

EDINBURGH AT THE TIME OF THE OCCUPATION OF PRINCE CHARLES¹

IN 1745 Edinburgh was to outward appearance a mediæval city, confined within the wall which had been built after the battle of Flodden and slightly enlarged in the seventeenth century to take in Heriot's Hospital. This wall ran from the Castle to the Grassmarket, thence by the Vennel to Lauriston, and along Lauriston Place to Bristo Place, then turned to the north till it reached Bristo Port, then eastward to Potterrow Port, and still eastward, taking in the University, the old Infirmary, and Chirurgeons' (Surgeons') Hall, followed the line of Drummond Street until it reached the Pleasance. It then turned north along the west side of St. Mary's Wynd to the Netherbow Port at the head of the Canongate; then further north along Leith Wynd (now lost in Jeffrey Street) till at the foot of the Calton Hill it reached Trinity College, removed half a century ago to make room for the railway terminus. Here the wall stopped, and the north side of the town was defended by the Nor' Loch, which ran from the present Waverley Station to the foot of the Castle rock, an area now covered by the North British Railway lines. An outwork of the Castle known as the Wellhouse Tower defended the head of the loch; its ruins are still visible in Princes Street Gardens.

There were six principal gates or ports as they were called:—The West Port, Bristo Port, Potterrow Port, Cowgate Port, Netherbow Port, and the New Port, where the Waverley Market now stands.

¹ The substance of a Lecture delivered to the Old Edinburgh Club, March 1909.

Outside the walls were two suburbs: the Canongate, which was the fashionable or court suburb, and Portsburgh, which was the trade or business quarter, and in modern Edinburgh occupies that part of the town west of Grass-market, and roughly bounded by West Port Street, Lady Lawson Street, and the King's Stables Road. The High Street was even then celebrated as one of the noblest streets in Europe. It was the backbone of the city, from which radiated those innumerable courts and wynds containing houses of extraordinary height, and of mediæval picturesqueness. In these crowded tenements the inhabitants resided, gentles and commons together, in flats, closely packed like passengers and crew in the decks of a ship; and, as in a ship, discipline was strictly observed, class distinctions were not violated. Here are the occupants of a typical first-class tenement in Dickson's Close some years later. First floor, Mr. Stirling, fishmonger; second, Mrs. Urquhart, lodging-house keeper; third floor, the Countess-Dowager of Balcarres; fourth, Mrs. Buchan of Kelloe; fifth flat, Misses Elliot, milliners and mantua-makers; garrets, a great variety of tailors and other tradesmen. This contiguity produced a neighbourly feeling among classes and masses. There was everywhere a friendly style of address. We find the Provost at Council meetings calling his councillors by their Christian names, the advocates and writers doing likewise; and even the judges on the Bench addressing each other in the same familiar way.

Social entertainments were chiefly confined to tea-parties. There were few hackney-coaches, and the common means of genteel locomotion was the sedan-chair.

All business, legal, commercial, and official, was transacted in taverns, the consequence of which was deep and constant drinking. I have been unable to discover the number of public-houses in 1745, but eleven years later there were 600 licences for the city and royalty of Edinburgh, and about the same number for the county of Midlothian. In

1745 the Provost and Magistrates chiefly patronised a certain Lucky Clark, whose public-house was in Writers' Court.

Although taverns were numerous, inns were few and notoriously bad and dirty; the wine, however, was generally pronounced to be excellent. Visitors to the city usually preferred to reside in lodgings, the letting of which was a considerable industry. The principal inns about this period were the 'White Horse,' off the Canongate, for travellers by the east road; the 'White Hart,' in the Grassmarket, for travellers using the west road; and 'Palfrey's,' at the head of the Cowgate, which was largely patronised by farmers.

The relationship of members of aristocratic families with trade at this period is worthy of remark.

Andrew Drummond, the founder of the great London banking-house, a brother of Lord Strathallan, works all the week as a silversmith in Parliament Close, on Sunday puts on a good coat and sword, and keeps company that drink claret. Dundas of Fingask keeps a mercer's shop, where he sells black silk stockings at 15s., fine scarlet cloth at 13s. 4d., and so on. Yet his son and shopman marries in 1744 an earl's daughter, while Fingask becomes an Edinburgh bailie. His second son, Lawrence Dundas, made a fortune, and became a baronet and M.P. He nearly got a peerage, but George III. refused it, having heard that in his youth Dundas had served behind the counter; *his* son, however, became Earl of Zetland. John Traile, the bookseller in Parliament Close, is a cousin of the Jacobite Sir James Stewart of Goodtrees and Coltness. Gavin Hamilton, a bailie of Edinburgh, also a bookseller, was a son of the Principal of the University and grandson of Hamilton of Airdrie; his partner was John Balfour, a brother of the laird of Pilrig. James Stirling, grandson of Lord Carden, a member of the Jacobite family of Keir, a man of considerable literary and scientific attainments, becomes manager of the Leadhill Mines, and works them better than any plebeian. The Earl of Sutherland desires for the son of a friend of his own, an army officer of

good Forbes family, an apprenticeship to a ship-carpenter. A family of ten sisters, daughters of a Perthshire laird, are 'ladies' mantua-makers,' but frequent the best society.

The medical men too are of excellent family, particularly among the Jacobites. Lady George Murray is the daughter of a doctor and laird, a cadet of the Ochertyre family, who had practised in Perth. Sir Stewart Threipland of Fingask, afterwards President of the Royal College of Physicians, is one of Prince Charles's doctors. There are also Lochiel's brother, Dr. Archibald Cameron, the last of the Jacobite martyrs; George Colville, a brother of Lord Culross; George Lauder, a cousin of the Laird of Valleyfield; John Rattray, Prince Charles's surgeon, whose father, also a doctor, was head of the ancient family of Rattray of Craighall. It is strange to find General Reid (whose real name was Robertson), the founder of the Music Chair, complaining bitterly some years later of his daughter's marrying a 'vile apothecary,' although his son-in-law, Dr. Stark Robertson, was not only a distinguished physician, but was also his own nephew.

Edinburgh took scant interest in Imperial politics, cared little about the Squadrone, or the Argathelians, or the Broad Bottom, or political divisions known in London. Society was divided into two great and well-understood parties, the Whigs and the Jacobites. They had no more desire to take arms for their parties than Radicals and Unionists have now. It was a sentimental division, and it is pleasant to read of the friendly chaff that went on. Here is a toast given by a Whig magistrate to a mixed company, after the landing of Prince Charles in Scotland. 'The first toast was "The King abroad" (George II. was in Hanover, and the Chevalier in Rome): the second, "The Prince at home" (the Prince of Wales was in London, and Prince Charles in the Highlands): the third, "the Duke abroad" (Cumberland was in Flanders, and Prince Henry Stuart, Duke of York, was in France): and the fourth, "The Land of Cakes, and a good Steward to divide them."

To these,' says the chronicler, 'party itself could take no exception.' I imagine, however, that a few months later the jest might have cost the humorist his liberty.

We are told that in Edinburgh at this juncture, one-third of the men were Jacobites and two-thirds were Whigs, but among the ladies two-thirds were Jacobites and one-third Whigs. I think the Jacobites must socially have given themselves exasperating airs, for I find the Whig ladies defending themselves. A contemporary manuscript contains a list of Edinburgh Ladies of about 1744, which is thus entitled:—

'An impartial and genuine List of the Ladys on the Whig or Jacobite Partie; taken in hand merely to show that the common accusation and slander rashly thrown on the Female sex as to their being all Jacobites is false and groundless; as upon a calculation the Whigs are far superior in number and not inferior either in rank, beauty, or solidity.' Some of the remarks on the ladies are rather amusing.

On the Whig side, for instance, we find that Lady Helen Boyle is 'genteel enough'; Miss Betty Balfour of Pilrig 'does not want humour'; her sister Miss Peggie is 'well lookt'; and Miss Bessie Bell is 'a very genteel girl and a good dancer.' On the Jacobite side the remarks are not always so complimentary. Lady Mary Cochrane is 'a witt, and on the present occasion red wud'; Miss Crafoord of Redbraes is 'crane necked'; Miss Cellars is 'conceited'; Miss Carnegie is 'thrawn'; Miss Cunningham is 'apostate'; and Mrs. Nanse Callendar is 'very violent.'

The wine drunk by the gentles was claret, which cost then 1s. 8d. the chopin, or about 1s. 6d. a modern quart bottle, but ale was largely used on ordinary occasions. Port was all but unknown,¹ and, strange to say, whisky was but little drunk. Duncan Forbes of Culloden was the great

¹ Port wine seems to have been first imported in 1743. It was given as a great rarity by a Hessian prince at a banquet to the magistrates of Stirling in 1746, but the company were offended at the innovation (Ochertyre MSS. printed in *Scotland and Scotsmen in the 18th Century*, ii. p. 82).

encourager of the use of whisky as a patriotic antidote to foreign spirits, and to tea, which he abominated.

The drink of the commons was small ale, which then cost 1*d.* the chopin, or less than a penny for the modern quart bottle; but tea at 9*s.* a lb. was beginning to be used for breakfast, even by the working-classes, to the great distress of all true patriots.

Wheaten bread was the staple for gentles and commons; the price of the 4-lb. loaf was fixed by the Edinburgh magistrates in 1745 at 5*d.* for the finest and 2½*d.* for the cheapest household bread.

We are informed that people of fashion (and I presume this includes advocates) dined at three; writers, shopkeepers, and such like, at two.

The language of all was the old-fashioned, broad Doric. We are told that the Marquis of Tullibardine and the Duke of Perth talked broad Scots, and had difficulty in expressing themselves in English.

The Scottish members of Parliament and the judges and lawyers could hardly be understood at Westminster. Memoirs of the time teem with witticisms at their expense. Edinburgh people had not yet learned the English language, but they were rapidly acquiring it, and there was at this time in or about Edinburgh a galaxy of young men, all Whigs, who a few years later took English literature by storm. Among these were William Robertson, Hugh Blair, David Hume, Adam Smith, and John Home.

The civil and military government of the city was practically what had been fixed by James VI. in 1583, and which continued to the Reform Bill time. The magistrates were the Lord Provost, four Bailies, a Treasurer, and a Dean of Guild. The ordinary Town Council, which along with the magistrates included an 'old Provost' and seven 'old magistrates,' who were those who had last demitted office, three merchant councillors or free burgesses, and two trades councillors, who elected their successors, together with six craftsmen chosen by the Council from lists sent up by the

Incorporated Trades of the city. This 'ordinary' council consisted of twenty-five members, but in addition to them eight 'extraordinary council deacons' were selected from the chairmen or deacons of the Trades to sit with the council on certain occasions, and the larger body of thirty-three members was known as the 'Extraordinary Council.' The elections took place at the end of September.¹

The Provost was Lord-Lieutenant, High Sheriff, Coroner, Colonel of the Train Bands, Captain of the City Guard, and Admiral of the Firth of Forth, and this last office was far from being nominal. In 1754, when stout George Drummond was Provost, Captain Sir Hugh Palliser of the *Sea-horse* (the ship which Louis Stevenson has immortalised in *Catriona*) was actually imprisoned for six weeks in the Tolbooth for refusing to give up a merchant seaman apprentice whom he had impressed.

The train bands, although existing in theory, were now practically obsolete, and the City Guard was a mere police which consisted of ninety-six men.

Though at the first glance our city appeared both to the eye and in constitution frankly mediæval, yet on examining further we find within its walls the beginnings of nearly every modern institution and modern charity. Indeed, I doubt if at the present day, when the city has grown ten-

¹ The remarkable and complicated system of election by which the conflicting interests of the 'Merchants' or burgess freemen and the 'Trades' were preserved would occupy too much space to be detailed here. It is to be found in a little book entitled *The Sett of Edinburgh*, of which there is more than one edition. The Incorporated Trades of Edinburgh were fourteen in number:—

1. Surgeons, with whom until 1675 the Barbers were incorporated; 2. Goldsmiths; 3. Skinners; 4. Furriers; 5. Hammermen; 6. Wrights; 7. Masons; 8. Tailors; 9. Baxters (Bakers); 10. Fleshers; 11. Cordiners (Shoemakers); 12. Websters (Weavers); 13. Waukers (Fullers); 14. Bonnet-makers.

The 'Convener of Trades,' or elected general chairman of the incorporated craftsmen, was an officer not officially acknowledged until 1740. The holder of the office was not *ex officio* a member of the Council, although to-day the holder of that title is officially a member of the Corporation, and is the only survival of the old organisation of the Incorporated Trades of Edinburgh. In 1745 George Lauder, who went out with Prince Charles, was Deacon of the Surgeons and Convener of Trades.

fold, there is proportionally so much public spirit or private charity as there was in 1745, when the population of the town was, along with its suburbs, somewhere about 40,000.

The University, founded by the town in 1582 as a mere college, was now fully equipped with four faculties, and had been a degree-giving University for nearly forty years. It stood on its present extended site. The High School, built

167 years previously, stood in the High School Yards at the foot of Infirmary Street.

George Heriot's Hospital had been open for 117 years. George Watson's Hospital, now part of the Royal Infirmary, was built in 1738.

The Merchant Maidens' Hospital, then fifty years old, occupied a site at Bristo Port and the Trades Maidens' Hospital had for forty-one years stood not far off on the west side of Horse Wynd.

The Surgeons, then an incorporated trade, had their fine hall equipped with a Surgical Museum in the High School Yards, below the old Infirmary, where the building still stands.¹



¹ This interesting old building is at present used by the officers' training corps of the Territorial Army. The building has been considerably altered since 1745, but the old seventeenth-century doorway still remains. As there is reason to believe that there is a proposal to dismantle the building, a drawing of the doorway from a photograph by Mr. F. C. Inglis is here given as a record. It is to be hoped that if it is found necessary to rebuild the old hall this interesting doorway may be preserved and perhaps used in the new building. An engraving of the hall in its original state is to be found in Maitland's *History of Edinburgh*, 1753.

