

## **Research Progress Report II**

*Anthology of the Arts as Engendered by the Battle of Prestonpans:  
search for written arts relating to, and arising from, the Battle.*

**To: the Trustees, The Battle of Prestonpans (1745) Heritage Trust**  
**From: Arran P Johnston**

Date of Report: 19<sup>th</sup> September 2007

It is my pleasure to report that the search for written arts making reference to, or arising from, the Battle of Prestonpans 1745 has now, at the date of presentation for the initial findings, been able to identify, evidence, and present the following texts.

As contemporary or near contemporary pieces:

*'Twas at the Hour of Dark Midnight (or Fanny Weeping), of doubted authorship;*  
*God Save the King (the National Anthem), various;*  
*The Battle of Prestonpans/Tranent Muir, Skirving;*  
*Ode to Gladsmuir, Hamilton of Bangour;*  
*Hey Johnnie Cope, Skirving (and alternative version by Burns);*  
*Hey Johnnie Cope, Burns adaptation;*  
*Oran Do Loch Iall / A Song to Lochiel, Cameron of Dochanassie;*  
*Gairn Do Prionnsa Tearlach / A Call to Prince Charles, Alexander MacDonald;*  
*Fuigheall / A Fragment, Alexander MacDonald;*  
*Tranent Muir, Skirving.*

As nineteenth century pieces:

*The Battle of Preston, Grey;*  
*The Silent Pipes, Christie;*  
*Culloden, Lang;*  
*Kidnapped, Stevenson;*  
*Catriona, Stevenson;*  
*Waverley, Scott.*

Presented here are the transcripts of those pieces of literature which I have deemed relevant and appropriate to this study, being all those I encountered which contained reference to, or were clearly inspired by, the Battle of Prestonpans, and were written in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

They are included here with personal notes on interpretation, and any explanations of features considered necessary, which could form the skeleton of future formal presentations of the anthology.

**Two Key Loyalist Texts:**

**'Twas at the Hour of Dark Midnight (or Fanny Weeping, or Fanny Fair)**  
of doubted authorship;

'Twas at the hour of dark midnight,  
Before the first cock's crowing,  
When westland winds shook Stirling's towers,  
With hollow murmurs blowing;  
When Fanny fair, all woe begone,  
Sad on her bed was lying,  
And from the ruin'd towers she heard  
The boding screech owl crying.'

O dismal night! She said and wept,  
O night presaging sorrow,  
O dismal night! she said and wept,  
But more I dread to-morrow.  
For now the bloody hour draws nigh,  
Each test in Preston brooding  
At morn shall make their feathers fly  
With deadly hate contending.

Early in the visions of the night,  
I saw fill death with sweeping;  
And all the matrons of the land  
And all the virgins, weeping!  
And now she heard the heavy gates  
Harsh on their hinges turning:  
And now through all the castle heard  
The woeful voice of mourning.

Aghast she started from her bed,  
The fatal tidings dreading;  
O, speak, she cry'd, my father's slain!  
I dreamt I saw him bleeding!  
A pale corpse on the sullen floor,  
At morn, fair maid, I left him;  
Even at the early half of his run,  
The sun of life bereft him.

Bold, in the battle's front he fell  
With many a wound deformed;  
A braver Knight, or better man,  
This fair land ne'er adorned.  
While thus he spoke, the grief struck maid  
Deadly venom invaded;  
Left was the lustre of her eyes

And all her beauty faded.

Sad was the fight, and sad the news  
And sad was our complaining.  
But oh! for thee, my native land,  
What woes are still remaining?  
But why complain, the hero's star  
Is high in heavens shining,  
May providence defend our isle  
From all our foes' designing.

**Notes:**

Perhaps it is important to establish at the outset that there is some academic debate regarding the true authorship of this piece. In its (apparent) first publication, in the *British Magazine* of July 1747, it is presented anonymously and bears a note claiming that the piece was actually written on the very day of the battle in 1745. This, of course, cannot be verified, and when the poem appears in the Scots Musical Museum in 1790, it is attributed to Sir George Elliot. Evidence from a 1766 magazine is of the opinion that the poem was contemporary to the battle, and written by a Church of Scotland minister, which Elliot certainly was not. Evoking a convincing scenario, Carver attributes the poem therefore to Alexander Carlyle - minister, poet and friend of Colonel Gardiner - in an article of 1939 in *The Review of English Studies*.

Regardless of the exact authorship, this is a highly valued piece. Not only is this due to the high poetic merit of the construction, but because of its place in the literary history of the Battle of Prestonpans. Most of the works in this collection are Jacobite in sympathy, the Government loyalists understandably finding little propaganda value in immortalising Prestonpans. However, the heroic fate of Colonel Gardiner, as represented in this poem, is one of the few positive aspects that loyalists could draw from the disaster. Gardiner's name quickly became a house-hold word: engravings of the battle show his final stand; literature on the battle focuses on his valour. Dodderidge's biography of Gardiner flies from the stands, and Haydn puts *Fannie Weeping* to music. The effectiveness of the cult of Gardiner is evident in the later memorial erected near his house. In truth, Gardiner's death was futile and his true nature something of a mystery, lost behind the glamorous propaganda. Margulies may be close to the mark when he calls him a, 'dangerous old lunatic,' (p146), but the supporters of Hanover needed a beacon to shine out from the debacle.

Haydn's use of the poem in 1792 suggests it was popular, and that he felt he could tap into the enthusiastic Gardiner market, as was his intention when setting traditional or well-known British texts to music. It is perhaps surprising then that a publication of 1766 mistakenly believes that it is printing the work for the first time, and also makes it seem strange that there is doubt over the authorship, but I feel inclined to acknowledge that poem had a fairly wide circulation.

**God Save the King (the National Anthem)**

Various

God save great GEORGE our King,  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King.

O Lord, our God, arise,  
Scatter his enemies,  
And make them fall;  
Confound their politics,  
Frustrate their knavish tricks,  
On him our hopes we fix,  
God save us all.

Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On George be pleased to pour;  
Long may he reign:  
May he defend our laws,  
And ever give us cause  
To say with heart and voice  
God save the King.

*Lord, grant that Marshal Wade,  
May by thy mighty aid,  
Victory bring.  
May he sedition hush and like a torrent rush,  
Rebellious Scots to crush,  
God save the King.*

*From France and Pretender  
Great Britain defend her,  
Foes let them fall;  
From foreign slavery,  
Priests and their knavery,  
And Popish Reverie,  
God save us all.*

**Notes:**

It takes a close look at this text to acknowledge the differences between this original version, and that still used as the official state Anthem. That the song was written during the Jacobite Rebellion is well established, but it is less well acknowledged that it must surely have been a direct response to the Battle of Prestonpans. The evidence

is in the date of its publication: it appears, as presented above but without the italicised verses, in *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 15<sup>th</sup> 1745. It was first sung, to music by Thomas Arne (1710-78) at the Theatre Royal, after a performance of Ben Johnson's *The Alchemist* that same month. The rebellious background to the writing is shown clearly by the insistence on naming George (II) as the king, as if to avoid any question. This may not have been too effective, since there is a tradition that the Jacobites took hold of the song and used it also, with different words of course. The second verse is clearly a reference to the Rebels. The two italicised verses appear shortly after the original publication, and are more than likely to be witty additions by various hands – and assuredly there were others unknown to us now – that either caught on or did not. They were probably not officially acknowledged verses, but they certainly capture the mood in the Hanoverian camp. The association of the Stuarts with French invasion and restored Catholicism is part of the standard loyalist propaganda. The appeal to Marshal Wade turns out to be optimistic, since even as the song was gaining popularity in London, Wade was performing his military duties without great distinction by failing to intercept the invasion of England in November, marching south with extraordinary tardiness, and then failing to intercept the returning Jacobites either! However, in October 1745 he was acknowledged as a competent officer with a good deal of experience in Scotland, and a stronger position to restore hope than Sir John Cope. This silent transfer of expectation speaks volumes: *God Save the King* was written as a prayer to God for salvation from the Jacobites, in response to a completely unexpected reverse on the battlefield. Why else would the loyalists need such a song?

**The Jacobite Songs:**

**Ode to Gladsmuir**

Hamilton of Bangour

As over Gladsmuir's blood stain'd field,  
Scotia's Imperial Goddess flew;  
Her lifted spear and radiant shield,  
Conspicuous blazing to the view.  
Her visage lately clouded with despair,  
Now reasum'd its first majestic air.

Such seen as oft in battle warm  
She glow'd through many a martial age;  
Or mild to breathe the civil charm  
In pious plans and counsel sage:  
For, o'er the mingling glories of her face  
A manly greatness heighten's female grace.

Loud as the trumpet rolls its sound,  
Her voice the Pow'r celestial rais'd;  
While her victorious sons around  
In silent joy and wonder gaz'd:  
The sacred muses heard th' immortal lay,  
And thus to earth the notes of fame convey,

'Tis done, my sons, 'tis nobly done;  
Victorious over tyrant pow'r;  
How quick the race of fame was run;  
The work of ages in one hour:  
Slow creeps th' oppressive weight of slavish reigns,  
One glorious moment rose, and burst your chains.

But late, forlorn, dejected, pale,  
A prey to each insulting foe;  
I sought the grove and gloomy vale,  
To vent in solitude my woe:  
Now to my hand the balance fair restor'd;  
Once more I wield on high th' imperial sword.

What arm has this deliverance wrought?  
'Tis he, the gallant youth appears;  
O warm in fields and cool in thought,  
Beyond the slow advance of years!  
Haste, let me, rescu'd now from future harms,  
Strain close the filial virtue of my arms.

Early I nurs'd this royal youth,  
Ah! Ill detain'd on foreign shores;

I fill'd his mind with love of truth,  
With fortitude and wisdom's stores:  
For when a noble action is decreed,  
Heav'n forms the Hero for the destin'd deed.

Nor could the soft seducing charms  
Of mild Hesperia's blooming soil,  
E'er quench his noble thirst of arms,  
Of generous deeds and honest toil:  
Fir'd with the warmth a country's love imparts,  
He fled their weakness, but admir'd their arts.

With him I plough'd the stormy main;  
My breath inspire'd the auspicious gale;  
Reserve'd for Gladsmuir's glorious plain,  
Through dangers wing'd his daring sail:  
Where, firm'd with inborn worth he durst oppose  
His single valour to an host of foes.

He came! He spoke! And all around,  
As swift as heav'n's quick darted flame,  
Shepherds turn'd warriors at the sound,  
And every bosom beat for fame:  
They caught heroic ardour from his eyes,  
And at his side the willing heroes rise.

Rouse England! Rouse, fame's noblest son,  
In all thy ancient splendour shine;  
If I the glorious work begun,  
O let the crowning palm be thine:  
I bring a Prince, for such is heav'n's decree.  
Who overcomes but to forgive and free.

So shall fierce wars and tumults cease,  
While plenty crowns the smiling plain;  
And industry, fair child of peace,  
Shall in each crowded city reign:  
So shall these happy realms for ever prove,  
The sweets of Union, Liberty, and Love.

