald of Boisdale, Malcolm MacLeod of Brea, Aeneas MacDonald the banker, and some others. For nearly twelve months Flora remained in the great smoky Sassenach metropolis patiently waiting for the order

¹ Some authorities state that Miss MacDonald was brought as far as the Nore on the *Eltham*, commanded by the genial Commodore Smith, who, Flora says, "behaved like a father," and there transferred to the *Royal Sovereign*, which conveyed her to the Tower.



FAREWELL TO FLORA MACDONALD

From the Painting by S. Joy

of release which would give her freedom to return to the lone Hebridean isle of her nativity and the simple pastoral life she loved better than all things.

“Mid the pomp of huge London her heart still was yearning
 For her home in the corrie, the crag and the glen ;
 Though fair be the daughters of England, the fairest
 And stateliest walks in the land of the Ben.”¹

When permission to depart was at length tardily accorded, London refused for some time to part with her ; she became the *lionne* of the season, the talk of the whole town, and as the honoured guest and protégé of the newly widowed Lady Primrose of Dunipace,² the artless Highland maid was daily visited by personages of the highest rank in society, who extolled her virtues in such inflated language, and poured so many high-flown and exaggerated compliments into her ears, that the poor girl, quite at a loss to understand why so much fuss should be made over what she, in her modesty, considered a simple act of humanity, soon began to long more than ever for the quiet of her northern home. Before the close of the year her wishes were fulfilled, and she returned to Scotland, only to find that there as in England every one regarded her as a heroine. In Skye her reception was most enthusiastic, and whether at Armadale, Scorobreck, Kingsburgh, Flodigarry, or Mougstot, the good folk of the island crowded to see the famous *Fionnghal* and hear from her own lips the story of that immortal adventure which linked for ever her name with that of Bonnie Prince Charlie.³

“O happy nymph ! thou sav’dst the Prince ;
 Thy fame be handed down,
 Thy name shall shine in annals fair
 And live from sire to son.”

Shortly after midnight on June 30th, that is to say before dawn on July 1st, Charles, having taken leave of his two devoted friends, left the inn, and with Captain MacDonald as guide started off for the place where he expected to find the MacLeod’s boat. With a bottle of whisky,

¹ Free translation by the Rev. Alexander MacGregor of the Gaelic lines composed by John Campbell, bard of Ledaig.

² Her husband, Sir Archibald Primrose, was executed at Carlisle on November 15th, 1746.

³ Flora married on November 6th, 1750, Captain Allan MacDonald of Flodigarry, Kingsburgh’s son. Upon Kingsburgh’s death in 1766 Captain Allan removed to the paternal house, remaining there until 1775, when owing to some financial troubles he emigrated with his family to North Carolina. While in America the War of Independence broke out, and Kingsburgh found it necessary to return to his native island, where in the year 1790 his famous wife yielded up her heroic spirit at the farmhouse of Peinduin, mourned by all who knew her. She lies in the old burying-ground of Kilmuir, where a fine Iona cross has been erected to her memory.

which he had purchased from the landlord, fastened to his belt on one side, and the shirts, brandy, and cold roasted fowl Kingsburgh had provided him with, tied in a napkin, on the other, the Prince's appearance was sufficiently strange to attract the attention of the inquisitive innkeeper, who to satisfy his curiosity followed his visitors to the door and stood on the threshold peering out into the darkness to see, if he could, the road they took. The vigilant Donald Roy was, however, too sharp for him, for instead of taking the most direct route to Sgeir Mhór



THE HOUSE IN WHICH FLORA MACDONALD
DIED, PEINDUIN, SKYE

Photo by the AUTHOR

he led the Prince in an entirely opposite direction until well out of sight of the inn, when he made a circuit and reached the shore without any one being the wiser. All the way along Charles had been trying his utmost to persuade the captain to accompany him to Raasa; he spoke in the most flattering and appreciative terms of Donald's clan, as well he might after his recent experiences, and he declared with much warmth that he was most anxious to have a MacDonalld with him in his future wanderings. Much as the gallant captain would have liked to follow the fortunes of his young leader, he was obliged to refuse on account of his wounded foot, which, as he pointed out, would not allow him to travel except on horseback, a most unsafe mode of travelling for hunted men;

moreover, he could, he said, be far more useful by remaining in Skye, where he would be able to play the part of an intelligence officer and find out whether the Prince's movements had been discovered.

Before they got to the boat they met Captain Malcolm MacLeod of Brea, who had fought for the Prince at Culloden under the command of



FLORA MACDONALD'S LAST RESTING PLACE,
KILMUIR, SKYE

The Long Island can be seen in the distance across the Minch

Photo by the AUTHOR

his cousin the laird of Raasa. Like many of his kinsmen he had been seeking to evade capture by skulking in the open fields, or among the craggy hills of Raasa, every house on the island having been burnt by the Hanoverian soldiery. He had been sought out by two of the laird's sons, John and Murdoch, when they came in search of the boat, and had willingly offered his services to assist in bringing the Prince from Portree. Charles greeted him courteously and followed him to the boat

in which Rona and his brother Murdoch, the laird's third son, with two servants, John MacKenzie and Donald MacFriar, were straining their eyes to get a first glimpse of His Royal Highness. Murdoch MacLeod—known locally as “the Doctor”—had served in the Prince's army, and still suffered from a painful wound between the shoulder-blades he had received at Culloden. Charles was in consequence well known to him, but Rona, who for politic reasons had not been permitted to take any part in



ISLAND OF RAASA FROM THE COAST OF SKYE

Photo by the AUTHOR

the Jacobite rising, had never seen the Prince, and it was owing to this fact that, in spite of Captain Malcolm's advice, he had gallantly insisted in making one of the boat's crew.

While Charles was engaged in conversation with the MacLeods and Captain MacDonald, the early dawn of a July morning began to flush the eastern sky behind the distant hill of Dun Caan, a sufficient warning that it was time to depart ; the Prince therefore bade farewell to Donald Roy on the understanding that Rona should go to Tottrome on the following Thursday (July 3rd) and bring him over to the island on Friday. An instant later the little craft shot out from under the shadow

of the rocks on the north side of Portree harbour, and was soon lost to sight amid the tossing waters of the Sound of Raasa.

As the rowers bent with a will to their oars, "the Prince," says Murdoch, "conversed to and fro, and frequently said that friends who show'd their friendship in distress were the reall friends, and that he hop'd his friends would not have reason to repent for the services done him, and that he would happily yet end what he began, or die in the



SOUND OF RAASA

Photo, VALENTINE, Dundee

attempt."¹ About daybreak the party landed at Glam in Raasa, and Charles was at once conducted to a little sheltered hut near at hand, in which he lay down to rest while young Raasa went off to procure some provisions. He returned in an hour or two, bringing with him a young kid in the nook of his plaid and a supply of fresh cream and butter; part of the kid was roasted, upon which the Prince dined "as agreeably as if he had been born a Highlander and preferred Highland oat bread to bisket, which he had in company, calling it his own country bread." After the meal was over Charles made minute inquiries regarding the

¹ *Vide* Murdoch MacLeod's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. pp. 72-77.

depredations committed by the Hanoverian troops in Raasa, and when told how the whole island had been entirely devastated and nearly every house burnt, he appeared greatly affected, and said he would yet build houses of stone in their place. Referring to his own precarious circumstances, he remarked that although the life he was leading was undeniably a hard one, he would far rather bear it for ten years than be taken by his enemies. At his wonderful power of enduring the privations and fatigues inseparable from his strange existence, he expressed some little surprise. " 'For,' says he, 'since the battle of Culloden I have endured more than would kill a hundred. Sure Providence does not design this for nothing. I'm thus certainly reserv'd for some good.' " ¹

That night the Prince slept in the little bothy where he had taken his meals, with Murdoch MacLeod and Captain Malcolm, while the two servants took turns of sentry duty outside, the young laird of Raasa retiring to his own place of habitation for fear of awakening any suspicion. In the morning it was arranged that Rona should cross over to Tottrome as soon as it grew dark to keep his appointment with Donald Roy, and Charles decided to go with him, but before the arrangements could be definitely settled, news was brought by one of the servants that a suspicious-looking stranger, who, under the pretence of selling tobacco had come to the island about a fortnight previously, ² was apparently making straight for the hut. The MacLeods were so alarmed for the Prince's safety, that they declared they would shoot the fellow if he approached any nearer. Charles however would not hear of such a thing. "God forbid," he exclaimed, "that we should take any man's life while we can save our own." Fortunately for all concerned the stranger passed by the hut without looking into it.

This little incident, trivial as it was, aroused a sense of insecurity in the Prince's mind, and he secretly determined that he would leave Raasa and seek shelter in the MacKinnon country of Skye. When the hour appointed for launching the boat arrived he took his seat in it without informing his friends that he did not intend to return, and they merely thought it was his anxiety to meet Captain MacDonald that took him over to Skye. It was a coarse, rough evening, with a heavy sea running beneath, and a wild sky above, from which descended frequent showers of blinding rain; Charles had grown used to the vagaries of Highland weather by this time, and felt no great alarm at the state of the elements, but the three MacLeods, who had his valuable life in their keeping, when

¹ Murdoch MacLeod's narrative.

² It was discovered afterwards that the stranger was himself a refugee, who had been at Culloden, *Vide* Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides."

they found the storm increased in violence the farther they got from the shore, were not so easy in their minds and suggested that it might be wiser to return. The Prince, however, only laughed at their fears, and to divert the attention of the rowers from thinking of the dangers that surrounded them, he sang a merry Highland song and amused them with his bright and sparkling conversation, until at about ten o'clock the boat was run safely ashore with some difficulty at Lag na Bathach (the hollow of the byre), a secluded nook between Creag Mhic-Neacail (Nicholson's



SCOROBRECK, SKYE, OLD MAN OF STORR IN DISTANCE

Photo by the AUTHOR

Rock) and Creag Mhór, on the farm of Nicholson of Scorobreck (*Sgor-a-breac*), within two miles of Portree.

Having pulled the boat up out of reach of the waves, Charles and his five companions¹ made their way to a cow-byre under a neighbouring rock,² young Raasa going on a little in front to see that the place was unoccupied. Some one asked the Prince, what would become of him if there were people in the byre; as the night was so bad he would be likely to perish before daybreak? "I don't care a button for it," replied the wanderer, "for I have been without a hundred such nights." Happily there was no necessity to put his powers of endurance to a

¹ The three MacLeods and the two servants.

² Since writing the above, I have been informed by Mr. Harry MacDonald, Viewfield, Portree, that some remains of this byre still exist near the foreshore.—W. D. N.

further test, as the hut was found to be quite empty. Though rude, rough, and not particularly clean, the byre afforded a welcome shelter to the weather-beaten travellers, who were only too glad to find a refuge from the storm that still raged furiously outside. When a fire had been kindled the place looked warm and cosy enough, and neither the Prince nor his companions were disposed to grumble because it was not a palace. After partaking of a simple meal of bread and cheese, Charles laid himself down by the fire and tried to sleep, but mind and body were so overwrought that his rest at first was broken and intermittent; at frequent intervals he would start up, and stare wildly into the faces of the watchful MacLeods, "as if he had been to fight them," while ever and again he would cry out, "O poor England! O poor England!" Towards morning however he sank into a deep, refreshing slumber, from which he did not awake until noon on the following day (July 3rd). Some hours before, young Raasa had gone off to meet Captain MacDonald at Mrs. MacQueen's house, five or six miles up the country, and the Prince was naturally anxious for his return, but as the day wore on towards evening, and neither MacLeod nor Donald Roy appeared, he decided to set out for Strath instead of waiting for their arrival.

Without divulging his plan, he first asked Malcolm MacLeod, "if he was a stout walker; and if he could walk barefooted? The captain replied he was pretty good at walking, and that he could travel barefooted very well. The Prince told him by barefooted he meant, if he could walk in his shoes without stockings, 'For,' said he, 'that is the way I used to walk at my diversions in Italy.' The captain said he could not really tell . . . for that he never had tried it." Charles then disclosed the fact that he intended for the present to remain in Skye, but withheld the secret of his destination, merely requesting Murdoch MacLeod to tell Donald Roy when he arrived, that he was to meet him at Camastianavaig on Sunday night or Monday morning at latest.¹ Between six and seven o'clock in the evening, the Prince gave Murdoch some final instructions about a boat that was to be got ready in case of necessity, and having thanked him for the valuable assistance he had rendered, bade him farewell² and stepped out of the byre followed by Captain Malcolm, whom he had requested to accompany him.

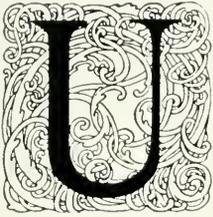
¹ In this matter I have preferred to accept Captain MacDonald's statement. *I*vide his letter to Bishop Forbes, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. pp. 48-49.

² He gave Murdoch MacLeod as a souvenir his silver spoon, knife and fork (probably the case of knives referred to by MacEachainn), who left them to his daughter Anne, and she bequeathed them to her great-nephew Sheriff Charles Shaw, whose son Mr. Duncan Shaw still, I believe, possesses them. *I*vide "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 77 *note*; also "Minor Septs of Clan Chattan," Dr. Fraser MacKintosh, pp. 107-109. — W. D. N.

CHAPTER III

“O THINK not I weep that an outcast I roam,
That the black heath at midnight thus cheerless I tread ;
Tho’ the realm of my sires dare not yield me a home,
Scarce a cave on her mountains to shelter my head.

Though the day brings no comfort, the night no repose,
Yet not for my own doth my spirit repine,
But in anguish I weep for the sorrows of those,
Whose eyes and whose bosoms have melted for mine.”



UNTIL the two men were out of sight of the cow-byre not a word was spoken between them, but when Captain MacLeod noticed that the Prince was taking a road he thought unsafe he broke the silence by asking respectfully whither they were going. Charles at once replied, “Why, MacLeod, I now throw myself entirely into your hands, and leave you to do with me what you please. Only I want to go to Strath, MacKinnon’s country. I hope you will accompany me, an you think you can lead me safe enough into Strath.” Without a moment’s hesitation the loyal-hearted Highlander declared his willingness to attend the Prince wherever he pleased, the only point he endeavoured to insist upon being that the journey to Strath should be made by water instead of by land, because it would not only save a long and arduous tramp of some twenty or thirty miles across a difficult country, but the risk of capture would, he said, be greatly lessened if they travelled by boat.

MacLeod’s suggestion, for some reason or another, did not commend itself to Charles ; he remarked that in their situation there was no doing anything without running risks, and he proposed that they should set out immediately, in spite of the fact that night was fast approaching, and the road they would have to take over the hills was full of unknown dangers, which the darkness would serve greatly to increase. To Brea, the idea of a night journey appeared a very foolish one, but seeing that the Prince was bent upon carrying it out, he merely pointed out the perils of the undertaking, and prepared to follow his headstrong young leader as he had already promised to do.

As a means of disguising his identity, Charles said he would assume the rôle of servant to the captain, under the name of Lewie Caw,¹ and to make the character more real, he shouldered the baggage and kept a respectful distance behind his pretended master. In this manner the two companions in misfortune, one a king's son of ancient lineage and the other a simple Highland gentleman, pursued their toilsome and dangerous way along the ridges of Ben Lee, round the head of Loch Sligachan, through the gloomy, precipitous passes of Ben Glamaig in the great deer forest of the MacDonald chiefs, and then passing down Strath Mór where mighty Blaven reigns supreme, and following the shore of Loch Slapin for some distance they turned westwards under the slopes of Ben Meabost, and reached Ellagol at an early hour in the morning safe and sound though greatly exhausted.

“As they were marching along and talking of the fatigues the Prince was obliged to undergo, he said, ‘MacLeod, do you not think that God Almighty has made this person of mine for doing some good yet? When I was in Italy, and dining at the king's table, very often the sweat would have been coming through my coat with the heat of the climate; and now that I am in a cold country, of a more piercing and trying climate, and exposed to different kinds of fatigues, I really find I agree equally with both. I have had this philibeg² on now for some days, and I find I do as well with it as any the best breeches I ever put on. I hope in God, MacLeod, to walk the streets of London with it yet.’ Then he remarked that the waistcoat he had upon him was too fine for a servant, being of scarlet tartan with a gold twist button,³ and proposed to the master to change with him, the better to carry on the disguise, which accordingly was done. . . . When the Prince was making the exchange he said, ‘I hope, MacLeod, to give you a much better vest for this yet.’”⁴

At the captain's request, Charles tried to hide his features as well as he could by removing his periwig and allowing his friend to tie a dirty white napkin over his forehead, which was brought well down upon his eyes and nose to convey the notion that he was suffering from headache. Over the napkin the Prince placed his bonnet, and declared that no one could possibly guess he was other than a servant. MacLeod had his doubts on this point, and he told Charles that any one who had ever seen

¹ The real Lewie Caw was the son of a Crieff surgeon; he had been *out* for the Prince, and was skulking in Skye, where he had some relatives.

² Given him by Captain Donald Roy MacDonald.

³ Given him by Kingsburgh.

⁴ Malcolm MacLeod's narrative.



GLEN SLIGACHAN

The Prince passed to the left of the mountain (Marsco) in centre on his way to Ellagol

Photo, VALENTINE, Dundee

his face would be sure to discover it notwithstanding the disguise, for as the gallant captain informed Bishop Forbes later, "There is not a person who knows what the air of a noble or great man is, but upon seeing the Prince in any disguise he could put on would see something about him that was not ordinary, something of the stately and the grand."

That MacLeod's doubts were justifiable was soon proved, for two of MacKinnon's men who passed on the road, first stared hard into the Prince's face, and having easily recognised their former leader in the weather-beaten, travel-stained figure, they lifted their hands to heaven in an attitude of grief, and burst into bitter tears at the piteous sight. So quick a discovery of the Prince's secret alarmed the captain, and he lost no time in reprimanding the two Highlanders for their want of caution, and before parting with them he made them take an oath upon the naked dirk¹ that they would tell nobody of the Prince's presence in Strath, an oath they both faithfully kept.

The house at Ellagol,² towards which the weary travellers directed their steps, was tenanted by Malcolm MacLeod's brother-in-law, John MacKinnon, who had been a captain in the MacKinnon regiment during the late disastrous rising, and was in consequence under the ban of the Government. As a precautionary measure, therefore, MacLeod left Charles seated on a knoll near the house, and went on by himself to inquire of his sister whether any militia detachment or other troops were stationed in the neighbourhood. He found her at home, and learnt, greatly to his relief, that the place was quite free from soldiers. To explain the presence of a companion, he told Mrs. MacKinnon that he had brought a fellow fugitive with him, one Lewie Caw, a surgeon's son, who was acting as his servant, and forthwith went out to bring him in. Remembering the part he was playing, the Prince entered the house with the baggage on his back, and having removed his bonnet and made a low bow to the lady, he sat down at some distance from his supposed master. Mrs. MacKinnon scanned Charles' features closely, and remarked to her brother that, "there was something about the lad she liked unco well," whereupon MacLeod called him to the table at which he was seated, and bade him take a share of the food his sister had provided.

Both men were in a terribly besmirched condition, the result of a fall into a bog as they came along, and as soon as the meal was at an

¹ *Vide* Boswell's "Tour to the Hebrides." Kissing the naked dirk was the common custom of ratifying an oath in the Highlands.

² The house has long since disappeared, but the site is quite well known in the district.

end, the captain requested the servant-lass to bring some water and wash his feet and legs, he being far too tired to perform his own ablutions. While the washing was proceeding, MacLeod, addressing the girl in Gaelic, the only language with which she was acquainted, said he hoped she would perform the same service for his poor sick companion, who needed such attention as much as he did. "No such thing," replied the girl warmly, all her Highland pride aroused at the idea, "although I wash the master's feet, I am not obliged to wash the servant's. What! he's but a low-countrywoman's son. I will not wash his feet indeed." At length, however, the captain prevailed upon the indignant lassie "to stoop so low as to wash poor Lewie's feet," but she used him so roughly, and with such freedom of handling, that he had to beg his friend to restrain her energies. At the conclusion of this somewhat trying function, MacLeod suggested that Charles should take a few hours' repose, while he and his sister kept a careful watch; accordingly the royal wanderer threw himself down upon a bed without undressing, and slept for some time.

MacLeod remained in the house, and Mrs. MacKinnon seated herself on a knowe close at hand, so that she might be able to give her brother early notice of the appearance of any person coming towards her. No one appeared but her husband, and when she saw him in the distance she ran back to inform her brother Malcolm, who immediately went out and met MacKinnon before he reached the house. In a few brief words MacLeod explained the situation to his brother-in-law, and cautioned him to be very careful to make no sign that he recognised the Prince when he entered the room; but he no sooner caught sight of his brave young leader, who was now awake, sitting at his own ingleside, in soiled tartans and bandaged head, with his own infant son Neil in his arms, than he turned his head away and wept. Charles, who had been crooning a song to the little one as John MacKinnon came in, soon put the worthy Highlander at ease by assuming an air of gaiety, and remarking in a cheerful tone that he hoped the child would be a captain in his service yet. The conversation that followed turned upon the subject of the Prince's crossing over to the mainland, and it was eventually decided that John should go at once and engage a boat, under the pretence that Malcolm MacLeod required it for his own use; under no circumstances whatever, he was told, must he divulge the secret of the Prince's presence at Ellagol, even to his own chief, because although the laird of MacKinnon was known to be "a mighty honest, stout, good man, yet through his old age, and the infirmities attending it," he was

not thought fit to undertake the serious responsibility of directing the movements of the Prince at the present juncture.

John MacKinnon gave the required promise and departed on his mission, but meeting his chief on the road, he straightway forgot the pledge he had made and disclosed everything. The old gentleman thereupon gallantly said he would himself take the management of the affair, and declared he must go at once and pay his respects to the Prince. At this John returned to Charles and told him, with many apologies, what had occurred.

A further consultation then took place, at which MacLeod recommended the Prince to place himself entirely in the hands of old MacKinnon, seeing that they were on his territory, and that it was always the custom in the Highlands for the chief to conduct personally such an enterprise as the one under discussion. "The Prince," observes the narrator,¹ "did not savour this proposal at all, for he could not think of parting with his trusty friend;" in the end, however, he yielded to the captain's advice, and when the laird entered shortly afterwards he raised no question, but followed his aged adherent down to the shore where the boat lay in readiness to start.²

As Charles stepped into the boat, which was manned by four men besides old MacKinnon and MacLeod's brother-in-law, he suddenly remembered that he had promised to meet Donald Roy at Camastianavaig on the following Monday, whereupon he called for writing materials and wrote the following brief note under cover to Murdoch MacLeod:—

"SIR,—I thank God I am in good health, and have got off as design'd. Remember me to all friends and thank them for the trouble they have been at.—I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"JAMES THOMSON.

"ELLAGUIL, *July 4th, 1746.*"³

This done he took Captain MacLeod in his arms, bade him an affectionate farewell and presented him with a silver stock-buckle and pressed upon him the sum of ten guineas as a very slight recognition of his valuable assistance, then having managed with Malcolm's help to

¹ Malcolm MacLeod himself.

² Local tradition has it that Charles and his companions remained in a cave on the shore, still known as *Uamh Phrionusa* (the Prince's Cave), until it was growing dark, and partook of a meal provided by Lady MacKinnon (*née* Janet MacLeod of the Kaasa family). *Vide* also, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 152.

³ *Vide* note 5, vol. iv. p. 105.

light his cutty by the difficult process of snapping a gun on some tow, he seated himself in the boat and gave the signal to put off.¹

The shades of evening were beginning to creep up the precipitous sides of the distant Coolins as the little vessel crept out from under the rocks of Strathaird Point, and before it had rounded the Point of Sleat, night's protecting curtain had fallen and enveloped the voyagers in its sable folds. All through the hours of darkness the crew worked lustily at their oars, and at about four o'clock on the morning of Saturday, July



STRATHAIRD POINT, NEAR ELLAGOL, SKYE

5th, they brought the boat safely into the natural harbour of Mallaig Beag in North Morar, the most westerly portion of Glengarry's vast territory. At a spot within a very short distance away from the place now occupied by the new terminal station of the West Highland Railway, the Prince and his friends landed, and for three nights they slept on the heather under the starlit heaven. On the 8th the old chief of MacKinnon, with John MacInnes, one of the boatmen, went off in

¹ Malcolm MacLeod was made prisoner a few days afterwards, conveyed to London and kept in custody until July 4th, 1747. He returned to Scotland in a post-chaise with Flora MacDonald. In 1773, when sixty-two years of age, Boswell describes him as "hale and well-proportioned, with a manly countenance, tanned by the weather, yet having a ruddiness in his cheeks, over a great part of which his beard extended. His eye was quick and lively, yet his look fierce, but he appeared at once firm and good-humoured." He was wearing the Highland dress, and Boswell declares he "never saw a figure that gave a more perfect representation of a Highland gentleman."—"Tour to the Hebrides."



MALLAIG BEAG, NORTH MORAR

Photo by VALENTINE, Dundee

search of a cave to lie in, while Charles, John MacKinnon, and the other three men took to the boat and rowed along the coast into the mouth of Loch Nevis, keeping close under the south shore, until upon turning a point of projecting rock they nearly ran into a wherry that was fastened to it. At the same instant they were greatly alarmed to observe five men standing on the shore within a few yards' distance, with the distinctive red crosses of the Highland militia companies conspicuously displayed upon their bonnets.

It fortunately happened that the Prince, at this most critical moment, was sitting down on the bottom of the boat covered with a plaid, his head between John MacKinnon's knees, so that he was entirely invisible to his enemies on the rocks, who no sooner caught sight of the boat than they demanded to know whence it came. "From Slate," replied MacKinnon, but this answer not being deemed sufficient, the rowers were commanded to bring their craft ashore. Instead of complying, MacKinnon ordered his men to place their muskets beside them and row for their lives, but no shot was to be fired until he gave the word, and then, "My lads," said he, "be sure to take an aim, mark well, and there is no fear." Charles lying snug and comfortable at MacKinnon's feet, heard, but could not see what was transpiring, and it was only with difficulty that he could be prevented by his companion from rising and leaping on to the shore, in the faint hope that he might by a bold rush effect his escape to the wooded slopes of the neighbouring hills.¹ Finding that honest John would not allow him to risk his life in so reckless a manner, he remained quietly where he was on the understanding that no blood was to be shed without absolute necessity. Meanwhile the soldiers, enraged to see their orders disregarded, had jumped into their wherry and were straining every nerve to overtake the contumacious Skyemen, but in spite of all their efforts the distance between the two boats increased every minute, and the Prince soon had the gratification of learning that he was out of immediate danger.

In another moment the boat in which he was seated, propelled by the strong arms of John MacKinnon and his stout-hearted countrymen, was steered cleverly round a rocky promontory and beached at Srón Raineach, well out of view of the pursuing party. Charles instantly jumped out and mounted nimbly to the top of the then densely wooded

¹ The Prince afterwards explained that his reason for wishing to go ashore was "that he would rather fight for his life than be taken prisoner, but that he hoped God would never so far afflict the King, his father, or the Duke, his brother, as that he should fall alive into the hands of his enemies."—"Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 251.



MACKINNON

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac Fhiongain*

Badge—*Pine or St. John's Wort.*

War Cry—“*Cuimhnich às Ailpein*”

hill of Aonach, followed by MacKinnon and one of the boatmen, the other two being left in charge of the boat. Once among the thickets of birch and hazel the three fugitives felt quite secure, and had plenty of leisure to rest and look around them. One glance through the trees at the loch lying at their feet sufficed to put them entirely at their ease, for they perceived with intense satisfaction the wherry containing the militia detachment slowly returning to the place from whence it came, the chase having evidently been abandoned.

All risk of capture being at end, for the time at least, the Prince threw himself down upon the heather and slept for three hours, after which he descended the hill with his companions and crossed the loch to the little island of Glas Choille, where he remained while John MacKinnon went on to the house of MacDonald of Scotus, a mile distant, with a message to Clanranald, who was known to be staying there. From MacKinnon's lengthy account of the interview between himself and the old chief, we learn that Clanranald betrayed great annoyance when he was informed that the Prince was close at hand and wanted his advice. "What muckle devil has brought him to this country again?" he exclaimed in a tone of such apparent irritation that the faithful John protested with some warmth, that it was astonishing to hear a gentleman of Clanranald's position talk in such a fashion. Nothing however that MacKinnon could say had any effect in softening the chief's heart; he had never from the first approved of the rising, he had endeavoured to restrain his son from taking part in it, it had as he had predicted brought terrible sufferings upon the Highland people, the houses of his friends lay in ashes, and even the privacy of his own home had been invaded by a horde of rough soldiers, while many of his kinsmen were either lying dead beneath the heather of Culloden, or, like his son Ranald, were being hunted from place to place by Cumberland's red-coated sleuth-hounds. For his own part, he had done all he intended to do for the Prince, and the only advice he would give, was that MacKinnon should return instantly with Charles to Skye and convey him from there to the island of Rona.

Honest John MacKinnon was both surprised and disgusted at Clanranald's unexpected attitude, and before taking his leave he remarked angrily, "I plainly see you are resolved not to do the smallest service to the Prince in his greatest distress, and that you want only to be rid of him, therefore you shall have no more trouble about him. But remember, sir, that I will honestly inform him of every word that has pass'd between you and me on this subject, be the consequence what it will." With

this Parthian shot he went off, leaving the old gentleman to his own reflections.¹

Charles received John's report of Clanranald's strange conduct without a trace of emotion or resentment, merely remarking philosophically, "Well, Mr. MacKinnon, there is no help for it, we must do the best we can for ourselves." It was then arranged between them that they should go on at once to Cross, MacDonald of Morar's house, which was only a few miles away,² where the Prince felt sure of a hospitable



MOUTH OF THE RIVER MORAR

Loch Morar is just beyond the hills in mid-distance

Photo by the AUTHOR

reception.³ The boat was thereupon launched once more, and without further interference from the militia Charles and his friend landed at Mallaig, from whence at nightfall they, together with old MacKinnon, who rejoined them when they came ashore, set out on their journey to South Morar, hoping to find food and shelter at the end of it.

¹ Old Clanranald was arrested in November 1746, taken to London, and kept in custody until July 4th, 1747.

² Walkinshaw states Morar's house was seven or eight miles distant. *Ibid* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 252. This is a palpable error; at the outside, Cross (Glenacross, Ord. Sur.) is not more than four miles from Little Mallaig. Probably the distance is reckoned from Eilean na Glas Choille on Loch Nevis.

³ MacDonald of Morar had been an officer of the Clanranald regiment during the rising.

Shortly before daybreak they came in sight of the bothy in which Morar and his family had taken refuge after the burning of their house¹ by Captain Ferguson, and MacKinnon went forward alone to awaken the laird and prepare him for the Prince's visit. Morar's first care was to get his children and servants out of the way, keeping only his wife, who was a daughter of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel,² with him to receive his distinguished visitor. When Charles entered the good lady recognised him at once, notwithstanding his partial disguise and unkempt condition, and her tender woman's heart was so touched at his appearance that she burst into a flood of tears as he came forward and saluted her. Morar himself seemed kind and hospitable; he welcomed the Prince cordially and placed the best food his unhappy circumstances would allow before his guests, who were far too hungry to care that the warmed-up salmon their host provided was unaccompanied with bread.

After the travellers had satisfied their appetites, Morar conducted them to a cave³ about a mile from the hut, where he left them to take some necessary repose while he went off in quest of young Clanranald. On the afternoon following (July 9th), he returned to say he had been unable to find his young chief, a statement which for several reasons the two MacKinnons felt inclined to doubt. They noticed that Morar's manner had entirely changed during his brief absence; he was cold, constrained, and embarrassed, and when Charles appealed to him for the help and advice he had intended to ask from young Clanranald, Morar astonished his guests by saying, that he was sorry "he could do nothing at all for his Royal Highness, and as little did he know of any one to whose care he could commit his person." There must have been some cause for so rapid a change of attitude, and the MacKinnons came rightly or wrongly to the conclusion that Morar had met young Clanranald, and was acting in accordance with the instructions he had received.⁴

The Prince's answer was justifiably severe. "When Fortune smiled

¹ No vestige of the house remains. When looking for it I came across the remains of a substantially built dry-stone hut of considerable dimensions, which may have been the bothy mentioned in the narrative.—W. D. N.

² Marjorie Cameron, Sir Ewen's youngest daughter by his third wife, Jean Barclay of Urie.

³ The local tradition, gathered from John MacEachainn, painter, Beoraidmore, is that the cave occupied by the Prince on this occasion is in a cliff near Scamadale, Loch Morar. After spending some hours in the cave, Charles and his companions went to the house of Alexander MacEachainn, my informant's great-grandfather, and got food and shelter before starting for Borrodale.—W. D. N.

⁴ In this and other narratives contained in the "Lyon in Mourning," some allowance must always be made for that besetting sin of the Highlander, clan jealousy. We have only John MacKinnon's word for the strange conduct of old Clanranald and MacDonald of Morar. Young Clanranald says nothing about meeting Morar in his account.

upon me," he said, "and I had pay to give, I then found some people ready enough to serve me, but now that Fortune frowns on me and I have no pay to give, they forsake me in my necessity." For perhaps the first time since his defeat at Culloden, the cruel, stern reality of his dependent and miserable condition began to dawn painfully upon his consciousness. Hitherto, wherever Fate had led him, he had always found some devoted friend ready to fly to his assistance and aid him with loyal personal service, or good practical advice ; but now, from the quarter in which he



FALLS ON THE RIVER MORAR

Photo by the AUTHOR

least of all expected it, came the first distinct sign that his room was more appreciated than his company. Morar's decided refusal was mortifying in the extreme, coming as it did so soon after old Clanranald's rebuff, and we can quite credit John MacKinnon when he says that Charles was so greatly vexed that he cried out, "O God Almighty ! Look down upon my circumstances and pity me, for I am in a most melancholy situation ;" then, turning to his Skye friends, he added, " I hope, Mr. MacKinnon, you will not desert me too and leave me in the lurch, but that you'll do all for my preservation you can." At this pathetic appeal, the staunch old chief of *Clann Iomhuinn*, who imagined the words had been addressed to himself, declared with tears in his eyes, "I never will leave your

Royal Highness in the day of danger, but will, under God, do all I can for you and go with you wherever you order me." "Oh no," said the Prince, "that is too much for one of your advanced years, sir. . . . It was to your friend John here, a stout young man, I was addressing myself." John MacKinnon instantly replied that he was ready to go through the wide world with the Prince if he wished.

After some deliberation, Charles declared his intention of going to Borrodale and placing himself in the hands of old Angus MacDonald, who had already twice befriended him ; all that he asked of Morar was a guide, as John MacKinnon was a stranger to the district. To this request Morar raised no objection, he said he had a young son who knew the road quite well, and the Prince might have him if he wished.¹ As the lad had never seen Charles, nor had any suspicion of his identity, it was decided to take him, and as soon as it grew dusk the Prince, John MacKinnon, and their youthful guide crept cautiously out of the cave and made off in the direction of Arisaig by an unfrequented route across the dreary Mointeach Mhór, a great stretch of undulating peat moss lying between the hills and the sea coast. The distance to be covered was only a matter of four or five miles, so that without undue exertion the travellers were able to reach their destination before daybreak. At Borrodale, as elsewhere, the devastation wrought by Captain Ferguson's incendiaries was painfully apparent. Of the house itself, under the hospitable roof of which Charles had on two previous occasions received a kindly Highland welcome, nothing remained but the gaunt, blackened, fire-scarred walls, standing grim and ghastly in the cold clear light of dawn,² amid a ruin of broken dykes, charred hayricks, trodden-down shrubs and half-burnt furniture—a melancholy sight for the Prince to look upon.

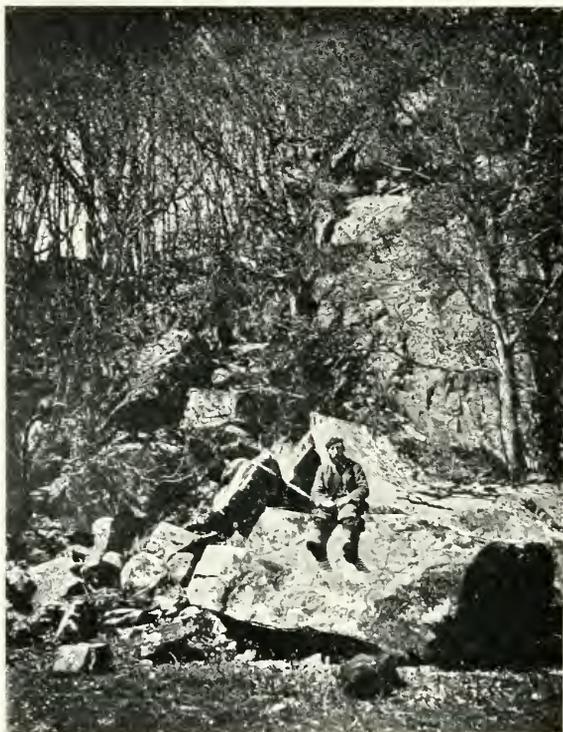
Poor old Angus was discovered by John MacKinnon living with his two sons, John³ (*Iain Og*) and Ranald, in a cave or cleft between two precipitous rocks on the fore-shore in front of the house. By the addition of a roof of turf, which from the loch looked like a grassy bank, the place had been made fairly weather-proof, and though extremely

¹ The Prince, before parting from Morar, left a guinea with him for the purpose of paying a messenger to find out what was going on at Fort Augustus. Morar said he thought a guinea was too much ; to which remark Charles scornfully replied, "Well, then, sir, if you think so, give him the one half and keep the other to yourself." John MacKinnon's narrative.

