

LOCAL CHIT-CHAT OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."

By Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. Sir E. Cust, D.C.L. &c., President.

(READ 7TH NOVEMBER, 1861.)*

THE following correspondence relates to a very interesting period in the history of England. After a long interval of peace, both at home and abroad, the country was suddenly alarmed by the victorious march of a wild multitude out of the Scotch Highlands, who, led by a young Prince of the house of Stuart, had not only defeated and dispersed the King's troops and already taken possession of the northern capital, but now threatened an inroad into England. It may well be conceived what a commotion must have been occasioned in the quiet hills and valleys of the border counties by the expectation of a sudden condition of intestine war, and how Lancashire, Cheshire and North Wales would soon catch the infection. There was well known to be, in those counties, a strong party in favour of the old family, and, when no one at such a moment dared trust his neighbour, there could be none so fit to rely upon for advice or information as a friend in the capital—especially when it is remembered that a newspaper was at that period but a hebdomadal luxury, and the market gossip was very uncertain and not likely to be at all assuring at such a moment of peril and alarm to a country community.

The private letters of a barrister to a country gentleman are not likely to add much to our knowledge of the secret causes of events, but they are interesting in a lower degree, as illustrating what the mass of the community thought of the

* Vol. II, N.S., p. 173.

events of the period, and especially to the Historic Society, when it is considered that the palatine counties of Chester and Lancaster were, to a very considerable degree, affected by the episode of the "forty-five;" and indeed the more especially because there is now conclusive ground for believing that it had been the intention of the rebels to pass through them into North Wales.

The first letter of this collection is dated October, 1745. The Pretender was at this time at Edinburgh. He had entered that city, with his army, after the battle of Prestonpans, with every token of triumph. The news of this battle, which told the complete overthrow of all the force that Government had been able to send against the insurgents, occasioned a violent revulsion of public feeling in favour of the victor, and spread proportionate consternation among all who had any interest in the Hanoverian cause. The whole of the Scottish state-officers, as well as many inferior persons enjoying public trust, betook themselves to flight in disguise to England or to remote parts of their own country; and in all Scotland there did not remain a single friend of Government who ventured to declare himself, excepting those who kept the fortresses; for the main strength of the British army was absent at this moment in Flanders.

It is the opinion of many that had Charles at the time made a descent upon England, he might have dislodged his Majesty from St. James's and exchanged with him, for a time at least, the titles of King and Pretender. However, the royal cause recovered heart, as may be seen from an extract of a letter from London:—

October, 1745.

I think I may now congratulate you upon the appearances we have of bringing our enemy's schemes to destruction; and I cannot help thinking but that Cope's miscarriage has been the means of rousing great numbers out of that great indifference

which has been too long shown for the Government, and will, for many years to come, make us more united than we have been for many years past.

Until this time the English Government had thought but lightly of this rebellion ; but now that matters had become alarming, King George returned in haste from Hanover, and an army was sent to the North, under Marshal Wade, to meet the Highland army ; but by the time this reached Newcastle the Pretender was already on his march into England. In the meanwhile, on the 13th of November, after a short siege, Carlisle capitulated and the insurgents seemed to have nothing to do but to go forward to London, in order to accomplish their object. Their route lay by Shap, Kendal and Lancaster to Preston, where the army rested on the 27th. From Preston they marched to Wigan and from Wigan to Manchester. At Manchester a circumstance occurred, which is worth recalling to our memory, as it shows the individual enterprise and courage of the Scottish partisans and the general terror with which the English were already seized. A man named Dickson, a sergeant, enlisted from the prisoners taken at Preston, having got a day's march ahead of the army, entered Manchester, with a boldness which almost surpasses belief, on the morning of the 29th, with his mistress and a drummer, and immediately began to beat up for recruits. The populace at first did not interrupt him, conceiving the whole rebel army to be near the town ; but as soon as they knew that it would not arrive till the evening, they surrounded him in a tumultuous manner, with the intention of taking him prisoner, dead or alive. Dickson presented his blunderbuss, which was charged with slugs, threatening to blow out the brains of those who first dared to lay hands on himself or the two who accompanied him ; and by turning round continually, facing in all directions and behaving *en vrai lion*, he soon enlarged the circle which

a crowd of people had formed around him. Having continued for some time to manœuvre in this way, those of the inhabitants of Manchester who were attached to the house of Stuart took arms and flew to the assistance of Dickson, in order to rescue him from the fury of the mob—so that he had soon some five or six hundred men to aid him, who dispersed the crowd in a very short time. Dickson now triumphed in his turn and, putting himself at the head of his followers, proudly paraded the town undisturbed the whole day, with his drummer, enlisting all who offered themselves to be enrolled in the Pretender's cause. That same evening, on presenting 180 recruits to the Highland army on their march, it was found that his whole expenses did not exceed three guineas. This adventure afterwards gave rise to many a joke at the expense of the town of Manchester, from the circumstance of its having been taken, with all its 30,000 inhabitants, by a serjeant, a drummer and a girl!