The College of Physicians had existed for sixty-four years with powers to try, and along with a magistrate to punish, all unqualified practitioners, and to visit all apothecaries' shops and destroy adulterated drugs. There was little love lost between them and the surgeons, whom they looked down upon as mere tradesmen. Their charter prevented their interfering with apothecaries or surgeons in their practice of curing wounds, contusions, fractures, dislocations, tumours, ulcers, and other external operations. The Physicians' Hall was then at the Cowgate Port.

But the pride and glory of Edinburgh was its new Infirmary, which Edinburgh owed to the energy of George Drummond. Originally projected in 1725, a temporary building, leased for the purpose, was opened in 1729, and in 1738 the magnificent building, still doing duty in part as accessory buildings for the University, was begun. It was finally completed this very year, 1745, though partially opened four years previously. The new Hospital accommodated 283 patients, and was then considered one of the finest in the world. In the building of this institution the citizens had not only contributed money, but stones, timber, lime, slates, glass, etc. The farmers had lent their carts, and many citizens, masters, journeymen, and labourers had contributed their time gratis. In 1745 the medical men not only gave their time and skill, but also supplied drugs and medicines at their own expense. It was not until three years later that a Dispensary, or, as they called it, an apothecary's shop, was added to the Royal Infirmary.

The Charity Workhouse, which such of us as are middle aged remember on the site of the present Drill Hall in Forrest Road, had been built two years before and accommodated 596 persons, who were made to work at their trades and to teach the children, who were educated in spinning, weaving, knitting, carding, and the stronger girls in duties to fit them for domestic service. There were no poor-rates. The 'family' was supported chiefly by church-door collections.

The city was supplied with water from the springs at Comiston and the neighbourhood. The system was introduced in 1674, when the magistrates employed a foreign adventurer, Peter Bruschi, who carried the water in a three-inch leaden pipe to a reservoir on the Castle Hill, from whence it was distributed to various taps throughout the town. There was no water-rate, an attempt to impose a tax by way of hearth-money having been successfully resisted by the citizens. Of drainage or plumbing there was practically none, and the system of street-cleaning was a disgrace to civilisation.

Passing mention may be made of a few other institutions. Of Libraries, there was the great Advocates' Library, founded in 1682. The nucleus of the magnificent University Library left to the city in 1580, two years before the University was founded, had been transferred later on by the Town Council to their New College. The Signet Library was twenty-three years old; while for ordinary readers, Allan Ramsay, who had been in business as a bookseller since 1726, had founded in the Lawnmarket a circulating library, precursor of our modern 'Douglas and Foulis.'

The Philosophical Society, which became the Royal Society forty-three years later, was founded by Ruddiman in 1739. The study of Botany was pursued in the Physick Gardens, now part of the Waverley terminus. An Astronomical Observatory had been projected by Maclaurin, and funds for building one had already been collected.

The Theatre was fiercely opposed by the clergy, 'in consequence of which,' it is quaintly said, 'the theatre came to be unusually frequented.' Being contrary to law, stage-plays could only be given by a legal fiction, and the custom was to advertise a concert of music in which a play would be given in the intervals.¹ These performances took place in

¹ The following is a specimen advertisement from the *Courant* of 27th January 1743, which shows how legal difficulties were overcome: 'By desire of a Lady of Quality, for the benefit of Mrs. Hamilton, on Monday next, being the 31st instant, will be performed, a concert of vocal and instrumental musick. After the first part of the concert, will be given, gratis, the Mourning Bride; to which will be added, gratis, the Toy Shop.'

the Tailors' Hall in the Cowgate, now part of Campbell's Brewery.

A weekly concert, meeting in St. Mary's Wynd, had been an institution since 1728, and since 1710 Edinburgh Society had met in the winter months at a weekly ball in the Assembly Rooms in the West Bow. Until 1745 the Assembly was a private venture, but in the following year the ball-room was leased by the managers of the Infirmary and the Charity Workhouse, when the profits (the charge was 2s. 6d.) were divided between these charities, and yielded £100 a year to each.

Though no official Scottish Academy then existed in Edinburgh, the practice and study of the fine arts was not neglected. Allan Ramsay, son of the poet, who afterwards became portrait-painter to George III. and settled in England, was then practising his profession in Edinburgh and laying the foundations of his future fame. As early as 1729 an association of eleven laymen and eighteen professional artists (of whom both the Allan Ramsays, father and son, were members) had been formed with the title of 'The Edinburgh School of St. Luke for the Encouragement of these Excellent Arts of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture, etc., and Improvement of the Students.' Courses of study for both summer and winter were arranged, and a room for the classes was granted by the University; but the project was a failure and the school ceased to exist in 1731. Art teaching, however, soon revived. The treasurer of the school of St. Luke was Richard Cooper, an engraver and an excellent draughtsman. He was a native of London who first came to Edinburgh early in the eighteenth century on a visit to Alexander Guthrie, a brother artist whom he had met at Rome. Cooper was prevailed upon to settle in Edinburgh and there practise the art of line-engraving, then in its infancy. He obtained considerable success in his profession and was in the habit of taking in apprentices, the most distinguished of whom was Robert Strange, who afterwards became the most famous engraver of his time. But Cooper not only taught his apprentices.

Shortly after the collapse of the 'School of St. Luke' he opened a 'Winter's Academy,' which was of the greatest use to students and young artists, who were charged the modest fee of half a guinea.¹

The city churches proper were seven in number, four of which formed subdivisions of St. Giles' and were known as The New Church, The Old Church, The Tolbooth, and Haddow's Hole Church. There were also Trinity College Church, Old Greyfriars, and New Greyfriars. Besides these city churches, there were within the walls the Tron Church and Lady Yester's, and outside were the West Kirk and Canongate Kirk. Each congregation had two ministers. The old Moderates predominated, but the Evangelicals, or Highflyers, as they were nicknamed, who a century afterwards became the Free Church, were not unrepresented. It is interesting to read of their leader, Dr. Alexander Webster, then minister of the Tolbooth. He was a friend of Whitefield and the Methodists, a supporter of the revival of Cambuslang in 1742. A man of great business ability, he founded and carried through the noble scheme of the Ministers' Widows' Fund, which flourishes to this day. So great was his busi-

¹ Cooper built for himself a somewhat pretentious house of three stories on the east side of St. John Street in the Canongate, one of the earliest houses erected in that locality. He must have had excellent opportunities of seeing Prince Charles, and the coloured engraving of the Prince, dated 1745, of which a reproduction is here given as a frontispiece, may, perhaps, be taken as a fairly accurate presentment of Prince Charles at this time, though probably touched with caricature. Copies of Cooper's engravings are exceedingly rare. He is sometimes confounded with his son Richard, who taught drawing to Queen Charlotte and was drawing-master at Eton College. A portrait of the father by Jeremiah Davison is in the collection of the Royal Scottish Academy.

Robert Strange during the Jacobite occupation was commissioned to engrave a portrait of Prince Charles (Plate, p. 12), which is the only authenticated portrait of the Prince done in Scotland. The frontispiece and the plates at pp. 12 and 48, reproductions of the work of Cooper and Strange, give a fairly representative idea of this early school of Scottish engraving. Hack-work of the period by the same artists will be found in the first edition of the *Edinburgh Medical Essays*, 1733-44, and in some of Ruddiman's publications. Cooper's memory is preserved by 'Cooper's Entry' in the Canongate, a close a few yards east of St. John Street, where he owned some property, and where it is believed his art school was situated. Strange's studio was in Stewart's Close. He was twenty-four years old in 1745.



PRINCE CHARLES LEWIS

Painted by Sir R. B. Kneller, and engraved by J. Smith.

ness capacity that he was constantly consulted by the Magistrates in the town's affairs. The extraordinary thing to us is, that while he was a man of the most sincere piety, the spiritual director of the most pious evangelical ladies of the day, he was, at the same time, the most noted toper and boon-companion in all Edinburgh. It was said that he had drunk enough claret at the town's expense to float a seventy-four-gun ship. He was an uncompromising opponent of the Jacobites.

The United Presbyterian Church was represented by the Seceders' Meeting-house, off Bristo, with Adam Gib as minister. The Episcopalians had a licensed Church of England Chapel in Blackfriars Wynd. The Nonjuring Scots Episcopal clergy who had refused the oaths to the reigning dynasty could only meet clandestinely in private houses.

There were no Roman Catholic places of worship, but I find Catholics meeting and a bishop being consecrated in private. There was a Quakers' Meeting-house; there was no Jews' Synagogue, nor was there any Temperance Society.

There were two Banks in Edinburgh, the Old Bank, now the Bank of Scotland, founded in 1697, whose office was in Bank Close, off the Lawnmarket; and the New Bank, now the Royal Bank, founded in 1727, with premises in a close almost opposite the Cross.

The Post-office, in 1745, ran three mails a week to London, which took ordinarily five days. A mail was despatched weekly to Inverness, thrice a week to Aberdeen, and twice a week to most parts of Scotland. Postage was 6*d.* to London, 2*d.* to any place within fifty miles of Edinburgh, 3*d.* up to eighty miles, and 4*d.* to any other place in Scotland. The Edinburgh postal revenue was about £7000 per annum.

Linen was the staple manufacture. Brewing was a considerable industry; the breweries were for the most part situated in the district between the Cowgate and the Southern Wall.

There were at least four printing-offices and many book-

sellers' shops. The art of stereotyping, invented by William Ged, an Edinburgh goldsmith, whose first book from stereotyped plates was published in 1739, was being developed in Edinburgh by his son James, a printer, who worked with the greatest secrecy in a printing-office in Swan's Close. The family was assisted in their enterprise by the Duke of Perth, and by his influence young Ged went out as a captain in the duke's Jacobite regiment. He was taken prisoner during the campaign, and was the first Jacobite officer to be tried and sentenced to death. James Ged was, however, ultimately pardoned, but was obliged to emigrate to Jamaica. His plant was left behind and lost, and the development of his art was set back for more than a generation.¹

Two newspapers were published in Edinburgh, the *Caledonian Mercury*, which became the Jacobite organ, and the *Evening Courant*, the Government supporter. They appeared three times a week. The *Scots Magazine*, published monthly, was in its seventh year.

The press laws were severe and often savagely enforced by the magistrates. Only eleven days before Prince Charles entered Edinburgh, the aged scholar Thomas Ruddiman, who was Keeper of the Advocates' Library, and proprietor of the *Caledonian Mercury*, was fined £5, sent to jail for two days, and made to insert a humiliating apology in his journal for printing an ordinary piece of news, which if not absolutely accurate, was very nearly so. The following year his son, for reprinting a paragraph from a London paper 'with significant italics,' which seems quite inoffensive to modern readers, was thrown into jail, where he contracted a disease from which he died shortly after his release.²

¹ Stereotyping was re-invented by Alexander Tilloch, a Glasgow journalist, with the help of Robert Foulis, the younger son of the celebrated Glasgow printer, about 1780. An edition in Greek of Xenophon's *Anabasis* and some chap-books were stereotyped, and the practice was again dropped. Stereotyping did not come into general use until the nineteenth century was some years old.

² Another flagrant case about this period was that of Robert Drummond of Swan's Close, in whose office James Ged worked at his father's stereotypes. Drummond did

Horse-races were held on the Sands of Leith, a beautiful beach now reclaimed and covered by the docks on the east of the harbour. These races, which had been held ever since the Restoration, were officially patronised by the Edinburgh Town Council, and indeed to a certain extent appear to have been under their management, for considerable sums are recorded in the Treasurer's Accounts for advertising the races, and for the expenses of the Council when attending them.

One more institution may be mentioned—the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers, which was founded at Leith Links in 1744.

Every reader of golfing literature has seen Thomas Mathison's poem of 'The Goff,' published in 1743. I quote a few lines :—

Rattray for skill and Crosse for strength renowned.
 Stuart and Leslie beat the sandy ground.
 Gigantic *Biggar* here full oft is seen
 Like huge Behemoth on an Indian Green ;
 His bulk enormous scarce can scape the eyes,
 Amazed spectators wonder how he plies.
 Yea, here great *Forbes*, patron of the just,
 The dread of villains and the good man's trust,
 When spent with toils in serving humankind,
 His body recreates, and unbends his mind.

Forbes, the Secretary of the Club, was the Lord President of the Court of Session. *Biggar* was a Lieutenant-Colonel in the 37th Regiment. He went out with Hawley to fight Prince Charlie, and was killed at the battle of Falkirk. His portrait may be seen in the Club-house of the Honourable Company at Muirfield.

Rattray was the first recorded captain of the Honourable

not conceal his Jacobitism, and during the occupation he printed Jacobite manifestoes and pamphlets. When Provost Stewart was acquitted in 1747 he printed a copy of verses uncomplimentary to the civic authorities. For this offence he was imprisoned, pilloried, and then banished from the town and deprived of his liberties as a free burgess. On two subsequent occasions, for press offences which now seem trivial, he was imprisoned and his plant confiscated.

Company. He won the silver club in 1744 and again in 1745, and was captain until 1747. He went out as Prince Charles's body-surgeon. Well was it for him that he was a friend of Lord President Duncan Forbes, in whose handwriting the minute chronicling Rattray's golfing victory may still be seen. Rattray was made prisoner at Culloden, and would certainly have been hanged but for the intervention of his golfing friend Duncan Forbes. It is on record that his life and that of his brother surgeon George Lauder were the only favours that the great President ever received for his unparalleled services to King George's Government.