² The present house, *vide* photo on p. 144, vol. i, is, I understand, practically the same as the old one, the old walls having been used when it was rebuilt.

³ Angus MacDonald of Borrodale had two sons of the name of John, the elder of the two was killed at Culloden. *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 333.

uncomfortable, it was as secure as a castle.¹ Borrodale no sooner heard MacKinnon's voice outside calling upon him to rise, than he got up hurriedly, and throwing a blanket round his scantily clad person, went to the entrance of the cave and demanded the meaning of the interruption. MacKinnon thereupon "asked him if he had heard anything of the



THE PRINCE'S REFUGE AT BORRODALE
The entrance is a cleft in the rock above the seated figure

Photo by the AUTHOR

Prince. Anear (Angus) answered, 'No.' 'What would you give for a sight of him?' says John. 'Time was,' returned the other, 'that I would have given a hearty bottle to see him safe, but since I see you, I expect to hear some news of him.' 'Well, then,' replied John, 'I have brought him here, and will commit him to your charge. I have done my duty. Do you yours.' 'I am glad of it,' said Angus, 'and shall not fail to take

¹ A glance at the two photos of the cave, or rather crevice, will show its inaccessibility. My informant, Donald MacKay, keeper to Mr. Nicolson, Arisaig House, told me that some bullets were found in the cave a few years back.

care of him. I shall lodge him so secure, that all the forces of Britain shall not find him out;”¹ a promise he faithfully kept. Charles then came forward, and was received by the three MacDonalds² with every mark of friendship and respect; they assured him that with the help of the Divine Providence, to whom they looked for strength and guidance, they would do their utmost to save him in spite of his enemies.³

John MacKinnon being now satisfied that the Prince was in good hands, merely stayed to drink a little warm milk and then took his departure, happy in the consciousness that he had successfully accomplished his difficult and dangerous mission. On his way back he met his aged chief, who must have followed closely in his wake; the two then retraced their steps to Morar’s hut, where old MacKinnon remained while John went on to the place at which the boat and crew lay waiting, and at night crossed to Ellagol, where he was immediately arrested by a party of militia. The same morning old MacKinnon was taken prisoner in Morar’s bothy; both were eventually conveyed to London, and kept in confinement until the beginning of July 1747.⁴

For three days Charles remained concealed in Borrodale’s strange hiding-place, from the entrance of which he was able to watch the English warships as they sailed in and out of the loch, little guessing that his friend Captain MacKinnon was a prisoner on one of them. On the 13th⁵ he despatched young John with a letter to Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale, Borrodale’s nephew, requesting his attendance on the night

¹ John Walkinshaw’s account, taken down from John MacKinnon’s own description, “Lyon in Mourning,” vol. ii. p. 253.

² Both John and Ranald had held lieutenant’s commissions in the Clanranald regiment.

³ *Vide* John MacDonald’s (Borrodale’s son) narrative, *Blackwood’s Magazine*, October 1873, printed from the Dalilea MS.

⁴ The old chief of MacKinnon died at his house of Kilmane, Skye, on May 7th, 1756, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, leaving two sons by his second wife, Janet MacLeod of Raasa, Charles and Lachlan. Captain John MacKinnon, after many years’ suffering, due to a rheumatic affection of the lower limbs, removed to Bath, where he died on May 11th, 1762, at the early age of forty-eight. Poor John MacInnes (MacGinnis), one of the boatmen who had helped to row the Prince to Mallaig, was most barbarously treated by Captain Ferguson. “He was stripped naked, tied to a tree, and whipped with the cat-and-nine-tails till the blood gushed out at both his sides” (“Lyon in Mourning” vol. ii. p. 253).

⁵ At this point in the history of the Prince’s wanderings the dates begin to get strangely confused, owing to the error of young Clanranald, who states that Charles left Skye “the night before the 10th of July” (“Lyon,” vol. i. p. 332), *i.e.* the 9th, whereas we know from the date of the Prince’s letter written at Ellagol just before he started, that the date was July 4th (“Lyon,” vol. ii. p. 250). Mr. Blaikie points out that this error of five days is consistently observed throughout the Glenaladale narrative, as he calls it, although it is the joint production of young Clanranald, Captain Alexander MacDonald (*Alasdair MacMhaighster Alasdair*), and MacDonald of Glenaladale, and he states that by accepting the hypothesis of a five days’ error, all discrepancies vanish. Doubtless that is so, but it still appears strange that three separate narrators should all make the same unaccountable mistake. For lack of other data, I have accepted Mr. Blaikie’s probably accurate dates.—W. D. N.

following at a rendezvous in the neighbouring woods. Glenaladale, who held the rank of major in the Clanranald regiment, had been one of the Prince's first visitors when his Royal Highness arrived in Loch nan Uamh on board *La Doutelle*, and from the moment of that first meeting, Charles had always entertained a high opinion of his integrity and capacity both as a man and an officer. In common with most of his fellow clansmen, Glenaladale had suffered severely at the hands of the Hanoverians; he had received no less than three dangerous wounds at Culloden, one of which still remained uncured and painful, and what was even worse, the whole of his great stock of cattle had been driven away and appropriated by the military authorities, so that he could scarce find the means wherewith to support his wife and five children.

The Prince's message came upon him as a surprise, and although no one could have been more loyal to the Stuarts than the gallant major, he thought it exceedingly hard that he should be called upon to leave his family unprotected at so critical a time. Many men would have disobeyed the call of a defeated leader under such circumstances with an easy conscience, but Glenaladale's sense of honour and duty overcame all personal scruples and considerations, and he unhesitatingly promised his cousin that he would aid the distressed Prince to the full extent of his powers.

The same day that John MacDonald departed with the letter to Glenaladale, intelligence of the laird of MacKinnon's capture in Morar's bothy reached the fugitives in their retreat by the shores of Loch nan Uamh, and caused no little consternation, as it went to show that the Government troops were still active in the vicinity. Charles grew alarmed, and when Borrodale proposed that they should vacate the cave and remove to another far more inaccessible one, known as MacLeod's Cove, some four miles or so farther eastward,¹ he readily decided to go thither. As soon as it was sufficiently dark to travel without fear of observation, the Prince and his two devoted friends emerged from their rocky shelter and made for the dense woods, in the midst of which, high up on a towering cliff, the new sanctuary was situated. Here Charles was safely installed with Ranald MacDonald as guard, while old Angus, after a short rest, went off to meet his son John and his nephew Glenaladale at the appointed rendezvous. On the 15th he returned with both his kinsmen,

¹ The site of MacLeod's Cove is unknown at the present day. Young Clanranald states that the cave was four miles eastward of Borrodale, in which case it would probably be found near the head of Glen Beasdale, or on the southern slope of Druim Fiaclach; but John MacDonald, Borrodale's son, who is the only one who mentions the name of the hiding-place, says it was upon a high precipice in the woods of Borrodale. Personally I could find no trace of it when in the district.—W. D. N.

and Charles had the satisfaction of adding another staunch Highlander to his little band of protectors.

The day following Glenaladale's arrival at the cave, Borrodale received a communication from his son-in-law, Angus MacEachine—the same kind-hearted man who had sheltered Charles on his way from Glen Pean in the previous April—warning him that the Prince's presence in the district was suspected if not actually known, a fact of which he had become aware from the whispers of the country-people; he therefore



NEARER VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE BORRODALE CAVE
 The person sitting on boulder is my guide and informant, Donald MacKay, keeper
 to Mr. Nicholson, Arisaig House

Photo by the Author

suggested, that as MacLeod's Cove was no longer a secure refuge, it might be wiser to conduct the royal fugitive to a place of concealment he had prepared in the Glen of Morar, not far from his own house at Meoble. That MacEachine had good reason for his fears, neither Charles nor his companions were inclined to doubt, but before definitely deciding to accept his offer, Borrodale thought it would be more judicious to send his son Ranald on first to reconnoitre the position of the proposed hiding-place.

From their eyrie on the cliff-side, the Prince and his companions had an extensive view of the western sea, and could easily discern with-

out the aid of a glass the movements of the Government vessels in the Sound of Arisaig and the adjacent lochs. Every day the number of hostile sails increased until, on the morning after Ranald MacDonald's departure for Meoble, "they visibly saw the whole coast surrounded by ships of war and tenders, as also the country by other military forces." It was clear to the anxious watchers that a determined effort to encircle the district with a cordon of troops and ships was about to be made in the hope of capturing the Prince, and that the only hope of escape was



LOCHAN TORR NA H-AIRIDH

Near which was MacEachine's shelter. The hill in distance is Beinn nan Cabar

Photo by the AUTHOR

to make a dash for MacEachine's refuge before the soldiers had time to intercept them. Without therefore waiting for Ranald's return, the whole party started off in the direction of Meoble sometime on the 17th, and were just passing through the desolate corrie under Beinn nan Cabar, when they fortunately met MacEachine, who informed Charles that young Clanranald had prepared a safe hiding-place for him, and was then awaiting his Royal Highness at a spot not many miles distant.

Upon consideration, Charles decided that as he was so near his intended destination, and night was fast approaching, he would continue his journey and see what the next day might bring forth before com-

municating with young Clanranald. In this decision his friends concurred, and all betook themselves to a shelter provided by MacEachine near Meoble,¹ where old Borrodale and his son Ranald took their leave of the Prince and went back to fetch some necessaries for his comfort.

Charles had scarcely got settled in his new quarters before he was again disturbed by further and more precise information regarding the enemy's movements. He now learnt that a fleet of six warships full of troops had cast anchor in Loch Nevis, with General Campbell in command, a piece of intelligence which was considered of such serious import, that two trusty spies were ordered to cross Loch Morar and discover if possible the General's intentions. Bad as the news was, worse was yet to come, for early the next morning (July 18th), Angus of Borrodale came back without the articles he had gone for, but brought instead the alarming tidings that the lower part of Arisaig was in the occupation of the much-dreaded Captain Scott.

Slowly, but as it seemed surely, the toils of the enemy were closing in upon the unfortunate Prince; every day the chances of his escape appeared to grow less and less, every hour was fraught with greater peril, every moment with more intense anxiety. The only possible plan left him was to push on rapidly in a north-easterly direction in front of the advancing troops, and endeavour to reach some safe retreat before the enemy could completely encircle him. By the aid of Providence and the guidance of the small but devoted band of Highland gentlemen who accompanied him, he determined to accomplish this purpose, or die in making the attempt. There was no time to lose, and as the idea of joining young Clanranald had been rendered impracticable owing to the close military investment of a large portion of the Clanranald territory, Charles gave it up, and without further parley set forth on his adventurous march over the rugged hills of the *Garbh Chriochan*—the wildest and most inaccessible region in the Scottish Highlands—in company with MacDonald of Glenaladale, Glenaladale's brother John, and John Òg, Borrodale's son, leaving faithful old Angus and MacEachine behind to convey the news of his departure to young Clanranald in case either of them should come across him.

Keeping well under cover of the wooded slopes on the south side of Loch Beoraid, the Prince and his three staunch protectors arrived about

¹ It is not clear from the contemporary narratives, whether the Prince spent this night at Meoble in some hut belonging to Angus MacEachine, or in the shelter already prepared for his reception, which was, according to local tradition, about two miles south of Meoble, among the rocks west of Lochan Toir na h-Airidh, near Loch Beoraid.

noon on the top of Sgurr Bhuidhe¹ (the Yellow Sgor) from whence after a hasty meal had been eaten, Glenaladale's brother was despatched to Glenfinnan with instructions to pick up what information he could regarding the enemy in that quarter, and bring back with him to Sgurr nan Coireachan²—a mountain of over 3000 feet which rises between the head of Loch Arkaig and Loch Morar—two men whom Glenaladale had left to keep guard in the neighbourhood of his house.

After John MacDonald had gone off on his errand, a move was made



GENERAL VIEW OF LOCH BEORAID FROM NEAR MEOBLE,
LOOKING EAST. FRAOCH BHEINN IN DISTANCE

Photo by the AUTHOR

to the neighbouring hill, Fraoch Bheinn (Heather Hill), from the summit of which Charles could look down upon the bright green spot of earth where eleven months before the loyal clans had gathered under the silken folds of his standard, and hailed him with loud acclamations *Rìgh nan Ghaidhheil*. Where were all those gallant men now; those brave, devoted sons of the mountains who, at the bidding of their chiefs, had come forth from farmhouse, cot, and shealing to fight as their ancestors had done before them for the almost hopeless cause of a luckless and

¹ *Sgurr a Mhuidhe*, Ord. Sur. Glenaladale renders it phonetically, 'Scoorvuy.'

² There are two mountains of this name within five miles of each other, one north of Glen Dessary and the other south of Glen Pean. There can be little doubt that it was upon the latter the rendezvous with Glenaladale's brother was appointed.

moribund dynasty? Some lay headless and hideously mutilated far away in the south beneath the hated soil of the Sassenach ; others, more fortunate, slept their last long sleep wrapped in their blood-stained tartans under the green fields and heathery moors upon which they had fought so heroically ; many, and these were perhaps the most to be pitied, had crawled away from the battle-field sorely wounded, to die miserably in nooks and corners of the hills, untended and alone, leaving their bleached bones to tell the story of their sufferings to another generation. And of



A GLIMPSE OF LOCH BEORAID

Photo by the AUTHOR

those who had escaped death the great majority were, like the Prince himself, either wanderers and outcasts in the land that was by right their own, or, more unhappy still, were lying chained like wild beasts in pestilent English prisons, wearing their lives away between grim stone walls, within which no glint of sunshine, no glimpse of blue sky, no scent of heathery braes or salt sea breezes ever penetrated to cheer and console.

If Charles ever thought at all of the deplorable consequences his rash, ill-advised enterprise had wrought, and there is no reason for assuming that he did not, we may well conceive how, as he reclined that

July afternoon on the heather-clad hill, and let his eyes fall upon the scene of his first triumph, he must have realised, as he had perhaps never done before, the full extent of the misery he had unwittingly and unwillingly caused. Nor was a striking object-lesson wanting to add force to his bitter reflections, for even as he gazed over the glorious expanse of swelling mountains, verdant glens, and sparkling lochs, he observed a number of cattle in rapid motion, a sight which had already arrested the attention of his companions. Glenaladale went cautiously forward to discover if he could the cause of the disturbance, and soon learnt from some clansmen whom he met that the animals belonged to his own tenants, and were being hastily driven away to prevent their falling into the voracious clutches of a large Hanoverian force which had just reached the head of Loch Arkaig.

This direful piece of intelligence was of vital importance to the Prince, and Glenaladale hastened back to inform his leader that, as the route he proposed to take was now, in all probability, barred by the newly arrived troops, a new one would have to be decided upon without delay. Charles, notwithstanding the apparent hopelessness of his position, never for a moment lost heart; he still had confidence in his Highland friend's ability to conduct him safely through the enemy's lines, and he willingly agreed to Glenaladale's suggestion that another counsellor and guide in the person of Donald Cameron of Glen Pean, who was known to be hiding in the recesses of an adjacent hill, should be added to the number. One of Glenaladale's tenants was therefore sent to ask him if he would come at once to the assistance of his Royal Highness, while another was ordered to go after John MacDonald and the two guards, as their lives were in great danger.

The presence of Glenaladale on the hill-top had by this time become known to many of his people in the glen below, and one good-natured woman, deeply compassionating her laird's misfortunes, milked one of her cows and carried a pail of the foaming milk up the steep slope for his refreshment, the day being excessively hot. Although the act was prompted by the kindest intentions, Major MacDonald could very well have dispensed with the good-wife's generosity at such a time; he feared that the Prince might be recognised, and he had sufficient knowledge of the female sex to dread the gossip that would almost certainly follow such a discovery. Charles, however, had seen the woman coming, and before she could get close enough to scan his features, he had partially concealed them by means of a handkerchief, so that she merely took him for one of Glenaladale's servants with a sore head. The difficulty was

that, as a servant, the Prince could not be seen drinking out of the same vessel as his master, and it was only by dint of much gentle persuasion that the major managed to induce the loquacious dame to go off and leave her pail of milk behind her in order that Charles might quench his thirst in comfort.

Soon after she had gone, the man who had been despatched after Glenaladale's brother returned, having failed to find either Lieutenant MacDonald¹ himself or the two guards; but his journey had not been altogether in vain, for he had kept a watchful eye on the enemy, and was thus able to warn his master that a hundred of the Argyllshire militia had come to the foot of the very hill upon which the Prince and his friends were then lying. Luckily, the sun was fast disappearing behind the distant mountains, and the nearer glens were already enshrouded in deep shadow when Glenaladale's messenger reported the dangerous proximity of the militia; it was therefore decided not to wait for the arrival of John MacDonald and Cameron of Glen Pean, but to descend the hill at once on its north-western side, which was the least likely to be guarded, and proceed northwards by Coire Odhar and the wilderness of great mountains that lies between Glen Finnan and Glen Shiel. Taking every precaution to prevent surprise, Charles, Glenaladale, and John of Borrodale went noiselessly down the steep hillside, crossed Caol Gleann without catching a glimpse of any soldiers, and made their way into the gloomy depths of Coire Odhar, where, at about eleven o'clock at night, the sharp eyes of the Highlanders espied through the mist the figure of a man coming towards them from a hill near at hand; the major immediately ran out to scrutinise the intruder more closely, and was delighted to find, not an enemy as he had at first feared, but his old friend Donald Cameron of Glen Pean, who was on his way to answer the Prince's summons.²

The meeting was a most providential one, as no one knew the country through which Charles was about to pass more intimately than Glen Pean, whose house stood in the midst of it, and, what was better still, he willingly consented to guide the Prince through the enemy's outposts, the position of which he had made himself acquainted with. There were, he told Charles,³ no less than twenty-seven small camps of

¹ John MacDonald, Glenaladale's brother, like his kinsman John of Borrodale, had held a lieutenant's commission in the Clanranald regiment.

² I have followed Glenaladale's narrative here, as he was present. Another account is given by the Rev. John Cameron, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i, p. 317, and still another by Mrs. Cameron, Doctor Archibald Cameron's wife. *Ibid.* p. 307.—W. D. N.

³ This is inference only. It is almost certain, however, that the information came from Cameron of Glen Pean.

Hanoverian troops pitched at intervals of half a mile or so, extending in a nearly direct line from the head of Loch Eil to the head of Loch Hourn (a distance, as the crow flies, of about seventeen miles) ; each camp was connected by an unbroken chain of sentries posted within call of each other ; and, lest the men should not be sufficiently alert, patrolling parties were kept moving among them at intervals of a quarter of an hour. At night extra vigilance was imposed upon the sentries, and great fires were lighted all along the line, so that it would be almost impossible for any one to attempt to pass without instant detection.

Difficult as the undertaking appeared, the intrepid young Prince had no intention of shirking it, a passage must be forced at any cost save capture, and that Charles had determined should never occur while he had weapons with which to defend himself ; he therefore gladly accepted old Donald's disinterested offer of service, and prepared to follow where-soever he might lead. All night long the travellers, led by Glen Pean, pursued their toilsome way amid rocks and boulders with no other refreshment than the clear cold water of the rills that trickled down the mountain sides, and some oatmeal and butter which their guide had thoughtfully brought with him, until at about four o'clock in the morning (July 19th) they arrived, thoroughly exhausted, upon the shoulder of a steep hill near Kinlocharkaig, known as *Mam nan Càlum*,¹ from which they were able to discern one of the enemy's camps not more than a mile distant. The hill itself, Donald said, had been thoroughly searched by the soldiers on the previous day, so that, as there was very little probability of their ascending it a second time, he thought the Prince might safely rest upon it without fear of molestation.

During the whole of that long summer day Charles reclined comfortably upon his couch of fragrant heather in a hollow of the hill beneath the blue and white canopy of sky and drifting cloud, while beneath him, almost within hail, the red-coated sentries, looking in the distance like scarlet poppies against the background of greensward, paced lazily backwards and forwards in the hot sun, utterly unconscious of the fact that the "arch rebel" they were in search of could, if he chose, watch their every movement. The Prince was, however, far too sleepy to trouble himself very much about an unsuspecting enemy a mile away, he needed rest greatly and he did not hesitate to take it, knowing that his keen-sighted companions who guarded him in turn would instantly apprise

¹ Glenaladale calls the hill *Mamnynleallum*, a phonetic rendering of the name. On the Ordnance Survey map, the hill now appears as *Sgor Choileam*, the *Sgor*, meaning of course the somewhat pointed summit. *Vide* photo. *Mam* applies to the sloping, rounded shoulder of the same hill.

him of any approaching danger. A man was indeed detected in the act of ascending the hill, and Glen Pean was sent to intercept and examine him. Greatly to Donald's surprise, the stranger on a nearer approach turned out to be Lieutenant John, Glenaladale's brother, who, having failed to find Charles on Sgùrr nan Coireachan, had been wandering about aimlessly among the hills until a lucky accident brought him to the very spot where the Prince lay hidden.

At nine o'clock the same evening the little band of Jacobites issued



MAM NAN CÀLUM (SGOR CHOILEAM, *Ord. Survey*)

Upon which Prince Charles spent the day, July 19, 1746. The pointed hill on left is the Streap. Charles passed through the narrow gap on September 18, 1746, on his way to Borrodale

Photo by Mr. W. A. R. JEX LONG

from their lair on Mam nan Càlum, and travelling hard all night over lofty mountains and through quiet, secluded glens, reached the wild recesses of Coire-nan-Gall about one o'clock on the morning of the 20th, where Donald Cameron expected to find some fellow refugees of his own clan from whom provisions might be obtained; but although both he and Glenaladale made a thorough search among the shealing huts in the corrie, neither friends nor provisions could be discovered, so that after taking a short rest the march was continued for rather more than another

mile, to Meall an Spardan,¹ in Knoidart, the eastern spur of Druim Cosaidh, which overlooks the head of Loch Cuaich (Quoich). Here at about two o'clock a halt was made, and the whole party took refuge in a deep crevice high up the steep escarpment of the hill, from whence, after a rest of two hours, Glen Pean and young Glenaladale sallied forth in quest of food, leaving the major and Borrodale's son to guard the sleeping Prince.

The day was cloudy with occasional gleams of sunshine, that lit up the surrounding landscape and revealed to the watchers on the hill the white



MEALL AN SPARDAN, DRUIM COSAIDH

The Prince spent the whole of July 20, 1746, under this ledge of rock overlooking Loch Quoich

Photo by Mr. E. E. HENDERSON, Govan

tents of a hostile camp near the head of the loch, a sight that filled them both with considerable apprehension ; nothing however was to be gained by leaving the security of their rocky fastness in broad daylight, so they kept, if anything, a more vigilant look-out and waited in patience for the return of the foragers. Three hours after noon old Donald and his

¹ The local tradition, communicated to me by Lieutenant E. E. Henderson, Govan Police, a native of the district, to whom I am indebted for several interesting photos, is that the Prince after descending Mam nan Càlum into Glen Pean, followed the course of the Dearg Allt and Allt a' Chinn Bhric, and then turning sharply to the west at the head of Glen Kingie, crossed the slopes of Sgor Beag and Druim Buidhe into Coire nan Gall. While in the pass of Allt a' Chinn Bhric soldiers were heard approaching, upon which Charles and his friends took refuge in a moss hole on a little knoll, since called Tom à Choram (Knoll of the Chance). I gained this information too late to make use of it in my map of the Prince's wanderings. —W. D. N.

companion re-appeared with two tiny cheeses, the sole food they had been able to procure ; the whole district, they informed Charles, was alive with troops, and they declared that a hundred soldiers were at that very moment marching up the other side of the hill upon which they then stood.

In spite of this disagreeable intelligence, the Prince determined to remain where he was until evening, in the hope that his hiding-place would escape the attention of the red-coats, and as the event proved his decision was a wise one, for no one came near the cave the whole afternoon, and when, at about eight o'clock he gave the word to resume the journey, the hill was clear of troops, although their camp-fires could be plainly seen near at hand in different directions. Charles had communicated to Glen Pean his intention of attempting the passage of the enemy's lines that night at any hazard, and the old Highlander had agreed, after pointing out the perilous nature of the enterprise, to guide the party through a secret and dangerously steep pass, by traversing which, at the risk of their lives, they might, he thought, manage to avoid the sentries. As the Prince had quite determined to make the attempt, Donald first led the way in a westerly direction to the top of Druim Cosaidh, from which point of vantage the enemy's fires could be easily located and counted. He soon perceived that Gleann Cosaidh—the valley the fugitives would have to cross—was occupied by a strong detachment of troops, and he noted with alarm that at the very point he intended to descend the hill a large fire burned brightly and cast a lurid radiance for some distance around. Nothing daunted by this unlucky circumstance, Charles ordered his guide to go forward, and in a few moments the five desperate men began to make their way slowly and carefully down the hillside, Glen Pean in front, the Prince following close at his heels, Glenaladale walking immediately behind Charles, and the two John MacDonalds bringing up the rear. When they reached the foot of the hill perfect silence was maintained, as the little camp was so near that it was quite easy to see the soldiers moving about in front of the fire, and hear the murmur of their voices. Cautiously but rapidly Donald looked around, and then flitted like a shadow across the glen and up the dark ravine he had spoken of on the opposite side, followed in succession by the Prince and the other three Highlanders. Not a shot, not even a challenge hindered their flight, they had passed the outpost entirely unobserved, and for the time being were free to continue their journey without much risk of interference from the red-coats. There were, however, other difficulties to be surmounted, difficulties that were due, not to the presence of the enemy, but to the exceedingly dangerous natural

obstacles of the rocky and precipitous path up which their guide was leading them. As they neared the summit, the deep boulder-strewn channel of a small mountain burn¹ had to be crossed at a point where the stream in its descent leaped over a fearsome chasm, the depths of which could not be perceived in the darkness; Donald, without a moment's hesitation, climbed nimbly down the steep declivity and got over in safety, and Charles was about to follow, when his foot slipped and he fell some feet to the very edge of the precipice, over which he would assuredly have gone to a terrible death had not Glen Pean, who had been watching his descent, made a dash at him with one hand while he held on to a bush of heather with the other, and succeeded in holding him until Glenaladale came to the rescue. Beyond the slight shaking he had received in falling, the Prince suffered no hurt from his tumble, and he was soon quite ready to take the road again.

Although the worst perils of the night had now been successfully overcome, it was still necessary to be continually on the alert, as from the nature of the country the wanderers were obliged to keep unpleasantly close to the line of outposts, and at any minute there was a possibility of running into one of the enemy's patrolling parties. Keeping along the ridges of Sgùrr à Chlaidheimh, Charles and his little retinue of Highlanders marched in a north-easterly direction until they reached Coire Shubh, which they descended, and having forded the river east of Kinlochhourn, passed into Coire Sgoir-adail just before daybreak on the 21st. At the head of this quiet, sequestered ravine, high up on the mountain-side, the five weary and hungry men threw themselves down among the tall heather and young birch trees that clothed the sides of a small hollow, and prepared to spend the remainder of the day in the enjoyment of rest and slumber. The only food they possessed was a little cheese and a "leppy of groaten meal," that Borrodale's son had brought with him in a napkin, "which, when I produced," says John, "made alwast² (a vast) alteration in the countenance of the whole of them. 'Come, come,' exclaimed the half-famished Prince, at sight of the meal, 'let us in God's name have a share; never was people in more need.' I expected soon to meet with plenty; so I divided the whole of it between us five, and they began to chat and crack heartily, after our refreshment."

¹ This burn is known locally as Allt Coire Loch Lachdancanaehan (the last word is phonetic as taken down by my friend Mr. Henderson, who is unaware of its meaning), which discharges itself into the small lochan, called on the Ord. Survey map, Loch an Lagain Aibhtheich (possibly *Ainbhfiach*, debt, obligation). The tradition of the Prince's narrow escape when crossing this dangerous spot is well preserved in the district. My readers will please note that as the map of the Prince's wanderings in vol. iv. was already printed when this information reached me, there is a slight error in the blue line of route at this point.—W. D. N.

² John's Gaelic was probably better than his English.

Before Charles could proceed much farther in safety, two things were necessary: the first was a reliable guide to take the place of old Glen Pean, who had but a scanty knowledge of the country north of Loch Hourn; and the second was an adequate supply of provisions. Towards evening therefore, Glen Pean and Glenaladale emerged stealthily from under the cover of the bushes, with the intention of discovering if there were any people in the vicinity from whom they might procure a guide and some food, but their first glance around was sufficient to deter them



COIRE SHUBH, KINLOCHHOURN, WITH COIRE SGOIR-ADAIL
TURNING OFF TO THE RIGHT IN MID-DISTANCE

It was shortly before reaching this spot that the Prince nearly fell over a precipice

Photo by Mr. E. E. HENDERSON, Gorran

from leaving the security of their mountain retreat, for within cannon shot—not a great distance in those days—they descried two small military camps, while nearer still, in the valley at their feet, a company of soldiers could be seen driving some sheep into a hut for the purpose of slaughter. Returning at once to the Prince, they told him what they had observed, upon which Charles declared that he would quit the place as soon as it grew dusk, and make his way across the hills to Glen Shiel in Seaforth's country. It was not a long journey, four or five miles at most, but the track through Bealach Dubh Leac (Black Stone Pass) and Coire Mhalagain, the only practicable route, was perhaps as bad as any

Charles had yet traversed in all his strange wanderings, and to make matters worse, the night proved so dark that every mile seemed two, every murmuring burn a foaming torrent, every misty hillock a mountain. Hour after hour passed and still the devoted men and their brave young leader pursued their laborious way through the desolate rock-girt *bealach*, until with the approach of sunrise they found themselves above Glen Shiel, exhausted by fatigue and famishing for want of a substantial meal. Leaving Charles with Cameron of Glen Pean, and John Mac-



COIRE MHALAGAIN FROM GLEN SHIEL

Photo by the AUTHOR

Donald in the shelter of the corrie, Glenaladale and young Borrodale betook themselves to a neighbouring township (probably Mhalagain) to purchase food and engage the services of a guide, who could be trusted to conduct the Prince safely to Poolewe in Ross-shire. Charles had recently heard that some French vessels were cruising in Loch Ewe, and he had determined to proceed thither in the hope that he might effect his escape to the Continent in one of them.

Glenaladale's mission was so far successful that he was able to obtain from Gilchrist MacCrath,¹ one of the inhabitants of the little clachan, a stone of cheese and a half-stone of butter, and what was almost as

¹ Probably a Macrae, the name being variously spelt, MacCraw, MacCrath, MacRa, McKra, &c.

important, he got the promise of a suitable guide, whom he arranged to meet at a secret spot in the glen the same evening. While he was discussing the matter of the guide with MacCrath, a lad was seen approaching whose face appeared familiar to the major. When questioned, the youth stated that he was a native of Glengarry, by name Donald MacDonald, that he had lately served in the Prince's army, and that he was then fleeing from some soldiers who had killed his father on the previous day. It at once occurred to Glenaladale, that the lad might prove a trustworthy



PRINCE'S HIDING-PLACE, NEAR ACHNAGART, GLEN SHIEL

The exact spot is nearly at the top of the photo on the right. *Vide* note 1, p. 122

Photo by the AUTHOR

guide, and he resolved, in case the man he had already engaged should fail to keep his appointment, to make use of the new-comer; but he did not broach the subject at the time, as he learnt that MacDonald would be passing near the Prince's hiding-place later in the day, on his way back to Glengarry, and could be easily intercepted.

Having finished their business in the village, the two scouts returned to the Prince and rejoiced his heart with the sight of the provisions they had brought with them, and the news that a guide had at last been found. A little bread would have been welcome, but as none was forthcoming, the whole party set to work upon the cheese and butter, and were thank-

ful to get even that : "Words cannot express," remarks young Borrodale, in his narrative, "the quantity we consumed of the butter and cheese at the time, though both kind exceeding salt."

A little to the eastward of the entrance to Coire Mhalagain, on the opposite or north side of Glen Shiel, the lower slope of Beinn Mhór¹ rises abruptly from the bed of the river at a steep angle, and is covered with a thick growth of stunted hazels, birch, and other indigenous trees, among which great lichen-covered boulders project here and there, and form with the tangled undergrowth of heather and bracken that surrounds them perfectly secluded refuges for man or beast. To one of these rocky ledges, some hundred and twenty feet above the river Shiel, Charles and his companions climbed as soon as they had satisfied their ravenous appetites, and feeling quite secure from interruption, they composed themselves to rest and sleep. The weather was hot and sultry, and in spite of the leafy shade of the overhanging trees, the sun's fiery rays baking upon the hill all the warmest part of the day made the place like a furnace, and induced such a thirst in the parched throats of the fugitives, that some of them could scarcely be restrained by the Prince from descending to the river that ran so tantalisingly beneath their feet, and drinking their fill even at the risk of discovery. Between four and five o'clock in the afternoon, old Cameron of Glen Pean, who was beginning to grow anxious about his family, bade farewell to the Prince, having faithfully performed the perilous task he had undertaken. Shortly afterwards, the Glengarry lad was espied coming along the road on his way home, upon which Glenaladale descended the hill to meet him and bid him wait in a secret place for a little, as he had something important to tell him. He then returned to inform the Prince what he had done, and ask for further instructions. Charles quite approved of the major's idea, and decided to await the coming of the guide before dismissing MacDonald.

It was fortunate he did so, for about two hours later the man who had promised to furnish a guide arrived at the rendezvous appointed by Glenaladale, with the intelligence that the only French ship that had been in Loch Ewe had sailed, and further, that he had been unable to procure the services of a suitable guide. When the Prince was made acquainted with the disappointing news, he quickly resolved, that instead of trying to travel northwards without a guide, he would proceed towards Glengarry, under the direction of Donald MacDonald. The

¹ The part of the hill that lies under Sgùrr na Ciste Duibhe, about a mile and a half from the farm of Achnagart.

young Highlander was thereupon introduced to his Royal Highness, and cheerfully undertook the duty required of him.

At this point in the narrative it may be of greater interest to let John of Borrodale recount in his own quaint way the incident that followed. "At sunset," he writes, "we all went stagera to the river side, and drank water at no allowance; at same time we saw a boy coming towards us at some distance; Glenaladil and I went to meet him. This was a son of the honest M'Kra (*Mac-Crath*) that furnished us with provision in the morning, whom his father sent with five Scots pints of goat milk for our relief. Glenaladil, who had all our bank in a purse (*sporrán*) hingen before him, gave the boy four shillings stel (*sterling*); and in the hurry he was in, he happened to drop his purse on the ground, till he got his plead (*plaid*) kilted on him;¹ then we had fareweel to the boy, and returned in great hast to our small partie, who par-took liberady of the milk, then proceeded an English mile before we missed the purse, in which was a keeping fourty Luisdors and five shillings in silver, which

was all we hade to depend upon for our subsistence; it was determined that Glen and I was to return in search of our small stock. Found the purse and five shillings in it, in the spot we left it, and none of the gold; proceeded then about midnight to the boy's father's house, who at the time was sound sleeping, called him out, fairly told



GLEN SHIEL, LOOKING NORTH-WEST
The spot where the sporrán was missed. It is also
the scene of the battle in 1719

Photo by the AUTHOR

¹ The pleats in the kilt were not then sewn permanently as now, but had to be adjusted every time the plaid was put on, a process that took some little time.

him what happened ; without a minute delay he returned to the house, got hold of a rope hanging there, and gripped his son by the arm in great passion, and addressed him in the following words : you damned scoundrel, this instant get these poor gentlemen's money, which I am certain is all they have to depend upon, or, by heavens, I'll hang you to that very tree you see this moment. The Boy, shivering with fear, went instantly for the money, which he had buried under ground about thirty yards from his Father's house."

The money being thus happily recovered, the two Highlanders hurried back to the Prince with the good news, and by an extremely lucky chance they took a different road to the one over which they had previously travelled, for it soon transpired, that shortly after they had gone off in search of the missing sporran, Charles and those who remained behind with him, saw from their hiding-place among the reeds and bushes of the river-side a Hanoverian officer and two or three private soldiers pass along the very road by which, in the ordinary way, Glenaladale and his kinsman would return, so that a dangerous encounter between the two parties seemed unavoidable. In reality the loss of the purse at this particular juncture was a most providential accident, for had it not occurred the Prince and his friends must inevitably have met the red-coats face to face in the narrow pass of Glen Shiel, and the consequences of such a meeting would in all human probability have been the death or capture of Charles himself.

