Valour does not wait

THE RISE AND FALL OF CHARLES EDWARD STUART

ARRAN JOHNSTON

Valour does not wait

"In great Princes whom nature has marked out for heroes, valour does not wait for number of years."

In December 1720 a great storm devastated the state of Hanover, announcing of the birth of the military leader who would sweep away the injustices of Hanoverian rule in Great Britain and Ireland. That leader was Charles Edward Stuart. Born in exile, the young Charles spent his childhood in Italy waiting to be called upon by destiny. He was the last hope of restoring the Stuarts to the throne.

Before he was 25, Charles would shake the British establishment to its very foundations, forcing all of Europe to take notice. By the time he died at 68, he was a forgotten political relic and a tourist curiosity.

This new book delves deep into the Prince's mind, seeking to expose the motivations and talents of one of the 18th Century's most extraordinary political figures. What persuaded a 24 year old exile that he could overthrow the British government? Why did hard-headed strangers risk all that they had for him and his cause? How did he conquer armies and capture cities with almost no military experience? And then where did it all go wrong?
Born from the author's personal fascination with this exceptional character and his knowledge of the areas through which he campaigned, this new study explores how the 1745 Rising allowed the Prince to show off his greatest abilities, and how it affected his state of mind so deeply that it haunted the rest of his life.
This is the story of a young man's extraordinary achievements, of his hopes and ambitions, failures and torments. It is the story of the real Bonnie Prince Charlie, and the mission which first made, and then destroyed him.

.

Valour does not wait

Valour does not wait

The Rise and Fall of Charles Edward Stuart

Arran Paul Johnston

Published by Prestoungrange University Press in association
with Burke's Peerage & Gentry

First Published 2010

ISBN 978-0-85011-124-8

The portrait of Prince Charles Edward on the front cover was painted by Kate Hunter for the Battle of Prestonpans 1745 Heritage Trust following the controversy over La Tour's portrait now belived to be of Charles's brother Henry.

Prestoungrange University Press with Burke's Peerage & Gentry for
The Battle of Prestonpans 1745 Heritage Trust
227/229 High Street, Prestonpans
East Lothian, Scotland EH32 9BE

Design & Typesetting by Chat Noir Design, France
Printed & bound in Great Britain

Contents

Author's Introduction

When I was about ten years old, growing up in southern Derbyshire, my parents turned their thoughts to my secondary education. At that point, I was studying in the dark Victorian charm of Friar Gate House, a fine Georgian town house in the centre of Derby, and although it was a small, often bemusing school, I've been known to credit it with the responsibility for some of my better traits. Nevertheless, it was time to move.

Little did I know it then, but just a short distance walk from the school yard, two hundred and fifty years before had stood the baggage of an invading army.

After exploring a number of options, I set out to gain a place at Derby Grammar School, based in the rather more rural setting of Rykneld Hall. Although the hall was old, the school was new, and that gamble made the experience all the more exciting for me, if not my parents. In truth, however, the school claimed rightful descent from its proud predecessor, Derby School, and was formed with the support and passion of those Old Derbeians who still mourned the loss of their school in 1989. Rykneld's panelled halls were therefore filled with memorabilia of the ancient grammar, its former pupils, and its impressive heritage. On the wall there hung a sketch of an old Tudor schoolhouse on St Peter's Street in Derby, a building I often passed in the city but rarely noticed.

Little did I know, two hundred and fifty years before, those schoolrooms had been filled with the exhausted bodies of sleeping clansmen.

To win a place at the school, I needed to perform well in the entrance papers, and my parents were keen to offer me every advantage. They dutifully prepared exercises for me to practice at, and one night they sat me down at the dining room table and instructed me to compose a short story. I sat in the quiet room, in our house in Swanwick, and scribbled away in the spidery

scrawl that I would later strive to restrain. It has made a surprise return this year, in fact. The details of the story have long slipped my mind and memory, but I recall the general gist, with the amusement of hindsight. I wrote with the voice of a young Derby lad, not unlike myself, who struck up a friendship with a mysterious stranger staying in the town. No doubt the boy was confused by the activity in the city, and the unusual behaviour of the adults around him. But when the time came for the stranger to depart, he left behind him a letter, addressed to the boy. Upon opening it, the young Derbeian saw to his amazement that it was signed in a bold hand: *Bonnie Prince Charlie*. Somehow, and I know not how, this man and his name had entered into my psyche. It is my first memory of him.

Little did I know it then, but he would become one of the most important people in my life.

I took up my place at Derby Grammar with the usual pride and cockiness that comes with a new uniform and a Latin motto. Year on year, my interest in the events of 1745 grew and developed, and in a school proud of its links to a fine city, there was plenty of opportunity to indulge such interests. I remember school projects evaluating the strategic importance of the Trent bridge at Swarkestone, trips to that old Tudor schoolhouse – then, appropriately, a local heritage centre, although more recently a hairdressers. It was on one such school trip that I was introduced, by the Richard Felix who would shortly become famous for his videos on the paranormal, to members of the *Charles Edward Stuart Society*, a motley crew of battle re-enactors who paraded in the town each year. Although far too young to fight in their battles, I joined them with enthusiasm. At Avoncroft Museum one summer, I donned the ill-fitting uniform of the Royal Eccossais, and began what has already been a long and varied life in the world of re-enactment. Proudly, I portrayed an English volunteer in the Jacobite army, before becoming an artilleryman on our infamous non-firing cannon. Then, early in the new millennium, I made something of a leap: I was asked to

take on the role of Charles Edward Stuart for the society and its events.

Shortly after this, in the summer of 2003, I left the Grammar School and headed north, drawn by an irresistible force to the rocky capital of Scotland. My time at the University of Edinburgh was immensely fulfilling, and although I was studying the politics and literature of ancient Rome, I felt myself broadening in outlook. Exposed to the charms of a magnificent land I had never encountered beyond the stories I had read of the '45, I soaked in as much of Scotland as possible, and I soon had three sweetie jars, containing the mud of Prestonpans, Falkirk, and Culloden. Although I had a passion for my Latin, my mind and my work have ever since brought me back to the '45.

And it brought me here, to the day I decided to write about the man I had first written about in the dining room at Swanwick. Most people have heard of Charles Edward, but few accounts of his life are consistent. There seem to have been many Charles Edwards, ranging from the dashing tartan hero of the shortbread tin, to the effeminate coward of comedians and satire. The reality is, of course, that the mists of time and the fervent passions of partisans have clouded the truth and hidden this man from our eyes. As a character-actor as well as an historian, I have striven to push those clouds aside, and I believe that I can now see that man.

For many years now, I have been presenting Charles Edward Stuart to all kinds of audiences. Through me, he has visited schools, historical societies, social clubs, and museums. I have used charm and smiles, as Charles would have done, and I have ranted and raged as he would too. Like Charles, I have experienced both successes and failures. I have raised my standard by Loch Shiel, been piped into Holyrood Palace, and have declared King James at the Mercat Cross in Edinburgh. I have broken Cope's lines at Prestonpans, and marched on foot into Derby. Likewise, I have been dragged away from faltering battle lines, sensed the shame of defeat, and have pressed my rough

tartan into the bracken, deep inside unwelcoming caves. To experience life in the lines, I have also dared the desperate charge at Culloden, through biting sleet and winds, faced the charge of Hawley's dragoons, worked cannons, and fallen to bayonets. The result is that I believe I know Charles Edward Stuart – confident and brave, broken and unfulfilled – in all his moods and his manifestations. I want others to know him also.

It is difficult to explain the very personal nature of this study, and its importance to me. It is perhaps best expressed through another short story. It was late in 2007, and I was fresh from university and eager to find my place in a formidable world. I worked in the museum in Derby, living with my parents in the home we had moved into when I had left Friar Gate. I was unsettled, itchy, and uncertain. Plotting, I took a week off work, and went to see a friend in York – another Old Derbeian. I was supposedly spending half the week in York and half in Fife. But between the two, in the greatest secrecy, I headed deep into the western highlands. On the one hand, I was researching for a project which would become my first book, *Rebellious Scots to Crush*. In reality, however, I was really looking for advice, or rather inspiration. I struck out from a base in North Ballachulish, walking alone in Glencoe and Glenfinnan, chasing the Jacobites as usual.

Eventually, I pulled off the road alongside Loch nan Uamh – an unexpected manoeuvre, occasioned by a tiny roadside notice for the *Prince's Cairn*. Like countless others before me, I dropped down the almost hidden path, to the spot from which Charles left Scotland forever. I scrambled over the rocks beyond, and down to the waterfront. I washed my hands and face in the clear cold water, and sat on the ragged outcrop. The water seemed still; the silence was natural and soothing. As I sat and pondered my future, I spoke aloud. Beyond the barrier of centuries long past, I sought the advice of another man who had stood just here and wondered what his future would bring. Charles Edward made no answer, but he did make my decision. I have lived in Scotland

ever since, having moved to Edinburgh with neither work nor lodgings, to throw myself on the mercy its people. This is when I realised that Charles Edward Stuart is not to be found in the archives of Windsor or the libraries of Scotland, but here on the ground. He lives on in the land which he so trusted, which so well protected him, and where, in the hardest times and against all the odds, he felt at home for that one brief period in his long and deeply troubled life.

This is my most ambitious project to date, and although it is of great personal importance to me, I am a classicist by training and so I have attempted to make my work thorough and my methods rigorous. What is presented, therefore, should be valued as a reliable conclusion based upon a wide spectrum of primary and secondary reading, a careful balance of authorial bias and motive, and the fluid nature of historiography.

There is certainly no shortage of material covering the '45, nor is there a lack of biographies of Prince Charles. My intention is to provide something a little different to what is already accessible. I have pored over a great many statements and opinions regarding the Rising and its leader, and identified what I believe best summarises Charles' complex personality. I am deeply indebted to the work of many far more eminent scholars than myself, all of whom have contributed to my passion for the study even when they haven't gained a formal reference here. Hopefully, this modest effort will be able to contribute something to the understanding of the Rising even if it will never be as immeasurably useful as a copy of Duffy's *The '45*, amongst others.

It is important to acknowledge that finding the real Charles Edward is no easy task. The primary sources are exceptionally partisan, and even within Jacobite texts there are wildly contrasting versions of the same events. An easy example to

present is the aftermath of the night march on Nairn in April 1746, where one man saw the Prince calmly asking where it all went wrong, at the same moment as another heard him raging in the foulest temper against his treacherous advisors. There is a tendency to be coloured in your opinion of Charles either by his daring highland escapades or by his troubled later life. Often it is difficult to reconcile several apparently contradictory personalities, but then I can acknowledge something similar in many people I know. This is why we must consider Charles as a human being, as much at the mercy of his surroundings as you are.

What I present here is hopefully rather different to a traditional biography. It is intended as a history of the '45 Rising from Prince Charles' perspective, considering his motives and emotions at each crucial moment. However, in analysing the Prince's character and performance, it has not proved appropriate to present this work in a narrative manner, although the general structure leans towards being chronological. Much of the study is presented as biography, but there are also hidden moments of autobiography. I firmly believe that many of the experiences I have enjoyed have helped to provide me with an insight few others can have found.

For these experiences, I have a good number of debts to acknowledge. First, to the *Charles Edward Stuart Society*, as the group which introduced me to living history, and had faith enough to ask me to take on the role of Prince for their commemorations. I am also grateful to my friends in the *Charles Edward Stuart Society* for entrusting me with the responsibilities of General Secretary, which I have now held for a number of years with, I ever hope, some benefit to the society. Also, I acknowledge the work of my ever patient mother, who provided me with my first set of eighteenth century clothing, after being presented with a portrait instead of a dress-makers pattern. I recall many *Tailor of Gloucester* moments, when I have left a pile of material in an evening and found a waistcoat in the morning.

As a re-enactor, I have experienced life in the first century, the seventeenth, and the eighteenth, as a rich man and a poor man, a soldier and a statesman. From shouting orders on a drill square, or repelling cavalry attacks to boarding tall ships or hauling cannon across battlefields, I am fortunate to have gained first-hand experience of many of the hardships the Prince would also have been exposed to. Through the work I've been doing, I have brought the Prince to audiences across Britain, from Borrodale to Derby, all the while developing a greater understanding and attachment to the personality I am assuming. There are also moments when I cannot put Charles aside, like when his temper made the chandeliers shake during a talk in the midlands, or when I sulked for a day after reading comments by Elcho. My dear friend Adam Watters, of the *Alan Breck Stewart Volunteer Regiment* despairs that he has to restrain me from leading the charge in person. Such is the power of this long deceased Prince. All those I have worked with, or who have helped me in my modest quest, are gratefully thanked.

I must also here thank the *Battle of Prestonpans (1745) Heritage Trust*, with whom I have worked extensively since an accidental meeting with their chairman whilst walking on the battlefield collecting my thoughts. I am a passionate supporter of their intention to improve interpretation of their battle, and have done what I can to assist them. That work has ranged from writing exhibitions to helping arrange the now annual re-enactments there. In return, the Trust has helped me enjoy some unforgettable experiences, from occupying Holyroodhouse to capturing Cope's baggage at Cockenzie. They honoured me by commissioning and publishing my first book, *Rebellious Scots to Crush*, which summarises the literary legacy of the battle at Prestonpans, and they introduced me to the author Steven Lord with whom the Trustees and I recently spent a delightful week in the Highlands. The gentle sparring we had in front of the fire at Borrodale House gave me an added impetus for continuing with this current project, which had been in my mind for some time.

The Trust also introduced me to Martin Margulies, another writer on the period, who also happens to share my attachment to ancient Rome. Since then, many messages and debates regarding the Rising have crossed the Atlantic, not always in agreement but always in good humour. Most recently, the battle trust at Prestonpans has done me further honour by making me an executive trustee, and it is by their kindness that I can now work from a desk which looks across the Forth, with a piece Gardiner's thorn tree mounted on the wall beside me.

Alongside my analysis of Charles' performance in the '45, I have included three 'special' chapters, covering the capture of Edinburgh and the battles of Prestonpans and Culloden. These chapters are intended to provide a contrast to the main body of the work, by offering a vivid and enlightening view into these key events. I could have chosen others (most notably, the battle of Falkirk is missing, and I originally also planned to explore Derby), but I really wanted to use my intimate knowledge of the battlefield context at Prestonpans, and my passion for the city of Edinburgh in which I live and work. Culloden is considered because of its contrast to Prestonpans, and because it is important to explore that battle more fully than this study would otherwise permit. These chapters are written in a more narrative style, and should express some of my passion for the period as well as making use of some of my experience on the re-enactment battlefield. Their major purpose is to provide a feeling for the atmosphere of the events which raised and broke both Charles' hopes and his spirits. Through seeing what he witnessed in detail, we can get a deeper understanding of the wider picture, and thus its effects on the participants.

I have tried to analyse the Prince's character from a distance, and impartially, but I am proud to say that I have probably failed. I have long believed that no history is unbiased, and no historian should hope or pretend to be so. We must evaluate the evidence, decide what we believe, and then persuade others to believe it also. We are not therefore merely historians, but storytellers and

artists, and the advocates for those who can no longer reach us. As such, my presentation is undoubtedly as partisan as the memory of O'Sullivan or Murray. I am in no way blind to the faults of the man I have spent so much time seeking, but I can see them in the context of a human figure in a challenging world. Charles and I share one further similarity: when Charles campaigned in Scotland, he was the same age as I am as I write this study. It is an age of ambition and uncertainty, as I know as well as any.

The story of Charles Edward Stuart brings a tear to my eye at one moment, and fills me with fire the next. All said, I believe we should share his journey, see into his mind, and emerge with an admiration for an extraordinary individual, tinged with more than a little sadness for his ultimate tragedy.

Aeneas

In 1734, the exiled Stuart king of Great Britain and Old Chevalier, James III, sent his son on a mission to gain the military experience that would be needed if the boy was to one day recover the family's fortunes. It was the end of the boy's childhood, and the beginning of a manhood that would propel him into legend. The future King Carlos III of Spain was besieging a key Habsburg fortress between Rome and Naples, and Charles had joined them for the closing stages of the operation. The town was Gaeta, known to the ancient Romans as *Caieta*:

> *Yet more! Forever famed Caieta, by dying here,*
> *O nurse of Aeneas, on our shore you've left your name.*
>
> Virgil, *Aeneid*, 7.1-2[1]

According to the ancient legend, Caieta was the nursemaid of the Trojan hero Aeneas. As the city of Troy burned behind him, the last survivor of its royal house escaped by sea, and to a long exile in remote lands. Eventually, settling in central Italy, Aeneas and his loyal followers fought a bloody war, overthrowing the ruling aristocracy and establishing a new royal dynasty. His bloodline formed one of the greatest empires the world had ever seen: the Romans. Centuries later, the Roman emperor Augustus commissioned the poet Virgil to compose an epic poem recalling the legendary founding of their race. It was one of the finest works of Latin literature, composed in what was considered to be a golden age. Indeed, the literary Aeneas was intended as a mirror of Augustus himself.

In the eighteenth century, Aeneas became a metaphor once

[1] Translated from the Latin by the author.

again. Somewhere, a people were dissatisfied. They longed for a hero, a man of royal blood who would sail across the seas from an enforced exile, and re-establish his house in a land he had never seen. He would be young and inexperienced, counselled by a wise father, supported by strong and loyal men. He would overcome all obstacles and all odds, and his restoration would begin a new golden age. These were the expectations which Charles Edward Stuart grew up with, and which he would strive to fulfil. Although few may have noticed the coincidence that Charles cut his teeth at the siege of Caieta, named for the woman who nurtured Aeneas, people certainly compared the two heroes.

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.
Hamilton of Bangour, *Ode to Gladsmuir*

Hamilton's *Ode* is perhaps the finest Jacobite poem in English, written in the wake of Charles' first battlefield victory. The clearly classical style, the reference to *Hesperia* – the ancient name for Italy – and the association of highland soldiers with rustic shepherds, all make a link with Latin literature of the golden age. It was a common theme in Jacobite propaganda before, during, and after the '45, but it was also a lot for a young man to live up to. Charles Edward, however, knew what was being expected of him. He was acutely conscious of his exile, and felt the weight of the responsibility he was destined to bear. At the same time, he knew it was neither he nor his father that was to blame for their unhappy state. A letter sent from Perth in September 1745 reveals the depth of his understanding, and the level to which the Stuarts were at the mercy of their own history:

> *They will no doubt endeavour to revive all the errors and excesses of my grandfather's unhappy reign,*[2] *and impute them to your Majesty and me, who had no hand in them, and suffered most by them... What have these princes to answer for, who by their cruelties have raised enemies not only to themselves but to their innocent children?*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

The new Aeneas was the son of King James III of Great Britain & VIII of Scotland, the Old Pretender to his enemies, and was born to him in Rome at the end of 1720. The war which would make him famous was the final act in a conflict that began over a hundred years before it. Charles knew the story intimately, as did those who would sit before their fires in Britain as they searched their souls to decide whether to support him. Their decisions were often as rooted in the previous century as in the present, and so that context needs consideration here, however brief it must be.

Long before the birth of the legendary Bonnie Prince Charlie, another Charles – King Charles I – had been born in the ancient royal palace of Dunfermline, austere and dislocated from power, and a relic of a former world. Charles was soon moved to London, where his complex and fascinating father was learning to control two kingdoms from one city. Charles was an unfortunate child, apparently unhappy and largely overlooked before the death of his elder brother; he grew up to be introverted and formal, devout and sincere. King James I & VI had suffered an even more troubled youth, but it had given him one big advantage over his son and successor: he had learned the mind of the Scots. Charles, too young and overshadowed to have taken much in at Dunfermline, had avoided returning to his second kingdom until his coronation as King of Scots in 1633.[3] The strict formality of his English court and the king's aloof personal

[2] King James II of Great Britain & VII of Scots (1633-1701).

[3] He had been crowned in Westminster in 1626, but delayed his Scottish ceremony.

presentation were at odds with the forthright approach of traditional Scots politics. In return to the offence many Scots nobles took from his attitude, Charles I left Edinburgh believing his northern lands to be rude and uncouth. The distance these and similar misunderstandings placed between the king and his Scots subjects weighed heavily against him when the politics became rough.

In the end, manners mattered little when it came to religion. The king's attempt to introduce a new liturgy, as part of an overall policy of anglicising the Scots church, changed Britain forever. Although it was composed by Scots, under advice from the controversial Archbishop Laud of Canterbury, the Prayer Book was fundamentally at odds with the Presbyterian practice of the kirk, which in turn clashed with the king's desire for a formalised, standardised and unified Protestant church in Britain. Upon its first reading in St Giles Cathedral, Edinburgh went wild and the National Covenant was composed. The ensuing chaos led to the complete collapse of the king's authority in Scotland, and soon there was a Scots army invading England – technically to rescue the king from his wicked advisors. Recalling Parliament to authorise funding for the war, Charles unhappily unleashed a backlash against his long rule without consultation to that body, which culminated in the outbreak of civil war in England in 1642. The Scots Covenanters, finding common ground with the puritans in the London Parliament, and led on by promises of a Presbyterian church in England, turned the tide of the war decisively against the king.

Scotland suffered heavily during this period. The Marquess of Montrose, James Graham, led a lightning campaign across the highlands in 1644-5 and scored a string of major victories in the king's name. Clad in tartan trews and highland dress, the military marquess struck an image not a million miles distant to a figure to follow him a hundred years later. The Covenanter army fighting in England was weakened to save the government in Edinburgh, and Montrose was finally defeated. His war, however,

had been waged without mercy on both sides, and the cost to the nation was immense. The king's cause collapsed in England and he surrendered to the Scots army, but he steadfastly refused to amend his religious views and was handed to the Parliamentarians. Many Scots now rediscovered their attachment to their ancient royal house, and the King's treatment frustrated them. Eventually, as it became clear that there would never be an extension of Presbyterianism to England, a Royalist faction gained the upper hand in Scottish politics and an Engagement was agreed with Charles. A Scots army under the inadequate Duke of Hamilton marched south to rescue the king from his enemies. The Engagers were, however, hopelessly defeated at Preston in 1648.[4] Within a year, King Charles was put on trial for treason and sentenced to death, without the Scots even being consulted. On January 30th 1649, a date ever after to be dreaded by Stuarts, the anointed king was killed. Execution, assassination, murder, martyrdom: all terms which have been used to describe one of the darkest and most influential events in British history. Almost immediately, Charles II was declared King of Scotst would not be until 1660 after years of war and exile, after a Royalist invasion of England and a Commonwealth invasion of Scotland, that there was a reigning king again.

The Restoration did not restore Scotland's fortunes, nor patch up its relationship with the monarchy. Warfare had been virtually constant since 1638, plague and famine never far from its heels, and the economy was as tattered as the political fabric of the land. Worse, the Presbyterian powers in the 1650s had determined to make the young Charles II more amenable – and Presbyterian – than his father. Whilst he had tolerated and endured their machinations and educations because it was his only hope of restoration, their efforts in every sense had failed.

4 Preston was an unhappy place for Stuart supporters. They suffered defeat there again in 1715, and in 1745 the Jacobites hesitated at crossing the river which had seen so many of their ancestors defeated.

Ultimately, it was the Commonwealth's muscleman in Scotland, General Monck, who restored Charles to his subjects. Those who had once attempted to force Charles' hand now faced his anger, and the suppression of the Covenant was severe. The head of the Marquess of Argyll soon sat on the spike on which the Covenanters had placed Montrose's.

Having failed to produce a legitimate heir, Charles II passed the throne to his capable but flawed brother James. His Catholicism, and refusal to compromise on it, brought him into conflict with the majority of his people. The killing times continued in Scotland, suppressing extremist Presbyterianism. Eventually, however, it was the fear that James II would educate his son as a Catholic that drove the English Parliament to expel him. War returned to Britain, although the battles of Killiecrankie and Dunkeld (1689) in Scotland and the Boyne (1690) in Ireland failed to return James to the crown. A new monarchy was installed, safely Protestant and securely indebted to Parliament for its power, and although James' daughter Anne received the crown in 1702, her Stuart family were overlooked at the succession. The electors of Hanover were invited in (the new King George I was married to Sophia, a granddaughter of James I of Great Britain).

James II's bloodline, meanwhile, continued in exile on the continent. His son, known to his supporters as James III & VIII, continued with his father's Catholicism and eventually settled his court in Rome. In 1715, he landed in Scotland in the hope of leading a Jacobite uprising to victory. Under the ineffective command of the 'Bobbing' John Erskine, Earl of Mar, the '15 shuddered to failure at the inconclusive battle of Sheriffmuir, and James returned to exile. Five years later, in a palace provided by the Pope, James' wife gave birth to Charles Edward.

That Charles felt all this family history keenly is obvious. The fortunes and fates of his ancestors affected his outlook and his politics. The lessons of his grandfather especially, but also his father, certainly influenced Charles' attitude to religion, for

example. However, this consciousness also manifests itself in a very personal way. A small example is the fact that when in Scotland, Charles carried a snuff box mounted with a silver portrait of King Charles I, the Royal Martyr. Perhaps it was from family loyalty, perhaps from identification with a king who led his armies in battle with distinction and met death with cool nobility. Whatever the reason, it was obviously a point which was known to those around him, hence Elcho's ominous observation:

> *They* [Charles' advisors] *were careful to remind him of their* [the Scots'] *bad behaviour towards King Charles First.*
>
> Colonel David Wemyss, Lord Elcho[5]

Charles therefore clearly knew where he came from and, with time working against the exiled court, how important it was that a trigger was found for action. Accordingly, the new Aeneas would need training for war, and an education which would equip him for kingship.

Unfortunately, the family, palace and world into which Charles Edward was born created a bewildering and uncertain environment which would affect his character deeply. Charles was born in the Palazzo Muti, granted to his father by Pope Clement XI in 1719, on the Piazza dei Santi Apostoli in the heart of Rome, just paces from the ancient forum. After the death of his father, Charles would return here as the new King Across the Water. The family was loving, but unstable. James ran a busy and active exiled court to and from which messages and information travelled the lengths of Europe. It is difficult to dislike James, who comes across as a kindly man with a noble countenance and an intelligent mind. Sadly, however, he could not compromise on

5 Wemyss (2003): 114. The snipes are attributed to the Prince's Irish advisors in the period after Culloden. The snuff box referred to can be seen in Blair Castle, amongst a very fine collection of Jacobite relics. Unless otherwise state, all quotations from this source are the words of Lord Elcho himself.

his faith and this proved a fundamental barrier to his restoration plans. Worn down by constant disappointment, failure and betrayal, Old Mr Melancholy was the cause's intellectual head but now lacked the dynamism and energy which was needed to carry the Stuarts back to St James' Palace. Nevertheless, he was a devoted father and cared deeply for his two boys, just as he felt a clear responsibility towards those who had sacrificed everything for his name and lived in exile alongside him.

The court of the king was not a palace of happy families. James had secured a fine match in 1719 when he married, by proxy, the Polish princess Clementina Sobieski. Not only did she bring much needed wealth into the Muti, she was also attractive, young and charming, and capable of bearing the king sons. Importantly, she carried in her veins the martial blood of her grandfather, John III Sobieski of Poland. John was a hero of the Christian world, who had led an allied army to spectacular victory at Vienna in 1683 which crushed the hopes of the Ottoman Empire. The mix of such blood with that of the Stuarts would surely stand Charles in good stead. Regrettably, Clementina's Catholic faith was fanatical, whilst James kept her out of his state business. Although the couple clearly loved one another and both were faithful, the fragile peace of the court habitually erupted with fiery arguments.

Charles' mother was a tragically fragile character, and she reacted to her isolation from her family and homeland as well as her exclusion from the king's business, by throwing herself wholly at the Church. When Charles was born on New Year's Eve 1720, there was a great crowd present in her chamber including large numbers of cardinals. It was a deliberate act on James' part: there were once rumours he had been smuggled into his mother's room in a bedpan, and he wanted no such doubts to surround his own son's legitimacy. In this intimidating and intrusive atmosphere, perhaps Clementina took some comfort from the Pope's arrival to bless the child, and the linen he sent to clothe him. The parents argued over the Prince's education, the staff employed to oversee

it, and the queen's role in the court. James was clearly the wiser in insisting that Protestants were equally accessible to Charles as Catholics. With both parents being proud, stubborn and depressive, tempers broke frequently and indiscreetly. The marriage became a source of gossip and scandal, in which Clementina was more often seen as the victim than was fair. Furthermore, as she became known through Rome for her exceptional piety and saintly devotion to the Church, she provided valuable propaganda for the court in London. Worse, it was destroying her body. She fasted, and much as the king tried to intervene Clementina's health was visibly in decline. In January 1735, at only thirty-two, Maria Clementina Sobieski was buried in St Peter's Basilica. Charles was deeply distressed by the event, and the sense of loss can only have been magnified by the massive funeral event which moved all Rome. Although he had never been particularly close to his mother, the two were very similar in nature: he had her fire, charm, and temper, but also her emotional fragility and sense of isolation. Her obsession with the Church warned Charles off religion as much as his family history had, and her instability made him wary of relationships. All this remained to be seen, as the boy of fifteen mourned the loss of a mother the city had proclaimed a virtual saint.

Despite the problems of his parent's marriage, Charles's childhood should be considered as unstable rather than unhappy. The arguments, the temper, the emotional insecurity and tendency to depression would all return to haunt him, but they were not his entire world. There were tender moments too, with both parents. The year before she died, Clementina took a carriage out to meet Charles as he returned from Gaeta, taking the young Henry with her. We can only imagine the worry she had endured in his absence. James was a loving father, calling Charles by the affectionate diminutive *Carluccio*, and endeavouring to advise his son long after the bitter failure of the '45. It is easy to see a father's pride in the exiled king's reception of the young David Wemyss in 1740:

He now rang a small bell and the princes came in from the next room. I kissed hands and called them 'Your Highness', just as I had called their father 'Your Majesty'. The Chevalier made me stand back to back with the elder, Prince Charles, who was a year older than I and much taller.[6]

Lord Elcho

In the strange environment of the Muti, Charles seems to have grown up quickly. He was not an easy child to govern, with his independent spirit and his tantrums, but he quickly became the darling of Roman society. Henry, five years his junior, was never far behind and the boys seem to have been close. The London government was keen from the moment of Charles' birth to spread false reports of his incapacity and disabilities, but the evidence of those who encountered the boys gives a very clear image of their steady progress.

James tried to make sure that Italy stopped at the Muti door, and he wrote and spoke to the boys in English. With Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotsmen around him all the time, Charles grew comfortable with British fashions and manners, as well as the language. This is something which is often forgotten or unspoken, but it is important. It is certainly a mistake to believe that by growing up in Italy, Charles could not communicate effectively whilst in Scotland, or that he seemed somehow alien to his supporters. Nor was Charles stupid. When Elcho reported that Charles, '*was very ignorant of what was happening in the United Kingdom*,' he was considering the intimacies of social politics, with which Elcho was more intimate, having for a long time found himself with a foot in each camp. Charles could hardly have been familiar with life on the ground in Britain, but the Muti had extensive communications contacts.

6 The warmth of the reception he received at the Muti whilst passing through on the grand tour drew Elcho irretrievably into Jacobite circles. He would, it seems, come to resent his youthful enthusiasm.

That said, Elcho was certainly not impressed with the Prince's education. He spent a winter in Rome in 1740, during which he was well courted by the Jacobites, and he is a valuable witness:

> *The Duke of York [Henry] has far better manners and is more popular. Lord Dunbar is a man of the world and should have been able to give him [Charles] a better education, which he is accused of neglecting; Sir Thomas Sheridan is an ardent Papist with no knowledge of how England is governed, and who holds the loftiest notions about the divine right of kings and absolute power.*
>
> Lord Elcho

It is possible that Elcho's recollections are being coloured by his later animosity to Charles, or perhaps he was just misreading what he saw. Dunbar (James Murray) was the Prince's governor, and whilst the Catholic Sheridan was under-governor, the former was certainly Protestant, so we should not be misguided by Elcho's comment. Charles may very much have believed in the divine nature of kingly authority, but the practical application of it that he promised in the '45 does not comply with Elcho's expression here. If his brother was the more popular, then it is easy to understand why Charles was so driven in his youth, and so eager to find his own independent identity. As for his own popularity popularity, Charles's magnificent tour of northern Italy in 1737 was an immense success and the Prince's charm, stamina, and comeliness drew unrivalled admiration. He may not have been an academic nor as bookish as his brother, but he had clearly learned some winning ways.

It is not denied that Charles neglected his studies, but that is to overlook, amongst other things, the fact that he was conversing freely in English, French, and Italian. Nevertheless, his spelling would never greatly improve despite his father's hope that, '*a little custom and application will soon make you write well, both for spelling and sense*.' This, however, is not unusual in the

eighteenth century, a time before standardisation of both spelling and grammar and when understanding was the only real requirement of a communication. The Prince's spelling compares very favourably to O'Sullivan's, for example. The important point is that Charles was not neglecting his studies out of idleness or lack of intelligence. He just had other concerns.

The young Elcho remarked that, '*Prince Charles did not have much to say to those who came to pay him court, and would spend all his time shooting blackbirds and thrushes, or playing the Scottish game of golf*,' and another eye-witness noticed that, '*he had an overmastering passion for the profession of arms*.' This, then, is why Charles was not focussed on his books, and had no, '*other interests but shooting and music*': he knew he was Aeneas. As Charles got older, he would spend more and more time out of the palazzo, and more time up in the hills around Rome. He was hunting, shooting, and training. He was toughening himself up, preparing his body for the trials of a military campaign. He would leave before most of the household was awake, and when he returned, late in the night, he would relax by playing his cello or violin. He was soon known as a remarkable shot. His stamina was impressive: even when not out all day shooting, he would be parading around the dances, balls, and galas of society. The hours were long, but these were routines he had been accustomed to from an early age. There are, however, lessons that cannot be learned whilst shooting thrushes. Thrushes, for example, don't fire back.

Charles needed formal military experience, and the opportunity came when he was just fourteen years old. The War of the Polish Succession had drawn international superpowers into a Europe-wide contest, each eager to exploit the distractions of the other. In Italy, the Austrian controlled fortress of Gaeta was under siege by the army of Don Carlos of Spain. Joining the Franco-Spanish army was James Frances Fitz-James Stuart, Duke of Berwick, whose name exposes his descent from King James II. His father had just been killed fighting in the Rhineland, and King James took the opportunity to send a message of comfort to

his relation, whilst giving Charles exactly the sort of experience he needed. Charles left Rome on 30th July 1734 for his first taste of war, and he relished it.

Gaeta was an impressively fortified ancient town, lying between Rome and Naples, and sited on a defensible promontory. It had seen many sieges before, and this would not be the last.[7] The garrison, heavily outnumbered, had held out stubbornly for nearly four months, but the war had been lost and won elsewhere and the siege's outcome was in little doubt. It is important to consider the behaviour of the Prince during these experiences, and we are fortunate to have the reactions of Berwick himself to inform us. Charles, made an honorary general of artillery upon his arrival – which thankfully came with a handsome wage – took his duties seriously. He worked in the trenches which extended towards the walls, providing cover for the soldiers preparing for an assault, and he showed courage and cool-headedness beyond the expectations of his age. On one occasion, a battery opened fire upon a farmhouse Berwick was using as a headquarters, and he was obliged to remove himself. Charles returned from the trenches and, in a no doubt deliberate display of contempt for danger, insisted on returning into the shattered property:

> *I must confess that he made me pass some uneasy moments... He showed not the least concern for the enemy's fire, even when the balls were hissing about his ears... He stayed in it [the house] a very considerable time with an undisturbed countenance, though the walls had been pierced through with the cannon balls. In a word, this discovers that in great Princes whom nature has marked out for heroes, valour does not wait for number of years.*
>
> James Fitz-James Stuart, 2nd Duke of Berwick

[7] There is still an important military base in the town, alongside the residues of its former military significance.

This letter alone should silence those who have, on occasion, doubted Charles' personal bravery. It is an extraordinary tribute to a boy of fourteen, and is supported by the Prince's behaviour throughout his later military trials. Furthermore, Charles had been actively learning from the siege, observing the conventions of eighteenth century warfare and soaking in anything that might one day be of use to him in his greater mission. His conduct brought fresh admiration, and added to the frustration of the establishment in London who were following his progress with apprehension.

They were right to do so. Charles' life was building towards its goal. He was preparing himself physically, had determinedly and successfully set about seducing the courts of Italy, and he was maturing into a strong, single-minded Prince who knew the significance of his duty and the effort needed to succeed. All Charles now wanted was the opportunity to strike. Would such a chance ever come, when Britain was eager for change, at the same moment that the European powers were keen to support regime change? No trigger had been found since the failure at Glen Shiel, when Spain's frustrations had led them to support the Stuarts, and the best chance had been lost in the '15 even before that. Although Jacobitism was still a potent force, time was not on its side, and it would take an immense effort to revive loyalty to the cause across the whole of Britain. All this Charles knew, and the whole network of Jacobites – at home and in exile – knew it also. Every opportunity had to be taken, since in the young Charles the cause had something it had previously lacked: charismatic leadership.

Charles' opportunity was coming. In 1738, Captain Robert Jenkins of the brig *Rebecca* presented his severed ear (no doubt much grizzled) to the House of Commons. It had been cut off several years before after his ship had been boarded by Spaniards, and alongside evidence of other Spanish provocation this event provided the pretext for a British declaration of war on Spain. The great Latin empire had supported King James before;

perhaps they would do so again. In 1739, the Duke of Ormonde and the Earl Marischal, powerful and capable Jacobite exiles, rushed to Spain to negotiate support for a new Jacobite rebellion. Hopes were high, but quickly dashed. Spain would not provide the Stuarts with the necessary military assistance, as its attention was firmly on the Americas. Nevertheless, the War of Jenkins' Ear was causing widespread discontent in Britain, eventually leading to the downfall of its first prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole. War with Spain was, however, soon overshadowed by the spectre of a war far more dreadful, and immediate. The War of the Austrian Succession: total war on a global scale.

In 1740, the death of the Holy Roman Emperor, Charles VI, drew central Europe into a war which would last for eight long years. Maria Theresa, the emperor's heir, provided the Habsburg dynasty's enemies with their pretext for war, and they asserted Salic Law which prevented a female inheritance. Prussia, France and Spain were amongst those states that lined up against Maria Theresa, and Britain's links with Hanover therefore drew it into opposition to France, as well as Spain. Although Britain had not yet entered the war, it was only a matter of time before George II was drawn to action in his capacity as Elector of Hanover. An Anglo-Spanish war may not be enough to trigger a Jacobite rebellion, but a war that pitted Britain against both Spain and France, played for the very highest stakes on a massive scale, must surely provide the ripest opportunity the Muti court could envisage. The Jacobite world, already on the alert over the Spanish war, now awoke to the real possibility that something might actually happen. It was time to make ready.

Whilst the Stuarts' best hopes on the continent lay with France, in Britain they rested on Scotland. Along with Ireland, that nation had provided the most active and long-standing commitment to the cause, and was also possessed of several strategically important advantages. The first was the relative remoteness of its highlands, providing a chance for any internal rebellion to gather some momentum before interception. The

second, and perhaps most significant, was the fact the Scottish highlanders were the most warlike of the British peoples, with a tradition of bearing arms that had largely become dormant in, for example, much of England. Combined with the large number of Scots and Irish serving in foreign armies, the prominence of Episcopalian worship (notably in the east), and the simmering resentment still lingering after the Act of Union (1707), Scotland was clearly the best landing stage for any proposed rebellion. Nevertheless, Jacobite contacts were nationwide, and sympathy for the exiled dynasty could be found across Wales and England too. The task was to transfer genteel toasts to the King Across the Water into active military and political succour. To that end, King James' network began to heave with activity.

