

One of the clan Clanranald accidentally shot a younger son of Glengarry. It was not sufficient to appease the anger of the Glengarry tribe that the poor fellow who fired a musket, without knowing that it was loaded, was condemned and shot. They went off in a body to their mountains. The prince had no choice but to yield to the advice of the chiefs who had counselled an immediate retreat. But he is held to have shown his anger, like a petted child, by deranging all the precautions that had been taken for an orderly march. In their hurry to destroy their magazine of powder, the rebels blew up a church in which it had been deposited. MacLachlan says this was the act of a rash young fellow who, without any orders, fired a pistol at the powder, by which folly he killed himself, and killed and wounded others. Murray records that, at a council of war held at Crieff, he "complained much of the flight, and entreated to know who had advised it. The prince did not incline to lay the blame on any body, but said he took it on himself."* When the news arrived in London that "the moment the rebel army saw the duke's, they turned back, with the utmost precipitation," it was concluded that this flight, as Murray termed the retreat, "looked exceedingly like the conclusion of this business."† Unhappily, there is more of this business to be related; and much of it of a painful nature, from which we would gladly turn our view.

* "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 100.

† Walpole to Mann, Feb. 7.

CHAPTER XXX.

Charles Edward at Inverness.—The duke of Cumberland at Aberdeen.—The passage of the Spey.—The duke at Nairn.—The prince at Culloden.—Projected night attack on the king's camp.—The victory of Culloden.—Barbarities after Culloden.—Impolicy of the treatment of the rebels.—Trials and executions.—Trials of the rebel lords.—Their demeanour.—Balmerino, Kilmarnock, and Lovat.—Hidings of Charles Edward.—His return to France.

THE Highland army, marching rapidly in two divisions—one by Blair Athol, and one by the coast—reached Inverness on the 18th of February. The duke of Cumberland, moving much more slowly, took up his head-quarters at Aberdeen. Five thousand Hessian troops had arrived to strengthen the forces of the British government. Whilst Cumberland remained inactive at Aberdeen, Charles had taken the citadel of Inverness; and Fort Augustus had been destroyed by one of the Highland parties. Fort William and Blair Castle held out against him. The interval which elapsed between the prince's arrival at Inverness, and the duke's advance to attack him, was unfavourable to the success of the insurrection. The insurgents were cut off from the abundant supplies of the Lowlands. The king's ships intercepted the provisions and the gold which were occasionally dispatched from France. The active and hardy mountaineers engaged in various expeditions; but the advantages which they gained were of little importance in the great issue which was approaching. Time was working to their destruction. The Highland army was without pay; and they sold their allowances of oatmeal "for their other needs, at which the poor creatures grumbled exceedingly."* They were certainly not in the best fighting condition, when, on the 8th of April, the duke of Cumberland commenced his march from Aberdeen. As he advanced along the coast, his army of about nine thousand men were abundantly provided from the transports, which "moved along shore with a gentle breeze and a fair wind."† On the 11th the army reached the Spey. As the duke approached, lord John Drummond, who was posted to guard the passage of the deep and rapid river, fell back. The Highland officer says in his journal, "to guard the Spey was an easy matter." Volunteer Ray con-

* "Lockhart Papers," vol. ii. p. 508.

† Ray, p. 312.

frms this opinion, in his description of the passage of the English troops: "I was in my station at the head of the regiment, where I very narrowly escaped being shot; for some of the rebels fired at us across the river, kneeling and taking sight as at a blackbird. We entered the river with a guide wading on foot to show where the ford lay; which was bad enough, having loose stones at the bottom, which made it very difficult for man or horse to step without falling, the water belly-deep and very rapid. The ford not lying right across, we were obliged to go mid-way into the river, then turn to the right, and go down it for about sixty yards, and then turn to the left, inclining upwards to the landing-place. In this situation, had the rebels stood us here it might have been of bad consequence to our army, they having a great advantage over us, and might have defended this important pass a long time, to our great loss; but they wanted to draw our army over, and farther into their country, from whence, in their imagination, we were never to return. When we got up the banks on the other side of the river, the rebels were all fled, and appeared on a hill about half a mile distant, from which they retreated out of sight, as we advanced."* On the 15th the duke's army reached Nairn, and there halted. The prince's army was encamped on Culloden Moor, about twelve miles distant. The greater part of the moor is in the parish of Daviot. The district is not mountainous. "The land rises like a broken wave from the sea, in some places with a bank of considerable steepness and height; then sinks into a vale of moss land (from which, till reduced to cultivation, the town of Inverness used to be supplied with rushes); thence it ascends again to the parish of Croy and the Moor of Culloden, which extends along the ridge."† On this flat moor, so unsuited to their peculiar tactics, the Highland army awaited the coming struggle. But doubts came over their leaders, and something bolder might be attempted.