As there was nothing now to hinder the further progress of the party, the journey was resumed eastwards through Glen Shiel by General Wade's road which traversed the gorge, where in 1719 the Jacobite force under Seaforth and the Earl Marischal suffered defeat at the hands of the Hanoverians ; a spot of no very pleasant associations to a Stuart prince. Once through the pass, the fugitives left the military road and took to the moors, over which they travelled all night until ten o'clock on the following morning (July 23rd), when they climbed a hill above Strath Cluanie and made themselves as comfortable as their unhappy circumstances and the swarms of midges would allow, in a sheltered nook among the tall heather. Here the Prince and his four attendants lay concealed all day, dozing and watching alternately. "The evening being very calm," writes John of Borrodale, "we greatly suffered by mitches (*midges*), a species of little creatures troublesome and numerous in the highlands ; to preserve him from such troublesome guests, we wrapt his head and feet in his plaid and covered him with long heather that naturally grew about a bit hollow ground we laid him. After leaving

him in that posture, he uttered several heavy sighs and groands." To make matters worse heavy showers fell at frequent intervals, and as the cover was slight every one was soon wet to the skin.

From the sounds of firing which reached the ears of the party at intervals during the day, it was evident that the soldiers were engaged in their favourite sport of rebel hunting near at hand, a fact which rendered the Prince's position even more unpleasant, so that he was not sorry when it grew late enough to move onwards in safety. Avoiding the newly



GLEN SHIEL, LOOKING EAST

A portion of Wade's military road may be seen on the left

Photo by the AUTHOR

constructed military road and keeping well under the shadow of the hills, Donald MacDonald led the way towards Lundie, and then taking a sharp turn due north, made for the summit of Sgùrr nan Conbhairean,¹ a finely shaped mountain of over 3000 feet, that divides the parishes of Kilmorack and Kintail, and overlooks the wild district known as Coire Dhò (pronounced Corriego), in which from time immemorial the Glenmoriston people have had their summer shealings (*airidh*), or cattle grazings. To this remote and inaccessible spot, buried in the heart of the great hills,

¹ The name of the hill is not given by Captain Alexander MacDonald, but there is very little doubt that it was either Sgùrr nan Conbhairean or Carn Ghluasaid.

many refugees from the neighbouring glens had fled upon the approach of the cruel Lockhart and his band of licensed murderers, in the faint hope that they might escape the awful doom meted out to so many of their friends and relatives.

Among those who had sought a refuge in the vicinity of Coire Dhò were seven men of the country who, having served in the Prince's army until Culloden, had returned in time to witness the destruction of their houses,



SUMMIT OF SGÙRR NAN CONBHAIREAN, COIRE DHÒ,
BRAES OF GLENMORISTON

My guide, William MacDonell, keeper to Grant of Glenmoriston,
is standing on the cairn

Photo by the AUTHOR

the slaughter of their kindred and the theft of their cattle and effects by the marauding troops. In the first bitterness of their wrath, these seven stalwarts, known to history as the Seven Men of Glenmoriston, "entred into an association (by oath) of offence and defence against the Duke of Cumberland and his army (he and the Laird of Grant¹ having betrayed so many of their countrymen upon giving up their arms) never to yield

¹ By the despicable treachery of Ludovick Grant of Grant, numbers of his own clansmen from Glen Urquhart and Glenmoriston were delivered into the hands of Cumberland as a peace-offering for his own lukewarmness in the Hanoverian cause previous to Culloden. For full details of this monstrous crime, which is still remembered in the district, *vide* "Urquhart and Glen Moriston," by William Mackay, chap. xv.

but to die on the spot, never to give up their arms, and that for all the days of their lives."¹

It has long been the custom of careless writers to call these brave fellows "robbers," "caterans," "thieves," or some equally opprobrious name. They were in reality nothing of the sort, but merely plain, honest, Highland farmers and small tenants made desperate by Sassenach outrage and oppression. The leader of this gallant little band of patriots was Patrick Grant, tenant of Craskie, an intelligent man of some substance and of good repute in his native glen. His associates were John MacDonald (*alias* Campbell), also of Craskie; Alexander MacDonald, Aonach; Alexander, Donald, and Hugh Chisholm, sons of Paul Chisholm, Blairie; and Grigor MacGregor, a deserter from Loudon's regiment, who had joined the Jacobite force in the Corrieyairack.² Sometime before the arrival of the Prince in the district, these seven³ irreconcilables had taken up their abode in a romantic cave known as *Uamh Ruaraidh na Seilg* (the Cave of Rory the hunter) near the head of Coire Sgrainge⁴ (the gloomy corrie), from whence they sallied out whenever any favourable opportunity occurred of attacking a weak detachment of the enemy, or of inflicting a condign punishment upon their renegade fellow Gaels who basely accepted pay from the Sassenach, and who, in the capacity of guides, led the punitive parties of Hanoverian troops through the secret roads and passes of the country, which otherwise might have remained secure and inviolate.

Early in July two soldiers out of a party of seven had fallen victims to the vengeance of the band, and a few days later Robert Grant, a Strathspey man, who had formerly served in the Black Watch and had since become notorious as "a villainous spy and informer against all that had been in the Prince's army," was waylaid and shot dead by the same hands. As a warning to others, Grant's head was cut off and suspended from a tree near the high-road between Inverwick and Dalcataig, within three or four miles of the Hanoverian garrison at Fort Augustus.

The fame of the valiant seven had, it seems, reached the ears of Glenaladale, and there can be little doubt that the guide, Donald MacDonald, who came from the neighbouring glen, knew or guessed their

¹ Patrick Grant's narrative, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 97. All seven had served at one time or another in the Highland Independent Companies.

² Grigor MacGregor was probably not a native of Glenmoriston.

³ Mr. Andrew Lang is wrong in stating that there were eight men in the cave at Coire Dhò. Hugh MacMillan did not join the Prince's party until a fortnight later. *Ibid* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 365, also vol. iii. pp. 97, 98.

⁴ *Ibid* note I, p. 132. I have taken the name of this cave from Mr. W. MacKay's "Urquhart and Glenmoriston," p. 303; but my own opinion is that the name applies to the cave in Coire Mheadhain. —W. D. N.

retreat, and had purposely brought the Prince within easy reach of it. From the top of Sgùrr nan Conbhairean, Charles could look down into the corrie in which these daring men had their temporary habitation, and when at early dawn—after a most miserable night spent in an open cave on the exposed summit of the lofty Sgùrr, where there was neither room to stand upright nor space to lie down at full length, and no fuel with which a fire could be kindled to dry his sodden garments—the place was pointed out to him, he despatched Glenaladale's brother and the Gleggary lad to inquire whether any of the band would be willing to con-



SGÙRR NAN CONBHAIREAN FROM ABOVE GLAS BEALACH

Tigh Mór on right.

Photo by the AUTHOR

duct a fugitive Jacobite gentleman to the west coast at Pool Ewe. A rendezvous was fixed upon another hill near at hand, and at about five o'clock in the morning (July 24th) the Prince and his two remaining companions repaired thither to await the return of the messengers.

In due course the emissaries arrived with the welcome intelligence that they had found three of the Glenmoriston men in the corrie, from whom, after delivering their message, they had received an invitation to bring the gentleman in question—who was assumed to be young Clanranald—to the cave, the direction of which was clearly indicated. Accordingly Charles and his friends set out for the outlaws' stronghold,



PRINCE CHARLES IN THE CAVE AT COIRE DHO, BRAES OF GLEN MORISTON

Painted by LOCKHART BOGLE

but before they could reach it John MacDonald, Alexander MacDonald, and Alexander Chisholm—the other four being away on a foraging expedition—issued from their lair and advanced to meet them. The Prince, notwithstanding his altered appearance and partial disguise,¹ was immediately recognised by his devoted adherents, who were greatly shocked to see their gallant young leader in such a sorry plight. Poor John MacDonald “turned as red as blood” and exclaimed in Gaelic, “I am sorry to see you in such a poor state, and hope if I live to see yet in a better condition as I have seen you before at the head of your army, upon the green of Glasgow; all I can do is to continue faithful to you while I live, and am willing to leave my wife and children and follow you wherever you incline goeing.”²

This loyal and generous speech, which embodied the sentiments of every one of the seven associates, satisfied Charles, when its purport was explained to him, that he had done wisely in asking their assistance, and without further parley he allowed himself to be conducted to the rocky fastness which his new protectors had selected as one of their several places of retreat. Here, as a precautionary measure, Glenaladale, by the Prince's desire, administered to the three Highlanders—the other four being sworn later—an oath of secrecy and fidelity in the following remarkable terms, “That their backs should be to God and their faces to the devil; that all the curses the Scriptures did pronounce might come upon them and all their posterity if they did not stand firm to the Prince in the greatest dangers, and if they should discover to any person, man, woman, or child, that the Prince was in their keeping, till once his person should be out of danger, &c., &c.”³ It is scarcely necessary to add that this strange oath was religiously kept. Food was scarce, as the foragers had not yet returned, but some mutton, butter, and cheese that still remained in the cave furnished the Prince and his half-famished attendants a substantial meal, which was washed down with a limited quantity of whisky. The repast at an end, Charles lay down upon a bed of sweet fresh heather his thoughtful friends had made up in a corner of the cave, and “was lulled asleep with the murmurs of the finest purling stream that could be, running by his bedside, within the grotto.”

¹ “His head bein covered with a whit night cape, and an old Bonet above.” Young Borrodale's narrative. *Vide* also Hugh Chisholm's description in Home's “History of the Rebellion,” p. 254.

² Young Borrodale's narrative.

³ Charles was so pleased with the resolute behaviour of these brave fellows that both he and Glenaladale offered to be bound by a similar oath, viz. “that if danger should come upon them they should stand by one another to the last drop of their blood.” Patrick Grant's narrative, “Lyon in Mourning,” vol. iii. p. 98.

Before retiring to rest, the Prince suggested that, as he was thoroughly convinced of the honesty and trustworthiness of his present entertainers, he should prefer not to wait for the return of the remainder of the band, but would proceed on his journey as early as convenient in the company of those who were then with him. When this was interpreted to the three—none of them having any English—they at once desired Glenaladale to inform Charles that under no circumstances whatever would they break the oath of engagement they had mutually sworn



THE PRINCE'S CAVE, COIRE MHEADHAIN, LOOKING NORTH-EAST,
COMMONLY CALLED THE CAVE OF COIRE DHÒ (CORRIEGOE)

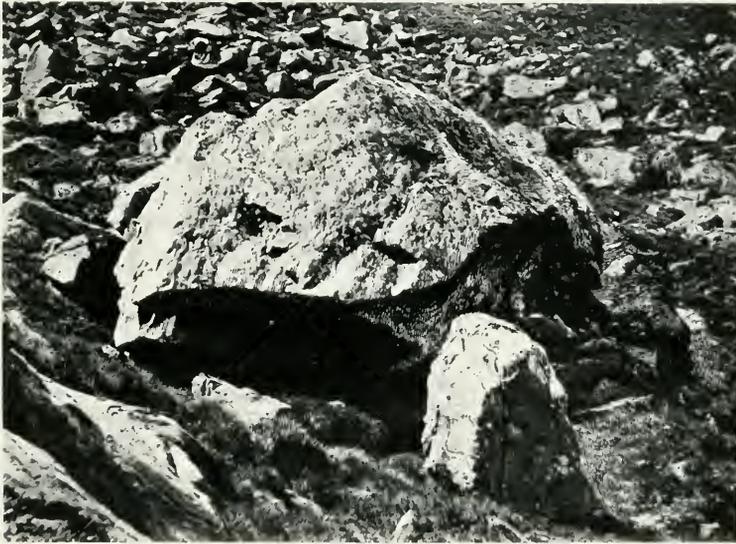
The entrance is from this side

Photo by the AUTHOR

to one another, and that if the Prince wanted their assistance he must take the whole seven into his confidence, which of course Charles was obliged to do on the following day, when Patrick Grant and the others came back with a stag they had succeeded in shooting, and a three-year-old stot belonging to John MacDonald. They were all surprised and delighted to see their brave young Prince, whom they knew at first sight, and without hesitation they cheerfully agreed to accept the conditions already imposed upon their comrades.

Provisions were now plentiful, for the ox was quickly slaughtered, and its flesh, together with the venison cut from the dead stag, provided the

company with food during the whole of their stay in the Braes of Glenmoriston. Bread unfortunately could not be got, and with the exception of a little whisky no drink was procurable save the sparkling water of the mountain burn that trickled conveniently through the cave. It was a continual source of sorrow to the Prince's hosts that they had not reserved a few of the bottles of wine and some of the bread which had fallen into their hands after the skirmish with the red-coats, but Charles made light of their regrets and assured them that he was more than satisfied with the fare they placed before him. Frequently he assisted at the preparation



THE PRINCE'S CAVE, COIRE MHEADHAIN, LOOKING WEST¹

Photo by the AUTHOR

and cooking of the food, giving directions at the same time how to make it more appetising, and now and again taking a piece of meat off the spit to taste whether it was sufficiently roasted. Although he still suffered from his old dysenteric complaint he rarely lost his appetite, and when the viands were ready he joined the rest of the company without ceremony as they sat in a circle on the ground, "Every one having his morsel on his own knee." Often he would call them his Privy Council, and promised he would never forget them or theirs if ever he came to his own, upon which one of the Glenmoriston men boldly reminded him that Charles the Second had made a similar promise before his restoration, but had not

¹ From this point of view the cave answers better to young Borrodale's description. *Vide* note 1, p. 132-33.

been very mindful of it afterwards. The Prince replied that he was heartily sorry for that, and said he hoped he should never be guilty of such ingratitude. Occasionally he spoke of the King of France as a true and fast friend in whom he had great confidence, and whenever he referred to his own brother, Prince Henry, it was always in terms of the highest praise and affection. When addressing Charles his new acquaintances usually called him



ENTRANCE TO THE PRINCE'S CAVE, COIRE MHEADHAIN

Taken from the inside

Photo by the AUTHOR

Dougald MacCullony (*Mac' Ill Dhomhnaich*, Servant of the Lord), as a measure of precaution in case they were overheard.

As it was not thought advisable that the Prince should continue too long in one spot, a move was made on July 28th to another equally commodious cave,¹ or rather grotto, formed by a fall of rocks from the high, overhanging cliffs of Tigh Mór at the head of Coire Mheadhain, or Mheadhoin (the Middle Corrie), about two miles from Coire Sgrainge. Here Charles remained hidden for another four days, and might have stayed longer but for the news, brought in by one of the party, that Captain Campbell, Seaforth's Chamberlain or

factor in Kintail, known locally as *An Caimbeulaich Dubh a Cinnne-tailè* (The Black Campbell of Kintail), who commanded a company of the Ross-shire militia, was raiding the country and lifting all the cattle he

¹ It is curious that the only cave known at the present day to the inhabitants of the district is the one in Coire Mheadhain, which answers perfectly to the description taken down by Captain Alexander MacDonald from Glenaladale's own lips of the cave in "Coiraghoth," which is, of course, Coire Dhò; and were it not that Patrick Grant confirms Glenaladale's statement that there were two caves—he (Grant) says the second one was in "Coirscreaoch" (? Coire Sgrainge)—I should feel inclined to accept



GLEN MORISTON (LOOKING EAST)

Photo, VALENTINE, Dundee

could lay his hands upon in the vicinity of a camp he had formed within four miles of the Prince's retreat. The close proximity of so active and inveterate a foe produced a feeling of insecurity in the mind of Charles and his newly appointed guardians, and with one accord they decided to vacate their grotto in Coire Mheadhain and travel northwards into Strath Glas, the territory of the friendly Chisholms, where a suitable and safe refuge could easily be found.

Leaving Alexander MacDonald and Alexander Chisholm behind to watch the movements of the Black Campbell, the rest of the party issued forth on the evening of August 1st from under the great boulders which had sheltered them so effectively, and travelling all night by rough mountain paths, known only to the Glenmoriston men,¹ they came at early dawn to the Braes of Strath Glas, where they skulked until late in the evening, when the two Alexanders arrived and assured them that for that night at least they need have no fear of being disturbed by the Ross-shire marauders. Upon this they all adjourned to a shealing bothy, within which a shepherd's bed of turf, some six or seven feet long, the grassy side being uppermost, was found and appropriated for the Prince's use. In this primitive dwelling the fugitives rested for two days, two of their number being despatched by Charles to discover whether the French vessels, which had been cruising near Pool Ewe, had really gone off or were still waiting in that neighbourhood. In all, the Prince continued about ten days in the Chisholm country, and there is perhaps no period of his wanderings more difficult to follow than those same ten days. Not only is it impossible to reconcile the accounts of the several narrators who were with the Prince at this time, viz. Glenaladale, young Borrodale, and Patrick Grant, but the very names of the places they mention appear in some instances quite differently situated on our modern maps, and to make matters even more confusing,

the local tradition that there was one cave only in which the Prince dwelt, and that that is the one in Coire Mheadhain. My guide and informant when I visited the romantic glen of Coire Dhò was William MacDonnel, one of Grant of Glenmoriston's keepers, a most intelligent man, who was acquainted with every inch of the district. He said that he knew of no other cave at all answering to the description I gave him but the one he took me to in Coire Mheadhain, of which I secured three photos and drank to the memory of the gallant Prince in the water which still runs freely through the cave. I cannot do better than describe it in the words of young Borrodale: "One large stone in the strath of the cory . . . under that stone forty men can accomodate themselves and the best water in the Highland runen throu it." This, I take it, is the one so accurately sketched by ex-Provost Ross of Inverness in Blaikie's "Itinerary." In support of my argument that there is probably only one cave, Hugh Chisholm's narrative may be cited. He says that Charles, having spent one night "in the great hill of Corado" (which I take to be Sgùrr nan Conbhairean), went to the "most remote part of that hill, called Coramhiam (unquestionably Coire Mheadhain) where the seven men had their cave." *Ivide* Home's "History," pp. 253-54.—W. D. N.

¹ Having thoroughly explored the locality, I agree with Mr. Blaikie that the probable route taken was over the shoulder of Tigh Mór and through the pass of Allt na Ciche into Glen Affric.—W. D. N.

local tradition is, on one point at least, completely at variance with the existing contemporary narratives. Briefly the principal discrepancies are as follows: MacDonal of Glenaladale, who gives the most detailed and probably most accurate account of the period in question, states that Charles remained in the district around Strath Glas ten days, the route taken being across Glen Cannich (Canna he calls it) to the summit of "a hill on the northmost side" of that glen, from whence he (the Prince), afterwards repaired to a "sheally hut," and remained there two days,



LOCH AFFRIC, LOOKING NORTH-WEST. SGÙRR NA LAPAICH IN CENTRE

The Prince travelled along the north shore of the loch on his way to Strath Glas

Photo by VALENTINE, Dundee

during which the messengers sent to Pool Ewe returned with the important intelligence that the French ship—there had only been one—had sailed after landing two gentlemen, who were on their way to try and find the Prince in Lochiel's country. Charles, naturally a little excited at the news, at once resolved to go thither in the hope of meeting them, and the next evening he forded the river Cannich, passing "boldly by young Chisholm's house" (probably, Comar¹), and came at two o'clock

¹ Mr. Blaikie thinks this must have been Muchrachd, but Muchrachd is on the north side of the river Cannich, whereas Glenaladale's words imply that they passed young Chisholm's house after crossing the stream. Comar was undoubtedly a residence of young Chisholm at this period, and the local tradition is that Charles spent a night under its roof.

in the morning to Fasnakyle (*Fas na Coille*) where he waited "for three days in a very fast wood," while some of his friends went off to ascertain if the search parties of troops sent out from Fort Augustus to scour Glenmoriston and Loch Arkaig side had returned to camp. The report brought back by the scouts was eminently satisfactory; the soldiers, they said, had gone back to the fort after their fruitless search, and the road the Prince wished to travel was in consequence quite safe. "Whereupon," says Glenaladale, "his royal highness set out by six o'clock in the morning of August 17th (really the 12th, *vide* note 5, p. 105), travelled through an unfrequented road, and came by ten o'clock to the Braes of Glenmoriston."

The narrative appears clear and succinct, and there is no reason to doubt its general accuracy; moreover, when translated to Patrick Grant in Bishop Forbes' presence five years later, only a few trifling alterations and amendments were made, so that on the whole we may accept it as a fairly reliable statement of the Prince's doings during the time. From Grant we learn that the hill Charles ascended on the north side of Glen Cannich was "Peinachyrine . . . the farthest place in the North that the Prince was at towards Polliew." Here our difficulties begin, for the Beinn Acharain of the latest Ordnance Survey map—which must be the same mountain referred to by Grant—is now shown south of Glen Cannich, while the hill on the north side appears as Meall an Odhar. Now, Grant also made a positive statement that the Prince's party had never been "within seven miles of Glenstrathferrar" (Strath Farar), whereas Meall an Odhar is within two miles of that glen, and as a matter of fact, there is no part of Glen Cannich itself so far distant. The local tradition is, that Charles not only penetrated into Glen Strath Farar, but got the length of Daine (Deannie), and spent a night in a cave which is still pointed out in the wood of Culligran, and it is also believed that he sheltered for some time at Achans, a small township near Invercannich. There is, in addition, the interesting incident related by the Sobieski Stuarts in their "Lays of the Deer Forest," which describes how the great-uncle of the Rev. Angus MacKenzie of St. Mary's Eskadall, who resided at Leitrie in Glen Cannich, actually saw the Prince returning from Glen Strath Farar. "When first he observed him, he was descending the hill at a place called 'Ruigh an t-Stucain' (the 'root or base of the cliffs'), a part of the farm of Leitrie, where the deep and precipitous gorge of a mountain stream discharges itself upon the valley. From the direction in which the Prince descended, it was not doubted that he had crossed over from Ard-chuilc in Glen Strath

Farar, which is exactly opposite to the farm of Leitrie, on the side of the loch of Beinacrine,¹ and in the ordinary track of a person crossing the hill from Poll-Eu."

The greatest divergence from Glenaladale's account is strangely enough found in the narrative of young Borrodale. He relates how, after leaving the Braes of Glenmoriston, "we thought it adviseable to proceed to the Chissolms firr woods, where we and our whole partie spent *near a month*² in pace and plentie. At the root of one large tree we build for the Prince,



LEITRIE (Ord. Sur. LEICHTRY). SUMMIT OF MEALL
AN ODHAR ON LEFT

This photo shows the probable route taken by the Prince when returning from the neighbourhood of Glen Strath Farar

Photo by Mr. H. V. WHITELAW

Glenaladil, and me, one tent of firr branches ; at the other side of the tree another one of a larger seize. Two of our party was allways employed in provideing provisions ; other two as outposts, enquireing for information. One honest tenant of the name of Chissolm, at the distance of a few miles

¹ This is apparently another unaccountable error, for Ard-chuille is on the west side of Loch a Mhuilinn (formerly called Loch Muilzie), Loch Bunacharan (called by the narrator Beinacrine), being more than two miles farther east in Glen Strath Farar. The whole topography of this district seems to have undergone a change within comparatively recent years, as, if the Sobieski Stuarts may be believed, the name Beinn Acharain in their day was given to a range of hills upon the north side of Glen Strath Farar, "lying along the *left* side of the small lake of its own name." *Vide* also remarks by Dr. C. Fraser MacKintosh in "Antiquarian Notes," second series, pp. 1-5.

² Italics are mine.—W. D. N.



CHISHOLM

Gaelic Designation of Chief—*Siosalach Srathghlais*

Badge—*Fern*

from us, afforded us with meal, buter, and cheese, and flesh weekly ; neither did we want for Aquavitæ and tabaco, which comodity we all made use of. Nothing particular happened to us dureing our stay there." From these several varying accounts the reader must do as the writer has to do, draw his own conclusions.¹

The Chisholm referred to by John of Borrodale was John Chisholm, a farmer at Fasnakyle, from whom provisions were purchased for the use of the Prince's party. When Charles heard of this he desired to see the worthy man, and instructed Patrick Grant and Hugh MacMillan—another Glenmoriston man, who had recently been sworn in a member of the association—to bring him to his forest retreat without divulging his name. John, who had his own reasons for thinking some person of consequence was hidden in the neighbourhood, said that he would willingly accept the invitation, and declared further that as he had in his possession a bottle of wine belonging to a friendly priest, he would venture to carry it with him ; upon which, Patrick Grant exclaimed, "What ! John. Have you had a bottle of wine all this time, and not given it to us before this time ?" After this pleasantry the three made their way to the Prince, whom Chisholm knew at the first glance, he having also served in the Highland army. The bottle of wine was respectfully presented to Charles, and Grant, emboldened by the gracious manner of its reception, desired his Royal Highness as a special favour to drink his health. Always ready to oblige his humble comrades, the Prince complied at once, and raising the bottle to his lips, "drank a health to Patrick Grant and all friends." It was a matter of deep concern to honest John Chisholm, that he had accepted payment for the food supplied to his princely young leader, and he earnestly entreated to be allowed to return the whole price, but to this generous offer Charles would of course not listen, and John had to keep the money. Early on the morning of August 12th, the Prince and his small retinue of faithful attendants left the leafy shades of the Fasnakyle woods, and directed their steps towards the Braes of Loch Arkaig, twenty five or six miles to the south, whither it was understood the two French officers had gone in quest of the royal wanderer.

We get very meagre particulars from our authorities of the route taken during the four days' journey across the wild, mountainous country that lies between Strath Affric and the shores of Loch Arkaig, but from the slight indication given by Glenaladale, we may infer that after leaving Strath Glas, Charles was conducted by his guides through what is now the great deer forest of Guisachan, past Loch na Beinn Baine to Ceanna-

¹ I would refer the reader to the very exhaustive notes on pp. 62-63 of Blaikie's "Itinerary."

croc in Glenmoriston, and from thence by way of Glen Loyne to Toman-donn in Glengarry, at which point the river Garry, swollen to such a degree by heavy rain that it was at first thought impassable, was with great difficulty, and at considerable risk, successfully forded. Wet, cold, and exhausted after their encounter with the raging waters, the travellers spent the night (August 14th) in a wretched condition on a hillside about a mile south of the stream, in the pouring rain, without cover of any kind, and the next morning pursued their wearisome tramp through the torrential downpour across the Glen Kingie braes to the hill above Achnasaul, which



GLEN LOYNE, LOOKING SOUTH-WEST

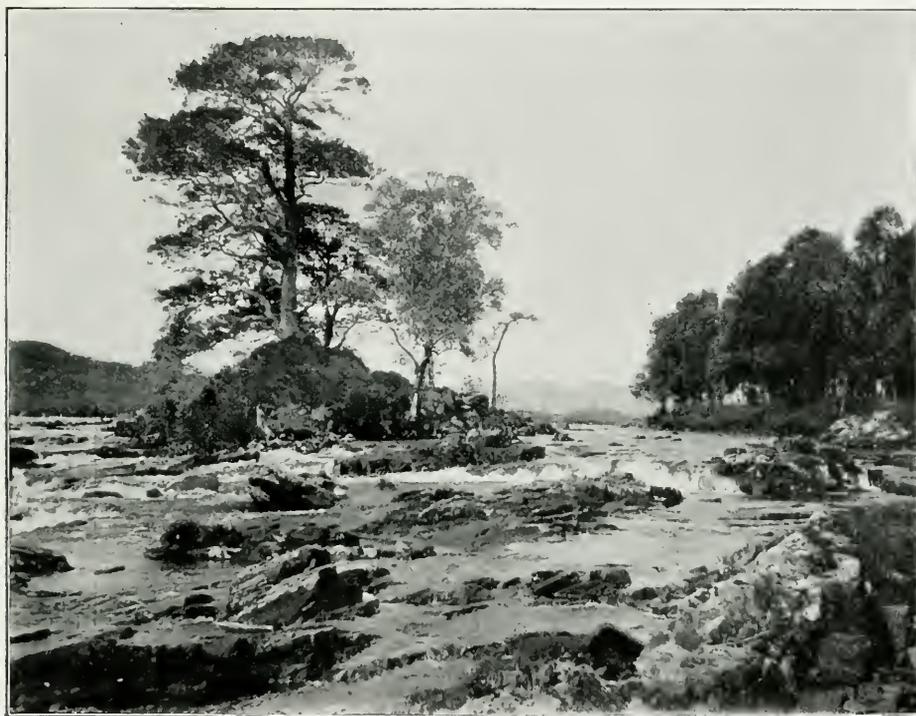
Traversed by the Prince on his way to Loch Arkaig

Photo by the AUTHOR

they reached about ten o'clock in the forenoon. No other refuge could be found than a dilapidated sheal-house, "a most inconvenient habitation," Glenaladale calls it, as well he might, for the rain, he tells us, fell as heavy within as without, but "inconvenient" though it undoubtedly was, the worn-out weather-beaten wayfarers were not inclined to rail at Providence for not providing a better; there was at least a pretence of shelter, and they accepted it such as it was, in a cheerful and philosophical spirit.

From Glengarry two of the Glenmoriston men had been sent off in advance to seek out Cameron of Clunes, and make arrangements for a meeting with Glenaladale at some convenient spot near Loch Arkaig;

these messengers had not yet returned, and Charles began to despair of their re-appearance. His anxiety was increased by the fact that, save for a half peck of meal, the stock of provisions was entirely exhausted, and as the whole district had quite recently been ravaged by Hanoverian troops, the chances of replenishing the supply would depend to a great extent upon the successful issue of the scout's mission. During the



THE GARRY, NEAR TOMAN-DONN, LOOKING WEST

It was near this point that the Prince forded the river

Photo by the AUTHOR

afternoon all further anxiety regarding the messengers was put an end to by their opportune arrival with a communication from Clunes, to the effect that he would meet Glenaladale on the following morning (August 16th) in a certain wood¹ two miles from Achnasaul, where there was a "fast place" that Lochiel had caused to be constructed for himself, and in

¹ The local tradition, communicated by Donald Cameron, one of Lochiel's keepers, is that this hiding-place was in the wood of Torr à Chronan (The Tor of Murmuring, or Crooning), near the entrance of Glen Cia-aig, north of the Dark Mile. It was probably a roughly constructed hut built at the face of a cave.

which he had skulked for some time.¹ Before removing thither, Patrick Grant and Alexander MacDonald were instructed to go and inspect the hut and prepare it for the Prince's reception. They accordingly departed on their errand, and upon reaching the spot indicated advanced with stealthy footsteps, grasping their loaded muskets in their hands in case some enemy might be lurking within. It was fortunate they took these precautions, for upon entering the place they espied, at the farther end of the shanty, not a red-coated soldier or hostile spy, but the noble form of a great antlered stag that had taken refuge there. In another instant



THE BRAES OF GLEN KINGIE, FROM TOMAN-DONN, GLENGARRY

Photo by the AUTHOR

two reports rang out, and at the same moment the poor beast fell dead where it had stood gazing at the intruders. The food question being thus happily settled, one of the two returned to inform Charles of their good luck, and before nightfall the wanderers steered their course in a body for the new abode, where they "were most deliciously feasted with their late purchase."

Later in the evening a welcome addition was made to the little circle of friends by the arrival of MacDonald of Lochgarry, Cameron of Achnasaul, and Captain "MacRaw" (MacCraw or MacRae) of the Glengarry Regiment, in response to the Prince's summons, he having heard

¹ *Vide* Young Borrodale's narrative.

that they were all skulking among the neighbouring hills. In the morning Cameron of Clunes appeared in accordance with the promise he had sent to Glenaladale, and the same afternoon, at his suggestion, the company removed to another sylvan retreat in "a wood at the foot of Loch Arkaig,"¹ where the remainder of the day was employed in discussing the Prince's position and in suggesting various methods of improving it. For some

time past Charles had earnestly wished for some reliable tidings of his devoted friend and able counsellor, Lochiel; it was therefore with no little pleasure and satisfaction that he now learnt from Clunes that the gallant chief of Clan Cameron was in Badenoch with another equally staunch adherent, Cluny MacPherson, and might be communicated with if it was thought desirable. The idea readily commended itself to the Prince, and the next day by his orders one of Lochiel's tenants, John MacPherson, *alias* M'Colvain, was despatched by Clunes to inform his chief that Charles was

safely hidden near Achnacarry and desired his immediate attendance.

News travels fast in the Highlands, even in such unsettled times as the period we are describing, and long before MacPherson could deliver



ENTRANCE TO GLEN CIA-AIG, NEAR ACHNACARRY

Photo by Mr. H. V. WHITFLAW

¹ There is a little doubt about this hiding-place, and Glenaladale is the only one of the Prince's companions who mentions it. Young Borrodale, who however is often incorrect, makes no reference to it, and the Rev. John Cameron states that when he came to the Prince, "he was in a small hutt built for the purpose in the wood betwixt Achnasual and the end of Locharkeig," which description would apply better to the refuge in Torr a' Chronan. Mr. Blaikie suggests that the second hiding-place was near Clunes' house, in the same wood, but Clunes is at least a mile from the end of Loch Arkaig.

his message, Lochiel had got wind of the Prince's return to the mainland and subsequent movements. Feeling that it was his duty to inform Charles of his whereabouts, he decided to send his brother, Doctor Archibald, and the Rev. John Cameron—both of whom had rejoined him after parting with Murray of Broughton in the month of June



THE PRINCE'S TREE, DARK MILE, ACHNACARRY

In which the Prince is said to have hidden on one occasion when troops were passing

Photo by Mr. H. V. WHITELAW

—to gain authentic intelligence of his Royal Highness, and if possible open up personal communications. This course was rendered even more necessary when, towards the end of July, the two French officers previously referred to arrived at Cluny's retreat in the company of Captain MacRaw, who had been instructed by Lochgarry to conduct them thither and hand them over to the Cameron chief for examination. Lochiel heard their story,¹ but was not altogether satisfied with it, especially as they were unable to produce any papers to substantiate their statements—these documents, they said, having been left with Alexander

MacLeod (young Muiravonside), whom they had met skulking in Seafort's country. Under the circumstances, Lochiel, who had a suspicion that they might be Government spies, determined to reveal nothing regarding the Prince until his Royal Highness's wishes could be ascertained.

As time was precious, it was arranged that the officers should accompany Doctor Cameron to Loch Arkaig, where they could be kept under

¹ For full details of the French officers' adventures *vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. i. p. 98.

strict surveillance and easily produced if Charles expressed a desire to interview them. The two envoys set out on their journey by different roads, in order that if one missed the Prince the other might possibly come across him, or at least meet some of his attendants. The wisdom of this plan was soon made manifest, for the doctor had not travelled far when he fell in with John MacPherson, but that faithful fellow, true to his trust, would on no account divulge the purport of his message to other ears than those of Lochiel; he hinted, however, that it was of great consequence, and the doctor had therefore to explain the matter as well as he could to his companions and return with them and the Prince's messenger to his brother. The next morning, having learnt from Lochiel where Charles was to be found, he started off for the second time with his two charges and four servants, and upon reaching Achnacarry—or rather its ruins, for it had been burnt to the ground by the soldiers sometime before—he came up with his clerical colleague, John Cameron, disconsolately awaiting him on the banks of the Arkaig, which was in high spate and unfordable. Although so near the Prince he had failed to discover the slightest trace of him, a fact which shows how well the secret of the royal hiding-place was kept.

A boat that had been sunk by Munro of Culcairn¹ when he harried the Cameron territory, was after some trouble raised by the four servants, who were then dismissed, it being thought unsafe to bring any more people near the Prince's abode; the French officers were consigned to the charge of a trustworthy friend, and the doctor and the Rev. John Cameron, having launched the boat put off for the other side with some of Clunes' men they had picked up by the water's edge. Charles was not in when they reached the hut, but upon word of their arrival being sent to him he returned at once with Achnasaul and gave them a kindly welcome to his forest palace. Here is John Cameron's picture of the heir of the Stuarts as he saw him on this occasion: "He was then bare-footed, had an old black kilt coat on, a plaid, philabeg and waistcoat, a dirty shirt and a long red beard, a gun in his hand, a pistol and durk by his side. He was very cheerful and in good health, and, in my opinion, fatter than when he was at Inverness."

After the first greetings, and compliments had been exchanged, and Doctor Archibald had apologised for his brother's inability to attend the

¹ Culcairn was a brother of Sir Robert Munro of Foulis, who had been slain at the battle of Falkirk. Shortly after the events described above, Culcairn was shot by mistake for Captain Grant of Cnoc-ceanach, son of Cnocandubh, in the Dark Mile by one of Lochiel's clan, whose son had been murdered in cold blood by Cnoc-ceanach.