The Government of Scotland was locally administered by several great officers of state. Duncan Forbes of Culloden was Lord President of the Court of Session. Andrew Fletcher of Milton held the office of Lord Justice-Clerk. Of him there is need to say little except that he was particularly disliked by the great Dundas family, whose head, Lord Arniston, consistently calls Fletcher 'that puppy.'¹

The Lord Advocate was Robert Craigie of Glendoick, an admirable lawyer, but not much of a man of affairs, and we find a contemporary hinting that Craigie was hardly fit for his position. In any case he seems to have taken little prominent part at the time.

The Solicitor-General, Robert Dundas, was the son of Lord Arniston. He was a young man of fashion and of great industry and ability, who had become Solicitor at an early age, and was now in his thirty-third year. He shared his father's dislike for the Lord Justice-Clerk.

The Commander-in-Chief was Sir John Cope, who had been appointed to supersede General Guest the previous year. Although Cope had been thirty-eight years in the army, he had seen little service, but he had led the second line at Dettingen under the eyes of George II., by whom he had been decorated. In a confidential letter of the Under Secretary of State, we are told 'he had both parts and address to acquire the friendship of the

¹ *Arniston Memoirs*, p. 148.

great, and to make it useful to himself. You will find him easy, well bred, and affable'; but he is 'an absolute stranger in the country.' Sir John Clerk of Penicuik gives us the further information that he was 'a little, dressy, finical man.'

The Deputy-Governor and Commandant of the Castle was General Preston,¹ a vigorous veteran, aged eighty-six.

General Guest,¹ who was eighty-five years of age, again became Commander-in-Chief after Cope's flight. He was, says Sir John Clerk, 'a very worthy man, who in his time had been an active, diligent soldier, but who could now scarcely stir out of his room.'

Of civic authorities only three need be introduced.

Colin Maclaurin, a Highlander from Argyllshire, at that time the most celebrated mathematician in Great Britain, was Professor of Mathematics in the University.

George Drummond, a stout old Highlander, who had

¹ A good deal of inaccurate matter has been written about the positions of Preston and Guest during the Jacobite occupation of Edinburgh, some writers affirming that Guest had been sent to Edinburgh to supersede Preston. The facts seem to be these:— Guest had been in chief command in Scotland previous to Cope's appointment in 1744 (see *Culloden Papers*, p. 364; *Memoirs of Sir John Clerk of Penicuik*, p. 182), although whether this was a temporary or a substantive appointment is not recorded. He also held the substantive post of Barrack-master of Scotland, and on his supersession by Cope he seems to have remained in Edinburgh; at any rate I can discover no mention in any gazette of his leaving his duties in Scotland or being sent back. He was certainly never appointed Deputy-Governor of the castle. The governorship of the castle was an honorary office held in 1745 by Lord Mark Kerr. Preston had been appointed Deputy-Governor during the Jacobite Rising of 1715; he was never superseded, but held the post, which was probably a sinecure in ordinary times of peace, until his death in 1748 (*Scots Magazine*, 1748, p. 355). Preston was placed in command of the castle by Cope when he left Edinburgh for the Highlands, and Guest in general military command at Edinburgh 'and those parts' (*Report of the Proceedings of the Board, etc. . . . on Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Cope*, p. 117). On the approach of the Jacobite army Guest retired to the castle, where he exercised his general command, while Preston under him held the local command of the castle. After the battle of Prestonpans and the flight of Cope, Guest became Commander-in-Chief in Scotland until superseded by Hawley at the end of December, with an interval of a fortnight in November, during which General Handasyde held the chief command (*Scots Magazine*, 1745, p. 591). The designation used by Guest in his official correspondence is 'Lieut.-General and Commander-in-Chief of all His Majesty's Forces, Castles, Forts, and Barracks in North Britain.' An excellent memoir of General Preston is given in Lady Tullibardine's *Military History of Perthshire*, p. 365.

fought for King George at Sheriffmuir, was Commissioner of Customs, and the leader of the civic Whig party. He had been Lord Provost twenty years before, and was now in his fifty-seventh year. After the '45 he was five times re-elected to the civic chair. If a monument were desired for this admirable citizen, we might point to the Royal Infirmary, which was due to his enterprise, or to the Royal Exchange or the North Bridge, which were his designing; were it not that he devised a far greater monument—George Drummond was the founder of modern Edinburgh.

The Lord Provost was Archibald Stewart, younger son of Sir Robert Stewart of Allanbank, first baronet, and grandson of Sir James Stewart of Coltness who was Lord Provost of Edinburgh in the reign of Charles I. and again during the Commonwealth. The Provost was Member of Parliament for the city. He was then forty-seven years of age, a wine-merchant, who had vaults at Leith, and goods yards near the Infirmary. In the Town Council he led the Jacobite party.

Prince Charles, accompanied by seven adventurers, had landed in Arisaig on July 25. The first rumour of his landing reached Edinburgh on the 8th of August, and Cope, like a good soldier, at once took precautionary measures. He directed the bakers of Edinburgh to prepare biscuits, the butchers to collect cattle, and arranged that horses and carts should be pressed for transport. All the available troops in Scotland were ordered to assemble at Stirling.

It is interesting to note how the troops in Scotland were then distributed. Gardiner's Dragoons, now the 13th Hussars, were quartered at Stirling, Linlithgow, Musselburgh, Kelso, and Coldstream: Hamilton's Dragoons (14th Hussars), at Haddington, Duns, and adjacent places: the horses of both regiments were out at grass—the economical custom in time of peace. Of the infantry, Lascelles' (now the 47th or North Lancashire Regiment) were in Edinburgh and Leith. There was a regiment at Aberdeen, half a regiment divided

between Glasgow, Stirling, Dumfries, and Stranraer, a regiment scattered through the Highlands at work on General Wade's roads, and several 'additional companies' or recruits at Perth, Glasgow, Crieff, and Cupar-Fife.

Eleven days after receiving the news, Cope joined his army at Stirling. Before going north, he left Gardiner's Dragoons to defend the Forth at Stirling, and sent Hamilton's Dragoons back to defend Edinburgh. He called in all veteran out-pensioners to help to garrison Edinburgh and Stirling Castles, he reinforced Edinburgh Castle with two companies of foot, and off he marched to the Highlands to crush Prince Charles. From this point onwards his incapacity for high command showed itself flagrantly. His orders were to take arms and enlist the friendly Highlanders on his way. The Whig Duke of Atholl sent him a contingent of Macgregors at Amulree, but Cope would allow them no pay, so they left him. Cluny, the great chief of the Macphersons, who had accepted a captain's commission, joined him, but was treated with ignominy and insult. In spite of this, Cluny, I believe, meant to be loyal, and quitted Cope to raise his clan for King George. But his cousin Lochiel captured him that night at Cluny Castle, and carried him off prisoner to Perth. Prince Charles worked on his injured Highland pride, and did not let Cluny go until he had promised to join the enterprise. Thus both the Macgregors and the Macphersons were lost to the Government. When Cope reached Dalwhinnie, intending to cross the pass of Corryarrack to Fort Augustus, he found the Highlanders were before him, and had occupied the pass. He dared not attack them, and marched on to Inverness, where Duncan Forbes had gone a fortnight before.

Prince Charles, after landing at Arisaig, had with great difficulty persuaded some Western Highlanders to join him. On August 19, the day on which Cope left Edinburgh, he raised his standard in Glenfinnan. Thence he marched, avoiding Fort William, to Invergarry, being joined on the

way by a few more of the Western clansmen. By the 28th he reached Corryarrack, where he learned that Cope, fearing to encounter him, had evaded him and gone north. Thence the Prince marched by Blair Atholl and Dunkeld to Perth, where he remained a week, and where his force of about 1900 men was increased by about 350 more. Several persons of consequence joined him here, including Lord George Murray, the best of them all. The Jacobite army left Perth on September 11, crossed the Forth at Balquhan, a few miles above Stirling, where the Prince himself led the troops and was the first to ford the river. Gardiner's Dragoons should have opposed him, but fled. Thence by Leckie the Jacobites marched to Falkirk and Linlithgow, the dragoons retiring as they advanced. The Prince reached Corstorphine on September 16, whence he sent a summons to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh to surrender the town, and then marched by Saughton to Slateford; the army encamped on the banks of the Water of Leith, in the neighbourhood of Slateford, and the Prince himself lodged in the farmhouse of Gray's Mill, near Inglis Green.

When Cope marched away, little alarm was felt in Edinburgh, and nothing was done beyond enlisting thirty additional recruits for the City Guard, bringing it up to 126 men; but when it was learned that the Jacobites had foiled Cope and were marching on Edinburgh, the citizens began to rouse themselves. The Provost, though badgered and worried by every one, was the only man who seems to have kept his head.¹

¹ I make this statement deliberately, although I know that it runs counter to the expressed opinion of many writers. Those of Jacobite sympathies claim Provost Stewart as a militant partisan, those of Whig tendencies denounce him as a traitor. Chambers writes that the impression on his mind is that Provost Stewart acted exactly as might have been expected of a Jacobite who wished to keep a fair face towards the Government. To me, on the other hand, after reading all the documentary evidence on the subject, it seems that Stewart did everything that was possible in a position of extraordinary difficulty. His known Jacobite sentiments, which he shared with a large number of the citizens, rather forced him, as falling under certain suspicion, to do more than he might otherwise have done. At the end of the Rising, Stewart went

No one, civil or military, would take any responsibility without the Provost's signature. They were constantly sending for the Provost to lecture him on his duty, yet when he tried to carry out instructions as far as lay in his power, and things went wrong, all the blame was imputed to him.

Theoretically, the Lord Provost was military chief of the mediæval train bands, who numbered 1600 men. How different now from the days of Flodden, when the Edinburgh burgesses sent out a gallant regiment to fight for King James IV., when 'ilk Burges hauand fyftie pundis in gudis salbe haill anarmit, as a gentilman aucht to be: and Burgessis of xx pund in gudis salbe bodin with hat, doublet or habirgeoun, sword and bucklar, bow, scheif and knyfe.'

to London to perform his duties as M.P. for Edinburgh. There he was committed to the Tower and kept prisoner for fourteen months, and afterwards tried at Edinburgh for 'permitting the city to fall under the power of the rebels.' He was unanimously acquitted by the jury. The evidence against him seems very weak. One point constantly made against him by his enemies was his sneering manner when anything was proposed. It is easy to imagine that his sneer was directed to the futility of the advice and the consciousness of the insincerity of many of his critics. John Home, author of *Douglas*, a Whig, who fought as a volunteer on the Government side during the campaign, insinuates in his *History of the Rebellion* (p. 97) that much of the courage of the Provost's critics was fictitious, particularly mentioning ex-Provost Drummond. In this perhaps he is unjust to Drummond, who actually was present at Prestonpans with Hamilton's Dragoons, and fled from the field with the leaders (*Report of the Proceedings, etc. . . . on Lieut.-Gen. Sir John Cope*, pp. 147, 148).

The best and fairest account of Provost Stewart's conduct is to be found in a pamphlet which, according to Sir Walter Scott (*Quarterly Review*, June 1827), was written by David Hume, whom none would suspect of Jacobite sympathies. The pamphlet is entitled *A True Account of the Behaviour and Conduct of Archibald Stewart, Esq., late Lord Provost of Edinburgh* (London, 1748). It reviews with scorn the attacks on the Provost. Hume accuses the Lord Advocate (Grant of Prestongrange) of almost exactly the same intention as R. L. Stevenson attributes to him in the romance of *Catriona*. In the novel he is made to say that a Campbell had been murdered and there must be a scapegoat. In the case of the Provost he expressed the same feeling: it would be a scandal for the country if no one was punished for the loss of Edinburgh; he would be satisfied to compound for a slight punishment or a small fine, but he was intent on a conviction, which, however, the jury refused him. Hume maintains that Stewart 'acted the part of a vigilant, active, and even brave magistrate, so far as he was tried'; and after pointing out how he had cleared himself on every point of attack, he proclaims him to be 'a good magistrate, a good friend, a good companion, a fair dealer; a man in every action of his life full of humanity, justice, and moderation' (*A True Account*, pp. 13, 41). On an examination of the evidence it is seen that Stewart was deserted by

The train bands were not called out, but a proposal was made to raise a regiment for the defence of the town. The Provost stated that it was treason to raise troops without the King's warrant. In this the Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-General agreed, and the King's sanction was sent for. It arrived exactly eight days before Prince Charles entered Edinburgh. Two hundred and fifty men were actually enlisted, but they did nothing, and are lost sight of in subsequent events.

It was agreed to put the walls into repair, and Professor Maclaurin, who was delighted with this piece of practical physics, was given charge of the work. Cannon were got from the ships at Leith, but the walls were not meant for cannon, and embrasures and platforms had to be made. It was the time for municipal elections; the trades were all busy electing their deacons and officials, and would not

the officers of state, who should have directed him; by the officers of law, who should have advised him; and by the military chiefs and the troops, who should have defended him. After the great men had fled, and when the volunteers were deserting and giving up their arms in great numbers, the Provost applied to a customs official who had been in the army for his military opinion as to what should be done. The officer replied that he pitied him, but knew not what advice to give; when pressed further, he advised that the arms should be sent to the castle.

