A detailed illustration of a white rose growing from a dark, spiny tree trunk. The rose is large and fully bloomed, with many layers of petals. The background shows a landscape with a small dark tree and a body of water under a cloudy sky.

The White Rose and the Thorn Tree

ROY PUGH

The White Rose and the Thorn Tree

A novel of the '45 Jacobite rebellion

The rose of all the world is not for me.
I want for my part
Only the little white rose of Scotland
That smells sharp and sweet
And breaks the heart

Hugh McDiarmid

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*The White Rose
and the Thorn
Tree*

by Roy Pugh



Cuthill Press

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*With the exception of those named in Appendix 4, all other characters
in this novel are historical and appear as themselves*

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and in memory of
Margaret Cheetham (Dann) – a gracious lady



Cuthill Press

The Cuthill Press is the division of Prestoungrange University Press [PUP] that publishes novels and other works of fiction, including the factitious.

It contrasts with the mainstream publications by PUP of non-fiction historical works in association with Burkes Peerage & Gentry. Cuthill Press nonetheless advances the same community mission as PUP, which is to honour our local history through all the creative arts for the socioeconomic regeneration of Prestonpans and vicinity. Such creativity potentially raises both the artist's self esteem and that of the community at large and leads to the Hope and Ambition for Victory in life that Prince Charles Edward exemplified in the '45.

1

Virginia 1796

In the year of 1796, in the month of April – the 16th to be precise – John Harrison, a young reporter working for the *Boston Advertiser* was sent by his editor to Fredericksburg, Virginia, to interview a veteran of the recent War of Independence against British rule in America. The editor, a Scotsman by birth, had emigrated to the former colonies in 1790 and had taken an interest in fellow Scots who had enlisted in George Washington's Continental Army. In the course of his researches, he had encountered the name of Roderick MacDonald who had come to the colonies in 1746, the fateful year of the Jacobite defeat at Culloden. He surmised that MacDonald's arrival had not been coincidental and that in all probability he had fought for Prince Charles Edward Stuart, the son of the Pretender to the British throne. However, the editor kept the information to himself, intending to test the investigative journalistic skills of the young employee.

So it was that bright April morning Harrison sat in a swaying, creaking coach taking him to Liberty Farm, a few miles north of Fredericksburg. The uneven motion of the coach made it difficult for him to read the sheaf of notes he had prepared before setting off on the journey. He had prepared questions for the man he had been sent to interview. He had begun his search in 1775, the year in which the first shots of the War of Independence were fired at Concord against the British. Harrison had been a mere child then but remembered the redcoat soldiers, the 'lobster backs' and their allies, the German troops of Hesse, in distinctive tall hats which gave them the appearance of giants to village children. He knew from the tales told at his father's fireside that among the redcoat armies of George III were famous Scottish regiments. Indeed, many of the Boston men had ancestors of Scottish origin and, as Loyalists, had joined the forces of the King to fight against their countrymen.

As the coach neared its destination, Harrison saw how fertile Virginia was,

its acres irrigated by rivers such as the Potomac, the Rappahannock, the York and the James. It was a rich and productive state with good harbours and ripe fields of tobacco and maize. But not even these sights of prosperity could compensate for the several days spent on the bone-shaking journey from Boston. Harrison looked forward to stretching his legs that morning.

Presently, he heard the coach driver call out:

“Liberty Farm! Liberty Farm!”

It was welcome news. The coach shuddered to a halt and he got out. His travelling bag was tossed unceremoniously from the coach into the dirt road. The driver, his cheek bulging with a quid of tobacco, spat into the dust, at the same time pointing with his whip in the direction of a few, scattered, barely visible shacks dotted about the farmstead. The driver was keen to be on his way but as he cracked the whip above his team’s heads he shouted over his shoulder:

“God be with ye, son. There be a long walk ahead o’ ye. And MacDonald ain’t a man that cares for company. No, sir, that he ain’t.”

Harrison watched the coach disappear in a cloud of dust, then turned his face towards the farm in the east. As he trudged along the dirt path rutted by countless carts, he began to commit to memory the many questions he would put to Roderick MacDonald. He knew that the man had been born in 1725 and so was over 70 years of age. It was a fresh morning and as he walked the path, he could smell the season’s young growth, a heady mixture of wild flowers and newly cut grass. After about twenty minutes walk, he approached the porch of the farmstead, noting the small garden to the side. In the centre was a small, stunted rose bush whose pruned stems were showing the first red shoots. He climbed the few steps and knocked on the door. He could hear someone moving within but it was a full minute before the bolt was drawn. A tall man with white hair escaping from the sides of a blue woollen Scotch bonnet stood before him, a pistol thrust in his broad leather belt. Harrison set down his portmanteau and offered his hand. The old man looked at it almost with contempt, for it was thin and white, not the hand of a man who earned his bread from hard work.

“Ye’ll not be selling wares, are ye? For if ye are, ye are not welcome. I have all that I need here.”

The young man shook his head and introduced himself.

“Sir, I am no salesman. I am John Harrison of the Boston Advertiser. A reporter for my newspaper.”

The old man stroked his stubbly chin.

“I am thinking ye are not much above a salesman, for your kind peddle

words instead of fancy goods in the manner of kerchiefs, ribbons and other whigmaleeries.*

Harrison swallowed nervously.

“Is it possible that you are Mr Roderick MacDonald?”

“Aye, it is just possible that I am, then again maybe not. Ye have not stated your business. Ye have but given your trade.”

The young man swallowed hard again.

“Begging your pardon, sir. I am come to interview Mr Roderick MacDonald, whose name is known to my editor in Boston for his bravery during the war that was lately fought against the British. The war that gave our nation its freedom from the tyranny of the King of England.”

The old man sighed. He extended his hand and shook the young man’s vigorously.

“I am forgetting my manners. Come ye in, laddie, come ye in. And bring your bag. I have seen its like before, though I cannot fathom why it should bear a lock if it carries but clothes. Unless...”

And he chuckled slyly at this.

“...it is siller[†] ye be carrying.”

The young man shook his head.

“Tis but a change of clothes. Pray sir, I could not help but notice that above the door there are carved numbers and letters. To wit 17 RM and 47 AT. Do they have some meaning?”

“Aye, ‘tis a Lowland custom. When a man takes a wife to him and builds a house, they carve the year, which is that of 1747. Forbye, they add their initials. RM is Roderick MacDonald, AT is Anne Trotter, my sometime wife. Now, shall ye sit by the fire and take a dram with me? To lay the dust of the coach ye alighted from but a few moments ago.”

At that, the old man went into the kitchen, rattling glasses. He heard the cork of a bottle drawn and liquid being poured. Harrison looked about the sparsely furnished room. There was a table by the window and some wooden chairs. At the fireside were two matching rocking chairs, with thick tartan cloth draped over their backs. Looking up at the mantelshelf, he saw a tinder box, a pair of candlesticks with stubs of candle and a small clock. Above the mantel hung a fine basket-hilted sword with a musket beneath it. He immediately recognised the musket as of the type used by the militia who had

*whigmaleeries; decorative trinkets

†siller; silver, or money

fought the British to a standstill in the year 1781. But the sword was not of the make that had been used by the Continentals, now known as the American army. The old man returned with two generously-filled glasses of whisky and saw the young man studying the sword.

“Tis a fine blade, is it not? ’Twas my father’s before me, forged in North Uist in Scotland by the best smith on the island. In my father’s memory I keep it greased with goose fat and because it has served me well over the years.”

Harrison asked if he might hold the weapon. When he gripped the hilt, protected by its basket shield, he was amazed how light it was. It was finely crafted. Peering at it closely, he saw the year 1715 stamped on the blade near the hilt.

“Mind now, for ’tis sharp. I keep it so in case.”

In case of what? thought the young man. The old man seemed to read his thoughts.

“In case I am visited by any of the name Campbell.”

Harrison handed the weapon back to the old man who lovingly restored it to the fastenings above the fireplace, whispering a few words to himself. As he turned to face his guest, he saw the young man was trembling slightly and asked what ailed him.

“It is a cruel weapon that I fancy has been used against your enemies. The Campbells you spoke of perhaps? Are they not a clan of your country?”

MacDonald spat into the fire.

‘They are hated in Scotland. Once they fought for their lawful king, then they changed their allegiance. Their chief, Argyll took the siller of a foreign king, him that was called George of Hanover. But enough of that. Shall ye join me in a toast? May all your days be good, my friend. Slainte!*

Harrison had heard the last word before. He knew it was Irish or Gaelic and supposed it meant good health. He almost choked on the fiery liquid as it hit his throat though he had but sipped it. He saw his host stood with an empty glass.

“Will ye have another, laddie?”

“Thank you sir, no. For I would have a clear head when we speak together.”

The old man chuckled.

“Ye will not be minding if I partake of another?”

“Indeed, no, sir, for I am sure you have a head for it.”

When MacDonald returned from the kitchen he was smiling. He bade the

*slainte: good health (Gaelic)

young man sit down. As he sat in the rocking chair opposite, he raised his glass again.

"Here's to more friends and less need of them. Now, laddie, fire away with your questions."

Harrison had his notebook and quill pen in hand and asked to sit at the window table as he needed both its surface for his ink bottle and its light, as the room was dark, the sun now being high above the house. As he sharpened the quill with his pocket knife, he outlined his questions.

"My editor wishes me to record an account of the actions of which you were part in the great struggle for our country's liberty. You were with General Washington at Valley Forge, were you not?"

At that, MacDonald's eyes seemed to mist over.

"Aye, that I was. 'Twas a savage winter and Washington thought the war would be lost. We shall speak of that presently. But I have seen the bloody footprints of men in the snow before, in Scotland. Rightly, ye said this year is a score on from when war was declared between this country and England. But the year of 1795 is two score and ten since the first shot was heard in Scotland for the Chevalier, Prince Charles Edward Stuart, whose father was rightful king of the land. A battle was fought that year, a famous victory for the clans that joined the Prince's standard at Glenfinnan. We called it Gladsmuir, the Lowlanders called it Prestonpans."

As he said the words, he stood up and pointed to the broadsword hanging on the wall.

"That was my father's sword. He carried it in the rebellion of 1715, four score years past. I bore it for the Prince, for I am one that are called Jacobite, or follower of James, the Prince's father and grandfather, of the House of Stuart. They were the rightful kings of Scotland, England and Ireland, not the usurper King William of Orange, nor those of the House of Hanover. Or so it was said..."

As he said the last words, he spat into the fire. Harrison recalled the words of his editor, the day before he had left Boston.

Always remember once a Jacobite always a Jacobite. The clan MacDonald is a proud clan who to this day believe that their true king is over the water, in France. They also believe that one day, he will come into his own again.

The old man sat quiet for a time, staring into the flames. Harrison left him to his thoughts as he scratched down the first words in his journal. At length, MacDonald took a poker and stirred up the logs.

"Do ye know of what I speak, laddie? The '45, that took its name from the

year Scotland rose against the tyrant George, second king of that name. Have ye heard of a song called 'The Bonnie Banks of Loch Lomond?'

Harrison said he thought he recalled hearing it sung in a Boston tavern but could not remember the words. MacDonald smiled a little wistfully.

"'Tis a sad song. About defeat and death. In the year of '45, during the Prince's retreat from England, which he had invaded after victory at Prestonpans, a small garrison was ordered to remain in Carlisle to discomfort the English armies sent against us. Many were taken and cast into Carlisle jail. The song tells of two Highland prisoners, one who was to be set free and one that was to meet his death there. The prisoner that was set free took the High Road to Scotland. The prisoner that was to be shot would take the Low Road, the road of the dead and so would be in Scotland before the living one. But 'ere that sad day, the Prince had gained a complete victory over his enemies at Prestonpans in the Lowlands.'

Harrison interjected.

"The Low Lands? Are they a part of Scotland that takes its name from the dead, for you spoke of the Low Road?"

MacDonald smiled grimly.

"Aye, in a manner of speaking. In the month of September in the year 1745, ye might say they were, for 'twas there we gained the victory at Prestonpans over Sir John Cope. A bloody victory it was, though few of our clansmen met their deaths. Shall ye hear of how it came to pass? Mind, ye will need another dram or two for 'tis a long tale. Ye shall stay as a guest of MacDonald until the tale is done."

The old man excused himself and came back with two brimming glasses of whisky. Then he returned to the kitchen and rattled a few pots and pans on the stove. He called through from the kitchen.

"Shall ye partake of a fine soup called cock o' leekie, laddie? 'Twas my late wife Anne's special broth. We brought up two laddies upon it. One met his end at Bunker Hill, the other at Brandywine. They were fine laddies that gave their lives for General Washington. I was their age when I fought for the Prince but I survived. It was my lot to survive again under General Washington, though I wish to God my laddies had been spared. They were brave young men and deserved to live and have families of their own. Since my lass Anne died two years past, I maun* shift for myself. When my time comes, none of my name may survive me."

*maun; must

As the food was cooking, Roderick MacDonald began his story. But before he spoke, he brought a slim leather bound journal and a small bundle of letters out of a drawer in the table. He held up the journal that Harrison might see it.

"This wee book is part of the story, for it tells the tale from the English side. From time to time, I shall read from it, for 'twill aid my failing memory. I took it from the body of a dead English officer at Prestonpans."

And so Roderick began his story.

2

The Coming of the Rose

It was in the year of Our Lord 1745, on a day of mist, rain and bitter winds that a young lad was visiting his father's friend Angus MacDonald on the small island of Eriskay in the Outer Hebrides. A wild day of driving rain and gales that could sweep a man off his feet. Roderick MacDonald took shelter from the wind in the granite-strewn hollows near the sea, hoping to catch sight of the ferry boat that would carry him back to his father's croft on South Uist. In his heart, he knew that the severe weather would force him to spend another night in Angus MacDonald's dwelling, a smoke-filled 'black house' formed of granite boulders so well fitted that there was no need of mortar to keep out the elements. With its sod roof battened down by ropes weighted with stones it was a snug, if crude, dwelling house.

As he lay in the lee of a great granite stone, sheltering from the gale, Roderick saw a ship emerging from the dense fog. He watched its progress although from time to time it would suddenly vanish when swallowed up by the fog, only to appear a few moments later, closer to the shore. He knew the ship was a frigate as his father had taught him to identify vessels of different shapes. The frigate had gun ports, and Roderick counted nine on the starboard side, which told him that she was an 18-gunner. Although it flew no flag, Roderick knew it was not an English vessel.

He continued to watch the ship, now able to see sailors on the deck, reefing in the sails one by one so that the vessel began to drift slowly, lazily towards the inlet. Then the mist obscured her again, though he heard the anchor hit the water with a muffled splash. The wind also carried hoarse voices of seamen calling for a boat to be lowered. He saw the ship briefly, with the longboat alongside, then the capricious mist enveloped both. He could hear the splash of the oars, then suddenly the boat emerged out of the mist. He counted sixteen oars. Roderick was proud of his learning, as was the dominie on South Uist at the school in Benbecula. He could count to one hundred and form his

letters in a fair hand. The dominie* had tried to persuade his father to send the lad to the university in Edinburgh as he showed promise. Alistair MacDonald said he was too poor and needed his son to work on the croft as his older brother James had gone to the mainland to enlist in a regiment of dragoons.

As Roderick watched the longboat, he counted the occupants.

Of oarsmen 16 and of passengers 8. The passengers are gentlemen by the cut of their cloth. One is a priest. They are not soldiers. Mayhap they are tacksmen though I know most of them on these islands.

The man standing in the prow of the boat wore the garments of an abbé. He was hatless however, his long fair hair resting on his shoulders. He stared ahead, tall, erect and with a fine bearing.

Roderick heard the crunch of the keel as it grounded on the gravel shore. He saw the man in the prow step into the shallows, refusing with a wave of his hand to accept any assistance from the crewmen who had shipped their oars. Others were helped out of the boat; one or two were carried on men's backs to avoid wetting their feet. Save for the priest, all wore wigs, like Roderick's clan chief, Alexander MacDonald of Boisdale. Then the wind blew open the leading man's soutaine, or cassock, which was unbuttoned. Underneath, he saw that the man wore a blue coat, cream-coloured breeches and a white shirt with a lace stock. On his breast was some kind of decoration or ornament but he was too distant for Roderick to make out how it was fashioned.

In order to get a closer look at the party gathering on the beach, Roderick slithered down the grassy slope which, being wet from the mist and rain, caused him to lose his balance so that he tumbled headlong down to the shore. As he lay among the pink-tufted thrift flowers that grew in profusion along the shore, he heard some of the men laughing. One strode forward extending his hand to lift him up. He spoke English but not with an accent Roderick recognised.

"Well, my lad, what is this place called? Speak up, for we mean you no harm. We are lost in this accursed mist."

Roderick, shy and embarrassed from his undignified landing, took some few seconds to answer.

"Why, sir, this is Eriskay, where I was born."

The man turned to one of his nearest companions.

"Sir John, we are come to Eriskay. You were right and I was in error in my computations, for I thought it South Uist."

The man he addressed called out:

*dominie; schoolmaster

“Captain O’Sullivan, you are uncommon civil this day for an Irishman. You seldom confess to be in error. There is hope for you yet.”

Then turning to the fair-haired young man in the priest’s cassock, he said this:

“Tis well, Sir. When we landed on Barra, we were in MacNeil country. Captain O’Sullivan swore this was South Uist but by my reckoning I knew it to be Eriskay. ’Tis of no consequence, for we are in the country of the MacDonalds who have always served the House of Stuart well. I curse this mist though, for we should have landed in South Uist.”

The man to his right spoke briefly:

“Sir John, I for one do not curse the mist for it brought us good fortune. Did it not save us from the English man o’ war in the Sound of Barra?”

Sir John nodded in agreement.

“Tis so, Aeneas. We are in the country of Alexander of Boisdale, a MacDonald like yourself. We could not have fallen into a safer place.”

On hearing the name of his clan chief and that these two men were his kinsmen, Roderick was relieved, although he was bewildered by the others. As he gathered his thoughts, he watched two sailors lift the last passenger from the longboat. The man looked frail and old but dressed as a popinjay, as he had heard the dominie describe a French merchant who had once called at the school to sell books. The man cursed the sailors, showing his toothless gums. He wore a powdered wig with a red velvet ribbon. As the sailors set him down, Roderick saw he wore fine, diamond-studded, high-heeled shoes with silver buckles. From the cuff of his greatcoat trailed a lace handkerchief which he withdrew to blow his nose. He hobbled rather than walked to the young man who stood scanning the horizon.

“Sir, we are come to a God-forsaken island. The gout troubles me this damp day. I trust you will have these rascals carry me should you venture inland, for I cannot walk on broken ground.”

The young man nodded.

“Good Tullibardine, your wish is my command. You will soon have your sedan chair again when we arrive on the mainland.”

Now the man called Captain O’Sullivan addressed Roderick again:

“How are you called, my fine fellow?”

Suddenly, Roderick’s curiosity deserted him. Although he suspected none of these men was English, his father had warned him always to hold his tongue when in the presence of strangers. Besides, there was something he did not like about this man with his strange accent.

“Speak up, lad. You are among friends. We are known to MacDonald of Boisdale, whose island this is.”

Roderick was relieved to hear the name of his clan chief again and felt more at ease. His father had also taught him to be hospitable to strangers, for that was the Highland way.

“I am Roderick MacDonald, second son of Alistair MacDonald of Benbecula, brother to James MacDonald and Donald MacDonald. My mother is –”

The man interrupted him.

“Hush, lad. I did not enquire of your family history. So it is Roderick MacDonald of Eriskay who stands before me. May I return the compliment? I am Captain John William O’Sullivan of Ireland, in the service of the King of France. Two of these fine gentlemen are kinsmen of yours. That is Sir John MacDonald, also a soldier, and by him is Aeneas MacDonald of Clanranald. You should heed him, as his profession is that of banker in the fine city of Paris. The two gentlemen nearby are Sir Thomas Sheridan and Master George Kelly, countrymen of mine. Next to them is Colonel Strickland and beyond is His Grace, William Murray, Marquis of Tullibardine.”

Roderick looked at each man in turn, particularly old Tullibardine who looked as though he might fall down at any minute. But he noted that Captain O’Sullivan had not given the name of the young man in the priest’s clothing. Sensing Roderick’s inquisitiveness, O’Sullivan addressed Sir Thomas Sheridan.

“Shall I have the honour of introducing your son, Sir Thomas? Him that is a keen student of books at the Scots College in Paris, with your good self as his tutor and mentor?”

Despite the cruel lashing rain, Sir Thomas looked up at the angry storm sky as if seeking inspiration or guidance. Low clouds scudded across the desolate, tree-less island, with its granite boulders. Then Sir Thomas approached the young man in the priest’s clothing. Despite the wind, Roderick could make out what he said.

“Your Highness, may we at last dispense with this flummery? For we are come to friendly territory. There are none here that would betray you.”

The young man smiled and removed his vestments.

“As you will, Sir Thomas, as you will. For I am weary of this charade and you, doubtless, shall be glad to be relieved of the burden of a father’s concern, shall you not?”

Sir Thomas bowed.

“That I am, Your Highness, that I am. For though you have proved a willing pupil in this masquerade you are, dare I say, possessed of a determined nature that has brought us to this desolate place.”

The young man laughed out loud, not only at Sir Thomas’s words but at the look of consternation on Roderick MacDonald’s face. The lad had slowly walked towards him, wanting to see the man he had heard Sir Thomas address as ‘Highness’. The young man beckoned Roderick to his side. As he walked the last few yards, the very pebbles on the beach seemed to impede his progress. The young man smiled to him.

“Come, lad, you shall be the first in Scotland to greet your lawful Prince who is come to Scotland to set its people free from tyranny.”

Roderick stood, open-mouthed in his disbelief. He was not sure if this was but a jest. A father who is not a father, a son who is not a son? Priest or prince? Besides, if the man before him was indeed a prince, he did not know how to address him. At least Roderick remembered to remove his blue bonnet before speaking.

“I do not know how to address you. Is it as a Father of the Church or as a true prince? I am but a poor crofter’s son. My father Alistair MacDonald has spoken by the fire of a winter’s eve that the chevalier in Paris, son of a king, would one day return to Scotland to claim his birthright. Are you the prince of whom my father spoke?”

Sir Thomas answered for the young man.

“Aye, lad. You stand before Charles Edward Stuart, the Young Chevalier who is come to this realm with his father’s blessing to claim his throne. For his father is James Stuart, rightful king of Scotland, England and Ireland. With God’s help, the Prince shall restore his father to the throne as James the Eighth of Scotland and Third of England.”

Roderick instinctively dropped to one knee, his woollen bonnet clutched tightly in both hands. He bowed his head for he thought it impertinent to stare at the young man who stood above him. The Prince touched his head with his hand.

“Come lad, rise up. We are not in court yet. I would have you take us to your father, for I wish to enquire of him where I may find Alexander MacDonald of Boisdale.”

Roderick MacDonald would remember the moment for all his days. He would never forget the Prince and his companions, the Seven Men of Moidart.

As the party struggled to negotiate the uneven heath in the driving rain,

Roderick explained that the clan chief MacDonald of Boisdale was on South Uist, as was his own father.

"I am come to Eriskay on an errand for my father to his friend Angus MacDonald, tacksman to Boisdale. Angus does not have the English, though I have it and the Gaelic. I shall speak to him of you."

The Prince nodded.

"In good time, lad, in good time. But first, I would get out of this chilling rain."

* * *

Charles Edward Stuart felt in his heart that he had come home. Aboard the frigate *Du Teillay*, now anchored off Eriskay, he had set out from France eagerly, his only escort being the *Elizabeth*, a 64-gun French warship of the line. Before leaving Belleisle, he had written to his father, the Old Chevalier in Rome. He had assured him that he would conquer Scotland, or die, as long as he had one man standing by his side. On 5th July, he had set sail. It was agreed that the *Du Teillay* and the *Elizabeth* would sail under French colours to the west coast of Scotland by way of the English Channel and Cornwall. The two vessels were sighted by *HMS Lion*, a British man o' war off The Lizard. The captain of the *Elizabeth* was young and inexperienced and came aboard the *Du Teillay* to seek advice on strategy and it was agreed that he should engage *Lion*. The battle lasted over four hours, with the captains of both ships being mortally wounded. The Prince later gave the following account to MacDonald of Clanranald.

"We watched the engagement, all the while vigorous in our huzzas. I called upon Captain Walsh to go to the aid of Elizabeth but he declined, saying that he could do nothing as the *Du Teillay* was out-gunned. Nor would he endanger my person. I bade him reconsider for what gentleman stands idle when he sees a lady being defiled? But it was to no avail.

"At length, we saw that *Elizabeth* had bested *Lion* but both ships were so damaged that they were obliged to break off. *Lion* disappeared and *Elizabeth*, now without her captain, signalled she would return to Brest. With her departure, we lost the greater part of the artillery, the muskets, munitions, black powder and broadswords."

Now, on Eriskay with but seven companions and the 16 guns of the *Du Teillay*, there was little but hope to offer. Roderick guided the party to the black house of Angus MacDonald who, like his own father, made his

livelihood from sheep, black cattle and chickens. It was agreed that the Prince and his companions should spend the night with MacDonald that fearsome night of storm. A messenger braved the wild sea to carry a message to Alexander MacDonald of Boisdale, requesting his presence on Eriskay the following morning.

Angus MacDonald had no English, nor was he informed of his guest's true identity. The party dined off flounders, fresh caught and smoked over the peat fire. As the room filled with blue smoke, the Prince kept going out of doors for fresh air, which irritated MacDonald.

"What a plague is the matter with that fellow that he can neither sit nor stand still, nor keep within nor without doors? It is to be hoped that the Devil will take the man."

Roderick was careful not to translate this into English.

Over the meagre supper, the Marquis of Tullibardine attempted to calm those gathered around the fire, expressing the hope that after a re-fit, the *Elizabeth* would return with the vital armaments when word was sent to France that the Prince was safely landed in Scotland. Captain O'Sullivan said this was a pipe dream, for the British Navy would now be on the alert. The Prince was not downcast. He said when he reached the mainland, the clans would flock to his banner and the weapons denied to him would be had from the Government magazines in the Scottish forts. At that, the party settled down for the night to await the arrival of MacDonald of Boisdale.

The following morning, the wind having abated, Boisdale arrived. He was warm in his welcome but bluntly informed the Prince that the clan chiefs would not join him as he had come without the promised French aid.

"As Your Highness has no troops nor weapons, you must return to France. I received word yesterday from MacDonald of Sleate and MacLeod of Skye that without a French army, none shall join you. You are come to Scotland on a foolish errand. Go back, sir. There is nothing for you here."

The Prince's companions were appalled by Boisdale's words as they had been led to believe that MacLeod would be the first to join him. Most declared that it would best to return to France but the Prince would not be moved. Then another boat arrived bearing a letter containing further bad news. After reading it, the Prince held it aloft and addressed his companions.

"Gentlemen, I hold in my hand a communication from our dear friend John Murray of Broughton, the Earl of Stanhope. He has written from his estate near Peebles, advising that we return to France. He writes that without six thousand men at our backs, the Rising stands no chance of success.

“We shall have the men. We shall raise the standard on the mainland that the clans loyal to my father may see we are determined to succeed!”

The party returned to their ship that afternoon. Under cover of night to avoid the British man o’ war patrolling the Sound of Barra, the *Du Teillay* slipped away from Eriskay, threading her way through the Hebridean seas and past the islands of Skye, Eigg, Muck and Rhum, anchoring the next morning in the sea loch of nan Uamh between Arisaig and Moidart. This was the country of Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, Aeneas MacDonald’s brother. Aeneas ventured to land on the mainland to bring Kinlochmoidart to meet the Prince. He returned with him, another brother and with MacDonald of Boisdale’s nephew, Young Clanranald who happened to be visiting his father. That afternoon, the talks began. The Prince did not waste time on social niceties and asked Young Clanranald to join him. At this, he baulked.

“I cannot go against the wishes of my father.”

MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart, the first clan chief to declare for the Prince managed to persuade Young Clanranald to change his mind. But in doing so, Clanranald said he would only join the Prince for six months unless other clan chiefs joined. The Prince spent the rest of the afternoon writing letters to John Murray of Broughton, John Drummond, the Duke of Perth and Cameron of Lochiel who were known to be in Edinburgh. It was now the 26th day of July.

* * *

Journal of Major John Whittle

*Whitehall,
26th July 1745*

I begin this my journal with heavie harte, for there is ill newes come out of Scotland. It has come to my ears from an acquaintance whom I shall hereafter refer to as my Confidante, as he would not wish his name to be used, being Secretarie to My Lord — who has the ear of many men of influence in Scotland. Lord — is a powerfull man in Government as he is in constant companie with My Lord Tweeddale, the Secretarie of State for Scotland and his associate, Sir Andrew Mitchell. Both are acquaint with My Lord Marchmont, a man of good standing and riches in the Border shire

north of the River Tweed. My Lord Marchmont has his countrie seat at Redbraes nigh Berwick.

The newes to which I advert is this. Some dayes past, two French shippes which my Confidante informed me were Frigates of 64 and 18 guns were sighted off the coast of Cornwall, by the Lizard. Our shippe Lion ingaged the 64-gunner in an hot encounter and soe disabl'd her that she was oblig'd to depart, though Lion also was disabl'd and could not ingage the smaller shippe. Nor could she pursue the 64-gunner, her captain being kill'd. It is rumour'd that upon one or the other French shippe was the son of James Stuart, Pretender to the Throne though I must saye that our intelligence is not to be relied upon.

My Confidante – a Whig – I shall saye no more of him – is of the opinion that an invasion by the French is to hand, though this feare is not held by most. The Government will not answer this and all is not well with it. In pertaining to Scotland, a land oppo'sd to us until the signing of the Treatie of yeare 1707, I am bound to saye that I do not put any trust in that countrie, even though we are at peace.

My Confidante sayes that My Lord Tweeddale is more concern'd with his opponent in Scotland than an invasion by the French. I advert to the Duke of Argyle who is said by some to be the true ruler of Scotland. Soe Scotland is not onlie a countrie divided in two partes, viz the Highlands and the Lowlands but by two parties whose politicks are Whig but oppo'sd to each other. My Confidante says that they are at odds not for the good of the countrie but for power. I am dispos'd to the view that Scotland is govern'd by a divided and indifferent Ministrie that can but be of benefit to a usurper Prince if it be trew, as is sayed, that he has come into Scotland.

The worrie is that My Lord Tweeddale who is Secretarie of Scotland is head of a bodie of men known as the Squadrone Volante, or Flying Squad, that is oppo'sd by the Whig partie under Argyle and known as the Argathelians. Argyle has notion that he is the King of Scotland. Soe for that reason, Argyle would not offer aid to any usurper and we may be assur'd that his quarrel is with the usurper Prince. But with his opposition to the Squadrone Volante, this does not make for sound Government in Scotland. My Confidante sayes that the intire countrie is in a turmoil. This must profit the usurper Prince and soe calamitie shall be the outcome. My Lord Gower, the Lord Privie Seal in Ingland has sayed to My Lord Marchmont that the Ministrie cannot be confident of anie intelligence that is come out of Scotland, for the one partie accuses the other of contradictions.

And now to my commission. I am order'd to Scotland where I am to join Sir John Cope and his armie at Edinborough. I am given seal'd orders that are to be deliver'd to him but I have other orders that are not writ on paper. I am to report to My Lord — on General Cope's strategy and tactics should he be requir'd to put down a Rising by the imposter Prince. For My Lord — does not think our General, who is appointed Commander in Chief of our forces in Scotland is competent to the task. In short, I am to spie upon him which is extreamlie distasteful to my mind, for is it not a dishonour that one officer should report upon a brother officer? But 'tis my dutie under the order which is sayed to come from the highest authoritie, meaning, I suppose, the King himself. We shall see presentlie what will come to pass.

* * *

On the 26th day of July, some MacDonalds were curious to catch a glimpse of the Prince. They gathered at the village of Forsay, opposite the anchorage of the *Du Teillay*. One or two of the Seven Men of Moidart were carried by longboat to the mainland to greet the small gathering of clansmen. They noticed that many had ‘The Itch’, a rash of the arms and legs caused by malnutrition. This did not bode well for the Cause. How could the Prince feed, let alone arm, those who would join him?

On board the *Du Teillay*, anchored in Loch na Uamh, a large tent had been erected to safeguard the identities of those that were visiting. They came in small numbers. Among the first to arrive was MacDonald of Clanranald, Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale and Aeneas MacDonald of Dalily. On learning of their arrival, the Prince invited Clanranald to join him in his cabin. The Prince and his guest spoke for three hours but Clanranald remained doubtful of success.

“There is no army, few broadswords and fewer muskets. How can we hope to succeed against regular Government troops who are trained and are armed well? Forgive me for the saying of it, Your Highness, but my father the clan chief Old Clanranald is at pains to ask by what great Devil have you come to this country?”

The Prince could not answer him at first, then he said this:

“Very well. Perhaps old Clanranald should stay at home and read about his Prince's fortunes in his newspaper. We shall make do with what is to hand and gather the rest that is needful as we march upon the enemy which I believe is not in great number in this part of Scotland. So we are informed.”

Clanranald began to waver in his resolution, knowing he was falling under the charm of this handsome, youthful, impetuous prince. He begged leave to be excused.

“Tis uncommon warm within. I would go on deck to take some air.”

On deck, a great variety of fine wines and spirits were set out on a table under the awning. That day promises would come easily to the lips of those who were entertained by brandy and whisky, for tongues grew looser as the day wore on. The Prince was growing confident that he could win Clanranald over but prudently waited for a while before he joined those on deck. Again, he was advised to return to France and again he refused. He would not admit to the hopelessness of his cause. Then he saw a young man enter the tent. He was handsome but shabbily dressed in a plain black coat, a plain shirt that was none too clean and a cambric stock fixed by a silver buckle. He wore black stockings and black shoes with brass buckles. On his head was a plain hat with a canvas string attaching it to one of his coat buttons. He looked serious and proud. The Prince knew in his heart that this young man would follow him, no matter what the hardships. In desperation, he turned to the stranger and asked this of him.

“Will you not help me?”

It was the anguished plea of one young idealist to another, not always a wise combination. The young man was not slow to answer. Although he did not know it, he would change history that day

“I will, by God. Though not another Highlandman should draw his sword for you, I shall.”

The Prince heard Clanranald’s deep groan at his back.

“God have mercy upon us. It is begun. All Scotland will be in turmoil.”

Ignoring Clanranald, the Prince took the young man’s hand in his own.

“How are you named, my friend?”

“Your Royal Highness, I am Ranald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart and I place my sword in your service.”

The Prince turned triumphantly to Clanranald.

“Good Clanranald, do not be discomfited. Though we have naught, no army nor weapons, the clansmen shall come, for they know my father is rightful King of this realm.”

Clanranald groaned again.

“Aye, they shall come and be damned for it. And long after you are gone, they shall sing songs of you. Your Highness, I pray they will not cry laments.”

The Prince was eloquent that July afternoon. He pressed home his

argument. By the end of the day, he had turned Clanranald and the other clan chiefs present. But he knew he had need of the most powerful of all, Donald Cameron of Lochiel.

* * *

Home on South Uist, Roderick MacDonald learnt that the Prince had landed at Arisaig and that the clan chiefs were attending him. His blood was hot, he wanted adventure and had made up his mind to join the Prince. However, as custom required, he sought permission from his father. Alistair MacDonald was angered by his son's request.

"Ye would follow this man that calls himself a prince? Prince of what? Nothing. I fought for his father at Sheriffmuir a score and ten years past. That scrape, that damned misadventure, came to grief. I was punished for my part, as were many others. I came to Eriskay to make a new life far from the mainland. Ye and your brother James were but children and Donald had not been born. Though I am a Jacobite in my heart, I had then a wife and sons to care for. Your older brother James has seen fit to shift for himself and has joined the Government Army as a dragoon. I could not stand in his way, though I cannot say that I agreed. He has made his bed and now must lie upon it. I am thinking James did this for he wished me and your mother to live what years we have left in peace. I have no liking for the Duke of Argyle and his Campbells, but they are the power now. You know your mother is sick. To have two of her sons away, mayhap fighting each other, would put her into an early grave.

"Roderick, lad. Think well on't. Ye will bring ruin on this house and all I have laboured for these past years."

Roderick wondered why his father, angry though he was, had spoken in hushed voice. Then he knew that his father had not wished to upset his mother lying on her sick bed in the next room.

"Father, I would not bring ruin upon our house, not for all the cattle and sheep in Scotland. But should I not do this thing, I shall bring shame upon it. Can you not see that when the Prince wins Scotland, he will win England also? There are those that say he will bring prosperity to our people."

The old man looked at him in disbelief.

"Ye say the Prince will win Scotland. Is it the Second Sight ye have that ye know what will come to pass? Oh laddie, think well on't. Boisdale will not join him and I am bound to my clan chief in this matter. This Prince has no army,

no weapons, no money. Boisdale has told him to return to France unless there is a French army coming.”

As he mentioned the French, the old man spat into the fire.

“The French. Time without number, that nation has used Scotland cruelly. It has let us down. I will not have any son of mine cast away his life cheaply, nor for the King of France.”

The young man persisted.

“Yet you have permitted James to join the English. He may cast away his life for the King of England.”

The old man sighed.

“Do not trouble me with such things. James is not in danger. Why, even now, he may be with the Government Army marching against this Prince who has neither men or muskets to resist it. My son, I know ye are troubled in your heart since that day ye met with the Prince. Ye have not been yourself. I beg that ye forget him, for I see nothing but ruin and misfortune in this cause.”

Now it was Roderick’s turn to ask his father if he had the Second Sight, but he resisted the temptation.

“Father, I love you, my mother and my brothers, yet I cannot stay with you another day. For I will give my life for the Prince, with or without your blessing. You fought for his father, so –”

“Aye, that I did, when my blood was hot like yours. Much good it did me. As I was poor in goods and gear, my croft was not worth the torching. But the men that served Argyle took away my cattle. Forbye, they said my name was writ down in a book and that should I ever draw blade against the King again, I would be burnt out and pay with my life.”

Roderick fell silent at this. He did not despise his father, nor even his brother James, but he could not rest that night. In the morning, he ate a sullen breakfast of oatmeal, never looking at his father’s face. Then he went to fetch his plaid and bonnet. As he stood at the door of the croft, he called to his father.

“Will you not give me your blessing, father? Can you not see that the Prince is come to save our people from tyranny?”

The old man did not answer. Instead, he scrambled on to the thatched roof and dug out a fine broadsword. As he scrambled down, Roderick heard him whisper.

Not a trace of rust. ’Twas made by a craftsman and well kept by its master.

As he stood before Roderick, he handed him the sword.

“’Tis wrought from the finest steel, forged by the smith on North Uist for

me in the year 1715. Now I gift it to ye. I can do no more. I shall pray to the Lord that He keep ye from harm. And ye shall have my best bonnet for I would not have a son of my blood stand in rags before a prince. That would indeed shame my name."

"Shall you bless the blade, father?"

"Nay, I shall not, for 'tis a cursed thing that has lain heavy on my heart. I am glad to be rid of it. Forbye, it was blessed before, by the light of the moon that shone down on me the night before Sherrifmuir. Aye, and by the blood of those that fell beneath it."

Roderick took the sword and ran his finger along the blade to cut it.

"Now it is blessed with my own blood which is your blood also, father."

The old man sighed wearily.

"Aye, that is so. But I ask but one request of ye. I beg that ye shall never raise it against your brother James should ye meet on opposite sides of the field. Swear it upon the Good Book."

And they went indoors where Roderick laid his hand on the Bible and so swore. Then his father bade him say goodbye to his mother. His younger brother Donald, home from the school in Benbecula for the coming harvest forsook the pasture to wish his brother luck. They accompanied Roderick to Lochboisdale where he would take the ferry by way of Rhum to the mainland. As they embraced and said their final farewells, Alistair MacDonald had only this to say to his second son:

"Keep well, lad. Go with God. May He keep ye safe that ye will come back to us one day."

Then he handed Roderick a small leather bag containing the few coins he possessed.

"To pay the ferryman. 'Tis all I have."

All that Roderick possessed in the world were two shirts, his philibeg, plaid and his father's best blue bonnet. At his side hung a bag of oatmeal. And a fine sword. He had more than many who would join the Prince.

Roderick climbed into the small ferryboat, greeting the oarsman whom he knew well. As the boat drew off, every stroke took Roderick away from those he loved, but he knew he had to follow his heart's bidding. He sat in the stern, saying nothing to the ferryman. He watched his father and brother's figures grow smaller until at length, they were out of sight.

* * *

The one man above all that Charles Edward Stuart wished to meet was Donald Cameron of Lochiel. Along with the MacDonald clan chiefs, he knew that Lochiel could turn the chiefs of the hesitant clans to his side. But Lochiel had sung from the same hymn sheet as MacDonald of Boisdale, advising the Prince to return to France. The Prince had made his headquarters in a farmhouse in Borrodale. He ordered that the *Du Teillay* return to France so that he could prove to his supporters that there would be no turning back. Before leaving Scottish waters, Captain Antoine Walsh unloaded twelve of the field pieces aboard. Captain Walsh also captured two sloops carrying barley and oatmeal and promised to release their captains only if they agreed to sell the cargo to those at Moidart and Arisaig, for many were starving on account of the poor harvests of the past two years. When word got round that there was food to be had at Arisaig, hundreds were drawn there by the most effective recruiting sergeant of all, Hunger.

In his initial dealings with Cameron of Lochiel, the Prince found him less than the cordial epithet later given to him, 'Gentle Lochiel'. The Prince had reminded Lochiel of the miracle of the loaves and fishes in the Bible when the clan chief had asked him how he would feed a Highland army. Lochiel had been blunt, saying that the Prince was not Jesus Christ and that he could not perform miracles. Clan chief Lochiel had also reminded the Prince of a chief's bounden duty to his own people. Then he said that if he were to join the Prince, he would insist on a document being drawn up and signed by him that would guarantee an indemnity. If the Rising were to fail, the Prince or his father would make good the value of his estates in Lochaber and elsewhere. Furthermore, Lochiel insisted that were the Rising to succeed, the Prince or his father would ensure that his family and clan would benefit from the value of estates forfeited by those clan chiefs who did not join the cause. The Prince knew that Lochiel was eyeing the extensive, rich and fertile lands of the Duke of Argyle and the clan Campbell. The Prince agreed to honour Lochiel's demands without hesitation and informed Lochiel that he would raise the royal standard at Glenfinnan. Lochiel promised to join him beneath it.

3

The Road to Glenfinnan

After spending the night in MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart's house, the small gathering of clansmen prepared to set out on their march to Glenfinnan. The Prince was heartened by the arrival of small parties of Highlanders every day. For as his ADC Major Lachlan MacLachlan commented:

"Now that our people know you are to be joined by Cameron of Lochiel and MacDonald of Clanranald, hundreds more shall come."

At supper that night, the Prince addressed his followers. Among them were the Seven Men of Moidart. That same day, Roderick MacDonald had landed at Borrodale and finding the Prince had moved further inland, began his trek through the heather. Now he had reached the Prince's headquarters, and stood outside, his hand on the hilt of his father's broadsword, hoping to catch a glimpse of the man he had met on Eriskay that storm-tossed day. Through the window, he saw the Prince stand up, raising a bumper of claret to welcome his guests, mostly those of clan MacDonald. It being a warm night, the window was open and Roderick heard the Prince's words.

"Gentlemen, I offer a toast to the success of our mission. The House of Stuart has been well-served by the illustrious clan MacDonald for years without number. My father and I know this to be true. The MacDonald heart is true also. Any of that name may hold their head high in the knowledge. Though not of Scottish birth, I have read of your many brave deeds under the direction of my worthy tutor. I allude not to Sir Thomas Sheridan, who is with us, but to my mentor James Murray who since 1729 has guided me in my studies. For his faithful service, my father saw fit to elevate him to a title that is long defunct. My father knighted him Earl of Dunbar, an honorific that has lain dormant for over a century. The honour was granted not only for James Murray's management of my studies but also for his part in attending the wedding by proxy of my father's marriage to Clementina Sobieska, my beloved mother. Thus the name Dunbar is dear to me."

At that, MacDonald of Keppoch raised his glass.
“May the name Dunbar forever be honoured by you and yours.”
The Prince would have cause to thank Dunbar in the following weeks, but not in honour of his tutor.

* * *

Journal of Major John Whittle

Newcastle,
9 August 1745

Here is a prettie kettle of fish. The newes is that the imposter Prince is come upon the mainland of Scotland and that he gathers an armie of Rebels. Worde was despatched to General Sir John Cope in Edinborough some dayes past, for I receiv'd a letter from my Confidante in London to that effect. General Cope must now be mustering his troops to march upon the Rebels. It appears to my Confidante that there is much confusion and ill-natur'd squabbling in Edinborough which will be but to the profit of the imposter. Doubtless, he will turn the chaos to advantage.

At Newcastle this day, I witness'd a paper drawn up by Major John Stewart, who is posted here as commissary and transport officer. I put downe the words of Major Stewart for the record, viz. ‘This daye, with the authoritie vested in me by His Majestie, I, Major John Stewart doe grant to one George Mason of Newcastle, of profession merchant, Purveyor and King's Agent that he is agreed to the terms of this warrant, viz. that he shall provide by hire or upon his own account merchant vessels for the transport of soldiers loyal to His Majestie into the North should that be found necessarie and to the reinforcement and aid of Sir John Cope, Commander in Chief of the King's soldiers in Scotland. This warrant given under my hand includes the purchase of pitch, tar, sailcloth, hempen rope, barrels, mastes, cables and all such sundrie gear necessarie to the purpose of conveying the King's soldiers by sea and for the supplie of two dayes provender that shall include bread, salt pork and beef and quantities of rum to the same purpose.’

Upon witnessing this document, which I did gladlie doe, and being at the docks, I sought a vessel that would take me in all haste to Edinborough, where I am order'd to join Sir John Cope. I did inquire of Master George Mason present this day if anie barque or brig was bound for the porte of Leith, that I may arrive sooner than by horse. He answer'd there was none to

be had, for the sea trade is with Halifax and London in these partes, though a barque out of Dunbarre had set sail for that towne but an hour past. The barque, Agnes of Dunbarre, had lately landed a cargo of ale but was oblig'd to put to sea as the tide was on the turn. 'Tis not only Rebels that confound us but verie Nature herself. For had I been transported even to Dunbarre, the horse ride would have taken but a day.

Surely General Cope shall contain the Rebels in the North that they are discomfited before they grow in numbers. I am confident that General Cope shall put down this Rebellion within a few dayes, for what I am told of the Highlandmen is that though they are bold and brave, they are not disciplin'd soldiers. They doe waste themselves in wild charges, with noe musket and onlie the sword and the targe which I am inform'd is a crude shield of wood dress'd with leather. This will offer noe protection from a musket ball. I allow'd myself a moment of humour, thinking that the targe should be called the target for 'twill present itself soe to those who are skill'd even only with the bow and arrow. But our men have the musket and manie of them are fine marksmen.

My Confidante assures me there are men a-plenty in Scotland to discomfit the Rebels, tho' he admits the confusion in the Government may dismay us. Witness this. My Lord Tweeddale has inform'd My Lord Craigie, Lord Advocate in Scotland that he is upon no account to be avis'd by the President of the Court of Session, Duncan Forbes of Culloden for he is thought to be meddlesome. Further, My Lord Craigie and Henry Dundas, Solicitor General are not kindlie dispos'd the one to t'other which must make for confusion. And if this were not sufficient, General Cope is order'd to report to My Lord Craigie and My Lord Milton, who is Lord Justice Clerk in Scotland. 'Tis a veritable hotch-potch to sup and must bring the stomach to grief.

What confounds me is that General Cope is forbade to make incursion on the enemie without consulting Lord Craigie and this Dundas. Soe he has not unitie of command and he is further forbade to alter his plan of action without the consent of these gentlemen who are ignorant of militarie strategie. All they are good for is to sit at table over claret that further befuddles them. D— ed be politicks and D— ed be those that employ them for they were ever the downfall of the soldier who knows wherein his dutie lies. I fear General Cope shall come to grief on account of these men that have ne'er drawn a sword nor fired a shot in anger.

* * *

As the Prince made his way to Glenfinnan, his spirits rose when he was joined by two hundred MacDonalds on the road from Arisaig. Among them was Ranald MacDonald, who had spoken of his loyalty to the Prince on the deck of the *Du Teillay*. As they passed, the Prince made a great show of welcoming him. That night, over a glass or two of claret, he asked Major MacLachlan, his ADC what he thought of Ranald MacDonald.

“Your Highness, I commend him to you. There is no man better skilled in the use of broadsword, targe and dirk. Forbye the dirk in his hose, he has another hidden up his sleeve. That he says is for cutting his own throat should the enemy disable him. He is expert with both pistol and musket and never misses the mark. In character, they say he is cunning as a fox, has a good contempt for hardship and shows no sign of fatigue when other men are hard pressed. He has great presence of mind in time of danger. He bears unbending and enduring fidelity to his chief and would give his life in protecting him. And he is the most implacable foe to his enemies. He will serve you well, Your Highness. He would give his life for you.”

The Prince remarked that he wished he had a thousand such men. He took a third glass of claret, not a little worried that such a man as Ranald MacDonald was at his side. As he said to Major MacLachlan that night:

“I would fear such a man were he against me.”

* * *

Journal of Major John Whittle

*Oldcambus,
15 August 1745*

I am come to this indifferent hamlet which is not farre from the village of Copperspath, about eight miles from Dunbarre. There is an inn which the local people say is the best in these partes. They call it AuldCambus. It is set upon the Great Poste Road to Edinborough, soe 'tis a coaching inn. I would have rode to Dunbarre this day but my horse cast a shoe a mile out of Oldcambus which oblig'd me to rest here this night. After my horse was shod by the smith, I led him to the stable as the night was not farre off. I enter'd the inn and was greeted by an handsome man. He was exceeding stout and with a red face, doubtless on account of his profession. Upon inquiring if there was a room to be had, he answered 'Aye sir', whereupon I asked of him what dinner there was, for I had not supped since breakfast at Berwick. He

civillie answer'd that his good wife would attend upon me presentlie. He assur'd me that I would want for nothing for he said 'twas clear to him that I was not a common 'sojer', or soldier, but an officer of genteel disposition and taste. He offer'd me a glass of claret which in Scotland they prefer to port. Then he took his leave of me, promising to send a maid to shew me to my room, which did occur almost immediatelie. Presentlie, the innkeeper's wife attended upon me in my room. I must confess I was disturbed by her dress and appearance for they seem'd unfit for the mistress of the house. Seeing my apprehension at the low cut of her dress that shewed most of her bubbies almost to the teat, she was at paines to impress upon me, by an effusion of aires and graces she gave herself that she was no common servant. I asked of her what was to be had for dinner and she said potted pigeons which pleas'd me, for 'tis agreeable fayre.

Bye the bye, I was bidden to the table downstairs, where a cloth was laid, yet 'twas none too cleanlie, soe that I did not care to touch it for fear of greasing my fingers. Presentlie, a pott of pigeons was sett before me. The sight appal'd me and near turned my stomach. There were two-three of the birds mangled in the pott, the butter they were cooked in had sett and was furrowed by the fingers that had raked it from the pott the bird's were being cooked in. The butter requir'd no close inspection to discover there were hairs in it. I called for my hostess to inquire if there were aught else fayre to be had and she answer'd there was. A fine breast of mutton latelie roasted upon the brander, or gridiron. When she sett that before me, it was little improv'd upon the pigeons, for it seem'd to me that it had been smoaked or dried in the chimney corner. Agayn, it was greased with butter in which some hairs were to be seen. I refused this also and inquir'd if there were new laid eggs to be had, for these were my favourite fayre. She said indeed there was and inquir'd if I would have them fried or boiled. Fearing they would suffer the same fate as the pigeons and the mutton and cooked in hairie butter, I asked that they be boiled hard.

After this dish, accompanied by indifferent bread, I drank a pint of claret, then called for a candle to light me to my bed. The mistress said she would fetch the lassie. Presentlie she attended me and led me up the stairs. When I was conducted into my room, I could see the curtains had been foul'd by the fingers of many travellers before me. The wench sett the candle upon the table, then I did observe a curious thing. She went to the foote of the bed and began to wind a handle. I discover'd that 'twas a rope bed that had to be made tight to insure a comfortable repose. I suppose that is why the

Scotch bid you goodnight with a wish that you 'sleep tight', for if the ropes be not so, the mattress will sag. As she was leaving, the wench inquir'd if I should desire any further services. I swear as she said the words, she looked wantonlie upon me. I may saye I was not tempted, for her bodice was none too cleanlie. As she stood at the door of my bedchamber, she smil'd and said for a few coins she would be pleased to warm my bed for me. Again, I declin'd.

The next morning, I woke refresh'd at least, the better for a deep slumber. I broke my fast upon boiled eggs again. I settled my accompt, the price being reasonable I must saye, tho' the fare was abominable. I fairlie gallop'd along the Poste Road, intent upon reaching Edinborough before night fell. I pass'd through Dunbarre and tho' I made no halt, it appear'd a prettie little town with a wide cobbl'd street and a fine house at the north end. I dared not linger, for I am to join General Cope upon the morrow.

* * *

The Prince and his ever-growing entourage were now well on the road to Glenfinnan, where he intended to raise his standard. On the 17th day of August, his ADC Major MacLachlan informed him of the arrival of two hundred MacDonalds.

“Your Highness, among them is a young lad out of South Uist who says he was the first to welcome you to Scotland. He begs leave to attend upon you. Shall you receive him? He carries with him a fine broadsword almost as great as himself.”

The Prince looked up from the papers he was reading. He remembered the young lad who had slid down the grass slopes on Eriskay. He could not recall his name but he smiled at the memory.

“By all means, Major MacLachlan, bring him to me.”

Presently, MacLachlan returned with the lean youth whose broadsword almost scraped the floor of the hut which served as the Prince's headquarters. The bleak moor was turning purple, softened by the heather that was now coming into bloom.

The young lad doffed his bonnet and knelt before the Prince, his sword clattering on the hard beaten earth of the hut. The Prince bade him stand.

“Ah, yes, I remember you. How are you called?”

The young man found his tongue easily this time:

“I am called Roderick MacDonald.”

The Prince smiled.

“I recall you on Eriskay. But pray inform me why have you come to us?”

The young man twisted his bonnet in nervous fingers.

“I am come to join you, for I can do no other. I do not come with my father’s blessing but I bring you his sword that I shall carry in your service, if it please Your Highness.”

“And where is your father? Is he come to us also?”

“Nay, sir, for he is old and cares for my ailing mother. Though he fought for your father at Sheriffmuir and suffered for it. This is the very sword he bore. He gave it willingly to me but he will never fight again.”

The Prince was touched by the young man’s honest words.

“And in what manner shall you serve me? You are young to bear such a fine sword.”

“I shall serve you in whatever way I am able.”

“Are you fleet of foot? For I am in need of swift messengers. They are the ears and the eyes of this army, for we have no cavalry, nor does the terrain favour the horse.”

The young man was visibly disappointed.

“Your Highness, I had thought to serve you upon the field of honour.”

The Prince laid his hand on the lad’s shoulder.

“All in good time, all in good time. But for the moment, I am in need of intelligence about those who oppose us. Now, shall you give answer? Are you fleet of foot?”

The young man said he had been the fastest runner in his school class.

“Then you shall serve me best in that manner. There will be time enough to draw your fine blade. Shall you accept my terms?”

“I shall so serve in this and in any other way you command me.”

The Prince nodded.

“Roderick MacDonald of Eriskay and South Uist, shall you swear you will never desert us?”

“I give you my word, Sir. My father would be shamed were I to do other. I shall never leave your side, not even when there is danger. I swear by God to do whatever you ask of me.”

“Well said, my fine fellow, well said! Now upon the morrow, we continue our march to Glenfinnan, where we shall raise the clans. The fiery cross has been despatched throughout the West. It is my hope that we will be joined by many.”

As he said the words, Roderick MacDonald reached into his plaid. From it,

he withdrew a single white rose which only that morning he had plucked from a wayside bush. He offered it to the Prince who was visibly moved.

"Major MacLachlan, the White Cockade is our emblem, the like of which is emblazoned upon the standard. The white rose shall serve as our cockade."

I thank you, Roderick MacDonald. I shall wear this in my bonnet by way of a badge, which is the Highland way of recognizing a clan is it not?"

"It is so, Your Highness. My clan has for its badge a sprig of heath."

"Then the badge of the House of Stuart shall be the white rose of Scotland for this is the time of its full flowering. Is that not a fitting symbol for my father's cause?"

MacLachlan beat the table with his fist.

"By God, sir, that it is! It bodes well for us at Glenfinnan."

The Prince shook the young man's hand warmly.

"Now good MacLachlan, see that our friend Roderick MacDonald of South Uist is given meat, for I will warrant he has not taken nourishment this day. We must have him fed and rested for we may have need of his strong legs in the morning. Away now and eat, my good lad!"

Roderick made a deep bow and followed MacLachlan, his mouth watering at the rich smell of roasting stag from one of the several camp fires with their spits and cook pots. He was indeed famished.

Later that day, MacDonald of Clanranald arrived with his personal guard, one of whom bore a cloth bag that bulged but was obviously light. Clanranald bade the man to present his gift to the Prince.

"'Tis a suit of tartan that you may care to wear at Glenfinnan, as is right and proper dress for a prince of Scotland."

In the evening, the Prince appeared at supper wearing his new clothes. In his bonnet was the white rose. The assembled company stood up and applauded, saying how fine he looked. The Prince bowed to Clanranald.

"Now, I lack only the itch to be a complete Highlander!"

The laughter rang round the mean little barn and many drams were downed that night.

* * *

As the shabby little army proceeded along the peaceful shore of Loch Shiel to Glenfinnan, the Prince passed through small hamlets and remote crofts. Everywhere, he was cheered by young and old who threw their bonnets in the air by way of greeting. The Prince was touched by the shy offerings of wild

flowers pressed on his men by barefoot children and young girls. Yet he was disturbed by what he saw. Most of the people were poor and wore ragged clothes. Many lacked shoes, especially the women and children. He saw that many who smiled were toothless, grinning at him with bare gums. He remarked on this to Lachlan MacLachlan.

“It grieves me that these poor people suffer from our complaint. We share their want of teeth.”

At first, MacLachlan did not understand his meaning.

“Sir, you have me at a disadvantage. Many have had theirs drawn by Argyle’s men, the Campbells, by way of punishment. Those that lack teeth cannot eat and those that cannot eat shall surely die. But even those who have teeth have little to eat as the harvests these past two years have been poor. But I do not take your meaning that we share their want of teeth.”

The Prince reined in his horse.

“Good MacLachlan, I meant that we lack weapons. But I see that few of the MacDonalds are toothless. Is that because they are blessed with a constitution that is stronger than the other clans? Or is it because they have ample food?”

MacLachlan laughed at this.

“Yes and no, Your Highness, ’tis because Argyle’s men cannot catch them. Forbye, they are a clan that has always been proud of their skill in, shall we say, the borrowing of cattle from others, mostly those belonging to the Campbells.”

The Prince was learning the ways of the Highlands. He had nothing but respect for MacLachlan, a man he held in high esteem for risking his life to join him, his clan dwelling in the depths of Argyle country. The Prince put spur to his mare and shouted to MacLachlan that he would rest in the next village.

“And pray ensure the straw bedding is clean and free from Campbells!*

* * *

At Kinlochmoidart, on the 18th day of August there was much coming and going of messengers. Among them was Roderick MacDonald who was given the privileged position as the Prince’s favoured runner. He was ordered to remain at the Prince’s door, for as Lachlan MacLachlan informed him, the Prince referred to him as his good luck charm. Word had been sent to the clan

*Campbells; fleas (slang)

chiefs that the Royal Standard would be raised at Glenfinnan the following day. As a pledge to those who had already joined him, the Prince made public announcement that he had ordered the *Du Teillay*, anchored in the sea loch of Loch nan Uamh to return to France. As he said to those present at his meagre table, fashioned by discarded planks of wood.

“I am now committed to the Cause. Those that join us upon the morrow shall know that I am come to stay. There is no retreat for me.”

Roderick MacDonald was ordered to carry the Prince’s message to Captain Walsh of the *Du Teillay* at Forsay. The few arms and stores that could be spared were brought ashore and buried. Roderick watched the ship weigh anchor and set its sails. One of his kinsmen of Boisdale stood beside him though neither spoke for a while. Then the older man broke the silence.

“Now there is no going back. The Prince shares the fate of us all.”

It was a solemn moment that Roderick would never forget.

Later that same day Roderick, awaiting further orders, watched a small group approaching the Prince’s camp from the south-west. One man sat on a fine chestnut mare, flanked by MacDonald men, two on either side of the rider, hanging on to the stirrups. Following behind were four pack horses laden with panniers. One of the accompanying guards fired a pistol which brought the Prince and his ADC from the hut that served as headquarters. MacLachlan shaded his eyes from the sun the better to make out the rider.

“Your Highness, there is one coming that is surely a gentleman by the cut of his clothes. His ponies are heavy laden. Perhaps he is a merchant come to sell his wares. Or perhaps he is a spy.”

As the group drew nearer, the Prince laughed. He had recognised the man on the chestnut mare.

“He is neither merchant nor spy. God be praised, it is our good friend John Murray of Broughton, the Earl of Stanhope! I first encountered Broughton some years past, in France. There is no one more loyal to the House of Stuart. At his own expense, he came to me in Paris two years past, bearing intelligence from the clan chiefs and to inquire of the French court if the King would support our cause.”

Murray was now but a few yards away. He reined in his horse and doffed his hat.

“Ah, Your Highness, at last I have found you. ’Tis right glad I am to meet with your exalted person again. It has been too long since our last encounter.”

The Prince embraced him.

“I am honoured by your presence, John. Come into my humble abode

where I may offer you a glass. Have you ridden far this day? Pray inform me as to the health of your good wife, Lady Margaret.”

“She is well, Your Highness. She has asked me to present her compliments and her apologies that she cannot be with me to welcome you to Scotland. I have been on the road from Edinburgh these past days, not knowing where I would find you. Rumours are rife in Edinburgh. You are landed, you are returned to France, I know not what. This will confound your enemies. All is in turmoil in the capital. Sir John Cope has an army which will march out when he is commanded by the government if those in the service of George of Hanover can reach agreement. Yesterday, I was met by a MacDonald clan chief who handled me roughly until I showed him a letter from your father in Rome. He took me for a government agent intent upon harming your person. I do not lay blame for the man was intent on your protection.”

The Prince dismissed the escort, giving each man a shilling from his own purse. Murray was gracious enough to thank them as they left, saying he bore none ill will.

Over a glass of claret, Murray became more relaxed but not enough to hide his anxiety.

“Your Highness, I see few men at your side, not above three hundred broadswords and few muskets. They are saying in Edinburgh that you will come to grief for ten times that number shall march against you. Did I not advise you to return to France as you brought no troops?”

“It is so, good Murray. But on the morrow, we raise the standard at Glenfinnan. Presently, we shall be joined by the Marquis of Tullibardine and the other loyal men who came with me. They are calling them the Seven Men of Moidart. But pray sir, may I have a man carry your boxes inside? You may care to divest yourself of your travel clothes which are soiled by the journey. Fresh linen is a blessing when a man is weary.”

“Your Highness, my boxes do not contain much clothing. One box carries a parcel of weapons such as I could gather in Edinburgh, mostly pistols, ball and black powder. I place these at your disposal. Two more bear proclamations and memoranda I have drawn up in support of the Rising, which I caused to have printed in Edinburgh by one loyal to the Cause, though he was in fear of his life were he discovered. The last box contains my linen and my razors and brushes. I brought with me but one change of clothing. It is my finest, for if I am to be at your side at Glenfinnan, I would wish to look my best the day the standard is raised.”

Later, over a few drams in the company of the Men of Moidart, all of

whom knew Murray of Broughton, the Prince outlined his plans which were simple.

“Gentlemen, I shall raise the standard and await the attendance of those who have declared for us. I know not their number. Some may not come, though I have the word of Cameron of Lochiel whose writ is large in this part of Scotland. It is my hope that when word is passed that Lochiel has joined us, others who waver shall be persuaded.”

As the sun set, the sky was shot with what is called a salmon haze in the Highlands. It was a fine night. As darkness fell, the Prince and John Murray were alone save for Lachlan MacLachlan, ever in attendance upon the Prince. Also at the door of the hut stood Roderick MacDonald. Murray had noticed the lad on his arrival and asked why he was never far from the hut. The Prince smiled:

“He is Roderick MacDonald, the first Scot we met on our landing upon Eriskay. He is our good luck charm. Why, upon his arrival here, he made a gift of a white rose to me. I took that for a good sign, for is not the white rose the emblem of my father’s House? He has promised to serve me to the end.”

At that, Murray of Broughton asked how he himself would serve him.

“Why sir, in the manner of which you are master, that of words. I would appoint you as our secretary, emissary and diplomat, for I have need of one whose skills of literacy shall convey to the enemy the resolution and the justness of our Cause.”

Murray showed his disappointment. The Prince was quick to respond.

“Come sir, why are you downcast? You are not pleased with this task? How so? You are skilled in words. In that way you shall serve me best.”

Murray would not be consoled.

“Your Highness, I had hoped to obtain a commission, a military command. Perhaps as your Aide de Camp, though you have an able man in the person of Major MacLachlan. You will have need of other aides when the campaign is begun. Or perhaps I might command a regiment of horse, for I have skill in horsemanship.”

The Prince laid his hand on Murray’s arm.

“Is it not so that he who wields the pen is greater than the swordsman? Besides, you said that we are few. We have no horse other than those of the staff officers and those you have brought to us. In time coming, we may have cavalry and then it may be possible to offer you a command. But for the present, I would have you as my secretary, for in that capacity, you shall best serve me.”

The Road to Glenfinnan

Murray stood up and raised his glass.

"My Prince, forgive my impudence. I shall serve you as you ask. I shall follow wherever you shall lead and in what manner you shall command. I am with you until the end."

At that, the Prince called Roderick MacDonald to his side.

"You have doubtless heard this man's words. I recall you said similar words when you came to me. So now you know that there is another who shall serve me though not in the manner he wishes. In time, I am certain that he and you will be granted the desire of your hearts. For now, I bid you be content."

* * *

Journal of Major John Whittle

*Edinborough,
17 August 1745*

At last, I am come to Edinborough, where I lodg'd the night in a tavern. This day, I present'd myself to General Cope at the fine castle that commands this town, under its aged and infirm General Joshua Guest, who despite his poor health is staunch in his loyaltie to the King. This morning, the General was breaking his fast with General Guest. I deliver'd my sealed orders to General Cope, whereupon he immediatlie read the content. This evening, the General call'd a Council of Officers, Colonel Murray, Colonel Lascelles, Colonel Guise, Colonel Lees and his Commander of Artillery, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefoord as well as his Colonels of Dragoons, Gardiner and Hamilton. Also in attendance were General Guest and the Commissary Officer, Captain Rogers. I took paines to set down the General's words which follow.

Gentlemen, I have the honour to present Major John Whittle of His Majestie's. Guards Regiment out of London. Major Whittle is come to join us as Honorary ADC. He bears orders from My Lord Tweeddale, Secretarie of State for Scotland. Of these I shall say nothing, for they are personal to myself. Major Whittle is to assist us in our passage to the Enemie. That Major Whittle be cognis'd of our campaign, the strategie is simple. We shall meet and destroy this imposter Prince and his rabble 'ere they cross the Firthe of Forthe, that he may not menace lower Scotland, Edinborough and God knows where else.

To this end, that is the keeping of Edinborough, I have order'd Colonel

Hamilton with his 10 score Dragoons to remain at Colbridge, nigh Corstorphine, that the Enemie's passage is disputed there. I am aware that this is not adequate to the defense of the town but the Town Fathers led by My Lord Provost Stewart are at this verrie hour raising a companie of Volunteers to which will be added six score of the Town Guard. To this force may be added an Edinborough Regiment tho' this cannot be rais'd save on the authoritie of His Majestie. A request has been sent to London to this effect. Upon receiving His Majestie's warrant, recruitment shall begin immediatelie.

The General went on to saye that his first objective would be to gain Stirling where I am told there is a stout castle on an eminence, in the manner of Edinborough. There he plans to detach Colonel Gardiner's Dragoons of number 10 score to contest any crossing at the Fords there. The General was confident that the Enemie shall not get across the Forthe by that way and that Colonel Gardiner knew well that his parte in the Campaign will be but a mopping up of the fugitives from the field of battle which he believ'd would be fought at or near Fort William.

The General was at paines to assure the Council that he would fall upon the Enemie before he gather'd to his standard many of the clans in the West and the North. He said 'twas his intent to nip the bud of the white rose, it being the symbol of the House of Stuart, 'ere it could blossom and to strip it of its thorns. He assur'd us that when this was accomplish'd, the clan chiefs would be sensible of this and refuse to support this mischievous and impudent Rising. Indeed, the General is confident that many of the clans loyal to His Majestie shall join him upon his march North. Further, he believ'd that onlie thieves, beggars, scoundrels and vagabonds would come to the imposter Prince, for 'twas well known that they are interest'd onlie in booty and what they may carrie off to their gain. He said the same had occur'd in the Rebellion of year 1715, altho' most Scotchmen did not call it soe. To those that were present upon that occasion, it is call'd the Scrape.

After this, the General dismiss'd the Council, saying all should be to bed, as he would march upon the morrow to Stirling. He bade me remain that we might speak more on these matters over a glass of claret.

'Twas plain to me that the General had withheld the true state of his mind, I suppose deliberateli so that he did not alarm his staff. He inquir'd of me if I were acquaint with the contents of the seal'd orders I had brought. I said I was not. He confid'd that he did not enjoie the fullest support from those that are sett over him, tho' he held the King's Commission as

Commander in Chief of all Governement troops in Scotland. He did say there were factions in the Ministrie at warre the one with t'other, at which I pretend'd surprise. For my Confidante in London had apprais'd me of the factions of which the General spoke, that of the Squadrone Volante of My Lord Tweeddale and the Argathelians of His Grace the Duke of Argyle. I maintain'd my ignorance through all that follow'd, viz. That My Lord Tweeddale cannot abide the Duke of Argyle who is his sworn enemie. Also, I was avised that the President of the Scotch Court of Session, My Lord Duncan Forbes of Culloden was a man not to be trusted. General Cope said he was to receive his orders from the Lord Advocate, My Lord Craigie who is commanded not to be avised by Forbes of Culloden. Further, General Cope did not have full freedom of command, for he is not to make decisions in militarie matters without seeking the approval of My Lord Craigie and My Lord Milton, the Lord Justice Clerk who is at odds with the Solicitor General Henry Dundas. All this I knew aforehand but I expres'd my surprise to the General. General Cope conclud'd by confessing that politicks, not the imposter Prince nor his force of arms, were his true Enemie, for there is no wise counsel nor unitie of command. I was then dismiss'd and took to my bed troubled in mind, for I feare General Cope shall be made scapegoat should he fail to reduce this Rebellion.

18 August 1745

As I would make no long stay in Edinborough and having noe duties, I intertained myself by walking about the town. In the main street are buildings of exceeding height which they call lands or tenements. They are of stone and well sashed with severall windoes that are necessarie to permit the entrie of light for being soe close and soe high, they must be exceeding gloomy within. I made a visit to a fine tavern called The Tappit Hen which is a strange name whose meaning I know not. This establishment is kept by a fair young woman of name Anne Trotter. This ladie keepes a good house and the fayre sett before me was of the best qualitie. Mistress Trotter bade one of her serving wenches to inquire as to the fayre I would partake. This lass inquired if I should care for 'duke, fool or meerfool'. Being perplex'd I did inquire of the gentleman sat at the table beside me what dishes these were. He was of good bearing and well dress'd. He said the fayre offer'd was duck, fowl or moorfowl. He recommended the first, though admitt'd he was partial

to moorfowl which is the Scotch name for grouse. I thank'd him for his civilitie and introduc'd myself. He said he was John Campbell, employed by the Royal Bank of Scotland – this said with ill conceal'd pride – and he confessed to making his dinner here most evenings. I then inquir'd of him the meaning of the tavern name. He answer'd there were two meanings that he knew of. The one was that at table, when the claret is pass'd round, it is serv'd from a pewter vessel which has a head fashion'd like that of a hen, the liquid being pour'd from the beak. The second meaning which he confess'd he thought vulgar was that when the serving wench brings the jug, she inquires if the gentleman she is serving requires his glass to be charged again. To which the gentleman, having a glass half empty will reply 'Tappit Hen', meaning 'top up the glass'. Hen is a form of endearment to serving lasses and others of the female gender used by the common man. Mr Campbell assured me no gentleman worth the name would call a woman, be she young or old, a hen.