Perhaps sensing the moment was drawing near, James Drummond, the staunchly Jacobite and eminently likeable Duke of Perth, presented Prince Charles with a highland targe. A round shield of 19 inches diameter, covered in pigskin and backed with leopard, the magnificent object was adorned with silver decorations of battle standards, fasces,[8] broadswords and pistols. In its centre, a formidable Medusa gripping in her gnarling teeth a ferocious spike. It is a weapon designed to represent the authority of the bearer, whilst the gorgon petrified his enemies. Charles, receiving the weapon in 1740, was a young man more than ever aware of his responsibility as the military saviour of the cause. And it would be the highlands that provided the means for him to achieve it.[9]

[8] The ancient symbols of authority, the *fasces* were a bundle of rods bound upon an axe carried ahead of the magistrates and politicians of the ancient Roman Republic. They symbolised the power of the individual behind them to forcibly move people from their path, and the number of slaves bearing the fasces reflected the status of the magistrate. Revived as symbols by Mussolini, they gave their name to the *fascists.*

[9] The targe was lost by Charles during the escape from Culloden, along with most of his personal baggage. It was rescued by Cluny of Macpherson, and can now be seen in the National Museum of Scotland.

More practically, potential supporters of a rising were beginning to band together and express themselves. Associations began to be formed, the most notable being that which included: the Duke of Perth and his uncle Lord John Drummond; the Earl of Traquair and his brother; Sir John Campbell of Auchenbreck; Cameron of Lochiel, *de facto* chief; and Simon Fraser, Lord Lovat. They were a mixed band, some of whom would prove far more useful than others, and they were stirred into movement in 1740 by contact from the continent. John Murray of Broughton, an able man who ruined his reputation by turning King's Evidence when the '45 collapsed, was also becoming highly active, whilst the young and well-connected Lord Elcho was being drawn ever deeper into the plots. If his narrative is to be believed, however, he was simply being naive. At the same moment, the irrepressible Gordon of Glenbucket was insisting to King James that 20,000 men could rally to his standard as soon as they were armed, but the king was too sensible to be swept along. Messengers criss-crossed Europe, initially promising a French invasion in 1742/3, although this failed to materialise after the death of Cardinal Fleury, and French ministers denied having ever entertained the plan.

Nevertheless, the wheels were now turning and the overall situation in Europe was moving in favour of King James. The French had suffered a strategic reverse in the war with Austria, and their position was significantly less promising than it had once appeared. British forces had landed on the continent in July 1742, and despite there being no formal war declared between Britain and France, King George had won an impressive victory over the French at Dettingen within a year. If the British could turn the tide of the war in Europe, then France would provide them with a distraction elsewhere: the Jacobites. As 1743 drew to a close, the French invited Charles to Paris, and the young prince came with all the authority he needed.

James R.
Whereas We have a near Prospect of being restored to the Throne of our Ancestors, by the good Inclinations of our Subjects towards Us, and whereas, on account of the present Situation of this Country, it will be absolutely impossible for Us to be in Person at the first setting up of Our Royal Standard, and even sometime after, We therefore esteem it for Our Service, and the Good of Our Kingdoms and Dominions to nominate and appoint, Our dearest Son, CHARLES, Prince of Wales, to be sole Regent of Our Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and of all other Our Dominions, during Our Absence.
23rd December 1743 in the 43rd Year of Our Reign, J R
King James' Commission for Prince Charles

Aeneas left Rome in a suitably adventurous manner. The Prince was accustomed to sleeping in a chair fully clothed, ready to head off for the hunt at one or two in the morning, and so there was nothing remarkable about the day he announced that he was leaving for a shooting trip in Cisterna ahead of his brother Henry. Few had been present to witness the moment he parted company with the King:

Charles: *I go, sire, in search of three crowns, which I doubt not but to have the honour and happiness of laying at Your Majesty's feet. If I fail in the attempt, your next sight of me shall be in a coffin.*
King James: *Heaven forbid that all the crowns in the world should rob me of my son. Be careful of yourself, my dear prince, for my sake and, I hope, for the sake of millions.*[10]

[10] Marshall (1988): 51.

Coffin or otherwise, the king would never see his beloved Carluccio again. This tender farewell was the beginning of the great adventure that would define Charles' life. When Henry reached the rendezvous, he was told that his brother had been delayed by a riding accident, but in reality he had begun a race across Europe. He defied the spies of his enemies, slipped past the Royal Navy to land at Antibes, and crossed France in an astonishingly rapid five days. The preparations in Italy had stood up to the first test, and Charles wrote with some amusement that his travelling companions were, '*quite* rendu,' and had scarcely kept pace with him.

The excitement was tangible. After a lifetime of waiting and training, the opportunity had come at last. Scarce had the adventure begun, however, when Charles was met with his first disappointment. King Louis was clearly caught off guard by his arrival. The French plan had been for a large scale invasion of southern England to be led by Ormonde and the esteemed general Marshal Saxe, whilst the Earl Marischal led a diversionary landing in Scotland. Charles' presence, with the manifestos written in the king's name, would make the expedition look more like liberation than invasion. Charles' rapid descent on Paris, however, quickly identified that he was unlikely to tolerate being a mere figurehead. After a lukewarm reception at the French court, Charles was obliged to remain incognito. He was soon to have so many aliases that even he must have struggled to recognise his true self. When he moved to Gravelines to join with the gathering invasion force, he was Baron Douglas, and the adventure seemed back on track as he moved amongst the common soldiery whilst his anticipation mounted.

Unfortunately, more disappointment was to follow. The invasion fleet was scattered by a terrible storm, and although the official outbreak of war between France and Britain should have helped Charles, it simply meant that French attention shifted to Flanders and Saxe went off without even the courtesy of telling the Prince. It was March 1744, and Charles was already insisting

he would be better off alone than with friends like the French. He was not being unrealistic, for as much as a rising would need arms, money, and military professionals, the European context meant that anti-French feeling in Britain largely outweighed any lingering Jacobite sympathies. Aware of his lack of military experience, Charles was eager to join the French army in Flanders but this would have played into the hands of his domestic enemies, and his youthful militarism was appropriately deflected by, among others, the Earl Marischal. Besides, by the time Charles returned to Paris, Louis had already gone to war without him. Frustrated at every turn, the Prince flouted his incognito, even sitting cheekily close to the queen of France herself during a ball and drawing her attention. It was deliberate provocation, a retaliation against the poor treatment he had received from Louis. He moved to Fitz-James, belonging to the relations who had taken him to Gaeta, and struck up a warm friendship with his other relatives, the du Bouillons. As he spent increasing amounts of time with the family, perhaps he caught the eye of his cousin, Louise de la Tour. She had once been recommended as a potential wife for the Prince, but James had rejected the idea and she had instead married into powerful French connections. Whatever they thought of one another in early 1745,[11] they could hardly have expected what the future held for them.

As the King of France mused over how to rid himself of the nuisance that he had unwittingly brought into his sphere – Louis was probably conscious his behaviour had lacked courtesy – Charles plotted how to kick-start the grand adventure without him. Within his small court there was certainly no lack of activity. Murray of Broughton cast caution to the wind and, forgetting the Associators' conditions, had become swept up in the enthusiasm and persuaded Charles that Scotland would rise.

11 Possibly not too much, as Louise had just become pregnant for the first time and Charles was busy focussed on his more important tasks. He certainly did, however, take great comfort in the friendly family atmosphere.

To provide some military expertise, John William O'Sullivan had been put in charge of the Prince's household, where he could also demonstrate his skills as an organiser. A loan of 180,000 livres was secured to purchase weapons, and ships were sought to provide transport and protection. O'Sullivan soon sensed, '*there was something abrewing*,' and was at last let in on the secret planning. He quickly procured, '*1800 sabres, such as are fit for the highlanders, several cases of Pistols, an Armor, Bed, & set of pleat for the Prince*'.[12] On the 5th July 1745, with the exiled Prince of Wales disguised as a divinity student from the Scots College in Paris, the adventure began, and the expedition set sail.

Aeneas was on the move at last, and soon had a chance to prove his warrior's mettle. When the Prince's ship and its escort, the *Elisabeth*, were intercepted by a British man of war, a sea battle ensued. For hour after hour, the two ships pounded each other with cannon fire until both the *Elisabeth* and the British *Lyon* were crippled. Throughout the engagement, Charles watched from the small frigate *Du Teillay*, and O'Sullivan was impressed by, '*the ardeur the Prince shewed on yt occasion; he'd obsolutly have a share in the fight*.' Although the expeditionary force had held its own, Captain D'O and most of the *Elisabeth*'s officers were dead and the ship was unable to proceed further. Distressingly for the cause, it returned to France with most of Charles' supplies. Undeterred, the Prince pressed on and finally landed in Scotland on 23rd July. The legendary Seven Men of Moidart (undoubtedly there were more) were all Charles had to restore his father's fortunes.

The enterprise was bold, nay rash, and unexampled.
Captain James Johnstone

[12] O'Sullivan (1938): 46-7. For *Armor*, read *armoire* (a travelling chest), and for *pleat*, *plate*.

Unexampled it certainly was. The Rising was starting cold, without the necessary supplies let alone troops. Was Charles completely mad? There was a fine line between determination and boldness, and the reckless rashness often attributed to the Prince. For Charles, however, this was simply the dynamism the cause so badly needed. Certainly the reception the expeditionary force received when it arrived was less than reassuring, and there was a desperate rush by individuals to either distance themselves from a rising that looked certain to fail, or to persuade Charles to await a more favourable opportunity. He was, however, determined to hazard everything in the current enterprise.

Elcho makes much of Charles' assumption that Britain was ripe for rebellion: '*he had been persuaded... the house of Hanover was detested and that the whole country would rally to his standard on his appearance*.' This is to misunderstand his mind. Certainly Charles had faith that once the Rising was in motion its momentum would gather immense support and in time become a national movement. At the same moment, he was also keenly aware that this was his best opportunity to achieve something. He and his father had waited long enough. The memory of King Louis' cool reception was still fresh in his mind. Each year that passed weakened Charles' hand in Europe and strengthened the Hanoverian dynasty's hold in Britain. Besides, he was not so naive as to believe he could overwhelm the military might of the young British Empire, something that was never really his intention. Instead, he was affecting regime change, with the support of a liberal manifesto and an unshakeable determination to fulfil his destiny. As such, the expedition should be seen as bold indeed, but reasoned, balanced against the reality that this might be the Stuarts' last chance. France was a false friend, and only those who had proven their loyalty in the past could now be relied upon. As such, Charles was not just being hopelessly romantic when, on being told to go home by Boisdale, he parried:

I am come home, sir, and I will entertain no notion at all of returning to that place from whence I came; for that I am persuaded my faithful highlanders will stand by me.

Charles Edward Stuart

The statement was early evidence of the Prince's most formidable weapon: his own character. From the outset, Charles set about winning over his reluctant supporters and binding them to out of loyalty not just to the cause, but to himself. That he earned that loyalty, from hard-headed and powerful men, is proof positive of both his skill and his charm. This was no foppish Italian prince; it was a man who came meaning business and who promised to share in the risks.

On 19th August 1745, one of the most inspiring and significant dates in Scottish history, Charles moved up the great length of Loch Shiel, still in disguise, with a small flotilla of Clanranald bodyguards. During the halt at Dalilea, the Royal Standard had been given its finishing touches, patched together as it was from whatever had been available on the *Du Teillay*. The messages had been dispatched, the preliminary interviews and debates concluded. All that remained was to see whether the gamble had paid off. He stepped up to the prow of the long boat as the rendezvous came into sight. As the boats beached gently, he stepped onto the shingle and crossed the small rivulet that fed the loch. The young adventurer's heart thumped hard, and he struggled to suppress his nerves at the lack of a reception. Soon small numbers of people had gathered about here and there, curious locals mildly interested in the unusual activity. After an anxious eternity scanning the empty horizon, Charles moved into the shade of a low bothy, perhaps to hide his nerves from those about him. As morning passed into noon, at last the longed-for activity occurred. The distant sound might have come from within his mind, he thought, until it became clearer and more certain. He stepped out, as those men stationed on a nearby eminence carried the message along the vale. In regular columns,

and in reassuring numbers, the men of Clan Cameron marched beneath the strains of their pipers. Relief gave way to joy: if Lochiel would come, then the whole west would surely follow.

Ageing but loyal, the Marquess of Tullibardine, Jacobite Duke of Atholl, raised the Standard, and the Prince's commission of regency was read along with his political manifestos. The gathering army gave out a great huzzah, and Charles stood forward. '*He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, and of a fair complexion*,'[13] and cut a fine figure as he acknowledged the cheers. He made a short, stirring speech before he, '*ordred yt some kasks of brandy shou'd be deliver'd to the men, to drink the Kings health*'. After several days, as the clans were consolidated into the makings of an army, and when the available munitions and arms had been distributed, the campaign began. First blood had already gone to the Jacobites, who had ambushed a company of Royal Scots at High Bridge. Now the war must begin in earnest.

The gamble had paid off indeed, and Charles was now in command of about 1,200 men. The initiative lay with him. Prisoners present at Glenfinnan were dispatched to report on the success of the gathering, and the quality of the Prince. Having initially dismissed reports of the Prince's landing, the Government was awakening too late to the reality of the threat. With their main forces, including much of the new Black Watch regiment, tied up in Flanders, the highland garrisons were too weak to respond effectively. If Charles was to be stopped, it would have to be John Cope who stopped him. An experienced veteran, Sir John was able and willing, but conscious that his forces were far from infallible. When all the ovens of Edinburgh had given up their bread, the British Army moved north. Many in the establishment believed that it was just a case of nipping the Rising in the bud, of dispersing a discontented rabble. If only they could have seen the swift marches of the hard mountain men, and their swelling numbers. If only they could have

13 According to John Home, no friend of the cause.

imagined the newly formed Jacobite Army, eager for battle and for the righting of ancient wrongs:

> *The brave Prince marching on foot at their head like a Cyrus or a Trojan hero, drawing admiration and love from all those who beheld him, raising their long dejected hearts, and solacing their minds with the happy prospect of another Golden Age.*
>
> John Daniel

A Trojan hero indeed: having left his distant land behind, braving adversity and war at sea, following a destiny he now truly understood, Aeneas had come to fight. Arma virumque cano.[14]

[14] 'I sing of arms and of a man,' Virgil, *Aeneid*, I.1.

The Politician

The Christian hero's looks here shine,
Mixt with the sweetness of the Stewart's line.
Courage with mercy, with virtue join'd,
A beauteous person with more beauteous mind.
How wise! How good when great! When low, how brave!
Who knows to suffer, conquer, and to save.
Such grace, such virtues, are by Heav'n design'd.
To save Britannia and bless mankind.

Anon, *Lyon in Mourning*[15]

Charles had an enormous mountain to climb, and not just in terms of militarily overthrowing the British government. In order to raise, maintain, and keep his army, he needed skills beyond those of an ordinary general. In an army of volunteers (or something very near that), there is not the inherent discipline and obligatory obedience which can be found amongst regular forces. Nor are there the structures and systems of support and supply. Charles also knew that an army of a few thousand stood little hope of overwhelming the entire nation, without widespread public support and sympathy. He was a liberator, he believed, not a conqueror, and as such he could neither shun nor alienate any part of the society into which he had thrust himself. If he was to succeed, he needed to be a statesman, a diplomat, and a politician.

In this regard, the Prince has acquired a rather mixed reputation. His conduct and manner have been much criticised, and even his intelligence has been questioned. Elcho, whose reflections on the '45 always carry the bitter tone of a man disgruntled, noted that before the Rising, '*the Prince was very*

[15] The poem records a gentleman's reaction on seeing the Prince's portrait. Forbes (1895): II.359.

ignorant of what was happening in the United Kingdom,' which has led people to believe that he was both unfamiliar with the country, and therefore incapable of understanding it. Certainly Charles was not as familiar with British society as Elcho was, being very much a society boy with close friends in all political camps, but then how could Charles be so intimately aware? At the time Elcho was in Italy, however, the young noble had not been taken into the cause's full confidence and he may not have been fully aware of how much Charles was absorbing. Certainly the court itself was not ignorant, and Elcho himself admits that King James was, '*well acquainted with Scotland and Scottish families*,' information that must surely have been passed on to the cause's champion before his "hunting trip" to Paris. It is, in fact, fairly clear that Charles clearly knew the men he was dealing with when he arrived in Scotland. When Cameron of Lochiel showed reluctance to commit to the Rising, it was thus that Charles shamed him:

> *Lochiel, who my father had often told me was our firmest friend, may stay at home and learn from the newspapers the fate of his prince.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

The court had been in close contact with its most likely supporters for some time, and must have been familiar with the balance of power in Scotland. The Prince's personal insight into this is visible in his acknowledgement that his position in Scotland was weakened by the (not surprising) impossibility of winning over the Duke of Argyll. Charles also acknowledged the immense value to the establishment of Forbes of Culloden – a thorn in the Jacobite side throughout the Rising. There is no clearer evidence as to Forbes' value, and Charles' awareness of it, that the Prince's attempt to arrest him!

For all the limitations exile placed on Charles' knowledge of power and politics on the ground, he was nevertheless able to

select quite carefully who could most be relied upon and where he should strike. He was also possessed of a personality which would act firmly in his favour, especially in those first crucial months. In fact, Charles Edward Stuart quickly demonstrated an impressive set of abilities, and showed considerable promise as a political operator.

The very fact that the Rising had occurred at all was down to the Prince's sheer determination. From the outset, he portrayed an, '*all or nothing*,' mentality, and an accompanying drive to maximise his opportunity. This was not petulance, nor rashness; it was a determination to maintain momentum, which the Prince rightly acknowledged was the cause's only real chance for success. The more the Jacobites delayed, the more the government could recover from the shock of his arrival and initial success. That is why Charles, '*insisted always on advancing*.' It is in this light that we must judge comments such as Johnstone's complaint that, '*if he could only have restrained his impatience, and remained in Scotland till his partisans had had time to join him at Edinburgh*,' all might have been well. The Prince did remain in Scotland long enough after Prestonpans to expand his army significantly, but he also knew that England would soon be saturated with troops returning from Flanders and that he needed to ride the crest of his wave. For one thing, George would not accept the loss of Scotland and would soon counter strike. For another, Charles had promised his father three crowns and he was keen to be seen as a man of his word: '*what I have promised I will never depart from*'.[16]

Charles was not a deceiver, but such promises were largely political. They display his awareness that all eyes were upon him and that he therefore needed to appear to be beyond reproach. Hence, although Glasgow was no friend of the Stuarts and militarily was at the Jacobites' mercy in 1745, the Prince did not simply demand money, but rather requested, '*a loan of fifteen*

16 From a letter to the magistrates of Glasgow.

thousand pounds sterling, which we hereby oblige ourselves to pay back as soon as the nation shall be in a state of tranquillity.' It was, of course, an unavoidable fact that exiled monarchs can rarely offer more than hollow rewards, titles and the promise of further gratitude once their fortunes had improved, but the expression of intent was important.

Some of the more level headed of the Prince's supporters actually sought security against their estates, although they must have known such assurances carried little weight. When Lord Elcho gave Charles £1,500 just before the fall of Edinburgh, he obviously considered it to be a loan, but it fell into the category of favours Charles was to return upon the restoration. This never actually occurring, Elcho was not the only person not to see any return on their loans. It is perhaps the loss of this money, combined with his failure to earn a pardon, which helped poison Elcho against the Prince and so discoloured his narrative. The reality is, of course, that Charles needed all the support and all the money that he could get his hands on to ensure the Rising had legs, and all other considerations were secondary to that aim. No doubt a Stuart restoration would have brought sweeping rewards for those who had made it happen, but everyone enters a rebellion aware of the risk. Charles was obviously frustrated by the suggestion that people were doing him favours, and is noted to have somewhat gracelessly stated, '*that they had done nothing but their duty as his father's subjects.*' This comment is attributed again by Elcho, and from a period when the Jacobite command structure – and the Rising as a whole – was falling apart. If genuine, it smacks of frustration rather than ingratitude.

What becomes very obvious, then, is that there are two sides to Prince Charles during the Rising. One is the young royal, convinced of his own ability and liable to revealing the hot temper and troublesome stubbornness noted in his childhood, as well as his genuine personal charisma and self-drive. The other is the natural politician, who knew that the world was watching and judging, and who therefore presented himself outwardly in a

very calculated manner. He highlighted his natural strengths, and deliberately suppressed his weaknesses where possible; he managed his own image carefully. Thus he managed, despite undoubtedly possessing some unattractive character traits, to inspire those around him, infect them with his confidence, and create around his person an enduring loyalty that would become legend. This reality is easily discernable throughout the '45, and implies a clearer political awareness than many have given credited him.

Charles was certainly aware that he needed to win hearts and minds if he was to achieve anything lasting, hence the promises of rewards and the wish to act by the book. His political judgement is obvious from the generous and liberal nature of his manifestos, the policies of which he seems largely to have sustained during his time in Britain. On 6th September, the Prince was joined by the charmingly adventurous young cad, James Johnstone, who served for a time as his aide-de-camp. Johnstone's memoir recalls that Charles, '*granted a general amnesty for all treasons, rebellions, or offences whatever against him and his predecessors since the Revolution in 1688*.' His words mirror closely the expression used in the manifesto which Charles had instructed to be prepared in Paris before his departure. The Prince specifically targeted the military by promising, '*a full, free, and general pardon to all officers, soldiers, and sailors, now engaged in the service of the usurper*.'[17] He guaranteed the retention of their rank, and payment of all their arrears of pay along with certain other financial rewards once the country was restored to, '*a state of tranquillity*,' (another of those political promises). Charles knew that by winning over, or at least holding back the overt hostility of, the British military establishment, he could undermine their ability to resist the restoration. Had he succeeded in taking London, he would have required the support of a much broader power-based than the highland clans, and the

[17] Appendix I.

military were included in that plan. Besides, according to Elcho at least, Charles, '*believed firmly that the soldiers of the regulars would never dare fight against him as he was their true prince*.' In order to make the soldiers' decision easier, however, he also reminded them that, '*no engagements, entered into with a foreign usurper* [George II]*, can dispense with the allegiance they owe to their natural sovereign* [James III].' They should therefore feel no moral concern for quitting their oaths. Sadly, many redcoats felt the same about commitments undertaken to rebels in arms, and would therefore ignore the parole given after their capture. Charles' clemency was rarely matched or appreciated by his enemies.

The grant of a full pardon was part of Charles' mission to appear as a liberator, not just restoring his father but liberating the whole nation, establishing a period of peace and freedom long since forgotten. Charles carried with him a declaration from his father, to be published alongside his own manifestos, which reveals that the king was not ignorant of the perceived plight of his estranged subjects.[18] He summarised how he viewed the Scotland which he was sending his son to rescue:

> *We see a nation, always famous for valour and highly esteemed by the greatest of foreign potentates, reduced to the condition of a province, under the specious pretence of an union with a more powerful neighbour. In consequence of this pretended union, grievous and unprecedented taxes have been laid on and levied with severity in spite of all representations that could be made to the contrary and these have not failed to produce that poverty and decay of trade which were easily foreseen to be the necessary consequences of such oppressive measures.*
>
> Declaration of King James, Rome 1743

[18] Appendix II.

This was not just a selfish campaign to restore the fortunes of a family. It was intended, as the Prince always hoped it would prove, to be a rallying call to an aggrieved nation. The king and his son were hoping to harness not just ancient loyalty to the Stuarts – which was often more sentimental than proactive – but also anti-unionism, general disenchantment, economic hardship, and political discontent. In a manifesto that would hardly seem out of place today, James specifically expressed that he was, '*particularly solicitous to settle, encourage, and maintain the fishery and linen manufactory of the nation, which we are sensible may be of such advantage to it.*' In Scotland, these issues were powerful motivators, although Jacobitism should not be identified as Scottish nationalism. Charles was for three crowns, with or without Union.

As liberators, the Jacobites could not afford to be heavy handed. Civic law, not military, was the preference. Charles, viewing himself in this way, placed an important emphasis on the legality and fairness of the army's actions. Those who opposed the cause did so at risk, '*of being proceeded against according to law*,' not with a fear of being sought out for vengeance, for example.[19] This does not sit well with Lord Elcho's famous tendency to threaten military execution, something likely to be of an annoyance to his Prince who was engaged in a political battle beyond Elcho's military one. When the Jacobites took control of a town, all magistrates and civic officials were asked to stay in post, and efforts were maintained to have tax collection done through the usual channels. This is why extra payments, needed by the army, were sought as 'loans'. Crucially, what the army took the army paid for, and this was maintained with surprising success throughout much of the campaign. At the same time, of course, for those who did not abandon the Elector upon hearing of the Stuart generosity, the threat of retaliation – legal or

[19] Appendix I.

otherwise – was certainly present. Charles knew he could afford to be liberal, but not soft.

The political settlement of the nation was something to Charles could deal with after the war, but in the meantime he was reliant on his sensible and placatory manifestos to encourage support from as broad a platform as possible. In the days of restricted communications, such documents were Charles' only means of representing what he stood for. As such, the documents are surprisingly liberal, and gave the lie to the theory that a Stuart restoration would be a regression to the days of Carolian divine right and the killing times of the post-covenant era. Instead, Charles offers a vision of an enlightened Stuart age, of rule by, '*the advice of a free Parliament, wherein no corruption, nor undue influence whatsoever shall be used to bypass the votes of the electors, or elected.*'[20] Again, the words could belong to a much more recent campaign that this one. It is easy to dismiss these as political promises, but they are the best definition of what Charles and his father represented, and King James was the sort of man whose word was worth accepting. After all, it was their only hope. The importance of these manifestos to the cause cannot be overstated, or else there would have been little need to insist upon the documents' publication. They were to be read from the market cross of each liberated town, as the new King was proclaimed.

Whatever the Stuarts promised, and however oppressive and corrupt the government of George II was perceived to be, there was still one fundamental issue between James and his people which stood as wide as a gulf: faith. The Hanoverian dynasty held the ace in so much as they were solidly Protestant, and James was undeniably Catholic, along with his sons. The obsessive faith of Clementina Sobieski, whilst it made her a virtual saint in catholic circles, had a damaging effect on the cause. The dependency on the Pope and the court's location in Rome provided further

[20] Appendix I.

potent symbols of the difference between James and the majority of his subjects. However, the '45 Rising was never a religious war. In his manifesto, Charles identifies that he and his father are of one mind in that they were:

> *fully resolved to maintain the Church of England, as by law established, and likewise the Protestant churches of Scotland and Ireland, conformable to the laws of each respective Kingdom; together with a toleration to all Protestant Dissenters; he being utterly averse to all persecution and oppression whatsoever, particularly on account of conscience and religion.*
>
> Manifesto of Charles Edward Stuart

This promise, supported by James' sensible inclusion of Protestants in his court and household, would not be enough to prevent their enemies' attacks on religious grounds. Nevertheless, the Stuarts were offering a system of tolerance and freedom of conscience which was far beyond the society they were offering it to.[21] Charles was eminently aware of the importance of the importance of religion, and was determined that it should not be an issue in his war. Certainly he had no great personal interest in the church, and although nominally a catholic, it could hardly be said that his faith defined him. Perhaps it was a retaliation to the behaviour of a mother driven to perpetual illness by her constant exile at the altar. Perhaps, however, the Prince was just being political astute. It is clear that he, in the words of Johnstone's later editor, Brian Rawson, '*wore his religion lightly*.' Charles avoided overt association with Catholicism during the campaign, but also refused to alienate them. There were notable exceptions, such as the Catholic bishop Hugh MacDonald's blessing of the Royal Standard at Glenfinnan, and, of course, the presence of

[21] This was not new to the Stuarts, and others, especially King Charles II, had stood for something similar.

prominent Catholics in his council, but there were far more Protestants in his army than Catholics.

Regardless of Charles' personal ambivalence, religion was undeniably important. The government's propaganda was firmly focussed on identifying Pretender with Pope, and there were the usual incendiary pamphlets about foreign slavery and babies on spits to go alongside. This was to be expected, and to tackle it Lord George Murray proposed at Holyrood that Catholics should not be given a high status role in the army, as it would have a, '*very Il effect in England.*' Charles was not insensitive to the issue, but recognised the impossibility of Murray's proposal.

> *The Prince... answered yt when he'd be in England, if his friends wou'd find fault wth it [Catholics on the council], yt he'd follow their advise, but in the present scituation yt he was in, yt he cou'd not really propose to the Duc of Perth, not to come to the Counsel nor act as Lt General; yt Sr Thomas Sheridan was a Counsel yt was given him by the King, yt the Chiefs or Colonels yt were Catholiks, had as much right as others.*
>
> Major-General John William O'Sullivan

Charles seems to have stuck by this promise to follow the suggestion whilst in England, as at the council of war in Derby the Duke of Perth was absent, '*being excluded on account of his religion*'.[22] Perth must, however, have maintained a voice even if ostensibly absent from council. It must be acknowledged that, although many of Charles' senior supporters were Catholic (especially those who joined him before his arrival in Scotland, which is unsurprising considering his recruiting ground), the same was not true of his army. The majority of his support, in

[22] Sir John Macdonald, quoted in O'Sullivan (1938): 102. Macdonald was one of the Seven Men of Moidart, and a French cavalry officer. His memoir is technically anonymous, but is has been identified confidently.

fact, came from Episcopalian protestants from both the highlands and the north east. There were also plenty of Presbyterians in the Jacobite army, including Minister James Robe of Kilsyth, who took great pains to prepare himself for the war. Thus in terms of Charles' motives and politics, and those of his supporters, religion was far from being the principal issue.

Unfortunately, Charles' religious tolerance was not matched by his opponents. In Edinburgh, the centre of Presbyterian resistance to Stuart kings of the previous century, many ministers refused to preach during his presence there. In a church-going society, the unofficial strike undermined Charles' intention to make everything seem as normal, that he was the liberator. The Prince made great efforts to encourage them to return, which Alice Wemyss acknowledges as evidence that he was, '*better informed*,' than many of his party. He gave his word to a deputation of clergymen that they would not, '*be called to account for any imprudent language they might use in the pulpit*.' The result, unfortunately, was a series of vigorously anti-Jacobite sermons which hardened many hearts against the restoration. Most ministers still stayed away, but one appropriately named Macvicar, who seems to have taken heart from his proximity to Edinburgh Castle, added in his prayers: '*as to this young person who has come amongst us seeking an earthly crown, do Thou, in thy merciful favour, grant him a Heavenly one*!' He was obviously a wit. Such intransigence was a bugbear to Charles' political mission, but he could hardly have done much more.

Charles was obviously aware of his enemies' portrayal of his efforts, and their determination to attack him on grounds of religion. This awareness is acknowledged explicitly in his declaration of October 10th 1745, in which he made a reasoned and sensible riposte:

> *Do not the pulpits and congregations of the clergy, as well as your weekly papers, ring with the dreadful threats of popery, slavery, tyranny, and arbitrary power, which are now ready to*

> *be imposed upon you by the formidable powers of France and Spain? Is not my royal father represented as a bloodthirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth.*
>
> Declaration of Charles Edward Stuart[23]

In this declaration, which followed the Prince's astonishing victory at Prestonpans (for which he gives thanks to God), Charles systematically rebuts the accusations of his opponents. It is a powerful document and presents us with a clear indicator of the political competence of the Prince and his staff. He clearly knew that support from France and Spain was associated with a return of established Catholicism, and he was right to see this as a threat to his cause. As much as he needed French support, he knew that whilst Britain was at war with France, this would jar national feeling. Charles could not afford to be seen to be unpatriotic. The rather cunning rebuttal was the fact that the George II was also reliant on foreign forces:

> *The fears of the nation from the powers of France and Spain, appear still more vain and groundless: my expedition was undertaken unsupported by either: but indeed, when I see a foreign force brought by my enemies against me, and when I hear of Dutch, Danes, Hessians, and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies, being called over to protect his government against the King's subjects, is it not high time for the King my father, to accept also of the assistance of those who are able, and who have engaged to support him?*
>
> Declaration of Charles Edward Stuart

Despite Charles' pains to keep religion off the table, then, it became an important part of the propaganda battle to win over

[23] Appendix III. The authorship is probably John Murray of Broughton.

the populace. The Prince was the very vision of toleration and moderation, but was inevitably on the back foot throughout the argument.

An interesting footnote to this issue is an incident recorded from during the invasion of England. Macdonald of Keppoch urged Charles to openly attend a Protestant service, as a deliberate attempt to make a public statement about his religious policy. Such a demonstration would probably have appeared shallower than Keppoch was imagining, and might have made the Prince look somewhat hypocritical, but Charles' apparent response was of an unexpected nature: '*Pray, gentlemen, can you assure me that I will not be obliged to return to foreign parts? Satisfy me as to this point, and I will know what to do.*' The comment, if it was made, is telling: the Prince was far from naive. He knew that whilst overt Catholicism would weaken his position in Britain, a rejection of it would leave him isolated on the continent. He would alienate King Louis, his best hope of support, and would threaten the exiled court's position in papal accommodation. It also belies the idea that Charles was blundering forward with his campaign based on blind optimism. Momentum was his only hope, he knew that much, but there was always a chance of failure. With hindsight, it was a sensible call.

However, the last word on Charles' religious attitude lies beyond the '45. Four years after his return to France, the Prince went on an astonishing round of incognito travel, and for the first time entered London. At the Church of St Mary le Strand, Charles was received into the Church of England, in a bid to spark a resurgence of Jacobite support following his conversion. Clearly religion was not as important to him as politics. What is revealed by Charles's balanced religious policy throughout the campaign is a man who was clearly conscious of faith's importance to the lives of his intended subjects, of its powerful role in both domestic and international politics, and who behaved accordingly to satisfy those requirements as best he could. The fact that the minor details of religious difference seem

to have mattered little to him personally did not mean that he did not understand that they mattered to others. Nor did this mean he was a man without faith. All told, he was probably genuinely committed to religious tolerance, and with no intention of creating a Catholic revolution. As so often with Charles' more attractive qualities, his attitude was not mirrored in his adversaries, and ultimately their prejudice proved more powerful than his moderation.

The mission to win over his people was a task that brought out some of Charles' finest attributes, not only exposing his political shrewdness, but also a compassionate nature. The clearest evidence of this emerges from his treatment of prisoners, and of the wounded, especially at Prestonpans. The most extraordinary point about this is that, for once, the sources agree. It was clearly considered noteworthy:

> *"No" says he* [Charles]*, with a tender hart & in a most feeling way, "I cant rest until I see my own poor men taken care of, & the other wounded too, for they are the Kings Subjects as well we, & it's none of their fault if they are led on blindly."*
>
> John William O'Sullivan

> [Charles] *caused take the same care of their wounded as of his own*
>
> Lieutenant General Lord George Murray

> *He committed to my care one hundred and ten English officers, who were our prisoners, with orders that they should want for nothing.*
>
> James Johnstone

> [In treating the wounded of both sides] *we followed not only the dictates of humanity but the orders of our Prince*
>
> Anon, Lockhart papers

> *He* [Charles] *had... shown great moderation at the time of his victory.*
>
> Lord Elcho

> [I, Henderson] *saw the young Chevalier, who by the advice of Perth, had sent to Edinburgh for surgeons.*
>
> Andrew Henderson

Henderson was no friend to the Prince's cause, whilst we have already seen that Elcho is reluctant to attribute to Charles any great skills. It is a sad truth of the '45 Rising that not even the sources from Jacobite officers often need not be considered biased in the Prince's favour, and so the insistence in the sources that Charles behaved admirably was clearly noticeable and public. It was also to his great credit, and again not echoed by the treatment his soldiers were later to receive from their opponents. This surprised Charles even in Edinburgh, when the garrison threatened to bombard the city:

> *I am equaley suprised and concerned at the barbarity of the orders yt have ben signified to you from the Castle, and which those who command in it say they have recived from the Elector of Hanover... I shall be heartley sorey for any mischief yt may befall the City.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

Charles behaved carefully after Prestonpans, and his actions are revealing not just of an admirable character but also of a sensible politician at work. He had won a spectacular victory, one which shocked the world, and he needed to capitalise on his achievement. This demanded that the victory was loudly proclaimed and its importance vocally expressed. At the same time, however, celebrating victories in this civil war was hardly likely to win over moderates, especially considering his opponent's eagerness to associate Jacobitism with tyranny and

foreign aggression. Although this put Charles in an awkward fix, he handled it well. First, he ensured that high levels of care were provided for the wounded and that prisoners were taken and attended to equally appropriately. The victorious army was then sent back to Edinburgh, leading the captured standards and prisoners of the British army, in what was essentially a victory parade to announce the completeness of the Jacobite success. Charles, however, to balance this, remained absent from the procession and returned to the capital rather more subtly. He then, '*published several edicts, one of which prohibited all public rejoicings on account of the victory obtained over General Cope, as it was purchased at the expense of the blood of his subjects*'. This was what Elcho termed his '*great moderation*,' and it was the cornerstone of Charles public image and political presentation. He also learned his lessons. When it became clear that released prisoners were not honouring their parole, '*the Prince obliged those who were taken at Falkirk to add their oath to their parole, to bind them more effectively*.' Of course, all this makes Cumberland's pretence that Charles ordered no quarter to be given at Culloden ever more hollow and dishonourable.

As was perhaps natural for a man in Charles' position, the Prince was not always presenting the world with the reality of his person. He made great efforts to ensure his image and behaviour won over as many supporters as possible, and that he maintained the morale of those already attached to the cause. At the same time, he was occasionally forced to wear his heart on his sleeve, and we are fortunate in the surviving memoirs that we have snapshots of his behaviour when amongst friends as well as when in public. At his stage, suffice it to say that the very existence of a distinction between the Prince's private and public face reveals his political sense. Nevertheless, one eye-witness testimonial shows us that it was occasionally possible to see through the slick presentation. John Hume noted that, whilst many Edinburgh citizens were swept away by his charm and his majestic appearance:

> *The Whigs looked upon him with other eyes. They acknowledged that he was a goodly person; but even in that triumphant hour, when he was about to enter the palace of his fathers, the air of his countenance was languid and melancholy.*
>
> John Home

This is in contrast to another witness at the same event, who remarked that he was, '*smiling all the time*,' and it reveals something further about the Prince. The confidence that he so readily displayed and which so often drew people to his side against their better judgement, was at least partly political. There is no doubt that Charles genuinely believed in himself, his cause, and the ability of his supporters to achieve their aims, but he was also deeply conscious of the undertaking's risks, and the immense difficulties he was facing. It was already visible in Edinburgh, and more understandably, later in the campaign as well:

> *He had a princely aspect; and its impact was much deepened by the dejection that appeared in his pale countenance and downcast eye. He evidently wanted confidence in his own cause, and seemed to have a melancholy foreboding of that disastrous issue which ruined the hopes of his family forever.*
>
> Anonymous eye-witness, Glasgow[24]

This is visible in aspects of his behaviour, but only readily discernable if it is being sought. If it is accepted that Charles was fully aware of the odds he faced, then it is easier to comprehend the extremity of rage in Derby, and indeed at any occasion where his eagerness for battle or forward motion is opposed. To go further, it can be seen that Charles in fact had a deeper comprehension of the overall stakes than many of those around him, whose focus could often be more parochial. The Cause did

[24] Evidently written with hindsight, after Culloden.

not call for slow and cautious steadiness, but dynamic aggression and determined pressure; momentum was the key. O'Sullivan, who was probably Charles' closest friend during the campaign, recalls from the night before Culloden that the Prince, '*in the bottom had no great hopes*,' whereas Elcho, '*supped there that night with the Prince, who had no doubts as to the issue of the conflict; he had a most exalted idea of his cause*.' It seems that Elcho was receiving the Prince's public face, whilst O'Sullivan was able to read the reality of his master's mind.

Charles Edward Stuart, then, was no idealistic adventurer rushing into a course of action which exposed his friends to ruin, without a care for their fate. On the contrary, he was sensible of the needs of his cause, and his role within it. He came to Scotland armed with the documents which would give his authority a legal basis (his commission of regency) and identify the political position he represented (the manifestos). He then used his personal charm, his ability to engage and motivate men, and his optimism and enthusiasm, to begin a large scale military campaign out of nothing. As the opportunities came, he showed himself to be a compassionate and enlightened leader, and a shrewd politician for a man of his age and experience. He knew the importance of playing down his own religion, and of offering safeguards and dialogue to the clergy that opposed it. He kept tight control of his forces, sought hearts and minds, and used his own person to seduce fresh support and bolster those already declared. Charles' optimism was infectious, but it was also based on a balanced and intelligent analysis of his position. Those who did not trouble to learn who he really was, failed to notice the depth of his thinking, and misinterpreted frustration as anger, and determination as arrogance. The campaign of 1745-6 put an immense strain on an untested and inexperienced young politician, but he bore it with a smile and swagger which – almost always – covered up the true cost to both his mental and physical health. The ultimate failure of the Rising, and its inability to gather sufficient support to sweep to victory in

London, should not detract from the political skills which Charles evidently possessed.