In the afternoon of the 15th a night attack upon the royal army was resolved upon. The English, it was deemed, would be sleeping, after the drunken revels of the duke's birthday, which they had halted at Nairn to celebrate. The Highland officer says, "We set out about eight o'clock that night, with express orders to observe the profoundest silence in our march. Our word was 'king James the Eighth.' We were likewise forbid in the attack to make any use of our fire-arms, but only of sword, dirk, and bayonet; to cut the tent-strings, and pull down the poles, and where we observed a swelling or bulge in the fallen tent there to

* Ray, p. 317.

† "Statistical Account of Scotland"—Inverness-shire.

strike and push vigorously."* The project utterly failed. The darkness of the night made the way uncertain over the rough and swampy waste. The men were weary and half-famished. Lord George Murray had the command of the van. About two o'clock he halted; for there were four miles still to march, and there was a great interval between the two columns. A surprise had become impossible. "It was found impracticable," says lord George, "to be near the enemy till it was within an hour of daylight; and as our only hope was surprising them, and attacking them before day, we were forced to give it up and return to Culloden, where we got about five."†

On Monday, the 14th of April, says a narrative of the period, "the young chevalier mustered his troops in the town of Inverness, and marched along the lines, encouraging them as he passed. Never were men in more exalted spirits."‡ On the 15th, writes the chaplain, MacLachlan, in his Journal, "our prince royal had a review in the Muir of Culloden. And as I chanced to come close to him stepping up the hill, I saluted him in my ordinary way—'God bless and prosper your royal highness.' To which he vouchsafed a reply in a familiar manner, and with a charming smile, 'It will be Gladsmuir, wherever it be.'"§ Never, under any circumstances, did this confidence in his destiny appear to have deserted the adventurer—a confidence that might have betrayed him earlier to his ruin, had he not been surrounded by men of judgment and experience. The projected surprise at Nairn would probably have terminated fatally, had the attack upon the royal camp been made after the sun had risen—if the desire of the prince to attack at any hour had been complied with. The jaded men who returned to Culloden Moor after that night march were in a very unfit condition for the final struggle of the morning of the 16th. Great exertions were made to procure them food upon the dreary waste; but many had gone to Inverness to seek refreshment for themselves. The duke of Cumberland was close at hand. Murray had been convinced the day before that the open muir "was certainly not proper for the Highlanders." He caused the ground "on the other side the water of Nairn" to be viewed. "It was found to be hilly and boggy, so that the enemy's cannon and horse could be of no great use to them there."§ When it was proposed to take this better position, the old confidence in some miraculous success prevailed, and the insurgents prepared for battle.

It was eleven o'clock when the king's army was seen advanc-

* "Lockhart Papers," p. 508.

† "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 122.

‡ "The Young Chevalier," p. 2.

§ "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 121.

