NOTES TO WAVERLEY.

* P. 29.—ALAS! that attire, respectable and gentlemanlike in 1805, or thereabouts, is now as antiquated as the Author of Waverley has himself become since that period! The reader of fashion will please to fill up the costume with an embroidered waistcoat of purple velvet or silk, and a coat of whatever colour he pleases.

* P. 31.—Where the Chevalier Saint George, or, as he was termed, the Old Pretender, held his exiled court, as his situation compelled him to shift his place of residence.

* P. 32.—Long the oracle of the country gentlemen of the high Tory party. The ancient News-Letter was written in manuscript and copied by clerks, who addressed the copies to the subscribers. The politician by whom they were compiled picked up his intelligence at Coffee-houses, and often pleaded for an additional gratuity, in consideration of the extra expense attached to frequenting such places of fashionable resort.

* P. 42.—There is a family legend to this purpose, belonging to the knightly family of Bradshaigh, the proprietors of Haigh-hall, in Lancashire, where, I have been told, the event is recorded on a painted glass window. The German ballad of the "Noble Moringer" turns upon a similar topic. But undoubtedly many such incidents may taken place, where, the distance being great and the intercourse infrequent, false reports concerning the fate of the absent Crusaders, must have been commonly circulated, and sometimes perhaps rather hastily credited at home.

* P. 45.—See Hoppner's tale of the "Seven Lovers."

* P. 51.—These Introductory Chapters have been a good deal censured as tedious and unnecessary. Yet there are circumstances recorded in them which the author has not been able to persuade himself to retract or cancel.

* P. 53.—The attachment to this classic was, it is said, actually displayed, in the manner mentioned in the text, by an unfortunate Jacobite in that unhappy period. He escaped from the jail in which he was confined for a hasty trial and certain condemnation, and was retaken as he hovered around the place in which he had been imprisoned, for which he could give no better reason than the hope of recovering his favourite "Titus Livius." I am sorry to add that the simplicity of such a character was found to form no apology for his guilt as a rebel, and that he was condemned and executed.

* P. 56.—Nicholas Amhurst, a noted political writer, who conducted for many years a paper called the Craftsman, under the assumed name of Caleb d'Anvers. He was devoted to the Tory interest, and seconded, with much ability, the attacks of Pulteney on Sir Robert Walpole. He died in 1742, neglected by his great patrons, and in the most miserable circumstances.

"Amhurst survived the downfall of Walpole's power, and had reason to expect a reward for his labours. If we excuse Bolingbroke, who had only saved the shipwreck of his fortunes, we shall be at a loss to justify Pulteney, who could with ease have given this man a considerable income. The utmost of his generosity to Amhurst, that I ever heard of, was a hogshead of claret! He died, it is supposed, of a broken heart; and was buried at the charge of his honest printer, Richard Francklin."—*Lord Chesterfield's Characters Reviewed*, p. 42.

* P. 58.—I have now given in the text the full name of this gallant and excellent man, and proceed to copy the account of his remarkable conversion, as related by Dr. Doddridge.

"This memorable event," says the pious writer, "happened towards the middle of July, 1719. The major had spent the evening (and, if I mistake not, it was the Sabbath) in some gay company, and had an unhappy assignation with a married woman, whom he was to attend exactly at twelve

The company broke up about eleven; and not judging it convenient to anticipate the time appointed, he went into his chamber to kill the tedious hour, perhaps with some amusing book, or some other way. But it very accidentally happened, that he took up a religious book, which his good mother or aunt had, without his knowledge, slipped into his portmanteau. It was called, if I remember the title exactly, 'The Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm;' and it was written by Mr. Thomas Watson. Guessing by the title of it that he would find some phrases of his own profession spiritualized in a manner which he thought might afford him some diversion, he resolved to dip into it; but he took no serious notice of anything it had in it; and yet while this book was in his hand, an impression was made upon his mind (perhaps God only knows how) which drew after it a train of the most important and happy consequences. He thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall upon the book which he was reading, which he at first imagined might happen by some accident in the candle; but, lifting up his eyes, he apprehended, to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ upon the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed, as if a voice, or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him, to this effect (for he was not confident as to the words)—'Oh, sinner! did I suffer this for thee? and are these thy returns?' Struck with so amazing a phenomenon as this, there remained hardly any life in him, so that he sunk down in the arm-chair in which he sat, and continued, he knew not how long, insensible."

P. 59.—The courtesy of an invitation to partake a traveller's meal, or at least that of being invited to share whatever liquor the guest called for, was expected by certain old landlords in Scotland, even in the youth of the author. In requital, mine host was always furnished with the news of the country, and was probably a little of a humourist to boot. The devolution of the whole actual business and drudgery of the inn upon the poor gudewife, was very common among the Scottish Bonifaces. There was in ancient times, in the city of Edinburgh, a gentleman of good family, who condescended, in order to gain a livelihood, to become the nominal keeper of a coffee-house, one of the first places of the kind which had been opened in the Scottish metropolis. As usual, it was entirely managed by the careful and industrious Mrs. B——; while her husband amused himself with field sports, without troubling his head about the matter. Once upon a time the premises having taken fire, the husband was met, walking up the High Street loaded with his guns and fishing rods, and replied calmly to some one who inquired after his wife, "that the poor woman was trying to save a parcel of crockery, and some trumpery books;" the last being those which served her to conduct the business of the house.

There were many elderly gentlemen in the author's younger days, who still held it part of the amusement of a journey "to parley with mine host," who often resembled, in his quaint humour, mine Host of the Garter in the Merry Wives of Windsor; or Blague of the George in the Merry Devil of Edmonton. Sometimes the landlady took her share of entertaining the company. In either case the omitting to pay them due attention gave displeasure, and perhaps brought down a smart jest, as on the following occasion:—

A jolly dame, who, not "Sixty Years since," kept the principal caravansary at Greenlaw, in Berwickshire, had the honour to receive under her roof a very worthy clergyman, with three sons of the same profession, each having a cure of souls; be it said in passing, none of the reverend party were reckoned powerful in the pulpit. After dinner was over, the worthy senior, in the pride of his heart, asked Mrs. Buchan whether she ever had such a party in her house before. "Here sit I," he said, "a placed minister of the Kirk of Scotland, and there sit my three sons, each a placed minister of the same kirk.—Confess, Luckie Buchan, you never had such a party in your house before." The question was not premised by any invitation to sit down and take a glass

of wine or the like, so Mrs. B. answered dryly, "Indeed sir, I cannot just say that ever I had such a party in my house before, except once in the forty-five, when I had a Highland piper here, with his three sons, all Highland pipers; *and deil a spring they could play amang them.*"

* P. 64.—There is no particular mansion described under the name of Tully-Veolan; but the peculiarities of the description occur in various old Scottish Seats. The House of Warrender upon Burntsfield Links, and that of Old Ravelston, belonging, the former to Sir George Warrender, the latter to Sir Alexander Keith, have both contributed several hints to the description in the text. The House of Dean, near Edinburgh, has also some points of resemblance with Tully-Veolan. The author, has, however, been informed that the House of Grandtully resembles that of the Baron of Bradwardine still more than any of the above.