> *If I die it shall be, as I lived, with honour; and the pleasure I take in thinking I have a brother in all respects more worthy than myself to support your just cause, and rescue my injur'd country from the oppression under which it groans (if it will suffer itself to be rescued) makes life more indifferent to me.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart[25]

[25] Letter to King James, dated Perth, September 10th 1745.

The Fall of Edinburgh

Over the ancient capital of Scotland, the dismal knell of the fire-bell signalled that something was amiss, on this extraordinary Sabbath. There was already an uncomfortable feel in the hollow kirks, where only a small proportion of the usual packed congregations had gathered, and those present had come to pray that yesterday's news might yet prove false. Word had spread fast around the city that an innumerable horde of Highlanders was approaching the city. They, with their strange language, dish-evelled looks and mountain costume, were surely bent on the restoration of Popery and the plunder of the city. The news had filtered into Edinburgh from Corstorphine, three miles to the west, where the ageing Colonel James Gardiner had drawn up his regiment of dragoons. The enemy were so close at hand, that even after their retreat from Stirling they were forced to stand to throughout the night. In reality, Gardiner's men had not even seen the Jacobite army, advancing cautiously towards Edinburgh.

In response to the fire-bell, the citizens hurried out of kirk to see what new emergency the city faced, and moved in some numbers up the broad central spine of the city towards its heart. So much activity was unusual for a Sunday. It was September 15th 1745, and the crowds were gathering around the High Kirk of St Giles, which dominated the centre of the capital. Around them were all the symbols of the city's power: the Goldsmith's Hall, where the Town Council met; the brooding Tolbooth, bastion of law and order; the luckenbooths where the city traders made their fortunes. This was Edinburgh, capital of North Britain and a wealthy trading hub. There must have been those amongst the crowds, however, whose eyes glanced at other symbols too. Atop the Mercat Cross, the centre of the burgh's markets, reared the proud unicorn and other emblems of royal Scotland. It was a long time since a king had come to Edinburgh, and he had been a Stuart. That reflection might have drawn the

citizen's eye across to the great bronze hovering over the crowd: Charles II, mounted and dominant, in the dress of a Roman emperor and with his gaze too high to be met by any beneath him. Behind the King, the old Parliament Hall. No parliament sat in Edinburgh these days, not since the Union.

For a better view, the citizen shakes off these thoughts and moves towards the High Street, treading carefully across the packed earth of the square. The market was all packed up for the Sabbath, and the luckenbooths stood bolted. There were troops marching up the slope. The town guard, with their red-brown surcoats were apparently already on the Lawnmarket, he is told. These others are the Volunteers. Young men and college boys many of them; fresh faced and holding their muskets clumsily. Here and there, one looked proud and defiant, but most of the soldiers scanned the crowd nervously. Around them, mothers sobbed gently, and some citizens cried out to them. It was difficult to hear whether the shouts were of encouragement or not. Some clearly called on them to turn back. Friends and neighbours walked alongside the volunteers, exhorting them to one course or another. There was an angry scene as a young soldier threatened to fire on a window, from which someone had offered some mocking insult. Edinburgh was a city of high tenements, and from those upper windows there was a fine view of this bizarre gathering.

The soldiers made for a pitiable sight as they came to a halt further up the hill, where the High Street gave way to the Lawnmarket, and there they drew up with the Town Guard, whose appearance was at least a little more martial. They looked no more confident. In happier, more certain times, the mob would surely be behind them, but the whole city seemed infected with a lack of confidence that it had not known before. Beyond the little army, across an open space at the head of the hill, stood the dark brooding mass of the great fortress. Dominating the city, it was the symbol of government authority. The Union Flag fluttered above in the autumn breeze that whipped up from the

Forth. It makes the citizen look east, down the Royal Mile away from the Castle. Edinburgh was a city with two anchors. Invisible beyond the kink in the High Street, and beyond the tower of the Netherbow Port, there stood the Palace of Holyroodhouse. It was a palace dominated by the memories of the Stuarts, but it was a long time since a king had rested there.

How many people looked upon those symbols of past and present that day, and felt something unexpected stir inside them, cannot be known. Edinburgh had a proud heritage as a royal capital, but that was all in the past. The city still governed itself with its old Council, and the guilds and burgesses still held their traditional influences, but there was surely a consciousness of a time when the city had held more power than it did now. Rivals were growing in strength, like Glasgow to the west, which was expanding rapidly on the benefits of Union with England. Scotland's government was another world away, with King George in London. Many would not speak it, and many would not even sense it, but there was a part of Edinburgh which longed to be a capital again, for Stuart or Hanoverian.

There was a new noise now. There was a ragged cheer from parts of the crowd as it parted on the High Street. Splendid in scarlet, and with their hooves kicking up clods, Hamilton's Dragoons rode up from the Leith Road towards the West Bow. They had been drawn up on the grassy links at Leith, the port on which Edinburgh merchants – like Provost Archibald Stewart – depended for their fortunes. Their timely presence seemed to stiffen some of the citizens' resolve, and at their approach the volunteers called out a huzzah, and tricorns were waved. The dragoons drew their swords and clanged their equipment in salute, as they turned down the dog-leg of the West Bow, along the open Grassmarket, and through the West Port. They would ride to Corstorphine, and surely put some backbone back into Gardiner's men. It had all been decided at a council of war that morning: the Volunteers and a portion of the Town Guard would join them, and together they would resist the onset of the Young

Pretender. Accordingly, when the dragoons had passed, the Volunteers were turned about and ordered down the Bow.

The sad reality was that the mixture of jibes, exhortations and the visible lack of confidence had all taken their toll on the Volunteer companies. Most did not in fact march to the Grassmarket, and for the College Company that did, they were set upon by all manner of encouragements not to proceed further. The truth was that most Volunteers were eager to defend the town's ancient walls, but had not bargained on fighting out in the open where, as the military had decided, they would be used to draw the fire of the Jacobites whilst the regular dragoons attempted to achieve something more significant. When the university principal, Dr Wishart, came out to encourage his boys to cease their pretence at soldiery, what remained of their confidence began to falter. Drummond, their commander, was a former Lord Provost with an eye on Stewart's post, and the elections were imminent. He suddenly saw the prospect of bravely marching the cream of the city's youth out of the West Port, never to return, and destroying his political ambitions at the same time. The troop marched back to college. Nevertheless, some recently raised militia and a few portions of the Guard marched out, and stood ready with Gardiner's and Hamilton's. They no doubt heard all the dreadful reports which the troopers had conjured during their fearful night at arms.

Even to the most optimistic Whig in Edinburgh, it must have been clear that the city was heading to disaster. The infantry which had marched out were clearly inadequate, and although there were disparate groups of volunteers gathering, the chances of holding Edinburgh were slight. It was a defensible city, surrounded by medieval defences on all sides, and the esteemed mathematician Professor Maclaurin had been appointed to oversee wall repairs and preparations. Cannon had been mounted, especially to protect the east side, which was overlooked by the high tenements of the Canongate which were beyond the wall's protection. It was the uncertainty in the city which was proving

to be its fundamental weakness. Provost Stewart was openly, and probably unfairly, challenged as a Jacobite sympathiser (he was tried thoroughly after the Rising), and everyone was conscious of the upcoming elections and therefore watching one another's moves. Both the Bank of Scotland and the Royal Bank of Scotland had been busily packing all their reserves into Edinburgh Castle, as well as withdrawing notes and adding to the general nervousness. On top of this, there had been weeks of meetings, delays, and debates over the legality of raising forces without royal assent, and also the disturbing silence that had followed the departure of the senior military commander, Sir John Cope. Post from the north had been interrupted by the movement of the armies, and the silence had only broken when news arrived that Cope had been outmanoeuvred and had lost the road to Edinburgh. He was in Inverness, the Pretender was in Perth.

Cope had, at least, left his cavalry behind, foreseeing the risk of this occurrence. A cautious, sensible man with a distinguished military career, Cope would not risk battle on unfavourable terms, and had dodged away from the Jacobites at the Corrieyarick Pass. Nevertheless, he knew he needed to protect the capital, so having marched to Aberdeen he put his army to sea and headed south again. Meanwhile, Colonel Gardiner should have been able to delay the Jacobite advance sufficiently to buy Cope his opportunity. Unfortunately, inexplicably, Gardiner had failed utterly to resist the Jacobite crossing of the Firth of Forth at the Fords of Frew, and had retreated rapidly from Stirling. He had failed even to observe the Jacobites, let alone harass their advance. Ideally, he would have shadowed their movements in order to gain an estimation of their strength, whilst allowing his men a chance to judge their enemy and become accustomed to their appearance. With no cavalry of their own at this stage, the Jacobites could not have retaliated, and highlanders traditionally feared cavalry more than infantry. Regardless, the dragoons merely withdrew towards Corstorphine, and their morale fell accordingly.

General Guest, the senior commander remaining in Edinburgh, had agreed with Drummond that a stand could be made if Hamilton's were brought up from Leith and some supporting infantry provided from the city. It was unlikely to succeed. With his military eye, General Sir Robert Cadell would later despair at the folly of the plan. In reality, it was not even put to the test. With the failure of the Prince's army to appear at Corstorphine, the infantry returned to the city to undertake their share of night duties. After a day in arms, and the unnerving scenes in the city that morning, the men must have been exhausted and demoralised. Brigadier Fowke, arriving to take command of all the cavalry, at last reached Edinburgh and agreed with Guest and the Lord Provost that the dragoons should withdraw to the close protection of the city. As soon as it fell dark, the cavalry retired to Coltbridge. It had been another long day in the saddle, and it had again ended in retreat. Morale was falling dangerously low on all fronts. Meanwhile, at least, the Provost was being proactive and examined the defences at one o'clock in the morning.

The following day, after another night on the alert, the dragoons were reviewed at Coltbridge on the Water of Leith. They were not in a good state, and Fowke himself noted, '*many of the horses' backs were not fit to receive their riders; many of the men's and some of the officers' legs so swelled that they could not wear boots.*'[26] At last a small reconnaissance was sent west to discover the motions of the Jacobites, and these came back with the news that the enemy were at Corstorphine. At the same time, a certain Mr Alves, who worked at Writers' Court keeping the court records up to date, arrived in Edinburgh after riding past the Jacobite army and speaking with the Duke of Perth. They had promised to pay Edinburgh a visit, apparently aware of the preparations to resist them. Although the Provost tried to calm the fellow, he spread his fear throughout the city.

26 This is taken from evidence at Cope's inquiry.

As the citizens soaked up the news, word reached them of an altogether unexpected motion amongst the troops at Coltbridge. They gathered on Castle Hill, before the fortress gates, and at the north-facing windows of the high tenement buildings which flanked the narrow closes that fed off the Royal Mile. Brigadier Fowke, acknowledging the frankly inexplicable lack of supplies he was receiving and the poor state of his troops, and now aware that his enemy was on the march, decided to withdraw further. His aim was an orderly withdrawal towards Musselburgh, where he was in a stronger position to connect with Cope, who was expected at one of the East Lothian ports at any moment. Already nervous, exhausted, and convinced that the enemy was upon them, a large portion of the cavalry took fright. The strategic withdrawal became an all-out flight. From the windows of Edinburgh, the citizens looked on aghast as the cavalry of the British army fled between the Lang Dykes, on a roadway that passed along the north shore of the Nor Loch, the stagnant artificial lake the protected the north of the city.[27] It was about 3pm, and the enemy was nowhere to be seen. As the morale of the dragoons broke for the first time, that of the city began to falter too. This was the infamous Canter of Coltbridge.

To add to the city's nerves, General Guest evacuated his town house and withdrew into the Castle. The citizens now felt exposed; there was nothing between them and the enemy except their own walls. As this was happening, Prince Charles drew up his forces at Gray's Mill, just two miles to the west, and sent a message demanding the city's surrender. A petition was already circulating the city requesting exactly that, showing that the initiative had now passed to those who opposed resistance. The Provost had to disperse the anxious crowds with drummers, and

27 The loch was a frightful cesspool in places, and was drained in stages during the mid-late eighteenth century. It is now Princes Street Gardens and Waverley railway station. The Lang Dykes were roughly were Princes Street and George Street are today, and all the area between Edinburgh and Leith was open agricultural space.

the tension was palpable. The gates were being barricaded, and a meeting called in the Goldsmiths' Hall on Parliament Square. Some citizens were clearly Jacobites; others just believed the city indefensible without regulars. Whatever the motives, the clamour was for an end to the pretence of resisting Charles' advance. Many senior crown officials had already left the city, and Provost Stewart was in a vulnerable position. Resist, and be blamed for the destruction of the city by siege or storm. Capitulate, and fuel accusations of cowardice and treachery.

Events in the capital were now turning to farce. The throngs at the Hall were too great, and so the Provost ordered an adjournment to New Church Aisle, in the old nave of St Giles High Kirk.[28] To signal the new public meeting, the fire-bell was again rung. The residents of Edinburgh's massive (some twelve storey) tenements, in narrow closes and wynds so prone to devastating fires, panicked. The volunteers, still on the alert, thought it was their signal that the town was about to be attacked and rushed to their rally point on the Lawnmarket to await orders. The situation was bordering on chaos, and with the Volunteers unavailable to attend the meeting, the voice for resistance was softened. At about 6pm, as the darkness began to gather, General Preston from the Castle sensed the mood of the city had turned and he ordered the Volunteers to give up their arms. At virtually the same moment, Charles' summons arrived. This caused further uproar, as it was uncertain whether it could lawfully be read before an assembly. The terms offered were generous,[29] but with word of Cope's landing expected, it was decided to send a deputation to play for time.

[28] St Giles had been divided into separate areas during the Reformation, being too large a space for Presbyterian style worship. Charles I had pulled down the partitions when creating the Diocese of Edinburgh in the 1630s. The divisions had been renewed as the civil war exploded around the church's walls.

[29] Written by Murray of Broughton, and playing on the city's nostalgia for its former royal significance.

The Prince, however, had guessed the deputations' game and was determined that he would not negotiate on the surrender of his father's capital. A second deputation was dispatched to Gray's Mill, but the day was wearing on and Charles was equally well aware of Cope's probable return. The emissaries were sent home, and a plan for the capture of Edinburgh was put into action. A party of about 900 men was assembled under the command of O'Sullivan, and they quietly occupied the Canongate. The lower end of the Royal Mile was unprotected by the walls, and the buildings there kept the Jacobites out of sight. Despite the cannon arranged to sweep St Mary's Street, and the fact that the Canongate was heavily inhabited, the soldiers managed to get into position undetected. A rather clumsy attempt was made to enter, by off passing a soldier disguised in lowland clothes a British officer's servant, but the town guard – although supposedly quite drunk by this stage – drove him off with appropriate threats. Clearly there was some determination left, amidst the indecision and division in the city.

The capital was exhausted, after weeks of nerve-straining tension, and a dramatic and trying day. The night was already well advanced, and the final embassy sent to Prince Charles had returned empty-handed. But the gates were barred, the cannon loaded, and the Town Guard still at post, including about fourteen men at the Netherbow. It was time to put the day behind them, and face tomorrow with fresh eyes. The citizens retired to their *lands*, and the Provost withdrew to a no doubt sleepless bed. The carriage which had borne the deputation to Gray's Mill was now returned to its stabling – on the Canongate. It was the final farce of a fairly ridiculous day. As the Netherbow Port opened its gate, the highlanders rushed in. Caught out completely, the guards were disarmed. In a disciplined body, the Jacobites then marched with swords drawn up the High Street, and quickly took the Guardhouse, which squatted outside the Tron Kirk. The rest of the Guard's were disarmed with impressive efficiency. All the gates were subsequently taken with bloodless

silence, and the Jacobites drew up quietly on Parliament Close. Those not instructed to remain on duty were eventually quartered in the old Parliament Hall itself, although it took a few hours for to actually find the keys.

The Jacobite storming of Edinburgh was thus a somewhat less dramatic affair than some have been tempted to suggest. Some reports claim that the highlanders bellowed their war-cries and that highland pipes tore through the early morning darkness. However, when a gentleman took his morning walk and saw a highlander seated up a cannon mounted onto the walls, he simply remarked that surely he was not from the same unit whichwas on guard last night. The highlander replied with appropriate understatement, that the previous guards had been relieved. Thus the citizens of Edinburgh awoke to find the city in the hands of the Jacobite army, which had occurred without fuss, noise or violence. The Provost had failed in his attempt to keep the city in the hands of King George, but had succeeded in saving it from the rigours of a siege. With the town magistrates, he was brought to a tavern on Writers' Close and told by O'Sullivan how the land lay. All would be well, and everything paid for. At the same town, if anyone dared to fire from a window (the tenements would have made an assassin's paradise), then that house would be fired.[30] Fire was a more dangerous enemy to Edinburgh than any highlander, and the warning was heeded.

Charles received word of the capture with a mix of anticipation and relief; he marched towards the city with the rest of his forces. Taking a circuitous route to the south to avoid the Castle's guns, he had the enclosure walls of Prestonfield breached to allow passage into Holyrood Park. The army marched between the Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat, beyond sight of the

30 O'Sullivan states that he was firm with the Provost on account of the tone adopted by the deputies sent to Gray's Mill the previous night, which evidently lacked due deference to the Prince.

fortress, and at Hunter's Bog the Prince ordered the army to encamp. In this sheltered position, the men were not within view of enemy spyglasses and could rest undisturbed, whilst they were also beyond the temptation of aggravating the capital's prosperity. Chambers reports the romantic image of the Prince following the gently rising ground from the bog, to where the eerie ruins of St Anthony's Chapel rise over him on his left. There he stands, perhaps offered water from the ancient well that springs up there, and surveys for the first time the royal seat of Scotland. Restored by order of Charles II, Holyroodhouse had last held a court when the future King James II occupied it as Duke of York. It was the first major victory of his campaign, and suddenly it seemed to Charles that despite all the odd, he might just pull it off. Holyrood was a Stuart palace for Stuart kings, and the symbolism of what was about to take place was lost on no one, especially not the young Prince.

Accompanied by Elcho and the Duke of Perth, Charles Edward Stuart descended into the King's Park on foot. The good people of Edinburgh, overcoming the shock of the city's occupation, were now overwhelmed by a mix of curiosity and enthusiasm. Whether they thought of him as their liberator, their Prince Regent, young Chevalier or Young Pretender, they gathered in extraordinary numbers to see him. So great was the press that, either for his safety or to make himself more visible, Charles re-mounted his horse. Elcho recalls there must have been 60,000 people gathered in the suburbs and in the park, straining to, '*touch his boots or his horse furniture*.' If he was accurate in his numbers, then virtually the entire population of the city had assembled. Friend and foe alike recalled what they saw, and that Charles made a fine impression:

> *The figure and presence of Charles were not ill suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, and of a fair complexion... he rode well and looked graceful on horseback. The Jacobites were charmed with his*

appearance. They compared him to Robert Bruce, whom he resembled, they said, in his figure as in his fortune.

John Home

The Prince knew that these were the images which would be carried across Britain. First impressions counted, and he made his most of the moment. Everyone present, whether they believed in the Cause or not, knew that they were witnessing history. The atmosphere must have been extraordinary. Having entered the Palace of Holyroodhouse, led in by James Hepburn of Keith, Prince Charles established himself in the James V tower, and Edinburgh became a royal capital once more.

As Charles busied himself setting up his court, the city's attention turned towards the Mercat Cross. The crowds gathered there as King James was proclaimed amidst the huzzahs of his soldiers and supporters. The declarations were read, pipes played, and the occupation given all the legality of a restoration. The ladies cheered from the same tenement windows from which they had so recently scorned the appearance of their volunteer militia. Most remarkably, the whole process of conferring legitimacy on the rebellion took place within view – and range – of Edinburgh Castle. The people of Edinburgh were by no means unanimously Jacobite; these scenes were as much a release of the dread tension that had held the city for weeks, as a declaration of support for Prince Charlie. One shot from the walls, no doubt, would have brought the majority to their senses. But for the time being the fortress stood silent; no doubt it would have its moment.

The image of the entire population of the capital, just days after sending a declaration of loyalty to London, thronging to huzzah their young Aeneas would send shockwaves through Georgian society. The events of September 17th 1745 marked a turning point in the war: no longer was Charles the leader of a rebellion to be nipped in the bud; he was a proclaimed regent who controlled the capital of a kingdom. The game was far from over, of course. The Castle still flew the Union Flag, and was well

prepared to hold out. With no artillery, the Jacobites had little hope of taking it, and a stand-off ensued. As the city calmed down and the Jacobites settled in, Charles learned at last of a more serious threat to his cause. Sir John Cope was disembarking his army at Dunbar, and the dragoons had gone to meet him. When the Prince was told, he turned to the messenger: '*Is he, by God.*'

Late in the morning of 21st September 1745, the citizens of Edinburgh again saw King George's dragoons riding up the High Street. The memory of Hamilton's Regiment clattering their swords to cheer the volunteers and militia must have seemed distant after all that had happened since. The Jacobites had left the city a few days ago to give battle to Sir John Cope, and it was only a matter of time before news came in. From the upper apartments of the lands, or from a vantage point on the High Street, just in view on the eastern horizon but shrouded in the haar of the Forth, lay the bloody battlefield of Prestonpans. Here the fate of Scotland was being contested amidst the fog of war. Suddenly, four dragoons rode at speed up the Royal Mile, heedless that they were far from the reach of battle, the muddied flanks of their mounts streaked with sweat and fear. The heart of the High Street was filled with locked stalls and carts of goods, and as they neared the Cross the dragoons were forced to slow their progress, as they pressed their horses through the thin gathering of nervous citizens. In turn the citizens called upon them for news, but their faces spoke more eloquently than any words: Cope was beaten.

Unaware of the outcome of the battle was Lawrence Oliphant, Laird of Gask. An ardent and faithful Jacobite, Oliphant happened to be on Writer's Court at this time. Here the writers of the signet kept Scotland's laws up to date, from an impressive range of buildings opposite the east end of St Giles. From the

close head, Gask saw the four jittery dragoons and sensed an opportunity to serve the cause. In an audacious move, which can only have been motivated by the nervous state of the soldiers, the Perthshire laird sprang out of the courtyard and commanded them to surrender. Astonishingly, although two simply pushed heedlessly on towards the Castle, two of the dragoons stopped, dismounted, and prepared to surrender. Less surprisingly, they immediately realised their error in yielding to a single unidentified man. Drawing their heavy dragoon pistols, they gave fire. The bursting of the guns thundered terrifyingly through the narrow close into the courtyard, Oliphant dashing to safety in the darkness beyond as the crash died out behind him. It was remarkable that he survived this extraordinary scene, and he and his son went on to escape Culloden too. The startled citizens might not have known it, but that was probably the first time those soldiers had fired their pieces that morning. Soon other fugitives had joined them, seeking sanctuary in the rocky fortress beyond.

Any doubt as to what had happened at Prestonpans was dispersed when, later in the day, the Camerons returned to the capital to reoccupy the city ahead of the army's return. The following day, a long and extended column of highland soldiers paraded captured government standards and prisoners into the city, expressing the totality of the victory. The Prince arrived later, rather more reserved, and forbade any public celebrations. However keenly they had welcomed Charles, most citizens of Edinburgh had probably never expected the situation in which they now found themselves.

If Sir John had been victorious, then the Rising would have been ended and the previous week would have been little more than a curious interference in the city's business. Back to the election campaign. But the defeat of the British army meant that the war would be extended, and that the Jacobites would return to the city. This had many implications. Too much co-operation and the city would be punished if the Rising failed; too little and

the army of occupation was at liberty to punish it now. The city was again a royal capital, with a court installed at Holyrood once more, but the castle brooded menacingly above it all. Although General Guest had proposed surrendering the fortress when they heard the scale of Cope's defeat, the equally aged General Preston had put spirit into the garrison and insisted on holding. The situation was tense, and the city was caught in the middle.

Charles' army was growing rapidly, as the highland units that had failed to link up with him gathered at Edinburgh. Gentlemen and their servants were formed into a Lifeguard, satisfying King James' promise of such a commission to the young Elcho. Active recruitment, combined with effective (if unpopular) sorties into the well-stocked Lothians, meant that the Jacobite army was becoming daily a more potent and formidable force. It was also losing its highland character, with the addition of lowlanders, cavalry, and – by the middle of October – artillery. England would not be overwhelmed by a rabble of mountaineers, but by what the Prince hoped would become a Scottish national army. Every day he reviewed, inspected and drilled his forces in the safe shadow of Arthur's Seat. The Prince was not wasting a moment, yet he remained anxious to press onwards and grew, as Johnstone recalled, '*impatient to enter England*.' The army was consolidating its position, dispersing units to Leith, Restalrig, Duddingston and Newhaven, which allowed for greater control whilst making it ever more difficult for the Government's friends to count. The three thousand that had swept away Sir John Cope had now become eight.

The occupation of Edinburgh is sometimes viewed as something of a sad mockery: the officers danced and flirted with the fashionable ladies of the city; Charles' lost himself in the dreamland of his hollow court; amateurs presenting a charade of power and ability; and a missed opportunity to walk into England and finish the job. The reality was very much different. In terms of the larger scale, it was a period of sensible Jacobite activity and consolidation, and the preparation for the next big

step. For the people of Edinburgh, it was a period of constant nervousness, sharp tension, and the very real risk of death or ruin. Although an elite few could ease their fears by dancing in the Palace, most felt they were caught in a volatile trap, swinging between the risks of offending the occupiers and the very real fear of treason trials after they had gone. The balance was delicate, and the threat real. However, it was not the Jacobites that the citizens really needed to fear.

The Lothians were in a flurry of activity. Jacobite patrols, recruitment parties, and supply missions criss-crossed the lands around Edinburgh, for the most part obedient to Charles' instructions to be on their best behaviour. As the Jacobite position consolidated, they attempted to put pressure on the Castle. Its fall would be a great boon to the cause, and it was unclear how well supplied it was. Accordingly, the Prince strengthened the guard positions around the fortress, with Camerons positioned in the Grassmarket, Lawnmarket, and the Weigh House (or Butter Tron).[31] The awkward stand-off was building to a climax. British ships in the Forth were now harassing Jacobite reinforcements crossing to Edinburgh, and the response was that if this pressure from the Navy was maintained, then the pressure on the Castle would be increased accordingly. Until 29th September, there had been free communication between town and fortress, but now supplies were to be restricted.

General Guest, however, held the ace. From his vantage point, his guns commanded the city, and he knew that he was sufficiently well supplied to hold out. He also knew that Charles was more concerned about hearts and minds than he was, and so he sent a letter to Provost Stewart informing him that if the blockade was not lifted then he would open fire. The exhausted Provost called a meeting in the New Church Aisle of St Giles, and the decision was taken to apply to Holyrood for the blockade

[31] Which stood where the traffic island now sits, outside the gates to the Hub.

to be slackened. The following morning, Charles expressed his outrage that Guest would threaten the citizens – his own neighbours – with violence and destruction. Any mischief, he threatened, would be returned upon Guest's estates in Fife, to which Guest offered to instruct HMS Fox to fire on Wemyss Castle which belonged to Elcho's family. The situation was deteriorating, and both sides were getting edgy. During an awkward truce, Murray of Broughton allowed butter to be passed up to the Castle for the sake of Guest's health, but it was discovered that secret communications were being hidden in the packages. Enraged, the Jacobites tightened the blockade further, and warning shots were fired to discourage a bold citizen who attempted to approach the castle esplanade.

The response was immediate: Guest now had his pretext. The heavy guns of the half-moon battery which dominated the east face of the Castle belched forth their fire, and muskets cracked defiantly from the ramparts. The shot smashed into the walls of the houses at the Lawnmarket head, and crashed about the Weigh House. A number of highlanders were wounded, and an innocent serving girl was also injured. She was just the first innocent victim of the last siege of Edinburgh Castle. It was 1st October, and Charles was indignant. All communication with the Castle was now forbidden, but the Jacobites were clearly not in control of what was happening. Two days later, the guns opened fire on an exposed Jacobite guard post at Livingston's Yards, near St Cuthbert's Church (the West Church). To the cheers of his comrades, a certain Watson climbed down a rope from the Castle, slew several highlanders, and returned up the rope as the house burned down behind him. A satirical broadside was soon produced lampooning one of the poor Jacobite guards:

O were I 'mong those safe Retreats conceal'd,
Which Arthur's Seat, and rocky Caltoun yield!
In some dark Cavern funk, or Den profound!
Where I no more might hear th' alarming Sound

Of those dire Engines, thund'ring in my Ears,
My Soul transfixing with a thousand Fears.

The only good news coming through to Prince Charles that day was that John Campbell of the Royal Bank of Scotland had successfully entered the Castle under a flag of truce, and cashed the Jacobites' bank notes. It was an extraordinary achievement, which possibly exposes that Campbell's own political leanings were less Whig than might have been proper. How Guest was persuaded to permit this – it took many hours of debate – will never truly be known. Campbell was in the Castle whilst Watson was earning his pension outside of it.

The bombardment continued the following day. Guest was thoughtful enough to warn the inhabitants to stay away from the north side of James Court, and considerable damage was done to other property on the Lawnmarket too. As darkness fell, the garrison sallied out and burned down a number of houses, which had fortunately been abandoned, and began digging a trench across the esplanade. They were covered by cartridge shot which raked the top of the Royal Mile, slaying at least two citizens, including a book-keeper, whilst a number of others suffered injuries. Citizens fled in terror, whilst according to the *Scots Magazine*, the soldiers plundered the empty tenements. On Saturday 5th, Patrick Crichton watched in horror as the garrison fired musket shots down the Lawnmarket, the north side of which sheltered irate and powerless highlanders, whilst at Liberton's Wynd a tradesman in a blue coat lay in a pool of blood, '*his brains dashed owt.*'[32] Another man had a near miss as musket balls skipped across the Grassmarket, and others fell at the head of Fleshmarket Close on the High Street. The Weigh House itself was in tatters, and there was now no safe movement within the town walls. In Leith, ships were firing on Jacobite

[32] The wynd ran south from where George IV Bridge now joins the Royal Mile.

outposts there too, and the streams of refugees from the two towns met in confusion on what is now Leith Walk. In the words of the *Scots Magazine*, '*it was a very affecting scene*.' The commerce of the city was at a standstill, the Cowgate chocked with carts and terrified citizens.

Faced with such callousness, Charles had no choice but to relent. The blockade was publicly withdrawn, and great protests made over the garrison's behaviour. The Prince was genuinely astounded by Guest's willingness to expose the citizens of Edinburgh to the hazards of war, and was also clearly frustrated by his complete inability to respond. For all their reinforcements, the captured standards, and the hosts of Government prisoners held in Queensberry House and the Canongate Kirk, the Jacobite army did not hold the power in Edinburgh after all. Why the old general behaved in this manner is unclear. There was no chance that the fortress would fall to an enemy without siege guns, and the garrison was well provisioned and unlikely to surrender. Perhaps Guest was simply trying to make up for the lack of resistance the city had put up. Perhaps he thought the citizens had been too eager to welcome Charles to the city, and needed a wake-up call. Whatever his intentions, he brought the city to a halt and broke the Jacobite dream: Charles had suffered his first reverse. As October went on, the cannon fell quiet as the Jacobite army prepared to depart. The war was moving south, and the Prince's court at Holyrood – now enhanced by the presence of an ambassador from France – was to pass into memory. On the last day of October 1745, the occupation of Edinburgh came to end, and the invasion of England began.

The Soldier

The enemy marched a body of regular troops to attack me; but when they came near they chang'd their mind, and, by taking a different rout, and making forced marches, have escaped to the north, to the great disappointment of my Highlanders. But I am not at all sorry for it. I shall have the greater glory in beating them when they are more numerous and supported by their dragoons.

Charles Edward Stuart

The blood that flowed in Charles' veins was well suited to military adventure: his Stuart ancestors had often been found with a sword in their hand. Charles I had proved brave and capable during the Civil War, his namesake son likewise, and James II had also distinguished himself in military action whilst Duke of York. His father may never have cut a military figure – his skills lay elsewhere – but Charles' mother brought him the blood of the Sobieskis. This line recalled King John Sobieski of Poland, who had destroyed the Turks at the Battle of Vienna in 1683 and become a European hero. The young Prince Charles, as has been seen, was more than aware of this pedigree, and saw his own role as that of military saviour of the Stuart cause. He had prepared hard for his war, had gambled everything from its outset, and was in no way willing to play the figurehead whilst others fought for him. Charles was determined that the '45 would be his victory: he would command it and he would win it.

Charles' performance as the commander-in-chief of the Jacobite army is a source of some disagreement. One common interpretation of the Rising is that the credit for its achievements should generally lie with such men as Lord George Murray, whilst the blame for its failings belongs to the Prince. This opinion is as sad as it is bizarre. The reality is that Charles was a capable commander, operating in exceptional circumstances, and

demonstrating considerable skill and courage even in the most testing environments. It must be remembered that Charles had little experience beyond his brief spell at Gaeta, and was, in effect, learning on the job. He was also only twenty-five. His relationship with his subordinates requires close scrutiny later, and there were clearly aspects of personality which hampered the Rising, but on the whole Charles comes out of the '45 pretty well. The bare facts clearly reveal that the Prince was a man who knew his business, understood what was required of him, and – to a greater extent than any other individual about him – understood that the whole situation was, '*all or nothing*.'

In terms of his soldierly responsibilities, Charles had given himself the best preparation imaginable. Those long days hiking in the hills around Rome, or shooting thrushes off the rooftops of the palazzi, had created a physique that was strong enough to relish the rigours of a military campaign through difficult territory, in winter. Many of his highlanders, hard men themselves, were astonished at their leader's vigour. They cheered, for example, when Charles had to halt the march south to Edinburgh, having worn through the soul of his shoe. He was pushing an impressive pace, which was maintained throughout the campaign. Even in the most difficult times in the worst of weather, as Neil MacEachainn recalled, '*it was wonderful how he preserved his health all the time*.' When, in the latter stages of the campaign, in the depths of an appalling winter and with his hopes crashing around him, Charles succumbed to illness and fatigue, it was a reflection of the extent to which he had pushed himself, rather than of an inherent weakness. This prince was physically strong, blessed with stamina, and the credit for that lies with his own effort.

Charles' fitness would serve him well – especially when the Rising failed – but it also allowed him to make great play of sharing the discomforts of his men, at a time when such displays were key in winning their support. A Dundonian observer wrote to an English friend in September that, '*the Young Chevalier*

affects the example of Charles XII of Sweden. He marches the whole day on foot.'[33] Not only was the Prince deliberately boosting the morale of his highlanders, but he was also clearly promoting an image of himself as a warrior. The image was attracting attention: it was working. Charles XII, incidentally, had been a young king who had successfully defended his country against great odds and achieved a string of spectacular victories. In 1718, aged just thirty-six, the king had been killed leading his troops in battle against the Norwegians, and his reputation for leading from the front and being fearless in the fray clearly provided some inspiration for Charles Edward. This behaviour was even more important in a commander who was holding an army together almost entirely out of a sense of loyalty to himself. Charles was the glue that held the Cause together, and so he needed to maintain his own legend. This is why, although all through the march to Edinburgh the Prince had slept in the great houses that had lined his path, he did not do so at Tranent. As Ewald would later put it, with a sense of excitement traceable in his pen which suitably mirrors the Prince's own mood at this time, '*Charles contented himself with the broad canopy of heaven, a shake-down of pease-straw, and the shoulder of a highlander for a pillow.*' Although clearly done to boost morale, such behaviour was no empty gesture; it shows the Prince as a serious and sensible soldier, who took his responsibilities as a leader extremely seriously:

> *He never dinn'd nor threw off his cloaths at night, or ate much at supper, used to throw himself upon a bed at eleven o'clock, & was up by four in the morning. As he had a prodigious strong constitution, he bore fatigue most surprisingly well.*
>
> John William O'Sullivan

[33] Published in *The York Courant*, 17th & 23rd September 1745. Charles XII was remarkable for his achievements in the Great Northern War, achieved at a young age and against impressive odds.

Of course, to really earn the respect and loyalty of his army, it was vital that Charles not only shared the hardships of the campaign, but the dangers of battle too. The Prince had shown courage when at Gaeta, as we have seen, and he had lost none of his bravery by the time he was leading his own forces in 1745. Throughout the campaign, he proved himself to be a commander that led from the front. The same Dundonian quoted earlier passed on that, '*every river they have to cross, he's the first man that leaps into it*,' a reference to the same youthful enthusiasm the Prince showed when leaping the troublesome ditch in the Tranent Meadows in September, during which he stumbled onto his knees. The result of the fall was noted by Henderson, when he saw Charles after the battle of Prestonpans:

> *He was on foot, clad as an ordinary captain in a coarse plaid and large blue bonnet, a scarlet waistcoat with a narrow plain gold-lace about it, his boots and knees were much dirtied.*
>
> Andrew Henderson

Even the Prince's dress indentifies his attitude to battle. Just as he dressed like his highlanders, so he would fight with them. Before the battle, whilst at Duddingston, Charles had expressed his determination to command the front line, and lead the charge in person. The suggestion was received with protests from the outraged chiefs, who declared that, '*defeat or victory was the same to them*,' if the Prince was exposed to harm. In the face of their threats to return home should he not relent, Charles agreed to lead the reserve rather than the main charge – something which no doubt disappointed his youthful spirit. The leader of a highland army was expected to share the men's danger – which is why the other chiefs and officers like Murray led their regiments from the front, and also why casualties were generally quite high amongst the Jacobite officers. These officers, therefore, born into a tradition of martial honour, would have appreciated the Prince's earnest gesture, but also knew full well the folly of him taking

unnecessary risks. For the soldiers themselves, Charles' eagerness allowed a powerful sense of mutual trust and association to develop. On a later occasion, Charles would exclaim: '*we must die like brave men, with swords in our hands*.'

Even denied his chance to lead the charge at Prestonpans, however, Charles fully demonstrated his eagerness to be in the thick of the engagement. At his side on the morning of the battle was Murray's aide James Johnstone, who saw the Prince lead the reserve into the fray – an important move considering the gaping hole in the front line:

> *We were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running always as fast as we could to overtake them, and near enough never to lose sight of them.*
>
> James Johnstone

Nevertheless, with a sense of frustration no doubt shared with Charles, they charged through the smoke only in order to witness the rout of the British army. The action had all happened too quickly for the men of the reserve to demonstrate their own prowess, but this does not detract from their valour. Panting with the exertion of their long charge, hearts pumping with adrenalin, and eyes stinging from the acrid powder fog, Charles Edward Stuart and his men had shared the risks of their first victory and survived. As Elcho (somewhat grudgingly) admitted, Charles had, '*borne himself well at the head of the second line*.'

Nor was it just Elcho who noticed Charles' courage during the war: Lord George Murray also explicitly stated that, '*His Royal Highness had no regard for his own danger, but pressed with all the force of argument to go forward... he could not think of retreating after coming so far*.' Murray, for all his faults, was himself a brave man, at his most likeable when at the head of his men with a sword in his hand. Praise from him was praise meant. His aide and supporter, Captain Johnstone, also noted Charles' keenness for the fray, and reported:

> *The Prince, having acquired a strong relish for battles... was always for fighting, and sometimes even reproached Lord George for his unwillingness to incur the risk of an engagement.*
>
> James Johnstone

Even at Culloden, where the Prince's behaviour has been the source of so much controversy, misunderstanding, and deliberate misrepresentation, he clearly showed significant personal courage. Elcho's reputed cry that he was a damned cowardly Italian – whilst it may well be a phrase fitted to Elcho's manners – is notable for its absence in the most reliable and immediate sources (including his own narratives). Charles had many faults, but he was no coward. Quite the reverse.