ing. It was formed in three lines, one of which was a reserve. The two foremost lines were so disposed that if the first line were broken by the Highland charge, the second line should stand firm. Cannon were placed between the battalions, and cavalry on the flanks. The men had been trained to remain steady under a rush such as that which had been so fatal at Preston-Pans; and they had been instructed to direct the bayonet against the right breast of each opposing Highlander, so as not to be met by his target. The battle-field, so unfavourable to Highland onslaughts and surprises, rendered these precautions in some degree unnecessary; but they evince the judgment of the young commander, who had profited by the fatal lessons of the past. Charles Edward, according to some accounts, was in considerable danger while in the heart of his ranks, which had been drawn up in two lines. "As soon as the duke's cannon were placed, he began cannonading; which was answered by the prince's, who rode along the lines to encourage his men, and posted himself in the most convenient place to see what passed, where one of his servants was killed by his side."* The chaplain, MacLachlan,—one who from his pushing character always endeavoured to be near the prince,—says, "From the time I entered the field, especially after the action began, I sat on horseback near our prince royal; and observing many cannon-bullets flying over our heads, whereof one did knock dead his highness's principal groom that stood at twenty paces distance behind us, I rode up to sir Thomas Sheridan, and begged of him to take notice of the imminent danger the prince was exposed to, without any occasion for it, and therefore to persuade him to withdraw a little. Whereupon sir Thomas addressed him, and prevailed with him to retire." This is scarcely compatible with the statement that after the servant was killed, whilst the prince was in the lines, "he coolly continued his inspection." † The cannonade upon which Cumberland wisely relied, in the first instance, to renew in the Highlanders that awe of artillery which they had once felt, had caused deadly havoc in their ranks, before a charge was ordered. It was made at great disadvantage, for a violent storm was driving hail and sleet in their faces. But that terrible onset, which few disciplined troops could stand, carried the Highlanders partly through the first line. The second line stood firm. Then one volley from the unbroken ranks, three deep, utterly disordered the right and centre of the rebel army. They fled in irredeemable confusion. The Clan MacDonald, which had

* Colonel Ker's Narrative in "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 141.

† Mahon, vol. iii. p. 455.

been placed in the left wing, and were offended, to use the words of one of their officers, at not having "this day the right hand in battle,"—the honour which "Robert the Bruce bestowed upon Angus MacDonald, Lord of the Isles,"*—refused to make an onset. Their chief, Keppoch, fell, exclaiming, "My God! have the children of my tribe forsaken me!" The contest became an indiscriminate slaughter. The conduct of Charles Edward has been variously represented. He has been accused of want of courage; but the disproof of this charge was manifested on too many occasions, to allow an implicit credit to the statement of lord Elcho, in his manuscript Memoirs, that he "requested the Chevalier to charge in person at the head of the left wing, after the right was routed, and that on his not so advancing, lord Elcho called him an Italian scoundrel, or a worse epithet, and declared he would never see his face more." † We again quote from the chaplain MacLachlan, who followed the prince from the field: "I chanced to meet the duke of Athol coming off from his retreating brigade; and as I had the honour to be well known to him, he told me with an oath, 'The Highlanders are broken.' To which I replied, 'I am heartily sorry to hear it, my Lord Duke; I fear all is lost.' The prince, knowing of the disaster, stepped on, and a good number of retreaters followed him." This battle, which conclusively ended a dynastic contest of fifty-seven years, did not continue for fifty-seven minutes.

If we could here close the narrative of the battle of Culloden, and of the military proceedings which resulted from the victory of the established government, we should not have necessarily to excite the indignation of every reader against the author of barbarities which, happily, very rarely occur in the wars of civilized nations. We scarcely know how to deal with the details of those atrocities which a young prince of the house of Brunswick deemed it necessary to perpetrate. In the valuable collection of "Jacobite Memoirs," there are a hundred and seventeen pages headed "Barbarities after Culloden." To enter minutely into a view of these disgusting occurrences, is scarcely necessary for any lessons of historical importance. To slur them over, would be a vain attempt to cancel a very black page in our country's annals. We doubt, however, whether a rapid summary, or a minute exposition, of these facts, can have its use "in showing how liable an improved system of government, like that of the Brunswick family, is to fall into the worst errors of that which preceded it, and how liable the people

* "Journal of Highland Officer—Lockhart Papers," p. 51.