Prince's summons personally—in consequence of the pain he still suffered from his wounds¹—and notified the presence of the French officers in the locality, Charles proposed that as Lochiel could not come to him he would go immediately to Lochiel; but when the doctor informed him that Badenoch was already suspected by the Government and might soon be searched, he decided, with the approval of his guardians, to remain in the vicinity of Achnacarry until he got word that the journey might be safely attempted. As to the French officers, he would, he said, see them later.



THE RIVER ARKAIG AT ACHNACARRY

The Prince hid for a time in the wood of Torr a' Mhuilt, part of which is seen across the river

Photo by the AUTHOR

The next day (August 21st) the Prince—whose policy it was never to remain long in one place—again changed his residence and transferred his little court to another hut buried amid the dense thickets of *Torr a' Mhuilt*² (the Tor of the Wedder, pronounced Torravuilt), a wood situated on the north bank of the Arkaig within gunshot of Lochiel's devastated home. In the quiet seclusion of this forest sanctuary the

¹ John Cameron says, "Lochiel was well and recovered of his wounds," but MacPherson of Breackachie informed Bishop Forbes that "Locheil's wounds were not entirely closed up, neither was he free from pain when the Prince came to Badenoch"—"Lyon in Mourning," vol. ii. p. 379.

² The Torr a' Ghallain of the Ordnance Survey.

several burning questions of the moment were gravely discussed between Charles and his protectors. From Lochgarry we learn that he (Lochgarry) warmly advocated further resistance;¹ he told the Prince that the Highland people were so thoroughly exasperated against Cumberland for his cruel behaviour that every man would be worth two before the battle, and that as there was now plenty of money, a strong fighting force of at least 2000 men could soon be got together. Charles, "agreed that these proposals were right," writes Lochgarry, and said he would hear what Lochiel and Cluny had to say on the subject. The same afternoon Lochgarry and Archie Cameron departed for Badenoch to lay the matter before the two chiefs, Clunes went off to his own retreat, and when night fell young Borrodale and Glenaladale's brother started for the west coast with orders to keep a sharp look-out for any French vessels that might come there in search of the Prince.

For three days, Charles with the few friends that were now left him continued to reside in the Torr a' Mhuilt hut, and on one of them, probably the first, he sent for the French officers, and under the assumed name and character of an imaginary Captain Drummond he handed them a letter, written by himself, in which he stated that to avoid falling into the enemy's hands he had removed to a remote country with the said Captain Drummond and one servant; he had, he continued, perfect trust in the captain's loyalty, and added that they might safely take him fully into their confidence. Quite ignorant of the fact that they were in the presence of the Prince himself, the officers read the letter, expressed themselves well pleased with its contents, and proceeded to deliver their own message, which proved of no great consequence as affairs then stood; their papers also, which came later into the Prince's possession, being written in cypher, and addressed to the Marquis d'Egnilles, were of course utterly useless, as nothing could be made of them. After the officers had been entertained by "Captain Drummond" for two days with such cheer as his larder could afford—and on this occasion there was plenty of beef and even bread in store—they were conducted to a safe place of refuge, where they could await an opportunity of getting a passage to their own country.

During the week that intervened between the departure of Lochgarry and Doctor Cameron on their mission to Badenoch, and their return to the shores of Loch Arkaig, the Prince's movements are not accurately known, the only chronicler who gives any details, being the Rev. John

¹ For full details, *vide* Lochgarry's narrative in Blaikie's "Itinerary."

Cameron, and his narrative is not to be absolutely relied upon.¹ It appears certain, however, that Charles was nearly surprised at Torr a' Mhuilt by a detachment of Loudon's regiment under Captain Grant of Cnoc-ceanach, but Clunes having received warning of the soldiers' approach from one of his children, a lassie of six, was able to send timely notice of their appearance to his Royal Highness, who thereupon retired by way of Glen Cia-aig to the top of Meall an t-Sagairt² (the Priest's Hill; pronounced Myaul an taggart), in the Braes of Glen Kingie, where he spent a night—pre-



GLEN CIA-AIG. MEALL AN T-SAGAIRT IN CENTRE

Photo by the AUTHOR

sumably that of August 23rd—and the forenoon of the following day, sleeping “in his plaid and wet hose, altho’ it was an excessive cold day, made more so by several showers of hail.”³ From the exposed summit of this bleak hill Charles descended into the strath of Glen Kingie, stayed there for two nights, and on the 26th crossed the river Arkaig, now considerably fallen, but still up to the haunches of the party, and made

¹ Neither Glenaladale nor Patrick Grant, both of whom were with Charles at this period, substantiate John Cameron's statements; the former, referring to the whole of the reverend gentleman's narrative, says it is “prodigious incorrect,” and the latter, while confirming some of the details, cast some doubt upon others; he admits, however, that “the alarm (at Torr a' Mhuilt) was true, but by whom given (he) . . . remembers not.”

² Meall an Tagraidh on Ord. Sur.

³ John Cameron's narrative.

for the braes, or high country, between Achnacarry and the ford of Lochy, where all his trusty Glenmoriston comrades were dismissed except Patrick Grant, who was told to remain behind until the Prince obtained some money from Lochgarry. On the 27th, Lochgarry and Doctor Cameron returned, and reported that neither Lochiel nor Cluny were in favour of renewing hostilities, "as the kingdom was so full of the enemy, it wou'd be of much worse consequence to rise in arms than doe otherwise,"¹ both, however, had expressed their opinion that Charles



MEALL AN T-SAGAIRT

Photo by the AUTHOR

would be quite safe in their charge, and Cluny sent word that on a certain day he would himself come to Achnacarry, and guide his Highness to the secret lair he had recently caused to be prepared on the side of Ben Alder (*Brinn Allair*), but the impetuous youth was far too impatient to brook even a day's delay, and before the end of the next day (August 28th) he had bidden farewell to his staunch friends MacDonald of Glenaladale and Patrick Grant,² and started on his long arduous tramp to the wild recesses of the Badenoch hills.

¹ Lochgarry's narrative.

² The sum of twenty-four guineas was paid to Patrick Grant to be distributed among the members of his gallant little band. For the future career of these Highland heroes, *vide* Mackay's "Urquhart and Glenmoriston."

The nearest road would have been through Glen Spean, but for some doubtlessly important reason the Prince, after crossing the Lochy at Mucomer, was conducted by Lochgarry, Doctor Archibald and John Cameron, with two servants, along the east side of Loch Lochy and Loch Oich, to within "two short miles of Fort Augustus,"¹ after which they doubled in a south-easterly direction, as if to pass the Corrieyairack, but after threading Glen Tarff, they must have travelled by the western slope of Carn Leac, and steered their course over lofty Creag Meaghaidh into



CLUNES BAY, LOCH LOCHY, NEAR ACHNACARRY

Photo by the AUTHOR

Coire Arder,² from whence, after passing round the foot of Loch Laggan, they arrived on August 29th at Coire an Iubhair (Corrie of the Yew Trees, pronounced Corrieneuir) near Ben Alder, and proceeded on the following morning to Meall an Iubhair (the Hill of Yew Trees), where Lochiel, Donald MacPherson, younger of Breackachie,³ young Allan Cameron, a cadet of Callart, who attended upon Lochiel, and two of

¹ Lochgarry's narrative. This is the only clue we get to the Prince's route to Badenoch. *Vide* Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 69, *note*.

² The Prince was met near Coire-arder by Alexander MacDonell of Tullochcrom, who presented him with "a brown short coat, a shirt, and a pair of shoes." *Vide* "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 182.

³ Breackahie was married to one of Cluny's sisters.

Cluny's servants awaited their coming in a small shealing hut, Cluny having gone off to keep the appointment at Achnacarry. The patient endurance and cheerful disregard of difficulties and inconveniences exhibited by the Prince during the forty-mile march across the mountains called forth the intense admiration of his Highland companions. Lochgarry, especially, was so struck with his leader's behaviour, that in narrating the account of the journey to young Glengarry a twelvemonth later, he writes, "We travell'd in this manner three days and nights, without much eating or any sleep, but slumbering now and then on a hillside. Our indefatigable



TORR À CHRONAN, NORTH OF THE DARK MILE, ACHNACARRY
(*Vide* note 1, p. 139.)

Photo by the AUTHOR

Prince bore this with greater courage and resolution than any of us, nor never was there a Highlander born, cou'd travel up and down hills better, or suffer more fatigue. Show me a king or prince in Europe cou'd have born the like, or the tenth part of it."

Lochiel naturally expected that Charles would return with Cluny, so that when he saw five armed men approaching he at once came to the conclusion that they were soldiers coming to search the district, and as rapid flight was impossible in consequence of his lameness, he determined to remain in the hut and offer a stout resistance if an attempt was made to capture him. Every available weapon was loaded, and each member of

the party took up a position within the bothy with his piece levelled through the interstices of the stones ready to fire the moment the intruders came within range. "But," remarks the chronicler,¹ "as the auspicious hand of Almighty God and His Providence, which was so conspicuous in the escorting his Royal Highness at all times, prevented those within the hut from firing at the Prince with his four attendants; they came so near at last that they were known by those within, and there Lochiel tho' lame made the best of his way to meet his Royal Highness without, who it may be believed received him very graciously." Lochiel on his part was overjoyed to welcome once more the brave young Prince he had last seen on the fatal morning of Culloden, and would have knelt at his feet in the fervour of his devotion, but Charles, observing his motion, clapped him affectionately on the shoulder and exclaimed, "Oh! no, my dear Lochiel, you don't know who may be looking from the tops of yonder hills."

The hut into which Lochiel ushered the Prince and his retinue, although "of very narrow compass," was remarkably well stocked with provisions. "There was plenty of mutton newly killed, and an anker of whiskie of twenty Scots pints, with some good beef sassers made the year before, and plenty of butter and cheese, and besides, a large well-cured bacon ham,"² the very sight of which must have been delightful to the half-famished travellers. In accordance with the usual Highland custom a stiff dram was handed round immediately the guests entered, which Charles drank with the zest of one to whom spirits were a rarity. A meal of minced collops dressed with butter was meanwhile being prepared in a "large sauce pan," the sole cooking utensil in the establishment, and when after a short interval this appetising Scottish dish was placed before the royal wanderer, he exclaimed, "'Now, gentlemen, I leive like a Prince,' tho' at the same time he was no otherwise served than by eating his collops out of the sauce pan, only that he had a silver spoon."

Here, as elsewhere, Charles soon became the life and soul of the little circle that surrounded him; he cracked jokes with Lochiel and chaffed him about the luxurious way in which he lived, he told the marvellous tale of his own adventures among the isles and mountains of the west, and listened with sympathetic interest to the narratives of the others; he spoke of happier times to come, and "was gay and hearty and in better spirits than it was possible to think he could be con-

¹ Donald MacPherson, Cluny's youngest brother, "Lyon in Mourning," vol. iii. p. 38.

² *Ibid.*

sidering the many disasters, misfortunes, disappointments, fatigues, and difficulties he had undergone.”¹

At Meall an Iubhair the Prince remained until Cluny returned from his unnecessary journey to Achnacarry on September 1st. It is probable that the MacPherson chief expected a severe reproof from his leader for his non-appearance at Culloden battle ; if he did, he was agreeably disappointed, for when at his first coming into the hut, he attempted, as Lochiel had done previously, to kneel at the Prince's feet, Charles caught his arm, and kissed him on the cheek, “as if he had been an equal, and soon after said, ‘I'm very sorry, Cluny, you and your regiment were not at Culloden. I did not hear till of very late that you were so near to have come up with us that day.’”² Thus delicately and considerately did the Prince remove once and for all any qualms of conscience the noble-hearted Cluny may have felt regarding the unavoidable absence of his clan on the day of disaster. By Lochiel's orders the Rev. John Cameron was sent off on the morning following Cluny's arrival to Edinburgh, with instructions to try and engage a vessel at Leith or some neighbouring port in which the Prince and those who were with him might sail for the friendly shores of France. The minister departed on his errand, and the others, guided by Cluny, left the shealing of Meall an Iubhair and proceeded to another miserable little bothy, “superlatively bad and smockie,” says the chronicler, on the banks of the Uisge Chaoil Reidhe³ (called Uiskchilre in the narrative), a small stream flowing from the north-western side of Ben Alder into Loch Pattack, and remained there for two or three days in the greatest discomfort.

Charles was now daily growing more and more eager to escape from the perilous position in which he still found himself ; winter was drawing perceptibly nearer, when the out-door life he had been leading for nearly five months would become unendurable to one born like himself under the sunny skies of Italy. He did not grumble at the hardness of his lot, nor did he worry his companions with useless complaints, but at the same time he yearned inwardly for tidings of the vessels which he felt assured would sooner or later be sent for him. The west coast was already being vigilantly watched by the keen eyes of the two Glenaladales and by those of their kinsmen of Borrodale, and if no ship appeared, there was still the chance that John Cameron might be successful in chartering a craft at Leith in which the passage to the Continent could be made ;

¹ Donald MacPherson, Cluny's youngest brother, “Lyon in Mourning,” vol. iii. p. 38.

² *Ibid.*

³ Synonymous with All a' Chaoil Reidhe on Ordnance Survey map ; meaning the burn or stream of the narrow plain.

but the Prince intended to leave nothing to the hazard of circumstances if he could help it, so before leaving Uisge Chaoil Reidhe he despatched young Breackachie to find Colonel John Roy Stuart, and then go on with him to the east coast and engage a ship wherever a suitable one could be hired.

Two miles or so from the shealing hut of Uisge Chaoil Reidhe, in the face of that part of Ben Alder known as Leitir na Lic¹ (Letternilichk in narrative), Cluny had caused to be constructed for his own and the Prince's use an extraordinary retreat, which he, or some of his fellow refugees, had appropriately christened "the Cage," for cage it assuredly was. This "romantic comical habitation" is described in detail by Cluny's young brother Donald,² who had probably assisted in planning it. "There were," he writes, "first some rows of trees laid down in order to level a floor for the habitation, and as the place was steep this rais'd the lower side to equall height with the other; and these trees, in the way of jests (*sic* joists) or planks, were entirely well levelled with earth and gravel. There were betwixt the trees, growing naturally on their own roots some stakes fixed in the earth, which with the trees, were interwoven with ropes made of heath and birch twigs all to the top of the Cage, it being of a round or rather oval shape, and the whole thatched and covered over with foge (*sic* fog; moss litter, dried grass, &c.). This whole fabrick hung, as it were, by a large tree, which reclined from the one end all along the roof to the other, and which gave it the name of the Cage; and by chance there happen'd to be two stones at a small distance from other in the side next the precipice resembling the pillars of a bosom chimney, and here was the fire placed. The smock had its vent out there, all along a very stonny plat of the rock, which, and the smock were all together so much of a colour that any one could make no difference in the clearest day, the smock and stones by and through which it passed being of such true and real resemblance. The Cage was no larger than to contain six or seven persons, four of which number were frequently employed in playing at cards, one idle looking on, one beeking, and another firing bread and cooking."³

To this curious, but secure and fairly comfortable dwelling, which

¹ The slope of the flag-stone or possibly tombstone.

² Home, who prints the same narrative in the Appendix to his "History," says it was dictated by Cluny himself.

³ Another description of the "Cage" is in the Cluny charter-chest. It has been printed by the late Ex-Provost MacI'herson, Kingussie, and by Mr Blaikie in his "Itinerary," p. 69, *note*. From this account we learn that there were two rooms. "The upper room serv'd for *salle à manger* and bed chamber, while the lower serv'd for a cave to contain liquors and other necessaries." The whole construction was screened by a dense thicket of holly trees.

hung like Mahomet's coffin between earth and heaven, the Prince was conducted by Cluny on September 5th, and within its wattled walls he remained snugly sheltered from wind and weather, loyally guarded night and day by the MacPherson sentries, until September 13th, when the long-expected news of the arrival of some French ships off the west coast was brought to the Cage by the faithful John MacPherson (MacColvain).

By a most fortunate chance Cluny and Doctor Cameron had been sent by Charles to Loch Arkaig a day or so previously, "on some private affair,"¹ and on their road thither they met, and happily recognised, John MacPherson, "tho' the night was the very darkest," who informed Cluny that he was the bearer of a message to him from Cameron of Clunes to the effect that the French vessels had arrived and were anchored in Loch nan Uamh. The importance of this intelligence was fully appreciated by Cluny, and in order that not a moment might be lost in conveying it to the Prince, he instructed one of his attendants, Alexander MacPherson, "son to Benjamin McPherson in Gallovie," to return instantly with the messenger to Charles, and another, Murdoch MacPherson, a relation of Invereshie's, to intercept young Breackachie, while the Doctor and himself continued their journey to Loch Arkaig.

It was about one o'clock in the morning when the two MacPhersons reached the Prince's mountain eyrie by Loch Ericht side, but early or late the news was welcome, and Charles with characteristic impetuosity said he should start for Arisaig without a minute's unnecessary delay. Preparations for the march were at once commenced, and long before daybreak the Cage was empty and the eagles flown.

The first halt was made at the shealing bothy of Uisge Chaoil Reidhe, to which during the day came young Breackachie and John Roy Stuart. The Prince, upon being warned of their approach, wrapped his plaid closely around him, and laid down on the floor near the door, so that he might give his friend a surprise. As the colonel entered the hut Charles peeped out from the folds of the tartan and looked hard at his gallant officer, who was so startled at the unexpected sight, that he cried out, 'O Lord! my master!' and immediately fell down in a pool of water in a faint, to the no small amusement of the company. Breackachie in his travels had managed to secure three of the Prince's fuseses, that had been left in charge of some friend of the cause, and he was now able to restore them to their rightful owner. The sight of these favourite weapons was highly pleasing

¹ This was undoubtedly the occasion when Cluny was conducted by Doctor Archibald Cameron to the places where the Loch Arkaig treasure lay hidden, in order that he might know where to find it when required.

to Charles, and he exclaimed gleefully, "It is remarkable that my enemies have not discovered one farthing of my money, a rag of my clothes, or one piece of my arms."

When it grew dark a move was made in a north-westerly direction, and before the dawn of another day reddened the snowy summit of Ben Nevis, the little company of Highlanders, with their youthful leader, had crossed the foaming Spean, and found a shelter in the recesses of Coire Mhaighe¹ (Corvoy in the narrative), where after sufficiently refreshing



ENTRANCE TO GLEN CAMGHARAIDH, LOOKING ACROSS
LOCH ARKAIG

Photo by Mr. W. A. R. JEX LONG

themselves with food and slumber they spent some hours in shooting with the newly recovered fuseses at their bonnets, which were thrown into the air for the purpose. In this sport Charles, so the narrator tells us, "far exceeded."

Leaving Coire Mhaighe on the evening of the 14th, the Prince and his friends proceeded cautiously along the western ridges of Creag Meaghaidh to Uisge nan Fichead² (Uisknifehit in the narrative), slept there for some hours, and continued their journey before daylight on the

¹ The corrie of the Moy burn.

² The water, or stream, of the twenty.

15th into Glen Roy, probably by way of the glen of the Glas Dhoire burn, "kept themselves private all day," and at night, after a march of some eight or nine tedious miles over the hills of Glen Gloy, they came in the bright moonlight to the ford of Lochy near Mucomer. Here a serious difficulty confronted them, for the river was swollen, and far too deep to cross on foot; but while they were considering how best to surmount the obstacle, the indefatigable Clunes appeared with one of Lochiel's boats, which had escaped the notice of the enemy when all the rest were



THE FORD OF LOCHY AT MUCOMER

Where the Prince and his friends ferried over

Photo by Mr. H. V. WHITELAW

destroyed. Lochiel, who knew it for an old leaky tub, said he feared it was not safe, but Clunes soon reassured his chief by offering to cross first with some of the party, and then, to everybody's surprise, he produced six bottles of brandy which he declared came from the Hanoverian garrison at Fort Augustus. A raid was at once made on the spirit, and the contents of three of the bottles soon disappeared down the throats of the thirsty travellers, whose pleasure was much enhanced by the knowledge that the enemy had provided the liquor. Charles was highly amused at the idea, and he drank his share with greatly increased zest. The crossing was then proceeded with, Clunes going first with some of

the party, the Prince next with a few others, and Lochiel last with the remainder. In the first crossing, the three remaining bottles of brandy came to grief among the feet of the rowers, the spirit ran out, and soon got mixed with the water that poured fast through the leaky timbers. The sight of so much good liquor going to waste proved too much for the equanimity of the Highland boatmen, and long before its strength was wasted they bailed it up, and drank it with avidity, "which made the fellows so merry, that they made great diversion to the company as they marched along."



JUNCTION OF THE SPEAN AND LOCHV AT MUCOMER

The Bridge is modern

Photo by the AUTHOR

The 16th of September was spent amid the ruins of Achmacarry, the sight of which must have rent the gentle soul of Lochiel with many a bitter pang, many a sorrowful reflection, many a poignant regret. He was going with his beloved Prince, the Prince for whose sake he had lost all save honour, into an exile of indefinite length, of indefinite possibilities; in all human probability he would never more return to the romantic land of his birth, the land of bens, glens, and heroes, the land where his famous progenitors slept all unconscious of the catastrophe that had overwhelmed their clan and family, and the cause for which they had fought so bravely, in irretrievable ruin. Gloomy indeed was the outlook, dark

and uncertain the future, but with life there was hope, and the Prince, spared, as it seemed, by the special act of Providence, might yet with the powerful aid of France be enabled to avenge the sufferings of his devoted Highlanders, and wrest the crown from the brow of the insolent usurper. There was however little opportunity for thought at such a time ; dangers



REMAINS OF OLD ACHNACARRY

Photo by Mr. H. V. WHITELAW

had yet to be faced, and difficulties overcome before the heir of the Stuarts could reach the shelter of the French ships, and it therefore behoved every one to be more than usually alert and watchful, lest even at the eleventh hour he might fall into the clutches of his enemies. By the morning of the 17th another stage of the flight westwards was accomplished ; all night the Prince and his followers had travelled silently and rapidly along the south shore of Loch Arkaig, and about dawn they came

to Glen Camgharaidh¹ (Glen Camger in the narrative) near the head of the loch, where Cluny MacPherson and Doctor Archibald Cameron awaited them with a supply of provisions they had prudently brought from a store kept in case of emergency by Murdoch MacPherson, one of Keppoch's tenants, at Caol-Iaraich (Coilerig in the narrative) in Glen Roy. A cow was also killed when Charles arrived, and its flesh, together with a quantity of bannocks which Cluny and the Doctor had prepared, furnished sufficient food to supply the whole party until it reached Borrodale on the 19th.

Charles had previously "laid his commands" on Cluny "to stay in Scotland, both by word and in writing, as the only person in whom he cou'd repose the greatest confidence ; assuring him that he shou'd pay him a visit soon in a way better supported than formerly, and that at no rate he shou'd leave the country to (*sic* till) such time as he shou'd see himself, or at least have orders to that purpose under his own hand. Cluny, who knew the dangerous situation, wou'd willingly have excused himself and have accompanied him along with the others to France. But the Prince being urgent he obeyed, trusting to Providence and a good cause, and was willing to risque everything rather than fail in his duty."² It was a noble, unselfish decision, a decision which few men would have been courageous enough to have made, under such circumstances, or if made to have persisted in. There in front within gunshot lay the two French ships, *L'Heureux* and the *Prince de Conti*, tossing at anchor on the blue waters of the beautiful mountain-girt loch, their white sails spreading to the breeze like the pinions of birds poised ready for flight ; under those sails lay freedom and safety, while behind loomed the dim mysterious hills that shrouded and hemmed in a devastated, desolate country, within the bounds of which it was almost certain death to remain. But Cluny had pledged his word, and come what would he intended to keep it ; to him the secret of the buried treasure had been entrusted, the secret of

¹ At this place the Prince handed Cluny the following letter :—

"MCPHERSON OF CLUNIE.—As we are sensible of your and Clan's fidelity and integrity to us dureing our adventures in Scotland and England in the year 1745 and 1746, in recovering our just rights from the Elector of Hanover, by which you have sustained very great loss both in your interest and person. I therefore promise when it shall please God to put it in my power, to make a gretful return sutable to your suferings. CHARLES, P.R."

"DIRALAGICH IN GLENCAMYER OF LOCHARKAG,
"18 Sept" 1746."

² From the MS. in the Cluny charter-chest, referred to on p. 152, note 3, probably written, or at least dictated, by Cluny himself during his exile in France, *i.e.* between 1755 and 1764. He died at Dunkirk on January 30th of the latter year, and was buried in the garden of the Carmelite Monastery in that town, of which no trace now exists. For some very interesting particulars, *vide* "Gleanings from the Cluny Charter-Chest," by the late Ex-Provost MacPherson, Kingussie, in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness*, vol. xxi.



LOCHABER NO MORE.

Prince Charles saying farewell to his friends, before leaving Scotland

By J. E. MACDONALD, in the Dunitee Art Gallery.

that cursed gold, which was fated to awaken the cupidity of so many of the Prince's friends, to set man against man, and kinsman against kinsman, to tarnish the names of hitherto honest gentlemen, and to leave a stain, now happily removed, even upon the character of Cluny himself. Having seen Charles safely to the coast at Borrodale, the loyal chief of Clan Mhuirich bade him a sorrowful farewell, and went off with young Breackachie "with contentment . . . to commence his pilgrimage, which continued for nine years more."¹ The same night, or early on the following morning (Saturday, September 20th), the Prince embarked on board *L'Heureux*,² accompanied by Lochiel, Doctor Archibald Cameron, MacDonald of Lochgarry, John Roy Stuart, and many other persons of some distinction in his late army,³ among whom were MacDonald of Barisdale and his son Archibald. Far better would it have been for Col *Bàn* had he stayed behind, for by this time his treacherous bargain with the Hanoverian government had apparently become known to Charles, so that the moment father and son set foot on board, they were arrested in the name of the French king by Colonel Warren, who with young Sheridan controlled the expedition; and in spite of their indignant protestations of innocence they were carried to France and kept under lock and key at St. Malo until February 1749.⁴

With a favourable wind filling the sails of the two vessels, they soon cleared the loch, and stood out for the open sea, while those on board crowded the decks to get one last glimpse of the land many of them would never see again. Dimmed by tears and darkness—for it was past midnight when the ships weighed anchor—the great hills of Moidart and Ardnamurchan grew fainter and fainter, and were at last swallowed up in impenetrable gloom, to be seen no more by the straining eyes that watched their disappearance. It was a melancholy, but fitting termination to the brief but stirring drama that had been acted so recently among those Highland mountains. The play which had at first seemed almost a comedy had ended in unmistakable tragedy, the sanguinary climax had been reached, and now the curtain had fallen like a funeral pall to the sound of a great sobbing, the sobbing of a sorely stricken people, above which, like a cry of agony, rose the mournful wail of the coronach and the wild shriek of the lamenting pipes.

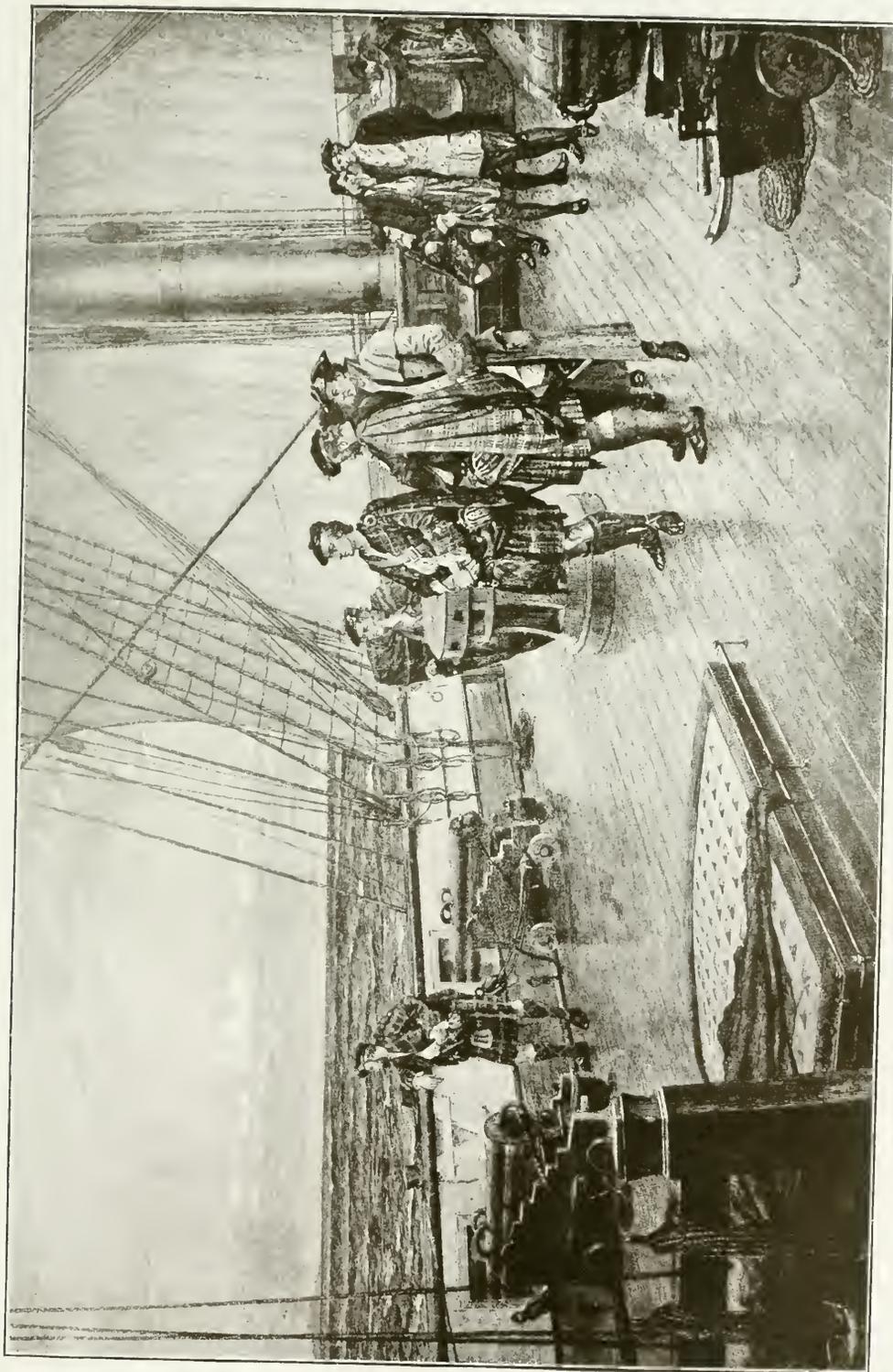
Onward sped the ships "ower the friendly main," bearing with them

¹ From the MS. in the Cluny charter-chest, referred to on p. 152, note 3.

² *Vide*, Blaikie's "Itinerary," p. 102 *note*.

³ Young Borrodale states that more than one hundred persons sailed to France with the Prince.

⁴ For full details of Barisdale's treachery, *vide* "Tales of the Century," by the Sobieski Stuarts, Appendix, also, Lang's "Companions of Pickle," pp. 97-128.



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD'S LAST LOOK AT SCOTLAND
Painted by ALLAN STEWART. By permission of the Fine Art Society, London

the gallant but reckless Prince who had played the leading part in the historic episode that was henceforth to link his name for ever with the romantic country over which he had wandered for fourteen eventful months. He had played for a crown, and the glittering bauble had slipped from his grasp, but in its place he had won, what was far better, the deep and lasting affection of the Highland people, who, in spite of the misery and wretchedness he had brought them, never forgot, and never will forget, the bonnie lad who trusted life, honour, and everything that he held most dear to their keeping.

As in imagination we watch the vessels disappear into the night, there comes, wafted to our ears on the breeze, a strain of music as of a singer singing, and the words of the song are in the Sassenach tongue, and they are "Will ye no come back again?" and while we listen intently, we may hear, if we have one drop of Highland blood in our veins, the sad answer, borne to us from the distant Hebrides, from the dark summits of the mighty Coolins, from Culloden's blood-stained moor—it is in the true Gaelic, the language of the bards and of those who see behind the veil of the future—and these are the words: *Cha till! cha till! cha till e tuille!* (He will return, never more!)

CHAPTER IV

“ De l'amitié des rois exemple mémorable,
Et de leurs intérêts victime déplorable.”

—DUFRESNOY.



HAVE the happiness to advise your Majesty of my wished for success in meeting his Royal Highness the Prince on the continent of Scotland, and bringing him safe back to France, having landed this moment here at Roscoff, in Lower Britany, within 4 leagues of Morlaix, at half-an-hour past two the afternoon, Monday 10th October 1746;¹ . . . I congratulate your Majesty on this happy event, and think this is the happiest day of my life, to see our great Hero delivered so miraculously from his enemies." So runs the letter despatched by Colonel Warren to the Prince's anxious father immediately after he had landed his precious charge upon the kindly soil of France. Charles's first thoughts were for his brother, who was at the time staying with the French Court at Versailles, and in a brief, affectionately worded note, which he commissioned Warren to deliver, he announced his arrival at Morlaix, and requested the Duke to communicate the news in writing to Louis XV. and prepare the way for an early interview with His Majesty. "It is an absolute necessity," he writes, "I must see ye F. K. as soon as possible, for to bring things to a write head."²

In the Prince's mind one idea was uppermost, one duty clear and paramount above all others; he must go straight to Louis and endeavour by every means in his power to persuade that dilatory monarch to sanction the fitting out of an effective expedition, by the aid of which the task he had set himself to perform might be successfully accomplished. Impetuous and sanguine as ever, in spite of his recent experiences, Charles had little doubt that if he could but once get speech with the King, and bring the whole weight of his eloquence to bear upon him, Louis might be induced to grant the necessary permission for raising a

¹ New Style. Letter among the Stuart Papers, printed in Browne's "History," Appendix XXXV.

² *Ibid.* Appendix XXXVI. A few lines were enclosed in this letter for the Prince's father.

force of sufficient strength to warrant another rising of the Highlanders before the fighting spirit induced by the late campaign died out for want of encouragement.

With such thoughts filling his brain, the Prince could not rest long inactive, and before many days had passed he left the quiet Breton town,



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD

*From Bust by LEMOVNE, 1746, in Scottish National Portrait Gallery
By permission of Mrs. ALEXANDER FRASER*

and with a few of his Scottish adherents set out for the gay capital of France, where he knew he should receive an enthusiastic welcome from those of his friends to whom the secret of his arrival had been entrusted. As he drew near the great city, a cavalcade was seen approaching, and before many minutes had elapsed Charles was locked in the embrace of

his brother Henry, who, unable to restrain his impatience, had ridden out from Versailles or Clichy with a party of young French noblemen to meet the distinguished traveller, and conduct him to the Château de St. Antoine, which had been placed at the Prince's disposal by the French King.

The meeting between the long-separated brothers was marked by a display of real affection on both sides ; at first sight Charles failed to recognise the youthful Duke, but Henry knew his elder brother at once, although "grown somewhat broader and fatter," which he thought "incomprehensible, after all the fatigues he had endured." "Your Majesty may conceive," he writes, when describing the event to his father in a letter dated from Clichy, October 17th, "the tenderness of our first meeting—those that were present said they never saw the like in their lives, and indeed I defy the whole world another brother so kind and loving as he is to me."

For nearly a week after reaching Paris, Charles remained quietly in his new abode, waiting for the invitation to Fontainebleau which Colonel O'Brien, King James's agent at the Court of France, was trying to procure for him. "The Prince sees and will scarce see anybody but myself for a few days," remarks Henry in the letter to his father already referred to, "that he may have a little time to rest before he is plagued by all the world, as to be sure he will when once he sees company. I go every day to dine with him ; yesterday I brought him privately to see my house (*probably at Clichy*), and I perceive he has as much *gou* (sic *gout*) for the chace as ever he had."¹

To the royal exile at Rome, the news that his brave son had escaped from the clutches of Cumberland, and was alive and well in Paris, seemed at first almost too good to be true. Month after month he had waited for reliable tidings of his dear Carluccio ; night after night, before retiring to seek oblivion from his anxieties in sleep, he had invoked the aid of the Almighty and the blessed Saints on the Prince's behalf, but when day followed day without a word from the wanderer, he began to lose hope of ever seeing him again.

Always of a somewhat morose and melancholy disposition, the natural result of a life marked by great sorrows and repeated disappointments, James grew at last so dejected in spirit that for hours together he would wander aimlessly about his palace sighing and moaning for his poor lost

¹ Several of the Prince's biographers have stated on the authority of an account in the Lockhart Papers that Charles made no stop in Paris, but went on immediately and interviewed Louis at Versailles ; the Duke's letter of October 17th is, however, sufficient proof of the incorrectness of the story.

boy. But for his deep religious faith in a Divine Providence, which alone consoled and sustained him under this the latest of his many trials, the unhappy crownless monarch would in all probability have sunk beneath the weight of his troubles into a premature grave, or at best have become a confirmed hypochondriac. It may be imagined therefore with what a joyful revulsion of feeling he received the glad tidings of his darling's safety, with what a grateful heart he thanked Heaven for so direct an answer to his supplications. "I cannot express to you, my dearest Carluccio, the joy and comfort I felt in receiving your letter from Morlaix of the 10th October, after all I have suffered on your account for so many months past," he writes from Albano on November 3rd, and we may be sure there is no exaggeration in the language.