There is a possibility, often quoted, that Charles found a lot of his military boldness from a conviction that his enemy would not actually resist him. Elcho makes much of this trait in Charles' character, expressing that he, '*believed firmly that the soldiers of the regulars would never dare fight against him as he was their true prince.*' This belief seemed to be vindicated by the behaviour of the government forces at Prestonpans, and the outcome of that day probably allowed to Charles to gain greater confidence in the abilities of his forces. However, eye-witnesses and evidence already cited has demonstrated Charles' tendency to present a facade of optimism for political show; in reality he was fully conscious of the challenge he faced. Before Prestonpans, for example, the Prince asked his senior officers whether they believed the men could defeat Cope, and although some were clearly offended by the apparent lack of faith, here is clear evidence that the Prince was taking the odds seriously. He knew the risks, but he also knew the importance of being seen first to play them down, and then to share them.

Courage is only one part of the successful leader, however, and Charles endeavoured to back up his bravado with genuine military achievement. If many will accept his abilities as a soldier,

it is more difficult to convince them of his abilities as a general. The successes of the war are often attributed to some factor other than the Prince – Murray's abilities or enemy mistakes, perhaps – and collectively the whole of the Jacobite command team has been repeatedly blasted for its weaknesses. It is easy to imagine a picture of amateur gentlemen playing at soldiers, led by a pretending prince who held merely nominal command. This picture is, however, completely inadequate.

The reality is that Charles had no real military experience, but was surprisingly skilled and competent, and had prepared for his role as well as he could. Beneath him, he had sensibly appointed the capable O'Sullivan, with a solid military career for France behind him, and who was largely responsible for Johnstone's acknowledgement that, '*our march was very judiciously planned, and equally well executed*.' He was an extremely competent administrator, a capable quartermaster, and a seasoned officer capable of arranging the impressive marches which allowed the Jacobites to achieve so much.[34] Charles, however, was not simply content to allow his officers to command for him. James Johnstone's account hints at the Prince's prominence in the army's acitivities. Firmly a Murray man, Johnstone had close personal contact with the Prince too (serving for a while as his aide), and attributes certain key actions to Charles' own decisions. He states, for example, that when Charles was informed of the path that might outflank Cope's position at Prestonpans, '*the Prince, having instantly caused the place to be examined, ascertained that this account was correct*.' At Falkirk, Charles' generalship was apparently even more crucial: '*the Prince, extending to the left, took care to preserve this advantage* [having the wind to their backs] *by corresponding movements on his part*.' To what extent such activity was truly Charles' initiative

[34] Usually the army was divided into separate columns, both to reduce the dependence on single roads and to confuse the enemy as to their strength and intentions.

is difficult to judge, but we should notice what Johnstone says about the march to Falkirk from Stirling:

> [Charles] *immediately marched off without any person in the army being able to penetrate his design, particularly as he did not appear at first to take the roads leading towards the English army.*
>
> James Johnstone

When combined with the Edinburgh eye-witness who noted that he was, '*shewn great Respect by his Forces*,' the attention Charles clearly gave to the training of his forces at Duddingston, and the successful motions of the columns the Prince led in person – his feint down Lauderdale before the rendezvous in the west, for example – we can see clear indications of Charles Edward's ability to command.

One of Charles' big problems was in persuading older and more experienced officers and witnesses that his instincts were reliable (something which would dog him with increasing severity through 1745-6). The day before Prestonpans, for example, Charles demonstrated sound military judgement by covering the road to Edinburgh with the Atholl Brigade, in order to prevent Cope from slipping off to the capital during the night. He changed his orders only when others protested, revealing something of his difficulties in being both a politican and a commander. O'Sullivan, with the opinion of a professional officer, considered that the Prince, '*behaved as the most experienced General, in posting of his Guardes to cover his army*,' and thus further affirms that Charles was demonstrating ability beyond his experience. He also had moments of discernible strategic insight, such as his determination that – since he was being forced to retreat – the army should retreat up the east coast to protect as long as possible the harbour towns at which French assistance could most readily be received. It seems others disagreed with this, and only Murray's column went this route, at

a pace which does not seem to have appreciated the strategic value of the area.[35] Furthermore, at the battle of Falkirk, Charles ordered forward the regular units from the reserve, in order to prevent the British right from exploiting the disorder of his flanks (during their successful rout of the enemy left and centre). O'Sullivan clearly identifies Charles as the initiative behind the move, and he may even have ordered a similar move at Culloden, although the events there are less clear.

While these actions, if they were indeed the Prince's initiatives, are highly commendable, others have been more controversial. In particular, Charles has often been criticised for the decision to leave a garrison in Carlisle during the retreat from England. The city and castle had fallen with relative ease to the Jacobites in November, and would therefore fall all the easier to the professional forces now in pursuit of them. The decision has been given various motives, including the utterly unfounded suggestion that it was revenge against the English for failing to rise in support of the cause (the Manchester regiment formed the core of the garrison). This is nonsense, as is the suggestion that Charles was psychologically unable to yield this last piece of England. Charles was, in all likelihood, well aware that the city would fall and that the garrison had no real hopes, but he also knew that he needed to delay Cumberland's pursuit so that the army could cross the Esk safely. O'Sullivan explains the strategy clearly: '*better to sacrefise a party than the whole.*' Although it might sound cold, this was standard military practice and should be seen in the context of a retreating army faced with a large swollen river to cross, without the certainty of finding it fordable. Charles was also being advised that Cumberland was marching so fast that he could not have kept with him sufficient cannon to take the castle immediately. The loss of Carlisle – the last city in England to suffer a siege – was a sad episode, and the place was

[35] The region was also the provider of key Episcopalian support for the Cause. It was successfully defended against Loudoun's forces whilst the main Jacobite army was in England.

destined to see much blood thereafter, but the decision to garrison it can be clearly understood.

A highland army was a notorious beast to drive; constantly haemorrhaging men and hard to discipline. Charles Edward Stuart, however, not only kept one actively campaigning through the winter season, but also saw its numbers increase (desertion remained a problem, but much of it was temporary and negated by fresh drafts). He also saw the need to keep his men active, as evidenced by the proactive campaigning that occurred during the early stages of 1746. This ultimately backfired of course, and if he had in fact been able to present his full forces at Culloden it might have been a very different battle. Still, the Prince kept the army alive without yielding to the violent temptations that attracted men to Montrose's standard a hundred years before (booty was a good motivator for soldiers, but not compatible with winning hearts and minds). It is perhaps Charles' greatest military achievement that he kept his army disciplined and committed, whilst enforcing appropriate army regulations and training them into a coherent military force. At the same time, the Jacobite army was surprisingly successful in achieving its objectives. Charles successfully took Perth and Edinburgh without resistance, forced Cope to battle on their own terms, invaded England without opposition and captured Carlisle by siege. Penetrating to within 125 miles of London, in the face of overwhelming odds, and then withdrawing with the army completely intact was no less impressive. Ruthven Barracks, Fort George, and Fort Augustus, all fell to Charles' army. In balance, major strategic failures included the sieges of Edinburgh and Stirling castles, the loss of the east coast harbour towns which could supply them from the continent, and of course the inability to achieve the overall campaign objective of a Stuart restoration. Overall however, Charles led his army through a string of impressive achievements, all the more successfully whilst he held the initiative. It is too easy to forget that he began with just a handful of friends and a winning smile.

In one crucial respect, Prince Charles clearly stood head and shoulders above all those around him. With an insight deeper than many have appreciated, and a confidence based equally on political optimism and military realism, he knew that his small following had but one chance of success. It was the strategy that captured Edinburgh and swept away John Cope, and which carried the army over the walls of Carlisle and deep into Derbyshire. It was the one advantage the Jacobites had gained, and it was virtually all down to Charles: momentum.

Charles knew that pressing forward and achieving continuous results was the key to overawing the Government and to drawing out his more conservative supporters. Unfortunately, his officers were often equally conservative in their strategies, to the extent that it sometimes seems as if he and they were fighting completely different campaigns. To men such as Murray and Lochiel, the task was to hold Scotland and bide time until the French committed sufficient troops to swamp southern England. To Charles, it was *tout ou rien* from start to finish; only a bold strike could unseat the Elector. It was regime change, not a continental-style war.

It is for this reason that the Prince would not delay in Edinburgh or rest on his laurels after the conquest of Scotland (however partial that might actually have been). It is why he, '*insisted always on advancing*,' as Johnstone put it, and why he rushed to face Marshal Wade before the fall of Carlisle. It is also why he, '*would listen to no advice, and resolved on giving battle, be the consequences what they might*,' and appeared rash and over-zealous: when the Prince closed his ears to the advice of those around him, it was not because he was haughty and arrogant – although he was clearly both on plenty of occasions – but because he knew he was right. Sadly, Aeneas had become Cassandra and nobody around him shared his belief in the great gamble for London. Imagine the young man, so close to his dream and his destiny, being torn away from absolute victory by those who did not believe that it could be achieved. It is for this reason that he

lamented the decision in Derby so loudly, and took it so much to heart that he considered it tantamount to betrayal.

> *For the future he* [Charles] *would have not more Councils, for he would neither ask nor take their advice; that he was accountable to nobody but his father; and he was as good as his word.*
>
> Lord Elcho

Charles rejected advice when he became sure that only he truly understood what was at stake. Perhaps his contact with the French court had already convinced him that there was no real chance of holding out for them, and perhaps he was better acquainted with the British Government than to expect that he could win a protracted war. Whatever insight Charles had, he sensed by the close of 1745 that the men around him did not share it, and that he was running out of ways of expressing it. The resultant frustration was immense, and the Prince's deteriorating relationship with his council reveals that. The great tragedy is that he was probably right, something which he was conscious of and which haunted him ever after. Whether victory lay ahead of them or not, only defeat could follow retreat.

However, even as the momentum passed out of his hands and as control of the war was wrenched from his resistant fingers, Charles Edward Stuart maintained the dignity of his status as commanding officer. Although he was clearly somewhat truculent during the withdrawal to Scotland, delaying his departures and riding rather than walking, we must not be too quick to judge. Elcho recalls a telling comment the Prince made at this time: '*it was a shame to go so fast in the face of the son of the Usurper.*' Was Charles really sulking, or was he thinking as a politician? He was proud, young, and undefeated. For a man so clearly committed to the risks of battle that it was considered a flaw, the thought of fleeing without so much as a shot being fired in England was difficult to bear. Sensible as he was, the Prince knew that he could not hand Cumberland his first propaganda

victory. If he could not persuade his officers to march on, he could at least make sure that the retreat did not look like a flight. If the withdrawal had been executed as poorly as that from Stirling would be, then the army would never have made it back. In delaying his person, he delayed the army, and as well as protecting his cause from lampoons he increased the chances of forcing the battle he so craved. He needed a victory in England, and although he got one at Clifton, even if he was not there to see it. By holding back the withdrawal, therefore, Charles was putting a defiant face on retreat, telling his enemies that he was not afraid, and demonstrating that his army was doing what it wished, not what it was being forced to do.

However frustrated Charles became, and to whatever extent he genuinely believed he was being betrayed, there is one consistent aspect of his generalship. His anger was vented in private, and amongst those officers it concerned. When he was in front of his men, the Prince was as careful to conceal his feelings as he was in front of the Edinburgh crowds. As O'Sullivan recalled, '*he had yt talent superiorly in the greatest concern or denger, its then he appears most chearful and harty.*' It was in this that Charles is perhaps at his most attractive, suppressing those hot emotions which he felt so fiercely, for the sake of the morale of those on whom it all depended.

During the war's endgame, this characteristic is revealed on a number of occasions. Consider for example the way Charles behaved during the failed night march on Nairn. When the Prince discovered that Murray, contrary to instructions and without reference to his commander, had begun to withdraw the advanced column, Charles was inevitably irate. He made every effort to discover what was occurring, and then to undo the disaster which he was foreseeing. When the Duke of Perth arrived, the Prince exclaimed:

> *Good God! What can be the matter? What does this mean? We were equal in numbers and could have blown them to the*

devil. Pray, Perth, can't you call them back yet? Perhaps he has not gone too far?

Charles Edward Stuart

However, when it became clear that the situation had deteriorated beyond recovery and that the operation was over, Charles appreciated the demoralising effect the situation would surely be having on the soldiers around him. When he spoke to them, it was with a voice quite different to that which had so recently railed at Perth in futile despair:

There's no help for it, my lads, march back. We shall meet them later and behave like brave fellows.

Charles Edward Stuart

When that opportunity came, and as the Jacobite army prepared for its final and fatal test, the Prince demonstrated the same determination to firm up his men. We have already heard that O'Sullivan believed that Charles was not confident of victory, and Charles' valet heard him state that, '*the day is not ours.*' Nevertheless, there was no trace of these doubts when he appeared on the field. Personally, the Prince was just as exhausted and desperate as his men, but he still presented himself with his customary smartness and saw to it that, '*not the least concern appeared on his face.*' Moreover, O'Sullivan recalls that he addressed the troops in the most eager and stirring terms, worthy of any Shakespearean hero:

Here they are comeing, my lades, we'l soon be with them. They don't forget Glads-mur, nor Falkirk, & yu have the same armes & swords, let me see yours... Il answer this will cut of some heads & arms today. Go on, my lads, the day will be ours and we'll want for nothing after.

Charles Edward Stuart

O'Sullivan believed the speech successfully heartened the men. Testing the blades of his soldiers, recalling the great achievements they had so far put to their names, and speaking in the masculine earthy tone which would most appeal to his highlanders, Charles had pitched his speech well. Every word must have cut deeply into him as he braced the lines for the onslaught he knew was coming, and which he probably knew could overwhelm them. Sadly, for all he attempted to prepare the men, there was nobody to prepare Charles for the coming event. He was about to face the one thing that he had not been able to plan for: defeat. And yet, devastating as the effects of that battle would be to Charles' mind, he had done all that he could to rectify the unfolding disaster. Only when all was clearly lost, his spirit broken and his senses stunned by the horror of the death of his army, did he quit the field. "*Rally, in the name of God*," he cried. "*Pray, gentlemen, return. Pray stand with me, your Prince, but a moment – otherwise you ruin me, your country and yourselves; and God forgive you.*" It was all in vain.

Charles has always been credited with charisma and charm, and this was one of his most powerful weapons. His gritty determination to gamble everything, and his constant intent to force battle on his enemies, could not have been given voice without the personality that stood behind them. He had a genuinely inspiring character which could clearly win people to his side, and it is this motivational manner that drove the army forwards during 1745. Just as the words spoken before Culloden were important to the army, so were the speeches which rallied the men at Glenfinnan and filled their hearts at Prestonpans. The latter in fact reveals Charles' ability to change his rhetoric to suit the moment, and we should compare the rough, soldierly speech at Culloden quoted above, to the high-blown promises of Prestonpans: '*Here is my sword: I have thrown away the scabbard! I do not doubt that, with the blessing of God, I will this day make of you a free and happy people!*' However, unlike at Culloden where Charles was riding amongst his men recalling that first battle for

them, he was not in fact amongst his men when he gave his speech before Prestonpans. O'Sullivan recalls the Prince's words in a rather less romantic way than the story is usually told. At Duddingston, Charles concluded his council of war by saying to the chiefs:

> *Now Gents... the Sword is drawn, it wont be my fault, if I set it in the Scabert before you be a free and happy People. I desire yu may retire to yr postes, inform yr men of what I said & march.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

The words that Charles offered were a spur to those officers that heard them. As a general keen to ensure the spirit of his men matched his own ardour, he instructed his chiefs to spread those words about the army. O'Sullivan recalls that the cheer that rose from the regiments when they were told what Charles had said was enough to terrify any army who faced them. At Duddingston, then, a second-hand speech was enough to spirit the men, but in April Charles knew that he had to go amongst them with a very different style. He had grown close to his soldiers in that long hard winter, and found in them a companionship which contrasted with the demeanour of his councillors. Reading between the lines at Culloden, the Prince knew in his heart what his men were about to endure, and could not in good conscience send them forward without striving to drawn every ounce of spirit from them first. Both of these speeches show Charles' identification with his men and his awareness of the importance of their morale, and both reveal the sensitivity he had for the moment. Both were received with cheers and both are said to have gladdened the hearts of the men. In that much at least they were both successful.

Charles Edward Stuart, then, was a capable man and an able soldier. As a commanding general, he may have lacked experience in active office but he had done all that he could to prepare

himself for the role. He was strong and fit, energetic and enthusiastic. His words and his appearance, his willingness to share both the dress and the toils of his soldiers, and his commitment to forging volunteers into a national army, made him an invaluable presence in the Jacobite army. He held the force together, and commanded it ably whenever he could do so without being thwarted by the inexperience of his men or the inconsistencies of their officers. Charles had able men with him, and he had great need of them, but ultimately he was also unable to control them. The military historian Christopher Duffy summarised Charles recently as a, '*young man who had thought deeply about war, who had a strong strain of that essential attribute of luck, who kept himself in excellent physical condition, and who knew what was needed to motivate the ordinary men.*' Some contemporary narratives, such as those of O'Sullivan and Sir John MacDonald, went further. As Rawson notes in his 1958 introduction to Johnstone's memoir, some of Charles' officers were certain that, '*if the conduct of the campaign had been left entirely in the hands of the Prince all would have been well.*'

Victory at Prestonpans

The camp of the enemy was fortified by nature, and in the happiest position for so small an army.

James Johnstone

Charles Edward Stuart looked down from Falside Hill and felt the frustration build within him. He had brought his army across much of the length of Scotland, captured the capital without loss, and come within striking distance of the British Army. Now, at the very moment he had anticipated gaining his crucial victory, it seemed as if he was stumped. It was September 20th 1745, and it was a face-off.

The Jacobite Army had responded rapidly to the news that Sir John Cope had landed at Dunbar, having been outmanoeuvred in the Highlands. He had marched west towards Edinburgh with horse, foot and cannon, desperate to recover the initiative in a war that had already ballooned beyond expectations. Charles, equally determined to win a decisive victory, had marched his army from its camp at Duddingston and headed east to confront the Government forces. The two armies pressed towards one another along a well established military corridor: Cope left two battlefields behind him as he marched (Dunbar I & II, 1296 and 1650), whilst Charles crossed the Roman Bridge at Musselburgh as had so many doomed Scots on the way to the fight at Pinkie (1547). The Jacobites passed close to Carberry Hill, where Queen Mary had surrendered in 1567. For them, surrounded by such history, anticipation was building. There were ancient scores to be settled.

For Cope, cautious and sensible as any commander, it was tension that was building. Some of the men were already unsettled after the long fruitless march north, and the uncomfortable voyage south again. The highland companies had '*mouldered,*' and their loyalty was suspected. On landing, the

infantry had been joined by the two regiments of dragoons that had fled from Coltbridge, but far from stiffening the resolve of the foot soldiers, they spread exaggerated tales of Jacobite strength. Their mental state was fragile:

> *An unlucky dragoon... fell into a coal-pit, not filled up, when his side-arms and accoutrements made such a noise, as alarmed a body of men who, for two days, had been completely panic-struck.*
>
> Alexander Carlyle

The situation was not helped by the eager volunteers that had escaped from Edinburgh, including Carlyle himself who was just a few years younger than Prince Charles. These youths provided a full account of the fall of the capital, and no doubt also of the reception the Pretender had received. Their inexperience could only prove a hindrance, as Cope acknowledged by sending them away on "reconnaissance duties", and their presence along with certain Edinburgh officials, can only have enhanced the sense of crisis and confusion. Worse still, as the army marched the citizens of East Lothian mingled amongst them in a most unmilitary manner. Perhaps the women whispered the same discouraging words into the ears of the regulars as the Edinburgh lasses had called out on the Lawnmarket. The overall result was that the closer the Government army got to the enemy – a force they still had not seen or properly judged – the less confident they became. Carlyle was astonished to find a certain Major Bowles, '*completely ignorant of the state of the country and of the character of the Highlanders. I found him... credulous, and in the power of every person with whom he conversed.*' Colonel Gardiner, who had performed with so little distinction in the campaign so far, was clearly not convinced that his men were in any fit state for battle:

> *I'll tell you in confidence that I have not above ten men in my regiment whom I am certain will follow me. But we must give*

them battle now, and God's will be done!

Colonel James Gardiner

Gardiner himself was little better off. Lacking confidence in his men, perpetually unwell, and evidently beyond the prime of his admirable military career, he was openly prophesying his own death.

At least Cope was still in command of his senses. He took his army down the secondary road which hugged the coast, rather than the high road which headed through the mining village of Tranent. The decision was based on his assessment of the terrain: the high road was flanked by hedged enclosures and the space for deployment restricted. If he was confronted by the rebels, the ground was unsuitable for his cavalry, whilst the more open coastal plain offered more opportunities which were to his own advantage. When he heard that the Jacobites had crossed the Esk and were certainly coming at him, he chose to make a stand to the east of the village of Preston.

When the Jacobites discovered that Cope was close by, Lord George Murray – who claimed to know the country well – instinctively drove his advanced guard up to the high road and Tranent. He had not bargained on Cope's caution. The Prince and the rest of the army struggled up after the van, only to find themselves looking down upon their enemy, from the only direction from which they could not attack them. Cope shifted his battle line to face south, and a day of dancing began.

The area which which was about to become Prestonpans Battlefield was bordered by settlement on each side. The northern boundary was marked by the Firth of Forth, with the coastal villages of Prestonpans to the west, named for its salt panning industry, and Cockenzie to the east, from which the local coal was exported. South of the harbour village was the small cluster of properties surrounding Seton Castle, marking the eastern edge. Tranent dominated the southern perimeter, mounted on the top of Falside Hill, and separated from the rest

of the field by the Tranent Meadows, a boggy morass, and a drainage ditch on its north side. Between Tranent and Prestonpans sat the ancient settlement of Preston, boasting two fine manors (Northfield and Hamilton Houses), a ruined medieval keep (Preston Tower), and the fine enclosed estates of Preston House and Bankton, the home of Colonel Gardiner himself. In the middle of all this stood General Cope and the British Army. No contemporary source quite captured the scene that day as well as Norie later would:

> *The afternoon was gloriously fine, no clouds obscured the sun's bright rays or cast a shadow of gloom over the beautiful landscape which lay in front of the Highlanders' position; far away across the blue Forth rose the distant hills of Fife, dimly seen through the autumn haze; quiet fishing villages, with white-washed red-tiled cottages, were dotted here and there on the margin of the coastline; to the right the Bass Rock swam upon a sea of azure, and the Berwick Law raised its conical summit; to the left Arthur's Seat raised its quaintly outlined form against the western sky, enshrouded in the blue reek of the great city at its base; and almost at their feet, bathed in the warm glow of the golden September sun, great stretches of yellow stubble fields from which the corn had been newly reaped.*[36]

As Charles and his men soaked up this view, the strength of the enemy dispositions was all too clear. Cope was facing them across the Meadows, with the ditch and then the morass to his front. On his right, the road bottlenecked between the park walls of Preston and Bankton, and the clustered houses prevented an effective assault from the west. To add to the problem, the ground between the Jacobites and the Meadows was littered with open coal pits and enclosure perimeters. Charles wanted to close

[36] Norie (1901): II, 77-8.

on Cope as soon as possible, but there was no obvious way at him.

Whilst the difficulties of attacking were abundantly clear, the Prince was all too aware that the face-off could prove a serious disadvantage to him. It was difficult to maintain discipline with the enemy in sight, and avoiding battle was not in the highlanders' mindset. The worst case scenario was dreadful indeed: if night fell, Cope could strike out for Edinburgh and retake the capital, leaving Charles isolated and humbled, and with few sensible options. Accordingly, the Prince ordered the Atholl Brigade, which was to form the army's reserve, to take up a position to the west of Preston, closing the road to Edinburgh. Cope observed all these movements – Carlyle was up the tower of his father's church in Prestonpans reporting with appropriate thoroughness – and anticipated a threat from that direction. Breaches were made in some of the park walls to allow easier resistance, and he turned his battle line to face the perceived assault. The highlanders would be cut to pieces as they emerged from these bottlenecks.

Little did Cope know, but there were ugly scenes unfolding amongst his enemies on Birsley Brae. Murray had discovered the deployment of the Athollmen, and allowed himself a tantrum hardly worthy of his position. Throwing his gun to the ground, he threatened not only to resign his commission but never to serve in any capacity whatsoever, unless the brigade was withdrawn. All this, according to O'Sullivan, was said, '*in a very high tone*.' Charles, although aware of the lack of propriety being displayed, chose to avoid calling Murray's bluff and offered to concede, showing what O'Sullivan called, '*his ordinary prudence*.' All this movement, occurring in the face of a hostile force, does not impress as to the professional competence of the Jacobite army. To Cope, it was simply confusing. As the Jacobites concentrated at Tranent, he again changed his frontage and faced directly south.

The tension was building now on both sides: the Jacobites

were frustrated at the impossibility of getting to grips with the enemy; the Government forces wearied from their constant manoeuvring and by the fact that the initiative seemed to lie with Charles. Cope was just reacting, whilst the Prince, it seemed to them, was probing for weaknesses.

The north face of Tranent is dominated by the church, which has a large graveyard fronted by a stout retaining wall with hefty buttresses. This position, well fortified and easily defensible, flanked by a deep ravine (through which ran a waggonway to Cockenzie harbour), stood forward of the Jacobite line. In line with the established military practice, O'Sullivan identified the churchyard as a sensible outpost for protecting the Jacobite position. If there was no chance of launching an immediate attack that day, then the army should prepare to defend its position. Accordingly, the Prince authorised him to position a number of Camerons in the yard, establishing it as a strongpoint. Unfortunately, he had not bargained on their indiscipline. When a government patrol probed towards their position, the highlanders opened fire, their muskets cracking from amongst the trees and behind the walls. Their ragged shots achieved nothing – the patrol escaped – other than revealing their position to the loyalists. Cope seized the chance to score some points and cheer his men, and his galloper guns were ordered up. Several men were wounded. Although the damage was but little, Murray and Lochiel protested against exposing the Camerons to such treatment, and the unit was withdrawn:

> *Recalling the detachment from the Church yard he [Charles] marched his army eastward by the town of Tranent and drew up in one line opposite the flank of the enemy.*
>
> John Murray of Broughton

The firing was a result of the mutual frustration and the increasingly taught atmosphere that covered both armies. Insults were exchanged across the no-man's land, and both sides watched

for signs that the other was plotting something. But it was an impasse, and night fell with nothing achieved. The night before a battle, especially after such a day as this, never brings much rest. That Friday night, the opponents lay within sight of one another, catching the sounds of each others' campfire discussions on the breeze. It was also known that highlanders held artillery in awe, and events in the churchyard might have helped reinforce this, so Cope decided he could further wound Jacobite morale. He brought up his coehorn mortars with the intention of shelling Tranent, keeping the enemy awake and terrorising their night with destruction and disorientation. It must have sounded like a good plan – it was a common enough tactic – but the shells failed to explode: they had been, '*damnified*,' by damp storage. The shells that were fired plopped harmlessly to earth, as the plan literally fizzled out. When the dogs of Tranent began barked erratically, it was the Government forces who began to feel unsettled.

As the Jacobite army settled itself down for the night, it seemed that their only hope was to march in a great loop east to bypass the Meadows, a move which would leave Edinburgh to Cope's rear. This was far from ideal, but as long as Cope agreed to fight then it would be the best chance of success. In the camp, however, was one Robert Anderson of Whitburgh whose father – a veteran of the '15 – was the owner of nearby Wester Windygoul. As locals, the Andersons knew the area inside out and Robert was accustomed to shooting in the Meadows. He reported to Hepburn of Keith that there was a passage around the morass which would bring the army out near Seton, through a narrow defile past the farm at Riggonhead. If the army moved quickly, and quietly, then they could form up to the east of Cope's camp and launch an attack over the flat stubble fields. The plan was not without risk: if the defile was defended at the north end, the army would be caught in a trap. Hepburn saw the value of Anderson's information, and the commanders were awakened.

Charles was settling down to snatch some sleep, wrapped in a

plaid and out in the open with his men. Cope was also encamped with his men, and suggestions that he was sound asleep in Cockenzie House are malicious. When the Prince heard Anderson's report he could hardly be restrained, and the plan was soon set in motion. The small troop of 40-50 cavalry the Jacobites had gathered were left behind, for fear that their motions would too easily be heard. Even Charles would go in on foot, the anticipation of the coming battle overcoming his frustration at being obliged to stay with the reserve. The army passed through Tranent, waking the dogs, and descended into the black emptiness of the Riggonhead defile. Strict silence was enforced, although the intention was not to surprise the enemy in their beds, but rather to cause them to give battle on Jacobite terms.

Charles went into the defile with the Athollmen. Ahead of him went the Duke of Perth leading the MacDonalds in the van, and Lord George controlling the units which would become the left wing. The air was visibly lightening, although dawn was still some time off, whilst every step of the foot seemed to produce an immense sound sure to betray them. The Prince remained buoyant, and as the army reached the drainage ditch, he leapt across it. It was a formidable obstacle, and he stumbled onto his knees. An omen? Johnstone thinks the Prince feared so, but if he did he soon put it from his mind. Of far more concern was the cry of a British sentry. As they had been ordered, nobody responded, but two and a half thousand men cannot march in silence. The sentries were alert, and word flew to the camp. A galloper fired, splitting the stillness, and the Government troops rushed to arms.

Emerging onto the fields immediately west of Seton just as day threatened to break, the Duke of Perth had to judge the distance his army would need to deploy. Murray, bringing up the last regiments of the front line, needed to anchor them against the ditch to protect the flank. These two requirements left the Jacobite army split in two, as Perth moved too far north and a

gap developed. As Charles led the reserve into position behind them, however, the hole was fotunately indiscernible to the enemy in the east. It was a lucky chance, for Cope had in his cavalry the very thing he would have needed to either exploit that space, or the open flank if the Jacobite wings attempted to close it up.

The British Army meanwhile had rushed to position, Cope ably forming a full battle line facing west, and marching far enough forward to put the Tranent-Cockenzie waggonway immediately behind them.[37] The sentries on duty had not the time to rejoin their regiments and thus formed a separate unit of picquets on the right. There was also no time to disperse the cannon amongst the infantry line, and so they too were concentrated on the right. As a result, the right wing extended to the Meadows ditch and there was no room for Gardiner's dragoons to deploy fully. Nevertheless, with his infantry in formation, his guns primed, and his cavalry divided over the flanks, with holding companies back in reserve, Cope was ready. The ground was suitably flat for his cavalry, his cannon had a clear range, and it had all been done before the enemy attack had begun. Cope had done his duty.

The Jacobite assault began on the left, with the Camerons. Murray sent word to Perth that he was going to attack, whilst Perth sent word to Murray that he was ready and formed. The messengers met in the middle, and it was left to Perth to respond to the Cameron charge. Soon the whole Jacobite line was surging forwards, and Charles launched the reserve immediately on its tails.

The soldiers of the British army searched nervously through the early morning haze, a coastal haar still lingering over the field. For many men on each side, this was their first taste of battle.

37 Were the waggonway ahead of them it may have impeded movement, especially of the cavalry. Recent archaeology has made it fairly clear that the main British line was probably east of the obstacle, before being driven back across it.

The distant shadows were barely discernable at first, but the sound came rolling towards them like a wave; indistinct but clear, the rumbling roar of a mass of men, driven forwards by fervour, adrenaline, and love of a cause. Back amongst their own lines, orders were now barked by familiar voices, and Brown Bess muskets snapped into position. The drill they had all so often practiced now felt awkward, somehow distant in the memory.

On Cope's right, the first signs of difficulty had already shown themselves: poorly trained and ill-motivated, the gun crews broke away from their cannon as the pounding brogues came closer. Although Griffiths was alone with the guns he commanded, they were loaded and ready, barrels stuffed with grape and canister designed to blast like shotguns into the massed Jacobite ranks. And there they were, bursting through the mist in an instant, dense clusters of men. The touch-pieces were lit; the five cannon blew forth their charges. One stood silent, as it had not been reloaded since it fired the signal.

> *Their great guns... were followed by a very regular fire of the dragoons on the right and left, and this again by closs platoons of all their infantry, which our men received with intrepidity and an huzza.*
>
> Alexander MacDonald

Several Jacobites went down as the cannon shot whistled through their ranks, and at the sound of the guns the charge seemed almost to falter. But, tugging down their bonnets, the ranks surged on regardless. These guns had shed first blood yesterday, and so the Camerons thus had vengeance to spur them on. As the Jacobite line came into view, the British infantry fired by platoon, creating a constant ripple of fire that, traditionally, would be returned by an equally steady roll of shot from their enemy. But this was not a French army they faced, and within moments the soldiers' world was a world of chaos.

During the charge, a number of things happened. The

Jacobite left clustered into small compact columns of men. The right, lagging behind, was spreading out. The MacGregors on the left of Perth's brigade inclined to their left to close the gap in the centre, whilst on the extreme right, it became clear that the MacDonalds had outflanked their opponents. O'Sullivan exclaimed: '*Let the MccDonells* [of Clanranald] *come to the hedge, we have out wing'd them!*' Hamilton's dragoons, who ought to have been able to threaten the Jacobite right, were astonished to find the roles reversed. And then, contrary to common misconceptions, the highlanders returned the redcoats' fire.

> *I gave the word of command to my squadron to charge into the middle of them, but most unluckily half a moment after that I had my left arm shattered by a musket ball.*
>
> Lieutenant Colonel Whitney, Gardiner's Dragoons

The extent of Jacobite musket fire is hinted at by Whitney's unlucky experience, and also by recent archaeological discoveries on the field. Traditionally, a highland front rank was composed of its best equipped gentlemen, with broadsword, targe and pistol. Behind them flooded those with poorer weaponry, ready to provide the weight to drive the charge through the enemy line. Some, especially the MacGregors, were armed with scythes attached to staffs, creating crude Lochaber axes. These were weapons for close quarter fighting. After giving fire, then, the Jacobites fell on.

The Jacobite charge struck home, a rolling impact smashing into Cope's red ranks in a sweeping wave from south to north. The moment was marked by a distinct change in the sounds of the battle. Suddenly, the crashing boom of ordered volleys – which drowned all else – ceased, and was replaced by the immense shudder as the great weight struck against the British lines; the static line buckled as it received the shock. In an instant the noise welled up again, the guttural roars of physical strain tearing above the many sounds of clashing armaments, and the

dull thumps of blows struck home with ferocious might. Here and there muskets discharged, and pistols blasted into faces at point blank range.

On Cope's extreme left, the Camerons rushed over the cannons, the artillery guard already in flight ahead of them, and threatened to open the Government flank. The whole line was engaged in a matter of mere moments, and all sense of order quickly collapsed. Ranks were disordered and splintered, officers – like Whitney – falling out of sight. In the chaos, shouting over the impossible tumult and straining through coarse smoke and sprays of blood and sweat, the battle hung in the balance for several crucial minutes. The Jacobites had played their only card, and it was time to respond. Cope rode along his lines screaming his exhortations to valour. He still had one major advantage: the cavalry. A counter-charge by horse now, on the committed flanks of the highland foot, and the day could be saved. If the line broke, there were squadrons of dragoons in reserve to plug the gaps.

The horse, however, failed to act. Although firing their pieces into the Jacobite ranks, Gardiner's dragoons could not be induced to advance. Unable to manoeuvre on the right, with the ditch and the guns obstructing their movement, they were further disconcerted by the flight of the gun crews and artillery guards. The picquets soon were in complete disorder, and the Cameron charge was bloody and effective. Exhausted from the days of bad news, false alarms and discouraging strategies, the untried horses terrified by the bellows of the cannons and the screams of war, the cavalry were now faltering. When Lieutenant Colonel Whitney fell, the dragoons lost what little that was left of their spirit. As their front rankers shied backwards, the rear sensed failure and began to break. The reserve squadron followed. On the far left flank, in the face of the MacDonalds, Hamilton's Dragoons endured something very similar, with identical results.

The infantry flanks were crumbling too, deprived of the support they had expected. His front momentarily free from

highlanders, one officer sensed that the line was fracturing and determined to rotate his firing line to his right. It could have stemmed the tide. Overwhelmed by the heat of the battle, his mouth dry and his world fluid and awhirl about him, he fluffed his order, telling them to rotate left. Already shocked by the horrors around them, his astonished men heard the mistake. Some simply ignored it, others wheeled as instructed, putting their back to the enemy. In seconds, all had lost faith in the fight. Just as the Jacobite charge had rolled in south to north, so the British infantry line began to disintegrate along that same axis. Colonel Gardiner, at last finding the spirit that had failed him since he abandoned the Forth fords, attempted to rally a parcel of infantrymen – his cavalry were long gone. Struck by ball and lochaber, the Colonel fell beneath the solitary thorntree which stood on the field. As the foot routed, the Jacobites surged on after them, the reserve now in close support. The battle was over.

> *All possible Methods were taken to bring them back from the first Instant they began to run. I endeavour'd all I could to rally them, but to no Purpose.*
>
> General Sir John Cope

The terror, however, had barely begun. The rout from the battlefield took Cope's men over the waggonway and across a spread of open ground. There the scene changed dramatically. The terrified foot soldiers suddenly found themselves trapped. The bottleneck that had once been to their front, the road through Preston, had become their death trap. The lane between the two park walls was blocked up by the retreating dragoons, as were the breaches they had made the day before. Pinned against the high walls of Preston House, the men were now completely at the mercy of the highlanders. And highlanders, swords slick and hearts pumping, were like hounds unleashed.

The Highlanders made a terrible slaughter of the enemy, particularly at the spot where the road begins to run between the two enclosures, as it was soon stopped up by the fugitives.

James Johnstone

Using a mixture of threats and appeals, helped by the exhaustion which now set in to calm the adrenaline, the Jacobite officers at last managed to restrain their men. The bloody fury began to abate, as the broken remnants of Cope's army were rounded up and taken prisoner. The general himself, withdrawing to Preston as his army collapsed around him, found the dragoons had managed to gather together in some number beyond the park walls, but when they refused to return to the fray he fled south in their company. Through no real fault of his, he had led his men to disaster.

For Charles, there was much still to do. Panting from his own run with the reserve, he soon set about bringing order to the chaos. Lord George sent orders to Cockenzie, where Sir Patrick Murray was protecting the British Army's baggage with about three hundred highland loyalists. After just a token resistance, they yielded to the generous summons:

Tell them that if they immediately surrender as prisoners of war they should be treated as such, if not they would be immediately attack'd and no quarter given.

Lord George Murray

Thus the Prince's Cause was boosted by the receipt of a handsome war chest of £4,000, as well as Cope's supply of powdered chocolate (later sold as snuff by highland soldiers). Surgeons were sent for and prisoners tallied. Officers were given parole, and all that was reasonable was done for the wounded. Bankton House became a field hospital whilst its owner, Gardiner, was evacuated from the field and taken to Tranent Manse where he soon died. He has since become a hero of the

battle, the only candidate from amongst Cope's forces. It was his good fortune not to have to face the Board of Inquiry the following year alongside his colleagues. He would have had much to answer for.