† "Quarterly Review," vol. xxxvi. p. 213.

are to be disappointed in their most sanguine expectations of political perfection." * The editor of these memoirs would compare the atrocities after Culloden with "the tyrannical barbarity of the latter Stuarts," upon the principle of the one being "a good offset" to the other. It appears to us that the only real advantage to be derived from such narratives, is to make us grateful that we live in times when "an improved system of government" has gradually produced such a state of public opinion, that the ordinary tyrannies of the days of James II., and the exceptional cruelties of the days of George II., could not be repeated without more danger to the throne than the revolts which they sought to crush. The national prejudices of the English at that period, and at subsequent times when these prejudices were even more intense, never led them to countenance the barbarity after Culloden. It is some satisfaction to know that William of Cumberland was "during many years one of the most unpopular men in England." † The alderman of London, who, when it was proposed to present the duke with the freedom of some city company, exclaimed, "then let it be of the Butchers," anticipated the feeling of a better time, when bravery and compassion would be held as inseparable in the character of the great soldier. The people of the duke of Cumberland's day dreaded that he might be the man to subject them to a military despotism. His nephews feared him. He was compared with the Crookback Richard, who murdered his nephews in the Tower. All this was unjust enough, no doubt, but it showed the feelings of the English nation with regard to the great blot upon the character of one who was blunt, brave, and honest, but who believed too much in the power of brute force in countries under military government. He lived for many years in the retirement of Windsor Great Park. He amused himself by planting hills with Scotch firs, and in making an artificial lake and a cascade, as if to produce a miniature resemblance of the scenery in which he had earned his glory and his twenty-five thousand a year. Perhaps in some moments his favourite Virginia Water, then a wild and unenclosed tract, might have suggested a compunctious remembrance of the solitary lakes, the woods and the wastes, amongst which he had hunted Highlanders as beasts of prey.

The slaughter of the wounded rebels upon the field of Culloden, the atrocious treatment of the prisoners, and the cold-blooded murders committed on the first and second days after the battle,

* Introduction to this Section of "Jacobite Memoirs," by the Editor, Mr. R. Chambers.

† Macaulay "Essay on Chatham."

are much too circumstantially detailed by many witnesses, to allow us to believe that the odium which ultimately rested upon the duke of Cumberland, was the effect of national or party violence. Indifferent to the disgrace he was bringing upon the English nation, he looked at the Rebellion as a crime against his house, to be dealt with in a spirit of revenge. "I tremble," he wrote from Scotland, "for fear that this vile spot may still be the ruin of this island and of our family." In another letter he says that "a little blood-letting has only weakened the madness and not cured it." The "little blood-letting" is the opprobrium which a century of equal justice to Scotland has scarcely yet obliterated. The accursed story may be thus briefly told.

On the day of the battle, the wounded rebels that lay on the field received none of that aid which brave men usually offer to their vanquished enemies. The soldiers went up and down, knocking such on the head as had any remains of life in them. The weather was cold; the dead, and those supposed to be dead, had been stripped. But, naked and starving, some wretched creatures were still alive on the morning of the 17th of April. A resident in Inverness, who claims to be regarded as a supporter of the government, writes to bishop Forbes, that although the report of the cruelties was much aggravated, "it is certain that a resolution was taken, that it was not proper to load or crowd this little town with a multitude of wounded and incurable men of our enemy's; and, therefore, a party was ordered to the field of battle, who gathered all the wounded men from the different corners of the field, to one or two parts; and there, on a little rising hillock or ground properly planted, they were finished, with great despatch; and this, as you and everybody else must own, was, as to them, performing the greatest act of humanity, as it put an end to many miserable lives, remaining in the utmost torture, without any hopes of relief." * This "greatest act of humanity" is termed a most bloody and ruthless deed by a more modern authority, † by whom it is stated that the wounded men still alive were collected in two heaps, and a six-pounder applied to each heap. The following evidence to the fact is then adduced: "One Mac Iver, a private, though mutilated in several parts of his body, survived this massacre, a dismal memorial of Cumberland's tender mercies. The man died near Beaully, about the year 1796, where many are still living, who may have known him. But to put the bloody deed beyond the shadow of doubt, the writer of this account knew for several

* "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 273.

† "Statistical Account of Scotland. Parishes of Croy and Dalcross."

years a John Reid, who fought that day in the second battalion of the Royal Scots, and heard from his lips that he saw the cruel deed and thanked God that he had nothing to do with the *black wark*. John fought at the battles of Dettingen and Fontenoy, and only died about the year 1807, in the 105th year of his age, and in the full enjoyment of all his mental faculties. He was a lively little man, and retained a correct and vivid recollection of what he had seen and heard."