When the summons from Prince Charles came, Stewart was at a loss as to whether it should be read or not, and consulted Patrick Haldane, one of the city's assessors. Haldane (who afterwards was one of the Advocates-depute who prosecuted Stewart, the eighth article of the indictment being that he had read the letter) replied that it was a matter too high for him to give an opinion upon. No wonder the troubled Provost exclaimed, 'Good God, I am deserted by my arms and my assessors' (*Provost Stewart's Trial*, part i. p. 118, *Home's Hist. of the Rebellion*, p. 92). Stewart is generally accused of having 'surrendered' the city. This is not true; the gate was rushed, the guard overpowered, and the city taken by a bloodless assault at the very time the Lord Provost was negotiating for time to allow Cope to come to the rescue. So far from being accepted by the Jacobites as a partisan, the Provost was made prisoner when the city was captured. For how long he was in confinement I have been unable to ascertain, but he was still in prison six days after the Prince's entry (*Caledonian Mercury*, September 23, 1745). After his acquittal, Stewart went to London and succeeded in business there. He settled at Mitcham in Surrey, where his family was visited in 1756 by the celebrated Mrs. Calderwood of Polton, who says that the house was beautiful, but that he entertained his guests with an air of frugality rather than of expense (*Coltness Collections*, p. 124). Provost Stewart left no sons; his daughter married John Marjoribanks of the Lees, ancestor of Lord Tweedmouth.

take interest in the work or supply sufficient labour to repair the broken walls.

Then there were no gunners, and it was proposed to get gunners from the ships of war, but the Provost would not stand that, and fairly lost his temper. When asked his reason, 'My reason, sir, is plain; it would be "Damn your blood, Jack, fire away and be damned"; and so they would fire upon and murder the inhabitants as well as defend the town against the rebels.'¹

A Volunteer regiment was raised under George Drummond, and a few more Volunteers came in from neighbouring parts.

Hamilton's Dragoons were encamped at St. Ann's Yards, now the Holyrood Gardens, and it was proposed in a meeting to admit the dragoons to the town, but the proposal was at once vetoed.²

On Sunday the 15th the Jacobites were at Linlithgow, and it was proposed that the Volunteers and the other civic forces should move outside the walls and join Hamilton's Dragoons, reinforced by Gardiner's Regiment, which had retreated back to Edinburgh from Stirling, and go out to meet the Highlanders. The Volunteers got as far as the Grassmarket, when the ministers came from their churches in a body, and implored the gallant Volunteers not to risk their precious lives. They turned back to the College Yards. Next day Prince Charles was at Corstorphine, and the citizens of Edinburgh had

¹ Evidence of Bailie James Stewart, *Provost Stewart's Trial*, part ii. p. 46.

² The objection to the admission of the dragoons was twofold. It was feared they might be entangled in the narrow streets of the town and cut off, in which case the magistrates would be blamed for entrapping them. But in addition to this military reason the inhabitants were strongly against admitting them to the city, as they feared their licence. This can hardly be wondered at; the ordinary soldier at that time was treated as a brute, and too often behaved as one. In a lawsuit of 1744 between two officers about a recruiting case, it is stated that the recruits were 'as usual' lodged in jail while awaiting the arrival of a transport. Three weeks after Prince Charles left Edinburgh, four soldiers were flogged there for insulting the inhabitants. In the newspapers two occasions are mentioned at this time when soldiers got a thousand lashes; one for drinking Prince Charles's health, and the other for desertion. Sentences of two thousand lashes were not unknown, but I have been unable to ascertain if they were ever actually inflicted, or if the victim survived. On the other hand, military licence and barbarity in the north after Culloden are public history.

the mortification to see the dragoons flying along the Lang Dykes (now Princes Street) towards Leith. They hardly stopped until they got to Haddington. The Volunteers then returned their arms to the Castle and were disbanded.

That day the Prince sent from Corstorphine a summons to the Magistrates to surrender the town, threatening with death any citizens found in arms. The inhabitants mobbed the Provost, and implored him to save their lives and surrender. The Provost refused, but agreed to send a deputation to the Prince, then at Slateford, asking for terms. The Prince sent the deputation back, renewing his threat, and demanding an answer by two in the morning. A second deputation was sent late at night, headed by ex-Provost Coutts (great-grandfather of the late Baroness Burdett Coutts), to gain further time, as news had been received of Cope's arrival at Dunbar. This second deputation was unsuccessful, and returned to Edinburgh in a hackney-coach. Meantime, half the Prince's army under Lochiel was sent quietly, by Merchiston and Hope Park, to the Netherbow Port. An accident gave them admittance. The coach which had carried back the deputation was returning to the stables in the Canongate: the gate was opened to let it pass, and at five in the morning, in broad daylight, Lochiel rushed in, overpowered the Guard, and Edinburgh was in the hands of Prince Charles. The previous day the Judges and the great officials had fled from the town.

The change of rulers was made with the least possible fuss. It merely seemed as if one Guard had relieved another. So quiet was everything that the *Caledonian Mercury* came out next day as usual, with this change: on the Monday it had talked of *rebels*, and on Wednesday it began thus:—

Edinburgh, Sept. 17.—Affairs in this city and neighbourhood have taken the most surprising turn since yesterday without the least bloodshed or opposition, so that we have now in our streets Highlanders and Bagpipes, in place of Dragoons and Drums, of which we will be allowed to give the following narrative of facts, as far as we

have been able to collect them. On Monday last the Highland army stood under arms about Corstorphine. . . .

The same day Prince Charles and the rest of his army marched by the foot of the Braid Hills and Prestonfield to the King's Park, the Prince stopping on the way at Grange House to drink a glass of wine. The army encamped in the Park, and the Prince rode forward by St. Anthony's Well and the Duke's Walk to Holyrood, where he was met by an immense crowd, twenty thousand people it is said ; and amid the wildest enthusiasm, the true heir of the ancient royal house entered the palace of his ancestors.

A Whig contemporary thus describes his appearance :— The figure and presence of Charles Stuart were not ill suited to his lofty pretensions. He was in the prime of youth, tall and handsome, of a fair complexion ; he had a light-coloured periwig, with his own hair combed over the front. He wore the Highland dress, that is, a tartan short coat without the plaid, crimson velvet breeches, and military boots ; a blue bonnet was on his head, and on his breast the Star of the Order of St. Andrew.

The Jacobites were charmed with his appearance : they compared him to Robert the Bruce, whom he resembled, they said, in his figure as in his fortune. The Whigs looked upon him with other eyes. They acknowledged that he was a goodly person ; but they observed, that 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 : that he looked like a gentleman and a man of fashion, but not like a hero or a conqueror.

At noon the heralds, clad in their robes of state, and with all due solemnity, proclaimed King James VIII. and Charles Prince Regent at the old Market Cross.

We may now return to Sir John Cope, who had reached Inverness on the 29th of August, where he met and conferred with Duncan Forbes of Culloden. A result of this conference

was the resolve to return to Edinburgh by sea. Messengers were sent south to collect shipping which was to rendezvous at Aberdeen. Six days later (the day that Prince Charles entered Perth) Cope started for Aberdeen, which he reached on September 11, the day the Jacobite army marched from Perth. At Aberdeen he was reinforced by two companies of Guise's (now 6th Royal Warwickshire) Regiment. Here he waited four precious days, having lost at least one whole day by his contemptuous disregard of the local advice of the magistrates, who understood the tides, which Cope did not. He sailed on the 15th for the Forth, and being unable owing to western winds to sail up to Leith, he landed at Dunbar on the 17th, the very day Prince Charles entered Edinburgh; at Dunbar he was joined by the dragoons whom he had left for the defence of the capital. Next day he marched to Haddington, and the following day, the 20th, to Prestonpans, where he encamped on the ground to the south of Cockenzie.

On the evening of the 19th the Prince obtained authentic intelligence that Cope was marching to attack him; at night he left Holyrood and joined his army at Duddingston, leaving orders for all the guards to retire from their posts and to join him in the early morning. He slept that night at Duddingston, and the cottage which he traditionally occupied can still be seen on the north side of the road nearly opposite the western entrance of Duddingston House. Before leaving Edinburgh the Prince arranged to bring out coaches and chaises for the wounded, and a staff of medical men, little caring whether they were Jacobite or Hanoverian. To the honour of the profession many attended, including the celebrated Dr. Munro, Professor of Anatomy, a staunch Whig; Mr. Lauder, the Convener of Trades, and President of the Surgeons; John Rattray; Young Hay, afterwards a Catholic bishop, though then a Protestant assistant-surgeon.

On the 20th, at nine in the morning, the Prince put himself at the head of his little army; he drew his sword, and with a 'very determined countenance,' he somewhat melodramatic-

ally turned to his friends and said, 'Gentlemen, I have flung away the scabbard, and with God's assistance I don't doubt of making you a free and happy people; Mr. Cope shall not escape us as he did in the Highlands.' He then started to meet Cope.

The army marched by Musselburgh, and there turning to the south-east, passed by the right of Wallyford, took the high ground by Easter Fallside and reached Tranent, whence they had a perfect view of Cope's army, drawing out in battle array below them, between Prestonpans and Seton.

It is no part of my plan to detail the battle of Prestonpans, which has been described by every historian of the period.

Prince Charles and his army bivouacked for the night in a stubble field to the east of Tranent, the Prince sleeping in his plaid, with the shelter of a pea-sheaf. In the middle of the night, young Anderson of Whitburgh, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, informed Lord George Murray that he knew of an unguarded path across the morass which protected the right flank of Cope's army, and at three in the morning the Jacobite army descended the hill in a north-easterly direction and formed in battle array on the west of Seton Castle. The morass is now roughly represented by the line of the railway for a mile east from Prestonpans. On reaching their new position the Highlanders charged almost immediately; Cope's dragoons fled, the infantry gave way, and in five minutes all was over. Cope's infantry was simply annihilated. Of about 2000 men, only 170 escaped slaughter or capture; but Cope, after vainly endeavouring to rally the cavalry, fled headlong with them and most of his staff by Lauder to Berwick, where Lord Mark Kerr received the luckless Commander-in-Chief with the dry remark 'that he believed he was the first general who had brought the first tidings of his own defeat.'

Here we may leave history and return to incident. Until now no one seems to have taken the war quite seriously, and

some seemed to look on it as almost a spectacle. Among others, two young men, the day before the battle, had ridden out apparently to see the fun, but they could not resist oysters and a remembered scantling of Madeira at Luckie Chrystal's public-house in the west end of Musselburgh. They were Francis Garden, a young advocate, afterwards Lord Gardenston, and Robert Cunningham, who subsequently entered the army, and rose to be a general. They were espied by John Roy Stewart, one of the Jacobite colonels, whom they took to be a King's officer, and seemingly in pure frolic they told that they were rebels going to join the Prince. A young apprentice W.S., one of the Prince's Life-guards, however, knew them and explained who they were, upon which John Roy proposed hanging them as spies, but the W.S. begged them off, and one at least fled incontinent to Jedburgh, glad to be out of that galley. The Life-guardsman who thus rescued his young friends was Colquhoun Grant, who became a prominent Writer to the Signet, to whose liberality there was but one door.

Many years later, Mr. Ross of Pitcalnie, who had been out in the '45, had become a bankrupt, broken-down laird. Mr. Grant had meantime become a wealthy and very penurious Writer to the Signet. Mr. Ross desired a loan; his friends freely betted he could get nothing from Grant. Pitcalnie called on Grant, and after some commonplaces he hinted the necessity under which he lay for a trifle of money, and made bold to ask if Mr. Grant could help him in a professional way. 'What a pity, Pitcalnie,' replied the Writer, 'you did not apply yesterday! I sent all the loose money I had to the bank just this forenoon; it is for the present quite beyond redemption.' 'Oh, no matter,' said Pitcalnie, and continued the conversation as if no such request had been preferred. By and by, after some more topics of an ordinary sort had been discussed, he at length introduced the old subject of the Forty-five, upon which both were alike well prepared to speak. A thousand delightful recollections then

rushed upon the minds of the two friends, and, in the rising tide of ancient feeling, all distinction of borrower and lender was soon lost. Pitcalnie watched the time when Grant was fully mellowed by the conversation, to bring in a few compliments to his (Grant's) own particular achievements. He expatiated upon the bravery which his friend had shown at Preston, where he was the first man to go up to the cannon, on which account he made out that the whole victory, so influential to the Prince's affairs, was owing to no other than Colquhoun Grant, now Writer to the Signet, Gavinloch's Land, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh. He also adverted to the boldness Mr. Grant had displayed in chasing a band of recreant dragoons from the field of battle up to the very gates of Edinburgh Castle; and further, upon the dexterity which he subsequently displayed in making his escape from the town. 'Bide a wee,' said Mr. Grant, at this stage of the conversation, 'till I gang ben the house.' He immediately returned with the sum Pitcalnie wanted, which he said he now recollected having left over for some time in the shuttle of his private desk. Pitcalnie took the money, continued the conversation for some time longer, and then took an opportunity of departing. When he came back to his friends, Pitcalnie explained the plan he had taken with the W.S., adding with an expressive wink, 'This forty's made out of the battle of Preston; but stay a wee, lads, I've Falkirk i' my pouch yet—by my faith I wadna gie it for auchty.'¹

We have here a strong Scottish characteristic which only Sir Walter could grasp, and which he has presented in the perfectly drawn character of Bailie Nicol Jarvie—the shrewd, parsimonious, pawky man of business, with a hidden spring of romance running through his whole nature, which had only to be touched aright to bubble out into sentimental action.

