PRINCE CHARLIE AND THE '45

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AN ADDRESS

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Prince Charles Edward Lewis Philip Casimir Mary-Silvester Stuart was born at Rome on the 31st December, 1720. He was the grandson of James VII. of Scotland and II. of England. At the age of 22 he conceived the design of recovering the throne of his ancestors He landed from a French ship in the Highlands of Scotland in the year 1745 with seven attendants. He was joined by several Chiefs and their vassals. George II. had ascended the throne of Britain upon the death of his father, George I.

The force of Charles Edward was small, considering the great work that had to be achieved; but he was not deterred from advancing.

As even a summary of the romantic story of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" would be too long for the time at our disposal, I will only give you a short sketch of the incidents of his journey from Perth to Edinburgh, by Bathgate Hills and Kirkliston.

Leaving Perth on a September day in 1745 the Prince and his army arrived at Dunblane on the evening of the same day, his force being greatly augmented on the way thither. In passing Doune a collation was provided for him, when the daughters of his entertainers solicited the honour of kissing his hand, while a younger sister boldly asked for liberty to "pree his Royal Highness's mou'." This request being interpreted to Charlie, he imprinted numerous kisses on the fair and blushing face.

During the march toward Falkirk many robberies of cattle were committed by the Highlanders, which so enraged Lochiel that he shot one of his men in order to stop their plundering.

> As sheep and cattle were drove away,
> Yet hungry men sought for their prey ;
> Took milk and butter, kirn and cheese,
> On all kinds of eatables they seize.

In passing Stirling a demand was made on the inhabitants for a supply of provisions for Charlie's army. The dealers in provisions, on learning this, supplied a considerable quantity, for which they were duly paid.

When near Falkirk the army halted and passed the night in one of the parks at Callander House, then the seat of the Earl of Kilmarnock, by whom the Prince was most hospitably entertained. Colonel Gardiner's Dragoons, who declined to oppose the passage of the Highlanders across the Forth, awaited

their approach at Falkirk ; but on the Highlanders appearing, they retreated to Linlithgow Bridge. Colonel Gardiner, I may say, was born at Barnfoot, parish of Carriden, near Bo'ness.

On Lord George Murray's arrival with his men at the Bridge, in the dark of the morning, he found the Dragoons had fallen back to Kirkliston, and his passage across the Avon was thus unopposed.

Entering Linlithgow at 10 a.m. on Sunday, 16th September 1745, the Prince joined Murray as the honest Burghers were preparing to proceed to the church. Here, as in all other towns, the Prince had many supporters. The Provost, douce man that he was, fled, like the Dragoons, at the approach of the Highlanders, his wife and daughters taking his place by waiting on the Prince at the Cross, dressed in Stuart tartan gowns, wearing the white cockade, and kissing his Royal hand.

In the evening, about four miles from the town, the army encamped on rising ground, where it spent the night. On Monday the march towards Edinburgh was resumed, the Dragoons of Colonel Gardiner always retiring as the Highlanders approached.

Reaching Corstorphine, the army, to avoid the guns of the Castle, took a southern direction towards Slateford, where it bivouaced on a field called Gray's Park.

On the news reaching Edinburgh that Charlie's army had left Perth to capture the Capital, the utmost commotion was caused. A sort of panic seemed to seize old and young when the news became known that the van of the Army had reached Kirkliston.

Ex-Provost Drummond placed himself at the head of a Company of Volunteers, composed chiefly of University students, telling them that the Commander of the Castle had promised to support him with two Dragoon regiments.

"Now, gentlemen," said the bold Drummond, "judge for yourselves. If you are willing to risk your lives for the defence of the Capital of Scotland, and for the honour of your country I am ready to lead you to the field."

Instead of advising other Companies to follow the example of his own, he told them that, although his own men were all going out to conquer or die, that was a resolution proper only for young, unmarried men.

In the Lawnmarket, where the Volunteers were joined by the Dragoons, Drummond found only 48 willing to face the Highlanders. At length 140 were got together, leaving 350 behind who refused to leave the walls of the city. In going down the "Bow" this small number was diminished, the facilities it presented for desertion, in the shape of closes, being fully taken advantage of.

The Town Guard and the men of the Edinburgh Regiment, although deserted by their brothers-in-arms, marched out and joined the Dragoons at Corstorphine. Finding no appearance of the Highlanders, the Dragoons and Volunteers returned to the city, leaving a few Dragoons to watch for the appearance of the enemy, who, on the first appearance of the Highlanders, fled—along with a regiment of Dragoons placed at Coltbridge—towards the city.