The slaughter of the miserable survivors found in the field, was not the only atrocity of that week of triumph and of shame. To a little cot-house, where goats or sheep used to shelter, about a quarter of a mile distant from the battle-ground, many of the wounded men had crawled in the night-time. They were found by the soldiers. The door of the hut was shut; fire was put to the frail building; and thirty-two persons, including some beggars who had come to the field for plunder, perished in the flames.* On the 18th, parties were sent to search the houses in the neighbourhood of the battle; to remove the wounded, and to kill them. John Fraser, called Mac Iver, an officer in Lovat's regiment, with eighteen other officers, had been carried wounded to Culloden House, the residence of the lord president Forbes. They were treated with kindness by his agent, "who performed acts of beneficence to the wounded in and about the house of Culloden, at the hazard of his life." These nineteen men were tied with ropes; thrown into a cart; carried some distance; and shot under the park-wall. Fraser, though left for dead, after some hours, dragged his mangled carcase to a little distance. Lord Boyd riding by, espied him; had him removed and concealed; and the poor fellow recovered, to remain a crippled memorial of these atrocities.

To go over the afflicting details of military executions;—of men whipped to extort confession;—of boys, women, and old men murdered and maltreated;—of prisoners left to perish upon insufficient allowance in filthy dungeons;—would be as disgusting to our readers as the perusal of the documents has been to ourselves. The folly of these proceedings is as manifest as their wickedness. A Londoner, who travelled in the north of Scotland in 1750, writes to his friend, "I happened to fall in with a venerable old gentleman, an honest Whig, who, looking me seriously in the face, asked if the duke of Cumberland was not a Jacobite? 'A Jacobite!' said I, 'how comes that in your head?' 'Sure,' replied the old gentleman, 'the warmest zealot in the interest of the prince could not possibly devise more proper methods for sowing the seeds of Jacobitism

* "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 274.

and disaffection, than the duke of Cumberland did.'" The same letter-writer relates two circumstances sufficiently characteristic of the temper and manners of some commanders of that day—their contempt for civilians, and for civil authority. We must indeed receive with the doubt that ought always to attach to hearsay evidence the anecdotes thus related. But if not strictly to be relied upon, they show something of the prevailing opinions of the time. The provost and aldermen of Inverness went to the levee of the duke of Cumberland. One of their number, Mr. Hossack, a friend of Duncan Forbes, presumed to say, that he hoped mercy would be mingled with judgment; upon which Hawley cried out, "D—n the puppy! does he pretend to dictate here? Carry him away." Another cried, "Kick him out,"—and he was kicked out. Duncan Forbes himself the wisest and truest friend of the Hanoverian government, who expended large sums in opposing the Rebellion, which sums he was never repaid—in an interview with the duke of Cumberland at Inverness, ventured to make mention of the laws of the country. The duke's reply, if we can rely upon the fact, was an example of the insolence that might have plunged England and Scotland into another civil war, had the power of princes to do evil not been sufficiently abridged in the tenure upon which the family of the unwise young man was called to the highest estate amongst a free people. This was the reputed answer to the lord president of Scotland: "The laws of the country! My lord, I'll make a brigade give laws, by G—d."*

Amongst the papers of Duncan Forbes were found some thoughts upon the extent and degree of punishment that ought to be awarded to those concerned in the Rebellion. He was for severity towards the leaders. He thought that severity towards the crowd of common people would do more harm than good, by raising pity, "the rather, that it is most certainly true that great numbers were compelled to join the active rebels, by threats which were justly terrible to them."† It would have been well if these sound views could have been more regarded by the members of the government, which had a task before them, where no passion or party-zeal could furnish even the shadow of an excuse for excess of punishment. The opinion of dispassionate writers upon the legal severities that followed the Rebellion of 1745,—which were more extensive than those of 1715,—was that they were really less necessary for any purpose of warning than at the former period. In England, Jacobitism, as the march to Derby had proved, was rather a form of discontent shown to the Whig ministries than any active partizan-

* "Jacobite Memoirs," p. 334.