Thus I spent a convivial evening in good companie, supping well on the duck and drinking the fine claret purvey'd by Mistress Trotter until the hour of ten. This is the hour when the Town Drummer walks abroad, reminding the town people that it is time they were a-bed. After that hour, the people throw out their filth from the windows. Mistress Trotter was exceeding kind to me and called for a young lad to guide me to the Castle where I was lodging. She called the lad 'Cawdie' which I took to be his name but was inform'd that it is the Edinborough word for guide. Mr Campbell assur'd me that for a small coin, the lad would save me from the disgrace of a showering from the chamber pots of tenements as I pass'd thro' the High Street. As we made our way, I heard cries of 'gardie loo!' which Mr Campbell inform'd me were counterfeit French words meaning 'gardez l'eau'. Our cawdie answer'd these cries with 'haud yir haur' which means 'stay your hand'. This young man saved us from the contents of several chamber pots. 'Twas money well spent for to my front, I did see a gentleman who had neglected to hire a cawdie shower'd most dreadfullie. They say that cawdies are blackguard nuisances who frequent low taverns that they may rob their benefactors, often the worse for drink having been taken. I must confess the poor wretches are little better than beggars that sleep at night in the closes or what we in Ingland would call alleys. Others assure me that the most are honest and diligent, never taking money in bad faith.*

*cawdie; an urchin who acted as guide in Edinburgh High Street

The Road to Glenfinnan

19 August 1745

I woke to the sound of bells even tho' I was lodg'd within the stout walls of Edinborough Castle. I was inform'd these were the bells of St Giles the chief church in this town. This morning, I present'd myself at the Officers' Mess in the Castle, where General Cope presid'd over breakfast. He did not appear soe careworn as he had two evenings past. This is perhaps because he has not the luxurie of time to sitt and fret for, as soldiers will confess, to act is better than to sitt idle and thus fall prey to ill thoughts. After the breakfast, the General and his staff took their leave of General Guest and march'd with a small bodie of men to the camp at Holyrood where the main armie is encamp'd in the King's Park there. I ventur'd to say to General Cope that 'twas my opinion it would offer good cheer to the people of the town were he to lead the armie through the streets. At first, he dismiss'd the idea, saying there was not time for such trifles, then he relent'd, ordering one regiment into the High Street to marche out of the town by way of the West Port. The town people came out in great numbers to cheer the soldiers as they march'd up the Canongate. It was a stirring sight, the Regimental Colours and the King's Colours being unfurl'd, the fifes and drums playing Lillibulero, which is Whiggamore musick much favoured by the House of Hanover.

And soe we quitt'd Edinborough, the troops in good spirit.

Stirling,

20 August 1745

I must say that General Cope is diligent in attending his officers and troops. I envied him his fine chestnut mare upon which he sitts well. He puttis my modest little mare of varied colour to shame, yet that is but fitting for he is the Commander in Chief of all the King's men in Scotland.

When we march'd out of Edinborough yesterday morning, we bade farewell to Colonel Hamilton and his Dragoons. We progressed with two troops of Colonel Gardiner's Dragoons riding ahead, the main bodie posted upon our flanks which is usual practice. The foote march'd in good order with muskets upon their shoulders. Then came Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefoord with his six 1½ pounders and the same number of cohorn mortars. To the rear was the Commissary commanded by Captain Rogers and the sundrie wagons that form our baggage train which carries bread,

biscuit, salt meat, munitions and black powder. A detachment from Lees' Regiment brought up the rear.

I should say that as we came out of Edinborough, we saw servants of My Lord Craigie posting bills seeking Volunteers for the town's defence and instructing them to muster upon the Boroughmuir which they say is a mustering ground of great antiquitie.

Now we are come to Stirling, which has a stout and formidable castle. We bivouack here for the night. I accompanied General Cope to the Castle where we were entertained by the Governor, John Campbell, His Grace the Earl of Loudon and his aide, Major Cunningham. The Governor assur'd General Cope of his support and said he was raising a regiment to accompanie us, tho' it would take some days to muster the men. General Cope ventur'd to secure the spare armes for our baggage and soe some thousand muskets were given over to us, that we might arm such Scotchmen loyal to His Majestie we hope shall join us on the march.

That same evening, I accompanied General Cope and Colonel Gardiner to the Fordes of Fru, for that is how it sounded to me until I did consult my map and saw that it was not Fru but 'Frew'. As the General walked with Colonel Gardiner and his officers to determine the most advantageous positions for the guarding of the Fordes, I did ingage a young Corporal by name of James MacDonald. He sayed he was come from South Uist, at which I express'd amazement, for not onlie was he far from home, 'twas known to me that the Clan MacDonald upon that island were strong in their allegiance to the House of Stuart. The Corporal said that was soe but his chief, MacDonald of Boisdale and those of the outer isles and Skye would not rise against the King. He was honest enough to confess that his father had been in the Scrape of '15 but that he had learnt a bitter lesson and would never again take up armes against His Majestie. They are a strange breed, these Highlandmen but perhaps those that dwell in the islands off the West Coast are of a different breed and possess'd wiser counsel. For is it not soe that dwelling upon a small island does not offer protection as may the mainland, for an islander is cut off from escape by the sea?

General Cope, having been invit'd to dine with the Governor of the Castle, My Earl of Loudon, I accepted an offer to sup with Colonel Gardiner that evening. I ventur'd to express my opinion to Colonel Gardiner that his regiment was a strange mixture of Lowland and Highland men. He said this was soe and that many in his command were from the Highlands whose kin would likely join the imposter Prince. I mention'd to him that I

had spoken with James MacDonald and he vouchsaf'd for the young man, though he could not say the same of many others in his Regiment. He confess'd that he had not above ten men in whom he could place his trust and that they would not stand in the event of an ingagement with the Enemie. He admitt'd a good number of his troops had never discharged a shot in anger, few had drawn a sabre and all were poorly trained. I sensed the heaviness in his harte and attempt'd to comfort him, saying that when General Cope is come upon the Enemie, he will defeat them and cause them to be scatter'd like chaff. I did venture to say to him that his task would be light and what would be requir'd of him would be to secure those intent on flight. I shall not forget the words he said to me as we bade each other good night. This is what he said.

'Sir, I wish it could be soe. I have a feeling in my bones that it will go another way and that I shall see my home in Haddingtonshire 'ere long, though for good or ill I know not.'

Upon the morrow, we depart'd earlie. I looked back and felt pitie for the paltrie force that was Colonel Gardiner's lot to command. I thought of him as one who is sett to guard a gate that cannot be defended with soe few. Then my mind cast back to my schooldays, when our master told the tale of Horatius who with but two companions held the bridge against Rome's enemies while the Roman soldiers destroyed it behind him, denying it to the enemie. Horatius sent back his two companions and remained at his post until the intire bridge was gone, then he cast himself into the Tiber and swam to safety. There is no bridge at the Fordes of Frew for there is no need of it. I am in no doubt of Colonel Gardiner's courage nor his sense of duty. But I do not think he will be Horatius at the Bridge.

At supper this night, I express'd my opinion to General Cope who dismiss'd my fears. 'Fie, fie!' he did say. In his opinion, Colonel Gardiner is not a man in want of courage but in resolve. The General believ'd that his dismal thought was occasion'd by a lack of intelligence of the enemie which afflicts soldiers the world over. He did assure me that upon learning of the Enemie's strength and disposition, he would inform Colonel Gardiner for he respected the man. I have no quarrel with that.

* * *

On the road to Glenfinnan, the Prince was heartened by news of the first encounter of his supporters with the Government. The outbreak of hostilities

occurred on the 14th day of August. A messenger arrived in the camp to inform him that MacDonald of Keppoch had boldly struck the first blow, that of taking into custody a Captain Swettenham of Guise's Regiment en route from Ruthven Barracks to assume command at Fort William. Roderick MacDonald was at the Prince's side when the prisoner was brought to the highland camp. That morning, Roderick saw two clansmen leading a man dressed in the distinctive red tunic of a Government soldier. He ran to the Prince's hut to warn Major MacLachlan who seemed uninterested by the news.

"So we have a prisoner. Well, we shall permit him to attend upon us, for that is fitting. Shall you bide here Roderick? Is this the first redcoat gentleman you have met? If that is so, I would have you see him at close quarter, that you may know your enemy is but a man."

At length there was a knock on the dilapidated door of the miserable hut that served the Prince as his headquarters. MacLachlan opened it to admit the two Highlandmen with their prisoner. From the sprig of heath in the guards' bonnets, MacLachlan knew the men were of the clan MacDonald, Keppoch men. Both doffed their bonnets.

"Sir, we are ordered to the Prince by our chief, Alistair MacDonald of Keppoch who bids us present his compliments to His Highness. This man is called Swettenham of Guise's Regiment. We have brought him here for the Prince to do with as he pleases."

MacLachlan was relieved to see that the captive bore no marks of ill treatment, nor were his hands secured by ropes. He shook Captain Swettenham's hand.

"I pray sir that you were not molested? May I present myself? I am Major MacLachlan, Aide de Camp to His Royal Highness, Prince Charles Edward Stuart who shall presently welcome you."

When he was taken to the Prince, Swettenham bowed and saluted him.

"Sir, I am in debt to these men and their clan chief that took me, for I have been treated cordially by them."

The Prince nodded.

"That is the manner in which your Prince would wish, for you are my father's subject. I would not have you placed in confinement in some foul outhouse. Now I must confer with my officers as to the manner we shall deal with you."

The Prince beckoned MacLachlan to follow him outside. There they met the Marquis of Tullibardine who had learnt of the capture. In Roderick MacDonald's hearing, Tullibardine urged caution and said the prisoner must be placed under close arrest.

“For he has seen the want of our strength and our lack of arms.”

The Prince did not hesitate to answer.

“Your Grace, we are grateful for your advice but presently we shall be joined by Lochiel and his clansmen. When that is done, we shall possess a formidable force. We shall offer our hospitality, such as it is, to Captain Swettenham on condition that he shall not attempt escape, nor that he shall take up arms against us for a year and a day. But we shall not offer these conditions until Lochiel is come to us. For the moment, let Captain Swettenham know nothing. Upon Lochiel’s coming, we shall parade him and then we shall set him free, that he may carry to Mr Cope intelligence of our strength and that we shall contest any force sent to discomfit us.”

After MacLachlan left, the Prince spoke to Tullibardine.

“When the Standard is raised by your hand, and we are joined by Lochiel, we shall set Captain Swettenham at liberty, that he may bear the news to Mr Cope who I am informed marches against us.”

The toothless gums of Tullibardine were evident as he smiled. He laughed and called for a brandy.

“Your Highness is shrewd for a man who lacks many summers.”

The next morning, more news arrived from MacDonald of Keppoch. The Prince and his few staff were at breakfast, a modest meal of porridge and bannocks. MacLachlan came into the hut, flushed and smiling, begging the Prince’s pardon for disturbing him at meat. The Prince beckoned him to his side to deliver his message. At his words, the Prince also smiled. He made an announcement to the small group sitting round the table.

“Gentlemen, Major MacLachlan bears good news. MacDonald of Keppoch has gained a further victory in our cause. But two days ago, after the taking of Captain Swettenham, one in Keppoch’s service at Fort Augustus, who waits upon the table of the Governor there gained certain intelligence – ’twas at supper when it seems tongues were loosened by claret. The intelligence was that one by name of Captain Scott was ordered to march with two companies of Royal Scots to reinforce Fort William. ’Tis clear from this that the enemy is discomfited, for were Fort William to fall to us, the winning of the North must follow.

“Thus it was that Captain Scott stepped out of Fort Augustus with some four score men. The march was a mere one score and eight miles and as you are acquaint, there is a fine military road betwixt the two forts.

“Though the men of Keppoch were few, they followed the troops and overtaking them, they concealed themselves behind an inn that none of the

enemy might discern their number. Few carried muskets whereas Mr Scott's men were as usual fully armed and equipped.

"Upon the enemy's approach, Keppoch made a sally with his piper to the fore. He bade those that were possessed of muskets to discharge them, then lie down in the heath so that the enemy could not count them. In the fusillade, Mr Scott was wounded in the shoulder and a sergeant and two or three common soldiers met their deaths.

"The enemy was intent on retreating upon Fort Augustus but Keppoch's men barred their passage. Keppoch himself with sword in hand boldly demanded the company to surrender for by now he had been joined by a party of Glengarry MacDonalds. The game was up and Mr Scott surrendered his sword. Gentlemen, 'twas bravely done, for Keppoch had fewer than three score in his command. Mr Scott gave his parole so that his men might carry him and the dead to Fort Augustus without hindrance. In return, Keppoch relieved his men of their muskets. Mr Scott being sorely wounded required the attention of the surgeons but none would venture out of Fort Augustus, though Keppoch requested this. The sorry party had little option but to place themselves in the hands of Keppoch, with the wounded officer carried upon a litter. Gentlemen, we have been blessed once again, within a space of a few days. Is this not a propitious beginning?"

The assembled company applauded the news, though some ventured to enquire why Keppoch had set the enemy soldiers free. The answer was simple. He could not spare the men to stand guard over them, nor could he feed them.

On the 19th day of August, the Rebel army reached Glenfinnan an hour after noon. The Prince made his headquarters in a barn. It was a bright afternoon, the sun dancing on the waters of Loch Lochy. The rowans on the shore hung heavy with scarlet and orange berries, the purple heather and humming with the sound of bees. Roderick MacDonald felt at peace one moment, anxious and excited the next. He stood near the Prince and his staff, the Marquis of Tullibardine at the Prince's side for it was he who had been granted to honour of unfurling the standard. Roderick whispered to Major MacLachlan.

"It is so still and quiet but for the bees."

MacLachlan smiled wanly, for he was apprehensive. No clan had yet joined the Prince save for the few hundred that had come from Arisaig.

"Aye, lad. But I would hear another song, one sweeter to my ears, not of nature but of men. 'Tis the pibroch I wish to hear."

Despite the warmth of the sun, Roderick shivered a little. Apart from the

few gathered at Glenfinnan, mainly MacDonald of Clanranald's men, no clan chief had responded to the fiery cross that he and other messengers had carried through the glens.

As the hours of that bright afternoon slipped away, the moor above Glenfinnan remained empty save for the bees and the occasional grouse startled into flight, the rattle of its wings echoing ominously in the still air. Roderick thought the sound eerie, though he had heard it countless times before.

Like the rattle of dead men's bones.

The Prince returned to the barn, followed by his companions. Roderick squatted at the door, too preoccupied with his thoughts to hear the conversation inside. Now and then, the door would open and MacLachlan would emerge to stare silently at the hillside, shaking his head. A slight breeze sprang up which stirred the rowans' leaves into a nervous fluttering, as if Nature herself was anxious.

It was almost three o'clock, the sun was hot and the chorus of bees grew more intense, lulling Roderick into a half-sleep. Then, faint though it was, he heard another sound, not unlike that of the bees, though more distant. He thought his ears were playing tricks on him, yet he believed the sound was increasing as if a whole army of giant bees were approaching. The shimmering heat waves distorted the moor but the sound magnified. Roderick was now fully awake and on his feet. He thought he could hear the voices of men on the other side of the moor. Then he heard the sound of a pibroch and another and yet another. He saw the first line of heads appear on the crest of the moor and felt his heart pounding in his breast. He rushed into the barn.

“Your Highness, they are come!”

The Prince and his companions were seated on bales of straw eating their bannocks in solemn silence. The Prince looked up at the flushed young face.

“Pray, Roderick, who is it that comes?”

The young man's throat was dry with excitement, but he managed to speak.

“I do not know Sir, but can you not hear the pibrochs?”

The Prince strode to the barn door, followed by MacLachlan. Others joined them, even old Tullibardine despite his gouty feet. The Prince shaded his eyes, fixing them on the near side slope of the moor. What was in the Prince's heart was known only to himself.

On the crest of the moor a line of pipers moved as one, followed by lines of clansmen marching in step. MacLachlan could not contain himself.

“Oh, the bonny brave lads! Are they not braw, Your Highness?”

The man who now took the head of the column carried the fiery cross in his left hand, a drawn broadsword in his right. MacLachlan knew at once who it was.

"Your Highness, the Keppochs are here, led by their chief, Alistair MacDonald. I cannot count them, though they must number in the hundreds. At worst two, at best four hundred."

The Prince smiled and waved his bonnet by way of greeting, then he laid his hand on MacLachlan's shoulder, which was trembling.

"Pray contain yourself, Major. Do you see the Camerons among them? Is Lochiel come to us?"

As the Keppoch MacDonalds marched proudly down the moor, Roderick could hear more pipes. After an interval of a few minutes, a lone figure appeared on the crest of the moor, followed by pipers and lines of clansmen. MacLachlan was excited for second time.

"Roderick, lad, your eyes are younger than ours. Who are these men? Can you see the oak sprig of the Camerons in their bonnets?"

Roderick shouted loudly.

"Oh, my bloody Lord! Forgive me, Your Highness, I do not blaspheme! Aye, 'tis the oak leaves of the Camerons!"

MacLachlan threw his bonnet in the air, laughing and weeping at the same time.

"By God, Your Highness, the lad speaks the truth. 'Tis Lochiel come with his men. Why, Sir, they must number above six hundred. Now I see among them Donald Cameron of Errech, Lochiel's second in command. Is it not a bonny sight to see?"

All that day, clansmen arrived in their hundreds. Lochiel had come with seven hundred, Keppoch with three hundred. The small army was now well over a thousand and more men were expected. In the afternoon, eight hundred Glengarry MacDonalds and Stewarts of Appin arrived. It was a soft day of blue skies and the scent of the heather was strong, a powerful intoxicant. It was a day that caught the throat and stole the heart away.

The Prince was in high spirits. He called for old Tullibardine who was attended by MacDonald of Kinloch Moidart. Both men bowed before the Prince.

"Now, Sir, it is time to declare our cause. Shall you raise the royal standard?"
Tullibardine's cheeks fairly glowed.

"Your Royal Highness, you do me great honour by this request. Let us go to it!"

The Marquis was escorted by a hundred Clanranald MacDonalds, MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart bearing the standard. Tullibardine bade two men of the escort to dig a hole in the peaty soil that was swathed in purple heather, the colour favoured by emperors and kings.

MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart planted the staff and stood by as Tullibardine unfurled the standard. It had a scarlet field, with a white centre. As the flag was set free, it flapped in the breeze like the sail of a brig. There was a loud silence for a few moments, broken only by the snapping of the silk banner. The Prince took a corner in his hand and kissed it, then he kissed Tullibardine on both cheeks. Many that day knelt in the heather with bowed heads. Then the Prince asked Tullibardine to read the proclamation. He did so with solemnity and dignity.

“I hereby proclaim James of the House of Stuart, King James the Eighth of Scotland and Third of England. In his name, I assert his just rights to claim the thrones of the three kingdoms of Scotland, England and Ireland. I further declare that his son, the Chevalier Charles Edward Stuart shall act as Regent and what he shall do will be done in his father’s name. God bless the King.”

At this, there were loud huzzas and cheers. Bonnets were thrown into the air, men shook hands with each other, the pipes played and the glen resounded with the shouts of hoarse voices. Presently the Prince called for silence.

“Rise up, gentlemen, for you are not serfs but proud Scotsmen! I am overwhelmed in my heart this fine day, that you have come to join me. For you know my father is rightful king of this land by the Grace of God. My father has honoured me by appointing me Regent of Scotland. What I shall accomplish shall be in his name. Until the day come when he may ascend the throne that is presently occupied by the usurper George of Hanover, I shall lead you. And with God’s help, I shall set you free.

“I am appointed to a heavy duty. That duty is to endeavour to secure the happiness and welfare of the people of Scotland, be they our followers or nay. I shall strive to do justice to the people of England who are held in tyranny. For this reason, I am come to Scotland in the name of freedom. I was fortunate to land in the country of the MacDonalds and the Stewarts of Appin, clans that have supported the House of Stuart for centuries past. Now this day, we are joined by Donald Cameron of Lochiel and his hundreds, for he knows our cause is just. You are all come to Glenfinnan this day to join this righteous and just enterprise. With your aid and the protection of a just God who never fails to advance the cause of the wronged and the injured, we shall prevail. I do not

doubt that we shall bring this enterprise to a happy conclusion. Now shall you join me in a toast to our success?"

At that, there was a tumultuous round of huzzas. Bonnets were again thrown in the air, blotting out the late afternoon sun. Casks of brandy were breached and the toast of *slainte an Righ** were drunk.

Roderick MacDonald joined in the celebrations though he refused the cup of brandy. He was more anxious to retrieve his father's best blue bonnet. And yet as he watched the Prince and his staff retire to the barn with Lochiel and the other clan chiefs, he felt a sudden sadness overwhelm him, though he could not understand why this should be so. There were now over two thousand clansmen under the command of the Prince. He heard the words of two older men who stood near by. By their talk, they had been out in the Scrape, as they called the '15 rebellion. Their voices were not hoarse from cheering, so he took them to be less than enthusiastic about that propitious day. These were their words.

"So this bonny Prince says he will come into his own and by the Grace of God, he will succeed. I wish that it could be so, for I place no great store in the Almighty. The blood that could be shed will be the blood of the clans that oppose each other. Was it not so upon the last time?"

The other man sighed and leant heavily on an ash stick, for he was plagued with aches in his bones. He said little, then he spoke in a tongue that Roderick had heard on the shore of Eriskay but did not understand. He could not resist asking what the older man had said.

"For though I have the Gaelic and the English, I know not the tongue in which you speak."

The older man said it was a French that he had learnt as an exile after the rebellion of 1715.

"What I said was that this venture is romantic but war is not. You are young, your blood is hot but it will take more than fine words from a Prince who set foot in Scotland but less than a month past. He is a Frenchman and he will know what my words mean. I wish you luck, laddie. May you never draw that fine blade at your side against any of your people."

The two men walked away to find somewhere to rest in the growing twilight. It had been a long day. Later, MacDonald of Keppoch arrived with his prisoners from the fight a few days earlier. The men were offered their

**slainte an Righ*; the King's health (Gaelic)

freedom if they joined the Prince. Most said they would. None was seen again after that night.

Roderick took up his usual position at the Prince's headquarters, sitting at the door outside. That evening, the Prince held a Council of War to which he invited Captain Swettenham after he had outlined his immediate plans for the taking of the Highlands. The Prince bade the man sit and offered him a glass of claret.

"For the chill of the evening is come upon us. Now, sir, you have given your parole not to take up arms against us for a year and a day. For this, you shall be released. You see our strength, sir? You shall carry the news to Mr Cope whom I am reliably informed is mustering an army in Edinburgh and will move against us by the by. In the morning, you shall be given a horse that you may the better reach Mr Cope and inform him that we mean to give battle on ground of his choosing. And now, I bid you goodnight, for this army marches early on the morrow."

Roderick lay down in his plaid and slept fitfully that night, excited and apprehensive by turns. Perhaps this very day General Cope had begun his march into the North.

On the morning of 20th August, Roderick watched Captain Swettenham put spur to horse and ride from Glenfinnan. The Prince held another Council of War while his growing army broke their fast. Roderick was awake early, sensing that he might be required to carry messages to the clan chiefs who had not yet joined the Highland army. He heard the Prince enquire of Lachlan MacLachlan if there was any intelligence of Cope's movements. There was none.

"Good MacLachlan, is the enemy's strength known?"

"Your Highness, General Cope commands a force which cannot be above three thousand. Many of these are dispersed among the strongholds, so I would hazard a guess that his army cannot contain above two thousand. However, they are better armed than we. Barely half our men carry broadswords, less have muskets and of those we possess, many are ancient and unreliable."

The Prince was silent for a time, then he smiled calmly.

"It is as you say. But when we engage Mr Cope, we shall gain weapons aplenty. However, we must know his movements."

"Is it Your Highness's wish that runners be despatched this very day? We have several, the most fleet of foot being Roderick MacDonald. I should guess that Cope will advance by way of Stirling, then march by way of Glen Coe to

Fort William. I avise that Roderick be sent to keep watch on the road in Glen Coe while gallopers are sent south."

"This is sound advice, sir. Pray bring the lad to me."

Roderick was on his feet before MacLachlan had left the barn. He was ushered in and bowed.

"Now, Roderick, I have need of your strong legs. But you shall not require your sword for the task I put to you requires travel without encumbrance. You must go to Glen Coe but across country, avoiding the roads. You know that we have sent Captain Swettenham to Mr Cope that he may have intelligence of our strength and that we mean to bar his way north.

We march toward Fort William this day. Thus far shall you accompany us. Then you shall go by way of Kinlochleven over the moors. When we camp this night, be sure to be a-bed early."

That night, Roderick lay down in his plaid as soon as darkness fell. He was surrounded by others who had no other shelter. Some called the plaid a 'shakedown', which it certainly was. The night was fair and warm and the air was heavy with the scent of heather. As he was about to fall asleep, he saw the outline of a man coming towards him. It was Major MacLachlan, with a lantern.

"Good evening, lad. Have you eaten?"

"That I have sir, right well."

"I am glad of that for you will need all your strength on the morrow. All you shall carry is a bag of oatmeal, for you must be light. The Prince places much trust in you. He is calling you his good luck charm."

"I shall not betray his trust. I have given my word to serve him as he commands me."

The Major put his hand on the lad's shoulder.

"The word of a MacDonald is a word indeed. I shall await your safe return. When you gain intelligence of the enemy, do not linger. We shall march north of Fort William that we may pass unseen by the guns in the fort. You shall find us in the Pass of Corrieyairick. Know you it from the map?"

"I do sir."

"Good lad. Now, it may be many days before we speak again. God speed."

Roderick fell asleep almost immediately. At last he had been given an important mission.

* * *

The Road to Glenfinnan

Journal of Major John Whittle

*Dalnacardoch,
Forest of Atholl,
29 August 1745*

We are come to this pleasant spot to encamp. Here we receiv'd ill newes that did cause General Cope much distress for I saw it plain upon his countenance. Some time after noon, we were met by a single man on horse, a Captain out of Guise's Regiment, Swettenham by name. He had been taken by the Enemie upon the 14th day of this month and held captive by the Enemie. This officer had been sent from Ruthven Barracks to assume command at Fort William when he was sett upon by a band of ruffian Highlandmen. He was led to the imposter Prince's camp at a place call'd Glenfinnan where upon the 19th day, the Standard of the Rebels was rais'd. Tho' he was held captive, he was free to roam the camp and was treat'd civillie. The imposter Prince released him upon promise, viz he was oblig'd to give his parole that he would not take up armes against the Rebels for a yeare and a day. Upon the day of the raising of the Standard, he was given a horse and order'd to ride to General Cope that he might carry newes of the Prince's camp and that he intend'd to offer battle upon ground of General Cope's choosing. Such impudence! Captain Swettenham is blameless for he was oblig'd to offer his parole, there being no other waye out of his predicament. Upon being brought before General Cope the poor man wept exceedinglie, though I must say he did soe at attention, as befits a gentleman. The General bade him compose himself and asked him to shew him upon the map where the rebels were encamp'd. Captain Swettenham said 'twas Glenfinnan but that the Enemie had depart'd from that place the same day as he quitt'd their camp. He ventur'd to say that the Rebels were intent upon gaining the Pass of Corrieyairick, between Fort William and Fort Augustus. Then I heard Captain Swettenham say this. I took down his words as he spake them for I thought it vital soe to doe.

'Sir, the Pass is known to me. 'Tis a wild and forlorn place. It is known to the common people as The Devil's Staircase on account of its nature. 'Tis a glen that turns and twists for nigh on four miles. Upon one side is a deep ditch which may conceal an armie. 'Tis broken countrie, a place of great boulders, thickets and God knows what. An armie of three thousand might be conceal'd there without difficultie. Sir, I beg that you do not progress there, for to doe soe would be to court disaster. 'Tis well known that the

Highlander fights best when he is in ambush and upon the high ground. It is the Highland way to skulk like thieves and vagabonds behind rock and bush and lie in the heath where they may discharge their muskets without being seen. In open ground, they make a single volley then they charge down from the heights, that they may overcome even disciplin'd soldiers by the brunt of their charge. I know this as my grandfather fought them at Killiecrankie and my father at Sherrifmuir.'

I perceiv'd that General Cope was deep in thought and he bade all but myself and another officer by name Ewan MacPherson to depart. This MacPherson was lately appointed Lieutenant of a company of one of our Regiments. General Cope was in ill humour, and he did pace up and down in the tent. Then he turned to face MacPherson. He said he had but fifteen hundred troops to the Rebels' three thousand and thereby outnumber'd by two to one. He said he had hop'd to augment the armie on the march by clans said to be loyal to King George. None had joined us and he was sorely oppres'd that MacPherson's father Cluny MacPherson had not declar'd for him. The General then inquir'd of him if he knew of his father's decision. Lieutenant MacPherson answer'd nay. That was all he said. I did perceive that he hung his head, perhaps in shame. 'Tis well known that General Cope has a poor opinion of all Highlandmen, considering them thieves and barbarians. As for Lieutenant MacPherson, the General show'd open contempt. The man knew that he was all but being accus'd of treachery and became agitat'd. He said he was ignorant of his father, knowing not where he was and that he had no intelligence of his clan viz if they had declar'd for the imposter prince. He grew yet more animat'd which, after a long silence, is often proof of a man's guilt. The General did not spare his feelings and rebuk'd him grievously, saying that he spoke manie words yet he said nothing. The General damn'd his eyes and those of his clan and that he was of a mind that they were no better than a nest of vermin. He ended his tirade saying that he would have no traitor sword at his back while he was in peril of his front. Whereupon MacPherson was dismiss'd.

What came to pass the following morning bore out the General's fears and suspicions. At officer roll call, none answer'd to the name MacPherson, though some said he had not desert'd us but gone to his father's house that he might speak with him. We shall see what is the truth of it, bye the bye.

* * *

After the standard was raised at Glenfinnan, the Prince's growing army and staff were kept busy with arrangements for the transport of arms and the baggage train. On 20th August, the Prince marched at the head of his army to Kinlochiel, where he rested for two days. On the 21st word came that Sir John Cope had left Dalnacardoch and it was thought he would make for Fort Augustus by way of the Pass of Corrieyairick, which confirmed Major MacLachlan's guess. Or so it seemed...

Two days later, Roderick MacDonald returned, with the news that Cope was indeed intent upon the Pass of Corrieyairick and that he was making good progress, though the country was difficult. Roderick reported this to Major MacLachlan who brought him to the Prince. The Prince noted the lad was badly bruised about his left eye.

"Pray inform us the cause of your injury? How came you by it?"

The young man removed his bonnet and was about to go on bended knee when the Prince commanded him to remain upright and asked again how he had come by his injury. The young man was at first reluctant to answer, then said this:

"'Twas my own fault, Your Highness. I came across a troop of enemy soldiers scouting ahead of the army. I came too close to them and was discovered. One redcoat knocked me down and asked me my business. I said I was seeking a stray beast belonging to my father."

MacLachlan shook his hand.

"Well done lad, well done. We shall make a spy of you yet. You are certain the enemy is to come by way of Corrieyairick? This is important."

Roderick grew slightly nervous at this.

"I can but say what I saw, though I could not hear what the scouting party said. I beg forgiveness, sir."

The Prince looked kindly on the lad.

"You have done well, Roderick. You are indeed our good luck charm. Now, be off with you and refresh yourself, for I am sure you have eaten nothing but a handful of meal and drank spring water these past days."

The following day, the Prince held a Council of War. As usual, Roderick was present, this time indoors, as the Prince asked him to give his report to the assembled clan chiefs. Murray of Broughton, now appointed the Prince's secretary, wrote down the words. Lochiel was then invited to give his opinion of the Pass of Corrieyairick as a suitable field of battle. Lochiel was blunt and to the point.

"Your Highness, it is my belief that General Cope will avoid the Pass, for it

is ground that favours us, even though our men are poorly armed. It is a fearsome place, well-named The Devil's Staircase. Some folk say 'twas the Devil himself that fashioned it. As a ground for battle, it is greatly suited to our men's tactics and way of fighting. Cope will know this. Forgive me for being so bold, but upon this occasion, I believe that your runner is mistaken. He admits he did not hear the soldiers he encountered saying that they were intent on the Pass. I cannot think that Cope would put his men in danger for 'tis a confined place and suited to ambush."

The Prince smiled and thanked Lochiel for his advice.

"Gentlemen, if we can snare the fox, not only shall we beat him, we shall also gain his weapons and munitions. We are in sore need of them."

Then he turned to MacLachlan.

"Major MacLachlan, pray be so good as to inform our captain Colonel O'Sullivan, now to make an accomp't of all serviceable muskets, munitions and black powder we possess. When this is known, inform him that they are to be distributed equally and fairly among the clans, that none shall have more than others. It is my wish that no clan shall go into battle lacking their share of our weapons."

Now he addressed Roderick MacDonald.

"We have need of your fleetness of foot once more. You shall bear messages to the people of Glencoe and Appin that they must join us in our march to Mr Cope and Fort Augustus. But pray remain outside, for I may have more for you."

Roderick did as he was bidden but kept his ear to the door. He heard Murray of Broughton address the Council.

"Your Highness, it would perhaps give better effect to the messages that are to be carried to the MacDonalds of Glencoe, the MacDonalds of Glengarry and the Stewarts of Appin that news has come from Edinburgh that the Lords Justices there have placed a reward of £30,000 upon your head. That will anger the MacDonalds that are not yet come to you. Aye and the Appin Stewarts also."

The Prince laughed merrily.

"As ever, John, you offer sound counsel. 'Tis clear to me that those in Edinburgh are discomfited that they must resort to this unmanly ploy to dispose of me. Gentleman, we shall match this insult with our own. Pray write this down, sir. In my father's name, I shall offer a like sum to be placed upon the head of the Elector of Hanover, the spurious King who sits illegally upon my father's throne."

After the Council was dismissed, Roderick was again summoned to the Prince's side. He was brief and to the point.

"Roderick, you shall carry the message to the MacDonalds of Glengarry. Other messages shall be sent to Glencoe and Ardshiel and yet more shall be despatched to the Lowlands and Edinburgh that the people may know of this insult to their Prince, namely that a price is put upon his head as if he were but a common felon. Now, my lad, off with you to Glengarry with all haste, for I may have further work for you and need you close at hand. Where shall Roderick return to us Major MacLachlan? Can you say?"

MacLachlan studied the map for a few moments.

"Your Highness, the lad must be given time to reach his destination. General Cope will have advanced but a few miles, as he is encumbered with a herd of black cattle as wherewithal to feed his men. This will delay his progress, as will his artillery and baggage train. By my reckoning, given the time Roderick will require to complete his mission, we shall be camped near the north end of Loch Lochy. Say some fifteen miles from this spot, halfway between Fort William and the village of Glengarry."

The Prince nodded.

"I agree. Now Roderick, shall you manage that? For it is hoped that the MacDonalds of Glengarry will provide several hundred clansmen and as they are nearer to us, they will arrive in time. Be sure to inform them that their presence is vital to our meeting with Mr Cope."

The young man assured the Prince that he would be back before the sun set the following day. As he left, Major MacLachlan accompanied him a few hundred yards.

"You are a fine lad, Roderick MacDonald. I would be proud to have you for my son. Now, Godspeed."

The Prince watched the young man until he was out of sight, then he ordered the army to march to Fassiefern, the home of Lochiel's brother John Cameron. The Prince had learnt that a party of Camerons had seized Ewan MacPherson, the young heir of Cluny MacPherson. It was later said that Ewan MacPherson had not resisted arrest but even welcomed it. When he was brought before the Prince, he apologised for his father's absence, saying that he was away from home on family business. The Prince was gentle with him, as he was anxious to bring the clan MacPherson to his side.

"I am pleased to be acquainted with the heir to Clan MacPherson, though I am discomfited that the chief is disposed to treat with the enemy. For I am told that your father is gone away on Government business, not that of his own. Further, is it not so that you have worn the uniform of an officer in Mr Cope's army?"

Then the Prince's manner changed. He subjected the young man to a harangue, lecturing him on the justness of his cause.

"Sir, do you not agree my father has been cruelly wronged? Do you dispute that the German who styles himself George, King of England is an imposter? Come sir, I shall have an answer or you shall be made my prisoner!"

Then the Prince, seeing that the young man was distressed, grew calm again. He praised the Clan MacPherson for its bravery and resolution in times past. The Prince was persuasive and charming, sometimes almost a poet. The young man fell under his spell that day.

"Your Royal Highness, surely an angel in Heaven could not resist the sweetness of your words! You are indeed a true Prince of Scotland and rightful heir to the throne. It is right and proper that you should come into your own, though I have a duty to my father's people as does my father himself. I shall bear my sword in your service and I shall place my trust in you. But, Sir, shall you or your father guarantee the security of my father's estates in Scotland for he and myself have a duty to protect and succour our people, that they may survive and thrive? Our people look to us for shelter and that they may go about their business without fear of harm. They have families that must be fed. So shall you give me a paper ensuring my people shall not starve or suffer loss of lands? If you grant this favour, then my sword is at your command."

The Prince laughed and shook young MacPherson's hand.

"Ah, sir, now you turn the tables upon me! You speak of my words that might charm the angels. Your words are not meant for the ears of an angel but I respect them, for they speak of duty, loyalty and concern for the weak, which no man should lightly put aside. Why, sir, my own cause is your cause and that of your father! As to the safeguard of your lands, Lochiel and the other chiefs have sung to me from the same hymn sheet. Yes, you may be assured that my father or myself shall stand good for your estates and the well-being of your people. I shall bid my secretary, John Murray of Broughton to draw up a paper for my signature. But for the moment, I must hold you as prisoner for your sake and safety until your father may come to us and bless the bargain. I await the attendance upon me of Cluny MacPherson with eagerness. You shall be kept here but you shall not be constrained. You are free to do as you please, though I must ask you to remain within the precincts of your house."

Ewan MacPherson, the son-in-law of Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, the notorious laird who would later be accused of treachery, would prove one of the most distinguished leaders in the Rebellion.

4

The Pass of Corrieyairick

The Rebel army was daily gathering strength. After dining at John Cameron's house at Fassiefern, the Prince made his next camp at Moy, some four miles from Achnagarry, where he expected more reinforcements. After supper with Murray of Broughton, Lochiel, Colonel O'Sullivan and his ADC Major MacLachlan, the Prince voiced his concern at the trickle of recruits coming to him.

"Gentlemen, though we are gaining in number by the day, we are not yet joined by the MacDonalds of Glencoe and Glengarry, nor is there word from Charles Stewart of Ardshiel of the Appin Stewarts, though messages have been sent to them. We are in great need of their broadswords. And where is Mr Cope? Major MacLachlan, we are in dire want of intelligence. Has our young runner Roderick MacDonald yet returned from his errand to Glengarry?"

MacLachlan hesitated to reach for his glass of claret.

"I fear not, Your Highness, though I am sure he will come to us within the hour. He is fleet of foot like the deer, yet he has travelled a far distance. He shall not fail us, you may be sure."

The Prince drummed the table with impatient fingers. Murray of Broughton endeavoured to calm him.

"Your Highness, we have no reason to doubt that General Cope is intent upon gaining Fort Augustus, for there he will be refreshed and reinforced. He must come to the Fort by this way."

The Prince was not assured by these words.

"We needs must have clear intelligence upon this matter. Perhaps on the morrow, this will come. Gentlemen, we may do service upon ourselves by retiring early that we may sleep upon the matter. Though I am doubtful I shall rest easily this night."

The following morning, the Prince rose early, eating a meagre breakfast of porridge and bannocks and spending the hours reading reports and discussing

the state of the provisions with Colonel O'Sullivan, now appointed as his Adjutant General. It was noon before he gave orders to Lochiel and the clan chiefs to break camp. At length, the army reached the river Lochy which had to be forded, a dangerous operation as the Prince well knew. Seated on his fine mare, he said as much to Lachlan MacLachlan.

“Is this not an evil place for the enemy to surprise us?”

MacLachlan agreed but he ventured to say that General Cope was nowhere in sight.

“Mayhap Roderick MacDonald shall soon join us and bring intelligence of Mr Cope's position.”

The Prince looked anxiously at the skyline, hoping to catch a glimpse of movement in the heather. Presently, he called out to MacLachlan.

“Major, may I have your glass? For I espy a figure among the heather.”

The Prince trained the telescope on the moor side, where he saw a small figure leaping and bounding like a stag through the ling. He watched the diminutive figure pause on the crest of the moor, then wave his arms. The distance was great but the Prince was convinced that the figure was Roderick MacDonald.

“It must be our Roderick, the good luck charm. He is come out of the South and he waves his blue bonnet! I can see him plain! It must be Roderick!”

The long skeins of men crossing the river were ignorant of the young man on the moor. They were preoccupied by their passage across the cold water, their progress painfully slow and erratic, as the Prince could see from his position on a small hillock. He waited for the small figure to grow large, that he might recognise his face. Presently, the young man arrived on the river bank, where he lay down, his breath coming heavy from sobbing lungs. MacLachlan spurred his horse that he might welcome the boy. When reaching him he found him exhausted. MacLachlan dismounted and ran to the small figure lying at the river's edge. He then cradled the lad's head in his arms.

“Take time, laddie, regain your breath. The Prince is anxious to know what you have seen of Cope's disposition. Come laddie, take my horse, for the Prince awaits your intelligence.”

Roderick was weak, allowing himself to be lifted on to MacLachlan's horse. There, he was content to rest his forehead upon the horse's neck. As he was led forward slowly in the saddle, he regained his wind.

“Cope! He is here, few miles from us! He rests at Dalnacardoch, near the Forest of Atholl! He is coming with drums a-beating and fifes playing. His men step lively. They will fight!”

MacLachlan summoned the Prince to his side, that Roderick might repeat the words he had said to him. The Prince came immediately. As he stood by the lad who was laid upon a stretcher, he ruffled his hair. He noticed that the lad's fine blue bonnet was missing.

"Our good luck charm is well, I trust? But where is your fine bonnet?"

"I lost it in the hills, not far from here. I shall find it after I have rested, for 'twas my father's and a gift from him the day I left South Uist."

The Prince bade him sleep and said he would send one of the other runners to look for it.

"For you have done well this day."

Then turning to Major MacLachlan, he said this:

"We must gain the Pass of Corrieyairick before Mr Cope, for there we shall have him in our grasp."

The Prince was visibly excited and slapped his thigh so hard that his horse shied and almost threw him.

"Now, Lachlan, pray ride back over the river with this order for Colonel O' Sullivan. Pray present my compliments and bid him come to us with but a few barrels of black powder and bags of shot. Be sure to impress upon him the need to come with all haste. He is to leave the baggage train but pray inform him that it must be hidden from harm. There is no time to be lost. Inform Colonel O'Sullivan that we shall advance upon Invergarry, where we shall await his arrival. Now, before you depart, pray present my compliments to Lochiel and ask him to join me."

Lochiel listened intently to the information brought by the young runner, but he said nothing. The Prince was resolute:

"Good Lochiel, we march to Invergarry. We shall go across country to avoid the cannon at Fort William. I have ordered Colonel O'Sullivan to meet with us there, with black powder and shot. Mr Cope is at Dalnacardoch. I shall rest at Glengarry, where I am assured that John MacDonald of Glengarry shall offer us the hospitality of Lochgarry Castle."

That night, the Prince was convivially entertained at Glengarry, a stone's throw away from Invergarry. His host was not the clan chief but his son and heir, Alistair.

"Your Royal Highness, my father presents apologies for his absence but is obliged to be in Perthshire upon family business. He has instructed me to say that though he cannot welcome you, his sword is yours. As is my own sword. I am also instructed to inform you that upon the morrow, the MacDonalds of Glengarry, of number four hundred, shall join with you."

The Prince's eyes shone with delight.

"Why sir, that is a great comfort to us, for Mr Cope draws near and presently, we shall have need of every sword and musket we can muster."

During supper that night, a sumptuous meal of broth, salmon and venison, Alistair MacDonald assured the Prince his father's ghillie had netted the salmon that very day and that he himself had shot the stag.

"So the meat is fresh from my father's estate."

As he spoke, the dining room door was opened by a sentry to admit Colonel O'Sullivan, who immediately went to the Prince's side.

"Your Highness, pray forgive the intrusion but I thought it best to join you sooner rather than later. I have brought wagons with ball and black powder as you requested. Shall I have the weapons distributed this very night?"

The Prince called for another chair and bade O'Sullivan join them at dinner.

"You may leave the task until the morrow. You have made good progress, sir, doubtless at the expense of refreshing yourself. Now, shall you partake of a bumper of Mr MacDonald's excellent claret?"

That evening, the house of John MacDonald rang with merriment. A piper was brought in to play for the company and the whisky decanter passed round the table with regular frequency. There were some who privately thought the Prince was developing a taste for the national drink, perhaps too much so, though none dared comment upon it. The talk went on for some hours until John Murray of Broughton called for silence. Murray rose, holding a sheaf of papers in his hand. Roderick MacDonald, seated apart from the company heard Murray's words.

"Your Royal Highness, Your Grace, the Marquis of Tullibardine and Gentlemen, I wish to pass among you a paper I drafted at Glenfinnan, upon the glorious day when our dear and esteemed friend, the Marquis, raised the Royal Standard. The paper I shall presently pass among you invites you to pledge yourselves and your clans to our Prince. I request that all present sign the paper for in doing so, you commit yourselves to this just Cause."

As the paper was passed round the table, no voice was raised against it. Every clan chief added his name. Murray spoke again.

"Gentlemen, by appending your hand to this document, you are bound by it, and your honour and that of your clans that none who have signed shall lay aside his arms until we have succeeded in this great Cause. Further, if the Chevalier fails in his attempt to restore the House of Stuart to the three thrones – which God forbid shall come to pass – none who is present this

day shall make peace with the enemy without the consent of all who have signed."

The Prince was moved to tears by Murray's words.

"Well spoken, our dear and faithful friend."

Lochiel sought permission to speak. He had little to say.

"Those that have signed this solemn pledge will be damned to Hell if they break the word they have given this night."

The Prince rose to address the company.

"Gentlemen, we thank Secretary Murray for his labours and sound judgement. But to that, I add my personal gratitude from the depths of my heart, for by signing this document, you have pledged yourselves to this just and righteous undertaking which happily shall restore my father to his rightful throne. I have but one wish this night. I would that my father could be present. He is in Rome but I shall inform him of your loyalty and your service. Now, gentlemen, we must retire for we must have clear heads upon the morrow."

But the evening was not over. Sir Thomas Sheridan had been noticed in earnest conversation with Colonel O'Sullivan. Now he approached Sir John MacDonald, a worried look on his face.

"Sir John, Colonel O'Sullivan informs me that owing to the want of horses, he has buried most of our equipment at the western end of Loch Eil. I speak of the twelve small cannon that came from the Du Teillay, powder, ball, pickaxes and shovels that the men could not carry."

Sir John commented that the Prince himself had ordered this to be done. Then he made a cynical comment:

"You say the stores that the men could not carry were buried. I fear you mean they would not carry them. The clansmen do not care to be used as pack horses. It was most remiss of Colonel O'Sullivan to act in this irresponsible manner."

Sir Thomas did not care for the criticism of his fellow Irishman.

"I must protest, sir. His Highness ordered Colonel O'Sullivan that the baggage be hidden out of harm's way. I recall those were his very words. And Colonel O'Sullivan has executed these orders to the letter, has he not?"

Sir Thomas nodded but expressed his fears.

"In the burying of it, there was much commotion. We are not far from Fort William and doubtless there are spies abroad in the heather. They could not fail to hear the labour of men digging pits. I fear that now we are come to Glengarry with no guard posted over the stores at Loch Eil, the garrison shall have it all in due course. We must inform the Prince."

Sir John disagreed with this.

“For the moment, ‘twill be our confidence. The Prince is in good spirit and we must not weaken his resolve with ill news. Forbye, he is pleased with Colonel O’Sullivan’s progress and as you know, he will hear nothing adverse said of the man. I think that O’Sullivan acted in good faith though it may turn out to be a costly error. For now, we shall say naught.”

But word had leaked out and voices were raised against O’Sullivan. Major MacLachlan said as much to Lochiel.

“I fear the man has limited talents in military matters. But he has the Prince’s ear. He will hear nothing evil said about the man. The Prince is in danger of showing favouritism towards his French and Irish officers and advisers.”

Lochiel agreed.

“By doing so, the Prince will discomfit the clan chiefs. We must keep an eye on this failing in him.”

The following day, the 26th of August, a thick mist enveloped the growing Highland army although after the sun rose, it was soon burnt off, giving way to a clear blue sky. The Prince was abroad early, eager to be on the march. At breakfast, he was joined by the Marquis of Tullibardine, Murray of Broughton, Lochiel and several clan chiefs, with Colonel O’Sullivan and Major MacLachlan in attendance. The Prince greeted his table companions warmly.

“Let us break our fast quickly, gentlemen, for we must move swiftly that we may dance a reel with Mr Cope.”

The Prince took the precaution of sending an strong advance guard to secure the Pass of Corrieyairick. On the night of the 27th of August, he camped at Aberchalder. Before night fell, the Prince was engaged in discussions about the plans for the following day. There was a loud knocking at the door of the cottage he occupied as his headquarters. Major MacLachlan opened it and ushered in Roderick MacDonald, bonnet in hand and out of breath. MacLachlan smiled at the lad.

“Well, Roderick, I see you have found your father’s best bonnet. What news have you for us?”

The young man was unable to speak for a few seconds, not from lack of breath but excitement.

“Sir, you must bring the Prince outside, where he will witness a fine sight!”

MacLachlan went to the doorway and saw a body of men coming over the heather, pibrochs playing. Hundreds of clansmen strode proudly, their heads held high. MacLachlan called to the Prince.

“Your Highness, see what is come to us! ’Tis not only the Stewarts of Appin but the Glengarry MacDonalds in great number! Do they not step fine through the heather?”

The Prince’s eyes shone brightly. Lochiel was at his side, but he said nothing. The Prince broke the silence.

“Good Lochiel, they are coming to us as all true Scotsmen must come. Pray, sir, can you tell their number?”

Lochiel ventured to say that there were at least five hundred. He was almost correct. The chief of the Glengarry MacDonalds had put five hundred in the field, the Appin Stewarts almost two hundred. Murray of Broughton remarked that the army was now more than double its strength before the standard had been raised at Glenfinnan.

“Your Highness, we must now have nigh on two thousand, even if barely half carry broadswords and less carry muskets or flintlocks.”

The Prince would not allow Murray’s gloomy words to dampen his spirits.

“We shall remedy that want in good time, when we fall upon Mr Cope in the Pass of Corrieyairick. We shall march there early upon the morrow. The order of the day shall be that we break camp at three of the clock, that we may gain the Pass ’ere dawn breaks.”

That night, the Prince held a Council of War. He announced that with the Pass secured, he would bring Mr Cope to grief.

“Gentlemen, presently we shall be masters of the Pass. We shall proceed by way of a side road which Major MacLachlan has had scouted for us. That way, we shall avoid the guns of Fort Augustus. Thereafter, we shall occupy the hill of Corrieyairick that we may better observe Mr Cope and determine his strength. It is my plan to place clansmen on both sides of the Pass with a small contingent of five hundred men to bar Mr Cope’s way. These men shall be placed in view that we may draw Mr Cope to them. Then at a given signal, the clansmen concealed upon the slopes of the Pass shall fall upon the main body of the enemy from left and right and in his rear. ’Tis a simple strategy but I am certain it shall bring us victory.

“Now gentlemen, to bed, for we march early. We shall deliver a blow to this Government army that will not only put fear into any reinforcements but also secure muskets, shot, powder, cannon and stores. I shall confront Mr Cope in Highland dress, that of a clan chief. A last word on the matter. When we have defeated Mr Cope, Secretary Murray, our emissary, shall bring him before us. I shall refuse to accept his sword in surrender for who knows, he may decide to join with us.”

At that there was much laughter. Ranald MacDonald of Clanranald, now a constant companion of the Prince, begged permission to say a few words. The Prince nodded.

"Your Highness, I am thinking this general is ill-named Cope for I understand that is an English word of diverse meanings. A cope may be the clothing of a man of religion. It also means to be successful in resolving a problem. I do not think that the General fits the second meaning."

There was more laughter. One or two of the coarser clan chiefs said they would offer their services to General Cope as pall bearers at his funeral. The Prince's face grew grave at this.

"Gentlemen, it is not my wish to suffer harm to Mr Cope's person. For is he not one of my father's subjects? Pray inform your officers that Mr Cope is not to be harmed. And now, gentlemen, to bed, for we rise early."

* * *

Journal of Major John Whittle

Dalwhinnie

26 August 1745

Now we are encamp'd at Dalwhinnie, join'd at Crieff by eight companies of Lascelles Regiment. There is much discomfit in General Cope since he receiv'd the intelligence from Captain Swettenham yesterday. The General is plainlie ill at ease even tho' he is reinforc'd by Lascelles. Captain Swettenham, having given his parole to the imposter Prince which I am of mind to venture is not binding, given that he is common Rebel, is dispatch'd to Edinborough. He is ordered to deliver a message to My Lord Craigie. I myself was present when the General set it down. He has inform'd My Lord Craigie that as he is confronted by numbers superior to his own, he shall not progress to Fort Augustus by way of the Pass of Corrieyairick. At supper this night, General Cope said he shall take the east road to Inverness by way of Newtonmore, thus eschewing an ingagement. Tho' twas not my intention to reveal the trew purpose of the manner by which I join'd him, I did venture to remind him that he his action would be contrarie to his orders, viz. that he must consult with My Lord Craigie before making any decisions. The General became animated at my presumption and bade me keep my own counsel. He did say that My Lord Craigie was far off in Edinborough and knew naught of the danger in which we find ourselves. Further, he said that

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as he had not had the benefit of recruits from the loyal clans, he was now outnumber'd by the Rebels. He conclud'd by saying that he would be derelict in his dutie were he to risk an ingagement that may well come to grief.

I must say that I am in sympathie with the General in his predicament, for 'tis known that the Pass of Corrieyairick is a foul place, suit'd to ambush by the blackguards and thieves that bar our way. But there is mischief in this, for in making the safe way to Inverness, the General leaves Lowland Scotland in peril. I do not know what is in his mind, for he has not thought to enlighten his staff yet as to his further strategie. It may be that he is of a mind to draw the Rebels north in order to save Edinborough. It is also our intelligence that transports are to bring out of the Low Countries an army of our men that are engag'd against the French in Flanders. Were this soe, then the army from the Low Countries would march north and take the Rebels in the rear. Perhaps the field will be at Inverness or near there. I pray that it be soe, that this D.....D rebellion is put down severelie and this venture brought to conclusion. I did venture to say this to General Cope in his quarters after all had left his side. He had not many words to say, save that he wish'd the D.....D business ended.

Postscript

I must take paines to secure this, my journal, for what may come. It may be of comfort to General Cope in defence of his decision to disregard his orders from Edinborough. That is a salve to my conscience, for is it not an ill matter to spie upon a brother officer who is loyal to His Majestie and the Government?

The General, having made his decision, is in haste to gain Inverness, soe upon the morrow, we may make the necessarie preparations for the march north.

And soe to bed.

* * *

The Highland army was on the move by three o'clock on the morning of 28th August. The Prince said he would place himself at Garvamore, there to await the arrival of General Cope. Despite the heavy mist, the Prince was in buoyant mood. He had this to say to Lochiel as the order to march was given:

“Good Lochiel, we shall soon have all of Scotland in our grasp. And then we shall invade England and put the imposter George of Hanover to flight.”

Lochiel said nothing, only nodding, for he was a phlegmatic man, accustomed to disappointment. The Prince, resplendent in full Highland dress and riding boots, sat erect on his horse, watching the army wind its way through the heather. As the morning progressed and the sun rose, the mist gradually began to disperse, leaving a clear sky. Roderick marched not far from the Prince, expecting to be summoned at any moment. In the early light, he saw buzzards circling overhead, then the magnificent sight of a golden eagle. He took this to be a good omen. He recalled seeing eagles on Eriskay, then South Uist. Once, he had seen an eagle take a lamb from his father's small flock. He marvelled at the bird's boldness and power.

As the army reached the Pass, the Prince issued orders for contingents of men to conceal themselves in its rough sides, behind great granite boulders and in the thickets that were scattered profusely over the slopes. As the men slipped into their places of concealment, Murray of Broughton rode up to the Prince and enquired about the nature of the signal to attack.

"Why, sir, what else but the pibroch? And the standard shall be flown from yon eminence."

The Prince pointed to a large outcrop of boulders that could be clearly seen. Murray of Broughton asked who would raise the standard.

"Why, sir, our friend the Marquis of Tullibardine, who raised the flag at Glenfinnan."

"But Your Highness, the Marquis is old and infirm with the gout. He would have to be carried up there. Might I suggest another, young Roderick MacDonald for example?"

The Prince smiled.

"Ah, yes, our good luck charm. So it shall be. Pray bid the lad join us."

Roderick was never far from the Prince's side. The Prince asked how he fared.

"How shall you serve your Prince this day, when we confront the fox, Mr Cope?"

"I shall bear my father's sword in your service, Your Highness."

"I know that you shall. But this day, I would have you bear the Royal Standard, that Mr Cope and our men shall see it plain. See you yonder rock? I would have you raise the standard there when the enemy approaches. You shall raise it at the signal of a single pibroch playing Bonnie Dundee. The standard is worth a thousand men. It shall put heart into our men, not that this is needed. They are spoiling for a fight."

The Prince saw that the young man was morose and asked him the reason.

“For I would bear my father’s sword this day.”

“That will come in time, I promise you. Now, this day, you shall be our rally point. Shall you do this for us?”

The young man said he would be pleased to serve the Prince in whatever manner he saw fit. So that morning, before the hour of nine, Roderick and two clansmen climbed the escarpment and lay hidden in the tumble of rocks on Corrieyairick Hill awaiting their moment.

The Prince made his way to Garvamore, where his tent was pitched. It was a fine dry morning, with a slight breeze. For an hour, nothing stirred save the bees busy in the pink and purple heather. The men hidden in the slopes of the Pass lay silent, waiting for the enemy to appear.

At nine o’clock, a runner sent by MacDonald of Keppoch arrived, bearing unwelcome news. Major MacLachlan led the man into the Prince’s tent. The Prince looked up, smiling. He expected to be told that Cope had been sighted. When he learnt the truth, he seemed to collapse and had to be led to a camp stool. Secretary Murray attempted to revive him with calming words, but the Prince was suffering from shock. At last he found his voice again.

“We are informed that there is nothing to be seen of Mr Cope. Is it possible he is gone by another way, perhaps over the rough ground, to surprise us? Is it possible he intends to come at us from the flanks?”

Major MacLachlan said that would be unlikely as Cope would not abandon his artillery or his baggage train.

“It would be impossible for even light guns to be carried over the heather. Your Highness, I fear Mr Cope has slipped away.”

“But how and to where? We must know of his position. Pray, MacLachlan, bring me our good luck charm, that he may discover where Mr Cope is gone.”

Major MacLachlan reminded the Prince that the young man was far off, on the slopes of the Pass. The Prince lost his temper.

“Sir, pray attend to my order! I am to be obeyed! Do it now!”

At length, Roderick MacDonald was brought before the Prince who had calmed down in the intervening half hour.

“We must have intelligence of Mr Cope this very morning. You shall go to Dalwhinnie, where Mr Cope’s force was encamped but a day past. Proceed across country that you may observe the road from Spean Bridge to Ruthven, lest Mr Cope has gone by that way.”

Major MacLachlan interjected.

“Your Highness, though the lad is exceeding fleet of foot, ’tis rough country and he must travel nigh on a score and five miles. The lad cannot accomplish

this in a single day, nor return to us the same day. The soonest he may return to us is late tomorrow. 'Twould serve us better if you despatch a galloper –'

The Prince lost his temper yet again.

"Sir, do not presume to dictate to me what I must do! A galloper would be easily discovered and taken. Why, for all we know, Mr Cope lies in wait for us were we to venture blind towards him. We must remain here and let him come to us, for this is where I have decided to engage him. You waste our time, sir! Roderick MacDonald must leave immediately."

MacLachlan bowed and left, shaken by the Prince's outburst. Outside, he explained to Roderick what he must do.

"Though I fear you shall fail in this, lad. Now, be off with you, lest the Prince come from his tent and see you still here."

However, the young man did not have to make the gruelling journey across the heather for at that moment, two clansmen were seen running towards the Prince's tent. MacLachlan stopped them and asked the reason for their haste. Out of breath, the younger man pointed behind him. The road was empty, though for a moment, MacLachlan thought that the gesture meant that Cope was not far behind them. At length, the older man spoke.

"We have news for the Prince. The enemy is gone. One of our spies brought word that General Cope has taken the road to Ruthven Barracks, that he may gain Inverness that way. The news was brought by horse but two hours past. We are come from the south end of the Pass, where a party of our men were put to watch the road. Shall ye admit us to the Prince?"

MacLachlan said that would not improve the Prince's mood. MacLachlan was playing for time, suspecting that the men might be Government spies intent on delivering false intelligence. As they wore the oak sprig of the Camerons in their bonnets, he sent Roderick to bring Lochiel to him, that he might identify the two men. Lochiel recognised them immediately and greeted them by name:

"Welcome Alastair Cameron of Achnagarry, welcome Ewan. What news have you?"

When he learnt of Cope's departure, he shook his head. The Prince would be inconsolable. Who would carry the news to him? Lochiel sighed, for he knew it must fall to himself to confront Prince. It was with a heavy heart that he asked Major MacLachlan to accompany him to the Prince's tent. The two men found him pacing up and down and already an open bottle on his table. On seeing Lochiel, he reached for his glass and drained it.

"What news of Mr Cope?"

Lochiel did not dwell on ceremony.

“He is gone, Your Highness.”

“Gone? Gone? Sirrah, where is he gone? Is Mr Cope some spirit that may disappear at will?”

“He is gone by way of Spean Bridge to Ruthven Barracks, that he might avoid an engagement. You have won a bloodless victory.”

This appeal to the Prince’s better nature only made him more angry. He called for Murray of Broughton and the other clan chiefs. The Prince refused to sit, continuing to pace up and down. Murray of Broughton who could usually calm the Prince bade him be seated. He only made matters worse by repeating what Lochiel had said.

“Your Highness, you have won a bloodless victory.”

The Prince erupted, his pent-up frustration coming to the surface.

“How can you speak thus, Murray? A bloodless victory? No shot has been discharged, no sword drawn. Mr Cope has humbugged me, by God! He has escaped intact, with all his men and his weapons and gear that we are sore in want of. How shall I inform my father in Rome of this? MacLachlan, the map if you please. We may yet trap the fox ’ere he gains the safety of Ruthven Barracks.”

Those assembled said that as it was now well into the morning, the enemy had a good head start. Lochiel said this:

“Doubtless, General Cope struck camp yesterday or early this morning. He will be well on his way to Ruthven. We could not come upon him by the road.”

The Prince did not answer at first, turning his back on Lochiel. Then he faced him.

“Then we shall march across country, for we are not encumbered as is Mr Cope, with his guns and his wagons and herd of black cattle. We shall march this very hour.”

Outside, there was commotion. MacLachlan was sent to investigate the reason. What he saw amazed him. About forty men dressed in the Government’s scarlet uniform were crowded before the Prince’s tent. MacLachlan strode towards them, hand on the hilt of his sword.

“How come you here? Who sent you? Are you come among us to parley?”

A sergeant stepped forward and saluted him.

“Sir, I am James Cameron of Lascelles’ Regiment. The men have appointed me to speak for them. We are come to throw ourselves upon the mercy of Prince Charles Edward Stuart for we wear the livery of the Government army

in shame. We are shamed by the conduct of General Cope and wish to be rid of him. Never shall I nor my companions ever don the Hanoverian uniform again."

At that, the man began to unbutton his tunic but MacLachlan ordered him to stop, standing before him and pressing the man's arms to his sides.

"If you are to speak for your comrades, shall you do so in the presence of His Highness, for he would wish to learn of your predicament. We have need of the position of Mr Cope's army. Shall you provide this?"

James Cameron and his companions answered 'Aye!' with almost indecent haste.

"Then Sergeant Cameron, pray accompany me to the Prince's tent."

MacLachlan called Roderick to his side and being near to the deserter, he whispered to the young man.

"We shall have need of the Government uniform presently, I'll warrant. Why lad, you may yet wear it yourself!"

Roderick hissed through clenched teeth.

"Never shall I wear that foul clothing."

"Not willingly perhaps but you may be ordered to wear it in the Prince's service, as a spy."

Roderick whispered that he did not trust James Cameron.

"He is not to my liking and may intend mischief upon the Prince's person."

MacLachlan smiled. The lad was learning quickly about the nature of war.

"Tis fine, lad. When James Cameron made to remove his tunic, I felt in his side pockets for concealed weapons, a dirk or a pistol. He carries none. But we shall have our guards search the others all the same."

Presently, the trio entered the Prince's tent. When James Cameron saw Lochiel, his face was ashen. MacLachlan saluted the Prince and introduced the deserter.

"Your Highness, this man and nigh on forty companions have come to us for they are disgusted by General Cope's cowardice. Shall you address him?"

The Prince remained seated.

"How are you called, sirrah?"

"I am James Cameron of the Clan Cameron, late of Lascelles' Regiment."

The man fell on his knees as Lochiel moved forward. He spoke to Lochiel only.

"Forgive me, my chief, I dishonour your name and those of my kinsmen. My family lately fell upon hard times and I was obliged to volunteer for the Government army. I took the King's shilling with heavy heart but I had no choice."

Lochiel was silent, then he bade the man rise.

“There was indeed a choice, man. You should have come to your chief for succour. For that is what I am here for. No matter, you are restored to your kinsmen by your action this day.”

The man began to weep, tears rolling down his grimy cheeks. The Prince was touched by this and stood up, moved to him and touched his head.

“Pray sir, stand. You shall not be harmed here, nor shall any cause you and your comrades grief in this camp. But now I would know of Mr Cope’s intentions, for we lack sound intelligence of him. Speak, sir, and be restored to your Prince and your Chief!”

Lochiel added his own few words.

“Speak laddie and mind you are in the presence of your rightful Prince. There shall be no dissembling or by God, sir, I shall flog you myself.”

The man bowed.

“Your Highness, I am appointed spokesman for these men. We are come to join if you shall have us serve with you. For early this morning, we were ordered to strike camp and march upon Ruthven though we had been given to believe that we would march upon yourself. General Cope is a coward. He proceeds north to Inverness with his wagons and guns, there to reinforce his command. That is what he said ‘ere the sun was up.”

At that, the man spat on the ground.

“I curse the day I joined him, as do all that are with me. Shall you allow us to offer our services in your cause? We are men of honour and do not readily run from a fight.”

The Prince, now composed, was moved by the words of a man who held no commission. He stepped forward and shook the man’s hand.

“Sir, you are welcome. I shall ensure that you are not molested, for honour requires that you be well treated. If you shall indeed join us, you shall be rewarded.”

At that, he turned to Major MacLachlan.

“Major MacLachlan, see to it that these men are given food and a dram. Each man shall have a guinea from my own purse.”

When James Cameron was led from the tent, he informed his comrades of the Prince’s generosity. The men cheered, throwing their three-cornered hats into the air. The Prince came out to salute them briefly, then he ordered Major MacLachlan to gather the clan chiefs to join him in a Council of War. Most had come to the Prince’s tent within the hour. After informing the gathering of the latest information, he had this to say.

“Gentlemen, I perceive the way of it is this. We must follow Mr Cope, nay precede him upon his way to Inverness, that we may barr it. Were we to march across country, we might yet surprise him and deny his passage there. By so doing, we shall have the arms and munitions and stores we would have gained this very day. There is time yet.”

Lochiel, the most respected of the clan chiefs, sought permission to address the War Council.

“There is merit in what His Highness has said. Though Mr Cope has made a good start, I propose that we despatch five hundred of our best armed men over the short way through the hills to the Pass of Slochmuich, where they should arrive upon the morrow. There they might amuse Mr Cope for a time until our main force shall fall upon his rear by way of the road to Ruthven.

Your Highness, does this meet with your approval?”

The Prince made his views known without hesitation:

“Good Lochiel, how far is this short way to Slochmuich?”

“Some score and five miles.”

“Ah, 'tis far. Our men have marched many miles since early morning and they are fatigued. Further, it is my opinion that five hundred men, though well armed, will not contain Mr Cope. Had My Lord Lovat joined us by now, Mr Cope's passage to Inverness would have been barred by Lovat's Frasers and the MacKintosh clan at Slochmuich. Gentlemen, it is my sad duty to inform you that My Lord Lovat delays, for what reason I know not.”

There was some whispering at that, then MacDonald of Keppoch begged leave to speak.

“Your Highness, forgive me but I do not trust Lovat. I fear he is wooing both your illustrious self and the Government. I regret to say this, but that it what I believe. Why has he not come to us?”

This admission brought silence, for many shared Keppoch's view. The embarrassing situation was brought to an end by a diversion. One of the clan chiefs suggested that a party of men might capture Ruthven Barracks.

“For the taking of it would not only rid this part of the country of Government troops but also provide our army with the oatmeal that is held in great store there. By this venture, we could feed our men.”

At first, the Prince was attracted by the suggestion, then turned against it.

“Gentlemen, the taking of Ruthven would indeed give us bread and meal which we cannot gain from the north, for the guns of Fort Augustus would dispute the carrying of it. Yet we lack the cannon that are required to breach the gate of Ruthven, nor do we possess the ladders to scale its walls. I fear the

venture shall prove costly in terms of men without guarantee of success. For is it not so that a fortress fashioned of stout walls with a few men armed with good muskets may withstand the onslaught of hundreds? Gentlemen, the hour is late. Shall we retire and think upon the matter?"

All that day, the Prince had conferred with individual chiefs, sounding their opinion. By nightfall, he had decided against the raid on Ruthven. Before retiring, he called Major MacLachlan to his side. They stepped outside to look at the heavens, for it was a fine night. The sky was filled with myriads of clear, bright stars, necklaces of diamonds strung out as if on a woman's bosom. MacLachlan made a comment on the celestial display.

"For I recall a fine ball in my father's house at Strathlachan some years past when I was coming to manhood. The ladies that were presented to my father wore jewels that shone like these very stars."

The Prince turned on him, not a little irritated.

"Pray sir, do not speak to me of diamonds, for I am ashamed that I bade my father to pawn my mother's jewels that I might finance this venture, though I concealed the truth from him. So you see good MacLachlan, I must succeed. For 'ere I quitted France, I wrote to my father that the stroke was struck and that I had taken firm resolution to conquer or to die, and stand my ground as long as I shall have a man remaining with me. But I hesitated to inform him that my reason for seeking money for our family jewels was to finance this venture. Of that I am ashamed, for my father believed that the money was provided by the King of France."

In the morning, the Prince had regained his composure. It was the 29th day of August and the finest morning the Prince had known since landing at Eriskay. Larks sang as they rose in their spiralling flight from the pink and purple heather, now in full bloom. Thistles grew in profusion by the roadside which was also brightened by the yellow of lady's slipper and broom. The day was hot but pleasant. Many of the clansmen had brought their wives and children with them and that day the womenfolk spent their time washing clothes in the river Garry and beating them on the rocks to get them clean. Roderick MacDonald was pleased to don his shirt that afternoon, handing it to a young woman who smiled sweetly to him, saying he was too young to be far from his mother who would wish him to wear clean linen. Roderick thought the sight sad, for among the clansmen's families were children as young as eight years and old men above seventy.

The Prince remained confident that he would attack Cope. That bright, hot morning, he was dressed in Highland clothes and felt comfortable in the attire.

As he said to Murray of Broughton:

“Tis but right and fitting that I meet with Mr Cope in the finest clothes I possess.”

That same morning, after a brief conference, the majority of the clan chiefs voted for the attack on Ruthven. Against his better judgement and perhaps by way of appeasing the chiefs for the loss of booty that might have been gained in the confrontation with Cope, the Prince reluctantly ordered Colonel O’Sullivan, MacDonald of Glengarry and Lochiel’s brother, Dr Archibald Cameron to gather to them sixty Camerons. O’Sullivan agreed to do as he was ordered though he informed the Prince that the attack would proceed against his own better judgement. Before the raiding party departed, the Prince asked O’Sullivan to outline his plan of attack.

“Your Highness, I shall advance upon the barracks under cover of darkness. We shall take possession of the stables that lie but a few yards from the Barrack. Then we shall set fire to the back door or sally port, that we may gain our entry. All the while, our men shall keep up a steady masking fire upon the front, where the main garrison shall be positioned. I am assured of this by James Cameron, one of those lately deserted from the Government army. He has agreed to lead a dozen of his fellow deserters, dressed in Government livery, to approach the fort. Upon doing so, he shall address the garrison, saying that General Cope has despatched him to reinforce the fort. When this Cameron is admitted, we shall fall upon the defenders, put them to the sword and gain the stores. Or so it has been put to me.”