After all this mock heroism, Charlie knocked at the city gates, which, after a little negotiation, were opened to him, without a blow being struck.

Hume, the historian of the rebellion, who saw Charlie enter Edinburgh, describes him as possessing a fine presence and figure :—"He was in the bloom of youth, tall and handsome, and of a fair and rudy complexion. His face, which in contour exhibited a perfect oval, was remarkable for the regularity of its features. His forehead was full and high, and characteristic of his family. His eyes, which were of a light blue colour, were shaded by beautifully arched eyebrows ; and his nose, which was fully formed, approached nearer to the Roman than the Grecian model. A pointed chin and a mouth rather small, gave him, however, rather an effeminate appearance ; but, on the whole, his exterior was extremely prepossessing ; and his deportment was so graceful and winning that few persons could resist his attractions.

"His dress on this occasion was a light coloured peruke, with his hair combed over the front. This was surmounted by a blue velvet bonnet, encircled with a band of gold lace, and ornamented at the top with a Jacobite badge—a white cockade. Instead of plaid, he wore a blue sash wrought with gold, and on his breast the star of the Order of St. Andrew. A pair of military boots and a silver-hilted broad-sword completed his costume."

He was enthusiastically received by the people, and as he rode away towards Holyrood they compared him with Robert the Bruce. On the same day as his entry into the city, his father was proclaimed as King James, at the Cross, by the heralds and pursuivants ; and a Commission of Regency was granted by the King, appointing Charlie as Regent.

During this ceremony, Mrs Murray of Broughton, a lady of great beauty and a devoted adherent of the Stuarts, sat on horse-back, decked with a profusion of white ribbons, with a drawn sword in her hand.

While the Heralds were proclaiming King James at the Mercet Cross of Edinburgh, Sir John Cope, King George's General, was landing his troops at Dunbar, preparatory to his marching against Prince Charlie and his Highlanders. Here he was joined by some judges and lawyers from Edinburgh, who had fled from the Highlanders. They had come, not as fighting men, but as anxious and interested spectators of the approaching conflict.

In his march towards Edinburgh, Cope, being aware of the rapid movements of the Highlanders, and to prevent a midnight surprise, sent out sixteen men to act as scouts, the men having been Volunteers in Edinburgh. They were sub-divided into eight parties of two each, and proceeded at night by four different roads that led to Duddingston.

Six of these parties had returned by daybreak to the camp, and reported no enemy in sight; but the other two parties, who had taken the road to Musselburgh, did not return, as they had been taken prisoners by an attorney's apprentice, and conducted to the rebel camp at Duddingston.

When they came to Musselburgh they did not cross the bridge, but crossed the Esk, it being then low water, at a place close to its juncture with the sea. At the opposite side was a snug thatched tavern, kept by Luckie Fraser, who sold excellent oysters and sherry. The sign and the heap of oyster shells at Luckie's door enticed the vigilent patrols to tarry awhile in the tavern; and while enjoying themselves this Jacobite attorney apprentice looked in, and knowing them, and suspecting the errand they were on, resolved to capture them; and knowing they would not return as they came, on account of the tide, waited their approach on the steep narrow bridge that crossed the Esk, surrounded and bound them before they could draw a trigger, and marched them into the Prince's camp at Duddingston.

One of the prisoners was Francis Garden, who afterwards became Lord of Session under the title of Lord Gardenstone ; the other, Mr Robert Cunningham, and who afterwards was General Cunningham.

The result of the Battle of Prestonpans, on Saturday, 21st September, was the utter defeat of Cope's army. The Highlanders, throwing away their muskets, drew their claymores, making a terrible slaughter amongst Cope's Infantry, and swept them from the field, while the Dragoons fled pell-mell before the victorious and dreaded Highlanders.

Amongst the most prominent who fell on the field were the christian and gallant soldiers, Colonel Gardiner and Captain MacGregor, son of the famous Rob Roy. Two butlets had pierced MacGregor's body, and as he lay on the ground he raised his head on his hand and called to his men—"My lads, I am not dead ! By God ! I shall see if any of you does not do your duty."

This had a wonderful effect. The MacGregors fell on the English Infantry, and with the tremendous sweep of their broad-swords frequently cut a body in two.

The march of Prince Charlie to Derby—when London might be said to have been within his grasp—the retreat, and the Battle of Culloden, where his sun paled and set in blood, and where that butcher, the Duke of

Cumberland, permitted such atrocities as will make his name a stench in the nostrils of every Highland Clan, need not be recounted here.

Authenticated Local Incidents.

I will now give you a brief sketch of a few authenticated incidents of local interest in connection with Prince Charlie.