Alexander Carlyle, one of the Edinburgh Volunteers, and afterwards minister of Inveresk, left Edinburgh, and reaching his father's manse at Prestonpans the night before the battle,

¹ This anecdote is taken nearly verbatim from *The Edinburgh Literary Journal*, 1829.

found it crowded with visitors who had come to see the fight. There is something comical in his ingenuous description of how he went to bed and ordered the maid-servant to waken him in the morning as soon as the battle began. The maid was punctual, but the battle was over before Carlyle could dress, and he was only in time to see the ghastly field heaped with dead and wounded but a few hundred yards from his father's door. In his graphic narrative of how he went to the assistance of the wounded, nothing is so impressive as his description of the unexpected urbanity of the imagined Highland barbarians. He found the Duke of Perth, who was courtesy itself, arranging for the disposal of the wounded Government officers. Lochiel was 'polished and gentle,' and assisted Carlyle in his search for medicine chests. Another officer, a Captain Stewart, was 'good-looking, grave, and of polished manners.' Though the men 'were of low stature, dirty, and of contemptible appearance' . . . 'the officers were gentleman-like and very civil to him.' Among all the Highland army there was but one man who was rude to him, and this was the Lowland Lord Elcho, 'who had an air of savage ferocity which alarmed and disgusted me. . . . He inquired fiercely of me where a public-house was to be found. I answered him very meekly, not doubting that if I had displeased him with my tone, his reply would have been with a pistol bullet.' A guard was put on Prestonpans Manse, and in command 'a well-looking, sweet-tempered young man,' who attended family worship and awkwardly knocked a plate off the table with his broadsword as he turned to kneel at prayer. Contrast this gentleness and kindliness of the Highland barbarian with the conduct of the officers and gentlemen of King George's army on the very same day. Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, Baron of the Exchequer, having seen fit to desert his home and to make for England, had taken a lodging in a roadside inn at Channelkirk, near Lauder. He relates, 'Many officers came to lodge under us in the same house. We thought Hell had broken loose, for I never heard

such oaths and imprecations, branding one another with cowardice and neglect of duty.'

After the battle Prince Charles's conduct was magnanimous. His first care was to stop the slaughter, his next to attend to the wounded and arrange for the burial of the dead, of whom there were over 500 red-coats and about 30 Jacobites. The worst cases were cared for at Bankton and the Prestonpans Schoolhouse, while the Edinburgh surgeons, whom his thoughtfulness had summoned, removed the bulk of the wounded, numbering about 600 soldiers and 70 Highlanders, to the Royal Infirmary and the Charity Workhouse in Edinburgh. Friend and foe were treated with equal humanity.

The Jacobites named the battle 'Gladsmuir,' and a quaint petition, probably meant to be humorous, from the inhabitants of Prestonpans complains of the injury done them in robbing them of the honour of the field. As it is characteristic, I shall quote part of it :—

The PETITION of Prestonpans, Preston, Cockenzie, Seton, and Tranent
Humbly Sheweth,—

That whereas from all antiquity, it has been, and still is, the universal custom to denominate battles from the fields on which they were fought, or from some town or village nearest to such fields ;

And whereas some dignity is thereby added to such fields, towns, or villages, their names made remarkable on the maps, and recorded in history, witness the small village of *Dettingen*, which was never of such consideration as to find a place in the maps of *Germany*, until it was celebrated by the engagement which happened near it a few years ago ;

And whereas, on the 21st of September last, there was a battle fought on a field which is in a manner surrounded by us, the petitioning towns and villages, from one or other of which the said battle ought undoubtedly to derive its title ;

Nevertheless, the publishers of a certain newspaper, entitled, *The Caledonian Mercury*, have most unjustly denominated the said battle from a muir on which it was not fought, nor near to it ; in which they are followed by several people, who either through malice against

your petitioners, or through stupidity, have affected to call it, *The Battle of Gladsmuir*. By which practice your petitioners are, conjunctly and severally, deprived of that honour and fame which of right pertains to them, and which, in all histories, future maps and almanacks, ought to be transmitted as theirs to the latest posterity.

The prisoners—over 1000—were at first lodged in the Canongate Church and the Canongate Tolbooth, and later on, the men of the Lowland regiments were removed to Perthshire. Of the captured Highlanders a large proportion enlisted with the Prince, and some seventy or eighty who refused, were furnished with money and dismissed to their homes after swearing not to carry arms against the House of Stuart.

The seventy-seven captured officers were most considerately treated. Lord George Murray personally escorted such as were able to walk to Musselburgh; he gave them his private stock of provisions and liquor, and he spent the night in the same room with them so as to shield them by his presence from any possible insult or injury. At Edinburgh a lodging was provided for them in the Duke of Queensberry's house in the Canongate—now the House of Refuge. They were allowed to go about privately on their parole not to leave the town. I find from private letters that they both received visitors and visited their friends, among others, the lively young daughters of the Whig Duke of Atholl, who were staying with their father's lawyer in the West Bow. Eight days later these officers were sent off on their parole to Perth under charge of a guard of 150 men to protect them from insult, and with a commissary to look after their comforts. The commissary was Thomas Dundas, son of an Edinburgh bailie—the ancestor of the present family of Carronhall. Lord George Murray's letters to his wife at Tullibardine (near Auchterarder), and to his brother, then in Jacobite command in Perthshire, are full of anxious solicitude for the care of these unfortunate gentlemen. He asks his wife to entertain them at Tullibardine, even specifying what viands she should provide, and telling her to show them all

the friendship in her power. Among these prisoners was young Farquharson of Invercauld, who in later days married Lord George's daughter. Most of King George's officers broke their parole to Prince Charles.

The day after the battle was Sunday, and the Jacobite army marched in triumph through Edinburgh, headed by a great array of pipers playing the Prince's favourite air, 'The King shall enjoy his own again.' The clans were followed by the prisoners, who were half as numerous as the whole Highland army; the rear was brought up by the carts conveying the wounded. The Prince took no part in this triumph; on the contrary, he issued a proclamation forbidding any demonstration of public joy, as the victory had been obtained over his father's misguided subjects. It is stated by one of those who fought against him that he remained for hours on the battlefield giving orders for the relief of the wounded of both armies, and preserving every appearance of moderation and humanity; that night he lay at Pinkie House, and next day returned quietly to Edinburgh.

By this victory Prince Charles became practically Sovereign of Scotland: only the castles of Edinburgh and Stirling, and three Highland forts—two of which he afterwards captured—held out against him, and he reigned in Holyrood for seven weeks.

There was nothing which surprised the good folks of Edinburgh so much as the wonderful behaviour of the dreaded Highlanders, whose appearance was so wild and tattered. I have already mentioned Carlyle's experiences on the morning of Prestonpans, and Edinburgh experienced the same thing. The chiefs were most courteous gentlemen, well educated, many of them fond of letters, and I like to think of them wandering through the High Street, dropping into the book-shops and into Allan Ramsay's library in the Lawnmarket to see the latest books and magazines.

Among them was Alexander Robertson, the aged chief of Struan, himself no mean poet in Gaelic and in English.

William Hamilton of Bangour, a well-known poet, was another of the Jacobite officers.¹ A Linlithgowshire laird and a man of fashion, he had been brought up a Whig, for his mother had married President Dalrymple, the great Whig judge. His conversion to Jacobitism took place while travelling in Italy. Sauntering one day about the Capitol in Rome, a hand was laid on his shoulder by a young man, who said with a pleasant smile, 'Mr. Hamilton, whether do you like this prospect, or the one from North Berwick Law best?' Hamilton recognised Prince Charles, and from that time became his devoted follower.²

But it was not only the higher officers who had literary tastes. One day Mr. J. M. Barrie asked me, 'What would you make a Highland officer do when hiding in a cave wounded after Culloden?' 'Why,' I said, 'he would be writing Latin poems,' and I took down Bishop Forbes's collection and showed him the exact situation. Two Horatian odes, one a Lament on Culloden, and the other on his own wounded foot, written while hiding in a cave in Skye. Now, Donald Roy Macdonald, who wrote these poems, was but the younger brother of a subordinate chieftain in Baleshare, a small island in the westernmost Hebrides, who had never gone further for his schooling than the island of Skye.

Bishop Forbes gives six or eight of his Latin poems. I showed them to the tutor of a great college in Oxford;—'Quite respectable Latin,' he said.

When an army of Hessians came over to help King George in the spring of 1746, and was quartered in Perthshire, the

¹ Hamilton of Bangour wrote an 'Ode on the battle of Gladsmuir,' which begins thus:—

As over Gladsmuir's bloodstain'd field,
Scotia, imperial goddess, flew,
Her lifted spear and radiant shield
Conspicuous blazing to the view;
Her visage, lately clouded with despair,
Now reassum'd its first majestic air.

Burns said of it, 'I dinna like it ava, man, it's far ower sublime.' Bangour is chiefly remembered to-day for his pastoral lyrics, the best known being 'The Bracs of Yarrow.'

² *Ochertyre MSS.*, i. 28.

only language in which they could communicate with the Highlanders was Latin, which *all* the innkeepers of the Atholl district were able to converse in.¹ It was in Latin, too, that Lord George Murray communicated with his Hessian adversaries. How many Highland innkeepers in these days of 'improved' education, or even generals, could do that to-day?

The discipline of the Highland clansmen was wonderful. Here are two instances: When marching to Edinburgh the Jacobite army had to pass the mansion near Kirkliston which had been the residence of that Earl of Stair who had ordered the massacre of Glencoe. The mansion was now the property of his son, the Commander-in-Chief of King George's army, who was even then collecting troops to fight Prince Charles. Fears were expressed in the Prince's army that the Macdonalds might take the opportunity for revenge. Not only did they indignantly repel the suggestion, but they insisted on furnishing a party from among themselves to guard Lord Stair's house until the army had passed.

When Lochiel, on the morning of the capture, burst into Edinburgh and had quartered his Camerons in the Lawnmarket, though the inhabitants plied them with hospitality, offering them meat and drink in abundance, not a man of them would taste spirits, because their chief had forbidden them to do so before they marched.

'To give the rebels their due,' writes one who hated them, 'never did theiving naked ruffians with uncouth wappons make so harmless a march in a civilised plentiful country, and the disciplin was so severe that they hanged up one or two at Lithgow for pilfering.'²

It is not, I think, generally known that a great majority of the Jacobite army were Presbyterians, though this statement is truer of the army later than on its arrival in Edinburgh. Of the clans that captured Edinburgh, the Macdonalds of Glengarry, Clanranald, and most of Keppoch's

¹ Stewart of Garth's *Sketches of the Highlanders*, vol. ii. app. p. xxxiii.

² *Woodhouselee MS.*, p. 17.

were Roman Catholics, as they are to this day ; the Camerons, Stewarts of Appin, and Macdonalds of Glencoe were Episcopalians, as many are still ; but the rest of the army conformed to the Presbyterian religion of the country. A contemporary writer, who lived on the Highland border and had no particular cause to love the Highlanders, says : ' The common class of men have always been more courteous and intelligent, more gallant in their manners, and more scrupulous about personal honour than persons of that humble situation in other countries. . . . They have at the same time all along been a serious, devout people, who wished for nothing more than good instructors ; [there were] none more affectionate and devoted to their ministers . . . [but] with all their veneration for their spiritual guides in matters of religion, the Highlanders did not think it necessary to embrace their political creed. In that they were implicitly directed by their chieftains.' ¹ Even enthusiastic Methodists were to be found in the Jacobite ranks.

In a rare pamphlet written by an English volunteer who served with the Duke of Cumberland, there is a touching description of the execution after Culloden of a Sergeant Dunbar ; one of those men of Loudon's Highlanders who deserted to Prince Charles at Edinburgh. Dunbar, he says, was early one of Whitefield's disciples, and when he walked to the gallows, being a mile from Inverness, he was attended by nearly a dozen Methodists of his own former regiment, all Highlanders, mark you . . . ' with books in their hands all the way, singing hymns. He refused to have a Kirk minister with him, but seemingly behaved with decency and courage ; and though he talked much of Jesus Christ, yet he died without acknowledging his treason and the justice of his punishment.' On the field of Culloden one Highland soldier was found dead with his Gaelic psalm-book open in his hand and a bloody mark at the words : ' But Thou hast cast us off and put us to shame, and goest not forth with our armies ;

¹ *Ochterlony MSS.*, ii. 376.

Thou makest us to turn back from our enemies, and they which hate us spoil for themselves.'

The Prince was careful to assure the clergy everywhere of freedom to worship as they chose. He even assured a deputation of the Edinburgh ministers who, with unparalleled innocence or impudence, asked if they might pray for King George, that no notice would be taken of anything they said; yet many Edinburgh ministers deserted their pulpits during the occupation, and were severely blamed therefor by their own side. At the West Kirk, however, old Mr. Neil Macvicar carried on the service as usual, and there he offered his celebrated prayer, 'Bless the King; Thou knowest what King I mean. May the crown sit long easy on his head. And as for this man that is come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee in Thy mercy to take him to Thyself, and to give him a Crown of Glory.' The Prince merely laughed, and said he was an honest fool, and would have no notice taken of him.

There are constant references to church attendance during the march to England. At Derby, says Lord George Murray, they all took the Sacrament. At Kendal, both Protestants and Catholics attended church. An excuse for the Prince's non-attendance is quaint: 'He could not go, there being no churchman of higher rank than the curate then in the place.' Englishmen, too, were amazed at seeing the northern barbarians asking a blessing reverently before beginning their meals, 'as if they had been so many pure primitive Christians!' ¹

Throughout the occupation of Edinburgh there was little excess or oppression by the Highland soldiers; it is on record that there were no riots in the streets, and not so much as a drunk man to be seen.

There were, however, minor troubles for which the occupation was responsible. Since the opening of the Charity Workhouse two years before, no begging had been allowed

¹ Marchant's *History of the Rebellion* (1746), p. 213.

in the streets, but with the Jacobite advent, the City Guard—the police of the town—had been superseded by the Highland army, who knew of no such restriction, and beggars began to swarm in the town. But the practical managers of the workhouse advertised that the house was still maintained and the poor employed in all respects as formerly, although the institution was suffering for want of the usual Sunday collections, and asked the citizens not to give to the street beggars, rather to send what they could spare for the support of the house. The public generously responded to the appeal, and the begging nuisance ceased.