The recruits were immediately embodied with the others who had joined in England—the whole taking the name of “The Manchester Regiment,”—and were commanded by Mr. F. Townley, of a very old Roman Catholic family in Lancashire, one of the few volunteers who had yet joined the Prince. Such accessions, however, were very far inferior to what the insurgents had expected, or their predecessors had experienced in 1715. At that period Lancashire was nearly all devoted to the Stuart cause; but it is evident that the lapse of thirty years had quenched the flame of Jacobitism among the common people, and that even in the minds of the gentry it then burned only with a dim and wavering light.

It was now expected that the Pretender and his army would march into Wales; and all the bridges over the Mersey in that direction had been broken down to retard their motions. It was at Manchester that Charles published the following curious proclamation:—

To the Inhabitants of Manchester.

His R. H. being informed that several bridges had been pulled down in this country, he has given orders to repair them forthwith, particularly that at Crossford, which is to be done this night by his own troops, though his R. H. does not propose to use it for his own army, but believes it will be of service to the country ; and if any forces that were with General Wade be coming this road, *they may have the benefit of it.*

Manchester, November 30, 1745.

The following letter is dated November 28th, 1745, and shows the fears that were entertained by those who had friends in Wales. It was written by Mr. Hutton of Hertfordshire, to his brother-in-law, Mr. Yorke of Erddig.

Dear Sir,

I begin to be in concern for you and your family, on account of the rebels ; but, by the best intelligence I can get, I hope they will not be able to reach Wales ; however, I don't in the least doubt, from your great prudence and good judgement, but that you will take all proper precaution in case they should. If you should think it advisable to come southward, as far as us, you can surely want no invitation. We should all, I daresay, rejoice to see you ; and I don't doubt but my mother has mentioned it to you : if not, I am sure it proceeds from not knowing the danger you are in. I have it for good authority that the rebels have dwindled to about 4,000 fighting men, which, compared to Ligonier's army, is but an handful of men. Judge Reynolds assured me to-day he will have 12,000 old disciplined troops, with three battalion of the guards at the head of them, besides the now raised regiments, and he thinks they cannot get by him into Wales. Warrington bridge is broke down, which, Mr. Perkins tells me, will retard the march of the rebels two days. I saw a letter from Penrith, which gives an account that the rebels are drawing their baggage back to Carlisle, and it is supposed from thence they are about to retreat. You have seen the account of the privateer taken by the *Sheerness* man-of-war. We have no

particulars yet of the persons on board ; but it is generally thought the younger brother of the Pretender is one of them.

The worst piece of news in town, I think, at present is that the Government cannot raise money for present service at the rate it has done of late years. I am told that the moneyed people insist upon $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Should they prevail in it, it will be fixing the interest the Government must pay for all the money they want to raise this year, and will be a great detriment to the present proprietors of the funds and annihilate part of our fortunes. Another thing, all trade is clogged, a good deal at a stand and no money to be got but a little silver.

I am,

Yours, &c.,

MATTHEW HUTTON.

Another letter of the same date, 28th November, is written by a lawyer in London to Mr. Yorke.

Dear Sir,

I had your last favor, and was rejoiced to find your uneasiness on account of the rebels' progress towards Cheshire was abated, and though they are since advanced much further, yet as the Duke with his army is, I hope, by this time advancing towards them, and preparations are making at Chester for a vigorous opposition to their coming into Wales through Chester, I am willing to believe that should they slip by the Duke and advance towards Chester, that he will come time enough for its relief. Nay, I am inclined still to think that as their expectations of being joined by people in England and being assisted from abroad have not been answered, that they will endeavour to return to their own country the way they came from thence or through Yorkshire ; and whichever of these roads they take, I hope Marshal Wade will meet with and give a good account of them. By very good accounts from the north, they do not amount to above 6,000, and many of them very mean, unsoldier-like fellows. They have hitherto met with no resistance ; but what can they do, when faced by approved soldiers, animated with the highest contempt of them ? The Duke, attended by Col. Yorke, set out on Tuesday