**Notes:**

Of all the Jacobite songs, it is perhaps this one that most encapsulates the sense of sheer joy and expectation resulting from the victory at Prestonpans. It is also one of the most formal, classical, and interesting.

As was the Jacobite habit, Prestonpans is referred to as Gladsmuir. That the battle was the central inspiration for the poem is not in doubt: it is established as such on the very first line, and theme is very much that at Prestonpans all wrongs done unto Scotland were righted. As a result of victory there, Scotland's liberty was restored, her

former prowess revived. From the fourth verse, the poem is spoken by ‘Scotia’s imperial goddess,’ the personification of Scotland herself, and she fully acknowledges her restoration, almost as a mirrored parallel to the Stuarts.

Unusually for Jacobite poetry, Hamilton’s Scotia calls upon England as, ‘fame’s noblest son,’ and speaks of the country with praise. Here politics stands to the fore – it is vital for the success of the Rebellion that the people of England rise in support of the Jacobites, and here is an overt acknowledgement of this. Let England continue the work begun at Prestonpans. This reference also helps to identify the date of the composition of the poem – it was surely conceived shortly after Prestonpans itself, probably before the withdrawal from Derby, and certainly before the defeat at Culloden. There is no mention of Falkirk, which is further evidence for a date of late 1745.

The classical style of the poem makes it somewhat more similar to *Fannie Weeping* than to the likes of *Hey Johnnie Cope*. The treatment of Prince Charles is that of a classical hero, almost an Aeneas, preserved by the gods for his great purpose. The reference to the Jacobite soldiers as, ‘shepherds turn’d warriors,’ also evokes the classical imagery of Rome, which boasted that its early armies, and virtues, were rustic and pure. The link to antiquity is made explicit by the use of the ancient Latin name for Italy, Hesperia, and by identifying that Charles was coming over from that land identified with empire and authority.

William Hamilton of Bangour (1794-54) was himself a part of the Jacobite army, and shared its fortunes. This poem, something of a triumph, was out of circulation for many years as a result of its rebellious contents, and only appears in publications much later. It surfaces in 1773, in the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review* and in the *Scots Magazine*, and in the third volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*. With Hamilton long dead, Charles Stuart in the last years of his life, his brother safely married to the church, and no legitimate Stuart heirs, it seems the *Ode to Gladsmuir* was considered safe to print.



*Hey Johnnie Cope*  
Skirving

Cope sent a challenge frae Dunbar,  
Charlie meet me an' ye daur,  
And I'll learn you the art o' war,  
If you'll meet wi' me in the morning

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?  
Or are your drums a-beatin' yet?  
If ye were waukin' I wad wait,  
To gang to the coals i' the morning.*

When Charlie looked 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.

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...*

Now, Johnnie, be as good as your word,  
Come let us try baith fire and sword,  
And dinna flee like a frightened bird  
That's chased frae its nest in the morning.

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...*

When Johnnie Cope he heard all this,  
He thought it wadna be amiss  
To hae a horse in readiness,  
To flee awa' in the morning.

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...*

Fye now, Johnnie, get up and rin,  
The Highland bagpipes mak' a din;  
It's best to sleep in a hale skin,  
For 'twill be a bluidie morning.

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...*

When Johnnie Cope to Dunbar came,  
They speir'd at him, where's a' your men?  
The deil confound me gin I ken,  
For I left them a' in the morning.

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...*

Now, Johnnie, troth, ye were na blate,

To come wi' the news o' your ain defeat,  
And leave your men in sic a strait,  
So early in the morning.

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...*

In faith, quo' Johnnie, I got sic flegs  
Wi' their claymores and filabegs,  
If I face them deil break my legs,  
So I wish you a' good morning!

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?...*

**Hey Johnnie Cope**  
Burns Adaptation

Sir John Cope trode the north right far,  
Yet ne'er a rebel he cam naur,  
Until he landed at Dunbar  
Right early in the morning.

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet,  
Or are ye sleeping, I would wit;  
Haste ye get up for the drums do beat,  
O fye Cope rise in the morning.*

He wrote a challenge from Dunbar,  
'Come fight me Charlie an ye daur;  
If it be not by the chance of war  
I'll give you a merry morning.'

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...*

When Charlie look'd the letter upon,  
He drew his sword the scabbard from:  
'So Heaven restore me to my own,  
I'll meet you, Cope, in the morning.'

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...*

Cope swore with many a bloody word  
That he would fight them gun and sword,  
But he fled frae his nest like an ill scar'd bird,  
And Johnnie he took wing in the morning.

*Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...*

It was upon an afternoon,

Sir Johnie march'd to Preston town;  
Hey says, 'my lads, come lean you down,  
And we'll fight the boys in the morning.

*Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...*

But when he saw the Highland lads  
Wi' tartan trews and white cockaudes,  
Wi' swords and guns and rungs and gauds,  
O Johnie he took wing wing in the morning.

*Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...*

On the morrow, when he did rise,  
He look'd between him and the skies,  
He saw them wi' their naked thighs,  
Which fear'd him in the morning.

*Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...*

O then he flew into Dunbar,  
Crying for a man of war;  
He thought to have pass'd for a rustic tar  
And gotten awa in the morning.

*Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...*

Sir Johnie into Berwick rade,  
Just as the devil had been his guide;  
Gien him the world and he would na stay'd  
To faughten the boys in the morning.

*Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...*

Says the Berwickers unto Sir John,  
'O what's become of all your men?'  
'In faith,' says he, 'I dinna ken,  
I left them a' this morning.'

*Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking yet...*

Says Lord Mark Car, 'ye are blate,  
To bring us the news o' your ain defeat.  
I think ye deserve the back o' the gate:  
Get out o' my sight this morning.'

*Hey, Johnie Cope, are ye wauking ye...*

**Notes:**

Surely the most famous of all the Prestonpans poems, if not all Jacobite poems, Skirving's mercilessly satirical assault on the Government commander has long enjoyed wide currency, and has likewise endured several modifications. The two versions presented here are the two forms most frequently encountered, and although largely parallel, there are significant differences. The first version presented is the Skirving original; the second is the adaptation found in the third volume of the *Scots Musical Museum*, modified by Robert Burns. The nineteenth century poem by Charles Grey, also featured in this collection, is written to the air of *Hey Johnnie Cope*, but is entirely different to the original.

Skirving was himself a native of the area, being a farmer of Garleton near Haddington, and although not present at the battle itself, claims to have been on the field shortly afterwards and seen the results. Certainly he was well placed to make comment on the events there, the atmosphere, and the attitudes of those who had taken part. His *Tranent Muir*, featured later, is in many ways a more engaging and biting poem, but it has never matched the popular appeal of *Hey Johnnie Cope*. Just as Fannie Weeping helped form a hero of Gardiner, so Skirving's work helped make a mockery of Cope. Historians are still divided as to how to assess this experienced officer's conduct, but Skirving and Burns are both equally unsympathetic. Burns even has Cope contemplating boarding ship in disguise.

As well as contributing to Cope's infamy, this poem has helped keep a few common misconceptions about the battle in common currency. Certainly there was no written communication between Cope and Charles before the Battle of Prestonpans: to send a challenge as the poem suggests would be an acknowledgement of the Jacobite commander as an equal in the field, rather than an illegal rebel. Burns also attributes the commonly known accusation that Cope was the first to bring word of his own defeat, to General the Lord Mark Kerr (Car). The two men were indeed in a state of cold war, the latter having aspired to Cope's command in Scotland. The truth as to whether he would have used a situation of national emergency to make a low jibe is unlikely to ever be known, but it is more likely that the tradition belongs to wit rather than fact. Certainly Kerr knew about the defeat before Cope arrived in Berwick, as a messenger had been sent for that purpose and probably took little time about it.

Burns' version reflects some nice details from the battle itself. The added opening verse summarises Cope's failed march north to intercept the Jacobite army, and his reference to the naked thighs of the highlanders recalls the fact that many chose to throw off their plaids in order to charge unencumbered (the long highland shirts were pinned or knotted between the legs).

*Oran Do Loch Iall / A Song to Lochiel*

Cameron of Dochanassie

Version "A" (ENGLISH)

Here's health to my hero  
'Tis right full to fill it  
And to keep it in practice  
As truly a fashion;  
Every man who dislikes it  
I shall leave him a-thirsting  
To drink it were pleasant  
In wine or in brandy  
So pleasant, so pleasant.

Young Donald from Lochaber  
Thy health may I see drunk around me,  
The youth faithful, commanding  
And in danger unflinching;  
Little wonder that pride shines  
So high in thy visage  
While so much blood royal  
Does run by thy shoulders  
So much blood, so much blood.

It was shown at Gladsmuir  
Thou excellest in valour  
Thy spirit tookst from thy grandsire  
Who of hosts was commander;  
And my hope's in the Trinity  
If this thing came to triumph  
I'll see thee win a Dukedom  
When that crown has been gained  
As a duke, as a duke.

Nor did that coward rabble  
Take to fleeing in safety  
For many a red-coat  
Lay on the field headless  
And arms from their shoulders  
And crowns off were stricken  
By the keen, mighty heroes  
Haughty, and fearless  
By the strength of men,  
By the strength of men.

Version "A" (GAELIC)

0 deoch-slaime mo ghaisgich,  
'S coir a faicinn 'ga lionadh,  
Us a cumail an cleachdadh  
Mar fasan da rìreadh;  
H-uile fear leis nach ait i  
F'agam esan an iotadh;  
Bhith 'ga h-ol gur h-e b'annsa  
Ma's branndaidh no fion i  
gur e b'annsa, gur e b'annsa.

'S a Dhomhnuill oig Abraich,  
Do shlaime gum faic mi mun'n cuairt i;  
An t-og firinneach smachdail  
Nach robh tais an am cruadail;  
'S beag iongnadh an t-ardan  
Bhith gu h-ard ann ad ghruaidhean,  
'S a liuthad fuil rioghail  
Tha sioladh mu d'ghuillibh.  
's a liuthad fuil, 's a liuthad fuil

'S dearbhadh air sin Sliabh a' Chlamhain  
Gun d'fhuair sibh barrachd an cruadal,  
Thug thu an duthchas o d'sheanair,  
B'ard-cheannard air sluagh e;  
Tha mo dhuil anns an Trianaid,  
Ma's ni thig gu buaidh e,  
Gum faic mi thu ad Dhiuca  
An deidh an crun ud a bhuannachd.  
'is 'nad Dhiuc', 'is 'nad Dhiuc'

Cha b'e siubhal na slaime  
Bh'aig a' ghraisg us a'teicheadh,  
'S iomadh cota ruadh maduir  
Bh'anns an araich gun leithcheann,  
Agus slinnein o'n ghualainn  
Agus cnuac chaidh a leagail  
Le luths nam fear laidir  
Ghabh an t-ardan gun eagal.  
le luths nam fear, le luths nam fear  
le luths nam fear, le luths nam fear

Version B

Here's a health to my hero,  
'Tis right full to fill it,  
And to keep it in practice  
As truly a fashion;  
Every man who dislikes it  
I shall leave him a-thirsting,  
To drink it were pleasant  
In wine or in brandy

If it's good fiery brandy,  
Bring it down now to see it,  
I would hold up a quaich full  
In front of my forehead;  
Ill becomes it to comrades  
Not to love one another,  
To all who it pleases -  
Here's a health to the Rebels!