The Prince saw that O’Sullivan was lukewarm in his enthusiasm for the decision but he could not break his word with the clan chiefs. That evening, at supper, the talk was again turned to the barring of Cope’s way to Inverness. The Prince ventured to say that the army might contest Cope’s way at Newtonmore, Kingussie or Aviemore. Lochiel did not support this move.

“Your Highness, I beg to differ. We would need to march over the Monadhliath mountains, a difficult way of passage. But pray do not accept my humble advice until you have spoken with the clan chiefs.”

The Prince called for drams of whisky to be served to the Council. Roderick MacDonald refused the glass that was offered to him, for he had not yet tasted the fiery liquid of his country. The Prince was growing accustomed to the golden wonders, as he termed the drams brought to him by servants. That night, he raised a full glass.

“Gentlemen, let us toast Mr Cope in tribute to his common sense. He has seen fit to avoid contact with us by proceeding into the north. I pray

that all our enemies shall follow his example and prove of equal accommodation!"

Lochiel was pleased to see that the Prince had overcome his disappointment at last, though some of the clan chiefs called 'shame!' and some damned the cowardly Englishman. The Prince called for silence.

"Gentlemen, let us consider this disappointment as one which is to our advantage. We shall regard this failure to engage as a moral victory. The enemy could not have furnished us with clearer proof of his pusillanimity and disgraceful conduct. In short, Mr Cope is afraid of us and so has scurried off with his tail between his legs. We shall look upon this action, or to be precise, the lack of it, as a promise of our continued and future success."

The War Council vigorously applauded the Prince's words. He raised his hand for silence again.

"Mr Cope durst not venture to stand though his force is greater than our own and he has weapons in abundance. As Colonel O'Sullivan has reported, more than half our men do not possess a musket and many are in want of broadsword and targe."

Before he departed for Ruthven, Colonel O'Sullivan had addressed the Council.

"Your Highness, it is a great pity that we are denied General Cope's bounty of weapons, cannon, wagons, baggage and horses. For I am certain we would have destroyed him. We must accept what has come to pass. By now, the enemy will have gained Ruthven Barracks and will be reinforced by the garrison there."

MacDonald of Keppoch was on his feet, not waiting for permission to speak.

"Cope is a damned rascal that runs away at the first prospect of engagement. What else can you expect from a Whig? He should be damned for it, aye and branded coward into the bargain!"

These words brought a roar of agreement and many beat their fists on the table. As the commotion died down, one voice called for O'Sullivan's resignation for the loss of the stores and weapons he had buried at Loch Eil and were retrieved by the Fort William garrison. The Prince would brook no criticism of O'Sullivan.

"I cannot fault the man, for how else could he secure the stores without a guard? Our brave clansmen are not packhorses to bear loads, they are fighting men. I do not hold Colonel O'Sullivan in contempt for his actions. Surely he will make good the losses in time coming. Besides, he is our most trusted and loyal friend and he is not present to defend his actions."

At that, there was silence, then Lochiel spoke.

“Let us hope this night, Colonel O’Sullivan is blessed with success.”

Then he turned to the Prince at his side to inform him that he had sent one hundred and fifty of his men home as they were poorly armed.

“Your Highness, I regret this matter but the men are needed for the harvest. Not one possessed musket, sword, targe, dirk, no nor even a pitchfork. They shall be better employed in bringing in the oats and the corn, not only to feed their families but also to despatch the meal to us. I regret this action but the men shall return to us when we have weapons for them.”

It had been a long day and the Prince was fuddled from the several drams he had consumed during the evening. He was helped to bed by Major MacLachlan and fell asleep immediately.

The Highland army was mustered early the following day. At breakfast, Colonel O’Sullivan reported to the Prince’s tent to inform him of the events at Ruthven. The attack had been an abject failure, despite the fact that the Barracks contained less than two dozen soldiers and a sergeant.

“I regret to inform Your Highness that our venture was not blessed with success. We did attempt to set afire the barracks gate with a barrel of combustibles but two of our men were killed and three suffered wounds. The garrison all the while kept up a hot, masking fire and so we were obliged to retreat ’ere dawn rose.”

As the Prince had not considered the raid worth the trouble, he was generous in his words to O’Sullivan.

“Pray do not vex yourself, Colonel O’Sullivan. I am glad that you yourself came to no harm. Shall you partake of some porridge, for you have not eaten since yesterday.”

The army marched through Dalwhinnie and Dalnacardoch, the latter about six miles from Blair Castle. At Dalnacardoch on the 1st of September, the Prince was pleased to see his men feed on wheaten bread, for they had eaten little but oatmeal since Glenfinnan. Now they feasted on a herd of black cattle, slaughtered and roasted by the roadside, with the added luxury of salt. During his brief stay at Dalnacardoch, the Prince was glad to be joined by Colonel Roy Stuart who had come from France by way of Holland on a Scottish merchantman, trading with the Staple of Veere in that country. Stuart did not remain long with the Prince, being despatched the following morning with letters to Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat, urging him to raise Clan Fraser. The Prince also wrote a letter for Roderick MacDonald to carry to Blair Castle, where the Duke of Atholl was known to be in residence. Roderick delivered

The Pass of Corrieyairick

the letter but was dismissed by one of Atholl's servants who said there would be no reply. When the army reached Blair on the 2nd of September, James Murray, the Duke, rightful holder of the title, had fled for fear of being tainted with the Jacobite brush, leaving the castle to his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine, whom the Prince dubbed the Jacobite Duke of Atholl, though he had been attainted for his part in the rebellion of 1715. The Prince would later confer upon Tullibardine the title Duke of Rannoch for his services. Old Tullibardine was warmly greeted by his tenants; he had not visited his ancestral home for thirty years, having remained in exile in France since the Rising of 1715.

The Prince rested at Blair Castle for two nights. It was there that he enjoyed the novelty of tasting his first pineapple, grown in the Castle's very own hothouses. He also joined in the dancing and general entertainment laid on by old Tullibardine, whose decrepit frame prevented him from joining in the merriment, though not the rounds of drams and brandies that were passed round the table. It was at Blair Castle that the Prince learnt that several clansmen had deserted. Their chiefs were sent to look for them and they were brought back, the chiefs saving face by informing the Prince that their men had left in ill humour on account of the Prince's decision not to pursue Cope in the north.

From Blair Castle, the Highland army wound its way to Dunkeld where the Prince received word that General Cope had arrived in Inverness on the 29th of August.

* * *

Journal of Major John Whittle

*Daviot,
27 August 1745*

This morning, we broke camp at Daviot, with two or three dayes' march ahead of us 'ere we gain Inverness, which is about fifty miles distant. Tho' I must saye that General Cope's command exceeds that of the Rebel army for I put no trust in the accompt given by Captain Swettenham, a man I consider weak and one who would preserve his own skin rather than raise sword. I am dismay'd that the General has seen fit to disregard his orders that came out of Whitehall by way of Edinborough. Be that as it may, and upon the advice of his War Council, he has embark'd upon this route to Inverness, for

he inform'd them that this course of action is agreed by My Lord Craigie in Edinborough, tho' I have not witness'd a report of it.

I must saye that I despair of those sett over General Cope in Edinborough, for they are not skill'd in the matter of warfare. 'Twas given me to believe by my Confidante in Whitehall that General Cope must not divert from his orders, viz, that he is to ingage the Rebels upon the first opportunitie and destroy them 'ere they may quitt Scotland.

At supper last night, General Cope did argue stronglie the reason he had abandoned his march upon Fort Augustus. He inform'd all that the Pass of Corrieyairick was a-swarm with Jacobites in the same manner that their beds are infested by fleas. A junior officer made so bold as to make jest this morning, being young and preoccupied with foolish thoughts. He said the Highland inns are plagu'd with the vermin called the Jac. As I am not a student of insects, I sought his meaning, to which the cheeky fellow replied thus:

"Why, sir, the Jac burrows deep by stealth soe that you may not discover him until the candle is snuff'd out whereupon he rises against you and bites. Thus you have the reason why they are known as Jac o' Bites!"

His brother officers were amus'd by this, tho' some wiser counsel said the fellow should have his ears box'd for his impudence. Others propos'd that he be elevat'd to a higher rank for his ingenuitie, though I was not among them.

Whatever the wisdom of General Cope's decision, we are to proceed to Inverness, where it would seem he wishes to draw the Rebels north in expectation of a relief army from the south, thus we would thereby take the Rebels in the front and the rear, thus making an end to this impudent Rebellion.

We did partake of a fine repast this evening, but I am of indifferent appetite for my digestion is troubled by events of late. It is even said that some of our men desert'd and have gone over to the Rebels which is ill newes indeed. I fear the General does not possess adequate wit to understand the graveness of his actions. He is not in command of his own sense let alone an intire armie.

I go to bed troubl'd tho' I know that upon gaining Inverness, we shall have the protection of the castle guns there and further, we shall be reinforc'd. Is it my fancie that our men doe march at a brisker pace now than we did when we left Edinborough? This also distresses me.

* * *

At Dunkeld, the Prince rested a day, taking the air beside the river Tay and accompanied by Lochiel and a small guard. That day, he wore a plain white coat, a laced hat with a green ribbon and the star of St Andrew on his breast. As they walked through the pleasant woods, the Prince was in good spirits and spent the hour talking with Lochiel who was also relaxed. Lochiel ventured to say that when the Prince gained Edinburgh, all Scotland would be at his feet, though many of its citizens did not embrace the cause:

“They indulge in merry-making and the dance, both frowned upon by the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland. Why, sir, I was in Edinburgh but lately, there to attend a meeting of estate lairds, a heavy business that lasted two days and barely left me time to walk the streets and enjoy the sights. For I had promised my wife that I would bring her a fine bonnet. Upon the Sunday, I attended worship in St Giles cathedral, where I met with a minister who had come from the north with his laird, that he might save the young man from falling in with evil company.

“The laird in question had disgraced himself the night before. Being young, he sought some diversion and did attend an inn called The Tappit Hen, off the High Street, where there was much music and dancing. The minister had followed him there and confronted him, rebuking him for incontinent behaviour at the dancing. I shall not forget the young man’s words easily.

“He said, “Tis all very well for you, minister, but then you are lame and cannot join in a jig. But I am able and what is more, if I so choose, I shall jig until the dawn break!” He would not have dared say that in his own parish for the word would have been put out among his tenants. But being in Edinburgh and far from home, he could indulge himself. This is what comes to pass when a young man is set free from the constraints of his parish and the Kirk elders that control the parishioners.”

The Prince smiled at this tale and said there would not be time for merriment in the coming days, for he was intent upon gaining Perth. To that end, on the 4th of September, he despatched Lochiel and his regiment to enter the city while he rested at Nairne House and dined with Lord Nairne, cousin to Tullibardine and James Murray the rightful Duke of Atholl. Lochiel entered the Fair City on 5th September, the Prince arriving at 7 o’clock in the evening, seated on a borrowed horse and dressed in a suit trimmed with lace and gold braid. The people did not cheer as they had in the Highlands, for as Lochiel put it:

“The townspeople, I fear, are not well disposed to the House of Stuart.”

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The White Rose and the Thorn Tree

Journal of Major John Whittle

Inverness,
2 September 1745

Now we are come to this fair towne, one of the ancient Royal Boroughs of Scotland. Jointlie, Inverness, with Nairn, Forres and Channerie, sends a member to the Parliament in London. The towne has a Governor who is aided by a Corporation that consist of a Provost and four Bailies or magistrates whose duties are of the like of our Mayor and Aldermen. There is also a Dean of Guild who presides over matters of trade, commerce and building. There are diverse other borough officers such as the Town Clerk, as is the custome in other corporate towns in this countrie. There is also a Collector of Customes and Taxes. What is strange to me is tho' the towne is generallie esteem'd to be the capital of the Highlands, the natives do not answer to the name of Highlander not soe much on account of their low status but for the fact that they speak not the Irish or Gaelic tongue but the English, tho' there is an Irish, or Gaelic, church.

I have noted that General Cope is much reliev'd to be in this towne which affords protection from its castle and many cannon. At dinner last night, the General was in good spirit, a fact that his staff officers made particular note. These officers are Colonels Murray, Lees, Lascelles, Guise and Lieutenant-Colonel Sir John Whitefoord, in command of the artillerie. In attendance was Captain Rogers, the Commissary Officer and myself.

The Castle of Inverness that sits above the towne has latelie been restor'd after years of neglect. The towne is laid out in four streets of which three are centred upon the market cross. There is a fine bridge over the broad River Ness, from whence the towne is nam'd, Inver being Scotch for mouth thus Inver-ness. This bridge contains seven arches. Its repair is effect'd by the levie of a charge upon all who use it to cross over the river. A bodle is charg'd, this being one-sixth parte of a pennie, that is for those that cross on foote. Those who lead horses bearing loads are charg'd one full pennie and there are diverse charges for so many head of cattle, so many sheep and so forth. Cartes are charg'd one whole pennie.

Here, as elsewhere in this countrie, the women tuck their cloathes up to their breech when they attend to the washing of linen. The lines is placed in a tub fill'd with water and the women climb in and stamp their feet upon the foul linen. I have also seen women burthen'd with heavie loads wade into the river, the waters up to their breech, they being unable to afforde a

single bodle to cross over by the bridge. They say that in winter, these poor wretches suffer cold enough that their legs are turn'd blue.

There is a countie gaol or Tolbooth, which to my mind is in poor repair and that on this account, those that are cast into it for some mischief often escape out of it. Mayhap this is deliberate or even plann'd, for if an offender is, say, of a certain clan and the presiding Magistrate is also of the clan, he will not let a kinsman suffer imprisonment. He lays blame upon the insecure gaol to salve his conscience. Such is the waye justice is meted out in this parte of Scotland.

The Towne Hall is a plain building of coarse rubble containing not above two chambers where the Provost and Magistrates meet to attend upon the town'e business. There they enact byelaws and levie fines upon those who fail to observe them. The main room or chamber is sparsely furnish'd with but a table and some chairs. The whole is immoderatlie dirtie with soot and dust.

At least the towne is possess'd of a tolerable Coffee House, tho' it is poorly appointed with ancient chairs and unsteadie tables. Its peat fire does not offer much by way of comfort for it is usuallie low and gives little warmth save to those fortunate to be seated nearbye it.

There are two churches, one for those that worship in the English tongue and one for those of the Irish tongue. Many there are Papist. I attend'd the English Church upon the first day of September which was but yesterday. Before divine service, I chanc'd to hear an English ladie, the wife of a certain officer in the Castle Garrison complain of the dirtie state of the pews. She did say that not onlie was the pew she would sit upon dirtie and would soil her petticoats but there were also fleas. She said she would return upon the following Sunday but onlie if she were allow'd to line the pew with cloth and have her servant administer salt to remove the fleas before it was lin'd. The Minister's wife was sorely disturb'd, even affront'd by this, soe much soe that she said this.

"Troth! To line the pew with cloth shall cause my husband the minister great offence for that is thought to be a rank, popish practice for sure!"

At last, our soldiers have renewed acquaintance with soft, white bread after some weeks of hard biscuit. Our Quartermaster-General was charg'd with arranging provision of the bread, which the local bakers, or baxters as they are call'd, were prevail'd upon to supply. These gentlemen did drive a hard bargain as to the price and the Quartermaster confess'd to me that everie one of the baxters had not a good word to say about his fellow

tradesmen. One would say he would bake bread at such and such a price per loaf, another would cut the price that he might gain the contract. In those dealings, our Quatermaster did exclaim this loudlie:

“Every baxter in Inverness tells me the others are rogues. Why, sir, I believe them all!”

My lodgings are not clean tho’ better than those I encounter’d in the Lowlands at Oldcambus some weeks past. When I made complaint of this to my landladie, she did mock me thus:

“Aye, sir, your countrie women are great enemies of the stour (this being the Scotch word for dust)! ”

To which I made soe bold as to reply that the dust did not onlie spoil the furnishings but the cloathes as well. All she said was:

“Fie! And when did dust ever bring harm to any body!”

At meat, I learnt that in Scotland, all Englishmen are called Pork Puddings, this meaning that all my countrie men are gluttons. We did not eat well for meat and mutton does not appear upon the table until Martinmas, when it is slaughter’d and salt’d. At least in this month, there is plentiful game to be got as well as hares a-plenty, tho’ I must confess the meat is strong and not to my liking or palate.

They say here that since the Treatie of Union, the English have made extravagant prices for the mutton and beef bred in the countrie. I must confess that what little is to be had is fit onlie for soup which they call broth.

At least we are consol’d by the low prices charg’d in the inns and taverns. In most inns, claret is to be met with in everie towne and village in the countrie, be it Lowlands or Highlands. At first, twas sixteen pennies a bottle but since the arrival of our armie, it is rais’d to two shillings a bottle. Brandy is to be had at three or four shillings the bottle. The Scotch say this is on account of the Union with England but I am not certain of it. There are doubtless rascallie innkeepers who will profit from the soldiers that are come to this towne.

It may be of interest that a consequence of the Union is that Scotch beggars, which are numerous in the towne, say that before the Union, a beggar would ne’er be soe bold or impudent to ask for more than a bodle which as I wrote earlier is a sixth parte of a pennie. Now they seek – nay demand – a bawbee which is their word for a halfpennie. When asked as to how they will spend it, most answer they will purchase drink or snuff.

When I was in Edinborough, it was common to witness a townsman to

offer a beggar a halfpennie and demand change of a plack or two boddles by way of change. This I found an abomination.

In my rooms, I was surpris'd to overhear an argument betwixt my landladie and her neighbour, a woman of slatternlie appearance. The woman had lent a pewter pudding pan to my landladie who after the use of it, had order'd her servant maid clean the pan, which I must say is to her credit. The woman upon coming to claim her pot found the servant a-scouring of it. She was most disturb'd by this. She said she had possess'd the pot nigh on fourteen years and in all that time she had no need of the scouring of it. She cried out that by the scouring, 'twould be wore out! She took the pan from the wench and swore she would ne'er again let it out of her house!

I cannot fathom this behaviour, nor can I comprehend why it is that in some houses, the mistress is heard to say that a clean house is a sure sign of poor housekeeping. They say that when a family quit a dwelling and leave it clean, the next occupant shall ne'er prosper. I cannot follow this logick other than to venture that it may signify that a foul and dirtie kitchen is a sign of a plentiful table.

Our men, those that are English, are fond of the local ale, especiallie that which they call twopennie ale in these partes. For that is what a pint of ale costs but by a pint, I advert to a Scotch pint which is equal to two quarts or four of our pints in England. An English soldier in Lees' Regiment was heard to say this to a Scotch sergeant on his first coming into Scotland:

"Ye sorrie dog. Your Scotch shilling is but a pennie in my countrie!"

To which his drinking companion replied:

"Aye, that is soe but a Scottish pint is two quarts fower (meaning four) times your sorrie English pint!"

But now to matters of greater import. At a meeting of staff officers, our General sought the opinions of his four Colonels as to the Rebels' intentions. He express'd the hope that the imposter Prince would follow us to Inverness where we would ingage him, fortified by the Castle cannon and the local volunteer levies. Some were of the opinion that the Rebels would not care to come North to face the heavie cannon here. Also, word has come to us out of Edinborough that the troops in service in the Low Countries are to be despatch'd with all haste by sea, landing at Newcastle and thence to Edinborough soe that the Rebels will needs must contend with two armies. The General said that way, they would be crush'd as beetles betwixt two stones. He has no intelligence of the Rebels' position but I ventur'd the

opinion that the Rebels may now be marching into the Lowlands, intent upon the taking of Edinborough. The General agreed that this was probablie soe and he was at paines to inform us that he would despatch Captain Rogers to Leith, to arrange a fleet of transports to carrie the armie there that the chief towne in Scotland may not fall into the Rebels' hands. Further, the General announçd that he intend'd to strike camp upon the fourth day of this month and march upon Aberdeen where he would embark the armie upon the transports out of Leith.

Upon learning this, one of the officers – I think it was Colonel Lees – sought answer to a question.

"Pray, Sir, forgive me but if the rebels are indeed intent upon the taking of Edinborough, they will surelie denie Leith to us. Why, Sir, it may be necessarie for us to sail upon Berwick or even Newcastle, that we may join with the force that is promis'd out of the Low Countries."

The General ponder'd upon this for a few moments, then he said that might not be necessarie for there is a tolerable harbour at Dunbarre, which is but thirty miles from the city of Edinborough. Then the General order'd me to proceed to Aberdeen that I might secure a passage to Leith or to Dunbarre. He said my destination would be determin'd by the position of the Rebel armie. He ended the Council of War by inviting me to remain behind that he might further explain his strategie.

I compliment'd the General upon his strategie whereupon he offer'd me a glass of claret. I wrote down his very words so that I would have a record of my orders, tho' not in his presence for he would have frown'd upon that in case I am taken by the Rebels. This is what he said to me.

"Major Whittle, it is my command that you ride with all haste tomorrow to Aberdeen, where you shall hire a swift brig or barque in Aberdeen that will carrie you to Leith or Dunbarre. Here is a purse of guineas for the purchase of your passage. Be sure you say nothing of your purpose but bid the captain call at Dundee, then at a likely port in Fife, that you may learn of the Enemie's movements. I have intelligence that a friendlie ship is to put into Dundee with weapons and provisions but I have no intelligence of when it shall dock. You may care to transfer to it if it is bound for the Firthe of Forthe, tho' that is for your discretion. I have a mind that a brig is swifter than a heavie laden ship.

Speed is of the essence for I would be in Leith by the sixteenth day of this month, perhaps sooner. That may not be possible if the winds are contrarie. I pray you ingage your judgement in this matter for our intelligence is confus'd

and even contradictorie. God speed, Major. I must have clear intelligence upon the Rebel armie and where it is bound."

At that, he toast'd me and bade me goodnight. I am to take horse earlie upon the morrow for Aberdeen, soe I repair'd immediatlie to bed.

* * *

When the Prince entered Perth upon the evening of the 5th of September, he had but a single guinea in his purse. It would be necessary to demand the public money in the hands of the magistrates. They had fled to Edinburgh and those that remained of the administration had no choice but to accede to the Jacobite demands and handed over their funds which amounted to £500. Murray of Broughton ventured to say that the city of Perth was lacking in proper respect for their lawful Prince. He reminded the Prince of the poor attendance at the Mercat Cross, when the proclamation was made announcing James, his father, rightful king and the Prince his regent in Scotland. The Prince had to admit that Murray was correct.

"I did observe the same and that when the herald asked the townspeople to join us, none broke rank to sign the paper. Further, I have but a single guinea in my purse. How shall I feed our men?"

"Your Highness shall benefit from the revenues of this town, aye and from Dundee, Montrose, Arbroath and the other towns in the district. The least we may expect is five hundred pounds from each town. In a few days, our war chest shall contain a sum in the region of three thousand pounds, perhaps more."

The Prince was troubled by that, for he was reluctant to levy taxes on the people. He said he had no wish to blight the Cause by extracting more than the towns could provide. Lochiel, followed later by Murray of Broughton, went to Dundee to see what could be taken from the public cess or local tax and excise funds. It was also thought that a Government vessel bearing arms and money had docked there although by the time Lochiel arrived, the ship had put out to sea. The Prince borrowed heavily from the friends who visited him during his week-long stay in Perth, assuring those gentlemen that the loans would be repaid with interest when his father was in full possession of his three kingdoms. The Duke of Perth was good for a few hundred pounds.

Murray of Broughton did not hesitate to remind the Prince that to seek contributions from the townspeople was justified and argued his case skilfully.

"Your Highness, by his precipitate flight, General Cope has left all of

Scotland's royal burghs, towns and villages without defence. We shall issue proclamations inviting the townspeople to donate to our cause, stressing that the gold will go to our defense of their property and communities."

The Prince would not be swayed by his argument.

"We cannot mulct towns and villages for the purpose of defense. Defense from what threat and from whom? The people consider they are not threatened by any but ourselves. Were we not in their midst, they would feel secure. We cannot expect them to part with their hard-earned gold upon such a pretence. It stinks of blackmail and the suggestion is unworthy."

"Your Highness, the Government army in Scotland expects to be paid for its defense of towns such as Perth and Dundee. Of course, they do not demand money in so many words but they expect that the troops be billeted and fed out of the people's pockets and purses."

"Secretary Murray, you are persuasive in your plea. I do not object to the posting of requests inviting – pray use the word in framing the document – the people to support our cause in what means are available to them and which they can spare without loss to their families."

And that was an end to the matter.

5

Perth – The Fair City

The Prince had entered Perth dressed in tartan with red velvet breeches and wearing a blue velvet bonnet trimmed with gold lace. But he had hardly a penny to his name.

The first order he issued was to despatch his captains to discover the whereabouts of the magistrates. As he was discussing with Murray of Broughton the distinct lack of funds in the war chest, a man in the service of Lord Nairne arrived with a message.

“Your Highness, my master presents his compliments and respectfully requests your company at dinner this evening.”

The Prince turned to Murray.

“At least I shall not go to bed supperless this night. Pray bid Major MacLachlan and Roderick MacDonald attend upon me, for I may have need of both ‘ere the night be over. I shall wish you to join me as well as Sir Thomas Sheridan, Sir John MacDonald and Colonel O’Sullivan.”

On that occasion, Lochiel was absent, having been sent to Dundee to exact a bounty from the town fathers.

After a splendid supper of venison, grouse and sweetmeats at Strathord House, Lord Nairne’s stately home, Nairne bade his favourite piper play for his guests. Afterwards, the Prince showed his gratitude by handing the man his last guinea.

“My Lord Nairne, your piper’s skill is exceeded only by the generosity and excellence of your table. We are indebted to you for your kind hospitality.”

After the entertainment was over, the Prince called for a Council meeting. However, the Prince, always mindful of protocol, invited Lord Nairne to address those present.

“Your Royal Highness and esteemed gentlemen, ‘tis clear to my understanding that the taking of Edinburgh is the key to opening the door that will admit our success. Thereby, the entire realm of Scotland will be ours.

It is my understanding that we have in our grasp the west of the country and now we are about to enter the Lowlands. There is no force to bar our way. The Prince is master of Perth and of Dundee. Stirling will follow, then with the help of God, Edinburgh shall be ours. Your Highness, is word come to us of conditions in Edinburgh?"

The Prince invited Major MacLachlan to address the assembled company.

"Thank you, Your Highness. Word from our spies is that Edinburgh is in a parlous state. It is in disarray and turmoil, though I must impress caution upon you for the reports we receive are confused. When we return to Perth on the morrow and the rest of the army has arrived, I shall despatch reliable men to the City that they may learn the truth of the matter."

As he said the last words, MacLachlan nodded to Roderick MacDonald. Then the Prince spoke.

"Now My Lord Nairne and all here assembled, I bid you goodnight, for tomorrow we expect to receive those already pledged to join us."

The following morning, the Prince awoke refreshed yet lay late until summoned to break his fast. Lord Nairne greeted him, his look troubled. Nairne was profuse in his apologies for the poor fare set upon the table.

"Your Highness, forgive me but my household was overwhelmed last night and the servants partook of strong drink. 'Tis not for want of provisions but the dereliction of those in my service. Lady Nairne is below stairs scolding the blackguards, some of whom have departed from my service this very morning. Perhaps in their midst were those not sympathetic to our cause."

The Prince took pains to reassure Lord Nairne that he bore him no ill will.

"Pray do not trouble your good self, My Lord. Those in your service who have deserted are not worth your chagrin. You are the better off by their departure."

At that, the dining room door opened and Lady Nairne entered, her cheeks red, hair in disarray. She bore a tray with fresh tea and bannocks. The Prince, gracious as ever, stood up and with his own hands relieved her of the tray. Then, taking her hands in his own, he kissed them.

"My dear lady, do not fret. For you and your husband have poured upon me an effusion of kindness. The breakfast is gratefully received, I assure you. But now I must take my leave for there is much to be done in Perth. Pray forgive my haste, but I must adjourn there to meet those who have promised to present themselves to me. You understand my meaning? I pray I shall meet with you again, in gentler times, but now I have need of private words with your husband."

Lady Nairne curtsied and said this:

“Your Royal Highness, the door of Strathord House shall always be open to you. May you be blessed with success in the days that are to come.”

The Prince made a low and sweeping bow to her, for he thought her a fine and gracious lady. As soon as she had shut the door, the Prince had these words to say to Lord Nairne:

“Your Grace, I must away. I shall rest in Perth for a few days so you may come to me there with any news. I intend to march upon Edinburgh and that will bring General Cope to us. There is no doubt that in Perth, there are Government spies engaged in their traitorous business. It will confound them if our army remains here for a week or eight days, for they will not know what we are about. That is to our advantage and may bring General Cope to us, for though he is in Inverness, he could land at Dundee and menace us in Perth. My concern is that Mr Cope will have called for reinforcement from Flanders and another army may be brought to these shores to attack us from the rear, coming out of Newcastle or Berwick. Even if we take Edinburgh, we shall have Cope at our back and a fresh army to our front. We must not suffer this to come to pass. It is vital that we march upon Edinburgh within the week.”

Lord Nairne was filled with admiration for the Prince. He bowed to him that morning of pale lemon sunshine and accompanied him to his horse and the retinue that attended him. As the party turned their horses to Perth, Nairne strode by their side.

“I shall presently join you in Perth, Your Highness. Rumour is come to me that there you shall be joined by My Lord Ogilvy, Oliphant of Gask, Robert Mercer of Aldie and Maxwell of Kirconnell. I wish that to be so, though ‘tis but rumoured. But I know for a certainty that you are joined by His Grace the Duke of Perth and that he awaits you.”

As the Prince sat on his horse, he was silent. He looked forward to meeting with John Drummond, Duke of Perth, a noble whose title was recognised by the Hanoverian Government. The Prince recalled that John Drummond had spent the first twenty years of his life being educated at the Scots College in Paris, so he was more a Frenchman than a Scot. Now he was thirty four. By all accounts, he was an affable man, tall, slender with a fine complexion. Old Tullibardine, now the titular Duke of Atholl, had described him to the Prince.

“He is of fair complexion but he does not enjoy a strong constitution. He returned to Scotland some fifteen years past. He is a man who to my surprise embraces tasks that are well below his station. I commend him to you My Prince for he is always generous to those of his loyal supporters and in this

present rising will always put his hand in his pocket to aid those in need. I regret he is a Roman Catholic, but no finer man could fill the brogues of John Drummond, Duke of Perth. He has been spoken of as a man brave even unto imprudence, a perfectly upright man who is endowed with a great deal of sweetness of character and who meddles not in matters that he cannot comprehend."

As the Prince rode to Perth, not putting spur to his horse, he nodded off, lost in a dream of what might lie ahead. He was in no hurry to reach Perth, for the day was fine, with soft cotton clouds floating above, the air heavy with the scent of heather, the roadside thick with brave thistles that waved their purple heads in the slight breeze. He was asleep in the saddle for a few moments until wakened by hoarse calls from his attendants. He opened his eyes and saw a lithe, lean figure, diminutive but growing larger by the moment, racing towards him. He shaded his eyes from the sun the better to discern the shimmering figure that ran towards him. Then he smiled and said this to Major MacLachlan riding at his side:

"Why, MacLachlan, 'tis our good luck charm, Roderick MacDonald return to us from Perth. Let us learn what intelligence he bears."

Roderick was as usual out of breath and required a few moments to compose himself before he could address the Prince.

"Your Highness, I have come to inform you that your presence is requested at the Perth Tolbooth, where several guests await. They have come to join us. I cannot recall the names but there is one who is the brother to His Grace the Marquis of Tullibardine, by name Lord George Murray."

At that, the Prince smiled.

"Ah, My Lord George Murray. I am reliably informed that he is a respected nobleman, skilled in military science. I am eager to learn what this gentleman has to say to us."

As they rode to Perth, the Prince was seen to be in deep conversation with Sir John MacDonald and attended by Colonel O'Sullivan. As Roderick trotted alongside the Prince, where he was normally to be found, he could not help overhearing the discussion. Sir John MacDonald did not attempt to guard his words.

"Your Highness, this Lord Murray. Is he to be trusted? I have it upon good authority from one of my kinsmen's wives that Lord Murray had intended to raise the men of Atholl and take them over to the Government side. Further, it has been reported to me that Lord Murray has confessed in public that he considers the Rising ill-advised. And were that not enough, it is said that he

welcomed General Cope in Crieff but a week or so past. I think we must be cautious in this matter. Would you not agree, Colonel O'Sullivan?"

O'Sullivan said he would be pleased to assist in any way and that he would make a point of remaining close to Lord Murray whenever he could.

When they arrived in Perth, they were greeted by Murray of Broughton, who had ridden on ahead to welcome the guests gathered in the Tolbooth. He bowed to the Prince and ushered him inside. The several men seated at the table rose as he entered the Council Chambers. Murray guided the Prince to the first of these gentlemen.

"Your Highness, may I present His Grace the Duke of Perth, James Drummond, who has come to join us."

Drummond was of course known to the Prince as he had lived in France for many years until 1730, when at the age of nineteen he had returned to his native Scotland. A Catholic by sentiment and of conviction, he was unquestionably devoted to the House of Stuart. The Prince greeted him warmly, then was introduced to the man beside him. The two men eyed each other. The Prince took an instant dislike to the haughty, proud man who bowed but slightly. The Duke introduced his companion:

"Your Highness, it gives me great pleasure to introduce My Lord George Murray, younger brother of our esteemed friend the Marquis of Tullibardine."

The Prince took the hand offered him, equally lightly.

"Ah, My Lord, we have heard much of you."

Again, Murray bowed but briefly.

"I trust, Your Highness, that what has come to your notice is favourable?"

The Prince declined to answer, then as he moved on to meet the next guest, turned slightly.

"What we have heard is that you possess a natural genius for war and are an avid student of the military arts. No doubt you shall impress us in these matters, bye the bye."

The man next to Murray was the Chevalier de Johnstone, Murray's ADC. The Chevalier would later write a history of the Rebellion in his memoirs. The Prince found him more personable than Murray.

Among the guests was Lord Strathallan, whom the Prince already knew. The lesser men came forward to greet the Prince as their names were called. Presently, after a brief address welcoming them to his cause, the Prince announced that he would partake of a private supper with the Duke of Perth.

Later, the Prince confessed that though he had received favourable accounts of Lord George Murray as a tactician, he was unsure of him.

“Your Grace, I have grave misgivings about Murray, though ‘tis said he has the confidence of the clan chiefs. He seems to me a proud and haughty man, likely to be fierce of temper. I am of course acquainted with the man’s history. He joined my father in 1715 and fought against the Earl of Mar at Sherrifmuir. Then he took up arms in our cause at Glenshiel in 1719, though both he and his brother James, Duke of Atholl afterwards made their peace with the Hanoverian Government. In what manner do you regard him?”

The Duke stroked his chin, deep in thought for a moment.

“I cannot say, Your Highness, though it is said that Lord George lately expressed opinion to My Lord Craigie, the Lord Advocate in Edinburgh that he did not approve of the Rising. It is known also that he greeted General Cope warmly at Crieff. These acts may have been but a pretence to confound his enemies and that he meant to join you from the outset. I must confess that in his company, I am ill at ease.”

The Prince sat back in his chair, drumming his fingers on the table top. Then he invited the Duke to comment on Murray’s capabilities as a general.

“Tis known to many that he is a brilliant strategist, well versed in military matters. And yet –”

The Prince was impatient.

“And yet and yet and yet. Well, we shall learn this in due course. Now, Sir, I shall appoint you as my Lieutenant-General along with Lord George, for I do not consider it wise for Murray to have sole command.”

The Duke bowed.

“I am honoured, Your Highness. But I fear a joint command will prove calamitous. I do not care for My Lord Murray but I am prepared to put my personal feelings to the back of my mind. Though you may have doubts about the man, he will, I am certain, serve the army well, if not always your own illustrious person.”

The Prince sighed.

“Sir, the army is my person. Without it, I am but a single man. But come, shall you accept the offer of command? I know your loyalty to be beyond doubt.”

The Duke did not hesitate to accept and kissed the Prince’s hand.

“I accept most humbly, Your Highness, though I fear Lord George and myself may prove an ill-matched pair.”

Many would come to agree with this view. Lachlan MacLachlan said as much to Secretary Murray of Broughton.

“This is a sorry business, Sir. The two men are to command, one upon the left wing, one upon the right. Each is to have entire command on alternate days. This is bound to lead to confusion, as the one will counterman the other’s orders when these are found unacceptable. I fear the army shall pay for this dearly.”

Murray of Broughton would make no comment other than to remind Major MacLachlan that the Prince was in overall command and that the two men were subordinate to him.

There were other concerns. Lord George Murray, already frustrated not to be appointed in sole command, was further incensed that the Prince had surrounded himself with sycophants, including Secretary Murray whom he believed pursued a deliberate policy of keeping the clan chiefs from the Prince’s presence. An example of this arose in the Prince’s demand for the payment of local taxes directly to him. Sir Thomas Sheridan, a Catholic with an archaic outlook on the common people, made so bold as to demand that the Lord Provost of Perth, who had remained in the fair city, be imprisoned in the tollbooth for refusing to hand over the city revenues. He said as much in Lord George’s company:

“We must show these kind of people our power or they will spit upon us.”

Lord George made it clear he would not take instruction in the management of his own countrymen. With difficulty, he was able to have the Lord Provost released from the tolbooth but he knew that these were the first cracks in the cohesion of command. More and more Scots were beginning to resent those strangers – Sheridan and O’Sullivan, who risked neither men, titles, money or property – but to whom the Prince was increasingly turning for counsel.

Lord George Murray was among the first to recognise the dangers. Over supper one evening with Major MacLachlan, he voiced his fears:

“Major, we must do all in our power to lessen the control these damned sycophants and lickspittles who surround the Prince and proffer him unsound advice, though I am willing to wager that the Prince is pleased with their false counsel when it accords with his own. These toadies shall bring our cause to grief, sir. I shall endeavour to break their hold, for they are wayward and irresponsible, with naught to lose.”

It was clear to Lord George Murray that a Council of War should be convened to allay the fears being aired and recommended this course of action. He uttered these words as gracefully as he could to Murray of Broughton, who

had the Prince's ear in all matters. So on the 6th of September, the Prince accepted Secretary Murray's advice and called for a meeting of the Council, where he sat silent, delegating the proceedings to Broughton.

"My Lords, Gentlemen and others here present upon this, the sixth day of September in the Year of Our Lord 1745, it has pleased His Royal Highness to appoint the following persons as his staff officers, to wit,

Lieutenant-General James Drummond, His Grace the Third Duke of Perth.

Lieutenant-General George Murray, Lord of Atholl.

Major-General William Drummond, Fourth Viscount of Strathallan.

Major-General John Gordon of Glenbucket.

Adjutant-General Colonel John William O'Sullivan.

Aide-de-Camp Major Lachlan MacLachlan is promoted to Commissary General for the time being.

"The following are appointed as His Royal Highness's Aides-de-Camp: Colonel Donald MacDonald of Kinloch-Moidart.

Captain Laurence Oliphant, Younger of Gask.

"His Royal Highness commands me to say that further military appointments shall be made. As to civil appointment, His Highness has granted his favour to the following."

At this announcement, there was laughter, which clearly irritated the Prince. He stood up and called for silence.

"Pray gentlemen, come to order. For those that live by the pen are vital to our cause. There are some who say that they are more important than those who live by the sword. I pray you continue, Secretary Murray."

Murray bowed and resumed reading from his paper.

"His Royal Highness, by gracious gift, has this day appointed John Murray of Broughton, Earl of Stanhope as Official Secretary and Emissary to treat with the defeated Hanoverian Government in London. I thank you, Your Royal Highness for granting this signal honour to my house."

There was an outbreak of polite applause but no cheers. One of the bolder chiefs, hidden from sight by those who sat in front, intoned.

"Where's your Lord Craigie now? Doubtless cowering in his bedchamber, maybe with a lassie to protect his person!"

At this, there was some ribald laughter. Murray rapped on the table.

"Pray gentlemen, come to order that I may proceed. His Royal Highness has appointed Sir Thomas Sheridan as his Private Secretary. Sir Thomas was among the seven who landed with His Highness at Eriskay."

Secretary to His Grace, the Duke of Perth, James Ravenscroft.

Secretary to Adjutant-General O’Sullivan, Charles Corn.

Secretary to Lord Strathallan, Martin Lindsay

“Other appointments shall be made, both civil and military, to be entered in the official record of the campaign. I thank you for your forbearance.”

The following morning, the Prince requested that the two Lieutenant-Generals meet informally with him for breakfast. He was calm and did not waste words.

“My Lord Murray, how shall we proceed? What preparations are necessary for the next stage in our campaign? Pray enlighten us.”

“Your Highness, the men you command are not lacking in bravery but in arms. Also, I have noted there is a want of discipline and organisation which I shall personally address. I see it as my task to make the warrior clansmen into soldiers, though God knows, they fight best in their own manner. But it is my strong opinion that we should organise the army not as clans but as battalions.”

The Duke of Perth protested at this.

“Your Highness, the clans have always fought as families. How shall Lord George persuade the Appin Stuarts and the MacDonalds of Glencoe to march and fight as a single battalion? ’Tis the Hanoverian way of organising its armies, battalions of men that have no loyalty to each other. I disagree with this proposal.”

Lord George was clearly rattled by the reply, but kept his temper.

“Your Highness, may I remind you that our army is not fighting to preserve this clan or that, but all Scotsmen, whatever their family. To form the clans into battalions makes sense, though I hasten to add that this organisation shall not interfere with the clansmen’s traditional manner of fighting.”

The Duke had one last comment to make.

“And shall you preserve the traditional rights of certain clans to fight on their preferred wing? I advert to the MacDonalds who, since the days of Bannockburn, have enjoyed the honour of fighting on the right wing of the King’s army. To deny that privilege may lose the support of the MacDonalds and they are in the majority in our ranks.”

Lord George thought for a moment, then suggested that the matter be resolved by the clan chiefs themselves.

“We shall offer them the freedom to vote upon the matter, though I shall insist that the clans be formed into battalions.”

Now it was the Prince’s turn to express exasperation.

“Sir, I like this not, though I shall permit you to put the matter to the chiefs. I shall abide by their decision, though I am reluctant to do so.”

In the event, the chiefs sided with Murray, as they respected his military skills.

During his stay at Perth, the Prince made further appointments, chiefly that of Inspector of Cavalry, a post given to Colonel Sir John MacDonald, a former officer of Carabinieres. On learning this, Lord George Murray remarked ruefully:

“It will not be a position with onerous duties, nor shall Sir John be overtaxed with responsibility, for we have no cavalry to speak of. At least he shall be spared the need to take decisions which might bring us to grief.”

It was becoming more evident to the Highland chiefs that the army was at a crossroads, faced with either a march into the North to defeat Cope and so gain more recruits from clans that were either wavering or unable to make their way to join the army at Perth, or a march to the South and the rich pickings that the Lowlands offered. Several clan chiefs took the trouble to address their clansmen, promising the booty denied to them in the Pass of Corrieyairick. In this way, they prevented further desertions. Lochiel requested an audience with the Prince to seek his views on the matter. The Prince was not convinced that a march on Edinburgh should take precedence over his confrontation with Cope but he conceded that the decision should be made by his War Council. As a sop to Lochiel, whose opinion carried great weight with the chiefs, he offered to send a spy to Edinburgh to gain intelligence of the state of the capital and the preparations made for its defense.

There was no argument with the Prince’s choice of Roderick MacDonald for the task. The Prince made one condition, however. Roderick would be required to wear the dress of a Lowlander and would pose as the son of a cattle dealer whose father was driving a herd from Stirling to Edinburgh. Roderick was sent off early on the afternoon of 5th September with instructions to move by night and avoid the main roads.

Good news came to the Prince during the week he remained in the Fair City. He received word that France and Spain had offered assistance to the Cause. He also learnt that Cope in Inverness had sent word to Edinburgh for transport vessels to carry his army from Aberdeen to the capital. A War Council was called and during the course of the meeting, several options were proposed. The Prince had his own proposal, which he argued would bring success.

“Gentlemen, we are in Perth. Mr Cope is marching upon Aberdeen, where

he will take ship with his army to Leith. It would discomfit him if we were to bar his passage there. He moves slowly and I consider he shall not cover the eighty or so miles from Inverness in under a week. We are but eighty miles from Aberdeen and we march faster, being unencumbered by artillery, baggage and cattle.”

Lord George Murray could not resist a jest.

“Does His Highness refer to the four-legged or the two-legged of the species?”

The Council erupted with laughter, bringing a lightness to the proceedings. Lord George sought permission to speak.

“Your Highness, if, as we believe, Mr Cope is intent upon carrying his army by sea, he will doubtless dock at Leith, where he will defend Edinburgh. It is possible that he will be reinforced by further troops from England. Were we to march north to Aberdeen to engage Mr Cope, we would be far from Edinburgh which may receive reinforcements. If we succeed in destroying Mr Cope’s force, which I do not doubt we shall, it may be at the cost of Edinburgh. As you know gentlemen, the city is defended by its stout fortress and we do not possess the siege guns to reduce it. It is my belief that we should march upon Edinburgh and leave Mr Cope to come to us when and how he may.”

There were many in the Council who supported this strategy, though the Prince continued to argue for the adoption of his own. He was plainly jealous of Murray’s ability to sway opinion. Some said that if the Highlanders had been allowed to choose their general, Lord George would have been unopposed. The Prince attempted to stall for time, reminding the Council that the Duke of Perth, who shared command with Murray, was absent recruiting men.

“And we would have His Grace’s opinion upon the matter.”

The Council debated the two options at length and were persuaded by Lord George Murray that his was the wisest. The Prince conceded defeat but many said he lacked grace in so doing. There were some who saw that a rift was developing between the Prince and his capable Lieutenant-General.

So it was that on the morning of the 11th of September, the very day General Cope entered Aberdeen, the Highland army began its march south. The Prince halted at Dunblane, where the Duke of Perth joined him with 150 men. The Prince had written to his father during his stay in Perth, informing him of the current state of affairs. He had dictated the words to Secretary Murray in the presence of Lachlan MacLachlan and Oliphant of Gask.

My esteemed father and rightful king, I send greetings. Since our landing in Scotland, everything has succeeded to my wishes. It has pleased God to prosper me hitherto beyond my expectations. Now we are marching upon Edinburgh, which with God's help and blessing, we shall take in your name.

Lachlan MacLachlan, although promoted to Commissary General and rarely far from the Prince's side, privately confessed to his replacement, Captain Oliphant, that he thought the Prince had been somewhat over-optimistic in the effusive letter.

* * *

Roderick MacDonald reached Edinburgh on the evening of 6th September. He had been fortunate in obtaining passage in the wagon of a merchant returning from the market at Kinross to his home in North Queensferry. From there, he had taken the ferry to South Queensferry, travelling across country by way of side roads to the capital. Now he stood watching the sun set behind the massive battlements of Edinburgh Castle. He had entered the city by way of the West Port, then the Lawnmarket, with its grim gallows. He stood there for a moment, a feeling of unease turning to panic as he watched the empty gibbet swaying in the slight breeze, for many clansmen who sat round the campfires said that the gibbet would be their fate were the Rising to fail. He shivered at the thought but proceeded up the steep, winding West Bow and thence to the High Street. He was in awe of the Castle and the tall tenements, amazed by the numerous carts and wagons that made their way up and down the cobbled street, vendors busy at their stalls and people going about their business. He had no idea where he would sleep that night and was shy of asking directions. Then as he stood by the wall of the Tolbooth, he saw a company of redcoats marching towards the Castle. Instinctively, he turned his face away, seeking the shadows until they passed. For about an hour, he wandered aimlessly, seeking a suitable tavern where he might enjoy a supper of bread and cheese. He had few coins in his pocket and knew they would have to last for at least three days, as he was ordered to return to Perth within five days of his departure. The Prince had warned him that the army might march North within the week and could not vouchsafe where it would be after that.

“Though I have faith in you, Roderick MacDonald and I know you will

find us. But I would have you return 'ere that, for the intelligence you gain in Edinburgh may change our course. God speed and pray do not come to harm."

Roderick marvelled at the tenements that seemed to touch the sky as the sun began to set, a sky that was a pattern of blue and gold with ribs of clouds his father called a herringbone pattern. It was the hour when the shops and stalls began to close, the street vendors packing up their wares. As if by some pre-arranged signal, he saw groups of urchins emerge from the closes and wynds carrying sacks. He soon realised what they were about. At this time of day, goods were at their cheapest and what would spoil by the morning was on sale at cheap prices. He wondered if he should buy a loaf of bread and some cheese before he sought somewhere to spend the night. By the time he had gained the nearest stall, jostling among the crowd of ragged children, he saw the last loaf of bread disappear into one beggar's sack. He turned away to seek another stall but by now, the horde of children had stripped the carts and stalls bare. He would have to find an inn.

Trying to summon the courage to ask where he might find a suitable place for the night, he watched several shopkeepers gathering in the street, probably to discuss the day's business. He walked slowly past them and heard one say to another that they should repair to an inn called *The Tappit Hen*. Thinking the name unusual, he decided to follow the two men. Presently, they came to a junction where they turned right. He saw that the street was named St Mary's Wynd, a name he would not forget, Mary being his mother's name. Following the pair at a discreet distance, he saw the sign for *The Tappit Hen* swaying in the breeze. He waited until the men had entered, then he pushed the heavy door open and stepped inside. The tavern was crowded and filled with the smoke of pipes. It was warm, too warm for his liking, so he kept away from the fire that was burning brightly. He was alarmed to see a trio of soldiers standing at the counter with pots of ale. He moved away from them, trying to find a quiet corner where he would be unobserved. He also knew that he must obtain food, for all he had had that day were a few handfuls of oatmeal from the bag hidden in the pocket of the frock coat given him by Lachlan MacLachlan. He felt uncomfortable in the clothes, being unaccustomed to wearing a stock at his throat, his chest constricted by a tightly buttoned waistcoat and legs encased in breeches. He fingered the few coins in his breeches pocket, counting them one by one. There was a rich smell of roasting meat which made him salivate though he knew he could not afford more than humble bread and cheese.

As he stood in a corner, he studied the faces of fellow diners seated at small tables. Many were well-dressed and wore wigs. Although the men spoke English, he heard familiar Scottish words. Counting the coins in his pocket, he cast his eyes on the floor where, in the light from candles in the chandelier above his head, he caught the glimpse of a coin in the sawdust-covered floor. He bent down, making as if to buckle his shoe, then closed his fingers on the coin. He blew away the sawdust and saw that it was a shilling. He could not believe his luck. A whole shilling! And then as he turned the coin in his hand, he had the feeling that someone was watching him. He had known that feeling before, in the schoolroom in Benbecula where, thinking he was alone, he had taken a book from the dominie's desk to read. On that occasion, although the dominie had surprised him he did not scold him.

"Aye, Roderick, you have a liking for the books. But you must ask me if you may borrow it. You are no thief but you do not have my permission to make use of what is mine. You must seek my permission to do so though you know that I would have granted it. When you are a man and are come into your own possessions, you will understand my meaning. To do as you have done is the same as thieving. That which you find and which belongs to another is not yours to possess by the mere finding of it. Why, lad, were you to discover a bawbee on the floor of this schoolroom, would you not enquire of its rightful owner? For though your young friends call out 'finders, keepers', when they are at play and discover property that is not theirs, they are bound by the Good Book to return that property to its owner. 'Thou shalt not steal' is one of the Commandments."

As he stood there, the dominie's words echoed in his ear. He looked up and saw a young woman a few feet from him. She smiled to him and put her index finger to her lips. Then she came to him and whispered this:

"Finders, keepers."

Roderick was consumed with guilt and embarrassment. His cheeks burned. He took off the three-cornered hat, wishing it were a bonnet that he could twist in his guilty hands. He felt ashamed.

"Mistress, forgive me. I found the coin but it is not my property. Shall you enquire of its rightful owner, for I have been brought up never to take what is not mine?"

The young woman smiled. She was beautiful. Her eyes were dark yet shone brightly. Her hair was the colour of ripe wheat. She was well-dressed in a gown of fine blue silk with a low bodice that showed the swelling of firm, white breasts. He could not take his eyes from her.

“Fie, sir, the coin has been dropped by some man the worse for drink. He shall not recall it, nor shall he come to claim it. ’Tis yours.”

Roderick could not agree.

“I crave your pardon, Mistress, but the shilling I have may have fallen carelessly from some good man’s pocket. Perhaps I should give it to the innkeeper that he may return it to its rightful owner, who may be distressed. It would grieve me that he who has lost it may be in need of it for subsistence. Or perhaps that of his family.”

The young woman smiled at him again.

“There is indeed an innkeeper here but I regret to say he is not a man. I have that doubtful pleasure. But sir, ’twill be nigh impossible to find the gentleman who has been parted from his coin.”

“Then it shall be yours, mistress.”

Again she laughed, her eyes mischievously playing with his.

“Oh, be in no doubt of that, sir. I shall have it presently. But I shall accept it for ale or food to be served upon you. As it is a gift, I shall expect you to expend the shilling in my tavern, where it came into your palm. What shall you have in exchange? Ale or claret? Or a fine duck roasted and brought to your table with bread and what else? You need only ask.”

Roderick was at a loss to reply. He had never drank claret or ale, for he had yet no head for strong drink. But he knew that his stomach was empty and craving food. Thinking the innkeeper might consider him a milksop, he asked for a twopenny ale.

“And what shall you have for your supper? We have duck, moor fowl and venison. And a platter of fish, caller herring* come from Dunbar this very day, where the Drave is in progress. The silver darlings are fresh brought this day to Edinburgh. Why, I partook of a platter of them this very evening.”

Roderick asked how far his shilling would go. The innkeeper said he could have the duck with bread and have a penny or two out of his gifted shilling for his breakfast.

She served him a glass of ale then went into the kitchen to prepare his meal. The evening clientele was now beginning to thin out, leaving room for those that remained. Roderick found a secluded table where he sat alone. Presently, the golden haired mistress brought his food.

“Might I ask how you are called, sir, and why you are come to Edinburgh?

*caller herring; freshly caught herring

Your voice tells me you are not from this town, nay, nor any town in the Lowlands."

For a moment, Roderick felt his tongue was cleaved to his palate and could not answer. Then he took a sip of the ale, remembering the tale Lachlan MacLachlan had taught him to spin in Edinburgh.

"I am called Campbell, lately come from the town of Stirling, though that is not my home. I am come out of Argyllshire."

The woman smiled at him.

"So you are a fair few miles from your home? Are you come to Edinburgh to seek work?"

Roderick remembered the words MacLachlan had taught him to say.

"Nay, mistress, not work. I am come to seek out my father who has brought black cattle to sell to the highest bidder in Edinburgh, for it is said that the rebel army is intent upon the taking of the city and that they will not permit the passage of food into it. But though I am come to the city, I have not met with my father and I am feared that the rebels have taken him on the way from Stirling, for it is said that these rebels are starving. Have you heard of my father, Alistair Campbell?"

The woman shook her head.

"Nay, I have not come across one of that name, though if you would care to remain here, I may have news for you. For I am acquaint with the quartermaster that serves our General Guest, governor of Edinburgh Castle. He is sure to know if your father has come with the cattle to feed the garrison. And if he has made a bargain with your father, he is sure to know where he lies this night. But that shall not be known until the morrow. Have you lodging this night?"

Roderick said he had none. Then he said he was afraid that his father had never arrived in Edinburgh.

"He may have been accosted by the rebels who may have taken him captive along with our cattle."

The girl nodded to him.

"They say that many in the North are come to join this imposter prince who calls himself regent of Scotland and has proclaimed his father king of the three kingdoms. I have known of this before. The officers in the service of General Guest often dine here. They tell me that the rebels are intent upon the taking of Edinburgh and that they will put all to the sword."

Roderick could not contain himself at that.

"Mistress, I do not think that these rebels will make mischief upon the good

citizens of this town. Though I do not sympathise with them, I hear that their Prince demands that none shall be harmed, for all in Scotland are his father's subjects and must not be molested, even though they may not support him."

The young woman could not conceal her fear.

"What news is there of the rebel army? Is it in the North or shall the foul fiends come to Edinburgh?"

Roderick was not sure how he should answer.

"All that I know is that when I came by Stirling, there was none of them. Indeed, I saw a fine troop of dragoons guarding the ford there. Pray do not concern yourself, there is no cause for alarm."

The young woman was relieved to hear his words.

"Aye, a dragoon regiment is also stationed at Coltbridge, not far from the City. We are guarded also by volunteers that they say number in the hundreds and they are assisted by the city guard, of number six score. Forbye, the governor of the castle has despatched a request for a regiment of soldiers to be mustered in Edinburgh for the defense of it, though they say this will require the King's warrant to raise it. God be praised that we are protected by the guns of the castle under General Guest. They shall never take the castle, for it is our strength."

Roderick did not want to betray himself but he was bold enough to enquire as to the number of men who were now in arms to defend the city. She replied:

"I do not know but with the dragoons and the volunteers that are said to number above four hundred and the city guard of another hundred, we have six hundred in all."

Roderick saw that the young woman was hardly consoled, for she said that the rebel army was five times that number. She continued:

"An officer from the North, by name Captain Swettenham, lately came to my tavern. He did say that the rebels far exceeded the number of troops that are in Scotland to defend us. I am sad to say that this captain suffered an excess of drink, but the poor man was ashamed of his conduct. He did say that to gain his freedom, he was obliged to sign a paper under oath not to take up arms against this imposter prince for a year and a day. The shame of it caused him to partake of two bottles of my best claret. He was so disabled that I had to call upon the City guard to remove him to the castle."

Roderick recalled the day that Captain Swettenham had given his parole to the Prince. He did not care for the man nor did he think he would ever hear his name again.

The young woman returned to his table to enquire if he had enjoyed his

meal. He said he had never been so filled with such fare. Then she asked his full name.

“I am Roderick Campbell of Argyll. May I enquire of your name?”

The young woman curtsied in a manner that he thought mocked him.

“Well Roderick Campbell of Argyll, I am Anne Trotter of Edinburgh. So we are observed of the pleasantries.”

Roderick wondered if she had a father and a mother. It was almost as if she could read his thoughts for she continued:

“My father was called John Trotter. He came out with the clans in the year of 1715 and barely escaped with his life on the field of Sherrifmuir, fighting for the Earl of Mar and the Pretender. By good fortune, he escaped to France and lived in Paris for some half score years. That is where he met my mother, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant. I bear the ring he gave her on their wedding day. ’Tis fashioned from Celtic silver, hewn from the hills in the North. So my father told me.

“My mother died giving birth to me. My father inherited her wealth and changed his name to Trotter so that he could return to Scotland without fear of discovery. For even ten years after the Rising, men were still being hunted down for their treason. With my mother’s money, he bought this tavern. He died of the smallpox but a year ago. So there you have my life story.”

Roderick then asked if she sympathised with the present rebellion. She shrugged her shoulders.

“I do not care for the business. I only care for my living. My father never spoke of his part in the first Rising but I know that he regretted it. As for myself, Hanoverian gold is as good as Jacobite gold, as is that of Whig or Tory. Besides, I am but a woman and politics has no place in my trade. I must earn my living in the best way I am able, for there is none to take care of me.”

Roderick was saddened by her words. Her voice had grown quieter and he sensed that beneath her brusque and bold manner, she felt a deep hurt. He could not think of words to comfort her and was gripped by a sudden desire to hold her in his arms. But the moment passed.

“And where shall you rest this night?”

Roderick could not reply at first, then he said that would depend on his purse.

“For when I have settled the account for my dinner, I shall have but a few pennies until I meet with my father tomorrow. I shall try to find him. Is there a market-place nearby?”

“Aye, there is. In the Grassmarket. Know you it?”

“I came by it some hours past, though I saw no cattle for sale.”

“That would be on account of the lateness of the hour. And now it is even later and you must find a bed for the night.”

Then she sighed.

“I would not turn you away for your want of a few pennies. I have small room in the attic, where my serving girls sleep. Mind now, there will be no mischief, for I shall learn of it.”

Roderick was affronted by the suggestion and began to protest. She smiled at him.

“I do but jest. You seem to be a respectable young man. For four pennies, you may have the room and a candle to light you to bed.”

Roderick found his manners and bowed slightly to her.

“Mistress Trotter, I was raised strictly and am a Christian. My mother and father would be shamed were they to learn that I had made mischief. I shall not bring shame to my family’s honour.”

“Well spoken, sir. Now, shall you partake of another glass of small beer? Och, ‘tis on the house this time. For I have had your shilling and shall have the four pennies for the bed. Aye, and a candle, though see that you snuff it when you are got to bed, for they cost money.”

Later, after he had drank his beer, Roderick could not help yawning. Anne Trotter was busy clearing the tables but she saw that her guest was tired.

“Come, sir, I shall conduct you to your room, for I can see you are weary. It has been a long day for me also.”

She brought a candlestick and as they climbed the steep stairs, he could see her shadow on the whitewashed wall. As it was in profile, he saw the swelling of her fine breasts and he could look at them without fear of discovery. Presently, they came to a small door which she unlocked. Inside was a truckle bed with a single chair. She drew the curtain over the small window and placed the candle on the chair.

“And now I bid you goodnight Roderick Campbell. I shall have a bowl of porridge for you the morn. At nine of the clock. Is that to your liking?”

He said it was, as he had to be abroad early to search for his father. Again, he felt a sudden impulse to embrace her as her voice had grown soft and tender again. And he was strangely excited by her nearness.

“Goodnight, Mistress Trotter. I trust you will sleep well yourself.”

He undressed quickly and snuffed out the candle, shivering in the cold sheets for a time until sleep gradually overcame him. That night, he dreamt of Anne Trotter. He woke in the darkness, trembling at the thought of his dream.

For in it, he had seen her corn-coloured hair spread out on his pillow. He shivered again and closed his eyes, hoping that sleep would return soon. He did not dream a second time.

* * *

The sounds in the street below woke him early. He had no idea of the time, for he had no timepiece. He lay a while, hands beneath his head, thinking of Anne Trotter. But he was troubled in his mind, for he had told her lies. Presently, he heard the maids in the next room stirring and chattering like the sparrows in the eaves.

It must be the hour of eight for did not Mistress Trotter say she began serving her morning customers at that hour?

He wondered if he should rise and dress but thought the better of it, for the bed was snug and warm. He was used to sleeping in his plaid among the heather so this was a luxury he had not known since leaving South Uist. He dozed for a time then was brought awake by a gentle tapping on the door. He heard her voice.

“Roderick Campbell, 'tis time you were abroad. Come, for the porridge is on the stove. Look lively now, sir!”

He called out that he would join her presently.

In the kitchen, he shared the table with Anne Trotter and the two serving girls. In addition to the porridge pot, there was a platter of bread fresh cut and still warm from the baker's oven. As he ate in silence, he could not look at Anne Trotter's face, for not only had he told her falsehoods, he had also dreamt unclean thoughts of her. Fortunately, she was preoccupied with the business of the day, giving instructions to her serving lassies. When they left, she was able to turn her attention to her guest. She was bright, her dark eyes shone and as she got up from the table, her movements were graceful.

Like the deer.

She asked how he had slept.

“Twas the best sleep I have had since I left South—“

He had almost said 'Uist', then corrected himself.

“—south of the Fords of Frew at Stirling.”

For a moment, he thought he saw doubt in her eyes but soon recovered himself.

“You say you rested well, yet my lasses heard you groaning in the night. Were you in some distress?”

Beneath a faint blush, he replied.

“Nay, Mistress Trotter, ’twas but a dream.”

“A dream, was it? Of your lover who is far away in Stirling town?”

He could not speak for his mouth was dry, his tongue stuck to his palate until he swallowed some porridge and milk.

“I have no one in Stirling that you call a – a –”

She could not resist mocking him. She stood up, placed her hands on broad hips and laughed at him.

“Why, sir, I warrant you have espied a young lass in our town of Edinburgh that has taken your fancy. Is she pretty?”

“Mistress, there is none for I am but lately come to the city. Now, I must be on my way, for I would meet with my father as soon as I am able.”

She laughed again.

“You must take care not to fall into the hands of some lewd strumpet in the Grassmarket, for many ply their trade there, seeking the money of the traders in return for their favours.”

Now his blush was deepening and he felt his cheeks afire.

“Mistress Trotter, I know not the word strumpet, though you may advert to the wicked women in the Good Book. I am come to Edinburgh upon my father’s business, that is all.”

She smiled mischievously at him, then she said she would accompany him to the Grassmarket, in case he got lost.

“That is kind of you but do you not have duties to attend to?”

“The morning is the only time I have to myself. Besides, the two lassies will look after the tavern. There is linen to wash and beds to be made but none will frequent the tavern until dinner, at noon. So I am free for the next few hours. Shall you wait upon me, that I may fetch my bonnet and cloak?”

Presently, she returned.

“Perhaps I shall meet with your father. I should like that.”

At this, Roderick panicked. He tried to think of some way to be rid of her. All he could think of was this.

“Mistress, I fear that were my father to see you by my side, he might think evil of me.”

Now it was Anne Trotter’s turn for burning cheeks.

“Why, sir, I do believe you advert to myself. That your father will think me a strumpet! How dare you be so bold!”

“Nay, nay, Mistress! My father is a devout Christian and he knows this is my first visit to the city. He will think evil of me, not you. Pray forgive me but perhaps it would be best if I walked alone.”

She would not hear of it, though she agreed that he might escort her back to *The Tappit Hen* before noon. For the next two hours, they walked the city streets, Roderick marvelling at the fine churches and buildings. Presently, they came to Holyrood Palace with its tall iron railings and broad courtyard. In his mind's eye, Roderick saw the Prince astride a fine horse, being cheered by the citizenry of Edinburgh as he made a triumphal entry. Then he was shaken from his daydream when Anne Trotter spoke bitterly of the Prince.

"The officers from the castle that dine with me nightly say he is an imposter that will bleed the city dry and put its people to the sword. Though my father was a Highlander, he was no assassin. They say that this Prince has no pity and deals cruelly with his enemies. I despise him and all he stands for. Have we not enjoyed peace and prosperity these past thirty years? Now it may all be taken from us."

Roderick wanted to explain to her that what she spoke of was mere tavern gossip and that the Prince was a gentleman. He could not, of course. All he could say was that he had not heard of any cruelty since the Rebellion began. She would not be convinced.

"We have but the castle garrison and less than six hundred to defend the city. It is said that the Rebels number three thousand. They will surely sack the city when they learn how lightly we are defended. I fear for my tavern and for the lassies that are with me. We shall be violated, for is it not so that tavern wenches are held in low esteem by all?"

It was pointless to argue otherwise, so Roderick fell silent. On their way back from Holyrood, they came to the foot of St Mary's Wynd as the clock struck noon. Roderick was relieved to bid Anne Trotter farewell.

"Mistress, I thank you for all the kindness you have shown me. You are a very gracious lady and I shall not forget your hospitality. But now, I must away to the Grassmarket, where I hope to find my father. I bid you good morning, Mistress. Perhaps we shall meet again."

He thought the slight curtsey she made mocked him.

"I wish you good luck in your search. And yes, we may meet again one day. Now I must return to my duties. Good day to you, Roderick Campbell."

Then she was gone. He breathed a sigh of relief, walking with heavy heart along the Cowgate, the way she had pointed out as the road for the Grassmarket. As he walked along the cobbled street, his thoughts were not of Anne Trotter but of the intelligence he had obtained. He wondered if he should begin back to Perth that very day, but he still did not know the strength of the garrison in the castle. Anne Trotter had said that there might be an army

of volunteers numbering several hundred, perhaps a thousand, though she had said they would be drawn from the lower ranks, the tradesmen and students at the university. As he continued his walk, he made mental calculations.

Say one hundred of the City Guard, five hundred or so volunteers and the dragoon regiment of two hundred at Colbridge. How many in the castle? Two hundred? A thousand? The figure must be somewhere in between. I shall go to the castle and watch the gates, that I might learn of the strength within.

Reaching the Lawnmarket, he walked no further than the West Bow, for the second time in less than a day. At the top, he turned into the High Street and proceeded to the Castle Hill where he sat on a low wall, whittling a piece of wood with a small dirk so that none would give him a second look.

All that afternoon, he sat whittling and watching the sentries at the gates and on the battlements. There were few other signs of movement. Then as the afternoon wore on, he heard the rumble of a heavy cart coming up the High Street. He saw it was laden with barrels and boxes, probably provisions for the garrison. He decided to follow it to the castle gates. He watched the merchant and his driver alight from the wagon. The merchant engaged the sentries in conversation, the driver leant against the side of the wagon, smoking his short-stemmed clay pipe. Then he approached Roderick.

“Good day lad. Are you looking for work?”

Roderick shook his head.

“Well, my master is obliged to unload these provisions for the garrison as the sentries will not, for they are on duty. Shall you not lend a hand? The day is growing late. You are a strong lad and I warrant my master will pay you well. Come, there’s a fine fellow.”

Presently, the merchant returned, cursing the sentries.

“We must shift for ourselves. It will take hours to unload the wagon.”

The driver had a few words with his master, who looked at Roderick, then approached him.

“Laddie, there is a sixpence for you if you shall help us.”

Roderick needed no second invitation. He took off his coat and rolled up his sleeves. The merchant mounted the cart and began passing barrels to the driver and Roderick, bidding the two men to stack them at the gate. They laboured in silence until the merchant, out of breath, called for a halt. He straightened up and scratched his head.

“Thank God there are not more of these soldier creatures within. The

garrison is light since General Cope left two weeks past, for he took some companies with him. Aye, there is but a hundred foot within forbye the artillerymen that number another hundred."

Roderick could not believe his good fortune. He had been wondering how he might gain this intelligence without rousing suspicion. The merchant had done his work for him.

Finally, as the sun was setting, the last barrel was rolled off the wagon. The merchant fumbled in his purse and brought out a sixpence.

"Here ye are laddie, for ye worked well. Shall ye accompany us to yon tavern, that we may rid ourselves of our thirst?"

Roderick shook his head.

"Thank you, sir, but I must away to meet my father who is come to Edinburgh two days past. I must find him for I have word from my mother for him."

Roderick found the words came easy to his lips. He was becoming an accomplished liar. He bade good day to the two men, then walked slowly down the High Street. He wondered if he should now start back for Perth for it would take him two days to cover the distance. The Prince had said he must return before the 11th of September and it was now the 7th day.

As he walked idly down the street, his head seemingly in the clouds, staring at the tall tenements, he felt the touch of an arm. Surprised, his hand went automatically to his left side where he wore his sword. It was fortunate that Anne Trotter had not seen his gesture, for she had approached his right side and was separated from him by a few men deep in conversation.

"So, Roderick Campbell, we meet again. Have you found your father?"

Roderick bowed slightly, shaking his head.

"Nay, Mistress. May I carry your basket, for it is heavy laden?"

She had been out at the stalls buying food for the evening meal. She smiled to him and again made her mocking curtsey.

"Why, thank you, sir. Shall you accompany me to The Tappit Hen?"

As they walked down St Mary's Wynd, she asked how he had spent his day. He said he had wandered for hours among the merchants and traders in the Grassmarket and the Lawnmarket, then he had gone to the castle in case his father had herded the cattle there.

"For he had hoped to sell the herd entirely to the garrison. All afternoon, I lingered there but he came not. I fear he is come to some grief. Or perhaps he has returned to Stirling, as I heard rumour that the rebel army is intent upon it, though my informant, a soldier, said they would have a warm reception from the cannon there."

Anne Trotter smiled at him.

“I am glad that you bear my arm and not a sword, for I would not wish you to come to harm. You are clearly no soldier. Shall you step inside and have a glass of small beer for your trouble?”

Roderick hesitated, unsure of what to say.

“I think ’twould be better that I did not. Perhaps I should begin my journey to Stirling, for I am certain my father is returned there. As he moves slowly, I would soon meet with him upon the road.”

Anne Trotter would hear none of it.

“It is growing late and they say a storm is coming. You are welcome to stay here. Now, shall you partake of a glass of small beer? ’Tis a gift.”

She went into the kitchen, there being few customers at that hour. As Roderick sat sipping his ale, a young officer in Hanoverian uniform entered. He sat at a table near the fire, eyeing up the young man who fiddled with his hat for something to do. Presently the officer addressed him.

“Good evening to you. ’Tis a fine night, though they say a storm is brewing in the west. Are you dining?”

Roderick was unsure how to reply. He had but a sixpence and two pennies in his pocket.

“I may, though I should be on my way home.”

“You are not from these parts, for I can tell by your manner of speech. What brings you to our fine city?”

“I am come to find my father who sought Edinburgh to sell a herd of black cattle.”

“From whence are you come?”

“From Argyll, where my father Alistair Campbell rears cattle, near Loch Awe. Know you the place?”

“That I do, that I do. So you are a Campbell are you? Not one of those damned Jacobite rebels that plague the country. How are you called?”

“I am Roderick Campbell.”

The officer rose and extended his hand.

“I am Lieutenant Henrison at your service. I am stationed in the castle. Shall you break bread with me?”