It was at this point that Andrew Henderson saw Charles, '*clad as an ordinary captain*,' and still showing the mud on his knees from his stumble that morning. He spoke personally to the medical orderlies, instructing them to treat the highland wounded first but not to neglect the others afterwards. To his officers he gratefully promised that, '*he'd never forget their behaviour yt day*.' Only after all this had been seen to – several hours after the battle had begun – did he consent to take the refreshment being forced upon him, at which point Sir John MacDonald spotted him taking a snack whilst leaning against Cope's captured cannons. Henderson saw him too, and spread the malicious misrepresentation that he callously took a hearty breakfast amongst the bodies of the fallen. Although moderate in his manner and sensitive in his behaviour, Charles was also appropriately congratulatory with his chiefs and officers. He clasped hands and slapped shoulders, and well he might: they had won him Scotland. Even by mid-afternoon Charles was still on the field, and having set everything in motion he set off for Pinkie House. He soon wrote to the King telling him of the victory:

> *If I had obtained this victory over foreigners my joy would have been compleat. But as it is over Englishmen, it has thrown a damp upon it that I little imagined. The men I have defeated were your Majesty's enemies it is true, but they might have become your friends.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

The Battle of Prestonpans, after a month of campaigning and a long day of manoeuvring, had been swift to the point of the extraordinary. It probably lasted about half an hour, perhaps a

little more, although some estimates are as little as fifteen minutes. For some, it felt like a lifetime, but many of the recollections are so vague and chaotic that for many more it seemed as if it had all happened at once. Cope had taken 2100 infantry and 570 horsemen onto the field. Of these, 1500 were now Jacobite prisoners. About three hundred were dead. Charles, on the other hand, out of the 2300 men he led through the Riggonhead defile, had lost but forty. Had his reserve remained on the Edinburgh road as Charles had originally suggested, perhaps none of Cope's army would have escaped, and had his small cavalry unit committed itself once the rout had begun even more might have been captured. Nevertheless, the victory was outstanding, and to the Prince it was a vindication of his Cause and of his leadership. He had proven himself, and so had his army. Now, with the capital in his hands and a devastating defeat inflicted on a regular army, he had raised the stakes. It really was all or nothing from here.

The scene on the field that day was truly dreadful. Although it was not a large battle, nor a long one, and although it could not compete with the bloody fields of the continental wars in scale, the battlefield was remarkable for its grisly spectacle. The crude weapons of the highlanders had reaped a dreadful harvest, and the scatter of men, limbs and equipment across this proto-industrial landscape made for an awful sight. Historians and writers saw it, as did the local poet Skirving who was mugged by a highlander for his curiosity. So close to Edinburgh, it would become something of tourist site in time, with Walter Scott's help. But on that extraordinary day, September 21st 1745, it looked as Johnstone recalled it:

> *The field of battle presented a spectacle of horror, being covered with heads, legs, arms and mutilated bodies; for the killed all fell by the sword.*
>
> James Johnstone

Living with Murray

Lord George Murray was a man with excellent Jacobite credentials. He had been born near Perth in 1694, and was therefore not advanced in his years when he chose to fight in the Rising of 1715. When the Jacobites tried again, Murray and his brother Tullibardine were back in the fray, and exercised considerable influence: as O'Sullivan relates, '*he* [Murray] *was a Brigadier in the year 19*.' Having been wounded in the Glenshiel debacle, and driven onto the continent after the Rising's failure, his background as a Stuart loyalist was solidly evidenced. It is therefore hardly surprising that Lord George Murray joined Prince Charles in 1745. Why then, when he arrived to do just that, was the young Prince warned that Murray was, '*one of his greatest enemies*'?

Murray's involvement in the Rising is extraordinary in that he can be viewed simultaneously as one of the Jacobites' greatest assets, but also as their most destabilising influence. The relationship between Charles as Commander and Murray as Lieutenant-General was to have an immense impact on the development of their campaigns, and would end in the Prince's conviction that he had been betrayed. Here were two men on whom everything depended, but who could barely conceal their distrust of one another. Furthermore, their relationship came to represent another very significant division in the Jacobite command team – the Scots versus the Irish.

The Irish had suffered for the Stuarts every bit as much as the Scots, and both nations had seen large numbers of their sons head into exile on the continent. Communities from both fought in the armies of France and Spain, as well as serving King James. The Irish were well represented in the exiled Jacobite court, and they were of significant value in the '45. It is also too easy to forget the Irish soldiers who covered the Jacobite rout at Culloden and permitted so many to escape. It is also easy to

overlook the fact that of the famous Seven Men of Moidart, only two were Scots and one was English, whilst the rest were Irish. One of these men was John William O'Sullivan, and just as Lord George Murray would come to represent the Scots voice in Charles' ear, so O'Sullivan represented that of the Irish.

Born in County Kerry, O'Sullivan (or Sullivan as he tends to style himself) was in his mid-forties by the time he met Charles in Paris. He had been sent by his parents to train for the Catholic priesthood, but instead he had taken up arms in French service before joining Charles' household shortly before the departure for Scotland. Militarily he was experienced and capable, and he was also, importantly, one of Charles' closest and most loyal friends. Unfortunately, Murray found him to be something of an annoyance, an obstacle to his own influence, whilst in return O'Sullivan found Murray virtually impossible to work with. Their incompatibility was an immense problem for the Prince, and Charles became increasingly at a loss as to how to deal with these kinds of division, and with Lord George.

From Charles' point of view, the Irish had always been friends to him in his youth, and he clearly trusted O'Sullivan and his abilities. Furthermore, Charles was determined that the Rising should encompass all three of his father's kingdoms.[38] From the point of view of some of his Scottish officers, however, the Irish were a negative influence whom the Prince trusted too unquestioningly, and who spoke only as a minority group. The Scots, however, were shouldering all the risks, and therefore deserved the greater say. Most did not see the war in Charles' broader context. This mutual antagonism colours our sources as much as it did the attitudes and behaviour of the men on the ground. It went both ways, as Brigadier Stapleton of the Irish

[38] The Jacobite army actually came close to achieving this: highland and lowland Scots forming the main body; Irish regiments from French service such as FitzJames' horse, Dillons etc; and the Manchester Regiment to represent England. Ratios were, of course, somewhat imbalanced. There was support in Wales, also.

Picquets demonstrated when he commented, shortly before the battle of Culloden, that, '*the Scots are always good troops till things come to a crisis*.' Sadly, he was being all too prophetic: he was mortally wounded covering the highlanders' retreat. Another Irish officer, Sir John MacDonald, believed that the Scots intended Charles to become dependent on them alone, and thus in their debt forever after. They had, he reminds us, attempted something similar with King Charles II.

After the '45 Rising collapsed, as is so often the case in such circumstances, there was a rush to shift blame and to seek explanations. As a result, many Scots sources find the Prince's Irish advisors to be easy scapegoats, and it is from this that the tradition develops that Charles was easily-led, by incapable Irishmen, none of whom a stake in the outcome. Johnstone, for example, says, '*the Prince blindly adopted their* [the Irish's] *opinions*,' clearly marking this as a flaw in the leadership. And in slighting the Irish and denying O'Sullivan his due, this tradition also tends to highlight the qualities of Lord George Murray. Whilst Irish sources lament Murray's involvement, Johnstone prefers to think that if Charles had slept all year and left Murray in command, he would have awoken with a crown upon his head. In such circumstances, it is not surprising that the surviving witness statements are riddled with division, hostility, and contradiction.

Murray's behaviour – and indeed O'Sullivan's – throughout the Rising, is bound to forever remain contentious as topics for discussion, and perhaps the historian is doomed to take sides. The most important thing, however, is that Charles Edward Stuart, whose abilities have already been established, could not warm to Murray, nor could he trust him. Charles needed both O'Sullivan and Lord George, as they each came with extensive military experience: the former particularly versed in continental guerrilla warfare, whilst Murray also held great influence amongst the Athollmen and the highlanders in general. Good subordinates are, however, only of an advantage when they behave in a manner which is both consistent and appropriate, and unfortunately

personalities became too prominent during the '45, at the expense of good policy. For Charles, it was his most grievous affliction.

Murray joined the Prince's army after its arrival in Perth in early September, and was appointed to high office, second only to the Duke of Perth himself (Murray's social senior). Perhaps recognising the Duke's complete lack of experience, Murray engineered that he be given equal rank, and the two men now became jointly the most senior officers beneath the Prince's person. However, right from the very beginning of his association with the Prince, their relationship was endangered. Immediately behind Murray came a gaggle of fussy individuals bent on warning the Prince that the new arrival was really a saboteur.

> *The woman told me she had come on purpose to warn HRH that Lord George was one of his greatest enemies. I asked her what proof she had of this and she told me that she had known him for many years for a scoundrel... twice Lord George had prevented her from being admitted to the Prince, knowing that she was aware of his doings. She begged me therefore to report all this to the Prince, because she was convinced, as were many others also, that this man would betray us and would cause the ruin of the party and of his fellow Scots.*
>
> Sir John MacDonald

Both O'Sullivan and Sir John MacDonald (both Irish officers in foreign service) recorded the intelligence of Murray's apparent treachery. The accusation was largely based on the fact that Murray had been living quite politely amongst Whiggish society. His earlier pardon had been due to his brother Atholl's influence, this being the *de facto* chief who held the title actively, on account of the older brother, Tullibardine, being attainted.[39] Lord George

[39] The official pardon for Murray's earlier Jacobite activities is still visible in Blair Castle, hanging alongside a number of important portraits of both himself and his Prince. Some of Murray's possessions are displayed elsewhere in the castle, including his spectacles, his bible, and his white cockade.

had settled comfortably in his brother's estates, and was known in the circle of Forbes of Culloden, that most troublesome anti-Jacobite operator. All this might not be unexpected considering the interval since the last rising, but less defensible to the Jacobite hardliners was the fact that just days before joining Charles, Murray had met up with General Sir John Cope. The general had, perhaps hoping to secure his loyalty, appointed Lord George as deputy sheriff. The Prince's informants claimed that Murray had even begun raising the Athollmen for King George, although the men mistook this recruitment drive as being for Prince Charles' army, and melted away when the realised their leader's true intentions. The reality is that Murray was stuck in a delicate situation, weighing up his options, and that any injury done was to Sir John Cope, whose faith Murray betrayed. Once the Rising arrived in his locale, his Jacobite sympathies restored his true vigour. Nevertheless, the idea that the Prince was betrayed by Murray has lingered on in the minds of some –the Prince was to become convinced of it – and it is certain that Murray must carry some of the responsibility for the ultimate failure of the '45. It was, however, pride rather than treachery for which he is culpable.

The Rising had achieved its early successes, such as raising the Standard, dodging Cope and capturing Perth, without the aid of Lord George Murray. He was of course to become a key mover in everything that occurred subsequently. Like many of the Prince's officers, Murray was abandoning a happy family and risking life and fortune – not for the first time – for this Cause. However, he was not fighting the same kind of war that Prince Charles was, and he never shared the Prince's vision of a rapid regime change borne by a national uprising. Instead, Murray was committed to a campaign which secured Scotland and then held on until large scale foreign assistance was received. So from the outset of their relationship, Charles and Murray were approaching things from very different angles.

Nevertheless, the Prince received Murray with grace and offered him the highest possible rank within days of his arrival,

and without any demonstration of his abilities. Murray's reputation, his influence in Atholl, and his previous Jacobite credentials, were his only commendations. His personality was also powerful, however, and he seems to have been a man capable of persuading others of his value. Perhaps it is telling that the professional soldiers tended to be less keen on Murray's involvement than his own Scots officers. An important point to notice here is that some of the most influential accounts of the '45 come from Murray's circle of friends, especially the narratives of Elcho and Johnstone. Both came under his wing shortly after their arrival on the scene, young Johnstone arriving at a similar time to Lord George, and Elcho just before the fall of Edinburgh. Both men play down the Prince's abilities and praise Murray's, just as O'Sullivan tends to do the reverse. James Johnstone, the renegade son of an Edinburgh merchant, was certainly impressed by Murray's bearing: '*nature had formed him for a great warrior; he did not need the accidental advantage of birth.*' In case we were in any doubt as to their association, Johnstone tells us that Murray was resistant to his transfer to the Duke of Perth's Regiment, after serving as Murray's aide-de-camp.[40] When Lord Elcho first joined the Prince, he recalls that the first piece of advice he was given was, '*amongst other things, to be on my guard with Lord George Murray, who he* [the Prince] *knew had joined him with the intention of betraying him.*' Clearly Charles had been informed of the visit Sir John MacDonald had received in Perth, and equally clear is that Elcho promptly ignored the Prince and became close to Murray regardless. Perhaps he could empathise with him, having contacts in both camps himself.

In many ways Murray and Charles were men of similar temperaments. They were both brave and committed, proud to

[40] Johnstone says he transferred because the duties of ADC were wearing him to the point of exhaustion. He joined Perth's as a captain, but was then given control of part of the baggage and artillery train. This involved even more tiring duties than those he had attempted to escape!

the point of stubborn, and determined to inspire the men under their command. Johnstone speaks highly of Murray's spirit in battle, as do most sources, recalling his words at Prestonpans:

> *"I do not ask you, my lads, to go before, but merely to follow me" – a very energetic harangue, admirably calculated to excite the ardour of the highlanders, but which would sometimes have had better effect in the mouth of the Prince.*
>
> James Johnstone

Clearly Johnstone had not heard the Prince's address at Duddingston, or had not been present during the debates in which Charles was obliged to stay with the reserve by the will of his chiefs. Fortunately, he was not completely blind to Murray's faults and admits that he was, '*proud, haughty, blunt and imperious, he wished to have exclusive disposal of everything and, feeling his superiority, would listen to no advice*.' This is the side of Murray's character that causes the problems. He was absolutely convinced that he was the only man capable of commanding the Jacobite army and, more dangerously, he was also capable of convincing others of the same. This quickly led to friction developing between Murray and the professional soldiers (mainly the Irish), who saw him as an obstructive amateur acting on instinct rather than through a knowledge of military strategy and procedure.

This early friction came to a head at Tranent, on the 20th September 1745. Murray had commanded the vanguard of the army, making much of his knowledge of the area, and had successfully led the army into a position from which he could not attack the enemy. His march had been risky, as he rushed up Falside Hill so fast that the rest of the army was barely able to follow.[41] The sense in taking the high ground is obvious, and it is

[41] A more intuitive commander than Cope might have been able to exploit such disorder with his cavalry.

no fault of Murray's that he found Cope's position unassailable. However, according to O'Sullivan, he now seems to have kept his head down, perhaps out of an unawareness of what next to do. Apparently he, '*did not open his mouth all day long, but went wherever he was led*.' This unusual shyness, however, came to an abrupt end when Murray discovered that Charles had positioned the Athollmen so as to cover the Edinburgh road:

> [Lord George Murray] *asked the Prince in a very high tone what was become of the Athol Brigade; the Prince told him, upon wch Lord George threw his gun on the Ground in a great passion, & Swore God, he'd never draw his sword for the cause, if the Bregade was not brought back. The Prince wth his ordinary prudence, tho' senseble of the disrespect, & too sensible of the consequence it may be of, gave orders yt the Brigade shou'd come back, but Lord George who was brought to himself, by Lochiel's representation, as it is said, prayed the Prince to send the brigade to their first destination.*
>
> John William O'Sullivan

The scene is revealing of the tensions that had already developed in the army, but more importantly it reveals that not only was Lord George dismissive of the Prince's Irish officers but he also failed to treat the Prince appropriately for his station. His tone was unacceptable before a superior officer, let alone the Prince Regent. This very public display of disrespect, and the demonstrably hot temper that blinded Murray to the insult he was issuing, was the first of a series of such occasions. Ultimately, it could have led to the complete collapse of the Jacobite army. It certainly did lead to a fragmentation of the command system, and these problems were to increase as the campaigns went on. It is notable that at this early stage, Charles was willing to pacify the situation by giving way against his better judgement. Had he been as confident of his own abilities as Murray was of his, then he might have reacted more forcefully.

There were further disagreements that day, especially regarding the placement of the Camerons in Tranent churchyard, which Charles and O'Sullivan had ordered and Murray and Lochiel had opposed. In the event, Cope's cannon settled the issue as to what should be done, although the good sense of the original orders is often overlooked. It is difficult to know to what extent Murray's attitude was based on contempt for others' abilities, or from a personal incompatibility to individual characters. He certainly showed Charles only grudging respect, and never matched his willingness to compromise. Charles responded by becoming equally stubborn as time went on, as disagreement became animosity. As for O'Sullivan, Murray was probably conscious of his close relationship with the Prince and of the value Charles placed on his advice. When Johnstone condemns the inabilities of Charles' Irish officers, it is easy to hear the voice of Lord George speaking the words behind him:

> *Lord George could receive still less assistance from the subaltern Irish officers, who, with the exception of Mr Sullivan, had no other knowledge than that which usually forms the whole stock of subalterns, namely how to mount and quit guard.*
>
> James Johnstone

This is clearly evidence of the division between professional soldiers and those who were volunteers. Murray and O'Sullivan were the champions of these two camps, whether they wanted to be or not. The fact that the professionals were in the minority, and predominantly Irish, enhanced this division, and the fact that they had French commissions added an even sharper edge. If it all went wrong, they would likely become prisoners of war and had the prospect of future exchange, whereas the volunteers were rebels in the eyes of the law and faced only the scaffold. This did not mean that the lives of the professional soldiers were any less exposed, or their vigour any damper.

Johnstone's comment also, almost in spite of itself, acknow-

ledges O'Sullivan's knowledge of warfare and his extensive military experience. As Adjutant-General, the overall logistical and administrative operation of the Jacobite Army fell to O'Sullivan. Although at times there are clear problems, such as the apparent failure to appoint a commander for the left wing at Falkirk, there are also occasions where O'Sullivan's abilities are clearly demonstrated. When Johnstone recalls the army's march to Carlisle, in separate columns divided at Edinburgh and joining together on the border, he notes that, *'this march was arranged and executed with such precision that there was not an interval of two hours between the arrival of the different columns.*' The responsibility for the planning of this operation must have been O'Sullivan's, and only then did it fall to Murray and Charles to execute it. Its success is a tribute to all of them, and evidence of the Adjutant-General's experience and capability. In his clearer moments, Murray seems also to have been capable of acknowledging that he was not so experienced, if O'Sullivan's own record is to be believed: at Carlisle, Murray confessed, '*yt for his part he understood nothing of seeges*,' and he therefore stayed with the army whilst the Duke of Perth commanded in the trenches. For the night march on Nairn, Murray apparently insisted that there was no need for formal orders to be issued, as everyone knew what was to be done. This is not the attitude of a professional soldier.

Murray's talents were, of course, considerable. His rapid charge at Prestonpans successfully seized the initiative. At Clifton, he helped secure a victory which allowed the retreat to continue successfully. Again at Falkirk, Murray led his wing in a successful charge, having driven off Hawley's dragoons by keeping his men firmly disciplined, firing only at the last moment. Charles himself acknowledged these abilities, frequently attempting to patch up their differences and expressing his gratitude for Murray's support, but always achieving nothing but a little breathing space before the next argument. Sadly, Lord George was afflicted with an outrageous lack of restraint and an inability to yield authority or concede success to others. This was

incredibly disruptive to the unity of the forces, and became increasingly difficult for Charles to endure.

Charles Edward Stuart was a man with a fiery temperament. Confident and energetic, he also had a deep awareness that this was his one opportunity to succeed. His frustrations when others seemed obstructive to that success are understandable, and Murray's attitude strained to the very limits the Prince's ability to bite his tongue for the sake of politics and to overlook serious slights. In later years, unrestrained by the requirements of active political and military campaigning, insults far smaller than those offered by Lord George would result in permanent hostility from the Prince. His temper during the '45 was controlled only by his own self-restraint, and the conscious knowledge that success demanded it. However, the pressure from Murray quickly grew too much for him to endure. At Carlisle, Murray threatened to resign for the second time:

> *Ld George, upon this* [not being consulted about the terms of the town's surrender], *writes a very high letter to the Prince, where he tells HRH yt since the Duc of Perth has all the preferances, yt he has taken his party & will serve no more.*
>
> John William O'Sullivan

This time, Charles called his bluff. It was too much that, now the army was in England and surrounded by hostile forces, with everything committed in a single spectacular gamble, Murray should now show such pique. His attitude was offensive towards the Duke of Perth, who thankfully was impossible to offend, but who was also Murray's social senior and equal in rank. It was also offensive towards the Prince, in demanding that Murray should be consulted on all things first and foremost. O'Sullivan comments on its high tone, whilst Sir John MacDonald calls it, '*a very impertinent letter*.' For Charles it was a step too far, and he accepted the resignation without much hesitation. Only on the Duke of Perth's magnanimous offer to stand down in Murray's

favour, and after the intervention of several other senior figures, did Charles relent. It is telling that Murray's own letters imply that his brother Tullibardine had failed to support his case. His behaviour was causing trouble even for himself. Charles was well aware of the difficulty he was in. For all he believed in himself, as a young and inexperienced commander he lacked the confidence he needed to overcome the older Murray. It was becoming a battle of wits, and an unwelcome distraction.

If Charles had hoped that Murray would be chastened by events at Carlisle, then he was soon disappointed. Friction continued to build throughout the campaign in England, climaxing in the ultimatum at Derby. It is difficult not to imagine Murray slowly gathering up his arguments as the army marched, and working hard to undermine the confidence of those in his circle. By the time Charles was within striking distance of London, Lord George presented him with a *fait accompli*, a debate he had already stage-managed before it was put before the Prince. To Charles, it was betrayal on a staggering scale, all the more devastating for the numbers that Murray had brought to bear against him. The debates at Derby exposed Charles' utter reliance on the men around him: he was the leader of the coup, but entirely dependent on the consent of the chiefs. Murray had never truly acknowledged Charles' authority as commander-in-chief, and every time Charles had conceded to Murray he had unavoidably weakened his own authority. At Derby, it was now uncertain who was actually in command.

> *The Prince heard all these arguments [for retreat] with the greatest impatience, fell into a passion and gave most of the gentlemen that had spoke very abusive language and said that they had a mind to betray him.*
>
> Lord Elcho

Charles could no longer restrain his anger and frustration. He had hit a wall, and had no choice but to comply. Whereas Sir

John Cope had once made all his officers sign their agreement to retreat in the face of the enemy, Charles' officers had now forced him to consent to the one course of action he knew beyond all doubt would destroy them all. It was a disaster for the cause, and a personal catastrophe for the Prince. For Murray, who at least was no gloater, it was a triumph of his own judgement over that of his superior. He had effectively wrested control of the army out of Charles' hands, but the Prince would neither accept it nor forgive it. He now declared that:

> *For the future he would have not more Councils, for he would neither ask nor take their advice; that he was accountable to nobody but his father; and he was as good as his word.*
>
> Lord Elcho

During the retreat from Derby, there was little Charles could do to reassert his authority, but he did insist on certain strategies being employed. He frequently delayed the departure of the army's rearguard as long as possible to prevent the retreat appearing to be a rout, and he also insisted that no baggage or guns were abandoned. Murray was faced with the task of overseeing much of this, but Charles was surely right that appearances needed to be maintained, not just for the enemy but also to maintain the morale of the men. The strain of dragging the guns through the wild winter nights was surely less damaging than the sight of so much abandoned equipment dumped beside the road, without a blow being struck.

Despite the tensions that were simmering during the retreat, the victory at Falkirk should have set the Rising back on track. Charles certainly sensed that he had a chance to limit the damage the others had done by forcing him to retreat. However, shortly after the battle the Prince was to receive a blow no less deadly than that he had received at Derby, and dealt by the same hand.

On 29th January 1746, Prince Charles withdrew to his bed in good spirits despite the difficulties being encountered in the siege

of Stirling Castle. Shortly after eleven o'clock, O'Sullivan was disturbed in his room by the arrival of the secretary of state, John Murray of Broughton. Without speaking, Broughton handed the Irishman a letter he had received from Lord George Murray and the chiefs, whom O'Sullivan had spoken to as recently as four that afternoon. He read it with horror, and Murray of Broughton was equally aware of the gravity of the moment. Both men knew Charles well, and O'Sullivan remembers how Broughton predicted their master's response: '*this will set him mad, for he'l see plainly yt it is a Caballe & yt Ld George has blinded all those peoples.*' Neither dared wake the Prince, and Broughton rushed to Lord George in attempt to change his mind. As expected, he would not budge, and nothing had been achieved by the time that old Sheridan took the note to Charles the following early morning:

> *When Charles read the paper he struck his head against the wall until he staggered, and exclaimed most violently against Lord George Murray. His words were 'Good God! Have I lived to see this!'*
>
> Lord Elcho

Charles was losing his fight to stay in control of his Rising, and as he stared down on the page before him it was clear that nobody around him shared either his vision or his will. Worse, they clearly no longer believed that he could drive them to victory through the sheer strength of his character. The rot that had set in at Derby, had now infected his whole council, it seemed. Lord George Murray had presented the Prince with a picture of crippling desertion levels and strategic vulnerability, before insisting that the army must retreat once again. Having recently won the largest battle they had yet fought, the Jacobites were now to withdraw into the highlands. Behind them they were to leave the fertile wealth of the lowlands, the harbours through which the French could succour them, and the last chances of a lasting

victory. This, not Derby, was the beginning of the end.

> *When I came to Scotland, I knew well enough what I was to expect from my Ennemies, but I little foresaw what I met with from my Friends. I came vested with all the Authority the King could give me, one chief part of which is the Command of the Armies, and now I am required to give this up...*
>
> *I am often hit in the teeth that this is an Army of Voluntiers, consisting of Gentlemen of Rank and fortune, who came into it merely upon motives of Duty and Honours; what one wou'd expect from such an Army is more zeal, more resolution and more manners than in those who fight merely for pay. Everyone knew before he engaged in the cause what he was to expect in case it miscarried, and shou'd have staid at home if he cou'd not face death in any shape.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

The letter Charles wrote to Lord George Murray in response is angry, hurt, and despairing. In the reality which was all too bare before him, there was nothing the Prince could do to keep the campaign on the tracks that he believed it relied upon. His response is often quoted as ungrateful and bitter, lacking an appreciation of the risks his men were taking on his behalf. This, however, is to ignore the context of two months of massive personal frustration and insult, and the increasing sense that Charles himself was besieged by his friends as much as his opponents. He no longer felt that he could trust those around him, the men on whom he was absolutely dependent. From his own point of view, he was absolutely right. He was fighting a different war to them, he knew that momentum was the cause's only chance for success. He also probably knew, deep in his heart and learned from lessons before the Rising began, that France had no reliable intention of committing itself to a full scale invasion. Murray, after Falkirk, had written privately that he was, '*persuaded the French will now attempt a landing in England, but*

will it come in time? Charles however knew that they could not be relied upon, and that it was down to this army to win the war alone. Perhaps he was unable to present this reality to the council, as too many of the chiefs had come out only because they believed Charles had powerful backing. Perhaps he had been too quick to make promises when he needed that early support in the previous summer. Charles, however, had always made it clear that he would fight to the last as long as there was the slightest chance of victory: *tout ou rien*. He was now sure that the others would not share this gamble.

Despite Charles' rage, the order to retreat was given. To the British government, it was a gift. The initial stage of the withdrawal was horribly mismanaged, although it is difficult to get a sense of what really went wrong. Lord George blamed O'Sullivan for providing muddled orders, whilst he in turn blamed Murray for simply doing his own thing regardless of the planned operation. Elcho, covering the retreat, was left standing at his post without being recalled until he was under threat, and naturally was much enraged by this neglect and may even have believed it was deliberate. The church at St Ninian's exploded whilst the powder being stored there was being removed, causing military and civilian casualties as the church was destroyed. With their leaders locked in mutual recrimination and public displays of disagreement, confused or missing instructions, large numbers of men not stationed with their units (as was the tendency of highlanders), and massive explosions to their rear, all order in the retreat collapsed. Never did the withdrawal seem more like a rout. For the superstitious highlanders, there was one more piece of misfortune. When Charles' horse stepped into the Fords, it was wounded by a caltrop placed there ahead of them. The reality was that the army had been lucky on this occasion, as a local farmer had assisted the government agents in scattering caltrops at a ford he knew the army would not use, and it was typical of Charles to do something unexpected by crossing elsewhere to the main body. Thus the army was able to cross unhindered, and the

Prince's horse was the only casualty. The message that one casualty sent, however, was clear: the army would never return to the Firth of Forth, to the lowlands.

When the army reached Crieff on 2nd February, the chiefs forced Charles to call a council of war. If this was not sufficient to affront the embattled Regent, he was astonished to discover at a review of his forces that the levels of desertion – the main argument for the continuing retreat – were significantly lower than Murray had argued. Charles' instinct that the army was still capable of fighting if Cumberland approached had been right, and the missing men had simply been out scouting for food or better lodgings, with no intention of abandoning their comrades. Surely now that the truth had been established, and the army concentrated, the strategy should be revised. Charles however was again being confronted with a decision that had been made without him. There would be no turnabout, the retreat would continue. Worse, the east coast was to be abandoned. The Prince doggedly argued against abandoning the lowlanders, '*to the fury of our merciless enemies*,' but Murray insisted the east could not be defended. Lord Lewis Gordon spoke up for the Prince, perhaps adding the reflection that he himself had successfully held Aberdeenshire and the north east for the Jacobites whilst the army was in England, winning a significant victory at Inverurie. When Murray refused to hear Charles' argument:

> *Ld Louis Gorden asked him if he was mad, & if the Prince was not master to speak when he thought fit; Ld George said not.*
>
> John William O'Sullivan

Murray was proposing that at such councils Charles only spoke when all others had expressed their opinions. Clearly he was still concerned that the force of Charles' arguments and personality could prove persuasive. Nevertheless, with the Prince's temper fracturing with increasing frequency and his control weakening visibly, the retreat continued. Sadly, and not for the first time, his

strategic opinion was vindicated by later events. On 27th February, 650 French regulars arrived off the coast of Aberdeen only to discover that the Jacobites had abandoned the town. They withdrew, taking with them Charles' last hopes for continental support. Murray's party had won their wish to get back into their own lands, to fight the war they had envisaged from the outset, but they had also demonstrated that they were collectively possessed of a cripplingly short-sighted strategic mind. Curiously, O'Sullivan records that Lord George had begun protesting that he had opposed the retreat. If this is true, then maybe he was starting to appreciate the danger the Cause was now in. For the loyal, exhausted Adjutant-General, this was too much to bear in silence, and he gave vent to his views:

> *My Ld* [Murray] *yu know very well the Prince was never for the retraite, & yu know well who is the author of it, & if you had not sent us a Sintence of Death, signed by you & all the chiefs, the Prince wou'd never consent to it, & it is very Ill of yu to speak so high & make people believe the contreray.*
>
> John William O'Sullivan

It is hardly a positive position for an army to be in where members of the council believe the strategy is little more than a death sentence. O'Sullivan was a professional soldier, and he did his utmost to perform his duty to his commanding officer and friend. He saw in Murray not only an arrogant amateur playing out of his depth, but also a dangerous rogue element that was undermining the Prince and actively creating factions within the officer corps. Like his master, O'Sullivan was now starting to feel the psychological strain of this most extraordinary war.

Perhaps unexpectedly, the Jacobite campaign now experienced something of a revival. It may have been the confidence that the highland elements received now that they were back in their home territories. Whatever it was, the army now resumed the offensive and achieved a number of important objectives, most

importantly the capture of Fort George, during which O'Sullivan had his hat shot from his head. The Earl of Loudoun, already nervous after the check at Inverurie in December, was chastened further by his attempt to capture Charles at Moy, and was pursued into Sutherland and beyond the Durnoch Firth by the Duke of Perth. Loudoun was soon on Skye, his forces dispersed, and no longer capable of seriously threatening Charles' operations. Lord George Murray also scored successes during his thrust towards his family seat at Blair Castle, although he failed to take the house itself. Charles himself did not actively participate in these smaller operations, partly because he needed to be ready at headquarters to coordinate any future concentration, but also because he was suffering from poor health. No doubt the absence of some of his council provided him with some relief. He was clearly anxious that the attempt on Fort William stretched his forces too thinly, although he did not succeed in maintaining sufficient concentrations at Inverness. As Cumberland advanced towards him, he desperately gathered up what forces he could and prepared to receive the attack. The fords along the Spey could not be defended, as Cumberland crossed at numerous places, although there was some skirmishing. The climax of the war was approaching, and for the first time, the Jacobites were about to give battle without holding the initiative.

As the army gathered near Culloden, it became clear that Cumberland was in no rush to engage and that battle would not occur immediately. Unfortunately, Charles was now let down by another of his officers. John Hay of Restalrig was an experienced banker and treasurer to the army, but since the more efficient Murray of Broughton was currently ill, Hay had taken on his duties as secretary of state. At this crucial moment he failed utterly to provide the appropriate supplies for the army stationed outside Inverness. Having rushed to arms and drawn up on an open plain in poor weather, the army was now stood down without the provision of food, and the men were instructed to

have a care for themselves. This was not a propitious beginning to the final engagement of the '45. As Charles became aware of the difficulties confronting his army, and the absence of key units which were still hurrying to the concentration point, he lamented before his officers the fact that they had lost the initiative and that even if Cumberland left them alone they would all probably starve. It seems that Lord George Murray, unhappy anyway with the choice of battleground, now struck upon the idea of the night march on the government camp at Nairn.

Charles' relationship with Murray had been rocky from the start, but now in the face of the approaching enemy the two at last found something to agree upon. The new plan had echoes of Prestonpans, which must have added to its appeal. It is noteworthy that O'Sullivan recalls the fact that when Charles called a council of war – a rare thing by this stage – it was Murray who did the talking, and that everybody agreed to the plan. O'Sullivan himself agreed that he could see victory before them at last. With hindsight, they were all wrong. There were countless problems with the plan: the regular forces were unused to cross-country night marching; the distance was too great to allow the troops to form up before attacking as a body; the soldiers were hungry and tired, and needed to rest rather than march ten miles in darkness. It was a plan born of desperation, and as often occurs when all seems set for defeat, the alternative offered is received with eager zeal.

On that dreadful night before the disaster of the morrow, Lord George Murray finally broke Prince Charles. Deciding that the army was incapable of achieving its intention, and regardless of the fact that its whole strength – meagre as that still was – was too deeply committed to the enterprise, Murray turned about his column and began to march back to Culloden. Inexcusably, he did not even inform Charles of the decision, let alone seek his permission. In the darkness, the Prince despaired to discover that his army was retreating once more around him, and he saw in this the bitter sting of deliberate sabotage. To his credit, he

maintained face before his men, eagerly promising them better fortune tomorrow, but to his officers he seethed with rage. Here then is perhaps the most obvious difference in the leadership styles of the Prince and his Lieutenant-General. Whilst Charles always spoke to his men with charm and warmth, encouraging their spirits and attempting rally their hearts, Murray was careless with his tongue and too open in his anger. O'Sullivan recalls him at different times in the campaign as, '*crying very high before the men*,' or complaining to Charles, '*before all the Compagny*,' and that on the march to Nairn others saw, '*both him & his officers talking openly* [about defeat] *before our men*.' Charles would never willingly have permitted his behaviour to undermine the confidence of his forces so openly.

Charles was amongst the last to get back to his quarters, having overseen the retreat to its final stages, and having attempted to go to Inverness in search of the missing provisions. Perth persuaded him not to go, and instead a body of FitzJames' horse was sent. Once the doors of Culloden House were closed, the Prince's patience gave out at last. Johnstone recalls that, '*the Prince, on his return to Culloden, enraged against Lord George Murray, publicly declared that no one in future should command his army but himself*.' It was clearly not as public as the captain would have us believe, probably only before the officers of the council. O'Sullivan attempts to persuade us that Charles managed to bite his lip once more, but this now seems unlikely considering the extent of the provocation. Perhaps there occurred another of Prince Charles' contradictory presentations, a politically motivated expression of restrain in front of a larger audience, and then a raging display in private afterwards.[42] Either way, it seems the argument broke down into mutual blame and recrimination, with some accounts stating that Murray openly blamed everything on Lochiel, and Charles eventually put an end to the discussion for fear of even further division. He caught just the

[42] This would explain the wildly contradictory accounts of this meeting.

lightest sleep, fully clothed and still in his boots, then was back on the field.

Murray's decision to halt that march is certainly defensible on grounds of the inability to deploy the army prior to attacking the camp. To begin a retreat, however, without communicating with his senior officer is inexcusable, and it condemned the army to confusion and despair. More than anything else, the failure of this march doomed the Jacobite army. The cause may have been lost at Derby, Stirling, or Crieff, but Murray had secured the outcome of the Battle of Culloden by turning the army about the night before. An early morning attack on Cumberland's army, which was in fact prepared for such an event, may not have brought any greater guarantee of success than a fight across the moor at Culloden, but neither did it guarantee failure in a way that the retreat would. Murray was sure the army was dispersing and deserting during the march, but his judgement on such things had been proven fallible before. If not deliberate sabotage, this was a blunder born of an ill-conceived plan executed without conviction by the very man who had proposed it. As the man who ordered the retreat, this was Murray's sin to bear.

The events at Culloden on 16th April 1746 have long been the source of disagreement and controversy, not least in regard to the conduct of the Prince, which is described in the following chapter. Certain aspects of Murray's conduct also require scrutiny, because although his gallantry in leading the charge of the right wing is undoubted, and he did good service by holding the reserve whilst the army routed, he also blatantly disobeyed direct orders from his Prince. O'Sullivan presents a vivid picture of the confusion that reined during the army's deployment, but he also clearly identifies the fact that Murray was simply ignoring him. When Cumberland's army was not yet deployed, and whilst one of its guns was stuck in the boggy ground, Charles saw the potential for launching an attack, but Murray remained still. It is probable that too little of the Jacobite army had been rallied to its positions, but Murray's unresponsiveness was clearly going to be a

problem. Worse, when direct orders were carried to Lord George, he refused to act upon them, a fact reported even by his friend Johnstone (then on the opposite wing):

> *The Prince... observed them employed in throwing down the walls of the enclosures to attack us in flank, and immediately sent repeated orders to Lord George Murray... to place some troops in the enclosure and prevent the manoeuvre... Lord George paid no attention to this order.*
>
> James Johnstone

Murray's arrogance and the obstructive nature of his attitude were again on plain view. As O'Sullivan despaired, riding up and down the lines in vain efforts to order them, whilst Charles actively reorganised the reserve to plug weaknesses in the front, Murray failed to obey the order to protect his flank. The gaps in the lines were likewise Murray's fault for, not without reason (as the move added greater weight to the charge) he suddenly redeployed his men six deep rather than three. When the battle began, as cannon lashed the Jacobite lines, Murray was also slow to attack. Theories abound as to what delayed the charge, ranging from Charles' failure to order it to Murray's reluctance to obey it. At least one of Charles' messengers was killed carrying the order, but plenty were sent. It seems Murray was not keen to launch an attack from beyond the protection of the enclosures before his enemy had made a move or exposed some opportunity, but the artillery was beyond bearing and the highlanders could hardly be restrained. Once the battle began in earnest, he did his duty well, but during the initial deployment Lord George Murray was behaving stubbornly and arrogantly, letting his personal hatred for O'Sullivan override his duties as a field officer.

When the battle had been lost, and the Rising had staggered to its death, Murray seized the opportunity to vent his true feelings. Isolated from the surviving units of his army, the Prince ordered his men to fight on as long as they could whilst he

sought succour from France in person. He had seen defeat for the first time, and had no doubt who was to blame for the failures of the campaign. For months now control of the army had been wrested from him at every opportunity, his opinions humiliatingly sidelined, and he was now understandably convinced that the chance he had once held in Scotland had been squandered. Realising also that the game was up, Murray sent Charles another of his fiery letters laying everything on the line (appendix IV).

The letter is revealing. Its opening passage highlights Murray's astonishing arrogance, as he seems convinced that he, '*had more at stake than all the others put together*,' and talks as though Charles should be impressed that he has, '*resolution to bear my own and family ruine without a grudge*.' Murray had risked no more than any other Jacobite, and Charles himself had reminded them that the risks of rebellion were great. He goes on to criticise the Prince for beginning the campaign at all, and he is always careful to suggest that he is speaking for a host of unnamed others. Although he stops short of blaming Charles for specific failures, he soon gets to the crux of his resentment:

> *I wish Mr O'Sullivan had never got any other charge in the Army than care of the Bagage which I have been told he has been brought up to and understood. I never saw him in time of Action neither at Gladsmuir, Falkirk nor in the last, and his orders were vastly confused.*
>
> Lord George Murray

Murray degrades O'Sullivan's military experience, hinting that the point has often been discussed behind his back, and in a most forthright manner accuses him of cowardice. There is no reason why this insinuation should be believed, as O'Sullivan was clearly active as a staff officer at each of these engagements. He may not have led charges sword in hand like Murray, but he was always proactive in the field. He narrowly missed serious injury during operations against Fort George, and his activities in the highlands

with Prince Charles after Culloden make clear that he was a courageous officer. Lord George's implications do him little credit. Equally indefensible is his statement that he, '*never had any particular discussion with either of them* [O'Sullivan and Hay], *but I ever thought them incapable and unfit to serve*.' His feelings on the men had perhaps not been expressed so openly before, but he had certainly made them clear, and in his high office had been in constant contact with both men, whether he liked it or not. In fairness to Murray, his accusations against Hay were rather more reasonable, in light of his recent incompetence.