Young Donald from Lochaber  
Thy health may I see drunk around me,  
The youth faithful, commanding  
And in danger unflinching;  
Little wonder that pride shines  
So high in thy visage,  
While so much blood royal  
Does run by thy shoulders.

For indeed much blood fruitful  
Does course 'neath thy clothing,  
From Manus Mac Cairbre's  
Race, well-armed and valiant;  
With their spotted double targets  
And their strong coats of armour,  
When they charged in the onset,  
Retreat did they never.

And thy kinsmen are many  
To be seen here in Scotland,  
To Sleat thou'rt related  
And the young heir of Dreòllainn,  
To Mac Shim of the banners  
In need's hour not faint-hearted,  
And young Ewen of Cluny  
And his folk would rise with thee.

The Marquis of Enzie  
And Perth's Duke would rise with thee,  
And likewise Clan Chattan

With their blue, keen-edged weapons,  
Mac Mhic Ranald of Keppoch  
With his clean-limbed, brave clansmen,  
And Mac Iain Stewart of Appin  
A chieftain unyielding.

Of thy clansmen thou'rt certain  
Wherever thou goest,  
Pity whom meets their anger,  
In need's hour they're not timid;  
Well-armed, equipped, loyal,  
Unaccustomed to yielding,  
And the sound of their firing  
Would leave their foes prostrate.

It was shown at Gladsmuir  
Thou excelledst in valour,  
Thy spirit tookst from thy grandsire  
Who of hosts was commander;  
And my hope's in the Trinity,  
If this thing come to triumph,  
I'll see thee win a Dukedom  
When that crown has been gainèd.

At Falkirk, 'gainst Hawley,  
Thou didst excel all his army,  
When the enemy turned  
In six ranks on the hillside;  
Thou flinchest not from the danger  
With thy ancestor's courage,  
When thy clan drew together  
The beasts took to fleeing.

Nor did that coward rabble  
Take to fleeing in safety,  
For many a red-coat  
Lay on the field headless,  
And arms from their shoulders  
And crown off were stricken,  
By the keen, mighty heroes  
Haughty, and fearless.

Woe betide him who would thwart them  
Aflame for the battle,  
With my loved one a-leading,  
A champion in the fighting;  
Whene'er thy banner was raisèd  
By the fine fearless heroes,  
Their strong arms a-striking  
Would leave Englishmen lifeless.



**Notes:**

This toast, by Alexander Cameron of Dochanassie in Lochaber, is dedicated to Donald Cameron of Lochiel, one of the most important clan leaders to join to the Prince's standard. The second version is slightly extended, but the passage which refers to Prestonpans (Gladsmuir) is little changed. Little is known of the author, other than that he was the poet attached to the Highland and Agricultural Society in 1787. Only a handful of his works can be identified in publications.

Much like the *Ode to Gladsmuir*, this is a poem filled with optimism, which implies a date before Culloden but after Falkirk (since reference is made to that battle). It might have been written slightly after Culloden, as part of an effort to keep the cause alive, but it is impossible to know and seems perhaps less likely. Lochiel was wounded at both Falkirk and Culloden, and it would be surprising if his exploits at the latter did not merit mention. Lochiel's role in the rising was hugely important, despite his initial reservations, and his Cameron's in effect carried the day at Prestonpans.

*Gairn Do Prionnsa Tearlach / A Call to Prince Charles*

Alexander MacDonald

We care not if thou comest never  
Unless thou comest at this moment,  
Heedst not our loss nor our dispersion?  
Make now the invasion!

Art thou not saddened at the prospect?  
Thy heroes, who at Preston conquered,  
Being of arms and plaid deprived,  
By the Butcher's rabble?

If thou canst by any means,  
Come straightway and bring us help;  
Never shall we flinch again  
From their cannon's thunder.

We'll revenge on George's puppy  
All the mischief he has done us,  
If to split the skulls asunder  
And scourging backs suffices!

If 'tis enough to thrust our broadswords  
Down in them to their back-bone marrow,  
Despite the thunder of their cannon,  
Their dead shall lie stripped naked.

Blood and gore we'll surely mingle,  
We'll wage war with all our fervour,  
And we'll earn the wage we merit,  
Despite the mocking liars.

(Gaelic)

Coma mur an tig thu idir,  
Mur an tig thu nis a chlisgeadh;  
Ar call 's ar sgainnir nach fidir?  
Thoir a nis, a nis an ionnsaigh.

Nach truagh leat fein mar thachras,  
Na saoidhean a bh' agad am *Preston*,  
A bhith toirt diubh an airm's am breacan  
Le prasgan a' bhuidseir?

Ma tha comas duit air fonn  
Thig a nis us thoir dhuinn cobhair;  
Chaidh cha ghabh sinn tuilleadh sothaidh  
O ghleadhar am fudair.

Diubhlaidh sinn air cuilean Dheorsa  
Na rinneadh oirne de dhoibbheart,  
Ma dh'fhoghnas claginn a stroiceadh,  
'S an cuid ton a sqiursadh.

Ma dh'fhoghnas claidhean a sparradh  
Annta gu ruig an smior-chailleach,  
Dh'aindeoin buirich an cuid canain  
Bidh cuirp gheala ruisgte.

Ni sinn fuil us gaorr a fhuidreadh,  
Ni sinn cogadh le lan-durachd;  
's gheibh sinn tuarasdal mar 's fiu sinn,  
dh'aindeoin buirt luchd-tunnsgail.

**Notes:**

Nothing could be further from the joy of Hamilton's *Ode* than the despairing undertones of this Gaelic appeal to Prince Charles. This is a post-Culloden plea to a Prince once more in exile, calling upon him to return and continue the fight. The interest for this study is in the way the author holds up Prestonpans (Preston) in contrast to Culloden. How can the men who stormed over Gladsmuir be now humbled by the retributions of those they once defeated? As with many of the Gaelic poems, the piece is graphic in its violence and its threats, showing both the warlike poetic tradition of Gaeldom and the fervour of the most ardent Jacobites. The reference to flinching from the cannon seems almost apologetic, but the poem is dominated by ferocious determination, and the spirit of Prestonpans.

*Fuigheall / A Fragment*

Alexander MacDonald

Did we not beat, but recently,  
John Cope at Prestonpans,  
His infantry four thousand strong,  
And all the cavalry he had?  
With ninety score militiamen  
Picked from the mighty Gaels,  
We killed them and we captured them  
With clashing of claymore.

On Falkirk field they fled from us  
In terror-stricken rout,  
Their infantry and horsemen, too,  
For fear they'd lose their lives;  
Panic and flight took hold of them  
Before our keen-edged swords,  
They flung their lives and arms away  
That should themselves defend.

I could relate the fear that mob  
Showed upon many a field,  
If only we recount again  
What always did take place;  
One of them was Bannockburn  
Where we our valour showed,  
And Killiecrankie, too where we  
Did knock them to their graves.

O regiments of Prince Charles Stewart  
Let us draw close our ranks,  
Well sworded, shielded, keen to march  
Under our flying flags;  
For all we've suffered at their hands,  
Hangings, beheadings, loot,  
Come let us take our full revenge,  
As we would always do.

O remnant that remains of us  
Let us close up our ranks,  
With courage and with firm resolve  
To make our last attempt;  
Determined ne'er again to turn  
Our backs upon our foes,  
O, let us rise for the crown's true heir,  
Now is the only hour!

O Scotland! art thou not ashamed  
At the poor part thou'st played,

Leaving a handful of the Gaels  
To face the foeman's blade?  
Come, summon up your mighty strength,  
O warlike Scotia's sons,  
Let us revenge on George's folk,  
The royal blood of the clans.

O, will you utterly forget,  
Your ancient hardihood,  
Inherited from your ancestors  
That gained you many a fight?  
O, raise aloft with courage fired  
Your spirits now sunk low,  
We were not many thousands strong  
To triumph at Harlaw.

Did not the Roman Caesar's fail  
To conquer us in war?  
And shall we then allow these beasts  
To down us with their blows?  
O, rise again, with spirits high,  
And sharp swords in your hands,  
Wipe every dirty rebel out  
Who takes King George's side!

O Gaeltacht! If thou'rt asleep  
Lie not for long in dreams,  
Bestir thyself, I beg of thee,  
Thy fame is being stol'n;  
O, waken up full mightily  
Kindled with wrathful fire,  
And show them that thy steel's still keen  
In one more battle dire.

#### Gaelic

Nach goirid o'n a ghabh sinn air  
Eoin Cop am *Prestonpans*,  
Le 'cheithir mìle caisiche,  
'S na bha de mharc-shluagh ann?  
Le h-ochd ceud deug milisia  
De smior nan Gaidheal mor,  
Gun mharbh sinn us gun ghlac sinn aid  
Le basgar chlàidhimh mhoir.

'San Eaglais Bhric gun theich iad uainn  
Le maoin a bha ro-mhor,  
An *infantri* 's na h-eich a bh' ann  
Le geilt nach bi iad beo;  
Ghlac teasach gharbh us *panic* iad

Roimh'r lannan a bha geur,  
Thilg iad an airm 's an anam uath'  
'S na h-airm dh'anacladh iad fein.

Och! 's iomadh blar an airmhinn-sa  
A' ghraisg ud a bhith fann,  
Nan cunntamaid a suas air n-ais  
An seana-chleachdadh bh' ann;  
Gur h-ann diubh latha Bhanocburn  
An tug sinn deannal cruaidh,  
Us latha Coille-Chnagaidh sin  
'N a chnag sinn iad d'an uaigh.

O reisimeidean Thearlaich sin  
Dluth-tharlamaid 'nar *ranc*  
Gu claidhmheach, sgiathach, caismeachdach,  
'S ar brataichean r'ar crann;  
Ar crochadh us ar creachannan  
'S cur dhinn air *bhloch* nan ceann,  
Thugamaid mach ar n-aicheamhail,  
So an cleachdadh riamh bh'ann.

O fhuighill arm tha maireann dinn  
Dluth-charaicheamaid suas,  
Le misnich mhoir 's le barantas  
Ar n-earraig thugamaid uainn;  
Le run nach tionndaidh sinn ar cul  
R'ar biudhannan gu brath,  
O, togamaid le h-oighre 'chruin,  
So 'n aon uair gu bheil da!

Nach nar dhuit fein mar thachair dhuit  
O Albainn bhoichd tha truagh,  
Gann lan an duirn de Ghaidhealaibh  
Fhagail ri h-uchd buailt?  
Nach sumain thu do chruadal mor,  
Shlìochd Scota sin nan lann?  
us diubhlamaid air muinntir Dheors'  
Fuil phrionnsail mhor nan Clann.