* P. 64.—At Ravelston may be seen such a garden, which the taste of the proprietor, the author's friend and kinsman, Sir Alexander Keith, Knight Mareschal, has judiciously preserved.

* P. 68. - I am ignorant how long the ancient and established custom of keeping fools has been disused in England. Swift writes an epitaph on the Earl of Suffolk's fool,—

"Whose name was Dickie Pearce."

In Scotland, the custom subsisted till late in the last century. At Glammis Castle is preserved the dress of one of the jesters, very handsome, and ornamented with many bells. It is not above thirty years since such a character stood by the sideboard of a nobleman of the first rank in Scotland, and occasionally mixed in the conversation, till he carried the joke rather too far, in making proposals to one of the young ladies of the family, and publishing the banns betwixt her and himself in the public church.

* P. 72.—After the Revolution of 1688, and on some occasions when the spirit of the Presbyterians had been unusually animated against their opponents, the Episcopal clergymen, who were chiefly non-jurors, were exposed to be mobbed, as we should now say, or *rabbled*, as the phrase then went, to expiate their political heresies. But notwithstanding that the Presbyterians had the persecution in Charles II. and his brother's time, to exasperate them, there was little mischief done beyond the kind of petty violence mentioned in the text.

* P. 75.—Southey's Madoc.

* P. 76.—I may here mention, that the fashion of compotation described in the text, was still occasionally practised in Scotland in the author's youth. A company, after having taken leave of their host, often went to finish the evening at the clachan, or village, in "womb of tavern." Their entertainer always accompanied them to take the stirrup-cup, which often occasioned a long and late revel.

The *Poculum Potatorium* of the valiant Baron, his blessed Bear, has a prototype at the fine old Castle of Glammis, so rich in the memorials of ancient times: it is a massive beaker of silver, double gilt, moulded into the shape of a lion, and holding about an English pint of wine. The form alludes to the family name of Strathmore, which is Lyon, and, when exhibited, the cup must necessarily be emptied to the Earl's health. The author ought perhaps to be ashamed of recording that he has had the honour of swallowing the contents of the Lion; and the recollection of the feat served to suggest the story of "The Bear of Bradwardine." In the family of Scott of Thirlestane (not Thirlestane in the Forest, but the place of the same name in Roxburghshire) was long preserved a cup of the same kind, in the form of a jack-boot. Each guest was obliged to empty this at his departure. If the guest's name was Scott, the necessity was doubly imperative.

When the landlord of an inn presented his guests with *deoch an doruis*, that is, the drink at the door, or the stirrup-cup, the draught was not charged in the reckoning. On this point a learned Bailie of the town of Forfar pronounced a very sound judgment.

A., an ale-wife in Forfar, had brewed her "peck of malt," and set the liquor out of doors to cool; the cow of B., a neighbour of A., chanced to come by, and seeing the good beverage, was allured to taste it, and finally to drink it up. When A. came

to take in her liquor, she found her tub empty, and from the cow's staggering and staring, so as to betray her intemperance, she easily divined the mode in which her "browst" had disappeared. To take vengeance on Crummie's ribs with a stick, was her first effort. The roaring of the cow brought B., her master, who remonstrated with his angry neighbour, and received in reply a demand for the value of the ale which Crummie had drunk up. B. refused payment, and was conveyed before C., the Bailie, or sitting Magistrate. He heard the case patiently; and then demanded of the plaintiff A. whether the cow had sat down to her potation, or taken it standing. The plaintiff answered, she had not seen the deed committed, but she supposed the cow drank the ale while standing on her feet; adding, that had she been near, she would have made her use them to some purpose. The Bailie, on this admission, solemnly adjudged the cow's drink to be *deoch àn doruis*—a stirrup-cup, for which no charge could be made, without violating the ancient hospitality of Scotland.

* P. 77.—This has been censured as an anachronism; and it must be confessed that agriculture of this kind was unknown to the Scotch Sixty years since.

* P. 77.—*Suum cuique.* This snatch of a ballad was composed by Andrew MacDonald, the ingenious and unfortunate author of Vimonda.

* P. 83.—The learned in cookery dissent from the Baron of Bradwardine, and hold the roe venison dry and indifferent food, unless when dressed in soup and Scotch collops.

* P. 86.—A bare-footed Highland lad is called a gillie-wet-foot. Gillie, in general, means servant or attendant.

* P. 87.—The Baron ought to have remembered that the joyous Allan literally drew his blood from the house of the noble Earl, whom he terms—

Dalhousie of an old descent,
My stoop, my pride, my ornament.

* P. 92.—The story last told, was said to have happened in the south of Scotland; but—*cedant arma togæ*—and let the gown have its dues. It was an old clergyman, who had wisdom and firmness enough to resist the panic which seized his brethren, who was the means of rescuing a poor insane creature from the cruel fate which would otherwise have overtaken her. The accounts of the trials for witchcraft form one of the most deplorable chapters in Scottish story.

* P. 94.—Although canting heraldry is generally reprobated, it seems nevertheless to have been adopted in the arms and mottos of many honourable families. Thus the motto of the Vernons, *Ver non semper viret*, is a perfect pun; and so is that of the Onslows, *Festina lente.* The *Periissem ni per-iissem* of the Anstruthers is liable to a similar objection. One of that ancient race, finding that an antagonist, with whom he had fixed a friendly meeting, was determined to take the opportunity of assassinating him, prevented the hazard by dashing out his brains with a battle-axe. Two sturdy arms, brandishing such a weapon, form the usual crest of the family, with the above motto—*Periissem ni per-iissem*—(I had died, unless I had gone through with it).

* P. 98.—A *creagh* was an incursion for plunder, termed on the Border a *raid.*

* P. 100.—*Sornars* may be translated sturdy beggars, more especially indicating those unwelcome visitors who exact lodgings and victuals by force, or something approaching to it.

* P. 104.—Mac-Donald of Barrisdale, one of the very last Highland gentlemen who carried on the plundering system to any great extent, was a scholar and a well-bred gentleman. He engraved on his broadswords the well-known lines—

Hæ tibi erunt artes—pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

Indeed, the levying of black-mail was, before 1745, practised by several chiefs of very high rank, who, in doing so, contended that they were lending the laws the assistance of their arms and swords, and affording a protection which could not be obtained from the magistracy in the disturbed state of the country. The author has seen a Memoir of Mac-Pherson of Cluny, Chief of that ancient clan, from which it appears that he levied protection-money to a very large amount, which was willingly paid even by some of his most powerful neighbours. A ger-

tleman of this clan hearing a clergyman hold forth to his congregation on the crime of theft, interrupted the preacher to assure him, he might leave the enforcement of such doctrines to Cluny Mac-Pherson, whose broadsword would put a stop to theft sooner than all the sermons of all the ministers of the Synod.