As was natural, some evil-disposed persons who did not belong to the army assumed the white cockade and masqueraded in tartan clothes, plundering where they could, and bringing obloquy on the Highland army. Among these was the notorious Jem Ratcliff, whom Sir Walter has immortalised in the *Heart of Midlothian*; and there are others mentioned. A stringent order against these abuses was issued by Lord George Murray. Some malefactors were tried by court-martial and shot on Leith Links, and others were imprisoned.

For a few days after the battle the army was billeted in the town, chiefly in public-houses, so as to give as little trouble as possible to the inhabitants, and some of the guards lay on straw in the Tron Church and the Parliament House, from which all the judges had fled; but a few days later a standing camp was formed at Duddingston, where the troops could be sent out of the way, and what the officers looked to, free from the temptations of the town, which might have debauched their simple manners. Cope's tents and field equipage furnished the material, but it is on record that some of the Highlanders objected to tents as being too luxurious.

The curse of the Jacobite army was desertion. It nearly drove Lord George Murray distracted, and the worst offenders were his own Atholl men. At a review a few days after Prestonpans the army had dwindled to 1400 men, showing more than 1000 desertions. So far from trying to exalt his

victory by telling how few men he had, the greatest pains were taken by the Prince to conceal his weakness. James Maxwell of Kirkconnel, an officer in the Prince's Life-guards, who has left a narrative of the whole expedition, tells how, though the Prince reviewed his troops nearly daily, he never made a general review. There were always troops at Leith or Musselburgh or some adjacent village, and a small garrison in the city; and lest people should reckon them in their different cantonments, they were continually shifting their quarters, for no other reason than to mislead the curious. The manœuvre succeeded admirably. Their strength was vastly exaggerated. The English court was so deceived that the utmost caution was exercised before marching troops to Scotland, and Charles had ample time to assemble his resources. One man, however, was never deceived; that was Duncan Forbes, then working with all his might at Inverness, against fearful odds, to save an ungrateful Government, and to restrain his friends and neighbours, the Chiefs of the North, from rushing on what he believed to be certain destruction.

It may interest Edinburgh people to note where the principal guards were placed.

At Leith and Newhaven, to patrol the shore and prevent parties from landing from the men-of-war which patrolled the Firth of Forth.

At Inch, to guard the south road.

At Jock's Lodge, to observe the road from Berwick.

At the Weigh-house at the head of the Lawnmarket, to watch the Castle, and for a while at the West Kirk and at Livingston's Yards, now King's Stables Road.

The terror of the Government soldiers for the Highlanders was so great that all the Jacobite infantry were dressed in Highland garb, whether Highland or Lowland; the Commander-in-Chief, Lord George Murray, frequently wore the kilt. In the summons to the men of Aberdeenshire, perhaps the most typical Lowland county in Scotland, orders were given to join equipped in Highland costume.

It must not be supposed, however, that the Highland garb thus imposed was as we now think of it as uniformed by the army tailor or the clan censor—with kilt and sporran. The Highland uniform was defined as a 'white cockade, a plaid waistcoat, and Highland sash,' what to-day, I imagine, we should call a tartan waistcoat and a plaid.¹

We are told that Lord Pitsligo's cavalry marched into Edinburgh 'all in Highland dress,' and that the French ambassador went out riding with the Life-guards in the same costume, which could hardly be like that of a modern Highland regiment.

During the short blockade of the Castle, the guard at Livingston's Yards was held by an Edinburgh shoemaker named Robert Taylor, who had a captain's commission. Somehow the garrison learned that the men of this *détachment* were not real Highlanders, but only Edinburgh men in Highland dress. To them they felt equal; made a sudden sortie, killed several men, and carried off poor Taylor a prisoner to the Castle. It was at that time their solitary triumph.

Requisitions were made on the towns. Glasgow had to pay £5500, and to us it familiarises the incident to know that it was an Edinburgh W.S. who was sent to collect it—John Hay of Restalrig, who had been Deputy Keeper of the Signet.

Edinburgh had to make contributions in tents, military stores, and arms, for which the inhabitants were assessed 2s. 6d. in the £1 on their rental. The chief magistrates of the boroughs, the Collector of Taxes, the Controller of Customs, were all summoned to Holyrood 'upon pain of rebellion and high treason,' and most of them had to come.

Lord George Murray organised the army, which began to assemble from all parts of the country; but this is a part of the subject I must leave untouched.

It is generally stated that Lord George and John Murray hated each other, and were always quarrelling; yet John Murray is found expressing his admiration for Lord George's

¹ *Trials of the Rebels*, p. 133 et passim.

military genius, and Lord George applauding John Murray's business arrangements for the army.¹

Supplies had to be got together for the campaign, and the country requisitioned for horses, carts, arms, corn, hay, and suchlike, for which receipts were given, payment to be made when success was attained. Maclachlan of Maclachlan, a Highland chief, was commissary-general, and in charge of this department. His emissaries seemed to have been most thoroughly instructed in detail. A paper that had been dropped on the road by one of the foraging officers, has luckily been preserved in the Dick-Lauder charter chest. I shall quote part of it :—

Charles, Prince of Wales, etc., Regent of Scotland, England, France, and Ireland, and the Dominions thereto belonging, To George Gordon, Gentleman.

These are empowering you to search for all horses, arms, and ammunition, that you can find in the custody of, or belonging to, any person or persons disaffected to our interest, and seize the same for our use—for the doing of which this shall be your Warrant. Given at Holyrood House, the Eighteenth day of October 1745, by his Highness' command.

J. MURRAY.

After this follow the instructions given to George Gordon of Beldowy :—

You are to take the Musselburgh road through Inveresk, by Carberry, Cousland, Windmiln, Ormiston Park, and House of Muir, where old Mr. Wight lives. You turn to the east from this place to Fountain-hall, Sir Andrew Lauder's house. The stables are above the house ; these secure in the first place, and if you please, Mr. Currie's house, who lives hard by them, and has arms. Don't forget Sir Andrew's horse-furniture, and pistols, which will be in his house. You may likewise ask for arms ; his horse is a bay gelding, I believe.

From this place you march south, through Templehall and Preston to Netherkeith. Leave your horses at Ye Change House, which is upon the road, and without delay go up to the house ; but before you inquire for Mr. Kerr of Keith, detach two men to secure the granary, where the horse stands. This granary is a little to the westward of the house, in the garden. Send one man to the west end of

¹ *Murray of Broughton's Memorials*, p. 240 ; *Lyon in Mourning*, i. p. 260.

it, which is without the garden. Show him your warrant, and order him to open the garden door, and give you the key of the granary; take no saddle from him, but tell him, if you please, who you are, and you will be made very welcome.

From this you go through Upper Keith to Johnston Burn, belonging to Bailie Crockat. If you find no horse here worth while, take a saddle. You must return from this place to Upper Keith again, cross the water at Humby Miln, pass Humby because his horses are taken already, and go to Leaston; the stables are just before the gate. Secure them. Here you may expect something, but deal gently with him, and take only the best.

When you go last, by Kilda and Newtoun, to Newton Hall, if Mr. Newton has not sent his horses away with his friend the Marquis of Tweeddale, he will have something worth your acceptance. His wife is a very fine woman, and a Stewart, a friend of John Roy Stewart. Judge for yourself whether you go there or not.

From this place you return again, and come to Newhall, Lord George Hay's house. You may call here, but I'm afraid everything will be put out of the way.

From thence you go to Eaglescainey. Inquire for a cropt-eared bay gelding, hollow backed: here you may get a good fowling-piece or two. Then you go to Clerkington; take a guide along with you, and go first to Black House, which is the Mains; leave a guard here, and go down to the house. Mr. Cockburn has a good gelding and a grey Galloway, with good furniture; and if he has any good work-horses, take them, as he is a declared enemy. The stables are betwixt Black House and Ye House of Clerkington, opposite the Pigeon House, upon your right hand as you go down to the house.

Mr. Watkins of Kidsbuts—two brown mares and a grey: his stables just at ye back of ye house.

Mr — at Rachael — in Giffordhall. Sir Francis Kinloch at Gilmerton, his son, Sheriff of East Lothian. Some good horses, a fowling-piece or two.

The Laird of Congleton, some good horses—as likewise his good-brother, Mr. Hepburn at Beanston.

The Prince would not willingly part with a useful horse. There is a letter from Hamilton of Bangour to his brother-in-law, a Whig Dalrymple, who had written to him to try and recover a favourite horse which had been commandeered. It is a touching letter, for Hamilton's wife had just died, and

the army was to start next day for England. Hamilton promises to do his best for Dalrymple, but holds out faint hopes of recovering his horse, as 'the young gentleman,' as he calls his Prince, does not like to give up a good horse.

Among some law papers of the period, there is an account of a rather remarkable lawsuit. It is an action brought by the heirs of Patrick Hepburn of Kingston, near North Berwick, against the young Laird of Maclachlan—his father, the Commissary-General, was killed at Culloden—for £700, requisitioned by the Prince. The defence is curious. Maclachlan admits the act; he admits that his father was in rebellion against King George; that any of King George's men killed by him were murdered; any wounded were assaulted; and that to have taken money from any such, was robbery. But Kingston was different. He was himself a Jacobite, and, consequently, his goods were rightfully at the service of his acknowledged Prince: only he was such a noted miser that he couldn't make up his mind to part with the money, that Maclachlan was obliged to take it. The exactions do not seem to have been excessive, and ordinary supplies were usually paid for. Sir John Clerk of Penicuik, one of the great landlords of the county, was only commandeered for about £200 worth. The Inch at Liberton was requisitioned by both sides, but the more onerous demand was from the Government authorities, although the laird, Sir Charles Gilmour, was actually a member of the Government, and on duty in London at the time. It was these public requisitions, an inevitable accompaniment of war, not private pillage, that some contemporaries magnified into wholesale robbery.

For some time after the battle of Prestonpans everything seems to have gone on very quietly in Edinburgh, and business was conducted as usual. The Post went out and came in regularly; the newspapers and magazines were published as usual, and citizens received their English and foreign news exactly as before.

What appeal to me most, as showing the settled state of the town, are the advertisements which appear in the newspapers during the Highland occupation. Indeed the tradesmen seem to lay themselves out to cater for their new visitors.

Here are some of the advertisements :—

GAIRDNER & TAYLOR in their Warehouse at the Sign of the Golden Key, opposite to Forrester's Wynd, Lawnmarket, Edinburgh, continue to sell, in Wholesale and Retail, at the lowest prices, all sorts of Woollen, Narrow and Broad Cloths. At above warehouse to be sold at lowest Rates, great choice of Tartans, the newest patterns, Cotton Checks and Sarges, of which they are also Makers. (*September 3, 1745.*)

WILLIAM CHEAPE, Weaver at Bonnymills, near Edinburgh, continues to take in Yarn from all persons, to be woven after the best manner into any kind of Damask, Diaper or Scots Holland. *N.B.*—The Royal Scots Thistle pattern being often chosen, he has for the benefit of his customers drawn a new beautiful figure of the same supported at the root by a Flower de Luce, with Crowns, Motto, etc., in their proper places. (*September 18, 1745.*)

THIS is to give notice to all gentlemen, Travellers and others, that Thomas Beaver is removed from the Crown Tavern on the Key, to the Bull and Crown, in the Fleshmarket, Newcastle, where Mrs. Margaret Hills lately lived : Gentlemen that please to favour him with their company, may depend upon meeting with good entertainment from their obedient and humble servant,

THOMAS BEAVER.

N.B.—I was five years principal cook to George Bowes, Esq. of Gibside, Member of Parliament for the County of Durham. The House is much more commodious than before. (*September 18, 1745.*)

BY Order of the Managers of the Royal Infirmary.—By the increase of patients of late in the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh for the Sick Poor, the surgeons in attendance are often put to very great inconveniency by the scarcity of old linen cloth for the dressings, which retard, or render difficult, performance of the operations.

The Magistrates return their thanks to some well-disposed persons in Edinburgh, who since the first publication of this Advertisement, in the Prints, the 22nd July last, have seasonably relieved the straits of the House in this way, by sending in old cloth, very proper for the purposes.

N.B.—As there are a great many of those wounded at the late engagement, taken into the Infirmary and Poors' House, it is hoped those who have any old linnen will send it to either of those places, as there is at present a great Demand for it. (*September 30, 1745.*)

LATELY dropt or lost in this City by a gentleman, A Twenty-pound Note of the old Bank of Scotland. Whoever has found, and will deliver the same to Mr. Loch, at the Laigh Coffee House, shall be by him rewarded to their satisfaction, and no questions asked. The finder shall also have the friendship of the gentleman who lost the Note. (*October 2, 1745.*)

SPEEDILY will be published, with His Majesty's Royal Licence, [evidently King George] Proposals (by the proprietors of the Works) for printing by Subscription in twenty volumes octavo, An Universal History, from the earliest account of time. Compiled from Original Authors and illustrated with Maps, Cuts, Notes and other Tables. With a general Index to the whole. . . Subscriptions are taken in by the following proprietors, viz. :—T. Osborne, in Gray's Inn ; A. Millar, in the Strand ; and J. Osborn, in Paternoster Row. And by the Booksellers in Town and Country. (*October 7, 1745.*)

MR. and Mrs. Demainbray being returned to town, purpose on Monday next, being the 14th instant, to attend their School, as usual, at their House in Bishop's Land, next to Carrubber's Close. (*October 9, 1745.*)

Clothiers specially seem to have had a good time. John Campbell the Banker (of whom more anon) records his getting six new shirts, for which he pays Margaret Jack £1, 10s. 'for cambrick and making.' Also clothes from 'Niccol the Tailor,' whose prices he does not mention. Whig friends in the country write to him and order new clothes, and grumble consumedly because they are not up to time.