O, 'n adhlaic sibh an dio-chuimhne  
'N seana-chruadal mor a bha  
An dualchas dhuibh o'r sunnsearachd,  
Le 'n d'fhuair sibh riamh na blair?  
O togaibh suas gu h-innsiginneach  
Ur n-inntinnean gu h-ard,  
Nach sinn air bheagan mhiltean linn  
A thug linn fhin Harla?

Nach d'fhairtlich air na Caesaraibh

Buaidh gheur-lann fhaotainn oirnn?  
'S am maith sinn do na beistean ud  
Gu leag iad fhein ar stron?  
O, eiribh suas neo-eislinneach  
Le'r geur-lannaibh 'nur dorn,  
Us sgriosaibh as gach reubalach  
a dh'eireas le Rìgh Deors'!

A Ghaidhealtachd! ma's cadal duit  
Na fuirich fad' ad shuain,  
Guidheam ort, na lagadh ort,  
'S do cliu 'ga shladadh uait;  
Och, mosgail suas gu h-aigeantach  
Le feirg ad lasair ruaidh,  
Us comhdaich an aon bhaiteal dhaibh  
Nach do bhogaich dad de d' chruaidh.

**Notes:**

Although only a fragmentary survival, by the same Alexander MacDonald, this is a much larger and protracted piece. Again, it is a poem revealing a desperate plea after Culloden, an appeal to all 'Gaeltacht' (the Gaelic speaking regions) to rise in one last effort to rid Scotland of the House of Hanover.

Most interestingly, Prestonpans, along with Falkirk, is hailed as one of Scotland's greatest military achievements: it is compared with Bannockburn and Killiecrankie, even the failure of the Romans to conquer Scotland. This last is perhaps a misrepresentation, as the only recorded full scale battle between Roman and Caledonian was apparently a comprehensive defeat, and certainly Caledonia as the Romans knew it bore little relation to Scotland as we do. But the author's intention remains clear: it is a symbol of national pride, and a heritage of warriors.

The frequent apostrophe – appealing now to the warriors, now to Scotland, now to Gaeltacht etc – gives the fragment a distinctly desperate feel. The glory days of September 1745 are far behind them, although they are clearly still fresh in the memory. Prestonpans is not forgotten, it is the proof of what can be done, and is being called upon as inspiration even in the dark days after Culloden.

*Tranent Muir*

Skirving.

The Chevalier, being void of fear, did march up Birsle brae, man,  
And through Tranent ere he did stent, as fast as he could gae, man;  
While General Cope did taunt and mock, wi' mony a loud huzza, man,  
But ere next morn proclaim'd the cock, we heard anither craw, man.

The brave Lochiel, as I heard tell, led Camerons on in clouds, man;  
The morning fair, and clear the air, they loos'd with devilish thuds, man  
Down guns they threw, and swords they drew, and soon did chase them aff, man  
On Seaton crafts they bust their chasts, and gart them rin like daft, man.

The bluff dragoons swore, blood and oons, they'd make the rebels run, man:  
And yet they flee when them they see, and winna fire a gun, man.  
They turn'd their back, the foot they break, such terror seiz'd them a', man.  
Some wet their cheeks, some fyl'd their breeks, and some for fear did fa', man.

The volunteers prick'd up their ears, and vow gin they were crouse, man!  
But when the bairns saw't turn to earn'st, there werena worth a louse, man  
Maist feck gade hame, O fie for shame, they'd better staid awa, man,  
Than wi' cockade to make parade, and do nae gude at a', man.

Menteith the great, when hersel shit, un'wares did ding him owre, man,  
Yet wadna stand to bear a hand, but aff full fast did scour, man,  
O'er Sourtra Hill, ere he stood still, before he tasted meat, man.  
Troth, he may brag of his swift nag, that bore him aff sae fleet, man.

And Simpson, keen to clear the een of rebels far in wrang, man.  
Did never strive wi' pistols five, but gallop'd wi' the thrang, man.  
He turn'd his back, and in a crack was cleanly out o' sight, man,  
And thought it best: it was nae jest, wi' Highlanders to fight, man.

'Mangst a' the gang, nane bade the bang But twa, and ane was ta'en, man;  
For Campbell rade, but Myrie staid, and sair he paid the kane, man.  
Four skelpe he got, was waur than shot, frae the sharp-edg'd claymore, man;  
Frae mony a spout came running out his reeking het red gore, man.

But Gard'ner brave did still behave like to a hero bright, man;  
His courage true, like him were few that still despised flight, man  
For king, and laws, and country's cause, in honour's bed he lay, man.  
His life, but not his courage fled, while he had breath to draw, man.

And Major Bowle, that worthy soul, was brought down to the ground, man;  
His horse being shot, it was his lot for to get mony a wound, man.  
Lieutenant Smith of Irish birth, frae whom he call'd for aid, man,  
But full of dread, lap o'er his head, and wadna be gainsaid, man.

He made sic haste, sae spurr'd his beast, 'twas little there he saw, man;  
To Berwick rade, and falsely said the Scots were rebels a', man.



But let that end, for weel 'tis kend his use and wonts to lie, man.  
The Teague is naught, he never fought when he had room to flee, man.

And Cadell, drest, among the rest, with gun and gude claymore, man,  
On gelding gray he rode that day, with pistols set before, man.  
The cause was good, he'd spend his blood before that he would yield, man;  
But the night before he left the core, and never fac'd the field, man.

But gallant Roger, like a soger, stood and bravely fought, man;  
I'm wae to tell, at last he fell, and mae down wi' him brought, man  
At point of death, wi' his last breath, some standing round in ring, man,  
On's back lying flat, he wav'd his hat, and cried, 'God save the king!' man.

Some Highland rogues, like hungry dogs, neglecting to pursue, man  
About they fac'd, and, in great haste, upon the booty flew, man  
And they, as gain for all their pain, are deck's wi' spoils of war, man;  
Fu' bauld can tell how her nain sel was ne're sae praw before, man.

At the thorn tree, which you may see, bewest the meadow mill, man,  
There mony slain lay on the plain, the clans pursuing still, man.  
Sic unco hacks, and deadly whacks, I never saw the like, man;  
Lost hands and heads cost them their deads, that fell near Preston dyke, man.

That afternoon, what a' was done, I gade to see the fray, man;  
But I had wist what after past, I'd better staid away, man:  
On Seaton sands, wi' nimble hands, they pick'd my pockets bare, man;  
But I wish ne'er to dree sic fear, For a' the sum and mair, man.

### **Notes:**

Adam Skirving left in this poem a far more interesting presentation than in his more famous *Hey Johnnie Cope*. The poem is dramatic, violent, accurate, and holds no punches. The use of place names and anecdotes demonstrates Skirving's first-hand knowledge of the battlefield and its environs, and his good position for gathering accounts of the event whilst memories were still fresh. The poem explains that its author attended the field that very day, and had cause to regret it: not only was the scene of the carnage an appalling spectacle, on account of the nature of the wounds inflicted, but Skirving was mugged by a band of Jacobites! Amidst the graphic description, the author's infamous wit is still clearly identifiable, and none – Jacobite, Hanoverian, Highlander or Irishman – was considered exempt.

The all-important night march from Tranent to, 'Birsle Brae,' is recalled in the opening, as well as the way in which in negated Cope's formidable position. The Prince's (Chevalier) personal courage, and the importance of the Camerons under Lochiel, are all key points mentioned, and supported elsewhere. Particularly interesting is Skirving's accurate description of the Highland Charge: muskets were discharged, then discarded in favour of the broadsword, and then the charge itself occurs.

The effect of the charge on the Government forces is clearly and plausibly described, and the description of the worthlessness of the Volunteer units present is something Cope himself could not disagree with, as he had tried his best to keep them out of the fighting for all their sakes.

Skirving also identifies the thorn-tree, which was to become famous as the sight by which Gardiner – for whom he preserves his praise – and a great many others were slain. The tree stood testament to their stand thereafter. Of all the poems in this collection, none evokes the true fury of that morning, nor relates the reality of what occurred, with such unstoppable vigour as Skirving does here, and nor does any other provide such detailed local information. Nor is it easy to find the poem to be in any way partisan. The poem, whilst not perhaps having the lasting popular appeal of *Hey Johnnie Cope*, is unrivalled in value for these reasons.

As nineteenth century pieces:

*The Battle of Preston*

Charles Gray

The blairin' trumpet sounded far,  
And horsemen rode, weel graith'd for war,  
While Sir John Cope march'd frae Dunbar,  
Upon a misty morning.  
Prince Charlie, wi' his Highland host,  
Lay westward on the Lothian coast,  
But Johnny bragg'd, wi' mony a boast  
He'd rout them ere neist morning.

Lang ere the cock proclaim'd it day,  
The Prince's men stood in array;  
And, though impatient for the fray,  
Bent low the knee that morning.  
When row-dow roll'd the English drum,  
The Highland bagpipe gi'ed a bum,  
And told the mountain Clans had come,  
Grim death and danger scorning.

Ilk hand was firm, ilk heart was true;  
A shot! And down their guns they threw;  
Then forth their dread claymores they drew,  
Upon that fearfu' morning.  
The English raised a loud huzza,  
But durstna bid the brunt ava;  
They waver'd – turn'd –syne ran awa',  
Like sheep at shepherd's warning.

Fast, fast, their foot and horsemen flew;  
And caps were mix'd wi' bonnets blue.  
And dirks were wet, but no wi' dew,  
Upon that dreadfu' morning.  
Few stay'd – save ae devoted band –  
To bide the blow frae Highland brand,  
That swept around –and head and hand  
Lopp'd, on that bluidy morning.

What sad mishaps that few befell!  
When faint had grown the battle's yell.  
Still Gardiner fought – and fighting fell,  
Upon that awesome morning!  
Nae braggart – but a soldier he,  
Wha scorn'd wi' coward loons to flee;  
Sae fell aneath the auld thorn tree,  
Upon that fatal morning!

**Notes:**

Captain Charles Grey's piece, published in *Songs of Scotland* in 1854, whilst the author was still active. It takes its tune as that of *Hey Johnnie Cope*, but in style and content it owes much more to Skirving's other work, *Tranent Muir*. It shares its violent description and is a graphic summary of the morning's events. Although not overtly partisan, the decision to close the poem with the courage of Gardiner, and the references to the day being, 'fearfu', 'dreadfu', and 'fatal,' suggest his sympathies are with the Government soldiers. A hundred years later, it was not really important. The important fact is that the battle was still inspiring such poets to write in such an impassioned way.

Although preserving accurate details about the types of wounds inflicted, and the style of Highland attack, as described elsewhere, Grey misleads when he suggests the Jacobites paused for prayer before the battle. All contemporary sources clearly identify the speed of the attack. The Jacobite army did not have time to dress its deployment on the field, let alone pray, as every second counted in those early stages of the battle.

*The Silent Pipes*

Christie

They'll raise the reel and rant no more,  
Nor play the springs they played of yore,  
When lads and lasses tripped the floor  
From gloamin' until early;  
No more a bridal lilt they'll blow,  
Or wailing coranach, although  
Deaths hand should lay a kinsman low,  
The pipes that played for Charlie.