Other points in the letter would have struck Charles, such as Murray's insistence that the night march was a good idea scuppered by the supply failure rather than his own decision to retreat: '*we possibly might have surprised and defeat the enemy at Nairn, but for want of provisions a third of the army scattered*.' This sounds like a man shifting responsibility. Surely the most galling of all his comments, however, was Murray's determination to distance himself from the failings at Culloden. He admits:

> *it was a fatal error yesterday to allow the enemy those walls upon their left which made it impossible for us to break them, and they with their front fire and flanking us when we went upon the attack destroyed us without any possibility of our breaking them, and our Atholl men lost a full half of their officers and men.*
>
> Lord George Murray

The blame, he insists, is O'Sullivan's, but we have already seen that Murray was repeatedly ordered to bring up troops into those very enclosures, and that these orders were deliberately disobeyed. To now identify this as the cause of the disaster, and to blame others for it, is difficult to excuse. Perhaps the hardest thing to forgive, however, is the fact that just one day after the defeat at Culloden, Lord George Murray was engaging in a game of blame and recrimination, cutting himself off from the events

that caused the reverse, and claiming some impossible moral high ground, all of which left the Prince's position completely untenable. Not one word in the letter proposed a course of action to recover the situation. There was no going back from here, and the Rising was ended as much by the words of the Lieutenant-General as by the bayonets of Cumberland. To rub salt into the wound, Murray now tended his resignation.

Charles and O'Sullivan went on the run, whilst Murray disbanded the remnants of the army and sought escape to the continent also. His letter from Ruthven has been excused as the heart-felt account of a brave commander who was left with the rump of a defeated army, abandoned by the rest of the senior staff. The Prince's intention to leave the country was certainly not yet formed, as he was still attempting to discover what had become of his army. Receiving this letter however must have made it clear to him that the Rising could not continue in its current form. The best that could be envisaged is that the clans stayed out, resisting in the mountains as they had long claimed was their best strategy, until French help restored the balance. Only Charles could secure that help, as he knew well that King Louis' policy was to tie up British troops, rather than to help James win his throne. Louis would have to treat Charles on something approaching equal terms, at least, which offered a glimmer of hope. Charles was a determined, energetic man, and it would be a long time before he gave up on his dream, but surely when he left Scotland he knew in his heart that he was leaving it forever.

Lord George Murray was truly an extraordinary man, and he has attracted a great deal of attention, praise, and criticism ever since the miscarriage of the Rising. He was a brave, often capable, but deeply flawed and imperfect character. His complete inability to work with others, often people with greater experience than he or with a more far-reaching strategic vision, made him a destabilising influence within the Jacobite Army. He worked tirelessly to undermine Charles' personal control of the army, and

could not overcome his personal animosity to key officers like O'Sullivan. The difficulties Charles endured first in trying to pacify, then to overcome the will of Lord George contributed significantly to his own decline and to the inability of the army command to operate to the maximum of its ability. Murray was also clearly possessed of a talent worthy of his Prince in persuading others to take his part. When he eventually escaped in March 1747, he made great speed to use this power upon King James in Rome. Charles refused to see him in Paris shortly after, and even threatened to have him imprisoned for the treachery he now believed Murray had exposed him to throughout the campaign. The King wrote to his heir on this very subject:

> *As to what he [Murray] may have failed against you personally, he has owned his fault to me and begged of me to make his submission to you for him... All he seeks is your forgiveness.*
>
> James Frances Edward Stuart

King James had not been exposed to Murray at his worst, but at his humblest. After his brief effort in Paris, Lord George made no further effort to communicate with Charles. He was not so humble as to ask twice. Charles never forgave him, and the damage Murray did to the Prince's psyche by persuading him that his own council could not be trusted, would never be undone. After sharing the trials of their escape and maintaining contact long after, Charles would even start to doubt O'Sullivan, who nevertheless continued to serve France as a professional soldier.

In the account O'Sullivan wrote for King James after his return to Europe, there is a story which is perhaps the most emphatic as to the difficulties of living with Lord George Murray. During the night march on Nairn, after months of bitter disagreement and personal animosity, Prince Charles approached Murray on foot:

The Prince joyns him, takes one of his hands, & sets another hand about his neck, holding him thus, tells him, "Ld George, yu cant imagine, nor I cant expresse to yu how acknowledging I am of all the services yu have rendred me, but this will Crown all. You'l restore the King by it, you'l deliver our poor Contry from Slevery, you'l have all the honr & glory of it, it is your own work, as yu imagined it, & be assured, Dr Ld George, that the King nor I will never forget it. I speak to yu my Dr Ld George (the Prince sweesing [squeezing] him) from the bottom of my soul, & I am sure yt it is to you we'll owe all, so God Blesse yu." The Prince continued so holding him by the hand & about the body, for above quarter of an hour. Ld George never dained to answer one word.

John William O'Sullivan

Charles was a young man whose destiny was hanging in the balance. He himself was proud, capable, and sure of his convictions. He had strained every sinew to make the Rising work, but his plans often seemed thwarted by this dominating, overbearing older man. With, no doubt, tremendous effort, Charles made a heart-felt overture to Murray to bury the hatchet. Lord George, however, never proper in his behaviour to his master, never giving Charles full credence for his talents, and jealously defending his own authority regardless of consequence, was too proud even to acknowledge him. The hurt Charles felt was raw, it was personal, and it was utterly unforgivable.

Defeat at Culloden

It was early on the morning of 15th April 1746, and the men of the Jacobite army concentration in the grounds of Culloden House were ordered to report onto the moor. Part of the large Drummossie Moor, the ground chosen by the Jacobite officers was a large patch of open heath belonging to the Culloden estate of Lord President Forbes. Charles Edward Stuart had called his men together for battle. The orders of the day had been sent to the officers, exhorting the men to press ever forward and not quit their ground, but also to show restraint by neither stripping nor plundering the dead. The Prince himself rode along the lines, beaming with confidence and eagerness, proclaiming his readiness with his tartan jacket and broadsword, and on his highland targe the face of Medusa to petrify his enemies.

Behind the smile, the Prince's heart was straining with contrasting emotions. He was indeed eager for the fight, after long weeks of comparative inactivity. The army now approaching him had hounded his every step since Derby, had driven him into the highlands, slowly, cautiously, unnervingly drawing the noose ever tighter around the Jacobite neck. Now at last Charles would have the decisive battle he had longed for, and been denied in England and at Stirling. At Prestonpans and again at Falkirk, and at Clifton and Inverurie, the Jacobite army had prevailed in all its battlefield operations, and there was every reason to believe that victory could be achieved. If he won here, the army could sweep back through Scotland and recover all that had been lost in the long hard retreat north. If Charles won, he could prevail over those in his council who were too cautious and lacked his vision, and those whose conceit undermined his authority.

And yet there were problems. The Jacobite army was dispersed over a wide area, and much of his full potential was denied to Charles by that distance. Units were arriving at the concentration point, but not quickly enough or in sufficient quantities. He had

here only half of the army he had fielded at Falkirk three months earlier, and this made him anxious. Nor were all his cannons up from Inverness. Worse, his officers were not all convinced that it was wise to fight, arguing for a withdrawal across the river to higher hillier ground, or for the creation of a fortified position anchored on Inverness. Such plans might increase the chances of the rest of the army coming up in time for a battle, but they put Inverness at risk, and in Inverness were all the army's supplies and magazines. Once the master of Scotland, this was Charles' last city. Beyond it lay only the chance of a limited guerrilla war, and the slow starvation of food and funds.

The Prince was determined, then, that he would fight. For several days his staff had been trying to decide where the action would take place. Lord George Murray, long a thorn in Charles' side but able and influential, had favoured a position near Kilvarock Castle, were the geography favoured a defensive battle, and a safe withdrawal towards Inverness if things went badly. It was almost as if he expected to fail. The Adjutant-General had advised otherwise: the Jacobite army needed an open field which enabled a clear charge towards the enemy. Unused to extended fire-fights, the army was not capable of mounting a static defensive action in a formal engagement against regulars and artillery. Close to their headquarters, Culloden offered the open field the army needed to attack, whilst there were enclosures and park walls available to protect the flanks and offer defensive advantages should these be required. It was here, then, that the army was now standing ready.

It was cold, raw, and there was an occasional shower of icy rain that lashed into the exposed army, but morale seemed high and the men gave their Prince enthusiastic huzzahs as he rode amongst them. As time went on, their enthusiasm dampened as the weather cooled their ardour, and the enemy still remained out of sight. Charles, impatient now that all was set for his battle, instructed Lord Elcho, commander of his Lifeguards, to take his men forwards and reconnoitre for the enemy. The Lifeguards

were the pride of the army, gentlemen volunteers in fine navy coats, scarlet waistcoats adorned with gold lace, and tartan cross-belts. Although few in numbers, like all Charles' cavalry regiments, they had been worked hard and they knew their business. Elcho was young and handsome, well-connected and haughty, and the natural leader for such a unit. Taking his men along the roads towards the last known enemy positions, he soon located the army of the Duke of Cumberland. To his surprise, and soon to Charles' frustration, it was obvious that the enemy had no intention of obliging the Jacobites with battle that day. Leaving part of his force to observe the enemy, Elcho returned to the Prince with the news.

Charles had ordered up the biscuit from Inverness, since the men had remained unfed, and there was one biscuit handed out per man. It was a meagre ration, but things would be set in order once the battle had been fought. In the meantime, all attention turned to Elcho's news. The senior officers assembled and the arguments against engagement were again brought forward. If Cumberland did not want to fight, then there was a chance to fall back on more favourable ground, some argued, and to link up with Cromartie's division which ought to be returning south from its operations. Little did they know, an unusually vigorous action by some loyalist highlanders was already in the process of dispersing Cromartie's men at Dunrobin. As the debates continued, the Jacobite army stood sullenly on the plain, hungry and cold, now muttering with the natural discontent of soldiers left in such a position.

Suddenly, there was a change of mood in the officers' discussions. Lord George Murray, who had never favoured the ground at Culloden, now proposed that instead of a withdrawal west, an alternative strategy could allow them to recover the initiative:

> *The Night was the time [Murray said] to putt them most upon an Equality, and he Concluded that his Opinion was that they*

Should march at dusk of ye Evening.

Lord Elcho

Whilst the Jacobite officers decided how best to execute their night march, designed to surprise the enemy in their tents, a number of Royal Navy vessels sailed into sight in the Moray Firth. Although in no position to harass the Jacobites, they could certainly observe them, and it now became essential that the march was delayed until the army's movements could be concealed. In the late evening, as the army received its new orders, it was discovered that many men had slipped away in search of food and shelter as soon as it had become clear there would be no battle that day. Doubts were now expressed as to whether the march could go ahead. By the time the army had assembled fully, the night would be well advanced and the chances of reaching Cumberland at Nairn much reduced. These doubts, along with those encouraged by the sorry look of some of the units after a day exposed to the elements, were spreading fast, but the decision had been taken and the army began to move off.

Charles himself took up a position with the Jacobite cavalry, to the rear of the third column, whilst Lord George Murray commanded the van. Dispersed along the lines and up ahead of Murray, local Macintosh men acted as guides, and the army marched through the darkness and into a close mist. In order to avoid alerting Cumberland by passing populated areas, the march would be conducted over rough tracks and uneven ground, visibility constantly reducing, and even the smallest obstacle becoming an immense obstruction to the march. In the blackness, the men could only focus their attentions at the feet, slowly picking their way through stones and roots, growing ever more tired and weary from the effort. Gaps opened in the lines, encouraging those with energy to redouble their efforts and push faster, leaving those behind them still struggling and thereby growing the gaps rather than closing them. It was all taking too long.

The going was no easier for the cavalry, their horses equally uncertain of their footfalls, their men equally weary after a long day in the saddle. Sensing the problems, the Prince dispatched aide after aide to the column's head ordering the pace to be slowed. By the time the messengers reached the front, they had a clear picture of the difficulties in the lines, and reported them to the van. The leading elements were becoming increasingly anxious as they neared the enemy that they were becoming isolated and vulnerable. Soon senior officers were up at the front with Murray instructing him to halt. There were ugly moments as officers in the van began to speak their minds too freely, and the march was now approaching crisis. Charles, however, was sure that they were too deeply committed to consider any alternative to continued advance. The night was lightening now, and some units could even see the enemy's campfires. The Prince sent orders to the van advising Murray that he should judge when he had enough men assembled to launch the attack, and to do order it as soon as was plausible. It had been gruelling, but Charles chest was tightening with the anticipation of the moment that was approaching.

Rippling down the lines, confusion began to set in far beyond that which had accompanied the difficult march thus far. It was past three o'clock, and units from the rearward columns were beginning to fan out into positions from which to attack the camp. Something was wrong:

> *My Lord George Murray began to be missing; notwithstanding the Prince's Aides-de-Camp in riding from rank to rank, and asking, for God's sake! What has become of his Lordship.*
>
> John Daniel

With his aides unable to establish where Murray and the leading regiments had gone, and with the light increasing visibly, there was immense confusion and anxiety. The chances of surprise were slipping away. Charles, coming up with some of the rearmost

units, stumbled into the Duke of Perth's regiment, which was – astonishingly – in retreat. Stunned, exhausted, the Prince's composure slipped as he reigned in alongside and cried out, "*Where is the Duke? Call him here. I am betrayed! What need have I to give orders when my orders are disobeyed.*" Perth at last appeared with O'Sullivan, men whose judgement the Prince could trust, and who had apparently not met with the more forward Jacobite units as they had returned from Murray. The Prince now received the extraordinary news that Lord George and the van were already in full retreat, along the open road further north which they had earlier avoided in the search for stealth. The decision had been taken without him, contrary to his own opinion and his instructions. "*Good God!*" he exclaimed, "*What can be the matter? What does this mean? We were equal in numbers and could have blown them to the devil. Pray, Perth, can't you call them back yet? Perhaps he has not gone too far?*" It was too late, however, and the Prince's impassioned pleas could not reach Murray's ears now. John Hay and the Prince's aides had endeavoured to check the retreat, but nothing had prevailed upon Lord George.

When he discovered there was nothing that could be done and that the die was cast, Charles turned his units about and recalled all the others, promising them a better chance to close with Cumberland later. His attempts to rally the spirits of his men were all too vain, for the exhausted soldiers now faced the same difficult cross-country march again, without the hope of victory at the end of it. The lines struggled back through the cold early hours, men dropping out of ranks from sheer exhaustion and lack of food. As the last units turned back, the drums could be heard in Cumberland's camp, rousing his men for the battle ahead. They had slept on full stomachs, their cavalry encamped several miles off, all unaware of the peril they had lain exposed to.

On reaching Culloden, most of the men simply collapsed in whatever shelter they could find, and slept. Others struggled off in search of food, a need of which Charles was all too aware. Upon his own return, the Prince had immediately set off for

Inverness to discover what had become of the rations he had ordered up. He was intercepted by the Duke of Perth, who persuaded Charles to remain on the field whilst Captain Shea and the FitzJames horse went on to find the food. When he arrived at Culloden House, the unwelcome figure of Lord George was there to greet him, and after a brief and bitter argument with him and Lochiel, each man sought what brief rest he could. Charles was offered a cup of chocolate to warm and sustain him, but O'Sullivan recalls his response: "*I can neither eat nor rest while my poor peoples are starving*." He then gave orders for meat to be found, any nearby cattle to be slaughtered, and whatever food could be discovered to be distributed. He would pay for all in due time, he said, but now the army was his only priority. Dawn had long since broken over Culloden Moor. Barely two hours after the Prince had returned, a party of the Scots Hussars announced that the Duke of Kingston's Horse were approaching along the road Lord George had so recently quitted, and that the rest of the enemy were close behind.

The officers were immediately roused, barely having put down their heads, and orders were given. The drums began to sound the call-to-arms, and Charles ordered the pipes to be played. In ditches and in the shadows of the park walls, exhausted Jacobite soldiers stirred from their fatigue and slowly groaned towards their positions. Some were only woken when the guns began to fire. Captain Johnstone had gone to Inverness, and had only had time to put one leg into his bed before the drums beat. He now faced the agonising prospect of a rush back to the field, and fighting a battle across it. Charles himself mounted his horse as soon as the alarm was sounded, and led the Camerons up onto the moor in person. There were, of course, no orders ready for the day, and the officers moved into the approximate positions of the previous day.

The French ambassador, the Marquis d'Eguilles, had already set about burning his papers in Inverness to prevent them falling into enemy hands. In order to do so, he had to abandon the army

whose trials he had shared. '*I made my desire yield to my duty*,' he said, sure that this was the end. There were few illusions amongst those who knew their business. In his heart, even Charles knew the odds were stacking against him. Nevertheless, he made a brave show and urged his men to valorous deeds by recalling their former victories. They let out cheers and huzzahs, but most must have harboured a deep dread of what was coming.

> *Every man kept the best countenance he could, it was gloriouse to fall with a falling state.*
>
> John William O'Sullivan

Now that the game was afoot, there was little point in wishing things were different. It was time to make the most of the chances afforded by the ground. The army was drawn up somewhat further back than had been the case the previous day, and there was much movement in the Jacobite lines. There was confusion as to who should command the right wing, the position of honour, and for the first time it was granted to the Atholl Brigade, who may have been Murray's own but who had an undistinguished record. Over on the right, Murray had therefore drawn up with part of an enclosure covering his frontage, thus preventing a forward charge, and he accordingly advanced his brigade clear of the obstruction, and shortened his frontage by deploying in columns. The result was further confusion along the length of the Jacobite front line, which O'Sullivan was desperately attempting to put into some kind of order. The compression of the right wing units opened up gaps in the centre, whilst their forward movement was not match by the rest of the line: on the left, the Macdonald regiments had refused to move forwards clear of the Culloden Enclosure walls, because they offered both shelter from fire and protection to their flank. The result was a significant skewing of the Jacobite deployment, with Murray's units now much closer to Cumberland than was the left. All this time, more men were arriving on the field, and

units in the second line were being moved around by Charles in an attempt to plug the weaknesses in the front. And all this time, the men of the Jacobite army watch with sinking hearts as the British army moved, with quiet professional confidence, into their own positions.

To officers like O'Sullivan, the spectacle of the British army in deployment was the clearest indication yet of the impending disaster. As the Jacobite front shuffled and staggered in apparent disorder, Cumberland's army moved neatly into position with visible ability. For the first time in the war, the British Army was able to deploy unopposed and without harassment, in its own time and on its own terms. Cumberland arrived with his forces in three lines, anchored on his left by the old Leanach enclosure, with General Hawley out to the extreme left with a weighty concentration of dragoons and militia. As the Jacobite lines skewed, Cumberland moved his remaining cavalry round to secure his right, and formed his infantry into two solid parallel lines. There were twice as many men now facing Charles than he had at his own disposal.

The focus of immediate attention was the movement of Hawley's regiments (comprising of Kerr's dragoons, and a large part of Cobham's, with some Campbell infantry), who began breaking down the walls leading into the enclosure protecting the Jacobite right. Murray was conscious of the threat, as were Charles and O'Sullivan. The latter had already advised Lord George to move several lowland battalions up from the second line into the enclosures, but Murray had refused. Nevertheless the units were brought forward and positioned themselves around Culchanaig farm, so as to provide resistance should Hawley attempt to take the flank.

Prince Charles, accompanied by a small mixed troop of bodyguards – 16 Scots from Elcho's Lifeguards and 16 Irish of FitzJames', took up a position beyond the second line on a low eminence that gave him something of a view. The activity was calming a little, and Charles was breathing deeply to relieve that

tightness which was growing in his chest. Until the very last moment, he had been riding amongst the lines reminding the men assembled there that everything rested on their actions. He encouraged them not to risk a fire-fight, but to strike forwards boldly. Spotting Hawley's activities, Charles now sent positive orders for Murray to order a defence of the enclosures, but the order fell on deaf ears. From his eminence he could see Ballimore's Campbells moving into the enclosure, and that they would soon be able to form along the wall at right angles to Cumberland's left. The dragoons moved on into the steep hollow beside the river Nairn, and the view of them was obscured from there. It was approaching one o'clock, intermittent showers of icy sleet blasting into the Jacobite positions from behind the enemy and adding to the discomfort of the long stand-off. The Prince, determined that boldness was the key to success as always, sent orders for Lord George Murray to begin the attack.

Charles was anxious of Hawley's attempted encirclement, and now sent O'Sullivan to Murray ordering him to resist it and open proceedings. Further reinforcements moved off to the right to join Gordon's battalions and most of the cavalry forming up near Culchunaig. At this moment, with Murray pointedly ignoring O'Sullivan's presence as well as Charles' orders, Cumberland had spotted what looked like an artillery battery on Murray's flank. Lord Bury was sent forwards to investigate whether it was indeed a concealed enemy battery. At his approach, Lord George Murray – who was showing reluctance to launch an attack without first knowing his enemy's intentions – ordered the gun to open fire.

The Prince's heart leapt as the first gun fired, quickly joined by the rest of the Jacobite cannon which were dispersed across the length of the front line. The fire rippled across the line, the assorted guns, some once belonging to Sir John Cope, blasted forth to the cheers of the highlanders. Bonnets were cast into the air and the army let out a mighty huzzah. The stand-off was over, and the battle had begun. Just a minute later, with some of the Jacobite guns having just released their second fire, the 3lb

cannon of Cumberland's army decided to respond. The Jacobites were about to receive their first experience of the Royal Artillery's professional gunnery.

For Cumberland's gun crews, the work was not easy. The shot from the Jacobite guns was landing successfully both within the first and seconds lines of the infantry, and although they were better trained and more proficient, the Royal Artillerymen were hindered by the weather. As the royal cannon burst forth their flame, the powder smoke was quickly snatched by the wind and carried across the no-man's land between the two armies. Soon, the Jacobite lines were virtually invisible to the gun crews, shrouded in the smoke of both armies, and further obscured by the returning rain. In such conditions, their shots were less effective than has often been supposed. As the cannon recoiled, the trails dug into the soft wet earth: the firing was inconsistent and the work was tough, but the pressure on the Jacobites was continuous.

> *Our cannon fired before that of the enemy which did not do much damage.*
>
> Sir John MacDonald

For the Jacobites, the cheers soon gave way to defiant roars as the battle quickly intensified. The enemy cannon were firing rapidly, the round shot coming in at a low trajectory so as to bounce into their ranks. Although the booming crack of the guns was deeply intimidating, many of the balls were ploughing into the sodden soft earth, failing to bounce and embedding themselves safely in the moor. As the fog of war covered their lines and stung their eyes, Jacobite soldiers were enduring a new battlefield experience. They had little sense of what was happening, as visibility was reduced significantly by the smoke and the rain, and as they huddled behind their targes to protect their faces from the weather, the air seemed thick with the thumps of falling cannonballs. Overhead, the air was cut by shot clearing the front line, as the British gunners lost their targets to the fog. Adjusting

trajectory to compensate for the soft earth, many of the cannon rounds were now overshooting. Although this rescued the highland ranks from being lashed by shot, the experience was no less terrifying; the army was soon straining to attack. Worse, the shot flying over the heads of the front rankers was now falling amongst those further back.

> *The whole fury of the enemy's Artillery seemed to be directed against us in the rear; as if they had noticed where the Prince was.*
>
> John Daniel

Probably by chance, then, the Prince's person came under attack. Shot quickly began to fall amongst the cavalry reserve, wounding several. A ball plunged into the ground in front of Prince Charles, panicking his horse, spraying his face and jacket with mud. Over the deafening roar of the cannons of both armies, and struggling to shout through the smoke and wind, Charles called for his groom for a remount. Perhaps his own horse was wounded, perhaps it was simply too conspicuous. Thomas Caw led up a replacement, and Charles prepared to receive it. Suddenly Caw's head was blown away, the shot also striking the horse in the shoulder. Charles, to whom the horrors of war were never more immediate than now, turned to see one his Lifeguards, Austin, recovering the pistols from the saddle holsters of his mount, which was slumped in the mud and missing a leg.

> [These close shots] *made some about the Prince desire that he would be pleased to retire a little off; but this he refused to do, till seeing the imminent danger from the number of balls that fell about him, he was by the earnest entreaties of his friends forced to retire a little off, attended only by Lord Balmerino's corps. Frequent looks and turns the Prince made, to see how his men behaved.*
>
> John Daniel

Charles led the men down into a low hollow to their right, where they gained some reprieve from the intensity of the cannon-fire. Daniel himself, an English Lifeguard carrying an identifiable standard, was ordered back onto the eminence in order to prevent the damage to morale which might ensue from the flag's withdrawal. By the time he got there, the eminence was littered with the bodies of Bagot's Hussars. This small regiment had been moved towards the centre and had suffered heavily from the artillery, and Charles soon had the survivors removed to a position rear of the left, near the Culloden enclosures, to gain some cover. It was a sad end for this most romantic regiment, those hard working and aggressive scouts, with their proud fur caps and tartan short-coats.

The Prince now rode over to the right wing, coming up with the regiments lining to face Hawley, whose regiments were now clear of the enclosures and would soon threaten the Jacobite rear. Suddenly, the man who had lost the battle of Falkirk was faced with an ordered Jacobite resistance of cavalry and lowland infantry, lining the top of the slope and blocking his progression. Despite Murray's refusal to bring troops into the enclosures, the Jacobite reserve would thus successfully check Hawley's manoeuvre, for the time being.

All this had occurred with a space of about ten minutes. Unwilling to stand and receive Cumberland's fire, the highland troops were keen for the attack. Charles had already ordered it. Murray had dismissed the earliest attack order, as the armies were not yet fully formed, and the messenger now sent to reiterate it was caught out by another of those stray cannon balls. At last, the order to charge got through. The messenger, Ker of Graden, went first to the Duke of Perth, and then rode down the line from left to right giving the order to surge forwards. Murray's men, closest to the enemy, received the order last. Charles, now arriving near Culchunaig, was unable to see exactly what occurred next along much of the line, as he was still keeping a wary eye on Hawley. Nevertheless, he saw his line lurch forwards in a wave, the shouts

of his highlanders building to a roar audible even over the continued pounding of the cannon.

The charge, no sooner had it begun, started to unravel. On the left, the ground quickly became sodden and boggy, which slowed the advance to a walk. In the centre, things were hotter: since much of the Jacobite right was sheltered by the enclosures, most of the British cannon were trained on the central regiments. As they surged forwards, the cannon lashed them with grapeshot which tore through the packed units with murderous effect. Flinching away from the killing zone in the centre, disorientated by the smoke blowing over from the enemy guns, and striving for firmer ground than the boggy centre, the centre began inclining left along the line of the old Inverness road. They collided with Murray on the right, and suddenly, shortly after they had paused to fire their single volley, the Jacobite right was pressed against the enclosure walls by the centre, and the whole lot became one single terrifying mass of bodies.

> *Their lines were formed so thick and deep that the grapeshot made open lanes quite through them, the men dropping down by wholesale.*
>
> Michael Hughes

With canister shot bursting through their packed ranks, the Jacobite charge was suffering terrible casualties as it pressed ahead. For the government infantryman on the left, it was an astonishing sight. This was the charge that had swept away their comrades at Prestonpans and Falkirk. It was an immense weight of swirling swords and horrifying war cries, and it was still coming on despite the best work of the cannon crews. Nevertheless, swallowing hard and biting down on their tension, they waited. When the Jacobite mass was about 50 metres away, at last the order was given. The rippling platoon fire burst from the triple ranks of Brown Bess muskets at a range that could not fail to strike the targets, and the withering fire carved into the

massed ranks. But momentum brought them ever forwards. There was hardly a moment to recover before the charge struck home.

Barrell's regiment burst open like wet paper, under the immense pressure of about eight hundred men colliding with their line. Munro's was under pressure too, but holding. The first Jacobites fell to the shoulder high bayonets of the redcoat line, but the impetus of the charge drove the highland ranks through and over their comrades. Watching his left falter, Cumberland steadied his second line and General Huske has brought up four regiments to contain the Jacobite breakthrough. Unlike the previous battles of the war, the British infantry did not now begin to rout en masse, and as the Jacobite soldiers struggled to fight through the disordered ranks of Barrell's regiment, they were mown down in great numbers by the withering fire of Bligh's, Ligonier's, Sempill's and Wolfe's. The bodies were now piling up, the momentum was stalled, and the battle was being lost.

On the left, the MacDonalds had failed to close with the British infantry, and had equally failed to persuade their enemy to engage them. Contrary to Charles' orders, they began to engage in a fire-fight they could never hope to win. Over to their right, they soon became aware that the main attack had failed, whilst to their now exposed left, Kingston's Horse and about sixty of Cobham's (the rest were with Hawley) were now moving against their flank. Accordingly, and having lost a number of senior officers, the Jacobite left began to fall back.

Meanwhile, Lord George had pressed his way out of the dreadful carnage on the Jacobite right, and managed to bring the Royal Ecossois, the Irish Picquets, and Kilmarnock's Footguards up in support of the main assault. These were virtually all that remained of the second line, most of the rest being used to hold back Hawley, and they could at least provide some regular fire to maintain pressure on Cumberland's front line. Although the Jacobites had inflicted heavy casualties on point of contact, their breakthrough was contained and the second line of redcoats had

held its ground. The Jacobite right stalled, stopped dead, then surged backwards across the moor.

Charles was still unable to see what was happening, but it soon became clear that the tide had turned against him. The intensity of the firing coming from the right flank must have been a dreadful sound, increasing as the breakthrough was halted. There were agonising moments of uncertainty as the Prince strained he view through the acrid smoke, always watching his back also, where Hawley was on the brink of crossing the stream to engage. Suddenly, the sound of the musket fire was closer than before. Beyond view, and protected by the enclosure walls, the Campbells had begun pouring shot into the open flank of the Jacobite right. Moment later, through the smoke emerged those first blurry figures of the rear-ranking highlanders. The poorest equipped and the least motivated, these were the first to flee from the death trap. The rout spread like fire across the Jacobite frontage, and as the left wing edged away from the redcoats, it was charged by Kingston's horse and the men quickly began to stream away in disorder.

Prince Charles immediately realised that he was witnessing the complete collapse of his army. Accordingly, he was seized by the desperate need to rally his broken forces. He rode up towards where the centre-right of the second line had originally deployed, and began to exhort his men to stand. Around him, the moor was now covered in fleeing highlanders, whilst the guns continued to fire off to the right. As the Jacobite army fled wholesale along the Inverness road, Charles attempted to rally what had once been his right wing.

> *Rally, in the name of God. Pray, gentlemen, return. Pray stand with me, your Prince, but a moment – otherwise you ruin me, your country and yourselves; and God forgive you!*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

Straining in the saddle amidst the rout of the Jacobite army, the

crack of muskets and the smoke of battle, Charles' efforts were all in vain. His horse bucked his bonnet blew from his head, his periwig falling onto the pommel of his saddle. His golden hair, face and clothes splashed with mud, the flank of his horse red with the blood of his groom, this final image of the Prince in battle is the very epitome of the fall of the Cause. It was over. O'Sullivan, meanwhile, was on the left with Perth. As he pointed out to Shea, '*all is going to pot*'; he instructed him to secure the Prince. Charles of course ignored all pleas to withdraw.

> *Sullivan... runs to the Prince, and tels him yt he has no time to loose, yt he'l be surrounded immediatly if he does not retir. "Well," says the Prince, "they wont take me alive." Sullivan prays him to look behind him, & yt he'd see... half the army was Away. The Prince look's, see it is true, every body presses him, in short he retirs, but does not go far, comes back again, sees this Regimt of horse* [Cobham's or Kingston's] *very near our left, sees it is time & retirs.*
>
> John William O'Sullivan

It had become clear that all was lost, and Charles could no longer be of service to his army. The defeat was total, and there was now a clear risk of the dragoons cutting the Inverness road and trapping Charles on the moor. After the desperate efforts of the Prince to rally the men, he seems now to have frozen. He was surrounded by officers shouting at him, begging him to retire. He was torn between the need to escape and his inability to abandon his army. Not only was it contrary to his vow to die with his sword in his hand, but quitting the field was to acknowledge defeat. He at last pulled back a little, but then again rode up to see what was happening. There were still bodies engaged: the Picquets were executing a fighting withdrawal back across the moor towards the left; the Ecossois were falling back along the park walls on the right, still firing. The reserve was in good order, firing along with the cavalry at Kerr's dragoons. Perhaps there was

still hope? But each of these pockets of resistance was isolated amidst a sea of fleeing men, and the pressure from the guns to the front and the cavalry on both flanks was telling. Charles' indecision was finally ended when his bridle was seized and his horse was physically dragged off the field, the Prince no longer calling out to his fleeing subjects but stunned into silent as he absorbed the enormity of the disaster. He was accompanied by those bodyguards that remained with him, and also by the regiments of Gordon of Glenbucket and the Duke of Perth, who were likewise attempting to withdraw from the left wing in some order.

Behind Prince Charles, the battle continued to rage. Hawley crossed the stream into the teeth of the fire from Gordon's battalions, Elcho, and the remaining Franco-Irish cavalry; numbers soon told and the Jacobite reserve at length began to yield. As they fell back, they inadvertently doomed the surviving Royal Ecossois. Falling back from the front line into the shelter of the enclosure walls on the Jacobite right, they came under fire from Ballimore's Campbells. These men had checked the Campbells when they attempted to leave the enclosure and cut the Franco-Scots off from retreat, killing Ballimore and a number of others, and driving them back behind the walls. All this only to find Hawley's dragoons blacking the path ahead of them. Part of the Regiment broke off and managed to escape, but the rest now accepted their fate and surrendered. Their commanding officer was amongst their wounded.

To the Jacobite left, the Irish Picquets were faring little better in their effort to fight their way off the field. Faced with the squadrons of Cobham's dragoons that had routed the left, the Picquets were forced to halt their withdrawal. A disciplined volley checked the dragoons' advance, but they soon rallied and charged home. The small regiment was overwhelmed in an instant, Stapleton cut down at the head of his men, a hundred of his soldiers slaughtered around him as he lay in agony. The survivors managed to escape into the Culloden Park where they

found some shelter, and attempted a little further resistance. Soon they too were forced to surrender. Some time before, a French professional gunner had reached the field with a team of artillerymen, and had attempted to make a stand with one of the Prince's guns, and although he gained some respite for the fleeing Jacobites, he was overcome in turn.

> *Major General Bland had also made great Slaughter, & gave Quarter to None but about Fifty French Officers and Soldiers that He picked up in his Pursuit.*
>
> William, Duke of Cumberland

It is unclear what happened to Lord George Murray during this period, and he is variously described as one of the last to leave the field and one of the first. Those remaining units, mainly the lowland regiments engaged by Kerr's dragoons, managed a fighting retreat away from the field. They moved in a hollow square across country to Balvraid, gathering some of the fugitives into the relative safety of their ranks, and ultimately managed to escape in good order to Ruthven and link up with many other refugees. In the meantime, the British dragoons choked the road to Inverness with bodies as they pursued the helpless fugitives to the city, giving full vent to their hatred. Prestonpans and Falkirk had been avenged, and the '45 was over. Never again would a pitched battle be fought on the British mainland.

The Fugitive Prince

Culloden marked the end of the war that had given Charles his authority and his purpose. Although he could not have known it as he was dragged away from the field, it also marked the beginning of a new phase in his young life. From the afternoon of April 16th 1746, Charles Edward Stuart was no longer a military commander, the saviour of a nation, but a man on the run and with a heavy price on his head. Nor were his fugitive days confined to his time in Scotland, for he was to remain on the run long after he finally escaped, constantly operating under false names and often in disguise, for over a decade. These years, when he was in the prime of his life but denied a moment's peace or satisfaction, were the ones that most decisively broke him.

After the defeat of his army, Charles made his way south towards the friendly territory into which he had thrust himself the previous summer. He is often portrayed, especially by those who pay too much attention to the sniping of Lord Elcho, as having turned his back on Scotland at that moment, giving up his cause and leaving his friends at the mercy of their enemies. This is far from the truth, and Charles was in fact all too aware that the Rising need not end in the immediate wake of Culloden. Nor however was he blind to the disaster that had befallen them: there was no longer any sensible chance of maintaining a formal military campaign, but there remained the option of continued resistance in the highlands. Although Charles knew that this could not win the war, and that guerrilla resistance could not be maintained for long for want of food and money, it was possible that it could tie up enough British forces to allow the French to launch an invasion. Everything depended on the attitudes of his supporters in the aftermath of Culloden.

Unfortunately, everything was utterly unravelled by this stage. Charles' failure to have identified a rendezvous in case of defeat meant that some units were gathering with Murray at Ruthven

whilst Charles expected them in the neighbourhood of Fort Augustus.[43] With communications becoming increasingly difficult, and ironically enough, with nobody now willing to offer him any advice on what to do, the Prince formulated what seemed to him to be the most sensible response to the situation:

> *Il soon know if my friends can undertake any thing at least to guarde their Contry. If they are, Il join them, & as there is no mony, without wch it is impossible to keep together or subsist, if they promise me to keep out,*[44] *Il go myself to France... I hope my presence will do more wth the King then any body I Can send.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

Strategically, what Charles was proposing made some sound sense. If the clans could keep together and fight on in the mountains to keep Cumberland busy, then the French might still come through. It is also an acknowledgement of Charles' self-awareness: only his drive, determination, and his personal authority could hope to prevail upon the French King. Charles was well aware how reluctant France was to finish the job, and no less a person than he could carry the weight required in the debates. Besides, he had proven himself now, and Louis would need to take him more seriously than he had in 1744. Either way, as O'Sullivan's recollections certainly make clear, Charles was not abandoning the Cause, he was just responding to the new situation in the best way that he could, and key to his planning was that the clans stayed out. In the letter he sent to the chiefs at the end of April, he explicitly entrusted their care to Lord George Murray, whom he believed would stick by them, and he urged them to keep the fight alive in his temporary absence.

[43] The Fort, like Fort George at Inverness and Ruthven in Badenoch, had recently fallen to the Jacobites.

[44] To be "out" meant that you were in arms, that you had left your home to join the Standard.

There was of course another reason for Charles' departure. In a highland guerrilla war he had no role, and after the disagreements that had climaxed at Culloden, he was now yielding what remained of his authority to his council. Murray had undermined his authority over the chiefs sufficiently for Charles to acknowledge that he could now absent himself. He had not forgotten his treatment, or the failed night march, and in a letter to Sheridan on April 23rd he ominously stated that, '*we have traitors among us.*' It is, of course, impossible to prove for sure that he always intended to return, but Charles' actions on arriving in France seem to suggest that he was not being duplicitous when he instructed the clans to fight on: he would return at the head of 20,000 men, he hoped. For if he did not, the Rising really was over. Charles could not have known at this stage that it was to be five months before he would get his opportunity to try his luck with King Louis.

The months Charles spent on the run in the highlands and islands of Scotland are the months that created his legend. Later decades and centuries would drizzle the heather in romance, and the fugitive prince was to become the image of Charles which most endures. It is unfortunate for him that this often leads us to neglect his greater achievements, as well as to overlook the horrors he had to endure during those long and testing months. However, it is also a period which brings a degree of consensus not often enjoyed in studies of Prince Charles, since his performance in those hard hills highlighted some of his most admirable qualities. At worst, it redeemed him in the eyes of those who believe his behaviour was wanting at Culloden, whilst at best it vindicates a belief in his more fundamental abilities.