* P. 107.—The Town-guard of Edinburgh were, till a late period, armed with this weapon when on their police duty. There was a hook at the back of the axe, which the ancient Highlanders used to assist them to climb over walls, fixing the hook upon it, and raising themselves by the handle. The axe, which was also much used by the natives of Ireland, is supposed to have been introduced into both countries from Scandinavia.

* P. 110.—It is not the weeping birch, the most common species in the Highlands, but the woolly-leaved Lowland birch that is distinguished by this fragrance.

* P. 112.—An adventure, very similar to what is here stated, actually befell the late Mr. Abercromby of Tullibody, grandfather of the present Lord Abercromby, and father of the celebrated Sir Ralph. When this gentleman, who lived to a very advanced period of life, first settled in Stirlingshire, his cattle were repeatedly driven off by the celebrated Rob Roy, or some of his gang; and at length he was obliged, after obtaining a proper safe-conduct, to make the cateran such a visit as that of Waverley to Bean Lean in the text. Rob received him with much courtesy, and made many apologies for the accident, which must have happened, he said, through some mistake. Mr. Abercromby was regaled with collops from two of his own cattle, which were hung up by the heels in the cavern, and was dismissed in perfect safety, after having agreed to pay in future a small sum of black-mail, in consideration of which Rob Roy not only undertook to forbear his herds in future, but to replace any that should be stolen from him by other freebooters. Mr. Abercromby said, Rob Roy affected to consider him as a friend to the Jacobite interest, and a sincere enemy to the Union. Neither of these circumstances were true; but the laird thought it quite unnecessary to undeceive his Highland host at the risk of bringing on a political dispute in such a situation. This anecdote I received many years since (about 1792) from the mouth of the venerable gentleman who was concerned in it.

* P. 113.—This was the regale presented by Rob Roy to the Laird of Tullibody.

* P. 119.—This celebrated gibbet was, in the memory of the last generation, still standing at the western end of the town of Crieff, in Perthshire. Why it was called the *kind* gallows, we are unable to inform the reader with certainty; but it is alleged that the Highlanders used to touch their bonnets as they passed a place, which had been fatal to many of their countrymen, with the ejaculation—"God bless her nain sell, and the Tiel tamn you!" It may therefore have been called kind, as being a sort of native or kindred place of doom to those who suffered there, as in fulfilment of a natural destiny.

* P. 121.—The story of the bridegroom carried off by caterans, on his bridal-day, is taken from one which was told to the author by the late Laird of Mac-Nab many years since. To carry off persons from the Lowlands, and to put them to ransom, was a common practice with the wild Highlanders, as it is said to be at the present day with the banditti in the south of Italy. Upon the occasion alluded to, a party of caterans carried off the bridegroom, and secreted him in some cave near the mountain of Schihallion. The young man caught the small-pox before his ransom could be agreed on; and whether it was the fine cool air of the place, or the want of medical attendance, Mac-Nab did not pretend to be positive; but so it was, that the prisoner recovered, his ransom was paid, and he was restored to his friends and bride, but always considered the Highland robbers as having saved his life, by their treatment of his malady.

* P. 122.—The Scotch are liberal in computing their land and liquor; the Scottish pint corresponds to two English quarts. As for their coin, every one knows the couplet—

How can the rogues pretend to sense?
Their pound is only twenty pence.

* P. 125.—This happened on many

occasions. Indeed, it was not till after the total destruction of the clan influence, after 1745, that purchasers could be found, who offered a fair price for the estates forfeited in 1715, which were then brought to sale by the creditors of the York-Buildings Company, who had purchased the whole or greater part from Government at a very small price. Even so late as the period first mentioned, the prejudices of the public in favour of the heirs of the forfeited families threw various impediments in the way of the purchasers of such property.

* P. 126.—This sort of political game ascribed to Mac-Ivor was in reality played by several Highland chiefs, the celebrated Lord Lovat in particular, who used that kind of finesse to the uttermost. The Laird of Mac—— was also captain of an independent company, but valued the sweets of present pay too well to incur the risk of losing them in the Jacobite cause. His martial consort raised his clan, and headed it in 1745. But the chief himself would have nothing to do with king-making, declaring himself for that monarch, and no other, who gave the Laird of Mac—— "half-a-guinea the day, and half-a-guinea the morn."

* P. 129.—In explanation of the military exercise observed at the Castle of Glennaquoich, the author begs to remark, that the Highlanders were not only well practised in the use of the broadsword, firelock, and most of the manly sports and trials of strength common throughout Scotland, but also used a peculiar sort of drill, suited to their own dress and mode of warfare. There were, for instance, different modes of disposing the plaid, one when on a peaceful journey, another when danger was apprehended; one way of enveloping themselves in it when expecting undisturbed repose, and another which enabled them to start up with sword and pistol in hand on the slightest alarm. Previous to 1720, or thereabouts, the belted plaid was universally worn, in which the portion which surrounded the middle of the wearer, and that which was flung around his shoulders, were all of the same piece of tartan. In a desperate onset, all was thrown away, and the clan charged bare beneath the doublet, save for an artificial arrangement of the shirt, which, like that of the Irish, was always ample, and for the sporran-mollach or goat's-skin purse. The manner of handling the pistol and dirk was also part of the Highland manual exercise, which the author has seen gone through by men who had learned it in their youth.

* P. 130.—Pork, or swine's flesh, in any shape, was, till of late years, much abominated by the Scotch, nor is it yet a favourite food amongst them. King Jamie carried this prejudice to England, and is known to have abhorred pork almost as much as he did tobacco. Ben Jonson has recorded this peculiarity, where the gipsy in a masque, examining the king's hand says,—

—— "you should, by this line,
Love a horse, and a hound, but no part
of a swine."

The Gipsies Metamorphosed.

James's own proposed banquet for the Devil, was a loin of pork and a poll of ling, with a pipe of tobacco for digestion.

* P. 131.—In the number of persons of all ranks who assembled at the same table, though by no means to discuss the same fare, the Highland chiefs only retained a custom which had been formerly universally observed throughout Scotland. "I myself," says the traveller, Fynes Morrison, in the end of Queen Elizabeth's reign, the scene being the Lowlands of Scotland, "was at a knight's house, who had many servants to attend him, that brought in his meat with their heads covered with blue caps, the table being more than half furnished with great platters of porridge, each having a little piece of sodden meat. And when the table was served, the servants did sit down with us; but the upper mess, instead of porridge, had a pullet, with some prunes in the broth."