Glenfinnan heard their joyful note,  
And distant straths and hills remote,  
When in the Northern air afloat  
The Royal flag waved fairly;  
They blew a welcome to Lochiel,  
And many a chieftains heart of steel  
Beat high to hear the warlike peal  
Of pipes that played for Charlie.

Oh! lightly marched the Highland host,  
And o'er the Fords o' Frew they crost,  
And lightly faced the sleet and frost,  
Though tartans clad them barely.  
Before them Cope was fain to flee,  
They took St. Johnstone and Dundee,  
The bailies heard with little glee  
The pipes that played for Charlie.

They sang fu' low at Holyrood  
To suit the gentle ladies mood,  
The ladies fair, of gentle blood,  
Whose smiles the prince lo'ed rarely;  
But when at Prestonpans they played,  
The Lowland lads were sore dismayed,  
Their horsemen ran, and ne'er drew blade,  
From pipes that played for Charlie.

They blew a last, a mournful strain,  
When on Drumanossie s weary plain  
The day was lost and hope had gane,  
And hearts were sinkin' sairly.  
No more they'll swell the pibroch shrill,  
Or in the glen, or on the hill  
Forever now the voice is still  
Of pipes that played for Charlie.

**Notes:**

Little indeed is can be discovered about this author, Nimmo Christie, although this work was published in *Littell's Living Age Magazine* in December 1892. The work is almost certainly older, although probably not by a good deal of time.

It is an emotive, moving piece, which follows much of the Jacobite campaign from the dizzy heights of Holyrood balls to the disaster of Culloden, the solemn note on which the poet – and the piper within it – ends. The two references to the Battle of Prestonpans, the first being a passing mention of Cope's flight, the second more developed, are used to provide the contrast within this framework, the antithesis of Culloden.

Christie apparently has Cope's army made up of lowlanders, and this deserves comment. Certainly there were lowlanders present, especially in the volunteer units, but there were also English, Irish, and Highlanders (the Black Watch was guarding Cope's baggage, for example), so Cope's was no lowland army. However, it is true indeed that the Jacobite army at this stage in the campaign was predominantly Highland in composition.

Culloden

Lang

Dark, dark was the day when we looked on Culloden  
And chill was the mist drop that clung to the tree,  
The oats of the harvest hung heavy and sodden,  
No light on the land and no wind on the sea.

There was wind, there was rain, there was fire on their faces,  
When the clans broke the bayonets and died on the guns,  
And 'tis Honour that watches the desolate places  
Where they sleep through the change of the snows and the suns.

Unfed and unmarshalled, outworn and outnumbered,  
All hopeless and fearless, as fiercely they fought,  
As when Falkirk with heaps of the fallen was cumbered,  
As when Gladsmuir was red with the havoc they wrought.

Ah, woe worth you, Sleat, and the faith that you vowed,  
Ah, woe worth you, Lovat, Traquair, and Mackay;  
And woe on the false fairy flag of Macleod,  
And the fat squires who drank, but who dared not to die!

Where the graves of Clan Chattan are clustered together,  
Where Macgillavray died by the Well of the Dead,  
We stooped to the moorland and plucked the pale heather  
That blooms where the hope of the Stuart was sped.

And a whisper awoke on the wilderness, sighing,  
Like the voice of the heroes who battled in vain,  
"Not for Tearlach alone the red claymore was plying,  
But to bring back the old life that comes not again."

**Notes:**

Andrew Lang (1844-1912) presents us here with a solemn, sympathetic lament for what was lost irredeemably at Culloden, a cause and a culture. It was published in 1905, in a collection of his works, by Longmans. The reference to Gladsmuir is just one piece of evidence for a Jacobite lean, but it is little more than a casual acknowledgement of the dramatic turn in fortunes incurred by the Rebels in 1746. It is worth noting that the Battle of Prestonpans is again remembered for its bloodiness.

## Kidnapped

Stevenson

### *From Chapter XII – I Hear of the Red Fox*

"I got my wastefulness from the same man I got the buttons from; and that was my poor father, Duncan Stewart, grace be to him! He was the prettiest man of his kindred; and the best swordsman in the Hielands, David, and that is the same as to say, in all the world, I should ken, for it was him that taught me. He was in the Black Watch, when first it was mustered; and, like other gentlemen privates, had a gillie at his back to carry his firelock for him on the march. Well, the King, it appears, was wishful to see Hieland swordsmanship; and my father and three more were chosen out and sent to London town, to let him see it at the best. So they were had into the palace and showed the whole art of the sword for two hours at a stretch, before King George and Queen Carline, and the Butcher Cumberland, and many more of whom I have nae mind. And when they were through, the King (for all he was a rank usurper) spoke them fair and gave each man three guineas in his hand. Now, as they were going out of the palace, they had a porter's lodge to go, by; and it came in on my father, as he was perhaps the first private Hieland gentleman that had ever gone by that door, it was right he should give the poor porter a proper notion of their quality. So he gives the King's three guineas into the man's hand, as if it was his common custom; the three others that came behind him did the same; and there they were on the street, never a penny the better for their pains. Some say it was one, that was the first to fee the King's porter; and some say it was another; but the truth of it is, that it was Duncan Stewart, as I am willing to prove with either sword or pistol. And that was the father that I had, God rest him!"

"I think he was not the man to leave you rich," said I.

"And that's true," said Alan. "He left me my breeks to cover me, and little besides. And that was how I came to enlist, which was a black spot upon my character at the best of times, and would still be a sore job for me if I fell among the red-coats."

"What," cried I, "were you in the English army?"

"That was I," said Alan. "But I deserted to the right side at Preston Pans--and that's some comfort."

I could scarcely share this view: holding desertion under arms for an unpardonable fault in honour. But for all I was so young, I was wiser than say my thought. "Dear, dear," says I, "the punishment is death."

"Ay" said he, "if they got hands on me, it would be a short shrift and a lang tow for Alan! But I have the King of France's commission in my pocket, which would aye be some protection."

"I misdoubt it much," said I.

"I have doubts mysel'," said Alan dryly.



"And, good heaven, man," cried I, "you that are a condemned rebel, and a deserter, and a man of the French King's--what tempts ye back into this country? It's a braving of Providence."

"Tut!" says Alan, "I have been back every year since forty-six!"

"And what brings ye, man?" cried I.

"Well, ye see, I weary for my friends and country," said he. "France is a braw place, nae doubt; but I weary for the heather and the deer. And then I have bit things that I attend to. Whiles I pick up a few lads to serve the King of France: recruits, ye see; and that's aye a little money. But the heart of the matter is the business of my chief, Ardshiel."

"I thought they called your chief Appin," said I.

"Ay, but Ardshiel is the captain of the clan," said he, which scarcely cleared my mind. "Ye see, David, he that was all his life so great a man, and come of the blood and bearing the name of kings, is now brought down to live in a French town like a poor and private person. He that had four hundred swords at his whistle, I have seen, with these eyes of mine, buying butter in the market-place, and taking it home in a kale-leaf. This is not only a pain but a disgrace to us of his family and clan. There are the bairns forby, the children and the hope of Appin, that must be learned their letters and how to hold a sword, in that far country. Now, the tenants of Appin have to pay a rent to King George; but their hearts are staunch, they are true to their chief; and what with love and a bit of pressure, and maybe a threat or two, the poor folk scrape up a second rent for Ardshiel. Well, David, I'm the hand that carries it." And he struck the belt about his body, so that the guineas rang.

*From Chapter 24 – the Flight in the Heather: The Quarrel*

All the while, I was growing worse and worse. Once I had fallen, my leg simply doubling under me, and this had struck Alan for the moment; but I was afoot so briskly, and set off again with such a natural manner, that he soon forgot the incident. Flushes of heat went over me, and then spasms of shuddering. The stitch in my side was hardly bearable. At last I began to feel that I could trail myself no farther: and with that, there came on me all at once the wish to have it out with Alan, let my anger blaze, and be done with my life in a more sudden manner. He had just called me "Whig." I stopped.

"Mr. Stewart," said I, in a voice that quivered like a fiddle-string, "you are older than I am, and should know your manners. Do you think it either very wise or very witty to cast my politics in my teeth? I thought, where folk differed, it was the part of gentlemen to differ civilly; and if I did not, I may tell you I could find a better taunt than some of yours."

Alan had stopped opposite to me, his hat cocked, his hands in his breeches pockets, his head a little on one side. He listened, smiling evilly, as I could see by the starlight;

and when I had done he began to whistle a Jacobite air. It was the air made in mockery of General Cope's defeat at Preston Pans:

"Hey, Johnnie Cope, are ye waukin' yet?  
And are your drums a-beatin' yet?"

And it came in my mind that Alan, on the day of that battle, had been engaged upon the royal side.

"Why do ye take that air, Mr. Stewart?" said I. "Is that to remind me you have been beaten on both sides?"

The air stopped on Alan's lips. "David!" said he.

"But it's time these manners ceased," I continued; "and I mean you shall henceforth speak civilly of my King and my good friends the Campbells."

"I am a Stewart--" began Alan.

"O!" says I, "I ken ye bear a king's name. But you are to remember, since I have been in the Highlands, I have seen a good many of those that bear it; and the best I can say of them is this, that they would be none the worse of washing."

"Do you know that you insult me?" said Alan, very low.

"I am sorry for that," said I, "for I am not done; and if you distaste the sermon, I doubt the *pirlicue* will please you as little. You have been chased in the field by the grown men of my party; it seems a poor kind of pleasure to out-face a boy. Both the Campbells and the Whigs have beaten you; you have run before them like a hare. It behoves you to speak of them as of your betters."

Alan stood quite still, the tails of his great-coat clapping behind him in the wind.

"This is a pity" he said at last. "There are things said that cannot be passed over."

"I never asked you to," said I. "I am as ready as yourself."

"Ready?" said he.

"Ready," I repeated. "I am no blower and boaster like some that I could name. Come on!" And drawing my sword, I fell on guard as Alan himself had taught me.

"David!" he cried. "Are ye daft? I cannae draw upon ye, David. It's fair murder."

"That was your look-out when you insulted me," said I.

"It's the truth!" cried Alan, and he stood for a moment, wringing his mouth in his hand like a man in sore perplexity. "It's the bare truth," he said, and drew his sword. But before I could touch his blade with mine, he had thrown it from him and fallen to the ground. "Na, na," he kept saying, "na, na--I cannae, I cannae."

At this the last of my anger oozed all out of me; and I found myself only sick, and sorry, and blank, and wondering at myself. I would have given the world to take back what I had said; but a word once spoken, who can recapture it? I minded me of all Alan's kindness and courage in the past, how he had helped and cheered and borne with me in our evil days; and then recalled my own insults, and saw that I had lost for ever that doughty friend. At the same time, the sickness that hung upon me seemed to redouble, and the pang in my side was like a sword for sharpness. I thought I must have swooned where I stood.

#### *Chapter 25 – In Balquhider*

"I am given to know, sir," says he, "that your name is Balfour."