afternoon in his post-chaise, and proposed being at Litchfield yesterday; and though that was the place appointed for the rendezvous, yet I hope, as the rebels have been advancing, some part of our troops (sufficient at least to abate their forced marches) have been advancing further. I am the rather willing to hope these things may be so, as I find, by good Mrs. Mainwaring's letter to her son, that her uneasiness is very great, and which she expressed in so moving a manner, that I was sorry I had seen her letter. By the time you receive this, the rebels' intentions will be very likely shown; and it will give me the greatest pleasure to hear that you are all in good spirits. It was strongly reported that the Pretender's younger son was on board the privateer brought into Deal, but it is not now believed. The young Pretender's declarations enlarge very much on the protests and speeches of our pretended patriots' grievances, and which he says he has come to redress. What excuses can they resort to who have brought so great calamities upon so many thousands of their fellow-subjects, and traduced a Government much too mild for such a race of men? For which of them can truly say whose ox or whose ass has been taken from him. On the contrary, many of them are now hazarding their lives in the defence of that Government they have long with the greatest vehemence been vilifying, under the most false though specious pretences.

R. WOOLFE.

As the rebels were still at Manchester, uncertain which way to turn, this gentleman's congratulations to his friend in Wales were perhaps somewhat premature.

On the 29th of November, finding that all the bridges over the Mersey were broken down to impede their progress, the rebel army directed their march towards a fordable part of the river, on the road to London, marching in two columns, one towards Stockport, the other towards Knutsford. Near Stockport the Prince passed the Mersey, with the water up to his middle. The horse and artillery passed, with the other detachment, at Knutsford, where a sort of bridge was made up by

filling up the channel of the stream with the trunks of poplar trees. On the evening of the 1st of December the two bodies had joined at Macclesfield.

As Charles advanced from Manchester, he found the people of the country very little inclined to favour or assist him, displaying no sympathy or fellow-feeling with the "wild petticoat men," as they called the kilted Highlanders. On the other hand they showed an equal unconcern to the interests of the reigning family; and looked coolly on the struggle, as they might upon a game, forgetting that they themselves formed the stake of the players.

The poet Gray writes from Cambridge—"Here we had no more sense of danger than if it were the battle of Cannæ. I heard three sensible, middle-aged men, when the Scotch were said to be at Stamford and actually were at Derby, talking of hiring a chaise to go to Caxton (a place on the high road), to see the Pretender and Highlanders as they passed."

From Macclesfield Lord George Murray (who commanded one of the divisions of the rebel army), by a dexterous manœuvre succeeded in completely misleading his enemy, and advanced, with his column of "wild men," to Congleton, where he dislodged and drove before him the Duke of Kingston and a small party of English horse, pursuing them with his vanguard some way on the road to Newcastle.

When intelligence reached London that the Highlanders had got past the royal army and had reached Derby, within four days' march of the capital, a degree of consternation pervaded the public mind, of which it is impossible to convey any idea. An immediate rush was made upon the Bank of England, which, it is said, only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences to gain time. The shops in general were shut, public business was for the most part suspended and the

restoration of the Stuarts expected by all as no improbable or distant occurrence.

The Pretender passed the evening of his arrival at Derby in the highest spirits and, after supper, studiously directed his conversation to his intended progress and expected triumph—whether it would be best for him to enter London on foot or on horseback, in Highland or in English dress. Far different were the thoughts of his followers. Early next morning he was waited upon by Lord George Murray, with all the commanders of battalions and squadrons; and a council being formed, they laid before him their earnest and unanimous opinion for an immediate retreat to Scotland. Their force consisted of barely 5,000 fighting men—a number insufficient to give battle to any of the three armies by which they were surrounded; nay, scarcely adequate even to take possession of London, were there no camp at Finchley to protect it. The English army was not less than 30,000 men although, it is true, all that could be assembled in the Kingdom were there combined.