Part of Charlie's army, under Lochiel, tarried over night in the neighbourhood of Bathgate Hills, while Prince Charlie and Lord George Murray slept at the Deans while on their way to Edinburgh. The first of these statements is proved from the fact of the great grandmother of the late Aleck Hamilton, of Kirkroads, being plundered by the Highlanders under Lochiel. Lizzie Muckle, as she was called, then resided in the neighbourhood of the Silver Mine, and made an honest though humble livelihood by "keepin' kye."

The commissariat of Charlie's army had not been of the best, or most plentiful, because the plunderings of Lochiel's men were such that he had to mete out summary justice by shooting one of them as a warning to the others. This seems not to have proved effectual, as on passing Lizzie Muckle's cottage some of them entered and robbed her of all her store of meal and milk.

The plucky auld Scotch dame did not tamely submit to such lawless conduct, but went immediately to Lochiel's quarters and

made her complaint to him. Lochiel, the very personification of chivalry and honour, at once paid her more than the value of her stolen property, the sum being, as handed down from generation to generation of Hamilton's, "ten gowden pieces." So pleased was Lizzie with this huge sum, that she over and over again declared to her neighbours that she "never made as muckle of kye before."

The other incident, equally well vouched for, was the Prince and Lord George Murray staying over-night at the Deans, where the parents of the Blind Poet of the Deans resided for over forty years. On the Poet's father entering the farm he was especially cautioned by the laird to be careful of an old walnut tree growing close by the house, as the history of the tree existing in the Norvell family, was that it was planted by Prince Charlie, on the night he visited the Deans, when on his way to Edinburgh, to oppose Sir John Cope.

The room in which the Prince slept in the old Deans mansion—Boghall House as it was then called—was ornamented with the Stuart tartan; the hangings of the bed in which he slept were also of the same material. These hangings, at the sale of the mansion furniture, passed into the hands of "Provost" Bowie, proprietor of "The Sun" Inn, in the "Bunker"—Brown's Square; they were purchased by Dr Kirk, at the death of the "Provost," and they are now in my possession.

The following verses are from Hamilton's Rhyming History of Bathgate :—

This brings us tae the 'Forty-five,
Tae Charlie and the Clans,
Wha slept ae nicht on Bathgate Hills
When gaun tae Prestonpans.

The rank and file, row'd in their plaids,
Lay doon at Clinkingstane,
While Lord George Murray wi' the Prince
Unto the Deans has gane.

A royal banquet there was spread,
Wi' Norvell at its head,
Wha drank tae Johnny Cope's defeat
Before they gaed to bed.

A worthy "Provost" in our toon,
Within his hoose can shaw
The curtains o' the Prince's bed,
The counterpane an' a'.

At dawn o' day the Cameron Clan
Brak' in on Lizzie Muckle,
And toom'd her girnal and her kirn,
Which put her in a pickle.

Some ran wi' jugfu's o' the cream,
And made it into crowdie ;
While others clap'd theirs on the fire
For brockin and powsowdie.

Brave Lizzie ran straight to Lochiel,
And telt him 'bout his men ;
The Chieftain laugh'd, and frae his purse
Drew gouden pieces ten,

And flung them right intae her lap,
Then turned and wish'd good-bye ;
And lang did Lizzie Muckle tell
She ne'er made mair aff kye.

Traditional Stories of the '45.

There are many traditional stories of the '45. The two following have a local interest, and it would be a pity should they be lost to our children, and our children's children :—

The Macdonald Massacre.

On the 13th February, 1692, the Macdonalds of Glencoe were brutally massacred, and Sir John Dalrymple, Master of Stair, Secretary for Scotland, was largely responsible for this unspeakable crime. The home of the Dalrymple's was Newliston House, near Kirkliston.

When Prince Charlie had got as far as Linlithgow, in his march on Edinburgh, in 1745, he was informed that the road he had to traverse passed Newliston. Knowing the feelings of the Highlanders for the name of Stair, he was afraid that he would not be able to prevent them from ruthlessly destroying the estate unless it was well guarded.

The destruction would have a sinister effect on the population of Edinburgh, and might endanger the success of his enterprise. It was, therefore, proposed to put a strong guard on Newliston until the Highlanders had passed.

The Chief of the Macdonalds of Glencoe (the grandson of the Chief who was murdered with his clan) was in the Royal army, and, learning of the proposal, sought an audience with the Prince.

"It's right," he said, "that a guard should be put on the House of Newliston, but that guard must be furnished by the Macdonalds of Glencoe. If they are not thought worthy of that trust, they cannot be fit to bear arms in your Royal Highness's cause; and I must, of course, withdraw them from your standard."