"They call me David Balfour," said I, "at your service."

"I would give ye my name in return, sir" he replied, "but it's one somewhat blown upon of late days; and it'll perhaps suffice if I tell ye that I am own brother to James More Drummond or Macgregor, of whom ye will scarce have failed to hear."

"No, sir," said I, a little alarmed; "nor yet of your father, Macgregor-Campbell." And I sat up and bowed in bed; for I thought best to compliment him, in case he was proud of having had an outlaw to his father.

He bowed in return. "But what I am come to say, sir," he went on, "is this. In the year '45, my brother raised a part of the 'Gregara' and marched six companies to strike a stroke for the good side; and the surgeon that marched with our clan and cured my brother's leg when it was broken in the brush at Preston Pans, was a gentleman of the same name precisely as yourself. He was brother to Balfour of Baith; and if you are in any reasonable degree of nearness one of that gentleman's kin, I have come to put myself and my people at your command."

You are to remember that I knew no more of my descent than any cadger's dog; my uncle, to be sure, had prated of some of our high connections, but nothing to the present purpose; and there was nothing left me but that bitter disgrace of owning that I could not tell.

#### **Notes:**

*Kidnapped* relies heavily on its Jacobite back-drop, but it is in the days of pursuit and persecution in which young Balfour begins his adventures. Stevenson throws a firm Government loyalist into the arms of an ardent Jacobite agent, and allows their personalities and their loyalties find their own strange harmony. The passages here presented are those carrying direct references to the Battle of Prestonpans, although the quoted passages have been extended to give a context for each reference. The first and second passages are the more important.

The first passage quoted here explains a little of Alan Breck's history, of how he came to fight for the Jacobites after Prestonpans. Interestingly – and there is no reason why

Stevenson should not have known better – Balfour refers to Cope’s army as the, ‘English army.’ We have already established that this is not an appropriate term, and certainly does not sit well with Balfour’s sentiments: he would have supported the loyalists at Prestonpans, but would he really have believed it an English force? Alan refers to the Jacobite army as, ‘the right side,’ an uncompromising attitude that fits with the services he goes on to describe as his reasons for returning to Scotland.

Alan’s somewhat cavalier attitude to uniform, as shown by his transference from redcoat to tartan, and then to white (although service in French armies was extremely common for Jacobite exiles and sympathisers), might surprise the reader as much as it surprised David Balfour. But it was not unusual, and need not be in the least unexpected for a man in Breck’s position in 1745. The interesting contrast is between his enrolment in the British Army, and in the Jacobite: the former was done out of necessity, with no love or enthusiasm; the latter was a free choice of a free man, and done for loyalty and blood, and for the traditions he believed in. There will be parallels visible in Scott’s *Waverley*, where notions of kinship, love, friendship and loyalty succeed over the restrictive and unromantic. It is a matter of free choice. This need not have been the case for many of those in the Jacobite army, who were driving into the ranks out of compulsion or fear, but this is not the legacy that passed into the literature – none of the poetry we have collected describes such processes to us, and immortalise only bravery, devotion, and commitment.

The second passage is interesting so far as it acknowledges the popularity of *Hey Johnnie Cope*, and the Skirving original version at that. It is equally interesting that Breck uses the tune to provoke his companion, knowing its effect. It is his misfortune that Balfour is equipped for the *touché*.

*Catriona*  
Stevenson

We left Musselburgh before the first ninepenny coach was due from Edinburgh for (as Alan said) that was a re-encounter we might very well avoid. The wind although still high, was very mild, the sun shone strong, and Alan began to suffer in proportion. From Prestonpans he had me aside to the field of Gladsmuir, where he exerted himself a great deal more than needful to describe the stages of the battle. Thence, at his old round pace, we travelled to Cockenzie. Though they were building herring-busses there at Mrs. Cadell's, it seemed a desert-like, back-going town, about half full of ruined houses; but the ale-house was clean, and Alan, who was now in a glowing heat, must indulge himself with a bottle of ale, and carry on to the new luckie with the old story of the cold upon his stomach, only now the symptoms were all different.

*Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since*  
Scott

*Chapter 7 – A Horse-Quarter in Scotland*

He now entered upon a new world, where, for a time, all was beautiful because all

was new. Colonel Gardiner, the commanding officer of the regiment, was himself a study for a romantic, and at the same time an inquisitive, youth. In person he was tall, handsome, and active, though somewhat advanced in life. In his early years, he had been what is called, by manner of palliative, a very gay young man, and strange stories were circulated about his sudden conversion from doubt, if not infidelity, to a serious and even enthusiastic turn of mind. It was whispered that a supernatural communication, of a nature obvious even to the exterior senses, had produced this wonderful change; and though some mentioned the proselyte as an enthusiast, none hinted at his being a hypocrite. This singular and mystical circumstance gave Colonel Gardiner a peculiar and solemn interest in the eyes of the young soldier. <sup>4</sup> It may be easily imagined that the officers of a regiment, commanded by so respectable a person, composed a society more sedate and orderly than a military mess always exhibits; and that Waverley escaped some temptations to which he might otherwise have been exposed.

#### *Chapter 46 - The Eve of Battle*

Although the Highlanders marched on very fast, the sun was declining when they arrived upon the brow of those high grounds which command an open and extensive plain stretching northward to the sea, on which are situated, but at a considerable distance from each other, the small villages of Seaton and Cockenzie, and the larger one of Preston. One of the low coast-roads to Edinburgh passed through this plain, issuing upon it from the enclosures of Seaton-house, and at the town or village of Preston again entering the defiles of an enclosed country. By this way the English general had chosen to approach the metropolis, both as most commodious for his cavalry, and being probably of opinion that, by doing so, he would meet in front with the Highlanders advancing from Edinburgh in the opposite direction. In this he was mistaken; for the sound judgement of the Chevalier, or of those to whose advice he listened, left the direct passage free, but occupied the strong ground by which it was overlooked and commanded.

When the Highlanders reached the heights above the plain described, they were immediately formed in army of battle along the brow of the hill. Almost at the same instant the van of the English appeared issuing from among the trees and enclosures of Seaton, with the purpose of occupying the level plain between the high ground and the sea; the space which divided the armies being only about half a mile in breadth. Waverley could plainly see the squadrons of dragoons issue, one after another, from the defiles, with their videttes in front, and form upon the plain, with their front opposed to that of the Prince's army. They were followed by a train of field-pieces, which, when they reached the flank of the dragoons, were also brought into line, and pointed against the heights. The march was continued by three or four regiments of infantry marching in open column, their fixed bayonets showing like successive hedges of steel, and their arms glancing like lightning, as, at a signal given, they also at once wheeled up, and were placed in direct opposition to the Highlanders. A second train of artillery, with another regiment of horse, closed the long march, and formed on the left flank of the infantry, the whole line facing southward.

While the English army went through these evolutions, the Highlanders showed equal promptitude and zeal for battle. As fast as the clans came upon the ridge which fronted their enemy, they were formed into line, so that both armies got into complete

order of battle at the same moment. When this was accomplished, the Highlanders set up a tremendous yell, which was re-echoed by the heights behind them. The regulars, who were in high spirits, returned a loud shout of defiance, and fired one or two of their cannon upon an advanced post of the Highlanders. The latter displayed great earnestness to proceed instantly to the attack, Evan Dhu urging to Fergus, by way of argument, that 'the *sidier roy* was tottering like an egg upon a staff, and that they had a' the vantage of the onset, for even a haggis (God bless her!) could charge down hill.'

But the ground through which the mountaineers must have descended, although not of great extent, was impracticable in its character, being not only marshy, but intersected with walls of dry-stone, and traversed in its whole length by a very broad and deep ditch, circumstances which must have given the musketry of the regulars dreadful advantages, before the mountaineers could have used their swords, on which they were taught to rely. The authority of the commanders was therefore interposed to curb the impetuosity of the Highlanders, and only a few marksmen were sent down the descent to skirmish with the enemy's advanced posts, and to reconnoitre the ground.

Here, then, was a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence. The two armies, so different in aspect and discipline, yet each admirably trained in its own peculiar mode of war, upon whose conflict the temporary fate at least of Scotland appeared to depend, now faced each other like two gladiators in the arena, each meditating upon the mode of attacking their enemy. The leading officers, and the general's staff of each army, could be distinguished in front of their lines, busied with spy-glasses to watch each other's motions, and occupied in dispatching the orders and receiving the intelligence conveyed, by the aides-de-camp and orderly men, who gave life to the scene by galloping along in different directions as if the fate of the day depended upon the speed of their horses. The space between the armies was at times occupied by the partial and irregular contests of individual sharpshooters, and a hat or bonnet was occasionally seen to fall, as a wounded man was borne off by his comrades. These, however, were but trifling skirmishes, for it suited the views of neither party to advance in that direction. From the neighbouring hamlets, the peasantry cautiously showed themselves, as if watching the issue of the expected engagement; and at no great distance in the bay were two square-rigged vessels, bearing the English flag, whose tops and yards were crowded with less timid spectators.

When this awful pause had lasted for a short time, Fergus, with another chieftain, received orders to detach their clans towards the village of Preston, in order to threaten the right flank of Cope's army, and compel him to a change of position. To enable him to execute these orders, the Chief of Glennaquoich occupied the churchyard of Tranent, a commanding situation, and a convenient place, as Evan Dhu remarked, 'for any gentleman who might have the misfortune to be killed, and chanced to be curious about Christian burial.' To check or dislodge this party, the English general detached two guns escorted by a strong party of cavalry. They approached so near, that Waverley could plainly recognize the standard of the troop he had formerly commanded, and hear the trumpets and kettledrums sound the signal of advance, which he had so often obeyed. He could hear, too, the well-known word given in the English dialect, by the equally well-distinguished voice of the commanding-officer, for whom he had once felt so much respect. It was at that instant, that, looking around him, he saw the wild dress and appearance of his Highland associates, heard their whispers in an uncouth and unknown language, looked upon

his own dress, so unlike that which he had worn from his infancy, and wished to awake from what seemed at the moment a dream, strange, horrible, and unnatural. 'Good God!' he muttered, 'am I then a traitor to my country, a renegade to my standard, and a foe, as that poor dying wretch expressed himself, to my native England?'

Ere he could digest or smother the recollection, the tall military form of his late commander came full in view, for the purpose of reconnoitring. 'I can hit him now,' said Callum, cautiously raising his fusee over the wall under which he lay couched, at scarce sixty yards' distance.

Edward felt as if he was about to see a parricide committed in his presence; for the venerable grey hair and striking countenance of the veteran recalled the almost paternal respect with which his officers universally regarded him. But ere he could say 'Hold!' an aged Highlander, who lay beside Callum Beg, stopped his arm. 'Spare your shot,' said the seer, 'his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of to-morrow.—I see his winding-sheet high upon his breast.'

Callum, flint to other considerations, was penetrable to superstition. He turned pale at the words of the *taishatr*, and recovered his piece. Colonel Gardiner, unconscious of the danger he had escaped, turned his horse round, and rode slowly back to the front of his regiment.