The council, headed by Lord George Murray, represented to the Prince how much wiser it would be to retreat while it was yet time to support and be supported by their friends in Scotland. “Already,” said Lord George, (and he pointed to despatches which had reached the Prince that very morning,) “we learn that Lord John Drummond has landed at Montrose, “with the regiment of Royal Scots and some picquets of the “Irish brigade, so that the whole force under Lord Strathallan, “ready to join us from Perth, is not less than three or four “thousand men;” and he stated many other good reasons. After summoning another council that evening, Charles sullenly and with reluctance gave in his consent to a retreat. The Highland army pursued their retreat by the same track as they had come, and it was concerted with so much secrecy and conducted with so much skill, that it was

two days' march ahead of the royal forces ere the Duke of Cumberland could make himself certain of the fact or take measures for a pursuit.

The Pretender's cause was at this period by no means so hopeless as Lord George Murray apprehended. Prince Charles has left evidence in the Stuart papers, that a Mr. Barry had waited upon H.R.H. when at Derby, sent by Sir Watkin Winn and Lord Barrymore, to assure him in the name of their friends, that they were ready to join him, in what manner he pleased, either in the capital or in their respective neighbourhoods. The Jacobite party was also very strong in London, and Alderman Heathcote, one of the city members, was in communication with Sir Watkin, to assure him that they would rise in London immediately on a landing and to beg that arms and ammunition might be sent them. A curious picture is in one of the apartments at Goldsmith's Hall, in the city—an exceedingly good one, by Hudson, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, and therefore contemporary of the '45, which records a festive meeting of six Aldermen, in the act of drinking the Pretender's health, and under the chair of the President is an open letter, addressed to Alderman Blackford, and franked "Free Wat. W^{ms}. Winn." One of the party (Sir Henry Marshall, an ancestor of my own) had been Lord Mayor the previous year.

It was not until the Prince had reached the county of Westmoreland that the royal army came up with the insurgents. On the evening of the 17th their main body, headed by Charles, had entered Penrith, but the rear-guard, under the command of Lord George Murray, had been delayed in their march by the breaking down of some baggage waggons and could proceed no further than Shap. At Clifton Moor an engagement took place and the English were completely repulsed. On the following day, the 19th of December, Charles and his troops arrived at Carlisle.

A letter of this date is interesting, as giving an account of the volunteer excitement of the period.

Lincoln's Inn, 19th Dec., 1745.

Dear Sir,

The fears of the rebels in your part of the world being now removed, I fancy you'll be wishing for some accounts relating to the talked of embarkations from our implacable enemies. As to which I can only tell you that every day produces various reports, as well as to this as other public affairs, and that nothing, I think, can be depended upon till it has actually happened. So that this is chiefly to congratulate you on your being freed from your late apprehensions, and to wish you and yours the usual Christmas compliments.

As my pen is in my hand, I cannot help telling you that about twelve days since I 'listed in a regiment of lawyers, amongst whom were your Chief Justice and Mr. Serjeant Willes. As possibly you may not have heard anything of this matter, you must know that several gentlemen of the law had been for some time learning the military exercise; and on Friday seven-night there was so great a panic here, lest the rebels should be with us in a few days, that on Saturday morning early several of the Inns of Court gentlemen had a meeting in the Middle Temple hall, when they appointed a committee to consider in what manner they might be serviceable and to give notice to the profession to meet there again at noon. Pursuant to notice, I went thither, and we were told that if a regiment could be formed, the Lord Chief Justice Willes would have a commission granted him as Colonel and that their service would be as a guard to the royal family during his Majesty's absence, who, it was there said, was forthwith going to Finchley, where a camp was immediately to be formed. The meeting was very numerous, as likewise in the afternoon, Sunday afternoon and Monday, both fore and afternoon—for you must know that many amongst us had different schemes to propose, as to the nature of our service, what was to be our uniform, how to be officered, &c. Amongst so many, especially of the young barristers

and students, there would be many speakers. Our last meeting was the Tuesday morning, when it was expected our Colonel would have produced his commission, but he read us a letter from Lord Harrington, signifying that, as affairs now stood, his Majesty had no thoughts of taking the field and remitted our service and returned his thanks for our zeal &c. I fancy this was very mortifying to many of the smart gentlemen : as to myself, I was very glad of it. For on the Sunday morning I put myself (with my firelock upon my shoulder) under the direction of a real military sergeant, but found, to my sorrow, that my zeal was far greater than my abilities, and that my musquet was too much for me to manage with any tolerable alacrity ; and had the project gone on and I could not have obtained my discharge, I must have been under the necessity of deserting, but not for the same reason that Timothy Pescot flew from his colours. But to be serious :— when I set my name to the roll, I did it most heartily, but I soon after found that nothing would come of it.