Till within this last century, the farmers, even of a respectable condition, dined with their work-people. The difference betwixt those of high degree, was ascertained by the place of the party above or below the salt, or, sometimes, by a line drawn with chalk on the dining-table. Lord Lovat who knew well how to feed the

vanity and restrain the appetites of his clansmen, allowed each sturdy Fraser, who had the slightest pretension to be a Duinhewassel, the full honour of the sitting, but, at the same time, took care that his young kinsmen did not acquire at his table any taste for outlandish luxuries. His Lordship was always ready with some honourable apology, why foreign wines and French brandy—delicacies which he conceived might sap the habits of his cousins—should not circulate past an assigned point on the table.

* P. 138.—In the Irish ballads relating to Fion (the Fingal of Mac-Pherson), there occurs, as in the primitive poetry of most nations, a cycle of heroes, each of whom has some distinguishing attribute: upon these qualities, and the adventures of those possessing them, many proverbs are formed, which are still current in the Highlands. Among other characters, Conan is distinguished as in some respects a kind of Thersites, but brave and daring even to rashness. He had made a vow that he would never take a blow without returning it; and having, like other heroes of antiquity, descended to the infernal regions, he received a cuff from the Arch-fiend, who presided there, which he instantly returned, using the expression in the text. Sometimes the proverb is worded thus:—"Claw for claw, and the devil take the shortest nails, as Conan said to the devil."

* P. 138.—The Highland poet almost always was an improvisatore. Burt met one of them at Lovat's table.

* P. 141.—The description of the waterfall mentioned in this chapter is taken from that of Ledeard, at the farm so called on the northern side of Lochard, and near the head of the Lake, four or five miles from Aberfoyle. It is upon a small scale, but otherwise one of the most exquisite cascades it is possible to behold. The appearance of Flora with the harp, as described, has been justly censured as too theatrical and affected for the lady-like simplicity of her character. But something may be allowed to her French education, in which point and striking effect always make a considerable object.

* P. 143.—The young and daring Adventurer, Charles Edward, landed at Glenaladale, in Moidart, and displayed his standard in the valley of Glenfindan, mustering around it the Mac-Donalds, the Camerons, and other less numerous clans, whom he had prevailed on to join him. There is a monument erected on the spot, with a Latin inscription by the late Dr. Gregory.—The Marquis of Tullibardine's elder brother, who, long exiled, returned to Scotland with Charles Edward in 1745.

* P. 145.—

Good sooth, I reck not of your Helicon;
Drink water whoso will, in faith I will
drink none.

* P. 146.—This ancient Gaelic ditty is still well known, both in the Highlands and in Ireland. It was translated into English, and published, if I mistake not, under the auspices of the facetious Tom D'Urfey, by the title of "Colley, my Cow."

* P. 146.—The thrust from the tynes, or branches, of the stag's horns, were accounted far more dangerous than those of the boar's tusk:—

If thou be hurt with horn of stag, it
brings thee to thy bier,
But barber's hand shall boar's hurt
heal; therefore have thou no fear.

* P. 151.—This garb, which resembled the dress often put on children in Scotland, called a polonie (*i. e.* polonaise), is a very ancient modification of the Highland garb. It was, in fact, the hauberk or shirt of mail, only composed of cloth instead of rings of armour.

* P. 152.—Old Highlanders will still make the *deasil* around those whom they wish well to. To go round a person in the opposite direction, or *wither-chins* (German *wider-shins*) is unlucky, and a sort of incantation.

* P. 153.—This metrical spell, or something like it, is preserved by Reginald Scott, in his work on Witchcraft.

* P. 153.—

On the morrow they made their biers,
Of birch and hazel grey.
Chevy Chase.

* P. 153.—The author has been sometimes accused of confounding fiction with reality. He therefore thinks it necessary to state, that the circumstance of the hunting described in the text as preparatory to the insurrection of 1745, is, so far as he knows, en-

tirely imaginary. But it is well known such a great hunting was held in the Forest of Braemar, under the auspices of the Earl of Mar, as preparatory to the Rebellion of 1715; and most of the Highland chieftains who afterwards engaged in that civil commotion were present on this occasion.

* P. 155.—Corresponding to the Lowland saying, "Mony ane speirs the gate they ken fu' weel."

* P. 175.—These lines form the burden of an old song to which Burns wrote additional verses.

* P. 175.—These lines are also ancient, and I believe to the tune of

"We'll never have peace till Jamie comes hame;"

to which Burns likewise wrote some verses.

* P. 178.—A Highland rhyme on Glencairn's Expedition, in 1650, has these lines—

"We'll bide a while among ta crows,
We'll wiske ta sword and bend ta bows."

* P. 179.—The Oggam is a species of the old Irish character. The idea of the correspondence betwixt the Celtic and Punic, founded on a scene in Plautus, was not started till General Vallancey set up his theory, long after the date of Fergus Mac-Ivor.

* P. 181.—The sanguine Jacobites, during the eventful years 1745-6, kept up the spirits of their party by the rumour of descents from France on behalf of the Chevalier St. George. The Highlander, in former times, had always a high idea of his own gentility, and was anxious to impress the same upon those with whom he conversed. His language abounded in the phrases of courtesy and compliment; and the habit of carrying arms, and mixing with those who did so, made it particularly desirable they should use cautious politeness in their intercourse with each other.

* P. 192.—The Rev. John Erskine, D.D., an eminent Scottish divine, and a most excellent man, headed the Evangelical party in the Church of Scotland at the time when the celebrated Dr. Robertson, the historian, was the leader of the Moderate party. These two distinguished persons were colleagues in the Old Grey Friars' Church, Edinburgh; and, however much they differed in church politics, preserved the most perfect harmony as private friends, and as clergymen serving the same cure.

* P. 226.—The clan of Mac-Farlane, occupying the fastnesses of the western side of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the Low Country; and as their excursions were made usually by night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pibroch of *Hoggil nam Bo*, which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices,—the sense being—

We are bound to drive the bullocks,
All by hollows, hirsts, and hillocks,
Through the sleet, and through the rain
When the moon is beaming low
On frozen lake and hills of snow,
Bold and heartily we go;
And all for little gain.

* P. 227.—This noble ruin is dear to my recollection, from associations which have been long and painfully broken. It holds a commanding station on the banks of the river Teith, and has been one of the largest castles in Scotland. Murdoch, Duke of Albany, the founder of this stately pile, was beheaded on the Castle-hill of Stirling, from which he might see the towers of Doune, the monument of his fallen greatness.