With newly awakened solicitude for his son's welfare, and with an almost prophetic instinct of what was to come, James tenders in the same letter some excellent paternal advice. "I am afraid," says the King, "you will have little reason to be satisfied with the Court of France, and that you will not have less need of courage and fortitude in bearing and suffering in that country than you had in acting in Britain, and let me recommend in the

most earnest manner to you patience and prudence ; for by a contrary conduct you would make things worse and never better." Patience and prudence ; well indeed would it have been for Charles had he adopted this phrase as his watchword and acted up to it, well for him had he taken greater heed to his father's sage precepts and kindly counsel. James knew the world and its blandishments, he had long since learnt



TARTAN COAT BELIEVED TO HAVE
BELONGED TO PRINCE CHARLES
EDWARD STUART

The property of Sir J. H. Williams-Drummond, Bart.

*From a coloured drawing by WILLIAM GIBB, in
"The Royal House of Stuart"
By permission of Me-srs. MACMILLAN & Co.*

the old biblical lesson, and he put his faith neither in princes nor their ministers ; disillusionment had come to him in early manhood, disappointment after disappointment, failure after failure, had taught him the folly of trustfulness. He had gained wisdom, he could read between the lines, see beneath the surface, but Charles, young, rash, inexperienced, dazzled by high hopes and great aspirations, saw only the object he had in view, and regarded his father's advice as uncalled-for and unnecessary. In his letter James strongly urges the Prince to confide in Cardinal Tencin and Colonel O'Brien. "Nobody can advise you better than they two," he writes, "and they will, I am sure, do all they can to serve you." Charles, however, disliked and suspected both, and he determined to make use of them only so far as they might serve his purpose.

In one matter at least O'Brien soon proved himself of service he arranged the meeting Charles so greatly desired with the French King. It was only to be a surreptitious, back-stairs sort of meeting, for Louis distinctly refused at first to receive the Prince in a public manner, but nevertheless the main point had been gained, and at last, after years of waiting, Charles was to have an opportunity of pleading his cause in person. The interview from which so much was expected took place at Fontainebleau on the evening of October 21st, but from the Prince's point of view it was an utter failure, for owing to his brother Henry's presence, he refrained from discussing the subject he had at heart, believing no doubt that he would find other and more suitable occasions of speaking to Louis in private. Writing to his royal host on the morning following his reception he says, "*Je prends la liberté d'écrire à votre Majesté pour lui dire la raison que Je ne parlais point de mes affaires hier au soir ; c'est parce que mon frère était présent, et qu'en même tems je voudrois écrire de lui donner aucune jalousie, comme je l'aime tendrement :*" and concludes by requesting the favour of another interview of a more private character.¹ Probably Louis was heartily glad that Charles had not thought fit to worry him by speaking of his "affairs" ; it is more than likely that he never would have allowed him to speak of them, for much as he admired the gallant, fearless spirit displayed by the Prince in his bold attempt to recover his patrimony, he had no intention of committing himself to any action that would involve him in further hostilities with Great Britain at a time when he was thinking seriously of proposing terms of peace to the ministry of George II. France had had more than enough of war with the power that rules the sea, many of her finest war-ships lay at the bottom of the ocean, their hulls

¹ Dated from Fontainebleau. Letter among the Stuart Papers.

riddled with British shot and shell, or floated shamefacedly in English harbours with the British ensign at their peaks. Cape Breton had succumbed to a British assault after an obstinate defence, and with the exception of a few minor successes over British troops and their allies on the continent of Europe, among which Fontenoy only was worth mentioning, no practical advantage had accrued to the French nation from the campaign, so that King and ministers alike were beginning to consider the best means of putting an end to it before their finances were quite exhausted.

The moment was, in fact, most inauspicious for the Prince and his expectations, but as he was not admitted into the inner secrets of French policy he continued to hope that sooner or later Louis would give his consent to the proposed expedition. It is extremely doubtful if Charles ever succeeded in obtaining the private audience he so much desired; there is, it is true, a long circumstantial narrative among the Lockhart Papers of a semi-state reception given by the French King to the Prince at Versailles ten days after his arrival in Paris, to which the heir of the Stuarts drove in a fine coach, dressed magnificently in rose-coloured velvet and silver, with a waistcoat of gold brocade elaborately worked, upon which sparkled the orders of St. George and St. Andrew, while in the cockade of his three-cornered hat and on the buckles of his high-heeled shoes, diamonds flashed and scintillated, so that he appeared, says the narrator, to glitter "all over like the star which they tell you appeared at his nativity." In the same coach with Charles rode Lord Lewis Gordon and old John Cameron of Lochiel—Donald's father—the equipage being attended by two pages in gorgeous raiment, and ten footmen in the royal livery of the English court. Preceding the Prince's coach went a state-carriage containing—so we are told—the Lords Eleho and Ogilvy, with Gordon of Glenbucket¹ and George Kelly, and following close behind came another, occupied by three chamberlains, while the rear of the procession was brought up by a brilliant escort of the younger members of the French aristocracy headed by young Lochiel. The King, we are told, received the Prince with the greatest cordiality, and as a mark of his goodwill invited him to a state banquet which was to take place the same evening. Our authority then goes on to relate how Charles returned to the palace and supped with Louis XV., the queen, and other members of the royal family, while his friends and

¹ This is certainly an error, as old Glenbucket, according to his own statement, did not manage to escape from Scotland until November 25th, 1746, and then he went not to Paris but to Norway. *Vide* his letter to Edgar printed in Browne's "History," vol. iv., Appendix CNV.

attendants were sumptuously entertained at separate tables, in accordance with their rank.

How much of this story is true we have no means of ascertaining; it is, however, certain that Charles did visit Louis at Versailles, and in becoming state,¹ and we may reasonably infer that his reception was a flattering one, although it brought him not one whit nearer to the goal he had in view, a fact he was not long in discovering. At first all seemed to be going well; the King was kind and apparently well-disposed; he interested himself to make the Prince's stay in Paris as pleasant as possible, he provided a residence in which his young guest might keep up at least the appearance of royalty, and he responded generously to the call for pecuniary assistance made by Charles on behalf of those unfortunate Scottish noblemen and gentlemen who had lost their all in the late disastrous rising.² The Queen, too, was more than kind; she had been an intimate and attached companion of the Prince's mother in those happy days before the Princess Clementina had linked her fate with that of the doomed Stuarts. Charles greatly resembled his late unhappy parent, and her old friend Marie Leszcynski,³ now Queen of France, quickly perceiving the likeness, felt a natural impulse to cherish and love the handsome youth who reminded her so much of the dead Princess. Nor was the Queen the only other member of the French royal family who regarded the Prince with affectionate admiration: the Dauphin, though a mere lad, openly declared himself his friend, and the young princesses made no secret of their predilection in his favour. To them he was a hero, a knight-errant, a *preux chevalier*, such as they had probably read of in the romantic chronicles of Froissart, a very Bayard among princes, *sans peur et sans reproche*—they could have listened all night to the recountal of his strange adventures among the Scottish mountains; they sympathised with him in his sufferings, and were often moved to tears when he spoke of his many narrow escapes from peril and death. To one of these royal ladies Charles had, it will be remembered, declared himself especially attached; her "black eyes" had ever been his favourite toast when sojourning among his Highland adherents; her image had cheered and comforted him during many a long vigil spent on the

¹ That Charles really visited Louis at Versailles is proved by the item in his account with George Waters—his Paris banker—viz: "For a coach and six to go to Versailles, when H.R.H. went to see the King, 45 (livres). To the coachman and postillion, 9 (livres)." Among the Stuart Papers.

² Lochiel, "*chef de Camerons, Brigadier et Colonel*," was granted 4000 livres; old Lochiel, 3000; Lord Ogilvy, 4000; Lochgarry, 3000; John Roy Stuart, 3000; Doctor Archibald Cameron, rank of colonel, 3000, &c. For full list *vide* Browne's "History," Appendices XXXIX. and XLVII., printed from the Stuart Papers.

³ The Queen of Louis XV. was the second daughter of Stanislaus Leszcynski, King of Poland.

bleak hillsides or in the gloomy caverns of his father's northern kingdom; now he basked in the sunshine of those dark smiling orbs, and saw near him the graceful figure he had so often dreamed of. Young and impressionable as both were, under happier circumstances an early marriage might easily have resulted from this mutual feeling of attraction which had sprung up spontaneously between the second daughter of France and the legitimate heir to the British throne, but Louis had other and more ambitious views for the princess's future than an alliance with the son of a crownless king, however brave and estimable that son might be.

For a short time Charles allowed himself to be deceived into the belief that his hopes were in a fair way towards fulfilment, but as time went on, and he found that he could neither get private speech with Louis XV., nor any definite promise from the French ministers, he began to realise that between the King's friendship as an individual and his friendship as the head of the French nation, there was a wide difference. It was of little use to be well received at Court, to be made much of by the Queen and her children, to be honoured and applauded by the aristocracy, to be cheered by the *bourgeoisie* whenever he appeared at the opera or other public place of amusement, if the real object of his mission was to be persistently disregarded. Within three weeks of his arrival in Paris Charles had become heartily sick and disgusted at the whole business; he wanted bread and his pretended friends offered him a stone; troops, ships, arms, and money were what he needed, but instead, he could only obtain empty compliments, cheap applause, and unsubstantial, indefinite promises that something might be done for him in the dim and distant future. Had he been a wiser or less impetuous prince, he would have taken his father's sensible advice and waited on in patience until some more fortunate opportunity occurred of pressing his claims with a reasonable chance of success; but patience under neglect was not one of Charles's prominent virtues—he must be up and doing, not idling away his time amid the dissipations of a gay and frivolous Court, while Scotland, wounded and bleeding, lay at the mercy of the Elector's brutal soldiery. He had promised his brave Highlanders that he would invoke the aid of France in their behalf, and he knew they expected him to return with a powerful force to redress their wrongs and avenge their sufferings. It was not that the Prince objected to the comforts and luxuries that now surrounded him, nor did he find it unpleasant to hear his praises sung by the beautiful women and high-born dandies who frequented the palaces of Versailles and Fontainebleau; unlike his father

and brother he had no ascetic inclinations ; in fact, he often reproved Henry for his austere mode of life, and urged him to join more freely in the questionable pleasures indulged in by the *jeunesse dorée* of the French Court, in order that he might gain greater popularity. Under other conditions, Charles would have thoroughly enjoyed his new and agreeable existence, but to his credit be it said, he had no heart for feasting and junketting while his petition remained unanswered. Early in the month of November O'Brien was authorised verbally by D'Argenson and Cardinal Tencin to lay before the Prince Louis' proposal for his future maintenance ; the King, D'Argenson said, was prepared to allow Charles a sum of 12,000 francs (roughly, £480) per month, and the use of a house in which both the brothers were to reside during their stay in the neighbourhood of Paris. Whether Charles took offence at the cavalier way in which the offer was made, the smallness of the allowance, or because he imagined that it was the forerunner of a refusal to grant him further assistance in carrying out his project of another expedition, it is difficult to tell. One thing is certain, as we may learn from the extraordinary letter the Prince wrote to his father from Clichy on November 6th, which he enclosed in another to Edgar—James's secretary—that he considered himself deeply and grossly insulted ; the proposal he refers to as "a scandalous arrangement," and he goes on to pour out the vials of his wrath and indignation upon the heads of those ministers who suggested it, in most ill-advised and imprudent language. "I find it, and am absolutely convinced of it," he remarks, "that ye only way of dellying with this Government, is to give as short and smart answers as one can, at ye same time paying them in their own Coin by loding them with sivilities and compliments, setting apart business ; for that kind of vermin, the more yu give them, the more thel take, as also the more room you give them the more they have to grapple at."

From the tone of this and other letters addressed by Charles to his father at the close of 1746 it is abundantly clear that his position in Paris was fast becoming intolerable. To his proud impulsive spirit the cold, unimpassioned, underhanded methods of French diplomacy were hateful in the extreme ; he had asked a plain, straightforward question and he expected a plain, straightforward answer, but this was exactly what he could not get, and in consequence he naturally grew angry and exasperated.

James, to whom the news of his son's failure to obtain a promise of further military assistance from the French King did not come at all as a surprise, has no comfort or consolation to offer him. In his reply of

December 16th he merely administers a mild reproof, and has a word to say respecting the marriage question. "I heartily wish you may succeed in your manner of acting towards the Court of France," he writes; "but I am affrayd you will disgust them quite, and that by the way you are taking, not only yourself, but even those who suffer for you, and have no other resource but the French, will feel the effects of them, while I am no ways in a condition to supply either them or you, for it is not a small matter that will suffice for either of you"—meaning, of course, for Charles and Henry. With regard to the marriage of the two Princes, he remarks: "It must be very obvious to everybody that it is for the interest of our family that at least you and your brother should marry, but I don't see neither such haste in the matter. This is a very critical juncture, and if our great affairs should yet go well, you might both of you have the first Princesses of Europe, whereas perhaps now you could not have the last; and besides, naturally speaking, on all accounts methinks you should think of marrying yourself before your brother." Charles, we know, had already set his affections upon one of the "first Princesses," and nothing less would satisfy his ambition at the moment, although he himself admits that the chances of obtaining her hand were exceedingly remote. Other and less brilliant matches were suggested by O'Brien for both the Princes, a daughter of the Duke of Modena for Charles, and Mademoiselle de Mazarin for Henry, but neither of the two ladies were acceptable; Henry had no intention of entering the married state, and his elder brother preferred to wait until his fortunes were in a more flourishing condition before taking so important a step.

During the month of November, Charles, finding himself debarred from private speech with Louis XV., embodied his views on the subject of his affairs in a Memoir which he sent to the King in the hope that it might move his Most Christian Majesty to grant the assistance he so greatly needed. This document, which may be seen among the Stuart Papers, contains a brief *résumé* of the Highland rising of 1745-46, and the causes of its failure; viz., the want of sufficient money, provisions, and regular troops (*d'argent, de vivres, et d'une poignée de troupes régulières*). The Prince points out that the kingdom of Scotland is on the eve of annihilation (*la veille de se voir anéantir*), and that its people are so exasperated at the resolution of the English Government to make no distinction between those who remained faithful to it and those who had taken up arms for himself, that he felt certain he would be able to secure at least three partisans for every one he had formerly obtained. In conclusion, he begs Louis to provide him with a force of from eighteen to

twenty thousand men, which he promises to employ usefully for their mutual interests, and adds, "*ces intérêts sont inséparables.*"

It is pretty evident that his Most Christian Majesty was not of the same opinion; at all events he evinced no very strong desire to look after them in the manner Charles indicated. We have, in fact, no evidence whatever to show that either Louis or his ministers vouch-



OLD BELFRY, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER

Boulogne was much frequented by the Jacobite exiles, after Culloden

safed any reply, official or otherwise, to the Prince's memorial; but a proposal made to Charles by Cardinal Tencin about this time may have been the indirect outcome of the paper in question. Calling one day upon the Prince at the Château de St. Antoine, the Cardinal, in the course of a discussion upon those topics which he knew were of never-failing interest to his youthful host, threw out a hint that it might yet be possible for France to aid in furthering the enterprise Charles had in view, but there must be a *quid pro quo*, a condition. "What condition?" exclaimed the Prince. "That Ireland be ceded to France," coolly replied the wily diplomat.

Flushing with anger at the odious suggestion, Charles rose hastily from his chair, exclaiming loudly as he did so, "*Non, Monsieur le Cardinal, tout ou rien! point de partage! point de partage!*" It was useless for the startled cleric to try and pacify the indignant Prince by stating that the proposal, which had been prompted by his regard for the House of Stuart, had emanated solely from his own brain, and was quite unofficial. Charles refused to be smoothed over, and when, before taking his leave, the Cardinal said he trusted his Royal Highness would think no more of the matter, the

Prince retorted with hauteur that he did not intend to trouble himself to think of it. The reply was worthy of a Stuart prince, whose first consideration was the honour and stability of the throne to which he hoped one day to succeed. Unlucky he may have been, unfortunate he certainly was, but he had not lost one iota of his pride of lineage; in spite of his foreign birth and education he had never forgotten that he was a Briton, and the mere suggestion of such a bargain as the one proposed by Tencin filled all his soul with horror and disgust. The perfidy of France was now apparent, for Charles could not bring himself to believe that the Cardinal had acted entirely on his own responsibility in so important a matter as the suggested partition of the British Islands, and it is more than probable that his surmise was correct; in any case, he was at last satisfied that he could expect nothing from Louis or his ministers unless he was prepared to concede a share of his rever-sionary rights in the British dominions to France, and this he would have died rather than do.

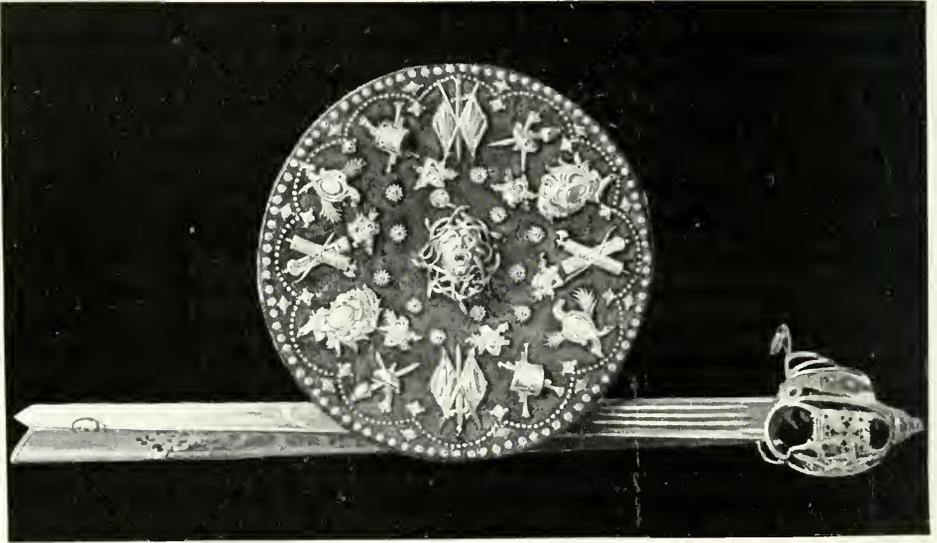
For perhaps the first time in his life Charles began to despair of recovering his patrimony; he had relied so implicitly upon France to aid him in his struggle with the Elector of Hanover, and now, when the crisis of that struggle had arrived, France stood idly by, declining to assist unless an impossible recompense was promised. Having once fully recognised the unpalatable truth that he could no longer look for any active support from Louis XV., Charles did what any proud-spirited young prince would have done under similar circumstances: he determined to leave Paris, where his position was humiliating in the extreme, and seek help elsewhere. His first thoughts naturally turned in the direction of Spain, whose sympathy with the Stuart cause had been shown in more ways than one during the recent campaign in Scotland,¹ but unfortunately for Charles his father's old friend, Philip V., had died during the summer of 1746, and the throne was now filled by Philip's son, Ferdinand,² whose policy was as yet scarcely defined; the Prince, however, hoped for the best, and before the close of the year he had come to the resolution to try his fortune at the Escorial as soon as he could slip quietly away from France.

Always of a somewhat secretive disposition, Charles grew daily more and more reticent regarding his future plans. He admitted no one to his entire confidence, and even to his brother Henry, for whom he had a deep

¹ Spain had contributed a sum of nearly £5000 towards the Prince's expedition, but the money did not reach him until after Culloden. *Vide* p. 197, vol. iii.

² Ferdinand, Prince of the Asturias, born September 12th, 1713, succeeded his father as Ferdinand VI

fraternal affection, he communicated only the faintest hints of his intentions, while to his father he revealed absolutely nothing. The reasons for this policy of reticence adopted by Charles after his return from Scotland are easily apparent. In the first place, there was the conviction firmly established in the Prince's mind that the King, his father, had lost all personal interest in the cause for which he, Charles, was still prepared to sacrifice everything save honour, and he had many reasons for believing that Henry was equally careless and unambitious respecting it: and in



TARGET AND SWORD CARRIED BY THE PRINCE DURING THE '45
Property of Cluny MacPherson (and the Cath. Church of Argyll and Isles)

Drawings coloured, &c.

By permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co.

the second, there was a gradually increasing suspicion, which later became a certainty, that he could not confide any secrets to the King in Rome without the agents of the English Government getting wind of them through one channel or another.

The sudden death of his faithful old friend and tutor, Sir Thomas Sheridan, at Rome, during the month of November (1746), removed the only man to whom Charles ever really unbosomed his inmost thoughts, and with the exception of George Kelly there was no one who could in any way fill his vacant place. So at least thought the Prince, for immediately after the news of Sheridan's decease reached him in Paris, he took Kelly into greater favour, installed him as his private

secretary, and entrusted him with as much of his confidence as he cared to give to any one. Since the summer of 1744, when Sheridan joined Charles in Paris, James had conceived an unreasonable prejudice against his son's aged tutor and counsellor, although it was quite in accordance with his own wishes that Sir Thomas went thither at the Prince's request.¹ From the King's letter to Charles of February 3, 1747, it is manifest that his change of opinion regarding his old servant was due to the fact that he imagined the Prince's attitude of reserve towards himself and Henry had been encouraged, if not actually prompted, by Sheridan at that time. There is, however, no proof that such was actually the case. Sir Thomas did unquestionably exercise a very considerable influence over the mind of his royal pupil which was perhaps not always beneficial to that headstrong youth, but it is extremely doubtful whether this influence was utilised for the purpose James suspected. The fact is, the King's prejudice against both Sheridan and Kelly was due almost entirely to the misrepresentations of Sempill, Balhaldie, and other members of his own particular *entourage*, who were jealous of the Prince's clique—or "gang," as James calls it—in Paris. Now that Sheridan had disappeared from the scene, the animosity of the King's agents was directed against George Kelly, and they found little difficulty in persuading their complacent master into the belief that Charles had again made a serious error in the selection of his new secretary, a belief he quickly communicated to the Prince, in terms which leave no doubt



SEALSKIN SPORRAN, OF FRENCH MANUFACTURE, MOUNTED IN SILVER, BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN WORN BY PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

The property of Cluny MacPherson

From a coloured drawing by WILLIAM GIBB, in "The Royal House of Stuart"

By permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co.

¹ *Ibid* vol. i. pp. 92, 93.

of his strong antipathy to the much-abused Irishman.¹ Charles, of course, loyally took the part of his protégé and respectfully declined to dismiss him; whereupon James qualified his previous remarks respecting Kelly so far as to state that he had meant to attack his discretion rather than his honesty, adding, "all I will require you as to him is never to show him any of my letters, or to employ him in writing here about business."

The sole effect of this correspondence was to widen still further the gulf which divided the Prince from his father. James meant well undoubtedly, but he never thoroughly understood the character and disposition of his wayward first-born, and thus his letters, admirable as they are, which would have had great weight with the dutiful Henry, only served to annoy and irritate Charles. Nor was the Prince's resentment altogether unjustifiable, for apart from the tone and wording of his father's epistles, he had a real cause for anger in the fact that, notwithstanding the confidential nature of the correspondence, James had taken it upon himself to communicate the contents of his own and the Prince's letters to O'Brien in Paris, a tactless act which Charles, who, as we know, hated O'Brien, never forgot or forgave.

It was not likely under these circumstances that Charles should divulge his intention of visiting Spain either to his father or brother. He proceeded, therefore, to make his arrangements for the journey as quietly and secretly as possible, and when everything was ready for his departure he wrote a farewell letter to the French King, in which he thanks Louis for the many favours bestowed upon those who had suffered for their fidelity to the Stuart cause in the late rising, and declares that his sole object in coming to the Court of France was to personally lay before his Majesty a new and mutually advantageous plan for another expedition. He particularly points out that any propositions made for his own personal interests were made entirely without his sanction or approval, and adds that, as he finds himself unable to appear in Paris in a manner becoming his position, he has decided to retire to some place where his condition will be of little consequence. In conclusion he states that if, during his absence, his Majesty should think seriously of the proposed expedition, and wished to see him, he

¹ I am not inclined to place much reliance on the impeachment of George Kelly, made by the Rev. Myles Macdonnell in his letter to King James of May 4th. 1747, printed in Browne's "History," vol. iii. Appendix LXXXVI. A strong personal prejudice is noticeable in every line of the letter, and there is evidently some hidden motive behind it which is clearly perceptible. Kelly may not have been the best man Charles could have had about him at this time, but he was certainly not the worst.—W. D. N.



GRANT OF GLENMORISTON

Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac Phàdruig*

Badge—*Sprig of Pine.*

War Cry—“*Stand fast*”*

The tartan shown above is worn by the whole of Clan Grant, whether of Strathspey, Urquhart, or Glenmoriston. The green hunting tartan similar to the Black Watch sett is sometimes worn

* “*Stand fast, Craig Elachaidh,*” is the slogan of the Strathspey Grants

would return immediately, and in the meantime he offers to nominate a person in whom he has entire confidence to negotiate his affairs with the King and his ministers.¹ This letter is dated January 12, 1747; a few weeks later—that is to say, before the beginning of February—Charles had shaken the dust of the French capital from his feet, and made his way to Lyons, from whence, after he had despatched a few lines to his brother, he proceeded to Avignon, where he appears to have remained a few days before crossing the Pyrenees.

For some time previously it had been James's wish to send Henry to the Court of Spain, and he had duly notified his intention to Charles in a letter written in Rome on February 13th, which the Prince may or may not have received before he left Paris. The probability is that he did not receive it, for when, in reply to Charles's note from Lyons, Henry refers to his father's project, Charles is forced to reveal to his brother the secret he had taken such great pains to conceal. "I must now tell you in plaine terms, dear brother," he writes from Avignon on February 9th, "that, even in Scotland, I formed a project of going myself to the Court of Spain. I left Paris with that intention, which I am resolved to pursue, and had I even mentioned to the King (*James*) wou'd have made no secret of it to you. I wou'd not ask leve for fier of being refused, and proposed to go and return, iff necessary, with all the privacy immaginable."

Charles could brook no interference with his political schemes, and he had, therefore, the strongest of reasons for trying to keep Henry away from Madrid at this juncture. "I now send to intrete you by all the tyes of brotherly affection," he continues, "and of your regard to the case, that you will not think of starting from thence (*Paris*) tho' you shou'd get leve, untill you see the event of my jurney." No one is to be admitted into the secret but Sir John Graham, unless the French King should express a desire to see the writer, in which case Henry is authorised to disclose the whole matter in strict confidence.

It may be at once stated that the Prince's mission to Madrid resulted in nothing but further disappointment, and was productive of no good whatever to the Jacobite cause. Charles reached the Spanish capital on March 2nd by way of Perpignan and Barcelona in the company of Colonel Nagle,² a friend of the late Duke of Ormonde, and at once

¹ The person referred to was probably Sir James Stuart of Goodtrees, who carried the news of the victory of Prestonpans to Paris in November 1746. *Vide* vol. ii. p. 140 and note 4. A draught copy of his powers, dated December 20, 1746, is among the Stuart Papers. *Vide* Appendix LIII. vol. iii., Browne's "History."

² George Kelly and Doctor Archibald Cameron accompanied the Prince as far as Barcelona.

addressed himself to the business he had in hand by endeavouring to open up communications with King Ferdinand through the agency of Don Joseph de Caravajal, who at this period was the most powerful and influential member of the Spanish ministry. To Caravajal and his royal master



TRIAL OF JACOBITE PRISONERS IN LONDON

the visit of the Prince to Madrid was as embarrassing as it was unwelcome. Spain, like her neighbour France, was at the moment in a conciliatory mood; she had assisted the exiled royal family while it suited her purpose, and had Charles succeeded in overturning the Hanoverian dynasty in Britain she would have rejoiced heartily, and claimed her share of any

reward that was going ; but Charles had not succeeded, and George the Second still sat securely upon the throne of the Stuarts, behind an impregnable barrier of British ships and British bayonets. George, in the eyes of Spain, was a formidable power, to be reckoned with and if possible propitiated, while Charles was regarded merely as a useful diplomatic tool to be taken up or laid down as the occasion demanded. The occasion for the Prince's services had passed ; he could no longer be of any political use to the Spanish Government, and Caravajal was of opinion that the sooner he quitted Spanish territory the better.

It was, however, necessary to grant the unwelcome visitor an interview, so an appointment was made and Charles was conveyed secretly to the minister's house in a coach, every precaution being taken to prevent the knowledge of his visit from leaking out. After the usual vapid compliments had been exchanged, Caravajal with many polite excuses first declared that he had not thought it advisable to trouble his master with the Prince's letter, and then proceeded to throw out a hint that it might save a great deal of trouble if Charles would return at once to Paris. This was not at all what the Prince had expected, but he kept his temper as well as he could, and after some further desultory conversation he took his leave of Don Joseph, and drove back to his lodgings in a most unenviable frame of mind. What followed is best described in the Prince's own words : " I . . . was never more surprised than when Caravajal himself came at the door of the *auberge* I was lodged in, at eleven at night and a half, to tell me that the King wanted to see me immediately. I went instantly, and saw the King and Queen together, who made me a great many civilities, but at the same time desiring me to go back as soon as possible ; that unluckily circumstances of affairs required so at present ; that nothing in the world they desired more than to have the occasion of showing me proofs of their friendship and regard. One finds in old histories," Charles adds sarcastically, by way of comment, " that the greatest proofs of showing such things are to help people in distress ; but this, I find, is not now *à la mode* according to French fashion."¹

Helping people in distress was no part of Caravajal's policy ; he had quite enough to do to keep his own country out of difficulties without troubling himself about impecunious princes with quixotic ideas. One more interview he gave Charles in Madrid, and then bundled him off to Guadalaxara " with a considerable sum of money for his journey," in

¹ Letter from Charles to his father, dated Guadalaxara, March 12th, 1747. Stuart Papers, printed by Ewald.

the hope that he would return quietly to France without giving any more trouble, but that persistent youth had not yet given up all hopes of Spanish aid, and during the few days he remained cooped up in the old Castilian town he continued his appeals to Caravajal in writing. Finding at last that nothing came of his letters but ambiguously worded replies, he recrossed the Pyrenees and made his way to Paris, from whence on March 26th he writes to Sir James Harrington, "I am arrived here, thank God, in perfect health, and intend to stay here some time, but absolutely in private, and iff possible to make againe another attempt to bring these people to reason. . . . Iff there is any thing that requires it, you know you have nothing else to do but comme privately here as you can, addressing yourself to young Waters (*his banker*), who will no where to find me."¹

The Prince's mysterious departure from Paris had caused much uneasiness to many of his more intimate friends in the French capital, and to none more than to his devoted adherent, Donald Cameron of Lochiel. In a letter full of noble and chivalrous sentiments, written in the month of January,² Lochiel had attempted to make his sovereign acquainted with the real position of Jacobite affairs, in the belief, for which he had some grounds, that James was not well informed on the subject. Commencing with the cheering information that "the present misfortunes tho' very great are not irretrievable," he proceeds to show that it would be infinitely better "to accept of the succours that can be obtained, rather than expose your faithful Highlanders to utter destruction, and your whole Kingdom of Scotland to the slavery with which it is threatened." The ruin of the cause in Scotland would, he points out, so dispirit the Jacobite party in England that a Stuart restoration would become impracticable, or at least so difficult that it could only be brought about by an army superior to all the forces of the Hanoverian Government, whereas ten regiments landed before the Highlands were depopulated would, he remarks, "not only unite all the Highlanders but all other Scotsmen of spirit in Y^r M^s cause, and give so much employment to the troops of the Government, that Y^r M^s loyal subjects in England may with small assistance be in a condition to shake off the yoke, and compleat their own deliverance and ours by a happy restoration." With characteristic disregard for his own personal advantage while his royal master's affairs are in so parlous a condition, he declares, in reference to the application made

¹ Stuart Papers. A similar letter was addressed to Lord Clancarty, who was still sojourning in Paris: both are printed in the Appendix to Browne's "History."

² Paris, January 16th, 1747, printed in *Ibid.*, Appendix LVII.

by the Prince to Louis on his behalf for a Colonel's commission, that he has no wish to be appointed to the command of a regiment in the French service, as Lord Ogilvy had recently been; his own ambition being "to serve the Crown and serve my country, or perish with it." If, however, the regiment should be obtained, he adds: "I shall accept it out of respect to the Prince; but I hope," he remarks in conclusion, "Y^r M^s will approve of the resolution I have taken to share in the fate of the people I have undone, and, if they must be sacrificed, to fall along



PORTE GAVOLE, BOULOGNE-SUR-MER

Photo by the AUTHOR

with them. It is the only way I can free myself from the reproach of their blood, and shew the disinterested zeal with which I have lived and shall dye."

Lochiel had not yet given up all hope of securing the help of France, but his gallant, impulsive soul fretted sorely at the delay which kept him inactive in Paris when the one desire of his heart was to tread the heather once more with his brave young leader, and stand or fall by his side in a final struggle for victory: the blood of his slaughtered clansmen cried aloud to him for vengeance, the moaning of the widow and the orphan sounded in his ears, the smell of their burning dwellings lingered in his nostrils; how could he remain idly

wasting his time amid the gaieties of a gay city while his people suffered so terribly for their allegiance to him, their chief? With such thoughts ever present in his mind, it was only natural that he should have experienced a feeling of keen disappointment when he heard that the Prince intended leaving Paris for Avignon, for such a step clearly indicated that Charles had either fallen out with the French King or had grown sick of waiting for a reply to his petition for aid. In either case Lochiel felt justified in warning Charles against the bad consequences that would be likely to ensue upon his leaving the only country from which he could look for any assistance towards retrieving his affairs and relieving his distressed friends ;¹ but the Prince's mind was fully made up, and not even the appeal of so faithful a supporter as the Cameron chief could turn him from his purpose.

When Charles had actually gone, Lochiel, in ignorance of his real destination, wrote him another letter, addressed to Avignon, in which he directs the Prince's attention to the important fact that peace between France and Great Britain is upon the point of being concluded, that every one is desirous of it, and "that there is reason to fear the Elector of Hanover and his allies will obtain any terms they please to ask in relation to Y.R.H., which the Court of France will think they can grant with a good grace, since Y.R.H. has, of your own accord, left their dominions." No one knew better than Charles himself that a reconciliation between the two nations would mean the utter and final collapse of his own cause, for it would be hopeless to expect any further help from France if a treaty of peace was once signed ; the question was, could he in any way prevent it? Lochiel assured him that he might be able to do so by means that were both wise and honourable. The plan suggested by the chief of Clan Cameron, was, that Charles should, for the time being, abandon his ambitious scheme of landing a large body of troops in England, and overturning the Hanoverian Government at one blow, and content himself instead with first securing the mastery of Scotland by the aid of whatever force he might be able to squeeze out of the French King ; once master of that kingdom the Prince could, Lochiel points out, assert his dignity with a high hand, and treat with foreign Courts upon an equal footing.²

This advice was given in good faith and was perhaps the best that could have been offered under the circumstances, but it is extremely doubtful whether at this period Louis XV. would have parted with a

¹ Lochiel's own words.

² Letter dated Paris, February 23rd, 1747 ; printed in full in Browne's "History," vol. iii. Appendix LXX.

solitary ship, or lent a single regiment to assist Charles in waging fresh war against the Elector. Charles appears to have realised the futility of depending upon the problematical aid France might grant, while Lochiel, in this instance more sanguine than his once sanguine leader, believed there was a chance that Louis might yet do something for the Stuart cause. Any hopes either may have cherished that France would renew her support were doomed to disappointment, for although the Prince, upon his return to Paris, spurred on by the peace rumours which were everywhere current, redoubled his efforts to bring the French ministers "to reason," his labour was entirely in vain; the ministers neither would nor could make him any further promises, but they still kept him in suspense, and did not disclose their intentions regarding him until the treaty negotiations with the Government of George II. were practically completed.