Romance, however, must be flung aside. The experience Charles and his followers suffered in the aftermath of Culloden is one of utter torment. It is remarkable that the Prince physically survived his ordeals, and all the more so in that he largely managed to maintain a positive state of mind. He was fortunate in that the years of hunting and training in Italy, and the hard

months of campaigning in the winter of 1745/6, had prepared his body for some of the rigours of that miserable spring and summer. One of his companions, Neil MacEachainn, later wrote of Charles that, '*it was wonderful how he preserved his health all the time*,' but then Charles himself had always acknowledged his comfort in the highland environment:

> *I keep my health better in these wild mountains than I used to do in the Campagnie Felice, and sleep sounder lying on the lo Sept. ground than I used to do in the palaces at Rome.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

Of course, that was written in happier times when all was going well: Perth had just fallen to Charles' army and the road to Edinburgh was clear. Nevertheless, the Prince was fit and able to endure physical hardship, traversing mountainsides on foot in appalling weather, and sleeping rough. Sometimes, certainly before the British army began to really make its presence felt in the region, the party were lucky and good accommodation could be found with friends who could be trusted. Very quickly, however, movement became more difficult and shelter and supplies ever less reliable. There are a multitude of examples of the difficulties faced by the fugitives, and more than need be quoted here, but an account written for the Duke of York in 1751 makes the point well:

> *Edward*[45] *crouched like a lizard, flattened into a crevice. Sullivan and O'Neill found similar shelters. Their food was no better than their lodging, for it consisted of grass torn up by the roots. Their only drink was a sip of brandy.*
>
> Giulio Cesare Cordara

[45] It was the French custom, even in contemporary Parisian newspapers, to refer to Charles as *le Prince Edouard*. Cordara was a respected literary character of his day, and his text contains valuable anecdotes.

It has already been seen that Prince Charles had the ability to disguise his thoughts and misfortunes by putting on a smile and a brave face. It is something that he had done throughout the campaign, largely for political purposes, and which had probably helped him overcome his own concerns as much as it reassured his friends. It is this quality which shines through most during these days as a highland fugitive. O'Sullivan tells us that on the 19th April, just days after Culloden, the Prince, '*got some milk, cruds, & butter, at one MccDonels, & was as satisfied & eat of it, as well as if he had the best cheer yt ever he made*.' Although this was a meal he would soon long for, especially when he reached the grass eating stage, the important point is that he was making the best of his situation. On South Uist, Charles refused to abandon the party's supplies when their boat was approached by a patrol, and he dragged the food to the boat whilst the crew prepared their hurried escape. Evacuating his dinner, under fire by this stage, Charles exclaimed cheerfully, "*A Gad, they shall never say yt we were so pressed, yt we abandoned our meat*." He was still forcing a smile, still conscious of his status and the opinions of those around him. Honour, and the appearance of it, was vital to Charles' image of himself and his place in his world.

> *The Prince was standing, his hands upon one of those planks yt crosses the boat, encourageing the saillors & all those yt were helping to throw out the watter; a furious weave comes & throws the Prince flatte again the other side of the boat, the Prince cries out "there is no hurt, there is no hurt."*
>
> John William O'Sullivan

Naturally, as time went on and conditions worsened, with scratchy reports reaching Charles of the savage reprisals occurring across the country, the ordeal began to take its toll on the fugitives. However fit he was, Charles' body had to endure extraordinary punishment. By the 5th May, O'Sullivan describes him being, '*in a terrible condition setting aside cold & hunger*

without even complaining,' but worse of all his shoes had disintegrated in the sodden ground, and his feet were lacerated and his, '*toes were quit stript*.' By the 18th June, he noted Charles', '*legs & thy's cut all over from the bryers*,' and walking by this time must have become an extremely painful experience for all of them. On the other side of Scotland, the man who had charged beside Charles at Prestonpans was enduring something similar:

> *My toes were now in a most wretched condition, bruised and cut to the very bone, and the marks of these wounds will remain on them as long as I live.*
>
> James Johnstone

Johnstone was having to stop at every stretch of water to bathe and clean his torn feet, and to peel off the filthy stockings which risked infecting his wounds. Writing these lines many years later from exile in Paris, it is easy to image the former soldier looking down upon his scarred legs and feet and remembering the pain. Nor did Prince Charles' legs ever really recover, and they would trouble him to his end.

The poor diet, the constant exposure to the elements, and the physical endurance test, affected Charles' constitution badly. He had been dangerously ill several times during the campaign already, perhaps suffering from dysentery, and now he again declined gravely: '*he took a lossenesse, wch turned into a bloody flux. He'd not let a soul know but old Sainclair, he grew so low & so peal yt Sullivan was frightend out of his witts*.' The fact that Charles seems to have recommended his own remedy implies he was familiar with such bouts of illness by this time. O'Sullivan, who admits to his own exhaustion during the campaign itself, was now enduring the same troubles as his friend, and he too fell ill. He had also been unwell during the later stages of the campaign, being bled whilst Cumberland crossed the Spey, but these current trials laid him dangerously low. Luckily, Charles himself was still vigorously determined and intent on pulling them all through.

Perhaps the sight of his friend's illness was enough to sustain his own spirits, by drawing out his inner strength. When he was advised to leave O'Sullivan behind:

> *Edward* [Charles]*, with no thought but for Sullivan, made as comfortable a bed for him as he could with the sailors cloaks and had him laid on it. Then sitting by him on the bare ground, he tried to cheer him up.*
>
> Giulio Cesare Cordara

There are few clearer tributes to the close friendship of these two men, as well as to the effect of their trials. Each day brought new danger, the threat of death from sickness, exposure, starvation, or the hangman. Charles was more dependent than ever on those around him, and entirely at the mercy of the highlanders and islanders. It is a remarkable tribute to those people that, despite the threats and indecencies of the British army on Charles' tail, and despite the life-changing sums offered as a reward, he was never handed over.[46] That is not to say, of course, that nobody knew where he was. The accounts of those who were involved in these events clearly identify the fact that communication was surprisingly far ranging and that Charles would not have escaped were it not for the efforts of men and women great and small, many of whom owed him nothing and who had shown no interest in rising for his Cause. It may have been his charms, the aura which already surrounded his name, or merely his pitiable situation. Whatever the motivation was, very ordinary people were repeatedly moved to risk all they had for this man, at a time when he could offer them nothing in return but a smile. Charles was, despite what his detractors may suggest, eternally grateful:

[46] One young man who bore a resemblance to Charles was butchered within sight of the Prince, his head paraded to Inverness for inspection. Some, then, had an eye on the reward.

I have parted (I thank God) as intended. Make my compliments to all those to whom I have given trouble.

Charles Edward Stuart

Despite all the Prince's efforts to maintain his cheer, the psychological strain of all he had endured eventually began to show. He was already drained by the long winter campaigning and the battle of wills with his council, and after being on the run for a month, '*the Prince began to be very low, tho' he did what he cou'd not to appear so.*' O'Sullivan had always been able to see deeper into Charles' mind than others, and he could tell the pressure was getting to them both. It is interesting to notice that, especially when dealing with Flora MacDonald, Charles had become rather more malleable than had ever before been seen. He yielded, for example, to the suggestion that he left behind his solid companion Felix O'Neil, against his own instinct, on June 28th. The loss of this friend was keenly felt, for Charles had also just left O'Sullivan behind, and he must have felt increasingly vulnerable without such established comrades. That same day, when suffering the indignity of transforming into Betty Burke, he somewhat meekly yielded to Flora's insistence that he abandoned his pistols, an equally disagreeable act for a man in danger. For most of his long life, Charles would never allow himself to be far from a weapon. On this occasion, he covered his assent with a joke, again attempting to make light of his situation. Flora insisted the weapons would give him away if he was searched: Charles insisted that if any search went so far as to find his pistols (which he had stuffed into his breeches beneath his skirts), then it was hardly the firearms that would give him away! Flora MacDonald seems to have been able to make Charles yield in a way no men, let alone women, would ever again be able. As much as this is a tribute to a remarkably spirited woman, it is also a clear sign that Charles' spirit was struggling to keep pace with his adventures.

The Prince desperately tried to cling on to life and to sanity, finding solace not only in the close friendships he struck up in

those dark days, but also in more familiar comforts. It is recalled by O'Sullivan that he, '*ust to go & fish from time to time, yt amused him & helpt him to live*.' The writer's tone clearly hints that Charles was struggling, and that such activity was not just to provide food but to create a diversion that assisted his mental balance. Charles showed flashes of his abilities even when O'Sullivan lay sick:

> *He* [Prince Charles] *chanced to catch sight of a large bird, not unlike a duck, resting on the edge of a pond. Going close up to it, he took one of the two pistols which he always carried from his pocket and aimed so well that he shot it dead. He went back to the hut, overjoyed at his prize and had it boiled at once. He himself helped not merely with the utmost eagerness, but what is still more astonishing, with extraordinary skill.*
>
> Giulio Cesare Cordara

However, by following the stories of Charles' time in the heather it is clear that there is a shift in balance. The once temporary low periods gradually became the norm, whilst the smiles and energetic resilience became occasional and ever more fleeting. After all, how much suffering and torment can a twenty-five-year-old be expected to endure? Worse still, Charles was conscious that he shouldered the indirect responsibility for all the acts of brutality which he was becoming aware of, being inflicted upon the very people who were hiding him. To further increase his misery, there is the deeply troubling nature of having to be entirely dependent on strangers, in an atmosphere in which it was becoming ever harder to tell friend from foe. In early July, MacDonald of Morar refused to be involved with assisting Charles' escape, and the Prince offered up a desperate prayer which hints at his feelings:

> *Oh God Almighty, look down on my circumstances and pity me; for I am in a most melancholy situation. Some of those*

who joined me at first, and appeared to be fast friends, now turn their backs on me in my greatest need.

Charles Edward Stuart

In the end, it was Charles' most steadfast and most frequently underrated companion that played the greatest part in rescuing him. After a successful escape to Scandinavia, O'Sullivan had managed to return to Paris and provide positive information of Charles' probable movements and how best he might be recovered. Eventually, exactly a year after he had stood on Falside Hill surveying Johnnie Cope's battle lines, and from the same rocky beach where he had first stepped onto the mainland, Charles Edward Stuart climbed into a French launch and parted Scotland forever. For all his hopes and dreams of returning at the head of a French army, and after all that he had endured for the sake of his father's crown, he must have known inside him that this was the end. Lochaber No More. He might have wept, were his body and his mind not so totally exhausted, and his fragile heart not already so irreparably fractured.

During the return voyage, however, Charles found his strength again. He had a mission again, beyond mere survival, and it was in his mission that Charles had always found his greatest drive. Upon his arrival on the French coast, he was immediately for action. True to his word, he set about persuading the King to follow up the Rising with renewed military activity. From Morlaix, he wrote to his brother that he had returned safe and well, but most importantly that, '*it is an absolute necessity I must see ye F.K.* [the French King] *as soon as possible, for to bring things to a write head*.'

In his absence, Charles had in fact become something of a hero to the French people. He can hardly have looked like one, with his battered body and, according to O'Sullivan, the bleeding sores from the midge bites which made him appear as, '*if he was cover'd with ulsers*.' Nevertheless, when he discarded his lice-ridden wig, amongst other unwanted items, it was pounced upon

by the numerous French women who competed for mementos of his presence. The legend of the Bonnie Prince was already a popular fantasy.

In this environment, and to his own relief and satisfaction, Charles was given almost instant access to the King of France who received him at Fontainbleau with the warmth which had been so noticeably absent during their former dealings. It was not an official visit, and he maintained his incognito, but Charles was also received by the Queen and he left with all hope that he might yet gain some assistance. Louis captured the views of his people when he told Charles:

> *My very dear Prince... you have shown that all the great qualities of both heroes and philosophers are united in you and I hope that one day you will receive the just reward of such outstanding merit.*
>
> Louis XV, King of France

Charles was soon received, rather more formally, at Versailles, by which time he had fitted himself out with new clothes and an appropriate cavalcade. He had also been joined by O'Sullivan, and went out to the palace in the company of other loyal supporters: Glenbucket, Lords Ogilvy and Lewis Gordon, and Cameron of Lochiel. It was intended as a demonstration to France that the backbone of the Rising yet survived, and most importantly that Charles' family was of equal royal status to the French king's, and deserved to be taken seriously. All the pomp was intended to create political pressure, not to elevate egos. Better still, it excited the Parisian populace to fever-pitch. Louis, however, was as slippery as ever, and although the reception was grand and welcoming, Charles was unable to gain a private audience and present his petition. Louis knew he owed Charles a debt for the distraction he had caused King George, and for his own failure to come good adequately on his promises. No doubt the horrors Charles had endured also excited a degree of awkwardness in Louis' conscience. With the people cheering at

the gates, the King was obliged to receive Charles well, and surely genuinely admired the achievements, but war in Europe was his priority, and increasingly as time went on, an appropriate settlement. A written plea for 20,000 men went unanswered, and Charles was forced to wait.

Charles was recovering physically, although he mentions a bout of illness when writing to his father, and he was so well favoured in Paris that he received a standing ovation simply by arriving at the Opera. He maintained something of his sense of humour, joking when he told the story of his time with Flora MacDonald: '*I was as yu may believe a servant maid of a good size!*' It is easy to believe that during this time, Charles had somehow forgotten the sufferings of his supporters and the torments occurring in Scotland. However, it must be remembered that Charles' repeated visits to the Opera were as much a political act as his writing to the King. He doubted Louis' sincerity, and was playing on his public support in the city as leverage against the government. At the same time, with Louis' silence regarding renewed action, Charles had little else to do. All the smiles at the opera were as much a facade as the grand balls had been in Glasgow. It is not comfortable to think what happened when the Prince laid his head down to sleep: '*How can yu imagine... yt I can enjoy any pleasure, when I have continually before my eyes, the cruelty wth wch my poor friends are traited.*' There were now images in his head that would haunt him forever.

Despite his popularity, Charles' political situation began to deteriorate quickly. He was getting nothing out of the French, and he was unable to contain his frustration at this lack of proactive support from the Court. He was sensing all too keenly that the opportunity was slipping away from him, and that all the suffering had been in vain. When Cardinal Tencin eventually suggested that French support could be secured in return for Ireland, Charles lost his temper: "*Non, Monsieur le cardinal, tout ou rien! point de partage! point de partage!*" It was the creed Charles had always lived by.

Worryingly for his supporters, the Prince's fragile state of mind and the months of idle waiting were drawing the Prince to drink ever more frequently. He was no stranger to the bottle, having demonstrated his abilities as a social drinker throughout the campaign, but now alcohol was becoming his escape route. Charles was also losing the enthusiasm for diplomacy, the mastery of which had enabled his charms to achieve so much in Scotland. To his father, he laid down an open and rather accurate assessment of the French court which not only exposes Charles' lack of naivety, but also his increasing abandonment of tact.

> *For that Kind of vermin* [the French Court]*, the more you give them the more the'l take, as also the more room you give them, the more they have to grapple at, which makes it necessary to be Laconick with them.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

Charles' situation became more complicated as yet more survivors of the Rising made their presence felt on the Continent. The French happily granted pensions to loyal supporters of the Stuarts, and cherry-picked the most promising for careers in the French army. To Charles, this was not the warm gesture of support which it had been intended to suggest, but rather an admission that nothing was going to happen to aid the restoration of King James. As much as it helped those individuals who had lost out by supporting Charles, the French pension schemes deprived the Prince of a loyal base in Paris which was ready for immediate action. Worse still, and somewhat inevitably after the Rising's collapse, there was now a rush to shift blame and protect reputations. Charles, as the faction head, suffered most by this. After all, now that he was back on the continent Charles held little authority. He was no longer the most senior representative of the Cause: all that he must now yield to his father.

Instead of returning in person to the Stuart court in exile, Charles dispatched O'Sullivan to Rome with orders to provide

King James with a full and frank account of what had taken place. This led to the creation of his immensely valuable, although hastily, written narrative of the Rising. James was satisfied with the conduct of both his son and O'Sullivan, and would soon grant the latter a knighthood at Charles' request. However, the version of events the Irishman had put down was soon challenged by other accounts which began to emerge. To Charles' immense frustration, as has been seen, Lord George Murray successfully persuaded the King of his own viewpoint, doubtlessly to Charles' detriment. Charles had not forgiven Murray's conduct in the war, and accordingly refused to admit him into his presence, warning the King that meeting Murray once made a very different impression to having to work with him. Murray at least had the courtesy to cause no further trouble. More immediately damaging to Charles' position in Paris was the rather more vigorous hostility of the young Lord Elcho.

Elcho had always been quick-tempered, and clearly held his own abilities in some regard, but he was also dangerously loose-tongued. He had long recognised his youthful naivety in having been swept away with the Stuart Cause, but now he was also discovering the consequences of his attitude during the war. His threats of military execution, often used to cow unyielding settlements as he prepared the way for the main army's progress, had made him an unenviable reputation which had alienated him from former friends in government circles.[47] As a result, his application for a pardon fell on deaf ears in the British government. At the same time, Charles refused to see him because he had applied for a pardon so soon after the Rising, and Elcho therefore found few friends in Paris and became increasingly of bitter towards Charles and the Cause. By too often saying exactly what he thought, he was soon considered to be, '*detached*,' from the Stuarts. With Charles' popularity at its peak, Elcho was

47 There was a rumour that Elcho had proposed mutilating prisoners to prevent them from using weapons if they escaped. It was most probably malicious, but the mud stuck.

therefore somewhat marginalised. Elcho saw Charles as the agent of all his misfortunes (including the loss of his money, loaned at Edinburgh), Elcho soon drew unwelcome attention upon himself: '*I received a visit from a gentleman sent to tell me that should I speak ill of the Prince I would be sent to the Bastille.*' Charles had friends in high places, and now that he no longer had immediate need for the quarrelsome individuals on whom he had relied in Scotland, he saw little reason to tolerate their continued impertinence.

It is not surprising, in this environment of blame and recrimination, that Charles became increasingly uncertain of the loyalty of those around him, and began to isolate himself from many of those associated with the '45. Likewise, as Charles became more irascible and defensive, and as more people tried to dissociate themselves with him in order to protect their reputations or increase their hopes of a pardon, they began to desert him in turn. Elcho claims that all the Scotsmen in Paris came to his side, and Charles was now in the familiar position of being unable to tell friend from foe. The more Charles attempted to re-assert himself, the more isolated he became. His political position was fragile, and now he was forced to fight against his supposed friends, not this time for his authority, but for his reputation. It was a battle he seemed increasingly unwilling, and unable, to fight.

Besides, Charles was already fighting against French apathy and the resultant frustration and depression, but he remained eager to find a resolution to his woes. Always happier when proactive, the Prince went to Spain to elicit support, but found an even less welcome atmosphere there than amongst the French ministers. He was becoming sharp tempered and angry, and ever more concerned over the prospects of an end to the war between Britain and France. Then, in April 1747, Charles suffered his greatest blow since Culloden the previous year.

Prince Henry had come to France in his brother's wake in 1745, and was held in readiness to lead a French invasion of

England in support of Charles if the latter was able to approach London. Since Charles' return to Paris, they had lived separately but in close contact. Always closer to their father than Charles, Henry had been keeping up regular communication with the King regarding his brother's activities, which bred some suspicion considering Charles agitated mind, and some further claim that Henry had grown resentful of Charles' achievements and popularity. He also had his own concern, unknown to his brother. One evening, Prince Henry invited Charles to dinner at his house in the city, which was fully prepared to receive so famed a figure. The Prince attended and waited for his brother, no doubt a little impatiently. As time went on, Charles became increasingly agitated. He was all too aware that British agents were never far behind him and was understandably wary of assassins. It is easy to imagine the increasing unease he must have felt when, as midnight approached, there was still no word from his host. Charles withdrew anxiously, worry and anger combined. What he could not have imagined is that Henry, having diverted his brother, had left Paris for Rome, in order to be ordained.

Charles eventually received a letter from Henry informing his brother that he was safe, but on the road. It was not until June, however, that Charles finally received the news that Prince Henry Benedict had become Cardinal York. It was a heavy blow to Charles, who had so often said that his own life mattered the less for knowing he had a brother to follow him. Now Henry was a political liability, irrevocably associated with the Catholic Church, and dynastically useless on account of his celibacy. Charles was the last Stuart who could produce an heir, something which heaped pressure upon him that he scarcely needed at this point. Father Myles MacDonell wrote to King James that, '*His R.H. the Prince (I am told, for I don't go near him) has shut himself up for several hours alone upon hearing that news... he is teased about his safety, and made to believe that his life will be in danger, being now alone and unmarried.*' On a personal level, Charles felt he had been humiliated and deceived, betrayed not only by his

brother but by James also. When he had recovered from the news, he wrote frankly to his father:

> *Had I got a Dager throw my heart it woud not have been more sensible to me than at ye Contents of yr first* [letter]. *My Love for my Brother and Concern for yr Case being the occasion of it. I hope your Majesty will forgive me not entering any further on so disagreeable a subject the shock of which I am scarce out of, so shall take ye Liberty of referring to next Post anything in yours to be answered. I lay myself full of Respect & Duty at yr Majestys feet moste humbly asking Blessing.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

James' letter informing Charles of the decision, and the manner in which it was done, make it clear that both he and Henry knew how the Prince would react and understood his reasons. Undoubtedly Henry was a pious man, and perhaps naturally inclined for a career in the Church were his circumstances ordinary. But in the end his decision was as much to do with his homosexuality as his faith: as a churchman, he had his excuse not to be interested in marriage. The scandal of Henry's sexual orientation could have been more damaging to the Cause even than its solution. Whatever Henry's motive, however, and regardless of how useful his position would eventually make him to Charles, it ruined the brothers' relationship; henceforth Charles would neither trust Henry nor Kings James. Never had Charles felt more alone, more bitterly disappointed, nor more cruelly treated.

Fortunately, he was able to find some consolation by turning to the comfortable family atmosphere of the du Bouillons. They gave him the personal respect and warmth that he now so badly needed, as well as allowing an escape from Paris and the constant intrigues and reminders of his failure. It should have been the atmosphere which would restore Charles' spirits and rally his mind. Sadly, he simply walked from one fire to the next, falling

into a passionate love affair with his married cousin, Louise de Montbazon. The affair developed as they spent increasing amounts of time together in the country, with Louise' husband away at war. For the first and probably only time in his life, Charles Edward Stuart was genuinely in love. It was exactly what he needed, but it is easy to understand how the passionate emotions of two people in their twenties clashed horribly with the reality that their love was forbidden. The result was a disaster for both protagonists, as a succession of events saw Louise's family discover their secret, forcing her to end the relationship. Charles, thwarted once again, lost control of his passions and there were ugly scenes when he fired a pistol in the street upon being refused entry to the house, and when he was confronted publicly by Louise' mother-in-law. Astonishingly, the secret was successfully kept within the family. The police had been observing Charles' movements, but remained unaware of his identity or his intentions. The scene with the mother-in-law was even reported by one spy as evidence that Charles had been having an affair with her, not Louise. Finally, Charles responded by taking another equally destabilising mistress, the fiery and powerful Princesse de Talmond.

Although Charles' love letters do not survive, young Louise's do, and they reveal the depth of the passion and the tragedy of its failure. It is only possible to imagine the effect on Charles, already fragile and then denied the only thing he had found which offered him any comfort. Worse still, the son which Louise bore him, a little Charles who carried a false father's surname, died just a few months later. It was the only son Charles would ever have, and he was not able to know him. As ever, the Prince bore these inner torments by disguising them with a mask. No longer, however, did he hide behind a smile and a piece of winning charm, but rather behind a display of regal haughtiness, and of callous indifference. Inside, he believed that every last happiness was denied to him, and that he was being chased by furies and assassins alike.

By this time, Charles was in serious financial difficulties. He spent vast sums of money which he did not possess, living on the credit of the people's hero, and continued to become increasingly resistant to the French government. He refused their offers of financial aid, too proud to become a pensioner of those he knew had snubbed and betrayed him, but time was running against him. Peace was signed between Britain and France in October 1748, and the British made sure that one of the stipulations was the expulsion of Charles from French territory. The Prince knew what was coming, and wrote a well-received protest, published and widely read, and no doubt making Louis squirm somewhat. Charles' continued popularity was becoming an embarrassment, as he had the potential to become a figurehead for opposition to the government. Desperate for peace, Louis decided Charles had to go. He was first requested, then instructed. King James then ordered it, in order both to keep France as an ally and to restore his son to his influence in Rome. Charles, ever the rebel leader, refused to be driven out by his enemies.

Charles must have known that he could not win this battle, but like at Culloden, he would fight it out anyway. On December 11th 1748, Charles went to the Opera with defiance in his eyes and a determination not to be cowed by the threats and warnings he had received. He was arrested, bound with silken cords, and bundled into a carriage. It is a tribute to his popularity and his status that the French King was obliged to deploy over 1,200 men in order to arrest Prince Charles Edward Stuart. The Dauphin was outraged and protested to his father, and the people of Paris were outraged also. Charles, for all his grit and spirit, now resigned himself to ultimate defeat. As he was rushed out of Paris he asked his guards, with a genuine sense that he was doomed, whether they were taking him to Hanover and into the hands of his enemies. His state of mind was such that he was deprived of his personal arms and, ominously, a pair of compasses which he had contrived to carry. Charles had hit the bottom of his fortunes, and was

ready to commit to himself to God, by his own hand if necessary.

Although he was deposited in the papal territory of Avignon, the Prince was soon forced to move on when the British threatened to retaliate against the Papacy. Charles Edward Stuart then began one of the most perplexing periods of his life, and he became once again a fugitive Prince. He went on the run, and with just as much success as he had done in Scotland. The spies and agents of every nation desperately sought him out, but in vain. By the time anyone discovered where he was, he had gone. His first task was to return to Paris, scene of his greatest humiliation, but it was not just a desire to get one over King Louis which motivated him. He also had to set his affairs in order, and whilst in Paris he made the appropriate arrangements with his banker, and for the continued flow of communications, as well as securing the very useful allies which Talmond and her circle now became. However, as much as the activity and the adventure suited Charles and gave his life a renewed momentum, it was little comfort to his darkening state of mind. He once jotted, sadly and rhetorically: '*what can a bird do that has not found a right nest? He must flit from bough to bough.*'

Whilst criss-crossing Europe, the Prince assumed numerous identities and a number of disguises. In July 1750, for example, he appeared under the name Smith, in an '*Abbe's dress with a black patch over his eye and his eyebrows black'd.*' False beards, even noses, allowed him to travel more freely. To the surprise of his host, Lady Primrose, he even turned up in the heart of London and converted to the Anglican faith on the Strand. His project for another Rising having come to nothing, the Prince was soon back on the road. His relationship with Talmond deteriorated like all his other schemes, and at a time when he was hiding out in a Parisian convent, it also turned violent. Talmond was a fiery and fascinating character in her own right, much older and more experienced than Charles and his match in temperament. Although she helped and sheltered him during this difficult time,

she also contributed to his instability, and the affair was damaging to both of them.

Although this period can be seen as simply a catalogue of misfortunes and decline, it is also important to notice that Charles was still working hard for the restoration of his fortunes. He became involved in increasingly desperate and unlikely plans, but they were plans nonetheless. Writing in March 1751, he hints at his continued determination, and his motives both for plotting and for running:

> *I have nothing at heart but the interest of my country, and I am always ready to sacrifice everything for it. Life and rest, but the least reflection as to ye point of honour I cannot pass over.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

Nevertheless, he continued to be thwarted at every turn. Undermining much of his effort were the twin problems of his own instability, and the regular but often exaggerated reports of his decline. His enemies spread word of his drunkenness and inability to control himself, whilst his invisibility meant that there was little chance for him to disprove them. In addition, his paranoia was increasing daily, and he wrote in 1753 of, '*not being able to breath as much as ye fresh aire without greatest apprehension.*' In this, at least, Charles was not to blame. When he claimed that his father's circle was riddled with informants, he was right, and he feared that those closest to him also were traitors. It was a fear he had developed in Scotland, compounded by the failure of the Rising and the attitudes of former friends, but the key blow came with the failure of the Elibank Plot.

By the end of 1752, a complex cross-Channel operation had been planned, and Charles was optimistic that the London-based plot could successfully seize King George and open the way for a popular rising and reinforcement by foreign troops. The Prince may even have crossed to the south coast of England in advance of the coup. He had made it quite clear that no word of the plans

should be passed to his father, because he did not trust the courtiers in Rome. Sadly for Charles, he was right to be on his guard. Every detail was already being passed on to Rome, to London, and even to Lord Elcho! He did not know it, nor was it made clear to us until Andrew Lang uncovered it, but Prince Charles was being betrayed most probably by Young Glengarry, the notorious Pickle the Spy.[48] The British government, never really at threat since it knew every detail of the plot, barely reacted. The plot was never put into action, but it did have a casualty. Doctor Archie Cameron, younger brother of Lochiel, was arrested in Scotland and hanged without even the dignity of a trial, in 1753. He was the last to die for the '45. The failure, the certain but undiscovered betrayal, the dashing of yet another hope, and the futile killing of Dr Cameron, were all heavy burdens for Charles to bear. He felt he was being ground into the dust, trapped in a fruitless battle against time. All the vigour, optimism, and energy he had once been able to muster at a whim, now drained from him visibly.

Charles was now desperately in need of some stability, although he still refused to return to Rome. He longed for the only thing that had truly offered him a glimpse of happiness. He had lost his cousin Louise, too painful to imagine, and his other attempts at relationships had been scandalous, damaging, or fleeting. The deepening crisis of his depression meant that he needed the comfort and consolation of a companion. He was conscious of the hope that such a relationship offered, but also had a tragically naive assumption that such things could simply be made to happen by his will for it. Charles sought out Clementina Walkinshaw, who had nursed him during an illness

[48] In 1756, Charles warned his father that he suspected someone in his circle: '*allow me now to take the liberty to mention some persons you should have guard against, and not to trust. Tencin, O'Bryan and his lady, Warren, Lord Clare, MacGregor, Sir J. Harrington, Eneas Macdonald, Sullivan, ye two Glengaries...*'

at Bannockburn. His mediator was O'Sullivan, from whom he seems to have become distant during his wanderings, and eventually Mrs Clemi, as he referred to her, answered his call. At Liege, they took up a domestic life as Count and Countess Johnson, Charles it appeared, '*keeps her well and seems to be very fond of her*,' according to Pickle at any rate, and in late 1753 they had a daughter, Charlotte. Despite the opportunity for happiness, however, Charles was still on the run, constantly moving around and unable to rest. He still believed that he was being pursued by spies, quite rightly, and assassins. This, along with his deep depressions, mood swings and worsening alcoholism, made it impossible for the Prince, under whatever name, to settle into his new domestic setting. Clementina was a strong character, and she loved Charles even if he probably did not truly love her, and it was eight years before the relationship finally collapsed. In the meantime, most of Charles' remaining friends and supporters had abandoned him. When the Earl Marischal left his service in 1755, Charles wrote: '*my heart is broke enough without that you should finish it*.'

Little did Charles know, but it was not Marischal who would finish him. There remained yet further heart-break; one last terrible event which would end what spirit yet remained within him. At the end of July 1760, Mrs Clemi left Charles in secret, with the connivance of King James, and she took his daughter with her. The relationship had clearly been unhappy, despite the occasional moments of tenderness, and was marred by drink, depression, and by the unforgivable descent of Charles' depression and anger into violence. The loss of his daughter, however, for whom Charles genuinely cared and who was, to him, the only person he had loved without being betrayed or thwarted by in return, resulted in absolute devastation. He scoured France for the girl, awaking all his contacts and opening every channel of communication, but in the end received no word. The scale of the search is visible in a letter to Charles from John Gordon in September, informing him of his failure to locate

Charlotte, and the widespread knowledge of the Prince's righteous wrath and despair:

> *I can assure you She is not at St. Germains, Lord Nairn's, Gasks, Lady Ramsay's, and not at the Convent of Conflans, nor Rue Cassette, and I am convinced that there is not a single person of the 3 kingdoms here that durst pretend to keep the Child from you.*
>
> John Gordon

In the end, Charles gave up the fight. As had become customary, he put on a mask. If he could not recover his child, however deeply it hurt him, then he would pretend to all the world that he did not want her. For many years he would deny Charlotte to others and to himself, and only the passing of time would soften his heart again to Clementina. This really was the last tragedy he could bear. He would never again feel anything so keenly, even though there were many sad events still to befall him. His heart, it seemed, had become numb. He did not care when his supporters wrote to admonish him, nor when his friends deserted him. He no longer really cared what was said about him, or to whom. He withdrew into himself, and wrote sad drunken scribbles: '*to Speke to Ete/to Think to Drink/to ete to think/to Speke to Drink*.' These were Charles' darkest and most lonely days, and he became a passenger of his fate rather than its driving force.

It is important, however, to acknowledge that Charles was not permanently incapable during this period. When he was not lost in drink and self-pity, there were moments of clarity, and the Prince attempted to keep the Cause alive. A friend of the Earl Marischal even reported that he had seen Charles in London, in attendance at the coronation of King George III. If he was there in September 1761, in the midst of his saddest period, it was perhaps an attempt to raise his spirits by enjoying another of his incognito adventures. When he was approached, Charles

reportedly said that he gone to the coronation out of mere curiosity, but that he envied King George little. It may never be proven whether Charles did muster the energy to go, but it is an attractive thought. The following year, the Prince wrote:

> *Assure my friends in Britain that I am in perfect good health, that I hope it will come like a thunderbolt, and that I shall not neglect to recompense every worthy subject as soon as it shall be in my power. They may be assured I shall live and die in the religion of the Church of England, which I have embraced, and that no kind thing can be said but what I wish to all my dear friends, for whose good I wish more to be amongst them than for any advantage it would be to myself, as I have no great ambition except for their welfare.*
>
> Charles Edward Stuart

That he hoped news of his good health would come, '*like a thunderbolt*,' to his enemies, sounds as if Charles knew exactly what was being said of him, and perhaps that he knew well that his state was indeed far from perfect. Although it gives a hint of the old Charles, the optimism is more defiant than it is genuine.

During those sad, long, wandering years, the flashes of brilliance and ability which Charles had shown in his great adventure became fewer, and they became dimmer. By launching himself into the politics of the French court without giving himself the opportunity to recover from what he had endured, Charles denied himself the time he needed to strengthen himself for the road ahead. The succession of political disappointments, coupled with the massive personal hurts – Henry's betrayal, the loss of Louise and their son, the failure of Elibank, and finally the kidnapping of his daughter – prevented Charles' natural enthusiasm and optimism from finding expression. Drink and depression did the rest. It became a vicious circle, as reports from his enemies and increasingly from his friends, wounded Charles' reputation as well as his pride, and it thus became ever less likely

that he could one day recover his fortunes.

All this time, King James – perhaps the only true hope of rescuing Charles – had tried in vain to restore relations with his son. Letters went unanswered, and advice went unheeded. James had advised Charles against getting involved with Clementina, and then had helped her to mastermind her escape from him, and the Prince found this hard to forgive. James had soon begun to despair for his son, but he had always been better at handling disappointment than Charles had been. Perhaps aware that he had wounded his son, the King desperately appealed for reconciliation, but he too was at the mercy of the unflattering reports spreading over Europe and can only have guessed at the true depths of Charles' private agony. It is also necessary to consider Charles' pride: it is not easy for a son who has failed utterly in his mission, failed even in his vow to die in the attempt, and who has yielded to his personal demons, to return and face his father. To do so would be the final acknowledgement that he had failed, and it would also involve submitting to his father's authority. James knew all this, but also knew that he was an old man and had few chances left to settle his affairs:

> *Could I but once have the satisfaction of seeing you before i dy, I flatter myself that I might soon be able to convince you that you never could have had a more tender Father than myself nor a truer friend, wholly taken up with all that may conduce to your temporal and Eternal Happiness.*
>
> King James III

At last, at the end of 1765, thoroughly exhausted by his struggle for independence, Charles Edward Stuart yielded to Henry's pleas for him to return. The Cardinal knew that the old King was dying, and that Charles had little time for reconciliation. Tragically, James died on January 1st 1766, before Charles was able to reach Rome. The two never made their peace, nor is it clear whether Charles had really wanted to. His indifference was

probably another mask, to disguise his own consciousness of both failure and of guilt. If King James had actually reigned, it would have been the longest reign in British history: over sixty-four years. In reality, he died at 78 years of age and at the end of a long life of exile and disappointment, endured with stoicism and grace. He knew at his end that his family would never be restored, and that he left his sons little hope of prosperity beyond that which they could secure themselves. By the time Bonnie Prince Charlie at last arrived in Rome, he was Charles III of Great Britain and Ireland. Those who acknowledged it numbered but a few.

Epilogue: King Charles III

On January 31st 1788, it was announced that Charles Edward Stuart, King Charles III of Great Britain and Ireland, the Young Pretender, was dead. Almost immediately the rumour spread that he had in fact died the previous night. The news, they said, had been delayed to avoid the coincidence that he had died on the anniversary of the martyrdom of King Charles I in 1649. Two weeks before, Charles had suffered a paralysing stroke. He was sixty-eight years old, and left behind him only his daughter Charlotte and his brother Henry. Charlotte herself would die shortly after her father, but she had at least preserved the King's blood in her own illegitimate children. Henry, Cardinal York and now the titular King Henry IX, would survive the rigours of the French Revolution but could never provide an heir. As Charles III passed away, it was with the full knowledge that the Stuart dynasty, having clung on in exile for one hundred years, died with him.

The reign of the King had been fairly unremarkable. It was marked mainly by two great battles, both of which ended without a winner and did little to restore Charles' reputation. The first, and probably the most important to Charles, was the fight for the acknowledgement of his title. Although the Pope had personally given the sermon at King James' funeral, and despite Henry's efforts to mediate from within the Vatican, Clement XIII refused to acknowledge Charles as King, even in exile. Not surprisingly, Charles' flirtation with Anglicanism and his life-long lack of enthusiasm for Catholicism, weighed heavily against him. His main enemy, however, was time. It was now so long since a Stuart had held sway in London that the purpose – and the expense – of maintaining their exiled court now seemed somewhat diminished. To Charles, the Pope's refusal was a personal insult which had to be opposed. The result was that the new king withdrew from Roman society, too proud to risk not

being afforded the dignity of his titles. Likewise, a curious lady noted after meeting Charles in May 1767, that, '*he has all the reason in the world to be melancholy, for there is not a soul who goes near him, not knowing what to call him.*' Seclusion was something that always served him ill, and Charles' unhappy lifestyle continued. Eventually, Henry managed to secure his brother a personal audience in the Vatican, which alleviated the sense of wounded honour even if it did not result in the acknowledgement which Charles had originally demanded.

Despite the setback of the Pope's intransigence, the promotion from Prince to King suited Charles rather well. He had many problems when he returned to Rome in 1766, ranging from his personal finances to the overturning of his coach on the road, but there were also positive points. To Charles, Rome was two things: it was the Church, and it was his childhood. The former had never been all that important to him personally, but had been hugely so for the rest of his family. Loyalty to the Catholic Church had been the cause of family's exile. It had driven his mother to obsession, and to an early grave. It had stolen Henry from him. The Church dominated Rome, and therefore held an influence over Charles which he deeply resented. As for the city itself, it was a reminder of another world. Charles had grown up there, in that strange atmosphere of exiles, spies and diplomats, under the authority of his father and his tutors. Those were the days when Charles had a mission to focus his mind, the determination to train his body for war, and a golden destiny in front of him. When he had left Rome, it was to seize that destiny, and he had promised his father that he would either succeed or die. Now he was returning, having failed in his mission and lost his opportunity. Charles had been unable to face returning to the city of his youth, but the death of his father had eased the shame of returning empty handed. Perhaps life in the city could be bearable if he was in command of his own household, and free from his father's eternal patience and his dubious courtiers.