Since I began my letter, I hear accounts are come to-day that Admiral Townsend having met with a fleet of French merchant ships, bound for Martinico, has burnt or otherwise destroyed ten and took twenty of them, and that an express is arrived from the Duke from Lancaster, dated Tuesday morning, when the rebels were at Shap, thirteen miles from Kendal, where he would be that night. As there will be an extraordinary Gazette to-night, you'll have a very particular account in it in relation to the rebels. Townsend's affair is certainly true and better, as I hear, than I have mentioned. A message from his Majesty was this day sent to both Houses, acquainting them that he had, pursuant to a treaty in June last, taken into pay 6000 Hessians for the service of this nation, against all attempts of foreign powers. The Lords resolved to present an address of thanks, and to assure his Majesty that they will readily contribute to the strengthening his Majesty's forces for the security of this kingdom. But the other House are debating upon it.

Yours &c.,

RICHARD WOOLFE.

To connect these letters a slight sketch of the events that occurred has been derived from the histories of the Rebellion of 1745, which may render the narrative, which refers more particularly to this part of England, more intelligible and interesting to us. After spending one night at Carlisle, Prince Charles and his army on the following day crossed the Esk, the border river, and was again in Scotland. His expedition to England had lasted six weeks. He had penetrated into this country further than any hostile force had done since the Norman Conquest. It had been done in the face of two armies, each capable of utterly annihilating it. Yet such was the success which will sometimes attend the most desperate case if conducted with resolution, that from the time they entered this country until they left it, only forty of the insurgents were lost out of five thousand by sickness, marauding, or the sword of the enemy. A magnanimity was preserved even in retreat, beyond that of ordinary soldiers; and instead of flying in wild disorder, a prey to their pursuers, the desultory bands had turned against and smitten the superior army of their enemy with a vigour that effectually checked it. They had carried the standard of Glenfinnin a hundred and fifty miles into a country full of foes, and now they brought it back unscathed through accumulated dangers of storm and war.

The next letter of Mr. Yorke of Erddig's correspondent is dated—

February 6th, 1746,
Whitehall.

Dear Sir,

It is with the greatest satisfaction, that I congratulate you upon the good news contained in the Gazettes, which I take the liberty of sending you enclosed. Miss Jenny Cameron, who has frequently been mentioned in the newspapers

as a lady of spirit and gallantry and in high favor with the young Pretender, has been taken prisoner by the King's troops.

I am, &c.,

Yours,

H. J. JONES.

In these days we can hardly understand the great public sensation which the capture of an enthusiastic young lady seems to have produced ; but perhaps she was the heroine on whom this epigram was composed :—

“ Pretty Tory ! where's the jest
 “ Of wearing orange in thy breast ?
 “ When that same breast exulting shews
 “ The whiteness of the rebel rose.”

On the 17th of February, 1746, was fought the battle of Falkirk. The Duke of Cumberland had, after the siege of Carlisle, returned to London leaving his troops under the command of Lieut.-General Hawley, who was ordered to conduct a portion of the army into Scotland, where he was signally defeated by Charles at Falkirk. This battle was Charles's last victory, and was thought to have proved hurtful instead of advantageous to his cause. He had previously raised the siege of Stirling Castle, which he again resumed, thus leaving his enemies full leisure to recover from their recent defeat. When the news of this disaster to the English army, whose loss had been considerable, reached the Court of St. James's, (it was on the day of a Drawing Room,) every countenance appeared clouded with doubts and apprehension, except only the King's, whose heart was by temperament inaccessible to fear, and perhaps Sir John Cope rejoiced a little to have in Hawley a partner in his misfortune. The Duke of Cumberland laid the blame of the affair on Hawley who, he said, maintained no discipline ; and added that, “ were he there, he would attack “ the rebels with the men that Hawley had left.” His Royal Highness was at once appointed to the chief command of the army, and set out immediately. Travelling night and day, he

arrived most unexpectedly at Holyrood House on the morning of the 30th of January, 1746, and on the 31st he set forward with his army to give the insurgents battle. The following letter shows that a battle at this time was fully expected.

Extract of letter—

Lincoln's Inn,

6th March, 1746.