In 1745-6, as stated in the text, a garrison on the part of the Chevalier was put into the castle, then less ruinous than at present. This castle became at that time the actual scene of a romantic escape made by John Home, the author of Douglas, and some other prisoners, who, having been taken at the battle of Falkirk, were confined there by the insurgents. The poet, who had in his own mind a large stock of that romantic and enthusiastic spirit of adventure, which he has described as animating the youthful hero of his drama, devised and undertook the perilous enterprise of escaping from his prison. He inspired his companions with his sentiments, and when every attempt at open force was deemed hopeless, they resolved to twist their bed-clothes into ropes, and thus to descend. Four persons, with Home himself, reached the ground in safety. But the rope broke with the fifth, who was a tall lusty man. The sixth was Thomas Barrow, a brave

young Englishman, a particular friend of Home's. Determined to take the risk, even in such unfavourable circumstances, Barrow committed himself to the broken rope, slid down on it as far as it could assist him, and then let himself drop. His friends beneath succeeded in breaking his fall. Nevertheless, he dislocated his ancle, and had several of his ribs broken. His companions, however, were able to bear him off in safety.

The Highlanders next morning sought for their prisoners, with great activity. An old gentleman told the author he remembered seeing the commander Macgrigor,

"Bloody with spurring, fiery red with haste,"

riding furiously through the country in quest of the fugitives.

* P. 231.—The Judges of the Supreme Court of Session in Scotland are proverbially termed, among the country people, The Fifteen.

* P. 232.—To *go out*, or *to have been out*, in Scotland, was a conventional phrase similar to that of the Irish respecting a man having been *up*, both having reference to an individual who had been engaged in insurrection. It was accounted ill-breeding in Scotland, about forty years since, to use the phrase *rebellion* or *rebel*, which might be interpreted by some of the parties present as a personal insult. It was also esteemed more polite even for stanch Whigs to denominate Charles Edward the Chevalier, than to speak of him as the Pretender; and this kind of accommodating courtesy was usually observed in society where individuals of each party mixed on friendly terms.

* P. 237.—The Jacobite sentiments were general among the western counties, and in Wales. But although the great families of the Wynnes, the Wyndhams, and others, had come under an actual obligation to join Prince Charles if he should land, they had done so under the express stipulation, that he should be assisted by an auxiliary army of French, without which they foresaw the enterprise would be desperate. Wishing well to his cause, therefore, and watching an opportunity to join him, they did not, nevertheless, think themselves bound in honour to do so, as he was only supported by a body of wild mountaineers, speaking an uncouth dialect, and wearing a singular dress. The race up to Derby struck them with more dread than admiration. But it was difficult to say what the effect might have been, had either the battle of Preston or Falkirk been fought and won during the advance into England.

* P. 240.—Divisions early showed themselves in the Chevalier's little army, not only amongst the independent chieftains, who were far too proud to brook subjection to each other, but betwixt the Scotch, and Charles's governor O'Sullivan, an Irishman by birth, who, with some of his countrymen bred in the Irish Brigade in the service of the King of France, had an influence with the Adventurer, much resented by the Highlanders, who were sensible that their own clans made the chief or rather the only strength of his enterprise. There was a feud also, between Lord George Murray, and James Murray of Broughton, the Prince's secretary, whose disunion greatly embarrassed the affairs of the Adventurer. In general, a thousand different pretensions divided their little army, and finally contributed in no small degree to its overthrow.

* P. 247.—The *Doutelle* was an armed vessel, which brought a small supply of money and arms from France for the use of the insurgents.

* P. 248.—Old women, on whom devolved the duty of lamenting for the dead, which the Irish call *Keenning*.

* P. 250.—These lines, or something like them, occur in an old Magazine of the period.

* P. 254.—They occur in Miss Seward's fine verses, beginning—

"To thy rocks, stormy Lannow, adieu."

* P. 256.—Which is, or was wont to be, the old air of "Good-night, and joy be wi' you a'!"

* P. 257.—The main body of the Highland army encamped, or rather bivouacked, in that part of the King's Park which lies towards the village of Duddingston.

* P. 261.—This circumstance, which is historical, as well as the description that precedes it, will remind the reader of the war of La Vendée, in which the royalists, consisting chiefly of insurgent peasantry, attached a

prodigious and even superstitious interest to the possession of a piece of brass ordnance, which they called Marie Jeane.

The Highlanders of an early period were afraid of cannon, with the noise and effect of which they were totally unacquainted. It was by means of three or four small pieces of artillery, that the Earls of Huntly and Errol, in James VI.'s time, gained a great victory at Glenlivat, over a numerous Highland army, commanded by the Earl of Argyle. At the battle of the Bridge of Dee, General Middleton obtained by his artillery a similar success, the Highlanders not being able to stand the discharge of *Musket's-Mother*, which was the name they bestowed on great guns. In an old ballad on the battle of the Bridge of Dee, these verses occur :—

"The Highlandmen are pretty men
For handling sword and shield,
But yet they are but simple men
To stand a stricken field.

"The Highlandmen are pretty men
For target and claymore,
But yet they are but naked men
To face the cannon's roar.

"For the cannons roar on a summer night
Like thunder in the air;
Was never man in Highland garb
Would face the cannon fair."

But the Highlanders of 1745 had got far beyond the simplicity of their forefathers, and showed throughout the whole war how little they dreaded artillery, although the common people still attached some consequence to the possession of the field-piece which led to this disquisition.

* P. 262.—Bran, the well-known dog of Fingal, is often the theme of Highland proverb as well as song.

* P. 265.—*Scottice* for followers.

* P. 271.—The faithful friend who pointed out the pass by which the Highlanders moved from Tranent to Seaton, was Robert Anderson, junior, of Whitburgh, a gentleman of property in East Lothian. He had been interrogated by the Lord George Murray concerning the possibility of crossing the uncouth and marshy piece of ground which divided the armies, and which he described as impracticable. When dismissed, he recollected that there was a circuitous path leading eastward through the marsh into the plain, by which the Highlanders might turn the flank of Sir John Cope's position, without being exposed to the enemy's fire. Having mentioned his opinion to Mr. Hepburn of Keith, who instantly saw its importance, he was encouraged by that gentleman to awake Lord George Murray, and communicate the idea to him. Lord George received the information with grateful thanks, and instantly awakened Prince Charles, who was sleeping in the field with a bunch of pease under his head. The Adventurer received with alacrity the news that there was a possibility of bringing an excellently provided army to a decisive battle with his own irregular forces. His joy on the occasion was not very consistent with the charge of cowardice brought against him by Chevalier Johnstone, a discontented follower, whose Memoirs possess at least as much of a romantic as a historical character. Even by the account of the Chevalier himself, the Prince was at the head of the second line of the Highland army during the battle, of which he says, "It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second line, where I was still by the side of the Prince, we saw no other enemy than those who were lying on the ground killed and wounded, *though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running always as fast as we could to overtake them.*"

This passage in the Chevalier's Memoirs places the Prince within fifty paces of the heat of the battle, a position which would never have been the choice of one unwilling to take a share of its dangers. Indeed, unless the chiefs had complied with the young Adventurer's proposal to lead the van in person, it does not appear that he could have been deeper in the action.