† "Culloden Papers," p. 284.

ship for the exiled family. England, therefore, could only feel disgusted at wholesale hangings on Kennington Common, and at seeing crowds of plebeian heads on Temple-bar. In Scotland the commercial towns had been adverse to Charles Edward, and, as Forbes pointed out, the numbers of those of the clans who had not actually rebelled, although their chiefs were Jacobites, were greater than those who were in arms.* An Act had been passed, suspending that portion of the law of high treason which required that bills should be found in the counties where the offence was alleged to have been committed. The object was to try Scottish prisoners in England. The first persons brought to trial were eighteen officers of the Manchester regiment who were left to their fate at Carlisle by the prince for whom they had risked their lives and estates. Mr. Townley, the colonel, and seventeen of his companions, were tried, and nine were executed on the 30th of July. James Dawson, the son of a Lancashire gentleman, the hero of the ballad of Shenstone—was amongst the number. The catastrophe which followed the determination of the lady to whom he was betrothed, to witness his execution, is not a poetical fiction:

"The dismal scene was o'er and pass'd,
The lover's mournful hearse retir'd;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expir'd."

Three of the Scottish officers who were left at Carlisle were condemned and executed at Kennington Common in August; and five others, taken at various places, suffered in November. A special commission was opened at Carlisle in August. There were three hundred and eighty-two prisoners in the castle; but they were allowed to draw lots, that one in twenty might be selected for trial. Thirty-three were executed. At York twenty-two were also subjected to the brutal penalties of high-treason. We shall dismiss this painful subject with a brief relation of the fate of the rebel lords who were taken prisoners.

Whilst the populace of London were gazing upon the heads of Mr. Townley and other Manchester rebels upon Temple-bar, "where people make a trade of letting spy-glasses at a half-penny a look," † three rebel lords were in the Tower awaiting their fate. The trials of lord Kilmarnock, lord Cromartie, and lord Balmerino, began on the 28th of July. "London," wrote Walpole to Montagu, "will be as full as at a coronation." There was to be a show which, happily, England had not seen for more than thirty years. The anecdotes connected with this melancholy exhibition

* "Culloden Papers," p. 284.

† Walpole to Mann, August 16, 1746.

have a more enduring interest than the formal proceedings of the trials themselves. These proceedings took the usual course when the evidence is too strong to involve any doubt of the legal guilt of the accused. Their personal demeanour is, in such cases, the chief object of attention. Bills of indictment had been found by the grand jury of Surrey against the three noblemen, and they were tried by the Peers in Westminster Hall. Walpole says it was the greatest and most melancholy scene he ever saw, the whole ceremony being conducted with the most awful solemnity and decency. Walpole expected to look on without emotion. He thought of the crimes of the prisoners, and of the dangers that the country had passed. Their first appearance shocked him; their behaviour melted him.* Kilmarnock and Cromartie pleaded guilty. Balmerino stood his trial. Walpole describes him as "the most natural brave old man I ever saw; the highest intrepidity, even to indifference." He played with his fingers upon the axe. A little boy wanted to see what was going on, and he placed him near himself. Murray, the solicitor-general, after the Lords had pronounced Balmerino guilty, went up to him, and asked him how he could give the Lords so much trouble when he had been told that his plea was useless. Balmerino met the impertinence with a cool retort: "Oh, Mr. Murray, I am extremely glad to see you; I have been with several of your relations; the good lady, your mother, was of great use to us at Perth." † Kilmarnock, upon being brought up for sentence, expressed deep contrition for having joined the rebellion at a rash moment. Cromartie manifested a similar feeling of remorse. Balmerino simply desired the Lords to intercede for mercy. Gray, who was present at the trials, describes the conduct of these noblemen, in a letter to Wharton: "Kilmarnock spoke in mitigation of his crime near half an hour, with a decent courage, and in a strong but pathetic voice. His figure would prejudice people in his favour, being tall and genteel; he is upwards of forty, but to the eye not above thirty-five years of age. What he said appears to less advantage when read. Cromartie (who is about the same age, a man of lower stature, but much like a gentleman), was sinking into the earth with grief and dejection; with eyes cast down, and a voice so low, that no one heard a syllable that did not sit close to the bar; he made a short speech to raise compassion. It is now I see printed; and is reckoned extremely fine. I believe you will think it touching and well-expressed; if there be any meanness in it, it is lost in that sorrow he gives us for so numerous and helpless a family. . . . As to Balmerino, he

* Letter to Mann, August 1.