The Chief's claim was readily admitted. The Macdonalds of Glencoe mounted guard on the House of Newliston, and not an article was interfered with.

Surely this is one of the finest of true stories, showing the unbounded loyalty of the Macdonalds. What a serious tragedy had these facts been lost!

The MacGregor and the '45.

Prince Charlie landed at Moidart in July 1745. Fate at first lured on the brave and reckless son of the Stuart race. The Clans rallied to the Prince's standard in great numbers. Everything seemed favourable, and the march to the Capital was begun.

As the Highland forces approached Stirling Gardiner's Dragoons retreated before them. When the Prince reached Linlithgow, the Dragoons were at Kirkliston.

Numerous rumours were in circulation, one being that a large Government army was between them and the Capital.

Who would go and spy out the land? Volunteers were asked for. The lot fell on

James MaeGregor, one of the sons of the famous Rob Roy.

MacGregor was disguised as the servant of an officer of the Dragoons, who had been captured and subsequently escaped from the Highland army. This disguise was particularly apt, as in Sir John Cope's army were one or two Highland regiments recruited after the Rebellion of 1715. The Dragoons were picketted near Kirkliston, to which spot the bold MacGregor went.

He was called before Colonel Gardiner and closely examined. The story he told was terrible in the extreme—and told in such vivid detail, that it rang true. He related how there had been a skirmish between the two armies ; how he and many more of the Government troops had been captured and cruelly treated by the half-civilised Highlanders, and how he had managed to escape when Linlithgow was being looted.

MacGregor played his part right well, and mixing with the Dragoons, many of whom were raw recruits, told most awful tales of the blood-thirsty, half-human, half-animal enemy, and of the fate that was in store of any who fell into their hands.

The moral of the Government troops had already been much reduced by the continuous retreat from Stirling ; but MacGregor's stories, coupled with the rumours told by the villagers, struck terror into their soul. He accompanied

the Dragoons as far as Coltbridge ; but after he had acquired much useful information, he slipped away again to the Highland army, who were now at Corstorphine.

MacGregor later got permission to lead his own Company of the Duke of Perth's Regiment against the Dragoons. The outposts of the Dragoons saw the Highlanders approaching, and, thinking that they were the advance guard of the Highland army, fled without firing a shot.

James MacGregor did not long survive his early exploits. He fell, mortally wounded, at the Battle of Prestonpans.

Should you ever visit the graves of Rob Roy and his wife Helen, in the peaceful churchyard of Loch Voile, give a kindly thought to their son James, who did his best work, not in the fastnesses of his native hills, but by the quiet waters of the River Almond, near Kirkliston.

How Colonel Gardiner Fell.

Colonel Gardiner, who resided at Bankton House, near to the edge of the battlefield, —and where it still stands—alone of all Cope's leaders, lost his life in the struggle at the Battle of Prestonpans. His own Dragoons deserted him in the first rush of the Highlanders ; but seeing a body of Infantry leader-

less, he lept to their head, and appealed to them to "fire away and fear nothing."

After the battle Gardiner's faithful servant found him still alive, but suffering from two gunshot wounds in the right side and several sabre cuts in the head. The Colonel was conveyed to Tranent Manse, and succumbed to his injuries during the night.

Engraved on a monument at Bankton House is the following quatrain by Hugh Miller :—

> His valour, his high scorn of death,
> To fame's proud meed no impulse owed ;
> His was a pure unsullied zeal
> For Britain and for God.

Colonel Gardiner was intensely religious, and in recent years has been written of as the "General Gordon" of the eighteenth century.

Perhaps in all Scottish history there is nothing so full of romance, so pathetic, so chivalrous, so faithful and true, as this record of the Rebellion of 1745. Flora M'Donald's life devotion, the incorruptible honesty and faithfulness of the Highlanders, when by the utterance of a few words, or the pointing of a finger, £10,000 would have been secured ; yet,

not a word was uttered, nor a finger raised—These are actions that will ever command the admiration of ages yet unborn.

English bribes were a' in vain,
Though puir and puirer we maun be ;
Siller canna buy the heart
That beats aye tae thine and thee.

No wonder that our own Rabbie Burns had his great heart stirred, or that his voice was raised in behalf of the unfortunate race, or that the great mass of the Scottish people silently, yet deeply, sympathised with "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

The songs that have been written about Prince Charlie are part of the National life ; they will, in their mingled beauty and sadness, keep alive for ever love for the brave and unfortunate hero of the '45.