Roderick replied that he should be on his way to find his father:

“I fear for his safety, for apart from my younger brother, he has none other to aid him. What news is there of the rebels? I ask, for lately, my father lost fifty head of cattle. He believes it to be the work of a Jacobite raiding party.”

“Are the thieves so bold as to enter the lands of the Duke of Argyll? For that

is far south of the rebels' last known position, at Glenfinnan, though some say they are lately come to Perth."

"Then they are far from the road I must take to my father's house, thanks be to God."

"Aye, that is a comfort if your father has sold his cattle and is upon the road home. Now, sir, shall you join me in a glass or two?"

Roderick was growing uneasy in the man's company. He was afraid he would let something slip that would give him away. Instead, he spoke of his brother.

"Know you of the position of a dragoon regiment that I believe is at hand? I ask this as my brother, James Campbell serves in such a regiment."

The officer stroked his chin, saying that Hamilton's regiment of dragoons was not far off.

"He is camped at Coltbridge, near Corstorphine, a few miles west of Edinburgh, where he was ordered a few weeks past by our General Cope. I know many in the regiment, but not one of the name James Campbell. Perhaps he is with our other dragoon regiment commanded by Colonel Gardiner. He is encamped at the Fords of Frew, near Stirling. General Cope is with the main force at Inverness, though I fear the rebels will not be so bold as to engage him there. We are but lightly defended here in Edinburgh, though it is said that General Cope means to come south by sea to prevent the loss of the City. We are intent upon raising a regiment of Edinburgh but this cannot be done without the grant of His Majesty who must sign the warrant for a muster. So we are dependent upon the citizenry for volunteers. I must say I have no faith in volunteers, for they are not bound either by oath or the King's shilling."

Roderick was becoming relaxed now. He said that the raising of volunteers must give the townspeople much comfort.

"For I am told that these Jacobite rebels are but poorly armed and even lack brogues on their feet."

Lieutenant Henrison looked at him strangely.

"You are uncommonly well informed, young sir. How came you by this intelligence?"

Roderick could feel his cheeks burn but he recovered himself.

"Why sir, the word came to my father from the Duke of Argyll himself, for he was concerned that my father was intent on driving our cattle to Stirling, then to Edinburgh."

At that moment, Anne Trotter came bearing the officer's hot and steaming

meal from the kitchen.

“Now Lieutenant Henrison, pray set to, for the food is hot but it will not long remain so.”

Then she turned to Roderick.

“Why Roderick Campbell, are you still here? I thought you were intent upon seeking your father. Have you decided to rest here the night?”

“Mistress Trotter, I thank you for your kind hospitality but I must decline the offer for as you say, I must away and attempt to find my father. I may return later if I may. For the moment, I bid you good evening. Lieutenant Henrison, I thank you for your company and trust you enjoy your supper. Good evening, sir.”

At that, he bowed and left the tavern, glad to be out in the cool night air. He looked up at a sky filling with dark clouds and expected rain at any minute. He strode up St Mary’s Wynd, looking back every few steps to see if Henrison was following him. The street was empty probably on account of the threatening storm. Roderick turned up the collar of his coat as the wind rose and brought sheets of rain sweeping down the High Street. He would find shelter but not in Edinburgh that night. He would look for a barn or outhouse. All he had in his pocket were a few pennies and his small bag of oatmeal for sustenance. It would be a long and hungry journey back to Perth.

* * *

It was nightfall on the evening of the 10th of September before Roderick entered Perth. It had been a gruelling journey for he had kept off the main roads, wishing not to fall into the wrong hands, and bearing important information for the Prince. He was not surprised to be challenged by a sentry at the gates.

“Halt! Who comes there? Friend or foe? What is the password?”

Roderick hoped that it had not changed since his departure.

“Creagan-an-fhithich!*

“That was the word three days past. Advance and be recognised!”

Roderick stepped forward, feeling vulnerable in his Lowland clothes. The sentry called for a companion to bring a lantern which he shone in the young

*Creagan-an-fhithich; ‘The Raven’s Rock’ (Gaelic). The slogan of the MacDonalds of Glengarry.

man's face.

"By God, 'tis Roderick MacDonald! Welcome, lad. I did but jest just now, for though I said the password was three days old, I did not say that it had been changed. From whence are ye come, laddie?"

Roderick was both relieved and annoyed. He recognised the sentry as one of Cameron of Lochiel's men.

"I am come from Edinburgh with important intelligence for the Prince. Colin Cameron, your clan deserves to be called the Crooked Clan. Better that you be silent than sing a bad song. Now, shall you take me to the Prince?"

Colin Cameron laughed low.

"Ach, Hamish, the lad is out of sorts. Mayhap 'tis on account of him wearing the Lowland breeks, for they are tight and may have affected the flow of blood to his head! That would be the cause of his ill humour I am thinking. Come ye this way, lad, I shall take ye to Lachlan MacLachlan who is appointed our Commissary Officer, though he still attends upon the Prince as his ADC."

Presently, Roderick stood before MacLachlan who shook his hand vigorously.

"Roderick, I am right glad to see you returned safe and well. The Prince is conducting a Council of War as there is much debate upon our course of action. The Prince argues that we should march north to confront General Cope, My Lord George Murray has swayed the clan chiefs for a march on Edinburgh. What news do you bring us of the city?"

When Roderick told him what he learnt, MacLachlan gripped the sides of his chair.

"By God, this will bring the Prince to agreement with Lord George! We shall march upon Edinburgh, the sooner the better. Well done, laddie, well done! Your intelligence shall turn the argument. You are certain there are no Government troops in the city excepting the two hundred in the castle and the two hundred dragoons? That and a handful of City Guard who are but old men well past their prime? What of the volunteers?"

"When I was about to quit the city, there were posters seeking recruits. It was expected that a thousand would volunteer, most being tradesmen and scholars from the university. I do not believe that number shall join."

MacLachlan beat his fist on the table so hard that the inkwell rattled and the quill pen fluttered to the floor.

"Even were there a thousand, they will be no match for our clansmen! And though a request has been sent to London for the raising of an Edinburgh regiment of regular troops, 'twill take time for that to occur, let alone have the

recruits trained and armed. By God, we have Edinburgh in our grasp!"

Roderick was brought before the War Council, where MacLachlan repeated his words. Lord George Murray was on his feet, the gleam of victory in his eyes, though Roderick was not certain whether it was occasioned by his triumph over the Prince or at his news. All he said was this:

"Tandem Triumphans, Tandem Triumphans!"

It was later explained to Roderick that this slogan would adorn the Royal Standard that had been raised at Glenfinnan.

"Though we lack a skilled seamstress to adorn it, 'tis a fitting motto for our cause. Do you have the Latin, Roderick?"

"A little, sir. I think it means 'triumph at last'."

MacLachlan danced a little jig in the room. Later, Lord George Murray asked to speak with Roderick, bidding him repeat what he had related to MacLachlan.

"By God, if the Provost of Edinburgh has sent to London for a commission to raise a regular regiment for the defence of the city, this means but one thing. There is no relief army coming out of England. The taking of Edinburgh shall bring General Cope to us and we shall meet him on ground of our choosing."

That night, instead of lying in the field happed* in his plaid, Roderick was granted the privilege of a soft bed in a Perth tavern. The Prince personally ordered it and also commanded that the lad be fed whatever fare he might desire.

As he was about to retire, Roderick's landlord informed him that he had visitors. In the main room, he found the Prince and Lachlan MacLachlan warming themselves at the fire. The Prince turned to him and extended his hand for Roderick to kiss.

"It should be otherwise, for we are in your debt this day. You are indeed our good luck charm, Roderick MacDonald. Blessed was I upon that day on Eriskay when we met with you. You shall have special mention in our despatches, for I shall command Secretary Murray to see it done. And how found you the fair City of Edinburgh?"

So Roderick briefly recounted his stay there, even his lodging at *The Tappit Hen*, though he did not mention Anne. She, he felt, was best kept to himself for the moment.

That night, as he lay in the soft bed with its crisp sheets, he did not dream of battle or war. He dreamt of the lass with the Celtic silver, a lass with hair the colour of ripe wheat, with dark eyes that shone like black pearls, if such

*happed; wrapped (Scots)

The White Rose and the Thorn Tree

existed. He fell asleep with a smile on his lips for he knew he would see her again. For now, he would be content to carry her image in his heart.

6

The White Rose at Holyrood

The morning of 11th September dawned fair and mild. The sun rose and melted the mist that had wrapped itself round the stout walls of Perth. Roderick MacDonald woke early, refreshed by a long sleep. He stood by the Prince's side, awaiting fresh orders, though none came. No matter, for he knew the army would march upon Edinburgh, where he might meet his lovely Anne again. This time, he would declare himself for he was troubled at lying to her.

On that bright morning, Roderick MacDonald kept pace with the Prince's horse. During the long march to Edinburgh, the Prince insisted that the army observed strict discipline. He said as much to Lord George Murray who was never far from his side.

"The towns and villages we pass through must not be plundered. For the people who reside here are my father's subjects. It matters not if they are for or against us, they are subjects and must be accorded respect."

All provisions needed by the army were purchased with legal tender, for the Prince wished to dispel fears among the common people, especially those of the Lowlands, that they might come to harm. He knew that the Highland way was to loot and plunder, but he forbade it, saying to Lord George Murray:

"We shall pay our way, for in that manner, we will draw more to the Cause."

The Prince knew only too well that the Rising had reached crisis point, for if Edinburgh did not capitulate, the venture would degenerate into the pointless escapade that Lochiel and the other clan chiefs had predicted. No matter, the clansmen's spirits were high and as they marched along the roads to the capital, there was a lightness in their step.

The only tragic incident which occurred between Perth and Stirling – indeed at Stirling itself – was when Cameron of Lochiel himself shot one of his clansmen for stealing. As he said afterwards to the Prince:

"It was necessary to make an example to the ranks, Your Highness."

Later, after the Highland army had entered Edinburgh, it was grudgingly observed by one Whig supporter of the Government:

“Ne’er did some six* thousand ruffians make so harmless a march through a civilised and prosperous country.”

On 11th September, the Prince was glad to welcome the Duke of Perth at Dunblane. He had brought 150 men that day. On the 13th, the rebels crossed the Forth at the Fords of Frew. Of Gardiner’s 200 dragoons, there was no trace for the regiment had been alerted by the garrison at Stirling Castle as to the Prince’s advance. As the army approached the precincts of the castle, Colonel O’Sullivan wrote that they passed

In sight & even within Cannon Shot of the Castle of Sterling, in very good order. Collors flying, pipes playing & making the best appearance he [the Prince] could make with his little Army. The Castle fired several Cannon Shots at him as he past, & tho’ the bals came very near, & even one or two past over their heads, not one man stured[†] out of his rank but answer’d by Several Howsa’s.

Beyond Stirling was Bannockburn, where the Prince remarked that he had often wished to see the historic site. Lachlan MacLachlan informed him that the place was almost a hallowed shrine in the annals of Scotland’s history. There had been none to bar the army’s passage, as Colonel Gardiner had withdrawn to Linlithgow, his men being in a parlous state. The food shortage of the Highlands was also evident in the densely populated Lowlands. Gardiner’s troopers’ legs were covered in ugly bruises and were so swollen that they could not get their boots on. Their gums bled and many had lost teeth. The horses had lacked forage for several days and were barely able to carry their riders. It was a miserable, lethargic regiment that retreated to Edinburgh, many of the men not caring whether they lived or died. Gardiner had argued that at least he might make a stand outside Edinburgh where he intended to link up with Colonel Hamilton’s regiment.

So the rebel army passed over the Fords of Frew without let or hindrance. The Prince was the first to put his foot into the chilly water. Wading ahead of his detachment, mainly Appin Stuarts, he shouted encouragement to those on the bank. That night, the Prince rested at Leckie’s House, where Secretary

*The Highland army numbered less than two thousand

[†]stured; stirred

Murray took dictation for a letter to be sent to the Provost of Glasgow, demanding a contribution of £15,000 and all the weapons within the City.

The army was making good progress and pressed on to Falkirk, where the Prince rested at Callender House, the home of Lord Kilmarnock. That night, a War Council consisting of Lord George Murray, Cameron of Lochiel, Ardshiel of the Appin Stuarts and the MacDonald clan chiefs Glengarry and Keppoch met to plan the destruction of Colonel Gardiner's dragoon regiment before it could reach Edinburgh. On arriving in Linlithgow, they found that Gardiner had retreated again.

In Linlithgow that Sunday of 15th September, the Prince bade the minister there to hold divine service as usual but he refused, for as he later said "It would have been a blasphemy to do so, given that this upstart Prince is a servant of the Pope in Rome."

As the army drew ever closer to Edinburgh, Roderick MacDonald was excited by the prospect of seeing Anne Trotter again, though he was worried about how she would receive him, seeing him in his true colours. His behaviour, excitement and dejection by turns, did not pass unnoticed. Lachlan MacLachlan engaged him in conversation at the midday halt.

"I am thinking that when you were in Edinburgh last week, you were not entirely engaged upon the Prince's business. Come, Roderick, did you meet a lass there that took your fancy? To confess it is no shame and it shall go no further. I swear it."

At first the young man refused to be drawn, then gradually he weakened. He confessed that he had found Anne Trotter pleasing to his eye.

"Aye, and doubtless she will make a good wife for some lucky lad. Especially as she owns a tavern. Better a good wife in trade than be burdened by a plough or land or even cattle."

As Roderick trotted alongside MacLachlan's horse, he described Anne and told him that she was an orphan. The soldier's heart went out to the young man for he could see that he was besotted with the girl. He was missing his own wife in Argyll, the very centre of Whig control and Hanoverian support. He worried about her for that reason. However, he tried to cheer the young man up by saying this before he put spur to horse:

"Mind Roderick, you must choose your wife with her night cap on! For then, you shall see her at her best, or her worst!"

That morning, the army had broken camp at 5 o'clock and was drawn up in lines of six and in close file, the country roads not being wide enough for the men to march in column. The Prince expected to be attacked by Gardiner's

dragoons but by now the regiment had simply melted away. As the army marched through Winchburgh and Newliston, the Prince called a halt at Todhall so that scouts could be sent out to reconnoitre the land. Roderick was among them, glad to have something to do to take his mind off Anne.

A few local people, curious to catch sight of the Prince, had come out of their cottages. They informed the Prince's officers that the dragoons had ridden away to Edinburgh. Lord George Murray accurately predicted that they had retreated to Corstorphine.

"Where no doubt they have joined Hamilton's regiment. As we are informed, they number four hundred. We shall brush them aside like flies from a dead sheep's back."

The army advanced on Corstorphine, only three miles from Edinburgh. The Prince's arrival drew crowds of folk to the roadside, though they were not over-animated in their welcome. Presently, the advance elements saw a troop of dragoons who, on the discharge of a few pistol shots, promptly wheeled round their horses and trotted off. The rebels gave out loud huzzas and threw their bonnets in the air. As a friend of Roderick MacDonald's said, not even he with his fleetness of foot could have caught up with them. Roderick joined in the cat-calls and jeering but secretly he was glad the picquets had retired, for he did not relish meeting his brother James in a fight. He said so to Lachlan MacLachlan:

"For 'twould break our father's heart that brother should draw sword against brother. I could not raise my father's sword against James. Does this make me a traitor to the Prince?"

MacLachlan sighed.

"Laddie, in all the history of this country, brother has often taken up arms against brother. That is our tragedy and it is happening again. But blood is thicker than water. The Prince would understand your predicament but let this be another confidence between us. Do not even speak of it to your comrades. 'Tis best it remains our secret."

* * *

In Edinburgh on the 15th day of September, the day that the rebel army had entered Linlithgow, the townspeople had its first warning of impending danger. Shortly after 10 o'clock in the morning, at the beginning of divine service in St Giles Cathedral in the High Street, the fire bell was rung. It was the signal for the Town Volunteers, the Town Guard and other armed men to

muster on the Burghmuir and Bruntsfield Common. From there they were ordered to march and join the dragoon regiments stationed at Colbbridge to dispute the rebels' further advance. It was a sorry few that presented themselves. Over four hundred had volunteered but on that morning only forty were present at the roll call. Together with a handful of the Town Guard and the few who had taken the King's shilling in the new Edinburgh Regiment, a force of only one hundred and eighty marched out of the West Port to Colbbridge, about a mile west of Edinburgh. Watching the passage of this raggle taggle band, a disgruntled bystander was heard to say:

"Our town is defended by tradesmen, ministers' sons, school laddies and other fushionless* creatures that never in their lives have shouldered musket or drawn sword."

On the following day, Colonel Gardiner, who had assumed temporary command as brigadier of the two dragoon regiments, was replaced by Brigadier-General Fowkes. It was Fowkes who had ordered an advance guard to proceed to Corstorphine, keeping the main force at Colbbridge. When the advance guard galloped into Colbbridge shouting that a vast army was on their heels, Brigadier Fowkes called a War Council. Attending were only Colonels Gardiner and Hamilton and their ADCs. The Brigadier's face was grave.

"Gentlemen, I shall speak plainly. It would be most imprudent, nay foolhardy, to stand in the face of an enemy that by my estimation outnumbers us ten to one. 'Twas my hope that by now, we would have been joined by General Cope. Word has come that he is delayed though he is said to be coming to us by sea from Aberdeen. I have sent word to Leith ordering a barque be despatched to intercept him on the high seas, advising him not to land at Leith but to make for Dunbar or Berwick, where I intend to join him.

"To save our face, it was my intention to discharge a volley into the forward elements of the Rebel army, which might dissuade any further advance. I fear that is but a forlorn hope. What say you, Colonel Gardiner?"

Colonel James Gardiner was no coward but his face was grim.

"'Tis a sorry business, but no single volley would make a difference. It would serve no purpose. Forbye, I do not believe I have above ten men upon whom I may depend and who will stand with me."

Brigadier Fowkes did not comment on the remark. Instead, he rose and rolling up his maps, gave the order to retreat.

"Gentlemen, order your men to horse. As for the foot, they may come with

*fushionless; physically weak or lacking in vigour and initiative

us or they may stand. Pray thank them for attending upon us and make it known that we intend to retreat. They must shift for themselves."

Among the bystanders at Coltbridge who watched the flight of the dragoons was Robert Menzies, Writer to the Signet. That evening, he dined at *The Tappit Hen* in St Mary's Wynd with his good friend John Campbell, banker with the Royal Bank of Scotland.

"Twas shameful to see, John. The damned cowards did not discharge a single carbine, nor was any sword drawn. The folk are already calling it the Canter of Coltbrig."

John Campbell shook his head in disbelief.

"So there is naught that stands in the path of this upstart Prince and his Highland blackguards. Thank God that this day, I delivered the Bank's assets into the hands of General Guest, Governor of the Castle."

Roderick would later learn of this from Anne Trotter, who was avidly listening to the tavern gossips that buzzed like a swarm of flies.

As for the dragoons, to call their retreat a canter was a misuse of language. As many later said, they fairly flew along the road to Leith, not pausing to draw rein until reaching the village of Preston, near Tranent, the home of Colonel Gardiner. There, Gardiner paused only to instruct his wife and the household to bury all their money and valuables in the garden of Bankton House. Then, Brigadier Fowkes ordered the brigade to Dunbar, where they intended to await the arrival of General Cope.

The disorganised foot returned to Edinburgh as a rabble, shouting in the streets and generally putting fear into the townspeople. By late afternoon, Lord Provost Archibald Stewart called an emergency meeting of the Town Council, ordering every magistrate and important men of commerce to attend. The entire city was in turmoil so something had to be done. The atmosphere in the smoke-filled Chambers was, to say the least, chaotic. Magistrates argued forcibly and loudly, papers were waved in the air. Order was briefly restored when the Lord Provost arrived, though he had to hammer repeatedly on his table with a gavel.

"Gentlemen, pray come to order! We cannot proceed in this unruly fashion! The Highland army is but two miles away, at Slateford, with none to bar their way. We must face the truth. We have no means of defending ourselves and the Governor of the Castle, General Guest, has taken all regular troops inside. We have no choice but to negotiate a peace."

A number of magistrates sought to establish the precise number of the rebel army. No one knew. It was argued that this must be made known as the

authorities in London would wish to have that information as well as details of the force mustered to defend the town. In the time-honoured fashion of civil authority administration, the Lord Provost bade William Forbes, the Town Clerk, to record his words.

“Of men within the town walls, there was but one hundred and twenty six of the Town Guard, many of whom are advanced in years. There were also the Trained Bands of number one thousand whose sole experience of soldiering is to appear on Leith Links in uniform upon His Majesty’s birthday each year. Most did not trouble to muster. Upon the 9th day of this month, His Majesty graciously granted a commission for the raising of an Edinburgh Regiment but only two hundred have come forward to receive the King’s shilling.”

This had the effect of restoring quiet. One magistrate sought to learn the number of volunteers who had put their names to the list drawn up by the Town Council.

“Shall you say, sir, how many put their names to the paper and the number that marched out to Coltbrig?”

The Provost hastily examined the sheaf of documents that lay on his table.

“It is my understanding that some four hundred volunteers mustered on Bruntsfield Common. Only forty of these went to join the dragoon regiments at Coltbrig. Thus less than six hundred were drawn up to face an army of several thousand.”

The magistrate who had put the question sought leave to speak again but the Provost over-ruled him:

“Pray allow me to finish, sir! I shall not give way! You shall have an opportunity to address the Council again presently. Setting aside the want of troops, all we have by way of defence are the town walls which have not been adequately restored to a state that would offer defence. This is a –”

At this, there was uproar. The magistrate who had challenged the Provost stood up on the Council table, stepping among the inkpots and scattering the papers.

“Aye, that is a sorry fact, a calamitous state of affairs, a wicked dereliction for which Provost Stewart and his administration must bear full responsibility. Professor MacLaurin who has the honour of occupying the Professorial Chair of Mathematics at the University was appointed to restore the walls. He has oft complained to myself and others that he has laboured under infinite difficulties which, gentleman as he doubtless is, have been placed in his way by what he courteously chooses to call ‘superior powers’. Pray, gentlemen, whatever can he mean? Do not answer that question, for we know precisely who is responsible!”

At that, he pointed an accusing finger at the Provost. There were cries of 'Shame!' and even 'Traitor!' The magistrate continued:

"Provost Stewart and his cohorts are more concerned with the forthcoming elections than the defence of this town. Admit it, sir, admit it!"

It was known among the townspeople themselves that opinion was divided on which party should govern Edinburgh, Whigs or Tories. The townspeople were also divided on whether the town should be defended or given over to the rebels.

As the evening wore on, tempers were frayed and blows struck. The meeting degenerated into a squabble until a messenger arrived bearing a letter addressed to the Lord Provost. He called for order several times, even bringing in some of the Town Guard with their halberds to threaten the arguing magistrates. With trembling hands, he broke the wax seal which he saw was that of the House of Stuart. He read the contents, then struck the table with his gavel.

"Gentlemen, come to order! I have this moment received a summons from Prince Charles Edward Stuart. I shall read the contents:

'Being now in a condition to make our way into this capital of his Majesty's ancient kingdom of Scotland, we hereby summon you to receive us, as you are in duty bound to do. And in order to do it we hereby require you upon receipt of this to summon the Town Council and take proper measure in it for securing the peace and quiet of the city, which we are very desirous to protect. But if you suffer any of the Usurper's troops to enter the town, or any of the cannon, arms or ammunition in it, whether belonging to the public or to private persons, to be carried off, we shall take it as a breach of your duty and a heinous offence against the King and us, and shall resent it accordingly. We promise to preserve all the rights and liberties of the city, and the particular property of every one of His Majesty's subjects. But if any opposition be made to us we cannot answer for the consequences, being firmly resolved at any rate to enter the city and, in that case, if any of the inhabitants are found in arms against us, they must not expect to be treated as prisoners of war.'

At this, all hell broke loose in the Chamber, with magistrates shouting 'Treason!' The Provost tried to regain order but gave up the futile attempt, leaving the assembled company to give vent to its anger. As the shouting died down and men regained their composure, the Provost made this announcement:

"This letter has come from Gray's Mill at Slateford. We have no choice in the matter but to negotiate the best terms we may secure. Is that the wish of the majority?"

Voces were raised again until one of the Provost's staunchest supporters, Baillie Hamilton, took the floor. He proposed that a deputation be appointed to treat with the Prince. A vote was taken and Hamilton was appointed to lead the deputation. As a coach was ordered, a message was sent to Gray's Mill from the Town Council, signed by Lord Provost Stewart, indicating that a deputation to discuss terms would be despatched.

It was nearly 10 o'clock before Hamilton's party arrived at Bell's Mill, Slateford, it being adjacent to Gray's Mill where the Prince had made his headquarters. The deputation was brought before Secretary Murray who did not spare his words:

"My Prince declines to entertain you and has delegated that duty to myself. He is in conference with My Lord Elcho, who has lately joined us. I am given the task of seeking the purpose of your errand which my Prince considers ill-advised. He has stated that the gates of Edinburgh are to be thrown open to admit him and thereafter deliver to him all weapons and munitions. He further gives assurance that the citizens' rights and property shall be preserved."

Bailie Hamilton sought permission to confer with his colleagues in private. Presently, he returned to Secretary Murray with his reply:

"Sir, may I be permitted to return to Edinburgh with my friends to report to Lord Provost Stewart, that he may confer with the full Town Council?

Murray waved him away with an offhand gesture.

"Pray proceed, sir. But do not delay in this matter for we are intent upon entering Edinburgh within the next few hours."

Hamilton bowed and said the following words:

"Sir, I may only speak for the Town Council. I cannot vouch for the castle's garrison under the command of General Guest. The Town Council has no jurisdiction in this matter, for as you must know, General Guest receives his orders direct from His Majesty in London."

Murray promised to bring the matter to the attention of the Prince. Later, over supper, he reported the proceedings to the Prince who simply laughed.

"Why sir, it is clear that they are playing for time. We shall deny them that. They may have intelligence of a relief army coming out of England, though I doubt it. They intend to return before the night is past but we shall act before they return. Pray have Lochiel brought to me. It is my intention to despatch yourself, Lochiel and Colonel O'Sullivan with nine hundred men to secure the

gates and ports of the City. But my express orders are that no town man, woman or child shall be molested, nor their property destroyed. Further, no man shall partake of strong liquor and that every man shall pay for whatever they may desire upon entering the city. Inform Lochiel that every man who goes upon this venture shall be paid two shillings upon making us master of Edinburgh."

On his return to Edinburgh, Baillie Hamilton reported his lack of success, though he said a second deputation might be better received. He offered to lead it.

"For the longer we delay in this matter, the longer we keep the city secure until General Cope arrives. But I fear the second deputation shall meet with no success. We shall offer to negotiate at daybreak."

This proposal was put to the Town Council and agreement was reached. Provost Stewart said this:

"Pray inform Secretary Murray that we cannot give full answer to the Prince's demands until we are able to convene the full Council and that as several are a-bed, given the lateness of the hour, this cannot occur before morning. I wish you luck, Bailie Hamilton."

And so the second deputation set off, arriving at Bell's Mill at 2 o'clock, where they were kept waiting. This time, the response was blunt. The city was to be delivered to the Prince unconditionally. The deputation was ordered back to Edinburgh.

By now, Lochiel's men were in position, having taken the road by Merchiston and Hope Park, passing under the formidable cannon of the castle. They were so close they could hear the sentries calling to one another on their rounds. They arrived at the Nether Bow and saw that the town wall whose flanks at the Pleasants and St Mary's Wynd were mounted with cannon, though no guards were visible. On a pretext, Lochiel himself demanded entry at the gate but was refused, the Town Guard saying the hour was late and no Christian gentleman should be abroad at that hour. He retired to St Leonards to await further orders from the Prince, though as he said to Murray of Broughton, he could have forced a way inside by way of the tenements in St Mary's Wynd.

"But the Prince's orders were that no property be destroyed and we must abide by that. I am to be gentle."

Presently, they heard the rumble of coach wheels in the distance. The Highlanders were dispersed in the shadows and Lochiel whispered to Murray and O'Sullivan:

“Tis the magistrates returning from Slateford. The second deputation. The gate shall be opened to admit them. Make ready to follow it, for I am certain the gate is but lightly guarded.”

No lights showed as the coach came into sight, no challenge came from behind the walls. The Highlanders lay on either side of the road, watching the sky beginning to brighten in the east. Presently the hackney arrived at the Netherbow Gate. The driver reined in the horses and called to the sentries.

“Hullo! I bear several town magistrates that are returned from Slateford. We have a pass signed by Lord Provost Stewart.”

There was silence for a few seconds, broken only by the pawing of the impatient horses on the cobbles. Then Lochiel heard the bolts being drawn. The gate creaked open noisily, its sound magnified in the still, morning air. Lochiel whispered to O’Sullivan:

“When the gate is full open, our men shall follow the coach. No more than a dozen are needed. The Guard shall offer no resistance, for when they see our men, they shall put aside their muskets.”

The gate was now fully opened by two of the Town Guard. Two others held lanterns aloft. The sergeant in charge put his hand on the reins of the horses.

“I bid you enter quickly for there are others abroad that intend mischief upon our town.”

The coachman urged his team forward with a light touch of the whip. As the rear of the coach was about to cross, a dozen Camerons rushed forward with drawn broadswords shouting ‘Lochiel!’ As Lochiel had predicted, there were only six guards and on seeing the clansmen, they laid down their muskets, offering their wrists to be tied. Lochiel came through the gate and ordered his men to secure the guards with ropes, their hands to be tied behind their backs.

“But gently, for it is the Prince’s wish that none shall be harmed.”

Four clansmen now held the reins of the horses to prevent them bolting. The curtains of the hackney twitched, then were drawn aside. Lochiel doffed his bonnet and Murray of Broughton bowed.

“We meet again, Baillie Hamilton. Pray convey the compliments of Prince Charles Edward Stuart to Provost Stewart and inform him that Donald Cameron of Lochiel has taken the city of Edinburgh in the name of King James.”

As the coach proceeded up the street, half the force of nine hundred clansmen was placed under the command of Colonel O’Sullivan, who despatched a body to the High Street. The Highlanders ran like the deer, their

orders being to secure the guardhouse there. This was accomplished without a single shot being fired. Prince Charles Edward Stuart was now master of the capital.

Colonel O'Sullivan ordered a brief halt at the Mercat Cross and posted a guard at the weigh-house in the Lawnmarket. Parties were sent to secure the other ports or gates. The remainder of the raiding party marched up the High Street with bagpipes skirling, Lochiel at their head. The two commanders drew the men up in ordered lines in Parliament Square to wait until proper quarters could be found for them. There had been no resistance, with only a few desultory musket shots fired from the castle. In the growing light, the garrison knew that Edinburgh had capitulated.

Thus on the 17th day of September 1745, Scotland was at the Young Pretender's feet. Marching by way of Morningside, Prestonfield and Salisbury Crag to avoid the guns of the castle, Prince Charles Edward Stuart at the head of his army entered the King's Park to the east of the town. On his right was the Duke of Perth, on his left Lord Elcho. The Prince rode a bay gelding, a gift from the Duke of Perth. By now it was late morning and the crowds flocked to catch a glimpse of the Prince. That morning, he wore a light-coloured peruke* topped by a blue velvet bonnet ringed with gold lace, a tartan short coat and waistcoat and breeches of red velvet. On his breast was the Order of St Andrew pinned to a blue sash wrought with gold. He wore military-style riding boots and carried at his side a sword with a silver hilt. He dismounted for a time to receive kisses to his hands, particularly from ladies, then re-mounted and moved slowly through the crowd to Holyrood Palace.

At the door, he was met by a gentleman who stepped forward and unsheathing his sword, held it aloft to conduct the Prince inside.

"Your Royal Highness, I am James Hepburn of Keith. It is a grand honour to greet you this day. A thousand welcomes to the Palace of Holyrood!"

The Prince was conducted to the apartments that had been hurriedly made ready for his arrival. Then he stepped out on to the balcony to acknowledge the cheers of the citizenry below in the courtyard. The old Jacobite song *The King shall enjoy his own again* was sung. The words floated up to the Prince who was visibly moved.

'For who better may over high sceptre sway
Than he whose right it is to reign

*peruke; wig

Then look for no peace for the wars will not cease
Till the King shall enjoy his own again.'

At noon, a ceremony was held at the Mercat Cross which was draped with a Persian carpet. Five heralds richly dressed in formal costume were accompanied by trumpeters of whom only one bore a trumpet. Highlanders were marched out of Parliament Close to the Cross, forming a circle that extended from the luckenbooths* to below the Cross. Many in the crowd saw how poorly armed they were. Some had muskets of different sizes, some were without firelocks, many shouldered swords instead of muskets and a few had only pitchforks or scythes tied to poles and ancient Lochaber axes.

In the circle stood the officers with Lady Margaret Murray, Secretary Murray's wife, resplendent in a white dress and mounted on a white horse. She held an unsheathed sword during the ceremony that followed, then later offered the crowd white roses from a basket.

A solemn proclamation was read out, proclaiming James Stuart, Eighth King of Scotland, Third of England and Ireland, and Prince Charles Edward Stuart as his Regent. Then came the reading of Charles's commission as regent and his manifesto which was later printed and distributed throughout the city:

By virtue and authority of the above commission of regency granted unto us by the King, our royal father, we are now come to execute his majesty's will and pleasure, by setting up his royal standard, and asserting his undoubted right to the throne of his ancestors.

We do therefore, in his majesty's name, and pursuant to the tenor of his several declarations, hereby grant a free, full, and general pardon for all treasons, rebellions, and offences whatsoever, committed at any time before the publication hereof against our royal grandfather, his present majesty and ourselves. To the benefit of this pardon, we shall deem justly entitled all such of his majesty's subjects as shall testify their willingness to accept of it, either by joining our forces with all convenient diligence; by setting up his royal standard in other places; by repairing for our service to any place where it shall be so set up, or at least by openly renouncing all pretended allegiance to the usurper, and all obedience to his orders, or to those of any person or persons commissioned, or employed by him, or acting avowedly for him.

*luckenbooths; small street shops or stalls

The manifesto continued at length, promising higher commissions and a whole year's pay to officers of the army or navy in the service of the foreign usurper, George of Hanover, if they would take up arms for their natural sovereign. The money would be paid as soon as the three kingdoms were restored to a state of tranquillity. Further, assurances were given that the Church of England would be maintained as established by law, as would be the Churches of Scotland and Ireland. Charles stated his aversion to religious intolerance and declared the churches, universities and his father's subjects would retain full enjoyment of their rights. He further commanded that all revenue and customs officials deliver all collected public money to him and called for every male between the ages of sixteen and sixty to repair forthwith to the royal standard to assist King James in the recovery of his just rights. Then the manifesto ended on a sinister note.

Lastly, we do hereby require all mayors, sheriffs and other magistrates of what denomination soever, their respective deputies, and all others to whom it may belong, to publish this our declaration at the market crosses of their respective cities, towns, and boroughs and there to proclaim his majesty, under the penalty of being proceeded against according to law, for the neglect of so necessary and important a duty; for as we have hereby graciously and sincerely offered a free and general pardon for all that is past, so we, at the same time, seriously warn all his majesty's subjects, that we shall leave to the rigour of the law all those who shall from henceforth oppose us, or wilfully and deliberately do, or concur in act or acts, civil or military, to the hurt or detriment of us, our cause or title, or to the destruction, prejudice, or annoyance of those who shall, according to their duty and our intentions, thus publicly signified, declare and act for us.

*Signed Charles Edward Stuart,
Regent of Scotland
Dated this day of 17th September 1745*

Afterwards, the pipers played to the accompaniment of the church bells of St Giles Cathedral.

Roderick MacDonald, who had stood near the Prince as usual, did not understand much of the manifesto. He was perplexed that former enemies would be pardoned, yet thinking of Anne Trotter's father and the countless others who had served the Prince's father some thirty years before, he asked

himself why such men were not to be recognised in some way, especially those who had lost their lives or livelihoods to the detriment of their surviving families. It was too much for his young head to deal with, though he thought the words grand. His thoughts were also with Anne, whom he had sought among the the crowds. If she were there, her golden hair had not caught his eye.

There was a mixed response to the manifesto among the populace. Some said that it gave the Prince unrestricted power over the citizens of Edinburgh and indeed all of Scotland. In the High Street, every window was open to allow the occupants of the tenements to hear the proclamations. After the solemnities and cheering subsided, arrangements were made for the rebel army to encamp at Duddingston, with a small guard stationed in the King's Park at Holyrood. In the Prince's name, Quartermaster-General Robert Anderson ordered that bread and other victuals be supplied to the army, promising that all provisions would be paid for in legal tender. The Prince ordered personally that all the town arms be requisitioned and distributed to those of his men who lacked them or carried ancient, unserviceable weapons. Later, it was discovered that the town's armoury contained weapons of such poor quality as to be worthless. Even so, by the end of that day, less than two hundred of the clansmen lacked muskets. It was said that there were many in Edinburgh who, under the pretext of welcoming the Highland army by visiting the camp at Duddingston, were counting the clansmen and observing their lack of artillery and serviceable muskets. Doubtless, the information was relayed to General Cope whom it was said had landed his army at Dunbar that very day. When news of this was brought to the Prince, he smiled.

"The arrival of Mr Cope in Dunbar is to be welcomed. Soon we shall engage and defeat him, thereby gaining the weapons we sorely lack."

On the evening of the 17th September, a ball was held at Holyrood. Roderick was ordered to remain in attendance, though he wanted to be elsewhere. Yet he was afraid to face Anne Trotter again, afraid that when she knew his true identity and purpose, she would despise him. He decided that it was best to remain at Holyrood for the time being. He was learning a hard lesson in loyalty, a lesson his countrymen had been plagued by for centuries.

The next day, Roderick MacDonald saw little of Commissary General Lachlan MacLachlan, for he was busy making arrangements to feed the army. MacLachlan had a competent quartermaster in Robert Anderson, though he was less impressed by Secretary Murray's recommendation of a man called Hay of Restalrig. In time, MacLachlan would come to despise Murray in his choice,

for Hay of Restalrig was incompetent and in purchasing the army's food, he fell far short in his duties so that many clansmen went hungry. However, for the moment, MacLachlan was pleased with the efficient Quartermaster-General Anderson.

That morning, the Prince was gratified to receive one hundred and fifty of MacLachlan's clan. A further two hundred and fifty came in from Atholl and several of the volunteers who had marched out to Coltbridge had agreed to join the Highland army. The quartermasters were kept busy arranging contracts with the city bakers to provide bread to the camp at Duddingston. In the matter of billeting clansmen, the Prince was careful to avoid upsetting the prominent citizens of Edinburgh. People of fashion and position were spared the nuisance. He insisted that his men be billeted on the tavern owners and those of the lower orders. When Roderick heard that taverns were to be used, his thoughts returned to Anne Trotter. The Prince's personal guard was billeted in the King's Park, Parliament Close and the Tron Kirk, where straw was laid for them to rest upon. That same day, an order was issued to secure a thousand tents for the men that lay at Duddingston, six hundred pans for cooking food and shoes and stockings for six thousand men, though there was nothing like that number in the Duddingston camp. Further, the Prince ordered that every antiquated musket or flintlock be replaced with serviceable weapons for not one above half of his clansmen possessed a dischargeable firearm.

As for provisions, the officers fared better than their men, for they had more money to purchase their food. Beef was less than three pennies the pound, ducks fetched eight pennies, butter was selling at four pennies and ale was sixteen pennies the gallon. A thousand oysters that were fresh caught off the coast of Edinburgh cost only four shillings, eggs were two pennies the dozen and milk sold at two pennies the pint. And at this time of year, when the Herring Drave was in progress at Dunbar, a dozen herrings could be had for a shilling. Roderick MacDonald, with his eight pennies, bought a feast for himself.

All that day, Roderick MacDonald tried to put Anne Trotter from his thoughts, busying himself with tasks that were not necessary. As night fell, he was dismissed from the Prince's entourage and told to go into the streets of Edinburgh to find diversion. In his heart, he knew where he would go. He went to St Mary's Wynd where, a few moments later, he stood before the door of *The Tappit Hen*, trying to pluck up the courage to enter.

He stood in the street for a while, watching the customers coming and going. At last, he found the courage to push open the heavy door. Inside, there

were Highland officers carousing, celebrating the bloodless victory they had gained the day before. Roderick slipped in unobserved and found a quiet corner by the fire. He was soon recognised by a few junior officers.

“Why, ‘tis ye, Roderick MacDonald! What brings you here for you are ne’er far from the Prince’s side? Come lad, shall ye not join us in a glass of ale?”

He declined, saying that he did not have a head for drink. Anxiously, fearing Anne to be within earshot, he cast his eyes about the tavern that was filled to capacity. He could not see her....

Nervously picking his way through the throng, he suddenly saw her head, crowned by the magnificent gold hair. He could not have missed the sight, for her hair shone in the winking candle light. He watched her serve men at the counter and speak freely with them. She was as he remembered her, smiling and laughing among her clients. He recalled her earlier words.

I care not who I serve. I do not care if the man is a Whig or a Tory, nay, nor Jacobite rebel or government soldier. Their money is all the same to me. All I care about is that they spend it in my tavern. I accept all coins so long as they are not counterfeit.

As she drew near to him, Roderick felt an urge to walk away from the tavern, gain the fresh September air to cool his fiery cheeks. But he could not find a way out, for the tavern was full and he was far from the door. Then she stood before him, her dark eyes on him. He saw her look up and down at him. For the first time in his young life, he cursed the philibeg he wore over his knees, the plaid that hung from his shoulders. He watched her eyes. He saw she was surprised by his garb, the smile vanishing from her sweet mouth. She stared at him for a time but said nothing. Then she shook her lovely head and turned her back on him. He decided to spend his last coins on a glass of small beer, for he could not leave the tavern without speaking to her.

Later, when the tavern was quiet, he sat at a table by the fire feeling miserable. He nursed the dregs of his small ale, finding it warm and unpalatable. Then he looked up and saw her coming out of the kitchen. She stood before him, hands on hips. He could see she was angry:

“Well, is it Roderick Campbell come back to us? Welcome sir. Do you see aught that you desire? There is plenty here for you, though I am afraid that the best on offer is denied one such as you.”

Roderick was conscious also of the anger the few clansmen that were still at the counter harboured towards him. He heard the words of one.

"Are we drinking with a Campbell, Mistress? Why, had I known that, I would have quit your tavern. Where is the dog?"

The Highlander approached Roderick and stood before him.

"So you are of the Clan Campbell are you? Well, I spit upon you, for you and your clan are a pestilence upon the face of Scotland. Forgive me Mistress, but I cannot abide being in a room with one of the name Campbell. For were this lady not present, I would gladly slit your throat from ear to ear. I do not think this man is a Campbell, for were he of that cursed clan, he would have run away like the hare in the face of better men."

Anne Trotter stood before Roderick, her face showing puzzlement. Even so, she did not spare her words.

"So, Roderick Campbell, if that is your name, though I doubt it is, shall you take meat in my tavern? You are welcome so to do, for if you have coins to pay for my food, you are welcome. If you have naught in your purse, pray quit my house, for you are not welcome here. Not on account of your name but for the reason you cannot pay for what you eat and drink"

Another clansman who knew Roderick slightly heard her words. He approached her.

"Mistress, there are no Campbells in this house, for if there was, I also would quit the place. I know the man that stands before ye. He is Roderick MacDonald, beloved of our Prince who calls him his good luck charm"

The first clansman gripped the hilt of his sword, his knuckles showing white. Roderick placed himself between the man and Anne.

"The lady meant no harm. 'Twas I who pronounced myself a Campbell to her when sent here last week on the Prince's business, that I might gain intelligence about the forces defending the City."

The other clansman, a Cameron, laughed bitterly at that.

"Aye, well, Roderick lad, ye chose an unfortunate name, for 'tis well known that the Campbells are masters at the dissembling."

Roderick could see the other clansman was the worse for drink which increased his ill-temper. Again Roderick tried to reason with him.

"It is not right that you should abuse this lady for 'tis myself who has given cause for your anger. She is not for the Campbell clan, nor is she against the Prince. Why, her own father fought in our cause in the year of 1715. Aye, and suffered on that account."

The words seemed to sober the clansman and he bowed to Anne.

"Mistress, I beg your forgiveness, for I am the worse of the drink. I shall quit your house now, before I disgrace myself further."

Roderick breathed a sigh of relief. He looked at Anne. Her face showed no fear. In fact she was impassive. Then she looked at him with eyes full of contempt.

"What manner of man are you that takes advantage of a woman with your lies? I am sorry I trusted you. 'Tis strange, but that night when Lieutenant Henrison was at supper, he did remark to me that your tale about your father did not ring true. I despise you for the spy that you are."

She was about to turn on her heel when the Cameron clansman called to her.

"Mistress, do not hold Roderick MacDonald in contempt. For he has done his duty to the Prince, aye, and all Scotland. He is our friend and by the manner in which he hangs his head, he is ashamed of his dissembling to ye. Can ye not find it in your heart to forgive the lad?"

Anne smiled, more than a little bitterly.

"Forgive me, I have work to attend to."

Then turning almost as an afterthought to Roderick, she addressed him politely but coldly:

"Thank you Roderick MacDonald for coming to my aid. Now, I think it best if you and your friend depart, for the hour is late."

Roderick was desperate, not wanting to explain further his conduct but to beg her forgiveness. As she turned to go into the kitchen, he touched her arm.

"Mistress, may I stay a while, for I have words to say to you, if you will hear me? For I owe you an apology."

She could see the anguish in his eyes, his mouth slack, hands trembling. She sighed and shrugged her shoulders.

"If you have nothing better to do, then stay. But I cannot spare more than a few moments, for it has been a busy day. All afternoon, I was plagued by your billeting officers seeking beds for their men. My tavern rooms are full. Even my serving lassies have had to give up their beds and must sleep in the kitchen wherever they may find a space. I am wearied, wearied."

Roderick bowed.

"I am grateful to you for hearing me, Mistress Trotter. May I have a glass of your small beer and perhaps if it will not trouble you, some bread and cheese. I have not supped all day. I have the money to pay for my repast."

Anne curtseyed in her mocking way.

"No doubt you have gained your siller from your Prince, that fine gentleman you serve so well. Did not the priests in the temple reward Judas in the same manner for betraying the Lord Jesus? I shall bring your supper presently."

Her bitter words struck home. She had likened his betrayal of Edinburgh to that of the Christ Jesus. His heart was heavy and he wanted to leave the tavern at that moment, run away into the darkness to hide his shame. She came back within a few minutes with beer, bread and cheese.

“Shall that be all you require this evening, sir, for I have much work to do in my kitchen. The oats for the porridge need to be steeped for the breakfasts of these brave Highland gentlemen that are now my guests, though damn the siller have I seen since they came to me.”

Roderick saw an opportunity to soothe her.

“Mistress, the Prince has commanded that all who are billeted upon the tavern keepers and the lowly folk shall be recompensed. I shall attend to this matter when I return to Holyrood this very night.”

At that, her eyes lost their cold glittering stare.

“Aye, well, I wish you good appetite.”

She left him for the better part of an hour. By then, the tavern was empty save for two men who were in quiet conversation in a corner. They paid Roderick no heed, nor did they bid him goodnight as they left. He thought them sullen, probably resentful of his presence. He suddenly realised that to many Edinburgh people, including Anne, he was an enemy. He was shocked by the thought, for he had believed that all Edinburgh would have welcomed the arrival of the true and rightful prince of Scotland. He was deep in thought when Anne Trotter returned. He stood up and bowed to her.

“Shall you sit awhile, Mistress, for I see you are wearied?”

She drew up a chair and ran her fingers through her hair.

“Aye, tired and wanting a wash, for the heat of the kitchen has been great all this day.”

“Shall you permit me to speak with you awhile?”

She sighed and passed a hand over her forehead.

“Och, if you must. But pray be quick, for I am wanting my bed.”

He spoke slowly, twisting his bonnet in his hands.

“I was sent to Edinburgh to learn the strength of the troops set to defend it. The Prince has no desire to bring harm to the people. Indeed, when he learnt that it was but lightly held, he was glad and said so in my presence, for he does not desire blood to be shed upon his account. Though I had to speak lies to you about the purpose of my visit, I bore you no ill-will. Indeed, Mistress, I was ashamed of my deceit and offer apology for it. But in other ways, I spoke the truth to you.

“It touched my heart that you spoke with honesty about your father and

your poor mother, God rest their souls. To know that your father had joined the Cause upon the last occasion gave me hope that you would understand my part in this present rising. I was grateful that you gave me a bed that night, trusting me though your serving lassies were near. I did not lie when I said I was raised strictly. I told you the truth in thanking you for the kindness you showed. I called you a gracious lady and that I would never forget your hospitality. And I said that I hoped we might meet again. That was the truth, for I have thought of you every day and night since our parting."

Anne Trotter sighed.

"I had hoped to meet with you again also. But I cannot abide a dissembler, nor a liar. My father used to say that you may catch a thief but you shall never catch a liar. But I understand that you did this ill out of necessity, for had you been discovered, it is certain you would have been handed over to the garrison in the castle. Perhaps now, you would be languishing in a dark cell in the Tolbooth. But hear you this. I do not agree with what you have done nor why you have done it. I have no loyalty to this prince you serve. Now, perhaps it is time for you to depart, that I may get to my bed. I have much work in the morning, feeding your comrades."

Roderick tried to play for a little more time with her.

"May I have another glass of the small beer, for I am thirsty after my words? I have money."

"Very well, but then you must leave."

He thanked her profusely, then as she poured the beer, he spoke again.

"It was not all lies I spoke to you. My father is a man who breeds cattle, upon the island of South Uist. My brother James MacDonald is a trooper in a dragoon regiment. Anne, I beg of you –"

At the sound of her name, she turned on him.

"Now it is Anne. I would have you treat me with respect. I am Mistress Trotter to you and all my customers, be they Whig, Tory or Jacobite. I do not suffer strangers to be so intimate. I am Anne only to my friends."

Now the candles began to gutter and go out, one by one. As the room grew darker, Roderick felt a little less distraught, though he was still humbled, contrite and sad.

"Mistress Trotter, I am not well acquaint with town customs and society. I was brought up on the island of South Uist, where the dominie said I was the best of his pupils, though he did not teach me the ways of town people. I do not have the words that might bring you comfort. I can say but this again to you. I beg your forgiveness for my dissembling. I have given my allegiance to

the Prince and I must honour it. Therefore I cannot be free until he discharges me from my oath of service and duty. I am an honest man and wish to make amends to you, for I have naught but respect for you. I have thought of nothing else this past week. My heart was sore troubled by my behaviour. And I wished to meet with you again, for you have treated me with kindness. I have suffered torment. If you cannot find it in your heart to forgive me, then I shall never rest easy again."

Anne Trotter's eyes grew softer as he spoke. She was touched by his earnestness, his honesty. Then she smiled sadly.

"Do you recall I spoke of my father, who fought in the cause of the Old Pretender? For many years, he was exiled in France and upon his return to Scotland, my father was obliged to take another name, that he might escape the King's justice. So I am also guilty of dissembling to you for I do not know how he was called before I was born. He never told me until he was dying of the smallpox and even upon his deathbed, he would not give the name. He said that I might, in uttering his true name, bring harm to myself. So Roderick MacDonald, we are both dissemblers out of necessity. I believe your heart is true, but I do not share your sympathies. There is also too much pain from the memories I carry. And I do not care to see you with a sword at your side. I fear many a fine man shall lose his life in this venture, though I warrant your prince will not lose his own. Now the hour is late and you must go."

Roderick stood up and bowed, then he offered her his hand.

"I would be your friend Mistress Trotter. Shall you be mine?"

She smiled gently and took his hand. He then did a thing he had never done to any woman. He pressed her hand to his lips.

"Though my sword belongs to my Prince, so also shall it belong to you."

She shook her head.

"Oh speak not of such things! I do not wish to hear of them. Now shall you go 'ere I fall asleep upon my feet?"

He needed no third telling. As he went to the door, she followed him, seeking the bunch of keys in the pocket of her dress. He paused there, then he turned to her.

"Mistress Trotter, shall I be welcome to visit with you again? For...for...a glass of small beer and perhaps some of your fine food, when I may have the coins to pay for it?"

Again, she sighed.

"Though it is against my better judgement, aye, Roderick MacDonald, you shall be made welcome. Now, pray be away, I beg you."

He stepped into a deserted St Mary's Wynd. The night was fine, with a sickle moon. He turned to say goodnight to her but saw the door closing, heard the bolts being drawn, the key grinding in the lock. He turned his face towards Holyrood, hoping that he would find somewhere to sleep there.

* * *

The next day, Holyrood was buzzing with rumours. Officers came and went, the Prince's staff being burdened with many papers and documents. It was now known that General Cope had landed at Dunbar and was making preparations to march on Edinburgh. All morning, Roderick was kept busy carrying messages from Holyrood to the army camp at Duddingston. He was now growing friendly with Lord George Murray's ADC, the Chevalier de Johnstone, whom he respected for not treating him as a mere lad. All that morning, Roderick worked tirelessly, not even sparing a moment to think of Anne Trotter until at noon, he met Lachlan MacLachlan who enquired if he had eaten. Roderick replied that only porridge has passed his lips since morning, so MacLachlan invited him to his quarters for bread and cheese. It was there that he spoke of Anne and the clansmen billeted in her tavern.

MacLachlan listened to him, saying nothing. Then he patted him on the shoulder.

"So you have renewed acquaintance with your lass, have you? Was she pleased to encounter you again?"

Roderick told him of his troubles but said he thought he and Anne Trotter would be friends.

"Then we must repair the damage by keeping your promise to her."

He called out to one of his junior officers to bring to him the list of taverns where the clansmen assigned to guard the Prince and keep the peace in Edinburgh were billeted. Running his finger down the list, he smiled.

"Ah, *The Tappit Hen*. Proprietor, Mistress Anne Trotter. Men billeted six."

He gave orders to his officer to leave that very minute with the payment.

"And be sure to inform Mistress Trotter that the account will be settled in full upon our departure. Also be sure that when you make the payment, say that it comes with the compliments of Mr Roderick MacDonald, in the service of the Prince and of his personal staff."

Roderick thanked him profusely for the favour. MacLachlan shook his head.

"It is no favour, for the Prince has ordered that all must be paid for with legal tender. But I am troubled that the lady had to wait for her dues. I shall

make further enquiry into this matter. Secretary Murray's staff should have attended to this. I fear the Prince makes many demands of him and that he has delegated much to lesser staff. I am informed that he has engaged a man called Hay of Restalrig to arrange the food contracts, one of whom it is said is none too attentive in his duties. These matters should be left to our own quartermasters. However, be assured that Mistress Trotter will not suffer in this manner again. I shall see to it personally."

That afternoon, Roderick was sent to Leith, where a party of clansmen had seized the king's warehouses and removed a quantity of goods worth at least £10,000. Before the rebel army had crossed the Forth, Walter Grosset, one of the Edinburgh Justices of the Peace and Collector of Customs at Alloa, had been ordered to remove all the King's boats and cutters from the ports of Bo'ness, Queensferry, Leith and Dunbar that their use be denied to the rebels. Grosset had however been unable to remove the valuable stores from Leith docks, leaving them to be seized by the rebels. Roderick was given details of the captured stores with a request to Commissary MacLachlan to make known his orders for their disposal. It was but one of many messages he carried that day.

Recruits continued to appear. That same day, five hundred of MacLachlan's clan arrived, as did more Atholl men. It was said that the Grants of Glenmoriston were also on the march. The Prince's army now numbered above two thousand, about equal to that said to be commanded by General Cope.

It had been a long day but at last, Roderick was ordered to stand down. He was unsure of whether to pay a visit to *The Tappit Hen* but his heart got the better of him. So, late in the evening, he found himself at the foot of St Mary's Wynd, hoping that the tavern would be quiet at that hour. Shyly, he pushed open the door. Inside were a few Highland officers and civilians. There was no sign of Anne. He ordered a glass of small beer and retired to a corner, that he might sit in peace. Presently, Anne appeared, looking tired. At first, she did not see him in the gloom of the corner, then she caught sight of his sword glinting in the light of the fire as he shifted his foot. She did not join him immediately, passing a few words with the officers at their table. Then she came to him. He stood up, bowed and invited her to sit with him.

"I bid you good evening, Mistress Trotter. Are you well? Shall you sit with me?"

She smiled and said she could spare him a few moments of her time.

"I must thank you for arranging the settlement of my account for the men

that are billeted upon me. You are a man of your word, indeed. I shall not remain long however, as there is, as ever, much work to be done in the kitchen."

"You are weary, I see. You should rest more."

She could not resist a jest.

"I should rest more the man says! How may I do so, with extra mouths to feed and at all times of the day?"

Roderick enquired if the men billeted on her were troublesome. She sighed.

"No, they are all Highland gentlemen and extreme courteous to me. But they are always hungry. How have you fared this day? You must be weary also, as the young officer was at pains to inform me you are a member of the prince's personal staff. How are you engaged?"

"Oh, 'tis a lowly position, that of runner. I carry the Prince's messages whither I am bid. He says I am his good luck charm."

She smiled at that.

"Is he not of the Catholic faith? They do say that such as worship in that manner place great store by their rosaries which my father used to say were no more than good luck charms. I know naught of such matters. Are you of that faith?"

"No, I am of the Episcopalian faith, that which is preached on South Uist. You are of the Kirk of Scotland, I presume?"

"Aye, that I am, though upon the Sabbath morning, I would rather be a-bed, for my busiest night is Saturday. Often, I have almost dozed in the pews of St Giles, shamed as I am to admit it."

As the last of the customers were now leaving, she rose to close the door, bolting and locking it.

"For I would have no other enter this night. It has been a long day. Shall you join me in a glass of claret? Or shall you make do with another glass of small beer?"

"I think I should not have more, for there are rumours abounding in Holyrood. It is said that General Cope landed at Dunbar yesterday and is intent on marching upon Edinburgh. I fear there will be an engagement, perhaps in the next day or so."

She was alarmed by his words.

"Shall you be on the field?"

"Aye, it is certain, for the Prince will have even more need of his runners that day. But I do not think I will have the honour of drawing my sword against the enemy."

Anne did not hide her relief.

"I am glad of that. You speak of the enemy, yet many of the soldiers who frequent the tavern say that many of the men in General Cope's army are Scotsmen. How can they be the enemy?"

"They are in the service of the usurper king and that makes them so."

"Even your brother James MacDonald, of whom you spoke, he who is serving in a dragoon regiment?"

Roderick swallowed hard at that.

"I do not consider James my enemy and I do not wish to meet him in hot blood. Nor shall I raise our father's sword against him."

At that, Anne got up and went to the fire, busying herself with dampening it down. Presently, she rejoined him.

"And so tell me this. Were your prince to learn that you would not spill the blood of your brother who is his enemy, what regard would he have for your loyalty? Can you answer me that?"

"Aye, that I can. The Prince does not consider any of his father's subjects his enemy. He makes war on the government, not common men."

"But surely that is one and the same? I cannot understand this prince, nor what he stands for."

"He stands for what is right and just. Those that serve the usurper shall be pardoned. The Prince promised it in his manifesto that was posted on the market cross but yesterday."

"Well, we shall see. Now, Roderick MacDonald, pray finish your beer for I must away to bed. Shall you visit again tomorrow evening?"

He said he would, provided he was not called to duty.

"Then shall we sup together? It will be my way of thanks for your favour in settling the account for my Highland guests."

As they stood at the door, he thought he saw her eyes glitter with more than the fading candlelight. Or was it simply his fond imagining?

* * *

Late on the afternoon of 19th September, word reached the Prince that General Cope had marched out of Dunbar that morning and had reached Haddington. The Prince was delighted by the news. He left at once for Duddingston with his staff and held a Council of War there. Roderick was at his side, although his thoughts were elsewhere. He was looking forward to his supper with Anne Trotter.

Even so, he was astonished to hear the Prince ask the clan chiefs how their men would behave on the field of battle. Many were visibly annoyed, for they were experienced fighters and leaders and did not think they would be called upon to answer for their men. MacDonald of Keppoch said as much in the Prince's presence.

"Your Highness, I speak for all. The gentlemen of the clans shall lead the attack with one accord. As the clansmen love the cause as well as their chiefs, they shall certainly share the danger with their leaders."

There was a ripple of agreement in the tent. The Prince rose and bowed to the Council.

"Pray gentlemen, forgive me. 'Twas tactless of me to even give thought to this matter. To make amends, I shall personally lead the army upon the attack on Mr Cope."

There were calls of 'Nay!' at this. Cameron of Lochiel rose to his feet and called for silence.

"Your Highness, that cannot be, for even though we gain a victory as I am certain we shall, the cause would be lost were you to be slain. I forbid it."

A vote was instantly taken on the matter and proved unanimous. At last, the Council was disbanded and the Prince returned to Holyrood with his small entourage and personal guard. Roderick was dismissed. He did not need a second telling. He was off like a startled deer and soon reached St Mary's Wynd. This time, he did not pause outside *The Tappit Hen*, but pushed the door open boldly. It was earlier than the night before, so the tavern was still busy, its customers mainly clansmen and officers. Roderick knew one or two and nodded to them.

Presently, Anne appeared. She was wearing a striking blue gown low at the neck that showed her fine white skin and the swelling of her breasts. Round her neck, she wore a silver chain with her father's ring suspended from it. One or two of the clansmen commented on her appearance and when she went to join Roderick, there were a few ribald calls. Roderick stood up, hand on the hilt of his sword, though he took the jesting in good part. He bowed as Anne came to him. Remembering what he had seen at one of the Prince's many dinner parties, he went round the table and pulled out her chair. Presently, one of her serving girls brought bread, a decanter of claret and a glass of small beer. Anne smiled to him.

"I would recommend the duck, if that is to your palate's liking."

The meal went pleasantly, the conversation mainly about the day's happenings. As the tavern began to empty near 10 o'clock, Anne excused

herself, saying she would repair to the kitchen to see what preparations were needed for the morning.

When she returned, she could see that Roderick was deep in thought. Then she asked him about the following day and what he would do.

"The officers say that General Cope has marched out of Dunbar and is this night encamped at Haddington. They said that the army will march upon the morrow, so I shall have my work early, as the men that are billeted here shall break their fast."

Roderick nodded.

Then she asked him where he would rest that night.

He said he would probably return to Duddingston, where he shared a tent with two other runners. Then she surprised him.

"Shall you rest here, where there is a comfortable bed and clean linen, that you may have a good night of sleep?"

"But where shall you rest, for did you not say that all your rooms are taken, even those of the serving lassies?"

She took his hand in hers and smiled, her eyes shining.

"I did not give up my bed for your Highlanders. Forbye, this very morning, I put fresh linen on it, in case you might care to lie here."

"But where will you rest? I cannot take your bed, for that would not be right."

She smiled again.

"I did not say that I would give up my room. Well, Roderick MacDonald, 'tis plain to see that you are not a man of the world. Thanks be to God. You shall lie at my side. But there will be no mischief. We shall lie clothed, for I would have you know that I am not some cheap strumpet. I mean only for you to rest well, as doubtless you will be marching early."

His heart was beating wildly in his chest, so loud that he feared she would hear it. She spoke no more of the matter until at last, the tavern was empty. The door bolted and locked, she blew out all the candles but one to light them to bed.

As they climbed the stairs, she motioned to him to be quiet. In her room, she whispered to him.

"I would not care for your comrades to learn of this. You must be up early and be gone before they wake. Now, come, let us rest, though pray remove your sword and your brogues before I snuff out the candle."

They lay in the darkness. The tavern was still, although in the next room, there was gentle snoring. She laughed softly, whispering this to him.

"I gave the lassies' room to a young clansman who swore that he was not given to the drink. There is nothing worse than the snoring of a man the worse of drink."

He could not sleep, for he trembled beside her. She could feel his shaking and asked if he were feeling the chill. He said that he was, so she got up in the darkness and fetched another blanket. She lay close to him on her side, so close that he could feel her heart beating against his own. For a while, they lay silent, then she put her arm on his shoulder.

"Mistress Trotter, I –"

She put her finger to his lips.

"Hush, hush. I think the time has come that you may call me Anne now. And I shall call you Roderick, if I may. We shall be friends."

As she said the words, his heart leapt. He did not know how to answer but simply stroked her hair that adorned the pillow, as it had done in his dream. He fell asleep some time later, drowsy from the warmth of her body.

It was still dark when she woke him. She bade him rise.

"But leave off your brogues, for we must be quiet like the mouse. Think on my reputation. And give me the sword that I may carry it"

She led him down the stair, keeping a tight grip on his hand. She lit a small candle in the tavern taproom and he saw she wore a thick shawl over her blue gown. She found the keys and quietly drew the bolt. As she opened the door slightly, she handed him his sword. He put down his brogues that he might strap the blade to his side

"Now you must away. Shall you have need of a lantern or shall you find your way to Duddingston in the dark?"

He opened the door slightly wider. Outside, the cobblestones of St Mary's Wynd were wet and shining with dew. He looked up and saw the moon floating in the clouds like a ship broken free from its moorings. He whispered to her.

"'Tis a fine harvest moon, I shall have no need of a lantern. Mistress – Anne- I thank you for this night. I shall never forget it. And I shall come back to you if I may be permitted."

Again, she surprised him. She kissed his cheek and stroked his hair.

"Never have I lain with a man before but I felt fine and safe at your side, Roderick MacDonald. Now you must go. I pray God keep you and that you will come back to me."

He wanted to stay and hold her in his arms but knew he must be gone before the cock crowed and the billeted men stirred.

“Fare thee well, Anne.”

It was all he could say, for his heart was full. She watched him slip away into the night. He did not look back. She would learn that Roderick, who ran as fast as the deer, was known never to look back when he was on a mission. As she watched him turn the corner at the foot of the wynd, she smiled. For in his care not to make a sound, she saw that he still carried his brogues in his hand. Was that intentional or had he forgotten to don them? She resolved to ask him when they next met.

If it is God's will that we should meet again in this life.

* * *

The sky was growing lighter over Salisbury Crag. Roderick fairly ran to the camp at Duddingston, anxious to be there before his companions in the tent were awake. He remembered the password.

“Creag an Sgairgh.*”

The sentry admitted him with a sleepy stare:

“Pass, friend. Why, 'tis yourself Roderick! Does the Prince require your services at this hour?”

Roderick did not hesitate to answer.

“I do as and when the Prince commands.”

He entered the tent silently, careful not to disturb the sleeping occupants. He quietly lay down and wrapped his plaid about him. He could hear the geese that lived in the nearby loch flapping their wings and calling to each other. His heart was full and though no poet, he wished he could find words to describe his joy. He could see the moon through the opening of the tent and remembered the words of the dominie on South Uist.

The moon is the symbol of the virgin goddess Diana, the huntress, whose arrows always found their mark. Do not look long on the face of the moon, for she beguiles those who stare at her. She conquers those who cannot resist her.

He smiled as he recalled the words. He fell asleep thinking of Anne Trotter, whose skin was white as the moon.

* * *

*Creag an Sgairgh; the cormorant's rock (slogan of the Stewarts of Appin)

It was midday on the 20th September before Roderick was called to the Prince in Holyrood, an imposing building that filled him with awe. It was protected by great ornamental gates of iron that enclosed its courtyard and piazza. Built of hewn stone, he marvelled at the towers that seemed to touch the sky, giving it the appearance of a castle. As he was admitted by the sentries, he reverently removed his bonnet as if he were attending church. Later, he would wander in the long gallery or corridor upon whose walls hung the portraits of many Scottish kings.

Lachlan MacLachlan met him in the hall and conducted him to the Prince's private apartments. As always, the Prince greeted him warmly.

"Ah, Roderick, our good luck charm. What think you of these rooms? Are they not fitting for a king? Some two hundred years past, this very room was a favourite of my ancestor, Mary Stuart, known as Mary, Queen of Scots. You are at liberty to inspect the portraits of my ancestors, the Kings of Scotland that succeeded Robert Bruce.

"But 'ere you wander, I have work for you this day. We are informed that Mr Cope is marching out of Haddington but we do not have intelligence of his destination. Lachlan thought that he might have remained at Dunbar, there to await reinforcement out of Newcastle but his advance toward us suggests there is no relief army following him. Is that not so, sir?"

Lachlan MacLachlan agreed.

"Your Highness, it is our belief that a major force is come out of the Low Countries to reinforce Mr Cope and that it is at present upon the high seas. This intelligence has come from our friends in Newcastle and Berwick, yet no fleet is sighted."

The Prince was silent for a moment, then he said this:

"That may be, that may well be. But whatever the truth of it or no, we shall not suffer Mr Cope to humbug us a second time. And we shall not permit him undisputed passage to Edinburgh. We shall meet him in the field in Haddingtonshire. We shall break him on some open ground that is of his choosing though it would suit the Highland army to challenge from high ground."

As he said that, the Prince turned to Roderick MacDonald.

"And so Roderick, we would require intelligence of such ground and so we have need yet again of your services. I would have you proceed to Haddington but upon the way, you shall bring word of any ground before you enter that town, ground that will suit our purpose. The road to Haddington and back is above thirty miles. Shall you accomplish the distance in a day?

Roderick said he would try. The Prince smiled.

"I knew you would respond so. But upon this occasion, you shall not be required to travel so far. For we are joined by our good friend, Colonel Roy Stewart and his companion, Captain George Hamilton. You shall accompany them to Musselburgh, for it is likely we shall gain intelligence there which will not require you to travel to Haddington. You shall obey Colonel Stewart upon this mission, carrying his intelligence to us."

"As Colonel Stewart and Captain Hamilton shall be horsed, they shall cover ground even faster than your stout legs, but doubtless, they will require to carry any intelligence to us in Edinburgh. Now, lad, pray accompany MacLachlan for he shall take you to the two gentlemen."

As the two walked out of Holyrood, MacLachlan said this to him:

"Roderick, within two days, we shall engage General Cope. It will be a day long awaited since our disappointment at the Pass of Corrieyairick. Upon this occasion, we shall succeed!"

Roderick was introduced to Colonel Stewart and Captain Hamilton at Duddingston. They were attended by two junior officers wearing the uniform of the Hanoverian army, taken from the stores in Edinburgh. The party set off at once, reaching Musselburgh in an hour. The four uniformed men sought a tavern on the pretext of slaking their thirst with a glass or two of small beer. Roderick was bidden to lead the horses into a back street, not only to guard them but because he was wearing the tartan. As Colonel Stewart later recounted to Roderick, his decision had been wise:

"The customers in the tavern took us to be Hanoverian officers. Presently, we were joined by two men in civil dress. One presented himself to me, saying he was called Robert Cunningham, son of Major Cunningham, ADC to the governor of Stirling Castle, the Earl of Loudon. Then he introduced me to his companion, Francis Garden. He then asked of me what news was there of the Highland army at Duddingston. I said that to the best of my knowledge, the Highland army remained in camp there. I did then enquire of this man Cunningham's business. At that, he lowered his voice. He confessed that he and his friend Mr Garden had passed through our camp and that all was quiet, though they were challenged by our sentries. They then said they had rested in a tavern and were intent upon learning of General Cope's progress. 'Twas clear to me that these gentlemen were spies and I challenged them upon this matter. They were in distress when I introduced myself. I informed them that at least they would not be burdened by further travel for they were my prisoners. Now Roderick, I pray you return to Duddingston with my officers and these two

men, that they may be entertained to dinner. You shall not have trouble from them, for I did remind them that as civilians they would be well treated. However, were it discovered that they were soldiers in the pay of the Hanoverian army, they would be shot out of hand as spies. They have given their word that they are not such creatures and that they shall not attempt to escape. But Roderick, remain vigilant. If they do make to escape, use that fine sword you bear. Now, I must hasten away to the village of Tranent, where it is said the Hanoverian Army is camped."

Roderick saluted, saying he would present Colonel Stewart's compliments to the Prince.

Dunbar

Journal of Major John Whittle

Aberdeen,
10 September 1745

Last night, I am come to this towne in the van of General Cope and his army which has been on the march from Inverness these past dayes. Upon the fifth daye of this month, General Cope receiv'd ill newes and all officers were call'd to a Council of War at the castle of Inverness.

The ill newes was this. The Rebels march'd into Perth upon the fourth daye of this month and are like to continue south, that they may invest Edinborough. Doubtless the Rebels shall come there by way of Stirling, at the Fords of Frew, where Colonel Gardiner has but two hundred Dragoons to contest the crossing. 'Tis a hapless task.

At the War Council, the General bade Captain Rogers, one of his able officers, to make all haste to Leith to obtain transports for the shipping of our men, guns, stores and horses. 'Tis a sore matter that we must carry our horses aboard ship for it is well known that the poor creatures suffer ill at sea. The General would not give way on this matter, for he said there may not be horses a-plenty in Leith for our purpose. General Cope opines that the Rebels shall invest Edinborough and the Castle there, that they will put the citizens to the sword and ransack the houses for booty, for that is the Highland way. So 'tis vital that our army gain Leith before the Enemie can take it and the towne. General Cope also intimated that he had despatch'd gallopers to Edinborough, that the gold in the Banks is to be carried to the Castle for safe keeping.