* P. 274.—The death of this good Christian and gallant man is thus given by his affectionate biographer, Dr. Doddridge, from the evidence of eye-witnesses :—

"He continued all night under arms, wrapped up in his cloak, and generally sheltered under a rick of barley, which happened to be in the field. About three in the morning he called his domestic servants to him, of

which there were four in waiting. He dismissed three of them with most affectionate Christian advice, and such solemn charges relating to the performance of their duty, and the care of their souls, as seemed plainly to intimate that he apprehended it was at least very probable he was taking his last farewell of them. There is great reason to believe that he spent the little remainder of the time, which could not be much above an hour, in those devout exercises of soul which had been so long habitual to him, and to which so many circumstances did then concur to call him. The army was alarmed, by break of day, by the noise of the rebels' approach, and the attack was made before sunrise, yet when it was light enough to discern what passed. As soon as the enemy came within gun-shot they made a furious fire; and it is said that the dragoons which constituted the left wing, immediately fled. The Colonel, at the beginning of the onset, which in the whole lasted but a few minutes, received a wound by a bullet in his left breast, which made him give a sudden spring in his saddle; upon which his servant, who led the horse, would have persuaded him to retreat, but he said it was only a wound in the flesh, and fought on, though he presently after received a shot in his right thigh. In the meantime, it was discerned that some of the enemy fell by him, and particularly one man, who had made him a treacherous visit but a few days before, with great profession of zeal for the present establishment.

"Events of this kind pass in less time than the description of them can be written, or than it can be read. The Colonel was for a few moments supported by his men, and particularly by that worthy person Lieutenant-Colonel Whitney, who was shot through the arm here, and a few months after fell nobly at the battle of Falkirk, and by Lieutenant West, a man of distinguished bravery, as also by about fifteen dragoons, who stood by him to the last. But after a faint fire, the regiment in general was seized with a panic; and though their Colonel and some other gallant officers did what they could to rally them once or twice, they at last took a precipitate flight. And just in the moment when Colonel Gardiner seemed to be making a pause to deliberate what duty required him to do in such circumstances, an accident happened, which must, I think, in the judgment of every worthy and generous man, be allowed a sufficient apology for exposing his life to so great hazard, when his regiment had left him. He saw a party of the foot, who were then bravely fighting near him, and whom he was ordered to support, had no officer to head them; upon which he said eagerly, in the hearing of the person from whom I had this account, 'These brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander,' or words to that effect, which while he was speaking, he rode up to them, and cried out, 'Fire on, my lads, and fear nothing.' But just as the words were out of his mouth, a Highlander advanced towards him with a scythe fastened to a long pole, with which he gave him so dreadful a wound on his right arm, that his sword dropped out of his hand; and at the same time several others coming about him while he was thus dreadfully entangled with that cruel weapon, he was dragged off from his horse. The moment he fell, another Highlander, who, if the king's evidence at Carlisle may be credited (as I know not why they should not, though the unhappy creature died denying it), was one Mac-Naught, who was executed about a year after, gave him a stroke either with a broadsword or a Lochaber-axe (for my informant could not exactly distinguish) on the hinder part of his head, which was the mortal blow. All that his faithful attendant saw farther at this time was, that as his hat was falling off, he took it in his left hand, and waved it as a signal to him to retreat, and added what were the last words he ever heard him speak, 'Take care of yourself;' upon which the servant retired."—*Some remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, by P. Doddridge, D.D.* London, 1747, p. 187.

I may remark on this extract, that it confirms the account given in the text of the resistance offered by some of the English infantry. Surprised by a force of a peculiar and unusual

description, their opposition could not be long or formidable, especially as they were deserted by the cavalry, and those who undertook to manage the artillery. But although the affair was soon decided, I have always understood that many of the infantry showed an inclination to do their duty.

* P. 275.—It is scarcely necessary to say that the character of this brutal young Laird is entirely imaginary. A gentleman, however, who resembled Balmawhapple in the article of courage only, fell at Preston in the manner described. A Perthshire gentleman of high honour and respectability, one of the handful of cavalry who followed the fortunes of Charles Edward, pursued the fugitive dragoons almost alone till near Saint Clement's Wells, where the efforts of some of the officers had prevailed on a few of them to make a momentary stand. Perceiving at this moment that they were pursued by only one man and a couple of servants, they turned upon him and cut him down with their swords. I remember, when a child, sitting on his grave, where the grass long grew rank and green, distinguishing it from the rest of the field. A female of the family then residing at Saint Clement's Wells used to tell me the tragedy of which she had been an eye-witness, and showed me in evidence one of the silver clasps of the unfortunate gentleman's waistcoat.

P. 284.—Charles Edward took up his quarters after the battle at Pinkie-house, adjoining to Musselburgh.

* P. 285.—The name of Andrea de Ferrara is inscribed on all the Scottish broadswords which are accounted of peculiar excellence. Who this artist was, what were his fortunes, and when he flourished, have hitherto defied the research of antiquaries; only it is in general believed that Andrea de Ferrara was a Spanish or Italian artificer, brought over by James the IV. or V. to instruct the Scots in the manufacture of sword blades. Most barbarous nations excel in the fabrication of arms; and the Scots had attained great proficiency in forging swords, so early as the field of Pinkie; at which period the historian Patten describes them as "all notably broad and thin, universally made to slice, and of such exceeding good temper, that as I never saw any so good, so I think it hard to devise better."—*Account of Somerset's Expedition.*

It may be observed, that the best and most genuine Andrea Ferraras have a crown marked on the blades.

* P. 288.—The clergyman's name was Mac-Vicar. Protected by the cannon of the Castle, he preached every Sunday in the West Kirk, while the Highlanders were in possession of Edinburgh; and it was in presence of some of the Jacobites that he prayed for Prince Charles Edward in the terms quoted in the text.

* P. 288.—The incident here said to have happened to Flora Mac-Ivor, actually befell Miss Nairne, a lady with whom the author had the pleasure of being acquainted. As the Highland army rushed into Edinburgh, Miss Nairne, like other ladies who approved of their cause, stood waving her handkerchief from a balcony, when a ball from a Highlander's musket, which was discharged by accident, grazed her forehead. "Thank God," said she, the instant she recovered, "that the accident happened to me, whose principles are known. Had it befallen a Whig, they would have said it was done on purpose."

* P. 325.—The Author of Waverley has been charged with painting the young Adventurer in colours more amiable than his character deserved. But having known many individuals who were near his person, he has been described according to the light in which those eye-witnesses saw his temper and qualifications. Something must be allowed, no doubt, to the natural exaggerations of those who remembered him as the bold and adventurous Prince, in whose cause they had braved death and ruin; but is their evidence to give place entirely to that of a single malcontent?