By this time the regular army had assumed a new line, with one flank inclined towards the sea, and the other resting upon the village of Preston; and as similar difficulties occurred in attacking their new position, Fergus and the rest of the detachment were recalled to their former post. This alteration created the necessity of a corresponding change in General Cope's army, which was again brought into a line parallel with that of the Highlanders. In these manoeuvres on both sides the daylight was nearly consumed, and both armies prepared to rest upon their arms for the night in the lines which they respectively occupied.

'There will be nothing done to-night,' said Fergus to his friend Waverley. 'Ere we wrap ourselves in our plaids, let us go see what the Baron is doing in the rear of the line.'

When they approached his post, they found the good old careful officer, after having sent out his night patrols, and posted his sentinels, engaged in reading the Evening Service of the Episcopal Church to the remainder of his troop. His voice was loud and sonorous, and though his spectacles upon his nose, and the appearance of Saunders Saunderson, in military array, performing the functions of clerk, had something ludicrous, yet the circumstances of danger in which they stood, the military costume of the audience, and the appearance of their horses, saddled and picketed behind them, gave an impressive and solemn effect to the office of devotion.

'I have confessed to-day, ere you were awake,' whispered Fergus to Waverley; 'yet I am not so strict a Catholic as to refuse to join in this good man's prayers.'

Edward assented, and they remained till the Baron had concluded the service.

As he shut the book, 'Now, lads,' said he, 'have at them in the morning, with heavy hands and light consciences.' He then kindly greeted Mac-Ivor and Waverley, who requested to know his opinion of their situation. 'Why, you know, Tacitus saith, "*in rebus bellicis maxime dominatur fortuna*," which is equiponderate with our vernacular

adage, "Luck can maist in the mellee." But credit me, gentlemen, yon man is not a deacon o' his craft. He damps the spirits of the poor lads he commands, by keeping them on the defensive, whilk of itself implies inferiority or fear. Now will they lie on their arms yonder, as anxious and as ill at ease as a toad under a harrow, while our men will be quite fresh and blithe for action in the morning. Well, goodnight.—One thing troubles me, but if to-morrow goes well off, I will consult you about it, Glennaquoich.'—

'I could almost apply to Mr. Bradwardine the character which Henry gives of Fluellen,' said Waverley, as his friend and he walked towards their *bivouac*:

Though it appears a little out of fashion,  
There is much care and valour in this 'Scotchman.'

'He has seen much service,' answered Fergus, 'and one is sometimes astonished to find how much nonsense and reason are mingled in his composition, I wonder what can be troubling his mind—probably something about Rose.—Hark! the English are setting their watch.'

The roll of the drum and shrill accompaniment of the fifes swelled up the hill—died away—resumed its thunder—and was at length hushed. The trumpets and kettledrums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild point of war appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty, and then finally sank upon the wind with a shrill and mournful cadence.

The friends, who had now reached their post, stood and looked round them ere they lay down to rest. The western sky twinkled with stars, but a frost-mist, rising from the ocean, covered the eastern horizon, and rolled in white wreaths along the plain where the adverse army lay couched upon their arms. Their advanced posts were pushed as far as the side of the great ditch at the bottom of the descent, and had kindled large fires at different intervals, gleaming with obscure and hazy lustre through the heavy fog which encircled them with a doubtful halo.

The Highlanders, 'thick as leaves in Vallombrosa,' lay stretched upon the ridge of the hill, buried (excepting their sentinels) in the most profound repose. 'How many of these brave fellows will sleep more soundly before to-morrow night, Fergus!' said Waverley, with an involuntary sigh.

'You must not think of that,' answered Fergus, whose ideas were entirely military. 'You must only think of your sword, and by whom it was given. All other reflections are now too late.'

With the opiate contained in this undeniable remark, Edward endeavoured to lull the tumult of his conflicting feelings. The Chieftain and he, combining their plaids, made a comfortable and warm couch. Callum, sitting down at their head (for it was his duty to watch upon the immediate person of the Chief), began a long mournful song in Gaelic, to a low and uniform tune, which, like the sound of the wind at a distance, soon lulled them to sleep.

#### Chapter 47 – The Conflict



When Fergus Mac-Ivor and his friend had slept for a few hours, they were awakened, and summoned to attend the Prince. The distant village-clock was heard to toll three as they hastened to the place where he lay. He was already surrounded by his principal officers and the chiefs of clans. A bundle of peas-straw, which had been lately his couch, now served for his seat. Just as Fergus reached the circle, the consultation had broken up. 'Courage, my brave friends!' said the Chevalier, 'and each one put himself instantly at the head of his command; a faithful friend 26 has offered to guide us by a practicable, though narrow and circuitous route, which, sweeping to our right, traverses the broken ground and morass, and enables us to gain the firm and open plain, upon which the enemy are lying. This difficulty surmounted, Heaven and your good swords must do the rest.'

The proposal spread unanimous joy, and each leader hastened to get his men into order with as little noise as possible. The army, moving by its right from off the ground on which they had rested, soon entered the path through the morass, conducting their march with astonishing silence and great rapidity. The mist had not risen to the higher grounds, so that for some time they had the advantage of starlight. But this was lost as the stars faded before approaching day, and the head of the marching column, continuing its descent, plunged as it were into the heavy ocean of fog, which rolled its white waves over the whole plain, and over the sea by which it was bounded. Some difficulties were now to be encountered, inseparable from darkness,—a narrow, broken, and marshy path, and the necessity of preserving union in the march. These, however, were less inconvenient to Highlanders, from their habits of life, than they would have been to any other troops, and they continued a steady and swift movement.

As the clan of Ivor approached the firm ground, following the track of those who preceded them, the challenge of a patrol was heard through the mist, though they could not see the dragoon by whom it was made—'Who goes there?'

'Hush!' cried Fergus, 'hush!—Let none answer, as he values his life.—Press forward!' and they continued their march with silence and rapidity.

The patrol fired his carabine upon the body, and the report was instantly followed by the clang of his horse's feet as he galloped off. '*Hylax in limine latrat*,' said the Baron of Bradwardine, who heard the shot; 'that loon will give the alarm.'

The clan of Fergus had now gained the firm plain, which had lately borne a large crop of corn. But the harvest was gathered in, and the expense was unbroken by tree, bush, or interruption of any kind. The rest of the army were following fast, when they heard the drums of the enemy beat the general. Surprise, however, had made no part of their plan, so they were not disconcerted by this intimation that the foe was upon his guard and prepared to receive them. It only hastened their dispositions for the combat, which were very simple.

The Highland army, which now occupied the eastern end of the wide plain, or stubble field, so often referred to, was drawn up in two lines, extending from the morass towards the sea. The first was destined to charge the enemy, the second to act as a reserve. The few horse, whom the Prince headed in person, remained between the two lines. The Adventurer had intimated a resolution to charge in person at the head of his first line; but his purpose was deprecated by all around him, and he was with difficulty induced to abandon it.

Both lines were now moving forward, the first prepared for instant combat. The clans of which it was composed, formed each a sort of separate phalanx, narrow in front, and in depth ten, twelve, or fifteen files, according to the strength of the following. The best armed and best born, for the words were synonymous, were placed in front of each of these irregular subdivisions. The others in the rear shouldered forward the front, and by their pressure added both physical impulse, and additional ardour and confidence, to those who were first to encounter the danger.

'Down with your plaid, Waverley,' cried Fergus, throwing off his own; 'we'll win silks for our tartans before the sun is above the sea.'

The clansmen on every side stripped their plaids, prepared their arms, and there was an awful pause of about three minutes, during which the men, pulling off their bonnets, raised their faces to heaven, and uttered a short prayer; then pulled their bonnets over their brows, and began to move forward at first slowly. Waverley felt his heart at that moment throb as it would have burst from his bosom. It was not fear, it was not ardour,—it was a compound of both, a new and deeply energetic impulse, that with its first emotion chilled and astounded, then fevered and maddened his mind. The sounds around him combined to exalt his enthusiasm; the pipes played, and the clans rushed forward, each in its own dark column. As they advanced they mended their pace, and the muttering sounds of the men to each other began to swell into a wild cry.

At this moment, the sun, which was now risen above the horizon, dispelled the mist. The vapours rose like a curtain, and showed the two armies in the act of closing. The line of the regulars was formed directly fronting the attack of the Highlanders; it glittered with the appointments of a complete army, and was flanked by cavalry and artillery. But the sight impressed no terror on the assailants.

'Forward, sons of Ivor,' cried their Chief, 'or the Camerons will draw the first blood!'—They rushed on with a tremendous yell.

The rest is well known. The horse, who were commanded to charge the advancing Highlanders in the flank, received an irregular fire from their fuses as they ran on, and, seized with a disgraceful panic, wavered, halted, disbanded, and galloped from the field. The artillerymen, deserted by the cavalry, fled after discharging their pieces, and the Highlanders, who dropped their guns when fired, and drew their broadswords, rushed with headlong fury against the infantry.

It was at this moment of confusion and terror, that Waverley remarked an English officer, apparently of high rank, standing alone and unsupported by a field-piece, which, after the flight of the men by whom it was wrought, he had himself levelled and discharged against the clan of Mac-Ivor, the nearest group of Highlanders within his aim. Struck with his tall, martial figure, and eager to save him from inevitable destruction, Waverley outstripped for an instant even the speediest of the warriors, and, reaching the spot first, called to him to surrender. The officer replied by a thrust with his sword, which Waverley received in his target, and in turning it aside the Englishman's weapon broke. At the same time the battle-axe of Dugald Mahony was in the act of descending upon the officer's head. Waverley intercepted and prevented the blow, and the officer, perceiving further resistance unavailing, and struck with Edward's generous anxiety for his safety, resigned the fragment of his sword, and was

committed by Waverley to Dugald, with strict charge to use him well, and not to pillage his person, promising him, at the same time, full indemnification for the spoil.

On Edward's right, the battle for a few minutes raged fierce and thick. The English infantry, trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage. But their extended files were pierced and broken in many places by the close masses of the clans; and in the personal struggle which ensued, the nature of the Highlanders' weapons, and their extraordinary fierceness and activity, gave them a decided superiority over those who had been accustomed to trust much to their array and discipline, and felt that the one was broken and the other useless. Waverley, as he cast his eyes towards this scene of smoke and slaughter, observed Colonel Gardiner, deserted by his own soldiers in spite of all his attempts to rally them, yet spurring his horse through the field to take the command of a small body of infantry, who, with their backs arranged against the wall of his own park (for his house was close by the field of battle), continued a desperate and unavailing resistance. Waverley could perceive that he had already received many wounds, his clothes and saddle being marked with blood. To save this good and brave man, became the instant object of his most anxious exertions. But he could only witness his fall. Ere Edward could make his way among the Highlanders, who, furious and eager for spoil, now thronged upon each other, he saw his former commander brought from his horse by the blow of a scythe, and beheld him receive, while on the ground, more wounds than would have let out twenty lives. When Waverley came up, however, perception had not entirely fled. The dying warrior seemed to recognize Edward, for he fixed his eye upon him with an upbraiding, yet sorrowful look, and appeared to struggle for utterance. But he felt that death was dealing closely with him, and resigning his purpose, and folding his hands as if in devotion, he gave up his soul to his Creator. The look with which he regarded Waverley in his dying moments did not strike him so deeply at that crisis of hurry and confusion, as when it recurred to his imagination at the distance of some time.