Several officers inquired of the Garrison at Edinborough and if there were sufficient troops to confront the Rebels 'ere they come into the towne. The General's face was grave. He inform'd all that the men of the Garrison

would remain within the Castle walls, that there were but six score of Town Guard trained in weaponrie tho' it is thought there are Trained Bands of number one thousand. The General dismiss'd these as Sabbath soldiers and fops who but once a year don the King's uniform and parade in a park to celebrate His Majestie's birthday. General Cope said the Magistrates would seek to obtain volunteers but was not hopeful of the outcome. There is no word come to us if there shall be an Edinborough Regiment of regular troops as the mustering of it requires a commission from His Majestie in London. The General said that it would take months before the Regiment could be put into the field.

As General Cope inform'd us, the citizens of Edinborough must shift for themselves. He then clos'd the meeting but bade me remain, whereupon we did partake of a glass of claret. 'Twas then that I was given my orders, viz. to ride early on the morrow with all haste to Aberdeen to secure any transport that was to be had and to impound the vessels in case our shippes are not come out of Leith. I was further order'd to await the arrival of the armie. General Cope gave me the order in writing, then he did dismiss me. Whereupon I called for my servant to waken me at six of the clock and to have my horse ready.

I came to Aberdeen this day, it being the tenth. The harbour was empty of shipping save for a few fishing smacks and a brig that was bound for Fraserburgh. As for the reason that the harbour was devoid of vessels, I cannot say tho' it may not be by chance but design. For the shipmasters at the port may have put out to sea lest their vessels be impound'd. I then repair'd to bed after supper to await what fortunes the next day might bring.

11 September 1745

Knowing our armie is nigh, I took myself to the harbour where, at noon, a barque enter'd. I paid little heed to it and repair'd to a tavern, there to have my dinner. Presently, a tall beard'd man in seaman garb and bearing entered the tavern. As he pass'd me, he salut'd me and sat at a nearby table. 'Twas clear to me he was no common seaman, for his manner was exceeding civil.

Presently upon a whim, I bade him join me and introduc'd myself. Again, he salut'd me. He said he was Captain John Dawson, shipmaster of the barque Agnes out of Dunbarre. I express'd my surprise for his was the very vessel I had missed in August when I was intent upon joining General

Cope in Edinborough. I said that the tide had taken him out to sea before I could seek passage to Dunbarre. He did smile and made comment upon the whims of Providence. Then he said there were two matters over which no man had pow'r, viz. time and tide.

When I inquir'd upon the reason for his coming to Aberdeen, he said 'twas to land a cargo of ale and that he awaited delivery of a cargo of jute, linen, preserv'd provisions and chemicals to carry to Dunbarre. I inquired of the time of his sailing and he said it would be upon the morrow or the next day. Then he imparted grave newes. He said the Rebel army had enter'd Perth and Dundee, for he had call'd into the port at Dundee and saw the Rebels there, intent upon taking a ship tho' in this they failed. He said he had heard them boast that they would be in Edinborough 'ere the week was out, possibly upon the fifteenth or sixteenth day of this month.

This is ill newes indeed. I thank'd Captain Dawson for his company and said that the Government army was not far off. I inform'd him that upon General Cope's arrival, it was hoped to secure transports to carry the army and baggage to the port of Leith. Captain Dawson was animat'd by this, for upon his sailing in Leith Roads, he had witness'd a flotilla of transports coming out of the port but he soon left them behind, the Agnes being nimble and they being slow. He said that with a fair wind, he could traverse the distance between Dunbarre and Aberdeen in some thirty hours. I thank'd him for his intelligence and said General Cope would also express his gratitude. It was clear to me that Captain Dawson did not support the Rebels. In point of fact, he was at paines to inform me he was a staunch Whig, as was the towne of Dunbarre, it being a King's, or Royal, Borough.

It was with much relief that I met with the advance guard of our army this afternoon. The officer commanding inform'd me that the main force was on the march from Old Meldrum, a distance of about twenty miles. I inform'd the Captain of the intelligence I had obtain'd from Captain Dawson and he did not hesitate to seek a fresh mount and rode back to General Cope with the newes. By this evening, he had return'd with orders from the General for me to requisition the barque Agnes that I might make for Dunbarre with Captain Dawson. This I convey'd to Captain Dawson who promis'd to carry me to Dunbarre for a small fee, tho' he was chagrined that he could not sail 'ere General Cope had come to Aberdeen.

12 September

At last, our armie is here. Thanks be to fair winds, our transport are come here this afternoon, but it being late, the business of loading was delay'd until the morrow.

13 September

This day, the General held a War Council in the Town Chambers by the good grace of the Lord Provost. General Cope gave orders for the loading of the stores, guns and munitions, then the horses and the men to proceed with all haste.

As I wrote before, 'tis well known that horses suffer ill at sea, for they cannot stand the shifting of a vessel, tho' it be a calm sea they are upon. 'Tis a sorrie sight to behold noble creatures tethered in the dark, cramp'd holds, unable to lie down as they are wont to doe in their stables. To carry them from quay to ship, 'twas necessarie to arrange ropes and pulleys with a sling that was pass'd under the horses' bellies. When the sailors called out 'Haul Away!' the first terrified creature was soon high in the air, squealing and snorting in fear. 'Twas a pitiful sight to behold. The poor beasts were in great distress. I was aboard to witness the securing of my own mare as the barque Agnes cannot accommodate her. Upon gaining the vessel, she was lower'd through a hatch way and secur'd in a narrow stall, plac'd with her hind legs to the ship's side, with her head rop'd to face inwards. There was but a narrow passage between the two lines of stalls for sailors and farriers to carry oats, hay and water for their comfort. Soe afraid were the creatures, they refused the fodder. To encourage them to eat, the sailors said their noses should be bathed with a concoction of vinegar and water, for it was believ'd this calmd them. A few died of fright even before the ships set their sails.

I have seen this before, when I was with the King's army in the Low Countries, having been convey'd there by a transport out of Tilbury on the Thames in the year of seventeen hundred and forty three, when I was present on the field at Dettingen against the French. Tho' it was a calm sea as we cross'd the Channel, the vessel roll'd from side to side. This motion pitch'd the horses forward off their feet against the manger. They were frantic, screaming all the while and stamping their hooves so violently I fear'd they would hole the vessel. Mad with fear, many sought to break free from their rope fastenings that some did break their necks and were cast into the sea.

When the ship rose at one side, the animals on that side were pitch'd forward and dash'd against their stalls with the intire force of their bodies. Many broke a leg and had to be shot. The heat from their bodies in the confind space was fearful. Steam rose from them and verie soon, the hold was as if a mist had enter'd it. I shall not forget that day. A junior officer did remark to me that 'twas a cruel sin to treat horses in this manner and that we should lose many from the heat and the pitching of the boat. The misfortune that befell the animals upon that occasion was mercifullie short. Upon this occasion, it will be worse, for Captain Dawson has said 'twould be two days 'ere the transports gained Dunbarre.

Upon this matter, I did inquire of Captain Dawson of the harbour at Dunbarre. I said I suppos'd it would be an indifferent haven, for the town is small. Captain Dawson took offense at this. He begg'd my pardon, saying the words in a mocking manner and informing me that the harbour there was fair and could accommodate several ships. He took pains to remind me that Lord Protector Cromwell had seen fit to use it for his supply vessels nigh on a hundred years past. That reminded me of my history lessons at school, where our master was at pains to teach us how Old Noll had beat the Scotch at Dunbarre in the year of sixteen hundred and fifty. Tho' he was outnumber'd, he destroy'd the Scotch army. Perhaps 'twas this that was the cause of Captain Dawson's distemper and not my insult to the harbour at Dunbarre, tho' he did assure me that was not soe.

It seems that the transports shall not berth at Dunbarre but at the first or natural harbour at Bellehaven, which is a prettie name for a haven. Captain Dawson inform'd me that at this time of year, there are many small boats ingag'd in the herring drave or harvest of herrings and that would necessitate the berthing of our transports at Bellehaven, which he did assure me was a fair place to dock, it being posses'd of a broad and lengthie beach for the discharge of our cargo of men, animals and baggage. But Bellehaven is serviceable onlie at high tide, as of course is the towne harbour.

Captain Dawson did say to me that there is much profit to be made from the herring and that the small boats that ply their trade must land their cargoes of fish at the harbour, for 'twas there they are salted and put in barrels or smok'd in the curing houses for use in winter. Forbye, the catches are inspected by men of the Convention of Royal Boroughs, who insure that the proper measures are follow'd, viz that the fish are salt'd and barrell'd in the prescrib'd manner for if this is not observ'd, the fishermen and the merchants who ingage them are fined for their misdemeanours. Captain

Dunbar

Dawson did assure me that General Cope would be welcom'd in Dunbarre, for it is a Whig town and the Provost and magistrates there have no love of the House of Stuart. He said that he had much commerce with a family call'd Fall, one of which, Captain James was Member of Parliament for the town and that he had been appoint'd tacksman or governor of the estates forfeit'd by the Scotch nobility that had taken up arms in the Rebellion of year seventeen hundred and fifteen. His family were prominent in the towne, being Provosts and magistrates there. Soe I am assur'd of an hospitable welcome when I come there.

*At sea
13 September*

I sett down these lines upon my voyage in the barque Agnes. We are come neare our destination of Dunbarre. A while past, Captain Dawson call'd me upon deck to witness a great rock in the German Ocean, a veritable fortress set in the sea. 'Tis called the Bass. We passed by it and it is truly a formidable islet. It has the appearance of a lion couchant, the head staring out upon the nearbye island of May. Captain Dawson said that it had been taken by a few men put there as prisoners for their part in a Rebellion in support of the Jacobite King James the Seventh. He said that some bold gentlemen of number less than a dozen had overpower'd their guards and made the prison their stronghold. These rascals held the Bass for nigh upon four years, resisting all efforts to remove them. That soe few might challenge the shippes and cannon sent against them bears witness to the stubbornness of those that follow the Jacobite cause. If but eight or ten Jacobites could withstand the forces sent against them, I fear General Cope has a formidable armie to face in the field. But now I allow fancie to take hold of me. General Cope shall defeat with ease those that meet him upon terra firma.

Upon passing under the gloomy cliffs of the Bass, Captain Dawson did inform me that today, the rock is the haunt of the solan goose whose meat is considered a delicacie in these partes. When we pass'd the Bass, I espi'd a stout castle whose name is Tantallon, as I was inform'd by Captain Dawson. It is called a castle, tho' 'tis no more than a stout high wall built upon a cliff.

14 September

It was with relief that I was pleas'd to enter the harbour of Dunbarre and sett my foot upon the eastern pier there. Captain Dawson had avis'd me aright. As we came inshore, I marvell'd at the number of small boats that were ingaged in the casting of nets for to catch the herrings. Upon landing, I inquir'd of Captain Dawson where I might find lodging. He said I could not be better serv'd by the innkeeper of the coaching inn at the head of Crow's Wynd. I must say that the inn did not meet with my expectation, tho' I supp'd upon a fine meal of herrings fresh caught that day.

As the magistrates were in session in the morning, judging upon the misdemeanours of the populace, I was not permitt'd to intrude upon them in their chambers. I was inform'd that I might meet with them at one of the clock, when the judicial business is conclud'd everie Saturday, this being today. Upon that hour, I was admitt'd to the Town Chambers. There I was met by Provost John Pollock and his chief magistrate Baillie Charles Fall whom it seems was Provost here a year past. I stat'd my business, saying I was emissary for General Cope who would presentlie arrive at Dunbarre. Provost Pollock was at paines to inform me that there was in the town a stand of weapons which he assur'd me would be used in the defense of the towne were the Rebels to invest it. I ventur'd to saye that General Cope might wish to avail himself of the weapons upon his arrival here. The Provost was much alarm'd by this, for he said that the muskets were needed to protect the townspeople. I did assure him that this would not be necessarie, for General Cope would protect the people and that they should not go about in fear of their lives. I was then entertain'd to a glass of claret and pass'd a pleasant hour there in the companie of Provost Pollock and Baillie Fall, the latter who shew'd me fine images that were hung at either end of the Chambers. The first portray'd the coat of arms of the disgrac'd King James the Seventh which was of date sixteen hundred and eighty six and which was a cause of some discomfit, given that the king in question was the grandfather of the imposter prince that marches against us. Be that as it may, Baillie Fall was pleas'd to shew me the image of the coat of arms of George the First, who Baillie Fall was at paines to inform me was the father of our present King. I made so bold as to saye that I had met His Majestie, our present sovereign, on the field of Dettingen in the War of the Austrian Succession. Baillie Fall did assure me that the towne of Dunbarre was loyal to His Majestie.

As we quitt'd the Towne Chambers, I remark'd to Baillie Fall that I was pleas'd that the towne is loyal. He did say to me that he thought this imposter prince that menac'd Edinborough was but a puppet of the King of France and a supplicant of the Pope in Rome. He did assure me that the Towne Council had sent word to His Majestie that his subjects here were loyal and that the blessings of His Majestie's reign are manifest in the growing prosperity of the towne. He conclud'd by saying that the present Rebellion was the work of a wicked and unnatural man who was encouraged by the Pope.

As we paused in the lee of the Town House, I remark'd to Baillie Fall that 'twas a pitie that the dirt and mud in the cobbl'd street was above our shoes. I made so bold as to inquire of him why the towne did not employ men for to cleanse it, for the filth marred the fine thoroughfare. Baillie Fall assur'd me that there were two scavengers ingag'd for the task but at this time of year, they were heavily ingag'd upon cleansing the harbour of the offal and filth occasion'd by the gutting of the herring and the sundrie rubbish cast by the fisherwomen on the quayside that was consequent upon the herring drove. They onlie cleanse the street in the morning, removing of the night soil and the ashes of the fires that are cast out there. Then he astonish'd me by saying this:

'The dirt of which you complain is but a brief nuisance for at this time of year, 'twill not be long afore the town is bless'd with a shower of rain that shall bear away the dirt.'

Baillie Fall was at paines to inform me of the character of the fishermen here, saying that they were infamous, known for their laziness and unsteadie habits, by which I took to mean their drunkenness. He said that 'twas onlie at this time of year that they were uncommonlie industrious in their trade viz. to procure as many silver darlings, by which they mean the herrings, as they are able. In ordinarie times, they fish but indifferentlie tho' when they have a fair catch and market it, soe long as the monie remains from that market, they will not stir from the fireside nor the several taverns that abound here. They doe not shift themselves until they are driven out of necessitie viz. when their silver is spent for until that time comes, they do not care to put to sea.

It being the time of the ebb tide, the boats lay a considerable distance from the shore. Baillie Fall inform'd me that when they are inshore, the womenfolk tuck their garments up to the breech in the manner of the women I saw at Inverness a-doing of their laundry. They wade out to their

men's boats with buckets or baskets to carry the catch of fish to the shore for the market. Then when the intire catch is brought ashore, they return to their menfolk and carrie the men upon their backs that they may land dry shod upon the shore.

'Tis my belief that fisher towns like Dunbarre are generally made disagreeable by the strong smell of haddock and whiting hung out to dry like linen upon lines that are strung between the mean houses at the harbour. Half naked children run about without shoes or stockings, yet I did note that they are of fresh complexion under the layer of grime upon their faces. They are robust, not the sorte to be met with in English towns that are inland or far from the sea where the chief industrie is manufactorie. Some have it that the number and strength of these fisher children is down to the effects of a surfeit of shellfish in their diet, tho' not being skill'd in the ways of physick, I cannot say.

Baillie Fall shew'd me the ancient castle which is in a ruinous state these past two hundred years. It offers a fine prospect of the Fife coast, the Bass and the May Island. 'Tis a fearsome place in high seas, for the rock is hollow soe that the waves doe boil and froth in the cavern, making hellish sounds that are like to come from the Pit of Acheron. Such is the sound that it carries far inland. Upon the summit, Baillie Fall shew'd me the remains of a great tower with a cross-work or wall which bears the coat of arms of some nobleman, doubtless of the House of Dunbarre. At the extreame end, there is a stout round tower which was likely the donjon or strongpoint. Looking down from the height, there is a flight of steps reaching into the sea, doubtless for victualling the garrison and to offer escape in time of peril. I had my glass with me, that I might see the approach of General Cope's ships but today there is no sight of them. We came down from the castle and pass'd the fine tower house that stands near the shore, which Baillie Fall inform'd me was the warehouse of his family, the place where they conduct their business.

Baillie Fall took his leave of me when we came to his fine residence which is called Dunbarre House. He bade me good afternoon there. I should have said that the harbour is commodious and adequate for the fishing and coastal vessels that ply their trade from it. When I was there earlier, a merchant intent upon procuring the herring catch of that day spoke with me, saying his son was a soldier in the King's army that was coming to Dunbarre to fight the Rebels.

It being a fine day, I hir'd a horse from the innkeeper's stable in Crow's Wynd. From there I rode to Bellehaven, that I might inspect the landing

there. Taking the Post Road, I encounter'd a toll where the keeper directe' me to the shore, for he said I would save myself a pennie by not passing through his gate. He assur'd me I would gain a fine view of Bellehaven that was in olden times the natural port of Dunbarre. The scene there was one of decay. The beach is flat, the harbour silted soe badly that you would not guess there had been a haven here. The onlie evidence of it is a few moorings. These are but blocks of stone with an iron ring sett in them. As it was low tide, I saw a small stream meandering through the sands, finding outlet at the shore through a tumble of rocks. It is but a few inches deep tho' it is sufficient to accommodate a few swans to live there. I suppose they feed upon the small shellfish that abound here. In my mind's eye, I could envisage the transports bearing General Cope and the armie finding safe landing. I took comfort from the prospect, for the poor horses shall not suffer the fear and terror of disembarkation by slings and pulleys again, as they had at Aberdeen. All that will be requir'd will be to bring them upon deck and coax them into the water, where they will swim to the shore.

After making my inspection, I repair'd to the inn, where I dined alone. I partook of some claret and the excellent small beer that is brew'd here, at Bellehaven, where there is a fine brewery. Then I repair'd to bed. I was led to my chamber by a comely wench who I had witness'd make merry with the men at table as she passed among them, dispensing ale and claret. She drew back the sheets of my bed and beckon'd me to lie in it, which recall'd to me my evening repose at the inn of Oldcambus some weeks past. For she inquir'd of me that if I want'd aught, her bedchamber was next to mine. As she was about to leave my room, I swear she did look upon me with wanton eyes. She said I might call upon her services in the night if it pleas'd me soe to do. I do declare that the women of this countrie are bold, tho' their Kirk denounces wanton conduct everie Sabbath. I made ready for bed but my repose was disturb'd by the revellers in the tavern below who called out 'Hey Johnnie Cope! Are ye come to save us from the Rebels that are to march upon us!' I suppose it being Saturday night, the merriment was to be expected, tho' I warrant there will be many a sore head upon the Sabbath, which the innkeeper said to me at meat would be repent'd in the Kirk they have here.

15 September

It being the Sabbath day, I did attend divine service in the Kirk of Dunbarre, which I found in a parlous state, it being ancient. There was an

air of dampness and mould within, soe heavie that I was oblig'd to hold a kerchief to my mouth and nose. On coming there, one worshipper said that it had been necessarie some years latelie to close part of it, for the dampness is come from the earthen floor.

In Scotland, they do not refer to the House of God as the Church but the Kirk, as I have written. In Dunbarre, I did hear a sermon by the minister, the Reverend Alexander Pyott, a man who is seeminglie revil'd by many of his flock, for he commits his sermons to parchment which does not please his parishioners. In this countrie, those who attend the Kirk favour the extempore. On account of this failing, the Reverend Pyott is called 'Paper Pate', pate being the Scotch word for head. The Scotch love a parson to speak to them direct, his eyes rais'd to heaven or directed to their own. The Scotch consider it a mark of respect when their preacher works himself into a lather in the manner of a hard ridden horse. He must give full voice to his lesson, that it might the better impress the congregation. The parishioners that sat near me did remark that Reverend Pyott, upon his appointment some years past, a living grant'd by His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe, who has a fine countrie seat but a mile out of Dunbarre, was not receiv'd well by his flock. They show'd their opprobrium by shutting and locking the Kirk door against Pyott who was oblig'd to gain entry to his Kirk by way of a windoe! For word had come to the Dunbarre folk that the Reverend Pyott read his sermons.

I sat for above an hour in the Kirk, in extreme discomfort, the air within seeming to become more foul. 'Tis clear to me that but for the want of a few deal boards laid upon the beaten earth floor, the Kirk would be pleasant to attend. I am told that the Heritors, that is, men such as Roxburghe disdain to make amends of this matter, for 'twill mean an outlay from their purses, tho' it be their dutie soe to doe.

In the course of the service, I did espie Colonel Gardiner and Colonel Hamilton with Brigadier Fowkes, in command of four hundred dragoons that came here last night. They are come to join General Cope upon his arrival here. I did not converse with them after divine service, for they were engag'd in conversation with the Minister.

I may say that the Reverend Pyott's sermon was indifferent. I would that the Scotch ministers speak more civilie than they doe upon matter of moralitie, or as they have it, immoralitie. It must be said that they doe much mischief on minds that are feeble. I recollect that in Inverness, the Minister there did exhort his flock to flie from those of a wicked neighbour nation,

meaning England, lest they be affect'd by the same immoralitie. We have been neighbours for many years tho' not always friendlie. Now we are one nation and each should assist the other to further the prosperities of our people.

I cannot abide the prayers that are said, not for their content but because they are deliver'd in a drone. What is worse, they are ended with what is called the sough, which I am told is the Scotch word for whining. To be a Christian is manlie. The Scotch sough is unmanlie.

Also, I doe not care for the Scotch Kirk's censure of dress. In England, 'tis a mark of decorum, respect and evidence of cleanlie bodies that all who attend worship are not slovenly in their attire. In Scotland, this is contrarie to the Kirk's teaching. For if a woman attend divine service here dress'd not as for an ordinarie day, she will suffer a rebuke from the Pulpit. I have witness'd many women suffer in this way since I am come to Scotland. The Ministers inform them that it is not their dutie to come to Kirk that they may be admir'd for their dress but to purifie their souls and not to insult the Sabbath by making it an excuse for bedecking their bodies. The Ministers would have the ladies come in the Kirk in a plaid which hides all loose and wanton dress as well as their faces. I take it that wanton dress advert's to the petticoat, tho' few of the women who attend'd the service this day wore the fripperie, being poor. The Ministers saye that in dressing in a modest fashion, this will lessen the wandering thoughts of men, be they young or old, upon her bodie. The Scotch Kirk is much obsess'd with sin and unlawful fornication, soe that the Ministers demand and order the women, upon pain of the wrath of God, to attend ordnance, which is their word for worship, in modest dress, for to doe otherwise shall invite transgression and skullduggery, the Scotch wordes for unlawful fornication and adulterie. Those that are found in transgression are bidden to sit upon the stool of repentance every Sabbath until their sin is cleans'd.

I heard as much this day, when the Reverend Pyott impress'd upon his flock the benefit of the Sabbath and the good that it bestows. He said 'twas a wordlie God who had created the Sabbath, that the common man might rest from his labours, no matter his station, rich or poor. He said that even the cattle are given rest upon this day.

The sermon that was read was of the Garden of Eden, where Eve committ'd the first sin by offering Adam the Forbidden Fruit. They had been naked but they did not know it, nor did they look upon their bodies with lust. And yet lust, or as the Scotch call it, conversatione, meaning

fornication, can be put to good use in a sermon. I give instance of this, in Inverness. The Minister likened the bringing of Christian Grace to human souls as to the wooing of a virgin maid. The manner of his sermon was this. He said that the gaining of Christian Grace, the keeping of it and the loss of it was a hard lesson to bear. The old fox, for that is how I view'd him, said that the Christian Grace was hard to get into a maid, difficult to keep it in her and painful to part from her! I found this offensive, tho' the parishioners that were men roundly applaud'd it.

This night, desirous of being close to Bellehaven, I dined at the inn at Beltonford and took a bed there, for I was certain that General Cope would be come to Dunbarre upon the morrow.

16 September

Rising early, I broke my fast at Beltonford and did coax my mare across the sand of Bellehaven for a morning canter. I train'd my glass on the sea but saw no ships. Soe being at leisure, I put spur to the mare and gallop'd along the sands which pleas'd her, as did her canter along the edge of the sea. They doe say that the salt water is pleasing to horses and that it strengthens their legs.

Returning to my tavern in the High Street of Dunbarre, I was pleasantlie surpris'd to have a visit from Baillie Fall who insisted I dine with him at Dunbarre House, his fine residence at the north end of the High Street. At dinner, Baillie Fall was again at paines to inform me that Dunbarre was loyal to His Majestie. He avis'd me that the towne had been honour'd as a borough in the year of thirteen hundred and sixty nine, then it was elevat'd to a Royal Borough in the year fourteen hundred and forty five, soe this year was the three hundred year anniversary of it becoming a Royal Borough. He was honest in his discourse, saying that Dunbarre had been hostile towards the Treaty of Union in the year seventeen hundred and seven, mainlie on account of virulent opposition by a powerful noble, by name John Hamilton, My Lord Bellehaven, whose family has a fine seat near Beltonford. My Lord Bellehaven said that the union would bring ruin upon Scotland. Baillie Fall was at pains to assure me the opposite was the case, for in the past four decades, Dunbarre has prosper'd, particularlie during the reign of our present Sovereign, George the Second. He did say that by the Grace of God and His Majestie's bounty, peace had been secur'd and that the merchants here have flourisht. Many people of all sorts enjoye libertie to

conduct themselves in their diverse business affaires. Baillie Fall ended his discourse by saying that when General Cope is come to Dunbarre, a deputation led by the Lord Provost John Pollock shall welcome him at the harbour.

17 September

I arose earlie, broke my fast and call'd for my mare that I might enjoy a canter around the policies of the town. About half a mile from the town there is a grassy knoll or hillock with a windmill a-top, soe I took myself there that I might have a clear view of the sea. There, a sight met my eyes that cheer'd me, for I did espie a fleet of transports passing the Bass Rock. I count'd the number of vessels at six and more hove into sight. I took to horse, thinking to return to Dunbarre where I could hire a small vessel to put out to sea, that I might welcome General Cope. In this I was most fortunate, for Captain Dawson was berth'd in the harbour, having that morning return'd from Berwick, where he had business. Upon greeting him, I inquir'd if he would carrie me out to sea that I might instruct General Cope to land the transports at Bellehaven and not at Dunbarre. Captain Dawson agreed and said as the tide was favourable, we would put out. There was a heavie swell which I must confess is not to my liking for I am an indifferent sailor. I board'd the Agnes which is a brave, spry little vessel whose small crew are obedient to their shipmaster. As we clear'd the harbour bar, my thoughts were of this D——d Rebellion and that now it should be ended. There is every reason to believe that the outcome shall be settled soon.

The Agnes was soon come to the General's brig which was sailing to the fore of the convoy. I was put into a cock boat and carried to the General, where I was receiv'd warmly. I impart'd my intelligence and bade General Cope order the transports the message that they should follow the Agnes to Bellehaven, tho' I assur'd the General that his brig would have anchorage in the port of Dunbarre. Word was sent to the Lord Provost and the magistrates of Dunbarre that our transports had come. I did assure General Cope that on his arriving at Dunbarre, he would be met by the Towne Fathers. On board the General's brig was his able Adjutant General, His Grace the Earl of Loudon whom I had met at Stirling Castle. He has been as good as his word and has rais'd a regiment for our army.

The General was in good spirits. He said there would now be an end to this D——d Rebellion, though he did confess he had hop'd there would be

reinforcement from the Low Countries. He ask'd if word had come from Newcastle or Berwick to this effect but I said there was none.

Presentlie, the General's brig gained Dunbarre. As we came to the entrance of the harbour, we espied a group of men on the east pier awaiting us. I point'd out Baillie Fall to the General, saying I had din'd with him the previous evening. As the vessel berth'd, General Cope was first to sett foot upon the pier by way of a flight of steps. There he was met and welcom'd by Lord Provost Pollock, Baillie Fall and sundrie other magistrates. I did hear Provost Pollock assure Sir John that from this day forth, the flight of steps would be known as Cope's Steps, which did offer some amusement to the General. The Provost then deliver'd a short speech, saying that the hour of deliverance from the unnatural and wicked Rebellion was now at hand. He said General Cope was the saviour and deliverer of Scotland and as a mark of respect, he did invite General Cope and his staff officers to dine that evening at the coaching inn where I reside, saying that they would be the honour'd guests of the town of Dunbarre. As he end'd his speech, there came a clatter of hooves upon the cobbl'd forepart of the harbour. It was Brigadier Fowkes, Colonels Gardiner and Hamilton, come with a troop of dragoons to escort the General to his quarters. Brigadier Fowkes present'd his compliments and said that his four hundred dragoons were bivouack'd not far from Dunbarre, at a place call'd Gallows' Green, on the road to Bellehaven. He said that quarters had been made ready for the General there if it pleas'd him to accompany him. He declin'd, saying he would rest at the coaching inn.

That evening, in the tavern, the Lord Provost John Pollock, Baillie Fall and other magistrates were in attendance upon General Cope, his Adjutant, His Grace the Earl of Loudon, the Colonels Lascelles, Guise, Lees, Murray, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefoord, Brigadier Fowkes and myself. I was in earnest talk with the Colonels whom I avis'd would require to await the morning tide 'ere the transports anchor'd off Bellehaven might land our guns, horses, baggage and men. And soe the dinner proceed'd. I have remark'd upon the poor state of Scotch linen that is offer'd. Even upon this auspicious occasion, I notic'd that the linen was greasie and soil'd, tho' this inn is consider'd the finest in Dunbarre. I must confess that the Scotch table manners are slovenly and their platters of poor qualitie. They eat much cabbage which is plentiful in these partes but of meat there is a scarcity. Whether that is caus'd by the want of it or by design, I cannot say. Tho' upon this occasion, there was a goodlie supply of roast mutton and goose.

The dinner began with a toast of claret, follow'd by a soup or broth the Scotch sett much store by, it being called 'cock o' leekie' which is made from a boil'd fowl to which is added prunes, leeks and other roots. This was follow'd by the roast goose which I confess is pleasing to my palate. Roasted mutton appear'd after that with a pottage of oatmeal with corn and yet more roots. The maids that serv'd us were comely and wore blew caps, which I suppos'd were to contain their long hair lest it fall from their heads into the meat. Their bodices were white yet not clean, their skirtes greasy with the wiping of their fingers on them. None did curtse as is the custom in London taverns, for the Scotch women are proud and bow their heads to none, whether low or high born. It is said that the serving wenches here sit at table with their masters, be they titl'd gentlemen or mere lairds, which must encourage a vulgar familiaritie.

By the by, when we were replete, a custard accompanied by a dish of stew'd apples was borne to the table. I refus'd this, for apples do not agree with my bellie. Then the Provost rose to propose a toast to General Cope, that his forces may be bless'd with success. The toast was made in brandy or claret. The General rose and replied by assuring Provost Pollock and the Towne Fathers that he would doe his utmost to preserve their towne from harm. Then he propos'd a toast to His Majestie King George and his son the Duke of Cumberland, who he said would shortlie come to Scotland with his armie out of the Low Countries.

Several toasts were drunk and tongues became loose. Many of the Towne Fathers loos'd their stocks the better to breathe and consume more drink. It was uncommon hot in the tavern. Then as the repast was ending, a servant came into the dinner room with a young officer in the uniform of our armie. To my delight, I saw that it was Major John Stewart whom I had encounter'd in Newcastle in August. I must confess that Major Stewart was flush'd and appear'd in some disarray. We were avis'd that he had ridden from Newcastle intent upon Leith but at Berwick, he had been inform'd that the Rebels had taken Edinborough and that he should come to Dunbarre, where General Cope was expected. The General pray'd for silence and ask'd to be excus'd for he wish'd to speak privatelie with Major Stewart. When they return'd, General Cope was in grave temper. He did inform us that Major Stewart had brought ill newes. Tho' many reports had come to Newcastle of the approach of a relief force out of Flanders, no ships had been sight'd. Further, Major Stewart had visit'd My Lord Marchmont's house in Redbraes near Polwarth. Lord Marchmont was not present but his sister,

Lady Jane and her servant Carre had inform'd him that word had come to them that no relief force was upon the high seas and that General Cope must resolve to meet with the enemy with the force that he commands.

The General was anxious at this newes. To my surprise, he call'd me to his side and we repair'd to a private room nearby. There he confess'd to me that this was a sorrie state of affairs and that the Ministrie in London had not seen fit to expedite matters. He did say that his masters were lacking in wit and competence. They were neither prepar'd for the coming threat, nor the peril that faces not onlie Scotland but all Britain. He did express his fear that if noe reinforcements were sent to him, the Jacobite cause would flourish and that many exil'd in France would join the imposter prince.

I noted his words that evening and committ'd them to this, my journal. General Cope said he would write to My Lord Tweeddale, Secretarie of State for Scotland upon the morrow, being the eighteenth day of September, he would march upon the next day and would doe the best he could in His Majestie's service. He did share his fear with me that he doubt'd he had sufficient troops to meet the Rebels on equal terms but said he would strive to bar their way, marching to Edinborough upon the nineteenth day of this month. Then he said we should return to our hosts, that we might ease their fears. We did soe and found that manie of the Town Fathers were unsteadie in their gait. Soe it being near the hour of ten of the clock, when the town bell is rung for the curfew that informs the townspeople they must put out their fires, the General bade goodnight to our hosts and wish'd them well. I follow'd the Provost and his magistrates to the door where some urchins were gather'd with lanthorns to light the gentlemen of the town to their houses, hoping thereby to earn a pennie.

I bade goodnight to General Cope and repair'd to my bedchamber, where the bed is sett into the wall with curtains to shelter the sleeper from drafts of wind. Here, they use but one sheet, open at the sides and top but inclos'd at the feet and doubl'd over. I was glad to get into my cap and nightgown and snuff the candle, for it had been a long day.

18 September

I was awaken'd by the cries of the sea mews that are in abundance in this towne. Then I heard the wheels of a coach on the cobbles in the street, for my bedchamber overlooks it. I dress'd hurriedly and repair'd to the dinner table to find the General and his Adjutant, My Lord Loudon, at breakfast. They

greet'd me civillie and bade me join them in their repast. Then the General inquir'd of me had I heard the arrival of the coach . This tavern, being upon the coaching road from London by way of York, Newcastle and Edinborough, many travelllers come from the South. General Cope was pleas'd to inform me that a passenger on the coach had brought newes that His Majestie King George and His Majestie King Frederick of Prussia had sign'd a convention, to wit, is the Convention of Hanover, upon the twenty sixth day of August, the meaning of which is to guarantee the safety of each realm and its possessions. This newes brought much comfort to General Cope. For that being a treatie and pledge by these sovereigns, it must mean that our army shall be reinforc'd by Prussian soldiers, tho' they be farther from our shores than the troops that are in the Low Countries. No matter, 'tis welcome newes.

This verie morning, I repaired to Bellehaven to witness the unloading of our transports. There having been a low tide, the horses and artillerie had remain'd on board all night, tho' the troops had been safely carried to the shore. Numerous tents are now rais'd and many cooking fires are lit, that the men might enjoy their breakfast. The kettles were boiling away heartily, there being an abundant supply of driftwood near at hand.

On account of the flatness of the beach and the shallowness of the water, the transports were oblig'd to remain out at sea. Again, the poor horses suffer'd the fear of being taken off by slings and pulleys, a verie awkward and dangerous business. Through my glass, I could see many were restless and kick'd those putt to handle them. Upon this occasion, the animals were lower'd on to rafts made by securing planks athwart two cockboats, that is to say crosswise atwixt them. These crude rafts were then tow'd ashore by other small boats until the horses could be coax'd from the rafts into the water and thereby led inshore by the sailors.

At length, the vessels were reliev'd of the guns which had to be accomplish'd quickly, the tide now beginning to ebb. The business was compleat with the loss of six horses that broke legs in their panic soe that it was necessarie to despatch them with pistol shots. After exchanging pleasantries with Lt-Colonel Whitefoord who has charge of our six guns and six mortars. I watch'd these being limber'd, then took my leave of Whitefoord that I might visit the Dragoon camp at Gallows' Green, on the road back to Dunbarre.

There I was given hospitalitie by Brigadier Fowkes, Colonel Gardiner and Colonel Hamilton. I compliment'd the Brigadier upon the smartness of

his men who were in good spirit. Colonel Gardiner appear'd melancholic but said he would accompanie me to meet with General Cope and report, then he said he had been invit'd to dine that evening with the Reverend Pyott at the Manse in the High Street. He said that Colonel Hamilton was also invit'd but oblig'd to refuse as he was dutie officer that night. He inquir'd if I would care to take his place and I readily agreed soe to doe.

When I arriv'd at General Cope's headquarters, I found him melancholic, as there had been no word of the transports out of Tynemouth or Berwick that were supposedlie carrying reinforcements from the Low Countries. The General held a Staff Council to inform the officers that he would march out of Dunbarre upon the morrow. He dismiss'd all save myself, informing me that he had written to My Lord Tweeddale, Secretarie of State, that he would march the armie to Haddington.

That evening, in the Revd. Pyott's house which stands on the side of the street opposite the coaching inn, Colonel Gardiner and myself were made welcome. We were serv'd by a surly serving girl. I must confess I do not care for the Revd. Pyott. He is said to be dour and cannie, these being Scotch words for gloomy and careful with money. I found him lacking in wit, as is most of his profession. His words are heavie to bear. I forget much of what he said, tho' I recall that he was at paines to inform us that few human creatures may love God direct and that it was but through the Kirk and divine service and worship that a man may know the Lord.

At length, the repast being over, we did drink a toast to His Majestie, then to General Cope and his success. At that, Colonel Gardiner begg'd that we may be excus'd as the hour was growing late and he must repair to Gallows' Green. Upon quitting the Revd. Pyott's house, I bade Colonel Gardiner goodnight and express'd the hope that we would soon ingage the Rebel army and defeat it. He did not answer me upon this, merely wishing me a comfortable repose.

19 September

I was waken'd earlie by the sounds in the street below my windoe at 7 of the clock, having spent a discomfiting night. Sleep was denied me, for tho' I had partaken of but two glasses of claret the night before, my head was heavie and my mind fill'd with contradictions. No matter, I had not lost my appetite and made a good breakfast of boiled eggs and white bread. I supp'd with Major Stewart who is order'd to Newcastle by General Cope, bearing

his despatches. I bade farewell to him on the steps outside the inn, wishing him good fortune. I must saye it was a fine morning. A companie of troops with muskets at the port was drawn up afore the inn, these being General Cope's guard of honour. Nearby were parad'd our fifes and drums. Having retriev'd my horse from the beach at Bellehaven the afternoon before, I then repair'd to the stables in Crow's Wynd where my servant had saddl'd it for the journey. Presentlie, the General and his Adjutant General, His Grace the Earl of Loudon, took up positions at the head of the column, myself riding behind them. The General appear'd in good spirits, for that morning he had receiv'd intelligence that three companies of Loudon's Regiment would join us on the march to Haddington.

At the stroke of nine of the Towne Clock the General order'd the colours be unfurl'd and gave the order to march. The street was throng'd with the townspeople who had gather'd to see us depart. A ruffle of drums gave the signal. The fifes struck up 'Lillibulero' which brought forth much cheering and huzzas from the people. As we pass'd the Towne Chambers, Provost John Pollock, Baillie Charles Fall and sundrie other magistrates salut'd and gave order for another chorus of huzzas. The order 'Eyes right!' was given, the colours point'd in the direction of the Towne Council. The General salut'd and we pass'd the market cross to exit the town by way of the West Port. We proceed'd at a smart pace along the road that is border'd by green and pleasant fields and upon gaining Gallows' Green, we were join'd by the Brigade of Dragoons command'd by Brigadier Fowkes. Soon we left behind the cheering and the people save for a few children who were doubtless truanting away from the schoolmaster.

I begg'd leave of the General to join Colonel Gardiner who was to the rear of the column. I wish'd to bid him good morning. I found him melancholic tho' I made light talk with him, remarking upon the fine day. This did not improve his mood and all he would say to me was that General Cope changes his temper as he changes his linen. One moment he is downcast, the next he is cheerful. He then confess'd to me that in his command of two hundred Dragoons, he fear'd he could not depend upon above ten of them.

He is a man much troubl'd in health and in spirit. We had not advanc'd but a few hundred yards when Colonel Gardiner askd to be convey'd to a carriage, for he was ill. No man is free from defect in his character, but I fear Colonel Gardiner, being ill himself, has the wisdom of the sick. He express'd his fears for our General's health. One sick man may recognise the

sickness in another. I have witness'd General Cope doubt himself oft, his resolve deserting him as does the frost at the sun's first touch. His doubt is like the plague, for it infects his officers who in turn pass the melancholie to the non-commission'd officers and thereby to the men. But a soldier must be readie to face everie turn of fortune with resolution and soe we must put our trust in God.

By the by, we came to Bellehaven and pass'd through the toll gate which was laid open for us. There we were cheer'd by the tollkeeper and his wife. As we march'd to the hamlet of West Barnes, regiment upon regiment, drawn up in good order beside the road, fell in behind us, follow'd by the artillerie and the baggage train. We made good progress along the coast road which offer'd us a fine view of the sand dunes there. The men were in good heart and stepp'd out lively. Our destination was the market town of Haddington, some twelve miles distant. Upon passing through East Linton, our men were sorely put to it to march up the steep hill beyond the hamlet. The climb took its toll of the poor horses that pull'd the limbers and the horsemasters were oblig'd to halt them twice. Upon our left a great hill rose out of the fields where we could see the countrie folk busy at the harvest. Had there been Rebel vedettes here, we would have been sore test'd. Upon reaching the crest of the steep road, the march became pleasant again. To encourage the men, General Cope order'd the fifes and drums to play and the men stepp'd gaily.

By late afternoon, we gained Haddington where we were join'd by Loudon's companies, some six score men. I should saye that we did not enter Haddington but made camp about a mile to the east of it. Haddington is of greater magnitude than Dunbarre tho' to my mind, not soe prettie. General Cope gave the order to bivouac and soe the men fell out to make their tents.

This night after supper, General Cope call'd a War Council in his tent. He bade a map be spread upon the table and invit'd his staff officers to studie it, seeking opinion on how best to proceed to Edinborough. Upon this matter, opinion was divid'd. Some favour'd the coast road by way of the village of Prestonpans, others the high road by way of Tranent. 'Twas point'd out that the latter road ran beside a moor which would offer a clear view of Edinborough. The General discount'd this, as he said 'twould make for difficultie of passage for our Dragoons and the Artillerie. Colonel Gardiner was at one with the General and soe a vote was taken. It was propos'd that the army should proceed to the hamlet of Preston, below Tranent. This was approv'd. Later, Colonel Hamilton sought me, saying protection of Colonel Gardiner's house near Tranent, Bankton, was of great concern to the

Dunbar

Colonel. Besides, he said Gardiner was of a mind to proceed to Tranent for, if the Rebels were in the vicinitie, its ground would offer clear fields of fire for musket and cannon.

It now being late, I did repair to my tent, where I set aside this journal, not having the inclination to write more.

*Prestonpans: The White Rose
and the Thorn Tree*

On the evening of 19th September, Roderick MacDonald returned to Edinburgh with word from Colonel Roy Stewart about Cope's position at Haddington. He was immediately ushered into the Prince's private apartments at Holyrood, where the Prince was enjoying a late supper with the Duke of Perth.

Lachlan MacLachlan took Roderick directly to the Prince, still anxiously awaiting news of the enemy's whereabouts. Roderick removed his bonnet, bowed and accepted the Prince's offer of a chair. He repeated the words Colonel Stewart had bidden him to commit to memory in case he was taken by an enemy patrol.

"Your Highness, Colonel Stewart presents his compliments and instructs me to say that the enemy is presently camped about a mile east of Haddington. Colonel Stewart believes General Cope commands a force of about two thousand foot and six hundred horse. He regrets he is unable to give a true account though he is of the opinion his figures are accurate. There are six field pieces of – of – calber –".

MacLachlan interrupted the young man:

"Your Highness, I believe Roderick refers to the calibre of the guns."

Turning to Roderick, he asked him if he could describe the field pieces. The young man found his tongue again:

"I am certain Colonel Stewart said they were one and a half pounders. There are also of small mortars, six."

The Prince beat the table with the flat of his hand.

"Do you hear that, MacLachlan! There are no siege cannon! 'Tis plain to me that Mr Cope has no plans to attack Edinburgh but intends to meet with us in the field. But where?"

The Duke of Perth agreed:

"Your Highness, when we fall upon Mr Cope, we shall have those very guns. Now, young man, have you further news for us?"

By now, Roderick had regained his composure:

"That I have, sir. Colonel Stewart bids me to inform his Highness that the army must march out of Duddingston upon the morrow at the earliest hour. He said that a great victory will be ours on the morrow or the following day, for he believes that the enemy is lacking in trained and seasoned troops and gunners, for he could see no army cannoneers, only common sailors manning the guns. Colonel Stewart believes that the horse are not tried, nor shall they stand against us. Colonel Stewart also bids me to say that he will keep watch on the enemy and report upon the morrow, at daybreak. That is all."

The Prince was on his feet, his face flushed with excitement.

"By God, gentlemen, I believe we have Mr Cope this time! Major MacLachlan, pray summon my War Council that we may make preparations for the morrow. And it is my wish and command that you have Roderick conducted to the kitchen, for he has verily earned his supper this night."

MacLachlan bowed but before taking leave of the Prince, he had this to say.

"Your Highness, as always, your wish is my command. But first, shall you not inquire of Roderick the lie of the land betwixt here and Haddington, for has he not travelled it?"

Then, before the Prince could reply, he turned to Roderick and asked him this:

"Roderick, pray listen carefully. Were you in Mr Cope's shoes, by what way would you come to invest Edinburgh? Shall you show us on the map?"

At this, the Prince interjected.

"Good MacLachlan, that is not a fair question to put to the lad. He is no tactician. We must await the arrival of Colonel Stewart upon the morrow, when we shall learn the way of it."

"Your Highness, we may not enjoy that pleasure. What if Colonel Stewart is taken by the enemy? We must ask Roderick if Colonel Stewart passed opinion upon this matter."

Roderick shook his head, saying Colonel Stewart had ordered him to report as he had directed.

"He did not undertake to advise me on the matter, though there is but one good road between Haddington and Edinburgh, by way of Tranent. 'Twould be my guess that the enemy would come by that way."

MacLachlan reached for the map.

"That is the Post road, yet there is another near the shore, that goes by way

of the village of Prestonpans and Cockeny.* Now, Roderick, between these two, are there open fields?"

"There are and but lately harvested. I came by way of a nearby farm, then a tower and a fine –"

The Prince was quick to grasp this word.

"A tower you say? Why, knowing Mr Cope and his cautious ways, 'tis certain he will wish to have a clear view of the roads to Edinburgh. Now, Roderick, you were about to say there is a fine – what?"

"A fine house which is enclosed with stout, high walls."

The Prince called for the map.

"Ah, I see it! The tower is called Preston Tower, the house is Preston House. And the farm of which Roderick spoke must be Seton Mains. By God, I am certain Mr Cope shall find this ground to his liking, for it offers clear fields of fire at all points of the compass. I do not think he shall come by the coast road, for it is narrow and besides, Mr Cope would have the sea on his right flank which would not afford him the means of escaping us as he was able to do at Corrieyairick. Gentlemen, I believe Preston shall be his objective. We shall march there tomorrow. What say you, your Grace?"

The Duke of Perth, noted for his gentle manner which some said often verged on dereliction of duty, was not slow to reply.

"Your Highness, I believe you are right even if Colonel Stewart has not offered the same opinion. But he is right in commending an early march."

Major MacLachlan ventured to point out to the Prince that to the right of the Post Road near Tranent was a rise in the ground shown as Carberry on the map.

"Were we to secure the height, we would command a fine view of the terrain. Forbye, the slope favours the Highland Charge."

It was well known that the way Highlanders fought was to occupy high ground, then charge down firing but a single volley from their muskets, then fall on their enemies with broadsword and targe.

The Prince had made up his mind. He ordered MacLachlan to ride with all speed to Duddingston and return with Lord George Murray, Cameron of Lochiel and the clan chiefs. MacLachlan was bold enough to suggest that it would save time if the Prince and the Duke of Perth accompany him to Duddingston. The Prince showed displeasure at this but the Duke of Perth agreed this would save time. The Prince made no secret of the fact that after he

*Cockeny; Cockenzie

had wined and dined, he did not care to take to his horse but he drained his glass and reluctantly called for horses to be saddled. MacLachlan took his leave to convey Roderick to the Palace kitchens.

That night, Roderick feasted on roast mutton and a glass or two of his favourite small beer. As he sat alone at the great kitchen table, he thought of Anne Trotter at *The Tappit Hen*. With no further duties, he made up his mind to visit her that evening, for there would be no opportunity the following day.

At the courtyard gate, he enquired of the guards that evening's password. Bidding them goodnight, he fairly sped up the Canongate then to St Mary's Wynd. Being almost the hour of curfew, he made haste to the tavern. At that hour, he knew it would be almost empty. He slipped in quietly, without a word to the few remaining drinkers. The curtains of the door to the kitchen were closed and he supposed Anne would be there, counting the evening's coins. After a few moments, he decided to enter the kitchen.

The two serving girls were at the sink, washing the crockery, their backs to him. Then he saw Anne, head bowed over her ledger and piles of coins before her. She also had her back to him, but it was almost as if she sensed him there, for she turned round. He took off his bonnet and smiled to her.

"Well, Roderick MacDonald, 'tis a late hour to be visiting. Have you come for a glass of small beer?"

He found his tongue quickly.

"Nay, Mistress – Anne. I am come to bid you farewell, for upon the morn, I am to march with the army out of Edinburgh, where we shall engage the enemy. I thought – I thought you might consider me lacking in courtesy were I to leave without a word to you."

She smiled, a little bitterly he thought.

"Aye, all night, the tavern has buzzed like a bees' byke* with rumours. Now you have paid me the courtesy, shall you allow me to complete my accounting, for I am almost finished and am wanting my bed. I bid you goodnight."

As she turned her back to continue writing in her ledger, Roderick found the courage to speak to her.

"Anne, shall you not wish me good fortune?"

She turned to him again, sighing. Then she asked the serving girls if their work was finished. They said they had but a few glasses to wash.

"Leave them till the morn. Now, away to your beds, for you have worked well this day."

*byke; hive

The girls needed no second telling. Then she turned to Roderick again.

“If it will please you, I wish you well and I pray that you come to no harm. Were my father here, he would say the same, for he was as young as you are when he went to the war. But this night, he might have made you see how foolish this adventure is, which is sure to end in grief. I foresee there will be many a widow woman and fatherless bairn when it is over. Now, I beg that you take your leave of me, for I am weary of this. I know full well that I cannot change your mind.”

Roderick stood, twisting his bonnet in his fingers.

“Anne, you know I cannot, for I have given the Prince my word. I must keep it.”

She sighed again.

“Your word, is it? My father gave his word and suffered exile for it. What is the word of a single young man to a prince? Is it of such weight that he will grieve over the loss of it? Roderick, can you not see that? But you must attend to your business, as I must my own.”

Her words struck home. He could see that it was useless to argue further and turned away, his heart heavy and cold. He knew he had to keep his word for to do otherwise would bring dishonour not just to himself but also to his father who had taught him always to honour promises. In fact he could hear his father’s words in his mind.

To thine own self be true.

He pushed the tavern door open. Out in the street, he was glad of the cool breeze on his cheek and started to walk towards the Nether Bow. To his surprise, he heard familiar light footsteps behind him and turned to greet her. Anne’s face was as white as the rose that was the symbol of the Cause. She put her arms round him.

“Roderick, pray forgive my thoughtless words. I wish you good fortune and that your life will be spared upon the morn. God be with you! I pray that we shall meet again, in kinder times.”

She took his hand in hers and kissed it.

“May the good Lord look over you and keep you safe.”

Then she set into his hand a dried, withered flower. He saw it was a white rose.

“I found this by chance in my father’s Bible. He must have pressed it there many years past. I do not read the Good Book as often as I should but lately, I read of Ruth and her loyalty. That is where I found the rose. ’Twas between the pages. I read there the words of Ruth. They spoke much to me. ‘Where you go I will go, and where you lodge I shall lodge. Your people shall be my people

and your God my God. Where you die I will die, and there I will be buried. May the Lord do so to me and more also even if death parts me from you.' When I read these words, my thoughts were with you."

And at that she began to weep, pressing her face to his breast. He could not answer her but stroked her long hair. They stood in the light of a moon that was waning, saying nothing but holding each other tightly. Then she looked up and he could see the tears on her cheeks. In the darkness, he whispered this to her.

"I promise you this. I shall come back to you, for I keep my word to you as I do to the Prince. I shall wear your rose next to my heart."

They parted with a final kiss, then she ran into the tavern, her yellow hair flying behind her. She did not look back.

* * *

On the morning of the 20th September, Roderick stationed himself in the courtyard at Holyrood, where a guard of honour was drawn up. The Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, Lord Nairne, Lord Elcho, Cameron of Lochiel, the clan chiefs of the MacDonalds and various staff officers were already lined up, waiting for the Prince to appear. Lachlan MacLachlan knew the reason for the delay. Five hundred of his clansmen had arrived earlier, as had more Atholl Murrays. The last to arrive, the Grants of Glenmoriston, had come to Edinburgh after making an all night march. Dirty, tired and bewhiskered, the clan chief had hurried to present himself. He was greeted by the Prince who commented on his ill-kempt appearance. Glenmoriston did not care for this sarcastic welcome. Roderick had been present at the meeting and heard Glenmoriston's riposte.

"Sir, it is not beardless boys who are to do your business."

At 9 o'clock, the Prince appeared, dressed in his finest Highland attire. At his side were Secretary Murray, Major MacLachlan and the Chevalier de Johnstone. The party made their way to Duddingston, where the Prince presented his drawn sword to his army.

"Gentlemen, I have thrown away the scabbard. With God's assistance, I do not doubt of making you a free and happy people. This day, Mr Cope shall not escape us as he did at Corrieyairick."

Then he stood in the stirrups that all might see him.

"This day, may the Lord God favour our arms, for we serve Him in a just cause. May God be with you all."

Many of the clansmen spoke only Gaelic and did not understand his words, though a rousing cheer went up into the air with the blue bonnets. It was a fine autumn morning, the sun having burnt off the early mist. As the army marched out of Duddingston, the air was full of the gossamer thread of young spiders launching themselves on the breeze. The Prince ordered that his standard be unfurled. Pipers played a rousing skirl as the army moved off, the Prince at its head. Roderick saw that in his bonnet was a freshly plucked white rose. Though the flying standard lacked the gold and silver tassels that usually adorned the staff, the banner was no less impressive.

For the first mile, the Prince rode at the head of the army, then he took station on the flank, that he might review the men and call out words of encouragement. Many were still without serviceable muskets. Near him, Roderick MacDonald saw a sight he would never forget. The sun shone on the broadswords of the men who bore them, the pibrochs played, the drums beat and the flags cracked and snapped in the wind so much so that he thought they would break free from their staffs. As the army passed through Duddingston village, some local people had turned out to cheer the men, a few women offering flowers to the Prince. Lachlan MacLachlan reined in his horse beside Roderick MacDonald.

“Is it not a braw sight, Roderick? Remember it well, that you may tell your children and your grandchildren you were present upon this day. Do not the men step out gaily? They are eager to engage the enemy. The villagers cheer so lustily, for I think they have never seen such a sight as they do this day. A while back, I dismounted to allow my mare to graze by the roadside. As I paused there, the minister of Duddingston Kirk came to pass the time of day with me. He was honest and did say that our men’s clothes and gear were strange to him. He said the sight of so many rough, bare limbs and hair that badly wanted the ministration of a comb or brush had caused him to fear for the good of his flock, in particular the women. He said that his parishioners feared our men more than God himself, for they had savage faces. I assured him that this was not on account of their lack of breeding but because of their strong resolution to defeat the enemy. He was gracious enough to say that though our men are wild, whenever they encounter small children, they lift up the merest babe and cosset it, holding it aloft under apple trees that the bairn might pluck the fruits. He said that our men kissed the children and promised that they would deliver them from the wicked men sent against them.

“I do not think this minister is for us, yet his manner proved that neither

was he against us. He is a man of God and therefore believes in the commandment thou shalt not kill, though he did not say so.”

Roderick took heart from his words, for he remembered his father telling tales by the winter fireside of the fierce men of Norway, the Vikings that came to plunder the isles of Orkney and Shetland but spared the children.

As the army marched away from Edinburgh, Roderick looked back and thought of his Anne. Then he saw a long line of wagons and coaches in the rear of the army. He asked Major MacLachlan why they had come:

“Why, lad, 'tis the wish of the Prince who has ordered many surgeons of Edinburgh to accompany us. For the Prince is concerned for the men who shall suffer wounds in the coming battle, both ours and those of Mr Cope's army. 'Tis a token of his gentleness, for he has said that all in Scotland are his father's subjects and he would have it that all be treated with kindness, whether they are for or against him. Is this not a measure of his compassion? I am thinking the Prince is a good Christian gentleman, though he is of the Papist faith. He has further ordered that the two spies that Colonel Stewart took prisoner at Musselburgh be set free when we are nigh Carberry Hill, or as some call it, Fallside Hill. Do you recall these men?”

Roderick remembered the frightened faces of the two men who mistook Colonel Stewart for an officer in the Government army that day in Musselburgh.

“I do, sir. They are by name Mr Robert Cunningham, whose father is ADC to the Governor of Stirling Castle. His accomplice is Mr Francis Garden. It does my heart glad that the Prince has agreed to release them when we are come to the field where we shall engage the enemy.”

The road to Musselburgh being narrow, the Highland army could march only three abreast over the bridge at the River Esk. From the Honest Toun, a name given to the burgh many years past, the army marched through Pinkie Park where Lord George Murray ordered Lochiel's men to strike across the fields and ascend the steep hill of Fallside, or Fawsie, as Roderick was informed by a local ploughman.

When the Prince learnt that Lord George had occupied Fawsie, he was furious. He made a point of rebuking Lord George in front of two junior officers, MacLachlan and the Chevalier de Johnstone.

“Sir, you have been precipitate in your actions! No order came from me that we should take the high ground. Pray do not be so profligate again. We must act as one!”

And then as if to reinforce his disdain, the Prince did the very opposite,

taking half the troops under the command of the Duke of Perth westward to ascertain whether it might be possible to confront Cope from the direction of Preston.

During the ascent of the moor, Secretary Murray had informed the Prince that the fine house on the summit was known as Fawsie Castle. Roderick heard Murray say this to the Prince:

“Your Highness, we tread upon historic ground for 'twas here that your forbear, Mary Stewart, Queen of Scots challenged the Lords of Edinburgh who were gathered here to remove her from the throne, for she was Catholic and they were Protestant. Her forces were defeated and she was taken to Edinburgh and cast into prison upon the isle of Lochleven, having abdicated in favour of her infant son James.”

The Prince knew that Murray was attempting to pour oil on troubled water. He was silent for a time, then addressed Murray.

“I am in your debt Secretary Murray for enlightening me, though I am in no mood for a lesson in history. I do not come here to mourn a defeat, I come to gain a victory. Pray bring to me Colonel O’Sullivan, that he may advise me upon our position.”

Lachlan MacLachlan was near and he heard the Prince’s words. He took it upon himself to remind the Prince that it would be courteous to seek the opinion of his two Lieutenant Generals, the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray. The Prince was angered by this advice.

“Sir, pray do not be so bold as to teach me my business! I would have the opinion of Colonel O’Sullivan. I am to be obeyed, for am I not in command?”

MacLachlan was surprised by the Prince’s retort but did as ordered, though he informed Lord George Murray of the Prince’s command. Murray did not hesitate to voice his opinion.

“He may live to regret this decision. I came to this eminence that I might better observe the enemy’s progress and intentions. We are in sight of the enemy and can see what he is about. Does the Prince not see that? What does Colonel O’Sullivan know that I do not know? Nothing. But he is favoured, whereas I am not.”

MacLachlan suggested that perhaps Lord Murray might find favour with the Prince if he were to seek the company of the Duke of Perth, that they might together approach the Prince. Murray smiled.

“Aye, MacLachlan, as always, your advice is sound. The Prince cannot ignore his two commanders. But mark you my words. This venture shall come to grief if the Prince heeds not the advice of men skilled in the ways of war. He

is closeted with sycophants and heeds their unsound counsel. Did I not say this to you when we were in Perth?"

MacLachlan nodded but said nothing for a moment or two, then he suggested that Lord George and the Duke of Perth attend the Prince directly. The three men met on the summit of Fawsie. The Prince's horse was pawing the ground impatiently. Lord George whispered to MacLachlan that perhaps the horse had caught the Prince's mood. Then he sought to speak.

"Your Highness, may I converse with you?"

The Prince merely waved his hand in the air by way of acknowledgement, his eyes fixedly gazing at the plain of Preston below him. Lord George Murray contained his anger at the snub. The Prince finally answered him.

"Oh, pray do inform us of your intelligence, My Lord. Our dear friend Colonel O'Sullivan has already enlightened us as to the enemy's position and given his view on the best way to discomfit him. I take it you bear important news of the enemy that is not known to Colonel O'Sullivan. Pray proceed with your account."

On this occasion, Lord George Murray kept his temper. He was calm and firm in his address.

"Sir, were Mr Cope to oblige us this day, it will not be on this hill, but on the ground that lies below. He may yet retreat the way he is come or will make his stand on the ground between Tranent and Prestonpans. For it is suited to his artillery and his cavalry. He commands some six hundred horse to our eighty. Further, the ground offers clear fields of fire for his artillery and foot. There is a third option but I have discounted it."

The Prince showed his impatience by turning his horse's head away from Lord George.

"Pray inform us of this third way."

"He could take the coast road by way of Cockeny and Prestonpans and make his way to Edinburgh thereby, though I do not think he will care to have the sea upon his right flank. I am certain that Mr Cope shall stand here, below us, where he has drawn up his army."

The Prince grudgingly agreed. It was then that he informed Lord George of his intention to attack Cope from the west. He set off, accompanied by the Duke of Perth, leaving Lord George in command of the remaining men. Lord George, on hearing cannon fire, enquired the reason for it. He was told that Colonel O'Sullivan had taken some of Lochiel's men to the Tranent churchyard, where they were clearly in view of the enemy artillery. As there would likely be casualties among his Camerons to no good purpose, Cameron

of Lochiel begged Lord George to bid them return, which was duly done. O'Sullivan was furious.

"Why, sir, have you given the order to withdraw? It is vital to our success that we occupy the churchyard if the attack is to come from the west, where His Highness has gone."

Lord George stated bluntly that would be so but only if the attack were indeed to be mounted in the west.

"But I am of the opinion that the attack shall be from the east, for I have conferred with several local inhabitants upon the lie of the land. The ground is more favourable there."

"But His Highness –"

"Colonel O'Sullivan, I am in command here. I shall bear responsibility for this. Now, you are dismissed."

"Sir, I must protest–"

"Sir, you may not. I command here."

Roderick was sent to the Prince with a message from Lord George, urging him to return to Fawsie and join him, as the enemy appeared to be concentrating its strength in the fields between Seton and Preston, their rear being protected by Preston House.

The Prince, petulant at the brevity of Murray's despatch, reluctantly returned to Fawsie with the Duke of Perth and his wing of the army. When he saw the enemy position, his temper improved as he was eager to engage immediately. The Duke of Perth ventured the opinion that perhaps General Cope was bluffing and that by nightfall, he would take the coast road by Cockenzie and Prestonpans, thus avoiding battle.

"In that case, I shall attack him this very afternoon. Mr Cope shall not escape us a second time."

Lord George urged prudence:

"Let us delay movement until Mr Cope's intentions are entirely clear. Of course he may or may not stand. It would be unwise to quit this position prematurely, for it gives us great advantage in observing him."

As he spoke, Lord George Murray trained his glass on the fields below, muttering to himself. Battalions of redcoats were drawn up in parade-ground formation on the plain, their front facing Tranent. Sweeping the landscape with his glass to gain better knowledge of the terrain, he spoke aloud.

"I see a depression, perhaps a deep ditch to the fore of the position. I am certain Cope will make that his front, as it presents a natural barrier for the protection of his foot. A ditch would break the Highland Charge. There, with

his battery of artillery, he would do much mischief upon our men. There would be many casualties were we to attempt a frontal assault. So we must force Mr Cope to alter his front to one suited to our advantage."

Rarely did the Prince accept Lord George's advice without question, even though usually it was based on sound tactics. Today, he was anxious to engage the enemy in battle, impatient to confront a foe that had evaded him for so many weeks. However, he curbed his excitement, grudgingly acknowledging Lord George's assessment of the situation, though he did not seem to appreciate the need to force Cope to change position.

"For that will delay the action."

Lord George said that it was necessary to gain more knowledge of the terrain before any engagement took place. As the Duke of Perth agreed with this suggestion, the Prince accepted it. Now he acted decisively. In the intervening hours, the entire Highland army was ordered to Tranent, in the hope that there might be found an advantageous position that would avoid the obstacle of the ditch. All the while, the staff officers trained their glasses on the enemy formations. The Prince appeared to have regained his composure, for Roderick heard him remark to Lord George Murray that further intelligence on the position was required.

"No matter where we deploy, Mr Cope shall be obliged to deploy in like fashion to meet the threat. His army is surely trapped like chickens in a coop, an easy target for the fox. They shall not move against us, they will simply shift position to contain us. How shall we oblige him, sir?"

Murray did not answer at first but then conjectured that perhaps an attack from the north, or low, road might meet with success:

"Though I do not care for that ploy, as our men will have to advance uphill."

The bulk of the Highland army now occupied Birsley Brae, ground slightly above Tranent. Lord George Murray was adamant that any attack must come from the east. As the Highlanders marched into Tranent, the forward elements sighted the Hanoverian army at close quarters. The Hanoverians gave out a great shout which was answered by curses and yells in Gaelic from the clansmen. Roderick understood what they were shouting.

"Come on, ye English sons of hounds, come on! Ye are long tailed curs but afore long, we shall have the tails docked from ye!"

The Camerons had their own slogan:

"Sons of the hounds, come here and get flesh!"

During the course of that long day, the Highland army inclined to the east,

inducing General Cope to shift position accordingly. In fact he would do so no less than four times. The Prince was preoccupied with the many reports coming in, feverishly studying the inadequate maps of the area. At one point, he lost his temper when MacLachlan informed him that Secretary Murray of Broughton was insisting on an audience with him.

“For he wishes to be granted a commission as a general of horse. He insists that this was promised him.”

The Prince rose so quickly that he sent his camp stool spinning.

“Confound the man! Does he not comprehend the urgency of the situation? He is a damnable nuisance!”

MacLachlan quietly reminded the Prince that he had made the promise at Perth. The Prince thought for a moment, then grew calm.

“Ah, I did so, so I did. I recall. Pray inform Secretary Murray that I shall address the matter at supper this evening.”

He proved as good as his word, though what he ultimately had to say was less than what Murray had been expecting. The Prince called for silence, announcing that he had two new appointments:

“First, it gives me pleasure to appoint Secretary John Murray of Broughton to the position of Honorary Colonel of our Hussars, presently commanded by Major Baggott. This may not meet with Secretary Murray’s expectations, but gentlemen, I have often been at pains to remind the Secretary that the pen is mightier than the sword. I am sure you will agree that he is of greatest value to us in this post.

“The second appointment is in favour of the Chevalier de Johnstone who is presently ADC to My Lord George Murray. From this day, I have appointed him as Captain in the Duke of Perth’s regiment.”

Now it was Lord George’s turn to be annoyed. He was not sure whether the Prince had removed his ADC deliberately for his part in the planning of the coming engagement. The Prince had wanted to attack the enemy that very day but Lord George had urged caution until he could gain full knowledge of the enemy position. Murray deemed it too late in the day to attack and the Prince had retired to sulk in his tent. Reports were still coming in to the effect that Cope’s position was not only protected by a deep ditch but also by a treacherous morass or marsh. The Prince enquired if any in the army were familiar with the terrain, so word was passed to various officers to find such a man.

That afternoon, one of the Prince’s ablest officers, Colonel Henry Kerr of Graden had been sent to reconnoitre the enemy position. He set off on a small

white pony, notebook in hand. Amid constant fire from the Hanoverian army, he had coolly surveyed the area. Close examination of the ground revealed that it was a treacherous bog broken up by hedges, ditches and willow trees. He saw that there were plots of land surrounded by stone walls and that the enemy sappers had begun to dig trenches, clearly an indication that Cope intended to stand his ground. Kerr studiously ignored the gunfire, making a sketch map during his reconnaissance. On his return, he was immediately summoned to the Prince.

“Your Highness, General Cope’s van now faces east. He has a long twelve foot high wall to his rear, that being the enclosure to Preston House belonging to a Mr George Erskine. When Your Highness moved to the west earlier, Mr Cope had clearly anticipated our attack would come from there as he has caused the wall to be breached, that his artillery might be brought against us. Or perhaps he intends to retire there. He has shifted his position, his front now facing Tranent. It is a strong position with a deep, water-filled ditch six feet across and likely of similar depth. Less than one hundred foot could contain our men there. To its front is marshy ground that stretches to Tranent. Were we to charge this uncouth piece of ground, the flower of our force would be destroyed by merciless fire before we could reach the line. It is my considered opinion that we must induce Mr Cope to re-deploy again. The ground most favourable to us is in the east, where Mr Cope’s left flank is placed, facing stubble fields that reach to a wagon road between Cockeny and Tranent by way of Seton Farm. It is my belief that the attack should come from there.”

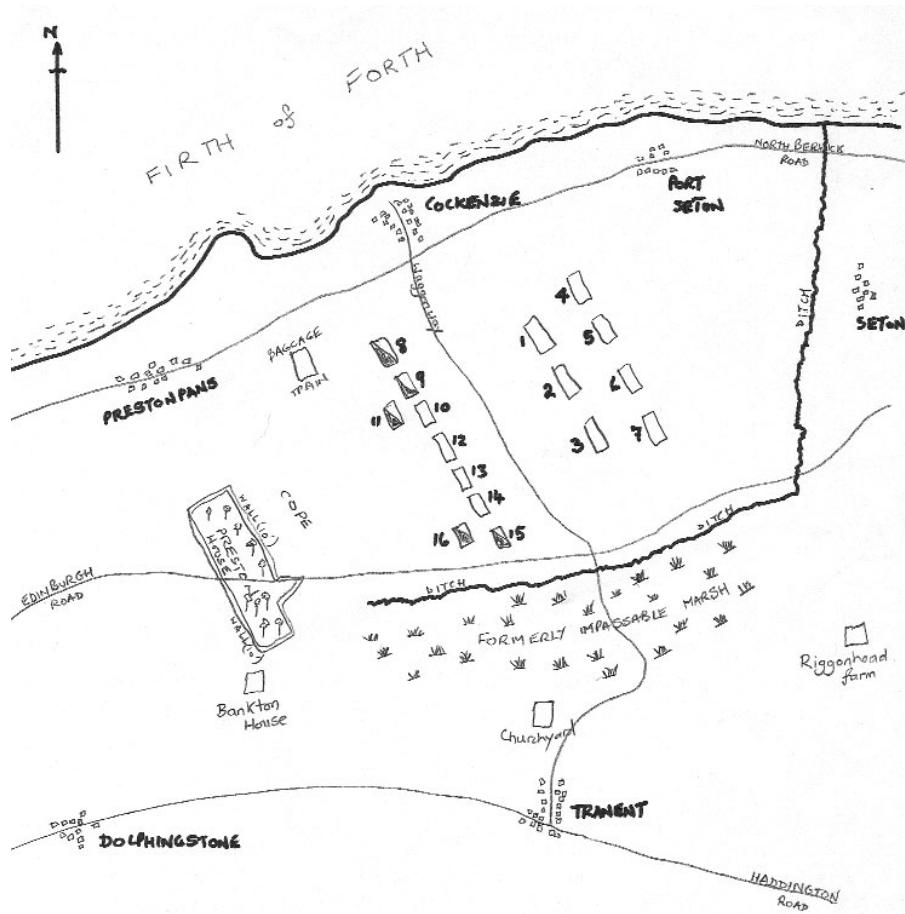
The Prince thanked him for his excellent though depressing report and dismissed him. He then ordered Lord George Murray to have his staff officers search for a local man that might be able to offer advice on the piece of ground Colonel Kerr of Graden had described. How could it be avoided? The Chevalier de Johnstone was heard to say this to a colleague:

“The more we examine it, the more we are convinced of the impossibility of attacking Mr Cope’s position. There is complete consternation and we are at a loss what course we must take.”