I have already noticed the imputations thrown by the Chevalier Johnstone on the Prince's courage. But some part at least of that gentleman's tale is purely romantic. It would not, for instance, be supposed, that at the time he was favouring us with the highly wrought account of his amour with the adorable Peggie, the Chevalier Johnstone was a married man, whose grandchild is now alive, or that

the whole circumstantial story concerning the outrageous vengeance taken by Gordon of Abbachie on a Presbyterian clergyman, is entirely apocryphal. At the same time it may be admitted, that the Prince, like others of his family, did not esteem the services done him by his adherents so highly as he ought. Educated in high ideas of his hereditary right, he has been supposed to have held every exertion and sacrifice made in his cause as too much the duty of the person making it, to merit extravagant gratitude on his part. Dr. King's evidence (which his leaving the Jacobite interest renders somewhat doubtful) goes to strengthen this opinion.

The ingenious editor of Johnstone's Memoirs has quoted a story said to be told by Helvetius, stating that Prince Charles Edward, far from voluntarily embarking on his daring expedition, was literally bound hand and foot, and to which he seems disposed to yield credit. Now, it being a fact as well known as any in his history, and, so far as I know, entirely undisputed, that the Prince's personal entreaties and urgency positively forced Boisdale and Lochiel into insurrection, when they were earnestly desirous that he would put off his attempt until he could obtain a sufficient force from France, it will be very difficult to reconcile his alleged reluctance to undertake the expedition, with his desperately insisting on carrying the rising into effect against the advice and entreaty of his most powerful and most sage partisans. Surely a man who had been carried bound on board the vessel which brought him to so desperate an enterprise, would have taken the opportunity afforded by the reluctance of his partisans, to return to France in safety.

It is averred in Johnstone's Memoirs, that Charles Edward left the field of Culloden without doing the utmost to dispute the victory; and, to give the evidence on both sides, there is in existence the more trustworthy testimony of Lord Elcho, who states, that he himself earnestly exhorted the Prince to charge at the head of the left wing, which was entire, and retrieve the day or die with honour. And on his counsel being declined, Lord Elcho took leave of him with a bitter execration, swearing he would never look on his face again, and kept his word.

On the other hand, it seems to have been the opinion of almost all the other officers, that the day was irretrievably lost, one wing of the Highlanders being entirely routed, the rest of the army out-numbered, outflanked, and in a condition totally hopeless. In this situation of things, the Irish officers who surrounded Charles's person interfered to force him off the field. A cornet who was close to the Prince, left a strong attestation that he had seen Sir Thomas Sheridan seize the bridle of his horse, and turn him round. There is some discrepancy of evidence; but the opinion of Lord Elcho, a man of fiery temper, and desperate at the ruin which he beheld impending, cannot fairly be taken, in prejudice of a character for courage which is intimated by the nature of the enterprise itself, by the Prince's eagerness to fight on all occasions, by his determination to advance from Derby to London, and by the presence of mind which he manifested during the romantic perils of his escape. The author is far from claiming for this unfortunate person the praise due to splendid talents; but he continues to be of opinion, that at the period of his enterprise, he had a mind capable of facing danger and aspiring to fame.

That Charles Edward had the advantages of a graceful presence, courtesy, and an address and manner becoming his station, the author never heard disputed by any who approached his person, nor does he conceive that these qualities are overcharged in the present attempt to sketch his portrait. The following extracts, corroborative of the general opinion respecting the Prince's amiable disposition, are taken from a manuscript account of his romantic expedition, by James Maxwell of Kirkconnell, of which I possess a copy, by the friendship of J. Menzies, Esq. of Pitfoddells. The author, though partial to the Prince whom he faithfully followed, seems to have been a fair and candid man, and well acquainted with the intrigues among the Adventurer's council:—

Everybody was mightily taken with the Prince's figure and personal behaviour. There was but one voice about them. Those whom interest or prejudice made a runaway to his cause, could not help acknowledging that they wished him well in all other respects, and could hardly blame him for his present undertaking. Sundry things had concurred to raise his character to the highest pitch, besides the greatness of the enterprise, and the conduct that had hitherto appeared in the execution of it. There were several instances of good-nature and humanity that had made a great impression on people's minds. I shall confine myself to two or three. Immediately after the battle, as the Prince was riding along the ground that Cope's army had occupied a few minutes before, one of the officers came up to congratulate him, and said, pointing to the killed, 'Sir, there are your enemies at your feet.' The Prince, far from exulting, expressed a great deal of compassion for his father's deluded subjects, whom he declared he was heartily sorry to see in that posture. Next day, while the Prince was at Pinkie-house, a citizen of Edinburgh came to make some representation to Secretary Murray about the tents that city was ordered to furnish against a certain day. Murray happened to be out of the way, which the Prince hearing of, called to have the gentleman brought to him, saying, he would rather dispatch the business, whatever it was, himself, than have the gentleman wait, which he did, by granting everything that was asked. So much affability in a young prince, flushed with victory, drew encomiums even from his enemies. But what gave the people the highest idea of him, was the negative he gave to a thing that very nearly concerned his interest, and upon which the success of his enterprise perhaps depended. It was proposed to send one of the prisoners to London, to demand of that court a cartel for the exchange of prisoners taken, and to be taken, during the war, and to intimate that a refusal would be looked upon as a resolution on their part to give no quarter. It was visible a cartel would be of great advantage to the Prince's affairs; his friends would be more ready to declare for him if they had nothing to fear but the chance of war in the field; and if the court of London refused to settle a cartel, the Prince was authorised to treat his prisoners in the same manner the Elector of Hanover was determined to treat such of the Prince's friends as might fall into his hands: it was urged that a few examples would compel the court of London to comply. It was to be presumed that the officers of the English army would make a point of it. They had never engaged in the service, but upon such terms as are in use among all civilized nations, and it could be no stain upon their honour to lay down their commissions if these terms were not observed, and that owing to the obstinacy of their own Prince. Though this scheme was plausible, and represented as very important, the Prince could never be brought into it: it was below him, he said, to make empty threats, and he would never put such as those into execution; he would never in cold blood take away lives which he had saved in heat of action at the peril of his own. These were not the only proofs of good nature the Prince gave about this time. Every day produced something new of this kind. These things softened the rigour of a military government, which was only imputed to the necessity of his affairs, and which he endeavoured to make as gentle and easy as possible."

On the whole, if Prince Charles had concluded his life soon after his miraculous escape, his character in history must have stood very high. As it was, his station is amongst those, a certain brilliant portion of whose life forms a remarkable contrast to all which precedes, and all which follows it.

* P. 331.—The following account of the skirmish at Clifton is extracted from the manuscript Memoirs of Evan Macpherson of Cluny, Chief of the clan Macpherson, who had the merit of supporting the principal brunt of that spirited affair.