The change also brought with it stability, a palace where he

could hold his court without the pretence of an alias or disguise. The soothing effects of the new reign are noticeable in the Prince's attitude. Unusually he was willing to let bygones pass and he renewed dormant lines of correspondence, even writing with some warmth to his old mistress Talmond. The same eye-witness quoted earlier provides a reassuring portrait of the King in early 1767:

> *As for his person it is rather handsome, his face ruddy and full of pimples. He looks good-natured, and was overjoyed to see me – nothing could be more affectionately gracious. I cannot answer for his cleverness, for he appeared to me to be absorbed in melancholy thoughts, a good deal of distraction in his thoughts and frequent brown studies. I had time to examine him, for he kept me near two hours.*

This is not the picture we are so often given, of the surly, violent drunk who was incapable either of kindness or of politeness. Those blacker moments came and went, throwbacks to dark days in his recent past, but after all that loneliness there was some comfort to be found in receiving visitors. Charles would keep curious travellers engaged with stories of his exploits, and would seize the opportunities to remember the happier times he had known, and the colourful characters who had sheltered him. No doubt there was an increasing romance in the telling, but after the guest's departure those torments became fresh again as the King's mind drifted solemnly into renewed loneliness, and a little more brandy. The new life in Rome lacked true depth, and the charade of kingship was rather more like life as a private gentleman. Charles was being deprived of the activity that he needed to keep himself focussed.

The arrival of Charles' new Queen, Louise of Stolberg, was supposed to open a new chapter for the King. The young, attractive, flirtatious Louise, entered Rome at his side in April 1772 and quickly eroded all Charles' hopes of a happy and stable

maturity. The realisation that she would never be a real sovereign soon drove aside the girl's initial excitement: this was not the lifestyle she had expected. For both, the marriage gave a burst of social renewal, but Charles lacked the stamina for the interaction Louise craved. When the Swiss writer Bonstetten was in Rome in 1772, he recorded that:

> *The Pretender was large, lean, of a kindly disposition, talkative. He delighted to speak English, and spoke much and willingly of his adventures, interesting enough for strangers, whilst those around him might possibly have been obliged to listen to them a hundred times. His young wife laughed heartily at the history of his having been disguised in woman's clothes, considering his mien and stature.*
>
> Charles Victor de Bonstetten

Louise' laughter somewhat exposes the differences between husband and wife. To Charles, much as he had himself found some amusement in this story, the memories of the '45 were potentially harmful. Louise was not only naive and insensitive, but was also increasingly of the opinion that Charles had little use to her, or indeed anybody. She began first to pity her husband, then to despise him.

Charles' restlessness was not eased, then, but the arrival of his young bride. The relationship was clearly unhappy, and Charles was soon deteriorating again. He took comfort in leaving Rome, for the more receptive atmosphere of Florence. Here, in his modest palace with the British Royal Arms on the pediment, he found life easier and the climate less aggressive. Louise, however, was rapidly undermining all such efforts for peace. In June 1775, when Charles fell dangerously ill, she wrote that, '*two days ago I saw when I was to become mistress of my own destiny. Death and disease danced above the head of my lord and master.*' The hostility is staggering: she was willing Charles to die. Perhaps to spite her, he insisted on recovering and fought on for over a decade more.

His health was now a constant worry, and the British government agent, Horace Mann, described Charles to Horace Walpole in May 1779: '*a declared fistula, great sores in his legs, and insupportable in stench*.' Increasingly, he had to be carried in a litter. His legs had bothered him ever since his highland adventures. The strain of such a lifestyle, especially considering Louise' increasingly hostile attitude, her provocations, and her willingness to entertain young gentleman at the palace, began to press Charles' mental stability to breaking point once more. He did not have the energy to retaliate against Louise, but would frustrate her admirers' designs by staying up late in adjacent rooms to them, so that nothing untoward could occur. Eventually, of course, young passions found a way – much like Charles had ensured when he had known another Louise – and his wife began an affair with the rakish Count Alfieri.

On 30th November 1780, breaking point was reached. It was St Andrew's Night, a date guaranteed to draw out the darkest memories of 1746, and which was certain to leave Charles drunk and isolated. According to reports, Charles unleashed his full fury on his wife, attacking her and even attempting to strangle her. Finally unable to bear life with the brutish drunk, she publicly escaped from him and took refuge with Alfieri, persuading everybody, including Cardinal Henry and the Pope, that she had been deeply wronged. Society was horrified, sided with Louise, and began to penalise Charles by transferring part of his pensions over to her. Charles was humiliated.

However, the story has all the hallmarks of a setup. No doubt Charles was drunk that night, perhaps even aggressive too, but the following events moved too quickly and decisively in Louise' favour to be convincing. At last, in March 1783, Charles was able to set the record straight. We may never know what had actually occurred, but when Henry visited his brother the truth was apparently laid bare. The ever watchful Horace Mann duly reported:

The tables are now turned. The cat, at last, is out of the bag. The Cardinal of York's visit to his brother gave the latter an opportunity to undeceive him, proving to him that the complaints laid to his charge of ill-using her were invented to cover a Plot formed by Count Alfieri.

The humiliation was now Henry's – and the Pope's – to bear. They had been sucked in by the devious girl's machinations, and now it was clear that Charles had not been as culpable as had been widely believed.

This was the curse of King Charles III. For so long, he had been seen as a liability, politically dangerous and socially volatile, and increasingly lacking in purpose and value. Stories of his drink, his anger and potential violence, and his mental instability, had circulated unopposed for forty years. Even those closest to him, Henry especially, had been at the mercy of such reports, apparently verified by gossipy staff and unchecked by Charles' tendency for isolation. Too late, it was revealed that maybe they had all misjudged him. The stain of those long years of decline would never lift, and they would tarnish Charles' image forever. By applying his behaviour in later life retrospectively, it has been possible to diminish his responsibility for the success of the '45, and his true qualities and achievements have been brushed aside. Strangely, almost in spite of what happened to Charles later, there developed the legend of a highland hero, of Bonnie Prince Charlie, which tells his story as if he sailed into the mists off Loch nan Uamh, never to be seen again.

In reality, the legend is the more truthful account. The man who landed at Borrodale in July 1745 had changed significantly by the time he left little over a year later, and then he changed almost beyond recognition as the years rolled mercilessly over him. When he had first arrived in Scotland, Charles Edward Stuart was young and inexperienced, but driven and determined. He had a deep awareness of the expectations which rested upon him, of the blood in his veins, and of the difficulty of his

position. He had grown to believe that he alone could restore his dynasty, encouraged by stories of hurricanes ravishing Hanover on the day of his birth, and had sacrificed his childhood in order to prepare his body for the trials of overthrowing a government. When the French King had prevaricated, Charles had shrugged off the insult and the disappointment, and through his own will he had engineered the beginning of an adventure which would shake the British establishment to its core. This was Charles Edward Stuart as the youthful hero, as Aeneas.

Between July and December 1745, the young Prince had been forced to mature quickly. He had shown himself at his best, perhaps, in those early days in Borrodale. Day after day, older and wiser men with little concern for courtly etiquette or naive sentimentality, men on whom every hope rested, told him that they would not support him and that he could not succeed. Nevertheless, many of these men saw something in the youth who stood before him which they could not refuse. We have seen how, with a combination of charm and carefully chosen flatteries, with displays of sacrifice and a willingness to share in risk and hardship, and by demonstrations of astounding personal drive and self-belief, the 24 year old gathered, consolidated, and lead his army to victory. More impressive still, Charles demonstrated a maturity many still attempt to deny of him, by showing that his drive was matched with a political awareness which enabled him to secure the loyalty or acquiescence of many who were not natural supporters. His conduct throughout the Rising would be starkly contrasted by that of men considered more experienced and capable. Against all the odds, against even the advice of his friends, he led his army to within a week of total victory.

The second half of the campaign, December 1745 to April 1746, saw Charles being sorely tested. He struggled, as a young man with little experience to back up his judgements, to sell his strategic vision to an increasingly uncertain but assertive council. They persisted in viewing the Rising as a prelude to a French invasion, and they were determined to restrict their activities to

the theatres with which they were most familiar. Charles, on the other hand, having grown up amongst the spies, diplomats, and false hopes of the exiled court, and having endured first-hand the slippery nature of Parisian politics, was under no such delusions. The longer he was in Scotland, the more forces would be amassed against him, and the more that happened, the less eager the French would be to engineer a solution, as they would find a freer hand on their own frontline in Flanders. The only answer, as Charles alone seems to have known, was a rapid and decisive campaign which swept him to London with minimum bloodshed and brought about a sudden regime change. It cannot be known for sure what would have happened next, but pressing forwards always offers more opportunities than consciously heading backwards. Gradually, Charles sensed his control was slipping from the army, as his authority was eroded by, amongst other things, the overbearing insensitivity of Lord George Murray. His frustrations and his growing sense that the initiative had been lost – and therefore probably the war – led Charles to increasing irascibility, and, not for the last time in his life, his mental strains began to manifest themselves as physical illnesses.

After the collapse of the highland campaign, which had shown significant promise prior to the final confrontation with Cumberland, Charles managed to maintain his manners, his charm, and the relentless optimism with which he had galvanised his forces for so long. As much as he managed to bear and endure, and as much as he could cover his fears with smiles and fishing, the months which followed drained the young man of his energy and his drive. It was also a period which laid him bare, which removed the last pretences of royalty from him, and which exposed the vulnerability of his position. Charles Edward Stuart, whether he was with Cameron of Lochiel, or Flora MacDonald, his father the King, or Louis of France, was dependent for everything on other people. This was a trap which he would feel keenly for the rest of his life. He never forgot the kindnesses he received at the hands of those who asked nothing in return, nor

did he forgive those who demanded of him guarantees and promises before they would act. For those on whom he had relied and trusted, but who had failed him in one way or another, he reserved a life-long enmity. When he returned to the continent, he distanced himself from the people he had grown to distrust most in Scotland, for which he has ever since been seen as callous and ungrateful. The truth is simply that the failure of the '45 devastated Prince Charles. It stripped him of everything he had persuaded the world that he could be. The sad reality, perhaps only really noticed by the Paris mob, is that what he had achieved was genuinely remarkable.

At the last, Charles did find something which was close to happiness. In the same month that he revealed to Henry the truth about Louise and Alfieri, the King declared his daughter to be legitimate.[49] Within a year, Charlotte was at his side in the Palazzo Gaudagni in Florence. Charles had loved his daughter, and hated her mother for stealing her from him, but the correspondence had now been renewed, and the King's age and sadness had softened him to Charlotte's determined efforts for acknowledgement. She found her father in the twilight of his day, exhausted and, in his own words, '*so bothered in the head*.' The years of disappointment lay heavily upon him, but at last he had found someone who could offer him some consolation, a little modest comfort, and a kindly voice in his ear. This is what he had needed from Louise de Montbazon, Talmond, Mrs Clemi, and Louise of Stolberg. In most of these women, he had been unable to find it. In the former case, he had come painfully close, but on a battlefield across which he could never find victory. His relationships had been as doomed as his rebellion, but Charlotte went a significant way to easing his departure. It also meant that he left behind him an heir, his last duty as king, and something

[49] This was the prerogative of a King, and it helpfully denied Louise any inheritance. It did not mean that Charles acknowledged that his relationship with Clementina Walkinshaw had been formal.

Henry could never achieve. It was fortunate that he never knew of Charlotte's cancer, which she kept hidden from him, and which killed her so soon after his own passing. Softened, comforted, Charles found it in him at last to provide for Clementina, to show Charlotte off to society, and he even managed a return to Rome. It was there, in the Palazzo Muti where he had known both hope and failure, that the King finally found his eternal peace.

Charles Edward Stuart can never really be remembered as King Charles III of Great Britain, France and Ireland. He was king only in his mind, and by his right. His reign was unproductive, marred by personal tragedies, and largely unrecognised. Nor should he be remembered for the agonising years of pain, turmoil, and loneliness.

Instead, we should remember Charles, Prince of Wales and Duke of Rothesay; the victor of Prestonpans and Falkirk; the man who captured Edinburgh without shedding blood; the man who turned seven men into an army; who conquered virtually all Scotland with just a few thousand followers; the leader who penetrated deep into England and to within striking distance of the government. He offered his father's enemies amnesty, showed his own opponents mercy, and proposed to his people a liberal manifesto based on toleration and reform. He was a soldier, a leader, and a capable politician. He was also a commander who humbled his enemies so much that it forced them to commit acts of astonishing brutality in order to redress the stain of their failures. Charles Edward Stuart frightened King George's society until it madly believed its own wild propaganda, until it was obliged to whip up its people into a state of bigoted folly which belies the supposed enlightenment of the age. The national anthem, written as a prayer for salvation in the aftermath of Prestonpans, stands testament to the dread which Charles Edward Stuart could provoke.

For a man of twenty-five, these were astonishing achievements, and the optimism, the hope, and the ambition of this

prince are the messages which ought to be taken from his life: if you have the drive and the will, then you can force the world to take notice.

There is one more point which ought to be considered here. There are those who say that to undertake the Rising without adequate foreign support was selfish in the extreme, and that as a result Prince Charles bears the responsibility for the disaster of Culloden, the atrocities which followed, and the death of highland society in the aftermath. To those who think this, I submit that the purgatory which Charles endured following the Rising, over forty years haunted by that brief past, serves as adequate penance for any weaknesses or faults he showed in his youth. In later years, when Jacobitism was no longer a political threat, highland culture was to flourish perhaps stronger than ever before. The state visit of George IV to Scotland, *Waverley* and *Kidnapped*, Balmoral and Victoria, all played their part in turn. But central to the re-emergence of Scottish identity, appropriately enough, was Charles Edward Stuart. The memory of what he attempted would live on in the lands he traversed long after he had left them, as only his story could unite all parts of the nation in a common experience, with the romance and pathos of a doomed hero. For the man who had striven to create Scotland's last truly national army, who had made highland dress his own, it is a worthy thought that only in his death could he create this cultural resurgence. This was Charlie's parting gift: the eternity of his own legend. As the Duke of Berwick had noted:

In great Princes whom nature has marked out for heroes, valour does not wait for number of years.

Appendix I

Declaration of Prince Charles, May 1745
Paris, May 16th 1745

By virtue and authority of the commission of Regency, granted unto us by the King our royal father; we are now come to execute His Majesty's will and pleasure, by setting up his Royal Standard, and asserting his undoubted right to the Throne of his ancestors.

We do therefore, in His Majesty's name, and pursuant to the tenor of his several declarations, hereby grant a free, full, and general pardon for all treasons, rebellions, and offences whatsoever, committed at any time before the publication hereof, against our royal grandfather, His present Majesty, and ourselves. To the benefit of this pardon, we shall deem justly entitled all such of His Majesty's subjects, as shall testify their willingness to accept of it, either by joining our forces with all convenient diligence, by setting up his Royal Standard in other places, by repairing for our service to any place where it shall be so set up; or, at least, by openly renouncing all pretended allegiance to the usurper, and all obedience to his orders,; or to those of any person or persons commissioned, or employed by him, or acting avowedly for him.

As for those who shall appear more signally zealous for the recovery of His Majesty's just rights, and the prosperity of their country, we shall take effectual care to have them rewarded according to their respective degrees and merits: and we particularly promise as aforesaid, a full, free, and general pardon to all officers, soldiers, and sailors, now engaged in the service of the usurper; provided, that upon the publication hereof, and before they engage in any fight or battle against His Majesty's forces, they quit the said unjust and unwarrantable service, and return to their duty, since they cannot but by sensible, that no engagements, entered into with a foreign usurper, can dispense

with the allegiance they owe to their natural sovereign. And as a further encouragement to them to comply with their duty, and our commands; we promise to every such officer the same, or a higher post in our service than that which at present he enjoys, with full payment of whatever arrears may be due to him at the time of his declaring for us; and to every soldier, trooper, and dragoon, who shall join us, as well as to every seaman and mariner of the Fleet, who shall declare for, and serve us, all their arrears, and a whole year's pay to be given to each of them as a gratuity, as soon as ever the Kingdoms shall be in a state of tranquillity.

We do hereby further promise and declare, in His Majesty's name, and by virtue of the above said commission; that as soon as ever that happy State is obtained, he will, by and with the advice of a free Parliament, wherein no corruption, nor undue influence whatsoever shall be used to bypass the votes of the electors, or elected; settle, confirm, and secure all the rights, ecclesiastical and civil, of each of his respective Kingdoms; His Majesty being fully resolved to maintain the Church of England, as by law established, and likewise the Protestant churches of Scotland and Ireland, conformable to the laws of each respective Kingdom; together with a toleration to all Protestant Dissenters; he being utterly averse to all persecution and oppression whatsoever, particularly on account of conscience and religion. And we ourselves being perfectly convinced of the reasonableness and equity of the same principles; do, in consequence hereof, further promise and declare, that all His Majesty's subjects, shall be by him and us maintained in the full Enjoyment and Possession of all their rights, privileges, and immunities, and especially of all churches, universities, colleges and schools, conformable to the laws of the land, which shall ever be the unalterable rule of His Majesty's government, and our own actions.

And, that this our undertaking may be accompanied with as little present inconvenience as possible to the King's subjects; we do hereby authorise and require all civil officers and magistrates

now in place and office, to continue, till further orders, to execute their respective employments in our name, and by our authority, as far as may be requisite for the maintenance of common justice, order and quiet: willing and requiring them, at the same time, to give strict obedience to such orders and directions, as may, from time to time, be issued out by us, or those who shall be vested with any Share of our authority and power.

We also command and require all officers of the revenue, customs and excise, all tax-gatherers, of what denomination soever; and all others who may have any part of the public money in their hands, to deliver it immediately to some principal commander authorised by us, and take his receipt for the same, which shall be to them a sufficient discharge; and in case of refusal, we authorise and charge all such our commanders, to exact the same for our use, and to be accountable for it to us, or our officers for that purpose appointed.

And having thus sincerely, and in the presence of Almighty God, declared the true sentiments and intentions of the King our royal father, as well as our own, in this expedition, we do hereby require and command all his loving subjects to be assisting to us in the recovery of his just rights, and of their own liberties: And that all such, from the age of sixteen to sixty, do forthwith repair to His Majesty's Royal Standard, or join themselves to such as shall first appear in their respective shires for his service: and also, to seize the horses and arms of all suspected persons, and all ammunition, forage, and whatever else may be necessary for the use of our forces.

Lastly, we do hereby require all mayors, sheriffs, and other magistrates, of what denomination soever, their respective deputies, and all others to whom it may belong, to publish this our declaration at the market crosses of their respective cities, towns and boroughs, and there to proclaim His Majesty, under the penalty of being proceeded against according to law, for the neglect of so necessary and important a duty: for as we have

hereby graciously and sincerely offered a free and general pardon for all that is past; so we, at the same time, seriously warn all His Majesty's subjects, that we shall leave to the rigour of the law all those who shall from henceforth oppose us, or wilfully and deliberately do or concur in any act or acts civil or military, to the Let or detriment of us, our cause or title, or to the destruction, prejudice, or annoyance of those, who shall, according to their duty and our intentions thus publicly signified, declare and act for us.

Appendix II

Declaration of King James, December 1743
Rome, December 23rd 1743

James the Eighth, by the Grace of God, King of Scotland, England, France and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, etc. to all our loving subjects of what degree or quality soever, Greetings.

HAVING always borne the most constant affection to our Ancient Kingdom of Scotland, from whence we derive our royal origin, and where our progenitors have swayed the sceptre with glory through a longer succession of kings than any monarchy upon Earth can at this day boast of, we cannot but behold with the deepest concern the miseries they suffer under a foreign usurpation, and the intolerable burdens daily added to their yoke, which become yet more sensible to us, when we consider the constant zeal and affection the generality of our subjects of that our Ancient Kingdom have expressed for us on all occasions, and particularly when we had the satisfaction of being ourselves amongst them.

WE see a nation, always famous for valour and highly esteemed by the greatest of foreign potentates, reduced to the condition of a province, under the specious pretence of an union with a more powerful neighbour. In consequence of this pretended union, grievous and unprecedented taxes have been laid on and levied with severity in spite of all representations that could be made to the contrary and these have not failed to produce that poverty and decay of trade which were easily foreseen to be the necessary consequences of such oppressive measures.

TO prevent the just resentments which could not but arise from such usage, our faithful highlanders, a people always trained up and inured to arms, have been deprived of them. Forts and

citadels have been built to garrison where no foreign invasion could be apprehended, and a military government has been effectually introduced as into a conquered country. It is easy to foresee what must be the consequences of such violent and unprecedented proceedings, if a timely remedy be not put to them, neither is it less manifest that such a remedy can never be obtained but by our restoration to the throne of our ancestors, into whose royal hands such destructive maxims could never find admittance.

WE think it needless to call to mind how solicitous we have ever been, and how often we have ventured our royal person, to compass this great end, which the Divine Providence seems now to have furnished us with the means of doing effectually by inspiring our dear brother His Most Christian Majesty to assist us with such a body of forces to be landed in England as may enable our good subjects there to shake off the yoke under which they have likewise felt their share of the common calamities. Our former experience leaves us no room to doubt of the cheerful and hearty concurrence of our Scots subjects on this occasion towards the perfecting the great and glorious work.

BUT that none may be deterred by past miscarriages from returning to their duty, and being restored to the happiness they formerly enjoyed, we in this public manner think fit to make known our gracious intentions towards all our people.

WE do therefore by this our royal declaration absolutely and effectually pardon and remit all treasons and other crimes hitherto committed against our royal father or ourselves, from the benefit of which we except none but such as shall after the publication hereof willfully and maliciously oppose us or those who shall appear or endeavour to appear in arms for our service.

WE further declare that we will with all convenient speed call a free Parliament, that by the advice and assistance of such an assembly, we may be enabled to repair the breaches caused by so long an usurpation, to redress all grievances, and to free our people from the unsupportable burdens of the mall tax and other hardships and impositions which have been the consequence of

the pretended union, that so the nation may be restored to that honour, liberty, and independence which it formerly enjoyed.

WE likewise promise upon our royal word to protect, secure, and maintain all our Protestant subjects in the free exercise of their religion, and in the full enjoyment of all their rights, privileges, and immunities, and in the secure possession of all churches, universities, colleges, and schools, conform to the law of the land.

AND this we shall be ready to confirm in our first Parliament in which we promise to pass any act or acts that shall be judged necessary to secure such private person in the full possession of his liberty and property, to advance trade, to relieve the poor and establish the general welfare and tranquility of the nation. In all such matters we are fully resolved to act always by the advice of our Parliaments, and to value none of our titles so much as that of common father of our people, which we shall ever show ourselves to be by our constant endeavours to promote the quiet and happiness of all our subjects. And we shall be particularly solicitous to settle, encourage, and maintain the fishery and linen manufactory of the nation, which we are sensible may be of such advantage to it, and which we hope are works reserved for us to accomplish.

AS for those who shall appear more signally zealous for the recovery of our just rights and the prosperity of their country, we shall take effectual care to reward them according to their respective degrees and merits. And we particularly promise as aforesaid our full, free, and general pardon to all officers, soldiers, and sailors now engaged in the service of the usurper, whether by sea or land, provided that upon the publication hereof and before they engage in any fight or battle against our forces they quit the said unjust and unwarrantable service and return to their duty. In which case we shall pay them all the arrears that shall be at the time due to them from the usurper. We shall grant to the officers the same commissions they shall then bear, if not higher, and to all soldiers and sailors a gratification of a whole year's pay for

their forwardness in promoting our service.

WE further promise and declare that the vassals of such as shall, without regard to our present declaration, obstinately persist in their rebellion and thereby forfeit all pretensions to our royal clemency, shall be delivered from all servitude they were formerly bound to and shall have grants and charters of their lands to be held immediately of the Crown, provided they, upon the publication of this our declaration, declare openly for us and join heartily in the cause of their country.

AND having thus declared or gracious intentions to our loving subjects, we do hereby require and command them to be assisting to us in the recovery of our rights, and of their own liberties, and that all our subjects from the age of sixteen to sixty do upon the setting up of our Royal Standard immediately repair to it, or join themselves to such as shall first appear for us in their respective shires, and also to seize the horses and arms of all suspected person and all ammunition, forage, and whatever else may be necessary for the use of our forces.

WE also strictly command all receivers, collectors, and other persons who may be seized of any sum or sums of money levied in the name or for the use of the usurper, to retain such sum or sums of money in their own hands till they can pay them to some person of distinction appearing publicly for us, and demanding the same for our use and services, whose receipt or receipts shall be a sufficient discharge for all such collectors, receivers, or other persons, their heirs, etc.

LASTLY WE DO HEREBY REQUIRE all sheriffs of shires, stewards of stewardries, and their respective deputies, magistrates of royal boroughs, bailiffs of regalities, and all others to whom it may belong to publish this our declaration at the market crosses of their respective towns and boroughs, and there to proclaim us, under the penalty of being proceeded against according to law, for their neglect of so necessary and important a duty.

Given at Our Court at Rome the 23rd day of December 1743 in the 43rd year of our reign.

Appendix III

Declaration of Prince Charles, October 1745
Edinburgh, October 10th 1745

Charles, Prince of Wales, etc., Regent of the Kingdoms of England, Scotland, France and Ireland, and the Dominions thereunto belonging, unto all Hhis Majesty's subjects, of what degree soever, greetings.

As soon as we, conducted by the Providence of God, arrived in Scotland, and were joined by a handful of our Royal Father's faithful subjects, our first care was, to make public his most gracious declaration; and in consequence of the large powers by him vested in us, in quality of Regent, we also emitted our own manifesto, explaining and enlarging the Promises formerly made, according as we came to be better acquainted with the Inclinations of the people of Scotland. Now that it has pleased God so far to smile on our undertaking, as to make us master of the ancient Kingdom of Scotland, we judged it proper, in this public manner, to make manifest what ought to fill the hearts of all His Majesty's subjects, of what nation or province soever, with Comfort and satisfaction.

We therefore hereby, in His Majesty's name, declare, that his sole intention is to re-instate all his subjects in the full enjoyment of their religion, laws, and liberties; and that our present attempt is not undertaken, in order to enslave a free people, but to redress and remove the encroachments made upon them; not to impose upon any a religion which they dislike, but to secure them all in the enjoyment of those which are respectively at present established among them, either in England, Scotland or Ireland; and if it shall be deemed proper that any further Security be given to the established Church or clergy, we hereby promised, in his name, that he shall pass any law that his Parliament shall judge necessary for that purpose.

In consequence of the rectitude of our royal father's intentions, we must further declare his sentiments with regard to the national debt: that it has been contracted under an unlawful government, nobody can disown, no more than that it is now a most heavy load upon the nation; yet, in regard that it is for the greatest part due to those very subjects whom he promises to protect, cherish and defend, he is resolved to take the advice of his Parliament concerning it, in which he thinks he acts the part of a just Prince, who makes the good of his people the sole rule of his actions.

Furthermore, we here in his name declare, that the same rule laid down for the funds, shall be followed with respect to every law or act of Parliament since the Revolution; and, in so far as, in a free and legal Parliament, they shall be approved, he will confirm them. With respect to the pretended union of the two Nations, the King cannot possibly ratify it, since he has had repeated remonstrances against it from each Kingdom; and since it is incontestable, that the principal point then in view, was the exclusion of the Royal Family from their undoubted right to the Crown, for which purpose the grossest corruptions were openly used to bring it about: but whatever may be hereafter devised for the joint benefit of both Nations, the King will most readily comply with the request of his Parliaments to establish.

And now that we have, in His Majesty's name, given you the most ample security for your religion, properties and laws, that the power of a British sovereign can grant; we hereby for ourselves, as heir apparent to the Crown, ratify and confirm the same in our own name, before Almighty God, upon the faith of a Christian, and the honour of a prince.

Let me now expostulate this weighty matter with you, my father's subjects, and let me not omit this first public opportunity of awakening your understandings, and of dispelling that cloud, which the assiduous pens of ill designing men have all along, but chiefly now, been endeavouring to cast on the truth. Do not the pulpits and congregations of the clergy, as well as your weekly

papers, ring with the dreadful threats of popery, slavery, tyranny and arbitrary power, which are now ready to be imposed upon you, by the formidable powers of France and Spain? Is not my royal father represented as a blood-thirsty tyrant, breathing out nothing but destruction to all those who will not immediately embrace an odious religion? Or, have I myself been better used? But listen only to the naked truth.

I, with my own money, hired a small vessel, ill provided with money, arms or friends; I arrived in Scotland, attended by seven persons; I publish the King my father's Declaration, and proclaim his title, with pardon in one hand, and in the other liberty of conscience, and the most solemn promises to grant whatever a free Parliament shall propose for the happiness of a people. I have, I confess, the greatest reason to adore the goodness of Almighty God, who has, in so remarkable a manner, protected me and my small Army through the many dangers to which we were at first exposed, and who has led me in the way to victory, and to the capital of this ancient Kingdom, amidst the acclamations of the King my father's subjects: why then is so much pains taken to spirit up the minds of the people against this my undertaking?

The reason is obvious, it is, lest the real sense of the nation's present sufferings should blot out the remembrance of past misfortunes, and of the outcries formerly raised against the Royal Family. Whatever miscarriages might have given occasion to them, they have been more than atoned for since; and the nation has now an opportunity of being secured against the like for the future.

That our family has suffered exile during these fifty seven years, everybody knows. Has the nation, during that period of time, been the more happy and flourishing for it? Have you found reason to love and cherish your governors, as the fathers of the people of Great Britain and Ireland? Has a family, upon whom a faction unlawfully bestowed the diadem of a rightful Prince, retained a due sense of so great a trust and favour? Have

you found more humanity and condescension in those who were not born to a Crown, then in my royal forefathers? Have their ears been open to the cries of the people? Have they, or do they consider only the interest of these nations? Have you reaped any other benefit from them, than an immense load of debts? If I am answered in the affirmative, why has their government been so often railed at in all your public assemblies? Why has the nation been so long crying out in vain for redress against the abuse of Parliaments, upon account of their long duration, the multitude of place-men, which occasions their venality, the introduction of penal Laws, and in general, against the miserable situation of the Kingdom at home and abroad? All these, and many more inconveniences must now be removed, unless the people of Great Britain be already so far corrupted, that they will not accept of freedom when offered to them; seeing the King, on his Restoration, will refuse nothing that a free Parliament can ask, for the security of the religion, laws and liberty of his people.

The fears of the nation from the powers of France and Spain, appear still more vain and groundless: my expedition was undertaken unsupported by either: but indeed, when I see a foreign force brought by my enemies against me, and when I hear of Dutch, Danes, Hessians, and Swiss, the Elector of Hanover's allies, being called over to protect his government against the King's subjects, is it not high time for the King my father, to accept also of the assistance of those who are able, and who have engaged to support him? But will the world, or any one man of sense in it, infer from thence, that he inclines to be a tributary prince, rather than an independent monarch? Who has the better chance to be independent on foreign powers? He, who with the aid of his own subjects, can wrest the government out of the hands of an intruder: or he, who cannot without assistance from abroad, support his government, though established by all the civil power, and secured by a strong military force, against the undisciplined part of those he has ruled over for so many years? Let him, if he pleases, try the experiment, let him send off his

foreign hirelings, and put the whole upon the issue of a battle; I will trust only to the King my father's subjects, who were or shall be engaged in mine and their country's cause: But, notwithstanding all the opposition he can make, I still trust in the justice of my cause, the valour of my troops, and the assistance of the Almighty, to bring my enterprise to a glorious issue.

It is now time to conclude, and I shall do it with this reflection. Civil wars are ever attended with rancour and ill will, which party-rage never fails to produce in the minds of those, whom different interests, principles or views set in opposition to one another; I therefore earnestly require it of my friends to give as little loose as possible to such passions; this will prove the most effectual means to prevent the same in the enemies of our royal cause. And this my declaration will vindicate to all posterity the nobleness of my undertaking, and the generosity of my intentions.

Given at our Palace of Holyroodhouse the tenth day of October, One thousand seven hundred and forty five.

Appendix IV

Letter of Lord George Murray, April 1746
Letter from Lord George Murray to Charles Edward Stuart,
Ruthven Barracks, 17th April 1746

May it please your Royal Highness, – As no person in these kingdomes ventured more franckly in the the cause than myself and as I had more at stake than all the others put together, so to be sure I cannot but be very deeply affected with our late loss and present situation, but I declare that were your R.H. person in safety, the loss of the cause and the misfortunate and unhappy situation of my countrymen is the only thing that grieves me, for I thank god, I have resolution to bear my own and family ruine without a grudge.

Sr, you will I hope upon this occasion pardon me if I mention a few truths which all the Gentlemen of our army seem convinced of. It was highly wrong to have set up the royal standard without having positive assurance from his most Christian majesty that he would assist you with all his force, and as your royal family lost the crown of these realms upon the account of France, The world did and had reason to expect that France would seize the first favourable opportunity to restore your August family.

I must also acquaint your R.H. that we were all fully convinced that Mr O' Sullivan whom your R.H. trusted with the most essential things with regard to your operations was exceedingly unfit for it and committed gross blunders on every occasion of moment: He whose business it was, did not so much as visit the ground where we were drawn up in line of Battle, and it was a fatal error yesterday to allow the enemy those walls upon their left which made it impossible for us to break them, and they with their front fire and flanking us when we went upon the attack destroyed us without any possibility of our breaking them,

and our Atholl men lost a full half of their officers and men. I wish Mr O'Sullivan had never got any other charge in the Army than care of the Bagage which I have been told he has been brought up to and understood. I never saw him in time of Action neither at Gladsmuir, Falkirk nor in the last, and his orders were vastly confused.

The want of provisions was another misfortune which had the most fatal consequence. Mr Hay whom Y.R.H. trusted with the principal direction of ordering provisions of late and without whose orders a boll of meal or forthing of monie was not to be delivered, has served Y.R.H. egregiously ill, when I spoke to him, he told me, the thing is ordered, it will be got etc. but he neglected his duty to such a degree that our ruin might probably been prevented had he done his duty: in short the last three days which were critical our army starved. This was the reason our night march was rendered abortive when we possibly might have surprised and defeat the enemy at Nairn, but for want of provisions a third of the army scattered to Inverness he and the others who marched had not the spirits to make it quick as was necessary being faint for want of provisions.

The next day, which was the fatal day, if we had got plenty of provisions, we might have crossed the water of Nairn and drawn up so advantageously that we would have obliged the enemy to come to us, for they were resolved to fight at all hazards, at prodigious disadvantage, and probably we would in that case have done by them as they unhappily have done by us.

In short Mr O'Sullivan and Mr hay had rendered themselves odious to all our army and had disgusted them to such a degree that they had bred a mutiny in all ranks that had the battle (not) come on they were to have represented their grievance to Y.R.H. for a remedy. For my own part I never had any particular discussion with either of them, but I ever thought them incapable and unfit to serve in the stations they were placed in.

Y.R.H. knows I always told I had no design to continue in the army: I would of late when I came last from Atholl have resigned

my commission, but all my friends told me it might be of prejudice to the cause at such a critical time. I hope your R.H. will now accept my demission. What commands you have for me in any other situation please honour me with them.

I am with great zeal, Sr, Your R.H. most dutifull and humble servant,

GEORGE MURRAY

I have desir'd Mr Sheridan to leave £500 of the money he has with him with Clunie, for the use of many who are in want. We will wait for your R.H.'s directions for that and other things.

Bibliography

Primary Sources

Carlyle, A. *Autobiography of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Carlyle...*, Boston, 1861.

Elcho, Lord D. *A Short account of the Affairs of Scotland 1744-6*, London, 1907.

Forbes, Rev R. [ed], *The Lyon in Mourning,* III Volumes, Edinburgh, 1895.

Johnstone, Cpt J. *A Memoir of the '45*, ed. B Rawson, London, 1958.

Livingstone A, Aikman C W H & Stuart Hart B [Eds.] *No Quarter Given: The Muster Roll of Prince Charles Edward Stuart's Army, 1745-6*, Glasgow, 2001.

Murray, J. 'Memorials of John Murray of Broughton,' *Publications of the Scottish History Society* XXVII, Edinburgh, 1898.

O'Sullivan, Col J. [eds. Taylor A & H]. *1745 & After*, London, 1938.

Secondary and Mixed Sources

Bailey, G. *Falkirk or Paradise! The Battle of Falkirk Muir*, Edinburgh 1996.

Cadell, Gen Sir R. *Sir John Cope and the Rebellion of 1745,* Edinburgh, 1898 (Prestonpans, 2008).

Chambers, R. *A History of the Rebellion of 1745-6*, Edinburgh, 1869.

Colletta, Gen P. (tr, Horner S.) *A History of the Kingdom of Naples 1734-1825*, London, 1858.

Craig, M. *Bare-Arsed Banditti: the Men of the '45*, Edinburgh, 2009.

Cust, E. *Annals of the Wars of the Eighteenth Century*, London, 1862.

Douglas, H. *The Private Passions of Bonnie Prince Charlie*, Stroud, 1998 (previously *Bonnie Prince Charlie in Love*, Stroud 1995).

Duffy, C. *The '45*, London, 2003.

Duffy, C. *Victory at Prestonpans and its significance for the 1745 Campaign*, Prestonpans, 2008.

Eardley Simpson, L. *Derby and the '45*, 1933. Manuscript in author's possession.

Ewald, A. *The Life & Times of Prince Charles Stuart...*, London, 1904.

Gibson, J S. *Edinburgh in the '45: Bonnie Prince Charlie at Holyrood*, Edinburgh, 1995.

Gibson, J S. *The Gentle Lochiel*, Edinburgh, 1998.

Johnston, A. *Rebellious Scots to Crush*, Prestonpans, 2008.

Lang, A. *Pickle the Spy; or, the Incognito of Prince Charles*, London, 1897.

Linklater, E. *The Prince in the Heather*, St Albans, 1976.

Lord, S. *Walking with Charlie*, Witney, 2003.

MacDonald, N. *The Clan Ranald of Garmoran: a History of the MacDonalds of Clanranald*, Edinburgh, 2008.

MacLean, F. *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, London, 1988.

Margulies, M. *The Battle of Prestonpans 1745*, Stroud, 2007.

Marshall, R K. *Bonnie Prince Charlie*, Edinburgh, 1988.

Norie, W D. *The Life & Adventures of Prince Charles Edward Stuart*, London, 1901.

Pittock, M. *The Invention of Scotland: The Stuart Myth and the Scottish Identity 1638 to the Present*, London, 1991.

Pollard, T & Ferguson, N. *Prestonpans Battlefield Archaeological Project: Project Design*, Glasgow, 2008.

Reid, S. *1745: A Military History of the Last Jacobite Rising*, Staplehurst, 1996.

Reid, S. *Like Hungry Wolves: Culloden Moor 16 April 1746*, London, 1994.

Scott, W. *Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty Years Since*, Edinburgh, 1814.

Stevenson, R L. *Kidnapped*, Edinburgh, 1886.

Tomasson, K. & Buist, F. *Battles of the '45*, London, 1962.

Various, *Highland Songs of the '45*, ed. John Lorne Campbell, Edinburgh, 1933.

Various, *Songs of Scotland*, ed. George Farquhar Graham, Edinburgh, 1854.

Various, *Scots Musical Museum* Vol III, ed. James Johnson & Robert Burns, Edinburgh, 1853.

Wemyss, A. *Elcho of the '45*, Edinburgh 2003.

About the Author

Arran Johnston was born in Derby, where Charles Edward Stuart's dream began to unravel, in 1985. Although he discovered his interest in the '45 in his hometown, it was only after coming to Edinburgh University that this passion was able to flourish. By the time he completed his MA (hons) in Ancient History and Latin, Arran was a proactive member of the Charles Edward Stuart Society and a campaigner for the Battle of Prestonpans (1745) Heritage Trust. He developed an in-depth knowledge of the '45 as his work with trusts and museums continued to draw him to the Jacobites. Arran portrays Prince Charles Edward Stuart at talks and presentations across Britain, as well as for schools and at battle re-enactments. As an historian, he has used this opportunity to follow the experiences and emotions of the character he has dedicated so much time to studying. He edited a collection of literature relating to the Battle of Prestonpans, published in 2008 as Rebellious Scots to Crush. Now, at the same age as the Prince was when he campaigned in Scotland, Arran has committed the results of his ongoing study of Charles Edward Stuart into writing.

Related titles from Prestoungrange University Press

Rebellious Scots to Crush – Arran Johnston

Sir John Cope – General Sir Robert Cadell

A Backward Glance by Sharon Dabell

The White Rose and the Thorn Tree by Roy Pugh

A Baron's Tale by Gordon Prestoungrange

£9.99 €14 $US16 + P&P