I fear the young Pretender has still a considerable number of Rebels in a body with him, and that there are others in smaller parties who will be able when the brave Duke (whom God preserve) gets near them to join in one body, so that I doubt the Rebellion is not so near being extinguished as our sanguine hopes have made us imagine it to be, and I wish the danger being so remote may not be the means of slackening that zeal in many people from what they showed when the rebels were nearer our own doors; otherwise it seems very unaccountable there should be any amongst us, who should think at this time of giving interruption in the means of raising the supplies. But such there are, for after acceptance and agreement with certain persons for raising three millions, we have now schemes from Sir J. Barnard; and, I believe, a strong party making against the Bill when it comes into the House. Yesterday was expected to have been the day for discussion but it stands over for next Wednesday.

Yours &c.,

RICHARD WOOLFE.

On approaching Falkirk, His Royal Highness was informed that the rebels had already commenced their retreat. The leading men of the insurgents had insisted on retiring into the Highlands, and a consultation had accordingly been held by them at Stirling, the result of which was a memorial, signed by the greater number of Charles's officers and sent to the Prince by Lord George Murray, which, after lamenting the number of Highlanders who had gone home and the unequal chances of another battle, counselled a retreat which, while it disconcerted the enemy, would enable them to recruit their

diminished bands. With increased reluctance Charles again assented to go back, and the insurgents accordingly began their retreat on the 1st of February, first spiking their heavy cannon and blowing up their powder magazine at St. Ninian's. The direction of the retreat was to Crieff and so on to Inverness. They were pursued, but not overtaken by the Duke of Cumberland, and it was not until the 16th of April that the two armies met, when the battle of Culloden was fought. It is said to have lasted little more than forty minutes, most of which brief space of time was spent in distant firing, and very little in the active struggle. The royal army was completely victorious. The hopes of the Pretender were for ever ended. His army was scattered; many of his bravest officers were taken prisoners, and his adherents, everywhere seized by the English Government, were committed for trial.

From this time the princely chief of this ill-fated enterprise wandered for five months, sometimes alone, sometimes with a single Highlander as his guide and companion—a price set on his head—hunted from mountain to island, and from island to mountain—pinched with famine, tossed by storms and unsheltered from the rains—his strength wasted, but his spirit still unbroken. Cheered by the comforting devotion of the celebrated Flora Macdonald, he at length reached the Isle of Skye, where two French vessels, despatched on purpose to take him off, arrived and conveyed him to France in safety. Flora was the daughter of Macdonald of the Clan Ranald.

The following letter is written after the news of the victory of Culloden had reached London—

Lincoln's Inn, 1st May, 1746.

Dear Sir,

I herewith send you the address of both Houses. You will perceive by them that spirit is shown, I hope wholly to put it out of the power of the Scotch ever to disturb our peace

again. The Commons are proceeding on the examination of witnesses to prove a great number of the most considerable being in the Rebellion, in order to insert them in a bill of attainder, in case they do not surrender to a certain time; and it is now thought the Parliament will sit the greatest part of the summer. Our Gazettes are very imperfect in the accounts of the late glorious victory, and I believe purposely lessen the number of slain, for I believe we gave very little quarter during the action or pursuit, to stop the clamour of a certain lot of persons, who at the same time they would be thought to rejoice for our having obtained a victory, wish it had been at a less expense of the blood of so many fellow-subjects. I must own, that I am so blood thirsty, that I wish every man of them had died by the sword. I fancy your this night's evening paper will contain some of the accounts published in Scotland, as well as some private letters, which you will find to be a much better relation than our public accounts have been. I am told Colonel Yorke's is by far the best, and was extremely approved by His Majesty. My last brought you the numbers, ayes and noes, in the committee of supply. It was debated again on the report, and begun by your great neighbour. Their speeches were mostly levelled at their late consort Mr. Pitt, he (Pitt) spoke exceedingly well, and treated them with the utmost contempt, called them a stubborn, blind faction, and compared them to flies who buzzed and tickled, but which with the waft of a hand were dispersed. The numbers for agreeing to the resolutions of the committee, were 199 against 83. Horace Campbell, on the motion for the address, proposed an amendment, by inserting the word British, between the words "your Majesty's" and the word "arms." This was lest it should be thought the Hessians have had any share in our successes, and quoted, but I do not understand rightly for what, as a precedent, the address of taking Portobello, with six ships only. This occasioned old Horace to be witty, and he agreed to this proposal, provided it should be mentioned that the Pretender landed in Scotland with six men only, and soon after was joined there by twice as many thousands of that part of the Kingdom; was now run away with two persons only, *not Scotch,*

The two following letters conclude the series, and give curious details of the trials of two of the Rebel Lords—Cromartie and Lovat.