VOL. V.—36

† *Ibid.*

never had any hopes from the beginning. He is an old soldier-like man, of a vulgar manner and aspect, speaks the broadest Scotch, and shows an intrepidity, that some ascribe to real courage, and some to brandy. . . . The duke of Argyle, telling him how sorry and how astonished he was to see him engaged in such a cause, 'My lord (says he), for the two kings, and their rights, I cared not a farthing which prevailed; but I was starving; and if Mahomet had set up his standard in the Highlands, I had been a good Mussulman for bread, and stuck close to the party, for I must eat.' This latter speech sounds like an invention of the day. Cromartie was pardoned. Kilmarnock and Balmerino were executed on Tower-hill, on the 18th of August. When the deputy-lieutenant, as they passed out of the Tower, cried out, according to the usual form, "God bless king George," Kilmarnock bowed; Balmerino exclaimed, "God bless king James." When the two parted, Balmerino embraced his companion in misfortune, saying, "My lord, I wish I could suffer for both." Walpole then relates a circumstance of some historical import. Balmerino, after their parting, desired again to see Kilmarnock, and then thus addressed him: "'My lord Kilmarnock, do you know anything of the resolution taken in our army, the day before the battle of Culloden, to put the English prisoners to death?' He replied, 'My lord, I was not present; but since I came hither, I have had all the reason in the world to believe that there was such order taken; and I hear the duke has the pocket-book with the order.' Balmerino answered, 'It was a lie raised to excuse their barbarity to us!'—Take notice, that the duke's charging this on lord Kilmarnock (certainly on misinformation) decided this unhappy man's fate."* Kilmarnock suffered with resolution. Balmerino's behaviour is noticed by Shenstone, as either "to have wanted coolness, or else to equal that of Adrian, Cato, Sir Thomas More, or any of those heroes who had spirit enough to make an ostentation of their unconcern." He wore the regimentals which he had worn in the Rebellion—a blue coat turned up with red—the dress which, curiously enough, was afterwards known as the Windsor uniform of the time of George III.; and when on the scaffold, he took off his periwig, and put on a night-cap of Scotch plaid. "He died," says Walpole, "with the intrepidity of a hero, but with the insensibility of one too."

The last of the titled sufferers was lord Lovat. In December, 1746, he was impeached by the House of Commons. His trial commenced before the Peers on the 9th of March. The chief

* Walpole to Mann, August 21.

evidence against him was John Murray, of Broughton; who had been secretary to Charles Edward, and, with sir Thomas Sheridan, was held to be the adviser of many rash measures which the young prince obstinately pressed. It was a pitiful exhibition to behold this man giving evidence against the old chief, whose cunning could not save him from these treacherous disclosures of his long career of double dealing. Lovat's conduct upon his trial was as little dignified as his ordinary mode of life. He died decorously, quoting the line of Horace, which was a bitter satire upon his course of selfish tyranny and unprincipled ambition—"It is pleasant and honourable to die for one's country." There were forty-three persons attainted by Parliament. Some of them were of noble families, but a large proportion were of inferior rank, including a few engaged in commercial and professional employments.

There was one fugitive from the field of Culloden whose adventures have the same sort of interest as those of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. For the purpose of a general history of our country it is unnecessary here minutely to detail them. Charles Edward quitted the large body of horsemen who had accompanied him from the fatal moor, having resolved to make his way, with a few of his personal friends, to the west coast, in order to embark for France. He rested at Gortuleg, a house belonging to one of the Frasers, where, for the first time, he met lord Lovat. According to one account, the old chief reproached the Prince, when he avowed his intention to quit Scotland without hazarding another battle. Riding past the ruins of Fort Augustus, he halted at Invergarry, an almost deserted house of MacDonell of Glen-garry. Here he was left to pursue his course, with two of his companions, and a poor Highlander, Ned Burke, who had been his guide from the battle-field. On the 24th of April, he was sailing in a small boat from Loch Na Naugh, where, nine months before, he had landed with few companions, but with the support of the most sanguine hopes. These solitary lakes and islands were now unsafe. Parties of soldiers penetrated into the most remote places, hunting down rebels, burning cabins, and chasing women and children from their desolate homes. Soon after the wanderings of Charles Edward had begun, the duke of Cumberland fixed his head-quarters at Fort Augustus, in the very heart of the district where the young Prince was hiding, for whose apprehension a reward of thirty thousand pounds had been offered. For five months did this ill-fated adventurer lead a life of constant privation and alarm; generally evading observation; sometimes known; but never