Colonel Kerr had urged the Prince to issue orders to his staff to find someone with a good knowledge of the terrain to the front of Cope’s present position:

“For without that knowledge, we cannot gain the eastern position from which we must attack. I fear we risk being caught in the ditch ‘ere we are able to form up our lines in the east.”

The White Rose and the Thorn Tree



Key:

- | | | | |
|--------------|------------|---|--|
| 8, 9, 10, 11 | Murray's | 1 | Clans Ranald, Glengarry, Grant, Glencoe, Keppoch |
| 12 | Lascelles' | 2 | Clans McPherson, Duke of Perth |
| 13 | Guise's | 3 | Clans Appin, Lochiel, McGregor |
| 14, 15, 16 | Lee's | 4 | Prince Charles |
| | | 5 | Clan Robertson |
| | | 6 | Clan McLachlan |
| | | 7 | Menzies |

When darkness began to fall, the soft September air brought a perfect stillness in the Highland army's camp. Not a single light revealed the position, the men eating a cold supper of oatmeal and bannocks. On the other hand, the Hanoverian camp was ablaze with many bonfires which not only illuminated Cope's entire position but also individual sentries posted on picket duty. Roderick commented on this to Major MacLachlan.

"Are they not foolish to do this, sir? Do they make fires because they are confident of victory upon the morrow?"

"That may be so. Mr Cope may be over-indulging himself in the certainty of our defeat, though I am thinking he makes fires for another reason. It may be to instil courage in his men who are afraid of shadows in the night."

"Do you believe we shall be victorious, sir?"

"Aye, lad, that I do. Our men are in fine spirit, eager to engage the enemy and have done with the business. We do not know Mr Cope's strength but this past two days, we have been joined by eight score of my kinsmen, two hundred and fifty Atholl men brought by My Lord Nairne and a further hundred Grants from Glenmoriston. We are now of number two thousand five hundred which may be equal to Mr Cope's strength, though he has the edge over us with his artillery. The Prince has but a single ancient field-piece that will serve only as a signal gun."

Roderick said the enemy was also superior in cavalry.

"They are above five hundred to our eighty."

"Our horse are not for the dispute but for scouting. What ails ye, lad? Are you afraid of the enemy horse?"

"Nay, sir, not for myself, but my brother James is a dragoon in one of the enemy regiments. I know not which. I would not care to raise our father's sword against him."

MacLachlan recalled that the young man had voiced this fear before the Canter of Coltbrig a few days ago. He tried to reassure him:

"Roderick, this is your first battle. A battle is a turmoil, with every man thinking he has the worst of it to his front. As for Cope's Dragoons, well, they have fled before and may do so again. But if it will bring comfort to you, I shall seek permission from the Prince to keep you by my side, for I shall not be in the van of the attack."

Roderick said he did not want any favours but thanked him for his kindness.

The Prince had made his camp slightly to the east of Tranent to be out of artillery range. The camp was quiet save for the occasional coughing of

sentries. The men lay down in the dew-soaked grass with only their plaids for covering. The stillness was broken by desultory cannon fire that would continue for several hours, clearly intended to prevent the Highland army from sleeping. The two armies were now but four or five hundred yards apart.

Roderick had been attending the Prince after supper. Reports were hourly arriving which kept the Prince occupied. One such report sent him into a rage. Lord George Murray was present and asked what troubled him.

“Why do they not obey my orders? My Lord, were you not present when I ordered Lord Nairne and five hundred Atholl men to bar the Post road to Edinburgh to dispute Mr Cope’s passage there? For as you know, I do not place much faith in Mr Cope standing against us. He may yet decide to march upon Edinburgh under cover of darkness.”

Lord George agreed this was possible.

“Your Highness’ mind is sharp. He may well be seeking to delude us with the use of his many fires and the cannonade. Mr Cope would not be the first commander to break camp, leaving behind a small rearguard to confuse his adversaries into thinking he remained. But pray sir, inform me of this disobedience, that we may address it.”

The Prince crushed the paper he held in his hand.

“My Lord, this message informs me that the Atholl men have returned to the main body. Who has had the audacity to countermand my orders? By God, sir, I will have him.”

Lord George was also angered and asked Cameron of Lochiel if he knew anything of the matter. Lochiel did not hesitate to answer.

“The Atholl men do not wish to be absent from the field. Forbye, we must not be denied the services of a great part of the army in the coming fight. If the man responsible is My Lord Nairne, perhaps he has done us great service in bringing them back. I for one do not believe that Cope will slip away in the night. He cannot lose face again.”

By now the Prince had calmed down.

“We are right to condemn this negligence but I cannot discipline My Lord Nairne, for I am certain he meant well. The Atholl men see it as their right to be present on the field and I cannot question their bravery. Let us put the matter aside for the moment, for I do not wish to weaken the resolve of our command.”

Lord George Murray would later ask a colleague if he would have been treated so leniently had it had been himself who had given the order to desert the Post road. But for the moment, he sought out his staff officers to ask if

they had had any success in finding anyone with knowledge of the terrain. Then, when his hopes were fading, a man was brought to his tent. Murray lost no time in informing the Prince.

“Your Highness bade us find one with knowledge of the ground occupied by the enemy. I have found such a man. I have the honour to present Mr Robert Anderson, Younger of Whitburn who is from these parts. The village of Humbie I believe. He awaits your pleasure.”

The Prince ordered the man to be brought before him. Anderson bowed, removing his bonnet.

“Your Royal Highness, I received word that you were seeking a man who kens* these parts. I said to my friend James Hepburn of Tranent, ‘were I the Highlanders, I would attack from the east for that is where the ground is dry and firm’. I ken this as I am wont to shoot ducks there. There is a way through the marsh that is on the enemy’s flank. May I have the honour of leading you through it?”

The Prince could not contain his joy, all thoughts of the disobedience of the Atholl men forgotten.

“Why, sir, you are a godsend to us! Indeed you may have the honour of conducting your Prince safely through yon marsh, for when we gain the east, we shall fall upon the enemy with all our strength.”

The assembled staff officers broke into animated conversation amongst themselves. Colonel Kerr who was present called for silence and sought permission to address the company.

“Your Highness, gentlemen, Mr Anderson shall surely guide us but he warns me that the marsh is deep and wet to the knee. We shall be obliged to wade through it, taking care not to betray ourselves. The ducks that offer sport to Mr Anderson may well give us away by their flight.”

All agreed that absolute silence was essential. A few toasts were drunk, then the Prince dismissed his staff, saying that the army would begin to deploy at three o’clock the following morning.

“Gentlemen, to your posts. May God bless our arms with success on the morrow, for right is on our side.”

That night, the Prince lay down in the grass, wrapped himself in a plaid, a sack of pease serving as pillow. Roderick was dismissed and ordered to find a convenient spot near the Prince. He was excited and afraid at the same time, thinking of the looming engagement. He followed Lord George Murray and

*kens; knows

his staff to a small hollow where there were a few thorn trees. As the men lay down in their plaids to catch some precious moments of sleep, he heard Lord George say to his officers:

“Gentlemen, I do not ask you to go before but merely to follow me.”

The words were said quietly, without passion, though they struck home. However, two junior officers lying near Roderick exchanged a few words, whispering so that Lord George would not hear though Roderick was close enough to make out their words.

“My Lord ‘s words remind me of a minister of the Kirk I encountered in the town of Inverness. That Sabbath, he gave a sermon on followers.”

“And what said he that day?”

“Well, he said that there were four ways of following. He did say this to the congregation. ‘There are indeed four ways. First, there are those followers that come behind ye. Second, there are those followers that do go afore ye. Third, there are followers that are side by side. Last but not least are the followers that stand still, like stanes!**”

His companion could not prevent himself from laughing. Roderick smiled to himself, thinking that if the tale were true, the minister had much wisdom. He was beginning to learn that wisdom and laughter are frequent bedfellows.

The plan of attack having been finalised, the men were woken quietly by the officers and the sentries at three o’clock. The original plan had been for the armie to proceed by the south side of Tranent, over Tranent muir northwards then down by Riggonhead to Seton, coming in by Meadowmill from the west to take Cope’s forces from behind. However, the Highland army would not have been able to maintain complete silence and Cope’s men were ordered to deploy for the fourth time that day, facing east to meet the threat from that quarter. At one point the Highlanders had lain so close to the enemy that they could hear orders being issued. Lord George Murray had already sent a division down the wagon way past Tranent Kirk and by Seton Mains farm. These men had orders to await the attack of the main body, which would fall upon the artillery battery. At the same time, a detachment of sixty Camerons, led by Ranald MacDonald of Clanranald and his ADC Major Alexander MacDonald of Glenaladale, were sent to seize the baggage train stationed near Cockenzie. The Camerons easily overpowered the two companies of Black Watch and forty Hanoverian infantry. The Camerons found four thousand

*stanes; stones

pounds in the war chest, ample weapons, supplies and most of General Cope's personal effects and papers. The first blow had been struck...

* * *

Journal of Major John Whittle

Preston,
20 September 1745

This night, we are incamp'd in fields that are to the south of a village called Cockeny. To the east is the hamlet of Seton, to the west is the tower of Preston, which this day I climb'd with General Cope, the better to view the enemie's dispositions. At supper, the General did say that the ground was sufficient large for our purpose, viz. that we would ingage the enemie in the open upon ground that is not suit'd to their tactics, of which the General is knowledgeable. 'Tis the Highland way to position men on a height, that they are able to charge down upon their enemies, discharging but a single volley from their muskets, then casting them aside that they are not encumber'd soe as to compleat their charge with targe and broadsword. Soe, we being on ground that is level, General Cope did assure us that when the enemie muskets are discharg'd, our men shall have fine targets. He further assur'd us that if Lieutenant Colonel Whitefoord's artillerie does not intirely break the Highland Charge, the Dragoons of Colonel Gardiner and Colonel Hamilton will get among the survivors and there doe much mischief upon them.

I must say that the General was in good spirits at supper and said he would rest that night at Cockeny, which somewhat distress'd his staff, it being a mile or soe from the field. But his mood was calm and he is confident of victory. I recall his words.

"Gentlemen, on the morrow, the White Horse of Hanover shall crush the White Rose of Stuart! Of this you may be certain."

The General order'd that onlie one toast be made to His Majestie and the success of our armes. One officer made move to refill his glass but the General rebuked him.

"No more of it, sir, I say no more of it. I would have clear heads upon the morrow."

As I sit here, the occasional cannon shot keeps me from sleep. In the time atwixt everie shotte, all is quiet save for the confound'd cries of geese and

ducks that dwell in the marsh nearby. Do they mock us? Do they give warning that the Rebel army is to hand, prepar'd for the attack? I doe recall my history lessons of old, when the master inform'd us that it was the geese upon the Capitol Hill that sav'd ancient Rome from disaster. No, I am certain that the creatures are affron'ted by our cannon fire and complain of it.

As sleep would not come to me, I resolv'd to make a perambulation of the camp, that I might while away the hours by inspecting the picquets. The first sentrie I encounter'd was half scar'd out of his wits. His manner I can but liken to a nervous horse whose bridle is suddenlie seiz'd by a stranger in the darkness. I could not calm him, for he was of the German race and had but scant English. We have manie of these D——d mercenaries in our army, men that fight onlie for pay and victuals. Mayhap he sens'd that my manner was to banish his fear and steadie him for he grew quiet, saying onlie the word 'morgen' that I know to be his word for morning. I fear he would have bolt'd had I not barr'd his way. 'Twas the same with the other sentries, for manie are young and as yet untried in battle. They are poorlie train'd and few have yet discharg'd a musket in anger. They are in thrall to campfire tales of the barbaritie of the Highlandmen who think naught of creeping about in the dark to slit a throat or two with their dirks.

I pass'd some time with the dutie officer whom I found in better spirits, he being steadie. I express'd my disquiet to him about the sentries. The officer did make light of my fears, saying that sentries in all armies are wont to espie the enemie at night in everie shadow and bush that moves in the light of the moon or the flames of the fires. He said that in his service, 'twas a comfort to ingage in wit and humour for onlie that way is there to be had courage and pow'r to steadie the ills that assail the head and the heart. Upon that I bade him good evening and wish'd him good fortune upon the morrow.

I repair'd to my tent, tho' I thought it best not to disrobe, for the enemie may fall upon us earlie, even before dawn light. This may be my last entrie for a time, soe I close with these words.

God save His Majestie King George and may all his foes be vanquish'd.

21 September

I had thought to putt this journal aside but I find that I cannot sleep, tho' I have lain here these past three hours. It lacks but an hour until dawn,

mayhap less, tho' all is still and quiet as the grave but for a cock that crows nearby.

How doth the Almighty delight to indulge in games with man, His fine creation! I should dismiss this thought for I am no philosopher nor am I skill'd in the physick to comprehend why it must be that before battle, the bodie acts in a contrarie manner. I have found that the mouth is become drie, the palms of the hand wet. Should it not be otherwise? And why, when the bodie should be forgot and brave thoughts occupie the mind, why does Nature intrude upon us reminding us of the crude needs of the bodie. In short, I must piss for it may be some time afore I may have further opportunitie to doe soe.

* * *

In the darkness, the Prince had been roused by Cameron of Lochiel. The entire camp stirred and many were already on their feet, buckling on broadswords, priming muskets with ball and shot. The Chevalier de Johnstone was near at hand and saluted the Prince. He expressed the hope that this day, God would see fit to give him a victory. Roderick heard him also say this to Lochiel:

“Many of our men lack muskets still. We have but a single ancient field piece, a small iron gun that lacks a carriage so that it must be carried about upon a cart pulled by a single horse. We are fortunate that some fourteen hundred of men bear firearms but they are of diverse kinds, muskets, fusils, fowling pieces, firelocks. Many are in poor repair. Some of the MacGregors carry but scythes on poles. But many have the broadsword which is our favoured weapon.”

Lochiel did not answer at first, then he said that those with scythes would be useful in disabling the Dragoon horses.

“For 'tis the way to deal with the creatures. The scythemen shall cut their forelegs and despatch their riders when they fall.”

Roderick was aghast at this, thinking of his brother James. But he also thought that Lochiel had taken no pleasure in describing the fate that awaited some of the cavalry.

He accompanied Lochiel to a thorn tree where the Prince awaited them. He greeted them warmly. Lochiel spoke in a low voice.

“Your Highness, we are blessed by the darkness, for it will mask our movements. But the enemy is close by so we must not allow any sound. The

army awaits you. Mr Anderson is nearby and ready to lead us through the marsh. However, I bear ill news."

The Prince enquired what could possibly mar the moment.

"Tis a matter of grave importance, Your Highness. It concerns the placing of the clans in battle order."

The Prince was visibly annoyed.

"What is this nonsense? How badly I am served! Pray enlighten me in the matter, for we must press home the attack!"

Lochiel did not hold back.

"Your Highness will recall that when in Perth, you did confer with the clan chiefs as to the order of battle. It was made known to you that certain clans have traditional rights upon which wing of the army they shall fight. You may further recall that the chiefs were disunited in the matter, for they had argued upon it in past conflicts. It was agreed that they would settle the dispute by drawing lots on the positions they would take on the field."

The Prince thought for a moment, then gave answer:

"Yes, I do recall the matter, for were not the clan MacDonald chiefs displeased on the occasion? Did they not declare they would insist upon their rights?"

Lochiel did not hesitate to reply:

"Tis upon the matter of this right. I mean the right wing of the army. For since ancient times, the MacDonalds were granted the privilege of fighting on the right wing of King Robert Bruce's army at Bannockburn. This day, you have placed them upon the left wing. May I call to your presence MacDonald of Glengarry?"

"Pray do so, though we must not tarry."

MacDonald of Glengarry did not dwell on any ceremony on this occasion, though he had always shown respect to the Prince. Glengarry could not conceal his anger, protesting vehemently at the battle order:

"I do not harbour ill-will towards Cameron of Lochiel. That is not my intent. But if the MacDonalds are denied their position on the right wing, they shall not fight this day. This right was granted by Robert Bruce at Bannockburn and we insist upon that honour."

The Prince was visibly upset and angered. Lochiel attempted to defuse the situation:

"Your Highness, Alistair Glengarry is not the chief of his clan. He is but the younger and second son and so does not carry his father's authority."

As he said the words, MacDonald of Glengarry laid hand upon the hilt of his sword and shouted at Lochiel:

“By God, sir, I will not have that! Though my father is not present, what I do, I do in his name! You insult me! The MacDonalds of Keppoch, Clanranald and Glencoe are of one mind with me. I beg you, Your Highness, pray give thought to this, for I shall not answer for my kinsmen if we are denied our right.”

Lochiel knew the young man spoke the truth and admired his strength of feeling. Not wishing to put the prospect of victory in jeopardy, he offered to give up his position on the right wing to the MacDonalds. For as he remarked, he would not have it said that a Cameron had brought misfortune to the field.

At that, Glengarry’s temper cooled, his hot words forgotten. Lord George Murray having been appraised of the change in battle formation, outlined the plan of attack, assuring the Prince that both he and the Duke of Perth were agreed.

“When we are safely through the marsh, the army will form line. The front line shall consist of the MacDonalds of Clanranald, Glengarry, Keppoch, Glencoe and the Grants of Glenmoriston on the extreme right wing. In the centre under the command of the Duke of Perth shall be Clan MacPherson. The left wing shall be comprised of the Appin Stuarts led by Charles Stewart of Ardshiel, the Camerons under Lochiel and two companies of MacGregors led by Major James MacGregor. The second line shall consist of the men of Atholl on the right, My Lord Nairne’s regiment in the centre and Clan Menzies on the left, commanded by Menzies of Shian in place of the clan chief. With them will be the Robertsons of Struan, the MacLachlans and His Grace the Duke of Perth’s regiment. As corps de reserve, we shall have the support of twenty five gentlemen of noble birth and their servants.

“Your Highness, I consider it prudent that you remain in the second line for it would be a disaster were harm to come to you. Our intelligence, courtesy of Colonel Kerr’s excellent sketch map, shows the enemy positions as follows.

“On Cope’s left is Colonel Murray’s Regiment. To his right is Colonel Lascelles, then Colonel Guise and Colonel Lees. The artillery unaccountably is on the extreme right, which in my view is not a sensible position. I would have placed the guns in the centre. Be that as it may, the battery is protected by a guard and Colonel Gardiner’s Dragoons. Colonel Hamilton’s Dragoons are on the left wing, to the rear of centre.

“It is my intention to send forward eight hundred Camerons under Lochiel, whose first object shall be the artillery. Upon the right flank, the MacDonalds of Clanranald shall attack Murray’s Regiment. His Grace the Duke of Perth

shall have the honour of engaging Colonels Lascelles and Guise. Gentlemen, I wish you success!"

In that grey dawn, the Highlanders waded through the cold waters of the marsh, sinking in the mud to their knees. Once across the marsh, they leapt over the ditch that protected the enemy's right flank. Quickly, the front line was shaken out according to Lord George Murray's battle plan. But in the darkness, the Highlanders had difficulty in forming a front line. The army was drawn up in two ranks, the Prince in the second. As soon as the first line was in position, Lord George Murray ordered the attack. The Duke of Perth, in command on the right, led his men forward but, unable to see the enemy's position and incapable of judging in the dark how much room he would have to leave for Lord George Murray to form up the left, marched too far towards the sea. When daylight began to break, a gap was visible in the front line. Lochiel's Camerons pulled off their bonnets, looked up to heaven, muttered a short prayer, and then began their advance. The entire front line marched forward slowly in complete silence, the clansmen hoping to get as close to the enemy as they could before making their charge and fighting in the way they favoured – hand-to-hand. When some of the leading elements saw the sunlight play on the metal trappings of the enemy soldiers and the number of horse and artillery ranged against them, they expected to be swept from the field.

In the second line, Roderick could not see what was happening to his front, although the space between the front and its support lines was only fifty yards. He had thought that before the break of day, the front line would rush forward, still half-hidden by the darkness, but all was quiet until the sun broke through. After what seemed to him an interminable length of time – it was but a few seconds – he saw movement to his front. Lord George Murray in command of the Camerons, the Appin Stuarts and the MacGregors, advanced obliquely towards the enemy artillery battery to close the gap in their ranks. Later, Roderick MacDonald would remember the sight so close at hand.

"I saw that they did cast away their plaids, drew their blades and run forward, with a great shout."

The left wing surged forward. Eight hundred Camerons charged the ordnance guard protecting the artillery, shooting them down, then they were among them with the broadsword. Panic gripped the gunners, most taking to their heels, carrying off their powder flasks and leaving their officer behind. A cool-headed man, Lieutenant-Colonel Whitefoord, stood his ground and managed to discharge, single-handedly, five of the six field pieces. Some of the Highlanders were seen to fall, among them Major James MacGregor, son of

Rob Roy MacGregor. The mortally wounded man was heard to call out to the men in his company:

“My lads, I am not dead! By God, I shall see if any of you does not do his duty!”

The sight of the dying man enraged the MacGregors who rushed forward screaming their war slogan, casting away their encumbering plaids to reveal their semi-nakedness. The bagpipes that played their eerie drones were matched by the screams of the Camerons and the MacGregors. Those who bore muskets had little taste for them and cast them aside, doing terrible work with axe, scythe and the fearsome sword. The enemy front line began to buckle in the face of this fierce onslaught.

Roderick in the second line with the Prince, Colonel Kerr and Major MacLachlan, saw the charge of the Camerons, who had fired but a single volley into the ordnance guard, themselves able only to discharge two volleys before they were overwhelmed. Roderick's heart was beating like a hammer against his chest, his hand slippery with sweat as he drew his broadsword. He knew that Colonel Gardiner's Dragoons were close by and he feared to meet his brother James. But as suddenly as the thought came into his head, it left him as he heard the Camerons shouting their battle cry:

“Chlanna nan con thigibh a so's gheibh sibh feoil!”*

Roderick paused beside the dying Major MacGregor, whose head was propped in one hand. The man had been hit several times and could no longer speak. With his eyes, he urged Roderick on, then lay back upon the stubble. Lochiel's men had now reached the artillery position, strewn with enemy dead and wounded. Roderick saw a man he knew approach the Colonel in charge of the artillery; Alexander Stewart of Inverhayhn presented himself before the officer, Colonel Whitefoord, who surrendered his sword.

The blood lust was up in Lochiel's men. They rushed into Gardiner's Dragoons, striking the horses' noses with their fists to frighten them so that they reared up and threw their riders, whereupon they were despatched by dirk and sword. Suddenly, Roderick found Major MacLachlan at his side. He gripped the young man's shoulder:

“Fear not for your brother, lad! Every dragoon still with a horse is quitting the field!”

Cope's front line foot had fired a desultory volley prematurely, to no effect.

*chlanna nan con thigibh a so's gheibh sibh feoil; sons of the hounds, come and get flesh

In the panic, many turned and fled without discharging a single shot. They were pursued by the clansmen, the broadswords playing their part, for with one stroke, many arms and legs were cut off and skulls split to the shoulder. It was terrible to behold.

Those of the dragoons that remained had difficulty in controlling their frightened horses. They reared and plunged, their riders unable to prevent them trampling on the fleeing foot soldiers. The Highlanders believed that horses were trained to bite and tear the flesh of their attackers and so many animals were brought down by scythes that ripped their legs and bellies.

The second of Cope's infantry lines began to crumble, the men terrified by the carnage they witnessed to their front. There were only two escape routes open to the fleeing men – through the breaches in the walls of Preston House or by way of a small cart track below Bankton.

Roderick paused for breath, sheltering beside one of the cannon. On the far left, he could hear the war cries of the MacDonalds of Glengarry, Glencoe and Clanranald as they engaged their opponents in hand-to-hand combat, bayonet against sword, for there were no discharges of muskets to be heard. Then in the growing light, he saw the commanding officer of the dragoons retreating with only eleven men following him. He wondered if James was among them. The small group was soon obscured by the drifting smoke of discharged cannon, musket and pistol.

As in all battles, the scene was utter confusion. Roderick had thought he would be gripped by the fever and blood lust of battle. He could only feel an utter desolation. Perhaps if he had charged with the Camerons, he would have been inspired but now he felt only despair. For on a piece of ground about the size of a shinty field, he could see the utter degradation of war. Strewn about were heads, legs, arms and mutilated bodies. He had not been threatened by any of the enemy, he had not had to fight for his life. All he felt was horror and pity for the fallen. He found his father's broadsword heavy in his hand and wanted to throw it on the bloodied soil.

He had become separated from the Prince and his friends. He was frightened by the screams of mutilated horses and men. Wandering aimlessly among the dead and dying, he was conscious of a slight breeze that came from the sea, heavy with the smell of salt. He would have preferred to have been there where he might run into the waves and cleanse himself of the reek and stench of battle. As the breeze gathered strength, it blew away the smoke. Then he saw an officer of Dragoons dismount and draw his sabre, his back to a thorn tree. Beside him were about ten of his men and a few redcoats. They

were clearly intending to make a stand. He wondered if his brother James was among them but he could not see their faces as they were some several yards away. But he was close enough to hear the officer shout his command.

“Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing!”

Then a tide of Camerons obscured the small group under the thorn tree as Roderick hastened towards the place. As he reached the tree, he saw the face he had dreaded to see. He saw his brother James in profile, his back to his officer, guarding him with his sabre. Then the Camerons charged, their swords in the air. Horror-stricken, he saw one with an ancient Lochaber axe cleave the officer to the bone. It all happened in a few seconds. A riderless horse suddenly appeared out of the smoke, its eyes white and rolling in fear. His brother James ran to it, grasped the bridle and tried to steady it. Roderick knew what he had to do. He ran forward, seizing the bridle and pushing his brother to the horse’s side so that he might get a foot in the stirrup.

Roderick would never forget the shock he saw in James’ eyes.

“Get on, James! Get away from this place! The battle is lost! Save yourself!”

James MacDonald managed to get astride the horse and caught the reins. He looked down at his younger brother, no hatred in his eyes.

“Roderick, it is yourself! I am ashamed to be upon this field. I am also ashamed that you are with the enemy. Twice shamed I am! Do what you will, but I shall not raise my sabre against you!”

As he said these words, he sheathed the sabre, then he threw up his arms.

“Take me, I am your prisoner!”

Out of the corner of his eye, Roderick could see a few Camerons approaching, having despatched the officer and the few men that had been at his side.

“James, you must ride from this place! You are no prisoner. You must live to fight another day. I shall not raise our father’s sword against you. Now, go, for pity’s sake! These men shall not be so sparing!”

James MacDonald could not bring himself to run away, for he was proud, like his father. It was almost as if he was frozen. Roderick shook the horse’s bridle.

“Quickly, James, put spur to horse, they are come for you! You must not throw away your life in a lost cause. I hope we shall meet again in happier times. Now, away with you!”

At that, Roderick slapped the horse’s flank with a resounding blow that startled the animal so that it reared and almost unseated its rider. James recovered himself and dug his spurs into the horse’s flesh so violently that the

poor animal squealed in pain. Then the horse bolted, carrying James to the Tranent road. It was not a moment too soon, for even before the horse's tail was out of sight, the party of Camerons came upon Roderick.

"Damned Englishman! See how the coward runs! Away ye go, ye milksop!"

Roderick gripped the hilt of his sword tightly. For a moment he forgot who was enemy and who was friend. And he drew the sword to face the Cameron. Then he thrust the point of the sword in the soft ground, where it shivered, swaying from side to side.

"That man is no Englishman. He is my brother, James MacDonald of South Uist. I could not strike him down for his fault in joining the wrong side. Forbye, I made a promise to our father that I would never raise my blade against him. You may take me instead of my brother, for doubtless, you think me traitor to the Cause!"

The Cameron stared at him, pity in his eyes. Then he spat on the ground.

"I spit on the ground that brought you here. Aye and your brother. Worthless ground it was until it was watered by the blood of our kinsmen. I salute ye, lad, for you showed courage. It is not the Highland way to dishonour a man's family, though he be in the wrong. But we would have given him quarter, for our chief Lochiel has ordered it. I am sorry for what I said and beg your forgiveness."

Roderick could not find words to answer him. He simply shook the hand that was offered, though it was red with blood. The clansman saw that he did not flinch from it.

"Tis the blood of our enemy I despatched, men that refused my offer of quarter. My blood was hot, for not only did I witness my officer fall but also Major MacGregor, a brave man if ever there was. And I lost my best friend, whose wife was my sister. Now it shall fall to me to carry the grievous news to her."

As he said the words, he turned away, his shoulders slumped as if he was carrying a heavy load.

By now the sun had risen, burning off what was left of the mist. But no sun, no matter how bright, could soften the carnage of that bloody field. Already, crows were flocking to the scene, stalking the dead. Roderick shuddered when he saw one of the ugly brutes peck at a dead redcoat's shattered eyeball. He had seen many a dead sheep assaulted in this way, but this was different. The prey was man. He wandered half-dazed among the wreckage of men, horses and discarded weapons. He felt sick and tried to vomit but all that came out of his mouth was a slimy, brackish fluid. All around him, bodies lay in groups where

they had fallen to the swords of the Camerons. Here and there, he could see movement among the bodies, but it was not life stirring. It was only the wind, ruffling the hair and the clothes of the fallen.

Then he saw the Prince on a horse, galloping up and down the field, pleading with the clansmen to stop the killing.

“Make prisoners! Spare them! Spare them! For these men are my father’s subjects!”

Many clansmen did not understand his words for they spoke only the Gaelic. One Cameron who understood English shouted to Roderick:

“Does not the Prince’s grace and mercy touch the heart?”

Then the man went on with his looting. Roderick felt only disgust. He would later learn that the highest casualties had been among Clan Cameron, for it had born the brunt of the attack. He also would learn that the Cameron men had offered quarter which was refused as many of the enemy spoke no English, being Hanoverian. It was said that the Camerons took more prisoners than any other clan, for Lochiel had so ordered it. This gesture would earn him the name *Gentle Lochiel*. He had said that he forbade the unnecessary shedding of blood.

“We shall not draw more blood than is needful, for the enemy is routed.”

Lochiel also ordered that the enemy baggage train be searched for surgical equipment and supplies and placed in the hands of the surgeons the Prince had brought with him from Edinburgh. The Prince himself gave orders that the wounded in the enemy army be treated before his own.

Roderick could not believe that a battle could be lost and won in so short a time. Although he possessed no timepiece, he learnt that it had all been over in less than fifteen minutes, less time than it took to prepare and eat his midday meal of oatmeal and bannocks. But at that moment, the thought of food made his stomach heave. As he wandered over the bloody stubble, he saw more evidence of the frenzy of the Cameron and MacDonald attacks, a sight never to be forgotten. Nor could the loudest wind drown the huzzas of the victorious, or the groans and shrieks of the wounded, their bodies wracked and twisted in pain, eyes bright and feverish from loss of blood and the after-shock of terrible wounds. Here and there, a few Hanoverian soldiers still made a feeble resistance. The sights and sounds sickened Roderick and he had a sudden and compelling desire to run far from the field as the cavalry had. He felt as if he were in a trance or the middle of a nightmare until the sound of Lord George Murray’s voice woke him from his reverie to hellish reality. Lord Murray was addressing an enemy officer.

“How are you called, sir?”

The man bowed.

“I am Captain MacNabb, sir, in My Lord Loudon’s regiment.”

“Sir, I beg of you pray inform your men that if they do not lay down their weapons and surrender this minute, I cannot answer for their safety. No quarter shall be given.”

Roderick heard the officer order his men to lay down their muskets, then he turned to Lord George to deliver into his own sword. There was no blood on the blade.

As he wandered across the field, Roderick came to the high wall of Preston House, seeing the breaches that had been made there. Being an escape route, he was appalled to see the piles of dead and dying, men who had thought to flee only to discover the breaches in the stone were too high to clamber through. He did not linger long, sickened still further by the hopelessness of the enemy’s flight. Again the urge to get away gripped him. He knew where he wanted to be. The sea. He craved for the sharp salt air that would rid his nostrils of the smell of blood. The shore was not far distant. He had not seen the waves since leaving South Uist and wanted to purge himself in its cold restoring waters.

As he quickened his step, he came to a stone tower which was thronged with people whom he thought must be from the nearby village of Preston, come there to obtain a clear view of the battle. The lower part of the tower and the door were crammed with people struggling to get out. He stopped to watch the chaos as people fell over each other in their desperate haste to escape. He heard the cries of men inside.

“Let me doon! Let me doon!”*

At the door, an old woman with a shawl over her head was roundly cursing the folk behind her that pressed against her, threatening to push her to the ground and trample over her.

“By God, ye are no better than the damned Whig cowards that are run awa’!”

Roderick thought to go to her aid but suddenly, she was pushed to one side, falling on her face. Running to her, he helped her to her feet. She looked at him without any trace of fear. In fact her eyes blazed in her head and her voice was firm and proud.

“Thank ye, lad. By God, your kinsmen are bonnie fechters!”†

*doon; down

†fechters; fighters

The man who had pushed her aside was joined by a few companions who made their way in the direction of the shore. Roderick wanted to run after them and demand an apology for their treatment of the old woman, but found he lacked strength and energy. All he wanted to do was sleep.

Reaching the shore, he saw a small boat beached. The tide was far out and had left the boat high and dry, tethered to a rock. Then he saw a group of men on the foreshore, sheltering in the lee of some boulders. They were talking excitedly, waving their arms, pointing to the Fife coast. They began to untie the boat's mooring rope to drag it across the shingle. Clearly, they had misjudged the state of the tide and so had lost their means of escape. Then one of the men saw Roderick and beckoned him over. Roderick ignored him, for if they were the men who had abused the old woman, he would not lift a hand to help. Then the man was joined by another and together they approached him, offering hands in greeting.

"Lad, shall you not help us? I am Sanders Donaldson out of Pittenweem in the Kingdom of Fife. I and my companions came here yesterday that we might witness the battle. Now our boat is stranded and we would be at sea that we might return to our womenfolk, lest they fear we have come to harm. Will you help us? By God, we saw it all, the fight. Your kinsmen are not wanting in bravery. Why, lad, they have no fear in them! I am of Jacobite persuasion. This is my friend, the Gudeman* Martin who is also a Jacobite, though I cannot answer for all of my friends. Some do not support the Cause but they do not bear ill will against those such as myself who do. And none bear ill will to the Prince."

Roderick shook their hands.

"Tis of no consequence to me, for many have not joined our Cause, though I am thinking that after this day, many will have a change of heart. But sir, I shall not assist you, for did not you not abuse an old grandmother but a few moments ago?"

The man called Sanders Donaldson swore that he had not. The Gudeman Martin hung his head in shame.

"'Twas I, for I was in fear of my life. But I did not abuse her, I did just but leap o'er her head to get doon. I am sorry she came to grief but I did not knock her doon, 'twas another."

"I accept your apology and should I come across her again, I shall assure her of it. I had wished to be left alone, for I came here to breathe the fresh salt air. Now I must return to the field. Good day to you."

*gudeman; owner or tenant of a small farm

As he turned back, he caught a glimpse of an English soldier accompanied by a boy of about twelve years. They emerged from a clump of bushes near the shore. The soldier bore no arms nor hat and stumbled every now and then, supported by the boy. They were obviously escaping from the field and the man was possibly wounded. Roderick had seen enough bloodshed that morning and had no wish to see more. He watched the fugitives approach the Fife men and saw the soldier fall on his knees. No doubt they were pleading to be taken on board the stranded vessel. Roderick wondered what would happen next. The Fife men seemed to welcome the pair, pointing at the boat, then out to sea. The soldier nodded. Perhaps in return for his escape, he had agreed to help the Fife men launch the boat. Then as the party went to the vessel, Roderick saw one of the men remove his breeches, which made him smile for the first time in over a day.

Doubtless they are his best breeks and he does not wish them spoiled.

He watched the small party drag the boat over the shingle. The man who had left his breeches on the foreshore waded into the water, pulling the boat, his modesty covered only by his shirt. As he got into deeper water, the boat floated and the others climbed aboard. The tide was still on the ebb and soon the boat was too far from the shore for the man to retrieve his breeches. Roderick smiled again.

How shall he face his wife without his breeks? What story shall he tell?

Again he smiled. Roderick had no use for any man's breeches as, having worn a pair once, they had not been to his liking. He got up, thinking perhaps some unfortunate beggar might come by and claim them. As he returned to the battlefield, he was surprised to see several women among the captive Hanoverian soldiers. He overheard a few clansmen, set to guard them, discussing this unexpected discovery.

"Tis a rank shame that they bring innocent lassies and their bairns to the field. I suppose 'tis a common habit in the English army, for 'tis said that many of the troops are hired like gallowglasses.*"

As he passed by, Roderick came upon a group of MacDonalds who were engaged in plundering the dead. They hailed him, asking his name. On learning he was a MacDonald, they invited him to join them.

"Stay, lad! Shall ye not join us in taking the gifts offered? For the English dead have no further need of their gear. 'Twould be a pity to leave the booty to gypsies and the village folk who took no part in the fight."

*gallowglasses; mercenaries

Roderick shook his head.

“Tis not my desire to rob the dead.”

The men laughed at his words.

“Shall ye not carry home a memento of our victory as keepsake? When you are in your dotage, you may care to tell your grandchildren of this day and the part you took in it.”

Roderick wanted to tell the man that he had not raised his sword, nor taken any prisoners. But he thought the better of it and shook his head again. As he was about to move on, another clansman called to him from the flap of a tent where a lantern was still burning. In his hand, he held up his spoil.

“Lad, what is this that I have? Though ‘tis fine enough and made of metal, I know not what it is for. I care not to burden myself with it if it be worthless.”

Roderick saw that the man was holding a watch with a long chain.

“Tis a timepiece by which you can know the time of the day. The dominie at my school on South Uist was possessed of the like. For by it, he could tell when ‘twas time for the lesson to end.”

The clansman studied it, shaking it violently. He handed it to Roderick, who realised that it had stopped an hour past. He explained how it worked.

“It tells the hours by yon small hand, the minutes by the large. The numbers are the twelve hours and minutes of the day.”

The clansman frowned.

“So ‘tis able to tell only the hours of the day but not the night? Forbye, the hands do not move. I am thinking this one is dead, like its owner.”

Again, he shook the item violently. Roderick smiled for a third time that day.

“You must wind it, for it has a spring that makes the hands to move. Shall I show you?”

The clansman handed Roderick the timepiece who asked for the key to wind it as he recalled seeing one attached to the chain of the dominie’s time-piece on South Uist. Turning the clansman’s prize over in his fingers, he saw an inscription on its back.

*Presented to Major John Whittle
By his comrades in arms
For valour upon the field of Dettingen
In the service of His Majesty
King George the Second
Against the French
Of year 1743*

He turned to the clansman.

"The timepiece is the property of a Major John Whittle, a man who fought bravely against the French but two years past, in the service of the King. Is the officer taken prisoner? For perhaps the Prince might care to speak with him."

The clansman shook his head, pointing to a corpse in a redcoat uniform that lay not far from the tent.

"I am thinking that is the very man. See, lad, his breeks are undone, his blade is still in the scabbard. This one did not resist us."

Roderick knelt beside the body. He saw there was a small black hole in the centre of the man's forehead. As he looked at the corpse's face, he heard the MacDonald with the timepiece exclaim to a passing comrade.

"Aye, Ewan, come ye here to witness this. See the Englishman's breeks are undone. Think ye 'tis shameful that a man be shot while attending to a call of nature? The man must have been making his water when he was surprised. I could not have done such a foul deed."

Roderick was astounded by the other man's reply.

"Ach, Hamish, doubtless 'twas not one of our clan that despatched him, though I would like to shake the hand of the man who did it, for he is a fine shot."

The first clansman seemed to show pity for the dead man stretched on the stubble.

"Aye, that he is. But is it not a sorry business that a man be slain in this manner, not being able to defend himself? Do you not think it so, Ewan?"

The second clansman thought for a moment then he answered:

"I do not agree, Hamish. I am thinking 'tis God's will. For is it not so that this Englishman was dealt the hand he deserved? Have not the English been pissing on our country these many years? Well, this one will piss no more!"

The man called Hamish nodded. Then he asked Roderick if the timepiece would now work. Roderick said he would have to find the key in order for this.

"So it is locked, then?"

"No, the key is needed to wind the spring inside. If you take it to a clockmaker in Edinburgh, he will surely provide a key for it. It is silver and so 'tis valuable."

The clansman shook his hand and bade him enter Major Whittle's tent.

"Come ye in and take what ye will, for 'tis of no more use to the Englishman."

Roderick looked about the small tent. He extinguished the lantern by force

of habit, for his father always said ‘waste not, want not’. Apart from a few clothes and linen, there was nothing of value. Roderick was relieved, for the clansman would have been insulted if he had not taken anything.

Then he saw a leather-bound book on a small campstool by the cot. He opened it, flicking through the pages, realising at once it was the personal journal of the man whose body lay outside. He thought it might be of value to the Prince so he put the book inside his shirt and lifted the tent flap. He stepped outside, expecting to see the two MacDonalds. They had gone, probably in search of other booty.

By now, the battlefield was thronged not only with clansmen seeking spoil but villagers from Tranent, Prestonpans and the small hamlets nearby. He could not believe his eyes. Hordes of children who should have been in the classroom were running about, some wearing cocked military hats on their heads, others festooned with the braid from uniforms. He saw women strip the dead of their linen though it was stained with blood. The men ransacked haversacks and pockets, seeking money. Here and there, Highland officers stepped among the dead, preventing the village folk from removing muskets, bayonets, pistols and footwear, for these were needed by the victors. Now and then a shot was fired in the distance. Roderick wondered if it were some unfortunate soldier attempting escape or perhaps a looter being shot for bearing away weapons.

The field was like some gigantic midden, with heaps of rags fluttering in the wind. These were not rags but the clothes of dead men. Roderick had passed Preston House earlier that day, seeing the dead piled up in front of the breaches in the walls. Now he noticed there were fewer bodies, for as he later learnt from Major MacLachlan, two thirds of the supposed fatalities had avoided capture by feigning death.

“They hoped to make good their escape through the crowd of country people that are come to rob the dead.”

Roderick did manage to take heart from some of the sights he saw that day. He watched a Cameron clansman carry a wounded enemy soldier on his back to the place where surgeons had set up a tent for the seriously wounded. Other acts of kindness were commonplace, with clansmen offering water to wounded who waited for stretcher-bearers to carry them to the surgeons. Roderick did not venture near the surgeons’ tent for he knew that limbs wounded in the fight were being amputated. However, he felt it his duty to visit the rows of Highland casualties, most of whom were Camerons and MacDonalds in the front line that had suffered musket wounds to their thighs and legs. Then he

went to see the prisoners who had been herded into a corner of the field where the stubble and grass were free from blood. His heart was heavy as he looked on the faces of the men squatting in the dirt, men who stared up at him with defeat in their eyes as he passed. As he was about to leave, one of the prisoners, a man in civilian clothes, called to him.

“Pray, sir, shall you spare a moment? For you have a kind face. I am not a soldier as you can see. I am but a farmer. I am the tenant of Seton Mains, by name of John Dodds. It was my misfortune to bide in the farm that was in the advance of the Prince’s army. I am ruined for it. The men of your army have taken all my horses, robbed me of my harvest and stolen my gear and goods. I do not bear ill will against your Prince. I am but a poor farmer. I begged the officer who had his men sack my house to spare me some food for the coming winter, but he would not. He said I should be paid for the loss of my gear when the king across the water is restored to the throne. When I gave answer that it may be some time ‘ere that came to pass, he called me ‘Damned Whiggamore!’ and that I should count myself fortunate that I had my life. I fear he took my words in bad part, thinking me his enemy. I am no man’s enemy. I wish only to live as my father and his father lived, by the land. Shall you help me? I would be willing to join the Prince if he would have me, for there is nothing left here for me.”

Roderick felt pity for the man, as his own father lived by the land.

“Sir, I shall bring your plight to the notice of my friend, Major MacLachlan, who was lately commissioned as the Prince’s Commissary officer. I am certain he shall give kind thought to you, for he may be able to offer you a position as quartermaster in our army.”

“Thank you for your kindness, for I like not being in this place.”

By late afternoon, the battlefield was growing quiet save for the raucous calling of rooks in the trees. Roderick made his way to the Prince’s tent, hoping to find Major MacLachlan there. As he did so, he learnt that his brother James’ commanding officer, the brave Colonel Gardiner, who had suffered a wound later to prove fatal from a Lochaber axe, had been badly abused by the pilfering country people. It was said that he was found stripped near naked under the thorn tree where he had stood his ground. Roderick was saddened to learn that Gardiner was even denied the comfort of his own home, Bankton House, being carried to the manse of Tranent Kirk where he had died that afternoon.

At last, Roderick found Major MacLachlan, busily writing reports and accounting for the dead. As he entered MacLachlan’s tent, the Major looked up.

“Roderick! Where have you wandered? The Prince has been asking for you, for he feared for your life. He thought you were slain. Come you in. I shall send word to the Prince that you are safe!”

Roderick took comfort from his words. Then he placed Major Whittle's journal on the table.

“I am not of a mind to rob the dead but I came upon this journal which may be of value to the Prince. It is an account of General Cope's progress through the Highlands and how he came here.”

Major MacLachlan called for his servant to take Roderick to the tent where food was being served to ravenous clansmen. Roderick only picked at the meat set before him, for the day's events had robbed him of his appetite. Presently, MacLachlan joined him.

“What you have is the journal of a Major Whittle that was sent from London to observe and report upon General Cope, who has escaped us this day, with fewer than two hundred of his command. The journal is but an memorial of Major Whittle's voyages in Scotland. It is a personal account of what he saw in our country here and so it is of little military value. Forbye, we have Cope's personal and official correspondence which gives memorial of his intentions. These were taken upon the field today. So, my good friend, you may keep Major Whittle's journal as reward and keepsake of this battle. It is now yours to preserve for your dotage, for you may wish to show it to your descendants.”

Roderick smiled at this.

“Tis strange you say these words. For the MacDonald that bade me loot the dead spoke the same.”

As he said them, he thought of Anne Trotter and how he would be proud to show her his battle-trophy, gained on the bloody field of Prestonpans. But he knew she would be more relieved to see him spared.

Roderick was summoned to Lord George Murray, though he was not his servant. He was ushered into Murray's tent and stood before him, listening to the words that Lord George spoke as he wrote them.

“Your Royal Highness, I have the honour to inform you that this day, eight Hanoverian officers are dead, as are three hundred foot. There are fourteen hundred prisoners captured, of which nine hundred are wounded. Among the prisoners are eighty officers. I regret to inform you that our losses are four officers, these being a Major, a Captain, a Lieutenant and an Ensign. Thirty common men are slain, with six officers and between sixty or seventy wounded. Your Highness has gained almost a bloodless victory. I present my

compliments to you. God save His Majesty, your esteemed father, who surely must now come into his own."

Lord George orders him to carry his report to the Prince. That same day Roderick was called to the Prince's side. There he saw a young clansman presented to the Prince. The youngster was barely fourteen years old and said to have killed fourteen enemy soldiers. The Prince asked him if that was true. With the confidence of the victorious, the lad was not slow to answer:

"I do not know if I killed them but I did bring soldiers of number fourteen to their knees by the sword I bore. With each stroke, I sang the psalms of the Lord."

Roderick remained at the Prince's headquarters that morning. In a large tent, the Prince was enjoying a late breakfast. He had called a small Council to discuss the care of the wounded of both sides. The Prince was calm and composed, having satisfied himself that the bloodletting had finally ceased. He asked for news of General Cope. Lochiel could not conceal his disgust at the man's precipitate flight from the field.

"The coward deserted his men. He was seen to ride off at great speed, so fast that his fine cocked hat flew from his head. He took himself by way of Birsley, with a small contingent of cavalry at his heels. His hat was brought to me. It bears a white cockade."

The Prince was puzzled by this.

"Pray, Gentle Lochiel, shall you enlighten us why this is so? For the white cockade and the white rose are our symbols. Why should Mr Cope not affect to wear the white horse that is the badge of the House of Hanover?"

"I cannot say, Your Highness, though I am thinking it was a ploy to save himself from the clansmen who sought him. By this device, he wished them to believe he was one of our officers. The man is a disgrace to his uniform."

Lord George Murray would not hear of this and asked for permission to speak:

"Your Highness, I have spoken with a prisoner who was a volunteer in the Hanoverian army. The man will not give his name for he fears that there are those in our army that would do mischief upon him, for he is of their clan. For all I know, he may be one of the Duke of Argyll's Campbells, for we have a few in our ranks, though they give false names. I did not press him upon the matter. The man spoke freely with one of my staff, who brought him before me. I wished to gain his opinion of General Cope and his conduct on the field. He assured me the General did exert himself by riding up and down from left to right when our men attacked. He ordered the foot to keep up a hot,

masking fire and maintain their ranks, for in that way they would defeat us. Cope also attempted to rally the Dragoons but it would not do, as many had ridden off. He then returned to the field to encourage his foot but by then, many had cast away their muskets and were fleeing to Preston House. Again, with My Lord Home and My Lord Loudon, the latter being his Adjutant General, Mr Cope turned to rally the second Dragoon regiment, urging the men to hold fast and resist our attack, but when a body of our men came into view, the Dragoons would neither stand nor move towards them. Though I have no liking for General Cope, he will be judged badly by those under whom he serves."

The Prince listened to his words in silence. He recalled that Lord George Murray was said to have welcomed General Cope at Crieff a few weeks past. He could not resist the temptation to raise the matter.

"Sir, I believe you had a meeting with Mr Cope some time ago, in Crieff. Was this so?"

Lord George did not falter in his reply.

"No, Your Highness. I have never met with Mr Cope. There are those that spread scurrilous falsehoods and cast aspersions upon my character. Had I been a supporter of the Government, I would not have joined you, for like many here before you, I stand to lose my estates and titles as a consequence of my service. This is more than can be said for the Irish and French who joined you. These men have nothing to lose."

Lord George Murray had finally voiced his opinion about men like Colonel O'Sullivan and others whom he considered sycophants. His words brought murmurings among those present, for many agreed with Lord George. The Prince quickly restored order.

"My Lord, we are in your debt for this day's work. Let us not mar victory with ill words. Come, shall you join me in a bumper of Mr Cope's fine claret, which Gentle Lochiel's Camerons liberated from his baggage train. I am grateful to you for your account of Mr Cope's behaviour on the field. But sir, is it not shameful that a general leave his men, especially upon a broken field?"

Murray did not demur.

"Indeed, Your Highness. I am certain that had the day gone against us, Your Highness would not have quit the field, leaving his men to their fate."

And so peace was restored that day.

By late afternoon, the dead had been counted and the wounded removed from the field. Secretary Murray of Broughton confirmed Lord George Murray's account of the casualties on both sides. The Prince insisted that the

enemy wounded be given precedence, which angered some clan chiefs. He retaliated by saying that he would not have the newspapers write calumnies about his army.

“For those that are in authority shall contrive to discredit us. They shall say that our clansmen are no better than barbarians who seek but plunder and spoil. Gentlemen, we are better than that. I wish it to be known that I treat my father’s enemies with compassion and humanity, for they are also his subjects.”

Roderick gave such assistance as he could, acting as a stretcher-bearer. He was glad to see that the wounded were being treated with kindness. He had heard accounts of Highlanders who sat beside wounded Hanoverian soldiers until they died, offering what comfort they could. Another was seen to carry a seriously wounded enemy soldier on his back, all the way from the extreme left flank to Bankton House, where the severe cases were put, awaiting the attentions of the Edinburgh surgeons the Prince had brought with him. The less severely wounded were put into carts, wagons and carriages where they were carried to the hospitals in Edinburgh. Cameron of Lochiel had ordered that all medicines and surgical equipment removed from the captured baggage train were to be put at the disposal of the surgeons to treat the enemy wounded. Lord George Murray was particularly attentive to some of the lightly wounded, giving them what horses he had to carry them to Musselburgh. He himself accompanied the sad straggle of mounts, walking beside the leading horse. That night, he found accommodation for the maimed men.

The Hanoverian officers taken on the field were escorted to Queensberry House in Edinburgh. Later, they were set free after giving their parole never to bear arms against the Prince again. Most of the unwounded prisoners were held in Canongate Kirk. Many of the Hanoverian soldiers would die that night despite the strenuous labours of Edinburgh surgeons.

By dusk on the 21st of September, the lust for the dead’s spoil had all but ceased. Roderick saw clansmen bearing fine horse pistols, tunics, linen, cocked hats and even kitchen utensils. The latter brought this wry comment from one of the Highland officers:

“They will be saying that this day, we did fight the Battle of Pots and Pans!”

One highlander was seen carrying a horse’s saddle on his shoulders, though he did not own a horse. It was said that even an entire flock of sheep had been stolen from a nearby farm and spirited away in the twilight.

It had been a hard day, a bitter day, when blood was poured in effusion upon the stubble fields of Tranent and Prestonpans. At least there were no widows in the villages, no bairns to cry for dead fathers. Roderick MacDonald

would never forget what he had seen that day. It would remain with him all the days of his life. That late autumn afternoon, he reached into his breast to finger the withered white rose Anne Trotter's father had pressed into his own bible, between the pages of the Book of Ruth those many years ago. As he held the fragile flower between finger and thumb, he gently wept, though he could not understand why. The sun began to set behind the great hill of Arthur's Seat, the eminence guarding Edinburgh, reminding him of Anne.

As the evening began to fade, the pale yellow light brought a softness to the field of blood. Roderick stood silent, watching the flight of thousands of starlings gathering above the field. He was amazed by their antics, watching them flow this way and that as if they owned the very sky. For a while, the starlings wheeled and turned, their formation seeming like the fluid motion of the sea, or perhaps like the seeds of the dandelion that fly in the wind. Their voices were still save for a few twitterings high above. Roderick was fascinated by their flight and watched the flock make a final sweep before finally going to roost in the trees above Tranent.

During the night, many clansmen deserted with their booty, a traditional custom after a victory. The Prince had taken up residence in Pinkie House which amused him, the property being the home of Lord Tweeddale, Secretary of State for Scotland. Roderick was at his side the following morning, Lochiel already having joined the Prince for breakfast. It was he who brought news of desertions.

"Your Highness, let them depart. They regard the spoil and booty as their right through conquest of arms. Some among them are no better than common felons and thieves who would bring disgrace to our Cause. We shall presently be joined by better men, men who have waited, anxious to see how we would fare in the field against Government troops. We have won a decisive victory and that will convince these wavers. I do not doubt that many will come down from the North to Edinburgh. They shall come in their hundreds, if not thousands, for word will spread that you have conducted yourself gallantly and bravely. They will be saying you are indeed their true Prince and the Protector of your country."

Now all of Scotland was at the Prince's feet, save for the castles at Edinburgh and Stirling, four Government forts and the town of Inverness. There was now no Government force in Scotland that could challenge him in the field.

Before leaving Pinkie House to return to Edinburgh, the Prince gave orders that the dead be buried on the field where they had fallen. All arms had been secured and the Highland army now possessed six light guns and six cohorn

mortars with ample powder and shot. The Jacobite war chest was now the richer by four thousand pounds.

That bright Autumn morning, the Highland army drew up in good order for a triumphant entry into the capital. The royal standard streamed in the wind, the pipes and drums struck up, the men marching sprightly. Roderick was as usual at the Prince's side and heard one clan chief say this to another.

"'Tis a good time to be a Jacobite, the very best of times. The bonny White Rose of Scotland has triumphed over the White Horse of Hanover."

Roderick's heart was light, not just because he had survived the bloody battle. He had not spilt blood, nor had he disgraced himself. But more than all these things, he was marching back to Edinburgh, where he would meet again with Anne Trotter.

9

Edinburgh

Flushed by his success at Prestonpans, the Prince made the mistake of believing that he and his Highlanders were invincible, that his victory was proof of God's will and that henceforth, fortune would continue to smile on his cause. Certainly, that day of 22nd September, it seemed that Providence was indeed with him.

It was a triumphant army that marched into Edinburgh that fine morning. The sun was bright, the waters of Dunsapie Loch near Arthur's Seat glittered with gold as the army returned to bivouac at Duddingston. The Prince proceeded to Holyrood with his guard, the pipes playing *When the King enjoys his own again* and his standard carried aloft by a tall clansman. The Prince sat proudly on his horse, waving to the citizens, many of whom were delighted to learn of his victory, especially the ladies. In the salons, the ladies had become passionately fond of the young Adventurer and it was said they used all their arts and industry to attract his attention in the most intemperate manner. Many uncommitted Jacobites became fervent supporters virtually overnight, talking of nothing but hereditary rights and drinking toasts to future victories. Entering the courtyard of Holyrood with the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray, Lord Nairne and his senior staff officers, the Prince was showered with white roses. The town was in uproar, its crowds pressing against the Palace gates to catch a glimpse of the Chevalier.

Once inside, the Prince held a Council of War to discuss pressing matters. The first subject on the agenda was whether the army should pursue General Cope to Berwick where it was thought he had fled. Lord George Murray expressed the view that this would not be wise, as the army was much reduced by desertions. Later in the day, Muster-Master Henry Patullo, a Dundee merchant by trade, reported that only fifteen hundred clansmen had answered the roll call.

Accepting Lord George Murray's advice, the Prince turned his attention to

the care of the wounded and the billeting of his guard. It was decided that the lightly wounded would be treated in George Heriot's Hospital, near the High Street. It was also agreed that the guard be cantoned in the city suburbs and outlying villages. Many were billeted in the Tron Kirk and the Great Hall of Parliament House, where fresh straw was brought for their bedding.

The Prince was disturbed by reports that the townspeople intended to make bonfires to celebrate his success at Prestonpans. He issued orders forbidding fires to be lit, as he said both victors and vanquished were his father's subjects. As he said to the Council:

“I do not wish to make merry out of Mr Cope’s misfortune.”

It being the Sabbath day, the Prince bade Secretary Murray to send a message to the Presbyterian ministers of the town’s kirks that they should hold divine service as usual and that none who attended church would be molested. This measure was deliberate, intended to reassure the people in Edinburgh that although by faith a Catholic, he would not impose his religion on them on account of his victory. By way of response, a deputation of Kirk ministers sought permission to visit the Prince’s private secretary, Sir Thomas Sheridan, also a staunch Catholic. Sir Thomas lost no time in informing the Prince of the purpose of their visit.

“Your Highness, I must confess I am astonished by the impudence of these men! Why, sir, they are come to ask if they might be given leave to pray for King George this day! What is to be done, sir?”

The Prince did not display any ill temper, although he agreed with Sir Thomas:

“Sir Thomas, I beg of you that you inform these gentlemen that to offer prayers to the imposter who sits in Whitehall and calls himself king would be a base contempt of what we do here. But pray inform them also that no harm shall come to any man of the cloth who follows his conscience. No attempt shall be made to meddle with or hinder their services. Pray inform these men that they may proceed with their divine worship.”

Sir Thomas conveyed the Prince’s decision to the ministers immediately. Later, he reported to the Prince that all had declined to accept the offer. The Prince was visibly disappointed. Sir Thomas had regained his temper though he said he found it difficult to understand the men who had come before him.

“For in truth, Your Highness, though they are men of peace, they follow their conscience in the matter of George of Hanover, whose authority they continue to recognise and obey. They do not owe their livings to the imposter king, yet they will not be persuaded to abandon him. His Holiness the Pope

would be affronted by this, for is it not so that Christ, not Man, is King?"

There would be no sermon that day, nor the following five Sabbath days, as the ministers remained loyal to King George, for at their induction they had sworn an oath to the sovereign. The first divine service held in Edinburgh did not take place until the 3rd of November, after the Highland army had departed for England.

The Prince dismissed Sir Thomas with a languid wave of his hand, the business of religion being wearisome to him. As Sir Thomas was about to leave, the Chevalier de Johnstone was ushered in, saying that Lord George Murray was without, seeking an audience. Sir Thomas did not think this news improved the Prince's temper.

"Pray bring My Lord Murray to me. Sir Thomas, you are excused. I trust you shall deal with the matter of the ministers diligently."

Roderick MacDonald had been summoned to the Prince but was given no duties. He was merely ordered to stand by in case he was required to carry despatches. Presently, Lord George Murray entered the chamber, accompanied by several clan chiefs. He observed the usual formalities, then launched into his speech.

"Your Royal Highness, it is my advice that you should appoint a formal and regular Council that should meet every day. Forgive my precipitate advice, but some of those who should be present have not regularly attended our Councils. It is my belief that we must appoint a formal Council that it may advise you on matters that are of concern to the Cause. Further, I advise that this Council be appointed this very day, so that urgent matters may be addressed."

The Prince was ruffled by Lord George's advice but still flushed with the success of the day before, he could afford to indulge the man, even though having no great regard for him. So, that afternoon, in the great hall of Holyrood, the Prince called together various members of his household and advisers so that they might debate the subject. There was much discussion and dissent, largely caused by Lord George who had put forward names of men he wished to see appointed to the Council. The Prince was determined to have his way in the appointment of the members, dismissing some of the names Lord George had suggested. After several hours of argument, the Prince made up his mind. He called Secretary Murray to his side, bidding him to read out the names of those he had chosen to advise him.

Secretary Murray was as always attentive. He had written down the names of the Prince's choice.

"Your Royal Highness, My Lords, Gentlemen. This day, it is my pleasant

duty to inform you that His Highness has appointed the following eminent persons to his Council. This Council shall be convened as and when His Highness commands. None who is named shall be excused from their duty save upon business that His Highness decrees or upon the onset of sickness that shall prevent their attendance. I now announce the names of those that His Highness has graciously appointed.

“His Grace the Duke of Perth, My Lord George Murray, these holding commissions as joint Lieutenant Generals of this army. Further, His Highness has seen fit to appoint My Lord Nairne, My Lord Elcho, My Lord Ogilvie, My Lord Pitsligo, My Lord Kilmarnock, My Lord Strathallen and My Lord Gordon. Also, His Highness has graciously appointed Sir Thomas Sheridan, Donald Cameron of Lochiel, MacDonald of Keppoch, MacDonald of Glengarry, MacDonald of Glencoe and MacDonald of Clanranald, Ardshiel, Colonel O’Sullivan, Gordon of Glenbucket and myself.

“Those who are not appointed are the Duke of Atholl, on account of his parlous health, the Earl of Wemyss, My Lords Arbuthnott, Kenmuir and Cardross, Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees, Wauchope of Niddry, Hamilton of Boag, MacLeod of Muiravonside, Stirling of Keir, Graham of Airth and Lord Provost Stewart of Edinburgh, the last named who has lately joined the Cause.

“Is it Your Highness’s wish that the names of those appointed to your Council be entered in the record?”

The Prince nodded his consent. Then he bade Lord George Murray to convene the first meeting of the Council that very day.

“For it is my wish that the first proclamation in my name be made to the people of Edinburgh, that they may go about their business without let or hindrance.”

Lord George Murray was not slow in his surmise. Many of the names he had put forward as candidates for the Prince’s Council had been rejected but he was not surprised, for they were men loyal to himself. At least he was consoled by the fact that the several of the clan chiefs loyal to him had been accepted. At its inaugural meeting, the Council agreed to publish the following proclamation which was duly posted in various public places in the City:

This is to declare that it is his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent’s Will that it be proclaimed immediately over the Market Crosses of Edinburgh, that if any soldier or officer in his Royal Highness’s army, shall be guilty of any abuse in taking, pillaging, or disturbing any of the good people of Edinburgh or in the country, by forcibly taking away any of the goods,

without making a fair Bargain, and Payment made, shall be punished, whenever taken up, and found guilty of the above offenses, by a court-martial and shall suffer death, or whatever other punishment the court-martial shall think fit to inflict upon them, it being his Royal Highness's unalterable resolution to protect the country in the full Enjoyment of their Rights and Privileges. It is also declared, that no officer or soldier shall, of themselves, seize or take any horse (upon any account whatsoever, except any horse belonging to the enemy in time of action in arms against his Royal Highness) without a signed order from a general officer.

Signed by his Royal Highness's order, by me

*George Murray
One of his Highness's Lieutenant Generals*

The Prince gave his assent to this order and bade it be proclaimed throughout Edinburgh the following day.

Roderick MacDonald had attended the Council meeting where the proclamation had been decided. But his mind was elsewhere that evening. He was thinking of a lass with hair like ripe Autumn wheat.

The main matter discussed that day was the plan for the immediate future. The Prince made his wishes known before the claret was passed round the table. He informed his Council that he would invade England the next day. This did not find favour with Lord George Murray, nor any of the clan chiefs. As Lord George argued forcibly, it would serve the army better were the Prince to remain in Edinburgh for a time so that new recruits could come there.

“Your Highness is aware that many of those that fought at Gladsmuir have since deserted. Our number is the less of some five hundred. Is it not so that this town should be the rally point for the new recruits? Many clansmen shall come to Edinburgh, but more will think twice on coming into England.

“Forbye, the arms we have taken from the field shall be distributed among those that come to us ill provided for. We shall not be encumbered by as many wagons in our baggage train as Mr Cope.”

The Prince put up a spirited defence of his plan but it was to no avail. He argued that he expected to be joined by many in England who sympathised with the Cause. Murray was unmoved, saying:

“Your Highness, we do not know in what manner we shall be received in England. Already, the newspapers there shall be disseminating false statements

about our conduct. They will brand us thieves and robbers. They will say we are not Christian, for word will be spread that our men would not bury the enemy dead on the field of Gladsmuir, for they said such toil was beneath their dignity. Did you not say so yourself?"

The Prince nodded gloomily.

"I confess I did. Those who should have buried the dead are run away, as if it was no business of theirs. I shall write to my father informing him of this."

Lord George was growing irritated:

"Sir, the English newspapers will fulminate against us, urging every Englishman to resist and not to join us. Here, in Edinburgh, we may count on the support of the Caledonian Mercury, whose editor supports our cause. But the Whig Edinburgh Evening Courant shall counter the Mercury's favourable stance. I urge you to think upon the matter. We must remain in Edinburgh, that we may muster our forces and equip ourselves with provisions for the men. But, sir, it is right and proper that the matter should be put to the vote in your new Council."

As events proved, Murray won the day. Some said this endeared him even less to the Prince, who favoured the advice of the Duke of Perth and the Irish and French adventurers in urging an invasion of England that very day.

During the meeting of the Council, the Prince sought views on whether he should convene a parliament through which Scotland might be governed independently for the first time since 1707.

"For it is my belief that lacking an elected body that would further the prosperity of this country and its people, we do our cause injustice. Were there an elected assembly, it would make laws that would meet the aspirations of the people. By this means, we would assure them of our good intentions. For is it not so that a vile and unwelcome tax was passed by the parliament in England many years past, a tax so unpopular that it caused the people to riot? I advert to the malt tax which is detested by farmer, maltster and distiller alike. An elected assembly would, I believe, repeal this iniquitous and unfair tax. I could not myself dismiss this tax, for to do so, the English Parliament would accuse me of treason. No, such matters must be addressed by a parliament that is elected and speaks for the people of Scotland. My Lords and Gentlemen, should you agree to this measure in Edinburgh, I declare I should never bow to the dictates of any other authority. It is my bounden duty to Scotland and it is my wish and will that the laws of the Pretender parliament in London, that of the Elector of Hanover, be ignored in Scotland. Pray set this down in writing,

Secretary Murray, for I hereby decree that the English Parliament has no authority in Scotland from this day forward."

The Prince was disappointed when the Council declined to ratify this proposal. Instead, matters of tactical importance took precedence. It was agreed to despatch foraging parties throughout the countryside with orders to requisition on payment all the horses and wagons to be had. The finest animals were to be used to form the Prince's cavalry for, apart from Baggot's Hussars and Lord Kilmarnock's Horse (or as they were officially known, the Perthshire Horse Grenadiers) and Lord Balmerino's Life Guards, the army lacked above two hundred horse to put in the field. Further, every town in Scotland would be asked to contribute all public monies to the Cause, albeit in proportion to its means.

The difficulty of administering Edinburgh, with its castle still in the hands of the Government, was next discussed. It was agreed that a body of men be deployed on the Castle Hill that very night, with orders to keep watch on any comings and goings of the garrison. Lord George Murray pointed out that lacking any heavy siege artillery, the men sent there could do little other than observe. Lord George made his point with few words.

"Your Highness, the only effective weapon we have against General Guest and his garrison is hunger. Our only hope is to starve the garrison into surrendering. That may take weeks, if not months, for it is my belief that the defenders have ample stores at hand. We must prevent any victuals passing through the gates from this day onwards."

Roderick MacDonald had stood all afternoon, listening to the debates. His thoughts were elsewhere and he knew where he would rather be. He had not been able to get a message to Anne Trotter that he was safe and was anxious to relieve her anxiety. At last, the Council rose to take supper and he was dismissed by Major MacLachlan. As Roderick took his leave, MacLachlan smiled to him.

"I am thinking you have pressing business with a lass in this town. Go to her, for you will not be needed here until morn."

Roderick did not need a second telling. He was off before MacLachlan uttered his last word. He ran up the Canongate, then into St Mary's Wynd, his broadsword beating against his thigh. It was more of an encumbrance now.

The Tappit Hen was crowded with off-duty Highland officers and Edinburgh men of trade and commerce. Smoke from their pipes hung like a thick fog and the noise of voices in drunken revelry was deafening. Many stoups of frothing ale were borne on trays by Anne's two serving girls. So

crowded was the room that they had to carry the trays on their heads, like bakers' boys. He marvelled at how they negotiated their way through the press of bodies, managing not to spill a single drop.

In vain he looked for Anne, his heart pounding in his breast, almost as wildly as it had the day before on the field of Prestonpans, or Gladsmuir, as the Highlanders were calling the battle. He knew why his heart had knocked so loudly that day but tonight, what had he to fear in *The Tappit Hen*? Nevertheless he was afraid to look upon Anne's face. Just as anxiously, he was afraid he would not see her this night.

The heart teaches us better than the dominie at home in South Uist.

In vain, he peered through the fug of tobacco smoke and the press of men, many of whom were taller than himself. In desperation, he stood on tiptoe, the better to see over the heads of the customers crowded at the counter.

And then, through a momentary gap in the crowd, he caught sight of her corn-coloured hair. He could not force a passage through the customers and so lost sight of her again. He managed to find a space by the inglenook, where a bright fire burned. The room was hot and men's faces streamed with perspiration from the ale they had drunk. He wanted to leave, to walk out into the cool September air and find calm again. As he rose to do so, he caught sight of Anne's face in the mirror on the tavern wall, behind the ale counter. Her dark eyes met his for a moment, then she was hidden from view again as men surged forward to be served. He thought he had seen her smiling although perhaps that was wishful thinking. As he struggled to make his way to the bar, he felt a hand on his arm, gripping it tightly. It was Anne.

"Roderick MacDonald, here am I thinking you were a gentleman! No true gentleman would depart without a word to his host. Shame on you! And here am I, thinking of you these past two days, not knowing if you were alive or dead. Shall you not stay a while and tell me your tales of bravery at Prestonpans? The tavern is full of men who were there. They do boast and brag of their bravery against the redcoats. So I would hear of your exploits, though that will have to wait until this band of conquering heroes has drunk their fill. Shall you stay a while?"

Roderick was overjoyed but he could not find tongue to answer her. He could only look into her dark eyes that twinkled with merriment.

"Aye, Miss Anne, stay I shall. I am dismissed from my duties until the morn. But I do not have tales of bravery to relate, for I am ashamed to say that I did not lift my sword against any man."

She put her fingers to his lips.

“Wheesht* now! I did not think you would, but that does not make of you a coward. But right glad am I that you have not been hurt. Pray stay, Roderick, for you have been much on my mind. Shall I bring you a glass of ale or a dram or a bumper of claret? There is enough to drown many ships and the souls they bear. Come, say what you will have.”

Then she smiled at her lad.

“Tis on the house, for I have made much siller this day from your comrades in arms.”

Roderick had never tasted strong drink in his entire life but he thought the time had come to indulge in his national drink. He had seen his father take a few drams at Hogmanay or at a cattle sale. He had occasionally seen his father the worse for drink, helping him to bed when unsteady. Upon the eve of the New Year that would bring the Prince to Scotland, Roderick had heard his father say this to his mother:

“Mary, my bonnie lass, Alistair MacDonald, your miserable husband, does not need the whisky to make him bold. I have loved ye from the very day that I first set eyes upon ye, in the market at Benbecula, where I was come to sell my father’s cattle. Ye were bonnie that day and this day, ye are bonnier. I am fortunate to have ye for wife and ye are more braw to me than the very heather.”

Roderick had no money in his sporran. Anne seemed to know that it was empty.

“By God, does the Prince not pay you for your services? No, I think he does not. Roderick, you are my guest this night, for I am pleased to have your company. What shall you have?”

He did not hesitate to answer her.

“I shall have a glass of small beer. And a dram. If that is not too much.”

She laughed at his words, holding him in her arms and swaying as if she were dancing.