Lincolns Inn,

18th November, 1746.

Dear Sir,

You'll see by the papers that all the rebels who have been indicted at St. Martin's Hill have been tried. It has appeared in many of the late trials that Lord Cromartie used very great violence in forcing several persons to join him, so that I should think such as appear to have been in that situation and yet have been found guilty, have as good a pretence to mercy as he has met with. I think it now appears very clear that the rebels designed for Wales, and that their going to Derby was a force upon them. I understood your Chief Justice that he intended to send you, by the last post, copies of two letters wrote by Buchanan, who was tried and condemned in the North and executed there: in one of which he writes, that before that time the rebel army must be in Wales. The original letters were produced at his trial, and it is said were furnished by Secretary Murray. This Buchanan was the most considerable of the rebels, having an estate of upwards of £800 a year. He was not in England, and did not himself join the rebels till their return into Scotland, and then was with them in arms in diverse places. His defence on his trial was, that he received a wound in his thigh from the rebels by a shot, which shewed that he was not of their party; but the fact as to this was, and (I believe) was proved, that he had induced a gentleman to raise his clan for the Pretender, and the gentleman finding he had greatly magnified matters in favor of the rebels, went to Buchanan's (otherwise Prior's house), and showed much discontent. It is said, but not proved, he lay there, and next morning was found dead in bed, being shot through the head. His men afterwards waylaid Buchanan and shot him in the thigh. Upon producing the above letters, (which were proved to be his handwriting by his own witnesses,) he made no further defence, but observed that one witness, who had sworn he saw him

in arms at Glasgow, was mistaken, he never having been there,* but said he believed the witness (who had been his servant) thought so, as he might take a gentleman for him, who was very much like him and was at Glasgow. He was proved to be in arms in about eight other places by many witnesses, and same as above, made no objection to the evidence given against him, owned the justice of his sentence, and begged the judges to recommend him to his Majesty for mercy. I have been thus particular, because it has been with great industry given out here, as if this man's sentence was unjust, and was because of having so good an estate forfeited, and as I doubt not but this wicked scandal may have been propogated in your parts. It is said Lord George Murray, though he had a considerable command in the rebel army, was the whole time, or however some time before the glorious battle of Culloden, a spy, and has been for some time in this town and made great discoveries. It is also said we may soon expect to hear of many persons having greyhounds seize them.

Yours &c.,

RICHARD WOOLFE.

Extract from a letter dated 9th April, 1747.

A gentleman of this Inn was at the Tower this morning, who heard old Lovat as he passed a young woman in one of the rooms, ask the officer, if he would not permit him to give her a kiss. The officer gave him a very proper rebuke, so that he contented himself with saying he hoped he would not prevent him from, what he accordingly did, say to her, he wished her well. This gentleman says, that when the old man arrived upon the stage, he sat him

* A curious story is told of Squire Massey of Puddington Hall in Wirral, who had been out in 1715 with the Pretender, but when he quitted him he suspected he should be watched in getting home. He adopted, in consequence, a singular expedient. He quitted the ranks before he reached the boundary of Cheshire and took bye-roads towards the Mersey, which he swam across in its broadest part. But before reaching Puddington Hall he fell upon an unfortunate countryman, whom he beat within an inch of his life. The man, naturally indignant, brought him before the magistrate, who fined him heavily for the assault. When, therefore, the informers came forward to swear to Massey having been with the rebel army on a certain day, he appealed to the magistrate's conviction, but it was not admitted as a full and sufficient *alibi*, for he was subsequently taken and conveyed to Chester Castle, in which captivity he died within a few weeks afterwards.