"In the Prince's return from Derby, back towards Scotland, my Lord George Murray, Lieutenant-General, cheerfully charg'd himself with the command of the rear; a post, which,

altho' honourable was attended with great danger, many difficulties, and no small fatigue; for the Prince being apprehensive that his retreat to Scotland might be cut off by Marshall Wade, [illegible] to the northward of him with an armie much superior to what H. R. H. had, while the Duke of Cumberland with the whole cavalrie followed hard in the rear, was obliged to hasten his marches. It was not, therefore, possible for the artilirie to march so fast as the Prince's armie, in the depth of winter, extremely bad weather, at the worst roads in England; so Lord George Murray was obliged often to continue his marches long after it was dark almost every night, while at the same time he had frequent allarms and disturbances from the Duke of Cumberland's advanc'd parties. Towards the evening of the twentie-eight December 1745, the Prince entered the town of Penrith, in the Province of Comberland. But as Lord George Murray could not bring up the artilirie so fast as he would have wish'd, he was obliged to pass the night six miles short of that town, together with the regiment of MacDonel of Glengarrie, which that day happened to have the arrear guard. The Prince, in order to refresh his armie, and to give my Lord George and the artilirie time to come up, resolved to sejour the 29th at Penrith; so ordered his little armie to appear in the morning under arms, in order to be reviewed, and to know in what manner the numbers stood from his haveing entered England. It did not at that time amount to 5000 foot in all, with about 400 cavalrie, composed of the noblesse who serv'd as volunteers, part of whom form'd a first troop of guards for the Prince, under the command of My Lord Elcho, now Comte de Weems, who, being proscribed, is presently in France. Another part formed a second troop of guards under the command of My Lord Balmirino, who was beheadd at the tower of London. A third part serv'd under My Lord le Comte de Kilmarnock, who was likewise beheadd at the Tower. A fourth part serv'd under My Lord Pitsligow, who is also proscribed; which cavalrie, tho' very few in numbers, being all Noblesse, were very brave, and of infinite advantage to the foot, not only in the day of battle, but in serving as advanced guards on the several marches, and in patroling dureing the night on the different roads which led towards the towns where the army happened to quarter.

"While this small army was out in a body on the 29th December, upon a rising ground to the northward of Penrith, passing review, Mons. de Cluny, with his tribe, was ordered to the Bridge of Clifton, about a mile to southward of Penrith, after having pass'd in review before Mons. Patullo, who was charged with the inspection of the troops, and was likewise Quarter Master General of the army, and is now in France. They remained under arms at the Bridge, waiting the arrival of My Lord George Murray with the artilirie, whom Mons. de Cluny had orders to cover in passing the bridge. They arrived about sunsett closely pursued by the Duke of Comberland with the whole body of his cavalrie, reckoned upwards of 3000 strong, about a thousand of whom, as near as might be computed, dismounted, in order to cut off the passage of the artilirie towards the bridge, while the Duke and the others remained on horseback in order to attack the rear. My Lord George Murray advanced, and although he found Mons. de Cluny and his tribe in good spirits under arms, yet the circumstance appear'd extremely delicate. The numbers were vastly unequall, and the attack seem'd very dangerous; so my Lord George declin'd giving orders to such time as he ask'd Mons. de Cluny's opinion. 'I will attack them with all my heart,' says Mons. de Cluny, 'if you order me.' 'I do order it then,' answer'd my Lord George, and immediately went on himself along with Mons. de Cluny and fought sword in hand on foot, at the head of the single tribe of Macphersons. They in a moment made their way through a strong hedge of thorns, under the cover whereof the cavalrie had taken their station, in the struggle of passing which hedge My Lord George Murray, being dressed *en montagnard*, as all the armie were, lost his bonet and wig; so continued to fight bareheaded during the action. They at first made

brisk discharge of their fire arms on the enemy, then attacked them with their sabres, and made a great slaughter a considerable time, which obliged Comberland and his cavalrie to fly with precipitation and in great confusion; in so much, that if the Prince had been provided in a sufficient number of cavalrie to have taken advantage of the disorder, it is beyond question that the Duke of Comberland and the bulk of his cavalrie had been taken prisoners. By this time it was so dark that it was not possible to view the number of slain, who filled all the ditches which happened to be on the ground where they stood. But it was computed that, besides those who went off wounded, upwards of a hundred at least were left on the spot, among whom was Colonel Honeywood, who commanded the dismounted cavalrie, whose sabre of considerable value Mons. de Cluny brought off, and still preserves; and his tribe lykeways brought off many arms;—the Colonel was afterwards taken up, and, his wounds being dress'd, with great difficultie recovered. Mons. de Cluny lost only in the action twelve men, of whom some haveing been only wounded, fell afterwards into the hands of the enemy, and were sent as slaves to America, where several of them returned, and one of them is now in France, a sergeant in the Regiment of Royal Scots. How soon the accounts of the enemie's approach had reached the Prince H. R. H. had immediately ordered Mi-Lord le Comte de Nairne, Brigadier, who, being proscribed, is now in France, with the three batalions of the Duke of Athol, the batalion of the Duke of Perth, and some other troups under his command, in order to support Cluny, and to bring off the artillerie. But the action was intirely over before Nairne cou'd reach the place. They therefore return'd air to Penrith, and the artillerie marched up in good order. Nor did the Duke of Comberland ever afterwards come within a day's march of the Prince and his army dureing the course of all that retreat which was conducted with great prudence and safety, when in some manner surrounded by enemies."

* P. 342.—As the heathen deities contracted an indelible obligation if they swore by Styx, the Scottish Highlanders had usually some peculiar solemnity attached to an oath, which they intended should be binding on them. Very frequently it consisted in laying their hand on the dirk with which they swore, or their own drawn dirk; which dagger, becoming a party to the transaction, was invoked to punish any breach of faith. But by whatever ritual the oath was sanctioned, the party was extremely desirous to keep secret what the especial oath was, which he considered as irrevocable. This was a matter of great convenience as he felt no scruple in breaking his asseveration, when made in any other form than that which he accounted as peculiarly solemn; and therefore readily granted any engagement which bound him no longer than he inclined. Whereas, if the oath which he accounted inviolable was once publicly known, no party with whom he might have occasion to contract, would have rested satisfied with any other. Louis XI. of France practised the same sophistry, for he also had a peculiar species of oath, the only one which he was ever known to respect, and which, therefore, he was very unwilling to pledge. The only engagement which that wily tyrant accounted binding upon him, was an oath by the Holy Cross of Saint Lo d'Angers, which contained a portion of the True Cross. If he prevaricated after taking this oath, Louis believed he should die within the year. The Constable Saint Paul, being invited to a personal conference with Louis, refused to meet the king unless he would agree to ensure him safe conduct under sanction of this oath. But, says Comines, the king replied, he would never again pledge that engagement to mortal man, though he was willing to take any other oath which could be devised. The treaty broke off, therefore after much chaffering concerning the nature of the vow which Louis was to take. Such is the difference between the dictates of superstition and those of conscience.

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