“Roderick MacDonald, this night is yours to have what you will. Ask and it shall be granted you. But pray do not drink the whisky quickly, for it will addle your head. I would have you clear in mind this night, for I wish to celebrate your return from the battle. Whisky is a fine drink though as you are not in the habit of it, you must drink it slowly. And mind, I shall not be far from your side and shall be watching over you.”

Roderick did as she asked. He sipped the dram slowly, feeling the rough liquid in his throat descend to his belly, where it made a fire. In the heat of the

*wheesht; quiet, be silent

tavern, he soon felt drowsy and slipped into a deep, dreamless sleep, the first he had known since the day before the battle.

When he woke, the tavern was almost empty. A few drunken soldiers sat at the tables. They could not see him, so fuddled they were. Presently, Anne came from the kitchen with a broom to sweep the floor. She shook a man here and there, bidding him to go to his bed. Once more, she had six men billeted on her, so she peered into the faces of those who remained, to discover those who were her guests.

“Courtesy of your fine Prince, Roderick. Now, my merry men that are to rest here this night, away with you to your beds, for I must be up early for to make your porridge upon the morn.”

Having ordered her billeted men to bed, she cleared the room of the others. At last, the tavern was empty. Roderick sat in isolation, nursing the dregs of a small beer. The whisky which had put fire into his belly had now left him. He felt a sadness which he would learn in time followed a dram or two. He wished she had come to him an hour ago, when his blood was hot with the whisky, for then he would have said the words to her that were running through his mind, words more fearsome than any weapon. Now, he was spent and only wanted sleep.

As Anne ushered the last of her customers out of the tavern, she signalled to him that he should go with them. Out in the night air of St Mary’s Wynd, his cheeks grew cool, his legs no longer unsteady. The whisky had left his blood. As he stood in the darkness, he thought that the cobbles of the Wynd were silver, on account of the moon’s light. He leant back on the wall of *The Tappit Hen* so that he could breathe easily. He stood there a few minutes, then felt Anne’s arm round his waist. A new and different warmth flowed over him. It was a calmness he had not known for the past two days. His head was clear. He looked down at her, wanting to stroke her hair. And he did so without thinking. She pinched his cheek.

“Roderick MacDonald, shall you bring me to shame in the very street where I live? There are impudent folk that are wont to keek* out of their curtains to watch me, for they call me a wanton woman who scandalises the street. Come you inside, for I am thinking you are in need of food. And perhaps another dram? When did you last eat?”

Roderick could not believe that he had not eaten since morning. He assured Anne that his thoughts had not been on food but with her.

*keek; to peep or glance furtively

“I was not free to come to you, that you might know I had been spared on the field at Gladsmuir. I was fretted by that, though as soon as I was set free from my duties, I came to you though I have not supped since morning.”

Anne put her hands on her hips and raised her head to the roof of the tavern.

“Mercy me! I have given you strong drink upon an empty stomach! I am surprised that you are steady on your feet. You shall have no more drink until you have eaten. Come you into the kitchen, that we may see what is left of the evening’s repast.”

Roderick scarcely realised how hungry he was and followed her into the kitchen, where there was the remains of a roast chicken. Anne brought him a loaf of bread and bade him sit down. Famished though he was, he resisted the temptation to tear at the fowl with his hands. Anne disappeared into the taproom, returning with a brimming glass of ale. She sat down beside him, watching him eat, for as she later said, it did her heart good to see a man with an appetite enjoying his food. When he was almost finished, she patted his hand.

“You did fine work on the chicken. I like to see a man enjoy his meat. Now, must you return to the Abbey tonight?”

Roderick was puzzled by her words.

“The Abbey? Where is that?”

She smiled.

“Forgive me, the Edinburgh folk always speak of Holyroodhouse as the Abbey.”

“No, I am released from my duties at least until morn. I am to report to Secretary Murray by noon, though I shall have to be back afore that hour, lest the Prince has despatches for me to carry.”

“Shall you have more ale? Pray excuse me, for I would have a glass or two of claret. We must toast your safe return. Shall you bide a while? For I wish to bathe and change out of my work dress. It has been a heavy night and I need to cleanse myself.”

She left him in the company of the two serving girls who chattered to each other like sparrows until he spoke to them. They answered his questions briefly and shyly. When he asked if the men billeted on their mistress were in bed, they giggled uncontrollably.

“Why, sir, how would we know? They are in their rooms but whether they are a-bed, we know not, nor is it our business.”

He decided it was best not to question them further.

Presently, Anne returned. She wore a black dress which Roderick thought the height of elegance, making her resemble one of the ladies who had welcomed the Prince on his arrival in Edinburgh the first day. On a chain, she wore the Celtic silver ring her father had given her, and it now graced her bosom. She touched it lightly, sensing his eyes upon her.

"My father said one day I would wear this ring for my sweetheart perhaps that day will come soon."

"Your father surely loved you, Anne. I have not seen anything so beautiful as this ring. It is finely wrought by one who knew his craft, made for one who was dearly loved."

Then he regretted his words, as he saw her eyes fill with tears. He did not know how to comfort her other than to reach out and clasp her hand, as he had seen his father do when his mother was troubled. She held his fingers tightly in her own, drying her eyes with a fine lace handkerchief. Aware that her serving girls were listening, she ordered them to their beds, saying that tomorrow would be as busy as today. The girls did not need to be told a second time and slipped away, whispering to one another as they left the kitchen. Anne watched them go, embarrassed that they had seen her tears.

"I have so little of my mother's things. I do not even have a miniature of her, only my father's words of her. She had fine, gold hair, which I have inherited from her. But let us not speak of this sadness. We should be happy, for you are spared and have come back to me. Shall this be an end to the bloodshed? Shall the Prince march into England? Shall you go with him?"

Roderick smiled weakly.

"So many questions! I know not what is to be done, though the Prince wished to go to England this very day. The Council advised him against it. I think we shall remain in Edinburgh for a time, as many of our men have deserted and we expect reinforcement from the North. Forbye, the Prince has need of money to feed and equip our army on the march."

Anne smiled at that.

"I am glad of it, for perhaps we shall have more evenings together, that we may strengthen our friendship. 'Twould be better if you were to stay in Edinburgh, for tonight the tavern was ringing with rumours. They say that not one, but two, armies are to be sent against you, from England. They say already an English army has been despatched to Newcastle, for it is thought that the Prince shall go into England by way of that town."

"Then you know more of this than I do. Perhaps the Prince will leave a rearguard here but I do not think he will permit me to stay."

At this, Anne cast her eyes downwards. Then she sighed.

“My father was loyal to the Prince’s father in the same way. He suffered exile in France for many years. Although his life was spared, his heart was broke, living far from Scotland. When he returned, he had to take a new name, lest he be discovered and brought to trial for his part in the Scrape, as they called the ’15 Rebellion.

“Now I shall venture to say how I am named Anne Trotter. In his cups, my father said ’twas a contrived second name. As I said to you before, it has oft crossed my mind that my father’s kin were clansmen from the West. Many drovers from the West and North came here when my father lived. He was oft in the company of those that came out of Skye. After he died, the drovers stopped coming here, save for one who always visited me when he was at the market in Edinburgh. One night, he asked me how I came to have the name Trotter. He said his wife was a Skye woman, born near Trotternish, a lonely place of sea spray and seals. He said that Trotternish was Clan Donald ground and that the Lords of the Isles had built a fortress there. He further said that Sir Donald, the MacDonald of Sleate, was strong for the Chevalier in the year of ’15. So it may be that my father took the name Trotter, leaving off the second part of the place Trotternish. For all I know, I may be a MacDonald and therefore kin to you.”

Roderick was excited by this. To think that they might be related! The MacDonalds of Boisdale and the MacDonalds of Sleate had never had ill words, though on this occasion, Roderick was disappointed that old Sir Donald’s son had not joined the Prince.

“So you may be Anne MacDonald of Sleate! How fine that name is to me!”

She put her fingers to her lips.

“Wheesht, wheesht! The girls might hear you! I should warn you that they have no love for the Prince, nor do they support the Cause.”

Then Roderick, in his excitement, said that were she to marry a MacDonald, she would regain her rightful name.

“Marry? Marry? And who do you have in mind, Roderick MacDonald? Your own self? You speak rashly, sir, for we are but lately met. You do not know me, nor I you. You have the rash tongue of all who serve this prince that has come to Scotland!”

Roderick knew he had ventured too much, his tongue loosened by drink.

“Anne, I did not think —”

She smiled at him ruefully.

“No, you did not, like the others that are with your prince. I think he

will bring sadness to the people of Scotland. My father was loyal to his father and he died an unhappy man. He suffered for his loyalty, as you shall. I do not wish you to come to harm. You must not speak of marriage for you have not the right to ask any woman for her hand when you may come to grief in England, killed, wounded or taken prisoner to face a hangman's noose."

Roderick listened to her words, realising how strongly she felt. Did she entertain feelings for him that went above friendship? He was too young to understand these things but he had felt his heart flutter as she spoke. He was too afraid to press her further and so tried to speak of other matters:

"I trust that you have received payment for the men that are billeted on you once more? If you are not paid, you must inform me, for I shall arrange it with my good friend, Major MacLachlan, our Commissary officer."

She sighed.

"Aye, aye, all in good time. All my night rooms are taken. Better than than they should be empty, though I may have to wait some time before I am paid the siller due me. As I said, rumours fly in this tavern. There are those that say the Prince has no money save for some few thousand pounds taken on the field of Prestonpans. Doubtless, he shall be wanting more, for he must feed and equip his army. Have you been paid for your services?"

He said that he did not serve the Prince for money but out of loyalty.

"Then the more fool you are! Roderick, just now, you spoke of marriage. Were you to think on it, how would you provide for a wife?"

She had brought the matter to the fore again and he did not know how to reply. Then he mumbled that she was right and that though he had spoken of her marrying, he had not spoken of his.

"For you are right. I could not think to marry without money. Forbye, I would need my father's permission."

This seemed to put her mind at ease.

"I had not thought of marriage myself, for I have a tavern to manage, a livelihood to make. Now the hour is late. Shall you return to the Abbey?"

He answered that perhaps that would be for the best. Then she surprised him by taking his hands in hers, across the table.

"You might care to rest here. With me."

He stared at her, surprised by her directness.

"But Anne, did you not say that all your night rooms are taken?"

She smiled at him, stroking his hand.

"Aye, but you know my room may admit two, as you found on the night

before the battle. Shall it cause you concern to be with me? This talk of marriage —”

Now it was his turn to surprise her.

“I did not come here this night to stay. But I am glad that you have asked me, for I have not forgotten our first time together.”

He saw her cheeks blush, her fingers straying to the silver ring at her throat, playing with it nervously.

“Nor have I. But mind, I am pure still. You are the only man that has ever come to my room. Shall you lie with me in kindness and for comfort?”

He nodded. As before, she lit a small candle and bade him follow her quietly. His heart was in his throat for the second time in a few hours, his hands slippery with perspiration.

Once inside the room, she closed the door quietly and began to remove her dress. He stared at her for a moment, then averted his eyes, for he was embarrassed to see her shift that showed the swelling of her fine breasts. He did not know whether she wanted him to disrobe, so he decided to remove only his coat. Soon they were between the cold sheets, holding each other close to get warm. She snuffed out the candle and as she did so, she whispered to him:

“I could not lie in one of my best dresses. Now, I bid you goodnight, Roderick MacDonald. May you sleep well.”

Roderick lay in the darkness, remembering Major MacLachlan’s words.

You must choose your wife with her night cap on, for then you will see her at her best, or her worst

During the night, she stirred beside him restlessly, then she took his hand and placed it on her breast. He could feel the nipple erect and she moaned as he moved his hand slightly. Then she was awake and whispering to him:

“Roderick, I do not know what will come to pass. I do not know how we shall be, nor how long we may be together. But I want you to know this. Be you quick* or dead, I shall come to you. For I find you right fine and would have you come back to me safe from England.”

Then she kissed his cheek, turning on her side, her face to the wall. He stroked her hair and could only murmur her name in the darkness. Then he said this to her:

“I am glad that we are become friends. And aye, I would have us become more, if that can be. For my heart is full of you, Anne Trotter. I cannot greet

*quick; alive

the dawns now without your name upon my lips. I cannot wait for night to fall, that I might visit you. You are right fine to me."

Then, for some reason, he told Anne about the journal of Major Whittle he had found on the field at Prestonpans.

"I have read the man's words. He supped in *The Tappit Hen* when he came to join General Cope. When I read his words, I thought of you. You will not recall him, I suppose? That night he dined with a man called Campbell, a banker I think."

She nodded.

"I do not recall Major Whittle. Many English officers come to my tavern. But I know the man Campbell, for he sups either with me or at Mistress Turnbull's tavern near the Tron Kirk. He is an agent for the Royal Bank of Scotland. How strange this life is, that each of us is drawn together because of this prince. He does not know how he has changed the lives of so many, not just we. I am sorry that Major Whittle is dead, though I do not recall him. Now we must sleep, for I shall have yet another busy day the morn. Goodnight."

The next morning, they were wakened early by the sounds in the Cowgate, the bakers crying their wares. This time, Anne said it was high time her serving girls knew of their friendship and so she asked Roderick to stay for breakfast.

"For I am mistress in this house and what I do is to please myself, no other. Saving yourself."

He was glad she added the last two words. When the girls brought in rolls hot from the baker's board, they were surprised to see Roderick sitting in the kitchen. He felt uncomfortable, not for himself, but for Anne. She took the girls aside and whispered a few words. Roderick saw them nod, their faces expressionless.

"Now Jean, now Mary, off with you to the fleshers and the grocers in the Lawnmarket for we are in need of fresh meat and other provisions. I have made a list for you."

When they were gone, she told Roderick that she had sworn them to secrecy.

"They are good girls, though they tattle so. I am hoping they will find themselves husbands one of these days."

As she said the words, she hung her head, wishing she had not said them. Then she recovered herself.

"Shall you return to the Abbey now? For 'tis near nine of the clock. Perhaps you will learn how long the Prince is to remain in Edinburgh"

He touched her hand.

“Anne, you ask of me questions that shall be answered only by the Prince’s Council of advisers. But it is my thinking that we shall remain for some weeks.”

“And shall you come again this evening? I shall await you.”

The softness in her voice brought a great tenderness to his heart. As he took his leave of her, he found the courage to say this:

“Anne, when first I saw you, I felt much in my heart. ’Tis a pity that upon the day we met, I was obliged to tell lies. But I was ordered to. My falsehoods were necessary. I shall never speak falsehoods to you again, as long as I live.”

She smiled at that. She held both of his hands in hers, kissing him on the cheek.

“Go you now, lest you be scolded by your fine prince.”

All that day, his thoughts were never far from her. The hours passed slowly as they do when the heart is assailed by loneliness. At last, his duties over for the day, he was dismissed as the darkness began to fall. He sped up the Canongate, reaching St Mary’s Wynd within minutes. He entered The Tappit Hen which was crowded as usual. He knew it would be nearly curfew hour at ten o’clock before he could be with Anne, so he contented himself with a glass of small beer. Presently, he saw her bearing platters of food. When their eyes met, she smiled.

Again that night, they lay in each other’s arms, though they were clothed. Despite that, the thinness of her shift allowed him to trace every line of her body. Even in the darkness, he was growing accustomed to every curve of her so she became like a map he could carry in his head. They kissed many times that night, as they would for many nights to come. As they lay together, Roderick asked Anne if she had read Lord George Murray’s proclamation which had been posted on the market crosses that day.

“No, I had not the time, but my lassie Jean read it when she was at the market this morning. Why do you ask?”

“Well, it must bring comfort to the people of Edinburgh, that they are not to be harmed. The Prince has commanded it.”

She caressed his cheek.

“And how should I come to harm when I have Roderick MacDonald, the Prince’s loyal friend, to protect me?”

Roderick knew she was teasing him, but he let the moment pass.

“I should protect you, whether the Prince ordered it or no. For it is love I bear for you, Anne Trotter. I would not see a single hair of your bonny head

harmed. I do not know what is before us, nor what the days will bring. But no matter where I am to go, I shall come back to you as long as there is strength and breath in my body."

He felt her hand grasp his even tighter.

"I know it. But I do not think upon the days. 'Tis the years that I want. No matter what shall come to pass, I shall always be here for you. God grant that no harm comes to you, for Roderick MacDonald, you have taken my heart."

They held each other closer than ever.

When he returned to Holyroodhouse the following day, Roderick found the courtyard swarming with men clutching papers and seeking an audience with the Prince. As he thrust his way through the crowd, he saw Major MacLachlan in conversation with a group of men. As he approached them, Roderick saw MacLachlan's eyes light up.

"Ah, Roderick. I have been seeking you, for the Prince is in urgent need of your services."

Turning to the group of men, he removed his hat.

"Gentlemen, pray excuse me but I have pressing matters to attend to. I shall return presently, when I hope to provide you with a favourable answer to your petition. Now, Roderick, step lively, for we are awaited."

MacLachlan took Roderick's arm and steered him through the throng. As they reached the door of the palace, MacLachlan began to laugh.

"Roderick, your coming was timely indeed, for you have saved me from these men. They are come out of Haddingtonshire with a petition to the Prince seeking to right what they consider to be a wrong. I know not if the Prince shall grant it."

As they walked along the corridor to the Prince's private apartments, MacLachlan informed Roderick of the problem.

"I cannot believe it. These men are come on behalf of the people of Prestonpans. Their leader is a dominie, whose name escapes me, though he bears a paper signed by one called Cheap, a Customs official, a most voluble man, no doubt on account of his profession, aided and abetted by no less than three men of the cloth, to wit, the minister of Gladsmuir Kirk, William Robertson, the minister of Tranent and Seton, Charles Cunningham and the minister of Salt Preston or Prestonpans, William Carlyle. These gentlemen have got word that we are calling the late battle 'The field of Gladsmuir'.

"Our men say this is in fulfilment of an old prophecy in the Highlands that a great victory would be won at a place called Gladesmoor. This does not sit well with the good folk of the town of Prestonpans or Tranent. They would

have the battle called after Tranent or Prestonpans, not some barren moor that is distant from the field and where not a single shot was fired. I find this amusing. I would not care to hazard a guess if the Prince shall entertain their petition, though I am certain he also shall be amused by it."

Presently, the pair were allowed entry into the Prince's apartment, where they found him in conversation with Secretary Murray. When MacLachlan recounted the story, the Prince broke into laughter.

"Major MacLachlan, I am amused. The villagers consider it an insult do they? Pray inform me the meaning of Gladsmuir."

"I believe it is so called on account of the fact that in former times, the kings of Scotland did attend the muir for the sport of falconry. It is my understanding that the gled, or glad, is the word for a hunting hawk. In truth, the battle should be called the field of Preston, the village being closest to the conflict. What answer shall you give, sir?"

Despite his lack of years, the Prince was no stranger to the art of diplomacy. He turned to Secretary Murray:

"Is this a matter we should put to the Council? Is it of importance?"

Secretary Murray said the matter was of small weight and that the Council should not be troubled by such trifles.

"Your Highness, may I suggest that you accede to the demands of the petitioners, while continuing to refer to the field as Gladsmuir? For it would do no harm to call it Prestonpans in the presence of those who do not support us. Equally, it would sit well with the clan chiefs if in our official papers, we continue to call it Gladsmuir. That way, both parties will be content."

"But the Edinburgh newspapers will make this public. The Caledonian Mercury shall continue to write of it as Gladsmuir, while the Edinburgh Evening Courant, being Whig, shall call it as it sees fit. That paper may bring mischief upon us should it learn of this matter. We are in need of friends here in the Lowlands, and in and around Edinburgh."

Murray was silent for a moment, then he dismissed the Prince's fears with a wave of his hand.

"The newspapers of whatever shade and opinion shall do as they please. The common folk do not read them. And those who do shall decide for themselves according to their political views. Prestonpans, Gladsmuir. It matters not what the field is called. What matters is that it is your victory."

The Prince thought for a moment, then he said he agreed with Murray's judgement.

"Perhaps the good people of Prestonpans are mindful of posterity, that they

be not denied the honour we have given them. Let the deputation from these villages be informed that we shall call the field Prestonpans, for it is the largest of the towns in the vicinity. Though I must say that to my knowledge, not one from the town of Prestonpans ventured onto the field until the day was won. Secretary Murray, did you not say that a prominent gentleman by name William Grant was a spectator? He is from the vicinity, is he not? Pray refresh my memory, sir."

"William Grant dwells in Prestoungrange and is a respected member in the legal profession. They say that one day, he may become Lord Advocate of Scotland."

"Be that as it may, perhaps we should seek his opinion on the matter."

In the end, nothing was done. The Jacobites continued to call the battle Gladsmuir, the Whigs insisting upon Prestonpans. That day, as Major MacLachlan sought to be excused to convey the Prince's decision to the deputation from Prestonpans, a messenger arrived from Berwick bearing news that delighted the Prince. He said the despatch would be read at the next meeting of the Council but he could not refrain from reading it to those in the room.

"Gentlemen, we have news from one who is sympathetic to our cause and is in the service of My Lord Mark Kerr. The message reads thus:

'General Cope was safely arrived in Berwick upon the twenty-second day of September. Lord Kerr greeted him saying "Good God, I have seen many battles, heard of many but never of the first news of defeat being brought by the General Officer before." General Cope made reply that the manner in which the enemy came on, which was quicker than can be described, possibly was the cause of his men 'being taken with a most destructive panic.'"

The Prince beat the table, declaring:

"Gentlemen, we must inform our men of this, for it shall put heart into them."

That evening, Roderick was dismayed to learn that his presence was required in the Council chamber that would meet at the hour of seven. He wondered if he would be able to see Anne that night.

When Secretary Murray read out the message that had been received from Berwick, the Council members cheered. Then he called for silence:

"His Royal Highness bids me to inform the Council of the measures we are engaged on in the matter of Edinburgh Castle, commanded by General Joshua Guest and his adjutant, General Preston of Valleyfield. It is known that General Guest is sickly and of age eighty-five years. Yesterday, a body of

Camerons was ordered to the Castle Hill to throw up entrenchments to contest the passage of supplies and reinforcements there. As My Lord George Murray has said, being in want of heavy siege guns, our only means of subduing the garrison is by hunger. The guns we took at Gladsmuir are not of calibre that would reduce the castle walls, so we must use starvation as weapon. It is my sad duty to inform this Council that at daylight, several of our men that were despatched to the Castle Hill were cruelly slain by a discharge of cannon from the half moon battery there. We must use starvation to induce the garrison to a surrender."

Lord George Murray said he agreed this was the only course open to the army. Then he enquired about the enemy wounded at Prestonpans. Secretary Murray consulted the sheaf of documents he held in his hand:

"All officers and wounded men are being cared for in Heriot's Hospital. My Lord, may I assure you they are in want of nothing that is fit for prisoners. In addition to what the Lord Provost Stewart has disbursed out of the public purse, the Prince has graciously agreed to add to that sum from his own purse. Surgeons attend the wounded daily and cooks are present to serve pottage, beef and kail."

Lord George enquired if the same food was given to the common soldiers. Secretary Murray answered him without hesitation.

"My Lord, the Prince has ordered that no man in Mr Cope's army shall want for anything, be he officer or common soldier. Three halfpence is spent daily on the common men for their sustenance."

Roderick had seen Lord George Murray's temper before, but that evening he was shaken by his anger.

"Three half pence a day! Is that all? Why, sir, three half pence would not keep a mouse! I wish this to be written down, for I deplore this injustice."

Secretary Murray conferred with the Prince in whispers. Then he returned to his seat, continuing:

"His Royal Highness bids me to inform the Council that he has a generous offer to make to the private soldiers of the enemy. Those that will join him are to be given fair treatment. They are to receive clean linen and five guineas each. Six score have already accepted the offer and we hope that others will follow their example. As for the wounded, His Royal Highness bids me to say that my associate, John Hay of Restalrig, shall in person ensure that the men are fed according to their needs."

The Council received this with murmurs of approval. Secretary Murray called for silence.

“It is my pleasure to announce that my friend, Hay of Restalrig, shall be despatched to Glasgow within the next few days, there to exact the public monies held by the Lord Provost, that these monies may be used to feed our soldiers and to succour those of the enemy. Now, His Highness has expressed a desire to address this Council.”

The Prince bowed to Murray, thanking him for his labours.

“My Lords, gentlemen and friends. It has grieved me much that our men have been lost in the investment of the castle of Edinburgh. I had declared that there must be no communication with the Governor, General Guest, though I have since withdrawn the order, for it is my hope that by so doing, the castle shall not discharge its cannon among us or the townspeople. I do not wish them to be harmed. We must await the response of General Guest. Gentlemen, it has been a long day. Shall we repair to the dining room and take some refreshment?”

On hearing the Prince’s words, Roderick sighed with relief. He would take his repast at *The Tappit Hen* that night.

When he appeared at Holyroodhouse the next morning, Roderick was surprised to be directed to Secretary Murray’s private chamber. He was in awe of the man, for he knew he was skilled in letters. He waited outside the chamber, wondering what task awaited him. Presently, Murray’s associate Andrew Lumsden conducted him to Murray’s office. Secretary Murray greeted him coldly; it was known that he looked down his nose at anyone born north of Perth.

Murray did not trouble himself to acknowledge Roderick. He was busy with his pen, scribbling words. Now and then, he paused to tickle his ear with the feather he held, then resumed writing. At length, he sprinkled sand on the parchment to dry the ink. Folding the paper, he placed it in an envelope. As he did so, he looked at Roderick over the envelope, his eyes cold and fixed in a stare.

“You are the Prince’s favourite, are you not? He trusts you, though I am at a loss to comprehend that. No matter, you shall carry this important document to one John Campbell, agent for the Royal Bank of Scotland. I am told you will find him in John’s Coffee House, in Parliament Close. Know you of it?”

Roderick said he did.

“Then you will place this in his hands and leave him. There will be no reply. Can you do that?”

As he ran up the Canongate, Roderick wondered if the man he was to meet was the same John Campbell he had read of in Whittle’s journal, on the night

they had supped together at The Tappit Hen. Surely that could not be? He duly entered John's Coffee House and enquired if Mr Campbell was present. A stout gentleman wearing the tartan of the Campbell clan answered, 'Aye.' Roderick informed him he had come from Holyroodhouse with a message from Secretary Murray.

"There is no reply wanted."

John Campbell read the document and dismissed him. As he had little else to do that day, Roderick lingered among the Luckenbooth stalls, viewing the wares on sale. He thought he might purchase a trinket for Anne. As he lingered there, he saw a sedan chair carry John Campbell down the High Street towards the Canongate. He assumed the sedan was headed for Holyrood, its occupant summoned to a meeting with Murray.

In the next few days, Roderick would find his services were seldom required by the Prince, but more by Secretary Murray and his associates John Hay of Restalrig and Andrew Lumsden. He knew that Murray had recruited Restalrig to organise food for the army, a man who was later found to be incompetent in his duties. On his account, many a clansman would suffer hunger. Roderick was unhappy with his new master and his servants, though he was informed that the Prince himself had commanded him to serve Murray.

It was all about money. Daily, new recruits were flocking to the Prince's side. His army was growing in size which pleased him but as always, there was the problem of feeding the men. Collectors were sent to outlying towns to obtain the public money.

The Prince was kept busy reading documents, writing letters, signing proclamations. As usual, Roderick was never far from the Prince's side. When they were alone, the Prince began to write, speaking to himself. Looking upwards as if for inspiration, he smiled at Roderick.

"Tis a wearisome business, labouring with the quill. I hope you never become a clerk, for 'tis a tedious profession. I have been persuaded to hold a ball within the next two days, that the people of substance in Edinburgh may enjoy a levee in their honour. I do not care for such frivolities, though courtesy requires me to welcome the gentlemen and their ladies. This fine palace has not known merriment for many a year."

Then he astonished Roderick.

"Shall you attend the ball?"

Roderick bowed.

"If it should please Your Highness, I should be honoured. May I be permitted to bring a partner?"

It was the Prince's turn to be taken aback.

"What is this, Roderick? A partner? Have you the favours of a lady in Edinburgh? In so short a time? Of course you may escort the lady here. I shall look forward to meeting with her."

At last, he was dismissed. As he was leaving the palace, he met Major MacLachlan and could not contain his excitement:

"I should be honoured to present Miss Anne Trotter to His Highness. She also shall be honoured, though I am not skilled in the dance."

MacLachlan smiled.

"Away with you to your Anne. She will be waiting for you."

Roderick ran faster than ever he had over the moors. He could not wait to tell Anne the news. He was crestfallen by her response.

"Roderick MacDonald, what shall a common tavern keeper say to a man of royal birth? Forbye, there will be wealthy ladies there, dressed in their finest. What shall I wear? I do not own a ball gown or the finery disported by the wives of rich Edinburgh merchants. And think you. Many of these men are my clients and doubtless they will look down their noses at me. Their wives shall ignore me as a common inn keeper, for it is certain that their husbands will have spoken of me and *The Tappit Hen*."

Roderick was devastated.

"Anne, you are a kindly woman, with a kind heart. You are fair and comely and it is said that the Prince finds pleasure in the company of fair women, though he has no time for frivolities. Why cannot you wear the dress you wore the other night, the black dress? And you have the Celtic silver ring that many shall envy, for it is well wrought. You must tell the Prince that it was your father's gift and that he fought for his father some thirty years past."

That night, as they lay together, Roderick finally won her over.

"If it pleases you, I shall be by your side. But do not ask me to dance, for I have not had the time to learn the steps of the reel, or the Strathspey, nor the fine steps that the Edinburgh ladies tread."

Roderick laughed in the darkness.

"Think you that on the island of South Uist, we are accustomed to such grand occasions? I cannot dance, for like you, our folk do not have time for such frivolity. The women tread the linen in the tub, the men tread the heather, but rare is it when they have trodden a dance."

On the day of the ball, Edinburgh was in turmoil. For no reason, the guns of Edinburgh Castle commenced firing on the townspeople. Roderick was with the Prince when the first shots boomed out. He heard the Prince's angry

complaint at such an insult and called the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray to his chamber.

“Gentlemen, pray inform me why the guns are discharged? Have our men that are stood guard there provoked this? Have they fired upon the Castle sentries? Did I not forbid this, for we have no cannon of calibre to answer theirs?”

Lord George Murray was able to answer him:

“Your Highness, there is much mischief afoot. I assure you, not a single musket has been discharged by the Camerons on guard. This is occasioned by the Governor, General Guest, perhaps on a whim, for he is a feeble, old man. Unless General Guest has received orders from London to do this mischief upon us.”

The Prince asked if there had been any visitors to the Castle. Lord George said that was likely, though only those with permission to enter had been allowed past the guards. The Prince beat the table with his fist.

“Perhaps one has carried orders there, under a pretext. Is it not so that John Campbell, Agent for the Royal Bank of Scotland visits there, that he may exchange for coin the bank notes we have lately gathered? Perhaps he carried a message.”

He summoned Secretary Murray to ask his opinion. Murray was strong in his defence of Campbell.

“He is a man of honour and he has willingly agreed to assist us. Though he is a Campbell, I consider him trustworthy. I do not think he would carry messages like a common spy.”

“Then by God, I shall order that none is to enter or depart the Castle. And none shall bear victuals for the relief of those within. We shall starve them out! That this calamity should descend upon us, the very day I have ordered the ball. It shall proceed, for none shall say that a few cannon diverted us from our leisure. Upon the morrow, I shall draw up a letter inviting General Guest to parley with us.”

That night, the palace windows blazed with light from many candles, the crystal chandeliers sparkling and winking. Roderick MacDonald was proud to enter the gates of Holyrood with Anne's hand on his arm. The guards in the courtyard relieved every gentleman of his sword for safety. Roderick had taken the precaution of leaving his at *The Tappit Hen*.

Both were unsure of themselves, though they took courage from each other. As they had walked down the Canongate, Anne had said to Roderick:

“Are you feared? I am not, for you are with me. But God grant that I do not

bring disgrace on you in front of your prince, for I am not skilled in the ways of court."

As they entered the Palace, they joined the long queue of people waiting to be admitted when their names were called by the retainers. Roderick thought she was lovely, lovelier than ever he had seen her. He wanted to kiss her, but thought the better of it. Instead, he whispered:

"Anne, your lips are as red as the rowan berries. In the Highlands, they say that the rowan is a charm to ward off the creatures they call witches."

She smiled at this.

"I did not think you were superstitious, though this night, the only witches we may encounter are like to be the ladies of fashion in Edinburgh."

When they were finally admitted into the great hall, Roderick said he had never seen so many lights before:

"It is as if the very sun itself were in the room. So many candles. I have never seen the like of it."

He felt so proud that night, with Anne at his side. One side of the room was lined with long tables covered by fine, crisp, white linen. The tables fairly groaned with the silver dishes of fowl, beef, pork, fruits and sweetmeats. There were also bottles of fine champagne, brandy, claret, whisky, port and sherry. At intervals were placed great bowls of punch with oranges and lemons floating on top. The guests milled about, waiting for their plates to be filled by the many retainers dressed in livery. Anne and Roderick were finally served, managing to find a quiet table in a corner. He left her only to fill their glasses with claret.

In the hall, nobles and army officers moved freely among the guests. In the course of the evening songs were sung in the Gaelic, two groups of four Highlanders performed the sword dance, resplendent in their best shirts and philibegs. Roderick whispered to Anne, drawing her attention to the candle light reflected on silver-handled dirks and the dull brass of the officers' sword hilts. For only the Prince's officers were allowed to bear arms that night. The jewels of the ladies winked on their owners' breasts, bare almost to the nipples. Roderick had never seen such finery, nor so much flesh revealed by *décolleté* dresses. Tartan swirled to the music of Edinburgh's finest musicians, ladies in elegant silken gowns danced spirited reels, the more refined and genteel choosing to tread stately measures with the young officers, leaving their husbands to enjoy their brandy or claret cup. The Prince was nowhere to be seen until at length, a fanfare announced his entry.

Roderick had seen the Prince in his finery before, but that night, even he

was surprised. The Prince was resplendent in Highland dress. Everywhere he went, he was surrounded by ladies, anxious to kiss his hand, their fans fluttering furiously. Later, it was said that the Prince paid but passing heed to the ladies who sought his favour. As he drew nearer to Roderick and Anne, he paused and waved aside some ladies who were pressing too close. He came to the young couple, a smile on his lips.

“Ah, Roderick MacDonald, our leal* good luck charm! But how he is outdone by the charmer at his side. How are you called, my lady?”

Roderick had bowed instinctively, Anne curtsied.

“Your Highness, I am called Anne Trotter, proprietor of *The Tappit Hen* in St Mary’s Wynd. It is a humble tavern but my own. There, I entertain many in your army. I have six of your Highlanders billeted on me.”

The Prince bowed to her and kissed her hand.

“Pray forgive the intrusion, Mistress, but I am obliged to you for looking after my soldiers. May I compliment you upon your beauty? For your face is fair and outshines many ladies in the room. I beg you, pray make merry and tread a measure with our good friend, Roderick MacDonald. For he has strong legs and is nimble as the deer.”

Anne blushed and apologised for being unable to dance.

“I fear also that Roderick is not skilled in the dance.”

Again the Prince smiled, whispering to her.

“Dear lady, nor am I. One day, perhaps we shall all learn the dance. I bid you good evening.”

With that, he passed on, now joined by the Duke of Perth. Roderick was close enough to hear the Duke comment on the beauty of the ladies, asking the Prince if he favoured any there. The Prince did not hesitate in his reply. Pointing to two heavily bearded, long-haired clansmen on guard duty, he said this:

“Your Grace, these are my beauties, for they serve me more loyally than any woman.”

It was a long night. Roderick was relieved that Anne was content to sit and watch the spectacle and even more so when she announced she was tired and wanted to return to *The Tappit Hen*. As they walked leisurely up the Canongate, Roderick said little, though he asked what she thought of the Prince.

“He is of fair complexion and conducts himself as a prince should. But I think he does not care much for the company of women.”

*leal, loyal

Roderick chided her gently for her words:

“For he smiled upon you and paid you compliments. I am thinking that it is not for want of courtesy but the press of papers that he daily receives. He has many that demand his favour. I fear that it is this that prevents him spending time with the ladies. He would march into England upon the morn were his Council to agree upon it.”

Anne sighed.

“Aye, he would take you away from me without a second thought! We are but lately met and need time for our friendship to grow. I fear we shall not be granted that time. For that, I cannot say I care for him.”

Roderick was too tired to argue with her. That night, he fell asleep almost immediately after Anne extinguished the candle. She lay awake for long hours, almost until the cock crowed to announce the arrival of another day.

* * *

With the passing of the days, recruits from the northern clans came in increasing numbers to Edinburgh, as Lord George Murray had predicted. These numbered fifteen hundred, under the commands of old Lord Pitsligo, Drummond, Master of Strathallan, Lord Balmerino and Viscount Dundee. But ill news also arrived in the capital. Word came that an English army was being mustered in Newcastle under General George Wade, the soldier who had improved the Highland roads and who was considered a more formidable commander than Sir John Cope. In response, the Prince sent messengers to several Lords-Lieutenant with orders to raise militias, while many officers were despatched north to raise all recruits who had been left behind on the march to Edinburgh for lacking weapons of any kind. The Prince gave instructions that all public money was to be handed to his collectors as well as many horses and fodder for them as could be procured. He made demands on the merchants of Edinburgh for shoes, tents and canteens. On 29th September, he issued an order that none was to enter or leave the Castle without a passport signed by one of his officers.

The day following the ball, the Castle’s Governor, General Guest, had sent a blunt letter to Provost Stuart to the effect that should the Highland army continue to obstruct communication between the garrison and the town, he would subject the townspeople to heavy bombardment as he had been ordered by his superiors. Guest also sent a deputation to the Prince asking him to rescind his order and allow freedom of communication.

The Council met on 30th September. At first, the Prince was angered by General Guest's demands until wiser counsel prevailed. The Prince was moved to respond courteously to Guest, accusing him of bluffing. The diplomacy had temporary success. General Guest responded, saying he would suspend hostilities until he could write to Whitehall and obtain clarification of his orders.

Then General Guest broke his word. On the 1st of October, he commenced a bombardment of the Castle Hill without provocation. The cannonade damaged several houses occupied by Highland soldiers, wounding some as well as a serving lass who received a ball in her foot. The garrison sallied out, dug a trench on Castle Hill and fired cartridge shots into the streets while the guns of the half-moon battery demolished a house and set fire to others. The Prince was incensed by this treachery, especially when he learnt that innocent townspeople had lost their lives.

At 11 o'clock the next morning, the Highlanders commenced digging trenches across the street near the Castle reservoir. Small arms fire from the ramparts killed three clansmen and wounded the officer in charge of the trench party. On the 4th of October, under covering fire from their cannon, the garrison managed to dig a trench fourteen feet broad and sixteen feet deep with a parapet made from the earth they removed at the Castle end. Behind the cover of this improvised work, two hundred foot kept up a brisk musket fire that cleared the lower slopes of the Castle Hill of the Highlanders.

On the 5th of October, at five o'clock in the afternoon, a body of clansmen were sent to dislodge the garrison soldiers sheltering behind their earthen works. On the approach of the Highlanders, the soldiers retired into the Castle without the loss of a single man. The clansmen lost twenty killed by cannon fire.

That day, preoccupied with the safety of the townspeople, the Prince had few orders for Roderick MacDonald, so sent him to Secretary Murray in case he required a runner. When he arrived at Murray's chamber, he was ushered in but bidden to stand near the door. Murray was in conversation with Hay of Restalrig, returned from his journey to Glasgow to exact the public money from the provost there. On the table before Murray were several bags of coins and a wad of bank notes. Murray congratulated Hay on his success.

“Well done, sir, well done! The collection of six thousand and five hundred pounds will improve the Prince's temper, for he is sorely tried by the garrison of the Castle. Did you meet with the Lord Provost in Glasgow?”

“No, sir, I did not. It seemed he did not care to do so, finding it beneath his

dignity. The money was given by Bailie Nicol Jarvie, who passed it to me somewhat grudgingly. 'Tis well known that Glasgow is a Whig town, staunchly loyal to the Government."

Murray nodded.

"Which is why you were coldly received, for they would not care to lose their gold to us. 'Tis a pity that a large portion of the money is in bank notes, for as you know, the Prince seeks specie. Gold guineas and silver shillings are needed, for when we march into England, our Scottish bank notes will not be accepted as payment. Once more, we shall be obliged to seek the services of John Campbell, the Agent for the Royal Bank of Scotland, who will exchange the notes for coin. But this presents a problem, as the bank's gold is lodged in the Castle and we are not permitting communication between it and the townspeople. I fear the Prince shall lose face in the matter, for he will be obliged to issue a passport for Mr Campbell's safety. A delicate business indeed."

Then he called Roderick to the table:

"Now, you are to take this message to Mr Campbell, whom you have met before. At this time of day, he will be found in John's Coffee House in Parliament Close. Pray inform him that Secretary Murray of Broughton wishes the pleasure of his company at Holyrood this very day."

Roderick delivered the message and returned to the palace, hoping that he would not be required by Secretary Murray again, for he disliked the man and those who served him. He was with the Prince when later that afternoon, Secretary Murray sought an audience:

"Good day, Your Highness. I regret having to disturb you but there is a pressing matter. My colleague, John Hay of Restalrig is this day returned from Glasgow, where he has gathered six thousand and five hundred pounds for the Cause. Unfortunately, a portion of the money is in bank notes which we are obliged to exchange for gold and silver. I have made arrangements for this with our good friend John Campbell, of the Royal Bank of Scotland. However, this is a delicate matter, for as you are aware, the assets of the bank are lodged in Edinburgh Castle. Mr Campbell will require a passport to gain entry. I am certain he shall, for he enjoys the friendship of General Guest."

"I have arranged that Mr Campbell proceed to the Castle with a white flag, that he may pass unmolested by our guards and the sentries. But he is insisting upon a pass signed by yourself. It is a sorry business, that I ask this of you, given the recent hostilities between the garrison and our men, but as Your Highness knows, we need as much gold as we are able to gather, that we may march into England."

The Prince could not refuse though Roderick saw that it pained him to lose face. He signed the pass with the usual flourish of his quill.

"I am content to do this, though I hold General Guest in contempt for the breaking of his word. There is naught to be done about that. The man is a liar and no gentleman. He may be old and infirm. He is also arrogant, sir, arrogant!"

The Prince fretted at the lack of action. He was further angered to learn that several Camerons, who had occupied the weigh house in the Lawnmarket to observe the activities on the Castle walls, had been fired upon by a single soldier who had lowered himself down from the battlements on a rope. The soldier had also managed to escape, his comrades hauling him up.

However, Roderick saw a change in the Prince on the 7th of October, with the arrival of Lord Ogilvie and Major-General John Gordon of Glenbucket and their regiments. The Prince was particularly pleased to see Old Glenbucket, not only because he was a member of his Council but because he had been the first in Aberdeenshire to come out for him.

The news coming daily into Edinburgh was encouraging and distressing by turns. Roderick was learning to read the Prince's moods by studying his face. He knew that the Prince was concerned that there had been little response from France, though in September, three French frigates had docked at Stonehaven, bearing cannon, albeit not of sufficient calibre to invest Edinburgh Castle. The Prince was heartened that he now possessed twenty guns. Word also came that a fourth French frigate had docked at Montrose, carrying an important official from the French court. The Prince was in animated mood that morning, displaying his relief visibly to Secretary Murray and the Duke of Perth. But the good news was tempered by bad. Envoys sent to the MacDonalds of Sleat and MacLeod of Harris had returned with their refusal to join him. In addition, Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat continued to sit on the fence, although eventually he would join the Highland army only to turn against it. Further bad news arrived from London, where English sympathisers had written to warn the Prince that English and Dutch regiments from the Low Countries had entered the Thames and were thought to be marching north to join General Wade at Newcastle. It was also reported that Lord President Duncan Forbes of Culloden and Lord Loudon were raising a body of Highlanders loyal to the House of Hanover in the North, which deterred many northern clans from joining the Highland army. With growing trepidation, the Prince anxiously awaited the arrival of the French ambassador du Boyer, the Marquis d'Eigulles.

On the 9th of October, the Prince issued the first of two lengthy declarations, in response to the news that George of Hanover had called a parliament to convene in Westminster. The declaration commanded:

... All his Majestie's Liege subjects, whether Peers or Commoners, to pay no obedience to King George's summons for a meeting of Parliament to be held at Westminster on October 17. The only authority for any such gathering can come only from the King our Royal Father. Should any subjects from his ancient Kingdom of Scotland act contrary to his express commands, the Transgressors shall be proceeded against as Traitors and Rebels to their King and Country, and their Estates shall be confiscated for his Majesty's Use, according to the Laws of the Land; the pretended Union of these Kingdoms being now at an End.

The following day the Prince issued what became known as the Edinburgh Declaration. Roderick was among the several messengers sent to post it on the market crosses in the district, with others despatched further afield. It read:

Do not the pulpits and congregations of the clergy, as well as your weekly papers, ring with the dreadful threats of popery, slavery, tyranny, and arbitrary power, which are now ready to be imposed upon you by the formidable powers of France and Spain? Is not my royal father represented as a bloodthirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth.

I, with my own money, hired a small vessel. Ill-supplied with money, arms, or friends, I arrived in Scotland attended by seven persons. I publish the King my father's declaration, and proclaim his title, with pardon in one hand, and in the other liberty of conscience, and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free parliament shall propose for the happiness of a people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has in so remarkable a manner protected me and my small army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the King my father's subjects. Why, then, is so much pains taken to spirit up the minds of the people against this my undertaking?

The reason is obvious; it is, lest the real sense of the nation's present

sufferings should blot out the remembrance of past misfortunes, and of outrages formerly raised against the royal family. Whatever miscarriages might have given occasion to them, they have been more than atoned for since; and the nation has now an opportunity of being secured against the like in the future.

That our family has suffered exile during these fifty-seven years, everybody knows. Has the nation, during that period of time, been the more happy and flourishing for it? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors as fathers of the people?...Has a family, upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful prince, retained a due sense of so great a trust and favour?

Have their ears been open to the cries of the people?

Have you reaped any other benefit from them than an immense load of debt? If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their government been so often railed at in all your public assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out in vain for redress against the abuse of parliaments, upon account of their long duration, the multitude of placemen, which occasions their venality, the introduction of penal laws, and, in general, against the miserable situation of the kingdom at home and abroad?

It is now time to conclude; and I shall do it with this reflection: Civil wars are ever attended with rancour and ill-will...I, therefore, earnestly require it of my friends to give as little loose as possible to such passions: this will prove the most effectual means to prevent the same in the enemies of my royal cause. And this my declaration will vindicate to all posterity the nobleness of my undertaking, and the generosity of my intentions ...

*From the Edinburgh Declaration of Prince Charles Edward,
issued on the 10th of October, 1745*

Despite, or perhaps because of, these stirring words, the Prince knew he would have to end the blockade of Edinburgh Castle in order to save the townspeople from the cannon. His order was rescinded and free communication between the Town Fathers and others engaged in the administration of the capital was restored. The Prince was anxious to have the support of the people, which he confessed was his prime objective. Many in the town blessed him for saving them from the cannon. How many flocked to his side after the publication of his declaration could not be measured.

At last, on the 14th of October, Monsieur de Boyer, Marquis d'Eguilles

arrived in Edinburgh. Though the Prince welcomed him warmly in his private apartments, over claret, he was blunt and to the point.

“Sir, are you come to Scotland as envoy of his Christian Majesty Louis the Fifteenth of France?”

The Frenchman bowed and smiled.

“Your Royal Highness, I am come out of France from the court there. I bring with me gold and arms for your cause.”

On this occasion, the Prince had invited Lord George Murray to join himself and the Duke of Perth. Lord George distrusted the French and so he made a point of seeking to establish the nature of d’Eguilles’ mission. The Frenchman responded only with a smile. Roderick MacDonald standing nearby later told Anne Trotter that he did not trust that smile. The Frenchman perhaps realised that Lord George Murray was not as impressionable as the young Prince who stood before him, so he ignored Murray and addressed his remarks to Charles:

“Your Royal Highness, my mission is simple. His Most Christian Majesty Louis desires to learn of your intentions in the matter of the invasion of England. He would be pleased to know of your strength and the manner of your strategy.”

Lord George Murray, never trusted by the Prince from the outset, did not care to bandy words with the Frenchman, a man he disliked as a fop and an intriguer from the moment he met him. Lord George spoke for the Prince although he knew that his presumption would bring further opprobrium on his head:

“Why, sir, that intelligence must not be made public, for here in Edinburgh, there are many that would gladly convey news of this intelligence to the enemy. That enemy is not far distant, for an English army led by General Wade is at present marching by way of Yorkshire, intent upon Newcastle. There he will dispute our passage to the south, should we contemplate entering England by the east coast.”

For once, the Prince was unequivocally reassured by his Lieutenant-General’s wise counsel:

“Your Grace Marquis d’Eguilles, I wish to state that I cannot confront English, Dutch, Hanoverians and Swiss – yes, I believe that Swiss mercenaries are to join the English force of General Wade. Though I am reinforced by many that are come out of the North and West since our victory at Gladsmuir three weeks past, my army does not number above eight thousand, with three hundred horse and twenty light guns. I require the assistance of a French army

that must be landed in the south of England, say in Cornwall. Shall you return to France and make this known to His Majesty, King Louis?"

The Marquis bowed again, saying he would despatch the Prince's message to Fontainebleau, the French king's palace, as he wished to remain in Scotland. After that, the Prince called a meeting of his Council, introducing d'Eguilles as the French Ambassador, a position the man did not hold. At least he was welcomed, though some of the clan chiefs doubted his sincerity. Some later showed their contempt of him, referring to him as the Marquis of Beguile.

That same evening, Roderick was still on duty. He listened to the Prince dictate a letter to Secretary Murray to his father in Rome. Roderick could not believe what he heard the Prince say.

"I am joined by the Marquis d'Eguilles this day, who has come from France with gold and diverse weapons. Your Royal Highness, it is my pleasant duty to inform you that this day, I am in command of eight thousand Highland foot and three hundred horse. With these, as matters stand, I shall have one decisive stroke but if the French do not land, perhaps none. As matters stand, I must conquer or perish in a little while. If our army is blessed with a further victory in our passage to England, this shall surely bring troops from France. I pray that you write to His Majesty King Louis to muster an army and land it at some port in the south of England. I shall attack from the north, though I must admit there is dispute among my Council as to the place where we should march. I favour an attack upon Newcastle where General Wade is camped. Others favour Carlisle, for there is no army to bar our progress there."

Only an hour before, Major MacLachlan had told Roderick that the Highland army numbered less than six thousand. However, the Prince was joined the following day by Sir William Gordon of Park and other gentlemen, with a hundred and fifty horse.

In the next days, Lord Lewis Gordon was ordered from Edinburgh to the North to raise clan Gordon. The infirm Marquis of Tullibardine, known as the Jacobite Duke of Atholl, arrived with a considerable body of men he had recruited in Perthshire. He also brought cannon that had been delivered by the French to Stonehaven and Montrose.

As the month of October neared its end, Roderick knew that the army would soon leave Edinburgh. He was growing more apprehensive each night he visited Anne at the tavern. Then one night, when he had eaten and drunk more claret than his head could hold, Roderick was bold. In the darkness, he held her in his arms and asked her if she would have him. Anne asked what he meant:

“Is it that you wish to have your way with me, Roderick MacDonald? I have never given myself to any man, nor would I do so save on a promise of marriage. No, that is not true. I shall only give myself upon my wedding night.”

Drunk though he was, Roderick asked her forgiveness:

“I did not mean I wished carnal knowledge of you. I simply wished to know if you would have me as your husband. For Anne, I would be proud if you would honour me as my spouse, that we may be together always and care for each other.”

She was silent for a few moments. Then she kissed his forehead.

“So you will have me, will you? Roderick MacDonald, I think the shoe is on the other foot. For ‘tis I that shall have you. If I say yes to your proposal, it will be a bargain struck on my terms. I am a tavern keeper and I do not enter deals that will impoverish me. You should know that afore you give your word.”

Roderick was glad of the darkness, for it cloaked his burning cheeks. At last, he found the courage to answer her:

“Anne, I plight my troth this night. I shall not ask you again. If you shall have me for husband, you shall make me the happiest man. But I cannot keep my promise until the Prince is come into his own again.”

Now it was her turn to lie silent in the darkness.

“That will be a long time in coming, if it ever comes to pass. So our engagement may be long. I pray that it shall not be, though I mean no harm to the prince you serve so well. I shall wait for you, no matter how long the years shall be. I hope that they will be short, for I would not wish to come to you as a rigwoody* woman, dry and no longer fertile. For always I have wished that one day, I would bring a child into this world.”

Roderick could not answer her, for his mouth was dry, his tongue was cloven to the roof of his mouth. All he could do was to place his mouth on hers, kissing her with a new passion. That night, they held each other closer than ever. But in the night, they separated. Roderick lay with his face turned to the wall. For the second time in his life, he felt real fear. The first time had been on the battlefield. Now he was afraid that he might lose his lovely Anne who had become dearer to him than life itself.

* * *

*rigwoody; thin, bony or stick-like

On the 30th day of October, Roderick was at his station in Holyroodhouse. He was present when the Prince called his Council to order. He saw that the Prince was in high spirits, his face flushed with excitement. The meeting commenced with a long speech delivered by the Prince:

“My Lords, Gentlemen and friends, we are gathered here this day to decide upon our campaign into England. I am of a mind to enter that country by way of Berwick, that we may engage General Wade and destroy him, thus making the North of England ours. We shall then march upon York.”

This proposal did not meet with agreement in the Council. Lord George Murray was vociferous in his argument.

“Your Highness, over the centuries English armies have traditionally invaded Scotland by way of the east, or by the middle route, being the Borders. Few have come by way of Carlisle, probably because of the rough terrain in Cumberland and Westmorland. For this reason, I favour the west route.”

There was much discussion of the matter. The Prince’s Irish and French officers argued for an approach from the east but Lord George was able to dissuade them. Though he did not say it in Council, he confessed that he considered the Irish and French to be sycophants that would bring grief to the venture. As he had often said, words were cheap, lands lost were dear.

Roderick was becoming skilled in understanding the ways of the Prince. He wondered if Lord George Murray was right in his judgement of the Irish and French officers who were closer to the Prince than most of the clan chiefs. He also wondered if the reason was that the Prince, the Irish, the French and the Duke of Perth were of the Catholic faith. Roderick was also aware that there was no love lost between Lord George and Secretary Murray.

Edinburgh continued to be plagued by wild rumours, usually spread by the Prince’s enemies, or at least by those who continued to resist efforts to recruit them to the Cause. Others more sympathetic to the Cause spoke freely in the taverns of an impending French invasion, some even venturing the belief that several thousand French troops had landed in the North of Scotland or the South of England.

On the 30th of October, the Prince called a Council of War. The principal members in attendance were the Duke of Perth, Lord George Murray, the increasingly feeble Duke of Atholl, Lords Elcho and Pitsligo, Cameron of Lochiel and the MacDonald chiefs of Keppoch, Clanranald and Glengarry and the elderly John Gordon of Glenbucket. The Prince opened the proceedings with a *résumé* of the intelligence that had been brought to Edinburgh by several couriers in the past two days. Most of this concerned the progress of

General Wade from York to Newcastle. It was also known that a large force of English and Dutch regiments from the Low Countries were being organised in the South. The Prince put forward his plan of campaign:

“My Lords and gentlemen, it is my considered belief that we should engage Mr Wade at Newcastle, for his army will be fatigued by their march. Further, according to our intelligence, his force is not of greater number than our own. We shall attack him on ground of our own choosing and with God’s help, we shall destroy him as we destroyed Mr Cope.”

There were murmurs of approval but Lord George Murray sought permission to address the Council:

“Your Highness, my Lords, gentlemen, I have listened attentively to this plan but I would argue strongly against it. My considered advice is that we invade England in the West, by way of Carlisle. My reasons for this course of action are several. First, if our arms were not blessed with victory in Northumberland, we would be obliged to retreat to the Border country. This would be perilous and difficult as we would need to cross the Tweed which at this time of year is in spate. Further, enemy troops could be shipped to a port such as Berwick or Dunbar and from there, march on our rear. Also, if there is a second army mustering in London, it would come by way of Carlisle and so we would be menaced by armies on both coasts. It is my belief that we should march on Carlisle and bring Mr Wade to us – if he dare. I am of strong belief that we must invade by way of Carlisle.”

The Prince was visibly annoyed by his plan, particularly as it found favour with many of the clan chiefs who put their faith in the military skills of Lord George. He persisted with his own argument.

“My Lords and gentlemen, I remain disposed to my plan for the reason that in gaining Newcastle and County Durham, the Government in London will fear us, for Newcastle is a major city. Our next objective would be York, thus the entire North would be ours. I believe that this would bring many sympathetic to our Cause to support us. Were these two cities to fall to us, it would encourage the French to come to us. Already, we know that there is an army of six thousand at Dunkerque, awaiting a favourable opportunity to land. That landing would be achieved without opposition in the North of England. Thereafter, we would march across country and invest Carlisle which would fall to us with ease, thus encouraging our friends in both Yorkshire and Lancashire. There would be no other English army to oppose us in the North.”

Now it was Lord George’s turn to lose his temper:

“Your Highness, I have listened to your strategy but I still believe we should

invade by way of Carlisle. You have said that it is thought that Mr Wade does not command a force superior to our own. We do not have accurate intelligence of this. However, Mr Wade is not Mr Cope. He is a more formidable commander and respected in the army. We shall take Carlisle without difficulty, making it our base from which to operate against Wade. We would engage him on ground of our choosing, one that is suited to the Highland manner of fighting. I beg that the matter be put to the vote."

Lord George knew that he had majority support in the body of the clan chiefs. Predictably, it went in his favour. Roderick MacDonald saw the Prince's cheeks were flushed, his eyes hot with anger and frustration. After some further deliberation and consultation of the maps, the Prince announced his decision.

"Very well, My Lords and gentlemen. The die is cast. Carlisle it shall be. The army shall form two columns. I propose to march at the head of the clans to Kelso, which may bring Mr Wade to Morpeth and an engagement. That will be the first column. The second column with the cannon and the baggage train shall proceed by way of Peebles, then Drumelzier, Moffat and thence to Carlisle. I further propose that Lord George shall be in command of the first column, the Duke of Perth commanding the second. This shall have the effect of misleading Mr Wade, for he shall not know our true objective, nor if we mean to give battle.

"My proposed disposition for our battalions shall be as follows. The first column shall consist of the Camerons under Lochiel, the MacDonalds of Keppoch, Clanranald and Glencoe, the Appin Stuarts, the MacGregors and the MacKinnons, with My Lord Pitsligo's horse troop and the Hussars under Major Baggot. The second column shall be comprised of the men of Atholl, His Grace the Duke of Perth's own regiment and those of Major-General Glenbucket, Colonel Roy Stewart, My Lord Ogilvy and the MacPhersons with the regiments of My Lord Elcho and My Lord Balmerino, those that are called the Perthshire Horse and the Horse or Life Guards.

"As aforesaid, the first column shall march upon Kelso, the second by way of Musselburgh, Inveresk and so forth to Peebles. My Lords and gentlemen, we shall concentrate at Dalkeith upon the morrow, there to organise our two columns. I propose that we begin our march from Dalkeith on the third day of November."

That evening, Roderick hurried to *The Tappit Hen* to give Anne the news. Although she had been expecting it daily, it still came as a shock. They would have to say their farewells briefly, as he had been ordered to return to Holyrood

that same night. They would have barely a few hours together. Anne was fearful:

“We cannot even break our fast together the morn. It may be months before we see each other again. This night, you shall see me in my nightgown and nightcap, for I wish us to be together in the manner of Adam and Eve, as the Good Book tells us. I love you, Roderick MacDonald. I shall await your return, when we can be together again. I pray that the Good Lord shall keep you safe.”

Roderick was troubled by her words.

“Anne, did you not say but a night ago, you would never give yourself to any save your husband, on your wedding night? We must not do this. I cannot —”

She placed her fingers on his lips, bidding him to be silent.

“What we do this night, we do because I have decided it should be. For in the eyes of God, we already joined in our hearts. Let us be so also in the flesh, for I know not if or when we shall be together again.”

That night, they were joined, both afraid, for neither had known physical love before. It was still dark when he took his leave of her. They kissed at the tavern door.

“Fare thee well, Roderick MacDonald. I pray that you come back to me, sound and whole.”

He held her tightly, stroking her long yellow hair. Then he found the courage to say this:

“Anne, my dearest heart, shall you consent to become my wife? For we are joined this night and can never be parted from each other, no, not even by the miles. I shall carry you in my heart, no matter where I go. And I shall write to you if I may, so that you know how I fare.”

She kissed his lips gently.

“You do me a great honour. Aye, I shall be your wife when you return from England. I make this my sworn promise. I shall love you all my days.”

“And I you. Now, my dear, I must depart, for the sky is growing light and I am to be at the Prince’s side within the hour. But I carry your heart in my own.”

Then he was gone, not daring to look back at the diminutive figure in nightgown and cap. He made himself a promise that he would tell Major MacLachlan that at last, he had seen his future wife in her nightcap.

Aye, that I did. And she is comely and fine.

* * *

The Prince and the army remained two nights at Dalkeith. On the morning of the 3rd of November, the two columns set off, the Prince's column reaching Lauder that night, where he rested at its castle. From there, he advanced to Kelso, where he spent two nights so that the second column commanded by the Duke of Perth could join him on the 6th of November. The following day, the Prince crossed the Tweed with difficulty, camping at Jedburgh where he received word from the Duke of Perth that he would not be able to join him until the 10th of November.

Roderick was in attendance as the Prince sat to supper that night. The only guests were Lord George Murray, Secretary Murray and Major MacLachlan. The Prince showed his impatience by breaking bread, then rolling it into small balls which he cast about the room. Presently, he broke the silence, addressing Secretary Murray:

“Pray inform His Grace, the Duke of Perth that he must join me with all due haste, for presently, we shall have need of the cannon. To expedite his journey, instruct him to leave behind the baggage and the bread wagons, for these will delay his progress. He is ordered to detach a force to escort the wagons, for they do but encumber his progress. I have this day received intelligence that Mr Wade is come to Newcastle with a force that is thought to number fourteen thousand foot and four thousand horse. We shall entrust any messages for His Grace to Roderick.”

Then turning to Lord George, he smiled weakly.

“It would seem, My Lord, that again, you were correct in your belief that we should not advance upon Newcastle. As General Wade outnumbers us by three to one, had we met him on his own ground, I fear we should have met with disaster.”

At that, Major MacLachlan informed the Prince that at Kelso, there had been desertions:

“I regret to announce that some fifty score men have returned home. Many of them did not wish to enter England.”

Lord George Murray added that he had known some would not cross the Border.

“For they joined the Cause only to set Scotland free. They did not care to go to England, for to them, 'tis a foreign country.”

The Prince was silent, his face betraying a troubled heart. Then he smiled.

“They fought bravely at Prestonpans. I cannot deny them than but we shall make up the loss of men when we are come into Lancashire. Gentlemen, I bid you goodnight.”

Roderick was ordered to report to Secretary Murray the following morning, to carry a despatch to the Duke of Perth.

That night, Roderick lay in a tent, one of six snoring within. His thoughts were with Anne Trotter in Edinburgh. He recalled her words after he had said that all would be well the moment the Prince came into his own again.

Come into his own? I fear I shall be a dry old stick when that comes to pass. If ever it shall.

That night, he could hear the lapwings, or peewits, calling across the moor to each other in long, drawn-out cries, as always seeming disconsolate and sad. He wondered if they knew something he did not.

10

Carlisle

On the 8th of November, the Prince's column crossed the Border Esk. He sent Major Baggott's Hussar troop ahead to scout the countryside. Before he left on his mission to the Duke of Perth, Roderick watched the Highlanders wade across the river. When they reached the other side, they drew their broadswords and wheeled to their left, in ordered lines. They set their faces to the North, pointing their blades towards Scotland. It was a stirring sight, though it made Roderick feel sad. Later the next day, when he returned from his mission to the Duke of Perth, the first column of the Highland army had reached the river Eden, a few miles from Carlisle, to the south of the town. The Hussars under Major Bagott had scouted the lie of the land. He reported that his troop had seen many people on the battlements of Carlisle Castle and that a few guns had been discharged at him, though no lives had been lost. That same day, the Duke of Perth arrived with the artillery.

On the 10th of November, the army was drawn up on a moor to the west of Carlisle but as there was a dense fog, no attack could be mounted against the town. At least the fog allowed the Highland army to dig trenches, a task that was given to the men of Atholl. The Prince had ordered their construction round the castle, a decision opposed by Lord George and the Highlanders who argued that the November ground was frozen and the work would be arduous and unnecessary. The Prince got his way. The result was that many clansmen simply deserted.

The favourable conditions covered the advance of Colonel O'Sullivan and the engineers under Captain William Maxwell of Carruchan to advance within pistol shot of the castle and enter the town by way of the Penrith Port. There, they studied the lie of the ground so that they were able to advise the Prince that a battery be brought up to the northwest of Penrith Port. The day before, the garrison in the castle had fired a ten gun salvo on the Highland position. It had killed several clansmen but on the 10th, at noon, the fog had lifted and

the sky was clear for about an hour. The Highland army deployed in several battalions and advanced on the town. One battalion commanded by the Duke of Perth advanced on Stanwix Bank. Another commanded by the ailing Tullibardine, the Duke of Atholl, bringing the artillery, took position at Shading-Lane Gate, while a third commanded by the Prince himself advanced on Blackwell Fields. The artillery in the castle opened up, forcing Tullibardine to retreat with his four gun battery. Then all the turret and citadel guns were trained on the battalions commanded by the Prince and the Duke of Perth, forcing them to retire. Loud cheers came from the castle, then the fog rolled in again and all operations ceased. The following day, the fog was thicker than before and both besieged and defenders rested on their laurels.

The conduct of the siege was now entrusted to Lord George Murray, who unhesitatingly commanded the townspeople not sheltered in the castle to prepare trenches. He told them that these were for defensive purposes. Many a citizen of Carlisle must have asked himself who was being defended, themselves or the Highlanders.

Satisfied that nothing more could be done that day of intense fog, the Prince retired with some horse and foot to quarters at Blacklehall, a nearby village. The bulk of the army was ordered to make camp around Carlisle. Roderick MacDonald was among those ordered to Blacklehall. Hardly an hour had passed when a galloper arrived to inform the Prince that General Wade was on the move. The Prince was jubilant at supper, for all along, he had wanted to engage a second Government army and destroy it. He said as much to Secretary Murray that night:

“Mr Wade is coming to us. We meet him presently. Then we shall have Newcastle and the North.”

As the Carlisle garrison was going nowhere, the Prince ordered several corps of foot to be ready the following morning to march on Brampton, about seven miles on the road to Newcastle. Later, disappointing news arrived. General Wade had advanced no further than to Hexham where, finding the road in poor condition and struggling through a heavy snowstorm, he had turned back to Newcastle.

Despite the Prince’s orders that there was to be no plundering, several companies went into the countryside to take geese and other poultry, also seizing all the horses they could find. When the Prince learnt of this, he sought out the offenders but none was brought before him save one clansman. The man informed the Prince that he and his comrades had told the farmers that the Highland army had come to England to redress grievances and put right

abuses. The Prince dismissed him without punishment, though Roderick heard him complain to Secretary Murray:

“Tis this damned accursed fog, for it makes for idle hands.”

Secretary Murray agreed but he excused the incident.

“For our men are eager to take the city. Their spirits are high and they wish to engage the enemy immediately.”

The next day, the 12th of November, the Prince ordered the siege proper to begin. He gave command to the Duke of Perth, whose own regiment occupied the trenches dug by the Atholl Brigade. The earthworks were within musket shot of the castle, whose garrison kept up a hot, masking fire and a steady fusillade of cannon. The Highland artillery was brought forward to batter the castle walls but the calibre of the guns was not equal to the task. However, despite the stout defence put up by the garrison, the town’s population was desperate.

The night before Carlisle surrendered, Roderick shared a cold supper with Major MacLachlan. Roderick confessed that he now felt some unease when he was in the presence of the Prince:

“He does not smile as much as he did when we were in Scotland.”

MacLachlan sat back in his chair.

“Roderick, you are a young man. Though you have read books which I have not, you have much to learn about the ways of men. The Prince is a proud young man and he is unskilled in many things. He believes he is blessed with divine right to rule. The House of Stuart has long held that belief and it has brought them to grief many times in the past. The Prince knows little of the country he has come to conquer. He is ignorant of its customs, its history and its people. He is disdainful of our noblemen and he rarely invites them to his table, though these men risk their lands and titles and money if his Cause fails.

“I have no great love of the nobles but the men that have come to the Prince’s side have joined him out of their traditional loyalty to the House of Stuart. If the Cause comes to grief, these men know they will face the hangman’s noose.”

Roderick had not heard his friend speak so frankly:

“Then why, sir, do you serve him?”

Major MacLachlan sighed.

“I do so because all men that are not of noble birth have for ages served those that are. A man that is without a lord to serve is a man without purpose and hope. It has been so for ages. I am thinking it will always be so. The Prince knows this, but he does not see it in My Lord George Murray’s eyes. Perhaps it

is he that I follow, as do the clan chiefs who respect his wisdom and judgement. Because the Prince desires to be obeyed without question and because Lord George will not have that, the Prince surrounds himself with men that bend the knee. Men like His Grace, the Duke of Perth who is a kind and honourable man who will not question his authority. Aye, and men such as Sir Thomas Sheridan and Colonel O'Sullivan, Irishmen who do likewise, and the French officers who if the Cause fails, shall claim their French nationality and thus escape the hangman. These men have nothing to lose in their support of the Prince. My Lord George Murray and the clan chiefs know that they will not be given mercy for their part in the Cause, for they are Scotsmen. As you are."

That night, Roderick thought of Anne and her father who had supported the Prince's father thirty years before and how he had been forced to flee Scotland to live in exile in France. He was slowly beginning to understand what the Cause was about and why Anne had refused to acknowledge the Prince.

The following day, the Highlanders were visible in the trenches, the mist having lifted. The morale of the civilian population began to crumble. Forward elements in the Prince's army saw a white flag hoisted. By now, the Prince had retired to Brampton, leaving Roderick MacDonald with the Duke of Perth's men to serve in the manner to which he was best suited, that of runner.

On seeing the flag of truce raised, the Duke of Perth sent Roderick to Brampton where the Prince was enjoying a late supper. On hearing the news, he despatched Secretary Murray with all haste to Carlisle, there to join the Duke who was ordered to negotiate a surrender from the mayor and the magistrates. Roderick accompanied Secretary Murray in order to learn the outcome and report back to Brampton.

The siege of Carlisle was all but over. That night, Roderick MacDonald attended the Duke of Perth and Secretary Murray in a tent made ready to receive the mayor and magistrates of Carlisle. Roderick was astonished to learn that one of the mayor's associates was a man called Douglas, a physician from Scotland. The Duke opened the negotiations:

"Gentlemen, though your castle is not taken, nor its garrison subdued, shall you not spare the townspeople from further discomfort? We are many, you are few. There is no English army sent to relieve you, for General Wade remains in Newcastle. I urge you to capitulate this very night."

The mayor was silent for a time, then he conferred with his colleagues in whispered tones. Presently, the men nodded in agreement. The mayor approached the negotiating table.

“Your Grace, I surrender this city to the Prince. I do so on condition that the liberties, rights and effects of our citizens be preserved. Further, I ask that the militia recruited to defend the city be allowed to retire to their homes. In exchange for this favour, I shall surrender all cannon, arms and munitions that are held by the city. Further, I and the aldermen of Carlisle shall upon the morrow treat with your Prince whom I believe is at Brampton. May we also be allowed to return to our families this night, that we may assure them no harm shall come to them? I bid you goodnight.”

The Duke rose, bowed and shook his hand. He said he would conduct the deputation to the Prince the following day. Then he ordered Roderick to carry the news to the Prince at Brampton:

“See that you make haste, as the Prince will be eager to receive this despatch.”

The next day, the mayor and aldermen were brought before the Prince. The mayor solemnly handed over the keys to the city of Carlisle, though he said it was not in his power to guarantee the surrender of the castle’s garrison, commanded by Colonel Durant, an officer in the Hanoverian army. The Prince was magnanimous in his response:

“Pray, sir, I beg that you retain the keys, for they are yours. In offering up the city, you must also order the immediate evacuation of the garrison and the surrender of all arms and munitions. In return, I shall assure you of my future favour and protection.”

The mayor had fiddled with his hat during this brief speech.

“I fear, sir, that Colonel Durant who is in command of the garrison is an honourable man who intends to defend the castle to the death. I do not believe he will give up the castle without a fight, unless he is offered honourable terms.”

The Prince smiled.

“Pray inform Colonel Durant that upon his surrender, he shall retain his horse and his baggage. Further, he will be granted a passport that he may go where he pleases. Sir John Pennington who is overall commander of the town shall be granted similar rights, as will the officials who attend upon him.”