The Jacobites seem to have patronised a notable tailor, Donald Macdonald, whose shop was in the fashionable Canongate. In the bypaths of the period in which I have wandered this Donald Macdonald is frequently met with, and I cannot resist going a little out of my way to tell a story of him, which is among the Reports by Spies preserved in the Record Office in London. It throws a characteristic side-light on the period, showing the difficulties that Edinburgh tradesmen then had in collecting their accounts. The official document runs thus:—

EDINBURGH, 28th September 1746.

Donald McDonald, Taylor in Canongate, declares, That he was born in the island of Uist (under Sir Alexander McDonald), and that young Clanranald, and several other persons of distinction in Lochaber, being indebted to the Declarant, in the way of his trade, he went in March last to Lochaber, to try to get payment, but meeting with little success . . . has been detained ever since in that country. . . . [He was very courteously treated by Clanranald, but got little money.]

The Declarant in his way hither was stopped at Strontian by three of the Camerons armed with firearms, who laid hold of the Declarant's money, being in all about £12, which he had recovered from his debtors, and after detaining him three days, they dismissed him, and returned him only £4 of his money.

The young Ladies Charlotte and Jean Murray, who, as we know, had been sent to stay with their father's lawyer in Edinburgh, were able to borrow or hire a spinet with which to amuse themselves. They received the visits of their friends

the officer prisoners. They went out and bought lollipops. Lady Charlotte gives us a glimpse into the interior economy of the establishment of a first-class W.S. of the day, 'We have but one dish of meat every day, and that not as big as my two fists. . . . I'm afraid I shall run out my incum with buying Sweatmeats to Cloi my Stomach, as I may not eat up their famely Dinner.' Lady Jean tells her father that 'she received his letters very safe,' and that 'there's no such thing as stoping letters, and tho' I have received a great many, none of them as so much as bin opened by the Highlanders.' The little lady craves for fun. . . . 'Your Grace desires me not to go to any publick place . . . would not your Grace allow me to go? if not, then I had as well stayed at Dunkeld for the diversion I shall have; but to be sure Your Grace must order what you please, and I obey.'¹

When the occupation first began, free communication was permitted between the Castle and the town. Two days before the Jacobite advent, the two Edinburgh banks had removed all their cash and securities for safe custody to the Castle. On the 27th of September, however, the Weigh-house Guard received orders to prevent ingress or egress. This order is not explained in any history of the times, but I think there is a certain amount of explanation to be found in the papers of Murray of Broughton. General Guest, Commander in the Castle, was an old friend of John Murray's. Mrs. Quin, the old General's housekeeper, remained in the town. She was terrified lest the General's house should be looted and destroyed, and she appealed to her old acquaintance, Mr. Murray, who reassured her and asked if there was anything he could do to oblige her or the General. She replied that the General lived mostly on milk and butter, which he could not get in the Castle. Might she send some daily by a servant for the old gentleman's use? 'Most certainly,' said Murray, and gave the necessary pass. But alas for the honour of the army, some days after, the officer commanding

¹ *Atholl Chronicles*, iii. pp. 46, 69.

the guard, suspecting the servant, searched her, and found a letter of intelligence concealed in a print of butter. Perhaps this throws light on the restriction imposed by the Jacobite authorities.

General Guest wrote to the magistrates, threatening to cannonade the town if the blockade were enforced. The Prince replied, threatening full reprisals if this were done. Nevertheless, some days later, General Guest, after giving notice, did cannonade the town two days running, and caused much mischief. A great outcry was made by the Jacobites over this. The wholesale murder of inoffensive citizens was fiercely denounced; but the newspapers declare that only four people were actually killed, though probably a good many were wounded.

On October 5 the Prince removed the blockade. Business went on as before, but after this, things were not so pleasant in Edinburgh as they had been: the people in the Castle got into a way of firing whenever a Highlander was seen.

While the blockade was in force, an incident happened which is perhaps one of the most grotesque in the whole occupation.

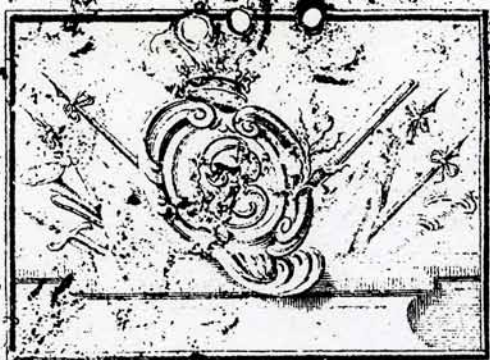
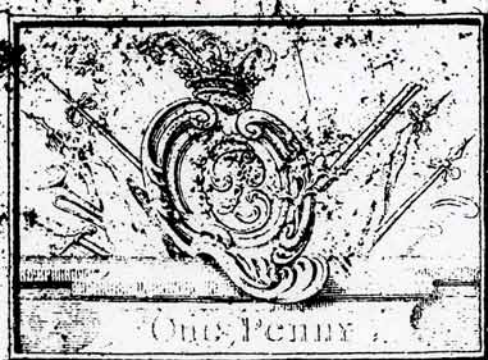
Prince Charles collected the revenues, which, being Scottish, were naturally paid in Scots bank-notes. As a journey to England was in contemplation, it was necessary then, as now, to obtain gold and silver. The Secretary of the Royal Bank was one John Campbell: a notable man from the Breadalbane country.

To Campbell came a demand from Murray of Broughton to cash the Prince's Royal Bank notes. 'I'm very sorry,' said the banker, 'my money's in the Castle, and I can't get at it.' 'I can't help that,' said Murray, 'you shouldn't have sent it there: your notes are a promise to pay, and pay you must, or we will take proceedings against the directors, and levy distress on their estates.' 'But I can't get into the Castle,' said the banker; 'only on Saturday last (before the blockade)

two of the directors and I, and the accountant, and the tellers stood at the gate for an hour, and they wouldn't let us in.' 'Well,' said John Murray, 'I'll give you a pass as far as the gate, and you must get the Governor to let you in somehow.' Accordingly, John Campbell got a letter conveyed to the Castle—though what he actually told General Guest he does not say. Two days later, John Campbell and three of his directors with the accountant and the teller marched up to the Weigh-house Guard, at the head of the Lawnmarket. A Mr. Cameron was in command, who read the pass and took the bank party through the Highland sentinels, past the reservoir, to the edge of the Castle Esplanade; there he left them. The bankers hoisted a white flag, and waved it until ordered by the Castle sentinel to come on. They were taken to the commandant's quarters, where they met both Guest and Preston. They said they had bank business to transact, and then, under the very eyes of King George's Commander-in-Chief, they drew money to cash Prince Charles's drafts to the amount, on this occasion, of £3164, and back they went to the town with the coin. With subsequent transactions Prince Charles got in all about £6100 from the Royal Bank.¹ What transactions he had with the Bank of Scotland I do not know.

Up till now, the army and the town had been put to grievous inconvenience for want of silver change, as all the money was in the Castle. Lord George writes to his brother the day before the above incident, that they proposed to coin some of the plate that had been sent in contribution by secret adherents. The old Cunzie House or Scottish Mint, at the corner of Candlemaker Row and the Cowgate, still existed, and by Treaty of Union, the establishment was kept up, and though the old Scots dies were destroyed in 1707, no doubt minting could have been organised; but after John Murray forced the hand of the bankers, the pressure seems to have been removed, for we find no more proposals to coin money.

¹ Scottish History Society's *Miscellany*, vol. i. p. 537.



While on the subject of money difficulties it may be interesting to note another curious incident. Six months later, when, in the closing weeks of his campaign, the Prince had retreated to Inverness, and was there awaiting the approach of Cumberland, he found great difficulty in getting money to pay his soldiers. Robert Strange, the young engraver, whose early education by Richard Cooper, has been already referred to, was in the Prince's army. He had been no Jacobite himself, but his sweetheart, Isabella Lumisden, was the most enthusiastic Jacobite in all Scotland, and naturally her lover was forced to engage, and he joined the Prince's Life-guards. At Inverness the Prince sent for him, told him he thought of issuing a paper currency for the service of the army, and asked what young Strange could do for him. He replied that if he could get a copper plate and a rolling press, he would be able to manage something. With great ingenuity he manufactured both, and in a fortnight produced a plate, the design of which the Prince highly approved. Strange was just ready to begin printing when news was brought that Cumberland had crossed the Spey. The same day the Highland army marched to meet him; and two days later, all Jacobite hopes were quenched for ever on Culloden Moor.

Strange afterwards became the most celebrated engraver of his day, and was knighted by George III. Sir Robert never saw his plate again, and in a brief Memoir he left behind him, he says he would gladly pay a considerable sum to obtain a specimen of his juvenile work. What he could not recover, curiously, we can now see. About a century later Strange's copper plate of Prince Charles's notes was found in a moor in Badenoch, and was given to Cluny Macpherson. By the courtesy of his son, the late Cluny (Colonel Ewen Macpherson), who lent me the plate, I am able to reproduce here a print of this interesting sheet.

The Jacobite song says—

The women are a' gaun wud
O that he had bidden awa'.

G

Duncan Forbes of Culloden, writing of the result of Prestonpans, two months after the battle, says :—

‘All Jacobites, how prudent soever, became mad, all doubtful people became Jacobites, and all bankrupts became heroes, and talked nothing but hereditary rights and victory ; and what was more grievous to men of gallantry, and if you will believe me, much more mischievous to the public, all the fine ladies, if you will except one or two, became passionately fond of the young adventurer, and used all their arts and industry for him, in the most intemperate manner.’

A Whig journal, writing three weeks after Culloden, and meaning to be bitterly severe, says :—

‘William’ (*i.e.* Cumberland) ‘was celebrated for his bravery, Charles for his chastity. Charles loved the men better than the women, and yet, which is wonderful, the less he courted them, the faster they followed him.’

The Marquis d’Eguilles, who was French ambassador to the fleeting Jacobite court, writes gravely to his Government : ‘In general, all the young and pretty women are Jacobites, and the most of them are only such since the arrival of the young Prince. It is not that he is coquettish, or a man of gallantry—quite the contrary : it is because he is not, that the Scotswomen, who are naturally serious and impassioned, conclude of him that he is really tender, and will remain constant. It is a woman who has given me this explanation, but be this as it may, it is certain that the friendship of the ladies is not the least powerful force for his party.’

They made him presents of plate and valuables, and articles of household use, of which last, Mrs. Murray of Broughton took affectionate care. Isabella Lumisden’s gift of a special table-cloth and a dozen napkins, probably her own spinning, are especially mentioned by the Master of the Household. Alas ! they fell into the enemy’s hands after Culloden. But it was in inspiring their relations or their vassals with enthusiasm that the ladies most served Prince Charles. We have seen how Miss Lumisden forced out her lover. Lady

Kilmarnock forced out her husband. Lady Nithsdale did her best with her lord, who ran away after joining at Edinburgh, where his mortified wife remained to atone for his desertion. Lady Seaforth raised many Mackenzies, though her husband was hot for King George. It was chiefly owing to the passionate devotion of Lady Nairne and the Duchess of Perth that Perthshire was so ardently Jacobite.¹ The Duchess-Dowager of Gordon, daughter of the great Whig Earl of Peterborough, sent her young son, Lord Lewis, to Holyrood. She entertained Prince Charles at Fountainhall: for these services she forfeited a Government pension of £1000 a year; but her son, the Duke, stuck to King George. Perhaps the most remarkable of all was the wife of the Chief of Mackintosh, Anne Farquharson of Invercauld, whose husband and father and brother were all on King George's side. Lady Mackintosh, of whom the French ambassador enthusiastically writes to his Government, 'there is nothing so beautiful as this woman,'² was fondly attached to her husband; but when she found she could not gain him over, she boldly raised his own clan against the Chief. On one occasion, by courage and foresight, she saved her Prince's life. Of her husband there is a tradition that he prosaically chose King George's side, saying, 'the Laird of Mackintosh will serve the King, who will pay him half-a-guinea the day and half-a-guinea the morn.'³

During the occupation, the inhabitants of Edinburgh appear to have accepted the situation with remarkable equanimity, and Whig and Jacobite to have lived in amity and good-fellowship. As Sir Walter Scott has pointed out, party feeling has never interfered with social friendliness in Edinburgh, and he might have said in Scotland. Except the Government officials, few Whigs seem to have left the town. Professor Colin Maclaurin, who had superintended the

¹ This theme is elaborated in a chapter of Lady Tullibardine's *Military History of Perthshire*, p. 313.

² 'Rien n'est si beau que cette femme.' (*Correspondence du Marquis d'Equilles*, p. 50.)

³ Notes to *Waverley*, ch. xix.

defences, paid a visit to the Archbishop of York ; and George Drummond, the Whig civic leader, went to London, to court a Quakeress widow, who subsequently became his fourth wife. Provost Stewart seems to have held aloof from intercourse with the Prince's party, and the only mention I have found of him during the occupation is in a paper in the Record Office, where his dining one day at Mrs. Walker's public-house, with Lord George Murray and other Jacobite leaders, is mentioned.