The cool reception Charles had met with in Madrid did not greatly surprise his father. "I am much more concerned than surprised," James writes in reply to the Prince's letter from Guadalaxara, "you had not a better reception in Spain, but I am in hopes your journey thither will be of no ill consequence, provided you manage your matters in a proper manner on your return to Paris, where I think you should have equally in your view the soliciting another expedition, and the endeavouring to make your situation as little bad as possible in case of a peace. . . . I hope you will no longer refuse accepting the pension that was offered to you, and continue to remain either in or about Paris till an expedition or a peace sends you from thence." The question was not, however, as James wisely remarks, where it might be advisable for Charles to go, but where he might be allowed to remain. Personally the King would have preferred that the Prince should take up his residence at Rome in the event of his expulsion from Paris, instead of seeking a refuge in Avignon or Switzerland; but Charles could not yet bring himself to believe that either Louis or his ministers would ever insist upon his banishment from French territory at the dictation of the imperious usurper of the British throne. In any case he did not intend to return to Rome, where his every movement would be spied upon, not only by the agents of the Hanoverian Government, but also by every member of his father's little clique of inquisitive ecclesiastics and officious laymen: secrecy was to be Charles' policy henceforth, and as secrecy, he knew, was impossible in Rome, he determined to keep as far away from it as he conveniently could. With plenty of time at his disposal, the Prince had now ample leisure for the consideration of the various matrimonial projects which had been suggested by his father and others. Dismissing altogether

the idea of an alliance with the House of Modena, and deeming it im-



JACOBITE PRISONERS GOING TO EXECUTION

possible in the present state of his affairs to win his beloved French princess, Charles came to the strange conclusion that he could do no

better than pay his addresses to the Czarina Elizabeth of Russia,¹ a lady eleven years his senior, whose political leanings were so antagonistic to the exiled Stuarts, and so favourable to the Elector of Hanover, that she had refused an asylum within the confines of her territory to the Jacobite Earl Marischal, George Keith.

It is not likely that the proposal was ever made. James, when the Prince informed him what he intended doing, ridiculed the project in his own quiet, fatherly way, as an impossible one, but had little hope that his protest would have any weight with his wilful, headstrong son. Charles, however, was not quite so deaf to sensible advice as James imagined, and in this instance at least we have every reason for believing that the paternal counsel had its due effect upon the Prince's decision; at all events, we hear no more of the matter, and for some time after the correspondence referred to, which occurred during the month of April 1747, neither Charles nor his father revert to the question of marriage, other and more pressing affairs occupying the attention of both.

Before touching upon these grave events, it may be as well to take a parting glimpse of some of those notable Jacobite personages whose names have been brought prominently before the reader in the course of this history; and first, by reason of his high social position and close association with the Prince, Lord George Murray claims our attention.

After the dispersal of the last remnants of the Prince's army at Ruthven on the Saturday following Culloden (April 19, 1746), we lose all trace of Lord George until December 16th, on which date it is known that he sailed for Holland. He reached Helvoetsluys on the 25th, and a day later disembarked at Dort, from whence he made his way during the early months of 1747 to Rome. His arrival in the Eternal City was announced to Charles in a letter from the King, dated March 21, 1747: "I must tell you," writes James, "that I was much surprised t'other day at the arrival of Lord George Murray in this place. After having absconded many months in Scotland, he found means to come to Holland, and from thence by Venice here. By what Bramston (O'Sullivan) says, I am sorry to find that you have not been pleased with him, but tho' I questioned Bramston much about him, yet I own I don't see any motive to suspect his fidelity and loyalty. . . . I must do him the justice to say that he never speaks of you but with great respect and even elege."²

The King's pleading in this case, as in many others, was unavailing;

¹ Daughter of Peter the Great.

² Original in Stuart Papers. An extract, from which the lines quoted above are taken, is printed in Browne's "History," vol. iii. p. 375, note †.



THE ORDER OF RELEASE, 1746

From the Painting by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, P.R.A.

Charles, in spite of what he had said to MacDonald of Kingsburgh,¹ still harboured the strongest feelings of anger and resentment against Lord George, and there is ample evidence² that he would even have gone to the extreme length of obtaining a *lettre de cachet* from Louis XV. for the purpose of securing his lordship's arrest and imprisonment, if he had not been deterred from taking so unwarrantable a step by the protests of every one



Sold at N^o 50 Pallmall Hall

Lord Lovat a Spinning

According to list of Foxham 1746

A purely imaginary picture

to whom he mentioned the matter. James was absolutely horrified at the mere suggestion of such a proposal. "I hope in God," he writes to the Prince on June 6, 1747, "you will not think of getting Lord George secured after all I have writ to you about him, and that you will receive him at least civilly." But Charles would promise nothing, and although he probably gave up the idea of arresting the obnoxious nobleman, he determined never to see him again. Hence when Lord George, after his

¹ *Vide* pp. 76-77.

² *Vide* Letter from Prince Henry (under the name of John Paterson) to his father, dated Paris, January 30, 1747, among the Stuart Papers.

arrival in Paris on July 10th, was preparing to pay a visit to Charles at St. Ouen, a Mr. Stafford appeared at his lordship's lodgings with a message from the Prince, which made it clear once and for all that a reconciliation was impossible.¹

From that moment Lord George never troubled Charles again, and we only hear of him through the medium of his correspondence with King James, to whom he was always a *persona grata*. His letters, dated from Cleves, Utrecht, Emmerick, and Dresden, are printed in the



FOOT OF LOCH MORAR

Showing island upon which Lord Lovat took refuge

Photo by the AUTHOR

“Chronicles of Atholl and Tullibardine,” and may be read by all who have access to that invaluable and interesting work. He died at Medemblik, North Holland, on October 11, 1760, in the sixty-sixth year of his age, and his remains were interred under the choir of the Reformed Church in that quaint old town. There is perhaps no greater blot on the Prince's character than the extraordinary ingratitude he showed to his faithful officer and loyal friend, Lord George Murray.

Though of higher rank than his brother Lord George, by reason of his seniority of birth, Duke William of Atholl—commonly known to the readers

¹ *Vide* Memorandum of July 11th, enclosed by Lord George Murray in his letter to King James, dated Paris, July 13, 1747.—Browne's “History,” vol. iv. Appendix CV.

of Whig histories as the Marquis of Tullibardine—was prevented by the infirmities of old age from taking a very important part in the military events of 1745–46; but he did what he could, and while health and strength remained to him, he never spared himself in the performance of those arduous duties he had undertaken in connection with the Prince's enterprise. Leaving Ruthven on the same day as Lord George Murray, Duke William, physically ill and mentally upset, proceeded to Cluny's house, a few miles distant, from whence on the following day he travelled painfully across the wild moors of Badenoch to Loch Rannoch, and eventually, after brief halts in Glen Lyon, Glen Dochart, and Balquhider, he reached the house of Buchanan of Drumakill, near Drymen,

Dumbartonshire, where he was received with a show of hospitality which proved to be merely a cloak for an act of the basest treachery.

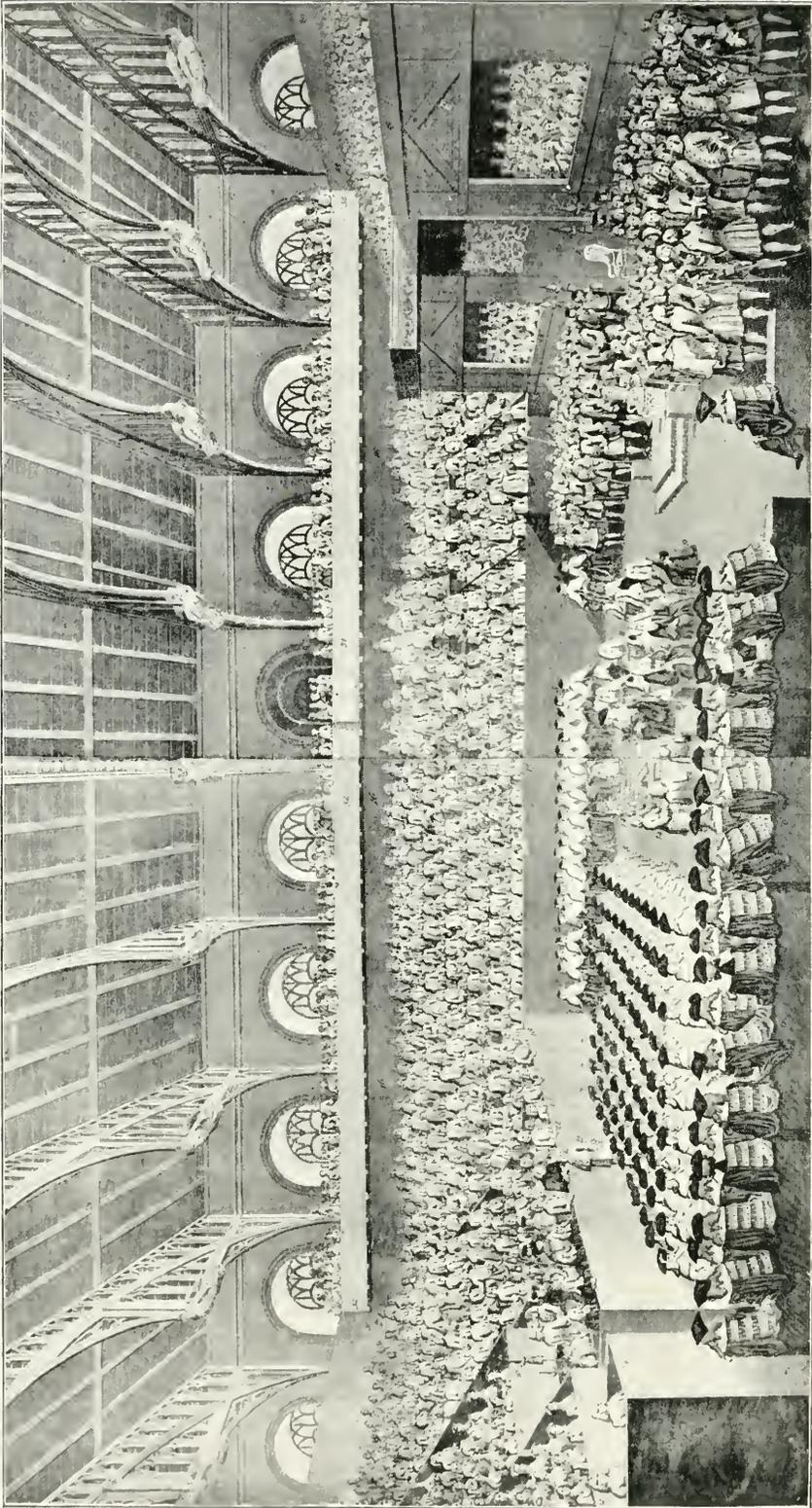
Drumakill was a Justice of the Peace for the county, and he conceived it to be his duty to inform the governor of Dumbarton Castle of the Duke's arrival, so he despatched a message to that official, who was of course only too delighted at the opportunity of securing the person of so notable a "rebel."¹ Before many hours had elapsed

¹ For this gross breach of the unwritten laws of hospitality Drumakill was ostracised, not only by his immediate neighbours, but by every gentleman of his acquaintance who had heard the story of his dishonourable conduct.—Chambers. The Duke is said to have exclaimed as he left Drumakill's house:—

“There'll be Murrays on the Braes of Atholl
When there's ne'er a Buchanan at the Ross.”



ADMISSION TICKET TO THE TRIAL OF THE
JACOBITE LORDS



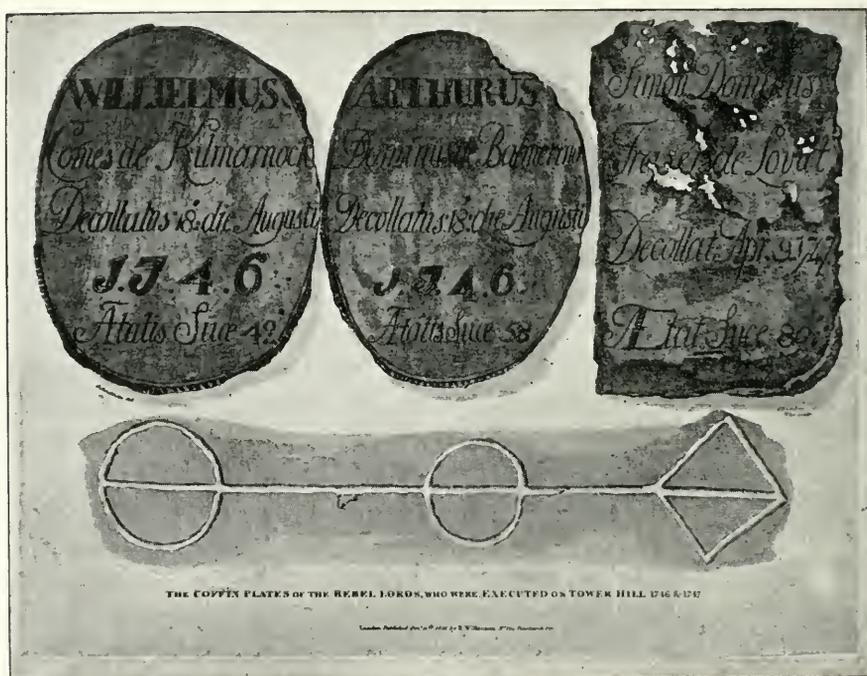
TRIAL OF LORD LOVAT
From a contemporary Engraving

the Duke was arrested at Drumakill's house and conveyed to Dumbarton Castle, from whence he was carried through Glasgow to Leith, and on May 13th taken on board the *Eltham* man-of-war for shipment to London; but instead of sailing direct for the Thames, the *Eltham* was ordered north for a further batch of Jacobite prisoners; and it was not until June 20th that his Grace, who had been transferred to the *Winchester*, reached the metropolis. He was at once committed to the Tower of London, where his high rank and the weakness of his condition ensured him humane and considerate treatment; but within a week of his incarceration he completely collapsed, and although he was attended by the most capable medical advisers, including George the Second's own physician, he gradually sank beneath the accumulated weight of his bodily and mental troubles, and expired within the walls of his prison about ten o'clock on the morning of July 9 (1746), as truly a martyr to the Jacobite cause as if he had suffered with his more unfortunate compatriots on the scaffold at Tower Hill.

We left Lord Lovat at Murlaggan, on the shores of Loch Arkaig, where he had attended the final conference of Jacobite officers held on May 8 (1746). At the conclusion of the meeting he made his way with a few devoted clansmen to an island at the foot of Loch Morar, upon which Bishop Hugh MacDonald and several other fugitives had already taken up their abode. As a precaution against surprise, all the boats in the neighbourhood were brought over to the island; but the labour involved in the task proved unavailing, for when Captain Millar, the commander of the military detachment sent to capture the Morar and Arisaig refugees, got wind of Lovat's hiding-place, he had one of the boats from the *Furnace* or *Terror* war-ships dragged over the narrow neck of land which divides Loch Morar from the sea, and proceeded with a party of soldiers to row towards the island.

This manœuvre had been observed by the sharp eyes of the Highland watchers, and long before the soldiers could effect a landing, Lord Lovat and his companions had crept round to the other side of the island, and were rowing for dear life to the Arisaig side. They landed at Ceann Camus Ruaidh, and hid in the dense birch woods—which at that time came down to the water's edge—until all danger of capture was past, when they betook themselves to Meoble, six or seven miles farther up the loch. Here Lovat was taken so seriously ill that he determined to surrender rather than undergo any longer the terrible fatigues and privations inseparable from the life he was leading. In accordance with this decision, he sent word of his intention to Captain Millar, who

lost no time in taking advantage of the unexpected information.¹ On Sunday, June 15th, the poor broken-down old chief was carried into Fort Augustus on a horse-litter, accompanied by his secretary, Hugh Fraser, and some fifty or more other prisoners who had fallen into the Hanoverian net. Later he was conveyed by easy stages to London and imprisoned in the Tower, where he remained while the Crown lawyers,



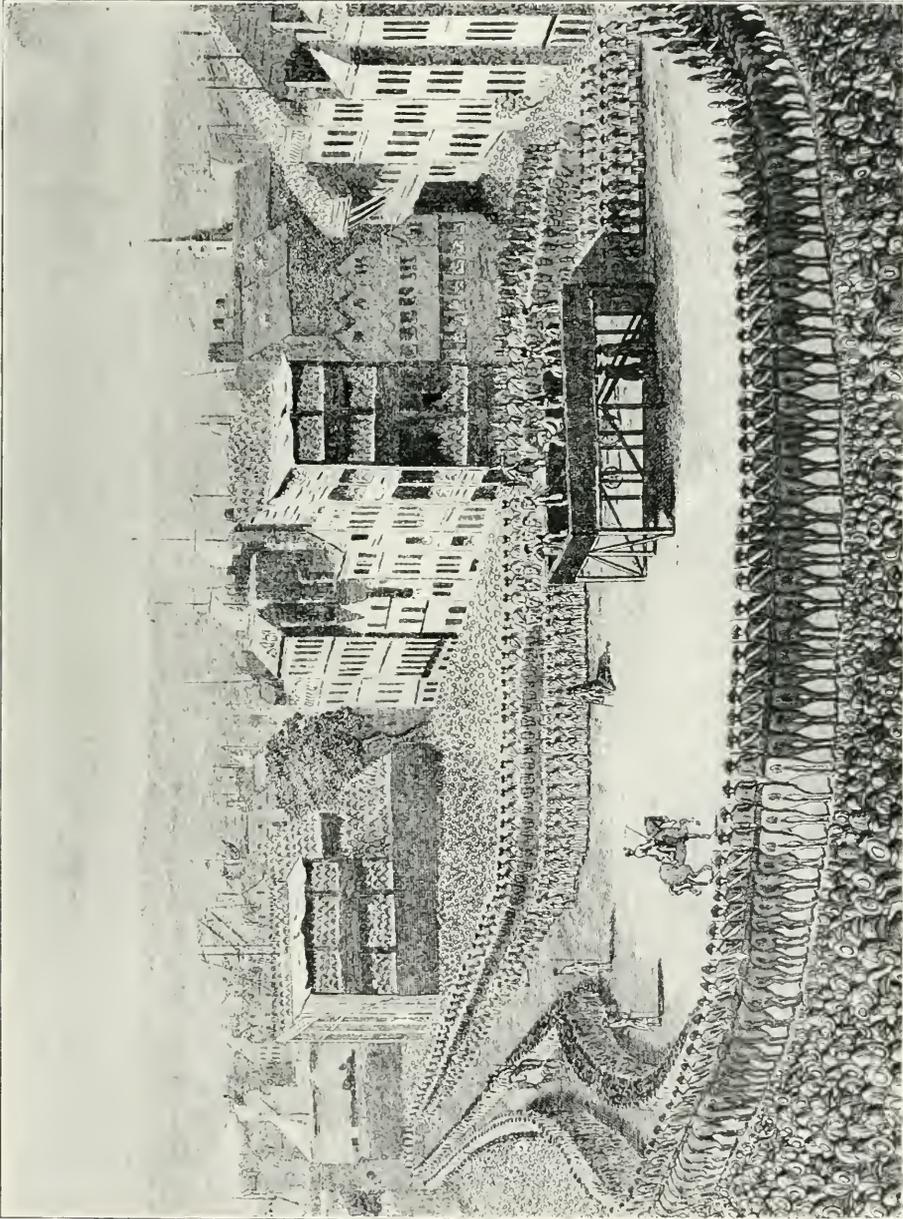
THE COFFIN PLATES OF THE JACOBITE LORDS

By permission of the NEW SPALDING CLUB, Aberdeen

aided by the renegade Murray of Broughton, prepared their fatal impeachment. On March 9, 1747, and for several days following, Lord Lovat took his place at the bar of Westminster Hall to answer before his peers the grave charges brought against him. His case was hopeless from the first, and no one, not even Lovat himself, was surprised when a verdict of guilty was unanimously returned on March 18th. The dread sentence of death was pronounced on the 19th, and

¹ From information given to the author by the late Father MacLellan, Beoraidmore, Loch Morar. *Vide* also "Among the Clanranalds," by the Rev. Charles MacDonald. Many imaginary stories are current regarding the capture of Lord Lovat; the above is, however, the local tradition told by men whose great-grandfathers took part in the events described.—W. D. N.

on Thursday, April 9th, the scaffold claimed all that was mortal of old Simon Fraser. Much has been said in the foregoing pages regarding



THE EXECUTION OF LORDS KILMARNOCK AND BALMERINO ON TOWER HILL

From a contemporary Print in Pennant's "London"

the faults and failings of this famous chief of Clan Fraser, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum,*" and in taking leave of this extraordinary man we may fairly

IV.

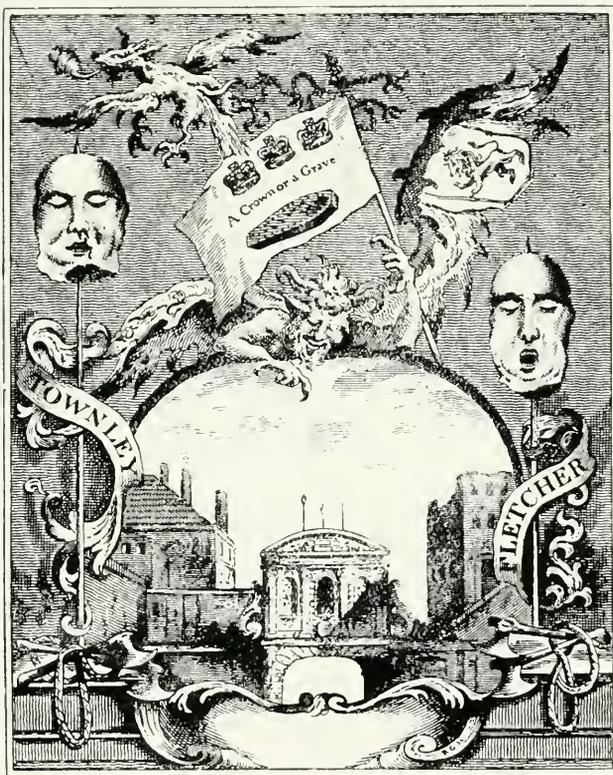
X

quote the words of one of his own countrymen, Drummond (MacGregor) of Balhaldie, who perhaps knew better than any of his contemporaries what was best and worst in Lovat's character. In a letter written to King James from Paris on May 31, 1747, Balhaldie says: "Our good friend Lovat is indeed no more. His Majesty has lost in him an able and zealous asserter of his just rights, one of the best heads and hearts that was in his dominions. . . . There have been many exceptions made against his character, which the necessities of the times and the particular unhappy situation of his family at his setting out into the world can only account for. But to consider his whole life in gross, we must allow him to have been one of the ablest men, of the soundest head, firmest mind, and best heart that our country has at any time produced; one who never lost the point he had in view, whose surprising presence of mind in all events gave occasion to his seizing opportunities of succeeding in things by the ablest thought impracticable. . . . His equality and rather cheerfulness than dejection of mind in the last days of life, and the easy civil behaviour with resignation with which he became a sacrifice to his duty and the royal cause, have reconciled the world to him."¹ A prejudiced and unquestionably exaggerated eulogium, but with a reasonable substratum of truth underlying it nevertheless.

Nearly eight months before Lovat laid his aged head upon the block at Tower Hill, the two Jacobite lords, Kilmarnock and Balmerino, had suffered the last penalty of the law on the same blood-stained spot. The Earl, it will be remembered, was taken prisoner at Culloden, but Balmerino escaped, and it was not until some days later that he either surrendered to, or was captured by, Grant of Ballindalloch, who promptly handed him over to the Duke of Cumberland. In company with the Earl of Cromartie, the two noblemen were tried by the House of Peers at Westminster Hall on July 28, 1746. Cromartie and Kilmarnock pleaded "Guilty," and threw themselves upon the mercy of the Hanoverian monarch; Balmerino, on the other hand, boldly declared himself "Not Guilty," and disdained to beg for mercy from one whom he regarded as an usurper. The trial was adjourned until August 1st, when all three were sentenced to death, and in spite of the most strenuous efforts made on behalf of Cromartie and Kilmarnock by their relatives and influential friends, the former only managed to secure a pardon. On August 18th the bold Balmerino and his friend Kilmarnock were brought

¹ Letter printed in Browne's "History," vol. iv. Appendix XCI. For a full account of Lord Lovat's strange career the reader may consult with advantage Hill Burton's "Life of Simon, Lord Lovat."

from the Tower to the place of execution, where both met their fate as became Scottish gentlemen—Kilmarnock with quiet dignity not unmixed with a little natural nervousness, and Balmerino with the most consummate *sang-froid*. Their bodies were interred the same evening in the Tower Chapel, near the last resting-place of Duke William of Atholl.¹



COMMEMORATIVE CARD OF THE EXECUTION OF
TOWNLEY AND FLETCHER

In all seventy-seven persons suffered death at the hands of the executioner for their adherence to the Stuart cause in 1745-46, among whom, in addition to those already mentioned, were Charles Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater,² Sir Archibald Primrose, Bart., Sir John Wedderburn, Francis Buchanan of Arnprior, Donald MacDonal of Tirnadris, Donald

¹ Full accounts of these executions will be found in the *Scots Magazine*, and other contemporary periodicals.

² It was really for his share in the Jacobite rising of 1715 that Derwentwater suffered. *Vide* vol. ii. p. 201.

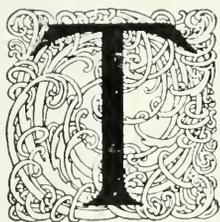
MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, Thomas Cappock, and most of the leading officers of the Prince's Manchester Regiment.

Lochiel, the gentle and brave, did not long survive his martyred colleagues. While in command of his newly acquired regiment—*Le Regiment d'Albanie*—which was stationed at Borgue, he fell a victim to a severe attack of brain-fever and died after ten days' illness, on October 26, 1748, within a few months of his father, John Cameron of Lochiel, who ended his days peacefully at Newport, in Flanders, earlier in the same year.

CHAPTER V

“ Afar the illustrious Exile roams,
Whom kingdoms on this day should hail ;
An inmate in the casual shed,
On transient pity’s bounty fed,
Haunted by busy memory’s bitter tale !
Beasts of the forest have their savage homes,
But he, who should imperial purple wear,
Owns not the lap of Earth where rests his royal head !
His wretched refuge, dark despair,
While ravening wrongs and woes pursue,
And distant far the faithful few
Who would his sorrows share.”

—BURNS.



THE numerous vexatious rebuffs and disappointing failures Charles had experienced since his return to France would have soured the temper of an angel: the Prince was not an angel but a man, possessed of the ordinary passions and many of the weaknesses common to humanity, and as a natural consequence he grew daily more and more disheartened and despondent; his high spirits gradually disappeared, he became irritable and suspicious, and appeared to care very little whether he offended his best and most trustworthy friends. This miserable state of affairs was not improved when, about the end of April (1747), Prince Henry, without the slightest warning, and with never a spoken word of farewell to his elder brother,¹ left Paris secretly and hurried post-haste to Rome, where within a few months he dealt the Stuart cause the severest blow it had received since Culloden, by embracing the ecclesiastical profession and accepting at the hands of Pope Benedict XIV. the scarlet hat of a Roman Cardinal. The first intimation Charles received of the Duke’s strange and, to him, unaccountable resolve, was contained in a letter from his father, dated from Albano, on June 13th (1747). “I know not whether you

¹ D’Argenson says that Henry, in order to disguise his intention of leaving Paris, invited Charles to supper on the night of his departure. When the Prince arrived at his brother’s house Henry was absent, he having gone off at five in the afternoon, and it was not till some days later that the farewell letter, dated Paris, April 29th (*vide* Browne’s “History,” Appendix LXXXI.), came into Charles’ hands.

will be surprized, my dearest Carluccio," James commences, "when I tell you that your brother will be made a Cardinal the first days of next month. Naturally speaking, you should have been consulted about a resolution of that kind before it had been executed; but as the Duke and I were unalterably determined on the matter, and that we foresaw you might probably not approve of it, we thought it would be showing you more regard, and that it would be even more agreeable to you, that the thing should be done before your answer could come here, and to have it in your power to say it was done without your knowledge or approbation." Regarding the motives which prompted Henry to take so extraordinary and impolitic a step James could only say, what was doubtlessly true, that the Duke had for a long time past conceived the idea of entering the Church in the belief that he had a special call in that direction, and adds, that as he (James) was himself fully convinced of the sincerity and solidity of Henry's vocation, he could not, without directly resisting the will of the Almighty and the dictates of his own conscience, make any attempt to constrain the Duke in a matter which so nearly concerned his spiritual welfare. A brief apologetic note was enclosed in the King's letter from the Duke himself, in which an effort is made to soften the announcement of his approaching change of state by an assurance that it will never alter the sentiments of his heart towards the brother he had always loved and respected "may be more than he imagines, which is saying a great deal."

To Charles, already worried beyond measure by the weight of his own troubles, the news of Henry's fanatical resolution came as a staggering shock from which he never fully recovered. It seemed incredible that his only brother, the sole direct male representative of the royal House of Stuart, save himself, should entirely forget the responsibility of his high position, and of his own free will embrace the celibate condition of an emasculated priest, thus closing for ever one of the only two channels through which Stuart heirs to the throne of Britain in the direct line could legitimately come. Nor was this the only evil that would of necessity result from the Duke's imprudent act. Charles knew perfectly well, no one better, that the steady adherence of his family to the Roman faith was the main, if not the sole cause of their unpopularity in Britain, and he never lost an opportunity, during his brief campaign, of trying to remove this unpopularity by showing a marked tolerance towards both the Scottish Episcopal, Anglican, and even to the Presbyterian forms of Divine worship. To a certain extent

he had succeeded, for many of his greatest enemies had ceased to regard him as a bigoted Catholic, and his friends of the Episcopal Church were beginning to hope that he might, at no distant day, renounce the errors of Rome and enter their own immaculate fold.

Whatever good had been effected in this direction must now, Charles perceived, be effectually and entirely counteracted by his brother's acceptance of a Cardinalate; the Elector and his Hanoverian supporters would be overjoyed at the practical extinction of a potential claimant to the British crown; the Whigs would rejoice and hasten to derive all the political advantage they could from the unexpected but welcome intelligence; and the British people, taught from infancy to regard the red hat of a Roman Cardinal as a gift from that very improper scarlet lady of Babylon referred to in the Apocalypse, would congratulate themselves upon their narrow escape from the horrors of a new Inquisition and cease to take even a sentimental interest in the Jacobite cause or its Papistical leaders.

That Charles had good reason for his fears, there is ample proof; many even among his Catholic adherents regretted the step Henry had taken, and some were bold enough to express their disapproval to James himself. Thus Father Myles MacDonnell, in a letter from Paris under the date of July 15, 1747, says: "The compliance I owe to your Majesty's dread commands, and the bent of my own natural inclination, will not permit me to be silent upon his Royal Highness the Duke of York's late change of condition. The general distraction is only equal to the confusion your Majesty's subjects here are in, agreeing in nothing so unanimously as in their seeing it a mortal deadly stroke to the cause, especially at this present juncture, when the war is at the height and prosperous,¹ and the usurper's general pardon just published at home.² Others, like George Innes—Principal of the Scots College in Paris—and Theodore Hay, instead of writing to the King direct, made their protests to the King's secretary, Edgar, and it is clear from their letters that the very worst consequences to the Stuart cause were anticipated as the result of the Duke's latest act.

For some months previous to Henry's departure from Paris, a coolness had sprung up between the two princes, and Charles had complained to his father that the Duke did not open his heart to him as

¹ He probably refers to the French victory over the Allied Forces at Val, on June 21st, upon which occasion the Duke of Cumberland held an important command.

² The Act of Indemnity by which all persons concerned in the Jacobite rising of 1745-46, with certain important and numerous exceptions, received a pardon, was passed in June 1747. For list of exceptions, *vide* Browne's "History," vol. iii. p. 364, note.

much as he could wish, and hinted that some evil-disposed persons had been trying to prejudice Henry's mind against him. The fact is, the brothers were not *en rapport*; their temperaments, their ideas, their



PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

From an Engraving preserved in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery

ambitions, their likes and dislikes, all were different. Charles was stubborn, secretive, restless, impulsive, impatient of reproof or contradiction, a man of the world, fond of pleasure, fond of power, fond of military exercises and field sports, and above all a man possessed with a great

ambition to restore the lost glories of his kingly ancestors. Henry, on the other hand, had few worldly ambitions; he admired and undoubtedly loved his elder brother, but he was of far too religious and ascetic a turn of mind to imitate his mode of life or share his pleasures. For the excitement of the chase he cared little; a soldier's career had no charms for him; he took little interest in political intrigue; his books, his devotions, his quiet diversions sufficed to keep him employed; he was a dutiful son, a generous and affable prince, and a conscientious, God-fearing man.

Predisposed to be a little suspicious of the Duke, Charles no sooner heard of his admission to the Sacred College than he gave vent to a torrent of wrath in which every feeling of regard, every sentiment of affection, every tender thought he had for his brother was quenched and swept away. For the space of several hours after the news reached him he shut himself up in his room to fret and fume in solitude over his father's letter, and, from that time forward, he refused to allow the Duke's health to be drunk or his name mentioned at his table.¹ Writing to Edgar, on July 24th (1747), he says: "Happy would I be to have happier orders and chierfull spirits, which to my misfortune my friends hinder as well as my ennemys. God forgive the last." Poor Prince! it was indeed difficult for him to distinguish friends from enemies at this stage of his unhappy career.

The close of the year 1747 and the early months of 1748 found Charles in a most unenviable position. He had fallen out with his best friends, he had cut himself adrift from his nearest relatives, and he had affronted the ministers of the only monarch from whom he could expect any real assistance: his finances were in a most unsatisfactory condition, his prospects were of the gloomiest, and, worst of all, his morals were fast deteriorating under the continual strain. In the month of August (1747) Charles placed himself in communication with the Earl Marischal, who was then living quietly at Treviso, and endeavoured to persuade him to come to Paris and take an active part in Jacobite affairs; but George Keith had no great regard for the Prince, and he much preferred to stay where he was, so he declined the honour in a brief but courteously worded letter.²

James professed, honestly enough no doubt, a sorrowful astonishment at the attitude adopted by Charles to the young Cardinal. "I own to you," he remarks in a letter to the Prince, dated July 4th (1747), "that

¹ *Vide* Myles MacDonnell's letter, already quoted.

² The letters are printed in Appendices CXIII. and CXIV. Browne's "History," vol. iv.

in your present behaviour towards your brother, there is something so incomprehensible, and so contrary to your natural temper, and to that spirit of Justice and mildness which gained you so much honor in Scotland, that I really know no more what to make or think of you, or what to write to you on this subject." After remonstrating with Charles for his unfilial and unfraternal conduct, the grieved monarch concludes: "Do not think, my dear child, I say any thing here out of pique or passion. I bewail your misfortune and your ruin, which I see I cannot prevent, and all I have left to do is to pray for you." A sad admission, but a true one nevertheless. Very little is known respecting the Prince's private life at this period, and, were it not for the occasional glimpses we get in the pages of the Marquis d'Argenson's interesting "Mémoires," we should know practically nothing. From this source we learn that Charles, in 1748, had fallen under the sway of the "eternal feminine," represented in his case by a little coterie of famous Parisian aristocratic wits and beauties, in whose charming and seductive society he was able to forget, for a time at least, the troubles that surrounded him. Foremost among these female admirers of the "bonnie" Prince, we find the clever, handsome, capricious, unfaithful wife of M. de Talmond—commonly known as the Princesse de Talmond. This lady, a Pole by birth and a near relative of the Queen of France, had conceived a violent infatuation for the gallant young heir of the House of Stuart, and there is every reason to believe that in spite of the fact that she was several years Charles' senior, and a married woman to boot, she had allowed her passion to carry her away to the extent of becoming his mistress. D'Argenson states plainly that she lived with the Prince, and there is no reason for doubting the accuracy of his information.

Besides the Princesse, there were several other ladies of high rank who worshipped at the same shrine, some platonically and some with warmer and less innocent sentiments animating their devotions. Among the former we find that impulsive, brilliant *femme savante*, the Duchesse d'Aguillon, the friend of Montesquieu and the presiding goddess of a select circle of French and foreign *litterati*, in which Charles, who still retained something of his early taste for history and philosophy, appears to have taken some interest; while among the latter the names of Madame de Guéménée and Madame de Montbazou are mentioned as having, at one time or another, been involved in *affaires de cœur* with the Prince.

It may be easily imagined that the unrestrained flattery of these foolish, unscrupulous women tended, in no small degree, to accelerate

Charles' moral degeneration: under its malign influence he soon became to all outward appearance as vain and as frivolous as the rest of the elegant, giddy, bejewelled, and bepowdered crowd of young nobles and aristocrats that filled the salons and corridors of Versailles and Fontainebleau; he dressed and lived extravagantly; he paid frequent visits to the Court and often appeared in semi-royal state at the Opera, where he was greeted with loud applause, not only by the French portion of the audience but also by great numbers of English and Scottish Jacobites, especially those of the fair sex, many of whom had crossed the Channel for the sole purpose of obtaining a glimpse of their hero; he gave magnificent entertainments (how he found the means is a mystery),¹ and, it is to be feared, commenced those habits of self-indulgence and intemperance which so sadly undermined his mental and physical constitution at a later period.