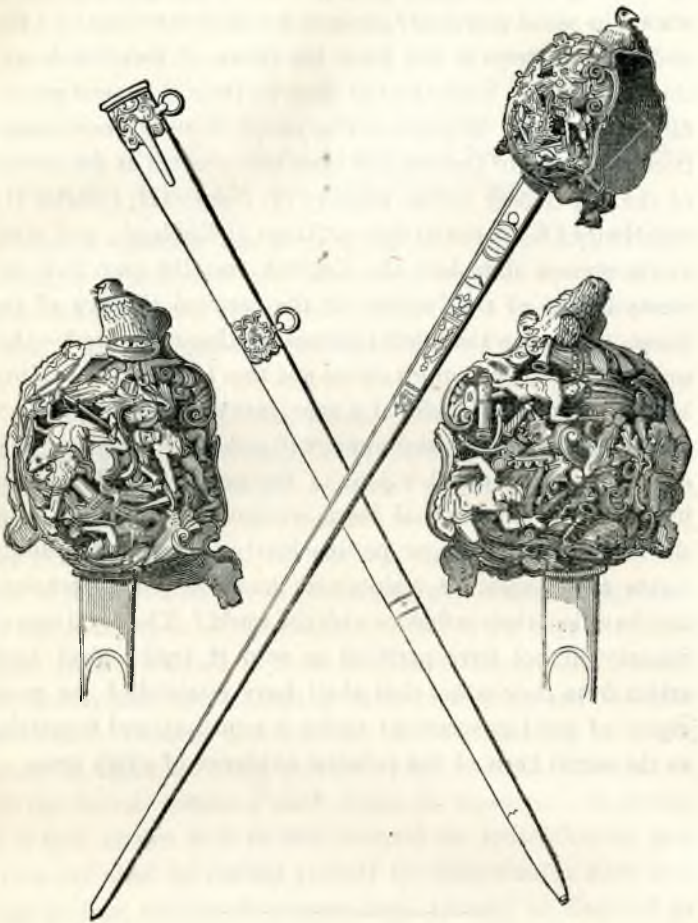
down in a chair about twelve minutes before he laid his head to the block. I do not hear that he read any paper to the spectators or made them any speech, nor of any particulars of what he said to those about him, save that he said that about 500 years ago an ancestor of his was there beheaded. He died a Catholic of the Jansenist persuasion. Several people have lost their lives by the falling of a scaffold and great numbers much hurt.

After the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle the French Court, though willing to please their new allies, was required to relinquish Charles's cause and to stipulate his exclusion from their territories. They proposed to establish Charles Edward at Friburg in Switzerland, with the title of Prince of Wales, a company of guards and a sufficient pension. Charles, however, refused to leave Paris, and Louis XIV, finding threats, entreaties, arguments all vain, called a council of state, where it was deemed the kindest act to arrest him and carry the Prince out of the kingdom by force. He was seized, bound with thirty-six ells of black silk ribbon and conveyed, with a single attendant, to the state-prison of Vincennes. After a few days' confinement he was carried to Pont de Beauvoisin, on the frontier of Savoy, and there restored to a wandering and desolate freedom. Charles first repaired to Avignon, but in a few weeks he again set forth, and for many years the movements of the Royal wanderer were wrapt in mystery. However, it is now known that in this interval he visited Venice and Germany, that he resided secretly for some time at Paris and that he even undertook a mysterious journey to England in 1750, and perhaps another in 1762 or 1763. It was not till the year 1766 that he settled at Florence and married the Princess of Stolberg. There he resided until his death, which took place in January, 1788. His funeral rites were performed by his brother, the Cardinal, but his coffin was afterwards removed to St. Peter's at Rome, where it is deposited next to those of his father and brother. Beneath that unrivalled dome lie

mouldering the remains of these brave and gallant hearts, whom the world now freely pardons for their exertions by a fair and brave attempt to win back the crown of their birthright that had been so madly lost to them by their father and grandfather, James II. *Requiescant in pace!* A stately monument, from the chisel of Canova, has been here erected at the charge of the last George to the memory of James III, Charles III and Henry IX, by titular descent kings of England; and often at the present day does the English traveller turn from the sunny height of the Pincian, or the carnival throngs of the Corso, to gaze in thoughtful silence on that royal tomb—that sad mockery of human greatness and that last record of ruined hopes. The marble tells of a race justly expelled; yet who, after a century has passed away, will unkindly remember their errors, or will not rather join in the prayer that kings and judges of the earth would learn wisdom and prudence from their fate, and no longer pertinaciously adhere to hereditary rights that cannot be maintained, and obsolete pretensions that have lost their influence with the world? The royal race of Stuart will not have perished in vain if truths shall have arisen from their ashes that shall have established the principles of good government under a constitutional monarchy as the surest basis of the political existence of every state.

MEMORANDUM.

The letters are original and unpublished. The historical narrative which connects this correspondence is taken from Chambers's "History of Scotland," and Earl Stanhope's "History of England."



LL. JEWITT DEL. & SC.

[The Claymore of Prince Charles Edward, presented by His Royal Highness The Prince Regent to Macdonald of Clanronald: the Photograph from which this Wood-cut is taken has been the gift of that chieftain to Lieut.-General Sir Edward Cust.]