Alexander Carlyle, an arrant Whig, comes up to Edinburgh and lodges in all friendship with the Setons of Touch, a family of staunch Jacobites. The Whig Lady Jane Murray protests against being deprived of the Jacobite diversions which other Whig ladies are doubtless enjoying. John Campbell, the Whig banker, dines and sups at Holyrood with John Murray, and meets Lord Breadalbane and other Whigs and Jacobites. John Murray of Broughton sends milk and butter to General Guest at the Castle. Robertson of Struan goes back from Prestonpans clad in Cope's fur cloak, and visits his friend the Whig minister of Dunblane, his very antipodes in politics. The minister chaffs him gently on his improved circumstances. 'All the effects of *your* good prayers, Mr. Simpson,' laughs back Struan. Most noteworthy of all—for it has given us the romance of *Waverley*, and all that followed in its train—is the friendship between Stewart of Invernahyle and Colonel Whitford of the Marines, whose life the Highland chieftain had saved at Prestonpans. Invernahyle, when returning to Appin to raise fresh recruits for Prince Charles, went out of his way to pay King George's Colonel a visit in Ayrshire, and spent the time, says Sir Walter, among his Whig friends 'as pleasantly and good-humouredly as if all had been at peace around him.'

Until the English came on the scene, our forefathers seemed to have looked on the whole business as a political quarrel, not a civil war, and if political, there was no need for personal animosity.

The country was willing to acquiesce in a Stewart restoration. The Writers to the Signet, we are told, were for the most part Jacobite in sympathy, as were two-thirds of the gentry. The Commons were absolutely indifferent. In an old law paper I find a bailie accused of saying, 'That it was a matter of indifference who was King—whether King George or Prince Charles—that he would rather prefer Prince Charles, because he had taken such pains to get it. What did the burgh care who was King; they had friends on both sides. He didn't care though King George were at Jericho'; and herein are summed up the sentiments of the majority of the laity.

But King James had a powerful enemy in the clergy of the Established Church. King William had established them, King George maintained them, King James would undo them. It is true there were here and there a few, very few, ardent Jacobites among the Presbyterian clergy; but, for the most part, they were the Prince's persistent and powerful adversaries. After the crash—to their credit be it spoken—they were generally the kindest friends to the hunted Jacobites, and nearly universal advocates for mercy to the fallen. Presbyteries implored pardon for the Aberdeenshire lairds, and were snubbed and laughed at by the very men who had fled at Prestonpans and Falkirk. Even the ministers had no personal objection to the Stewarts—it was their national Zion they wished to protect. Carlyle, the minister, with characteristic latitudinarianism, sneers at Charles's want of courage in not 'venturing to the High Church of Edinburgh and taking the Sacrament, as his great-uncle Charles II. had taken the Covenant'; and thus he would have secured Scotland.

After Culloden Scotland became fiercely Jacobite through sympathy and indignation. There was in Edinburgh a perfect mania for Jacobite tartan, which the ladies wore as plaids and gowns and riding-habits, and used as bed quilts, curtains, and even shoes and pincushions. The Whig leaders were at their

wits' end, and proposed to dress the hangman in Royal Stewart tartan, but a cleverer course was chosen—they made their ladies assume Whig tartan, and the Jacobite ladies gave it up.¹

Considering the extraordinary statements that have been made by Buckle and other English historians, and the somewhat sordid and unnecessary investigations in villainy lately made by a brilliant modern writer, it may be well to examine for a moment here the true motives of three of the men who made the Forty-five possible.

These men were Lochiel, Lord Pitsligo, and Lord George Murray. Each went out with the greatest reluctance, knowing that he was going to nearly certain destruction.

Without Lochiel—the gentle Lochiel—the great Highland reformer, none of the Western clans would have moved.

It was the example of Lord Pitsligo—a scholar, a writer on religion, a man of earnest piety, of whom a contemporary wrote that he was 'not beloved but adored,' and that he was 'the best husband, the best father, the best friend, the best subject in Great Britain,'—it was his example that brought out the Aberdeenshire contingent.

Lord George Murray, the brother and heir of the Duke of Atholl, influenced Perthshire and the Midland Counties.

Each of these joined the Rising without any illusion, as a pure matter of duty.

Lochiel's case is well known, and is mentioned in every history and immortalised in a well-known poem by Thomas Campbell; he reluctantly went out in response to the Prince's appeals to his loyalty.

Lord Pitsligo, when in hiding, ruined and pursued, tells how 'he thought he weighed and weighed again. If there was any enthusiasm in it at the outset it was of the coldest kind, and there was as little remorse when the affair miscarried as there was eagerness at the beginning.' It is related that when his little troop had assembled for the march he put himself at its head, and taking off his

¹ *Ochtertyre MSS.*, ii. p. 85.

hat, he turned his face upwards for a moment and prayed aloud, 'O Lord, Thou knowest that our cause is just'—then turning to his followers he said quickly, 'Gentlemen, march.'

Lord George Murray had the same motives, but little has ever been said about these in history. I will quote a few lines from a letter written, at the time he 'went out,' to his brother James, Duke of Atholl, who stayed by King George:—

This letter is not wrote with a view to argue or reason with you upon the subject. I own francly, that now that I am to ingage, that what I do may and will be reccon'd desperat, and tho' all appearances seem to be against me, Interest, prudence, and the obligations to you which I ly under, would prevent most people in my situation from taking a resolution that may very probably end in my utter ruen.

My Life, my Fortune, my expectations, the Happyness of my wife and children, are all at stake (and the chances are against me), and yet a principle of (what seems to me) Honour, and my Duty to King and Country, outweighs every thing.

You may believe that I have weightied what I am going about with all the deliberation I am capable off, and suppose I were sure of dieing in the attempt, it would neither deter or prevent me.¹

One more instance may be quoted, and it is of a less prominent Jacobite, an Englishman—a simple captain of horse.

He tells: 'I seemed to hear an invitation, "Leave your nets and follow me." I felt a paternal ardour pervade my veins, and having before my eyes the admonition, "Serve God and then your King," I immediately became one of his followers.'²

Edinburgh has not much cause to be proud of her conduct in 1745. If she did little for King George, she did less for Prince Charles.

One short year after the occupation we find a lady who had been one of the enthusiastic Jacobites, and whose brother, Sir James Stewart, was in exile for his Jacobite loyalty, writing in the highest spirits of the gaieties of the town, of a ball in honour of King George's birthday, to which all the

¹ *Atholl Chronicles*, iii. p. 19.

² *Progress of Captain Daniell*, MS.

Jacobites were going, and exulting in the presence of so many officers to enhance the town's gaiety.

The Edinburgh Jacobites shouted for Prince Charles, but would not fight for him.

Out of all Edinburgh not many enlisted. I can only find the names of one Advocate and two Writers to the Signet who went with him, though we know that the majority of them were Jacobite in sentiment. Many medical men went out. In the Jacobite army no fewer than forty-four surgeons and physicians can be traced. It is interesting to see how two of the best and loyalest—Rattray and Lauder—were recruited; like the great majority of Prince Charles's army, they were reluctant to go out. Here is John Murray of Broughton's account of the transaction:—

Having few surgeons of experience in the army, the Chevalier gave orders that if none could be found to go willingly, that they should be pressed, and in obedience to his order, Mr. Rattray, Mr. Lauder, and Mr. Ramsay were severally taken out of their beds the morning that the town was evacuated; but Mr. Ramsay, representing that he was of a very weakly constitution, and unable to undergo the fatigue of the journey, had his liberty to return home; the other two being thought abundantly robust, were refused to return.

This was on the 31st of October, the day on which Prince Charles marched away from Edinburgh, never to return.

I have as yet said nothing about the central figure of this romantic drama. All the other actors moving about Old Edinburgh I can picture to myself, but the Prince I cannot see.

At the time he seems to have been enveloped by such a glamour of divine right, that those around him could only mention him in tones of rhapsody.¹ In the Memoirs of the

¹ The following extract from a letter written by Miss Threipland after returning from the Court at Holyrood is a fair specimen of this:—'Oh, had you beheld my beloved Hero, you must confess he is a Gift from Heaven; but then, besides his outward appearance, which is absolutely the *best figure* I ever saw, such Vivacity, such piercing Wit, woven with a clear Judgment and an active Genius, and allowed by all to have a Capacity apt to receive such impressions as are not usually stamp'd on every brain: in short, Madam, he is the *Top of Perfection* and *Heaven's Darling*.'—*Threiplands of Fingask*, p. 43.

period which I have perused, and they are legion, I can find little authentic contemporary information about the shadowy court at Holyrood; Lord Elcho gives something, but not much.¹ In the letters of the French ambassador to his court, there is nothing bearing on the life at Holyrood; nor is there anything to be found in the French Foreign Office, where many of the papers of this period were destroyed at the Revolution.

The few glimpses to be gathered are for the most part from Lord Elcho. The Prince held court at the palace with great splendour and magnificence, receiving his officers every morning. At ten o'clock he held a council, and an unruly council it often was. Then he dined in public with his principal gentlemen while a crowd of all sorts of people watched him. After dinner he rode out with his Life-guards and inspected the troops, returning to Holyrood, where he received the ladies of fashion who came to his court. He supped in public, when there was generally music, and after that dancing.

There are few old Jacobite families who have not a traditional ancestress who danced with Prince Charlie at Holyrood, but I fear no such claim can be allowed. We are expressly told that at Edinburgh he never danced,² and what is more, that he did not wear the kilt, but when in Highland costume he dressed in tartan coat and breeches, and always wore boots.³

An Edinburgh Whig lady writes to her daughter in London: 'The young gentleman that we have got among us, busses the ladies so, that he gains our hearts.' On the other hand, Lord Elcho says: 'There came a great many ladies of fashion to kiss his hand, but his behaviour to them was very cool: he had not been much used to women's company, and

¹ *Affairs in Scotland, 1744-46*, edited by Hon. Evan Charteris, p. 306, *etc.*

² Maxwell of Kirkconnell's *Narrative*, p. 136.

³ Chalmers' *Caledonia* (1889), iv. p. 717.

was always embarrassed when he was with them.' After supper he took refuge from court embarrassments with his army. He generally went to the camp at Duddingston to spend the night under canvas with his soldiers, and there he always slept in his clothes.

There is a story told of his rudely rebuking Grant of Glenmoriston, a Highland chieftain, for bursting in on him at Holyrood, in an unkempt state, after a toilsome march from the North. The story, though told to Robert Chambers by a Grant, may only be gossip; this rudeness was absolutely unlike Charles; moreover, the Grants of Glenmoriston joined him when he was at Duddingston, not at Holyrood.

Alexander Carlyle, who saw the Prince on several occasions, is struck with his profound melancholy. Tradition says he visited many houses in and near Edinburgh—the Grange, Prestonfield, and others—and spent much of his time with the stately Lady Eglinton and her beautiful daughters, but of all this I can find nothing.

In a tantalising paragraph in the *Life of the Grammarian Ruddiman*, who was a consistent Jacobite, we are told that he had a few minutes' interview with his Prince, but where, or when, or why, is not stated.

Charles had the royal gift of remembering faces, even of the humblest. At Holyrood he was accessible to all, and spoke familiarly to the meanest Highlanders; and after Prestonpans he talked kindly to his unfortunate prisoners. His public acts were dignified and kingly. Everything he did inclined to humanity and mercy.

On the other hand, he was accused of favouring his Irish followers and of keeping his Scottish adherents at arm's length, while his treatment of Lord George Murray is a dark blot on the Prince's conduct.

It is not Charles's conduct in prosperity that has endeared him to Scotland and enshrined him in myth, and song, and

romance. Many say the Prince should have died at Culloden. Had he done this he would have been known as a rash young man, who, to win a crown, lured his unfortunate adherents to ruin and death, and perished in the attempt. He might then have been Prince *Charles*, but never Prince *Charlie*.

It was after Culloden that Charles conquered Scotland. I do not think he behaved well to our country in coming over utterly unprepared; and I do not think (although to their eternal credit many of them went cheerfully to death for his sake) that the majority of Jacobite Scotland behaved well to him in his campaign; common-sense was stronger than knightly honour. After Culloden Charles's conduct was that of a hero. Hunted for five months through the Highlands and Islands, frequently days and nights without food, drenched with rain, covered with vermin, suffering from a wearing disease, he never lost heart or spirits. Cheerful when others succumbed, and always dignified, he inspired the utmost devotion and admiration in his little band of followers.

But it was something more than this, something far more subtle that really endeared Charles to Scotland.

To explain the true inwardness of what I mean it is simplest to quote two passages of Scripture, and I trust that I shall not be considered guilty of irreverence when I do so.

The first is: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

The other is this: If ever a human being could quote with absolute literalness the words of the divine Lord, 'I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; I was thirsty and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me, sick and ye visited me; I was in [danger of] prison and ye came unto me,' it was this hunted heir of the ancient monarchy. He threw himself on the people, and they took him to their hearts.

What shall we say of those simple Highlanders who protected him, followed him, loved him, and suffered for him.

There was a King's ransom in their grasp, but they scorned it; neither friend nor foe would betray the unfortunate fugitive.

Is it generally known that Kingsburgh who sheltered him, Lady Margaret Macdonald who cherished him, and Flora Macdonald who saved him, were all—in theory at least—on King George's side? These, it is true, were gentle folk, but wherever he went in his weary five months' wanderings the same constancy and devotion were shown by the humblest peasantry. He trusted them, and his trust was not betrayed. None would disgrace our country by giving him up, no matter what the reward or what the punishment.

It is I think the subtle consciousness of having proved worthy of such a trust: it is this episode of untarnished honour won for our country by these simple mountaineers,—of whom the representatives to-day are not the tailor-made Highlanders resplendent in Jacobite tartans, but the poor crofters:—it is their honour that has made it possible for us to be not ashamed of the Forty-five.

W. B. BLAIKIE.