Whilst Charles was vainly seeking to find an antidote for a sorely troubled spirit in pleasure and dissipation, his political fate was being decided at the little frontier town of Aix-la-Chapelle by the envoys of the belligerent powers, who had been called together during the month of March (1748) at the invitation of Louis XV. to discuss the terms of a proposed treaty of peace. At first, when the news reached the Prince in the midst of his fool's Paradise, he evinced little anxiety. "I really do not think," he writes to his father, "a peace so esy at present to be compassed as people are willing to flatter themselves with." This was in May, but as time went on and he learnt that the preliminaries had actually been signed in April, he took the responsibility upon himself of publishing in his own name a strongly-worded but dignified Protest against those articles of the treaty under discussion which were calculated to prejudice or diminish the lawful rights of his royal house. A copy of this document, which is dated July 16, 1748, was sent by the Prince to the French King, on the 18th, through the medium of the Marquis de Puitsieux, with a letter in which Charles attempts to explain the necessity for the step he has taken, and makes a last effort to enlist the royal sympathies in his behalf. A month previously, James had himself drawn up a similar paper, two copies of which he had transmitted to the Prince with instructions to keep the matter secret until the protestation was publicly issued; he was therefore not a little surprised when he

¹ An account of his receipts and expenditure at this period is printed in Browne's "History," vol. iv. Appendix CLXXIV. The amount of 40,064 livres received by Waters from Mr. Thomas Kennedy (probably Major Kennedy) is believed to have been a portion of the Loch Arkaig treasure. It is certain that Major Kennedy, under the name of Thomas Newton, was employed by the Prince on some mission connected with the buried treasure, but this seems to have been in the spring of 1749.

learnt that his impulsive son had forestalled him by publishing a protest of his own. It is true the information came from Charles himself, but he was annoyed nevertheless ; and although he could not refrain from praising the general tone of the Prince's protest, he makes it clear in his reply that he would not sanction the publication of any such documents in the future unless they first received his approbation.

Soon after the preliminaries of the new treaty had been signed, Charles was officially informed that the fifth article of the Quadruple Alliance, which stipulated that no member of the House of Stuart should be allowed to reside within the territories belonging to any of the four interested powers, would again become binding. The hint was a broad one, but it had no effect upon the Prince, who neither by word nor sign gave the slightest indication that he intended to quit France ; on the contrary, he rented a fine mansion in the very heart of Paris, on the Quai des Théatins, opposite the Louvre, in order that he might—so he explained to his friends—attend the Opera and other places of amusement with greater ease. With careless disregard for French susceptibilities, he purposely took every opportunity of expressing his satisfaction at the recent victories of the British Fleet under Anson, Warren, and Hawke ; and he even went to the extreme length of having a number of medals struck, with his own head in profile and the words *Carolus Wallia Princeps* on one side, and on the other the figure of Britannia and a fleet of war-ships, surrounded by the significant legend, *Amor et Spes Britannia*.¹

Although Louis, who was of course quite well informed on the subject, had very wisely declined to take any notice of the matter, his ministers and many of the French nobility regarded the issue of the obnoxious medal as a deliberate and gratuitous insult to their country which ought not to be allowed to pass unheeded. Nor was it ; for one morning, while Charles was taking his usual promenade amid the gay and fashionable throng in the Luxembourg Gardens, the Prince de Conti, one of France's haughtiest and wittiest noblemen, advanced, and having greeted him with an elaborate bow, remarked in a tone of thinly veiled sarcasm that the device his Royal Highness had chosen for his new medal was not a very appropriate one, seeing that the British navy could scarcely be considered his friend. Charles, quick to perceive the hidden sneer, replied without the slightest hesitation, "*Cela est vrai, Prince ! mais je suis nonobstant l'ami de la flotte contre tous ses ennemis ; comme je regarderai*

¹ The work was entrusted to the Sieur Roettier. The amounts paid for the medals will be found in Waters' account, *vide* page 203, *ante*, note 1.

tojours la gloire d'Angleterre comme la mienne, et sa gloire est dans la flotte." ("Quite true, Prince! but nevertheless I am the friend of the navy against all its enemies; as I shall always consider the glory of England as my own, and her glory is in her navy.") Having no suitable answer ready to this patriotic speech, the Prince de Conti hurriedly took his leave and joined some passing friends, to whom he related what had occurred in no very complimentary terms.

On the 7th of October 1748, the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle was finally ratified, and the objectionable Article XIX., against which both Charles and his father had protested, became law without so much as an amendment.¹ The unpleasant duty of enforcing this most arbitrary and tyrannous political measure devolved upon Louis and his ministers, but it must be said to the credit of the King that he would willingly have shirked his responsibility if he could have done so without risking another quarrel with Great Britain. But as that was impossible, he honestly endeavoured to carry out his ignoble task with the greatest consideration for the Prince's wounded feelings. Charles, however, asked for no consideration; all he demanded was justice, and, if he could not get that, force alone should make him leave a country to which he had been expressly invited. Besides, as he pointed out to those ministers whom Louis had sent to persuade him into acquiescence, he had himself a treaty with his Most Christian Majesty, the treaty which had been signed at Fontainebleau on October 24, 1745, three years prior to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in which both parties were pledged to do nothing prejudicial to each other's interests; if the latter was binding, the former was equally so, since it had never been cancelled or annulled, and Charles declared that for his part he was determined to abide by it.

Logical though the Prince's arguments undoubtedly were, they made no impression upon the cold, diplomatic French statesmen, who had now come to regard Charles as a nuisance, a guest who had outstayed his welcome, an obstacle in the way of their political schemes that it would be safer to remove as soon as possible. Outside the ministerial circle there were a number of Frenchmen and Frenchwomen of the highest rank whose sympathies were entirely with the Prince in his heroic but vain struggle against the unjust decree which cast such a slur upon the French nation; for they either knew or guessed that Charles was about to be sacrificed to the arrogant demands

¹ The article is worded thus: "XIX. The Article of the Treaty of the Quadruple Alliance, which secures the Succession of the Crown of Great Britain to the House of Hanover, is confirmed in all its points."

of the Elector of Hanover and his Whig advisers, demands which France in her crippled condition had been forced to comply with. It was an unpalatable and humiliating fact for a patriotic Frenchman to stomach, that his country could no longer exercise her wonted hospitality or select her own guests without the permission of Great Britain, and many began to think that perhaps peace had been purchased at too extravagant a price.

As this feeling began to spread among the different classes of Parisian society, the Prince's popularity increased to such an extent that he could not leave his house for a walk in the streets or public gardens without a large crowd of admiring *bourgeoisie* following close at his heels, and when he visited the Opera or theatre he usually attracted far more attention than the play itself. The generous French people were evidently bent upon making Charles understand that if their rulers had determined, at the dictation of the Hanoverian party in England, to disregard the sacred laws of hospitality and sanctuary, they, the people themselves, had no intention of forgetting that he was still their guest. This outburst of well-meant sympathy, gratifying as it doubtlessly was to the Prince, did him far more harm than good, for it only served to incense the Government and irritate the King. Hitherto Louis, from a friendly desire to spare Charles' feelings, had purposely refrained from resorting to harsh measures ; but he now began to realise that, with the veering round of public opinion in favour of the Prince, the unpleasant duty he had undertaken to perform would become more and more difficult of execution the longer it was delayed. There was just a possibility, however, that Charles might yet be brought to reason by his father, and before finally deciding to use force, Louis despatched a letter to James, urging him to exercise his parental authority over his stubborn offspring by expressly commanding him to leave France. James, as we have seen, had never countenanced the Prince's opposition to the demands of the French Government, and he therefore lost no time in complying with Louis' request. A copy of his letter, made by the Duc de Gesvres, which is among the Stuart Papers,¹ contains as usual much excellent counsel ; but as counsel alone was not sufficient at this juncture, James distinctly orders Charles, as his father and his King, to conform without delay to the wishes of His Most Christian Majesty by leaving his dominions with a good grace.² But neither his father's explicit commands, nor the kindly intentioned offices

¹ Printed in Browne's "History," vol. iv., Appendix CLXIII.

² D'Argenson asserts that Charles threatened to commit suicide rather than submit to expulsion.

of some of the French ministers, who wished to save him and themselves from the obloquy of a public expulsion, had the slightest effect upon the obstinate Prince; he indignantly declined an offer from Louis of a *carte blanche* annual allowance, made on the condition that he would quit France quietly, and he refused even to treat with any one save the King himself. When the Duc de Gesvres, whose difficult mission it was to try and persuade Charles to depart, pointed out that



PISTOLS FORMERLY BELONGING TO PRINCE CHARLES EDWARD STUART

From "*The Royal House of Stuart.*" By permission of Messrs. MACMILLAN & Co.

as his Royal Highness no longer attended Court, and it was not reasonable to expect the King to visit him at his private dwelling, a personal discussion was out of the question, the Prince turned upon his heel and remarked in a tone of perfect indifference as he left the room: "*Enfin donc, Monsieur le Duc, Je ne plus rien a dire que ce que j'ai deja dit—pardonnez moi, j'ai quelque affair.*" ("Finally, Monsieur le Duc, I can say nothing more than I have already said—pardon me, I have some business.") One more attempt was made, this time by the Comte de Maurepas, to impress Charles with a sense of the futility of his continued resistance to the King's wishes; but, as the Prince gave no sign of yielding,

Maurepas told him plainly that if he delayed his departure much longer the ministers would be obliged to use force. Flushing with anger at the mere suggestion, Charles exclaimed in a fury of passion: "The ministers! the ministers! If you wish to do me a favour, Monsieur le Comte, have the goodness to tell the King your master that I was born to defeat all the designs of his ministers." After this there was no more to be said, and a few days later Louis reluctantly signed the warrant for the Prince's arrest and expulsion, remarking as he laid down his pen: "*Pauvre Prince! qu'il est difficile pour un roi d'être un véritable ami.*" ("Poor Prince! how difficult it is for a king to be a true friend.")

The ink with which the King's signature had been written was scarcely dry before Charles was secretly apprised, probably by Louis' orders, of what had taken place: instead, however, of profiting by the information and making good his escape while there was yet time, he professed incredulity and ostentatiously engaged a box at the Opera as if nothing had happened. The ministers were no sooner made acquainted with the Prince's intentions than they proceeded to take the most elaborate steps to secure his arrest; every approach to the Opera House, on the night of December 11th, was guarded by soldiers, of whom no less than twelve hundred were present under the command of the Duc de Biron, Colonel of the Guards; sentries were posted at the doors and in the corridors of the building to see that no one left it without a pass; the streets in the vicinity were guarded by large bodies of police; and a line of troops was extended from the Palais Royale as far as Vincennes.

At a quarter-past five Charles issued from his hotel, and, accompanied by three gentlemen of his household, entered a carriage that was in waiting and drove off in the direction of the Opera House.¹ The vehicle was allowed to proceed as far as the entrance to the theatre without interference; but the moment the steps were let down for the Prince to descend, Major de Vaudreuil, who with a party of non-commissioned officers and police in plain clothes had taken up a position near the doorway, gave the pre-arranged signal, and as Charles alighted on the pavement two sergeants seized him by the arms while others secured his lower limbs, and lifting him bodily from the ground they carried him through a narrow passage into the court of the Palais Royale, whither Vaudreuil had preceded them. Laying his hand upon the Prince's arm, the major exclaimed: "*Prince, je vous arrête au nom du Roi.*" ("Prince, I

¹ In the Rue St. Honoré Charles was warned by a friend that the Opera House was surrounded by troops.

arrest you in the King's name.") "*La manière est un peu cavalière*" ("The manner is a little unceremonious"), replied Charles, who was thereupon conveyed by his captors to an apartment on the ground floor of the Palais, occupied by the surgeon of the Duc d'Orleans, where he was searched and disarmed of his sword, a pair of pocket pistols, and a pen-knife, and in spite of his indignant protest he was bound with a quantity of silk ribbon which had been specially provided for the purpose. This shameful duty performed, the Prince was carried to a coach, followed by Major Vaudreuil and two officers, who seated themselves in the vacant places; six grenadiers with fixed bayonets mounted the vehicle, a strong escort of cavalry closed up on all sides, and at a word from the major the cortege proceeded on its way to Vincennes. At the barrier of the Faubourg St. Antoine, while the coach horses were being changed, Charles inquired in coldly sarcastic tones: "*Où allons nous? Me conduisez vous à Hanover?*" ("Where are we going? Are you taking me to Hanover?") To which Vaudreuil replied that they were merely changing horses in order that they might not be so long on the road.

When the coach drew up within the courtyard of the Château de Vincennes, M. de Chatelet, the governor, an old acquaintance of the Prince, came forward to receive his Royal Highness. Charles, seeing him approach, exclaimed, with a significant glance at his bonds: "*Mon ami, venez donc m'embrasser, puisque je ne puis pas aller vous embrasser.*" ("My friend, come hither and embrace me, seeing that I am unable to embrace you.") To this appeal Chatelet, who was deeply grieved to discover that the Prince had been subjected to so great an indignity, at once responded; and after a few words with Major Vaudreuil, he removed the silken ribbon and conducted his distinguished prisoner to a chamber within the château,¹ where he was confined until Sunday, December 16th, attended by the faithful Neil MacEachainn—when, having given his word to the King in a letter that he would leave France without an escort, he was liberated. At seven o'clock on the morning of that day he entered a carriage with the Marquis de Perussy, Commandant of Musqueteers, and was driven by way of Fontainebleau, Tonnerre, and Maison-Blanche—a stoppage being made at each place—to Beauvoisin, a small town adjoining the Savoy frontier, where De

¹ The usually accepted authority for the account of the Prince's arrest is a pamphlet published in London entitled "An Authentic Account of the Young Chevalier in France," dated 1749, which is to a certain extent corroborated by an anonymous letter, dated Florence, December 28, 1748, to a Dr. Meighan, among the Stuart Papers. Both accounts refer to the miserable cell in which Charles was incarcerated, but D'Argenson states that he was confined in a fine apartment and provided with a good bed and excellent food. Seeing that Chatelet was the Prince's friend, this would seem the most likely story.

Perussy, having fulfilled his commission, bade the Prince farewell, and left him to the care of young Sheridan and Mr. Stafford, who had followed their master in another coach. From Fontainebleau, at which place Charles, on the plea of indisposition, had been allowed to remain a day, he addressed the following characteristic note to Monsieur de Boile in Paris: "*Je vous prie de dire à tous mes amis que je me porte bien; ma tête n'a jamais été hors de mes époles (sic épaulés): il y'est encore. Adieu.*" ("I pray you tell my friends that I am well; my head has never been off my shoulders: it is still there.")

The coaches having gone off with De Perussy, the Prince and his companions had to hire horses for the next stage of the journey, a somewhat difficult task as it turned out. When some steeds were at last procured, the party rode off in the direction of Chambéry, and, just outside the town, came up with an Irish regiment in the service of Spain, to the officers of which Charles was personally known. In a moment the Prince was surrounded by his military friends, who saluted him respectfully and listened with sympathetic interest while he recounted the story of his arrest and banishment. For the purpose of disguise, and also because he greatly needed fresh clothing, he exchanged his travel-stained habiliments for a uniform of the regiment, in which, when he had taken leave of the officers, he proceeded on his road to Avignon, where he arrived at seven o'clock on the morning of December 27th, with Sheridan and one of the officers who had volunteered to accompany him, Stafford having been left behind to bring forward the Prince's servants from Beauvoisin as soon as they should come up with his Royal Highness' baggage. After a brief rest at the inn of *La Ville de St. Omer*, Charles ordered a sedan-chair, and was carried to the house of his father's old friend, Lady Inverness, the sister of James Murray, Earl of Dunbar, to whose guardianship he had been entrusted at a very early stage of his career.¹ Lord Dunbar, in a letter to Edgar, dated Avignon, 1st January 1749, thus describes the Prince's coming: "I have the pleasure to acquaint you that H.R.H. the Prince arrived here in perfect health on Friday morning at 7 o'clock. I was never more surprised than to see him at my bedside, after they told me that an Irish officer wanted to speak to me. He arrived, disguised in an uniform of Ireland's regiment, accompanied only by Mr. Sheridan and one officer of the same regiment, of which H.R.H. wore the uniform, but with no servant. In this situation he thought fit to remain incognito, and to accept of such entertainment as my sister could give him." On the same date Charles wrote

¹ *Vide* vol. i. p. 24.

a short note to his father, as follows: "Sir, I received yours of the 26th Nov^r on the road. Your Majesty well knows it was not in my power of writing sooner. I arrived here on Friday last, and am in perfect good health, notwithstanding the unheard-of barbarous and inhuman treatment I met with. I lay myself at your Majesty's feet, most humbly beseeching blessing. Your most dutifull Son, CHARLES, P."

At his first coming into the old Provençal city, within whose ancient walls his father had at one time held his little court, the Prince had no reason to complain of the treatment he received at the hands of the Papal authorities to whom the government of the town was entrusted. The Vice-Legate, Monseigneur Acquaviva, and the Archbishop both paid him ceremonial visits, and did all in their power to make his stay as pleasant as possible; a fine mansion belonging to the Archbishop's nephew was placed at his disposal, banquets were given in his honour, and a *bal masqué* was specially arranged to take place at the Vice-Legate's house in order that Charles might meet the Infanta Don Philip of Spain, who was spending a few days in Avignon before proceeding to his newly acquired dukedom of Parma. The two princes, thus strangely brought together, became very intimate and were inseparable while their stay in the city lasted.

In Paris the news of the Prince's arrest, imprisonment, and expulsion from French territory was for some time after his departure the sole topic of conversation. On all sides and in all quarters, from the salons of Versailles to the faubourgs and slums of the city, nothing was heard but loud outcries against the Government and expressions of deep sympathy with the badly used Prince, who was everywhere regarded as an innocent victim to the arrogance of Great Britain. Poets, authors, and wits gave free vent to their feelings in a perfect deluge of satirical verses, sarcastic lampoons, and caustic epigrams directed against the King and those of his ministers and officers who had taken a leading part in the recent proceedings. Even in Louis' own family Charles had many warm sympathisers; the Queen and the royal princesses openly took his part, and the Dauphin, who had always evinced a liking for the Prince, was so disgusted with the whole disgraceful business that he appeared at the King's levee on the morning following the arrest and boldly remonstrated with his father upon the outrage which had been committed. He declared in impassioned language that the Prince's expulsion was a distinct violation of the sacred rights of hospitality, a stain upon the honour of France, and a humiliating admission that the Government was unable to keep its most

solemn engagements. The article in the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle which made such things possible ought, he insisted, never to have been agreed



Prince Charles Edward, 1750



King James III. and Queen Clementina, 1720



Cardinal of York (King Henry IX.)

STUART MEDALS

to, and he did not hesitate to stigmatise those ministers who had consented to its insertion as traitors to their country and betrayers of the

King's honour. Some of the noblemen and courtiers present expressed similar views, but Louis checked all further discussion of the unpleasant topic by remarking: "*N'oubliez pas, Monseigneur le Dauphin, que vous êtes encore trop jeune pour nous assister de votre conseil.*" ("Do not forget, Monseigneur the Dauphin, that you are still too young to assist us with your advice.")

From the little we know regarding Charles' movements after his arrival in Avignon, it appears certain that he intended to make a prolonged stay within its quiet precincts. Missing the amusements of the gay city from which he had been so ignominiously expelled, he tried to infuse a little life into the dull ecclesiastical old town by introducing the then fashionable diversions of boxing and prize-fighting, an innovation which horrified the sanctimonious clerics and brought down upon his head the censure of the Archbishop, who informed him that such sports were prohibited by Papal edict. The Prince, however, refused to discontinue them, and after much unprofitable and acrimonious discussion the matter was referred to the Pope, who very naturally decided in favour of the Archbishop, upon which Charles, deeply mortified at the result of the appeal, withdrew himself altogether from the archiepiscopal society. It has been stated on the authority of George Walton, the indefatigable agent of the English Government, that the Prince was joined in Avignon by a lady, "the same Dulcinea who . . . was the cause of all his wildness in Paris."¹ No name is mentioned, but it is evident that by the "Dulcinea" Walton meant the Princesse de Talmond, although there is not a tittle of evidence to support his assumption. It is true the Princesse had been banished from Court for her overbold championship of the Prince; but it was to her estates in Lorraine and not to the Papal city on the Rhone that she went after leaving Paris, and in all probability she was secretly visited by her hero when he passed through Lorraine a month or so later.

If Charles imagined for a moment that his Hanoverian persecutors would allow him to live peaceably in Avignon he was grievously mistaken. To George II. and his ministers Avignon was as much a French city as Paris, in spite of the fact that it was under Papal jurisdiction, and they no sooner learnt that the Prince had taken up his abode there than they insisted upon his expulsion. Neither the Court of Versailles nor the Vatican were at first inclined to accede to this most arbitrary demand; but a threat on the part of the English Government to bombard Civita Vecchia if their wishes were not

¹ State Papers, Tuscany, Feb. 6, 1749. Quoted by Ewald.

immediately carried out, determined the matter, and Charles was told by the Vice-Legate that he must quit the city without delay. In this instance he yielded to the inevitable with a promptitude that surprised both his friends and his enemies. Without a word of his intentions he made secret preparations for departure, and, on the night of February 28th (1749),¹ this political Ishmael "folded his tent like the Arabs and silently stole away," attended only by one member of his household, the devoted Colonel Henry Goring, into the darkness of a mysterious incognito which baffled at the time and still baffles, in spite of much patient and laborious research on the part of modern historians, nearly every attempt made to penetrate it. Here and there among the pages of contemporary MSS. and printed memoirs we obtain occasional glimpses of the princely wanderer flitting like a will-o'-the-wisp across Europe; turning up in all sorts of extraordinary places when least expected; playing many rôles, and masquerading under many names, and in the strangest and most varied disguises. At one time we find him basking in the smiles of his fair Parisian adorers within the forbidden city under the very noses of the French ministers, while at another he is either in Venice, Strasbourg, Lunéville, Berlin, or London.

Evidence exists² that during at least a portion of this obscure period of his career Charles found a delightful and secure retreat in the Convent of St. Joseph, Rue Dominique, Paris, where he was the honoured guest of two hospitable ladies, Mademoiselle Ferrand and Madame de Vassé, against whose fair fame not a breath of scandal attaches. Both were highly cultured women, whose intellectual gifts had gained them the friendship and respect of Condillac, Montesquieu, and other noted French savants and authors of the day; and while the Prince remained under their roof he had many opportunities of listening, unseen by the company, to the brilliant discussions on the newest philosophical and scientific questions which were of frequent occurrence at the literary *réunions* given by his kind hostesses.

Interested as Charles unquestionably was in the subjects he heard so ably explained by the clever men and women who met at Mademoiselle

¹ Before leaving Avignon Charles conceived the idea of marrying the Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt. On February 24th he despatched a formal proposal to the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt for the Princess's hand, in which he remarks, "*Je n'ai pas malheureusement une couronne à lui offrir actuellement comme elle le mérite mais j'espère bien de l'avoir un jour.*" Nothing, of course, came of the proposal: the crown which Charles hoped to have one day was not a sufficient inducement, and the Landgrave refused to part with his daughter.

² This evidence has been exhaustively dealt with by Mr. Andrew Lang in several recent works.

Ferrand's rooms, it is probable that without some other object of attraction he would not have long remained within the convent walls. That the Princesse de Talmond was the magnet which drew the Prince to the Rue Dominique there can be little doubt ; she certainly had apartments in the convent, and it is more than likely that it was owing to her solicitations that he first took up his quarters in the same building. By this time, however, a great deal of Charles' infatuation for the Princesse had evaporated ; he no longer felt that she was indispensable to his happiness, and as both had hot tempers they often quarrelled so desperately that Mademoiselle Ferrand, fearing an open scandal, was at last obliged to send the Prince away.

Although hidden from the eyes of Europe, Charles, writing under the name of John Douglas, kept up an irregular correspondence with his father's secretary, Edgar, and now and again wrote a letter to James himself, who was, of course, as mystified as every one else at the Prince's extraordinary disappearance. But neither to the King nor Edgar did Charles give the slightest hint of his whereabouts ; all letters addressed to him had to pass through the hands of his banker, George Waters, by whom they were either sent on direct to a place previously agreed upon, or were handed to Goring, Mademoiselle Ferrand, or some other trustworthy agent employed by the Prince for the purpose. Whether the French ministers were as ignorant of Charles' retreat as they professed to be we cannot tell ; it seems incredible that with the means at their disposal they should have known nothing of his residence in their midst, and in spite of the assurance given by the Marquis de Puyieux to the British Ambassador, Lord Albemarle, that the Court was absolutely without information on the subject, there are many reasons for assuming that at least some members of the French Government knew more than they cared to admit. It is true that D'Argenson made a show of examining Waters, and even threatened that worthy man with capital punishment if he refused to divulge the secret of the Prince's hiding-place, but when the banker declared positively that the secret had not been confided to his keeping, he was dismissed, and no further notice was taken of his denial. D'Argenson says himself that he thought Charles was in Sweden, but this was at an earlier period ; later he discovered that the Princesse de Talmond had hidden her lover in Paris, and had afterwards entertained him at her château in Lorraine.

How the Prince managed to maintain himself and his household at Avignon during the years of his strange seclusion is a matter of uncertainty ; that he was at times in sore straits for ready money we

know, from the fact that he had to send Major Kennedy and Colonel Goring across the Channel for the purpose of raising funds ; the former to draw upon the Loch Arkaig hoard, and the latter to collect subscriptions from the Jacobite party in England ; Kennedy fell into the enemy's hands and was imprisoned in London, but as nothing could be proved against him, he was released and made his way back to Paris with a portion of the treasure, said to have been £6000, which was conveyed to him at great risk by MacPherson of Breakachie. Goring's mission was later, in the summer of 1749, and it was so far successful that he was able to enrich his master's exchequer by a sum of £15,000 subscribed by the leading English Jacobites, on the conditions that the Prince should dismiss certain obnoxious members of his household, and endeavour to effect a reconciliation with France. Apparently Charles gave the required promise, for he kept the money, and on November 16th (1749),¹ Kelly—who was the individual principally aimed at—writing from Avignon, resigns his office, because, as he says, he has been falsely accused of trying to prevent the Earl Marischal from coming near the Prince and taking a leading part in his affairs. This is the ostensible motive for the step ; it is, however, more reasonable to believe that the resignation was tendered in accordance with the secret commands of his master, who reinstated him later.

In June 1750, we find Lochgarry writing to Charles from Paris on the subject of the Loch Arkaig treasure.² He had been, he tells the Prince, in Scotland during the previous winter, and had interviewed Cluny, whom he found the same person he had always believed him to be—"a true, worthy, good man, and, in a word, a man of loyalty and honour." Much of the gold, Cluny explained, "had been torn from him," but a strict account had been kept of the amounts disbursed, from which it appears that 16,000 louis d'ors still remained of the money. For the purpose of recovering this valuable asset, Lochgarry goes on to suggest that he and Dr. Archibald Cameron³ should proceed without delay to Scotland with full powers to remove the gold from its hiding-place, and remit it to any place the Prince might direct.

¹ Letter printed in Browne's "History," vol. iv., Appendix CXCH.

² *Ibid.* Appendix CCH.

³ Dr. Cameron was suggested, because, as Lochgarry says, "a great part of the money cannot be recovered without him." Young Glengarry (*Alasdair Ruadh*), who had been liberated from the Tower some time previously, writing from Boulogne-sur-Mer on January 16, 1750, to Edgar, charges Cameron with having appropriated 6000 of the louis d'ors for his own use, hence the doctor was lying under some suspicion. The matter would take too long to go into here, but it is only fair to say that Dr. Cameron's honesty has been satisfactorily proved.—W. D. N.



MACLEAN

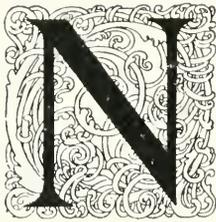
Gaelic Patronymic of Chief—*Mac 'ill Eathain Dhubhairt*

Badge—*Holly or Bramble*

Nothing, however, seems to have been done in the matter until the year 1753, when both Lochgarry and Archie Cameron were sent by Charles to Scotland in connection with a meditated rising of the Highlanders, upon which occasion they doubtlessly had some specific instructions respecting the French gold.

CHAPTER VI

“Quem deus perdere vult, prius dementat”



NOTWITHSTANDING his many troubles, Charles on the whole enjoyed excellent health, but on the 12th of August 1750 Lord Albemarle reports to his Government, upon the strength of a rumour he had heard, that the Prince “had been at the point of death for many days, but was declared by his physician to be out of danger no longer ago than Wednesday last; which proves,” adds his sapient lordship, “that he cannot be at a great distance from hence” (Paris). If Charles had really been as ill as the British ambassador imagined, it is strange that he did not inform his father of the fact, but James, in a communication to the Prince of October 5th of the same year, acknowledges Charles’ letters of July 15th and August 14th with the remark, “I am very glad to find you continue in good health.” There is, however, some reason for believing that during the summer of 1750 Charles was, if not ill, at least seriously indisposed.

Well or ill, he was certainly not idle; he had early in the year determined to visit London, and for many months he was busily engaged in making the necessary preparations for the contemplated journey. The real object of this most hazardous undertaking has never been discovered, but it is safe to assume from the very slight information at command that some plot to overthrow the Elector of Hanover by a bold *coup* on the part of the English Jacobites was intended. Whatever the plan may have been it was never carried out, although Charles, with his usual reckless disregard of danger, actually crossed to England from Antwerp in September 1750, and spent about a week¹ in the land of his royal ancestors. Evidently he did not find his English friends prepared to risk their lives and fortunes in the way his Scottish adherents had

¹ A memorandum among the Stuart Papers, supposed to refer to the Prince’s journey, reads as follows: “Parted ye 2nd Sept. Arrived to A, ye 6th, parted from thence ye 12th Sept., E ye 14th, and at L, ye 16th. Parted from L, ye 22nd, and arrived at P, ye 24th. From P, parted ye 28th, arrived here ye 30th Sept.” It may be assumed that the capital letters stand for Antwerp, England, London, and Paris. This gives seven days for the London visit, but Charles himself, if Mann’s report is accurate, told Gustavus III. that he stayed a fortnight in the English metropolis.

so unselfishly done in 1745, and the grand "affair of L"¹ was consequently abandoned. No really reliable account of the Prince's doings in England has been discovered, and we are still in ignorance regarding the exact length of his stay and the details of his movements.

Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary's College, Oxford, a weak-kneed Jacobite agent who became later a rabid Hanoverian, has left a brief, unsatisfactory record of a meeting he had with an indefinite somebody, supposed to have been the Prince, in Lady Primrose's London house. The narrative is to be found in a book of political and literary anecdotes published anonymously in 1818, which has since been attributed to Dr. King, and runs as follows: "September . . ., 1750.—I received a note from my Lady Primrose, who desired to see me immediately. As soon as I waited on her, she led me into her dressing-room, and presented me to ——. If I was surprised to find him there, I was still more astonished when he acquainted me with the motives which had induced him to hazard a journey to England at this juncture. The impatience of his friends who were in exile had formed a scheme which was impracticable. . . . He was soon convinced that he had been deceived, and therefore, after a stay in London of five days only, he returned to the place from whence he came." Doubtless the significant dash stands for Charles; for in an added note the narrator says that, one evening after the mysterious stranger had paid him a visit, the servant who had waited at table remarked how like the visitor was to Prince Charles, and when asked whether he had ever seen the Prince, the man replied that he had never set eyes on him; but having observed some busts of that exalted personage in Red Lion Street, he had at once noticed the resemblance. Many years later Charles threw some light himself upon his visit during a conversation he had in Florence with the King of Sweden, particulars of which came to the ears of Sir Horace Mann, the British Minister, and were by him reported to the Secretary of State. In this communication the Prince is said to have told Gustavus III. that at the time of his secret visit to London in 1750 he was accompanied by a Colonel Bret² (or Brett). Together they closely examined the outer works of the Tower of London and satisfied themselves that one of the gates might be destroyed by a petard. During his sojourn in the metropolis Charles said that he had addressed a meeting of fifty Jacobites in a room in Pall Mall, at

¹ *Vide* Memoire of May 3, 1750, among the Stuart Papers, printed in Browne's "History," vol. iv., Appendix CXCVIII.

² In a letter to Charles, dated January 27, 1747, James says, "I am persuaded Col. Bret is a very honest man"; a probable reference to the same individual.

which the Duke of Beaufort and the Earl of Westmorland were present. In the course of his speech to his assembled supporters he declared that if they had been able to raise 4000 men he would have placed himself at their head and led them in person.¹

Although the principal object of his mission remained unaccomplished, the Prince had another and important duty to fulfil before he left London, a duty to his own conscience which had been for some time previously the subject of his meditations. He had, in fact, decided to embrace the Protestant faith as taught by the Anglican Church, having,



as he himself states in his proclamation of 1759, become convinced of the errors of the Roman creed in which he had been brought up. "In order," he explains, "to make my renunciation of the errors of the Church of Rome the most authentick, and the less liable afterwards to malicious interpretations, I went to London in the year 1750, and in that capital did then make a solemn abjuration of the Romish religion, and did embrace that of the Church of England as by Law Established in the

¹ There exists a strong belief in Oxfordshire that the Prince, during his stay in England in 1750, spent a night, or possibly two, at Cornbury Park, the seat of Lord Cornbury, for the purpose of conferring with the leading Jacobites of the county. Besides Lord Cornbury—whose title was forfeited in 1753—Sir Robert Jenkinson of Walcot, Mr. Clarke of Shipton, Mr. Pryor of Burford Priory, and many other Oxford gentlemen of good position, were staunch supporters of the Stuart dynasty, and there is nothing unreasonable in assuming that Charles slipped away from London for a day or two, possibly with Dr. King, and interviewed his Oxonian friends. A sword and plaid, said to have been left by the Prince as a souvenir of his visit with Mr. Clarke of Shipton, are still in the possession of another old Oxford Jacobite family, the Caswells, who are connected by marriage with the Clarkes and Pryors.—W. D. N.

39 Articles in which I hope to live and die.”¹ Reference has already been made to the Prince’s change of faith in a previous chapter of this work,² so that it will not be necessary to enlarge upon the matter here. Whatever the motive that had prompted the step, it was not powerful enough to resist permanently the claims of his earlier creed, and before the end came the wandering sheep returned to the Church from which he had strayed, and died in its communion.

Upon his return to the Continent Charles again vanishes from sight, reappearing only at long intervals from behind the thick veil of obscurity which enshrouded him. That his relations with Madame de Talmond were about this period—1750—1751—strained to breaking point is certain. The Princesse resented the innocent attentions paid by the Prince to her younger and more charming rival, Mademoiselle Ferrand, and at length, in a fit of unreasoning jealousy, she left her lover for a time, but continued to correspond with him. Later the quarrel was patched up, and the old relations were resumed, but the spell was broken, and as she had grown *passé*, irritable, and exacting, fresh contentions soon arose, and the foolish couple drifted apart.

In February 1751 we find the ubiquitous Prince in Berlin paying his court to Frederick the Great, under the wing of his father’s old friend and adherent, George Keith, who after his long wanderings among the courts of Europe had, at the invitation of Frederick, settled in the Prussian capital with his brother James, the famous Field-marshal. Charles was still matrimonially inclined, and in spite of his ill-success with the Landgrave of Hesse-Darmstadt, he did not hesitate when in Berlin to propose for the hand of the King’s sister. Frederick, although most favourably inclined towards the adventurous Prince,³ politely declined to countenance the suggested alliance, and Charles had to return to his hiding-place with his marriage prospects again blighted. For some time after the Berlin visit the Prince continued—with Goring as envoy—his political negotiations with the Prussian Court, in the hope that Frederick might assist him in his efforts to recover his rights. Nothing of course resulted from these negotiations, whatever they may have been, but still Charles hoped on, and when in August 1751 the Earl Marischal

¹ The original is among the Stuart Papers.

² *Ibid* vol. ii. pp. 11–12.