betrayed. When he had gained a place of shelter in the house of the elder Clanranald, in the island of South Uist, he was soon disturbed by parties of militia who landed, and by vessels of war cruising about the coast. Obligated to quit his hospitable abode, he wandered alone amongst the hills, till he was enabled to escape to Skye. This he effected through the compassionate courage and sagacity of Flora MacDonald, a name ever to be numbered in the illustrious roll of heroic women. Charles was dressed as a female when, with Flora and a faithful Highlander, he went to sea in an open boat. They landed at last in the country of sir Alexander MacDonald, who was opposed to the Jacobite cause. Flora boldly appealed to the sympathy of the wife of the chief, lady Margaret MacDonald, and through her aid Charles was enabled to escape from the danger which he might have encountered in this hostile district. The kind lady MacDonald employed her kinsman, Kingsburgh, to be his guide, in company with Flora. He thus safely got out of Skye; and, taking leave of his companions, he reached the isle of Rasay, alone, disguised as a man-servant. Day after day the Prince sustained new hardships. He returned to Skye, and early in July was conveyed in a boat to the mainland. He wandered long amongst the glens between Loch Shiel and Loch Hourne. He had to elude the sentinels who watched the head of the two lochs. He dwelt amongst freebooters in a cave, and lived on the plunder which they brought in. In August he returned to the Glengarry country, which was then cleared of troops. Finally, on the 20th of September, he, for the third time, sailed from Loch Na Naugh; but he now sailed in a French vessel, accompanied by Lochiel, and three other of his fugitive adherents.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Parliamentary calm.—Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle.—Mr. Pitt.—Naval successes.—Defeats by land.—Battle of Lauffeld.—Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.—Charles Edward sent out of France.—Pacification of the Highlands.—The peace regarded as a hard necessity for Britain.—Measures of the Parliament.—Reduction of Interest on the National Debt.—Combination Laws.—Parliamentary Privilege.—Reform of the Calendar.—Death of Frederick, prince of Wales.—Official changes.—Act for dissection in cases of murder.—Act for preventing Thefts and Robberies, and for regulating Places of Public Entertainment.—Gin Act.—The Jew Bill.—The Marriage Act.

THE interval between the suppression of the Scottish Rebellion in 1746, and the conclusion of the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle in 1748, is perhaps as little interesting in its details as any period of our history. Nor are there many exciting events to give spirit to a narrative of the remaining six years of that Administration which was broken up by the death of Mr. Pelham in 1754. Opinion became torpid, after the excitement of the rebellion had passed away. Jacobitism slunk to its hiding-places. Patriotism looked out for pensions and sinecures. Party-contests had nearly subsided into personal struggles for place and power, which those who are curious as to such mysterious affairs may drowsily meditate upon in the sober narrative of Coxe,* or laugh over in the sarcastic anecdotes of Walpole. During the agony of the rebellion, immediately after the defeat at Falkirk—at a time when it might be supposed that English statesmen would have cast away their petty ambitions—there came what is termed a ministerial crisis. Lord Granville (Carteret), although out of office, had the confidence of the king; whilst the duke of Newcastle, and his brother, Mr. Pelham, his majesty's chief ministers, were not favourites with him. They resolved to try their strength. They demanded office for Mr. Pitt, rather from their fear of him than from their love. The king refused to give a place to one who had so bitterly thwarted his Hanoverian partialities. The Pelhams and the whole body of their Whig followers resigned. Granville became minister—for forty-eight hours; for he could command no parliamentary support. The Pelhams returned triumphantly to power, upon their own terms; giving Pitt an office, but one which would not neces-

* "Administration of Henry Pelham."