The mayor bowed and expressed his gratitude for the Prince’s lenient terms:

“Though I do not care for your cause, sir, I do consider you a gentleman and thank you for your honourable treatment of those who oppose you.”

The Prince returned the mayor’s bow and bade him good day. Major MacLachlan ushered the men out, then returned to the tent, whispering to Roderick to remain close by.

“For ‘tis certain the Prince will have further work for you. The taking of Carlisle and the victory at Gladsmuir shall surely bring us new recruits in England. The Prince is anxious to march into Lancaster, where he expects to be joined by sympathisers. Why, at supper last night, he said he would not march deeper into England without his good luck charm, Roderick MacDonald. It is good that the Prince favours you.”

Now, Roderick was not so sure that being a favourite was altogether a blessing. There was dissension among the Prince’s senior advisers. What had begun as small grievances, hairline cracks in the unity of command at Perth but two months past, were beginning to widen. The joint appointments of the Duke of Perth and Lord George Murray had been a disaster, leading to the forming of factions. The Prince either chose to ignore these or refused to admit he was wrong. Many openly said that the Prince wanted deference, not advice, from Lord George Murray who was proving persistently – and annoyingly – right in his advice and strategy. Some said that the Prince was unused to having his word questioned, finding this an affront to his divine wisdom, especially to a man whose manner was peremptory and brusque in his dealings. The undercurrents that had begun in Perth now came to a head, a quarrel that had been simmering for months.

Word was received that Lord George was incensed that the surrender of Carlisle had been negotiated by Secretary Murray and the Duke of Perth. Lord George and the clan chiefs were increasingly being excluded from the decision-making. Carlisle brought this to crisis point. The Prince summoned Secretary Murray and the Duke to his quarters, where he was already in deep discussion with Sir Thomas Sheridan. The news was that Lord George was threatening to resign his command and his commission. The Prince was blunt and to the point:

“Your Grace, Secretary Murray, Sir Thomas, I have learnt that My Lord George Murray has deemed it an affront to his position and his honour that negotiation of the surrender of Carlisle was denied him. It must be brought to his attention that I am in outright command of the army, not he. Further, My Lord Murray believes I do not trust him, which is an outright calumny.”

Secretary Murray sought permission to speak, though according to rank, the first to respond to the Prince should have been the Duke of Perth.

“Your Highness, Your Grace, pray forgive my presumption, but I have first hand knowledge of Lord George’s distemper. He has openly accused me of having more of your ear than is proper. We cannot have dissension in the command, for that will weaken our resolve and our Cause. Though I have

given undiminished service to you and remain your loyal servant, perhaps it would pour oil upon troubled waters were I to resign from your Council, for in so doing, I believe harmony would be restored. I do this that we might avoid unpleasantness."

The Prince was visibly disturbed by his words.

"Secretary Murray, this is indeed an unhappy state of affairs. I cannot and will not agree to it."

"Your Highness, though I shall resign from the Council, I shall continue to advise you in a private capacity, if that should find favour with you. I do not care to be the object of Lord George's anger and opprobrium."

After conferring with the three men, the Prince agreed, albeit reluctantly. He ordered Roderick MacDonald to carry the decision to Lord George. When he arrived at the general's quarters, he found the man in a foul mood, engaged in heated discussion with his brother, the Marquis of Tullibardine. Hearing angry words, Roderick paused outside, not wishing to intrude on a private conversation. He heard Lord Murray say this:

"'Tis a rank scandal that the Duke of Perth should jointly command this army, for not only is he naïve in military matters, he is a Papist. Now that we are come into England, it is not fitting or proper that he should hold this post. It will do harm to our Cause, for the English newspapers have for some time denounced this Rising as an attempt to impose Catholicism on their country. They will never stand for that, as they will not in Scotland. In this view, I have the support of Lord Elcho and others. I shall make this known to the Prince this very night."

At that, Roderick entered and delivered his message. Lord George was not readily appeased. He ordered Roderick to return to the Prince to inform him that the news had not changed his mind. Then he warned Roderick to say nothing about his comments on the Duke of Perth.

"For surely, you heard my words. Confine yourself to my reply."

Roderick did as he was bidden. Later, the Prince, with the Duke and Secretary Murray in attendance, received Lord George. Lord George did not dwell on any ceremony, launching into his tirade immediately:

"Your Highness, it is my unhappy knowledge that others were granted preference above me in the negotiations for the surrender of Carlisle, a city which you commanded me to besiege. Is it not a long-established protocol that the commander who accepts the surrender is also granted the honour of negotiating it? It behoves me to say that the wound to my honour is aggravated by the fact that the honour was given to one who does not even hold a

commission in this army. I was the principal agent in the capitulation. I effected it. This being an affront to my honour and position, I have no choice but to resign as Lieutenant-General in this army.”

The Prince, not wishing to lose face, curtly dismissed Lord George’s threat as over reaction.

“My Lord, we have listened to you. The negotiation for surrender was but a civil matter. No General Officer had any concern about it.”

But Lord George would not be fobbed off with this lame excuse. His blood was up and he did not spare the Prince’s feelings, nor those of the Duke of Perth.

“A civil matter indeed? Yet His Grace the Duke of Perth, a commissioned officer was present. Sir, it is also my bounden duty as your loyal servant to remind you that as His Grace, the Duke of Perth is of the Catholic faith, this will be distasteful to your friends in England, where laws are still in force preventing Catholics from holding public office. As you know, the English newspapers are already condemning our cause for the ulterior motive of restoring the tyranny of Rome to these shores. The fact that His Grace holds joint command of this army will be abhorrent to your supporters in England. In this view, I have the support of My Lord Elcho and other prominent members of your Council. Furthermore, I cannot but observe how little my advice as a General Officer has any weight with Your Royal Highness. I have no alternative but to resign, though I shall continue to serve you as a volunteer. Sir, you shall have my resignation upon the morrow.”

The Prince could not allow this to go unheeded. He refused to be threatened by a man with whom he had never enjoyed a harmonious relationship, owing to his belief that he, the Prince, commanded the army by divine right. His answer to Lord George was blunt:

“Sir, I am extremely surprised that you should throw up your commission for a reason which I believe was never heard of before. I accept your demission as Lieutenant General and your future services as volunteer.”

There was a flurry of activity after Lord George left. Having the Duke of Perth in sole command was unacceptable to the Jacobites. The Duke was well liked but his religion was fuel for those opposed to the Cause. Furthermore, his own confessed inexperience in military matters brought loud protests from the clan chiefs, all of whom supported Lord George. The Prince had considerable respect for Lord Elcho, who had made it known that he considered Lord George a man of spirit, very brave, and one who would not himself be ruled by anybody – and with good reason. As head of the Scots, the Prince and the Irish

did not like him. The Scots on the other hand liked him much and had great confidence in his capacity. Elcho would later write that the Prince was too much influenced by Sir Thomas Sheridan, a zealous Irish Catholic, very attached to his religion and homeland. He also filled the Prince's head with notions of absolutism. Many thought that, to Sheridan, the word 'subject' was synonymous with that of slave.

Unhappy and alarmed at these developments, the Prince conferred with several of his staff and advisers including Lord Elcho, many of whom agreed that Lord George's honour was at stake and that his predictions would, as usual, come to pass. The Duke of Perth gallantly agreed to resign his command and serve only as Colonel of his own regiment. The Prince reluctantly accepted his resignation, though he said the Duke would continue to serve on his Council. Roderick was ordered to convey the decision to Lord George that from the next day, he would be in sole command of the Highland army. Secretary Murray would later write in his journal that this act '*completed the dryness that had almost from the beginning subsisted between the Duke and Lord George.*'

Roderick lost no time in hurrying to Lord George with the message. Jubilant that he had carried the argument, he bade Roderick to return immediately to Brampton.

"Pray inform His Highness that Lord George Murray accepts his terms and that I hereby withdraw my resignation."

Those loyal to Lord George later commented that he did not neglect to make his own court, although on occasions, he affected to be obsequious and respectful to the Prince but his temper was such that he could not keep up the masquerade for long. Lord George was also a shrewd man, a judge of character which was unfailingly accurate. He knew that the tenuous relationship he had known with the Prince from the outset would now worsen as time went on, as the Prince did not take loss of face with grace.

It was in his haste to return with Lord George's message that Roderick came to grief. In the darkness, he lost his footing and tumbled into one of the trenches. He fell badly and lay for a while, conscious of a sharp pain in his left leg. Feeling a sickness in his stomach, he tried to stand up, but his leg would not support him. Calling out to the sentries nearby, he was gently lifted from the trench and laid on the frozen grass, while someone went to fetch a blanket to carry him. He insisted that he be borne to Brampton which was some miles away. The sentries said that was impossible and carried him instead to a tent, where another messenger was wakened and given the message to bear to the

Prince. Although it was late, Major MacLachlan arrived on horseback to learn what had happened.

“What ails you, lad? They say you suffered a fall and hurt your leg. This will upset the Prince, who is already in an unhappy temper. I shall send for Dr Thriepland, the Prince’s physician, that he might examine you.”

The following day, Dr Thriepland confirmed Roderick’s worst fears. He had broken his leg. The doctor called for splints and bandages. All he said to Major MacLachlan was this:

“I fear the lad will be going no further. ‘Tis a bad break and will take many weeks to heal. Now, he must rest.”

MacLachlan tried to comfort the young man, placing his hand on his shoulder. He saw the tears in Roderick’s eyes. He knew that the Prince would be holding a Council of War that day to decide on the next steps in the campaign. MacLachlan was not sure if the lad’s tears were caused by pain or disappointment.

“Never fear, lad. You will be well cared for here in Carlisle. There is a Scottish doctor by name Douglas who shall be paid to attend you. Now, try to sleep. Think of your Annie in Edinburgh. His Highness has already asked for you and instructs me to convey his wishes for a swift recovery. He said but a few words. He lamented the loss of his good luck charm.”

Word soon got round that Roderick was injured. Many came to visit with small gifts. He was surprised by the visit of one man, John Dodds, the farmer who had been taken on the field of Prestonpans and who had agreed to join the Highland army. Now dressed in the uniform of Balmerino’s Horse, he told Roderick that he was a storeman responsible for the horses’ fodder.

“For ‘tis what I was trained to do, by my father. You were as good as your word that day near my farm at Seton Mains, having your friend Major MacLachlan set me free. One good turn deserves another. I consider you my friend, Roderick MacDonald and thank you for your help to me.”

Roderick asked if his family was well. John Dodds said he had not seen them since the army had left Edinburgh.

“They were sad to see me go but there was nothing of the farm left after my horses were taken, the grain in the barn removed to feed the army. At least they do not starve, for we have friends in Preston and Tranent.”

Roderick said he had not seen his family since July.

“Save for my brother James, who serves in a dragoon regiment in the Hanoverian army. I pray that you do not encounter him as I did, for I could not raise my sword against my own brother.”

Dodds said that would be unlikely, as his task was to act as storeman for Lord Balmerino. The older man rose to go, shaking the young man's hand.

"I pray you are whole again and that you may soon join us. God be with you."

"And with you, Mr Dodds."

* * *

The Prince held his War Council on the 18th of November, when it was decided to begin the march into Lancashire. Roderick was surprised to receive the Prince the following day. He had brought some sweetmeats and apples.

"I am come to say farewell for the present, Roderick. We are to march on the morrow. I am sad that we must leave you behind. You are to be removed to the infirmary in Carlisle, where money has been paid for the ministrations of a doctor there. You shall want for nothing. I pray that you are restored to health soon and can join us in the South. Sad am I that my good luck charm will not be at my side."

The last visitor he received that day was Major MacLachlan, who reported the proceedings discussed in the Council.

"Roderick, there is much confusion, so perhaps it is best you are out of it for the moment. The first proposal the Council discussed was to march on Newcastle and General Wade. The second was to return to Scotland, for the campaigning season is come to an end. It is usual for armies to enter winter quarters until the Spring, but I do not think our men would care to remain here in Carlisle.

"The return to Scotland was dismissed for it is known that two English regiments, with a regiment of dragoons – perhaps your brother is with them for it is said they fought at Gladsmuir – have been joined by the Glasgow, Paisley and Lothians Militias. A considerable force therefore bars our way back to the Lowlands and Edinburgh. The third proposal was to remain in Carlisle in the expectation that there will be a Jacobite rising in England. The fourth proposal was to march on London by way of Lancashire, where the Prince believes he has many friends. The march on London did not meet with unanimous approval. The clan chiefs were against it. However, My Lord George Murray swayed the chiefs and so they have agreed reluctantly to go South, in the hope that new recruits will join us.

"There is to be left in Carlisle a small garrison of three hundred, to hold the

castle and protect the rear. We can but put our faith in the Lord and trust in our Cause."

Roderick begged to be carried outside on the morning of the 20th, when the first of two columns left the city. Lord George Murray led the Lowland regiments and the Prince, wearing Highland dress and a targe on his shoulder, led the clans. Roderick managed a cheer as the men passed, the skirl of the pipes reviving his spirits, for what true Scotsman can resist the stirring sounds of massed pipes in the open air?

After the passing of the rearguard, the sound of the pipes faded. Roderick had never felt so helpless and alone in his life but it would not be long before he saw his Prince again.

11

The Passing of the Rose

As the days passed, Roderick learnt to hobble on his crutches. He detested them as they hurt his armpits. He knew he was vulnerable in a way he had never known. Yet he tried to walk out every day, hating to be a prisoner of his ailment. But he was glad of the attention Dr Douglas afforded him, for in the infirmary at Carlisle, there were men and women in more need of the doctor's skills. The doctor spoke few words other than to say that, being young, he would heal quickly. When Roderick enquired about the progress of the Highland army, Douglas did not answer. Some in the garrison spoke of brilliant successes, others said that the Prince had come to grief. Rumours were rife. Some said that a French army was sailing from Dunkirk and was poised to land in the south-west of England to engage the Duke of Cumberland, who was advancing from London, intent on the destruction of the Highland army.

On the 11th of December, word reached Carlisle that the Highland army, having reached Derby on the 6th without the promised English Jacobite recruits, had decided to retreat to Carlisle. An army of eight thousand commanded by the Duke of Cumberland was advancing rapidly on the Highland army. Roderick received the news, sharing the sadness of the small Carlisle garrison.

On the 19th day of December, Roderick watched the bedraggled and dispirited army march into Carlisle. He hobbled out to see if he might catch a glimpse of the Prince. He was nowhere to be seen. Usually, he had marched at the head of his army. Roderick asked one of the clansmen entering by the south gate if the Prince had been hurt or wounded. The man was wearied, unshaven and dragged rather than carried his sword, as if it were a heavy weight to bear.

"Aye, I seen him an hour past. He is not wounded, though I am thinking he is hurt in his heart, for he cannot walk, nor barely stand. He rides in the rear.

His heart is heavy with the shame of retreat. They say that he bides on his horse, for he cannot stand upon his legs."

At last, Roderick saw the Prince enter the city, walking alongside his horse. The horse's head was bowed low, as was the head of the man who led it. Roderick called out to the Prince, unable to kneel to him on account of his crutches. The Prince passed by, not seeing him. Roderick was near enough to see that his face was grim, with eyes downcast. He saw a man who lacked interest in his surroundings and the men around him.

That night, a Council was convened to decide by which route the dispirited army might enter Scotland. It was decided to move out of Carlisle at eight o'clock the following morning. Roderick learnt of the decision from bare-footed newsboys calling out in the street.

Roderick woke the next morning to learn that a garrison of four hundred was to be left at Carlisle. He sought out Major MacLachlan and asked why this should be. MacLachlan's face was grim.

"The Prince has ordered it. I obey the Prince."

Roderick said he would not stay in Carlisle. Major MacLachlan promised to do what he could do to allow Roderick to accompany the army.

"But you will have to keep up with us. We cannot be encumbered with the infirm or the wounded. We have had to abandon some of our men that were wounded at Clifton* where Lord George Murray decisively defeated the Duke of Cumberland's dragoons. You shall have to shift for yourself. If I had a horse for you, I would carry you to safety myself. I have not that, but I have found a seat for you in one of our bread wagons."

Roderick thanked him for arranging the best he could.

The following day, in the afternoon, the army reached the Border Esk which, owing to winter snow and rain, was in spate. Roderick was fortunate to have been given a corner in one of the supply wagons, so he crossed the river dry shod, unlike the clansmen who waded into the icy water up to their chests. The wives of the gentry and the officers crossed on horseback. The Prince took the precaution of stationing the cavalry in the water above and below the crossing point, in case any clansman was swept away. The foot waded over, ten or twelve abreast, their arms interlocked. On reaching the other side, the pipes began to play and some of the Highlanders danced to get warm.

Then word was passed that Lord George Murray would make a feint towards Edinburgh with the Lowland regiments to confuse the pursuing English army.

*Clifton; a settlement three miles from Penrith, Cumberland

The wagon Roderick was travelling in was part of Lord Murray's baggage train, so he had no choice but to remain with that wing of the army. The Prince and the clans moved north by way of Dumfries, their objective being Glasgow.

It was Lord Murray's intention to re-join the Prince at Hamilton by way of Lockerbie and Moffat. The latter town having been passed, the wagon in which Roderick sheltered, the last of the train, lost a wheel at Abington and had to be abandoned. The driver, a man from Stirling, was sympathetic to Roderick's dilemma but there was nothing he could do.

"Lad, you will have to march or be taken prisoner. Perhaps you may catch up with the rest of the train and find room on another wagon. There is naught else for it, for I must use my horse team to carry such supplies as I am able. I wish you good luck."

Now Roderick was alone. Try as he might, hobbling on his crutches, he was soon left behind. The distance between himself and Lord George's rearguard grew greater until at length, it disappeared from sight. As darkness began to fall, he resolved to find a barn where he might rest until morning. He was fortunate to find such a refuge just beyond Abington. Lying in the clean straw that night, trying to ignore his hunger, he had to make a decision. Should he take the road to Hamilton or that by way of Biggar to Edinburgh, where he would be reunited with Anne? He knew he would find a welcome fire and hot food at *The Tappit Hen*, although he was worried that his presence in Edinburgh might put Anne's safety in jeopardy. For news would be out that the Prince's army was in retreat and no Jacobite soldier would be safe in the streets of a hostile Edinburgh. He decided on Edinburgh, his heart heavy as he felt he was deserting the Prince.

The next morning, he was wakened by the sound of the barn door opening on protesting hinges. His eyes were still blurred with sleep and at first he could not make out the shape that stood before him. Then he saw it was a boy with a pitchfork in his hands. The boy advanced on him, the tines pointed at his breast.

"Who are ye that lies in my father's barn?"

Before Roderick could answer him, the boy was away, no doubt to call his father. Presently, he returned with a man who also carried a pitchfork. He stood above Roderick, surmising that his uninvited guest hopped in a plaid and bearing a sword at his side must be a Jacobite. He looked at Roderick with pity.

"Are ye a deserter from the Jacobite army? How come ye to Abington? Are there more of ye?"

As Roderick struggled to his feet, he reached for his crutches. The man's voice softened and he sighed:

"Aye, ye must be of the Jacobite prince's army, him that calls himself prince regent of Scotland. Come ye to the house, where my wife shall attend ye. How came ye by the wound?"

Roderick explained that he was neither a deserter nor had he been wounded in a fight. As they walked to the house, the farmer told Roderick that his father had fought in the '15 rebellion, though he would not join the Prince's army this time:

"For my father suffered for his loyalty. He was burnt out. I bear this prince no ill-will but I would not answer his call for volunteers when he was in Edinburgh. But come ye inside, where my good wife has food for ye."

Roderick was ravenous. He sat down in the warm kitchen where the table was laid with wheaten bread and a large platter of steaming porridge straight from the pot hanging at the fire. The farmer's wife smiled to him.

"Come, laddie, warm yourself by the fire. But shall ye leave off your sword, for the sight of it makes me a-feared?"

Roderick pretended not to hear her last words. Although the family seemed friendly, he would not be parted from his blade. Then to allay their fears, he explained why he wished to keep the sword at his side.

"It is my father's. Forbye, I have never drawn it in anger. Mistress, you have nothing to fear."

After he had eaten his fill and drank a mug of warm milk, the farmer asked where he was bound.

"I am to go to Edinburgh, for I have a sweetheart there. She will care for me until I am healed and may join the Prince again."

The farmer and his wife said nothing, speaking only with their eyes. Then the man got up and went outside.

"I have sheep on the moors that need feeding. Rest awhile lad, for I would have words with ye 'ere ye leave us."

Roderick sat for a while by the fire, watching the woman at her work, churning butter. He dozed off in the warmth, for he had slept little the night before. Then he was wakened by the farmer's heavy boots on the flagstone floor of the kitchen. It was almost dark and his wife lit two candles and a lantern. The supper of hot broth and roasted mutton was welcome. During the meal, the man asked him where the army had gone.

"I am thinking that your prince will march upon Glasgow, then he will go into the Highlands for the winter. Do ye think it wise that ye should make for Edinburgh, wearing the clothes of a Highlandman?"

Roderick said that not every Highlander who wore a philibeg and plaid was

a Jacobite. The man nodded, then he said Roderick was welcome to sleep another night in the barn.

“Then on the morn, I shall speak with a neighbour who may be taking a cart to Edinburgh with wares to sell, for tomorrow is Yule Eve. We do not celebrate it, as ‘tis Popish.”

His wife exclaimed surprise.

“And pray, where is there gear to be got?”

The farmer laughed.

“Why, wife, we can take it off yon scarecrow in the field, for he will not complain of the want of it!”

His wife was shocked by the suggestion.

“We will do no such thing, dressing the lad in rags. I shall ask if our neighbour has a pair of breeches and a coat to spare.”

She put on her shawl and slipped out of the house before Roderick could protest, for he had no money to pay for the clothing. Presently she returned with the clothes.

“These belonged to their son who is gone to be a sojer* in the King’s army. They are not of the best but they are better than the rags off a scarecrow.”

“Mistress, I thank you and your neighbours but I have no money to pay for them. However, when I am come to Edinburgh, I shall borrow money from my sweetheart there and have it sent to you.”

The woman bade him put on the knee breeches which were threadbare and somewhat tight. The coat sleeves were short though the waistcoat buttoned up. The stockings were whole, though all were shabby. To dress, he had to have the splints on his leg removed. The farmer’s wife said she would wash his bandages, for they were none too clean. The farmer went into the barn to get sacking to wrap up his sword, with another to carry his plaid and philibeg. His wife would not hear of Roderick sleeping in the barn that night.

“For the sky is heavy with snow. Ye may lie on the kitchen floor, by the fire.”

The next day, Roderick was wakened by the farmer’s wife banking up the fire. She had been right about the snow, though the fall had been light. As he supped his porridge, she cut some bread and cheese for him to carry.

About an hour later, as light came into the heavy sky, the carter from the neighbouring farm arrived. Roderick had been warned that he was a man of few words.

“Tam has no love of the Jacobites, though he is prepared to carry ye to

*sojer; soldier

Edinburgh. I fear he does this not out of friendship but because he cares not to have a Jacobite in the district, for he says the Government sojers will be out searching for deserters. Ye will have to lie under a pile of straw lest ye are seen. Tam shall disown ye if the sojers stop his cart. He shall say ye must have stowed away in the night. That will be his story."

The carter barely greeted him and simply pointed to the pile of straw in his cart. It was evening before they reached Edinburgh. Roderick asked the carter if he would set him down at *The Tappit Hen* in St Mary's Wynd so that he could get money for the clothes. The carter shook his head.

"There is no need for money. The claes* were to go on the scarecrow in the Spring."

And with that, he took his whip to the horse, leaving Roderick at the top of the Wynd.

With his pack on his back and his crutches, he felt like a beggar. In many ways he was, for he had not a penny to his name. At least Anne would be pleased to see him again. Or so he hoped.

The tavern was as usual filled with revellers. Those of the Episcopal form of worship were celebrating the advent of Yuletide. Roderick was disturbed to see several soldiers, presumably members of the castle's garrison. He put down his sack and propped his crutches against the wall as he took a seat in a dark corner. At least the soldiers paid no attention to him, or perhaps dressed in his shabby, ill-fitting clothes, they took him for a High Street cawdie.

Then he saw Anne emerge from the kitchen, bearing platters of food for two army officers. She nervously exchanged pleasantries with them, hoping that they enjoyed their meat. She was about to return to the kitchen when, as if some sixth sense had warned her, she turned to the young man sitting in the corner and called out:

"Well, well, if it is not my friend, Roderick Campbell of Argyll. What brings you here, sir? Are you come to meet with your father at the cattle market? I see you have crutches. Did you meet with misfortune on the way?"

Roderick was now the object of attention of the two soldiers, who studied him intently. He saw that one was Lieutenant Henrison, whom he had met in the tavern in August. For a moment, Anne showed panic in her eyes, then recovered her calm.

"Lieutenant Henrison, do you not recall Mr Campbell, who supped here in the summer, when he was looking for his father?"

*claes; clothes

The young officer rubbed his chin, trying to remember. Then he said he did not.

“How came you by your misfortune, sir?”

Roderick kept his head, though his heart was pounding in his chest.

“Twas a careless thing. I was on my way from Stirling and did accept the kind offer from a carter who had room in his wagon. Upon leaving him at – at Borrowstounness* I fell from the cart and did injure my leg. I sought out the services of a physician there who kindly put my leg in splints and furnished me with these crutches, that I might continue my way to Edinburgh. In the fall, I tore my breeches, which is why I am in this sorry state.”

The young officer looked at him, then his leg. He could see that the bandage securing the splints was clean. Roderick prayed silently to the farmer’s wife in Abington who had washed the bandages.

“And where is your father, sir?”

Roderick felt his cheeks go red, but he recovered in time.

“I had thought he might be here by now, for he was to attend the market yesterday, in Edinburgh.”

Now the officer was suspicious.

“Sir, you are uncommonly unfortunate in losing your father, are you not? I ask you –”

Anne came to Roderick’s rescue again, smiling at the young officer.

“No, Lieutenant Henrison, not upon this occasion. Mr Campbell’s father supped here at noon but he was called away on business. I think he was bound for the village of Gorebridge, where he wished to inspect horses there. He said that he expected his son and would meet with him in due course. Why, he even paid me for a room that they might spend this night and the next in my tavern, though he said he might not return this night if the weather be foul.”

The young officer did not betray any emotion, though he seemed to be convinced. Roderick breathed a sigh of relief when the man took up his fork and resumed eating. Then he spoke again:

“So your father is gone to Gorebrig to buy horses, is it? Well, Mr Campbell will be fortunate if he is able to procure a single animal, for the damned Jacobites took most with them into England. Now they are come back to Scotland, we shall presently have them, and their horses, though Mr Campbell may have to wait some time for them, no doubt when I come to dine again tomorrow night, I shall have the honour of meeting with your father, sir. For

*Borrowstounness; popularly known as Bo’Ness

the moment, pray excuse me, for I must complete my repast and return to the Castle. I am duty officer there this night."

It had been a tense few moments and Roderick and Anne were glad when he left. Outside, it had begun to snow, a wet and chilling snow that did not lie on the cobbles.

At last they were alone. They embraced each other, then she led him into the kitchen and bade him sit down at the stove to warm himself:

"Before you fall down. Oh Roderick, how came you by this misfortune?"

He told her the whole story as she made some food for him, setting it before him with a dram of whisky.

"Get that inside you first. I am right glad that you made your way to Edinburgh and not to Glasgow, for they are saying that the folk there are openly hostile to your prince. Many in his army have deserted. It is said that they intend to march upon Stirling and spend the winter in the North. It is best that you do not return to him, for there are armies sent against him out of the South."

Roderick was taken aback by her words.

"Anne, it is my intention to join the Prince as soon as I am healed. Whether that be in Stirling or the North does not matter. For until he dismisses me from his service, I am bound by my oath to serve him."

Anne's face turned white with anger.

"Roderick MacDonald, have you not suffered enough at the hands of this man? His army is beaten, as Lieutenant Henrison said to me this very night. A great army led by King George's son, the Duke of Cumberland, is at this moment marching against him. Forbye that, another army mustered under a General Hawley is marching on Edinburgh, where it is said he will erect gallows to hang any Jacobite soldier taken prisoner. For General Hawley intends to engage the Prince's army 'ere it gain the Highlands."

"And what am I to do with you? You cannot bide here for more than a night, for Lieutenant Henrison shall return tomorrow evening for his supper. I shall have to dissemble for you again. God preserve us, we met on account of dissembling and we shall part in the same manner. I shall tell Lieutenant Henrison that your father returned this night and that you left early in the morning, to go to Argyll by way of Stirling.

"Roderick, do you not see that we were fortunate this night, that Lieutenant Henrison believed our tale? We may not be so fortunate again. Besides, I have my living to think of.

"I do not wish to see you in the Tolbooth, taken as a common felon. I pray

that you return to your father on South Uist, that you may be safe. I shall give you money that you may travel by coach to Glasgow, then take a boat to Uist. Aye, but before that, we must buy you clothes that fit, for you look like a cawdie in these. Now we must to bed, for it will be an early start for you in the morning."

But that night, despite their tiredness, neither could sleep. They lay in each other's arms, whispering in the darkness, making plans.

"It will be a full month from now 'ere your leg is whole again, perhaps even two. Roderick, you must go to your father. Do not go into the North, for I fear disaster will come to your prince there. Have you forgotten your promise? That we shall one day be husband and wife? Were I to know you are safe on your island, I could come to you there. I shall sell *The Tappit Hen*, for I am weary of the toil of it. I would be pleased to purchase a small farm, for I have often wanted to live in the country. The stews and stinks of Edinburgh are becoming worse by the day. I would leave it tomorrow, were I to find peace with you on South Uist or Skye or some such island place. I would marry with you if you will have a tavern keeper to wife."

Roderick heart was beating hard for the second time that night. He stroked her hair.

"Anne, I should be proud to have you as my wife, even were you clad in rags. Know you that. It is my promise to you. But I cannot go to my father's house, for if defeat befalls the Prince, the Hanoverian soldiers shall descend on every town, village, hamlet and croft in the Highlands. My father fought for the Jacobite Cause before. He is known for that. Were I to return to his house, there are those who would give me away to the enemy. Not only would I face the scaffold but also my father, for hiding a fugitive. Forbye, my brother James is a dragoon in the service of King George. How shall he fare when it is known that his family has supported the Cause? I could not bring ruin on my family thus."

Anne was silent for a while, then she said this:

"What good will come of it were you to return to the prince's service? If he is beaten, he will be taken. Those taken with him shall face certain death on the scaffold. I read the newspapers. They write of revenge, they say this shall be the last Rising and the White Rose is to be crushed. I beg of you Roderick, even if you do not go to your father, you must not return to the prince. He cannot hope to win, for unless a French army lands here, his cause is lost. Those that are not executed shall be transported to the Colonies. I fear for you, my love.

“It is dangerous for you to remain in Edinburgh, so you must go where it is safe. I shall join you when I can. Now let us sleep, for we have much to do the morn.”

The following morning, Christmas Day, passed as any other, for the Kirk of Scotland frowned on any celebration of what it considered a Popish festival. The young couple breakfasted early, then they went into the High Street to buy Roderick not one but two new suits of clothes. They ate in Mrs Turnbull’s tavern near the Tron Kirk. Mrs Turnbull and Anne were old friends, being in the same trade. As they ate their noon dinner, Anne said Roderick should only return to *The Tappit Hen* to collect his belongings:

“Then you must away. I will give you siller a-plenty, that you may travel by the mail coach to Glasgow. From there, you must find a safe place where you can bide until I sell the tavern. It may be some weeks before I may join you. Perhaps by then, your leg will have healed, then we may decide where we will live. I know you are bound to the prince. I shall not be surprised if you join him again when you are well. But in return for the siller I give, I ask but one favour.”

Roderick took both her hands in his.

“Lass, ask what you will, for I could not refuse.”

She put her fingers to his lips, even though they were in a public place.

“This is what I ask. If there is to be a battle, I beg of you that you are not present upon the field. Serve the prince in whatever way you may, but do not draw sword. In any event, how could you, on your crutches?”

She looked at him with pity in her eyes. Roderick thought for a moment.

“Anne, as long as I am not whole, I promise that I shall not take the field. When I am restored to health, shall you release me from your promise?”

She sighed, bowing her head.

“Aye, Roderick, I knew you would say this. You are stubborn, like my father was. As your own father was. And you keep your word. What spell has this prince woven round men that they risk all for him? Would that I had that power. I shall accept your terms, though I do so with heavy heart. Now we must repair to *The Tappit Hen*, that you may prepare for the journey ahead.”

So it was on Christmas Day 1745 that the young couple said their farewells. As Roderick boarded the coach that afternoon, he turned to Anne and kissed her. In doing so, he withdrew from his shirt a single white rose.

“I carry the pressed rose you gifted me. It is next my heart. This one shall fade also but I pray that you wear it next to yours.”

She watched the coach carry him away. She did not know if or when she would see him again. For the moment, he was safe.

Roderick found modest lodgings in Glasgow. He was not surprised by the talk in the city, where the Highland army had recently passed. The townspeople had jeered the army as it marched away. Then in the first week of the New Year, he read in the newspapers that the garrison at Carlisle had surrendered to William, Duke of Cumberland, on the second last day of the Old Year. Four hundred were taken. He wondered if the farmer from Prestonpans, John Dodds, serving in Balmerino's Horse who had been ordered to remain behind had managed to escape. It was unlikely. He also read that on the 6th of January, the Prince had reached the Stirling area. The papers said that the army had been greatly reduced by many desertions in its march from Carlisle. He felt impotent but kept his promise to Anne, spending his days in the city library reading room, where it was warm. His leg still troubled him, though he was assured by a Glasgow physician that it would be whole again by the Spring.

Then on the 19th of January, he read of the Prince's defeat of General Hawley at Falkirk where, as at Prestonpans, the clansmen trampled by the enemy cavalry rose up as the horses passed, thrusting their swords and bayonets into their underbellies. The pro-Whig newspaper, the *Glasgow Courant*, was outraged by the cruel and wanton slaughter of animals and men who, when their mounts fell, were shot by pistols. The description brought back to him the memory of Prestonpans less than four months earlier. How could they say that the Prince was beaten?

In the event, the scaffolds erected in Edinburgh for the despatching of Jacobite rebels were used to hang thirty-one of Hamilton's Dragoons for desertion at Falkirk. Thirty-two foot soldiers were shot for cowardice.

Roderick continued to fret, though he wrote to Anne every few days, assuring her he was well and seeking letters from her. It was over a week before he received the first of several. In his first letter to her, he wrote of his undying love.

Noe matter what shall come to pass, be it good or ill, I shall find you. I shall come back for you. Only death shall bar my way. I keep my promise until the Spring, when the physician here has say'd I shall cast away the crutches and walk unhinder'd. God keep you and watch over you, my dearest love.

When Anne received this first letter, she prayed that the Spring would be long

in arriving. In her nightly prayers, she hoped that the rebellion would be over by then and that Roderick would be restored to her.

He was overjoyed to receive her reply.

My dear, I am glad to hear that you fare well tho' it will be Spring before you are whole. Then, I shall release you from the promise you made me, tho' it shall grieve me soe to doe. I think of you ev'ry night and I pray to the Lord that you will be spar'd further ill.

Perhaps by the Spring they would be together again, though he knew that if that were to be, the Cause would be lost. His heart was torn between love for Anne and loyalty to the Prince.

In the next few weeks, Anne was as good as her word, sending him bank notes so that he could remain in his lodgings and eat reasonably well. She said she had spoken with the Royal Bank of Scotland on the advice of James Campbell, the Agent for the bank. The tavern was to be put up for sale in March.

Mr Campbell has assur'd me of a purchaser within the month, tho' he has express'd his regrets that I shall noe more serve his favour'd dish of roast duck. When he inquir'd of the reason for the selling of The Tappit Hen, I replied 'twas a private matter. He is a sombre man, which I suppose is occasion'd by his trade but I swear that when I spoke of the private matter, his eyes were a-twinkle. Then he did venture to say that he believ'd I had lost my heart to Lieutenant Henrison, who sups here nightlie! On the matter of Lieutenant Henrison, he said that one day, he hoped to have the pleasure of meeting with you and your father, for he wish'd to learn more of your father's business, but yet more of that you which have been recently ingag'd in. I am certain that he believes you were not truthful upon the last meeting, soe we shall have to take care in our next meeting, wherever that shall be.

Does it snow in Glasgoe as it does here? Februarie is trulie a cruel month. I pray that you keep well and do not stir from the fire. You are in my prayers ev'ry night.

It was a hard month, that February of 1746. Roderick continued to follow the Prince's progress in the newspapers. The Highland army had remained at Bannockburn for some time, then it was reported in March that it was intent on reaching Inverness. By the end of the month, Roderick paid his last visit to

his Glasgow physician, who removed the splints from his leg and declared him whole again.

"But you must not walk far, for the limb is weak. Pray do not use it more than is necessary."

Roderick asked him how long it would be before he could venture into the mountains to follow the hare and the deer. The physician did not hesitate to answer:

"Mr Campbell, I take it that you enjoy the sport of hunting. I also enjoy it, though my sport is the salmon and the trout. You should evite* the moors for a further sixmonth, for your leg is yet weak. I commend a daily walk but naught further until September, when the deer hunt begins. For the present, if you are required to travel long distances, I recommend you do so by coach or wagon."

Roderick thanked him for his advice. The following morning, he ate an early breakfast and gathered his belongings. He sought out the coach inn and paid for his passage to Inverness. He arrived there two days later and took a room in a tavern. His first act was to write to Anne in Edinburgh.

Now I am come to this fine town of Inverness and am lodg'd in a fair tavern that is upon the bank of the river Ness, that gives its name to the town. Tho' we are farre away, you are in my heart and soe the miles are naught to me. On the morn, I shall attend the Prince who has taken his rest at Culloden House, which is, I believe, the residence of My Lord President Duncan Forbes, or soe the tavern keeper informs me. This house is but six miles out of Inverness, near the river Nairn, where it is said the Prince is hunting hares and fishing for the trout. I shall goe there on the morrow and present myself to His Highness.

And go there he did, though with difficulty. Roderick wore Lowland dress, but the carter he engaged to carry him to Culloden House refused to take him to its gates:

"I shall carry you to within a mile of the house. That is as far as I shall go, for the place is guarded by heathen clansmen that would slit my throat for my team of horses. For it is said that the army of the imposter that calls himself regent of Scotland is in want of good mounts. They are thieves, sir! I would have you know that they would separate me from my horses without a thought. I shall set you down presently."

*evite; avoid

Roderick did not argue with him. Rumour was that an army under the Duke of Cumberland numbering fourteen thousand had crossed the river Spey and was encamped at Nairn, a mere eight miles from the Jacobite army at Culloden.

At last, Roderick reached the Highland army camp. He lay in a tent that night, the 14th of April. He wrote a letter to Anne. He was glad to meet with his good friend Lachlan MacLachlan again. They shook hands that night.

“Roderick MacDonald, it does my heart well to see your face again. I am right glad that you are come to us, for we have need of your service. The Prince is in Council, but ’ere the night is over, I shall inform him that Roderick MacDonald, who he calls his talisman, is restored to him. Shall you accompany me to Culloden House, where the Prince is resting?”

Roderick said that would give him great pleasure. The two men were ushered into the Prince’s private apartment. When he saw Roderick, his face softened.

“Ah, Roderick, it pleases me that you are come back to us! For you are dear to us. We are to engage the enemy upon Drumossie Moor within the next two days. I pray that we shall be blessed with victory, for none that has been sent against has yet beaten us. I pray God that this coming battle shall settle the matter.”

Roderick could only bow and offer his services as a soldier.

“For Your Royal Highness, I cannot be a messenger yet, on account of my feeble leg. My sword is yours to command.”

The Prince nodded, then dismissed him. The Highland army slept uneasy that night, for those that relied on the judgement of Lord George Murray knew that battle was imminent.

12

The Corruption of the Rose

It had taken the old man three days to spin his tale of the White Rose to John Harrison, the reporter from the *Boston Advertiser*. The young man's notebooks were piled on the table and he was now down to his last. He was fortunate to be skilled in the use of Samuel Taylor's shorthand which had been in use for the past ten years. The old man promised him that his story would be completed that night.

That evening, after supper, the last bottle of Roderick MacDonald's whisky store was set on the table. After banking up the log fire, the old man poured two generous drams. In the firelight, the liquid seemed alive, reflecting the bright dancing of the flames. Tonight, he had not lit any candles so that the only light came from the fire. For a while, he stared into the flames, nursing his dram, then he raised the glass to his lips and began to speak:

“By April 1746, though I had cast away my crutches, the leg was still weak. ’Twas an ill month for the White Rose. The English army pursuing the Prince had come by way of the East coast, through Dunbar, Edinburgh, then Perth and Montrose to Aberdeen. The Duke of Perth and Lord John Drummond were positioned in Speyside but they were driven from the district by force of numbers, so the Duke of Cumberland entered Nairn. The Prince in Inverness had two ways open to him: he could retreat further North and disperse the army, or he could face the enemy on the field. Many of our men sent on enterprises to gain recruits never returned. It being seedtime, it was thought that they had gone home to sow and that they would rejoin the army. ’Twas a forlorn hope, for other than the Prince, those in command knew the ranks had lost faith in the Cause.

“Matters grew worse by the day. There was bad blood between the Prince and Lord George Murray. Then Secretary Murray succumbed to a sickness and went into hiding, some said to escape arrest. By now, the Prince relied solely on the advice of Colonel O’Sullivan, a man unskilled in military tactics. Our men

were starving, reduced to rations of but one flour and water biscuit a day, if they were fortunate. Lord George Murray was incensed by the incompetence of Hay of Restalrig, who neglected his commissariat duties. Hay had lied to Lord George, promising tumbrel carts of food would come from Inverness. None arrived, for there was no money to pay for them. The men themselves had not been paid in months and many took to theft and plunder, terrorizing the local farmers and stealing livestock. The Prince had occupied the house of Lord President Duncan Forbes of Culloden, where Hay of Restalrig joined him, living in what luxury could be had. It was said that the night before Culloden, the Prince could not face a dinner of roast lamb that was set before him, for he declared he could not eat while his men starved. Many later said that it was the whisky he wanted rather than the food. In his cups, that night, he announced that he would meet the Duke of Cumberland on Drumossie Moor.

“When Lord George Murray inspected the ground at Drumossie, he declared it completely unsuited to the Highlander battle tactics. He protested to the Prince by letter but received no reply. I was present when the message was delivered. I saw the Prince cast it into the fire. It was Colonel O’Sullivan who had commended the ground to the Prince. Lord George and Colonel Kerr of Graden sought more favourable ground, near Dalcross Castle, ground which would offer protection from the enemy’s artillery. The Prince would not be convinced. He said the choice of ground was his as he was in sole command. He did not trouble himself to receive Lord George Murray, nor did he inform him of the disposition of the clans upon the field he had chosen on O’Sullivan’s advice.

“On the morning of the 15th of April, the remnants of the army were camped near Culloden House when the order to march to Drumossie was given. Again, there was squabbling among the clan chiefs as to their position on the field. By now, many clansmen had deserted, among them the Glengarry MacDonalds. This time, the Prince refused to listen to the chiefs. The remaining MacDonalds entreated him to allow them their traditional position on the right wing. The Prince was in no mood to entertain them and gave the position to Lord George Murray and the Atholl Brigade. It did not bode well for the looming conflict.

“The 15th of April was the Duke of Cumberland’s twenty-fifth birthday, so there was much celebrating in his camp at Nairn. On learning this, the Prince made a bold decision. He announced that he would attack Cumberland in the early hours of the next morning, when the Hanoverian troops were sleeping off

a drunken spree. Then it was discovered that almost a third of the army was missing. Many accounts written later said that the Prince was in command of nearly five thousand. It is doubtful if there was half that number.

“That night, the Prince called me to his side. He bade me carry a message to Inverness, for one of his officers, an Irishman, lay sick there and said he wished the man to join him. It was the last occasion I saw the Prince. He spoke few words to me. He said that though he had but a fifteen hundred troops, every clansman was worth ten of the enemy. Then he ordered me to Inverness, where he said I should rest for the night and come back to Drumossie in the morning.”

As he said these words, the old man broke down and wept for a few moments. He was silent for a time, then regained his composure.

“Mr Harrison, pray forgive my incontinence. I shall never know if the Prince sent me upon a fool’s errand, for when I came to Inverness, I could not find the man I was sent to, though his family bided there. His wife bade me enter the house and gave me food and a few drams, for it was a chill night.

“Twas later I learned that the attack on the Duke of Cumberland’s camp was not made, for when Lord George discovered there was a gap in the line, he urged the Prince to bring forward the rest of the army. The Prince ordered him to attack with his men but he refused. With the support of the Duke of Perth, Lord Drummond, Lochiel and the other clan chiefs, Lord George had no choice but to retreat to Culloden. When word came to the Prince on the morning of the sixteenth day of April that Lord George had disobeyed his orders, he was seen to take horse and ride up and down the field of Drumossie, possessed by a hot and furious temper. He called for the Duke, then screamed that he had been betrayed. Many afterwards said that he had not only lost control of the army, but of his mind.

“That day, I was wakened by the sound of cannon fire. My hostess had allowed me to sleep over-long. It was near noon. I dressed quickly, took some bannocks from my hostess’s table and made my way as best as I could to Drumossie. My leg was healed, but it was still weak and I could not run as fast as I was wont to do.

“When I gained the field of Drumossie, I saw a field strewn with dead and wounded. It was terrible to behold. I recalled the carnage of Prestonpans but on this day, it was our own men that lay mutilated and dying. Men were running away, casting aside weapons in their haste. One Keppoch MacDonald shouted to me, urging me to save myself. I shouted back:

‘Where is the Prince?’

“The man said only this to me.

‘Devil take the man for a cowardly Frenchman!’

“The clansmen lay in rows three or four feet deep. ’Twas a piteous sight to behold. I should have been upon the field. I should have met my death that day but did not. From that day to this, I have often felt shamed.”

At that, John Harrison leant forward and touched his shoulder to comfort the old man.

“But sir, you fought for our country under General Washington. You must take pride in that. And though you were spared, you lost two sons in the war. You have much of which you may be proud.”

The old man wanted to say that George Washington was not a prince but refrained. Then, seeing that the glasses were empty, he refilled them with generous drams. As he did so, he sighed.

“Drumossie or, as they call it now Culloden, is not the end of the tale. Shall you write down what came to pass thereafter?”

The young man nodded, sipping his whisky.

“Were I not to do so, my editor would have me out of work.”

Roderick MacDonald resumed his story:

“On that saddest of days, I saw many of our men shot out of hand on the field. Others were despatched by the bayonet. I suppose there were regiments there that had suffered defeat at Prestonpans and Falkirk, so they desired revenge.”

“Did you learn of your brother, James MacDonald, who served with the Dragoons?”

“Aye, he was present on the field but he came to no harm.”

The old man took another sip from his glass.

“Though my brother was safe, many of our men that escaped from the field were hunted like the deer, their homes burnt, their womenfolk outraged. The killing did not end at Culloden.”

The young man asked about the Prince. Roderick recounted the story which he said had become known as the Flight in the Heather.

“’Twas a title given by men of your profession, writing for the newspapers.”

Then he went on to speak of the loyalty of the clans, for though there was a price of thirty thousand pounds on the Prince’s head, none would ever claim it.

“And of course, there is the famous tale of Flora MacDonald of Skye, who risked her life and the lives of her family to carry the Prince to safety. She was imprisoned for her misdemeanour, then set free, whereupon she married and came to America. I regret to say that she and her husband were Loyalists who

supported King George the Third against George Washington. But that is another story. Do you wish to hear of my own fate?"

Harrison said that would be a fitting end to the story

"After Drumossie, I did not know what I should do. I could not return to my father's house in South Uist, though I thought I might find refuge on Eriskay, where I had first encountered the Prince. But I knew that no island would be safe as long as the Prince was free, so I wandered among the hills for days, eating mere roots and stealing a few handfuls of oats when I encountered a croft. I did not wish to beg for the meal, for though it would have been gladly given, 'twould have brought the soldiers to punish the crofters and their kin. I am ashamed to say that I cast off my Highland dress and wore the Lowland gear I still possessed. And my father's sword. I was still possessed of my sweetheart Anne's silver, so I was able to make my way back to Edinburgh. Before I speak of that, shall you hear of the fate of some of my friends?"

Harrison said he would, for he was particularly interested in Major MacLachlan. The old man was silent for a time, sipping his whisky, then spat into the fire.

"Major MacLachlan was killed on the field of Drumossie. The Prince and many of his friends escaped to France, as did the Duke of Perth, though the poor man died but a month after the battle. Lord George Murray escaped also, as did Old Glenbucket, John Gordon. John Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary was taken. He turned King's evidence, denouncing many former friends. The Marquis of Tullibardine, also known as the Duke of Atholl and Rannoch, was taken. He died in the Tower of London in July of that year. It was said of him that his dying words were that there should never again be a Rising in support of the House of Stuart. It was some years later that I learnt the fate of John Dodds, who farmed at Seton Mains, near Prestonpans. As I said, I had thought he was taken at Carlisle but he rejoined Lord Balmerino's Life Guards, only to be taken at Culloden. I met him in New England some years past. He was taken to Tilbury Dock in London and imprisoned in a hulk there. At his trial, he pleaded that he had joined our army only because all his horses, gear and effects had been taken by our men. Why, he even said that the minister at Gladsmuir, the Reverend William Robertson, had sent a testimonial vouchsafing his loyalty to the King until the very day of Prestonpans. He pled at his trial that were he to be transported, his family in Seton would be beggared. The court refused to show leniency, so he was transported to the Colonies as a slave. He died in America some few years later, some said of a broken heart. The fate of John Dodds was that of many who

were sent out of Scotland never to return. His commander Lord Balmerino was executed, as were many others."

Again, the old man fell silent, drinking his glass dry. He rose to pour another dram and offered one to Harrison, which the young man refused, for he wished to keep a clear head. The old man resumed:

"The Highlands suffered greatly after Culloden. As Lord George had often warned, the nobles who had joined the Prince had their lands seized and were stripped of their honours. It was said that the hereditary rights of the lords in the Highlands and in the Lowlands had made it possible for them to bring an armed force into the field against their lawful sovereign. The clan chiefs also suffered. The Government resolved to break the clans and their warlike spirit and habits. The wearing of the tartan was forbidden, save that of the Government tartan worn by Highland regiments loyal to King George. The Parliament in England said that as Scotland had been the nursery of the Rebellion, so should it also be its grave. Rewards were offered to those who brought in the fugitives, which many said would be better than hanging some and letting others go home, for they would surely prepare for another Rising. So those that were taken were transported.

"The office of the Secretary of State held by Lord Tweeddale was abolished in the year 1746. The country was governed by a new Lord Advocate, William Grant of Prestoungrange, a man whose lands lay close by the very field where the Prince had won his battle of Prestonpans. As Lord Advocate he did much to restore wealth and peace to the Highlands. It was he who brought about a law giving the nobles' forfeited estates to the Crown so that the revenues might be used to improve life in the Highlands. I cannot fault the man, though I fault others."

Harrison asked what he meant. It was then that the old man became angry, his sadness no longer evident. He said that the French had used Scotland cruelly, promising an army and sending none.

"The French money that was sent to the Prince was falsely given to encourage the Prince to continue his campaign. The French were desirous of this as they wished to pursue their own conflict in the Low Countries. The Rebellion had taken many English and Dutch regiments from Brussels to face the Prince in Scotland, thus weakening the English defences there. This was known to the Duke of Cumberland, who roundly cursed his cousin, Prince Charles Edward Stuart for obliging him to withdraw many of his forces to Scotland so that the Rebellion be snuffed out. The French were able to capture the towns of Tournai and Hainault that year. I have studied this over the years.

And did not the French come late into the War of Independence here? By God, sir, I have no time for the damned French, for they have trodden on the necks of many so that they may create an empire!"

The old man drank the contents of his glass and sat back in his chair by the fire. Harrison continued scribbling for a few moments, then broke the silence.

"Shall you speak of Charles Edward Stuart and how he fared on his return to France?"

Roderick MacDonald had lapsed into sadness again. Maybe it was the whisky, but Harrison knew that mention of the Prince grieved him. The old man sighed again, eyes glittering in the firelight. At last, he was able to speak:

"The Prince? The man I served loyally and foolishly. For many a year I have thought much upon the matter. Though the French were not blameless in their intriguing, the Prince told untruths to the clan chiefs. He had promised an army of Frenchmen would come to his aid. None came. The Prince borrowed money from many. It was never repaid. There was landed at Loch Arkaig a hoard of French money that was never used to repay the Prince's friends and creditors. When he returned to France, it was said that he lied just as well drunk as he did sober. He became a laughing stock in Paris, known for his profligacy and unsteady habits. It was said that when the Prince left Scotland on the nineteenth day of September in the year of seventeen hundred and forty six, all of Scotland, friend and foe alike, were glad that he was gone from its shores. He never came back to Scotland, the country whose people had shed blood and suffered privation in support of him. I was young then, I was filled with notions that young men the world over have entertained. The notions of youth have oft proved unsound."

John Harrison then asked if he would complete his story by describing his coming to America. At that, Roderick MacDonald smiled. It was the best part of an evening which so far had dwelt only on sadness. Roderick rose, looked at the level of the whisky bottle and saw there were still a few drams left. He poured himself one, offering another to the young man sat at his table, scribbling furiously. Harrison refused, saying that he would not touch another drop until he had heard the last of the story.

"For, sir, my readers shall wish to know how you came to our country. For that, I must have a clear head."

The old man smiled, then resumed his tale.

"That Spring and Summer of '46 I would rather forget. I lived in the glens for a time, taking the trout from the rivers for repast, oft eating them raw for fear of a fire that might give me away. For the countryside was constantly

patrolled by troops of English cavalry and their accompanying footsoldiers. On my way South, I witnessed many scenes of cruelty. Men shot out of hand for running away, women violated, their clothes torn from their bodies by coarse soldiers, bairns wailing at their mothers' sides. I could do nothing. I saw the weeping in the glens all that summer.

“I had but a single hope. To return to Edinburgh and my Anne. I wrote to her but as I did not linger long in any place, I could not expect a letter from her.

“Often I would recover my tracks of the day before, to confuse the English that were following. Though I wore Lowland dress, I did not think it would preserve me so long as I was in the Highlands. I availed myself of the drove roads, those that are used by the cattle men to take their herds to Edinburgh. I encountered many shepherds and drovers on my way, though few welcomed me. There was one day of thick fog I recall, when I came upon a lone shepherd, a tall grim man happed in sackcloth. I bade him good day but said the mist was damnable. He asked me why this should ail me, for did not the mist wet the sods that fed his sheep?

‘Forbye,’ tis God’s will, for He sends the mist to confound the English that are chasing those fleeing justice.’

“That man knew I was a Jacobite, despite my disguise. It was at that time that I became fond of the whisky, for it is a fine drink when you are lain in the wet heath on a cold night.”

As he said the words, he reached for the bottle again. He poured another dram and quoted some poem he had heard in the Highland army.

*“By the frequent circling glass
We can tell how minutes pass,
By the hollow cask we’re told
How the fleeting night grows old.”*

The old man looked into the fire again, his shoulders drooping as if he were drifting into sleep. Then, fearing Harrison might think him asleep, he roused himself.

“All that was in my head was to gain Edinburgh and be with my bonnie Anne again. I made my way there by Stirling for it was the safest place now that the Highland army was no more. As I passed through the town, I saw the posters on the walls that offered thirty thousand pounds for the man who brought the Prince, dead or alive, to Butcher Cumberland, as the Duke was

now being called. None would claim the reward, for the clansmen loved the Prince."

As he said the words, Roderick MacDonald stared into the fire again, seemingly lost for words. Then he resumed his tale:

"At Stirling, I crossed the Forth at the Fords of Frew, by which way our army had come to Edinburgh eight months before, when our hearts were full of victory, hope and ambition. My mind turned to Prestonpans and I thought of the farmer John Dodds who joined us there. Then I was minded of another Lothian farmer, one by name Adam Skirving, who penned a song of that day at Prestonpans. Shall I sing it to you?"

"Please do so, for when you sing the words, I shall record them for all America to hear."

The old man cleared his throat and swallowed the last of the whisky in his glass.

*"Cope sent a letter frae Dunbar
Charlie, meet me an' ye daur,
And I'll learn you the art o' war
If you'll meet me in the morning.*

*Hey Jonhnie Cope are ye waukin' yet?
Or are your drums a-beating yet?
If ye were waukin' I wad wait
To gang to the coals i' the morning.*

*When Charlie look'd the letter upon
He drew his sword the scabbard from;
Come follow me, my merry men,
And we'll meet Johnnie Cope in the morning.*

*When Johnnie Cope he heard o' this,
He thought it wadna be amiss,
To have a horse in readiness
To flee awa' in the morning.*

*Fye now, Johnnie get up and rin,
The Highland bagpipes mak a din,
It is best to sleep in a hale skin*

For 'twill be a bluidy morning.

*When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,
They speire'd at him, Where's a' your men?
The deil confound me gin I ken,
For I left them a' i' the morning.*

*Now, Johnnie troth ye are na blate,
To come wi' news o' your ain defeat,
And leave your men in sic a strait
Sae early in the morning."*

The old man laughed at the ballad and said that another poet, more famous than Adam Skirling, had set down his words too.

"Robert Burns no less. Him that is lately dead but is gaining fame as Scotland's national poet. Though I am thinking that the ballad of Burns shall never be sung oftener than Skirling's of Lothian. Shall you hear it?"

Harrison said that he would, for the poems of Robert Burns were being read in the salons of New York and Boston. The old man cleared his throat again with a sip of whisky.

*"Sir John Cope trod the north right far,
Yet ne'er a rebel he came near
Until he landed at Dunbar
Right early in the morning.*

*Hey Johnnie Cope are ye waukin' yet,
Or are you sleeping I would wit?
O haste ye get up for the drums do beat,
O fye Cope rise in the morning.*

*It was upon an afternoon,
Sir John did march to Preston Town;
He says, my lads come lean you down,
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.*

*But when he saw the Highland lads
Wi' tartan trews and white cockades,*

*Wi' swords and guns and rungs and gauds
Oh Johnnie he took wing in the morning.*

*So Johnnie into Berwick rade,
Just as the devil had been his guide,
Gi'en him the warld he woudna stayed
To foughten the boys in the morning.*

*Says Lord Mark Car ye are no blate
To bring us news o' your ain defeat;
I think you deserve the back o' the gate,
Get out o' my sight this morning.”*

When he finished, the old man sighed wearily, leaning back in his chair.

“Aye, Gladsmuir or Prestonpans, it matters not how it is called. It was the Prince’s finest hour. In my years, I have oft thought that in our short time upon this earth, we are granted a year, a month, a week, even a day or an hour that we recall with pride and joy. Were I a poet, I would pen a verse or two in praise of the Cause, not for the victory at Prestonpans nor in honour of the Prince, but of the men that followed him. I cannot say that I made merry on the night of Prestonpans, for it burdened my heart to witness so many dead and wounded, though I thought of them as my enemies. I followed the little white rose of Scotland, the rose of all the world that meant so much to me. Yet now I know that the rose of my heart was not that of the Jacobite cause. It was my Anne.”

As he said the last words, the old man broke down and wept openly, without shame. Harrison rose and said he wished to take some air. It was an excuse to leave the old man in his despair. He went outside, smelling the freshly cut grass of the meadow. Then without warning, he found his own eyes filling with tears. As he stood on the porch, he saw that the leaves which festooned the supporting timbers were clothed in green. He ran his fingers over the leaves and painfully finding the thorns within, sucked the blood from his fingers. He knew that the briar would soon bear budding roses. He also knew in his heart that when the flowers bloomed, they would be white.

After a time, when the darkness was at its best, filling in the spaces between the distant hills and bringing out the most brilliant stars in the heavens, Harrison returned to the house. He found the old man staring into the fire. He was sure that his absence had not been noticed. He resumed his writing, not

wishing to disturb his host. The old man had not heard him return and John Harrison let him sleep. After a time, the old man stirred and poked the fire. In the darkness, Harrison saw his fine head of white hair bent over the fire, his poker stirring the flames to life. As the old man turned to him, Harrison thought he saw a new light in his eyes. The old man stood up, composed again.

“Aye laddie, you are back. Found you the night air to your liking? ‘Tis a fine night, is it not? You should come in the month of July, when the roses are in bloom. The scent of them is sharp and sweet after a fall of rain. Now, I shall end my story, so that you may return to Boston on the morrow. I am sure you will want to be on your way there.”

Harrison touched the old man’s gnarled fingers that were laid on the chair arm.

“Sir, I would stay another day, for you have not ended your tale. You have not spoken of the way you came to America. I must record that for my paper. Further, I would know of how you and your wife Anne Trotter were joined again.”

The old man offered him another glass of whisky which was refused:

“For I wish to have a clear head for the recording of the last chapter of your tale.”

The old man nodded.

“It was the month of May before I returned to Edinburgh. When I arrived, I went immediately to *The Tappit Hen* which by then had been sold. The two serving girls were still there and they told me that Mistress Anne had taken up residence in Mistress Turnbull’s Tavern, near the Tron Kirk. I made my way there but did not find her, for Mistress Turnbull said that she took her morning walk at that hour. I asked where she walked and she said she was often to be found in the park near Holyrood. I hurried there, but there was no sign of her.

“Then, at last, I spied her sitting on the grass, her long hair hidden by a broad hat she wore.

“I called her name and she turned, surprised to see me. Then she stood and held out her arms to me. We embraced many times that afternoon. She said she had received my few letters and that I was well. Then I asked if she would do me the honour of becoming my wife. She replied:

‘Aye, I shall, Roderick MacDonald but not in the month of May. Do you not know that in Scotland, May month is unlucky for marriages?’

“I confessed that I did not know of the superstition but said I would wait,

but only until the first day of June. I took lodgings with Mistress Turnbull that same night, so that we could be close. Anne had sold her tavern for a sum that she said would buy a farm and stock. She said she did not wish to live in the Lowlands, for there were Government troops stationed there. I said we could not go to the Highlands, for there was even more danger there. We spoke often and long into the night of our plans.

“Then upon the first day of June, we plighted our troth in the Tron Kirk, it being closest to our lodgings. That night, we became man and wife. She said she would go anywhere with me. It was then that I made up my mind.”

The old man stretched his legs in front of the fire which was burning brightly.

“That night of our betrothal, I asked her if she would come to America, where we could dwell without fear of discovery. I shall never forget her words. She said that we would make our home there, for her father had always told her that home was where the heart was. It was a decision of great moment, for I knew that going to America, I would never see my father, mother or brothers again. I could not even bid them farewell, lest I put their lives in danger.

“Twas a hard time, for the soldiers were in great number, seeking the Prince in the heather. Anne said we should go to Glasgow, where a good friend of hers, a Mr Archibald Douglas, a lawyer, resided. Mr Douglas came often to Edinburgh on business and always stayed at *The Tappit Hen*. She said he would draw up papers for our journey. We resolved to go to Glasgow 'ere the week was out. We did so, then Anne took me to Mr Douglas's office. He listened to her tale, often shaking his head. I feared that he might not assist us, for he knew the penalty for aiding any who had taken part in the Rising. Then after a few days, his clerk came to our lodging, saying that the papers we required had now been drawn up so we could take ship for New England. But the ports were being watched daily, lest the Prince attempt to take ship for Ireland, where he had many friends.

“For some weeks, we lived in our humble lodging near the wharf at Greenock. Every night, we heard the redcoats marching back and forth, patrolling the harbour. By day, they searched all who attempted to board a vessel. At last we heard that the Prince was thought to be in South Uist, which meant that I could not go to my father even if I wished it. Many soldiers were sent there, as were frigates to patrol the sounds and waters between Uist and Skye. It was at this time that the Prince met Flora MacDonald, who disguised him as her maid, calling him by name of Betty Burke. Flora was arrested on suspicion of aiding the Prince and was imprisoned until the following year.

The Prince at last managed to make his escape in September, on a French frigate.

"Anne went to the wharf every day to see what ships were bound for America. She was brave, although she said she was in no danger. Indeed she made so bold as to pass the time of day with the watchers, saying that she hoped no Jacobite traitor would be permitted to escape justice by sailing from Scotland.

"Then one day, not long after the Prince made his escape, a vessel arrived that was bound for New England. We knew we would have to seek a berth on it, for it would probably be the last to leave Greenock before the winter set in. It was a fine ship called the William and Mary. Anne booked our passage, proclaiming loudly to the watchers that no Jacobite worth his salt would sail on a ship called after the King and Queen of England, that had taken the throne from the Jacobite James the Seventh and the Second of England, over half a century before. She chose well, for the ship was not boarded, nor were the passengers searched.

"And so we bade farewell to the country of our birth. On our first night aboard ship, Anne made me swear another promise. She said she would not have me ever bear my father's sword in the service of any prince or king as long as I lived. I so swore, though my heart was heavy. 'Twas heavier still that I could not say farewell to my mother and father. A year after arriving in America, I wrote to my father. It was some time 'ere I received a letter from South Uist. It was from my brother James. A letter of few words to say that our mother and father had died of heartbreak, for they believed I had been slain at Culloden. South Uist was brought to its knees that year, when they sought out the Prince. Many fled from the islands, fearful that they would be taken into custody, for it was known that a South Uist man had aided the Prince in his escape. My brother James bade me never to write to him.

"Upon reaching the American colonies, we began to look for a farm to support us, one far from New York and Boston, for these were towns that were garrisoned by the redcoats. Thus we came to Virginia, where we settled and made two sons. The rest you know."

John Harrison finished writing and laid aside his quill. He was silent for a time, the only sound coming from the ticking of the clock and the embers of the fire falling on the hearth. Presently, he asked the old man if he had regretted coming to America.

"No, I have not, though at times I would have returned to Scotland gladly. But I kept my promise to Anne, for this nation would not bow its knee to any king or prince who believed that they possessed a divine right to rule others.

“When I came here, I began to think for myself, following my head and not my heart. I read accounts of Prince Charles Edward Stuart that first dismayed me, then disgusted me. That man used Scotland to claim what he considered his birthright by divine gift. He used the clans cruelly for his own ends. He made promises that he broke. He told lies. He brought debt to his friends, many of whom lost not only their estates but their lives. He abandoned Scotland and those that had proved loyal to him. Many died with his name on their lips but he was never minded to offer even solace and comfort to their widows and bairns.”

“Surely that was not in his power?”

“Aye, but even if it had been, I am sure he would have paid them no heed. I spoke of Old Tullibardine’s last word on his deathbed in the Tower of London. That never again should Scotland rise up in aid of the House of Stuart.”

Harrison looked at the old man with pity.

“And do you agree with that, Mr MacDonald?”

The old man spat into the fire.

“Aye, that I do, for no more shall I put my faith in kings and princes! For they have a fondness for ruling others more than they rule themselves. Though I thought otherwise in the year of seventeen hundred and forty five. I loved the Prince. I believed in him. I carried my father’s sword for him. And though his most famous victory at Prestonpans sore disturbed me in its carnage, I believed that I was the servant of a just man in a just cause.

“You have seen the climbing rose that is supported by this house. Perhaps I should say that this house has for many years been supported by the rose. With the bush rose that thrives in the garden they are both come out of Scotland, for the last act I did before we boarded the William and Mary was to take cuttings, that the little white rose would flourish, no matter where we made our home. Were you to return in summer, you would see it in full bloom. Its scent is sweet and sharp.”

The next morning, Roderick MacDonald woke John Harrison early, for the daily Boston coach did not always arrive the same hour. He carried the young man’s bag down the path to the main road, saying that he would always be welcome in the house of Roderick MacDonald. At noon, the coach hove into sight, heralded by clouds of swirling dust. The old man took the young man’s hands in his.

“God be with ye! Haste ye back, for ye will always be welcome at Liberty Farm”.

As he slammed the door shut, John Harrison looked out of the window.

“Take care, Roderick MacDonald, for you are a prince among men.”

The old man eyes followed the coach until it was out of sight. He took a long time to return to the house, for he was remembering all the years that had passed. He thought of his Anne and the two sons lost to him. As he gained the porch, the sun came out, casting a gold light on the climbing rose now in leaf and bearing the promise of many future blossoms. In the small garden, a second rose had also put out fresh foliage in the few days that Harrison had stayed at the farm. By now he thought of it simply as a flower whose scent would please him. For though the Cause in which he had believed had corrupted the White Rose, he knew that the blooms to come in the summer would be as pure as the air he breathed. He thought of the white rose as a symbol no longer, for if he were to, he knew it would break his heart.

THE END

Appendix 1

Clans that joined Prince Charles Edward Stuart between 1745 and 1746

Cameron	MacInnes
Chisholm	MacKintosh
Drummond	MacIver
Farquharson	MacKinnon
Hay	MacLachlan
MacLean	MacLaren
MacBain	MacNeil of Barra
MacColl	MacPherson
MacDonald of Clanranald	Menzies
MacDonald of Glencoe	Morrison
MacDonald or MacDonnell of Glengarry	Ogilvy
MacDonald of Keppoch	Oliphant
MacFie	Robertson
Mac Gillivray	Stewart of Appin
MacGregor	

The regiment of Atholl Highlanders comprised members of the Clans Murray, Fergusson and Stewart of Atholl. Significant numbers of men were also recruited from the following clans:

Boyd	MacLeod of MacLeod
Elphinstone	MacLeod of Lewis
Forbes	MacTavish
Keith	MacMillan
MacIntyre	Maxwell
MacKenzie	Ramsay
MacLean	Wemyss

The Clan Fraser later joined the Prince and was present on the field of Culloden. Many of Clan Gordon also joined the Jacobites, led by the chief's brother, Lord Lewis Gordon.

Appendix 2

The fate of some Jacobite Officers, Officials and Clan Chiefs and sons of clan chiefs after the '45:

Lieutenant General James Drummond, 3rd Duke of Perth – escaped but died
May 1746

Lieutenant General Lord George Murray – escaped
William Murray, Duke of Atholl and Rannoch, Marquis of Tullibardine –
taken and died in July 1746

Colonel Lord John Drummond, Ecossaise Royale – escaped

Major Generals:

William Drummond, 4th Viscount Strathallan – killed at Culloden

John Gordon of Glenbucket – escaped

General of Horse Forbes Alexander, 4th Lord of Pitsligo – escaped

Colonel of Horse Life Guards, Arthur Elphinstone, Lord Balmerino – executed

Lord Kilmarnock – executed

Lord Elcho of Wemyss, Colonel of Horse Guards – attainted

Inspector of Cavalry Colonel Sir John MacDonald – surrendered and
exchanged

Inspector of Ordnance Colonel James Grant – wounded, escaped

Adjutant General John William O'Sullivan – escaped

Engineer Captain William Maxwell of Carruchan – not known

Aides de Camp:

Colonel Donald MacDonald of Kinlochmoidart – taken and executed

Colonel Henry Kerr of Graden – banished

Major Lachlan MacLachlan- killed at Culloden

Secretaries:

John Murray of Broughton, Lord Stanhope – taken and turned King's
evidence, discharged

Private Secretary Sir Thomas Sheridan – escaped

Commissary John Hay of Restalrig – escaped

Appendix 2

Clan chiefs and/or their sons:

Donald Cameron of Lochiel – escaped to France, dying there in 1748
Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat – captured at Culloden, executed
Ranald MacDonald of Clanranald – escaped
Alistair MacDonald of Glengarry – imprisoned in the Tower of London
Alistair MacDonald of Keppoch – killed at Culloden
Alexander MacGillivray – killed at Culloden
Robert MacGregor – taken at Culloden, pardoned
MacKinnon of that Ilk – taken at Culloden, died in prison 1756
Lachlan MacLachlan – killed at Culloden
Roderick MacNeil of Barra – imprisoned
Ewan MacPherson of Cluny – escaped after Culloden, hiding for nine years in Badenoch, supported by his tenants

Appendix 3

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Appendix 4

Fictional characters in The White Rose and the Thorn Tree:

Alistair MacDonald, South Uist

Mary MacDonald, South Uist

Roderick MacDonald, South Uist

James MacDonald, South Uist

Anne Trotter, Edinburgh

Major John Whittle, Hanoverian Army

John Harrison, reporter, Boston Advertiser

Lieutenant James Henrison, Garrison, Edinburgh Castle

John Dawson, Shipmaster, Dunbar

Minor characters:

Archibald Douglas (lawyer, Glasgow); Hamish MacDonald and Ewan MacDonald, (field of Prestonpans); Jean and Mary (servants at *The Tappit Hen Tavern*), Alastair Cameron of Achnagarry, Colin Cameron, Ewan Cameron (all clansmen), James Cameron (Lascelles Regiment), Tam (Abington carter).

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To all three individuals, I loft a dram with a toast of *Slainte!*