³ Early in the year following the Prince’s escape from Scotland, the King of Prussia sent him a congratulatory letter in which the following passage occurs: “All Europe was astonished at the greatness of your enterprize, for tho’ Alexander and other heroes have conquered kingdoms with inferior armies, you are the only one who ever engaged in such an attempt without any.” The letter, which is dated “Potsdam, January 12th, 1747,” is printed in the “Lyon in Mourning,” vol. iii. pp. 253–254.

was appointed Prussian ambassador to the Court of Versailles, he made a last determined attempt to enlist the active sympathies of the amiable old nobleman. George Keith was still Jacobite enough to take a personal and diplomatic interest in some of the Prince's schemes, but he was most careful not to compromise himself in any way by appearing openly as Charles' friend. He met Goring secretly in all sorts of strange places, he received frequent visits from young Glengarry—who was now actively engaged as a Jacobite agent—he corresponded with the Prince, and there is ample evidence to prove that he was kept well informed on the subject of that most desperate of all Jacobite enterprises, the Elibank Plot, which had for its object the kidnaping of George II. and his family in the month of November 1752. This wild undertaking is believed to have been conceived by Alexander Murray, Lord Elibank's brother, on account of a personal grievance he had against the Government; he disclosed his plan to the London Jacobite agents, and offered to raise five hundred men in Westminster when the time for action came. The matter was broached to Charles, who not only approved of the idea, but promised, so it is said, to proceed again to London in order that he might be ready to head the movement in person.¹ Young Glengarry was taken into the confidence of the other conspirators, and he promised to have four hundred Highlanders in London under his command by the date agreed upon; if the plot succeeded, he was to proceed immediately to Scotland, and in conjunction with Lochgarry, Dr. Archie Cameron, Cameron of Fassfern, and Cameron of Glennevis, prepare the Highlanders for a rising, the signal for which would be the arrival of General James Keith—the Earl Marischal's brother—in Scotland with a body of Swedish troops. The affair proved an utter fiasco, partly because Murray and his accomplices could not screw up their courage to the sticking-point, and partly—there is some reason to believe—because the English Jacobite leaders were suspicious of treachery. Their suspicions were well founded, for we know now that every detail of the plot was revealed to the British ministers by a spy who, under the *nom de guerre* of "Pickle," kept his employers informed of every Jacobite movement that came under his notice during a period of several years, commencing from November 6, 1752. Mr. Andrew Lang has gone to an immense amount of trouble to fix the guilt of "Pickle" upon the

¹ It is quite probable that Charles did again visit England in 1752. Young Glengarry says he was upon the coast, but did not venture himself in London. Lord Elcho states in his MSS. that the Prince was actually in London at Lady Primrose's house, and David Hume, writing to Sir John Pringle in 1773, declares that he had heard from the Earl Marischal that Charles went about London undisguised in 1753, and that his presence there was known to the Ministry.

shoulders of young Glengarry, and it must be admitted that his ingenious arguments, although not absolutely conclusive, cannot be easily refuted. The present writer has neither the time nor the inclination to enter the literary lists as a champion of the MacDonald chieftain, but he never-



DR. ARCHIBALD CAMERON

From an Engraving in the British Museum

theless hopes that the researches now being made by some of the clansmen of *Alasdair Ruadh* may result in a discovery which will remove, once and for all, the stigma Mr. Lang has attached to the ancient name of Glengarry.

The principal victim of Pickle's disclosures was Dr. Archibald Cameron, who, in pursuance of the Prince's instructions, had gone

with Lochgarry to the Highlands for the purpose already mentioned. Made aware of his presence in Scotland by Pickle, and kept informed of his movements by another spy—said to have been Samuel Cameron, brother of Glennevis—the Government were enabled to pounce upon the unfortunate doctor before he had time to return to the Continent after the failure of the Elibank Plot. His arrest was effected on March 20, 1753, by a party of soldiers from the barracks at Inversnaid. Trial and sentence of death followed,¹ and in spite of the impassioned pleadings of his devoted wife and the earnest petitions of his many friends, he was conveyed from the Tower of London to the shambles at Tyburn on June 7th, and consigned to the tender mercies of the executioner. He died as he had lived, a staunch Jacobite and a Christian gentleman: the last martyr to a doomed cause.

Some time between the years 1750 and 1752—the exact date is uncertain—Charles learnt that his Scottish innamorata, Clementina Walkinshaw, had been admitted a member of a Chapter of Canonesses in Flanders. The information may have come from the lady herself, as it is believed that her sole motive for coming to the Netherlands was to renew her acquaintance with her princely lover. In any case, she had not been long in her new domicile before she received an invitation from the Prince to meet him in Paris. Pichot² says they met at Ghent in 1750; but this is improbable, for although Charles was certainly in Ghent in the spring of 1752, and may have had a secret interview with Miss Walkinshaw then, there is no evidence whatever to lead us to suppose that he visited the town in 1750. The duty of making the necessary arrangements for the meeting in Paris was entrusted to Goring; but that gentleman very naturally declined to undertake a commission, which he plainly told his master “was only for the worst of men,” and neither the Prince’s remonstrances nor persuasions could alter his decision. Nettled, but not abashed, Charles turned elsewhere for an envoy of a less scrupulous disposition, a matter of little difficulty in that age, and before many months had passed the Princesse de Talmond had the mortification of learning that her old place in the Prince’s affections was filled by a woman of whose very existence she had been probably ignorant.

¹ No mention was made of the Elibank Plot at Dr. Cameron’s trial, as the Government wished to keep their knowledge of the conspiracy secret in order to allay Jacobite suspicion. The doctor was tried and punished, ostensibly for his share in the rising of 1745. His remains were buried beneath the altar of the Chapel Royal, Savoy. A fine stained-glass window has since been inserted in the chapel to his memory. For full particulars of his trial and execution *vide* “Loyal Lochaber.”

² “Histoire de Charles Édouard, dernier Prince de la Maison de Stuart” (Paris, 1830), by Amédée Pichot, a not very reliable authority.

At the outset Charles appears to have lived on the most affectionate terms with his new mistress ; but this happy state of affairs did not last. He was no longer the same debonair, high-spirited, warm-hearted lad who had charmed and fascinated the susceptible Clementina in 1746 ; he had grown morose, peevish, suspicious, and at times, especially after he had taken more strong drink than was good for him, he lost all control over his passions and became not a “*dear* wild man,” as Edgar sometimes called him, but a very cruel and heartless one. After a short stay in Paris, the Prince removed with Miss Walkinshaw to Liège, where they lived together under the name of the Comte and Comtesse Johnsome (*sic* Johnson.)¹

During the year 1753 Clementina gave birth to a daughter, who was baptized by the name of Charlotte² on October 29th of the same year, in the Church of Notre Dame des Fonts—Pichot states in his history, “*Le Prince lui même présenta l'enfant au baptême et signa 'Johnson' sur le registre de Notre Dame des Fonts,*” a statement which has been since disproved, for as a matter of fact the baptism was not actually registered until twenty-five years later, a delay which rendered it practically invalid. Within three weeks of the christening we find Charles in a furious temper with the child's mother, over what appears to have been a question of religion ; possibly Clementina had insisted upon the infant being baptized into the Church of Rome against the Prince's wishes. “*I have wrote to Avignon,*” Charles informs Goring on November 12th, “*for to discard all my Papist servants. . . . I shall still maintain ye two gentlemen and all ye Protestant servants on the same fooling as usual. My mistress has behaved so unworthily that she has put me out of all patience, and, as she is a Papist too, I discard her also !!!*” Then in a postscript of the same date he adds, “*She told me she had friends that would maintain her, so that, after such a declaration, and other impertinences, makes me abandon her. I hereby desire you to find out who her friends are, that she may be delivered into their hands. Daniel³ is charged to conduct her to Paris.*”

The letter was no sooner despatched than the Prince's anger subsided ; a reconciliation took place, and the ill-assorted pair resumed their equivocal mode of life as if nothing had happened to disturb it. But the glamour of their earlier love had departed, both were altered for the worse since those happy days that seemed so long ago, when they

¹ “*Cœuvres complettes de Louis de Saint Simon, Duc et Pair de France.*” Strasbourg, 1791.

² Several of the Prince's biographers state that the child was baptized by the name of Caroline. Miss Walkinshaw gave her own maiden name as Caroline Pit. She is said to have previously borne the Prince a son, who died in infancy.

³ Daniel was the Prince's confidential valet.

had walked together in the Bannockburn woods, he the gallant Highland leader, she a thoughtless Scottish lassie, who in a moment of passionate adoration had surrendered herself to her hero's fond embraces. Both had grown older, but, alas, not wiser; disillusionment had come to destroy mutual regard and affection, they knew the best and the worst of one



CLEMENTINA MARIA SOPHIA WALKINSHAW,
TITULAR COUNTESS OF ALBERSTROFF

*From the painting by ALLAN RAMSAY, in the possession of
J. MAXTONE GRAHAM, Esq., Culloquhey, Crieff*

another, and both were equally disappointed. It is not to be supposed that the faults were all on the Prince's side—doubtless he was changed, grievously changed, since the parting at Bannockburn; but the noble chivalric spirit which had animated him in Scotland was not, as some would have us think, altogether dead within his breast, neither was he

the inveterate drunkard that his enemies declared him to be for their own political ends, and had his mistress been a woman of tact, and less exacting in her demands, the miserable quarrels which were of such frequent occurrence might have been avoided. Perhaps it was best as it was, the only possible chance of moral and political salvation for the Prince was to be found in marriage, and marriage of course was out of the question while his *liaison* with Miss Walkinshaw continued.

The Walkinshaw connection was naturally a source of much annoyance and anxiety to those members of the Jacobite party who still remained faithful to their leader, not only because they realised how impossible it was for a legitimate union to take place under the existing conditions, but also because they feared that something more than a mere affectionate regard for the Prince had induced the fair Clementina to link her fate with his. In short, they suspected that she had been specially employed by the British ministers to play the spy upon her lover's movements and correspondence. These suspicions, which appear to have been groundless, arose from the fact that Catherine Walkinshaw, bed-chamber woman to the titular Princess of Wales at Leicester House, in spite of her sister's attachment to Prince Charles, still retained her position, and was if anything more of a favourite with her employers than she had hitherto been; it was therefore concluded that she was in league with Clementina for the sole purpose of discovering the Prince's secrets. The betrayal of Archibald Cameron strengthened the belief that some one had access to the Prince's private papers, and as Pickle was kept carefully out of sight by the Government, many thought that the information which led to the worthy doctor's arrest and execution must have come from Miss Walkinshaw.

So great was the alarm occasioned by this belief, that the leaders of the Jacobite party in Britain instructed one of their number, a certain Mr. MacNamara, to proceed to Paris, where Charles was supposed to be, and in their name insist upon Miss Walkinshaw's immediate dismissal. The mission proved a dismal failure; the Prince, with all the obstinacy of his race aroused by MacNamara's remonstrances, absolutely refused to dismiss his mistress at the bidding of any one; he "would not," he angrily declared, "receive directions in respect to his private conduct from any man alive."¹

The Prince's uncompromising and stubborn attitude lost him many friends, and Dr. King is not far wrong in remarking that "from that

¹ King's Anecdotes.

era may truly be dated the ruin of his cause." Henry Goring, one of the most devoted and honourable men that Charles ever had in his service, found his position at this time (1754) so unendurable that, after making several attempts in writing to bring his master to reason without effect, he sent in his resignation, and on May 16, 1754, severed for ever his connection with the Prince for whom he had so often hazarded life and liberty. Charles complained to the Earl Marischal that Goring had abused his position, but the Earl was himself growing heartily tired of the Prince's capricious behaviour, and he determined, when he heard what had occurred, to follow Goring's example by breaking off all relations with his Royal Highness. In what appears to have been his farewell letter to the ill-starred Prince, he remarks, "Mr. Goring is known for a man of honour. I must beg your pardon in what you (*say*) of his abusing of your situation. Had it been as happy as he has ventured life to make it, he neither would nor should have thought himself under any obligation to suffer the usage he has met with in return to (*sic*—for) the truth and fidelity with which he has served you. . . . My health and heart are broken by age and crosses. I resolve to retire from the world and from all affairs. I never could be of use to you, but in so far as I was directed by some few honourable persons, deservedly respected by all who know them: the manner in which you received lately a message from them, full of zeal for your interest and affection for your person, has I fear put an end to that correspondence, and after threatening to publish their names, from no other provocation than their representing to you what they judge for your true interest . . . can I expose any who may trust me with their confidence to such hazard." The Earl's severe reprimand touched Charles to the quick. That such an old friend as George Keith should desert him in the hour of his need, and, what was worse, actually charge him with having threatened to disclose the names of his adherents, seemed incredible. "You are the only friend that I know of this side the water," writes the Prince in reply, thus tacitly admitting how greatly he felt the isolation of his position. "My heart is broke enough, without that you should finish it, your expressions are so strong without knowing where," he adds pathetically; and then in a spirit of strong resentment against the injustice of the charge brought against him, he passionately declares that "Any one whosoever that has told you I gave such a message to E^d. as you mention, has told you a damned lie (God forgive them). I would not do the least hurt to my greatest enemy (were he in my power), much less any one that professes

to be mine."¹ With this letter the correspondence between Charles and the Earl ceases. George Keith returned to Berlin in the summer of 1754, taking his friend Goring with him, and neither ever saw the Prince again.

Disappointed and chagrined at the failure of MacNamara's mission, the few remaining supporters of the Stuarts in Britain began to waver in their fidelity to the Jacobite faith, and as report after report reached them from the Continent that the Prince, instead of awakening to the duties and responsibilities of his position as their



IVORY COFFER BELONGING TO THE CARDINAL OF YORK
The Property of Charles Magniac, Esq.

From "The Royal House of Stuart." By permission of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

leader, appeared only to be sinking deeper and deeper in the slough of intemperance and despondency, all except a very small faithful remnant, in the belief that the cause was utterly doomed, crept quietly and regretfully into the safe shelter of the Hanoverian fold.

One last supreme effort was made by the few devoted men who still remained loyal to their ancient political creed to bring their leader to reason. A respectful but strongly-worded memoir was prepared, in which Charles was assured that his friends had his interest, honour, and well-being as much at heart as their own, and that provided he

¹ The correspondence is printed in full in Browne's "History," vol. iv., Appendices CCLXXI.-CCLXXIV.

would listen to their counsel and act upon it, he might depend upon their continued support; but if, on the contrary, he chose to oppose his own opinion against the deliberate observations and reflections of those who wished him well, they—the memorialists—would have no alternative left but to believe that the aspersions of his enemies were well founded, in which case all confidence would be destroyed and the cause would suffer.¹ There are no signatures to this strange document, which is dated August 15, 1755, but the initials, C. M. P. and H. P. are affixed at the end. Whoever H. P.² may have been, it is practically certain that C. M. P. stands for Cluny MacPherson, and no name could have had more weight with the Prince, at this period, than that of this brave and faithful Highlander, who, in the face of the greatest peril, had remained behind in Scotland, to guard his master's treasure, until the autumn of 1754, when he had been summoned to Paris by Charles,³ for the purpose of handing over the remains of the Loch Arkaig gold, of which the impecunious Prince stood so greatly in need. But even Cluny's influence had little apparent effect upon the obdurate Prince, if we may judge from his reply to the memorial."⁴ "I, some time ago," he writes, "received a very surprising message, delivered in a still more surprising manner. Reason may, and I hope always shall, prevail, but my own heart deceives me if threats or promises ever can. . . . Some unworthy people," he goes on to say, "have had the insolence to attack his character, "possibly to serve some mean purposes of their own. Conscious of my conduct, I despise their low malice ; and I consider it to be below my dignity to treat them in the terms they merit. Yet I was willing to bring truth to light."

Such an answer is exactly what might have been expected from Charles under the circumstances. He regarded himself, not altogether unreasonably, as a victim to the base misrepresentations of his enemies ; but his proud, imperious spirit would not allow him to contradict publicly their grossly exaggerated statements regarding his private affairs, affairs which he did not consider any one had a right to pry into or interfere with. That his professed friends should so readily accept these lying reports as truth exasperated him beyond measure, and, true

¹ "Mr. D—s (Dawkins, one of the Prince's agents) had represented Mr. D. (Mr. Douglas—the Prince) as one entirely abandoned to an irregular, debauched life." *Idem* Memoir printed in Browne's "History," vol. iv., Appendix CCLXXIX.

² Probably the "Mr. P. of D." referred to in the Memoir of May 3, 1750, whom the Prince was to visit when in England. Possibly one of the leading English Jacobites.

³ Letter dated September 4, 1754.

⁴ The full text of the Prince's undated reply will be found printed in Browne's "History," vol. iv., Appendix CCLXXXII.



GORDON

GAELIC DESIGNATION OF CHIEF—*An Gordaonach*

Badge—*Ivy*, War Cry—“*A Gordaon*”

Stuart that he was, he declined to give even to them any explanation of his conduct in the past, or make any promise to amend his ways in the future. Recognising the futility of further remonstrance, the Prince's well-wishers left him to his own resources, in the hope that time might work the change they so much desired. Time did indeed work a change, but, alas, not in the direction those who loved him could have wished.

It is not the intention of the author to describe in detail the miserable history of the Prince's declining years; too much has already been written on that most melancholy subject by men whose Hanoverian prejudices have inclined them to gloat over the moral and political downfall of Charles Edward Stuart with such apparent satisfaction, that one would almost think the unhappy Prince had done them some personal injury.

It may be taken as a historic fact that from the period we have now reached, Charles as a political power ceased to exist. France, it is true, during the earlier stages of the Seven Years' War, in which she was seriously involved in company with other continental nations, coquetted with him for her own selfish ends, but the Prince gained nothing from the negotiations save further disappointment and annoyance. In England he was almost forgotten; even his enemies ceased to worry their heads about him,¹ and to the few faithful Jacobite souls who still lived in hopes of a Stuart restoration and kept his memory green at their private meetings, he had become merely a name, a toast, an unsubstantial myth. Now and again interest flared up when some more than usually scandalous report regarding the Prince's doings was wafted across the Channel, or when some grave political crisis or event at home awakened fears of another rising in his favour. These were the only occasions when the people of England remembered that a Stuart prince still lived to claim the kingdom from which his father had been so unjustly excluded. The Lowland Scots were nearly as forgetful as their English half-brothers, but there still existed deep down in the heart of the Scottish nation a latent sympathy with the exiled Stuarts which found permanent expression in a great outburst of verse in praise of “Bonnie Prince Charlie,” the swan-song of a dying cause. Far away among the rugged mountains and sequestered glens of the Highlands, the children of the Gael awaited for years the summons that would call them out once more to fight under the standard of *Prionnsa Tearlach*; but it came not, and even they at length sank into a condition of apathy and

¹ I refer to the general public; the English ministers kept up for many years a system of close espionage, by means of their agents, over the Prince's movements.—W. D. N.

indifference. Their chiefs were in exile, their homes were heaps of crumbling ruins, their ancient prestige had gone, their weapons had been taken from them, and their very dress was proscribed;¹ memory alone remained to them, and they treasured it like a miser does his gold. Every incident connected with their hero, every word spoken by him when in their midst, every spot he had ever visited, and every object that he had touched, became sacred, and happily remains so. At the *ceilidh*² in the bleak winter months, or among the shealings during the long days of the northern summer; at the waulking of the cloth, in *buaille*,³ byre, sheep-fank, or wherever Highlanders foregather for work or amusement, there will the praises of *An Fhleasgaich Oig*⁴ be sung or recited in the grand old Gaelic language, the one possession of which no true son of the mountains can be deprived, save by his own or his parents' neglect.

From the year 1759 the history of the Prince becomes merely the melancholy story of one of life's saddest and most dismal failures, into the sordid details of which we will in charity refrain from prying too closely. The Prince's connection with Miss Walkinshaw, which had been such a thorn in the side of his friends, came to an abrupt termination in the summer of 1760. After the quarrel in 1753 the relationship between Charles and his Scottish mistress became more and more strained; questions arose respecting the training and education of the child, the mother insisting that her daughter should be sent to a convent in Paris, while the Prince, who loved his little Charlotte dearly, determined she should remain under his own supervision. Clementina thereupon appealed to James, who gladly seized the opportunity thus offered him of stirring up further strife between the erring pair. With this intention he not only encouraged Miss Walkinshaw in her resistance to the Prince's wishes, but even promised that, provided she would undertake to remove the child from its father's control, he would himself bear the expense of Charlotte's education. This Clementina decided to do, and on the night of July 22, 1760, she departed secretly from Bouillon, where Charles was then residing, and in company with her daughter made her way to Paris, having been previously furnished by James with letters of introduction to the Duc de Choiseul and the Archbishop of Paris. Although his mistress's desertion was a cruel blow to his *amour propre*, Charles would have willingly forgiven her everything

¹ By the arbitrary Act of 1747.

² A social gathering of Highlanders—literally, gossip.

³ A cattle enclosure.

⁴ "The Gallant Youth."

if she had consented to restore his child ; but she stubbornly rejected all overtures on the Prince's part, and nothing would induce her either to resume her old relations with him or alter her decision regarding her daughter, so that in spite of every effort made by Charles to recover his darling Charlotte—the only comfort he had in his misfortunes¹—he saw her no more until the sands of his own life were nearly run out. The child's mother he never set eyes on again.

The knowledge which came to the Prince later,² that James had aided and abetted Miss Walkinshaw in her conspiracy against him, only served to widen the breach that already existed between father and son. Charles naturally enough considered himself very badly used, he bitterly resented his father's interference, he railed angrily against his ungrateful mistress and all who had assisted her, he became daily more irritable and morose, and with his soul at enmity with all the world he retired to his retreat at Bouillon, to console himself with the bottle and brood over his real and imaginary wrongs. A few months later he roused himself a little when informed of the death of George the Second on October 25th, but he could not be induced to take any political action even when pressed to do so by his few remaining adherents. Year after year slipped by, until about the close of 1765 Charles was awakened from his lethargy by a message from Rome which informed him that his father, who had been seriously ill for some time past, was in a dying condition. A partial reconciliation had already taken place between the Prince and his brother the Cardinal, which was so far fortunate that it smoothed the way to a meeting between them ; the embarrassing fact was that Charles still remained outside the Roman communion,³ and Henry feared that if his brother decided to visit Rome he might suffer some slight or indignity in consequence of his religious opinions. Stirred into activity by the news of his royal father's approaching dissolution, Charles left Paris for Rome on December 30th, but long before he came in sight of the Eternal City James had passed quietly away from the scene of his earthly sorrows into everlasting rest. He died without apparent pain at a quarter-past nine at night on New Year's Day, 1766.

“Farewell, O pious Prince ! thy palm is won.
The everlasting crown of bliss thy own.
Why should I weep thy fate ? Alas ! thy life
Was one continued scene of injury and grief.”⁴

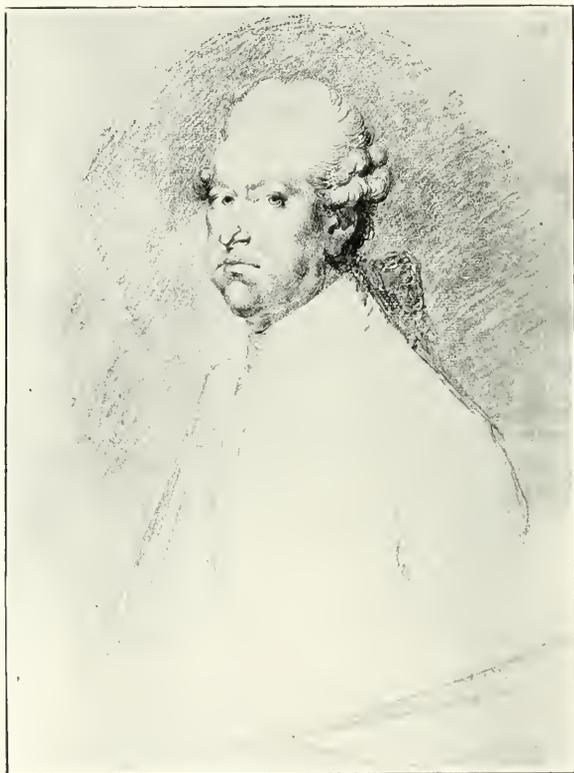
¹ His own words.

² James wrote to Charles on September 8, 1760, to inform him that he had been privy to Miss Walkinshaw's movements.

³ *Vide* “Lyon in Mourning,” vol. iii. p. 205.

⁴ *Ibid.*, p. 214.

Le roi est mort, vive le roi. King James, Third of England and Ireland and Eighth of Scotland, was dead, and his mortal remains, clad in regal splendour, lay buried far from the land of his ancestors, beneath the stones of St. Peter's magnificent pile; but Charles the Third, of Great Britain and Ireland, remained to bear the burden of that phantom crown



CHARLES III. OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

From a drawing made in 1776 at Florence, by OZIAS HUMPHREYS, R.A.

which, like the cup of Tantalus, receded farther and farther away whenever Stuart hands were stretched out to grasp it. James had at least been acknowledged in Rome and in most of the Catholic countries in Europe as the rightful King of Great Britain, but his unlucky son had to forego even that shadowy honour, for the Pope, in spite of Henry's earnest pleadings on his brother's behalf, was so fearful of giving offence to the Government of George III. that he absolutely declined either to receive Charles as a royal personage or to allow any official recogni-

tion of his claim to the sovereignty of the United Kingdom. Eventually, by dint of much persuasion on the Cardinal's part, his Holiness promised to submit the question to the Sacred College and abide by its decision. The august conclave was thereupon assembled, and after the question had been discussed at some length, the members unanimously resolved that the Prince's claims could not be allowed by the Holy See. France had already determined on the same course of action, so that the legitimate monarch of Great Britain found himself in a worse plight than he had been before his father's death, except that he now had the full and active sympathy of the brother from whom he had been so long estranged, and, what was of greater importance, a share of that brother's princely income.

Henry felt the slight put upon his royal house as keenly as Charles, and he determined that whoever else might refuse to acknowledge his brother as king, he at least would not fail to do so. He therefore placed his state equipage at Charles's disposal, and often drove ostentatiously through the fashionable thoroughfares of the city with his brother seated on his right hand—a position which, according to the etiquette prevailing in Rome at that time, was reserved solely for sovereigns. As for Charles himself, he accepted the inevitable with a better grace than any one expected; but he could not be persuaded to visit the Pope, nor would he hold any communication whatever with the members of the Sacred College, and as the leaders of Roman society, taking their cue from the Vatican, declined to accord him royal honours, he proudly held himself aloof from their entertainments. Wearied of himself and disgusted with the shabby treatment he had received, he withdrew from the scene of his humiliation, and sought a relief from his cares in the pursuit of those healthy open-air sports which had delighted him when a lad. In the quiet rural seclusion of Albano or Frascati he remained for some years, to the great improvement of his general health and personal appearance, and had it not been for what the Cardinal of York calls "the nasty bottle," he might have been a fairly happy man.

From time to time rumours were spread abroad that Charles again contemplated matrimony, and many were the guesses his friends and enemies alike hazarded regarding the object of his choice. First, it was a daughter of the Duc de Deux Ponts who was thought to be the chosen damsel; then an eighteen-year-old princess of Salm-Kynburg was mentioned as a possible match; but, at last, all doubts were set aside when Europe learnt in the spring of 1772 that the Princess Louisa Maximiliana Emmanuela of Stolberg, the eldest daughter of Prince



PRINCESS LOUISA MAXIMILIANA EMMANUELA OF STOLBERG

*From a painting in the possession of the Duke of BFAUFORT, by whose permission it has
been specially reproduced for this work*

Gustavus Adolphus of Stolberg-Gedern, had become the wife of the royal exile at Macerati on April 17th (Good Friday) of the same year.¹

The young Princess—she had not turned twenty²—was not the unwilling victim of political machinations that some writers, and even she herself,³ would have us believe ; on the contrary, she was both willing and eager to share the fortunes and titles of one who might, she hoped, be one day not only *de jure* but *de facto* King of Great Britain. Like the unhappy Princess Clementina Sobieski, she longed to be Queen of England, and like that most unfortunate lady, she soon learnt the same sad lesson that “Kind hearts are more than coronets, and simple faith than (Stuart) blood,”⁴ a lesson made all the more painful by the discovery that the coronet she had secured was but an intangible and visionary diadem. It is scarcely necessary to add that the union proved to be a most unhappy one—*cela va sans dire*. Unsanctified by the affections and unblessed with issue⁵—its sole object—this most wretched marriage not only served to accelerate the moral *débâcle* of the already doomed Prince, but it destroyed for ever the peace of mind, the honour and the virtue of the beautiful, foolish girl who had sacrificed herself, as countless thousands of her sex have done before and since, on the altar of worldly ambition. Chained together in matrimonial fetters which galled and chafed more painfully the longer they were worn, the miserable couple drifted aimlessly through life, first in Rome, then in Leghorn and Sienna, and afterwards in Florence, seeking peace and finding none. Barely tolerated by the higher Florentine nobility, and only treated as equals by the lower ranks of the Italian aristocracy, Charles and his consort found their existence well-nigh unendurable ; mutual recriminations were of constant occurrence, and the sounds of their conjugal strife continually disturbed the rest of the household in the Palazzo Guadagni. The end came, as it very often does come

¹ Married first by proxy, in Paris, on March 28, 1772.

² The Princess was born at Mons on September 21, 1752 ; her father, a lieutenant-general in Austrian service, had been killed at the battle of Leuthen. Her mother, a daughter of the aristocratic House of Horn, was connected with most of the illustrious families of Europe : the Bruces, the Montmorencys, the Colonnas, the Orsinis, and Medinas, among others.

³ In later years, as some excuse for her infidelity to her husband, Louisa stated that her mother, in order to get rid of her, married her to the most insupportable man that ever existed. There is however ample evidence to prove that she entered willingly into the marriage.

⁴ With apologies to Tennyson.

⁵ The assertion made by the brothers Sobieski Stuart that they were legitimately descended from Charles III. and Louisa of Stolberg has no foundation in fact ; this I think has been abundantly proved. I recollect as a lad meeting one of the brothers—I think the eldest, who died in 1872—in London, and I was struck by his resemblance to Vandyke's famous picture of Charles I. He was a striking figure, clad, if I remember rightly, in tartan trews and vest, with the ribbon of some foreign order across his breast and several medals ; he was cloaked and bonneted,—W. D. N.

when a young and fascinating woman is tied to an old man for whom she has neither love nor respect. Mephistopheles appeared on the scene in the person of Vittorio Alfieri, a romantic, poetical, good-looking Piedmontese of aristocratic birth and noble bearing, who after a youth



CARDINAL HENRY BENEDICT STUART,
DUKE OF YORK, AFTERWARDS KING
HENRY IX. OF GREAT BRITAIN AND
IRELAND

From a portrait given by himself to Mrs. CANNING at Rome

spent in wild dissipation had at the age of thirty settled in the Tuscan capital, where his high literary attainments and charming manners soon gained him hosts of friends. The story of his mad infatuation for Queen Louisa¹ has been recently told, and told well, by the clever pen of the Marchesa Vitelleschi;² it is sufficient to say here that the Italian poet quickly wove around the neglected wife such a powerful spell of enchantment, that after a more than usually serious quarrel with her husband on St. Andrew's night, 1780, during which it is said Charles resorted to personal violence, Louisa yielded to her lover's entreaties, and with his connivance fled from the house of her royal spouse

to a Florentine convent, where she remained until the end of December, when, by the advice of the Cardinal of York, who appears to have been completely hoodwinked by the lovers, she took up her residence in one of the many convents of the Roman capital, with free access to Alfieri, who of course followed her. Louisa never returned to her husband,

¹ Commonly called the Comtesse d'Albanie. Charles had adopted the title of Comte d'Albanie.

² "A Court in Exile." Hutchinson.

and after his death in 1788 she became openly the mistress of her poet-lover, and remained so as long as he lived.¹ Mad with anger and jealousy, Charles for many days after the departure of his wife stormed and raved with impotent passion against all who were concerned in her elopement, and at length, exhausted by his own emotions, and finding that she was lost to him for ever, he sank by slow and almost imperceptible degrees into a state of mental and bodily decrepitude, which proved to be but the forerunner of a speedy and premature end. To such a deplorable condition had the gallant victor of Prestonpans and Falkirk, the famous Prince of Jacobite song, the brave hero of thousands of devoted Highlanders and loyal Lowland Scots, been brought by a cruel fate, a fate so persistently malevolent and relentless that even the cynical Voltaire was inclined to believe that Charles was more to be pitied than blamed. Referring to the almost continuous ill-fortune which had dogged the historic House of Stuart during three centuries, he concludes, "*Et nous avons vu le Prince Charles Edouard, reunissant en vain les vertus de ses peres, et le courage du Roy Jean Sobieski, son ayeul maternal, executer les exploits et essayer les malheurs les plus incroyables. Si quelque chose justifie ceux qui croient une fatalité à laquelle rien ne peut se soustraire, c'est cette suite continuelle de malheurs qui a persecuté la maison de Stuart pendant de trois-cent années.*"²

For a few more miserable years Charles continued to struggle against his implacable life-long adversary ; but the battle is to the strong, and the unhappy, crownless monarch had neither bodily strength nor mental vigour left with which to ward off the blows Fate dealt him. Happily in his extremity he bethought him of his daughter Charlotte, and it is pleasant to record that for rather more than three years before his death he was cheered and comforted by the gentle presence of that tender-hearted, devoted woman, who soon acquired so great an influence over her intractable and moody parent, that she was able to check to a considerable extent his intemperate habits and to direct his thoughts into other and more harmless channels. With a woman's quick intuition she saw that any reference to the incidents of 1745 always agitated and distressed him, and she usually warned those friends who visited the invalid King not to touch upon the subject ; but on one occasion a visitor, a Mr. Greathead, unwittingly infringed the rule, with the result that Charles was seized with a fit of convulsions. "O sir ! what is this ?" cried the

¹ Alfieri died in 1803. After his decease the Countess of Albany contracted an alliance with Francis Xavier Fabre, a French historical painter, who had been her lover's friend. She died at Florence on January 29, 1824.

² *Histoire Générale.*

frightened Charlotte, as she burst into the room. "You must have been speaking to my father about Scotland and the Highlanders."

In the month of December 1787 the stricken man returned to his



THE STUART MONUMENT IN ST. PETER'S, ROME

By ANTONIO CANOVA

old home, the Palazzo Santi Apostoli in Rome, at the request of his brother Henry; but his days were numbered, and before the New Year had well begun a severe apoplectic or paralytic seizure deprived him of the use of one side of his body, from which he never recovered. For some weeks he lay half unconscious of all that was taking place around him, with God knows what strange thoughts running through his poor disordered mind, until on the morning of January 31st, death, the consoler for all human woes, came mercifully to his aid, and bore him gently away from his daughter's loving arms.¹

Although Charles had upon his arrival in Rome become reconciled to the Church from which he had strayed in the year 1750, and had also made his peace with the Pope, his Holiness refused to grant permission for the royal remains to be

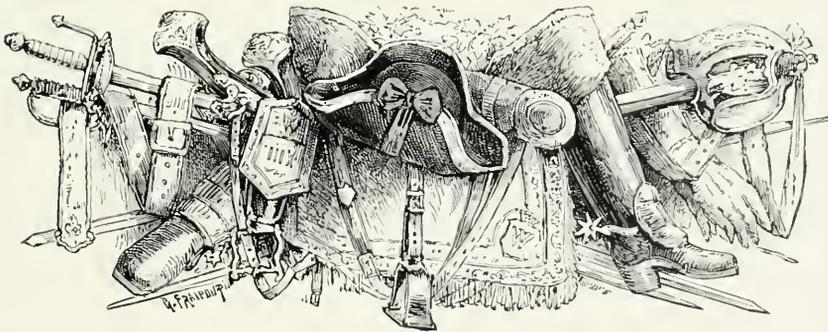
interred with regal honours within the precincts of St. Peter's, a harsh and unexpected decision, which was a source of great disappointment and vexation to Henry. He accordingly determined that

¹ Charles left all he possessed to his daughter, whom he had previously created Duchess of Albany. She only survived her father a few months, dying in 1789 from an abscess in her side caused by a fall from a horse.

his brother's funeral obsequies should be conducted at Frascati with all the ceremonial due to a deceased monarch. The necessary arrangements were thereupon made, and the body—enclosed in a sumptuous coffin of cypress wood, upon which were laid the emblems of sovereignty, a crown, sceptre, and sword—was removed from the *chappelle ardente* in the Palazzo Santi Apostoli and conveyed to the cathedral church of Frascati,¹ of which see the Cardinal of York was bishop, where on February 3rd, with all the gorgeous pomp and elaborate ritual of the Roman Church, the last sad rites were performed by the Cardinal himself, now King Henry IX. of Great Britain and Ireland, "*non desideris hominum sed voluntate Dei*,"² the sole remaining representative in the direct line of the historic House of Stuart. As the solemn notes of the *De Profundis*, sung by a great body of white-robed choristers and splendidly vested priests, rise to heaven amid the clouds of ascending incense, the mortal part of what was once "Bonnie Prince Charlie" is laid to rest. All is over, the melancholy service is at an end, one by one the lights are extinguished, the mourners disperse sorrowfully in the deepening gloom of the oncoming night; one sad, solitary figure clad in cardinal's robes alone remains, kneeling in front of the darkened altar, weeping and praying for the soul of a departed King and brother, while echoing faintly through the pillared aisle of the sacred building there comes to those who have the ears to hear it, the long, low, dismal wailing of the Highland pipes.

¹ The royal remains were later removed to Rome and interred in the crypt of St. Peter's.

² The motto selected by Henry for the medal he caused to be struck after his brother's death. *Vide* plate on p. 212 *ante*.



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