Loud shouts of triumph now echoed over the whole field. The battle was fought and won, and the whole baggage, artillery, and military stores of the regular army remained in possession of the victors. Never was a victory more complete. Scarce any escaped from the battle, excepting the cavalry, who had left it at the very onset, and even these were broken into different parties and scattered all over the country. So far as our tale is concerned, we have only to relate the fate of Balmawhapple, who, mounted on a horse as headstrong and stiff-necked as his rider, pursued the flight of the dragoons above four miles from the field of battle, when some dozen of the fugitives took heart of grace, turned round, and, cleaving his skull with their broadswords, satisfied the world that the unfortunate gentleman had actually brains, the end of his life thus giving proof of a fact greatly doubted during its progress. His death was lamented by few. Most of those who knew him agreed in the pithy observation of Ensign Maccombich, that there 'was mair TINT (lost) at Sheriff-Muir.' His friend, Lieutenant Jinker, bent his eloquence only to exculpate his favourite mare from any share in contributing to the catastrophe. 'He had tauld the laird a thousand times,' he said, 'that it was a burning shame to put a martingale upon the puir thing, when he would needs ride her wi' a curb of half a yard lang; and that he could na but bring himsell (not to say her) to some mischief, by flinging her down, or otherwise; whereas, if he had had a wee bit rinnin ring on the snaffle, she wad ha' rein'd as cannily as a cadger's pownie.'

Such was the elegy of the Laird of Balmawhapple.

#### *Chapter 48 – An Unexpected Embarrassment*

Being thus remanded to the vicinity of Preston, Waverley lost the Baron of Bradwardine's solemn act of homage. So little, however, was he at this time in love with vanity, that he had quite forgotten the ceremony in which Fergus had laboured to engage his curiosity. But next day a formal GAZETTE was circulated, containing a detailed account of the battle of Gladsmuir, as the Highlanders chose to denominate their victory. It concluded with an account of the Court afterwards held by the Chevalier at Pinkie-house

#### *Chapter 59 – A Skirmish*

'And while you recommend flight to me,' said Edward,—'a counsel which I would rather die than embrace,—what are your own views?'

'Oh,' answered Fergus, with a melancholy air, 'my fate is settled. Dead or captive I must be before to-morrow.'

'What do you mean by that, my friend?' said Edward. 'The enemy is still a day's march in our rear, and if he comes up, we are still strong enough to keep him in check. Remember Gladsmuir.'

'What I tell you is true notwithstanding, so far as I am individually concerned.'

'Upon what authority can you found so melancholy a prediction?' asked Waverley.

'On one which never failed a person of my house. I have seen,' he said, lowering his voice, 'I have seen the Bodach Glas.'

#### *Chapter 69*

An officer now appeared, and intimated that the High Sheriff and his attendants waited before the gate of the Castle, to claim the bodies of Fergus Mac-Ivor and Evan Maccombich. 'I come,' said Fergus. Accordingly, supporting Edward by the arm, and followed by Evan Dhu and the priest, he moved down the stairs of the tower, the soldiers bringing up the rear. The court was occupied by a squadron of dragoons and a battalion of infantry, drawn up in hollow square. Within their ranks was the sledge, or hurdle, on which the prisoners were to be drawn to the place of execution, about a mile distant from Carlisle. It was painted black, and drawn by a white horse. At one end of the vehicle sat the Executioner, a horrid-looking fellow, as be seemed his trade, with the broad axe in his hand; at the other end, next the horse, was an empty seat for two persons. Through the deep and dark Gothic archway that opened on the drawbridge, were seen on horseback the High Sheriff and his attendants, whom the etiquette betwixt the civil and military powers did not permit to come farther. 'This is well GOT UP for a closing scene,' said Fergus, smiling disdainfully as he gazed around upon the apparatus of terror. Evan Dhu exclaimed with some eagerness, after looking at the dragoons, 'These are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir,

before we could kill a dozen o' them. They look bold enough now, however.' The priest entreated him to be silent.

### **Notes:**

*Waverley*'s significance in the history of literature is well established, and it is perhaps not necessary to elaborate deeply upon here. Suffice it to say that in *Waverley* Scott created a sensation. It was devoured eagerly by the reading public, across the globe, and was responsible both for the birth of a new literary genre but also for a renewed interest in Scotland's culture and history. And at its centre, its very heart, is the Battle of Prestonpans, about which all the world was now reading with impassioned interest. *Waverley*, surely more than any other literary composition, brought the battle to a mass audience, and it is therefore important to analyse the way in which it is represented.

The selections reproduced here are those which make direct reference to the Battle of Prestonpans, or Gladsmuir as it is referenced in the text (see Chapter 48), in accordance with the Jacobite trend discussed in previous notes. The battle itself, and the preceding day of manoeuvres, take up two full chapters and are thus reproduced as such. These notes will highlight the more interesting or significant points.

First, it is worth acknowledging the presentation of Colonel Gardiner, who has been considered elsewhere also. The passages describing Waverley's correspondence with Gardiner have not been included here, as having little direct bearing on how the personality or the battle are portrayed, it is worth looking briefly at Scott's treatment of him upon his first appearance in the text and in the relevant battle scenes. The section quoted from Chapter Seven neatly summarises the Gardiner story, and is clearly identifiable with the Gardiner of Dodderidge and similar hagiographers, and the great legend promulgated after his death. There is a clear mystical element, as shown by the references to his, 'supernatural communication,' his being, 'a study for a romantic,' (Chapter 7) and also by the strange foretelling of his death when the *taishatr* intervenes to save his life on the eve of battle: 'his hour is not yet come. But let him beware of tomorrow,' (Chapter 46). This stratagem equally serves to raise the anticipation of what is to come.

The death itself is treated with pathos (Chapter 47), all the more so for the fact that Waverley witnesses it, and is seen by Gardiner in his last moments. There is nothing new or controversial in Scott's account of Gardiner – we have already suggested that the story had wide circulation – and in this way the heroism of the fallen Colonel plays a strong role in one of *Waverley*'s most emotive themes: the impossible choices faced by individual consciences in times of civil war. We recall Waverley's own words the previous day, when he was first faced with the possibility of Gardiner's death and asked of himself, 'am I, then, a traitor to my country?'

It is worth mentioning that Scott relates that the government infantry, 'trained in the wars in Flanders, stood their ground with great courage,' (Chapter 47). This is a rare piece of praise indeed, as we have witnessed elsewhere, and puts from our mind the idea that the British Army broke and ran in a fearful rout within only a few minutes of contact. To question Scott's comment is not to accuse the whole army of cowardice,

but the overt statement here sets itself at odds with the rest of the literary tradition of Prestonpans. It is explained rather simply: the British public of the Napoleonic era were not of a mind to hear of redcoats running in shameful flight. The disintegration of Cope's army is more sensitively handled than that, for the sake of his contemporaries rather than from any Jacobite-Hanoverian politics.

In most regards, Scott provides a detailed and well-supported account of the build-up to, and the battle of, Prestonpans. Chapter 46 identifies the manoeuvring that occurred the day before the fight itself, and identifies location details with care. The, 'strong ground,' on which he has the Jacobites draw up initially, is the ridge on which Tranent is seated, and can be clearly identified today as giving the Jacobites a powerful starting position. Scott accurately identifies the obstructions preventing an engagement from south-north: the marsh; the enclosures and walls; the dykes. This ground was also peppered with old open-cast pits, making it a rough and slow approach, as we are clearly told in the narrative. Scott's deployment of Glennaquoich and his men in the churchyard at Tranent refers to the placing of the Camerons there, establishing a strong position as was required for a defence, or an outpost in preparation for an approach. Visiting the churchyard now is rewarding in as much as it still makes an impressive fortified position overlooking the no-man's land beyond. Cope's cannon near Bankton House were able to fire on this position, giving a good sounding for their ranges. Perhaps Scott's most apt comment is that this strange stand-off was, 'a military spectacle of no ordinary interest, or usual occurrence.'

In Chapter 47, the descriptions are equally sound. The, 'faithful friend,' whom the Prince (the Chevalier) has found to guide the army was the local man Anderson, and Scott identifies accurately the difficulties of the pre-dawn march and the necessity of leaving most of the horse behind for fear of arousing suspicion. He rightly asserts, however, that surprise was not the primary intention of the Jacobites. This was not the night march on Nairn, to catch the enemy sleeping in their tents, but rather an attempt to draw up for battle in a more practicable position which accommodated a general engagement. Cope's army was certainly sufficiently alerted to the threat to form up in battle order to receive the enemy, whilst the Jacobite deployment was much more hurried and imperfect. It is only in this matter that Scott perhaps disappoints the historian, in that he has the army stop for three minutes – three vital minutes – to pray. We have encountered this myth elsewhere. It is surely impossible that the army, which began its charge before it had actually completed a satisfactory deployment, paused to give their opponents vital time to compose and brace themselves. Nevertheless, Scott describes the Jacobite tactics in the charge well, supporting descriptions we have seen in other works of the plaids being dropped, of single ragged volleys, and then of the all-out charge. We also see the very valid acknowledgment that the Jacobite front-rank was composed of their noblest, wealthiest and best armed men. It is often overlooked that the first into the fray in a Highland Charge were the most valuable personalities, and that swords and *targes* (round shields, usually studded leather on wood) were not the equipments of peasant tenants.

*Waverley* goes beyond simply describing the events of the Battle of Prestonpans with sympathy and careful detail. It also – perhaps most importantly for this study – acknowledges the importance of the battle. It is stated that the fate of the kingdom seemed dependent upon its outcome, although Scott's hindsight gets the better of him as he inserts the ominous word, 'temporary,' (Chapter 46). Likewise, he offers the

judgement that, 'never was a victory more complete,' (Chapter 47). But more important than all this is the significance that the battle carried for the victors. What better acknowledgement of the hope that it spawned, the belief that they really could win, than Waverley's declaration before the skirmish at Clifton (Chapter 59): 'Remember Gladsmuir!'

And yet, even in this moment Scott casts a gloom. The hope that Prestonpans represented, and all that it symbolised to Waverley, is undermined by the appearance of the *Badoch Glas*. The spectre pre-empted death, and in Fergus' resignation we see Waverley's naivety: they are in full retreat by this stage, the moment has been lost, the magic of Prestonpans but a memory in the romantic Waverley's mind. But perhaps the last laugh is with the victors of Prestonpans. As Fergus and Evan are taken off to execution in Chapter 69, the latter calls out in defiance upon seeing their escort: 'these are the very chields that galloped off at Gladsmuir, before we could kill a dozen o' them.' Even death does not remove the memory, and the symbolism, of that victory, nor does the doom of its architects remove the stain of the defeat from the Hanoverians.

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